

PreView

(2020)

Dead Love Resurrection!

PreView of the Screenplay

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PreView

Dr. Pamela Eagleston, ivy league graduate, heavy metal roadie turned FBI Special Agent, now Chairman of the billion-dollar Eagleston Foundation, takes a break from her hectic corporate life in Manhattan to accompany her fiancé, horror novelist Sean MacDonald, to his childhood home town of Blue Fields, a rural suburb across the Hudson and north of Manhattan, for a book-signing.

Upon returning to Blue Fields, and while out running, Sean is drawn to the now abandoned and overgrown country cemetery, wondering if the small head stone he placed there 20 years ago in memory of his first and only high school sweetheart, Judith, is still there. Marking a grave never dug for a body never found, and bearing the inscription ... I Will Always Love You.

Upon finding the headstone beneath layers of dead leaves and grass, Sean regrets his decision to come home, when he discovers the headstone now reads, And I Will Always Love You Sean, the words 'And' and 'Sean' scratched deep into the headstone.

When Judith slips into Pamela's body, to relive and to steal Pamela's every intimate moment with Sean, every fantasy, every lustful touch, every orgasm, in an effort to lure Sean back to her, we are witness to a savage psycho-sexual battle between two powerful women ... one who is of this world and one who is not ... that will leave readers rethinking who they sleep with and what they promise in the heat of passion, for 'Hell Hath No Fury Like a Woman Scorned'.

#

What is a Narrative Screenplay?

In most cases a literary work, for example a novel, and its structural elements --- story, plot, sub-plots, settings, scenes, characters and the ending, or denouement in formal lit-speak --- must be converted to a screenplay, or script, in order to eventually appear on the silver screen.

This transformation process is subject to a filmmaker's, director's or creative team's vision of the adaptation, taking into consideration the audience(s). And the 'one page equals one minute on screen' rule.

In many cases the adaptation of a literary work, as manifest in a screenplay, is not a mirrored image of the author's story. Speaking metaphorically, a screenplay is a skeleton waiting for a director, actors and numerous contributing creative talents to flesh-up that skeleton and breathe life into what can, in many cases, be a different story.

I submit you will be mentally doing this as you read my screenplay. A screenplay in which I intentionally suspended screenwriting 'laws': for example, I removed the extensive camera/filming/framing instructions from my original screenplay. As you read this script, hopefully, after having read the novel, I believe you will visualize the film version of...

Dead Love.....Resurrection!

#

FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN: We HEAR sounds of a RUNNER, BREATHING, FOOTSTEPS.

EXT: UPSTATE METRO-NYC SUBURB - AUTUMN - DAY

We SEE a male runner in near B.G. on country road, approaching upscale development of mini-estate homes in F.G.

EXT: RUNNER

Sean MacDonald, 50ish, shirtless, buff, wearing a cardio chest strap transmitter and a digital wrist receiver.

OC: [Off Camera] We hear an electronic alarm BEEPING.

EXT: Sean checks the wrist receiver.

EXT: RECEIVER

We SEE the digital number 144 flashing.

EXT: SEAN - HOUSES IN F.G. - COUNTRY ROAD IN B.G.

Sean enters the development: perfect lawns, ceramic sculptures, baby Beamers, minivans, busy and noisy lawn services at work.

OC: We hear BEEPING.

EXT: RECEIVER

Sean checks receiver. We SEE digital number 105 flashing.

EXT: SEAN - DEVELOPMENT IN B.G. - WOODED COUNTRY ROAD IN F.G.

Sean enters a wooded country road, no houses, speeds up.

EXT: WOODED COUNTRY ROAD - NO HOUSES

We SEE Sean is running along a road atop a ridge. In far B.G. and below we SEE a reservoir circled by a chain-link fence. We SEE Sean pan scene and smile to himself.

OC: We hear an electronic alarm BEEPING.

EXT: RECEIVER

We SEE the digital number 157 flashing.

EXT: TREE-LINED STREET - HOUSES - SANDSTONE CHURCH IN FAR B.G.
We SEE Sean enter the scene in F.G. We SEE a red sports car, top down, enter the scene in the far B.G. behind Sean.

EXT: CLASSIC FERRARI ROADSTER - WOMAN DRIVER
Driver is 40ish, tall, red hair, striking, nods and speeds up.

EXT: SEAN - FERRARI - HOUSES IN NEAR B.G.
Woman driver downshifts and slows, matching Sean's pace.

WOMAN

Excuse me, sir, can you tell me where the
fieldstone church is?

Sean eyes driver, gives car approving once-over, nods, smiles.

SEAN

Your daddy know you have his car?

WOMAN

Does your nurse know you ran away from the
retirement home?

