

THE MEMORIAL

Written by

David Shone

3234 Sunny Crest Lane, Dayton, OH 45419  
937-776-6729

FADE IN:

EXT. LORAINES HOME - DAY

Loraine lives in an affluent neighborhood nestled atop a hill that overlooks Charles F. Kettering Memorial Hospital.

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

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

SUPER: "Loraine. The Giver."

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.

LORAINES (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 as she boils water for her coffee.

This is when OSCAR appears, her cat.

Oscar purrs at her feet as he rubs up against her.

Loraine looks down to Oscar.

LORAINES  
Oscar, you flirting with me?

She bends down and scoops him up.

LORAINES (CONT'D)  
Hungry? Of course, you are. You're  
just like my Bob. A hearty eater.  
Yes, you are. 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. PLOP!

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

Oscar becomes ecstatic.

Loraine sets down the bowl.

LORAINNE

You better still love Momma after I  
give you this.

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

Oscar, in a golden patch of rich sunlight, is fast asleep on the kitchen floor. His bowl of food is entirely empty.

Loraine takes a small sip of her coffee.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)

Typical male.

INT. FLORIDA ROOM - LATER DAY

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

LORAINNE

High of Fifty-Two. Brr. Sunshine is  
the best medicine.

On the Newspaper's frontpage are three articles:

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 and stares at an empty seat.

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

INT. 1980'S BATHROOM - DAY - LATER

Lorraine fully dressed fixes her hair.

LORAINNE  
Mirror-mirror on the wall... who's  
the fairest of them all?

Lorraine stands motionless before the wall to wall mirror.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
Nothing?

She turns off the lights as she leaves.

SOUND: CLICK!

LORAINNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You're going to have to tell me  
later. I'm late.

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)  
Some things the Germans do get  
right.

Lorraine turns the keys. Then, she inserts a tape into the cassette player. Instantly, Chris Cornell's cover of Led Zeppelin's Thank You - like music plays.

CHRIS CORNELL  
If the sun refused to shine, I  
would still be loving you. When  
mountains crumble to the sea, there  
will still be you and me.

Lorraine pulls out of her drive.

LORAINNE  
Oh, Bob... you had exquisite taste.

INT. LORAINNE'S CAR - WINDING WAY - DAY

Lorraine drives her Mercedes 560SL as the music continues.

CHRIS CORNELL  
Kind woman, I give you all my  
heart. Kind woman, nothing more.  
Little drops of rain. Whisper of  
the pain, tears of loves lost in  
the days gone by.

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

CHRIS CORNELL (CONT'D)  
Our love is strong, with you there  
is no wrong. Together we shall go  
until we die. My, my, my.

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.

LORAINNE  
My. My. My.

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.

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

ARNIE  
My life, Lorraine!

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!

Lorraine 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 Kettering's 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, Lorraine.

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 Lorraine's hand gently.

CHANG  
Lorraine, he had a great life.

LORAINÉ  
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...

LORAINÉ  
And sometimes they must stand  
alone.

CHANG  
Yes.

LORAINÉ  
It's sad how fast he has  
deteriorated.

Another car pulls up behind them and HONKS!

Dr. Chang waves at 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.

LORAINÉ  
How about some UD tickets?

Dr. Chang stops and turns.

CHANG  
You think I'm a miracle worker?

LORAINÉ  
Yes. Go Flyers!

CHANG  
Go Flyers!

Lorraine drives on, and gives her own HONK! and a wave to an old friend. In the rearview mirror, she sees Dr. Chang's car turn left into Charles F. Kettering Memorial Hospital.

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

EXT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - DAY - LATER

Summerland Estates, an exceptional Rehabilitation and Nursing facility, who's 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 parks her Mercedes next to a black Honda Accord.

ABIGAIL NIGHTINGALE, 'NIGHTY,' an African-American woman who's heart is made of pure gold. She removes a big cardboard box from inside of her trunk.

Colorful necklaces and Mardi Gras supplies fill the box.

SUPER: "Nightingale. God's hands."

LORAININE  
Hi, Nighty!

NIGHTY  
We missed you.

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

NIGHTY  
Good for you girl.

LORAININE  
Imagine, twins!

Lorraine yawns.

NIGHTY  
Those little stinkers keep you up?

Lorraine nods.

The two share a laugh.

LORAININE  
Need some help?



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

LORAININE  
You're too good.

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

LORAININE  
How's Bob?

NIGHTY  
Same.

LORAININE  
Yeah. I miss him.

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.  
The monitor's light turns green.

SOUND: CLICK!

Lorraine opens it with a struggle.

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

NIGHTY  
Lorraine, we need you to hit the  
weight room.

LORAININE  
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?

LORAININE  
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.

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

LORAININE  
True beauty starts from within.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Loraine moves to catch up with Nighty and stops.

LORAININE  
Hey!

Loraine peers into a vacant room.

LORAININE (CONT'D)  
Where's Rose?

Nighty stops and turns.

NIGHTY  
Her pneumonia worsened.

LORAININE  
Is she okay?

Nighty shakes her head no.

NIGHTY  
She passed yesterday morning at Memorial.

LORAININE  
That quick?

NIGHTY  
You should have seen her? Wheezing, barely breathing.

LORAININE  
She was fine on Friday.

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

Loraine takes one more look into the vacant room.

LORAIN  
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.

LORAIN  
Poor Hank.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - HALLWAY - LATER DAY

Loraine gently knocks at Hank's door.

CAPTAIN HENRY 'HANK' PETERS, retired naval aviator, POW, and graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis. Hank Peters 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. She was a fellow Summerland resident.

Sadly, Rose just passed away the other day.

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.

LORAIN  
Hank?

HANK  
Just waiting on two-taps from the  
other side.

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

Hank moves and sits on the edge of his bed.

Lorraine 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.

Lorraine 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.

LORAINNE

Rose was Vietnamese.

HANK

Yeah... a little French too.

LORAINNE

It's normal to grieve.

HANK

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

LORAINNE

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. Because you already know what she is thinking. And...

Hank chokes up.

Lorraine 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 than Rose's death.

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

Lorraine and Nighty change Gigi's sheets.

Helen 'Gigi' Fairbanks. Age 87. 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 enjoyed 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, was dedicated to her community, and was a devoted wife, mother, and grandmother.

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

SUPER: "Gigi. Pure sweetness... spoiled."

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.

LORAININE  
He was... I miss him terribly.

GIGI  
Well, you can have my Vernon.

LORAININE  
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."

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.

He 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?

LORAINNE  
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?

LORAINNE  
Out with it.

CASEY  
Dr. Schultz's condition.

LORAINNE  
Bob's condition.

Casey examines his manicured nails.

LORAINNE (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.

LORAINNE  
What's our emergency plan?

CASEY  
We've never needed one.



LORAININE  
You can't be serious.

CASEY  
This virus is a West Coast, East  
Coast issue.

LORAININE  
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. The Healer."

