

THE MEMORIAL

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. LORAINES HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Awakes LORAIN SCHULTZ, 75, looks 65. Her Panasonic RC-6025 flip clock shows it is 5:30 a.m.

LORAIN  
Ah, I'm too much a creature of  
habit.

SUPER: "Loraine."

She pops out of bed. Her feet searches for her fuzzy slippers. This is when she looks over her shoulder at the empty-side of her bed. It is perfectly untouched. As if over the fifty-years of marriage, she has been conditioned to only use her side of the bed. Her husband is nowhere in sight.

LORAIN (CONT'D)  
Coffee!

Loraine walks outside her bedroom. Down a long hallway lined with a lifetime of memories.

SUPER: "2020. Fat Tuesday. The day before Lent."

INT. 1980'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Loraine waits and watches water BOILS.

Appears OSCAR, her cat.

He PURRS at Loraine's feet as he rubs up against her.

Loraine looks down at Oscar.

LORAIN  
Oscar, you flirting with me?

She bends down and scoops him up.

LORAIN (CONT'D)  
Hmm. You hungry, boy? Of course,  
you are. You're just like my Bob. A  
hearty eater. Aren't you?

Loraine rubs her face into Oscar's coat as the cat continuously PURRS in pleasure.

INT. 1980'S KITCHEN - CAN-OPENER - SAME TIME

Loraine uses an ancient Whirlpool electric can-opener to open up a can of IAMS cat food.

SOUNDS: EERRRR. CLICK!

The oily goodness drops into a cat bowl with "Oscar's" on it.

PLOP!

Oscar becomes ecstatic.

Loraine sets down the bowl.

LORAINNE

You better still love Momma after.

Loraine prepares her French press coffee. As she PLUNGES the beans, she looks down to her feet.

SNORES Oscar, in a golden patch of rich sunlight. He's fast asleep. His bowl is empty.

Loraine takes a small sip from her coffee cup.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)

Typical male.

INT. FLORIDA ROOM - LATER DAY

Loraine reads from Tuesday, February 25th, 2020 edition of the Dayton Daily News. Dayton Strong logo is stamped on it.

LORAINNE

High of Fifty-Two. Brr. Rain.

Three articles on the Newspaper's frontpage are:

1. Flyer's Season More Than Basketball, there's an image of Ryan Mikesell, Trey Landers, Obi Toppin, and Jalen Crutcher, all in uniform, lined-up together on the court. They look off screen, as if they see something coming no one else does.

2. Weinstein Convicted on 2 Counts, Including Rape. Image of Weinstein hunched over his walker.

3. Business, A10. Market Shaken by Virus Scares.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)

Bob, we should look into getting tickets for the Flyers...

She lowers her paper, stares at an empty seat opposite her.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
Oh... yeah. Must stop doing that.

INT. 1980'S BATHROOM - DAY - LATER

Lorraine fully dressed fixes her hair.

LORAINNE  
How quickly...

Lorraine stands motionless before the wall to wall mirror.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
Beauty fades.

She turns off the lights as she leaves.

SOUND: CLICK!

INT. LORAINNE'S HOME - GARAGE - SAME DAY

Lorraine FLIPS on the lights. A lipstick red 1987 Mercedes 560SL centers her garage.

LORAINNE  
Come to Mama.

Lorraine slides into the vehicle.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
Bob's second love.

Lorraine TURNS the keys. The ENGINE comes alive. As she INSERTS a tape into the cassette player.

PLAYS Led Zeppelin's Thank You - like music.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
If the sun refused to shine, I  
would still be loving you.

EXT. LORAINNE'S HOME - DAY

Lorraine lives in an affluent neighborhood nestled atop a hill that overlooks Kary B. Mullis Memorial Hospital.

Lorraine pulls out of her drive.

A steady rain HITS her windshield.

LORAININE  
When mountains crumble to the sea,  
there will still be you and me.

Lorraine SWITCHES on her WIPERS.

INT. LORAININE'S CAR - WINDING WAY - DAY

Lorraine drives her Mercedes 560SL as the music continues.

She passes her neighbors' mail box.

IMAGE: "the Anderson's mailbox."

LORAININE  
Kind woman, I give you all my  
heart. Kind woman, nothing more.

Lorraine stops at a STOP sign. She waits for an approaching car to pass her. Then, she turns right.

LORAININE (CONT'D)  
Little drops of rain. Whisper of  
the pain, tears of loves lost in  
the days gone by.

EXT. SOUTHERN BOULEVARD - DAY

Lorraine drives her Mercedes 560SL north, pass the Moraine Country Club. She sees...

ARNIE, a local businessman in his Eighties. He fights the elements as he walks down the fairway near the road. He stops at his ball.

LORAININE  
My. My. My. He must be soaked  
through.

She turns down the MUSIC.

SOUND: WHAP!

The ball travels through the air. Then, it bounces on the green and rolls close to the hole.

Lorraine slows as her window rolls down.

LORAININE (CONT'D)  
Arnie!!! You're going to catch a  
death of a cold!

ARNIE  
My life, Loraine!

He tips his green "Masters" hat to her and moves on his way.

ARNIE (CONT'D)  
You see that shot?!?

LORAININE  
Arnie, you crusty son-of-a...

SOUND: HONK!

Loraine looks in her rearview mirror at an awaiting car.

LORAININE (CONT'D)  
Okay! Okay! I'm going. Ah,  
millennials... the lack of patience  
of these people.

She moves on until she reaches the stoplight. As she comes to a halt, she looks into the rearview mirror again and sees the driver is walking to her car. She sticks her head out of car.

LORAININE (CONT'D)  
No need to be rude. The weather's  
bad enough.

APPEARS DR. RONALD CHANG, the sharp dressed Asian-American man in his late 50s, runs Mullis' Level II Trauma Center.

He wears a stylish raincoat, holds an umbrella over his head.

LORAININE (CONT'D)  
You're not a millennial.

CHANG  
Not by twenty-odd years, Loraine.

LORAININE  
Ronnie!

CHANG  
I thought that was you.

LORAININE  
I'm driving Bob's second love now.

CHANG  
I heard. I'm sorry.

LORAININE  
Crazy what he remembers... he  
doesn't even know my name anymore.

Dr. Chang touches Loraine's hand gently.

CHANG  
Loraine, he had a great life.

LORAININE  
I'm not ready to let him go.  
Everyday I miss him.

CHANG  
Yeah. I miss his wisdom on rounds.

Dr. Chang impersonates Bob's deep, baritone voice.

CHANG (CONT'D)  
Now, Ronald.  
(beat)  
All good doctors and nurses must  
stand for what they believe in...

LORAININE  
And sometimes they must stand  
alone.

CHANG  
Yes.

LORAININE  
It's sad how fast he has  
deteriorated.