Laughing, Sean slows to a lazy jog. Driver matches his speed.

SEAN

Don't let this gray hair fool you, honey, I've got
a tiger in my tank.

WOMAN

Me too.
(gooses engine)
Wanna race.

SEAN

Right! Me against a few hundred horses?

WOMAN

One old car against one old man.

SEAN

'*Old!* You're on. The finish line is that sign in
front of the church. And what's my handicap,
you count to forty?

WOMAN

Typical man. Gotta have an edge against a woman. Okay, in light of your age, I'll stop, put it in neutral, and count to ten.

SEAN

Is stupid printed on my forehead?

The woman peers at Sean's forehead, smiles, nods. They laugh.

SEAN

Okay. I'll race you. But you have to count to twenty and start in third gear.

WOMAN

Want me to close my eyes, too?

SEAN

Just one eye.

The woman scowls, playfully, and closes one eye.

WOMAN

And what do I get when I win?

SEAN

If not when. And you get me.

WOMAN

(pointing)

I'd rather have that transmitter strapped around your chest ... after you wash it of course ... and that wrist receiver.

(gooses the engine)

Ready old timer?

SEAN

Not so fast. What do I get?

WOMAN

(laughing)

A lifetime supply of Viagra.

SEAN

Don't need it.

(gesturing)

SEAN
(continued)
I'll take the lady in red.

WOMAN
This woman is not for sale.

SEAN
Typical woman. Princess complex. I want the
lady with the four wheels.

Woman hits the brakes and SCREECHES to a stop.

WOMAN
You've got a deal. Ready to lose?

The woman shuts one eye, feathers the engine, and starts counting. Laughing, Sean waves and sprints away.

EXT: WIDE SCREEN - CHURCH ON LEFT - SEAN CENTER - CAR RIGHT - AT DISTANCE
We SEE Sean running full speed. We SEE the car lurch, stall, HEAR it roar to life and SEE it peel out and race toward Sean.

EXT: CHURCH - SEAN - CEMETERY IN B.G. - FERRARI
We SEE Sean lunge forward winning by half-a-stride.

EXT: ROADSIDE - CEMETERY IN B.G. - CHURCH ON RIGHT IN F.G.
Ferrari in F.G. off road and on lawn. Centuries old abandoned country cemetery in near B.G. surrounded by rusted wrought iron fence crawling with ivy. Sean, sweat-soaked, is guzzling water from a bottle. The woman driver gives Sean a tender kiss on the cheek.

WOMAN
I thought your cardiologist told you not to run
for ninety days to give the stents a chance to
take hold?

SEAN
I'm alive, so I guess the silver bullets Ted shot
into my right coronary artery are 'good to go'.

WOMAN
Writing scary books doesn't mean you have to
live a scary life. Be a good boy and do what

WOMAN
(continued)
your cardiologist told you to do.

Sean shrugs and flashes a typical goofy-guy look.

WOMAN
In real life you can't die and come
back and write about it.

SEAN
Really? Has Doctor Pamela Eagleston, Chairman of the
giant Eagleston Foundation, been there, done that?

Pamela gives an amused 'whatever' shrug and shake of her head.

PAMELA
So tell me, sweetheart, is this Indian summer
we're having hot enough for you?

SEAN
I 'love' the heat. Makes me horny.

PAMELA
I think you were born horny.

Sean grins. Pamela retrieves a water bottle from the car and hands it to Sean. He accepts it and pays for it with a kiss.

SEAN
You're early. No meetings today?

PAMELA
I cancelled the Foundation's board meeting. I
decided my trustees would rather be out on
their yachts.

SEAN
And the meeting at the Met?

PAMELA
I left when the 'little boys' began calling each
other body parts.

SEAN
Rough day for the lady millionaire.

PAMELA
'Meow'?

Amused, Sean starts checking out the inside of the Ferrari.

PAMELA
They're not there. We made a deal,
remember? No work for you, except for the
book signing, and.....

SEAN
No cell-phone, laptop and wheeling and dealing for you.

PAMELA
Promise. Cross my heart.

Pamela gives Sean a kiss as if to seal the deal.

SEAN
By the way, how did you know I was
out running and where to find me?

PAMELA
'Neighborhood watch'. The whole town knows you're
here. I just turned on my new GPS satellite camera,
found your hot body, and tracked you down.

SEAN
(peers into car)
Can you really track 'one' person and in daylight?

Pamela smiles and nods confidently.

SEAN
How could you get something like that, it's
gotta be top secret?

PAMELA
Old friend at the DOD. It's an early prototype
with smart bomb technology. I'm testing it. But
I still had to make a five-figure 'donation'.

SEAN
You've got too much money.

PAMELA

You can never have too much money. Especially when
I have you to share it with. That's when you let me.

