

Summary: Mrs. Dooley is a woman who has decided to leave her troubled past behind, and is on a quest for a new life. In doing so she is befriended by a woman and her friends who believe in kindness and the power of love for humanity. They live on an Island that no one else, but forty families know is inhabited. Mrs. Dooley's past surfaces, when thirteen year old Terry, the teachers son discovers her deepest secret and darkest dis pare. The Islanders feel they must decide her fiat; whether she will live or die. Entitled "The Death of Mrs. Dooley"

Mrs. Dooley, a middle aged woman, who battles with herself over good and evil, and whose new adventure take her on the journey of a life time. Her dark despair is lifted by a group of woman who work together for the greater good of all. Through April, Mrs. Dooley meets a group of woman who through kindness brings her into their world and show her she is a part of theirs. Mrs. Dooley, is a middle aged woman with long silky hair that she keeps in a ponytail, at the back of her head. She keeps a mothers ring on a chain around her neck even though she doesn't have any children. She needlessly wears a straw hat to hide her grey hair, and is always seen working in her garden. She has an attitude and when it comes to her husband, but every once and a while when her husband has had enough and threatens to leave, she tries a little harder to be a better person. She has a small farm on an Island off the East Shore. Mrs. Dooley was one of the first people who lived there from the very beginning. From a distance it looks like a snow-covered mountain, but most people believe the Island to be uninhabited, because seagulls circle overhead every day, and the white chalk like covering down the sides gives the allusion of desolation, and that keeps everyone away. Not too many know the Island is occupied, and the Island people go to great lengths to keep it that way. Small motor boats and large sailing vessels glide by carefully, so not to drift near the jagged rocks. If encored one could easily get stuck

SCREENPLAY-WOMEN'S FICTION: THE DEATH OF MRS. DOOLEY BY DOROTHY LOWE

between rocks, while their boats thrash around helplessly. The Island can be seen from the shore clearly, however if a boat was near when a big oil tanker or a ship passes the north side, a small pleasure vessel would not stand a chance.

Mr. Matthews spends most of his day reading on his front porch with a long cigar pressed between his teeth, or tending to his garden. He only has a hand full of novels that are worn on yellow paper with curled up edges, but the older things are the things he loves the most, they are familiar to him and he likes to keep things close even if they are no good any more. Nothing is useless to him, everything is of value from the smallest to the largest, just like that old rusted Chevy that has sat in his yard for twenty years, and that's the way he likes it. He won't have anyone tell him what to do or how to do it, he is an independent man and too old to change now. He is the oldest living, and first person to live on the Island. The old things that should have been thrown out long ago are like his dear wife. He tried to throw out an old pot of hers once, but he got too upset, started crying and put it back in the cupboard. His wife died many years ago and he mourns for her still.

A low-lying part of the south side of the Island extends half way to the main land, and from a distance it blends in with the rest of the shore line. They make sure they go back and forth before and after sunset to assure that they are not spotted, because their privacy is of the utmost importance. The main land has over the years become so corrupt with violent gangs with guns, high numbers of murder's reported, sirens blast through town waking up children out of a sound sleep. It was not safe anymore. A hand full of business owners decided to hire others to manage their businesses, handing over the responsibility to capable people, and this is the sole reason they decided to disappear onto the Island and they now stay secluded from the rest of the world. No one knows that the forty families who live there occupy this cool, foggy discreet retreat. Oh,

there is some days when it is warm and sunny, but it is rare for the Island to get hot and muggy. They live off the land with vegetable gardens and animals for milk and meat. Some go to the main land to buy their goods, but a hand full of people never leave, using their gardens. It works well for them, they're a community that help each other. It takes a village they say and this idea has worked well for them. Everyone lends a hand to help the elderly gentleman who had been there the longest, Mr. Matthews.

He has little company that stops by, but when they do he perks up and is the happiest person around. Roger Proctor, strolls by Mr. Mathews front gate with his girlfriend, Martha and they stop to say hello. "Hi there Mr. Mathews, how are you this fine day?" Roger said. "Oh can't complain, can't complain." Mr. Mathews said and he lifts himself up slightly from his chair and takes off his imaginary hat, tipping it to Martha. I chopped up some vegetables from my garden this morning and put them in the freezer for keepen" "Oh, yah, that's a good idea, looks like you got it all figured out, now you gotta teach the rest of us." "Well sure, any time", and he reaches in his pocket and pulls out his stop watch and glances down at it. "Any time... this old watch keeps clicking away; it's busted, broken glass and the minute hand moves like it's an old woman trying to climb out of the tub, but it's a still worken" "I could see if I can find you a new one when I go to the main land next week" "Oh, I don't know, hate to part with it after all this time. It's like an old friend, you know"? No bother Mr. Mathews, I'd be happy to oblige you" He waves his hand, no, no, it's just fine! "

