

Death Didn't Want Me

Animated TV Dramedy
TV Screenplay, TV Bible, and Reflective Essay

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Master of Arts by research

University of York

Arts and Creative Technology

December 2025

Abstract

Death Didn't Want Me is an animated dramedy that interrogates themes of grief, ageing, and identity through the lens of an institutional care setting. The pilot episode centres on Jennifer, a 78-year-old widow who is admitted to The Rose Centre following a suicide attempt after the death of her husband. Resistant to her relocation and emotionally destabilised, Jennifer enters a space that operates as both a care facility and a heightened, surreal social ecosystem.

The narrative employs dark humour and absurdist characterisation to juxtapose the banalities of care home life with profound emotional trauma. Conflicts between residents, particularly over symbolic objects such as salad cream. These function as exaggerated expressions of control, desire, and personal agency within a restrictive environment. These dynamics reflect a broader commentary on power structures, community formation, and survival within later life.

Jennifer's attachment to salad cream operates as a symbolic extension of her grief, representing an attempt to sustain a connection to her deceased husband. As the episode progresses, her reluctant engagement with fellow residents, most notably Kathrine, signals the emergence of tentative interpersonal bonds, suggesting the possibility of adaptation and recovery.

The accompanying series bible expands this narrative framework by outlining long-form character arcs, thematic trajectories, and the evolving socio-cultural dynamics of *The Rose Centre*, situating the pilot within a broader serial structure. Additionally, the reflective essay provides critical insight into the creative process, contextualising the project within relevant theoretical frameworks such as dark comedy, representations of ageing, and the use of absurdism as a mechanism for exploring trauma.

Collectively, these components position *Death Didn't Want Me* as a project that blends irreverent humour with critical engagement, using animation and tonal hybridity to examine mortality, resilience, and the complexities of human connection in later life.

Declaration

I declare that this thesis is a presentation of original work and I am the sole author. This work has not previously been presented for a degree or other qualification at this University or elsewhere. All sources are acknowledged as references.

DEATH DIDN'T WANT ME

Episode One: Salad Cream

Animated TV Dramey

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A luxurious car drives through a mountainous valley.

EXT. OLD VILLAGE - DAY

Stone houses with small windows line a narrow high street.

Bunting hangs over the road. The street is full of life, people of all ages parade up and down.

The local people stop and stare at the car, they look stunned.

EXT. LONG ROAD - DAY

The car drives along a pin straight road. On the horizon, sits a dusty pink building with a cemetery opposite.

INT. CAR - DAY

RAY (46), in the driver's seat, is dressed in a suit and tie, he points to the pink building.

RAY

Look, Mum

JENNIFER (78) dressed in a black hoodie, is slouched in the passenger seat with her knees to her chest. She covers her face.

JENNIFER

(grunts)

Hm.

Jennifer looks to the cemetery.

Jennifer sighs and puts her head back on her knees.

EXT. THE ROSE CENTRE, DRIVE WAY - DAY

The car pulls into the Rose Centre, it drives round the mini roundabout which is filled with perfect roses. The car stops at the entrance.

The building is large and modern, edging on a clinical. There are rose bushes on both sides of the entrance. The front door is made of pink tinted glass.

INT. CAR - DAY

Ray turns the car off and turns to Jennifer. Ray takes a deep breath and smiles softly.

RAY
You ready?

Jennifer shakes her head and grunts.

JENNIFER
No, this was your stupid idea.

RAY
You might like it here.

JENNIFER
I want to go home.

Jennifer locks her car door.

INT. THE ROSE CENTRE, RECEPTION - DAY

CARL (24), is sat painting his nails. His bulging muscles are being squeezed by this tight lilac uniform. Carl's side of the desk consists of a make-up, a mountain of nail polish, a mirror, and perfume.

The reception is warm and inviting, has comfortable seating, and plush carpets. The room is circular in shape.

Sat next to him is BEATRICE (38), she is buried under a pile of paperwork.

Beatrice takes a folded piece of paper out from her deep purple uniform pocket. She unfolds it, the bottom of the paper touches the floor. The top reads "Today's Tasks".

Beatrice mumbles to herself as she nibbles on the end of a pen.

BEATRICE
Room keys... restock... Nappies for
Bobbie... and.. and...

Beatrice looks down to her watch. She looks past the mountain of papers to a collection of SALAD CREAM bottles. Beatrice sighs.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
You finished your morning rounds
right?

Carl looks closely at his nails. He HUMS indistinct music.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
Thanks for collecting all the salad
cream. Can't wait to see what the
next big thing is. Carl?

CARL
Yeah, yeah all good... not sure we
should be getting between an old
bitty and her salad cream but
you're the boss.

Carl raises his hands in the air as if he is surrendering.
Carl relaxes his arms and continues to paint his nails..

BEATRICE
You have so much to learn about
this place, we'll have you whipped
into shape in no time.

CARL
I managed to give out the
medications this morning without
you holding my hand so I guess
thats baby steps!

Carl blows on his nails.

EXT. DRIVE WAY - DAY

Ray exits the car. He opens Jennifer's door. Jennifer doesn't
move an inch. Ray tries to help her out of the car but
Jennifer's tiny wrinkly fists hit Ray.

RAY
Please. We spoke about this.

She wriggles under his grasp like a toddler on the brink of a
tantrum.

Jennifer's hoodie sleeve moves up her arm and reveals a
bandage wrapped around her wrist. Jennifer kicks Ray away.

She quickly pulls her sleeve down and slams the door shut.
Ray and Jennifer play tug-of-war with the car door.

Jennifer picks up her handbag and hits Ray with it. Ray is
unfazed.

RAY (CONT'D)

Come on.

Ray picks her up out of the car.

JENNIFER

Get off me!

She squirms and kicks her legs.

RAY

Calm down.

Ray lays her on the ground.

He takes the suitcases from the car and walks to the entrance.

RAY (CONT'D)

This is your home now.

Jennifer stands, scowling at Ray. She stomps her feet and crosses her arms.

EXT. DRIVE WAY - DAY (JENNIFER'S IMAGINATION)

Jennifer's scowl softens as she lays her eyes upon DEREK (85), dressed in comfortable clothes and holding a rose. He stands just to the side of the door by the rose bushes. She smiles. Derek gestures for her to go over to him.

EXT. DRIVE WAY - DAY (BACK TO REALITY)

Jennifer is walking towards the rose bushes.

Ray turns around to look at Jennifer.

RAY

Pick up the pace Mum, I have places to be.

Jennifer looks back to Ray, her smile wanes. She stops in her path. Ray gestures for her to hurry up, he turns back round.

Jennifer looks to the rose bushes again to see Derek is no longer there. Jennifer hangs her head low and continues towards the door.

RAY (CONT'D)
(mumbling to himself)
Fuck. I'm gonna be here all day.

Ray shakes his head.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

Beatrice jolts up from her seat. Knocking a tower of paperwork onto the floor.

BEATRICE
(panicked)
Caarrrrl! They're coming.

Beatrice gestures to the floor.

CARL
Okay, okay.

Ray enters.

Carl rolls his chair across to the paperwork.

Jennifer enters.

Beatrice shakes Ray's hand.

BEATRICE
Welcome, welcome, welcome. We are
super happy to have you come stay
with us Jennifer.

Jennifer's head hangs low.

JENNIFER
(sarcastic)
I'm super happy to be here too...

Jennifer rolls her eyes. Ray nudges Jennifer.

RAY
(under his breath)
Stop it.

Jennifer keeps her face hidden by her hoodie.

BEATRICE
How was the drive up here?

RAY
Good, yeah. Pretty quiet with this
one.

Jennifer grunts.

JENNIFER
Whatever, loser.

BEATRICE
Alright then.

Jennifer gives Ray the middle finger behind his back.

Jennifer walks around the reception. She looks over to the desk as a stream of light shines down upon the bottles of salad cream.

Carl places the last bit of paperwork back onto the desk. He rolls back over to the desk and pops a piece of gum in his mouth. He chews it obnoxiously and plays with his hair.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
Carl!

Carl stands from the chair.

CARL
Yes.

BEATRICE
Can you please take some details
from Jennifer while I talk to Ray?

CARL
Right away boss.

Beatrice pulls Ray to the side.

Jennifer steps closer to the desk... She gets within arms reach of the salad cream.

Carl pops up from below the desk with a form on a clipboard. Jennifer is startled and retracts her hand.

CARL (CONT'D)
What did you need love?

JENNIFER
Some tissues would be great if
you'd be so kind.

CARL
No worries they are just here.

Carl picks up a box of tissues and hand them over to Jennifer.

JENNIFER
It's empty.

CARL
Oh. Give me a second, I think we
have some in the back.

Carl enters the staff room behind the desk.

Jennifer opens her handbag wide and pushes all the bottles of salad cream in. She then sits on the sofa with her bag between her legs on the floor.

Carl enters the reception holding a brand new box of tissues, he picks up the clipboard and sits on the sofa opposite Jennifer.

Carl hands Jennifer the tissues.

JENNIFER
Thanks but I used a tissue from my
bag instead.

CARL
Okay Jen, we just need to go over a
few last details before we can put
these semantics to bed.

Jennifer nods.

CARL (CONT'D)
Age?

JENNIFER
Seventy eight.

CARL
Marital status.

JENNIFER
Married... oh um I mean... umm...
Widowed.

Jennifer grabs her wrists. Ray eavesdrops on their discussion.

CARL
Reason for admission?

RAY
(to Carl)
What do you think? She's not safe
living on her own anymore.
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

And I don't have the time to watch
her every movement.

BEATRICE

That's enough questions for now,
huh?

CARL

I think that's everything I need
from you.

Ray looks over to Jennifer with an exhausted expression.

Jennifer puts her feet, still with her shoes on, on the
footstool.

Ray goes over to Jennifer. He pulls her feet off the
footstool.

RAY

You know better than to do that.

He kisses her on the head and gives her a hug. Jennifer
doesn't hug him back.

RAY (CONT'D)

It's time for me to go. Mum, it'll
be good for you here. New people.
New start. I love you and will come
see you when I can... Please don't
try anything again, okay?

Jennifer looks up at him and pulls her hood down. Jennifer's
grey hair is tied in a messy bun, her complexion is fair and
her eyes look sore and sunken.

Jennifer gives Ray a weak wave with her hand wrapped in her
sleeve.

Ray leaves The Rose Centre.

Beatrice sits on the sofa.

JENNIFER

Now what?

BEATRICE

How about we show you to your new
room? The items you sent are
waiting for you there.

Beatrice taps Carl on the leg.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Carl will show you the way. Later on you will get a comprehensive tour of the facilities with your buddy. Please stay put in your room until they come to collect you.

Jennifer clutches the handles of the her hand bag.

CARL

We've had people wonder off before... we found most of them after a couple hours but there are still a few we haven't quite found yet.

Carl struggles to keep a straight face. A slight chuckle comes out.

BEATRICE

Carl! He's joking. We try our best to round up lost residents as quickly as possible.

JENNIFER

Okay.

Jennifer sighs.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Carl towers over Jennifer as they walk side by side down a long corridor adorned with a dense floral wallpaper. Framed photos and artwork cover the walls.

KEVIN (late 90's), pale as a ghost. He effortlessly glides through the corridor past Jennifer with a mischievous smile.

JENNIFER

What's his deal?

Carl looks down the corridor.

CARL

That guy?

Carl points at Kevin. Jennifer agrees.

CARL (CONT'D)

That's Kevin. He kinda... sorta just wanders around.

JENNIFER

Right.

Carl giggles.

CARL

He's at the bottom of the food chain. Swimming around the place till death catches him.

JENNIFER

It's not a bloody David Attenborough documentary. Some big predator isn't just going to eat him up for being the little guy.

CARL

Well... it's not exactly like that, no. You see there is a sort of... how do I put it. A pecking order.

Jennifer rolls her eyes.

JENNIFER

Of course there is.

Jennifer turns around to look at Kevin. Kevin's cardigan seems to blend with the wallpaper.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Freaky.

CARL

It's all part of the process. It's an ecosystem. What can I say, there has to be a balance.

