

The Angel Inn
by
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FADE IN:

INT. ANGEL INN - LATE NIGHT

Standing at the register, TERRY OWENS drinks a beer and counts the night's receipts. He fills out a deposit slip. This looks routine. A clock displays: 2:15 AM.

Early thirties and roughly handsome, Terry takes another sip and gazes around his empty, English style pub. It's a long, sad look.

A familiar VOICE breaks the silence.

STEVE (O.S.)
Another night in the books...eh,
boss.

Terry perks up.

STEVE approaches the bar, with CASSIE close behind.

TERRY
Which is it tonight...a dvd or a
trip to the city for descent
Chinese?

STEVE
We hadn't really deci-

CASSIE
Neither. Tonight we're going
skinny dipping.

Terry smiles at the thought. Steve grimaces.

STEVE
Cassie, do we have to announce it?

CASSIE
You weren't that shy when I brought
it up ten minutes ago.

(to Terry)
Did you see that moon tonight? Who
could pass up an invitation like
that?

TERRY
I hear ya. But I'd find a nice,
private spot...more up river than
at the lake front.

STEVE

You think there's tourists out this late?

TERRY

You want to chance it?

STEVE

Probably not.

CASSIE

Definitely not. We'll find something suitable to our..special needs.

Cassie giggles and throws her arms around Steve. They hug and start for the door.

TERRY

Hold on.

They stop and turn back as Terry pulls out an envelope from under the register with their names on it. Steve takes it.

STEVE

What's this.

Cassie opens it and pulls out a check. Her eyes widen with excitement.

CASSIE

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS?!

Steve grabs the check.

STEVE

WHAT??

They are both flabbergasted. Terry laughs.

STEVE

What is this, Terry?! A joke?

TERRY

No joke. It's for real.

CASSIE

Did you sign it Bugs Bunny or something. What gives?

TERRY

Call it a Christmas bonus.

STEVE

In July?

TERRY

You two have been with me a long time and I appreciate it.

STEVE

I can't take this.

Steve starts to hand the check back. Cassie grabs it.

CASSIE

Oh yes we can. And we'll spend it too. Real quick.

Cassie and Steve start a low key back and forth.

TERRY

Cassie's right. Take the money. The moon will be gone by the time you stop fighting.

Cassie makes an "I told you so" face at Steve and then leans over the bar to kiss and hug Terry.

CASSIE

Thank you, Terry. You're the greatest. Don't ever change.

Steve does the same, minus the kiss.

TERRY

Go on, the sun'll be up before you know it.

Steve and Cassie EXIT on cloud nine. Terry watches them with a satisfying grin. Then he walks, with a strange limp, to the far end of the bar. On the wall is a display of pictures taken over the years.

Terry is in most them, posing with various people in and around the Angel Inn. He lifts his glass and silently "CHEERS" the memories.

BACK AT THE REGISTER

Terry stuffs the receipts and cash into a deposit bag then takes out another envelope from under the register, writes "MOM" on it, places it on the open, empty drawer and

MOVES OUT OF FRAME.

INT. TERRY'S CAR - LATER SAME NIGHT

MOVING

Down empty, moonlit streets. Terry pushes in a CD.

MUSIC fills the car.

TERRY (V.O.)

Mom, I can't take it anymore. I know we've been through this a hundred times but I've finally made a decision. No more pain.

Terry pulls to a stop at the edge of a lake side park. There is a large gazebo and several picnic tables scattered around. He stares out at the calm, glassy water and the large, full moon as the SONG PLAYS.

TERRY (V.O.)

The best part of me is gone. And I crippled the lives of the three people I care about most. It's too much. You have to understand.

Terry guns it and jumps the curb. He drives the car to the water's still edge, stops, and slowly gets out with the MUSIC STILL PLAYING.

TERRY (V.O.)

I've left specific instructions with Fred so please cooperate. No matter how you feel about what's happened.

Terry walks to the front of the car and WE WATCH HIM take off his pants and then his PROSTHETIC RIGHT LEG.

HE STABS IT into the sand at an emotional moment of THE SONG.

As the SONG FADES OUT, Terry hops straight ahead into the water...finally diving in and swimming out towards the moonlight.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A LARGE STAINED GLASS WINDOW, depicting a religious scene FILLS THE SCREEN.

WE TILT DOWN with the MINISTERS VOICE...

MINISTER (V.O.)

"I'm tired of trying, Mom. It's over for me. I know you love me. Remember that I love you. Cheers."

...until WE SEE THE MINISTER standing at the front of the church addressing a crowd of mourners and friends of Terry Owens.

The Minister pauses and looks up from the note.

MINISTER

The last words of a dear friend. A friend who lived in pain. Who decided to end that pain...the only way he knew how.

Sitting in the front row is ERICA OWENS, early sixties, she is Terry's mother.

Displayed on a table in the front are some of the pictures of Terry from the Angel Inn and one big 8X10 of Terry.

SNIFFLES and SOFT CRYING are heard among the crowd.

MINISTER

I want to thank Erica Owens for allowing me to read Terry's note.

More CRYING.

MINISTER

There are always mixed emotions when a loved one dies. We are overwhelmed with...

EXT. CHURCH - DAY, LATER

The crowd files out of the church and little groups form together, talking. Others console Mrs. Owens.

Through this WE FIND

PETE MILLER.

He is stone-faced, dressed in classic casual style, and stands at the edge of the crowd near the small churchyard cemetery.

Pete, early thirties, takes off his sunglasses and scans the crowd until he finds

JANET SLOAN.

