

Grandma

written by

Matt Spear

Address
Phone
E-mail

INT. GRANDMAS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

MATT stands at the foot of a hospice bed in the living room. Speechless, he stares at his GRANDMA'S corpse lying in the bed. His eyes glance above the bed as he sees pictures hung on the wall, a shrine to a past life.

The sound of a clock TICKING brings his attention back to the bed. His GRANDFATHER stands to the side of the bed, looking at his GRANDMOTHER. MUFFLED VOICES come from another room.

MATT watches as his GRANDFATHER slowly bends down and kisses his WIFE on the forehead, his frail arms shaking under the weight of his body.

MATT walks back and sits on the stairs, watching the scene from a distance. The clock continues TICKING in the background.

GRANDFATHER steps away from the bed and begins to walk away. For a moment he pauses, looking back at his deceased wife. His gaze lingers a moment, and then he turns and leaves the room.

MATT watches as GRANDFATHER leaves the room.

DAD walks up to the bed, looking thoughtfully down at his MOTHER. MATT begins to choke up as he watches DAD slowly brush his hand along his GRANDMOTHERS forehead.

MATT's attention is broken when LAUGHTER erupts from another room. He looks in the direction of the laughter, it's a strange sound to him as he looks back at the body of his GRANDMA.

TICK. The LIVING ROOM now empty, Matt gets up and slowly walks back towards the bed. TICK.

MATT walks up to the side of the bed, the closest he has been to the body. He looks at the face of his GRANDMA, pale and sunken, mouth open. His eyes look up at the pictures above the bed. His GRANDMA was almost unrecognizable. TICK.

Bringing his attention back to her body, slowly, he reaches out his hand to touch her hand. TICK.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK the sound of someone knocking at the door startles him.

MATT watches as his AUNT opens the door, TWO MEN, wearing blue jackets walk through the door, a gurney between them. A body bag rests on top.

MATT and his FAMILY stand to the side as they watch the TWO MEN lift his GRANDMA and place her into a body bag. The FAMILY crying as they watch their matriarch being taken away from them.

The TWO MEN finish placing his GRANDMA in the body bag and zip it up, shrouding her face forever. The TICKING of the clock somehow piercing its way through the sound of his FAMILIES CRIES.

LATER:

MATT sits on the stairs again as he watches TWO DIFFERENT MEN dissembling the hospice bed his GRANDMA lay on a short while ago. The muffled sound of conversation drifting from an adjacent room.

Piece by piece the TWO MEN take away the hospice bed, leaving a large void in the living room.

LATER:

DAD and UNCLE carry a green arm chair back into the living room. Marks from the legs on the floor show them exactly where to place their GRANDMA's chair.

Suddenly it seemed the living room was back to normal, leaving no evidence someone had recently died there.

MATT stares at the empty chair as his FAMILY members each walk out of the room, leaving behind an empty living room. MATT looks a beat longer at the scene before he too walks out of the room. The clocks TICK continuing to break the silence.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING - LATER

The restaurant is filled with people, the music of conversation and forks scrapping plates fill the room.

We see our FAMILY sitting amongst a sea of other tables.

MATT looks down at his plate of food and then around everyone at the table, everyone seems to be in a state of shock. MATT looks to his GRANDFATHER for guidance.

GRANDFATHER looks around the table at the gathered family.

GRANDFATHER

Let us bow our heads.

MATT looks around the table as everyone closes their eyes and bows their heads. MATT looks back to his GRANDFATHER, watching him as he prays.

GRANDFATHER

Dear Heavenly Father, we thank you for this food we are about to eat, may it nourish our bodies. We thank you for Dorris and her life. Amen.

The sound of forks and plates fill the air as the FAMILY begins eating their food. All lost in silent thought. MATT looks to his GRANDFATHER as he cuts into his meal. GRANDFATHER slowly brings his fork to his mouth and takes his first bite.

MATT watches as his GRANDFATHER chews, slowly and thoughtfully.

GRANDFATHER

The chickens a little dry.

MATT looks down at his own plate. Picking up the fork and knife, he cuts into his meal, slowly at first. And then takes his first bite.

CUT TO BLACK