Carl shrugs his shoulders and smiles.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Carl and Jennifer slow their pace as they approach a doorway in the corridor. Hung on the door is a plaque that reads "Dining Hall".

Carl points to the door and TAPS the plaque with his long nails.

CARL

This is the dining hall.

JENNIFER

I can see that.

CARL
Okay smart arse.

Carl smirks at Jennifer.

CARL (CONT'D)
You will have breakfast, lunch and dinner in there. We have excellent chefs that cook delicious food fresh everyday... what else.. what else.. I believe that's the end of the spiel.

Carl pushes the door open. A WAVE of SHOUTING blasts through the door.

CARL (CONT'D)
Come on, come on. Get stuck in.

Jennifer pokes her head through the door frame.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

A large bright room bustling with people. Filled with mismatched tables and chairs. A dozen residents rush to crowd around two particular tables.

RESIDENTS
(chanting)
Fight, fight, fight.

KATHRINE (81), slender with a buzz cut, is stood on one of the tables. Kathrine throws her arms up in the air as she SHOUTS across the tables.

KATHRINE
Give my salad cream back, you bitch!

RESIDENTS
Oooohhh!

Kathrine throws a seeded bread roll at VIOLET (69). It bounces off of Violet's large buoyant breasts.

She's sat at another table in a throne-like chair with perfect posture and dressed to impress. Violet's table has a silky table cloth with embroidered images of herself across it.

Violet is surrounded by a gaggle of women who look very similar to her.

VIOLET
Oi, watch it!

Violet begins to pick seeds out her breasts.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Seeing you drown your food in that
shit makes me want to throw up. You
disgust me.

KATHRINE
It helps my food go down!

Kathrine uses large hand gestures to emphasise her reasoning.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)
I will choke without it! Choke I
tell you.

Kathrine mimics choking. Kathrine looks to MICK (88), he has a small head and ridiculously large glasses. Mick munches on his food.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)
Mick! You agree that I should have
it, right?

Mick's head flicks between Kathrine and Violet.

MICK
I'm out. Please don't hurt me.

He cowardly licks his ketchup covered fingers and sticks them into his ears. Mick sings LOUDLY.

MICK (CONT'D)
Lalalal laaaa lalala la!

Kathrine looks back at Violet.

KATHRINE
Gimme it back!

VIOLET
I don't have it!

INT. DINING HALL - DAY (JENNIFER'S IMAGINATION)

All of the residents in the dining hall position their bodies as if impersonating chimpanzees. The residents CHANT like monkeys.

Kathrine stomps her feet on the table, everything on the table shakes. Juice spills onto a resident's lap at Kathrine's table.

The juice-covered resident jumps up onto the chair and throws their yoghurt cup in the air and it lands on top of Violet's head.

Violet lets out an ear bleeding SCREECH and hits her chest.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY (BACK TO REALITY)

VIOLET

You bitch.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Jennifer's eyes dart between Violet and Kathrine. She keeps a straight face. Carl is stood next to Jennifer, he leans through the doorway, fully engaged in the argument.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Violet starts to breathe heavily. She touches the yoghurt in her hair.

VIOLET

My hair!! Urrggg.

Violet stands from the table and launches her chair backwards.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Carl snaps out the mesmerising argument in the dining hall. He quickly shuts the door, blocking Jennifer's view.

CARL

Umm.. that's enough of that. It's not normally this.. um well.. not this active anyways. Let's get you to your room.

Carl ushers Jennifer down the corridor.

JENNIFER

That was all over some salad cream.
What weirdos.

Jennifer rolls her eyes suspiciously.

He unclips a walkie-talkie from around his waist.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

Beatrice struggles to get a brush through her knotty hair. She watches a video on hairstyling. Beatrice's walkie-talkie produces a STATIC sound then...

CARL (V.O.)
Come in Beatrice, over.

Beatrice leaps to her walkie-talkie that's on the other side of the desk.

BEATRICE
Receiving, over.

The brush gets stuck.

CARL (V.O.)
Umm we a little situation in the dining hall between Kath and Vi. I think I'm a bit out of my depths here. Would you be able to pop down please? Over.

Beatrice rolls her eyes.

BEATRICE
Again?? I'll handle it. Over.

Beatrice yanks the brush out of her hair with frustration and a clump of hair comes out. She sighs and throws the hair in the bin.

Beatrice slots the brush into a pot filled with other brushes on Carl's side of the desk.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Jennifer looks suspiciously at Carl as he puts his walkie-talkie away.

JENNIFER
(mocking Carl's voice)
Ooo it's not normally like this.

Jennifer rolls her eyes.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Like my arse it isn't.

CARL
Oh shush girl, you haven't seen
anything yet... oh wait.

Jennifer stares at Carl.

CARL (CONT'D)
Shit.

Carl covers his mouth. Jennifer gives Carl side eye.

CARL (CONT'D)
I'm just gonna shut up now.

Carl leads Jennifer down the hallway.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

Beatrice chucks off her clogs and pushes her feet into velcro fastening trainers. She stretches and pulls a whistle out.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Kathrine SCREAMS while being restrained by a handful of residents. Violet walks in circles around her sticking her tongue out at Kathrine. Beatrice enters, pushing the door open, it SMASHES into the wall.

The residents look towards Beatrice. The room is silent, the residents stop in their place.

BEATRICE
(shouting)
Enough!

Beatrice blows the WHISTLE.

Kathrine breaks loose from the residents holding her back, they fall to the ground. Violet makes a run for it.

Kathrine and Violet play cat and mouse around the dining hall.

The residents pull out their phones and start recording.

Beatrice blows the WHISTLE again. She keeps the whistle in her mouth as she chases after both of them.

Violet takes her heels off and throws them at Kathrine, she misses both times. The residents CHEER.

VIOLET

Ugh. Someone get this cretin away
from me. She's crazy.

Kathrine leaps from table to table, she misses Violet but
lands on Beatrice. Kathrine gets straight back up and
continues chasing.

Beatrice sighs, gets up and limps out the room.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Carl and Jennifer walk endlessly down long corridors lined
with doors on either side. They turn and go back on
themselves.

JENNIFER

Are we lost?

CARL

We are nearly there.

JENNIFER

You sure about that?

CARL

Umm... yeah, yeah, positive.

Carl pulls something out from his trouser pocket. He unfolds
a large hand drawn map of The Rose Centre and uses his long
nails to trace his steps.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Beatrice limps through a beautiful colourful garden. She
walks towards a large tree. SLAPPING and HUFFING sounds get
louder as she nears the tree.

BEATRICE

(shouting)

Ezraaaa! I know you're out here.

EZRA (78), his flustered face pokes out from around the tree.
Ezra speaks with an American accent.

EZRA

I've got my hands a little full at
the minute Beatrice.

BEATRICE

(under her breath)

Of course you do.

Beatrice continues towards the tree.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Carl and Jennifer walk down a corridor passing by several large windows. Jennifer stops and looks out at a large tree.

JENNIFER
Why is there some naked guy out there?

CARL
Oh please be Ezra.

Carl scurries over to the window.

JENNIFER
Who's Ezra?

Carl points at the naked man through the window.

CARL
That is Ezra. Oh wow. He's even better than I imagined.

Jennifer slaps Carl on the arm.

JENNIFER
Oi, respect the elderly.

CARL
Okay. Okay.

Carl stares intensely at Ezra.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Ezra appears from behind the tree, he stands in front of Beatrice with his genitalia hanging free. Ezra's shiny metal prosthetic leg glistens in the sunlight. Beatrice covers her eyes. His white vest top is soaked in sweat.

BEATRICE
For Christ's sake Ezra. How many times do we have to go over this?

Ezra shrugs his shoulders.

EZRA
Don't know what you're referring too.

Two women GIGGLE from behind the tree.

BEATRICE
Put the family jewels away Ez.

Ezra places his hands over his genitalia.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Jennifer and Carl see two young women begin to kiss.

Carl struggles to pull the blinds down.

CARL
Come on. Work with me here.

Jennifer and Carl watch as Beatrice waves her arms in the air and indistinct SHOUTING can faintly be heard.

Ezra runs round the back of the tree and slips back into his shorts. He smacks each woman on the bum and returns to Beatrice.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Ezra is fully dressed, his head hangs low as he follows Beatrice. He glances back towards the tree a few times before entering The Rose Centre.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Carl finally pulls the blinds down.

CARL
Phew.

Carl wipes the sweat from his brow.

CARL (CONT'D)
That was a super boring and ordinary view huh, let's forget about all that, shall we?

Carl lets out a nervous chuckle.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Ezra walks through the door covered in sweat, his muscles are bulging, and veins are throbbing.

The residents turn their phone cameras towards Ezra. Some residents get close up pictures and videos of his body. The female residents GASP.

All movement stops. Violet and Ezra lock eyes.

VIOLET
(flustered)
Oh, Ezra.

Ezra winks at Violet and she falls into the arms of nearby residents.

BEATRICE
Thank you Ezra. No one does it like
you.

Beatrice points to Kathrine.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
You. Come with me. Now!

Beatrice blows her whistle. Kathrine dusts herself off and pouts as she walks behind Beatrice.

Kathrine and Beatrice leave the dining hall.

Violet looks dreamily at Ezra. He walks over to Violet. She stands from the arms of the residents, she fixes her hair, reapplies lipstick, and checks her breath.

EZRA
Hey.

Violet is flushed.

VIOLET
(flirty)
Heyy.

Violet subtly bites her lip.

EZRA
You gotta a little something...
Right here.

The yoghurt spreads through Violet's hair and drips onto her forehead. Ezra wipes the yoghurt away with his thumb.

VIOLET
Ooh, wow.

Violet takes short shallow breaths.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Thanks for everything. She's crazy.

Violet laughs.

EZRA
I couldn't say no to Bea..

Violet looks disappointed but trying to keep a brave face.

VIOLET
Oh yeah.. right.. that makes sense
yeah. You are so nice for doing
that. Such a gentleman.

She giggles and flutters her eye-lashes.

EZRA
Thanks, I'll see you around.

Violet waves flirtatiously.

VIOLET
See ya.

All the other residents in the dining hall look to Violet.
They whisper and giggle.

Violet leaves the dining hall with her head held high.

Ezra walks over to MARK (83), tall with swimmers shoulders.
Mark greets Ezra with a complicated 'friendship' handshake.

MARK
How do you do it man?

Ezra shrugs his shoulders and laughs.

EZRA
(laughing)
Do what man?

MARK
You know... get the girls to swoon
for you.

Mark imitates dramatic swooning.

MARK (CONT'D)
(mocking)
Ooooooooooh. Oh Ezra!

They both laugh and high five each other.

MARK (CONT'D)

You broke up a bloody cat fight by walking in the room. Every time you do this I'm always so fucking impressed.

Ezra smirks at Mark.

EZRA

You think that's impressive... should've seen what I was up to before this.

Ezra laughs. Mark playfully pokes Ezra.

MARK

You dirty dog. You gotta tell me.

Mark playfully howls like a dog.

MARK (CONT'D)

Was she fit?

EZRA

They were both... exceptional...

Mark's jaw drops. They both laugh, their excitement resembles that of teenage boys.

INT. VIOLET'S ROOM - DAY

Violet is sitting at the side of the bed, flushed and, with the yoghurt in her hair.

She flicks through previous pages of her diary and Ezra's name appears often and with a pink heart next to it. Violet begins a new diary entry.

Violet (V.O.)

Dear diary, Ezra saved my life today. He got that psycho Kathrine to detach her claws from my perfectly soft skin. He was so galant, strong, and heroic. What would I do without him?

Violet pulls out a picture of Ezra (shirtless) from the back of her diary. She kisses the picture.

Violet (V.O.)

He's so perfect. Not only does he have a heart of gold but his body is that of a Greek God. Wow!

(MORE)

Violet (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Oh how I wish he would push me
against a wall and do unspeakable
things to me.

Violet looks at the top drawer of her bedside then to her
diary. Violet bites her lip.

