

(Attending Ms. Johansson)

by
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Current Revisions by
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FADE IN:

INT. JOHANSSON RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Elderly, MS. JOHANSSON sits on her living room sofa and drinking some tea. She's staring at a small picture frame, that's resting on the coffee table in front of her.

The picture is of her dead husband. It comforts her.

There's a knock at the door.

MS. JOHANSSON

(happy)

Come in!

JAKE walks in wearing his book bag. Jake is warm hearted college student.

JAKE

Yo!

Jake looks at her with a grin and gesturing, "Where have you been?" Ms. Johansson smiles at him before going back to staring at the picture.

Jake approaches and sits on the sofa next to her.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ms. Johansson where were you? You missed my presentation and you said you'd be there.

Ms. Johansson innocently ignores him, her eyes fixed on the picture frame, she sporadically sips her tea. Jake looks at her, then the picture frame.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(sarcastic excitement)

So I walked up to the podium right. Full of excitement to give my speech on deductive reasoning. And the seat that I had reserved for you in the front row... It stayed vacant. And the room was packed. So! On top of me being nervous as hell, I had half the people standing up against the wall, looking at me like I was a douche bag for saving that seat. I come here, and wouldn't you know it.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)
You're sitting there, entertained
by the thrilling picture of the
late Mr. Johansson.

Jake looks sadly disappointed.

JAKE (CONT'D)
It's been five years. Don't you
think it's time you let him go? Are
you even listening to me?

Jake snaps his fingers in front of her twice. Ms. Johansson
smiles at Jake.

MS. JOHANSSON
My husband will be coming home from
work anytime soon now. I don't
think he'd like that you're
snapping your fingers at me.

Jake sighs.

JAKE
I wonder if I should explain the
concept of death to you... again.

Jake picks up the picture frame from the table. Ms. Johansson
quickly snatches it from Jake's hands and glares at him. Jake
smiles.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Alright. Alright. No need to get
violent.

Suddenly, Jake snatches the picture back from her hands. Both
instantly stand up. Jake picks up a chair or some instrument
to keep Ms. Johansson at bay.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Calm down.

MS. JOHANSSON
(threatens)
Give me back my picture.

JAKE
This isn't good for you Ms.
Johansson.

MS. JOHANSSON
(louder)
I want my picture back.

JAKE
(stresses)
Look. When Mr. Johansson died, I
promised him I'd look after you
alright. I keep my promises.

MS. JOHANSSON
(screams)
Give me back my picture!!!

Jake cringes at the sound of her voice. He puts the chair
down and gently tosses the picture frame into Ms. Johansson's
arms.

She calms down and gently places the picture back on the
table as she takes her seat. Returning to peace, Ms.
Johansson goes back to sipping on her tea.

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE
(to himself)
That's a damn shame.

KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.

Jake walks over and opens it. He's relieve to see Ms.
Johansson's daughter TIFFANY.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Hey Tiffany. What's shaken?

Jake and Tiffany hug.

TIFFANY
Hey Jake. How's mom doing today?

JAKE
Whelp. I think the Alzheimer's just
stepped it up a notch. She thinks
your dad is alive. Again.

TIFFANY
Oh no.

Tiffany approaches Ms. Johansson.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Hey Mom. How ya doin?

Ms. Johansson smiles at her.

MS. JOHANSSON

Good sweetheart. Expecting your father to return home from work anytime soon. I wonder what he'd like for dinner.

Jake scoffs with a smile. Ms. Johansson overhears and glares at him.

MS. JOHANSSON (CONT'D)

Jake doesn't believe me. Jake wants me to think that your father is dead. But I don't believe him. I see the way he looks at me. The way he's always coming over to visit me. He just wants to have an affair with me.

Tiffany can't believe it. She turns and shoots Jake a look.

Jake raises an eyebrow at Tiffany.

JAKE

Tiffany, I will slap you. Would you please talk to your mother.
(exhales)
Christ...

Tiffany slightly grins as she turns to look at her mother and quickly transitions to a look of concern. She grabs her mother's hand.

TIFFANY

(sadly)
Mom. Mom. Look at me. Dad is dead. He *is* dead. He's not coming back home.

Ms. Johansson turns to look of horrific disbelief. Grief overcomes her as she begins to cry.

MS. JOHANSSON

(shock)
Oh no!

Tiffany sympathizes and hugs her mom.

TIFFANY

I know mom. I'm so sorry.

MS. JOHANSSON

No! I can't believe it!

Ms. Johansson begins to cry even louder. Even Jake begins to feel for her.

MS. JOHANSSON (CONT'D)
My husband!

TIFFANY
It's alright Mom. It's gonna be alright.

MS. JOHANSSON
I can't believe it!

TIFFANY
I know mom.

MS. JOHANSSON
I can't believe... Jake... He lied to you too.

Tiffany looks stunned before finding the humor in the situation.

JAKE
You sick, twisted little. Look!

Jake rolls his eyes as he takes a card out of his pocket and slams it on the coffee table.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Here's the time and place for my next speech. You better show up, or I'll burn up every picture I find of Mr. Johansson.

Ms. Johansson stands up in defiance.

MS. JOHANSSON
You do and I'll call the cops!

JAKE
Oh yeah? What's the number?

MS. JOHANSSON
(as though she believes
its the real number)
555-5555!

Jake laughs as he heads for the door.

JAKE
Yeah, okay. Go ahead and run with that. Friday. 2:30. Be there. Or I'll be here. Flame on!

Jake leaves.

Ms. Johansson continues to glare at the door. She then looks down at Tiffany and smiles.

MS. JOHANSSON

I told you, he wants me.

Tiffany laughs as she plants her face in her hands.

Ms. Johansson looks at the audience and calls scene.