

THE LOVED ONE  
SAMPLE

Written by

India Alessandra

Based on The Loved One by Evelyn Waugh

IndiaAmurphy@gmail.com  
india-alessandra.com

INT. EMBALMING ROOM. WHISPERING GLADES. DAY

The Flower Duet (LAKME) by Leo Delibes plays on a gramophone.

From birds eye view, a stretcher is wheeled into frame. A white sheet covers a figure.

Besides the stretcher sits a medical looking metal table. Silver scalpels and various mysterious instruments sit neatly arranged.

Gloved hands pull back the sheet to reveal the corpse of a naked ELDERY WOMAN. She wears a ghastly grimace and her skin is a greyish tint - the unmistakable appearance of death.

The gloved hands rub the corpse with gooey, clear liquid, intensely massaging it into the skin.

The hands pull back the eyelids, opening the corpse's eyes. A horrible, intense stare glares straight into the barrel of the camera.

The gloved hands now produce a business card from the medical table, it reads:

"WHISPERING GLADES MEMORIAL PARK.  
MR JOY BOY, SENIOR EMBALMER & REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR TO THE  
CASKET."

The hands test the jaw to find it firmly set, they pull back the lips and lay the card along the teeth and gums.

A flick of the thumbs turns the upper corners of the card, and the rubber fingers caress the dry and colourless lips into place.

A smile.

The hands peel the gloves off, satisfied.

MR JOYBOY (O.S.)  
Take this Loved One to Miss  
Thanatogenos immediately.

The corpse is wheeled into a conjoining room.

INT. COSMETIC ROOM. WHISPERING GLADES - CONTINUOUS

Bottles of shampoo, acetone and various coloured lotions line the cubicle of MISS THANATOGENOS.

A copy of *The Casket*, the 1940s bi-annual morticians magazine, is moved out of frame when the stretcher is wheeled into the cubicle.

New gloved hands, distinctly feminine, inspect the corpse. The hands massage the face with moisturiser, careful not to disturb the newly set expression.

Mascara, blush and lipstick are all liberally applied to the corpse. The gloved hands brush the greying hair in what some may consider a stylish hairdo.

MISS THANATOGENOS (O.S.)  
Beautiful.

The stretcher begins to move out of shot.

INT. THE OUTFITTERS ROOM. WHISPERING GLADES. DAY

The stretcher is wheeled into the final room. Two new pairs of gloved hands dress the corpse in a hideous lavender evening dress, carefully manoeuvring the stiff limbs through the appropriate holes. White gloves are placed on her hands.

Finally they perch a pair of rimless pince-nez glasses on her nose.

MAN (O.S.)  
Let them know the Loved One is now  
ready for posing in the Primrose  
room.

SUPER: THE LOVED ONE.

EXT. WHISPERING GLADES. DAY

DENNIS BARLOW, 28, has pasty skin and a certain air of arrogance - he is unmistakably English.

The poet and pet mortician drives through the Golden gates of Whispering Glades in a 1940s automobile.

The wide gravel driveway leads to an island of mown grass on which stands a singular and frankly massive wall of marble. The marble has been sculpted into the form of an open book, foot high words engraved in with a cursive signature from 'the Dreamer'.

THE DREAMER (V.O.)  
(dramatic)  
Behold I dreamed a dream and I saw  
a New Earth sacred to happiness.