SEAN

I make a decent living writing.
(ogles Ferrari)
But I'll never earn enough money to buy a
sexy lady like this. She makes my tongue hard.

PAMELA

Not only were you born horny, you're a
pervert. Now stop ogling the car. You won.
She's yours. Take good care of 'her'.

SEAN

This car has to be worth fifty or sixty grand!

PAMELA

Try two hundred fifty thousand!

SEAN

What! That's even worse!

PAMELA

It's just a car. Besides, I hardly ever drive it. You
two were made for each other, two old classics.
(gives Sean affectionate kiss)
I'll have my office mail out the title to you.

SEAN

You're going to do what you want, no matter
what I say.

PAMELA

Smart man.

Pamela pats Sean's butt and heads for the cemetery.

PAMELA

Come on! Let's find that headstone you've
been talking about ever since that woman from
the library talked you into coming back home.

SEAN

First, it's not mine. And it's not a headstone.

SEAN

(continued)

It's just a plain simple stone marker with a dumb saying I had them put on it.

EXT: ENTRANCE - CENTURIES OLD CEMETERY INSIDE CHEST-HIGH FALLING DOWN WROUGHT IRON FENCE INFECTED WITH RUST AND CRAWLING WITH IVY

PAMELA

Call it whatever you want. But you bought it, you had it engraved with your words and you put it there, lover boy. Now, after this touching reunion is over, let's find that swimming hole you told me about. The 'Old Ten Foot'?

SEAN

There's a problem. When I was running, I discovered there's now a reservoir there surrounded by a tall chain-link fence.

PAMELA

No problem. I'll call...

SEAN

No! No governors, senators, old friends from the FBI. We can just jump the fence after dark.

PAMELA

Ooooooh! I like that even better.

With an 'I give up' shake of his head, Sean reaches for the rusted iron gate, but hesitates short of grabbing the latch.

PAMELA

Don't tell me the famous horror novelist is afraid of cemeteries!

SEAN

I just remembered what Judith said that night, before she disappeared. Till death do us part.

PAMELA

Sounds more like a wedding. But what difference does it make now, she's dead. Wait! She 'is' dead, right? And you don't still love her, do you?

SEAN
What! Of course not.

Sean pushes open the gate and shudders at the grating sound of rusted iron hinges.

EXT: INSIDE CEMETERY

We SEE overgrown weeds, falling down headstones, old trees with half-bare branches and the ground covered with a colorful patchwork blanket of autumn leaves.

PAMELA
(gaze flitting about)
Okay. Where's this dead love of yours sleeping,
sweet Romeo?

SEAN
(pulls to a stop, points, then shuts his eyes)
Read that headstone to yourself and tell
me if I get it right.

PAMELA
Why?

SEAN
Humor me. Okay?

Pamela parts the weeds and tall grass.

PAMELA
Go.

SEAN
Adelaide West Conklin, seventeen-eighty-three
to eighteen-ten. Devoted wife and mother
who died in childbirth giving life to our precious
little Adele.

PAMELA
You cheated. Again! You read it.

Laughing, Sean opens his eyes and gestures to another headstone.

SEAN
Try that one facing away from me.

Pamela circles the second headstone.

PAMELA

Okay, Kreskin, what's it say?

SEAN

Ezekiel James Hill, eighteen forty -six to
eighteen sixty-four. Our only son. He gave his
life to protect and preserve the Union. May he
enter the Kingdom of God.

PAMELA

What did you two do, live here?

SEAN

I made gravestone rubbings, when I was
growing up. I made over two hundred by the
time I graduated from high school.

PAMELA

Not only were you born horny and are an

PAMELA

(continued)

admitted pervert, you're also certifiably 'weird'.
And here I thought you were a nice, normal
English Professor. How did I get it wrong?

SEAN

(laughing)

It's the gray hair. Works every time.

Sean heads for the rear of the cemetery. Pamela lags behind, checking headstones. A breeze kicks up. Rustling leaves snake after Pamela, coil around her legs and up her body, pulling at her clothes and hair. She breaks free and catches up to Sean.

PAMELA

(primping her hair, clothes)

I think I just met the ghost of your old high
school lover. And speaking of 'lovers', what
words of undying love did sweet Romeo carve
into fair Juliet's 'plain simple stone marker'?

SEAN

I will always love you.

PAMELA

How sweet of naive young Romeo.

SEAN
You're in rare form today.

PAMELA
What do you expect! You were all of seventeen.
It just sounds a little 'over-the-top' to me.

SEAN
What's bugging you?
(BEAT)
Wait a second. Are you jealous?

PAMELA
No. I just feel edgy. Bitchy.

SEAN
This was a mistake. Let's go.