Another car pulls up behind them and HONKS!

Dr. Chang waves at the them as if to ask for a moment.

CHANG  
If you need anything, you know  
where I will be.

Dr. Chang returns to his car.

LORAININE  
I'm headed there now.

Dr. Chang stops and turns.

CHANG  
What for?

LORAININE  
The Anderson's daughter was  
admitted last night.

CHANG  
I hope nothing serious.

LORAINNE  
Bad cold.

CHANG  
We'll take good care of her.

Lorraine drives on. In the rearview mirror, she sees Dr. Chang's car turn left into the Memorial Hospital's employee parking lot.

LORAINNE  
I made that exact same turn for over thirty-five years, Doc.

Lorraine turns into the Visitor's Parking lot.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - INFO. DESK - DAY

Lorraine wanders up to the desk.

A masked VOLUNTEER greets her.

VOLUNTEER  
May I help you?

Lorraine notices MEN moving furniture about.

LORAINNE  
What's going on?

VOLUNTEER  
Hospital protocol. No gatherings of four or more people allowed.

LORAINNE  
I see. What room is Gracie Anderson's?

Volunteer TYPES on her keypad.

VOLUNTEER  
Let me check.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - GRACIE'S ROOM - DAY

Lorraine appears with a "Get Well" balloon and flowers.

SUPER "Gracie."



LORAININE  
Where's my little angel?

Lorraine sees her neighbor's condition.

GRACIE, late teens, a person with Down Syndrome, who appears heavily drugged.

BOB (V.O.)  
I've known Gracie, her entire life.  
What a wonderful young woman she  
has become. Her extra Twenty-First  
chromosome gave her the power to  
always see the best in people. She  
always thought of others before  
herself. Her love of life and easy  
going smile is contagious.

GRACIE  
I'm here, Miss Lorraine. I'm...

Gracie closes her eyes and falls asleep.

BETTY ANDERSON, Gracie's mother, late 40s, arises from the  
bedside chair. She looks disheveled, physically exhausted.

BETTY  
Lorraine. May I have a word with you?

LORAININE  
Of course.

BETTY  
(whispers)  
In the hall.

LORAININE  
Okay.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE GRACIE'S ROOM - SAME

Mrs. Anderson paces as she speaks.

BETTY  
Something is not right.

EXT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - DAY - LATER

Summerland Estates, an exceptional Rehabilitation and Nursing  
facility, whose residents are treated like royalty.

Residents enjoy private only rooms for four hundred dollars a day. Featured amenities are: wine bar, café bistro, beauty/barber shop, Steinway grand piano in common hall, lush, landscaped grounds, walled courtyard/gardens, and free Wi-Fi access through out.

Lorraine drives here as she calls.

RING 3x.

CHANG (O.S.)

Hi. This is Dr. Chang. Sorry I missed your call. Please leave me a message, and I'll get back to you as soon as possible.

BEEP!

LORAINNE

Ronnie. This is Lorraine. Can you do me a favor...

Lorraine parks her Mercedes next to a black Honda Accord.

ABIGAIL NIGHTINGALE, 'NIGHTY,' an African-American woman who's soul is golden.

Nighty removes a big cardboard box from inside of her trunk.

Colorful necklaces and Mardi Gras supplies fill the box.

SUPER: "Nightingale."

LORAINNE (CONT'D)

Hi, Nighty!

NIGHTY

We missed you.

LORAINNE

I had to visit my great-grand-babies in Columbus.

NIGHTY

Good for you girl.

LORAINNE

Imagine, twins!

Lorraine yawns.

NIGHTY

Those little stinkers keep you up?

Lorraine nods.

The two share a laugh.

LORAINNE  
Need some help?

NIGHTY  
I got it. I brought in some fun  
stuff for the party.

LORAINNE  
You're too good.

NIGHTY  
Shh... Don't tell no one.

LORAINNE  
How's Bob?

NIGHTY  
Same.

LORAINNE  
Yeah. I miss him. Who he was.

Nighty shifts the box and gives her friend a side hug.

NIGHTY  
We all know you do, girl.

Lorraine moves to get the security door. She swaps her badge.  
PEEP! The monitor's light turns green.

SOUND: CLICK!

Lorraine opens it with a struggle.

LORAINNE  
For the life of me... this has to  
be the heaviest door in Dayton.

NIGHTY  
You need to hit the weight room.

LORAINNE  
Weight room? We have one of those?

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Lorraine pins on her 'Volunteer' badge.

Nighty adjusts her nurse's credentials and twirls.

NIGHTY  
How do I look?

LORAINNE  
Like no man is worthy of you.

Nighty shakes her head as she starts to walk out of the room.

NIGHTY  
Tell me something I don't know.

Lorraine closes her locker and smiles. She loves the all giving hearts of caregivers.

LORAINNE  
True beauty starts from within.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Lorraine moves to catch up with Nighty and stops.

LORAINNE  
Hey!

Lorraine peers into a vacant room.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
Where's Rose?

Nighty stops and turns.

NIGHTY  
Her pneumonia worsened.

LORAINNE  
Is she okay?

Nighty shakes her head no.

NIGHTY  
She passed yesterday morning at Memorial.

LORAINNE  
That quick?

NIGHTY  
You should've seen her? Wheezing, barely breathing. Finally, her kidneys shut down.

LORAINNE  
She was fine on Friday.

NIGHTY

When the Lord wants you... He takes you.

Loraine looks back into the vacant room.

LORAINNE

Yeah... how's Hank taking it?

NIGHTY

He's a total wreck.

Nighty moves on down the hall.

NIGHTY (CONT'D)

Those two love birds had sex in about every corner of this place except their own beds.

LORAINNE

Poor Hank.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - HALLWAY - LATER DAY

Loraine gently knocks at Hank's door.

SUPER: "CAPTAIN HENRY 'HANK' PETERS."

BOB (V.O.)

Captain Henry 'Hank' Peters. Is a retired naval aviator, POW, and graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis. He flew 24 combat missions in Vietnam before his F-4 Phantom was shot down near Hanoi on St. Valentine's Day 1967. Hank spent five years at the Hoa Lo prison compound, nicknamed the Hanoi Hilton. Two of those years he spent in solitary confinement. Hank has a love hate relationship with the Orient. At Summerland, he met the love of his life, Rose. The same Rose that just passed away.

SOUND: TAPS.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - HANK'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Loraine enters and sees Hank standing by the windows.

SUPER: "Hank. The real Maverick."

Again, he quick taps on the window's pane.

LORAININE

Hank?

HANK

Just waiting on two-taps from the other side, Loraine.

Re-Elect Trump poster hangs behind Hank on the far wall.

Hank moves and sits on the edge of his bed.

Loraine sits down beside him.

