

A GRAND FINALE

Written by

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Based on, Because I could not stop for Death by Emily Dickinson

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY

On a cloudy, autumn day, the park is void of the life and character that usually accompanies it. SAMUEL (80s), with sad eyes and a distinctive beard, sits on a lone park bench, a large NEWSPAPER in his hands. His frail hands shake with the weight.

DEATH (20s), with dark black eyeliner and darker clothes to match, walks along the path in front of him. She passes Samuel, then stops. She turns back to him and smiles gently but he remains unaware of her presence.

Death takes a seat next to him, the bench CREAKING with the weight.

Samuel SIGHS and folds his newspaper. He places it down on his other side.

SAMUEL

You're late.

DEATH

Most people would be thankful.

Samuel scoffs.

SAMUEL

Thankful, sure.

(beat)

Are we ready, then?

He moves to stand.

DEATH

Not yet.

Death nods her head to a young couple sitting on a blanket in the grass.

The MAN (20s), dressed in army fatigues, fishes out a ring from his pocket. The WOMAN (20s) covers her mouth at the surprise and nods fervently. He wraps his arms around her in celebration.

Samuel GASPS and smiles as he watches on.

DEATH (CONT'D)

That was a little fast, no?

SAMUEL

No. Not with us. I knew that first day.

Samuel is mesmerized by the sight in front of him.

Death rolls her eyes.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Samuel looks down at his wedding ring. When he looks back up, the couple in front of him has changed. They are older, surrounded by two children, a boy, MARTIN (7), and a girl, NANCY (5).

The woman reaches into a picnic basket and pulls out food for them to share.

Nancy grabs it and runs, Martin giving chase.

WOMAN

Nancy, slow down!

The woman gets up and chases after them.

SAMUEL

They were always so competitive. Always wanted her undivided attention.

DEATH

Who won?

SAMUEL

We all did.

He watches on with a smile as the woman grabs both children and peppers them with kisses.

The man looks at his family, a mirror of his older counterpart watching from the bench.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Now, the couple is old. Samuel watches an identical version of himself slow dancing with the woman.

A banner reads HAPPY 50th ANNIVERSARY as it hangs between trees.

Her frail hand is in his. She looks sick, her arm wound tightly around him for support.

Tears spring to Samuel's eyes at the sight of her. He turns to Death.

SAMUEL

Why are you doing this? Just end it.

DEATH

I saw her a few months later.

SAMUEL

(whispers)  
I begged for you everyday.

DEATH

You weren't ready yet.

Samuel looks back at the vision in front of him and he sees himself standing there alone.

SAMUEL

And now?

Death stands up. She leaves, but Samuel doesn't follow. He stares at his other self, frozen.

Death SIGHS and walks back towards him.

DEATH

Come.

SAMUEL

Wait. I don't - I'm scared.

She takes her previous spot next to him and places her hand on Samuel's arm. He shivers.

DEATH

I'd be worried if you weren't, but fear doesn't stop what is ahead. Life is fickle. You know that.

Samuel's emotions leak out, no longer kept behind his walls.

SAMUEL

Was she scared? Was my Phyllis scared when you took her from me?

DEATH

Not of me, no. *For* you? Absolutely.

He wipes at his teary eyes. She pats his leg in an attempt to provide some much needed comfort and stands.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Come. She's waiting.

Samuel's head snaps to Death. He stands, although it takes him a moment in his old age. He follows Death as she continues down her path.

He stops when he sees a silhouetted figure ahead. Samuel smiles and allows the tears to finally fall.

Death watches on with a smile.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Well, go on then. I think you've both waited long enough.

Samuel walks forward and leaves Death behind.

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END.**