Douleur

By

Tan

FADE FORM WHITE

INT.GUEST BEDROOM- DAY

Scott (15 years old,) lies on a mahogany bed, facing a large dusty window. In front of him lies a note book, a quill pen and a purple key chain.

His bare back rests against the cracked wood of the bed rest,around the bed is a chipped white bed side table with spots of baby blue paint on it.

4 white fluorescent tube lights are on each corner of the room, making the walls shimmer.

Scott picks up the quill pen, bites the back of it a few times and then begins to write.

SCOTT (V.O)
(monotone)
Dear Susanna, you took away my aunt. I need you to know that YOU took my aunt away from me.As you have lived your life these past two years, have you ever stopped to think about all of the damage that you have done? As it slowly eats away at my family, it does nothing but get harder for us to live with the reality that YOU are still here, while she isn’t. A part of me wants to seek forgiveness when I look at you, but I feel nothing.

Scott lifts the pen, cracks his knuckles and combs his hair back. He then shuffles up slightly and continues writing.

SCOTT (V.O)
Just like you felt nothing for my aunt Kellie. I grew up with her, she was like my big sister. When I was younger, she introduced me to my love for green sour skittles and the song ’Que sera sera’. She drove me to school in first grade, helped me study my spelling words in second grade, bought me my favorite jacket in third, In fourth she moved in with my mom and I again, and in fifth we shared a room. In sixth grade she helped me get through my first panic attack, and
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT (V.O) (cont’d)
in seventh she pushed me towards confidence in myself. That’s what my aunt Kellie was all about, self love. Most of my life I felt excluded (beat) but my aunt Kellie she was there when no one was.

While the voice over continues:

Scott tears out the page, jumps out of bed and gets an envelope out of the drawer. He puts on his wrecked up dirty vans sneakers and runs to the garage.

EXT.DRIVEWAY-DAY

Scott pulls out his orange bicycle and a Walkman with some headphones and hops on to the bike, he hits play on the walk man and then proceeds to bike past the neighborhood.

Que Sera Sera by Doris plays on the Walkman player

MONTAGE (1.5 MINUTES) WHILE THE ABOVE IS BEING READ:

- Scott cycles though the neatly ordered neighborhood and goes to the front door of Susana’s house.

- He hops of his bike, takes off his headphones and leaves the letter on her front doorstep

SCOTT(CONTINUED)
Life got harder after seventh grade and I didn’t get to see her as often as I would have liked, but the love never left. The last time I saw her was in February 2016 while my mum was in the hospital. The first thing she did when she saw me was squeal "Scotty!" and spun me around. She continued on with excitement, showing me her newest tattoo but to then turn to her backside and show me the ’Scott’ written on her upper back saying it was still her favorite. She yelled "I love you" while blowing numerous kisses and waved while I drove away that day. And see, Susanna, the thing is, I can easily go on listing memory after memory of my aunt Kellie, but none of them can ever truly bring her

(MORE)

SCOTT(CONTINUED) (cont'd)
back. None of them can fix the pain of her not being here to make more of those memories. Her life was cut short, and that's all because of you. She deserved life more than any one else in this world. You did this, and I want you to know that. She was friends to the weirdest, loved all for who they were, she was my aunt Kellie and you took her away from me.

EXT.SUSANA'S FRONT DOOR

Susana opens the door and see's Scott trying to walk away.

SUSANA
(gentle,)
Hi, can I help you?

Scott slowly turns around and faces Susana

SCOTT
(fearfully)
uh..yeah is this Remoré Street?

SUSANA
No, darling this Rios West Street. Is everything okay?

SCOTT
I..I got lost biking to my friends house.

SUSANA
Don't worry sweetie it happens

Scott begins to walk away

SUSANA
(Enthusiastically)
You left your letter!

Scott moves towards her and picks up the letter.

SCOTT
Why?... just why?

SUSANA
What? Why what?

SCOTT
(breaking down, aggressive)
Could you not have just taken a taxi?

SUSANA
(melancholy, low voice)
oh..you're one of *Kellie*'s (beat) aren't you?

SCOTT
I'm her nephew, the one whose aunt you took away and I wake up every morning hoping, just hoping that she's sitting downstairs by the old *fucking* coffee table just waiting to drop me to school.

SUSANA
please stop , I'm sorry. I..I can't go back, I truly wish I could.

SCOTT
--I want to forgive you (Weep) I want to wake up and not feel as if a part of me is *gone*.. But I can't..I can't because no matter what happens I'll always wish that it was you and not her. That my aunt wouldn't be 6 feet under and you would--

Susana cries heavily, Scott stares at her, rips the letter and goes in for a hug.