ROBERT 'BOB' SCHULTZ, age 84, graduated from Miami University  
in 1958 and The Ohio State University College of Medicine  
with a Doctorate of Medicine in 1966. In 1967 he married  
Loraine Fletcher of Mason who he met in Oxford prior to  
medical school. He took great pride in delivering high  
quality surgical care to the citizens of Kettering and was  
proud to be a part of the Medical Staff of Kettering Medical  
Hospital. Bob was the runner-up as Kettering's Citizen of the  
Year, twice. Both times, his wife Loraine took the honor.

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.

LORAIN (CONT'D)  
Come back to me.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - VIVIAN'S ROOM - DAY

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

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 Corp. in 1960. 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 was Paris' Le Bonaparte Café, eating, chatting, and sipping on an endless espresso beside her husband Ash, the love of her life.

SUPER: "Vivian. IBM girl."

LORAIN  
Hi, Vivian. Oh!

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

LORAIN (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.

LORAIN  
Hi, I'm Loraine.

Lorraine offers Ashley her hand.

ASHLEY

Hi. I'm...

VIVIAN

Sis, you better get going. You know how Gatsby gets.

Ashley grabs her purse and overcoat.

ASHLEY

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

LORAINA

We shall.

ASHLEY

Bye, Sis.

VIVIAN

Good-bye.

LORAINA

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

VIVIAN

Yep. Friday. My knee is better than new.

LORAINA

Good.

Lorraine grows quiet.

VIVIAN

What's the problem?

LORAINA

I don't know. Your sister seemed sad.

VIVIAN

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

LORAINA

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 nurses or teaches 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!

LORAINÉ  
The future? Hmm.

An awkward silence develops.

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

Vivian holds up an empty plastic cup.

VIVIAN  
I would die for some fresh  
lemonade.

LORAINÉ  
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.

LORAINÉ  
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.

LORAINNE

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

Loraine curls her arm around Hank's arm.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)

It will be fun.

HANK

Okay. But just for a little while.

LORAINNE

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 LINDBERGH sits beside her and plays the piano.

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.

Upon his retirement from teaching, Max and his wife 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 illness. She died shortly after.

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?!?

LORAINNE

Great!

MAX

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

LORAINNE

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

MAX

Yes?

LORAINNE

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.

LORAINNE/MAX

I wish you love!

LORAINNE

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

Lorraine and Nightly change gear in the locker room.

NIGHTLY

Movie tonight? I heard Ordinary  
Love was good.

LORAINNE

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

NIGHTLY

It's real. Liam Neeson is in it.

LORAINNE

Abigail, you love sad Brit movies  
too much.

NIGHTLY

I'm a Brit at heart.

Lorraine grows quiet.

LORAINNE

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.

LORAINNE

Well, this circle of life is taken  
a rain check. I'm ready for a big  
glass of Sauvignon Blanc, then bed.

Lorraine 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.

LORAINNE

Hmm. True.

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

Lorraine reads from Tuesday, March 10, 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 tourney 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.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)

Not good.

She lowers her paper and stares at an empty seat.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)

Bob.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

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

LORAINNE

Here. I brought one for you too.

Nighty adjusts her nurse's credentials.

NIGHTY

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

LORAINNE

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.

LORAIN  
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.

LORAIN  
Sure thing, boss.

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

LORAIN (CONT'D)  
Wow! This is a lot of toilet paper.

CASEY  
It was an amazing deal.

LORAIN  
Any amazing deals on PPE?

CASEY  
Take off that mask.

LORAIN  
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.

LORAIN (CONT'D)

You okay?

ASHLEY

I'm fine.

Ash cries.

LORAIN

No, you're not.

Loraine guides her to the Bistro bar.

LORAIN (CONT'D)

Let's grab some coffee. My treat.

ASHLEY

Okay... courtyard?

LORAIN.

Sure thing. I will meet you out there.

ASHLEY

Splendid.

LORAIN

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.

VOLUNTEER  
Here you go.

LORAINNE  
Thank you.

EXT. COURTYARD GARDENS - BENCH - SAME TIME

Lorraine hands Ashley her cup.

LORAINNE  
The best they could do was a latte.

ASHLEY  
Merci.

Ashley and Lorraine 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.

LORAINNE  
You're sister is strong willed.

ASHLEY

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

LORAINÉ

Your partner?

ASHLEY

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

LORAINÉ

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

ASHLEY

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

LORAINÉ

They do. So, you're Ash?

ASHLEY

Yep.

LORAINÉ

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 11, 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 11, 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. 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.

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?

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

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

LORAININE  
It's probably nothing, but...

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

LORAININE  
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!

LORAININE  
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.

LORAINA  
 You have a minute?

Casey minimizes the screen.

CASEY  
 Sure. How can I be of assistance?

LORAINA  
 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. LORAINES HOME - NIGHT

Loraine hits the garage door opener button.

Bright light escapes from an otherwise pitch black home.

LORAINES  
I might need two glasses of  
Sauvignon Blanc tonight.

INT. LORAINES HOME - GARAGE - SAME TIME

Loraine parks and turns off the cars engine.

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

INT. LORAINES HOME - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

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

LORAINES  
Oscar! Mommys home! Oscar?

EXT. LORAINES HOME - FROM THE STREET - SAME TIME

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

INT. LORAINES HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME

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

LORAINES  
There you are! Mommas 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 12, 2020 edition of the Dayton Daily News. Dayton Strong logo is stamped on it.

LORAINES

Whats happening to the world?

On the Newspapers frontpage are three articles:

1. NCAA wont 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 shouldnt 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

Theyre 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!

EXT. LORAINES CAR - SOUTHERN BOULEVARD - DAY

As Loraine drives back home, she tears up as she processes not being able to see Bob.

LORAINES  
First Oscar. Now this.

When she passes the hospital, she smiles and does a U-turn.

LORAINES (CONT'D)  
Home.

EXT. LORAINES CAR - HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Loraine parks. Then, she eyes herself hard in the rearview mirror recites part of the Nurses' Creed.

LORAINES  
I will devote myself to the welfare  
of those committed to my care.  
Lord... I can give more.

EXT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - SIDEWALK - SAME TIME

Loraine walks along the hospital's green, groomed grounds that lead to Charles F. Kettering Memorial Hospital. As she reaches the sliding doors, they do not open.

A sign on the sliding door reads, *Effective immediately, no visitors allowed.*

Loraine knocks on the door. A masked SECURITY GUARD walks toward the doors.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
Sorry. Due to the virus, no  
visitors allowed.

LORAINES  
I'm not a visitor, I'm a nurse.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
Where are your credentials then?

BENNIE, an older masked security guard, approaches the door.

BENNIE  
Mrs. Schultz?

LORAINES  
Bennie!



Bennie removes a big ring of keys from his belt.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
(to Bennie)  
We're under orders.

BENNIE  
Yea, but she's no visitor.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - LOBBY - SAME TIME

Bennie escorts Loraine through the deserted lobby.

Loraine now wears a mask. She plays with it a bit as she passes a lobby TV.

Dr. Amy Acton is on the TV.

DR. ACTON  
I know this is hard because this virus is among us, but we can't see it yet. Just the fact of community spread says that at the very least one percent of our population is carrying this virus in Ohio today. We have eleven point seven million people... so the math is over hundred thousand people are infected.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Bennie walks Loraine down a long hospital corridor lined with former Chief Surgeons.

