

GOING OM

Written by

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INT. CINCINNATI, OHIO - SUBURBS - STANTON HOUSEHOLD - MASTER BEDROOM - JANUARY 3, 2013 - 5:59 A.M.

A GRANDFATHER CLOCK'S minute hand clicks to 6:00 A.M. Its chimes echo through the rustic bedroom.

ALLEN STANTON (75) opens his aged eyes and rolls to his side.

He directly faces -

THE CORPSE OF HIS PETITE WIFE, ELEANOR (70), lying face up. Her blue eyes wide and her mouth agape.

Allen turns back and stares blankly at the ceiling. The Clock stops chiming.

INT. STANTON HOUSEHOLD - MASTER BEDROOM - 6:30 A.M.

A black body bag zips over Eleanor's head.

EXT. STANTON HOUSEHOLD - FRONT YARD/PORCH - EARLY MORNING

Snow clouds loom overhead. Allen sits on the steps with his faithful ten-year-old Scottish Terrier, CHARLIE.

TWO EMTs unceremoniously carry Eleanor to an ambulance on the street. They effortlessly lift her into the back.

The doors slam shut. Allen watches as the ambulance drives off, its sirens silent, not in any rush.

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

INT./EXT. MOVING CHEVY/SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING

Allen drives his rusty Chevy through his neighborhood of old, well-loved two-story homes. Johnny Cash's "Where We'll Never Grow Old" rumbles on the radio.

INT./EXT. MOVING CHEVY/OPEN ROAD - EARLY MORNING

Allen passes crop fields covered with Winter frost.

EXT. STRIP MALL - EARLY MORNING

Allen drives past a closed strip mall.

EXT. HIGHWAY EXIT - EARLY MORNING

Allen exits the highway and pulls into an empty parking lot attached to a drab one-story building.

END TITLE SEQUENCE**EXT. REAL COPIERS HEADQUARTERS - FRONT DOOR - 8:00 A.M.**

The dated Real Copiers' logo gleams on the glass door, a cardboard Santa smiling behind it.

Allen opens the door.

INT. REAL COPIERS HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Allen makes his way through a line of overly holiday festive cubicles.

He walks past the only other soul in the building, a FEMALE JANITOR, without acknowledging her.

INT. REAL COPIERS HEADQUARTERS - ALLEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Allen flips through papers in a no frills office with zero personal adornments except a paper weight on the desk.

MALLORY (O.S.)
Happy New Year, Mr. S!

Allen's secretary, MALLORY (23), pudgy and eager-to-please, leans in the door.

MALLORY (CONT'D)
How was your holiday? You do anything fun?

ALLEN
Where's the Jackson Quote?

Mallory's face falls briefly at the lack of a response, but she quickly recovers.

MALLORY
How many copies do you want?

ALLEN
One is fine.

MALLORY
Stapled or paper-clipped?

ALLEN

Which ever.

MALLORY

This is going to be the best
year yet, don't you think?

She smiles brightly, waiting for something, anything.

MALLORY (CONT'D)

Need anything else?

(no response)

Okay, well, you just holler if you
think of anything!

She turns towards the door.

ALLEN

Mallory.

MALLORY

(eagerly)

Yes?

INT. REAL COPIERS HEADQUARTERS - PRINTER - MOMENTS LATER

Several pages lurch from a crusty printer. Its pages filled
with different makes and models of coffins.

INT. REAL COPIERS HEADQUARTERS - ALLEN'S OFFICE - LATER

Allen pours over the coffin printouts. Mallory stands
nervously.

ALLEN

(to himself)

If you get two, it's 25% off.

Allen pulls out his wallet and takes out his credit card. He
hands it over to Mallory.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Get the pair.

MALLORY

Um--where should I have them sent?