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The Last Will and Testament of Rosalind Leigh

By Rodrigo Gudiño

(WORDLESS VOCALIZING)

WOMAN:

you can still feel
the loneliness...
Like an animal in the dark,
ready to pounce.
It can make a warm memory
seem empty and unfamiliar.
Past things seem insignificant.
And even faith can seem trivial
and worthless.
My dear Leon.
I remember the day you were born.
You were my little angel.
Always so full of joy.
So full of life.
And then, one day...
(GROWLING SOUND)
Everything changed.

MAN:

- ...hallowed be thy name.
- More than anyone, you deserved...
an explanation.
You needed to know why your
father did what he did.
But that is God's secret.
You were too young then,
too angry to accept it.
Too stubborn to see
that the soul lives on
long after death.
You closed yourself away,
and as you grew,
I prayed that your
faith would return.
But you only became more distant.
And sometimes, late at night,
you still feel the loneliness,
and you've learned that pain
doesn't give up that easily.
That despair is an
affliction of the godless.

(BUSY SIGNAL BEEPING IN PHONE)

My dear Leon, you are
in a terrible danger
unless you can recognize
that your soul lives on
long after death.
It is the only thing
that can save you...
And bring us together again.
(PHONE RINGING)

MAN:

Phillips with tribal trade.
I'm not available at the moment.
Please leave a message,
and I'll return your call within 24
hours. Thank you for using voicemail.
Bill, it's Leon. Give me a call.

WOMAN:

talk like we used to.
But once you left,
you never came back.
It's been so long since
you even called.
It's so hard being alone.
There are always
strangers at the door,
and they always want something.

(POUNING)

This house is a holy place.
And even though you never
visited me here...
I have left behind a
few reminders for you.
I leave everything I have
to the only person in my life.

(DOOR CLOSES)

You.

(DOOR HINGE SQUEAKING)

(CAR STARTS, DRIVES AWAY)

(LOUD SCRAPING SOUNDS)

(BRIEF LOW GROWL)

(LEON SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY)

I spent the entire week
preparing for this,
and I walk in, and
it's all right here.

BILL:

to tell you, Leon.
I had strict orders to
buy everything you sold.
And you didn't think that
I'd find that interesting?
Uh, had no idea.
You don't think it's a little weird
that somebody is only
interested in items
from my personal collection?
I'm a broker, you know the drill.
Confidentiality is always assured.
Listen to me. I swear, I had
no idea it was your mother
who was buying up all your items.
You gotta believe me, Leon.
Hello?
You there?
Yeah.
I got enough on my mind just
getting the best price,
never mind keeping
tabs on who's buying.
- You know what I'm saying?
- Yeah.
When was the last time
you saw her anyway?
It's been a while.
I'm sorry. I know
it's a tough time.
Listen, if you wanna
put any of that stuff
back on the market,
just let me know, okay?
I can move it for you all
over again, double your take.
Okay. Yeah.
Um... thanks, Bill.

Yeah. Don't mention it.
Call me if you need anything, okay?
Yeah.
Bye.
(LEON CHUCKLES)

WOMAN:

(SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH)
(LEON GASPS)
(CLICKING LIGHT SWITCH ON AND OFF)
(WOMAN WHISPERING) Believe.
(REMOTE CLATTERS LOUDLY)
Angry God!
Ours is a fearful God!
We have the signs.
- We have the word...
- (VOLUME LOWERS)
Of his ministers on the earth,
and by our faith, we see
what the unbelievers cannot.
Hosts of angels.
The world is full of atheists,
and sinners of the mind,
but we are people of the faith...
(LOUD BANGING ON DOOR)
Hi.

MAN:

I was a good friend of your mother.
- Oh, hi, I'm Leon.
- I know who you are.
She spoke about you often.
We're very saddened
by what happened.
We mourned her long,
and miss her deeply.
- Thanks. I appreciate that.
- May I come in?
Now's not really a
great time, but...
- Perhaps later then?
- Yeah.
We are a close community here.
We've had many special

moments in this old house.
It is truly blessed.
Do you believe in angels, Leon?
Your mother believed in
them deeply, as do we.
Perhaps you will join us
once you're settled in.
Yeah, sure. Thanks for stopping by.
One more thing.
There's an animal that's
come out of the woods.
It's probably sick, so
it might be dangerous.
You should be careful.
Okay, I will.
The woods belong to God,
but every so often,
something bad comes out of them.
Okay, I'll keep that in mind.
Bye, Leon. God bless you.
Yeah.

(SIGHS)

(THUNDER CRASHES, RAIN FALLING)

(CELL PHONE RINGING)

Anna.
Leon, what's up?
Hey. Uh, not much. How are you?
Well, I'm busy, as usual.
Yeah. Uh...
You called.
Yeah. I, uh...
(LAUGHS)
I... I can't remember why I called.
Um...
Look, I really don't
have time for this.
Okay, no, no, no. It's just, um...
I'm at my mom's place now.
Uh-huh.
Yeah, it's...
I had no idea.
- Um...

- (ANNA SIGHS HEAVILY)

Something happened that

I can't really explain.

