

FADE IN:

EXT. PATIO - DAY

Amy, 35, is wearing a call centre-style headset which is connected to her cell phone, which in turn is hooked onto her belt. Also hooked onto her belt is a flashlight.

Amy is casually dressed and her hair is in a ponytail. She is currently facing us and applying all her strength to a crowbar that has its business end stuck to something just below our view.

The next moment reveals that she's actually standing on a narrow patio at the front of a two-floor country house which sits on a green hill with no other houses in sight. The victim of the crowbar's force is the country house's front door.

It's raining and the sky is covered with dark clouds, which makes most of the colours seem blueish grey.

A slightly metallic-sounding voice of a woman in her sixties, speaking through the headset, is suddenly heard.

MOM (O.S.)

Amy?

The very next second, a large board from the door's frame breaks loose.

MOM (O.S.)

What was that?

Amy grabs the board and holds it up in the air.

AMY

Look in the side mirror.

A car is parked a stone's throw from the house, next to a lake. The car is parked with its front pointing away from us.

MOM (O.S.)

Oh, because I just remembered where I put the keys.

AMY

That's great timing, mom.

MOM (O.S.)

Don't get an attitude, it's been a long time.

AMY

So where are they?

MUM (O.S.)

In the pot on your left.

Amy looks to her left and notices a pot in the corner. It has a picture of a big key engraved on it.

Amy gives it a look of disbelief, sticks her hand in and pulls out the keys.

INT. ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The key is turned in the lock, the front door opens and Amy enters.

She leans the crowbar against the wall.

The room is only lit up by the gloomy daylight coming in through the windows, and the rain RATTLES against the glass. There is a staircase straight ahead, coat hangers and a few doorways leading to adjacent rooms. Other than that it's basically empty. Everything is covered by a thin layer of dust.

AMY

Oh my gosh, nothing's changed.

Amy flicks the light switch but nothing happens.

MOM (O.S.)

Did you take your shoes off?

AMY

It's dusty in here.

MOM

Well take them off anyway. We don't know what Beth might think.

AMY

It's not her house yet.

MOM

Amy...

Amy takes off her shoes.

She then slowly walks into the next room.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The dining room looks like it's still in use, with the exception that most of the furniture is covered by white sheets as well as dust. The chairs are all lined up around the table with a couple of them pulled out. There are candlesticks on top of the tablecloth that covers the table and there are plates and glasses stacked on top of a cupboard, ready to be placed out for dinner. Above the table hangs a big crystal chandelier.

Amy walks up to the chandelier and unhooks one of the crystals.

MOM (O.S.)

Are you upstairs now?

AMY

No.

MOM (O.S.)

What are you doing?

AMY

I'm just looking around in the dining room. Did you know that Beth and I used to pretend that the crystals were diamonds?

MOM (O.S.)

You mean the ones in the chandelier?

AMY

Yeah. We used to unhook them and turn them into a necklace with a piece of string.

MOM (O.S.)

You weren't supposed to play with those. What if Beth had swallowed one?

AMY

They were diamonds to us, not food.

MOM (O.S.)

I'm sure it was your idea.

AMY
(trying to hide being
annoyed)
Yes mum, it was my idea.

Amy puts the crystal in her pocket.

INT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The kitchen is quite large. Cupboards and counters line three of the walls and in the middle there's a table.

One of the chairs around it is different from the others. It is higher and sturdier and has armrests. The top of the backrest has writing on it. It reads: "Beth's chair" in big red letters, written in a childlike manner.

Everything is covered by dust.

Amy walks into the room, and as she passes the table she lets her fingers slide along the tabletop, leaving shiny trails on the surface. When she gets to Beth's chair, she wipes the dust off the text.

She proceeds to the counter on the far end of the room and picks up a colourful bowl. She raises it to her face and blows the dust off.

MOM (O.S.)
My legs are going numb.

AMY
Push the seat back then. It'll give
you more room.

Amy sits down on the floor, in a corner of the room. She is still holding the bowl.

MOM (O.S.)
How do I do that?

AMY
There's a lever behind your right
leg.

We hear the sound of a car seat SLIDING BACK.

AMY
See? Don't I always help you?

MOM (O.S.)

It's too far back now.

AMY

Do you remember when I used to help you pick cherries? I would fill up the whole big bowl.

As we move our attention from Amy's face to the bowl, we notice that it is now full of cherries.

MOM (O.S.)

Yes I remember.

AMY

And then you used to come in and be so happy.

Amy looks over to the door she came in through. The room is suddenly clean and bright sunlight is coming in through the windows.

A girl, BETH at age 5, sits in the chair that has her name on it, with her back to us.

Amy's mom, looking like she's around the same age as Amy, enters the room and walks over to where Amy is sitting.

MOM (O.S.)

Well we all liked cherries. And we had so many of them. The trees were overloaded.

Young mum pats Amy on the head and smiles, takes the bowl from her and puts it on the table in front of young Beth, who immediately starts eating.

AMY

Yeah, and the bowl is still here.

MOM (O.S.)

Are you in the kitchen?

AMY

Yes I am.

This is the end of the 5 page sample. To read the whole screenplay, please contact me through the web form on the Contact page, or send me an e-mail at info@peterwiholm.com. You can also find me on Skype: wiholm. Thanks!

Här slutar det 5-sidiga smakprovet. För att läsa hela manuset ber jag dig kontakta mig via webbformuläret på Kontakt-sidan, eller genom att skicka ett e-mail till mig på info@peterwiholm.com. Du kan även hitta mig på Skype: wiholm. Tack!