Loraine stops before a portrait of Dr. Robert Schultz. His picture is the second to the last portrait. Think Alan Alda.

LORAINNE  
Hi, Bob.

Stands Dr. Chang at the end of the corridor and speaks to a NURSE JENN, mid-50s, caregiver in scrubs who Loraine remembers when she was young.

JENN  
We can use the west wing as a confinement area.

LORAINNE  
Ronnie!

CHANG  
Lorraine?!? I don't need those  
tickets now.

LORAININE  
I know.

JENN  
Hi, Lorraine. Remember me?

LORAININE  
Oh my goodness... Jenn!

Jenn and Lorraine hug.

LORAININE (CONT'D)  
You're all grown up now.

JENN  
Is that your way of saying I'm old.

LORAININE  
Child, if you're old, I  
prehistoric.

Dr. Chang clears his throat.

JENN  
Good seeing you, Lorraine. Give, Dr.  
Schultz a big hug from me.

LORAININE  
I will.

Jenn leaves.

LORAININE (CONT'D)  
I can help.

CHANG  
(to Lorraine)  
Let's walk.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - GLASS CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Dr. Chang leads Lorraine through a glass corridor that  
connects the main building with the building that contains  
their Level II Trauma Center.

CHANG  
Lorraine, is this wise? You're high  
risk.

LORAININE  
Yes, I'm high risk, but I still  
have something to offer. Empathy. A  
holding hand.

Dr. Chang ponders this.

LORAININE (CONT'D)  
Ronnie, come on. I'm not dead yet!

CHANG  
I know... it's just that the world  
has changed since you retired.  
Especially, here. We do things...  
differently.

LORAININE  
Really? So we no longer heal?

Dr. Chang looks over his shoulder.

CHANG  
Lorraine, the technology has  
changed.

LORAININE  
Look at me.

Lorraine stops Dr. Chang.

LORAININE (CONT'D)  
I'm tired of that look.

CHANG  
What look?

LORAININE  
Pity. I'm a good nurse.

Lorraine and Dr. Chang reach the elevator bay.

CHANG  
You're better than that.

Lorraine nods her appreciation.

Dr. Chang hums and ponders. Then, he hits the up button.

CHANG (CONT'D)  
I want to show you something.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

Loraine and Dr. Chang stand in silence as the worst elevator music plays in Ohio.

Dr. Chang hums along. Then. He leans over to over to Loraine.

DR. CHANG

Catchy.

SOUND: DING!

The elevator doors slide open.

Dr. Chang motions for Loraine to go off first.

DR. CHANG (CONT'D)

Loraine... Welcome to our Covid floor.

Loraine steps into the whiteness: white tiled floors, white tall walls, white nurses station with a white big dialed clock. Flanking the nurses station are big rooms with large see through glass sliding doors. Beyond them are monitors and machines. All the hospital beds in sight are empty.

Rich wonderful sun light shines in from the rooms.

LORAINA

Heaven.

CHANG

Let's hope not.

They approach the nurses station.

Gathered there, under a sign that reads Critical Care, is an assembly of HEALTH CARE PROFESSIONALS/REAL-LIFE HEROES of different ages and specialties. They all wear PPE: blue hair nets, shield visors, plastic goggles, various personal styled masks, and paper-like throwaway scrubs.

Jonathon, mid-40s male nurse with a cool-looking Captain America mask on that hides his always present smile, notices Loraine's arrival.

JONATHON

What do we have here? Fresh from retirement.

LORAINA

Not so fresh Jonathon, but thanks.

SARAH, mid-50s caregiver with a dirty mouth and not so hidden tattoo collection.

SARAH  
Lorraine's back.  
(Cool-Aid style)  
Oh, yeah! We're going to kick some virus arse!

CHANG  
I think you remember most of these amazing caregivers.

Lorraine absorbs the moment and the energy around her.

LORRAINE  
I do.

CHANG  
Then, suit up!

JONATHON  
Avengers assemble!

The staff poses like super heroes. One shows off her guns, another acts like he is adjusting his imaginary tie, Sarah reveals some skin art, and Jonathon acts like he's holding up Captain America's shield.

Surges the positive life force and energy from these amazing group of human beings and caregivers.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - NURSES STATION - DAY

On one of the computer monitors, displays a story that Tom Hanks and his wife have the virus.

Nighty types patient notes on the opposite computer.

Casey approaches from beyond the desk.

CASEY  
Any news on those Covid tests.

NIGHTY  
None. They keep saying soon.

CASEY  
Great. I can't get my hands on any additional PPE. The orders I placed last week have been cancelled.

NIGHTY  
I can try Amazon again.

CASEY  
I don't care where we get them from  
or the costs.

Nighty reaches into her pocket and pulls out the surgical mask Loraine gave her.

NIGHTY  
Have your views on these changed?

CASEY  
Abigail, I don't want to alarm the residents.

NIGHTY  
Alarm the residents? They're glued to the news twenty-four-seven now.

CASEY  
I know. I just don't want to make matters worse.

On cue, Nighty's iPhone rings and displays a picture of Loraine's smiling face.

Casey looks over the desk at the phone and sees Loraine's face looking back at him in an act of judgement.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
Do you need to get that?

NIGHTY  
I will call her back.

CASEY  
No. Pick it up. I'm sure she's worried about Bob.

Casey taps the top of the desk like playing the drums and moves on down the hall.

Nighty picks up.

NIGHTY  
Hey, girlfriend!  
(pauses as she listens to  
Loraine share her news)  
You don't say? Looks like you're  
back on the front line.  
(listens again)  
Bob? Bob's the same.

Gigi approaches the desk.

GIGI  
Abigail?

Nighty looks up to the top of Helen's head. She leans over.

NIGHTY  
Yes, GiGi?

GIGI  
Vivian, isn't looking so good?

NIGHTY  
Okay, I will check.

Nighty brings her phone back up to her ear.

NIGHTY (CONT'D)  
Sweetie, I have to go.

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

Vivian lays in her bed motionless. She struggles to breathe.

VIVIAN  
Hmm. Mr. Whipple.

FLASHBACK  
BEGINS:

EXT. P & G FACTORY - ENTRANCE - DAY

Young Vivian walks into the building like she owns it.

MUSIC: James Brown's, Get Up -like song plays.

P&G  
Corridor lined with 70's ad posters  
of P&G products.

SUPER: "Cincinnati, 1971."

BUSINESSMEN and FACTORY WORKERS gawk at her as she passes.

She continues on until she reaches an office marked, Data Processing Manager.

MOLLY, sits at her desk, 1950's looking secretary.

YOUNG VIVIAN  
Hi, Molly. Mr. Whipple in?

MOLLY  
Mr. White is busy.

YOUNG VIVIAN  
Let's see if that's true.

MOLLY  
Hey! Where are you going?

Young Vivian storms by and walks into...

MR. WHITE'S OFFICE

Unannounced.

MR. WHITE is working alright, on his putting game. With putter in hand, he uses a glass as the hole across the smooth green carpeted floor. He wears a fine conservative navy suit as he stands over his golf ball.

