

FADE IN:

EXT. ISLINGTON. LONDON. ENGLAND - DAY. (WINTER)

An aerial view of the houses that make up the expensive suburb.

MALE VOICE (VO)

Yea, though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death, I will fear no
evil: for thou art with me: thy rod
and thy staff they comfort me. Thou
preparast a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies: thou
annointest my head with oil: my cup
runneth over. Surely goodness and
mercy shall follow me all the days of
my life: and I will dwell in the house
of the Lord forever.

The camera stops at a CHURCH where a burial service is in progress. There are a dozen mourners in winter coats. A serious looking Vicar, 50's, presides.

VICAR

Rosemary will be remembered as the
beloved wife of George, and sister of
Daphne. Our thoughts are with them at
this difficult time.

GEORGE GRANT, 60, grey hair, glasses, wearing a worn raincoat and shoes, looks at his watch. He looks up at the mention of his name and quickly smiles. One of the other mourners, DAPHNE, 50's, glares at him. The coffin is lowered into the ground. George looks at the faces of the others. Many start to cry.

VICAR

I therefore commit this body to the
ground. Dust to dust. Ashes to ashes.
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

The Vicar makes the sign of the cross. Mourners grab handfuls of dirt and throw it on top of the coffin. George does the same. He subtly rubs a bit of dirt into his eye. It makes his eyes water, like he's crying. He takes out a handkerchief.

EXT. STREET. ISLINGTON. LONDON - DAY.

A car pulls onto the tarmac driveway of a big detached house.

INT. CAR. DRIVEWAY. DETACHED HOUSE - DAY.

DEREK, 50's, is the driver. The back door opens and George gets out. Daphne, in the front seat, winds down her window.

GEORGE
Thanks for the lift.

DAPHNE
Are you sure you want to be
on your own?

GEORGE
I can't face everyone. I'm sorry.

Daphne just stares at him. Derek breaks the awkward silence.

DEREK
We understand, George.

GEORGE
Thanks for your help today. Rose would
have been very proud.

DAPHNE
I'll call you in the week.

George nods and closes the door. Daphne stares after him.

DAPHNE
I bet you can't face everyone.

Derek tuts at her and pulls the car away. George waves.

INT. HALLWAY. HOUSE - DAY.

A BLACK POODLE sits waiting as George enters. It jumps up.

GEORGE
Hello Pompom

He closes the door and walks though into the:

LOUNGE.

Exquisite rugs, a leather chesterfield and expensive polished furniture make it a stunning room. He goes straight for the drinks cabinet and pours two scotches. He drinks one and puts the other down for the dog. He laps it up.

EXT. GARDEN - LATER THAT DAY.

George finishes mowing the lawn. He tips the grass cuttings into a pile. Pompom runs up to the mower. He stands at the controls, on his back legs. George laughs and shakes his head.

INT. LOUNGE. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

George sits in a leather armchair watching soccer on the television. All around him are takeaway food containers and empty beer cans. Pompom is suddenly sick on the carpet.

GEORGE

No.

He opens the patio doors and lets the dog out into the garden. Smoke billows from a huge BONFIRE.

INT. BEDROOM - NEXT DAY.

George is asleep in bed. Pompom runs into the room and leaps up onto the bed, waking him. George rubs his aching head.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

George comes down the stairs in his dressing gown. He grabs the NEWSPAPER protruding through the letterbox.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY.

The radio plays. George cooks himself a fried breakfast. He picks up a bottle of pills and takes two of them with a glass of water. Derek suddenly walks past the window, in golf clothes. A surprised George opens the back door.

GEORGE

Derek.

DEREK

Come on, I'm taking you golf.

GEORGE
I don't think so.

DEREK
I'm not taking no for an answer.

GEORGE
Can I eat first?

DEREK (AT BREAKFAST)
That looks good.

GEORGE
How's Daphne?

DEREK (SIGHS)
Up and down.

EXT. FAIRWAY. GOLF COURSE - DAY.

George and Derek pull their golf trolleys.

GEORGE
This is nice.

DEREK
You know you can come round our place
anytime, don't you?

GEORGE
I've got to get used to being on
my own.

(beat)
Do you know, over two thousand people
die every year in accidents in the
home?

They stop at their golf balls. Derek chips his ball onto the green. George hits his into the trees.

GEORGE
Blast.

They walk on. George hits his club into the ground.

GEORGE
Blast!

He slams his club into his golf bag.

INT. CAR - LATER THAT DAY.

Derek pulls up outside the police station. George sits next to him. They watch the officers going inside.

GEORGE
Wonder what they want.

DEREK
See you next week?

GEORGE
I didn't embarrass you too much then?

DEREK
You haven't seen Daphne play.

George smiles and gets out.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM POLICE STATION - DAY.

George sits alone at a table. As he looks around, Detective Sergeant PAUL MILLER, 40's, enters carrying an EVIDENCE BAG.

MILLER
Sorry to keep you.

He hands George the bag, and sits down.

MILLER
Your wife's clothes and stuff.

GEORGE
Oh.

MILLER
How are things?

GEORGE
Not good.

MILLER
You were married a long time.

GEORGE
Twenty two years.

MILLER
Was your wife insured?

GEORGE (SURPRISED)
Insured?

MILLER
Did she have life insurance?

GEORGE
We both have.

MILLER
Have they paid out?

GEORGE
Not yet.

MILLER
You don't need money worries on top of
everything else.
(beat)
How did you meet, again?

GEORGE
I do the shops accounts.

MILLER
Do you get half of that aswell?

GEORGE
I suppose.

MILLER
Whose idea was it to go out for a meal
that night?

GEORGE
Mine. It was her birthday.

He looks down.

INT. BEDROOM GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT. (FLASHBACK)

ROSEMARY GRANT, 59, a big woman, wearing a black dress and very HIGH HEELED shoes, looks at herself in the mirror. She sighs at her weight. Pompom sits, watching her. She picks up a glass of champagne from the bedside cabinet and drinks it.

GEORGE (OS)
I'm just going.

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
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