

TOGETHER FOREVER

Draft 2

Written by

Larry Diamond

writeproductions@hotmail.co.uk

INT. RURAL FARMHOUSE-KITCHEN-EARLY EVENING.

A large scrubbed pine table and chairs at it's centre. An open fireplace burns brightly, gathered round by a small, two seat oak framed couch and armchair. **MARY** slim, mid thirties, with a healthy complexion, busily sets the table as she prepares the evening meal.

MARY

(shouting affectionately)
Rose, Sean, come away thru' for
your tea.

SEAN (O.S.)

(shouts)
But Mammy, the world's goin' to
end. It's been on the telly.

MARY

Your world will end if you don't
come in this minute...and didn't I
tell you not to watch that telly.

ROSE, a chubby five year old girl, skips into the kitchen, clutching crayons and coloring book and quietly climbs up to sit at the table, as **SEAN**, a robust seven year old bounds in breathless, hopping up and down and gesticulating wildly.

SEAN

Mammy, a big lump of rock is going
to fall out the sky and crash into
the sea and boosh, the waves will
wash the world away, so it will.

MICHAEL, enters the kitchen shrugging off his jacket. Large, mid thirties, weather beaten and with a gentle demeanor.

SEAN (CONT'D)

(excitedly runs to him)
Daddy, the world's going to end.

MICHAEL

(with quiet reassurance)
Will we be having time for our tea?

SEAN

(scrunching his face,
puzzled)
I think so.

MICHAEL

(rumpling his son's hair)
Eat up then and don't be making our
cows sad by not drinking up all the
milk they give us.

DISSOLVE TO END OF MEAL.

The children amuse themselves, at the table, coloring in the book, as Michael collects plates and joins Mary at the sink. Their backs to the table, silent tears stream down her face.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(whispering)
Did you manage it, Mary.

MARY

(nodding, whispering)
I crushed up my sleeping tablets.

MICHAEL

It won't....?

MARY

(shocked)
God Michael.No. A deep sleep,
that's all... 'til it's all over.

ROSE

Mammy, I'm sleepy.

SEAN

(yawning)
Me too Mammy.

Mary, quickly wiping her tears, on a dishcloth, turns.

MARY

Come away then with me by the fire
and I'll read you both a story.

As they settle into Mary's embrace, on the couch, the children drift off into the rhythmic breathing of sleep. Mary's eyes begin to droop, she looks in alarm at Michael.

MARY (CONT'D)

Did you?

And Michael, sitting in the adjacent armchair stretches out to take her hand and gently caressing her face.

MICHAEL

In your tea.

MARY

(tears quietly flowing)
You said we'd face it together.

MICHAEL

We are, all of us
together...forever.

As she drifts into sleep a roaring sound rises to crescendo.

BLACK SILENCE.

THE END