Violet (V.O.)
It's been a while since a guy has
made me feel this way. Ezra is
known for sharing his love around
to any girl that takes his fancy
but I am yet to experience his
fullness. Maybe he's keeping the
best to last.. I suppose. Or is
there something wrong with me?
That's absurd, I am the prettiest
girl in school...

Violet scribbles out the word 'school' and changes it to
'this place'.

Violet (V.O.)
Ezra makes me feel special. He
makes feel alive.

Violet slides her non writing hand under her clothes and
starts to pleasure herself.

Violet
Fuck.

Violet moans softly.

She chucks her diary on the other side of the bed but grips
onto the picture of Ezra.

Violet reaches into her bedside drawer and takes out a
vibrator. She leans back on the bed. Violet burns with sexual
desire as she looks back at Ezra's picture.

BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ. Violet's head tilts backwards and she
starts to MOAN.

Violet (CONT'D)
Oh Ezra! Yes, yes... just like
that.

Violet drops the picture, closes her eyes, and squeezes her
breasts.

Her legs begin to tremor with pleasure.

Violet turns the vibrator off and lays still for a moment. Places the vibrator back in the drawer, puts the diary on the bedside table. She turns the shower on and begins to undress.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Carl and Jennifer stop outside a door with the number 222 written in large gold numbers.

CARL

Finally.

Carl lets out a big breath and pushes the door open.

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - DAY

The door swings open, Jennifer steps into the room.

CARL

Welcome home!

Carl pops a small confetti popper.

CARL (CONT'D)

Wooo.

The room has bare walls, no colour, it's a large open space. A pile of boxes and suitcases occupies the centre of the floor.

CARL (CONT'D)

I'll leave you here to get settled.
Oh, and your buddy will come get
you from here and bring you to
dinner. Have fun unpacking!

Jennifer closes the door in Carl's face.

She places her heavy hand bag onto the bed and tips out all the salad cream bottles.

Jennifer walks over to the large window which looks out over to the local cemetery.

EXT. CEMETERY - FLASHBACK

Torrential rain pours down from the darkest of clouds. Close up on Jennifer, dressed in black weeping into a handkerchief.

An unknown arm is holding an umbrella over her and another arm rests on her shoulder.

Jennifer collapses on the grass in front of a coffin being lowered into the ground.

END OF FLASHBACK - BACK TO PRESENT

Jennifer shakes her head then draws the curtains.

Jennifer sulks over to the boxes and sits on the ground next to them. She opens the scruffiest boxes on the top of the pile first.

Picking out a blanket made from old shirts from different wildlife reserves in the world. She takes the blanket and wraps herself in it. She smells the blanket.

Jennifer picks out her PhD certificate and, a picture of her on her wedding day.

Jennifer goes over to the window her hand hesitates on the curtain, she opens them. Jennifer looks towards the bed covered in salad cream bottles. She takes one bottle at a time and lines the windowsill with them.

She looks down to the wedding photo then out to the cemetery.

Jennifer stuffs the picture in her hoodie pocket and heads for the door. She looks back at the window quickly before rushing to grab a bottle of salad cream and putting it in her pocket with the picture. She leaves the room while still wrapped in the blanket.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

Kathrine is sat on a chair on the other side of the desk to Beatrice.

BEATRICE

I know you're upset.

Kathrine pouts and looks to the ground.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

But we can't be doing this every week.

KATHRINE

She started it!

Kathrine crosses her arms.

BEATRICE

Just stop it now. You two have to come to some sort of agreement.

KATHRINE

That's so unfair!

BEATRICE

Look, I pulled you in here to discuss Jennifer.

KATHRINE

Who?

BEATRICE

Your new buddy.

KATHRINE

I don't have time for this. I need to keep looking.

BEATRICE

No, take your mind off it by taking Jennifer on her tour.

Kathrine slams her hands on the arms of the chair.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Jennifer stands at the edge of the road connecting The Rose Centre and the cemetery. She faces the cemetery. She is alone. The blanket wrapped around her touches the floor. Jennifer gathers it in her hand, lifting it off the ground.

She takes her first steps to the cemetery. Now in the centre of the road Jennifer stands still and looks all around her at the great emptiness. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

EXT. ROAD - DAY (JENNIFER'S IMAGINATION)

A car drives down the road towards Jennifer. They start to BEEP at her. She doesn't flinch. She stretches her arms out wide and tilts her head up towards the sky. In the distance Derek's voice calls out.

DEREK

Jennifer!

Her arms are still stretched out, a car continues to beep their horn.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Move out of the way, it doesn't
have to end this way.

Jennifer opens her eyes, and hears the breaks SCREECHING as
it swerves round her.

Derek stands in the middle of the road opposite Jennifer. She
walks towards him but never gets any closer to him.

JENNIFER

Derek!

EXT. ROAD - DAY (BACK TO REALITY)

Jennifer looks blankly into an empty horizon. She looks
around her then walks towards to cemetery gates.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Jennifer hesitates at the gate. It squeaks as she opens it.

Jennifer walks around the cemetery looking at memorials,
headstones, pictures, and physical embodiments of memories.

There are colourful flowers planted all around. The cemetery
is a maze of memories and it's a place for life to be
celebrated.

Old birthday decorations remain, bouquets of flowers,
trinkets, and carvings on the trees.

Jennifer sits down on a bench.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

Beatrice BANGS her hand on the desk.

BEATRICE

Please go be a buddy. And I will
try think of a solution to your
whole drama.

Kathrine nods her head.

KATHRINE

Fine!

She stands up and sighs.

BEATRICE
Good. I hope you'll compose
yourself before meeting up with
Jennifer.

Kathrine STOMPS her feet as she walks away.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Jennifer sits on a bench. She plays with her fingers. The sky
is cloudy, THUNDER rumbles from above.

JENNIFER
Hi.

Jennifer's hands shake.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Derek?

She looks up to the sky.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Ugghh.. this is so stupid.

Jennifer sighs.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
The chances of you hearing me are
well you know... part of me wants
to believe that you are still here
with me... in some way at least.

Jennifer tears up.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
I miss your snoring.

Jennifer chuckles.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
The nights are so quiet without
you. I'm not so sure they will be
this time though. These people are
something else. I just want to be
at home... with you again.

Jennifer wipes her tears away with the blanket.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
 (crying)
 I never thought I would say this
 but I really hate you.... I hate
 you for leaving me.

Jennifer lays down on the bench facing the cloudy sky.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
 Look what I did.

Jennifer pulls her hoodie sleeves up and unwraps the bandages
 on her wrists.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
 Look!

Jennifer puts her wrists up into the sky.

INT. HOUSE, ENTRYWAY - FLASHBACK

Ray enters a homey house holding a lasagne.

RAY
 Hi Mum. Just dropping off a lasagne
 for you.

Ray places it down in the kitchen. Ray wanders around the
 house.

He enters the living room to find the TV on and a warm cup of
 tea.

RAY (CONT'D)
 Mum?

He walks up the stairs. Ray becomes increasingly worried.

RAY (CONT'D)
 You taking a nap?

Ray enters the bedroom to find Jennifer on the bed next to a
 knife... Her wrists have been cut open... Blood's seeping
 into the covers and dripping onto the floor.

Ray rushes to Jennifer's side.

RAY (CONT'D)
 MUM! Mum. Please wake up.. mum!

Ray pulls out his phone.

END OF FLASHBACK - BACK TO PRESENT

The scars on Jennifer's wrist are fresh, still pink.

JENNIFER
(soft whimpering)
I can't do this without you.

Jennifer hysterically cries.

She pulls out the framed wedding picture from her hoodie pocket. She screams at the picture. In a fit of rage and sadness she throws the picture at a nearby tree.

The glass in the frame shatters. Jennifer jumps from the bench and runs to the picture frame.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
No, no, no.

She kneels on the ground and cries.

She picks the frame up and dusts off the glass shards.

Jennifer places the broken frame onto a branch of the tree. She then pulls out the bottle of salad cream from her hoodie and places it next to the picture.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
I know this isn't much of a memorial but I will try add to it once I have unpacked. Not really sure where anything is at the moment, one of Ray's assistants did all the packing.

Jennifer sighs.

INT. KATHRINE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kathrine flings the door open, it BANGs into the wall. Kathrine is angry, she paces around her room.

The room is dark and minimally decorated except for large abstract paintings that hang on the walls. There is a tutu, ballet shoes and leotard hung on the wall. They look well used but small as if for a child.

There are various snacks hidden in crevices, drawers, and bags. A weighing scale sits at the bottom of a full length mirror along with a measuring tape.

Kathrine pulls out a notepad. She writes different locations and ticks some of them off. She continues to pace around the room as she looks over the list. She nibbles at the pen.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Jennifer dries her tears with the blanket.

She stands next to the tree. The clouds start to part. The sun comes through and shines down on Jennifer.

She looks up the sky, her face is golden in the sunlight. Jennifer smiles softly.

JENNIFER

You don't understand how much I've missed you.

Jennifer spins in a circle in the sunlight. Then the sun goes behind a cloud.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Bye for now.

She walks to the gate.

Jennifer pushes the gate open but before she steps out onto the road she glances back to the bench.

She leaves the cemetery.

INT. KATHRINE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kathrine still pacing holding the note pad. She looks to the clock.

KATHRINE

Shit. Jennifer.

Kathrine stuffs the notepad in her pocket and leaves the room.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Kathrine stands hunched over and exhausted outside Jennifer's bedroom door.

KATHRINE

(to herself)

Come on Kath, let's just get this over with.

Kathrine KNOCKS on Jennifer's bedroom door. There's no answer. Kathrine KNOCKS again.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)
Jennifer! Are you in there? I'm
your buddy. I'm supposed to be
taking you on a tour. Hello?

Kathrine KNOCKS again. No answer.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)
Ugh. Really?

Kathrine sits outside of Jennifer's door.

She pulls the notepad and pen out.

Kathrine doodles a bottle of salad cream with little hearts
around the bottle. She gives the salad cream bottle arms,
legs, and even a face. She looks endearingly at the drawing.

INT. RECEPTION - NIGHT

Jennifer walks in from outside. The bottom of her blanket is
a little wet and muddy. She looks like some weight has been
lifted off her.

Beatrice and Carl sit at the reception desk.

CARL	BEATRICE
Hiya Love.	You alright Jennifer?

Jennifer nods her head.

JENNIFER
Yep yep, all good.

Jennifer walks out of the reception.

BEATRICE
I'm worried about her.

CARL
There's life still left in her.

Carl nods confidently.

CARL (CONT'D)
I can feel it. It's just being
dampened by her tears at the
moment.

BEATRICE
What the hell are you on about?

CARL

Her vibrations. Her energy. It's what makes a person a person. She's not done yet.

Beatrice looks confused.

BEATRICE

You're bonkers.

CARL

Believe me or not, that's up to you. But something inside me... the vibrations are telling me... She will recover. However there's no telling how long it'll take.

BEATRICE

You feeling alright?

Beatrice looks concerned.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jennifer walks towards her bedroom door. Her shoes are covered in layer of mud.

A trail of muddy footprints follow her.

Kathrine is sat outside Jennifer's room. Kathrine faces down to her notepad, she's doodling.

JENNIFER

Can I help you?

Kathrine looks up.

KATHRINE

Oh shit. Are you Jennifer?

JENNIFER

I am. What's it to you?

Kathrine stands up.

She puts her hand out to shake Jennifer's hand. Jennifer keeps hold of her blanket.

KATHRINE

I'm Kathrine! Your buddy.

JENNIFER

Ah, right.

Jennifer opens her bedroom door. Jennifer goes inside and closes the door on Kathrine's face.

KATHRINE

Uhhh umm.

Kathrine KNOCKS on the door.

INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer pulls the blanket off. Chucks off her shoes. Jennifer throws the blanket into the bathtub, covers it with soap and runs the tap.

Jennifer rushes back to the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jennifer opens the door.

JENNIFER

What?

KATHRINE

We have a tour to get on with.

They both look at Jennifer's dirty hands.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)

Where have you been?

JENNIFER

It's nothing

KATHRINE

You dirty bitch.

Kathrine scoffs.

JENNIFER

Gimme five minutes to freshen up.

Jennifer closes the door again.