PAMELA
(grabs Sean's hand)
No! Let's find her, face it, deal with it, then
bury her and move on.

Sean leads Pamela to the back of the cemetery. The ground is covered with a blanket of overgrown dying weeds and leaves. Sean kneels, brushes away the leaves and exposes a small marker.

SEAN
What the hell!

EXT: STONE MARKER - CLOSE UP

The epitaph reads And I will Always Love You Sean, the words And and Sean scratched into the headstone as if with a nail or other sharp-tipped iron instrument.

EXT: VICTORIAN HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - FERRARI - SIGN READS BLUE FIELDS BED AND BREAKFAST - SEAN AND PAMELA UNLOADING THE CAR. MIKE GORDON - tall, sturdy, 40-ish - steps out of house onto the covered porch and stands behind Sean unseen.

PAMELA
It was probably a prank. Forget about it.

SEAN
No! No one could have known I was

SEAN
(continued)

the one who put that marker there.

PAMELA

What about the people you bought it from? Or someone who saw you two going in and out of the cemetery at all hours of the night? Maybe it was someone you told what you were doing. Guys always brag about doing 'it'?

SEAN

I never told anyone. And no one came near the cemetery at night. That's why we went there.

PAMELA

What about 'Fair Juliet'? If she told one of her girlfriends, it would have gotten around town you two spent the summer before going to college, boinking each other in the cemetery.

SEAN

Boinking?

Laughing, Pamela grabs the remaining bags. Mike steps off the porch.

MIKE

Let me get those, Doctor Eagleston.

Mike gathers up the the bags and grins broadly at Sean.

MIKE

So the rumors about you and Judith and that headstone are true?

PAMELA

(to Sean)

See!

(to Mike)

Wasn't that romantic of fair Romeo?

MIKE

That's pudge ... Mr. Romantic.

PAMELA

(laughing)

Pudge? I love it!

SEAN
Thanks Gordon.

MIKE
No one knew it was you who put that
headstone there, until that woman reporter
wrote about it.

PAMELA
Reporter? Really? Or are you busting Sean's chops?

MIKE
Word around town is that the only reason Sean
agreed to come back for a book signing is so
that he could do research on what's been
happening here lately and turn it into another
book ... Ka-ching!

SEAN
(serious)
What's been 'happening' here?

MIKE
Start with Annette Parker.

SEAN
'Annie'! Does she still live here?

PAMELA
Great! Another old flame?

MIKE
(to Pamela)
Pudge and Annie were like peanut butter and
jelly, until Judith arrived in Blue Fields. And
'flame' is a good way of putting it, when it
came to Judith and pudge was her pet moth.

SEAN
Will you stop it, Gordon! I'm doing fine burying
myself without your help. How bout if I pay
you 'not' to tell stories?

MIKE
Speaking of stories, Elaine Anders.....

PAMELA

Is she a trustee for the library?

MIKE

Yup! She's also a reporter for the Journal News.
(to Sean)

Annie said Elaine was going to go back to the cemetery to take pictures of the headstone for her follow-up article on your homecoming.

PAMELA

Where can I get copies of those articles?

MIKE

I have the first one inside. I saved it for pudge.
But she never wrote the second one.

PAMELA

Why not?

MIKE

She disappeared.

SEAN

Sounds like a P-R stunt to me.

MIKE

Don't say that to her husband.

(turns to go inside and calls back)

Dinner will be at six. You can have it in the dining room, which is not air conditioned, or out back in the gazebo. Nice and quiet and private there.

PAMELA

Gazebo for me. And that newspaper!

MIKE

You got it!

EXT: NIGHT - CHAIN-LINK FENCE - RESERVOIR IN FAR B.G.

Sean and Pamela, holding towels, are standing in front of a six-foot high fence. Full moon has turned reservoir into liquid moonlight. Sean offers Pamela a boost over fence.

PAMELA

No thanks.

Pamela scales the fence like a commando, jumps down, and lands like a large cat.

PAMELA
(flashes Sean a broad grin)
Next?

SEAN
Where the hell did you...?

PAMELA
Don't ask. You don't want to know.

Miffed, Sean tosses the towels to Pamela then struggles up and over the fence. Jumping down, almost falling, he grabs the towels from Pamela and starts down the long sloping sandy hillside covered with rows of baby pine trees and weeds.

PAMELA
Okay, 'Pudge', where's this secret swimming hole of yours? I only see that reservoir down there?

Ignoring Pamela's comment, Sean proceeds to draw an imaginary wavy line in the air, then taps the air with his finger and retraces the line while speaking.

