

LEAR.
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1

INT. ANDREW'S STUDY - DAY

1

A cluttered room filled with shelves of books and a vintage radio set playing a cassette tape labeled "King Lear - Radio Play." ANDREW THORNTON (late 50s, disheveled, haunted eyes) sits in an armchair, engrossed in the tape, mouthing the lines with intensity.

ANDREW (WHISPERING, MIMICKING THE
LINES)
Howl, howl, howl, howl!

The phone on the nearby table starts ringing, interrupting the performance. Andrew ignores it, fully immersed in his reenactment.

INT. ANDREW'S STUDY - DAY - FLASHBACK

The room flickers with a gloomy atmosphere. Andrew, younger and full of vigor, performs on a theater stage, delivering the role of Lear with passion and conviction.

INT. ANDREW'S STUDY - DAY

The answering machine beeps, signaling a voicemail.

DR. STARK (V.O.) (OVER THE MACHINE)
Andrew, it's Dr. Stark. Your test
results are in. Please give me a
call as soon as possible.

Andrew clenches his fists, frustration building within him.

ANDREW (ANGRY, MUTTERING TO HIMSELF)
Damn it!

He presses the stop button on the tape player, causing the cassette tape to jam. Andrew's frustration grows, he rises from the chair, storming out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Andrew paces back and forth, his mind filled with worry. He picks up the corded phone from the table, gripping it tightly.

INT. ANDREW'S STUDY - DAY

Andrew reenters the study, holding the phone in his hand. His face contorts with anger as he hurls the phone at the wall, the sound echoing through the room.

INT. ANDREW'S STUDY - DAY - FLASHBACK

The room transforms into a chaotic scene from the past. Young Andrew, surrounded by shattered props and broken furniture, unleashes his frustration on the stage, portraying Lear's descent into madness.

INT. ANDREW'S STUDY - DAY

Silence settles in the room, broken only by the lingering echoes of destruction. Andrew's anger subsides, replaced by exhaustion, sadness.

ANDREW (WHISPERING, DEFEATED)
Is this my fate?

He looks around the room, the remnants of his outburst serving as a stark reminder of his deteriorating state.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Andrew slumps against the wall, his face buried in his hands, a mix of fear and despair clouding his features.

INT. ANDREW'S STUDY - DAY

The broken pieces of the phone lay scattered on the floor, a symbol of Andrew's shattered world. The radio plays on in the background.

FADE OUT.

2

INT. INTERVIEW SET - DAY

2

A black screen. The sound of a soft, melancholic piano melody plays in the background. A voiceover begins to fade in.

VANESSA (V.O.) (WHISPERING)
Sometimes, the past is best left in
the shadows. Andrew's past... it's
not my story to tell.

The screen gradually fades up, revealing a well-lit interview set. VANESSA OLIVER (late 50s, poised, guarded) sits opposite the INTERVIEWER (40s, persistent, probing).

INTERVIEWER (CURIOSLY)
Vanessa, there have been rumors circulating about Andrew's infidelity during your marriage. Could you shed some light on that?

Vanessa is baffled.

VANESSA (CHOOSING HER WORDS CAREFULLY)
Well, that-our marriage-that was years ago. Surely, it's all old news now.

The Interviewer gives an amused smile.

INTERVIEWER
It's for the interview, for the film, to build the story.

Vanessa sighs, swiping a strand of hair behind her ear.

VANESSA
Andrew and I had our share of challenges, as any couple does. But we both made choices that led to the end of our marriage.

INTERVIEWER (PRESSING)
So, you're not denying the rumors?

Vanessa's demeanor shifts slightly, her gaze hardened but still evasive.

VANESSA
I believe that personal matters should remain private, especially when they involve someone's past.

INTERVIEWER (PERSEVERING)
It's been speculated that his alleged affairs played a role in the divorce. How do you feel this effected your relationship? Your partnership?

Vanessa's face tightens, her restraint evident.

VANESSA (AVOIDING)

Andrew and I made a mutual decision to part ways, and that decision was based on many factors. Our personal lives don't overshadow our professional contributions, or parental successes.

INTERVIEWER (RESPECTFUL BUT INSISTENT)

Understood. Let's shift gears then. Can you tell us about the Thornton-Oliver Playhouse and its significance in your life?

Vanessa's eyes soften, grateful for the change in topic.

VANESSA (SMILING)

The playhouse... it was a dream Andrew and I shared. It became a sanctuary for artists, a place where creativity thrived. It holds countless memories, both joyous and challenging.

INTERVIEWER (FINALLY RELENTING)

Fair enough, Vanessa. Let's focus on the legacy you and Andrew have built together.

Vanessa's posture relaxes, a sense of relief washing over her.

VANESSA (NOSTALGICALLY)

The Thornton-Oliver Playhouse has been a labor of love. It represents the culmination of our dreams, our dedication to the craft, and the enduring power of theater.

INTERVIEWER

How do you feel knowing its all coming to an end?

Vanessa swallows, her eyes lost in contemplation.

CUT TO.

3

EXT. THORNTON-OLIVER PLAYHOUSE - PARKING LOT - DAY

3

A sleek black car pulls into the playhouse parking lot. Andrew, disheveled but determined, steps out, clutching a stack of papers containing his medical reports. He mutters to himself, reciting lines from King Lear.

ANDREW (WHISPERING)
O, reason not the need...

INT. THORNTON-OLIVER PLAYHOUSE - PARKING LOT - DAY

A CAMERA CREW follows Andrew, capturing his every move. The TROUPE MEMBERS notice the commotion and curiously watch from the theater entrance.

INT. THORNTON-OLIVER PLAYHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Andrew walks briskly down a long hallway, still engrossed in his soliloquy. The camera crew shadows him closely.

ANDREW (TO HIMSELF, SOFTLY)
I am a man more sinned against than
sinning.

INT. THORNTON-OLIVER PLAYHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Andrew reaches the end of the hallway, approaching a door leading to the backstage area. He stops, a sense of purpose evident in his eyes.

ANDREW (DECISIVELY)
Enough of this spectacle.

He enters the backstage area, leaving the camera crew momentarily outside.

INT. THORNTON-OLIVER PLAYHOUSE - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Andrew walks past the bustling STAGE CREW and CAST MEMBERS, their eyes following him in confusion and curiosity. He remains focused, ignoring their presence.

INT. THORNTON-OLIVER PLAYHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Andrew continues his journey down another hallway, leaving the backstage area behind. The camera crew catches up, following closely.

INT. THORNTON-OLIVER PLAYHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Andrew reaches a door at the end of the hallway. He stops and turns to face the camera crew, determination etched on his face.

ANDREW (FIRMLY)
I need a moment alone.

The camera crew hesitates for a moment, then nods in understanding. They step back, allowing Andrew privacy.

INT. THORNTON-OLIVER PLAYHOUSE - ANDREW'S OFFICE - DAY

Andrew steps into his dimly lit office, filled with shelves of scripts and memorabilia. He lets the door close behind him, shutting out the cameras.

INT. THORNTON-OLIVER PLAYHOUSE - ANDREW'S OFFICE - DAY

Andrew walks to the window and draws the shade, enveloping the room in darkness. He tosses his medical files on the desk. A PAPER slips out. The word ALZHEIMERS typed out.

He takes a deep breath, his gaze fixed on the solitude outside.

ANDREW (WHISPERING, TO HIMSELF)
Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!

A moment of quiet contemplation settles over Andrew before he sits at his desk and opens a battered KING LEAR script with miles of director's notes in the margins, leaning over the desk, scribbling more words fervently.

OPENING THEME begins to play.

FADE OUT.

TITLES