KATHRINE

I'll be out here... waiting...
again.

Kathrine leans against the wall, taking long deep breaths. She slides down onto the floor next to her notepad.

INT. JENNIFER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer scurries back to the bathroom, the tub is filling up quickly. She turns the taps off and begins to scrub.

Jennifer looks endearingly at the blanket as she scrubs each square of the blanket.

Kathrine KNOCKS on the door.

KATHRINE (O.S.)
You nearly done in there?

JENNIFER
Yeah, yeah.

KATHRINE (O.S.)
I'm coming in to get you if you
aren't out here in 5 seconds.

Jennifer glances to the salad cream on the windowsill.

JENNIFER
(under her breath)
Shit.

KATHRINE (O.S.)
One Mississippi.

Jennifer turns the tap off.

KATHRINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Two Mississippi.

Jennifer launches herself over to the window and grabs all the salad cream bottles.

KATHRINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Three Mississippi.

Jennifer scans the room. She walks over to a half empty cardboard box and throws them into it.

KATHRINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Four Mississippi.

Jennifer struggles to push the box under the bed.

KATHRINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Five Mississippi.

Jennifer gets the box under the bed and falls to the floor. Kathrine enters the room.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)

Times up!

Kathrine looks at Jennifer on the floor.

JENNIFER

I dropped something...

KATHRINE

Don't care.

Jennifer nods and dusts herself off.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)

Let's go.

They both leave the room.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jennifer storms off down the corridor. Kathrine closes the door.

KATHRINE

Wait for me! You don't even know
where you're going.

Kathrine chases after Jennifer.

INT. ACTIVITIES ROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer stands in the middle of a room that's chaotic yet organised. It's filled with art supplies, yoga mats, unfinished projects, and sculptures. It radiates youth and wisdom which is all encapsulated in fun.

KATHRINE

This is where we do our group
activities. It can be really fun
but most of the time it ends in an
argument or someone falling over.

Kathrine walks around the room looking through cupboards and drawers.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

Where is it? Hmmm.

JENNIFER

What you looking for?

KATHRINE
Nothing...umm I hmm... lost my
favourite crayon in here...

Kathrine continues to search through everything.

JENNIFER
Mmmhmmmm.

KATHRINE
Okay! Fine. Yes. I'm lying! I'm
looking for my stolen salad cream.
What does it have to do with you?
Huh.

Kathrine rushes up to Jennifer.

Jennifer and Kathrine are face to face.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)
Do you know where it is? Tell me!

JENNIFER
No.

KATHRINE
Bloody useless. Why would you lead
me on like that? I had a flicker of
hope that you knew of its location.
But no.

Kathrine slumps into a chair.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)
When they took away my salad
cream... it felt like I was on the
brink of a climax and then my
vibrator went and fucking died. But
rather I was hungry and had no
method of swallowing the last
remains of my food.

Jennifer looks at the different artwork hung on the walls and
the different "how to..." books around the room.

JENNIFER
You have the same passion about
that stuff as my Derek did.

Kathrine glances sincerely over to Jennifer.

KATHRINE
It's a bloody crime.

JENNIFER
You'll probably find it.

Kathrine stands sluggishly from the chair. Kathrine grasps the LAMP (aka Debbie) next to her, she shakes it and points at its shade.

KATHRINE
Debbie! I'm gonna starve.

Jennifer gives Kathrine the side eye as she argues with the lamp.

Kathrine places the lamp back down and strokes the lamp shade.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)
The tour must go on.

Kathrine sighs.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Kathrine and Jennifer walk down the corridor.

KATHRINE
This next destination on the tour
is to be kept on the down low,
alright?

JENNIFER
What is it?

KATHRINE
More like what isn't it.

Kathrine chuckles to herself.

They continue to the end of a hallway. They approach a door with a "disabled bathroom" sign hanging on it.

JENNIFER
A disabled loo? What's so special
about this.

KATHRINE
You'll see.

Kathrine spells out "pudding" in morse code by knocking on the door.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)
This is where people come to
well...

The door begins to slide open.

INT. DISABLED TOILET - DAY

The door slides open to reveal a group of naked residents sitting around a low lit card table, playing strip poker. The table sits in the middle of the bathroom. Clothes and shoes are strewn around the room.

There are naked young women holding trays of drinks.

Ezra sits at the table with a pile of chips next to him.

EZRA
I'm winning big tonight boys!

He laughs.

Ezra throws his cards down on the table, he has a royal flush. The other residents throw their cards down in a huff.

Ezra pulls in his winnings to him, looks up and winks at Jennifer.

Jennifer's eyes scan the room to see bags of drugs, condoms, and viagra being sold.

KATHRINE
Shall we continue with the tour?

JENNIFER
Oh god please.

KATHRINE
I know just the place to go next.

Kathrine and Jennifer leave the disabled bathroom.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - NIGHT

Violet is sat in front of a mirror having her hair styled and her make up done by the salon staff. The sound of CHATTING and HAIR DRYERS fills the room.

A cloud of hairspray flows out of the room when Kathrine opens the door. Kathrine and Jennifer start to cough on the fumes.

Jennifer leaves.

Kathrine makes eye contact with Violet. They stare violently at each other from across the room. Violet points to Kathrine and then mimics a crying baby. Kathrine gives Violet the middle finger.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jennifer leans against the wall just outside the salon. She unfolds her arms and places one hand into her hoodie pocket.

She plays with something in her hoodie pocket. She smiles softly. Then takes her hand out and crosses her arms again.

Kathrine joins Jennifer in the corridor.

KATHRINE

I've had a light bulb moment. It's a rare thing for me these days.

(pause)

Shit I'm a genius.

JENNIFER

Spit it out.

KATHRINE

Okay, okay, okay.

Kathrine dances with excitement.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)

(hushed)

Since miss thief is currently in there. We can use this opportunity to sneak into her room and grab what is rightfully mine.

JENNIFER

Right. What about the rest of the tour?

KATHRINE

It was just the library next and that's a heap of books covered in dust. This is more important. You in?

Jennifer nods.

Kathrine taps her fingers together in a menacing way. Kathrine leaps and hops down the corridor.

INT. VIOLET'S ROOM - NIGHT

The walls are covered with framed photos of Violet at many events. Violet's smile is the same throughout.

A light up vanity sits in the corner with a fluffy stool tucked underneath. A bedazzled ash tray sits next to her make-up. To the side is a stand filled to the brim with perfumes.

A floor length pink feather trimmed dressing gown is hung from the bathroom door.

The bedroom door slowly opens. Jennifer's face pops round the bottom of the door, she's on her hands and knees.

KATHRINE (O.C.)
(whispering)
Do you see anyone?

Jennifer shakes her head.

KATHRINE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
You sure?

She crawls a little further into the room.

JENNIFER
It's clear.

Kathrine jumps over her.

KATHRINE
Come on get up. You look like a
fool down there on your knees.

Kathrine BARKS like a dog at Jennifer. Jennifer, still on the ground looks at Kathrine walking on the tips of her toes around the room.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)
Can't believe I just got you to do
that. Why would anyone be in here,
Violet's at the salon.

Kathrine laughs.

JENNIFER
Fuck off, twinkle toes.

Kathrine twirls in a circle on her tippy toes.

INT. RECEPTION - NIGHT

Beatrice is typing on the computer and ticking items off her daily tasks list.

Beatrice's phone starts to ring. She picks the phone up and a picture of a man fill the screen with the name "Hubby" flashing across the top.

Beatrice looks at her computer and down to the list. She shakes her head then declines the call.

Her phone rings again. She declines it and flips her phone over.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - NIGHT

Violet stands from the styling chair. She slips off the robe that's wrapped around her, revealing her silky nude dress. Her hair is flamboyant and shines in the light. She has red glossy lips and smokey eyes.

VIOLET

Ta ta my loves. You worked your
magic once again. Kisses.

Violet gives air kisses to everyone in the salon.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Violet struts down the corridor, her hair bounces as she takes each step. A group of residents split and hug the wall when they see Violet coming their way. They all look at her in AWE.

Violet's hair glides over her shoulder. Her hair brushes across a man's face, he blushes and falls to the floor. The other residents can't take theirs eyes off her.

INT. VIOLET'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kathrine and Jennifer are opening drawers and cupboards.

KATHRINE

Shit, it's not here.

Jennifer goes to open the last drawer.

JENNIFER

This ones locked.

Kathrine rushes to Jennifer.

KATHRINE
It must be in there. I can feel it.

JENNIFER
Did you see a key anywhere.

KATHRINE
We don't need a key. Turn around.

Jennifer turns away from Kathrine.

Kathrine pulls out a bobby pin from her bra and picks the lock.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)
Easy done.

Jennifer turns back around.

JENNIFER
How did...? You know what, I don't need to know.

Kathrine starts to open the drawer...

FOOTSTEPS can be heard coming through the door from the corridor. Kathrine angles her ears towards the door. Kathrine's eyes widen. The footsteps get LOUDER.

Kathrine closes the drawer.

KATHRINE
Shit that's her. Duck n' roll. I repeat, duck n' roll.

Jennifer drops to the floor and rolls under the bed. Kathrine folds herself up into Violet's coats.

Violet enters the room. She heads straight for her clothes. She searches through her dresses. Violet stops and pulls out a red dress, she changes into it.

Kathrine is surrounded by fur coats. Fur brushes on her face. Kathrine holds her nose closed and moves the fur away from her face.

Violet slips into a matching pair of heels. She walks over to her rack of perfume. She grabs a bottle of perfume and sprays it.

VIOLET
One spray to charm them...

Violet sprays the perfume again.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
One spray to dazzle them...

Violet sprays the perfume one last time.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
And one more just for me.

Violet twirls in a circle. She bends down to look in her vanity mirror. She plays with her hair and reapplies her lip gloss.

Violet then leaves her room and locks the door behind her.

Jennifer and Kathrine come out from their hiding spots.

JENNIFER
Open the drawer!

Kathrine opens the drawer to reveal pictures of young Violet before she had her surgical enhancements.

KATHRINE
Is that Violet?

JENNIFER
Think so.

KATHRINE
She has no tits. Like not even little mosquito bites.

JENNIFER
She's... so pretty.

They take the pile of pictures out revealing lots of individual sachets of salt.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Look at all that salt.

KATHRINE
That bitch.

JENNIFER
What? What?

KATHRINE
She judges me for eating food lathered in salad cream but she has her own addiction.... Salt.

Kathrine takes one of the pictures of Violet and then locks the drawer.

JENNIFER

What are you gonna do with that?

KATHRINE

Ammunition for a future battle.
Let's get out of here.

Jennifer looks over to the window.

JENNIFER

Let's jump.

KATHRINE

Are you crazy? We'll die from this
sort of height.

Jennifer moves closer to the window and looks down. She shrugs her shoulders.

JENNIFER

We have to try.

Jennifer opens the window. She climbs onto the windowsill. Kathrine stands behind, nervously biting her nails.

Jennifer holds her arms out, closes her eyes, and takes a deep breath in.

Jennifer jumps out the window. Kathrine rushes over to the window.

KATHRINE

Are you okay??

Kathrine sticks her head out the window.

EXT. WINDOW - NIGHT

Jennifer is crouched on the grass. She looks up to see Kathrine's face just above her. She stands up, Jennifer's waist lines up with the windowsill. They are on the ground floor.

JENNIFER

I'm fine.

Jennifer sighs.

KATHRINE

Could you have been any more
dramatic? You had me scared for a
second.

Kathrine hops out the window. She lands next to Jennifer.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)

Let's go, let's go.

Kathrine runs off.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Violet is strutting down the corridor lined with doors. The dinner BELL RINGS. Hordes of residents exit their rooms and fill the corridor. They all head in the same direction.

Violet's pace is slowed as she's surrounded by a sea of people. She towers over them. Violet looks uncomfortable when residents bump into her.

Violet stops walking. Letting the residents pass by her. Once the corridor is clear she shakes her body and starts to strut down the corridor.

EXT. WINDOW - NIGHT

Kathrine and Jennifer look through a window into the dining hall. The workers are setting up the tables. Kathrine slides the window open and bends down on one knee, she taps it.