SEAN
The Hackensack Creek snaked its way from one end of this valley to the other and through the woods that are no longer here. On the right was an old fieldstone bridge and the Forty Foot, which we never swam in because of the scary looking whirlpools. Down stream was the Seven Foot. And still further down, hidden in the woods, was the Ten Foot. That's where the older guys brought their girls to swim bare-assed.

PAMELA
(blocking Sean's path)
Did Romeo take 'Juliet of Blue Field' there to swim *au naturale*?

SEAN
Don't ask. You don't want to know.

Laughing, Sean darts away. Pamela catches up, blocks Sean with her shoulder and sends them both tumbling onto the ground.

PAMELA

Why do I get the feeling there's something
you're not telling me?

SEAN

Like what?

PAMELA

For starters, what really happened between
you and Judith that night. And what little I now
know, I think the book signing was a ruse. Call
it old fashion woman's intuition, but I can't
help thinking something is has draw you back
here. And I won't buy the argument you're
looking for material for your next book.

They stood up, dusted each other off, and continued walking down the hillside.

SEAN

This may be hard to swallow, but when the Anders
woman called, I thought it was Judith. I wanted to hang
up, but I was hypnotized by the sound of her voice.
You probably think I need a therapist.

PAMELA

'Think'? My therapist read me in about what I was in
for with you after she read two of your novels.

SEAN

You never said anything about seeing a shrink.

PAMELA

I have more skeletons then you do.

SEAN

Ex-lovers, ex-husbands or enemies?

PAMELA

I don't count enemies, they come with being a successful
female CEO. And I'm guilty of having had my share of lovers
and one almost husband. According to my shrink, I scared
them off. I was too strong, demanding or controlling.

SEAN

Smart woman. What did she say about me? Do I
have 'ex' on my back? Am I an 'ex' in waiting?

PAMELA

She said I may have met my match.

SEAN

That's it? No psycho-babble cure?

PAMELA

She suggested a series of two-
for-the-price-of-one sessions.

SEAN

Why do I think that's your idea?

PAMELA

Okay, you're right, that was my idea. And a
stupid one at that.

(Pamela pulls Sean to a stop)

Presuming the missing reporter did sound like Judith,
consider that she could possibly be Judith and Anders
is her married name. And she just wants to surprise
you at the book signing. And what if the reason you
never wanted to come home was Judith dumped you.

SEAN

Ever consider writing fiction?

EXT: RESERVOIR - SHORELINE - SEAN - PAMELA

A thick blanket of fog is hovering over reservoir. Sean strips and walks into the water.
Pamela does the same. They drift out until they're standing knee-deep in the water.

PAMELA

I can't believe how warm it is!

SEAN

Warm enough to make love in it?

PAMELA

Like you did with Judith?

SEAN

Why are you so touchy? One minute
you're the woman I know, the next...

Sean freezes, his gaze fixed on something behind Pamela on the shore. He shushes her
and gestures for her to turn around. She pushes him away, spins around, and stops.

EXT: WATERS EDGE - SHORE - WALL OF TREES IN B.G.

We SEE a naked woman, waist-length hair partially covering her face and breasts glide past Pamela and stop in front of Sean, her hand held out for him to take it.

EXT: NAKED WOMAN

The woman is jaundiced looking, her skin dirty, her body covered with bruises and infected scratches, her gaze fixed on Sean.

NAKED WOMAN

(rasping whisper)

"Have you missed me, Sean?"

She brushes her fingers over his chest, eyes aglow like hot embers. She steps closer, breasts touching his arm, then dives into the water and disappears under the fog.

INT: B&B - SECOND-FLOOR BEDROOM SUITE - MORNING

Pamela, cell-phone pressed to her ear, wearing matching designer panties and bra, is pacing back and forth. Sean is sitting up in bed, bare-chested, wearing PJ bottoms, arms folded, frowning.

PAMELA

(muffles cell on her chest)

Trouble in paradise.

(blows a kiss)

Only a few more minutes. Promise.

Sean hops out of bed and slips into the bathroom (BEAT) Sean reappears wearing running shorts and shoes. Pamela muffles her cell phone and waves for Sean to wait.

PAMELA

Relax. Ten minutes. Tops.

SEAN

No! We had a deal. You didn't keep your word. Go back to the city and do your CEO thing. I'll bum a ride back from someone at the book signing.

Pamela slaps the cell phone shut.

PAMELA

With *'that'* woman from last night?

Pamela throws cell-phone at Sean.

Sean fields phone, goes to open window, tosses phone out window.

PAMELA
You bastard!

Pamela charges Sean. He side-steps, swats her butt, pushes her onto the bed, straddles her, and pins down her flailing arms.

SEAN
Stop this. I love *'you'* not the memory of someone
who's dead. What more can I say for you to believe me?