HANK (CONT'D)

Hmm. At Hoa Lo Prison, us fellas would tape on our cell walls to communicate with one another. The gooks kept us in solitary confinement. No talking. They enjoyed beating us when we talked.

Loraine motherly touches Hank's knee.

HANK (CONT'D)

Two fuck'n years. The only faces I saw were gook faces... who loved to use their rubber whips. Fuck'n Communists.

LORAININE

Rose was Vietnamese.

HANK

Yeah... French too.

LORAININE

It's normal to grieve.

HANK

A week ago, she was alive, healthy even. We went jogging?

LORAININE

I know. I was just as surprised when Nighty told me.

HANK

It's just that... I waited my entire life for love. Real love. The kind when you don't even need to speak.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

Because you already know what the  
other person is thinking. And...  
She's gone.

Hank chokes up.

Loraine rubs his back.

LORAINNE

It's okay, Hank.

HANK

That SAM missile that shot me down  
over Hanoi was less of a surprise  
to me then Rose's death. I miss  
her.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - GIGI'S ROOM - LATER DAY

Loraine and Nighty change GiGi's sheets.

BOB (V.O.)

HELEN 'GIGI' FAIRBANKS. Age Eight-  
Seven. She graduated from Fairmont  
High School and the Hamilton  
Business College. On September 11,  
1944 in Kettering, Ohio, Helen  
married Vernon Fairbanks and they  
recently celebrated 66 years of  
marriage. Helen and Vernon settled  
in Kettering and raised their two  
sons. They owned and operated  
Fairbanks Ford in where Helen  
worked as an accountant for over 50  
years. Helen enjoys playing cards  
with her friends in her bridge  
club. She was also a long time  
member of the United Methodist  
Church. She had a strong faith in  
God, is dedicated to her community,  
and is a devoted wife, mother, and  
grandmother.

GIGI rests in her bed. She wears a hospital gown.

SUPER: "GiGi. Pure sweetness... unspoiled."

NIGHTY

GiGi, how are you today?

GIGI

Fine.

She looks down at her exposed legs.

GIGI (CONT'D)  
Look at all those purple varicose  
veins. Whew! I remember when I  
could stop a car with those.

LORAINNE  
GiGi, I bet you still could.

GIGI  
I doubt that. They look so frail  
and... elderly. Hmm, how's Bob?

Gigi and Lorraine played cards together for over twenty years.

LORAINNE  
Same.

GIGI  
He was a good Joe.

LORAINNE  
He was... I miss him terribly.

GIGI  
Well, you can have my Vernon.

LORAINNE  
No, thanks!

NIGHTY  
GiGi, you've been trying to pawn  
off Vern ever since we met. Is he  
really that bad?

GIGI  
Nighty. Never marry a car salesman.

DIRECTOR CASEY's head pops into GiGi's room.

SUPER: "Mr. Casey. Your Cruise Director."

BOB (V.O.)  
Casey is Summerland Estates  
Director. He's an olive-colored  
skinned man in a fine fitting suit  
and a bushy moustache. For better  
or worse, he runs the joint. He  
holds an iPad like a clip-board in  
his hands. To him, every day is a  
party. His deep dark secret is that  
he's a hoarder. Clothes, shoes, TP,  
you name it, he has it... in bulk.



Casey escorts Loraine to his office.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - CASEY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Casey takes his seat and waves to Loraine to join him.

Behind him is a flat-screen TV with Fox News on. On its scroll reads, BREAKING NEWS: a nursing home in Washington State reports the first COVID-19 death.

CASEY  
Sit, Mrs. Schultz.

Casey pumps out too much hand sanitizer from a huge jug that sits on his desk. He attempts to rub it all in and fails.

Perplexed, he looks at Loraine and offers.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
Want some?

LORAININE  
No. I'm good. So, Casey. What's wrong?

CASEY  
What do you mean?

LORAININE  
You only call me Mrs. Schultz when you know you're about to tell me something I don't like.

CASEY  
I do? How strange?

LORAININE  
Out with it.

CASEY  
Dr. Schultz's condition.

LORAININE  
Bob's condition.

Casey examines his manicured nails.

LORAININE (CONT'D)  
Yes?

CASEY  
He would be better served at a memory-care-focused center. Like...

LORAINNE  
Belmont Towers.

CASEY  
Yes. That's what I was thinking.

LORAINNE  
That's twenty-five minutes away.

CASEY  
He's reached the limits of what we  
can offer him.

LORAINNE  
We offer him love and security.

CASEY  
He's showing signs of sundowning.  
He's getting aggressive.

LORAINNE  
He's confused. He can no longer  
communicate. His body clock is  
telling him one thing. And his mind  
is telling him another.

CASEY  
Yes. Think about it.

Casey slides over a brochure on Belmont Towers.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
Belmont Towers could be the  
solution.

Lorraine gets up from her chair.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
Hey! Do you still have connections  
at the UD Athletic Department?

Before she can respond, she looks at the TV.

LORAINNE  
Turn it up.

CASEY  
What?!?

Casey turns.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
Oh, I left that on.

Casey hits the unmute button.

On the SCREEN, a feathered-haired television anchor sits. Above his right shoulder is an outbreak image.

TV ANCHOR

This just in. Kirkland, Washington.

Switch to News Clip of Jeff Duchin.

SUPER: "Jeff Duchin, health officer for public health for Seattle and King County."

DUCHIN

We are very concerned about an outbreak in a setting where there are many older people, as we would be wherever people who are susceptible might be gathering.

LORAIN

What's our emergency plan?

CASEY

We've never needed one.

LORAIN

You can't be serious.

CASEY

This virus is a West Coast, East Coast issue.

LORAIN

It's a contagion.

CASEY

Relax, Loraine. Just focus your energies on hunting down those tournament tickets...okay?

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - BOB'S ROOM - DAY

Loraine sits and eats her packed lunch in the chair beside her husband BOB. Her brown bag rests on her lap.

SUPER: "Bob. A Healer."

BOB (V.O.)

Hi. ROBERT 'BOB' SCHULTZ here, age 84, Surgeon.

(MORE)

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I graduated from Miami University in 1958 and The Ohio State University College of Medicine with a Doctorate of Medicine in 1966. In 1967 I married Loraine Fletcher of Mason who I met in Oxford prior to medical school. She is the love of my life. But you probably already guessed that. Also, as a life-long surgeon, I take great pride in the quality care that my wife and I provided to the citizens of this fine town.

NOTE: WE never see Bob's full face until WE see his portrait that hangs in the hospital. Bob needs to be Alan Alda-like, a much loved TV Doc from our past.

LORAININE

You wouldn't belief how cute they were. So small, and fresh to the world. Great-Grandchildren? Imagine, Bob. Remember, how terrified we were the night we brought Annabel home? I think the fastest we went was twenty miles an hour from the hospital.