He is not bothered my the intrusion.

MR. WHITE  
Ahh, Vivian... glad to see you.

YOUNG VIVIAN  
I heard there was an issue with your Series One computer.

MR. WHITE  
Yes, its a piece of shit.

YOUNG VIVIAN  
Doubt it. These machines effectively run Nuclear Power Control systems. So counting people that buy your toothpastes, diapers and detergents is mere child's play to its software.

MR. WHITE  
My men have tried all morning to get the goddamn thing to work.

YOUNG VIVIAN  
Show me.

Mr. White putts and the white ball goes into the glass cup.

MR. WHITE  
Sure thing.



INT. P & G HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Mr. White leads Vivian to his Data Processing Servers.

MR. WHITE

I don't know. It stopped working.

YOUNG VIVIAN

Stopped. Odd. No sensor warnings?

MR. WHITE

I leave that stuff to the eggheads.

YOUNG VIVIAN

Mr. White.. Companies like yours  
have grown, exponentially from  
regional, to national, to  
international corporations thanks  
to computers like ours. Why? Data  
processing. Taking data points,  
hundreds even thousand and  
reporting..

Mr. White holds up his hand as if bored.

The two approach the Series One Computer, it takes up the  
entire room.

MR. WHITE

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Save the sales  
pitch. I just need what you sold me  
to work before I replace it.

Vivian rushes to it.

YOUNG VIVIAN

Alright, baby. What's up?

ENGINEERS gather around Mr. White.

Vivian walks around the large boxy computer.

YOUNG VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Ah, yes... there isn't any question  
about it. The problem is traceable  
to...

Vivian holds up the unplugged cord.

YOUNG VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Human error.

Vivian looks at the engineers.

YOUNG VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
Hey guys, yes... electricity is a necessity.

Mr. White looks at his engineers.

MR. WHITE  
What?!? Are you kidding me.

ENGINEER #1  
The cleaning lady must have...

YOUNG VIVIAN  
It helps when its plugged in.

She does so and the machine comes alive.

MR. WHITE  
Thank you, Vivian.

YOUNG VIVIAN  
Since, I'm here. I will run the built-in diagnostics. See if anything comes up.

Mr. White to the engineers.

MR. WHITE  
Pony up.

ENGINEERS  
What?

MR. WHITE  
For her lunch.

The engineers collect some cash.

Mr. White grabs it.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)  
Our cafeteria is pretty good.

Vivian grabs the money.

YOUNG VIVIAN  
Thanks.

INT. P & G HALLWAY - LATER DAY

Vivian marches toward the cafeteria.

YOUNG VIVIAN  
Ahh, men, they are a simple lot.

P & G FACTORY CAFETERIA - MONTAGE

1. Vivian grabs her tray.
2. She inches down a long lunch line of heavy starches, bloody meats, and colorful Jell-O's.
3. She selects her food.
4. Pays the cashier.

Young Vivian sees Young Ash all alone at a table as she reads a thick book.

YOUNG VIVIAN  
Well, what do we have here? Typist.  
Executive Assistant?

YOUNG ASHLEY  
Ashley looks up... Engineer. I have  
the degree in my office to proof  
it.

YOUNG VIVIAN  
Well, isn't life full of unexpected  
goodness. Engineer, ah, well your  
colleagues here don't overly  
impress me.

Vivian pops down.

YOUNG VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
May I join you?

YOUNG ASHLEY  
Sure, if you drop the bullshit.

Vivian examines Ashley hard.

YOUNG VIVIAN  
Hmm... Fair enough.

YOUNG ASHLEY  
Welcome, then.

YOUNG VIVIAN  
Hi, I'm Vivian.

YOUNG ASHLEY  
I'm Ash.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

INT. SUMMERPLACE ESTATES - VIVIAN'S ROOM - DAY

Nighty and GiGi arrive and rush over to Vivian's aid.

NIGHTY  
Vivian, are you okay?

VIVIAN  
I can't... breathe.

Nighty checks her temperature.

NIGHTY  
You're burning up, girl.

Gigi grabs Vivian's hand.

GIGI  
Vivian I got you, dear. May I say a prayer?

VIVIAN  
No, Gigi... you shouldn't.

Vivian squeezes GiGi's hand hard.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
Me and Him.... have been at it...  
for some time now.

Nighty grabs an oxygen line and inserts it into Vivian's nostrils. Then, she turns the machine on.

SOUND: SHHHH.

Condensed oxygen passes through the plastic line and into Vivian's throat and lungs.

NIGHTY  
Better?

Vivian nods yes.

VIVIAN  
Better.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - HALLWAY - LATER

Nighty and Helen walk down the hall.

NIGHTY

GiGi. I need you to go back to your room but don't touch anything until you wash your hands. And change your clothes.

GIGI

Why?

NIGHTY

I think Vivian is sick and I don't want you to catch it.

GIGI

You mean?

NIGHTY

She's showing all the symptoms.

GIGI

Okay.

Helen goes to her room.

NIGHTY

And, Gigi...

Helen turns.

GIGI

Yes?

NIGHTY

No more visits to Vivian's room.  
Spread the word.

Helen nods and goes to her room.

Nighty heads to Casey's office. As she passes Hank's room, she hears Hank having a coughing fit.

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

A lifeless Hank sits in a chair facing the windows.

Nighty pops in.

NIGHTY

Hank, you okay?

HANK  
I got a fever.  
(coughs)  
I can't shake.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - GIGI'S BATHROOM - DAY

Helen takes a steamy shower. Hot water hits her body.

GIGI  
Lord, give me the strength to get  
through this day.

Helen turns off the shower. Then, she towels off.

She starts hum.

She reaches for her robe that hangs nearby. As she leaves the shower, she ties her robe.

Now, she stands before a steamed-up mirror.

She continues to hum.

She takes her left hand and wipes part of the mirror clear.

A small part holds her reflection.

GIGI (CONT'D)  
Vern, you ungrateful prick, you  
stole my life.

FLASHBACK  
BEGINS:

EXT. FAIRBANKS FORD SIGNAGE - DAY

A mid-sized Ford dealership showcases 1984 new models:  
E-150s, Broncos, Escorts, F-150s, and Lasers.

SUPER: "Kettering. 1984."

INT. FAIRBANKS FORD - SHOWROOM - SAME TIME

VERNON, mid-40s, side-burns and wavy hair, wears a dapper  
suit swing opens a powder blue Ford LTD Crown Victoria  
detailed to perfection.

CLAIRE, 30s, an attractive potential car buyer.

VERNON  
Here you go. I hope you like the  
color...

CLAIRE  
Claire.

Claire slips into the Crown Victoria.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Leather. Nice!

VERNON  
Nothing beats leather.

CLAIRE  
Nothing? Hmm. Want to hop in... Mr.  
Fairbanks?

VERNON  
Please call me Vern.

Vernon moves around to the passenger seat.

Appears YOUNG GIGI with YOUNG LORAINNE by her side.

YOUNG GIGI  
Give it a break, Vern. Claire has  
terrible credit.

CLAIRE  
Hey!