KATHRINE

C'mon I'll give you a boost.

JENNIFER

Hold on a second.

Jennifer puts her hand in her hoodie pocket. Something in her pocket RUSTLES.

Jennifer pulls out a few packets of salad cream. Kathrine's eyes light up when she sees them in Jennifer's hand. Jennifer stretches her hand out to Kathrine.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Here. Take these in case things go
badly in there.

Kathrine softly takes them from Jennifer's hand.

KATHRINE

You don't understand how much this means to me. Thank you.

JENNIFER

It's the least I could do.

Kathrine gives Jennifer a short but sweet hug. Kathrine then holds them close to her chest.

KATHRINE

Let's go end this.

Kathrine kneels back down.

Jennifer stands on Kathrine's bent leg and flops through the window. Kathrine jumps in after her.

INT. DINING HALL - LATER

The tables and chairs are full with residents. Each resident is sitting in their designated seat that is accompanied with a name tag. The room is exploding with CHATTER.

All the residents have a roast dinner in front of them, some hardly touched, and others nearly devoured.

Jennifer is the only person at her small table in the far corner of the room. She looks over to the sea of residents and back down to her empty table.

Jennifer puts her hand into her hoodie pocket and pulls out a crumpled up piece of paper. She keeps it close to her body, she opens it up.

The note reads...

NOTE

Hello beautiful, missing you already. Love D.

Jennifer's eyes tear up, she tilts her head back and dabs her eyes with a tissue.

Across the room is Violet sitting at her throne surrounded by her look a-likes. She cuts up her food and starts to eat. Violet swallows her food with a face of disdain.

VIOLET

This food is so bland. Could you please pass the salt?

The residents on her table look for the salt. SUSIE (76), tall with very large lips, is sat next to Violet.

SUSIE

I think they forgot to put it on the table, Vi.

VIOLET

Forgot? How could they forget?

Everyone at the table shrugs their shoulders. Violet looks across at Kathrine.

Kathrine is sat at her table, smiling as she tears open a packet of salad cream. She drizzles it over her food. Kathrine repeats this action for every packet of salad cream.

Next to Kathrine's plate is a pile of empty packets.

Jennifer looks over to Kathrine eating her food. She smiles then starts to eat.

INT. RECEPTION - NIGHT

Beatrice is sat at the reception desk eating a salad. She gazes over a picture of her younger self standing next to her mum outside The Rose Centre. Her mum has an oxygen tank stood next to her.

She picks up her phone and on the screen shows multiple missed calls and five voicemails from "Hubby".

Beatrice plays the voicemails on speaker and puts the phone down on the desk, she continues to eat her salad.

HUBBY VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

Hey Bea, it's me. The dogs wee'd on the carpet again! Anyways, she's finally having a lay down, and I'm sitting here with a coffee pretending I've got my life together. Hope your shift's alright. I Love you.

Beatrice smiles and plays the next voicemail.

HUBBY VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

Hiya love. Big news - my mood board for the nursery is coming together nicely, can't wait for the IVF to give us our bundle of joy. Honestly, should start charging admission for this circus....

(MORE)

HUBBY VOICEMAIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We miss you, though. Just wanted to
hear your voice.

BEATRICE
That bloody dog.

Beatrice eats a big mouthful of salad and shakes her head.

HUBBY VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
The dog's sulking because I gave
her a big telling off for earlier.
Sometimes it feels....

Carl walks into the reception holding a fast food bag. He
waves to Beatrice.

CARL
Hey girl.

Beatrice takes the phone off speaker and holds it up to her
ear. She points to the phone.

HUBBY VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
Like I'm running the whole house on
fumes. But yeah. Hope work's...
worth it. Call me back if you want.

BEATRICE
(to herself)
Get a job then.

Carl sits down at the desk.

Beatrice puts the phone down and sighs. She glances to the
picture of her mum and her.

CARL
(sincerely)
You okay?

Carl strokes Beatrice's back in a comforting way.

CARL (CONT'D)
Who was on the phone?

BEATRICE
Just someone trying to sell me some
new amazing broadband package.

CARL
Typical.

Carl takes a burger and chips out. He unwraps it and takes a
big bite.

CARL (CONT'D)
Mmmmm.. fuck that's good.

Carl licks his lips and shimmies his body with happiness.

BEATRICE
I'm jealous of your metabolism.

Carl giggles with his mouth full.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
How can you eat that and look like this? It's unfair.

Beatrice gestures to Carl's toned body.

Carl swallows his food.

CARL
I follow a strict regime. Lift weights at the gym seven days a week. And you know.. as for my cardio... well..

Carl winks at Beatrice.

CARL (CONT'D)
I'll leave that to your imagination.

Carl laughs and bites his bottom lip.

BEATRICE
I'm trying to eat here Carl.

CARL
Okay, okay. Do you have any plans with your man tonight?

Beatrice shakes her head.

CARL (CONT'D)
Why not? You'll be clocking off soon. You should let off some steam, babes. Go show your husband a good time.

Beatrice looks to her phone.

BEATRICE
Lacy's sick so I said I'd cover for her this evening. No going home for me.

Beatrice shrugs her shoulders.

Carl looks confused.

CARL
You are much nicer than me for
doing that.

Carl laughs.

CARL (CONT'D)
If I spend too long in here I think
I'd go loopy.

Beatrice laughs uncomfortably and packs away her salad.

BEATRICE
I'm gonna pop to the loo.

CARL
Alright.

Carl kicks off his shoes and puts his feet on the desk.

Beatrice leaves the reception.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Beatrice enters, she looks in the mirror at her messy hair
and bad skin.

Beatrice washes and dries her hands.

She lifts her shirt up, exposing her bruised and bloated
stomach. She pulls a IVF pen out of her pocket, takes the cap
off and pushes it into her stomach.

She winces and her eyes water. She lets go of her shirt and
throws the IVF pen in the bin.

She smiles and then leaves the bathroom.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Beatrice walks down the corridor. She takes out her phone she
plays the remaining two voicemails from "hubby".

HUBBY VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
Another day, another heap of chaos.
I'm counting down the hours till
you come home tonight. I could do
with some back up! I need you.
(MORE)

HUBBY VOICEMAIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Please let me know when you're
leaving work.

BEATRICE
What chaos? The lack of a job, the
freedom to sit in your pyjamas all
day?

Beatrice scoffs and plays the last voicemail.

HUBBY VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
Hi. About to give the dog dinner.
See you later.

She pulls up the text chain with "Hubby".

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

Violet is standing from her table. Everyone is silent.

VIOLET
Does anyone have any salt on their
table?

Table by table, they all say NO.

Kathrine with a big smile on her face stands from her chair.
Kathrine and Violet look at each other.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Not you again.

KATHRINE
I have some salt.

VIOLET
Give it to me then.

Kathrine shakes her head.

KATHRINE
Nope.

Kathrine stands proud. She picks up a roast potato with her
fingers, she coats it in salad cream from her plate.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)
I only accept trades.

She takes a big bite from it, salad cream drips down the side
of her face.

Kathrine places the potato down and licks the salad cream off her fingers.

Violet begins to gag.

VIOLET
Where did you get that?

KATHRINE
I have my connections.

Kathrine looks over to Jennifer. Kathrine bends down and picks up a bag full of glass salt shakers.

KATHRINE (CONT'D)
Is this what you want?

VIOLET
Give them back.

KATHRINE
Nah ha ha. Not until you give me
back what I want.

Violet crosses her arms and gives Kathrine the death stare.

VIOLET
I didn't take your salad cream!
What will it take for you to
believe me? Fuck.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Beatrice sends a text to "Hubby".

TEXT
Hi my love. So sorry for not
replying sooner. They're a man down
for the night shift. Won't be home
till early morning. Give kisses to
our sweet girl.

Beatrice sends the text. The text is read straight away.
Hubby starts typing back when the typing stops. She is left
on read. Beatrice puts her phone away.

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

The door swings open. Beatrice enters the room.

VIOLET

Bea! She's not giving my salt back.
Tell her to give it back.

BEATRICE

Are we still doing this!? How old
are you guys? Get yourselves
together!

KATHRINE

I want what is mine, she took it!

BEATRICE

I instructed Carl to remove the
salad cream.

VIOLET

See!

KATHRINE

WHAT!

BEATRICE

Don't worry. It's safe and sound at
the reception.

INT. RECEPTION - NIGHT

LACY (42), with a big smile, walks through the entrance.

LACY

Evening Carl!

Carl looks shocked. He waves while holding some chips in his
hand.

CARL

Hey girl.

Lacy walks into the staff room at the back of the reception.

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

BEATRICE

Before I bring the salad cream back
into here we have to figure
something out. A way for you both
to be happy and have what you want.

Jennifer stands. The whole room looks at her.

JENNIFER

I took the salad cream.

All the residents gasp.

Kathrine looks disappointedly at Jennifer.

BEATRICE

I think you're confused love. Carl locked it away.

JENNIFER

I'm not confused. When I first got here I saw it on the reception desk, it was calling my name.

KATHRINE

How could you?

JENNIFER

Ever since my Derek passed I have tried to make it feel as if he's with me. When I saw the salad cream just sitting there, well... I took it as a sign that he left it there for me.

VIOLET

Ha! I think Kathrine owes me a massive apology.

BEATRICE

Not now Violet.

Beatrice shushes Violet. Violet sits down.

JENNIFER

What if Kathrine moved to my table? And anyone else who loves salad cream can move here to. It will be a safe place for all those who need it in their lives.

KATHRINE

I don't know if I can trust you after this.

JENNIFER

I didn't do it to hurt you. I did it for my Derek. I'm sorry.

KATHRINE

I guess moving wouldn't be so bad. At least I would have to sit next to Shiela anymore.

(MORE)

KATHRINE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

She farts a lot.

Kathrine walks over to Violet and gives the salt back. She then walks to Jennifer table and sits down. Beatrice smiles at Jennifer.

BEATRICE

I think you will fit in here just
fine, Jennifer.

Jennifer and all of the other residents sit and continue eating their meals.

FADE OUT.

THE END

Title:

Death Didn't Want Me

An Animated TV Dramey

Series Bible

Logline:

When grieving Jennifer is forced into a care home unlike any other, she finds herself surrounded by unruly seniors whose messy lives might just help her piece hers back together.

Overview and Backstory

Death Didn't Want Me is an hour-long dramedy series comprised of 6 episodes. The show follows the life of JENNIFER GREY (78), a grieving widow who is forced into a care facility by her only son - after her grief driven suicide attempt. Upon Jennifer's arrival into *The Rose Centre*, she is swept into the unpredictable lives of the rebellious and sharp-tongued elderly residents.

The Rose Centre is a playground for the elderly. They are free and unrestricted by the confines of the building in which they live. In some ways it resembles a university. The accommodation, the dynamics between the residents, and the friendships they create.

Each episode follows Jennifer on her journey of grief after the loss of her husband. Since her life shattered into a million pieces, she now must work on putting it back together. Sequences of Jennifer's imagination are scattered throughout the episodes to further establish the grief she feels. The sequences also allow Jennifer's retirement hobby of films and creative writing to come to life as she puts the residents in some interesting situations. Residents at *The Rose Centre* all have their own stories and experiences that will be explored to help Jennifer feel not so alone as she unwillingly (at first) navigates this new stage of life. The show explores their daily antics, blossoming romantic connections, concealed pasts, and the surprising complexities of growing old disgracefully.

This show emphasises that it doesn't matter what stage of grief you are in. The loss will be with you always. You just learn how to cope, you learn how to adapt, and you learn not to forget the pain but to look back with a smile.

The residents of this home are outgoing, brutal, love to run havoc through the hallways, and they know how to tear up the dance floor.

Episode Outlines

Episode One – “Salad Cream”

Logline: Jennifer’s first day spirals into chaos when a war over salad cream breaks out. Thrown into the madness, she’s assigned a buddy and told to make herself at home.