Loraine slaps her knee.

LORAININE (CONT'D)

Thankfully we live only five minutes away.

Bob responds only with heavy breaths. He is deeply sedated.

Loraine gets up and tosses out her trash. She goes to Bob's bed and bends down over him. Lovingly, she runs her long fingertips through his clean white hair.

Then, she bends down more. Her face almost touches his as she asks the impossible.

LORAININE (CONT'D)

Come back to me.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - VIVIAN'S ROOM - DAY

Loraine KNOCKS on VIVIAN's door. It is ajar.

BOB (V.O)

VIVIAN 'VIVI' GRANT. A graduate of Roosevelt High School, Mrs. Grant received her BA Degree in Political Science, Class of 1960, from Brown. Mrs. Grant joined IBM Corporation. Quickly rising through the company, in 1971, she was promoted to Midwest Sales Manager, supervising accounts like Nationwide, Goodyear, National Cash Register, and Procter & Gamble. Mrs. Grant was honored by BusinessWeek Magazine as Woman of the Year in the field of business in 1985 and was elected to the Women in Technology International Hall of Fame in 2011. Her work allowed her to travel the world, seven times over. One of her favorite places is Paris' Le Bonaparte Café, eating, chatting, and sipping on an endless espresso beside her partner Ash, the love of her life.

SUPER: "Vivian. IBM girl."

LORAINNE

Hi, Vivian. Oh!

ASHLEY, late 70s, strikingly beautiful woman in a designer business suit sits by Vivian's hospital bed.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm sorry I didn't mean to interrupt.

VIVIAN

Oh, you didn't. Sis, was just leaving.

ASHLEY

I was?

VIVIAN

Yeah, someone needs to feed Gatsby, my chocolate lab.

LORAINNE

Hi, I'm Loraine.

Loraine offers Ashley her hand.

ASHLEY

Hi. I'm...

VIVIAN

Sis, you better get going. You know how Gatsby gets. Probably already eating the sofa.

Ashley grabs her purse and overcoat.

ASHLEY

Nice meeting you. Please take good care of my ViVi. She's quite a handful.

LORAINÉ

We shall.

ASHLEY

Bye, Sis.

VIVIAN

Good-bye.

LORAINÉ

So, they tell me you'll be discharged soon.

VIVIAN

Yep. Friday. My knee is better than new.

LORAINÉ

Good.

Lorraine grows quiet.

VIVIAN

What's the problem?

LORAINÉ

I don't know. Your sister seemed sad.

VIVIAN

Oh, her? She's wears her heart on her sleeve.

LORAINÉ

Is that bad?

VIVIAN

It isn't good.

Lorraine a lifelong nurse ponders this statement.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
So, I heard your husband is locked  
up in here too.

LORAINNE  
Yes, I just visited him.

VIVIAN  
Why? He has dementia right?

LORAINNE  
Yes.

VIVIAN  
He doesn't know if you're there or  
not. Trust me. My grandmother  
suffered from dementia. Hurts the  
ones left behind worse. Hell, Gram  
had no idea who I was at the very  
end. Kept calling me by my mother's  
name. Crazy.

Lorraine wishes to change the subject.

LORAINNE  
You never told me about your  
husband.

VIVIAN  
Ash. He's the greatest man alive.  
(laughs hard)  
I met him when I worked for IBM. I  
was on a job sight in Cincy back in  
Seventy-One. P&G was one of my  
major accounts.

LORAINNE  
Wow. I thought us women could only  
be home-makers, or nurses and  
teachers in Seventy-One.

VIVIAN  
You forgot nuns! No, I liked sex  
too much for that. Thanks to my big  
brain I was not the first woman  
engineer slash computer salesman...  
but I was the best.

LORAINNE  
We had computers back then?

VIVIAN

Sure did. As big as a house they were... but they got us to the moon. Didn't they?

LORAINÉ

I think records had...

VIVIAN

Great. Hell, today's world thinks Jobs and Gates invented everything.

LORAINÉ

What do you and Ash like to do?

VIVIAN

Travel. We've seen the world seven times over. Not the Hilton version. No, we lived like the natives.

LORAINÉ

I wished Bob and I traveled more. We had a house on Norris Lake for years. The kids...

VIVIAN

Yeah, the lake scene wasn't our style. We preferred Paris.

LORAINÉ

You did. Palais Garnier Opera House was on our bucket list.

VIVIAN

Been there countless times. Boring!

LORAINÉ

Then, why did you go?

VIVIAN

Ash dragged me there, kicking and screaming.

LORAINÉ

I'm liking your husband Ash more and more.

VIVIAN

He has his moments.

LORAINÉ

You two must have some amazing memories.



VIVIAN  
I prefer to live in the present.  
The past... is just that, gone. The  
future... that's everything!

LORAINNE  
The future? Hmm.

An awkward silence develops.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
Can I get you anything, Vivian?

Vivian holds up an empty plastic cup.

VIVIAN  
I would die for some fresh  
lemonade.

LORAINNE  
Let's see what I can do.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - HALLWAY - LATER DAY

Nighty leads a Mardi Gras Congo line procession down the  
nursing home corridor full of CAREGIVERS, VISITORS of all  
ages, and RESIDENTS. All wear colorful necklaces of beads.

Behind Nighty, a CAREGIVER holds a jam box over his head.

MUSIC: LIKE-FAT DOMINO'S, MARDI GRAS IN NEW ORLEANS.

NIGHTY  
While you stroll in New Orleans.  
You ought to go see the Mardi Gras.  
If you go to New Orleans. You ought  
to go see the Mardi Gras.

Casey marches near the rear, knees high up and arms swinging  
wide. He wears a big funny hat, countless beads, and in his  
right hand he holds a golf club as his baton.

Lorraine follows.

NIGHTY (CONT'D)  
It's Fat Tuesday. Mardi Gras! Time  
to put your dance on!

Lorraine stops at Hank's door.

LORAINNE  
Hank, you want to join us.

HANK

No.

He closes his door.

SOUND: CLICK.

Loraine taps twice on Hank's door and waits.

Hank opens up his door.

LORAINA

Trust me, Hank. You and I both  
know, isolation sucks. Come on.

Loraine curls her arm around Hank's arm.

LORAINA (CONT'D)

It will be fun.

HANK

Okay. But just for a little while.

LORAINA

Deal.

Arm-in-arm, Loraine and Hank walk on down the hall.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - COMMON ROOM - LATER

Loraine sits on a bench before a Steinway grand piano.

MAX LINDBERG sits beside her and plays the piano.

BOB (V.O.)