What are you talking about?

Um...

You know, I was just around and settling in, and, uh, I left the room for a second, I came back, and there's this statue on the TV when I didn't put it there.

In fact, I distinctly remember seeing it in the basement.

- And you're sure?

- I'm positive.

How are you feeling?

How am I feeling?

(LAUGHS) Uh...

I wanna know why that statue's on the TV.

Tunnel reality.

Tu... what?

I'm surmising, but the statue has connotations for you.

Probably not positive ones.

Is that true?

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

So look, you didn't see the statue, because you didn't wanna see it.

It's probably because you didn't feel emotionally ready to see it, and yet, you clearly have a need to come to terms with it since you were the one that brought it up the stairs, and put it in plain view so that you would notice it.

It's the statue your mother gave you, isn't it?

Yeah, yeah.

Same one she used to punish you?

It wasn't...

It was more of a test.

No, you don't test a nine-year-old
boy by lighting candles
and asking him if
he believes in God.

- Could've said yes.

- Yes, but you said no.

And then, she'd start to
blow out all the candles,
and what would she
say was gonna happen
when all the candles
were blown out?

Leon.

What?

I want to hear you say it.

Said the angel would
turn its back and...

Stop protecting me.

And that's why I never
liked your mother.

Well, you cleared it up for me.

Well, it's far from clear to me.

Okay. I think you need to
give it some more thought,
and allow the feelings
associated with the statue to...
express themselves.

- Yeah, yeah.

- You need to.

So is that all?

You still talk like a doctor.

I am a doctor.

Good night, Leon.

Night, doctor.

(KEYS JINGLING IN LOCK)

(LOW GROWLING)

(THUNDER RUMBLING)

There was a time when I
was everything to you.
A time when you loved me
as much as I loved you.
A time when you sought my
comfort whenever you were sad,
or afraid.

But you never liked
the game of candles.
You never could forget it.
And a desperate thought
entered your head.
That's when you started to
hate me, your own mother.
You left me all alone.
The funeral was empty without you.
(THUNDER CRASHES)
(TAPE HISSING)

MAN:

When communicating with the dead,
it is not necessary to resort
to elaborate techniques
or obscure occult rituals.
Spirits communicate through
the most refined apparatus
known to us...
our senses.
It is merely a matter
of tuning ourselves
to the right frequency
to achieve discourse with the dead.
All that is required
is a quiet place close
to the deceased,
focused concentration,
and a bit of patience.
Find a comfortable place
and a relaxing position.
Close your eyes.
Empty yourself of
all your thoughts.
All of your feelings.
All of your worries.
Empty yourself now.
All that is left is yourself.
The self you know.
The self that is pure and safe.
You are exactly where
you want to be.
You are aware of your self

in a way you have
never been before.
Spread out into it.
Feel the warmth of
your living self.
Feel it.
Someone else is here.

WOMAN:

- You know who it is.

- (MOUTHS WORD)

Feel them.

Feel their presence.

Do not rush it.

Think of what you

would like to say.

Think of what you would

like to say to that person,

and say it.

(GASPS)

(LOW GROWLING)

(RATTLING)

(LOW GROWLING)

(SIGHS)

(LOW GROWLING)

(VOICES CHANTING INDISTINCTLY)

(VOICES CONTINUE)

We can see what the
unbelievers don't.

Raise your arms.

Raise your arms, and

ask the holy host

to look upon us as

he has in the past,

and by his gaze,

strengthen our faith.

Ask, children.

Ask, sister. Look upon her.

Ask, brother. Look upon him.

Look upon him. Look

upon her. Look upon us.

Raise your arms, sisters.

Ask the holy host.

Look upon this brother.

This brother of faith.

Look upon us.

Look upon us!

(PEOPLE SCREAMING AND EXCLAIMING)

Look upon us. Look upon us.

- (REWINDING TAPE)

- Look upon us.

Look upon us.

MAN:

This is the message

we've been handed.

Our God is a loving God,

but he is also a God

of wrath and anger.

A God of punishment.

MOTHER:

I remember the day you told me
that you didn't believe anymore.

(LOW GROWLING)

That people don't have souls.

We come from nothing

and go to nothing.

That's what you said.

How, in one second, you were alive,

and in the next, you were gone.

Just like your father.

(CLOCK TICKING LOUDLY)

And all the time you spoke,

I listened patiently...

(CLOCK CHIMING HOUR)

And then, it was time to

play the game of candles,

but you got angry and

blew them all out.

That's when you felt the

darkness touch you,

and it felt cold and empty.

I re-lit it just in time.

But you were scared,

and you blamed me

for scratching you.