In this pilot episode, JENNIFER (78) is dropped at *The Rose Centre* by her son, RAY (46). She’s dressed in black and hiding behind her hoodie, clearly reluctant about her new life. Jennifer is introduced to BEATRICE (38) and CARL (24), the two main staff at the care home. There are bottles of salad cream sitting on the reception desk, Jennifer is engrossed by them, she slips them into her bag when no one’s looking. As she’s shown to her room by Carl, they pass the dining hall where a heated argument erupts between KATHRINE (81) and VIOLET (69) over a bottle of salad cream! The escalating ‘salad cream war’ gives Jennifer her first taste of the home’s chaotic but strangely warm atmosphere.

Beatrice is called in to break up the fight, but she fails... She goes to the garden and drags EZRA (78) away from his greatest pleasure to help stop yet another cat fight. Ezra’s sweaty muscular presence is enough to make Violet swoon and stop the bickering.

After Jennifer gets dropped off in her new room, she unpacks a few items that push her to cross the road to the cemetery. Jennifer has a life or death imagination sequence when she crosses the road, she hears Derek’s voice and Jennifer is made to decide whether she should move out of the way of the car or just stand still and wait for death. Wandering the cemetery, she discovers memorials created for the residents’ loved ones. Jennifer opens and tries to speak with Derek which emphasises the real pain she’s encumbered with.

Later, Kathrine – Jennifer’s designated buddy – shows her around while venting her frustrations. Jennifer and Kathrine go on a tour of the facilities, which

leads to Jennifer revealing that her late husband had to have salad cream on his food too. This brings them closer together. Kathrine and Jennifer end up on a detour to search Violet's bedroom to find the salad cream or even better something to even the playing field. Jennifer makes sure to not be suspicious or be caught out by Kathrine about the salad cream's true location. After making the discovery of Violet's love for salt Kathrine and Jennifer run for the dining hall.

Dinner is in full swing when Violet notices her salt has disappeared from the table. She causes a ruckus and Kathrine steps up to negotiate a deal so that they both get what they want. Obviously, they do not come to an agreement themselves but, with Beatrice up to her neck with other issues, she steps in to solve the issue when surprisingly Jennifer stands up to admit her crime... That she was the one who stole the salad cream off the desk. This causes Kathrine to be hurt by Jennifer as she could have solved the issue earlier in the day but Jennifer kept looking for the salad cream with Kathrine even though she knew exactly where they were. Kathrine gets her salad cream back only if she sits out of Violet's eyeline and Violet gets her salt back if she stops involving people in her drama. Both women agree. Kathrine is moved to Jennifer's table. Jennifer finally takes her black hoodie off which reveals a hand sewn tag on the side which reads "Derek ❤️".

Episode Two – “The Annual Mobility Scooter Tooter Race”

Logline: During the annual scooter race, rivalry and grief collide as Ezra defends his title, Kathrine seeks revenge, and Jennifer balances friendship with an anniversary.

The Rose Centre is buzzing with anticipation for *The Annual Mobility Scooter Tooter Race* — or TAMSTR, as everyone calls it. It's the biggest event of the year that draws in locals, families, and even a few opportunistic bookies. The car park is transformed into a festival ground, complete with tents, bunting, and homemade merchandise.

Ezra, the home's self-proclaimed speed king, steals the spotlight as he unveils his brand-new custom mobility scooter. Fresh off last year's victory, he's determined to defend his title, but underneath the bravado he's struggling with worsening phantom limb pain, he uses the race to feel whole again. Kathrine, however, hasn't forgiven or forgotten last year's outcome; she's convinced Ezra cheated and is dead

set on reclaiming her pride. She forms her own racing team, pulling Jennifer into her pit crew despite Jennifer's preoccupation.

It's Jennifer and Derek's wedding anniversary, the first since his death, and she quietly hopes to find a way to honour him amid the chaos. Beatrice and Carl serve as the self-important "official medical team," complete with high-visibility vests and clipboards. While Violet throws herself into cheering for Team Ezra. As the race begins, the care home grounds erupt in noise and laughter — scooters backfiring, spectators shouting, flags waving. Kathrine takes the lead early, Ezra hot on her tail!

Jennifer, distracted and conflicted, slips away to the cemetery to create a tribute to Derek amid the mayhem. Back on the track, the rivalry heats up, with Kathrine resorting to some ethically questionable tactics to stay ahead, perhaps cutting a corner or "accidentally" nudging Ezra's scooter off course... When Kathrine crosses the finish line first, she basks in her victory, triumphant but defensive. Ezra's scooter pops a tire, leading him to crash into a bush.

The medical team runs over to check for any injuries when Ezra bravely admits to experiencing phantom limb pain. Violet eavesdrops on the conversation; this is the moment she realises he's not just attractive but can be vulnerable too. The day winds down with laughter, a few minor injuries, and simmering tensions. Kathrine snaps at Jennifer for not being supportive enough, her victory soured by guilt. Jennifer, meanwhile, finds a quiet peace in having honoured Derek her own way. As the sun sets over the empty racecourse, *The Rose Centre* feels both chaotic and content.

Episode Three – "Dirt"

Logline: A plant order mishap floods the care home with greenery, forcing the residents to team up, get dirty, and accidentally grow something even more important.

The residents are delighted when a visiting gardener offers to donate some flowers to brighten up the care home, until a truck arrives packed to the brim with hundreds of tiny nursery plants. The gardener hopes to motivate the residents when he casually mentions that any unplanted flowers will be left to die...

Jennifer feels an overwhelming pressure to get all of them planted before their end comes. She spurs into a frenzy to give them a better life. Sensing Jennifer's struggle, Beatrice rallies the residents into action, turning the task into a joyful group effort. Ezra and Violet butt heads at first when buddied together, but they end up laughing and flirtatiously covering each other in dirt. While Kathrine discovers an unexpected rhythm in gardening, almost dancing as she plants.

When the sun begins to set and Jennifer is still surrounded by unplanted flowers, she begins to panic. The pace of her breathing increases and her heart pounds. She sporadically plants the flowers all around her, filling in all the gaps she could. With the final glimpse of the sun still in the horizon Jennifer plants the last flower.

Sweat drips from her forehead and her hands shake with the realization that they were able to save the plants before it was too late. She was the last resident left planting flowers. Jennifer realizes that life has beauty, and it could be worth sticking around for. She looks over the care home gardens which are now filled with even more life than before.

Episode Four – “Eighty Shades of Nude”

Logline: A cancelled nude model leaves Ezra baring all for art class, as the residents' self-portraits reveal more than just paint on a canvas.

The residents eagerly anticipate their art class, where they're meant to practice painting a nude model before tackling the vulnerable task of a self-portrait. But when the young male model cancels at the last minute, disappointment ripples through the group. This was going to be the highlight of their week!

Ever the showman, Ezra unsurprisingly steps up to fill the model's place. The women barely suppress their glee as he strips bare, though Violet's smile tightens as she watches the others admire him a little too enthusiastically. Jennifer turns away from Ezra's body. Carl suggests they do a five-minute speed painting of Ezra's proud naked body; whoever wins gets a voucher for 'high tea for two'. What follows is a chaotic mixture of laughter, paint splattering, and flustered brush strokes.

JUDITH (83) is crowned the winner of the speed painting challenge. Ezra gets dressed and goes over to Violet, he flirts with her, and she becomes flustered.

Later, the mood shifts as the residents are redirected to draw their self-portraits. The residents are encouraged to find a comfortable spot to carry out this task. Ezra and Violet sneak off giggling together holding two canvases. Jennifer takes her canvas and goes to the cemetery. She sits on a bench that's sheltered from the rain. Jennifer holds a mirror up to her face; she pokes and pulls her wrinkles on her face.

Once all the portraits are completed, they are hung along a corridor, transforming it into an impromptu gallery. Ezra and Violet return covered in paint. They place their so-called self-portraits on the wall and run off. Jennifer wanders down the corridor with the other residents, taking in each other's work, they begin to see past surface impressions and into the private inner worlds of their neighbours – and perhaps even themselves. Jennifer's portrait shows herself as a lioness, she's soaking wet and has tears streaming down her face which are as red as blood.

Episode Five – “Where the Night Takes Us”

Logline: Rejected by the town's hot spots, the residents crash a sleepy pub, where Jennifer helps turn disappointment into the best night they've had in years.

Violet rallies a group of residents to break out of the care home for a wild night on the town, determined to hit the dance floor and make Ezra squirm with jealousy. Jennifer, never the partying type, finds herself unexpectedly swept along. She tests the new confidence she's been building since moving in. The group make their way to every club and pub in town, being rejected from all of them for being too old and not having energy left to party.

The night seems destined to fizzle, but Jennifer takes charge, leading the group into a near-empty pub. There, they crank up the music, invent drinking games, and even end up dancing on the bar. Their infectious energy draws curious locals until the pub transforms into the bustling party they'd been craving. Kathrine leads the dance chain around the pub. Ezra and Violet flirtatiously dance the whole night away with each other.

For Jennifer, the night becomes a celebration of freedom – she flirts, dances like nobodies watching, and nearly kisses a charming stranger before abruptly bolting outside to be sick. The music booms, Ezra takes his chance to scream 'I love you' to Violet. She pretends not to hear him, and she runs outside for some fresh air. Violet, all sweaty and flustered sits on the ground next to Jennifer. Violet confesses

she heard what Ezra said. Jennifer gives her some words of wisdom; they grow closer as friends. They both laugh at themselves through the haze of too many shots.

Violet returns inside while Jennifer stays for a while enjoying the cool night air. Jennifer enjoys the silence until she hears a distant whimpering. She stands and follows the sound which leads her to a large skip full of rubbish. Within the skip is a beautiful grey-haired bulldog. Overcome with the alcohol in her system and the sadness of an abandoned dog she jumps into the skip to rescue the dog. She walks home with tears streaming down her face and a bulldog in her arms.

Episode Six – “A Year in Flames”

Logline: Letters are burned, griefs released, and glitter flies as the residents welcome the new year - culminating in a midnight kiss and a stranger who just might change everything.

The Rose Centre pulls out all the stops for a New Year’s Eve party that promises laughter, tears, and a few surprises. The residents are each tasked with writing a letter to themselves reflecting on the past year – a ritual of closure and hope. Jennifer’s letter is the hardest to write; it’s raw confession of her grief over Derek, but also an acknowledgment of the healing she’s found within these walls and her growing desire to stick around for whatever comes next.

Jennifer starts writing the letter in the morning, with her bulldog, Curtis, by her side. Jennifer doesn’t finish her letter, but she is determined to finish it throughout all the distractions the party may bring. Kathrine treats the evening like her own personal tasting tour, sampling every canapé and dessert table with zero shame. Ezra tries to get Violet alone to tell her again that he loves her and hopes she hears it again. Violet dodges him until finally Ezra takes the microphone from the main stage and makes a heartfelt declaration that leaves her speechless for once....

Ezra proposes to Violet! He says that they don’t have the time to waste playing these games like they did when they were younger. Violet is overcome with emotions and says yes!

Later, Beatrice and Carl make a speech to the residents to start off the bash. It’s full of silly jokes and core memories the residents shared. They have one more thing to announce... a new arrival! Carl runs out of the room and brings in YORGOS

(68), a slightly awkward, endearingly mysterious man whose presence immediately stirs curiosity and grabs not only everyone's attention, but even Jennifer can't take her eyes off the newbie. Jennifer muffles under her breathe "shit, I know him".

Family and friends begin to pour into *The Rose Centre*; the big bash kicks off. The female residents swarm Yorgos. Jennifer rushes to finish her letter. Jennifer's son, Ray, enters the room. He walks around looking for Jennifer. The drinks are flowing, residents are grooving, and women are mooning over Yorgos....

The clock strikes midnight, the residents toss their letters into a roaring fire, watching them curl into ash as they cheer in the new year. Ray finds Jennifer, he gives her a hug, and she smiles up at him, Ray says "welcome back mum, I've missed you". Yorgos spots Jennifer from across the room hugging Ray, he pushes through the crowd of people. Yorgos taps Ray on the shoulder, Ray moves to the side. Yorgos stands looking down at Jennifer and says, "hello you". Jennifer cracks a small smile and her eyes twinkle as the fireworks go off outside....