Max, a prominent music educator,  
was much loved by four decades of  
students at Kettering High School.  
Max went to Indiana's University's  
prestigious music program,  
graduating with an AB in Music in  
1960. He first taught at Kettering  
High School in 1960. There, he met  
and married Martha, a fellow music  
teacher, in 1961. To Max and  
Martha, music centered their  
universe. Their parties were music  
focused and open to all musicians  
of any experience level.

(MORE)

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Upon his retirement from teaching,  
Max and Martha dedicated themselves  
to the arts, volunteering and to  
supporting local musical  
performances in Dayton and the  
Greater Miami Valley. They enjoyed  
travel and concerts until Martha's  
sudden death. Now, Max is legally  
deaf. He misses music as badly as  
he misses his most cherished  
wife... Martha.

SUPER: "Max. The Piano Man."

Max finishes up an old Ragtime song.

MAX  
How did it sound?!?

LORAINA  
Great!

MAX  
I can't hear you, Loraine. But I  
can read your lips. Any  
recommendations?

LORAINA  
It's a slight break on theme,  
but...

MAX  
Yes?

LORAINA  
Can you play, I Wish You Love?

MAX  
Nat King Cole? Loraine, you have  
exquisite taste.

Max plays and sings. His long, boney fingers travel up and  
down the ivories effortlessly.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Good-bye, no use leading with our  
chins. This is where our story  
ends. Never lovers, ever friends.  
Good-bye, let our hearts call it a  
day. But before you walk away I  
sincerely want to say. I wish you  
bluebirds in the spring. To give  
your heart a song to sing. And then  
a kiss, but more than this.

LORAIN/MAX  
I wish you love!

LORAIN  
Max, you're amazing!

Max signs, Thank you.

MAX  
Hmmm. Martha used to think so. She called me, the Piano Man.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM - LATER NIGHT

Loraine and Nightly change gear in the locker room.

NIGHTLY  
Movie tonight? I heard Ordinary Love was good.

LORAIN  
Yuck! It's about a couple fighting terminal cancer!

NIGHTLY  
It's real. Liam Neeson is in it.

LORAIN  
Abigail, you love sad Brit movies too much.

NIGHTLY  
I'm a Brit at heart.

Loraine grows quiet.

LORAIN  
Don't you get enough tears here?

NIGHTLY  
Sometimes. But sometimes those tears are happy tears. Other times, they're not. Yet, as caregivers, we must embrace pain. Then, we can move on. It's the circle of life.

LORAIN  
Well, this circle of life is taken a rain check. I need to check on a friend. Then, I'm ready for a big glass of Sauvignon Blanc, then bed.

Loraine opens the security door.

The two walk out together into..

THE PARKING LOT

Behind them, the security door, LOCKS.

NIGHTLY

I never grow tired of listening to  
the extraordinary lives our  
patients lived. Everyone of them is  
so different. Unique.

LORAINÉ

Hmm. True.

Loraine checks her phone. She has one message.

She TAPS on the voice message from Ronnie.

CHANG

Loraine. I checked on Gracie. Her  
Blood Ox levels aren't terrible. My  
main concern is that her doctor  
prescribed Precedex.

LORAINÉ

Precedex?!? That's an anesthesia  
drug.

CHANG

With Gracie's condition, Precedex  
will only worsen her respiratory  
distress. Still figuring out things  
on our end. The why? As soon as I  
learn more, I will let you know.

CLICK.

LORAINÉ

Why would they ever prescribe an  
anesthesia drug? Odd.

INT. LORAINÉ'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Loraine rests in her bed with a sleep mask on. On her bed  
stand, beside an empty wine glass, her Panasonic RC-6025  
clock flips from 3:12 a.m. to 3:13 a.m.

BANG! 3x

LORAINNE  
(mumbles)  
What's going on? Hey Bob, you go  
check it out.

BANG 3x

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
Bob!

Lorraine removes her mask.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
Oh, yeah. My hero sleeps elsewhere.

Lorraine pops out of bed and places on her robe.

INT. LORAINNE'S HOME - FOYER - SAME

Lorraine stands behind her front door.

LORAINNE  
Who is it?

From the other side, all she HEARS is CRYING.

Lorraine opens the door.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
Betty?!?

BETTY  
Gracie tested positive for Covid.

INT. LORAINNE'S HOME - FLORIDA ROOM - LATER DAY

Lorraine reads from Tuesday, March 10th, 2020 edition of the  
Dayton Daily News. Dayton Strong logo is stamped on it.

LORAINNE  
High of Sixty-Four. Nice.

On the Newspaper's frontpage are four articles:

1. Sports, C1. Dayton could earn a No. 1 seed in the NCAA  
tournament with A-10 Title.
2. Dow plunges 2,000 points.
3. Local & State, B1. 3k+ Hospitalized with Flu in Ohio  
February.

4. 3 Ohioans test positive for virus.

LORAIN (CONT'D)  
Not good.

She lowers her paper and stares at an empty seat.

LORAIN (CONT'D)  
Bob.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Loraine pins on her 'Volunteer' badge. Then, she puts on a surgical mask.

LORAIN  
Here. I brought one for you too.

Nighty adjusts her nurse's credentials.

NIGHTY  
You know Casey doesn't want us to wear those?

LORAIN  
Don't care. This is a high risk zone. Here!

Nighty grabs the mask and puts it in her pocket.

NIGHTY  
I will put mine on later.

LORAIN  
Nightingale. This virus is spreading faster than any contagion I have ever witnessed. Please... wear your mask.

Nighty retrieves her mask from her pocket and puts it on.

NIGHTY  
Okay. For you.

The two women stand before a huge mirror that captures them.

NIGHTY (CONT'D)  
Better?

LORAIN  
Better.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - HALLWAY - DAY

Loraine and Nighty start their rounds.

Casey fast approaches.

NIGHTY

Uh-oh.

LORAINA

I'll take this bullet.

Nighty breaks hard.

NIGHTY

I will let you.

She then disappears into a nearby patient's room.

NIGHTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Put your hands up, Hank! This is a robbery.

Casey stops.

CASEY

Well... Mrs. Schultz, I need a word with you.

LORAINA

Sure thing, boss.

Casey escorts Loraine to a supply storage room full of toilet paper from its ten-foot ceiling to the floor.

LORAINA (CONT'D)

Wow! This is a lot of toilet paper.

CASEY

It was an amazing deal.

LORAINA

Any amazing deals on PPE?

CASEY

Take off that mask.

LORAINA

It helps stop the spread.

CASEY

Masks scare our guests.



LORAIN  
They're patients Casey.

CASEY  
To-mato, tom-ato.

Casey holds out his right hand.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
Chop. Chop.

LORAIN  
There's three reported cases in  
Ohio. And we haven't even begun to  
test yet.

CASEY  
Now!

