

WILHELMINA

by

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A large room, warmly coloured and painstakingly organised. Nothing is out of place, not a streak on the windows or a paper on its own. Two pistols are crossed on the wall, shining and bright in the otherwise dark pallet of the room.

CHARLOTTE (26), well put together but looking pained, sits at the large oak desk in center of the room carefully sorting letters and ignoring the tears that threaten to fall. All other letters go in one pile while a handful of letters, clearly labelled to be from Wilhelmina, are set aside. She pauses to run a finger under the wax seal as if to open one of Wilhelmina's letters but she stops herself.

ALBERT (34), poorly tempered but composed, enters startling Charlotte. On his heels is WILHELMINA'S SERVANT (18) looking upset. A small piece of a paper is crinkled in Albert's hand and he holds himself particularly stiff.

ALBERT
(coldly)
Get the pistols.

CHARLOTTE
(dreading)
What for?

Albert ignored her and after a second of awkward silence she crosses the room slowly and carefully removes the two pistols from their mounts.

ALBERT
See to it that she receives them
immediately.

SERVANT
Of course, sir.

Charlotte hands the pistols to the Servant, who meets her gaze. They both look away, ignoring the tear that finally slips down her cheek.

ALBERT
Tell her I wish her a pleasant
journey.

The Servant nods and leaves. Albert starts to follow but Charlotte grabs his arm. Tears fall silently from Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE
Albert, I...

ALBERT
You've done what she wanted for her
journey.

CHARLOTTE
No, she and I --

They both wait for her to continue but she doesn't. She shakes her head and retreats to the desk. Albert leaves the study.

Charlotte opens the top letter from Wilhelmina.

2 INT - WILHELMINA'S STUDY - NIGHT

2

A brightly lit, open room with papers and books spread everywhere. What could be a very clean and elegant space is cluttered and well used.

WILHELMINA (26), overly calm, sits behind the desk, organizing papers but throwing glances at the door. The Servant enters, cradling the pistols. Wilhelmina looks up at him hopefully.

WILHELMINA

Did she give you them herself?

SERVANT

She took them off the wall and gave them to me.

WILHELMINA

Good, good. It's been my desire to receive my death by her hands.

Wilhelmina picks one up, holding it gingerly and reverently.

WILHELMINA (CONT.D)

My wish is gratified.

The Servant sets the other pistol on the desk, staring out the window.

SERVANT

Albert wishes you a pleasant journey.

Wilhelmina laughs, placing the pistol on the desk.

WILHELMINA

The postman will come 6 tomorrow. Letters will be on my desk.

SERVANT

Mis--

WILHELMINA

That's all. You're relieved for the night.

They stare at each other before the Servant nods and leaves. Wilhelmina continues organizing the desk until she finds a locket tucked into an envelope.

She stares at the locket and smiles.

3 EXT - GARDEN - NIGHT

3

Wilhelmina walks along the edge of the large sprawling garden. Rain soaks into her dress and hair. Within a few seconds she's completely soaked, a light figure in the dark of the night.

She cuts across a field and towards the large rose bushes that line the back of the garden. Her boots sink and the bottom of her dress is already black with mud.

She drops to her knees in front of the rose bushes. She pulls the locket out from where it hangs around her neck and removes it. One hand holding the locket she digs a small hole with the other.

When she's satisfied she sits back and closes both her hands around the locket.

WILHELMINA

Though you hate me, I love you
irrefutably.

She kisses the locket and places it carefully into the hole.

4 INT - WILHELMINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

4

Lavish and pristine with nothing personal anywhere. Wilhelmina stands in the middle of the room with her MAID lacing up the back of an extravagant green dress. Her old dress is in a basket and her wet corset is draped atop a dressing screen.

MAID

You look beautiful, Miss. Is this
for your travels?

WILHELMINA

Yes. I can do nothing but look my
best on my journey.

MAID

I'll miss you while you're gone.

WILHELMINA

I'll miss you as well.

The Maid finishes the buttons on the back of the dress and double checks her work. Wilhelmina looks out the window towards the garden.

5 INT - WILHELMINA'S STUDY - NIGHT

5

The desk is now pristine and organized. There are several small piles of letter on the desk and one large pile. Adjacent is a small stack of unpacked letters. She picks up each small pile one at a time and places them into different bottom drawers of the desk.

With practiced hands she seals all the open letters on the desk. She then sets them out on the edge of the desk.

She picks up the large pile of letter and takes them with her over to the fireplace, where she sits and lets herself be warmed.

She begins to lay the letters one at a time into the fireplace. She waits patiently for each letter to burn before putting the next one in.

Once she's finished placing the letters she rises to her feet. She smooths out her dress and checks her reflection for imperfections.

The pistols sit on the desk and she carefully picks up one and checks that it's loaded.

Rounding the desk she sits and raises the gun to her temple.

6 EXT - GARDEN - NIGHT

6

The sound of a gunshot and then silence. The rain pounds heavily. The rose bushes are bowed under the weight of the rain.

7 INT - ALBERT'S PARLOUR - DAY

7

Charlotte looks ill at the sound of a bell from the front door. She stands just behind Albert as he answers the door. The Servant stands on the other side, crying, letters clutched in his hand.

CHARLOTTE

No.

SERVANT

I found her this morning.

Charlotte looks to Albert, whose expression doesn't change.

SERVANT (CONT.D)

She's alive.

CHARLOTTE

I must--

ALBERT

--No.

Charlotte and Albert stare at each other in silence.

CHARLOTTE

(stricken)

Albert.

ALBERT

(to the Servant)

Thank you for delivering the news.

SERVANT

She sought to post these to you.

The Servant offers the letters to Albert who ignores him. Charlotte takes the letters and cradles them to her chest.

CHARLOTTE

Is she alone?

SERVANT

Only as much as she was in life.

8 INT - WILHELMINA'S BEDROOM - DAY

8

Wilhelmina is laid out on her bed. She looks pale and barely there. A large bandage covers one side of her face.

A small GROUP OF CHILDREN sit around her bed, crying. A DOCTOR stands in the corner of the room.

The Maid is in the doorway, crying hard and clutching one of Wilhelmina's bonnets.

Wilhelmina is awake but not there. She doesn't cry.