

THE CHAIR IN THE PARLOR ROOM

Written by

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Based on class 5 activities

Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

INT. PARLOR ROOM-AFTERNOON (1915)

Sisters SOPHIA (7), AMELIA (9), and JOSEPHINE (13) hide behind the settee.

SOPHIA

Grandfather is going to love his new chair!

AMELIA

He truly is! What a surprise he shall have when we jump up and show him his gift!

JOSEPHINE

Shhh! Girls you must be quiet, his arrival will be any moment now and if we ruin the surprise mother will be quite disappointed with us.

SOPHIA AND AMELIA

(whispering in unison)

Sorry.

Josephine looks at the ancient cuckoo clock on the wall.

The girls hear the doorknob turn and crouch further down to prevent being seen.

The ornate door softly swings open as GRANDFATHER (65) strides from the foyer into the parlor room with a limp to his step.

SOPHIA, AMELIA, AND JOSEPHINE

(in unison)

SURPRISE!

GRANDFATHER

Well, well, well! What have you all to show me!

SOPHIA

Its a brand new armchair, just for you!

AMELIA

Indeed! Mother got it this morning at the furniture store on Main Street!

Grandfather slowly walks up to the chair, running his hands on the tufted arms.

JOSEPHINE

Isn't it lovely? Much nicer than that old ragedy one from when I was a baby. This one will be far more comfortable for you.

Josephine runs to her struggling grandfather to help him into the chair.

GRANDFATHER

Thank you my grandchild. My weary legs don't work quite as well as they used to, now do they?

JOSEPHINE

I suppose they don't, Grandfather.

Grandfather looks down with sorrow for a moment and is interrupted by MOTHER (35).

MOTHER

Girls! I see you managed to show your Grandfather to his new chair!

SOPHIA

We did mother, and he loves it!

MOTHER

I'm sure he does. Now you all run along and go upstairs to your playroom, I've got to speak to your grandfather alone.

SOPHIA, AMELIA, AND JOSEPHINE

(in unison)

Yes, mother.

The girls run upstairs and turn the hallway out of the frame.

Mother makes her way over to Grandfather and sits on the footstool beside him.

GRANDFATHER

You needn't get me such a chair, my child. You know I haven't much time left in my life.

MOTHER

I know that, father. I simply
couldn't bear telling the girls,
though. They were quite keen on
getting you this chair.

GRANDFATHER

I see. Well I suppose I will enjoy
it while I can.

Grandfather looks down with sorrow for a moment and looks
back up at mother with a small smile.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)

You've always been so kind to me.
Your children too. You've aided in
a wonderful life for me.

MOTHER

Thank you father. We all love you
so much.

Mother reaches for her fathers hand and holds it as they sit
together in silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

A WEEK LATER

INT. PARLOR ROOM-MORNING

MOTHER

Oh, father! It cannot be!

Mother looks down at her father who was stone cold in his
chair with a look of peace on his face.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

And so soon too...what will I ever
be able to tell the girls? They
will be ridden with sadness.

Sophia walks into frame with bed head and bags under her eyes
as she rubs them with both hands.

SOPHIA

Mother? What are you doing up so
early?

Mother tries to keep Sophia from seeing her grandfather's dead body.

MOTHER

Just checking the fireplace to make sure the coals burnt out last night, dear. Now run on back to sleep for a bit.

SOPHIA

Okay, mother.

Sophia slowly walks back to her room, her nightgown dragging on the floor behind her.

Mother looks back down to her father, then at his newspaper next to him, then at his new chair.

MOTHER

(V.O.)

He truly did love this chair. How lonely it shall be without his presence.

Mother ran her hands on the tufts of the chair like her father did.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

No one will be able to appreciate it the way he did. It shall go in the attic with the remainder of his belongings.

DISSOLVE TO:

ONE HOUR LATER

A funeral crew walks out the front door with only the end of Grandfather's casket to be seen.

MOTHER

Thank you again for getting this done so quickly and answering my call so early. I didn't want the girls to be privy to this news yet.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Understandable, Madame. We'll be getting out of your hair now. Have a nice morning.

MOTHER

Oh, wait! Could you help me get this armchair into my attic? My husband is away on business and I shant be able to get it up myself.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Are you sure, Madame? Tis a wonderful chair...

Mother pauses for a moment.

MOTHER

Yes, I'm sure. I can't bear to have it in my presence at the moment.

The funeral director nods and signals to his crew to assist him with the chair.

The group of men lift the chair up and walk up the stairs with it, bringing it up into the attic.

The men set it down, dust off thier hands, and head out the door.

PAN TO:

INT. ATTIC-MORNING

The chair sat alone in the corner of the attic with a white sheet draped over it.

CHAIR

What will become of me now?

FADE TO BLACK.