

# THE FIVE STAGES OF GRIEF

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FADE IN:

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

JANE (35), pretty, fit and trim, on the sofa. TOMMY (6) and ANNABELLE (9), cute as can be, sit on either side of her.

**SUPER: DAY ONE - DENIAL**

TOMMY  
Start the movie, Mommy.

ANNABELLE  
It's my turn to pick.

Jane's eyes narrow with concern as she looks at the TV.

JANE  
Hang on a minute...

JOHN (40), enters. He's got a bit of a beer belly, dressed in golf attire and has a golf bag slung over his shoulder.

JOHN  
See ya in about five hours.

JANE  
Wait.

Jane points the remote at the TV.

TELEVISION REPORTER ON TV  
... The State is now under a  
shelter in place decree in order to  
decrease the spread of the virus.

JANE  
Looks like no golfing.

JOHN  
I'm sure they didn't mean golf.

TELEVISION REPORTER  
This includes golf.

JOHN  
Fuck.

TOMMY  
Daddy said fuck.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

John, still dressed, lies in bed, cellphone to his ear.

JOHN  
(into phone)  
Uh-huh.

JANE  
(entering the room)  
They're both finally down.

John puts his finger up signaling he's on a call.

JOHN  
(into phone)  
Seriously? ... Okay. Keep me  
posted.

John ends the call.

JOHN  
That was work. We're shuttering for  
at least two weeks.

Jane crawls in bed next to John.

JANE  
Makes sense.

JOHN  
But they said that essential  
services could stay open.

JANE  
Ah, sweetie. You work for a movie  
studio. They haven't made anything  
essential in decades.

JOHN  
I'm sure they'll open back up soon.  
A shutdown would ruin the economy.

JANE  
Yeah. When the dinosaurs saw the  
meteors hurtling toward earth they  
screamed - oh no, the economy.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

A mess. Dirty dishes and remnants of food everywhere.

**SUPER: DAY TWENTY-ONE - ANGER**

John, unshaven, wearing sweats and a T-shirt at the counter  
using a screwdriver to dismantle the TOASTER.

Jane, mask on her face, surgical gloves on her hands, enters.  
Her hands are filled with grocery bags. She notices the mess.

JANE  
 You promised you'd clean up.  
 (re: the toaster)  
 What are you doing!?

John points at the dismantled toaster on the counter.

JOHN  
 What if you made the sides out of  
 glass so you could actually see how  
 brown your toast got? Huh? I think  
 I could make some money as an  
 inventor.

JANE  
 No...

JOHN  
 Maybe I could take up writing  
 again. I got a great idea for a  
 script.

Tommy, grape jelly on his hands, and Annabelle, both still in  
 their pajamas, enter. Tommy wraps his grape-stained hands  
 around Jane's waist, smearing her shirt.

JOHN  
 So what do you think?

JANE  
 You're not going to be a God damn  
 inventor! And you're not going to  
 be a God damn writer! And you  
 promised you would clean the  
 kitchen and get the kids ready.  
 I've been in line at the store for  
 four hours! Jesus!

TOMMY  
 Mommy said damn.

JOHN  
 Twice.

Jane drops the bags on the counter and storms off.

JANE (O.S.)  
 Fuck!!!

**INT. DINING ROOM - DUSK**

The whole family sits around the dining room table. Jane,  
 roots graying and disheveled, has pen and paper in hand.

John now sports a rather shabby and very unattractive beard.  
The kids wear randomly matched clothes.

**SUPER: DAY THIRTY - BARGAINING**

JANE

So it's agreed. For now on, I'll do  
all the cooking and cleaning. Kids,  
you clean your own rooms and take  
out the trash. And John, you'll do  
the shopping and help the kids with  
their schoolwork.

Dejected nods from everyone.

JANE

And we are all going to start  
exercising and eating less junk.

Jane reaches over and taps John's growing belly.

JANE

Time to flatten the curve.

JOHN

Hey!

TOMMY

Daddy's getting fat.

JANE

Okay, it's settled. Oh, one more  
thing.

Jane reaches in her purse and removes a piece of paper and  
slides it towards John.

JANE

Amazon is hiring.

JOHN

You want me to work in a warehouse?

JANE

Unless you patented a new toaster  
or sold a script in the last twenty  
days...

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Make-shift school stations have been created in the middle of  
the room. Tommy and Annabelle at each of them.

John, looking even shabbier, clad in PJ bottoms, no top, eyes  
closed, slumps back in the sofa.

**SUPER: DAY FORTY - DEPRESSION**

TOMMY

I don't understand, Daddy.

JOHN

It's just simple math, son.

TOMMY

But I'm only six.

John runs his hands through his messy hair - thinks.

JOHN

If your Daddy had five dreams and  
your Mommy destroyed four of them,  
how many dreams would your Daddy  
have left?

TOMMY

One?

JOHN

(sobbing)

Zero, it was a trick question. She  
crushes all dreams.

TOMMY

Don't cry, Daddy.

John wipes the tears from his eyes.

JOHN

Your turn, Annabelle.

ANNABELLE

That's okay...

JOHN

If Daddy weighed two hundred and  
forty pounds, how much would he  
have to lose for Mommy to love him  
again?

ANNABELLE

There's no way too answer that.

JOHN

(wailing now)

You're right. She wouldn't love him  
no matter what.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Clean as a whistle. Jane hums a cheery song as she stirs a pot on the stove.

JOHN (O.S.)  
I'm home.

**SUPER: DAY SIXTY - ACCEPTANCE**

John, clean-shaven, a bit trimmer and wearing a perfectly pressed AMAZON UNIFORM enters.

He goes to Jane, gives her a kiss on the cheek.

JANE  
Hey, baby. How was work?

JOHN  
Great. Where are the kids?

JANE  
Tommy's in the bath and Annabelle is just finishing up some schoolwork. Dinner will be ready soon. Go get changed.

**MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

John stands by a computer stationed on a desk. He taps the space bar. A blank page appears.

John taps the keyboard with one finger. "FADE IN" appears on the screen. He stares at it, forlorn and lost in thought.

JANE (O.S.)  
John! John!

John goes to the bedroom door, looks down the stairs.

JANE  
They just announced the shutdown is going to end. This Friday!

JOHN  
Fuck yeah!

TOMMY (O.S.)  
Daddy said fuck.

FADE OUT