"Come on up and you and your sweetheart can join me in a glass of ice tea" "Well that will be fine; we'd like that very much." The old planks that line the porch creaked when they walked on them, and an old cow bell with no paint left on it clanked lightly in the breeze. Mr. Mathews wobbles to his feet, turned slowly and opens the old squeaky screen door. The smell of

wood that had burned in the wood stove drifted out the door. "I'll be right back, don't go anywhere, it might take me a few minutes"

"Do you want me to help you? Martha asked as she giggled at his humor. "No, no, it would put a skip in my step if you come into the house with me, and I'm too old for that, it would probably kill Me." he laughs as he walks toward the kitchen. They sat on the porch and smiled and watched clouds start to form overhead and shade the brilliant sun. He was such a pleasure to those he liked, but to Mrs. Dooley he was not. He wouldn't give her the time of day and no one on the Island would either. Roger jumped up and reached for the tray of drinks as Mr. Mathews opened the screen door with his elbow. "Well here we are. You too getting anxious about the coming nuptials" "Yes we can't wait, it's going to be a great time and to be with all of our friends is what will make it a perfect day" "That's one of the reasons why we stopped by, we wanted to make sure you came and to see if you want us to arrange for someone to bring you down"? "I'm invited?" "Yes of course you are, it would not be the same if you weren't there!" "Is Mrs. Dooley going to be there?" "No she is not invited" "Then I'll not miss it for the world. He lifted his right leg and slapped it. "Sure, I will be there, nothing will keep me away" He smiled showing his yellow dentures and his eye's widened as he tried to see the clouds drawing closer through his dirty glasses. "That woman uses her emotion as a weapon or if she was playing a hand of poker." he whispered, wiping his glasses with his already dirty hanky. He fishes on Wednesdays and Fridays, takes his fish up to the main land in his dingy and sells his goods by the side of the road where he has been selling them for thirty five years. Everyone knows him for his variations of fresh fish, lobsters and clams, but no one knows where he lives, he disappears as fast as he appears. No one really questions it though, they are just grateful for

his service and his wonderful scene of humor. Everyone on the Island loves him, but he sometimes does not want to be bothered and has no time for nonsense.

Mrs. Dooley put some coffee on to perk, then put two pieces of bread in the toaster, and took down one of the jars of jam she and her friend April made last fall. Oh, I wish April were her having coffee with me. I love it when we're together looking up recipes, or cooking lasagna or a turkey for Christmas. She knew she had to except that she was wrong for endlessly complaining, and, humble herself. It was hard to get to this point, because she only saw her own pain. She remembers how selfish she'd been, and unfair to her quiet, husband. She pushed him around, ordered him to do what she wanted or she would make his life a living hell. Over the years his confidence dwindled down to nothing, and he felt like a broken man. He knew he was already in hell with no way out, because she would do whatever it took to keep him. "Frank Dooley, get in here!"

"Are you listening to me? I said, g e t i n h e r e!" Her voice rumbled as loud as it could go and it fluctuated like music paying in an opera. "She makes Ma Kettle look like a fairy princess." Mr. Matthews used to say. She cringed to think she acted that way. There was a knock on the door and there stood one of the nicest woman in town and her closest friend. "What's up" "I was just looking for my glasses." "Your glasses are on your head!" "Oh, that's where they are," she said, smile. They were always together, baking cookies, knitting sweaters, or playing cards.

"Sit down April, and I'll make you coffee, you want coffee?" "Yes, I would love a coffee. "Here is some sugar and cream for your coffee." "Don't mind the mess April." "What! your too hard on yourself." Dooley smiled. "My back still hurts from that fall I took last month." "Didn't you use the muscle cream I gave you." "Yes, thank you!" "Here is a cake I made, got

the mix at the store on the main land.” said Mrs. Dooley. “How did you come up with the money to buy it?” “Oh, I followed Mr. Matthews to the main land and watched him in action, so I decided to start doing odd jobs to make a little money, “Are you stayen long April, you know I have the pigs that need to be fed out back, could you go feed them for me?” “No, But, I will go and talk to you while you’re doing your work. “Alright then lets enjoy our cake and coffee; I’ll feed the pigs after you’ve gone.” “Were you invited to Roger and Martha’s wedding? April asks, looking down out of the corner of her eye. “No, when is it” “It’s in two weeks, at Nicole’s house. “They’ve hung lights on a gazebo to surprise Roger and Martha, and they have put in an order at the florist for ten dozen long stem roses.” “What they gonna do with them?” asked Mrs. Dooley “I heard that they are going to tie some to the lights to drape down over the gazebo, with branches of leaves and babies breathe.” "What they gonna do that for"?