

YTTRIUM  
By  
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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

NOTE: ALL DIALOGUE SPOKEN IN SWEDISH.

The red LEDs on the alarm clock glow 3:21. Soft breathing is heard. It increases in pace, it struggles. We hear FRIDA's voice.

FRIDA (V.O.)  
Love awoke in the middle of the  
night.

LOVE, in a panic, sits up in bed. Sheets fall off his massive hairy chest; he looks good for a man of fifty. If only he could catch his breath.

He coughs, choking, He covers his mouth, tries to suppress it.

FRIDA (V.O.)  
He doesn't want anyone to know.  
Love was always hiding...

He glances toward FRIDA. She lies curled under the blanket. Asleep. Good. He leaves the bed.

BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Diffuse red illuminates. Cough. A shadow blocks the bathroom entry. Then the light goes on. The shadow is Love.

Love covers his mouth and hacks into his hand. He looks, pinkish sputum pools in the center.

Faucet on. Hands under to wash the pink down the drain, then cupped to gather water which he brings to his face.

Hands fall away from his wet eyes. He stares at himself in the mirror. An expression between anger and grief chokes itself back.

Then the mirror fogs.

Inside the fog a vision appears:

He walks away from the hospital in a stupor, steps off the curb. A speeding ambulance, sirens blaring. It screeches to a stop just before it hits him. He stares at it dumbly. The ambulance inches forward...forward...

FRIDA (V.O.)  
Love?

And the mirror clears. Frida perches her head on Love's shoulder. Both faces occupy the mirror.

Love stares blankly ahead.

FRIDA  
Something wrong?

Then he's aware. He smiles.

LOVE  
A nightmare.

FRIDA  
Come back to bed, it's cold  
without you.

Love nods.

LOVE  
Just give me a minute.

Frida pecks his cheek then her face disappears from the mirror.

He watches her exit. She looks good for a woman of fifty.

FRIDA (O.S.)  
I'll be counting.

Cough. Worry. Love fights not to cough again.

LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Love, in a bathrobe, blankly watches a soap on the television, color tinted a bit too red. A perfect-looking PATIENT lies in a hospital bed, monitors attached. A DOCTOR stands bedside.

Love coughs into a tissue. A pained look at the tissue, stained pink.

FRIDA (O.S.)  
See a doctor about that cough.

Love's hand tightens into a fist around the tissue. He looks over his shoulder. Frida tidies.

LOVE  
I'm feeling better. I'll go back  
to work tomorrow.

Frida comes up behind him and rubs his shoulders.

FRIDA  
I was just getting used to having  
you around...

He relaxes but the television intrudes.

DOCTOR (ON TV)  
I'm afraid I have bad news.

The Patient is now Love, not some soap actor.

LOVE (ON TV)  
Give it to me, Doc. I'm tough, I  
can take it.

DOCTOR (ON TV)  
The x-ray showed increased fluid  
on your alveolar walls. You're  
suffering from pulmonary edema.

LOVE (ON TV)  
How long?

DOCTOR (ON TV)  
With proper treatment you can  
live for...

Frida kneads a knot.

FRIDA  
You're so tense.

Love stares into space and mumbles.

LOVE  
Ytterby...

FRIDA  
What?

Love returns to earth. On television the Patient in the  
hospital bed is once again an actor.

Love pats Frida's hand.

Frida puts her arms around his front. She hugs him tightly.

DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Frida and Love sit on either side of a table corner and  
stare into each other's eyes. They clink their glasses  
before taking a sip of their red wine.

Love coughs, hacking, he brings his cloth napkin to his  
mouth. Frida half-stands out of concern.

FRIDA  
Love?!

Love struggles to catch his breath. He lowers his head.  
Stares down at his plate, an orderly collection of  
vegetables and meat. Then the plate blurs.

Focus. The vegetables and meat are replaced by an orderly  
collection of metallic rock.

INT. YTTERBY QUARRY ROOM - DAY

YOUNG LOVE lifts his hard-hatted head. A long table is full of rock covered plates. An older FOREMAN with a red hard-hat stands among a group of younger MINERS. He holds up handful of small metallic pebbles.

FOREMAN

Rare earths are neither rare nor earths. We have discovered many: ytterbium, terbium, erbium, gadolinium, holmium, and thulium. They don't have much use.

He empties his hand onto a plate. Then picks up another handful of metallic rocks.

FOREMAN

On the other hand Yttrium, named after our quarry, has many uses. You there, show me your watch.

He indicates Love and Love obliges by putting his arm out to show off his digital watch.

FOREMAN

See how it glows red. The L E Ds in your watch use Yttrium. This is what you will be mining.

The crowd is impressed. Love pulls his arm back to examine his watch himself, then...

YOUNG LOVE

Is it dangerous?

The foreman laughs, as do the other miners. Love is perplexed, chagrined.

Then the laughter escalates, a circle of maddening faces roar at him. He, at the center, pulls himself into a frightened bent shape. He tries to flee but all his exits are blocked...

...except the table. He jumps. Hits the table in slide, sends plates and their metallic contents into the air, raises a cloud of gray dust. Then he catches his balance and takes a step forward but his foot slips and he falls...

...toward an array of circles with carefully arranged metallic bumps. Toward an orderly collection of vegetables and meat.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

...toward his dinner plate. Frida panics.

FRIDA

Love!

Love slumps over the table. His hand drops to his side then opens. The napkin it clutched falls to the floor. The napkin is stained pink.

FRIDA (V.O.)

Sometimes things hide and we seek. Like a children's game that everyone plays. Even if it is best left hidden, we'll find it. Even if it's buried..

Slow dissolve to an aerial view of a

GRAVEYARD

covered in snow.

FRIDA (V.O.)

Sometimes we find something so fantastic as to be almost unbelievable and...

Frida, dressed in black, leaves a pink bouquet of flowers on a grave.

FRIDA (V.O.)

...sometimes Love dies.

She turns and walks slowly away from the grave.

FRIDA (V.O.)

Another reason to dig.

FADE OUT.