The Final Visitor

William Smith

Act 1:

INT. STUDY – Day:

The room is dimly lit, filled with books and oddities. The sound of an old antique phone is heard being hung up

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM – EARLY MORNING DAY:

A man sleeps in a hospital bed, bathed in soft morning light.

INT. STUDY – Day:

A hand reaches for a **BRUSHED DARK GREY POCKET WATCH**, lying next to a **BLACK LEATHER BOOK**. The hand belongs to the **MYSTERIOUS MAN**, dressed in a black suit, picking up items with care.

He picks up a **BLACK PEN**, the pocket watch, and a **BOUQUET OF ROSES**.

With swift and smooth movement, he leaves the room, shutting the door behind him.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR – EARLY MORNING DAY:

The old Hospital patient is now sitting up in bed, reading a book intently, the faint sound of a heart monitor can be heard.

A nurse walks into the room and hands the hospital patient a cup of tea.

EXT. CEMETERY – EARLY MORNING DAY:

The Mysterious Man walks through a foggy cemetery, the path is silent, only the footsteps and rustles of leaves can be heard.

A mother and her child walk past either side of the mysterious man, ignoring his presents as though he is a ghost.

INT. HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING DAY:

The Old hospital patient sits in his bed, drinking his cup of tea, we see a file document with his picture on.

EXT. HOSPITAL – EARLY MORNING DAY:

The Mysterious Man turns, stops and stands outside the hospital doors, he moves towards the entrance calmly and slowly.

As He walks through the door, he moves seamlessly though the crowd, as if he's moving in a different time or space.

He reaches a door labelled **JOHN ANDERSON** and pauses, the ticking of the watch slowing as he opens the door and steps inside.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - Early Morning:

The room has a warm hue. medical machines quietly beeps. JOHN ANDERSON (frail, 70s) lies in bed, breathing heavily. Surrounding him are family photographs.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

(softly)

John Anderson?

John stirs, looking up, puzzled.

JOHN

Yes… that’s me… may I ask… who are you sir?

The MYSTERIOUS MAN enters, placing withered roses in a vase beside the bed, he sits in a chair in the corner of the room.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

(pull out pen and old leather notebook to the fourth page)

I am a therapist… I’m here to listen, John. Tell me about your life.

John hesitates but then nods.

JOHN

(slowly)

Where do I begin?

MYSTERIOUS MAN

Why not start at the beginning?

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

JOHN (5), runs down a dirt road, laughing and playing. His MOTHER watches from the porch of their modest home.

JOHN

I was born in 1949, in a small town. My mother raised me alone after my father passed away when I was just a baby.

INT. MODEST HOME - DAY

John (5) helps his mother with sewing. The sun shines brightly

JOHN

We didn’t have much, but my mum always made sure there was love in our home through hugs and stories.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

(interrupting)

Did you find solace in these stories?

JOHN

…I did.

INT. SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

JOHN (10) sits at a desk, reading while other kids play.

JOHN

I spent hours at the local library, devouring every book I could find. It was there I discovered my love for writing.

INT. MODEST HOME – DAY

John (15), sitting at the kitchen table, writes in a notebook enthusiastically. A bright light from the kitchen window lights the room, the sound of tap water running is faint. John's mother looks over his shoulder, smiling.

JOHN

Mother encouraged me. She said that if I worked hard enough, I could become a writer someday.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT

John (17), stands, fidgeting nervously in the corner of the dance, the music is quiet. John reads a book, ignoring anyone who tries to speak to him. Bully, DARON MALTON, slaps the book out of John's hand, calling him names.

DARON

OI! Novel nerd! What you readin’? Something Stupid?

Daron turns to his friends laughing.

JOHN

Just leave me alone Daron! Haven't you got to be Annoying somewhere else?

DARON

Listen here you pencil kisser! You may think that you will be rid of me after this dance. But the memory of what I will say next will always stay with you…

EMILY DAVIS (passionate and kind)interrupts

EMILY

Leave him alone you pretentious muscle freak. Haven't you got to cry to your (In silly / sarcastic voice) mummy and daddy about failing BASIC English FOR THE SECOND TIME?

JOHN

The school dance where I met Emily. She was everything I wasn’t. Confident, outgoing, full of life yet, for some reason, she chose me.

Daron kicks John to the floor. John on the floor, Daron walks away laughing.

EMILY

I’m sorry about him, he finds happiness in making people feel bad to avoid the inevitable realisation of his own failures.

JOHN

No worries, I wouldn’t listen to him even if he was right.

EMILY

I’m Emily. It's nice to meet you.

JOHN

(smiling)

Nice to meet you too. Although, I wish we had met each other in aaaa… nicer setting than a school dance!

