

The Heart of the Matter

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INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

PATRICK LEVINSON, 50s, fussily attired in expensive Victorian garb, sits at large wooden desk working away with jewellers tools on a large diamond necklace.

The room has exposed beams, oak panelling to three sides and on the other a large window, lead-lined in a diamond shapes.

The room is illuminated by a gas lit chandelier suspended from the ceiling and a pair of gas lamps on the desk.

Patrick moves to the open fire and picks up an ornate poker.

He stirs the coals of the fire, then steps back from the fire and points the poker at the portrait hung above it.

The portrait is DEIDRE, 30s, a striking looking woman with fierce eyes and an amused smirk on her face.

PATRICK

I don't care what was in your will. I found that stone, cut it, polished to perfection, made it unique.

He swipes at the air with the poker.

PATRICK

I created the Heart of Jaipur; it is mine you hedge-creeper!

He slashes at the gem on the portrait, tearing at it until it's just an unrecognisable hole exposing the wood-panelled wall behind it.

He grabs the glass necklace from his desk.

PATRICK

I cut this glass one too. No one will ever know the difference.

He waves it at the ruined portrait.

PATRICK

How'd that suit your britches?

When there's no answer, he stalks out of the room, poker in one hand, necklace in the other.

EXT. CEMETERY GATES - NIGHT

INSERT - Cemetery Sign, "HIGHGATE CEMETERY"

The gates are of the imposing wrought-iron type, locked shut against vandals and lovers looking for privacy.

Patrick pulls up in a horse-drawn carriage and alights.

He rattles the gates and then goes to work with the poker.

CRACK, CRACK, CRACK. He brings the poker down repeatedly onto the lock, until it finally succumbs.

Patrick slips through the gates and into the cemetery.

CEMETERY PATH

The moon casts a strong enough glow to see by, as Patrick hurries along the path and deeper into the cemetery.

The gravestones are plentiful and elaborate, most with flowers neatly arrayed in small urns close to the headstone.

Patrick, weaves through the rows and down through the crypts that line Egyptian Avenue.

He stops outside of a large marble Mausoleum, more ornate than those nearby, with floral columns and inlaid obsidian reliefs on the arches and doorway.

PATRICK

Ridiculous extravagance, you blood-sucking wagtail!

Unseen, a fox darts from behind the crypt and brushes against Patrick's leg.

Patrick SQUEALS, high and uneven, just as a bat swoops through the air in front of his face forcing a further SCREAM from his lips.

He's visibly shaken but composes himself, straightens his jacket and takes a deep breath.

He pulls the door of the vault.

It won't budge.

PATRICK

You'll not be keeping me out tonight!

He jams the poker between door and frame and moves it side to side like a makeshift crowbar.

PATRICK
This is not thou bed chamber.

Marble splinters away, and with a final push Patrick forces the door open.

INT. MAUSOLEUM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick enters the dark confines of the crypt, lined on either side with a number of sturdy shelves, just one of which has a coffin on it.

Patrick places his hand on the casket.

PATRICK
I lied when I said I'd be buried
aside you. You'll rot here alone!

He once again uses the poker as a lever and pries open the sturdy oak coffin.

The stench hits him like a wave.

He staggers back, covers his face with the crook of his elbow, knocking over a stone urn in the process and scaring himself rigid again when it SMASHES by his side.

He edges forward and peers at his dead wife's decomposing face - eyes bulging, cheeks puffed out, skin the sickly colour of swamp mud.

PATRICK
Flapdoodle, me? Is it any wonder
given your gibface and fetid breath!

The necklace sparkles in the streak of moonlight that filters in through the doorway.

Patrick reaches for it...

His wrist is suddenly circled by the blackened fingers of his dead wife's hand.

He SCREAMS and tries to pull free but her hand pulls tighter, her finger nails cracking off in the process.

Deidre's corpse slowly sits up in the coffin; head turns to Patrick, and the lips - what's left of them - turn up into a rictus grin.

Her other hand reaches up and holds her necklace protectively in place on her chest.

DEIDRE
(hoarse whisper)
Mine.

Patrick rocks back on his heels and tries to pull free.

But this only succeeds in dragging both Deidre and her coffin off the ledge.

It CRASHES to the floor, Deidre tumbling out of it, along with the liquefied remains of decomposition.

PATRICK
Can you never let me be woman?

Deidre takes this as an invitation and pulls herself up her husband's body, clawing her way up his jacket.

Patrick swings the poker and connects with her shoulder.

Swings again and gets a good connection with her head.

Deidre slips back...

But catches Patrick round the knees as she drops.

Patrick loses his balance, feet slipping in his wife's oily remains, and falls onto his wife's corpse.

She claws at his face with her free hand, the other still fiercely protecting the necklace.

She grabs him by the back of his head and pulls his face closer to hers.

DEIDRE
It's mine.

Patrick pushes back with all his might, creating enough room to bring the poker round in a sweeping arc.

He skewers her through the eyeball, which spurts an inky liquid onto them both.

He SCREAMS and pushes the poker deeper into her skull.

PATRICK
(manic)
I killed you before, I can damn well
do it again!

Deidre seems unperturbed by the poker protruding from her face and instead grabs Patrick's hair again.

This time she lets go of the Heart and pulls him towards her with both hands on the back of his head.

Patrick sees his chance and grabs the diamond necklace.

Deidre pulls him inexorably closer.

PATRICK
It's mine now!

He tries to wrap the necklace's chain round his hand, but it catches on the poker.

Patrick concentrates on the chain and freeing it, tugging this way and that to loosen it.

But Deidre just keeps pulling him ever closer. The tapered handle of the poker now only an inch from his face.

Patrick finally realises his predicament and struggles furiously against his wife's dark embrace.

PATRICK
Why won't you die?!

Deidre's smile broadens.

With one final effort, she drags Patrick forward and onto the poker, skewering him through his right eye.

She keeps pulling until the poker protrudes through the back of Patrick's skull.

The Heart of Jaipur dangles in the moonlight, suspended on the poker between them.

They look like they could be about to kiss.

EXT. DEIDRE'S MAUSOLEUM - DAY

JONATHAN, 20s, uniformed grounds-keeper, bends down and peers at something by the closed door of the crypt.

He traces his finger through some broken glass, still vaguely heart shaped. A gold chain in amongst the shards.

Jonathan stands, gold chain dangling from his finger, looks round for witnesses and then pockets the treasure.

He takes a broom to the broken glass and strikes up a melodic whistle as he moves on to his next task.