

The Book

By

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FADE IN

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAR PARK - NIGHT

Rain beats down on the half empty car park.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

DAVID, friendly faced, early 30's, wearing a winter jacket, sits in his beat up old car munching out on a hamburger. He's reading the last page of a small book titled 'The Psychology of Loss and Grieving.'

He stuffs the rest of the burger in his mouth, shuts the book, leans back and stretches his arms out.

DAVID
(mouth full)
Yes!

He puts the book in his book-bag, grabs the bag and gets out.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

An adult community class is about to start. The classroom is littered with 16 or so adult students.

David walks in. He drapes his hand through his drenched hair.

He puts his bag on a desk next to SHERYL, early 40's. She turns and smiles. She has a kind motherly face. Her hair is well groomed. It's obvious she's been to the hairdressers.

SHERYL
Hey.

DAVID
Hey. Nice 'do'.

She touches at her hair like she's in a hair commercial.

SHERYL
Why, thanks.

David whips open his jacket. Drops of water fling off it and hit Sheryl in the face. She SQUEALS.

DAVID
Shit, did I hit you?

Sheryl laughs as she wipes off the water.

SHERYL
No! It's the water on it.

DAVID
Oh, I'm sorry!

SHERYL
It's okay. It's just cold.

He puts his bag on the floor, takes a seat, leans toward Sheryl and whispers...

DAVID
Sorry!

SHERYL
It's okay!

A TEACHER, 50's, scribbles across the whiteboard - 'What is Abnormal?'

DAVID
Hey, I got that Grieving book. AND I finished it...in three nights my Friend. Three nights!

SHERYL
Wow, how do you do that?

DAVID
Did you get a copy?

SHERYL
(frustrated)
No, they've sold out, I have to wait a week.

David leans down and looks in his bag.

DAVID
Here, you can use mine.

TEACHER
Alright everybody. Um...

The teacher's eyes scan the room.

TEACHER

David, can you tell me what the term abnormal means to you?

David sits up.

DAVID

Ah, me taking psych at the age of thirty three.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Students start to pack up.

TEACHER

Next week we'll look at chapter eight. And get the questions answered. I'll be quizzing you on it. Also make sure you read the first chapter in the Psychology of Grieving and Loss text book.

DAVID

So how did your night out with the girls go? Did the bitchy one turn up?

Sheryl gets up, puts her jacket on.

SHERYL

Yes she did. And surprisingly she wasn't that bad. She's going through a divorce.

DAVID

Oh, lucky for hubby then aye?

He gives Sheryl a smirk, gets up and grabs his jacket.

SHERYL

Well whatever it is, it's helping.

Sheryl throws her book-bag over her shoulder.

SHERYL

Okay, I don't want to be rude, but I have to rush off. I've got to get dinner on.

DAVID

Nice, can I come?

Sheryl looks uncomfortable, she's not sure if he's serious.

DAVID
I'm just kidding. You're probably a terrible cook anyway.

SHERYL
(grinning)
Goodbye!

EXT. SCHOOL CARPARK

It's still raining. Sheryl gets into her car and shuts the door as a voice yells out.

DAVID (O.S)
Sheryl! Hang on!

David comes running up to the...

CAR WINDOW

Gives it a knock. She winds it down. He hands her the 'Grieving' book.

DAVID
Here, enjoy, if that's possible.

SHERYL
Oh. Yeah. Thanks. Are you sure, it's going to take me a while.

DAVID
No, use it. I've already taken notes. Enjoy house-wifey time. See ya next week.

He gives her a quick wave then heads off.

Sheryl puts the book on top of a large stack of real-estate folders that sit on the passengers seat. It slides off onto the floor. She picks it up, puts it on the dashboard then starts the car.

EXT. SHERYL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is modern and well-kept. Her car pulls into the driveway. She gets out book bag in hand and heads inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

The open living room and kitchen are tidy with modern décor. Sheryl's husband GARY, late 40's, dressed in a suit, tall and well groomed, stands at the breakfast bar and talks on the phone.

GARY

Yeah. Yep.

He turns away from her, mumbles into the phone.

GARY

Hey, I gotta go, works calling.
Yeah. Ok. Bye.

He hangs up. Sheryl stops and stares at him, her eyes tear up, she's upset.

GARY

Hey!

SHERYL

So who was that?

GARY

It was work.

SHERYL

Of course it was work. It's
always work. How stupid of me!

GARY

Oh come on.

SHERYL

And I suppose when you were at
Belleras on Wednesday night,
that was to do with work?

GARY

Oh, you got your spies out now?

He angrily stuffs his phone into his jacket pocket.

GARY

I can't do this.

He moves toward Sheryl, grabs the car keys off her, heads to the door.

GARY

I'll get my own dinner.

He stops and turns.

GARY

Have you ever considered just once, just fucking once, that maybe I'm the one who's hurting here?

Sheryl's stunned face watches him leave.

EXT. SHERYL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The rain has stopped. Gary storms out of the house, gets in the car and takes off.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

As he speeds down the busy road, he picks up his phone, goes to dial, hesitates. Throws it on the seat.

He races up behind a car that's going the speed limit and slams his foot on the brake.

The 'Grieving' book slides off the dash-board and lands on the floor by his feet.

He moves his foot around and tries to slide it away from under the pedals.

He leans down, tries to grab it. His eyes are off the road.

The car in front of him slows. He looks up, throws on the brakes. Stops just a few feet from the trunk.

DAVID

Fuck!

The car in front speeds up. He speeds up, reaches down again, eyes off the road. Finally grabs it. Looks up to see the lights have turned red and that he's in an...

INTERSECTION

A large truck comes out of nowhere from the left and smashes into Gary's car. It spins put of control and ploughs into a power pole.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

It's drizzling. The sky is depressingly dark. David's car pulls into the Funeral Home car park.

INT. CAR - DAY

He turns the engine off and sits quietly in his black suit and stares ahead. His eyes are red and puffy from crying.

He picks up his phone and pulls up a photo of him and Gary locked in a romantic embrace, both laughing - looking like a couple in love.

He puts the phone in his pocket, takes a deep breath and gets out of the car.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME PARKING LOT - DAY

A newer car pulls up opposite David's.

Sheryl's FATHER, 70's, in a black suit, gets out and heads to the passenger door. He opens it. Sheryl climbs out dressed in black and wearing dark glasses.

David tries to lock the car door, but the key won't turn. He fumbles with it getting more and more frustrated. He pulls it open then slams it.

Sheryl is distracted by the noise, she sees David.

SHERYL

David!

DAVID

Sheryl? Hey!

She goes over and throws her arms around him.

DAVID

What are you doing here?

SHERYL

What are you doing here?

FADE OUT