Sean tries to kiss Pamela. She tries to break free. He tightens his grip on her.

PAMELA
What more can you say? You can start by telling me
who that scaggy bare-assed bitch was last night.

SEAN
I've told you a dozen times, I never saw her before last night.

PAMELA
Really? Then how did she know your name? And how did she
know we would be there? And where the hell were her clothes?
Do the women in this hick town all walk around in the middle of
the night, and in October, naked? And where the hell did she go?
(BEAT)
She just vanished: Poof!

SEAN
I don't know! I wish I did!

PAMELA
I bet you do.

Pamela shoves Sean off of her and gets up.

PAMELA
You're right. This isn't working.
I'm going back into the City.

Pamela grabs keys off dresser and throws them at Sean.

PAMELA
That's your ride home. I keep my word, contrary to what
you think. I'll call the foundation from the phone in the
foyer downstairs, and have my chauffeur come get me.
(starts getting dressed)

PAMELA
(continued)

I suggest you spend the next few days tracking down those demons of yours. There's something going on between you and your old '*lover*'. Something really sick and I don't want any part of it. When she's in the past where she belongs ... the same place where I put the other men in my life ... call me.

EXT: B&B - PORCH - DRIVEWAY - ROLLS ROYCE - DAY

RR limousine pulls away. Sean acknowledges wave of the chauffeur and Pamela's stone-faced nod, a cell-phone pressed to her ear. Mike Gordon enters scene.

MIKE

Pamela left the top down on her car and it looks like rain. You have the keys or should I put a tarp over it?

SEAN

(juggling keys)

Thanks, but I'll take care of it.

INT: METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - BOARD ROOM - BOARD MEETING

We SEE a dozen men seated around a long table, Pamela seated at the head of the table, half-listening, lost in her thoughts.

DAVID ROSS, an over-stuffed troll-like man seated at the other end of the conference table, raps his knuckles on the table.

ROSS

Dr. Eagleston? You with us here?

PAMELA

Sorry. My thoughts wandered.

(perks up, alert)

So, what have you come up with?

ROSS

We agreed to submit your generous offer to the full board with our recommendation for approval. The only hitch is that I

'we' want to use our people to design the...

PAMELA

No.

Pamela stands up. Everyone but Ross also stand up.

PAMELA
I made it quite clear that---

ROSS
Sit down, girl. Relax.

Eyes go wide around the table. Stone-faced deadly silence.

PAMELA
'*Girl*? Really?

ROSS
I said sit down.

PAMELA
(controlled anger)
Gentlemen, and 'Mister' Ross, I've reconsidered
(continued)
my father's wish the foundation donate his
collection of Gerard bronzes to the Met and
endow a capital fund to build and maintain the
exhibition room.
(turns to face Ross)
The offer is withdrawn. You will have my
formal resignation on Monday.

Pamela pans the stunned board members, nods, exits board room. As the door closes behind her we HEAR an angry man's voice OC.

MAN
You fucking asshole, Ross.

EXT: FIFTH AVENUE - FRONT OF MET - AFTERNOON
Pamela climbs into a cab and it pulls away.

INT: CAB - REAR SEAT

PAMELA
Thirty-four Sutton Place.

As cab snakes its way through mid-town traffic, Pamela sits staring outside, her gaze darting about, deep in thought.

EXT: SUTTON PLACE - CAB - CURBSIDE

Pamela pays cabby and waves him off. Doorman scurries out and holds door open.

DOORMAN

Dr. Eagleston! You're back early.

PAMELA

Shit happens, Tony.

Pamela slips into the building. Tony follows her.

INT: ELEGANT SUTTON PLACE MARBLE, GLASS AND WOOD-TRIMMED LOBBY

TONY

Will you be needing a cab for dinner or dining in?

PAMELA

Have the garage bring around my
SL and make sure the tank is full.

INT: LUXURIOUS ROOM-SIZED WALK-IN CLOTHS CLOSET

Pamela, cell-phone wedged between shoulder and ear, is dressing.

PAMELA

All women, no men?

(BEAT)

All from Blue Fields?

(BEAT)

All of the files are still open?

(BEAT)

You checked yourself?

(BEAT)

Thanks, David. I owe you.

(BEAT)

In your dreams!

Pamela drops phone into carry-on bag, snatches cash and credit cards off dresser and pockets everything. About to grab carry-on, she hesitates, opens a drawer and pulls out a shoulder-holstered revolver, with extra clips, and stuffs everything into her bag.

EXT: ROAD - FERRARI - CEMETERY IN B.G. - SUNSET

A local police car is pulled up behind the Ferrari. Sean is standing beside the car, cell-phone in hand. PETER KELLY, 30ish, athletic, a local police officer, is coveting Ferrari.

