

Lily

Written by
Anthony Cawood

Copyright (c) 2018

anthony@anthonycawood.co.uk

EXT. GARDEN CENTRE - DAY

NATHANIEL, 40s, fastidiously attired in a black suit and tie, picks up a white lily and examines it closely.

SALLY, 7, dressed in black that matches her hair, stands at his side looking forlorn and pertified.

PETER, 20s, garden centre uniform unkempt, approaches the pair.

PETER
Can I help you with anything?

NATHANIEL
Is this right?

Nathaniel glances at the store assistant.

NATHANIEL
It's for a funeral.

Peter's face drops.

PETER
Oh, I'm so sorry to hear that.

He glances at Sally.

PETER
Really sorry.

NATHANIEL
Thank you. And this?

PETER
What?

NATHANIEL
Right plant?

PETER
Not really for a funeral, but they are often left at graves.

NATHANIEL
Good.

PETER
What?

NATHANIEL
Not good they'll die, sorry, died.

Sally starts to cry.

PETER
Someone close?

Sally makes to speak, but Nathaniel grabs her arm sharply.
She sobs.

PETER
Is she okay, can I get her something?

Nathaniel shakes his head.

NATHANIEL
Sally doesn't speak. But, thank you,
we've got to go now.

With that, he drags Sally towards the tills.

EXT. WALLED GARDEN - NIGHT

Nathaniel places the lily on the ground in front of a small
headstone.

He bends down to clean some dirt from the headstone before
him, revealing the name...

INSERT: Headstone - SALLY - Number 12.

He stands back, revealing a line of eleven similar graves,
all with different flowers in front of them.

He looks at the next one over.

INSERT: Headstone - ALICE - Number 11.