Prominent Characters

Residents

Jennifer Grey (Age: 78)

She holds a PhD in veterinary medicine, specialising in large animals. In her retirement Jennifer found joy and a passion for films and writing her own stories. She spent much of her life travelling the world with her husband Derek, her great love and constant companion. Together they raised a son, Ray, though their relationship is now strained – made worse by his decision to place her in the care home following her suicide attempt.

Derek's death shattered Jennifer. She didn't just lose her husband; she lost her co-adventurer, her identity, her anchor. What remains is a woman hollowed out by grief – a sharp mind dulled by sorrow, a shell of who she once was. She resents the home's routines, the gentle platitudes, and the sense that she has no agency. The staff try to manage her grief with kindness she doesn't always welcome. Beneath her bitterness

is a flicker of the woman she once was. She was curious, fierce, unwilling to be written off.

Kathrine (Age: 81)

Slender, sharp-eyed, and deliberately eccentric, Kathrine is the kind of woman who catches your attention without asking for it. She has a buzz cut that only sharpens her angular features, and she dresses with careful intention – nothing is accidental. There’s something abstract about her, like a living piece of modern art: strange, poetic, and slightly unreadable.

Once a professional ballet dancer, Kathrine was set for greatness until a teacher called her “fat.” That single word changed everything. A lifelong eating disorder took root, culminating in her fainting during a solo performance – a collapse that ended her career and set her on a new, unplanned path. She’s in recovery now, though the battle is ongoing. Her body is tired, worn by years of physical and emotional strain, but her will remains ferocious.

She doesn’t trust easily and lives with a restlessness that makes stillness feel unbearable. She’s estranged from her family and doesn’t speak of them. She fills the silence by rearranging furniture, walking endless loops, and talking to lamps she has named. Confrontational, disarming, and unexpectedly wise, Kathrine is both a mystery and a mirror.

Violet (Age: 69)

Violet doesn’t walk – she struts. Loud, confident, and unapologetically glam, she enters every room like a showgirl on opening night. Drenched in expensive perfume and trailing a faint haze of cigarette smoke, she is all sparkle and sharp edges, high heels and higher standards.

Once a legendary lady of the night, Violet learned early that her body was currency and she spent it with style. Plastic surgery became both a business investment and a coping mechanism, sculpting her into the image of the woman the world wanted her to be. No children, no husband, by choice or by consequence – her past made sure of that.

She’s open about her past but never vulnerable; her stories are polished, provocative, and carefully edited. She’s spent a lifetime watching herself in mirrors – posing,

perfecting, and performing. But ageing in a body that was built to be ageless has its costs. Violet carries that tension, until one day it spills out: triggered by an old photo of her unaltered self, radiant in a way no scalpel could recreate.

Ezra (Age: 78)

Ezra commands a room without saying a word. Tall, scarred, and built like a tank, he wears his trauma like he wears his clothes; loud, unapologetic, and made for survival. Camo shorts, ripped vests, combat boots with no socks: it's always the same uniform. His military grade prosthetic leg is never hidden; he wears it like a warning and a war-time medal. The phantom limb pain is a constant reminder of the leg he lost – and the friend he lost with it. A former soldier who fought in Vietnam, Ezra came back changed: angry, addicted to adrenaline, and unable to sleep through the sound of fireworks. Tattoos sprawl across his skin, including a woman in a bikini riding a tank. His dog tags still hang around his neck like they haven't let him go.

Although being from America he was brought to Scotland by his late wife who was born and raised in Scotland. They raised a family together and lived happily together until she passed away peacefully in her sleep.

Ezra is confident, cocky, and often crude. Rattling off one-liners with a grin that could talk its way out of a bar fight or into someone's bed. Women love him, and he lives for that attention. His hypersexuality is a shield, just like his military bravado. But beneath the surface lies something brittle: a man haunted by what he's seen, and who he couldn't save. He wakes up screaming some nights.

Staff

Carl Cohen (Age: 24)

Carl is tall, broad-shouldered, and has the kind of perfect curly hair that makes people stare. Unapologetically gay and gloriously expressive, he glides through the care home in scrubs that are always colourful, frequently sparkly, and never boring. Having just qualified as a nurse; Carl is still finding his feet – and it shows. He forgets names, misplaces paperwork, and drops more thermometers than anyone would like to admit. But what he lacks in clinical finesse, he makes up for in warmth, enthusiasm, and emotional generosity.

He flusters easily under pressure, and the more experienced staff often don't take him seriously. Yet the residents respond to something in him: a spark, a lack of cynicism, a genuine desire to care.

Beatrice Wilton (Age: 38)

Beatrice runs the care home like a well-oiled machine – efficient, composed, and quietly authoritative. Dressed in dark purple scrubs, she's always doing something: fixing, organising, carrying. She doesn't delegate easily and holds herself to impossible standards. Highly respected by staff, only few truly know her. Her exterior is capable and no-nonsense, but beneath it lies exhaustion, grief, and years of self-neglect.

She began working at the home after her mother, once a resident, passed away. In many ways, she never left that loss behind. Work became a way to cope. Her husband – a kind, patient man – is growing tired of coming second to her job. Beatrice and her husband are on the journey to conceive a child through IVF. Beatrice loves the residents deeply, but her drive for control sometimes blinds her to their emotional needs.

Locations

The Rose Centre:

It's a medium-sized care home tucked into the rolling greenery of rural Scotland. Secluded but not isolated, with woodland on one side and a quiet cemetery just visible from certain windows. Warm, welcoming, and meticulously kept. Inside, floral wallpaper lines the halls, plush carpets that muffle footsteps, and there's comfortable seating at every turn.

Outside, a series of well-tended gardens offer peace, variety, and quiet exploration: vegetable patches, benches under old trees, and winding paths perfect for wandering. There's a surprising abundance of facilities for the residents to enjoy.

Reception:

This grand circular room greets the new and old faces of *The Rose Centre*. Upon entry the residents, staff and visitors are welcomed into this bright and airy room. The circular flow of the room is used to promote a continuation of life and happiness. All the furniture has been custom made to fit the curving walls.

The large, curved reception desk where Beatrice and Carl sit is placed in the middle of the room to symbolise them being a central part of this place. Behind the reception desk is a living plant wall.

Resident Bedrooms:

Each resident bedroom at *The Rose Centre* is modestly sized but thoughtfully arranged – a bed, built-in wardrobe, a small writing desk, and a window that lets in more light than you'd expect. Residents are encouraged to personalise their space with photos, mementos, and soft furnishings from home. But not all do.

These rooms act as a mirror to the person inside: some are cluttered with memory, others stripped bare. They're places of rest, but also spaces of reflection, resistance, and retreat. The doors are often left open, but the rooms themselves remain deeply private. For many, it's the first time in decades they've had a room entirely to themselves.

The Cemetery:

The small yet tranquil cemetery sits opposite *The Rose Centre*. The space is cradled by a circle of old trees. There is a mix of small marble headstones, monuments, and simple wooden crosses. Each one lovingly crafted and placed by the residents to honour their loved ones. The air feels softer here, the wind blowing through the leaves and birds tweeting creates a sense of peace that draws people in to sit, reflect, and remember.

Creator's Statement

Grief is an unexplainable thing. It comes in all forms, and it rears its ugly head at the most unexpected and unwanted times. I know from my own experience of grief that it makes you feel helpless, and it was like my core had been taken out. I lost my best

friend a few years ago and I still feel guilty when I feel happy without them. Even though being happy is supposed to be a sign that you are healing.

This story sprouted from a mixture of my own grief and watching my grandmother lose her husband. My only experience of a care home and the dynamics that live within are from my gran. She moved into a small box of a room off a long corridor next to people she'd never met before. This reminded me of my first year of university accommodation. It was all new and scary. But being in the care home was the safest option for her. She's ninety years old, clumsy, and loves to gossip. Anytime I'd visit her she'd tell me all the recent drama and goings on in the home since my last visit.

Although this show and the characters may seem bizarre and possibly on the fence with realism, it really isn't. What happens inside care homes and the way the elderly act inside of these institutions is fascinating. Through research I found out that STDs are at a record high in care homes, are you surprised? I was, but when I thought about it more it began to make sense to me. The residents are still people, they have lives, relationships, and desires.

Another interesting bit of information I found out is that many of these residents will go through a 'change'. Many say this 'change' is like that of a teenager going through puberty. The elderly will become more impulsive, emotional, and unfiltered. This idea of a 'change' is prominent in the way that these characters interact with each other. It may seem out of the ordinary, but they are just aging!

This show means a lot to me, and I hope that it lets people to escape their own realities to join Jennifer on her journey to find stability in her new life after loss.

Title:

Reflective essay on my struggles with
genre and tone while writing *Death Didn't
Want Me*.

By: Gala Moore
2025

Introduction

When choosing a topic to write about, I normally dig into my personal life. I find it comforting yet challenging to write about something that's so close to me yet, feels like a part of myself I could never touch. Having written a dark, trauma-riddled story for my undergraduate degree, I wanted to try something new—something possibly a little funnier, or at least lighter in tone.

For all intents and purposes, I am a TV show person. I always have been and always will be. I love the way a series allows you to watch the characters for the long haul, to grow alongside them, to see them through their greatest struggles and, their highest highs. I wanted to build that same sense of attachment while creating *Death Didn't Want Me*. I wanted the audience to feel invested in these characters, to care about their triumphs and failures, and to feel like they were part of this small but chaotic world. Throughout this essay I will explore my struggles with genre and tone, alongside other issues that were raised in the process.

The Different Iterations of The Title

The title of the show has gone through a few iterations, from *Petals and Plots* to *Teal Pastures*, before finally becoming *Death Didn't Want Me*. The evolution of the title went hand in hand with discovering what the show really was, and what I wanted it to feel like. Each title reflected a different stage of my writing. *Petals and Plots* came first. Mainly, from the fact I called the care home *The Rose Centre* and that there was a cemetery. It was pretty on the nose. Sort of a place holder name really until I got a better grasp of what I wanted the show to be. During my exploration of the fantasy genre, I changed the name to *Teal Pastures*. This name developed from my idea that the elderly in the care home were put out to well... pasture, like a retired horse or an animal that had served its purpose. The 'teal' part of the title came from me trying to put a twist on the colour green, so I went with teal! Ultimately through my struggles with genre, which will be expanded on later, the title: *Death Didn't Want Me* finally began to take shape. It gave a small, teasing glimpse into the protagonist's journey without giving too much away. It's almost an easter egg for the audience, a hint of mortality, humour, and resilience to follow.

The Inspiration

The show explores the daily lives of residents in a Scottish care home called *The Rose Centre*. They may appear old and past their sell-by date, but what they lack in youth they more than make up for in chaos, energy, and wit. What makes this particular care home so memorable, though, is what lies across the road: a cemetery....

Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine seeing a care home that directly faced a cemetery. It seemed like the sort of sick joke that would appear in an episode of *The Simpsons* or in a dark comedy novel. But one day, while driving down south to visit my boyfriend's family for the first time, I saw it... A care home with an uninterrupted view of a vast cemetery, separated only by a single car lane. The irony of the situation slapped me in the face. You'd think there'd be rules against something like that. Death literally staring through the residence's windows every morning and every night. Dark? Most definitely. Unbelievable? Yes. Perfect starting place for a TV show? I thought so. That image stayed with me. It was funny and uncomfortable in equal measure. From there, *Death Didn't Want Me* started to take shape: a story about ageing, grief, and the complicated ways we learn to live with both humour and heartbreak.

Grief is fascinating. No one wants to experience it, but it finds everyone eventually. After losing my best friend a few years ago, I didn't think I would ever feel normal again. The world felt different, I felt different. I thought I'd never experience the same happiness, the same ease or comfort I had when they were around. Writing became a way of processing those feelings, though I didn't realise it at the time. My younger self would always write things out when I was feeling any sort of feeling, be that good or bad. As I got older and started my undergraduate degree, I found myself not just writing my feelings but creating them into small story ideas. It was my way of healing. Although I am not writing about my direct experience of loss there are signs of my feelings that I express through the character of Jennifer. People always say to write what you know. I know grief, I know pain. The challenge for me though was writing as if I knew what it felt like to be 80 years old. Even more so about how it feels to lose a husband. This show is a mixture of me staying true to my internal feelings and experiences but placing them within a character's shell that's new to me. All my personal experience of the inner workings of a care home come from my grandma. We had to place her into a care home about a year after my grandfather's death. She was accident prone and living alone was becoming unsafe for her. Though I never saw my grandma cry after his passing I could feel something

was different. The house was emptier, it felt colder even though the heating was on full. My grandmas mental state started to deteriorate, the gran I knew was slowly fading away. Was this grief driven or just aging? I guess that's something I'll never know.