SUSANA
(sobbing)
--I'm so *sorry*, I really am. I *never wanted* any of this would happen.

Scott's head falls onto her shoulder and he squeezes harder.

FADE TO WHITE

Doleur

By

Tan

INT.SUBWAY STATION-DAY

Heptapod B By Jøhaan Jøhanasoon plays quietly and subtly rises over the next minute.

A loud SCREECH occurs, the train comes to a stop. A hurdle full of men and women in suits leave the wagon, a young boy walks in. He’s holding a bike and SCREAMING in fear.

DIP TO BLACK

INT. ART GALLERY, SAN FRANCISCO. EVENING. 1

Close up of a mouth chewing gum in slow motion. Glimpses of a dark leather-bound book, thin parchment paper and a large pile of soaked newspapers.The wind flicks open pages and dust flies outwards.There’s Dead silence as the movement gradually speeds up to real time. We slowly pull back to reveal that there lies the Bible and the Quran . Oil pours over the books,and a fire is lit. As we pull back further we come to understand that what we are looking at is an art installation: a floor to ceiling LCD screen.

The sound of CHEWING. A close up of a man’s eyes now fills our screen. Scott Parker, 42, handsome, Sleek and in an expensive suit. There is an unsettling smile on his face as he stares across the crowded, dimly lit room.

Abruptly our sound snaps on at a deafening decibel level as we hear what seems like a thousand voices screaming over each other.

SCOTT
(To the camera)
Do you belive in god?

MEDIUM SHOT: ASHES FROM THE BOOKS FLIES UPWARDS.

SCOTT
(Continued)
God doesn’t give a fuck.

The room is jammed with people laughing and talking. The crowd is a collection of what passes in contemporary San Francisco culture as the chic and fashionable. Photographers track several of the guests as the flash of their cameras heightens the excitement in the room.

EXT. FREEWAY, SAN FRANCISCO - HIGH ABOVE THE TRAFFIC. EVENING 2

OUR CAMERA HOVERS HIGH ABOVE THE CROWDED FREEWAYS OF SAN FRANCISCO

We cut back and forth from overhead shots of burning books on plinths to overhead shots of the crowded freeways of San Francisco as nightfall slowly takes over the city.

INT. ART GALLERY, GALERY. NIGHT -- LATER.

Silence. The gallery is now empty. A small crew of shirtless men with dark ties clear away the last traces of the party. Scott is lying on one of the plinths deep in thought, an expensive crystal glass filled with dark whiskey sits in his hand. The books on the screens continue to gyrate on all four walls, ashes begin to form.

SHIRTLESS MAN 1
Are you ready?

Scott kneels up, with a confused look on his face.

INT.CHURCH- DAY TIME

CUT TO: FULL SHOT OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH. ORGAN MUSIC IS HEARD, AND A BABY IS CRYING

MEDIUM SHOT: SCOTT HOLDS THE SAME EXPRESSION BUT NOW IS WEARING A CHEAP 100$ SUIT

PRIEST(O.S)
Scott..Are you ready?

SCOTT
(hazy)
uhh.. Yeah Father, I’m ready.

PRIEST
Linda dear, please come closer.

LINDA
Of course, Father.

Linda Parker (38, gentle looking) edges closer, and smirks at Scott. She’s holding Cassie (Baby) with both hands and is shaking slightly.

PRIEST
[Something in Latin]

(then, continues after breathing on baby three times)

PRIEST
(In Latin)
Let us pray..

Scott and Linda untie the baby’s bonnet.

PRIEST (O.S)
(Something in Latin)

While the priest continues O.S

CUT TO: CLOSE UP, SPIRAL SHOT.THE BIBLE’S EXODUS 20 BURNS SLOWLY.

CUT TO: CLOSE UP, SPIRAL SHOT.THE QURAN’S SURAH ISRA BURNS SLOWLY.

CUT TO: CHURCH. PRIEST DIPS HIS HAND INTO AN OIL JAR, AND SPRINKLE’S THE BABY’S LIP AND CHIN.

PRIEST
([Something in Latin])

(then, in English)

Scott, do you believe in God, the Father Almighty -- Creator of Heaven and Earth?

CUT TO: SCOTT IS SMILING WHILE LYING ON ONE OF THE PLINTHS,BEHIND HIM WE SEE PILES OF ASH.

SCOTT
I do

PRIEST (O.S)
Do you believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord?

CUT TO: FLASHES OF PAGES OF THE BURNING BOOKS.

SCOTT
I DO

PRIEST
May almighty God, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit bless you.

A lit candle is brought close to Scott’s face, he makes eye contact with the camera and blows it out.

DIP TO BLACK