

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO DON'T KNOW ME

Written by

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INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT

GRAHAM sits in a sharp black suite. Not a single hair out of place. But something is hidden underneath his cool demeanor. A loud CRUNCH of metal is heard, followed by police SIRENS. But the street is empty. This crash has already happened.

A reminder pops up on Graham's laptop with a CHIME, Graham turns from the window to his computer. It reads: 1 hour to funeral, with travel time.

Graham's reflection can be seen as he types "Eulogy for sister" into Google. He clicks the first link, "sample eulogies for sister" and copy and pastes to a word doc.

GRAHAM

It is with great sadness, blah,  
blah,blah

He wheels his mouse forward.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

She and I were close in age, she  
was only two years younger. Skip,  
skip, skip, she was a great person  
and a friend, God bless.

Graham pushes away from the desk, grabbing his beer he walks to the kitchen, to reveal CHELSEA. Fit, dressed in running gear, with a small trickle of blood from her hairline.

CHELSEA

Damn, who died?

She lean's over the computer reading the eulogy. He blinks and reaches in the fridge past the old Chinese take out for another beer. Graham stands up to reveal Chelsea standing over the door.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Hello! I'm talking to you.

Graham jumps.

GRAHAM

You did.

CHELSEA

I did what?

GRAHAM

You died.

CHELSEA

Ha ha, you're really funny Graham  
Graham

There's a brief pause as they stare at each other in disbelief.

GRAHAM

I don't know how this is happening  
but since you're here, have a look  
at your eulogy? I'm almost done,  
you can proof it.

Chelsea takes a moment to process.

CHELSEA

Sure. I'm probably just in your  
head anyway, right?

He shrugs, she turns to the computer.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

She was a great person and a  
friend, God bless... Did you just  
copy this from the internet?

Graham cracks the beer and takes a swig.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Look it's not that hard. Just  
introduce yourself, tell a story  
and maybe throw in a poem for good  
measure.

GRAHAM

The internet eulogy is fine. I just  
need to know if there are any  
spelling mistakes.

CHELSEA

It's fine? No it's a fucking  
travesty.

GRAHAM

So... you don't like it?

INT. CHELSEA'S ROOM - DAY

VIVAN 42, Heath-nut, under-stimulated, sits among boxes  
packing up Chelsea's things. She gently places a switch blade  
in a box.

Graham and Chelsea stand off to the left watching.

GRAHAM  
Whow, how did we get here?

CHELSEA  
Can't you see how I admired you?

Vivan puts the pocket watch in a box.

GRAHAM  
I looked everywhere for that.

CHELSEA  
But it's because they're yours.  
That's why I wanted it, I looked up  
to you. You were my big brother and  
that meant something.

Vivan puts the G.I. Joe in a box.

GRAHAM  
ok, fine, but what does this have  
to do with your eulogy?

INT. GRAHAM'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - DAY

Graham stands in his old room. G.I Joe action figures stand at attention on the white Ikea kids desk. A small CRT TV sits in the corner on a stand with a Nintendo underneath. Games, laundry and toys spread out over the floor.

CHELSEA  
Everything, come on big brother,  
what do you remember?

GRAHAM  
Why are we in my old room?

CHELSEA  
This place is a part of you, what  
happened in this room shaped who  
you are today.

GRAHAM  
Especially if you consider my old  
material.

He pulls out a stack of old bra ads, with a mischievous smile, and shows them to Chelsea.

CHELSEA  
How am I supposed to help you with  
my eulogy if you keep avoiding your  
feelings?

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Graham wear's a kiss the cook cooking apron, standing in front of a barbecue. Two burgers sizzle as they near perfection.

GRAHAM

I don't know, but who's controlling this traveling thing? Can we travel a beer over here?

Just then Graham looks down and sees his beer siting on the side of the barbecue. He takes long satisfying gulp, easily emptying the bottle.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Ah that's better, you can visit anytime you want, sis.

CHELSEA

I put sodium thiopental in your beer.

Graham spits out what little beer remands in his mouth.

GRAHAM

What the hell is that?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark, only illuminated by the single spot light, glaring down on Graham.

CHELSEA (V.O.)

It's truth serum, Graham. I've got you now.

Graham struggles with the hand cuffs. He looks around but can't see Chelsea.

GRAHAM

Oh man. (beat) What the hell is going on here?

Chelsea steps out of the shadows behind him dressed in black and slams his head down on the table.

CHELSEA

(In tough cop voice)  
What is your name? And how do you fit into my life?

Graham tries to answer, but shaken.

GRAHAM

I.. Ah.. Graham Linden Jefferson,  
I'm your brother, we grew up  
together, and supported each other  
through tough times.

CHELSEA

Tell me a personal story about you  
and I.

INT. GRAHAM'S ROOM - FLASHBACK

Graham stands just outside his old room. Games, laundry and toys spread out over the floor. Graham and Chelsea watch a silhouette of the action unfolding as Graham describes it.

GRAHAM

One night after our parents nightly  
argument, our father walked  
downstairs and came into my room,  
he told me that he was leaving and  
would not be back, but he wanted to  
tell me because his father never  
did. Moments after he left, you  
came into the room and jumped into  
bed, That was the last time I  
cried.

CHELSEA

Recite a poem.

GRAHAM

Ah... Ok...  
Roses are red, violets are blue

Chelsea slaps him on the back of the head.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Ouch! What was that for?

EXT SIDE ROAD HIGHWAY 21 -DAY

Chelsea lies dead on the side of the road. Rubber tire marks point to the offending vehicle. JULIET mid 40's distracted driver, jumps out of the car and runs over to Chelsea's body. Totally unaware of the Chelsea ghost and traveling Graham, standing and talking. Juliet panics and holds her hands over her mouth trying to decide what to do.

CHELSEA

Tell me how much I mean to you?

GRAHAM

Fuck, ah ok.. You where always there  
when I needed you. You know You  
always knew the true meaning of  
Family

Juliet runs back to her car and drives off.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
and your most precious gift to all  
of us was unconditional love and  
support.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
(to self)  
Where is this coming from?

CHELSEA  
Just let it happen.

GRAHAM  
You were constantly inspiring and  
helping others and always with a  
smile.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
You where the glue that kept us all  
together.

INT. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT

Graham types on his computer, cries and typing. The G.I JOE  
sits on his desk above watching.

A reminder pops up on the screen with a chime. It reads:  
Funeral, happening now, with travel time.

The emotions flow through his finger tips out onto the  
keyboard. Only taking brief moments to wipes away the tears  
that block his view.

He hits print and pushes away from the desk, throws on his  
coat grabs the eulogy from the printer and runs out the door.