PETER
This baby yours?

SEAN
No. I mean yes. Sort of.

PETER
License please?

Sean hands over license. Peter checks license. Sean checks name badge on officer.

SEAN
I grew up with a 'Peter Kelly'. You by any chance Pete's son?

PETER
Registration, Doctor MacDonald?

SEAN
Do you want to see why I called 911, or screw around
and play the 'I'm-the-cop-and-you're-not' game?

Sean accepts his license and starts for the cemetery. Irritated, Peter follows.

INT: CEMETERY - CRACKED HEADSTONE - WEEDS

Torn and blood-stained women's clothing are scattered about on the ground and draped over adjacent headstones.

SEAN
At first, I thought it was another prank, especially after yesterday.

PETER
Yesterday?

SEAN
I'll explain later. As I was saying, I didn't want to take
any chances, so I called you guys.

PETER
Wait here. Don't touch anything.

Peter approaches the headstone. Retrieving surgical gloves from pocket, he slips them on, picks up a shredded wallet and flips through the blood-spattered plastic sleeves.

PETER
Sometimes I hate this job.

Peter backs away, retracing his footsteps and shows Sean wallet.

PETER
Know her?

SEAN
She sort of looks like the woman we saw last night,
when we went for a swim at the old Ten Foot.

PETER
'We'?

SEAN
My ... Pamela ... Doctor Pamela Eagleston.

PETER
And where were 'we' swimming?

SEAN
The old Ten foot, which is now the reservoir.

PETER
I need a statement from you. But first I have
to call our crime scene people. Follow me. And
please walk in my footprints.

EXT: LAWN - RUSTING IRON FENCE AROUND THE CEMETERY

Peter returns to patrol car and uses radio. Sean waits at the fence. A breeze kicks up in the cemetery, snakes out and encircles Sean.

OC: We hear a woman's rasping whisper.

WOMAN
Welcome home, Sean.

Peter enters the scene. The wind dies down with a sigh.

PETER
You okay, Doctor MacDonald?
That stuff in there upset you?

Sean shivers, shakes his head, looks up at the threatening clouds.

SEAN
You still want my statement?

PETER
If I need one, I'll find you at Mike's.
(smiling)
Or running around town.

As if his thoughts are somewhere else, Sean starts to jog away. Peter glances at Ferrari, perplexed, then calls out to Sean.

PETER
Yo! Doctor MacDonald!

Sean turns back, flashes a 'What Now?' look and shrugs his shoulders.

PETER
(grinning, pointing to Ferrari)
You leaving this for me?

EXT: BLUE FIELDS LIBRARY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT
Drenching downpour. Two cars are parked in the lot, close to the entrance. We see the Ferrari slowly circle the lot and parks far away.

INT: LIBRARY - RECENT RESTORATION IN PROCESS
Wannabe punk-rock teenage girl is seated behind a book check-out counter. A half-dozen library tables are set out with chairs and small stacks of Sean's book. Sean enters the library, shakes off the water, scopes out scene, smiles, goes to check-out counter.

SEAN
Hi, I'm Sean MacDonald.
(glances around empty room)
Am I early?

INT: DOORWAY BEHIND TEENAGE GIRL
A woman - ANNIE PARKER - mature, full-figured, attractive, long red hair streaked with gray, appears in the office doorway.

ANNIE
(bright-eyed smile)
I thought that was you. My how you've
changed. How long has it been, twenty...

SEAN
'Twenty years and three months.

Smiling, Annie circles the counter and warmly buses Sean.

ANNIE

How is Blue Fields famous author?

SEAN

Based on the turnout, I'm afraid that I may be
Blue Field's unknown author.

ANNIE

Relax. Half the town, the half that reads, is at
the wake.

SEAN

Must be someone important.

ANNIE

One of our trustees, Elaine Anders.

SEAN

What!

(BEAT)

What happened?

ANNIE

Elaine disappeared shortly after she spoke to you.
I was going to call you, when they scheduled
the wake for the same date as the book
signing, but I was afraid you wouldn't agree to
another date. It was selfish of me. I'm sorry.

SEAN

(shifts into research mode)

Natural? Accident? Something else?

ANNIE

They haven't released any information about
the first or second autopsy. We're all in the
dark and ignorance breeds rumors.

SEAN

They must know something or they wouldn't
release the body for burial.

ANNIE

Pressure from the Anders' family Rabbi.

SEAN
(glances away)
Maybe Mike was right?

ANNIE
What?

SEAN
Something Mike Gordon said,
when we were checking in.

ANNIE
We? Did the outspoken bachelor finally stop
running and hiding? Must be some woman.
Love to meet her. Will she be here tonight?

