

1. EXT. CEMETERY – MORNING

A shadowy figure stands beneath a tree by an empty grave plot.

MELANIE (V.O)

Feeling invisible can drive you mad. When you feel like a ghost, you kind of just become one. Unknowingly... unintentionally.

FADE OUT

2. INT. THE BLAKES' LIVING ROOM – MORNING

We enter the living room which appears unworldly clean. On the coffee table there is a stack of magazines in perfect order crowned with a partially opened box of chocolates.

Melanie, 17, sits on a black couch. She is wearing a red church dress with her nails painted black. She seems in a daze with the old box television playing in the background; as if only present within her own mind.

MELANIE (V.O)

I always hear people say they wished they didn't care about anything. But, I have to disagree. The bad is really bad, but the good is also so good. It's kind of like we're going down this tunnel of life. The light isn't at the end though. The light is the tunnel. We're all so focused on getting to the end of it while we're traveling down it that we forget to take time to enjoy all that is surrounding us.

Melanie looks down at the open box of chocolates in front of her.

She uncomfortably moves forward, almost reaches for a piece of chocolate, but instead lies back and pulls a pill out of her pocket.

She stares off into the distance for a moment, and then swallows the pill with no water to wash it down. Melanie looks up from the chocolates and then to her mother's bedroom door. She puts her hair up into a messy bun. Melanie looks back at the cracked door. She calls out.

MELANIE

I thought you said to rush, what is taking so long?

No one answers. She looks at her watch aggravated. She calls out again, but this time with more aggression.

MELANIE

Mom? Mom, seriously? You know it's almost 1 right?  
Why am I the only one in this house who's not listened to? You said you we're in a hurry. Shouldn't we like leave or...

Ms. Blake, a single mother in her 30s, walks into the living room wearing a black suit paying no attention to Melanie.

Ms. Blake scurries over to the coffee table and picks up a piece of mail. She walks to a mirror near the couch and begins to put her earrings in.

### 3. INT. ALLI'S UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

Alli, 10, stands in front of the mirror buttoning her jacket and putting a bow in her hair.

She walks over to her bed and sits beside her teddy bear. She gazes out the window and an unclenched sorrow fills her eyes.

MELANIE (V.O)

The end of the tunnel is scary. I don't try to understand everything. Some things are just meant to be accepted. And I guess that's why it's so important to live while you can. Mom says that to live you must enjoy all parts of life. The sounds, the sights, the tastes, but I think in order to experience life to the fullest you must be your best self. I want to experience everything now; being young and beautiful, rather than later when I'm old and gross.

4. INT. THE BLAKES' LIVING ROOM DAY

Melanie sits on the couch and looks up to her mother and then toward the staircase. She calls out up the stairs to her sister.

MELANIE

Alli?! Help me out here!

Alli appears on the staircase holding her teddy bear wearing a black velvet dress with a buttoned jacket.

MELANIE (V.O)

I mean, everyone has problems, I'm just saying we should enjoy all the things in life, like the stars and the sea, before we don't have it anymore. It's scary how something so permanent can just disappear.

Ms. Blake gets the earrings in and glances up when she notices a young girl in the mirror and jumps, aghast. She quickly realizes it's only Alli, and waves her over then begins brushing the knots out of her hair.

5. EXT. CEMETERY DAY CONTD

Alli and Melanie walk behind Ms. Blake to the cemetery. Alli walks holding her teddy bear in one hand. Melanie looks down at her sister judgmentally.

Ms Blake walks toward the cemetery with Allie and Melanie in tow. Alli holds onto her teddy bear as if her life depends on it.

MELANIE

You really shouldn't take that thing everywhere. You look so childish.

ALLI

But I like him.. He's my friend.

MELANIE

I'm your friend too. And I say, that thing looks ridiculous.

They approach the grave and Ms. Blake gestures Alli forward as they stand bowing their heads.

Melanie stands two rows behind looking at everyone in the crowd. Her uncertainty thickens the air.

A Preacher, mid 60s, with gray patched hair and an affected, but indistinct accent begins his sermon.

PREACHER

We are here today to show our love and support to this precious family. Not only have we been beguiled our own personal feelings of loss over this passing.. but our hearts have been drawn towards them, and will continue to be with them. People do not die from suicide, they die from sadness. Death is a journey that we all must take. It is difficult when it is your breath that is lost, but we must all die before we can truly live.

As the preacher's monotone speech begins to wrap up, Ms. Blake and Alli start to approach the stage.

MELANIE

Mom? Hey mom! Do you think it's a good idea to take Alli up there?

Alli looks back at Melanie over her mother's shoulder as they take the stage. Ms. Blake begins to speak.

Melanie looks around and secretly pops open her little pill bottle. Placing a tablet into her mouth.

MS. BLAKE

As many of you know, it is very hard to lose someone, especially someone so young. You never think that it will happen to you until it does. We were all aware our daughter was very sick, but you still think, you hope that they can recover from it. She is in a better place now. Anorexia is real. The ideas of self hatred and depression, they are real. Our beautiful daughter, Melanie Blake,

will never get to experience life  
at its fullest. She will forever be  
in our memories and in our hearts.

Melanie is watching in horror. Her face is overwhelmed with  
confusion. She looks up at her little sister, who has been  
pulling on the corner of Ms. Blake's suit.

Ms. Blake finally acknowledges the young girl.

MS. BLAKE

What's wrong Alli?

ALLI

No Mommy, Melanie is not in  
heaven... She's right over there

Alli points at her older sister sitting in the crowd, but no  
one else see's her. Ms. Blake starts to weep and walks off  
the stage.

The crowd gasps in confusion. Alli stands there concerned  
looking around. The preacher takes the stage. Alli walks off  
to the side.

PREACHER

Losing somebody so close to you is  
one of the hardest things anyone  
will experience. It can make you  
lose your sanity, especially at  
such a young age. But we must  
remember that bad things happen for  
a reason and Melanie is in a better  
place now. Our hearts sincerely go  
out to the Blake's family.

Alli see's Melanie standing in front of the open casket  
peering down. Alli walks up to Melanie and stands beside  
her. On her tiptoes she sets the teddy bear inside the  
casket.

ALLI

He can be your friend... even when  
I can't.

The two girls stand in front of the casket peering down.

MELANIE

I will always be your friend too  
Alli and I will always be with you.

6. EXT. CEMETERY - DAY CONT'D

Alli sets the flowers on Melanie's grave. Melanie's ghost appears and starts to speak.

MELANIE

After all of this I realize that bad things happen because it's the only way we can keep remembering how the good is supposed to feel. The best moments of our lives may take us by surprise. It is not that we seize them, but that they seize us. Always know that you are never alone. I am in a thousand winds that blow. I am in the gardens that grow I am in the falling rain I am in the sound of trains I am in the stars of the night sky I know you will get by I am your guardian angel And one day you will fly.

7. INT. ALLI'S ROOM - DAY (5 MONTHS LATER)

Alli is looking in the mirror buttoning her shirt and tying her hair back (without her mother's help this time).

Alli begins to think to herself as she looks at the flowers on her night stand.

ALLI (V.O)

Suicide is a tragedy that affects not only your life, but all of those around you too. I will never understand why you had to leave but I will learn to accept it and understand that life always goes on. Even in the hardest times, and the darkest places of our mind, flowers can grow.

Fade out.

