

IN LOVING MEMORY OF DORIS MURIEL

Written by

Tom Xu

Based on the tombstone, destroyed by a fallen tree, unrecognizable.

Email: [wenxuan.xu@lfs.org.uk](mailto:wenxuan.xu@lfs.org.uk)

Phone Number: 07307985001

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

EVANS(30S, WELL-DRESSED IN SUIT VEST) IS CAREFULLY DRYING A GIRL'S HAIR. DORIS(24,BLONDE) LIES ON THE AUTOPSY TABLE, HER BODY COVERED BY A WHITE SHEET. SHE IS PALE, HER EYES AND HER MOUTH ARE OPENED. EVANS UNTRIED SOME KNOTS ON DORIS' HAIR WITH A COMB UNTIL HER HAIR IS NICE AND NEAT. HE injects two sharp brad with wires into Doris' jaw with a brad gun, then twist the wires until her mouth is closed. He puts 2 eye caps under Doris' eyelid so they could keep closed.

DORIS' SPIRIT

You are such a gentle man.

Evans touches the red scar left on Doris' neck after she hangs herself, then he give a glances at DORIS' SPIRIT(24, dressed in Bright yellow shirt and white trousers)

EVANS

You are in your best age, why do you do this to yourself?

DORIS' SPIRIT

Just tired.

EVANS

That's not the excuse.

A uncomfortable pause.

DORIS' SPIRIT

I am sorry? Mr.?

EVANS

Evans.

DORIS' SPIRIT

Evans. What do you know about me?

She looks at Evans with contempt.

Evans takes out the document folder and puts it in front of her.

EVANS

Doris Muriel, age 22, A very young ballet dancer. And a very hard working one.

DORIS' SPIRIT

Do they also write that in this?

Evans flips the end of the white sheet and shows Doris' feet, which has a lot of bruise on it, and some of the nails are cracked.

EVANS  
They don't need to.

Evans cover Doris' feet.

EVANS (CONT'D)  
You suppose to have a bright future.

DORIS' SPIRIT  
Future? It's too heavy to carry on.

EVANS  
So you kill yourself.

DORIS' SPIRIT  
I free myself.

EVANS  
From a single mother?

Evans opens a make-up case, then he opens Doris' folder, looks closely at her picture in it, Doris is in her ballet dress, with some exaggerate eye shadow make-up.

DORIS' SPIRIT  
So that's how she remember me. I don't want to be like that anymore.

Evans ignores her, and keeps applying make-up on Doris' face.

DORIS' SPIRIT  
You hear me?

EVANS  
I was asked to.

DORIS' SPIRIT  
Don't you dear to make me look like that.

EVANS  
Why? You are dead. What matter is how people remember you as the way they want.

Evans is interrupted by Doris' spirit.

## DORIS' SPIRIT

As the way I want. If someone remembers me, they should remember me as who I am. Not like that.

Doris's spirit looks at the photos.

Evans looks at DORIS' spirit and looks at the photo.

## INT. MORGUE OFFICE - DAY

Evans' washes his hand. A LADY(60S, GRAY HAIR, IN BLACK DRESS and black hat) walks into the office. She looks at Evans. Evans nods at her, then she walks into the morgue.

## INT. MORGUE - DAY

The Lady sees Doris' body lies on the autopsy table, dressed in yellow dress, very gentle make-up to make her looks still alive and peaceful, her hands are well placed on top of her belly. The Lady is a bit shocked, so she looks back at Evans, then moves her attention back to her daughter. She touches Doris' cheek and her hair. She takes out her wallet and opens it, we can see a old picture of Doris, she is in ballet dress. The Lady takes it out, and on the back of the picture, it's another picture, which is Doris is hugging her from her back in their home, calm and warm. Tears drop on the picture, then the lady puts the picture into Doris' dress pocket.

DORIS' SPIRIT looks toward Evans with a imperceptible smile, then she looks back at the old lady, the smile slowly fade away.

End.