SEAN
Afraid not. Pamela and I had a disagreement
of sorts. My fault. I never should have gone to
the cemetery and showed her...

ANNIE
You showed her that headstone? Sean!
What were you thinking. Duh!

SEAN
You knew about the headstone?

ANNIE
I should have smashed that damn thing
thirty years ago, when I found it.
What were you thinking?

SEAN
(at a loss for words, Sean shrugs)
How's John?

ANNIE
(glances away, then back)
'Mr. Perfect Husband' bolted twenty years ago
to take a trophy wife. Half his age and half my
dress size! So here I am, Annette Parker, town
librarian, town historian and town spinster.

(BEAT)
And still fat!

SEAN
You are 'not' fat. And you never were.

ANNIE
(goes soft)
That's what you always said.

Annie gives Sean a tender peck on the cheek.

ANNIE
Sign a book for a former...
(hesitates, smiles)
friend?

SEAN
With pleasure.

INT: TABLE - BOOKS - CLOSE-UP - SEAN WRITING IN BOOK
We SEE Sean write *You are as beautiful as I remember you ... Sean.*

INT: TABLE - SEAN - ANNIE - BOOKS
Sean hands book to Annie.

ANNIE
(brushes her fingers over handwriting)
Your signature certainly has changed from when I
last saw it. And so have you, '*Doctor*' MacDonald.

Annie embraces book like a high school girl.

ANNIE
I'm sure folks will straggle in after the wake,
even in this rain. At least I hope so. We need
every penny we can dig up these days.

OC: We HEAR doors creaking open.

INT: DOUBLE FRONT DOORS
A woman enters, head down, no raincoat, soaking wet head-to-toe.

INT: SEAN - ANNIE - DOUBLE FRONT DOORS IN B.G.

ANNIE

See! 'Ask and ye shall receive'. Annie exits. Rain- and mud-soaked woman starts shuffling around the room. Double doors swing open and people begin filing in. Soon there's a crowd. One-by-one they march up, welcome Sean to Blue Fields, and engage in small talk while he signs books.

OC: We HEAR a rasping woman's voice.

WOMAN
Hello Sean.

INT: TABLE - BOOKS - SEAN - WOMAN - QUEUE LINE
Rain- and mud-soaked woman - eyes lifeless, cold, hair and clothes soaking wet and spattered with mud - hands Sean a book.

SEAN
(nervous, avoiding woman's gaze)
What would you like me to say?

We SEE a hand appear on Sean's shoulder. He jumps, spins around.

INT: PAMELA
Pamela smiles, winks, and gestures for Sean to turn back.

INT: RETURN TO PREVIOUS SCENE
Older woman holding two books, perplexed, hands one to Sean.

WOMAN
(gesturing behind her)
'*That*' woman handed me this book and walked away.

Sean looks at the book. Face goes blank. Looks up.

INT: DOUBLE FRONT DOORS
We SEE the doors ease shut.

INT: TABLE - SEAN - PAMELA
Pamela takes book from Sean and reads the inscription.

INT: OPEN BOOK IN PAMELA'S HAND

We SEE text written in mud and muddy finger-prints on the page.

You promised you would always love me.

EXT: DAY - RESERVOIR - BRILLIANT AUTUMN MORNING

In near B.G. at the water's edge we SEE a black paneled van with NEW YORK STATE POLICE - UNDERWATER RECOVERY UNIT in iridescent white letters. NYS Troopers and local police are combing the area around the shore. Scuba divers are the water. Peter is at the waters edge. Sean and Pamela, sharing cup of coffee, are watching the scene.

PAMELA

Did they ask you why you didn't
play the hero and go in after her?

SEAN

Yup.

PAMELA

And you said?

SEAN

I told them that after I declined her 'gracious invitation'
to go swimming with her, she turned, scratched me
with her fingernails ... I showed them the scratches ...
then calmly walked into the reservoir. I then turned
the tables on them and asked what they would have
done. It's a no-brainer, and has nothing to do with
'doing the right thing' ... we called the police.

PAMELA

Are you certain there was no one who knew
about that marker in the cemetery. For
example the the church pastor or caretaker?

SEAN

The only person I know for a fact knew about the
headstone is Annette Parker, who is the librarian and
town historian. And I only found that out last night.

PAMELA

You and the librarian? Her, too!
(pauses and shakes her head)
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that.

(BEAT)

PAMELA
(continued)

Why am I only like this when I'm up here. And not just right here, but anywhere in this town?

SEAN

Don't have a clue. But if it's any consolation, you're not alone. That's why I am staying. I have to know why I feel that way too.
And who...or what...is doing this.

OC: We hear a man shout.

We got her!

Judith Dead.....Love Resurrection!

Anthology: Book II Screenplay

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