

# THE LIST

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. TOWN PARK - MORNING

Vacant. That blueish-gray tint on early morning offers barely enough light to see.

A hand places a black felt cloth on the wooden planks of a bench.

DON (41), jeans and light jacket, unfolds the cloth to reveal a black hand gun.

He stares at it a good long moment, then exhales deeply.

He looks up, out over the park. The fields and the fog-shrouded woods in the distance.

His eyes are clear like a child's, but his face is tired.

And hold this moment. Hold as the sound of VOICES are heard -- men, women, children. Talking. Shouting. Arguing. A SLAP. A GUNSHOT. The CRASH of a car.

The whisper of a LOVER.

Then silence.

Don breathes out just as a lone bird darts past. It lands on a nearby branch and tweets the first song of morning.

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a notebook, opens it and begins to write.

INSERT: NOTEBOOK

It's a list and some entries are visible -- *the sun shined today, a baby's laugh, this girl at work likes me, my daughter called...* then the last entry -- *call of a songbird.*

BACK TO SCENE

Don closes the notebook. He closes the felt over the gun and places it back in his jacket.

He puts his hands on his thighs, about to get up, but stops. Stops, leans back and watches the morning some more.

FADE OUT.