

# LIFE WITHOUT

Written by

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**INT. VARIETY STORE-DAY**

The setting is dreamlike and distant. An unearthly glow radiates from the windows. Metallic objects in the store shimmer.

A young man stands behind the counter, face buried in an auto trade magazine.

MRS. CRICKLY (V.O)  
It all started in a variety store.

CUT TO:

**INT. FUNERAL HOME-DAY**

The place is packed with family and friends who have come to pay their respects.

At the front of the room rests an open coffin, flowers blanket the top and sides.

Not one smile is seen on anyone. Some cry while others can only bow their heads.

Sitting in the front row is a teary eyed MR. CRICKLY. He stares at a coffin with deep mourning.

Behind him an elderly lady dressed in a black dress chats with some friends.

A light blue pamphlet held in her hands.

**EXT. CRICKLY HOME-LATER**

Mr. Crickly walks alone down the sidewalk, hands in his pockets, face slightly down.

He arrives at a paved driveway and stops. He glances up the front lawn to small two storey white house.

Ghostly images of a younger Mr. and Mrs. Crickly walk up the front yard. Mrs. Crickly dances with excitement.

They hold each other with one arm as they move up the steps fading away when they reach the door.

**INT. BEDROOM -DAY**

Mr. Crickly now stands in the doorway to the bedroom he once shared. The bed is made, the room clean and neat.

Over to one side of the bed sits his wife's dresser. Red and yellow coloured flowers overlap the light brown shade.

A large mirror leans back on the wall. The dresser top is cleaned of all things.

Once again ghostly images appear. This time Mrs. Crickly is sitting on a stool in front of the dresser applying makeup. She wears a beautiful navy blue dress.

Seated on top of the dresser and very excitedly swinging her legs is a little girl. She watches her mother apply lipstick.

Mr. Crickly just smiles as the ghostly Mrs. Crickly now applies lipstick to the little girl.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A light glow from the TV spreads over his face. Eyes watered up and red in a stare.

Opened up and empty lies a VHS case dangerously close to his feet.

Being played on the TV is a wedding video. It focuses on two people up at the altar, hand in hand, and smiling.

The young Mrs. Crickly in a slender white dress struggles to keep her emotions inside.

The young Mr. Crickly lovingly smiles back at her.

**INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT**

Now dressed in his pyjamas Mr. Crickly kicks off his slippers and crawls into the bed.

His kisses his hand and places it on his wife's pillow before rolling over and falling asleep.

**INT VARIETY STORE-DAY**

The same strange glow remains in this dream like variety store.

The young man's face is still buried in the magazine. He looks up when light dingle rings out.

Inside walks a young woman, stunning, her long red hair falls down her back.

The young man immediately puts down the magazine and tries look more appealing.

**INT. VARIETY STORE-DRINK SECTION**

The young woman looks through the selection of drinks behind the glass. Curiously she glances down the aisle towards the cashier.

The young man is looking back but quickly averts his eyes. She turns back, smiling.

Standing right beside her sharing the grin is Mr. Crickly! Old as ever but somehow looks fresh and full of life.

The young woman picks out a drink and start walking to the cashier. He follows.

**INT VARIETY STORE-CASHIER**

The young man is now looking tense. His hands are restless and sweaty. He watches the young woman approach from down the aisle.

Also behind the counter with the young man is MRS. CRICKLY. Her white hair tells her age.

She stands by the young man looking down the same aisle. She watches her younger self walk up to the counter.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Crickly don't seem to see each other.

MRS. CRICKLY (V.O)

It all started in a variety store.  
That's the first time I laid eyes on  
him.

The young woman reaches the counter and places the drink  
on it. She smiles to the cashier.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hello.

CUT TO:

**INT, FUNERAL HOME-DAY**

Mrs. Crickly dressed in a black dress chats with some  
friends.

MRS. CRICKLY

Then sixty-three years filled with  
love and joy followed.

She looks over at the open coffin in sadness where her  
husband's body lies peacefully.

MRS. CRICKLY (CONT'D)

But I guess sixty-four was too much  
to ask for.

THE END