But I was only trying

to protect you.
Only trying to stop you from making
a terrible mistake.
(LOUD CRASHING)
(STRANGE ANIMAL NOISES)

WOMAN:

Hello.
Hello! Anybody there?
(LOW GROWLING)
(POUNING ON DOOR)
(DEEP GROWLING)
(LOUD BANG)
(LOUD BANGING)
(FEROCIOUS POUNDING AND GROWLING)
(BREATHING HEAVILY)

WOMAN:

How can I help you tonight?
I just had a disturbance
a few minutes ago.
I think, um, someone may have
been trying to break in my house.
Would you like me to call
the police, Mr. Leigh?
Uh, no, no. It's okay now.
Okay. Very well, then.
You said this happened
a few minutes ago.
Yeah, that's right.
If you like, we can
review your data online
- with one of our surveillance experts.
- Yeah, that'd be fine.
- Please hold.
- Thank you.
(HOLD MUSIC PLAYS)

WOMAN:

the angel said unto them,"
from Philip Fournier's
grey childhood.
You are listening to ascension,
music for your salvation.

MAN:

I understand you've had an incident

- occur outside your home.

- Yes.

I also understand you

would like to review

- the data online.

- Yes.

Are you currently in front

of a working computer?

Yes.

Please access our site at

Winchester surveillance now.

Okay.

Please click on the account tab.

Okay.

Can you tell me your

password, please?

L-e-o-n.

Thank you.

You have been connected.

You have a single camera

outside your home.

- Is that correct?

- Yes.

I will pull the data

beginning from midnight.

Does that sound reasonable to you?

Yes.

You should be able to see

our data on your screen.

I'm afraid the lighting

is not very good.

I will try to enhance the image.

Just a moment, please.

What is that moving?

It appears to be an animal.

What kind of animal?

I regret to inform you that our

information is incomplete.

Just a mo...

Hello?

Hello.

(LOUD CREAKING)

(CREAKING)

(CREAKING INTENSIFIES)

(RAGGED BREATHING) Fuck.

All right.

How are you, Leon?

- (LOUD THUD)

- Leon.

Hello?

(BREATHING HEAVILY)

Um... there's something happening.

Calm down. What's the matter?

There's... there's

somebody in the house.

- Who? Who is it?

- I don't know. I just...

- Have you called the police?

- No, no, no. It's, um...

It's not that kind of somebody.

- Okay, Leon?

- Yeah.

- I want you to do something for me, okay?

- What?

I can tell you're upset,

so I want you to trust me, okay?

(SHAKILY) Yeah. Yeah.

I want you to close your eyes.

- Oh, no...

- Trust me, Leon.

Can you do that for me?

(LOUD CREAKING)

- Yeah.

- Okay, good.

- Now listen to me.

- (EXHALES HEAVILY)

- Leon, I want you to picture

- (LOUD BANGING)

a pool of water inside of you.

Can you do that for me?

- Yeah.

- (BANGING CONTINUES)

The water is warm and calm,

and every second,

it is rising in you.

Feel it rising in your body,
through your chest.

Can you feel it?

- Yeah.

- (BANGING CONTINUES)

Okay. Can you feel it
spreading out from you,
warming and calming
everything around you?

Can you feel it, Leon?

Yeah.

Flowing through you, calming you,
washing away everything around you,
until the only thing that
is left is the calm.

Now open your eyes.

(LEON BREATHING RAGGEDLY)

(SILENCE)

- Leon, are you there?

- (EXHALES SHAKILY)

- Is everything okay?

- Yeah.

Good. Now listen, it's late,
and I really need to get some rest.

Okay.

So no more calls, okay?

No.

Good night, Leon.

Yeah, good night. Thank you.

(EXHALES HEAVILY)

(LOW GROWLING)

(FLOORBOARDS CREAK,

GROWLING CONTINUES)

(GROWLING)

(GROWLING AND FEROCIOUS

POUNING ON DOOR)

(LOUD BANG)

(EXCLAIMS)

(GROWLING AND SNORTING)

(FEROCIOUS LOUD GROWL)

MOTHER:

Believe.

No.

- Believe.

- No!

Believe.

No.

I don't believe it.

(PHONE RINGING)

Tribal trade. Bill Phillips here.

Bill, it's Leon.

Leon? What time is it?

I wanna sell everything.

I want it all gone.

I'll send you a full inventory
in a couple of days.

Um... yeah. Sure.

Okay? Thanks. Sorry
for waking you up.

Don't go.

There's so much I
want to say to you.

So much I need to explain.

I waited so long for
you to come back.

I waited so long.

Until I realized you never would.

That night, I saw something
through the window,
and I told myself
it was just a cat.

I tried to occupy myself,
but I was afraid.

I could feel it watching me.

I wanted to talk to you to tell you
that I'd made a mistake,
that you were more important to me
than anything else in the world.

But my thoughts were confused,
and I kept thinking
it was too big to be a cat.

That's when I realized what
I'd been trying to ignore
for so long.

That you had turned
your back on me.

That you abandoned me.

That you no longer cared.
That my little angel would
no longer protect me.
(GASPING)
And when faith is gone...
Loneliness can be a monster.
I thought you would
come to me then.
But you never did.
The funeral was empty without you.
The loneliness is worse
now than it ever was.
And all I can do is remember
the way you were,
and make believe.
Make believe that you
came looking for me.
Make believe that you felt.
Make believe that you hoped.
Make believe that you remembered.
Remembered that the soul lives on
long after death,
eternally, and without end.
Make believe that you cared.
Make believe that you miss me...
As much as I miss you.