Emily

(Giggle) Yep, this school dance is a bit rubbish, I was planning on leaving to be honest and go up to the park hill... Do you want to join me?

EXT. PARK HILL LOOKING OVER CITY - Night

John and Emily sit together at the top of the hill, laughing.

EMILY

(still laughing) Oh gosh, I do remember that happening, he was such a good and funny teacher, always playing guitar while we were working for some “background music”.

JOHN

Haha, yep, he was a peculiar but good teacher… Hey Emily, I have had a really good time tonight, thanks for spending time with me.

Emily’s note: "Do you want to see the world together?"

They kiss with the stars and city lights glowing in the background.

JOHN

We fell in love quickly, like something out of one of those romance novels.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - DAY

John and Emily (early 20s), in their tiny apartment. They’re unpacking boxes, Emily hangs their wedding photo above the fireplace.

JOHN

Someday, we’ll have a place with a garden… maybe even a swing for our kids. (puts hands on Emily’s stomach)

Emily laughs, wrapping her arms around him.

EMILY

(comedically)

And a room just for your books, Mr. Anderson. A writer needs his space.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

John smiles faintly.

JOHN

Emily believed in me, even when I didn’t believe in myself. She was my biggest supporter, my partner. My everything.

The Mysterious Man leans forward slightly.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

Tell me more about her.

JOHN

She was… extraordinary. We have three beautiful children. She stayed home, while I worked. But no matter how busy life got, she always found time to read every word I wrote.

EXT. FAMILY HOME - DAY

John and Emily are at home. Their three children; SARAH (6), MICHAEL (4), and LUCY (2) laugh, playing in the yard. John and Emily watch from the porch.

JOHN

Those were the best years of my life. We had everything.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The family are around the fireplace. John reads a story to the kids, Emily nestled beside him, smiling.

JOHN

I wrote stories for them, stories about great adventures. And every night, they would beg for just one more chapter.

INT. FAMILY DINNER TABLE - DAY

The family is gathered for a chaotic dinner.

JOHN

Emily made every moment special. She made our house a home.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Emily (50s), lies in a hospital bed, thin and pale. John sits beside her, holding her hand.

JOHN

But then… she got sick... It started with little things, forgetting where she put the keys, feeling lethargic, not knowing if she had dinner yet or not.

Emily stares at John with tears in her eyes.

JOHN

(softly)

We’ll get through this.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

John, teary, wipes his eyes, sniffles and carries on conversing with the Mysterious Man.

JOHN

We fought it together for years, she kept forgetting… who she was… who her children were… even who I was.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - RAINING

The family gathers around Emily’s grave, the children clinging onto John. A light rain falls, mixing with the tears on their faces.

JOHN

Losing her… it was like losing

Myself. Everything.

INT. FAMILY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John sits silently after putting the kids to bed. John tries to write, but can't. He looks up, fear in his eyes. He cries silently and chucks the paper on the floor.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

SARAH (24), MICHAEL (22), and LUCY (20) visit John at the family home. John (60s). Sits at his desk and sits at his desk, surrounded by books and manuscripts. Drinking a cup of tea. Staring at the wall. He stares at a blank page.

JOHN

Without Emily, the words didn’t come as easily. It was as if part of my inspiration had vanished with her.

INT. FAMILY DINING ROOM - NIGHT

John sits at the table. His children knock on the door and enter the house. A sad look on their face as they have a conversation together

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - DAY

John, now living alone in a smaller apartment, surrounded by boxes and memories. He’s trying to arrange his belongings.

JOHN

Moving on wasn’t easy. The apartment felt like a graveyard. Memories boxed and buried.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

John visits the local library, stopping at a section dedicated to local authors, picking up one of his own dusty books.

JOHN

I thought I might find some comfort in seeing my own work. I was wrong.

I only felt pain and loss.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

John, lies in the hospital bed. The Mysterious Man sits beside him, watching quietly. The beeping of the medical machines is slow.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

You’ve lived a full life. Your story has touched many lives, even if you can’t see it.

The Mysterious Man closes his book and removes his glove. The mysterious man walks towards John

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN

Come on John, time to get your medication.

John gets up, following the mysterious man closely. They walk out of the door and disappear into the black oblivion in the distance. John is hesitant in following the mysterious man, but he does follow. They disappear. John's Family, standing around the bed, where John lies. Their faces etched with grief. The monitors are flatlined. John lies still, lifeless.

SARAH

(tearfully)

He’s gone.

MICHAEL

(teary)

We were too late. I’m sorry Dad.

LUCY

(sobbing)

I wish we’d been here earlier.

The family members hold each other for support as they look at John. The photographs of John’s life on the bedside table showing his family and his memories.

DOCTOR

Time of death, 02:24

The DOCTOR switches off the monitor and pulls the sheet over John's face.

\*The End\*