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EXT. GARDEN - DAY

In the lazy afternoon glow, a butterfly flutters through a luxurious garden. The walls of the garden are wreathed in creepers, healthy moss, and bougainvillea; A green living wall, 6 feet high.

Everywhere, color explodes in patches of flowers and the ground is a silky carpet of lush green lawn, bisected by a small path of smooth sunbaked Mediterranean tiles.

The butterfly drifts and flits its way to the center of the garden. Here there is an open fountain tiled in a mosaic pattern spilling crystal blue water onto its basin.

The butterfly moves again, this time towards:

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY.

The house is a single story Spanish colonial with a neat, orderly appearance.

A trellis overhang crouches above the front porch where it creates a sharp division between light and shadow.

The butterfly flies into the shadow towards:

EXT. POOL - DAY

The camera looks up from the water as the butterfly skims across the pool, barely kissing the water. The butterfly passes through the frame as we pan up and around to look back down at the now:

EXT. EMPTY POOL - DAY

The pool is empty now. Two years have passed and the light has gone away. There is decay and sadness that surround the house.

INT. THE HOUSE - DAY

Only small cracks of light can pierce the gloom of the inner sanctuary. The air is thick and dust motes float through the tiny shafts of light becoming momentarily visible, before continuing on their journey of obscurity.

Only three items have a place in this, the main room of the house.

On the far wall is a computer workstation, equipped with every form of electronic component you could imagine.

On the near wall rest an amp and two guitars, one acoustic one electric, both well used.

In the center of the room is a coffee table that overflows with pictures, scrap books, old frames, bits of ribbon, pieces of a life. It is a pile of memory, morbid in its chaos.

CLOSE UP ON A SECURITY CAMERA:

showing a picture of a Von's delivery truck coming up the driveway of the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

The Delivery truck rolls up and parks in the driveway. Eddie jumps out of the truck, looking sweet and stupid.

Eddie is 24. He has an honest face and muscles. He stares around, trying to remember what he does for a living.

Suddenly it dawns on Eddie that he is here to deliver groceries. He grabs the 4 sacks from the back of the truck and heads to the door.

INT. THE HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE UP On computer screen of security camera as it tracks Eddie's movement towards the front door.

Pull back to reveal BROOK RILEY watching the camera closely.

Brook is 29. He is fair skinned with rounded cherub like features. His hair is golden and he sports mutton chops that are 3 shades darker than his hair.

He quickly pulls out his palm tree and checks his outlook calendar. It shows an 10:57 am appointment for food delivery. He checks his digital watch. It is 11:17.

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

Eddie knocks on the door. As he waits, Eddie's cell phone rings it's message tone. He pulls it out. Brook is standing inside a window by the front door.

BROOK
(as a text message)
You're not Frank.

Eddie looks confused. He doesn't get that Brook sent him the text. He notices Brook staring intently at him.

EDDIE
Uh, could you hold on a sec, some
one just sent me a text.

Brook opens the window by the door, pulls out his cell phone a types in a text. He holds up the phone, showing it to Eddie and pushes "SEND".

Eddie's cell phone receives another text.

BROOK
(as a text message in
capitals)
YOU'RE NOT FRANK!!!

Eddie looks confused again. He checks his name tag. Brook can't take it any more. He walks over and opens the front door.

BROOK
Frank delivers my Supplies.

EDDIE
I'm delivering your...

Brook holds his watch up to show Eddie.

| | |
|---|--|
| <p>BROOK Groceries are put on porch at 10:57 am, within two feet of the door.</p> | <p>EDDIE ...I know "Two feet from the door".</p> |
|---|--|

EDDIE
Frank told me. There's a
"procedure"...

BROOK
Ohhh, so what is the procedure?

EDDIE

Um... he gave me a list. Hold on, I think I have it here.

Eddie searches his pocket for the printout Frank gave him. He pulls out a number of small slips of paper, a Business card etc. He can't find the instructions.

EDDIE

Maybe I left them in the truck.

BROOK

(Exasperated)

Here, I'll just text it to you.

Brook busts out a text with incredible dexterity. Once complete, he closes the door and is gone.

Eddie looks at his phone.

CLOSE UP ON CELL PHONE

1. Arrive at 10:57 am.

Eddie looks at his watch.

2. Do not park in driveway.

Eddie looks at the truck parked in the driveway.