LORAIN  
Why is this so important to you?

CASEY  
You have ten seconds to hand over  
that mask, before Summerland is  
minus one volunteer, and one  
patient. Hmm?

LORAIN  
Casey... this is a mistake.

Loraine slowly takes off her mask and hands it to him.

CASEY  
We done?

LORAIN  
For now.

Loraine leaves Casey with his mountain of toilet paper.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Loraine leaves the storage room and bumps into Ashley.

ASHLEY  
Whoa!

LORAIN  
Sorry, Sis.

Loraine notices Ashley's been crying.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
You okay?

ASHLEY  
I'm fine.

Ash cries.

LORAINNE  
No, you're not.

Lorraine guides her to the Bistro bar.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
Let's grab some coffee. My treat.

ASHLEY  
Okay... courtyard?

LORAINNE.  
Sure thing. I will meet you out there.

ASHLEY  
Splendid.

LORAINNE  
What do you like in your coffee?

ASHLEY  
Any chance on an espresso?

LORAINNE  
I'll check and see.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - BISTRO - DAY

Lorraine pays for two coffees.

Another VOLUNTEER takes her money.

SOUND: CASH REGISTER DINGS.

Lorraine looks out the window and sees Ashley on a bench.

On a nearby TV, a muted Dr. Fauci warns the world.

VOLUNTEER  
Here you go.

LORAINNE  
Thank you.

EXT. COURTYARD GARDENS - BENCH - SAME TIME

Loraine hands Ashley her cup.

LORAINNE  
The best they could do was a latte.

ASHLEY  
Merci.

Ashley and Loraine sit side-by-side before a sea of tulips.

LORAINNE  
What's wrong?

ASHLEY  
ViVi's slight fever. They aren't going to release her yet. She should've been back home over a week ago.

LORAINNE  
That's just a precaution.

ASHLEY  
No. Each day she looks worse and feels weaker. I think it's her medication.

LORAINNE  
You're sister is strong willed.

ASHLEY  
Vivian is not my sister. She's... more.

LORAINNE  
Your partner?

ASHLEY  
We've been together for over forty-years now. And she still doesn't admit she's gay.

LORAINNE  
I'm sorry for you. That must be hard.

ASHLEY  
One sided love hurts, hundred percent of the time. Straight or gay.

LORAINNE  
True. So, you're Ash?

ASHLEY  
Yep.

LORAINNE  
So, how was the Palais Garnier  
Opera House?

Ashley looks at Loraine and laughs.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - COMMON AREA - NEXT DAY

Max reads from Wednesday, March 11th, 2020 edition of the  
Dayton Daily News. Dayton Strong logo is stamped on it.

MAX  
High of Fifty-Four. Yuck.

On the Newspaper's frontpage are four articles:

1. Sports, C1. Toppin Named Top A-10 Player.
2. Coronavirus Outbreak. Gov. Mike Dewine and Dr. Amy Acton  
stand before a chart with two different projected curves.
3. Nursing Homes: Screen Visitors.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Wow. This virus thing is getting  
real. Hank!

Helen and Hank sit by the big TV that hangs on the wall.

SOUND: TV ABSURDLY LOUD.

Closed-caption is on.

HANK  
Just a minute, Max! The Governor is  
speaking.

March 11th, 2020 Clip of Ohio Governor MIKE DEWINE and Ohio  
Department of Health Director AMY ACTON, M.D., give update on  
the status of the Coronavirus and the state's response.

DEWINE  
We are now in a critical time in  
regards to the coronavirus.  
(MORE)

DEWINE (CONT'D)

The decisions that we make as individuals in the next few days, the next several weeks, will really determine how many lives are going to be lost.

GIGI

Wow. This virus is twice as easy to pass on then the flu!

HANK

Hey, is it just me? Or is Dr. Acton, hot?

GIGI

Shh! Listen.

HANK

You'all should Google what Operation Mockingbird is.

GIGI

Shh!

DEWINE

There are things we do now that absolutely make a difference. Let me show you why. Dr. Acton.

DR. ACTON

Thank you, Governor. This is classic epidemiology and classic talk about a pandemic. And again, I keep saying its predictably unpredictable. There's stages that a virus takes and you can predict those. We are progressing down a continuum of increasing measures to protect the public.

HANK

Yeah, she's hot.

Max walks over and looks to the TV.

On the TV runs a Volkswagon commercial now.

MAX

Volkswagen. Ahh.

Max points at the CAMERA.

MAX (CONT'D)  
To my many brethren... Remember to  
stay away from the brown acid.

Max laughs at US.

FLASHBACK  
BEGINS:

INT. VOLKSWAGON MICRO BUS - UPSTATE N.Y. FARM - NIGHT

In the back of a dimly lit van, young Max wears tight jeans, a worn blue denim shirt with a Fringe suede Easy Rider western jacket.

He watches MARTHA sleep on a thin mattress. She is his muse.

Martha, late 20s, teacher by day, Hippie by weekend. She wears flared embroidered bell bottoms with a white v-neck blouse with a groovy design.

Max, with the back of his hand, traces the curvatures in her flawless to him face. He nears her. He breaths her in.

She faintly snores. It's adorable.

SUPER: "3 a.m. 1969. Woodstock."

Max grabs his guitar and softly plays Crosby, Stills & Nash's, Suite: Judy Blue Eyes.

YOUNG MAX  
It's getting to the point where I'm  
no fun anymore. I am sorry.  
Sometimes it hurts so badly I must  
cry out loud. I am lonely. I am  
yours, you are mine, you are what  
you are. You make it hard. Remember  
what we've said and done and felt  
about each other. Oh, babe have  
mercy. Don't let the past remind us  
of what we are not now. I am not  
dreaming. I am yours, you are mine,  
you are what you are. You make it  
hard.

Max bends down and kisses Martha on her forehead.

SOUND: LOUD FUNKY RIFF.

MARTHA  
Oh!

Freddie Stone of Sly and the Family Stone signature RIFF echoes and resonates off the VW micro bus's frame.

Martha pops up suddenly awake.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Sly's going on!

YOUNG MAX  
I just serenaded you with CSN.

MARTHA  
Thanks.... I heard it.

Martha gives him a quick kiss as she opens up the van's back doors. As the doors swing open, Woodstock at night appears.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
It was good. Mellow. But it's time  
for some funk!

A blanket wrapped Martha inches out of the micro bus.

Around her, the Hippie world has assembled.

HAPPY HIPPIES are everywhere.

A stoned HIPPIE gently bumps into Martha.

HIPPIE  
Sorry...

His stoned-out face draws closer to Martha's face. He slowly moves his fingertips into front of his face. He alone and the AUDIENCE can see the colorful streamers.

HIPPIE (CONT'D)  
Wow! Whatever you do... don't take  
the brown acid.