When I started developing *Death Didn't Want Me*, I knew it would have to deal with grief, but I didn't want it to be bleak. I wanted it to capture the absurdity of loss, the strange moments of humour that appear in the darkest times. People often think of grief as purely tragic, but in my experience, it's far more complicated than that.

TAP & Supervision Meetings

Balancing genre and tone became the biggest creative challenge I faced. I wanted to create something that acknowledged pain but didn't wallow in it, something that could hold both tears and laughter in the same breath. There is a harmonious balance to life that I wanted to replicate in my show. The good, the bad and, the sad. The tone of this show fluctuates, one moment it's all chaotic and things are flying across the room. The next minute Jennifer is alone in her room surrounded by a lifetime of boxed up memories. Tone and genre were the main comments I would receive from my supervision and TAP meetings. Along with my decision to make this an animated show, not live action. I will touch upon this further on.

TAP meetings exist so that someone other than your main supervisor can read your work and give feedback. I've always tried to get as many people as possible to read my scripts, because it gives me a clearer sense of how others perceive my work. It shows me where they get lost, what they connect with, and whether the emotional beats are landing.

I was excited (and very stressed) for my first TAP meeting. It was all new to me, and I couldn't wait to hear what they thought of my work. I put so much effort into these stories, thinking through every little detail — the characters, the world, the tone. But somehow, one meeting can make all that effort feel fragile. None of my TAP meetings have ever gone truly badly, but I often leave them feeling slightly deflated. It's as if all the insecurities I try to push down are suddenly brought to the surface.

I have had to learn that it's not a bad thing. Discomfort has become part of my creative process. Every time I receive criticism, I try to remind myself that this is where growth happens. It's never easy, but it's always necessary. Hearing the good things gave me a boost and hearing

the things I needed to improve upon spurred me on to rethink, go back to the plans and possibly go down an alternative path.

The feedback from my first TAP meeting sent me in a completely new direction. One of the suggestions was to consider the fantasy genre — a direction I hadn't considered before. I'd always associated fantasy with sprawling worlds, mythical creatures, and epic battles, none of which felt remotely connected to my little care home and its cast of elderly residents. But as I thought more about it, I realised that fantasy doesn't have to mean dragons and wizards. It could be something subtler — an imaginative lens through which the ordinary becomes extraordinary. Fantasy was suggested to me because in one of my earlier drafts as I had a group of elderly residents running down a corridor and then they gradually transformed into a hoard of zombies. In my head this was a funny visual. It ended up creating confusion with the reader as to whether the residents were really zombies! There were a few other snippets in the script that made the reader think that something supernatural was happening in the care home. Such as, a longtime resident began to blend into the wallpaper (this was more of a creative metaphor than a fantastical element). Even still, I had to decide to go full fantasy or scrap the zombies. Seeing as I wanted a lighter tone to this show I went full pedal to the metal and took on the fantasy genre.

The Fantasy Genre

Fantasy allowed me to look at the cemetery across the street not just as a setting, but as a metaphor. It could represent the blurred space between life and death, the way memories linger, and the living continue to interact with the past. It also gave me permission to play with tone — to mix dark humour with moments of poignancy, to stretch realism just enough to highlight the absurdity of existence.

Of course, writing fantasy came with its own challenges. Having never written anything remotely fantastical, I struggled to get into the mindset. I'm very grounded in realism, in dialogue and character-driven stories. Fantasy required a different kind of imagination, a willingness to let go of logic and lean into symbolism. I had to learn to keep the message the same but weave fantastical elements into the story world.

Unfortunately, after writing two fantasy episodes the readers still found it confusing, maybe even more so than before. The tone was whackier and wasn't telling the story I intended. I had

a strong visual and feeling I wanted the story to be, but every time I put it into the script it just felt like something was missing. I learned the long way that it was not missing the fantastical. Maybe I'll give that genre another try in the future and let the crazy run wild but it wasn't the right fit for this. In one fantasy version I somehow weaved in magical unicorn dust that was de-aging the residents! And in another the cemetery was alive, with ghosts and instruments that played all by themselves... It was fun to let my mind break loose from the confines of realism, but it didn't work for me at this stage.

Genre Hybridity

The concept of genre has always fascinated me. It's something I've debated endlessly — with family, with peers, and with myself. Everyone has their own view of what genre means and how it should function, but for me, genre has always felt fluid. I both love and hate it at the same time.

After my struggles and defeat with the fantasy genre I knew that picking a single genre and sticking with it was going to be difficult. I like to swap between multiple as I write, it's just how my brain works. To outsiders, it might seem messy or confusing, but for me. I make detailed plans before writing any episode of a show, but sticking to those plans is another issue entirely. The writing process always takes me somewhere new, and genre shifts naturally as the story evolves. I find it freeing to write knowing the story could go anywhere even when I have a set plan laid out. I will follow my instincts at the time of writing, then later compare it back to the original plan.

People often found it difficult to pinpoint exactly how they were supposed to feel while reading my script. Sometimes the feedback was that it felt too serious to be a comedy, too strange to be a drama, or too grounded to be fantasy. Other times, it was about emotional clarity — about making sure the audience always knows where they stand, even when the tone shifts.

These TAP meeting conversations were frustrating at first, but they forced me to ask important questions about my creative intentions. What kind of experience did I want the audience to have? Did I want them to laugh, cry, reflect, or all three? Was I writing a comedy about death, or a drama about life that happened to be funny? In the end these meetings helped me answer these questions and look my story in the eye.

I eventually realised that I didn't need to fit neatly into one box. The show was always meant to be a mix — a dramedy, at its core — because that's what life feels like. We move constantly between humour and sadness, between light and dark. Trying to compress that into one genre felt dishonest to the story I was telling. Trying different genres felt exhaustive but I knew that in the end it would prove beneficial.

The combination of drama and comedy... a dramedy. I felt confident that this was the genre for me. It lets me have the drama but with the comedic elements intertwined with it. The best of both worlds. Little did I know that writing comedies may not be one of my specialities. I try to form real feeling dialogue between characters, and I try bringing locations to life with my descriptions but making someone laugh... it's hard. Harder than I thought it would be.

In my most recent TAP meeting it became clear that my script was not funny enough to be a dramedy. I was told that a dramedy should be 50/50, equal parts drama to comedy. In my mind it was just a drama that had funny moments but that's still just a drama. Drama is a genre that may say isn't a real genre. It's a genre that encapsulates all the different feelings. It can have scary moments, happy, tragic, thrilling and even to my dismay, musical! Drama tries to reflect life; the difference is it's turned up a few notches.

I am now on a drama driven track to the final version of *Death Didn't Want Me*.

Going Back to The Basics

With my on-going struggles with genre, I decided that teaching the subject may help me finally figure out what genre to pick. Re-learning what makes a genre a genre, how it works and the rules it follows. I'm now a Graduate Teaching Assistant (GTA) for the Story module and the Discipline of Genre module. Even though I am teaching these modules I wanted to use the experience to enhance my knowledge, to connect deeper with a genre, and really look at in the eye. Genre hybridity has become increasingly common as more movies and shows get produced. It's a way of mixing different genres, combining the ones that fit your story the best. My students and even myself struggle to pick a movie or show that follows just one genre. I do believe that even without trying genres naturally mix. There can be grey areas between different genres. For examples, horror and thriller, they go so well together, you almost expect them to be one genre.

Animation VS Live Action

Since the beginning, I pictured my show as an animation. It was so clear to me. I would sketch out the characters in my head while fleshing each one out. If my physical drawing skills were as good as my mental ones, then I would have attempted to draw all the main characters. But sadly, they aren't.

You may ask, why should a drama show about old people in a care home be animated? The simple answer is why not? I'm sure people may think it's contradictory to have an animated drama. As dramas are supposed to be realistic, something you can connect with, and feel as though you can relate to these real people and their real problems. I may ask in return, do you not connect with characters in animated TV shows? I certainly do. There may be a reason why these types of shows don't exist in the industry, but I am not aware of any such things. My main reasons for wanting this show to be animated was because it would most definitely be difficult to cast for this show. Trying to find elderly people with surgically enhanced bodies and ones that are muscular beyond belief. I feel that these features would be best shown through animation. Of course, they're always the option of prosthetics and special effects.

Animated fantasy shows are deemed very normal. It can be a way of presenting otherworldly visuals for a fraction of the costs. I invite you to find an animated drama series. The closest things I could find were a few anime shows from Japan.

I briefly would like to mention my connection with video games. Video games are obviously animated. Game production companies have come leaps and bounds with their realistic art styles for recent games. Most notably *Grand Theft Auto V* (Rockstar Games, 2013), The soon to be release *Grand Theft Auto VI* (Rockstar Games) and *Red Dead Redemption* (Rockstar Games, 2018). The latter game brought me to tears. There is nothing fantastical about the contents of the game, it is realistic, brutal, and heart wrenching. I felt so deeply for the Arthur Morgan, the protagonist of that story. He is the main playable character in the game, and we explore his world and his ongoing health struggles with Tuberculosis. Spoiler alert, Arthur dies at the end of the game. This shattered my whole being. I have never been so interconnected with a story, with characters and with the world. If this level of drama and realism can be used in a video game, then why can't it be the same for a TV show?

Concluding Remarks

What I've learned through this process is that genre isn't a set of rules — it's a set of tools. It's a way of shaping how the audience engages with a story, how they experience emotion, and how they make sense of the world you've created. For *Death Didn't Want Me*, I needed more than one tool. Or possibly I just need drama, the multitool of all genres.

TAP meetings, while often intimidating, played a huge role in helping me understand that. Trying out different genres highlighted what I didn't want. This pushed me to articulate what I did want my show to be and why. These meetings made me see that uncertainty isn't a weakness — it's part of creativity.

In the end, the process of writing *Death Didn't Want Me* became as much about self-discovery as it was about storytelling. It taught me to embrace ambiguity, to trust my instincts, and to accept that sometimes stories live between genres rather than within them. I hope that people can connect with the story I'm telling and that they can escape into my chaotic little world in times of need.

I was so stuck on the idea of creating something different to my undergraduate dissertation. As mentioned early on in this essay, I wanted something light-hearted, a story that was funny. I wanted to have a broad spectrum of writing samples to show my skills. I spent the last year writing different genres, different tones and what got reinforced was that I am a drama writer. I'm glad I gave those other paths a try, it was fun in part but also stressful and disheartening when it wasn't going my way. Towards the end of this masters, I allowed myself to just write what felt right. Naturally, I leant towards dramas! It's the main genre I watch and find myself connecting with them the most. I learnt it wasn't a bad thing for me to write another drama if it's a genre I can write well, this was reinforced to me during my last TAP meeting. It shows that my undergraduate work wasn't just a fluke. Audiences want drama, they want to escape from their dull routine lives and life on the edge vicariously through the characters on the screen. So why not write one? Well, I did!

Writing this story has been a roller coaster. I feel confident in my story in its final form. Before starting this master's, I thought it would be a breeze to come up with an idea and write it after doing my dissertation. I was wrong. This was more difficult than any other writing task I had done. You must get things wrong to learn, to adapt and to come out of the task better than

before. I threw myself into the deep end of the ocean of genres by trying different ones that I wasn't very versed in, but I survived and became a stronger swimmer because of it.

Genre may be fluid, but so is my writing style. Maybe that's the point — that writing, like life, is about learning to move through change, contradiction, and chaos with a sense of humour intact.

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- Rockstar North (2013), *Grand Theft Auto V*. Rockstar Games.
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