

WILD FLOWERS

Written by

Anthony Cawood

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (B&W)

MADELINE, 20s, shapeless black dress and shawl, a mourning veil covers her face, approaches a small fresh grave.

INSERT: Gravestone

MARIA, 1925-1931

Blessed daughter of Madeline and Ludwig, taken too soon.

BACK TO SCENE.

The grave is surrounded by a variety of flowers, she tidies them up, places the dead ones apart for disposal.

When it's tidy again she takes the old flowers from the solitary vase at the base of the headstone and replaces them with a small bouquet of fresh wild flowers.

She makes the sign of the cross on bended knee.

With one hand on her heart, the other on the stone, she quietly weeps.

Her tears fall onto the earth of her daughter's grave and sink from view.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY (B&W)

Large masculine hands, carefully pick wild daisies.

A sizeable bunch are soon assembled.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (B&W)

LUDWIG, 30s, chops wood with unbridled violence.

No pretense of technique, just raw fury aimed at the logs.

Tears drop from his cheeks with every axe swing.

A sound behind him, the garden gate opens.

Madeline moves tentatively towards her husband.

She sees his tears, raises a hand towards him.

He buries the axe in the nearest log, swipes his tears away with his sleeve and stomps off to the rear of the house.

Madeline shakes her head, sorrowful, and enters the house.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY (B&W)

Large feet pick their way through the grass and approach a burnt out structure, a ruined windmill.

INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY (B&W)

Madeline sits at the table, head in her hands.

The kettle boils, whistle blows, volume increases steadily.

Despite the piercing wail, she's oblivious.

Ludwig enters, takes the kettle off the stove and leaves again without saying a word.

He scowls as he passes her.

Madeline sobs into the silence that follows.

EXT. BURNT OUT WINDMILL - DUSK (B&W)

A large figure lays out wild flowers in neat rows.

INT. FARMHOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT (B&W)

Moonlight floods the room.

Ludwig lays on the bed's left side, faces the wall. Madeline on the right, faces the opposite wall.

They hug the very edge of the bed, if they were any further over they'd topple out entirely.

The chasm between their marriage is much greater than the distance between their bodies.

Neither is asleep, both fake rest.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAWN (B&W)

Large hands split the bunch of wild daisies, place half in the vase at the base of Maria's headstone.

The hands take the other half away with them.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (B&W)

Madeline approaches the grave, kneels by the headstone.

She's puzzled by the new flowers, large wild daisies, which fill the vase.

She looks around, but the cemetery is deserted.

She peers behind the gravestone to find her previous flowers

Perplexed, she shakes her head.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (B&W)

Large hands place the remaining daisies by the woodpile, carefully, in an unseen pattern.

Footsteps approach.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (B&W THAT FADES INTO COLOR)

Ludwig rounds the side of the house, axe in hand.

Madeline comes through the gate.

They simultaneously see the wild daisies laid out, they spell 'Maria'.

Madeline drops her basket and runs to her husband.

They embrace and sob on each other's shoulders.

A slight movement in the bushes is ignored.

Love, instead of pain and anger, now in their gaze. Their daughter in their hearts.

EXT. LAKESIDE - DUSK (COLOR)

Large hands gently throw wild daisies into water.

Camera pulls back to silhouette a large shape sat on the bank, bolts discernible in his neck.

FADE OUT.

THE END