VERNON  
Helen!

YOUNG GIGI  
Sorry Claire. Truth hurts  
sometimes. Enjoy your day.

Helen and Loraine continue their stroll through the showroom.

YOUNG LORAINNE  
Look at all this new cars.

YOUNG GIGI  
Vern likes to max out our floor  
plan.

YOUNG LORAINNE  
Floor plan?

YOUNG GIGI  
Leased inventory. Loraine, we  
couldn't afford to purchase all  
these cars on our own.

YOUNG LORAINAINE  
So these are leased from Ford?

YOUNG GIGI  
Until someone buys it.

YOUNG LORAINAINE  
Very interesting.

YOUNG GIGI  
That's the racket we're in. You  
save lives. We provide monthly car  
payments for life.

They walk continues through the dealership pass the waiting  
room, toward the Parts Department.

Helen draws closer to Loraine's ear.

YOUNG GIGI (CONT'D)  
New cars isn't where we make our  
money.

YOUNG LORAINAINE  
No?

YOUNG GIGI  
There's way more margin in used. In  
reality, to stay afloat all  
departments need to be humming.  
Finance, Sales, Parts, and...

Helen opens the door into...

SERVICE DEPARTMENT

Huge, two story room lined with auto bays on both sides. A  
few lifts have cars up in the air.

Loraine nods her appreciation as she enters.

Helen follows.

YOUNG GIGI (CONT'D)  
And Service.

ATTICUS an Afro-American mechanic and TOM the Lot Boy stand  
besides Loraine's red with white lines F-150.



The truck shines!

YOUNG LORAIN  
It's ready!

YOUNG GIGI  
(to Tom)  
Nice job, Tom. It looks great.  
(to Sam)  
Does it run great?

Atticus wipes off grease from his hands with a rag.

ATTICUS  
It does, Mrs. Fairbanks.

Atticus pulls the bill out of his back pocket.

YOUNG GIGI  
Thanks, Atticus.

Helen grabs the bill and reads it.

YOUNG GIGI (CONT'D)  
Ahh, it looks like all warranty  
work. You're in luck.

YOUNG LORAIN  
Really?!?

YOUNG GIGI  
Really. Keys are in it.

Helen side-steps Atticus.

YOUNG GIGI (CONT'D)  
Excuse me.

ATTICUS  
Of course.

Helen opens up the truck's driver side door.

Lorraine hops in.

YOUNG LORAIN  
Thanks, GiGi.

As drives off, Atticus comes over to Helen.

ATTICUS  
Warranty work?

YOUNG GIGI

Yep.

She crumbles up the bill and tosses it in a nearby trash bin.

ATTICUS

You know... her husband is a doctor.

YOUNG GIGI

Yep. Helped me deliver both my boys. And your darling little girl.

ATTICUS

Warranty work.

Helen smiles at Atticus.

YOUNG GIGI

Yep.

END OF  
FLASHBACK:

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - NIGHT

Jonathon escorts Loraine through the COVID ward. The two are suited-up in full PPE.

JONATHON

As you can see, we only have two suspected cases on the floor. But we are ready for more.

Jonathon leads Loraine into a patient's room.

Arnie rests in a hospital bed.

Loraine looks at the board as she hears.

ARNIE

(weak)

Loraine?

Loraine turns, sees Arnie, Bob's old golf buddy from the club in the bed. Oxygen tubes fill his nostrils.

LORAINA

Arnie! What in god's green earth are you doing here?

JONATHON

I will let you too catch up.

ARNIE  
I.... Can't. Breathe.

LORAININE  
Okay. You're in good hands now.

Arnie nods, as he closes his eyes. The entire exchange appears to have worn him out.

Lorraine adjusts his blanket.

LORAININE (CONT'D)  
Arnie, can I get you anything?

Arnie's eyes are still closed.

ARNIE  
More... time.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - LATER

Lorraine joins Jonathon.

LORAININE  
Wow. I've known Arnie for years.

JONATHON  
You check his vitals?

LORAININE  
Not good.

JONATHON  
He has a do not resuscitate order.

LORAININE  
So no intubation?

Jonathon nods.

JONATHON  
Our days are going to get much worse, before they get better.

Lorraine agrees.

LORAININE  
It's just harder when it's people that you know.

JONATHON

Yeah, that never changes. We have one more, down the hall. She was my music teacher.

LORAINNE

She?

JONATHON

She.

LORAINNE

Good.

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - ARNIE'S ROOM - LATER

Lorraine enters the room and it appears Arnie is asleep. As she turns, she hears Arnie's voice.

ARNIE

Lorraine, I don't... want... to die.

Lorraine goes to him. She takes a seat next to his bed.

LORAINNE

Arnie, right now, you have a do not resuscitate order in land.

ARNIE

No machines!

LORAINNE

This virus is attacking your lungs. Fills them with mucus. That's why you're finding it so hard to breathe.

ARNIE

I know.

LORAINNE

A ventilator can buy you time. Time for your immune system to fight off the infection.

ARNIE

No.

LORAINNE

Arnie?

ARNIE

My life... Lorraine.

As he closes his eyes, he repeats himself.

                    ARNIE (CONT'D)  
My life.

Lorraine stands and adjusts his blankets.

Arnie awakens.

                    ARNIE (CONT'D)  
Closer.

Lorraine draws closer to Arnie. Her clear visor almost touches the tip of Arnie's nose.

                    ARNIE (CONT'D)  
I never... had a love... in my  
life... like you and Bob had.

                    LORAININE  
I'm sorry, Arnie.

Arnie nods. Then, he falls asleep.

Dr. Chang appears with a chart in his hands.

                    CHANG  
His oxygen levels are way too low.

                    LORAININE  
He has a DNR order in place.

Dr. Chang shakes his head.

                    CHANG  
In that case, its time to notify  
his family.

                    LORAININE  
I will call them.

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - NURSE STATION - NIGHT

Lorraine speaks to DAVID, Arnie's eldest son on the phone.

                    LORAININE  
David, I know. I saw your father  
playing golf just the other day.

Lorraine listens.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
 I can't. He has a do not  
 resuscitate order in place.

Lorraine listens some more.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry. Right now, there's no  
 visitors allowed. Even in extreme  
 cases like this.

Lorraine listens.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
 I will be with him, and I'll keep  
 trying to change his mind. You're  
 welcome. Keep your phone handy.

As Lorraine returns the phone to its receiver, the elevator  
 DINGS! And its doors slide open.

Sarah and two other CAREGIVERS rush a hospital bed onto the  
 floor. In it is Vivian, and she doesn't look good.

SARAH  
 Possible Covid-Positive patient  
 with respiratory issues.

LORAINNE  
 Oh, Vivian.

SARAH  
 EMS says there's another Summerland  
 resident enroute.

LORAINNE  
 Hank.

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - ARNIE'S ROOM - LATER NIGHT

Lorraine sits, holding Arnie's hand as he's breaths become  
 shallower and shallower. She looks up the heart monitor, as a  
 tear forms in the corner of her eye. This is when, she gives  
 Arnie's hand a big squeeze, as he slowly stops breathing.