MARTHA  
Okay.

Max joins her as Sly and the Family Stone continue to play.

Max eyes Martha wrapped in her blanket for warm.

YOUNG MAX  
Music.

MARTHA  
Peace.

YOUNG MAX/MARTHA

And love.

Hippie returns as he enters the shot.

HIPPIE

Far out!

CUT TO THE MAIN  
STAGE:

Sly Stone and his band are lit in a rich blue light. Raw and powerful energy pulsates from their AMPS and performance.

MUSIC: Plays like Sly and the Family Stone, I Want To Take You Higher.

Sly wears circular red tinted glasses and has a big afro.

SLY

Folks! What we want to do... is to  
sing a song together! So... let it  
all hang out. I want to take you!

CUT TO MAX AND  
MARTHA:

Max and Martha dance next to their VW Micro Bus.

YOUNG MAX AND MARTHA

Higher!

Martha loses the blanket as she thrusts her hands way over her head and begins her seductive Hippie dance.

Max is feed by the music as he dances beside his muse.

MAX

I love you!

MARTHA

I know!

Then, she embraces him.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Let's get back to the stage.

YOUNG MAX

I will follow you anywhere.

END OF  
FLASHBACK:



INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - HANK'S ROOM - DAY

Loraine pops into Hank's room with a quick knock.

Hank is shirtless on the floor doing push-ups.

LORAINNE  
Oh, sorry Hank.

HANK  
That's all right. I'm done. I feel  
weak today.

Hank moves to grab his shirt. When he does so, Loraine sees  
the scars up and down Hank's back.

LORAINNE  
Mercy! What have you endured?

Hank puts on his tee shirt.

HANK  
Compliments of the Hanoi Hilton.

LORAINNE  
How you feeling?

HANK  
Emotional and physically drained.

LORAINNE  
That's normal.

Hank clears his throat. Then, he COUGHS hard.

HANK  
Sorry. I got a small tickle on the  
back of my throat.

Loraine pulls out her handheld thermometer and points it at  
Hank's head, PEEP! She reads it.

LORAINNE  
You have a slight fever.

HANK  
I do. What about it?

LORAINNE  
Have you had any visitors lately?  
Family or friends that travel?

HANK  
Visitors? Sadly, no. Rose, did. An old friend from Hong Kong. Why?

LORAINNE  
It's probably nothing, but...

HANK  
Lorraine! Not you too? This virus crap is all fake news. Communist propaganda. You know... bullshit!

LORAINNE  
Tell the Italians that.

Hank paces the room a bit.

HANK  
No virus is taking me out. Not after Hanoi. Nope. When I'm ready to depart this world, I'm going to take my Cessna Skyhawk out and on a direct course to Lake Michigan and... Splash!

LORAINNE  
A test wouldn't hurt.

HANK  
Sure. I'll pee in a cup. Bleed in a bag. Whatever you need.

Hank taps on a nearby table.

SOUND: KNOCK. KNOCK.

FLASHBACK  
BEGINS:

EXT. NORTHERN VIETNAM SKY - DAY

Below, through the white fluffy clouds, runs a serpentine river that leads to Hanoi. It's name, the Red River.

Super: "St. Valentine's Day, 1967."

Hank's F-4 Phantom comes into sight.

MUSIC: Petula Clark's, Downtown -like song plays.

CLARK  
When you're alone, and life is  
making you lonely. You can always  
go. Downtown.

INT. F-4 PHANTOM - HANK'S CRAFT - DAY

At 550 knots, young Hank and his co-pilot DAN traverse a  
mountainous jungle lined riverbed that leads to Hanoi.

CLARK  
Just listen to the music of the  
traffic in the city. Linger on the  
sidewalk where the neon signs are  
pretty. How can you lose?

DAN  
SAM City, die ahead.

Their approach is littered with SAM sites below. Small arm  
fire and flak explode below. Their ride gets bumpy.

YOUNG HANK  
Let's get lower.

The clouds are gone. The river shines below.

DAN  
New target coming up.

Hank flips a switch and arms his ATS missiles.

Flak explodes near by.

YOUNG HANK  
Got it. It's a lock. Four. Three.  
Two. One. Launch!

Two ATS missiles race out to their target.

DAN  
Downtown!

YOUNG HANK  
We can forget all our troubles.

DAN  
Forget all our cares.

YOUNG HANK/DAN  
So go downtown!

DAN  
Things'll be great when you're...

YOUNG HANK/DAN  
Downtown.

DAN  
Yes! Chalk another... Wait.

Orange fire bursts from camouflaged anti-aircraft guns.

DAN (CONT'D)  
AAA, firing below.

Dan eyes his instruments. Audio alert goes off.

SOUND: DET-DET-DET.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Strobe one o'clock. I'm detecting  
one. No two... SAMs, in air. En  
route. They got off.

YOUNG HANK  
Roger, that. Taking evasive  
maneuvers.

Hank hits a few switches. Then, he banks the aircraft.

DAN  
One has a lock on us.

YOUNG HANK  
Not for long. Let's dance.

DAN  
Bossa nova time.

YOUNG HANK  
Try to jam them.

Engines thrust as Hank puts the plane into a roll.

DAN  
SAM advancing on our nine.

Hank keeps alternating directions. He flies with the missile coming in from the right for a few secs then he turns one-hundred and eighty degrees.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Okay. SAM is now on our three.

The SAM missile changes direction.

YOUNG HANK  
Preparing counter measures.

Hanks flips a switch. Counter measures and flares drop from the craft's underbelly.

YOUNG HANK (CONT'D)  
Take the bait.

The SAM missile overpowers a flare and catches it.

Huge explosion.

SOUND: BOOM!

DAN  
Scratch one, SAM.

YOUNG HANK  
Where's the other one?

DAN  
Coming in fast, at four o'clock.

Hank flips another switch.

YOUNG HANK  
Arming Sidewinders.

A dial glows orange.

YOUNG HANK (CONT'D)  
Sidewinders now are armed.

DAN  
Hank, time to do some of that pilot  
shit.  
(tip of the hat to fellow  
Spartan Jim Cash)

YOUNG HANK  
I'm on it.

Hank moves the stick.

YOUNG HANK (CONT'D)  
Moving to intercept. Switching to  
guns.

Hank's instruments show the SAM is lined up.

Hank squeezes off rounds from the 20-mm Vulcan Gatling gun.

The bullets tear through the SAM.

The SAM explodes into a huge fireball.

SOUND: BOOM!

The F-4 avoids the fireball.

YOUNG HANK (CONT'D)  
What do you think, Dan? It's time  
to head home.

Audio alert goes off again.

SOUND: DET-DET-DET.

DAN  
Six o'clock!