3. Remove 4 bags of supplies from truck.

Eddie looks down at 3 bags of groceries.

Eddie runs back to the truck and grabs the 4th bag.

4. Place supplies next to the wall.

5. Remove envelope with \$40 tip from Mailbox.

6. Leave quietly.

EDDIE

Ok. Put the groceries, get the tip.

Put the groceries, get the tip.

Cool

Eddie puts the groceries next to the far wall, about 4 feet from the door. He grabs the envelope from the mailbox, which is within arms reach of the door. He opens it. There are two fresh, crisp \$20 bills. He smiles and heads for the truck.

As he turns to go, he smashes into a metal garbage can, which topples over making a racket loud enough to wake the dead.

EDDIE

Shit...

Eddie runs for the truck, hops in and drives away.

When Eddie has left, Brook opens the door. He sees that the groceries have not been put in their usual place against the wall next to the front door. Rather, Eddie has left them against the far edge of the wall, just outside the porch area.

At first, Brook is mad. Then he smiles to himself at Eddie's incompetence. He likes Eddie, in spite of himself.

After a moment, Brook steels himself, preparing to venture out into the sun to retrieve the groceries.

With his first step he falters. After collecting himself, he hesitates but continues on. Each step is a monumental effort. Sweat breaks out on his forehead. It is really hard for Brook to go out. He is terrified. Just as he is about to reach the bags, his eyes go wide and then roll back in his head.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

Brook lays crumpled on the ground, his eyes twitching. He is clearly dreaming a most unpleasant dream.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Two years ago. Brook opens the front door and skips out towards his Porsche.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

We see the mid section of a woman's body, cutting carrots. Her hand reaches out and picks up a cell phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Brook's cell phone rings. It's his wife, Annie. On the display screen we can see Annie's face, saved as a picture.

ANNIE
(coming through Brook's
phone)
Don't forget the suntan lotion.

BROOK
No worries. Be back in ten.

ANNIE
I'll be all wet by then.

BROOK
Naughty girl.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Close up on Annie's elbow as she cradles the phone. (we never see her face)

ANNIE
I mean in the pool stupid.

Her hand comes into frame as she pushes the button to hang up.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

Brook slowly comes to.

He reaches for the bags, and pulls them towards him. One bottle of suntan lotion falls out of the last bag. He scoops it up, puts it in his back pocket and carries in the groceries.

INT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Brook shuffles around the room, lost. Almost on instinct he makes his way to the guitar. He picks it up and plucks a few discordant notes. These notes slowly evolve into a lament that grows to a crescendo of released. Brook leaves the last chord hanging in the air, refusing to let it resolve.

Finally, after an eternity, he plays the resolving note. As he does, his eyes roll up into his head. This takes us to:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Close up of cell phone, sitting on the bed.

Pan down to Annie's Legs as she pulls on her swim suit. We follow her suit up and hold at her knees as the suit continues on.

As Annie turns away from the camera, we travel up towards her back. By the time we get there, she is clasping her top.

We follow her arm down as she picks up the cell phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. VON'S - DAY.

Brook pulls the car into a parking spot. As he is about to get out his phone rings.

It's Annie, her face in the phone screen.

BROOK

I haven't forgot the lotion, just in case you were wondering.

ANNIE

Actually, I was hoping you might be thinking about buying me flowers.

BROOK

But I already got you a ring. Nobody told me this present stuff went on for ever.

ANNIE

(Teasing)

You better watch it mister. If you're not careful, I just might leave you.

BROOK

(sarcastic)

Bur if you left me, I'd lose my mind. I'd never leave the house again. I'd would just ramble around day and night composing love songs to your memory.

Brook laughs

ANNIE

If it weren't for me, you'd never
leave the house now. Now hurry up
and get back here with that lotion.
I'm burning up.

BROOK

Heyyyy... Don't start without me!!!

ANNIE

Just hurry back.

BROOK

I love you baby.

ANNIE

I love you too.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Brook sits at the workstation in front of his computer. The room is completely dark except for the flickering glow of his LCD monitor. He doesn't move, doesn't twitch a muscle.

The sounds of a party emanate from the screen, which we can't see.

As we pan around to see what he is watching, the dvd ends and shifts to static noise.

As we complete the pan and come 360, back to Brook's face, a single tear wells up and spills onto his cheek. he refuses to wipe it away.