Arnie's lungs GULP and gasp out one last time for air.

LORAINNE  
 Good-bye, Arnie.

Dr. Chang appears at the door.

CHANG  
Go home, Loraine.

LORAINNE  
I need to call his family.

CHANG  
I can.

Dr. Chang and Loraine enter the...

HALLWAY

And walk down the ward toward the...

NURSES STATION

Suspected Covid-positive PATIENTS fill the beds.

Loraine looks at their helpless faces in need.

LORAINNE  
I really should stay.

CHANG  
You've done enough today.

INT. LORAINNE'S CAR - SOUTHERN BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Loraine listens to the news from her radio.

President Trump addresses America.

TRUMP  
I want every American to be  
prepared for the hard days that lie  
ahead. This could be a hell of a  
bad two weeks. This is going to be  
three weeks like we've never seen  
before.

NEWS ANNOUNCER adds.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
The White House projects that the  
new coronavirus could kill between  
hundred thousand and two hundred  
and forty thousand Americans. Dr.  
Anthony Fauci, the government's top  
infectious disease expert, shared.

FAUCI

This is a number that we need to anticipate, but we don't necessarily have to accept it as being inevitable.

Loraine switches it off as she approaches her darkened home.

As she turns down her driveway, she sees a parked SUV.

LORAINNE

What's this?

As she slowly passes, the SUV's driver's window comes down.

ASHLEY (O.S.)

Mrs. Schultz.

Loraine rolls down her passenger window and peers into the vehicle as its inner lights switch on. This reveals Ashley.

LORAINNE

Ashley? How did you know where I live?

ASHLEY

Phone book.

LORAINNE

They still make those. Come. Let's have some tea.

INT. LORAINNE'S HOME - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Loraine boils water in a whistling tea pot on the stove.

Ashley paces the kitchen floor.

ASHLEY

How is she?

LORAINNE

Not well. In fact, she's fighting for her life.

ASHLEY

I knew we shouldn't have gone to that nursing home.

LORAINNE

It's a contagion. It's everywhere now.



SOUND: WHISTLING POT!

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
Time for tea.

ASHLEY  
Do you like crème with your...

Ashley opens up the refrigerator, peeks in, and stops.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
Lorraine?

LORAINNE  
Yes.

ASHLEY  
Do you know you have a dead cat in  
your fridge?

LORAINNE  
Oh, don't mind him... that's Oscar.  
I just need to find the time to dig  
him a nice, big hole in the  
backyard.

Ashley closes the refrigerator's door.

ASHLEY  
Ahh, I see. I will skip the crème.

LORAINNE  
Sit.

Ashley joins Lorraine at the kitchen table.

ASHLEY  
ViVi has always been the strong  
one. In forty years, I have only  
seen her cry once.

Lorraine takes a sip of her tea.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
She lost out on a promotion she  
thought she deserved. Instead, they  
gave it to a younger man.

LORAINNE  
What happened?

ASHLEY

In three years, they closed that office down. Hmm... I need to see her again.

LORAINÉ

I'm afraid no one but staff is allowed into the building.

ASHLEY

I must see her. If she dies, she can't die alone.

LORAINÉ

I know. Tonight, my husband's old golfing buddy died in my arms. He was perfectly healthy a week ago, and now...

ASHLEY

He's dead?

Lorraine nods.

LORAINÉ

This is a terrible virus.

ASHLEY

In your expert opinion, how much time does Vivian have?

LORAINÉ

She has a DNR order in place.

ASHLEY

DNR?

LORAINÉ

Do not resuscitate. So, no ventilators.

ASHLEY

If she went on a ventilator, what's her chances?

LORAINÉ

Fifty-Fifty.

ASHLEY

And without?

LORAINÉ

Hmmm. Ten percent. Maybe less.

ASHLEY

She's going on a ventilator then.

LORAINÉ

Ash, I'm exhausted. So, I need to go to bed before I fall over.

ASHLEY

Okay.

Lorraine gets up.

LORAINÉ

Spend the night, or for that matter, stay as long as you like or until...

ASHLEY

Until... hmm. Yeah. Thank you.

LORAINÉ

Grab any room you like.

Lorraine stops as she sees her iPad on the kitchen counter.

ASHLEY

What?

LORAINÉ

I have an idea. But I'm going to need your help.

ASHLEY

You going to sneak me in?

LORAINÉ

Sort of.

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - VIVIAN'S ROOM - NEXT DAY

Lorraine enters Vivian's room.

Vivian laboriously breathes. An oxygen tube connected to a machine feeds her lungs air.

LORAINÉ

Hi, Vivian.

Vivian looks up wearily.

VIVIAN

Lorraine? What.. are you...

LORAININE  
Doing here?

Vivian nods.

LORAININE (CONT'D)  
Once a nurse, always a nurse.

VIVIAN  
Get A-s-h.

LORAININE  
That's why I'm actually here.

Lorraine pulls out an iPad and hits the Facetime button. Ashley's face fills the screen. She holds the device inches away from Vivian's face.

ASHLEY  
Baby, you don't look so good.

VIVIAN  
Bad hair... day.

ASHLEY  
Babe, I know you're scared. But you may need to go on a ventilator, for a short while.

Tears stream drop Vivian's face.

VIVIAN  
Ash... I don't know if I...

ASHLEY  
You can. And you will. ViVi, you need to do this... for me.

Vivian wipes off some tears and looks up at Lorraine.

VIVIAN  
Lorraine. This is... A-s-h. Not my sister. She's more. She's the love... of my life.

On the screen, tears stream down Ashley's cheeks too.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
She's my... better half.

Vivian softly touches the screen with her forefinger. Then, she inches closer and closer to it.

Lorraine moves the iPad nearer to Vivian's face.

ASHLEY  
Ventilator?

Vivian weakly nods.

Loraine turns the iPad around and sees Ashley.

LORAINNE  
I need to get a doctor.

ASHLEY  
Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.  
ViVi, you stay strong!

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR'S BREAK ROOM - DAY

Loraine's wary head rests atop a break room. The Dayton Daily News lays by her face. The banner reads, *Large Gatherings Prohibited*. She naps as she drools.

Her phone RINGS.

LORAINNE  
It's been ten minutes already.

Loraine leans up, wipes at the drool at her face.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
How adorable.

Then, she answers the phone.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
Hello?

NIGHTY (O.S.)  
Loraine. I'm with Bob. I'm going to  
Facetime you now.

Loraine lays down the phone and plays with her hair.

LORAINNE  
I'm glad there's not a mirror  
around here.

Her phone RINGS again and she answers it.

INTERCUTTING between Loraine in the Break Room, and Nighty and Bob in his room at the nursing home.

IN THE BREAK ROOM

LORAINNE (CONT'D)

Hi!

Bob is on the screen. He is awake.

BOB

Who's this?

LORAINNE

It's Loraine, Bob. I love you.

IN BOB'S ROOM

BOB

I'm married?

Loraine is on screen.

LORAINNE

I know, Bob. We are married to each other. Over fifty years now.

Bob points to Nighty.

BOB

Then, who's this?

IN BREAK ROOM

LORAINNE

That's Abigail. Your nurse.

