

Suicide Suit
(Working title)
Second draft

written by

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EXT. OUTSIDE CAMP BUILDING - DAY

Tomas (34), in casual clothes, stands in the forest, gazing up at an abandoned summer camp building. A coil of rope hangs from his backpack. He holds a bottle in one hand.

He steps forward, approaching the entrance.

Just as he's about to go inside, a faint, eerie melody, a woman's voice singing, rises on the wind.

Tomas pauses. With his free hand, he fiddles with his wedding ring, unsettled.

The song fades. He glances around, then enters the building.

INT. SUMMER CAMP BUILDING - DAY

Tomas enters, bottle in hand. He moves through filthy corridors-broken glass, empty bottles, graffiti.

He steps into a bare side room. A chair and big battered cupboard stand in the corner.

He kneels, reaches behind the cupboard, still holding the bottle, and pulls out a folded photograph, wiping it off on his sleeve. The visible part is of a beautiful, happy woman's face; we hear a hint of a woman's voice or child's laughter.

He lays the photo on the cupboard, takes another swig, and empties his backpack: a suit, tie, nice shoes, and rope.

He changes into the suit, puts the photo in his jacket pocket, and knots the rope into a noose. As he's about to throw it over a beam, the same faint melody and a woman's voice interrupts him.

He hesitates. The song fades. He takes a deep breath, finishes setting up the rope, takes another swig of the bottle before he steps onto the chair.

He tests the rope and as he's about to put his head through the noose, he freezes. The melody returns, and through open doorway, he sees a woman pass by in the distance.

Tomas yanks the noose off, stumbles down, and rushes to the doorway.

TOMAS

Hey!

(Beat)

Hey! Wait, who are you?

The woman disappears out of the building, and Tomas looks back, sighs, then follows.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

Tomas emerges from the building into the camp clearing, looking around. The woman, standing is still in the distance looking at him, then starts to move away.

TOMAS

Hey! Please, stop! Who are you?

He jogs toward her, cautious, slowing as he gets up beside her.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

Ehm.. Hi, I.. eh, didn't think anyone else knew about this place.

The woman keeps walking, looks at something in distance and then changes direction in mid sentence.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

Wait, stop, where are you going.

As he reaches out and touches her shoulder, he's hit by a flash of light and tumbles back, hearing his wife's voice in his head.

WIFE (V.O.)

Come on, Tomas, just dance with me.
No one's watching.

Tomas staggers with his hands on his head, and catches his balance as the voice stops.

TOMAS

What the fuck was that?!

The woman has continued into the distance. Tomas follows as the she slips between the trees.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

Please stop, I.. Can we talk? Did you hear that just now?

He reaches out for her again, stumbles and briefly catches her arm. Another flash, as he grabs a tree with one hand and his head with the other.

WIFE (V.O.)

Come on, I think you've had enough mister.

TOMAS (V.O.)
Oh, come on honey - last one, and
I'll give you another daance.

WIFE (V.O.)
Haha.. Ah, I don't know Tomas..

He regains his balance, and stares after the woman,
breathless.

TOMAS
What the hell is this? How are you
doing this?

The woman is still moving, and Tomas stumbles after her - but
then stops and briefly looks down.

TOMAS (CONT'D)
Hey, do.. wait.. do you know Laimé?

He looks around, and changes direction.

INT. SUMMER CAMP BUILDING - DAY

Tomas enter into a building looking around, and catches a
glimpse of the woman outside, barely visible, quietly
drifting between the buildings.

He ducks behind a corner, anticipation and fear in his face -
he hears footstep outside as he rushes down a hallway, and
end up at a doorway right as she walks through it. Now
looking straight at him.

TOMAS
Do you... do you know Laimé?
(beat)
Can I talk to her?

He moves holds out his hand, reaching for her - she looks at
it, and slowly reaches back touching him.

Tomas flinches at the contact, and stumbles to one knee.

Laughter. A car door slams. And engine starts up.

TOMAS (V.O.)
Come on you silly goose, we'll be
fine.

WIFE (V.O.)
Be careful!

Tomas looks up, breathing rapidly, fear in his eyes. The woman now moves toward him, her expression calm, subtle, a gentle smile forming on her face.

He staggers backward. The woman moves steadily closer, her gaze unwavering, hand gently extended toward him.

TOMAS

Please, no.. I don't want any more.

He presses against the wall, nowhere left to go. The woman reaches out softly touches his chest.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

Why are you doing this?! Please!
stop!

Tomas screams, his wife's voice echoing his. Tires screeching, glass shattering - a horrifying crash.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

STOOP! LET GO! NO MORE PLEASE!

He falls to his knees, still screaming and keels over on all four. The photo from earlier drifts down in front of him.

He remains on all four, trembling, sobbing quietly as she slowly reaches down and lifts his head, guiding his gaze forward.

His eyes settle on the now unfolded photograph: his wife smiling warmly with him beside her, lovingly holding a little girl in his arms.

The sounds replay, tires screeching, glass shattering - a horrifying crash, and a child's voice.

LAIMÉ (V.O.)

(scared) Daddy!

Tomas's face is grief-stricken, tears streaming. He gently caresses the face of his daughter on the fallen photo, whispering.

TOMAS

(softly)
Laimé...

He looks up, breathless, frozen in terror, alone among the trash and broken glass.

CUT TO BLACK.