Brook's eyes roll up into his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL - DAY

All we see are Annie's legs as she rests in a lounge chair. We pan up her legs to see there is a cell phone resting on her stomach.

Her hand comes into frame, and picks up the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY.

Brook is just about to enter the house. He has four bags of groceries in his arms. His cell phone rings. He sets the bags down against the wall and looks at his phone.

It's Annie, her face in the phone screen.

ANNIE
(playful)
Where are you???

BROOK
I've decided to run off with the
checkout lady. I've left the
groceries by the door.

ANNIE
I guess that means I'll have to put
my own lotion on.

BROOK
Maybe you could get the gardener to
help. I think I saw him checking
you out yesterday.

ANNIE
It's true, you know, that I have
always wanted a Latin Lover.

BROOK
Are you trying to say I'm not
Latin?

ANNIE
You're about as Mediterranean as a
snow cone.

BROOK
Ohhh, you're gonna get it when I
get home.

ANNIE
I sure hope so.

She hangs up abruptly.

Brook stares at the image of her on the phone and smiles. He heads inside.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Brook sits Indian style on the ground in front of the coffee table of photos. There is a lit candle on the table. He reaches across the table and pulls the photos down on himself, a celluloid waterfall that explodes around him. He is now surrounded by photos. He leans under the table and pulls a metal trash can close to him.

He methodically picks up a one photo after another, stares at it briefly and then lights it on fire and drops it in the waste can.

After a few photos, he decides this isn't fast enough. He gathers the bundle in his arms, drops them all into the trash and lights the whole thing on fire.

He watches it burn for a moment, and then in a panic, reaches into the fire to retrieve one special photo. It is the image of Annie, the one on his cell phone.

His eyes roll up in his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Brook moves slowly through the garden, in bear feet. There is a bottle of suntan lotion in the back pocket of his shorts. His cell phone rings.

It's Annie, her face in the phone screen.

ANNIE

That's it, I'm going in.

BROOK

I'm almost there baby. I just have one important thing to do.

ANNIE

We'll hurry.

She hangs up.

Brook sets the phone down on a tiled patio table and heads towards the flower garden.

EXT. POOL - DAY

Close up on Annie's feet bouncing on the diving board
She leaps out into space, we only see her legs.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Brook is walking through the garden as he hears a splash come from the pool. He smiles.

Brook reaches the flower bed and quickly picks a few varieties of flower. He pulls a ribbon from his back pocket and ties them into a sweet bouquet. There is no sound from the pool.

He stands, pleased with his effort and heads towards the pool, which is just around the corner of the house.

As he is about to turn the corner to the pool area, his cell phone rings from the table behind him. He mutters to himself. Should he pick up?

After three rings, he decides to go pick it up. He sets the flowers down and heads over to the phone. Brook answers the phone, and his voice trails.

The camera moves away from Brook and down to the flowers, neatly placed, leaning against the wall right at the corner of the house.

Slowly, the flowers sag and begin to fall over. The camera follows as the flowers slide down.

As the camera comes down behind the flowers, we can see around the corner to the pool, slightly out of focus in the background. To our right, Brook is having an animated conversation on his phone.

As we cut back to the flowers, we see there is something floating in the pool. As we rack focus to the pool, we see that it is Annie's lifeless body. Her hair fans out around her as she floats face down.

We pan back to Brook, who is completely unaware that the flowers have fallen over, completely unaware that his wife is drowning, as he continues his phone call.

FADE OUT.

INT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Brook lies collapsed and sleeping fitfully. An unnatural posture.

On his chest rests the picture of Annie. On the ground next to him lies his cell phone.

As his eyes twitch in dream state, the phone vibrates. Impossibly, we see Annie's face on the display screen.

FADE TO:

INT. BANQUET HALL - DAY.

It is a home video of Brook and Annie's Reception. She is stunning in her white dress, Brook sharp in his tuxedo. They are so happy, as they drink and dance, surrounded by their friends and family.

The camera wobbles towards the couple.

CODY

Brook, say something.

Brook turns to the camera, holding Annie around the waist.

BROOK

What can I say. I'm the happiest man in the world. She's my butterfly.

The camera wobbles away catching glimpses of the room. As they dance, the music swells, and they pause in the middle of the dance floor and kiss deeply, lost in each other.

The tape runs out and turns to static and snow.

FADE TO BLACK.