IN BOB'S ROOM

BOB

My nurse? What do I need a nurse for?

NIGHTY

Honey, I just bring you your meals.

THE BREAK ROOM

Sarah opens up the door.

SARAH

(mouths)

Sorry. We need you.

LORAINNE

Okay. Nighty, thank you! Bob, it was good to see you and hear your voice, but I've have to go.

NIGHTY (O.S.)  
Good luck, girl!

Lorraine hangs up and hurries to where she is needed.

IN BOB'S ROOM

Bob looks up to Nighty.

BOB  
Nighty? I thought you were Abigail?

NIGHTY  
Yes, I am both. My full name is  
Abigail Camille Nightingale.  
Lorraine calls me Nighty for short.

BOB  
Ahh! You sure we aren't married?

Nighty shakes her head and laughs.

NIGHTY  
I'm sure, Bob.

BOB  
Hmm.

NIGHTY  
What?

BOB  
That sure was a pretty girl on that  
phone. Hmm, Lorraine. Sounds  
familiar.

NIGHTY  
You're a lucky man, Bob.

BOB  
Hmm. I'm getting hungry.

NIGHTY  
You just ate!

BOB  
I did?

Bob's attention moves to outside his window.

Nighty moves on with her rounds.

MATCH CUT:  
TULIPS

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - LATER DAY

A group of TOWNIES cut through a flower bed of tulips to reach the hospital parking lot.

That is when, she sees Dr. Chang stands up. He's in the back of a F-150 pick-up truck. He holds a bull horn in hand.

Nurse Sarah stands beside him.

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - HANK'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Lorraine peers down at the gather in the parking lot.

LORRAINE

What in God's earth is this?

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

A riot in the making confronts Dr. Chang and Nurse Sarah as they attempt to disband the multitudes. The two stand on the bed of a pickup truck to address the high-anxiety crowd. They both wear facemasks and gloves.

The crowd chants.

TOWNIES

We want tests! We want tests! We  
want tests!

Dr. Chang uses his brain and bull horn to disburse the crowd.

CHANG

(on bull horn)

Please return to your cars!

TOWNIES

We want tests!

CHANG

The drive-thru testing is at UD  
Arena! You're at the wrong place.  
Please return to your cars. Tests  
are for critical phase only.

SARAH

(to Chang)

This is crazy.

She looks around the parking lot.



SARAH (CONT'D)  
Where's security?

LEAD TOWNIE, 50s, eyes full of hate, wears blue jeans and a black T-Shirt that reads, *Your Stomp on My Flag, I will Stomp your Arse!* He moves front and center.

LEAD TOWNIE  
Crazy, huh? Well, if it wasn't for  
your friend's kind, I wouldn't need  
a goddamn test.

Dr. Chang and Sarah look down at the hater.

CHANG  
Excuse me... kind?

SARAH  
Easy buddy.

Lead Townie turns around to his captured audience.

LEAD TOWNIE  
This here China-boy...

Lead Townie turns back to his good, old BUDDY behind him.

LEAD TOWNIE (CONT'D)  
Ain't that smart about this Wuhan  
virus, is he now?

SARAH  
(whispers to Chang)  
You're Korean.

CHANG  
Shh. Trust me, it doesn't matter.

BUDDY  
Hey Chinaman! What in the hell are  
you doing here?

Dr. Chang bends down.

CHANG  
It appears. I'm giving tests out.

LEAD TOWNIE  
Good!

Looks back at the others.

LEAD TOWNIE (CONT'D)  
I told yeah. Me first.

CHANG

This Chinaman spent four years on his bachelor's degree. Four years in medical school. Four years in his residency. And it appears... too many years here.

Dr. Chang slaps the back of the truck's bed to stress this. Then, he removes a handheld laser heat thermometer from his lab coat, he points it like a gun to the redneck's forehead.

CHANG (CONT'D)

To do this.

Dr. Chang pulls the trigger.

CHANG (CONT'D)

Bang.

The heat gun BEEPS.

Dr. Chang reads it.

CHANG (CONT'D)

Ninety-Eight point One. No fever. You will live. So, go back home.

SARAH

Return to your cars! Please! You shouldn't be gathering in large groups like this.

Hospital SECURITY shows up. Bennie is with them.

BENNIE

Please return to your cars. This is private property.

Sarah and Dr. Chang watch the crowd disperse.

The lead Townie and his Buddy melt into the masses.

SARAH

Xenophobia. Pure scapegoating.

CHANG

Yeah. I've lived here my entire life and I will never be like them.

SARAH

Good!

CHANG

Good? How much more do I have to give to be...

SARAH

What?

Chang looks out to the people of his community as they return to their vehicles and shakes his head.

CHANG

American?

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - NURSE STATION - SAME TIME

Jonathon leads Loraine down the corridor.

JONATHON

We have another male patient from Summerland arrive this morning.

LORAINNE

Who?!?

SARAH

An old music teacher.

LORAINNE

Max.

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - MAX'S ROOM - LATER

Loraine enters Max's room. He is hook up to Oxygen line.

Loraine looks at his chart and his oxygen levels are still way to low.

Loraine rests on the edge of Max's bed.

Max looks up and smiles wide when he sees Loraine.

MAX

Loraine... what a... wonderful... surprise.

LORAINNE

It seems we have the whole gang in here.

MAX

How's Hank? And...

LORAINÉ  
Vivian is stable. She's on a  
ventilator now.

MAX  
Oh.

LORAINÉ  
And Hank is hanging in.

MAX  
He's tough.

Max grows silent. His eyes move to the windows.

MAX (CONT'D)  
You ever watch the movie Amadeus?

LORAINÉ  
No. Is it good?

MAX  
Better. Its about... jealousy.  
Seen through a musical admirer of  
Wolfgang Amadeus...

LORAINÉ  
Mozart! I bet Bob saw it.

MAX  
Well, I can relate with poor  
Salieri.

LORAINÉ  
Salieri?

MAX  
An Italian composer... Antonio  
Salieri.

LORAINÉ  
Ah.

MAX  
A rivalry between...

LORAINÉ  
Him and Mozart?

Max nods yes.

LORAINÉ (CONT'D)  
I see.

MAX  
Salieri, feared his music would not  
be remembered...

Max falls asleep.

LORAINNE  
Max, you taught thousands of  
students the beauty of music.  
There. There.

Lorraine tucks Max in.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
It is normal to have self-doubt.

Lorraine sees herself in a nearby mirror.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
In the end.

Lorraine visits music teacher.

Lorraine wanders in and checks Amy's chart.

Amy looks up.

AMY  
Hi.

LORAINNE  
Hi.

AMY  
How do I look?

LORAINNE  
Better than most of the people on  
this floor.

AMY  
The oxygen really helped. I feel I  
have energy again.

LORAINNE  
Good. So, I heard your a music  
teacher.

Amy nods.

AMY  
At Kettering High School.

LORAININE  
Well, maybe you know Max Lindbergh?

AMY  
Max!

LORAININE  
He's in the room next door.

AMY  
Max made me want to be a music teacher. How is he?

LORAININE  
Weakening, I'm afraid.

