

In Loving Memory

Written by

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*NOTE: The entirety of the film will be in first person POV until the last tracking shot.*

FADE IN:

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Everything is pitch BLACK. We begin to hear slow, deep breathing.

We hear the SOUND of footsteps, the metal CLANKING of a lock being undone, a door opening and finally a metal gurney being pulled out.

The camera, still in black, shakes slightly. We can tell as minuscule bits of light break the black with dark greys. The BREATHING begins to get agitated.

ZIP. A zipper is undone in front of our view and light finally floods in. The only thing we see is a white ceiling with bright, fluorescent lights.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Whe- Where am I?

A MORTICIAN dressed in white scrubs and wearing gloves walks up, hovering above us and looking down with a concerned expression.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

Who are you?

The mortician walks away out of view.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

Hey! Hey I'm talking to you!

The mortician returns with a scalpel in hand, he hovers over us again. Examining us.

He tightens his grip on the scalpel and brings it down towards us.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

Hey! Stop! Help! Stop!

We see the mortician's arm running down our body, we assume the scalpel is cutting us. He then begins to pull out fresh, bloody organs from inside us.

We hear an AGONIZING scream from our narrator.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. FRIDGE - NIGHT

We awake, slightly disoriented. Although our head stays in its place, our eyes wander around. We're inside a large refrigerator, ice is accumulated in the corners of the ceiling and water droplets fall.

We hear the humming of chilled air blowing and our own shivering.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Hello? Is anyone there?

We continue to look around and finally see it. Full and partial corpses frozen and stored all around us.

Our breathing increases.

NARRATOR  
Oh- Oh god! Help! Get me out of here!  
Help!

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. FUNERAL - DAY

Our eyes open slowly, light floods in. It takes a second to adjust until we see the blue sky above us, clouds floating by ever so gracefully.

We take deep breaths, calmness for the first time. Suddenly, the blue sky is cut by a face hovering above us. It is a WOMAN (50s), nose red and eyes puffy from crying.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Mom?

She leans in and kisses us. She then turns and walks away.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Mom! Mom!

We stare at the blue sky for a few more seconds. We HEAR our struggle to move but are frozen in place.

Another face appears, a young BOY (15). He too is stricken with grief but holding it together better than the woman. He looks at us, not saying anything or moving.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Robbie? What's- what's going on?

A tear finally breaks through Robbie's eyes and he walks away.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Robbie! Robbie please!  
(Sobbing)  
Help me.

A coffin lid closes on us, consuming the screen in black.

INT. COFFIN - CONTINUOUS

Everything is pitch black, our only sensory input is the sound of our narrator's muffled cries and the sound of DIRT hitting the coffin lid.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

We track back and see a small group of family members and friends huddled together beside a large poster of our narrator's face, a young man in his twenties.

ROLL TITLE CARD: "IN LOVING MEMORY"

FADE TO BLACK.