Early thirties and fashion smart, she is beautiful even in the midst of her despair. Janet looks up and catches Pete's gaze.

Years of pain pass between them. They both look away.

NEAR THE CHURCH ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Off to one side is

STAN WINSTON

A handsome but intense-looking African-American man in his early thirties. Stan adjusts his conservative suit and looks around. He spots Pete. They share a polite nod. Stan's wife, REBECCA, looks on.

AT THE EDGE OF THE CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Stan approaches Pete. They shake hands and awkwardly hug.

STAN

Pete. How you doing, man?

PETE

Good to see you, Stan. What's it been...

STAN

Seven years.

They stand for a moment, nothing to say, looking out at the cemetery. Stan looks toward the church and

SPOTS JANET

STAN

So...did you and Janet ever...?

Pete looks over,

SEES JANET

He stabs at the ground with his foot.

PETE

No, Stan. We didn't.

Pete doesn't elaborate, he just looks away. Subject closed.

NEAR THE CHURCH ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Janet approaches Mrs. Owens.

JANET

Mrs. Owens...I don't know what to say.

MRS. OWENS

You don't have to say anything, Janet. It's just so good that you're here. So good to see you again, sweetheart.

They hug. Tears flow.

Mrs. Owens looks past her, Janet turns also.

Pete and Stan approach.

Mrs. Owens passes a knowing look to Janet. She forces a smile and steps away, avoiding eye contact with Pete.

Stan nervously clears his throat and gives Mrs. Owens a quick, courteous hug.

STAN

I...uh...trust you believe that Terry is in a better place right now.

Mrs. Owens and Pete share a look of disbelief at Stan's comment.

MRS. OWENS

Of course, Stanley. Thank you.

Stan steps aside. Pete gives Mrs. Owens a loving embrace.

PETE

I'm sorry...so sorry.

MRS. OWENS

Oh, Pete. We've missed you. Terry talked about you all the time...

Mrs. Owens glances over at Janet, then Stan.

MRS. OWENS

About what good friends you all were.

Pete reacts with a sad smile while Stan looks away.

Mrs. Owens looks over at Janet. Pete looks also. She gives Pete an encouraging, motherly smile. Pete nods.

Pete moves off towards Janet. Stan starts to follow but Mrs. Owens stops him.

MRS. OWENS
Give them some space, Stanley.

EXT. EDGE OF THE CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Pete approaches Janet.

PETE
Hi.

JANET
Hi.

PETE
You look...the same. Good.

JANET
Thanks.

They avoid eye contact. There's an awkward silence.

PETE
I'm struggling here, Janet.
Terry's gone. Seeing you. I'm
really confused...messed up.

Janet doesn't reply. She wraps her arms around herself and clams up as her face grows red.

Pete finally steps closer and hesitantly pats her on the shoulder and works his way into an awkward half-hug.

PETE
I'm sorry, Janet. I know-

JANET
Shut up.

Janet shrugs him off just as she tears up. She fumbles in her purse and puts some distance between her and Pete.

EXT. ANGEL INN - LATER, SAME DAY

Several cars pull up and park. Mrs. Owens and some friends cross the street with some other mourners and enter the Angel Inn. A sign on the door states: "CLOSED FOR WAKE".

Stan walks up with Rebecca. He hesitates near the door, nervous, and starts to pace.

STAN
Who ever heard of having a funeral
luncheon in a BAR?!

More mourners walk by and give them a quizzical look. Rebecca is embarrassed.

REBECCA
Stan. You're making a scene, let's
just go in.

STAN
You think they're going to be
serving alcohol?!

Pete walks by in a small group that includes Janet.

PETE
Stan, c'mon. I'll buy ya a beer
and we'll catch up.

Stan freezes in mid-pace and flashes a phony smile. He slowly walks back to Rebecca.

REBECCA
Just tell them you don't drink
anymore.

Stan motions her inside. Stan does a quick, self-conscience look around before he ENTERS.

INT. ANGEL INN - CONTINUOUS

Stan bumps into Rebecca because she is stuck behind Janet who is stuck behind Pete. The four of them stand frozen at the door.

Pete, Janet and Stan have weird looks on their faces. Like they've stepped back in time to a once familiar place as they survey the scene in front of them.

Family and friends are somber and talk is quiet. A buffet is spread out on a long table in front of the bar.

REBECCA
What's wrong? Why are we standing
here?

No one answers for a moment, then Pete breaks the silence.

PETE

It looks different, but still-

JANET

-the same. It's the same old Angel Inn.

Pete and Janet take off in opposite directions and are met with friendly hugs and handshakes by most everyone.

Stan and Rebecca are left stranded at the door. They are uncomfortable. The cramped, low-ceilinged English Pub style of the Angel Inn is unappealing to them. Plus it's semi-dark and smells stale.

REBECCA

How long are we-

STAN

Let's just eat and say a few hellos. Then we can escape.

Rebecca accepts this as Stan leads her to the buffet.

A SHORT MAN leaves the buffet as Stan and Rebecca start. WE FOLLOW HIM to a SMALL GROUP.

SHORT MAN

Nice spread here today.

TALL WOMAN

I heard the caterer donated the whole thing.

WELL DRESSED WOMAN

Why not? She used to be the cook here. Now she caters black tie events all over. Thanks to Terry.

The WELL DRESSED WOMAN leaves the group. WE FOLLOW HER as she passes another GROUP. WE STAY HERE.

PETITE WOMAN

I don't know if this place will be the same without Terry. He was the Angel Inn. I can't get used to the fact that he's gone.

HEAVY SET MAN

He's dead. God rest his soul. No one could survive that river.