A SAM missile destroys the right wing and the plane goes into  
an uncontrollable spin.

SOUND: BOOM!

YOUNG HANK  
Dan?!? You okay?

Hank attempts to look back but can't.

Hank gauges his controls. The stick is dead.

YOUNG HANK (CONT'D)  
Transmit one. May Day. May Day. May  
Day. Whiskey Alpha is hit. Bailing  
out.

TRANSIT ONE (O.S.)  
Roger, Whiskey Alpha, we have  
marked your position.

YOUNG HANK  
Dan, we're going to be alright.  
Eject!

Hank pulls the ejection cord.

The F-4's canopy explodes off. Then, the seats shoot out into  
mid-air. After a few seconds of RUSHING AIR, the parachutes  
shoot out. The chutes open and yo-yo Dan and Hank way up.

Dan's chute slips below Hank's chute.

Hank's chute slices gently through the puffy clouds.

YOUNG HANK (CONT'D)  
 Okay, tracking indicator is on. I  
 just need to find the river, and  
 head...

Hank breaks through the clouds. Hank has total clarity now.  
 He's falling toward a highly populated town. He attempts to  
 change course. He tugs on his chords.

Below him, a lifeless Dan's big white chute heads toward the  
 dense green jungle.

Hank is now a few hundred feet up above a crowded square.

Its INHABITANTS are angrily looking up at Hank.

YOUNG HANK (CONT'D)  
 Fuck! Downtown.

END OF  
 FLASHBACK:

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - CASEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Casey buys a new golf club on Amazon.

CASEY  
 Come to Papa.

SOUND: CLICK.

Loraine knocks on Casey's door.

This startles Casey.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
 For the love! Ahh, Loraine.

LORAINNE  
 You have a minute?

Casey minimizes the screen.

CASEY  
 Sure. How can I be of assistance?

LORAINNE  
 Any word when we're going to get  
 tests for COVID-19?

CASEY  
 Why?

LORAINÉ

We need to make certain this is a safe zone.

CASEY

Safe zone? Mrs. Schultz...

LORAINÉ

Lorraine.

CASEY

Yeah...

LORAINÉ

Vivian and Hank both show symptoms.

CASEY

Iron Man Hank?!? He's fitter than me. And Vivian? She's dealing with a slight infection from her surgery, that's all.

LORAINÉ

What if it's something else?

Casey stares at the clock on his wall.

CASEY

Look at the time. It's time for you to go home.

EXT. INTERSECTION - STOP LIGHT - NIGHT

Lorraine stops at the intersection.

ECU: RED SPOTLIGHT SHINES.

Lorraine plays with the radio's dial and hears...

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER

Sorry Flyer fans. DeWine announced he would be issuing an order on large gatherings that would prevent spectators from attending NCAA Tournament games in Dayton.

LORAINÉ

What? No basketball?



RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER  
The Governor also announced  
restrictions for visitations at  
nursing homes and assisted living  
facilities.

The spotlight turns green.

EXT. LORAINЕ'S HOME - NIGHT

Loraine hits the garage door opener button.

Bright light escapes from an otherwise pitch black home.

LORAINЕ  
I might need two glasses of  
Sauvignon Blanc tonight.

INT. LORAINЕ'S HOME - GARAGE - SAME TIME

Loraine parks and turns off the car's engine.

LORAINЕ  
Casey will turn me into an  
alcoholic by the end of this.

INT. LORAINЕ'S HOME - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Loraine wanders through her home. As she goes room to room,  
she flips on the lights.

LORAINЕ  
Oscar! Mommy's home! Oscar?

EXT. LORAINЕ'S HOME - FROM THE STREET - SAME TIME

One window frame at a time lights up until the last window.

INT. LORAINЕ'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Loraine flips the last switch. Instantly, she sees Oscar on  
her bed. He lies there motionless.

LORAINЕ  
There you are! Momma's home. You  
hungry, my boy?

Oscar still does not move.

Loraine moves to him.

EXT. LORAINES HOME - FROM THE STREET - SAME TIME

Rich, artificial light invades the surrounding darkness.

LORAINES (O.S.)

No!

INT. LORAINES HOME - FLORIDA ROOM - NEXT DAY

Loraine reads from Thursday, March 12th, 2020 edition of the Dayton Daily News. Dayton Strong logo is stamped on it.

LORAINES

Whats happening to the world?

On the Newspaper's frontpage are three articles:

1. NCAA won't Allow Fans at Games.
2. Nation & World, A14, Weinstein handed 23 years for rape, assault.
3. Latest on Coronavirus: Coronavirus Call Center: A Look inside Ohios Nerve Center. President Trump may delay Tax Deadline amid Outbreak.
4. Dow Drops more than 1,400 Points, Officially a Bear Market.

LORAINES (CONT'D)

We shouldn't be working without appropriate PPE.

EXT. LORAINES CAR - SAME DAY

Loraine drives her Mercedes by the hospital.

Outside WORKERS set up a large, military-styled tent.

LORAINES

They're preparing for worst case.

EXT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT - SAME DAY

Loraine walks up to the security door and swipes her badge.

SOUND: BUZZ!

LORAINNE

What?

She tries it again.

SOUND: BUZZ!

Lorraine KNOCKS on the door but no one answers.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)

Great. I must've gotten it wet or something.

EXT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Lorraine sees no one at the front desk.

LORAINNE

That's odd.

She hits the intercom button.

SOUND: BUZZ.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)

This is Lorraine. My badge isn't working.

Still no response. She hits the intercom button again.

SOUND: BUZZ.

CASEY (O.S.)

Oh.... Mrs. Schultz. I will be right out.

LORAINNE

How comforting.

Casey appears behind the glass, keys dangle in his hands. He acts like he's about to open the door. Then, he stops.

CASEY

Wait? You're not staff. You're a volunteer.

LORAINNE

So? Open up.

Casey steps back.

CASEY  
Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. Sorry. Orders, no  
one is allowed in... But staff.

LORAINNE  
What?

CASEY  
See the sign.

Casey points.

Lorraine notices the sign on the door and reads it.

LORAINNE  
Wash your hands. Stop the spread of  
COVID-19?

CASEY  
The other sign.

Lorraine sees it.

LORAINNE  
All visitors please stop. For the  
safety of our residents and staff  
we are limiting visitors at this  
time to special circumstances only.

Casey stands with the ring of keys lowered to his thigh.

CASEY  
Sorry, Lorraine. We'll see you again  
when all this is over.

Lorraine moves closer to the glass.

LORAINNE  
What about Bob?

CASEY  
Don't worry. We will take good care  
of him.

Casey leaves.

Lorraine watches Casey continue down the hallway and BANGS on  
the front door with all her might.

Casey, with his back to her waves bye-bye.

LORAINNE  
You bastard!