Tears form in Amy's eyes.

AMY  
I see.

Amy looks at her phone and smiles.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Lorraine, how does one say, thank you? To the man that opened my eyes to joy, emotion, and the flow of life. Music!

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - HANK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hank lies up in his bed as he receives an oxygen therapy.

Lorraine enters.

LORAININE  
How are you doing, Hank?

HANK  
Been... better.

Lorraine checks his vital signs. Then, she checks his temperature with a laser temperature gun.

LORAININE  
Still high.

HANK  
Do you... believe... in God?

LORAININE

Hank, I do. Compassion and love are only things in this great big ugly world that makes any sense to me.

HANK

Hmm... in heaven, I might be... unwanted.

LORAININE

Why?

HANK

Lorraine... I dropped bombs on people.

LORAININE

We were at war.

HANK

Armed conflict.

LORAININE

God forgives us through His grace.

HANK

I hope so.

Lorraine sits down.

LORAININE

Hank... the other day when I saw you knocking on the window?

HANK

Not knocking. Tapping.

LORAININE

What's the difference?

HANK

It's something... we came up with... when we were captured. Like Morse code, by different. We tapped. One for A, two for B, three for C, et cetera.

LORAININE

I see. So, what did you tap?

HANK  
When one of the fellas... would  
return from being tortured, the  
rest of us... would tap... when the  
guards were gone.

Hank uses his Annapolis ring to weakly tap.

SOUND: TAPS.

HANK (CONT'D)  
G.B.U. God... Bless...

LORAINNE  
You.

HANK  
Yep.

Hank peers out the window and grins for the first time since  
Lorraine's arrival.

HANK (CONT'D)  
I'm still waiting... on a  
response... from the other side.

Dr. Chang enters the room. He goes to the board.

CHANG  
Mr. Peters, how are...

HANK  
Captain Peters. Retired.

Dr. Chang turns.

CHANG  
Captain Peters, thank you for your  
service.

Hank nods.

CHANG (CONT'D)  
So, how are you feeling?

HANK  
Been... better.

Dr. Chang removes his Stethoscope, places it on Hank's chest.

CHANG  
Breath.

Hank does.



CHANG (CONT'D)  
Deep Breaths.

HANK  
That's... what I'm doing.

Dr. Chang pushes aside the back of Hank's gown. His Stethoscope stops before it touches Hank's scarred back.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Have you been to Vietnam?

Dr. Chang listens through his Stethoscope as checks Hank's lungs. He places his Stethoscope in a few places on Hank's heavily scarred back.

CHANG  
Deep breaths.

Hank tries.

CHANG (CONT'D)  
Good.

HANK  
Are you going to answer my question, doc?

CHANG  
I will. If you answer mine first.

HANK  
Go for it.

CHANG  
What does it feel like to be an American?

HANK  
The good, and the bad?

CHANG  
Sure. Why not?

Dr. Chang sits and types notes into the computer.

HANK  
Americans are... born free. Possess the power... to be whomever... they wish to be.

CHANG  
Okay. And the bad?

HANK  
We're full of hypocrisy.

This makes Dr. Chang stop typing.

CHANG  
Thank you.

HANK  
So, have you ever been to Vietnam?

Dr. Chang gets up.

CHANG  
Nope. But I have heard it is nice.

HANK  
It's beautiful.

EXT. HOSPITAL - THE MOUND BELOW MAX'S WINDOW - DAY

The INSPIRED play in honor of a Kettering musical programs.

Four hundred or more STUDENTS and FORMER STUDENTS stand six feet apart and play Symphony No. 9, Ode to Joy.

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - MAX'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Max is wheelchaired to the window. He looks below and waves.

Max presses his palms against the glass. He feels the music vibration in his fingertips.

MAX  
O friends, not these notes! But  
let's start with more pleasant  
ones, and more joyful. Joy,  
beautiful spark of the gods. We  
enter, drunk with fire, Heavenly,  
your sanctuary! Ah! I mattered.

Max presses his face against the glass.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Martha, I mattered!

EXT. HOSPITAL - THE MOUND BELOW MAX'S WINDOW - SAME TIME

The INSPIRED continue to play, Ode to Joy.

Four hundred or more STUDENTS and FORMER STUDENTS stand six feet apart and play Symphony No. 9, Ode to Joy.

Appears Young Martha. She wraps herself in a blanket. She wanders through the large crowd in a zigzag fashion. Until, she throws her hands up high into the air. Her blanket falls. She dances and waves up to Max to join her.

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - MAX'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Max draws closer to the window's cold glass.

MAX

Martha, I will follow you anywhere.

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - HANK'S ROOM - DAY

Loraine sits with Hank. He looks smaller.

SOUND: SIRENS. HONKING HORNS.

Loraine pops up.

LORAINNE

What's that?

She walks to the window and sees a large procession of vehicles on Southern Boulevard.

The PARADE of motor vehicles is led by police cars, fire trucks, EMS ambulances with their sirens on.

Behind them is a long line vehicles. One by one, they turn up the road that passes to Kettering Memorial Hospital.

HANK

What's with all the fuzz?

LORAINNE

It looks like a parade.

HANK

For who?

LORAINNE

Caregivers.

HANK

Ah... Never had a parade. I got spit on... Tons of times.

INT. LORAINES HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Lorraine rests sprawled out in her bed.

ECU: Panasonic RC-6025 flip clock shows 6:00 a.m.

SOUND: BUZZ!

Lorraine's arm swings around and hits the snooze button.

INT. LORAINES HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Lorraine rests sprawled out in her bed.

ECU: Panasonic RC-6025 flip clock shows 6:05 a.m.

SOUND: BUZZ!

Lorraine's arm swings around and hits the snooze button.

LORAINES

Not yet.

INT. LORAINES HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Lorraine rests sprawled out in her bed. The blankets are now over her head.

ECU: Panasonic RC-6025 flip clock shows 6:10 a.m.

SOUND: BUZZ!

Lorraine's arm swings around. Her hand stops before hitting the snooze button.

LORAINES

All right. Time to start the day.

She drags herself out of bed. Her feet dangle over her bed but they can't find her fuzzy slippers.

LORAINES (CONT'D)

Ugh!

(mumbles)

Forget it. These twelve-hour shifts are killing me.

She walks barefooted to the bathroom. She flips on the lights as she enters...

THE BATHROOM

Loraine stands before the mirror for a long period of time.  
She says nothing. She examines herself hard.

She looks exhausted.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
How much can one person do? Hmm.  
Must shower.

IMAGE: WATER STREAMS OUT OF A SHOWER HEAD.

CUT TO:

Loraine's silhouette shines through the shower curtain.

SOUND: WATER BOUNCING OFF HER BODY.

Steam invades the screen, and Loraine begins to weep.

INT. LORAINNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER DAY

In a daze, Loraine opens-up a can of IAMS cat food. She dumps  
the can's contents into Oscar's bowl.

SOUND: SPLAT!

LORAINNE  
Oscar, breakfast!

She realizes her is gone as she eyes the Fridge.

LORAINNE (CONT'D)  
My poor boy.

She throws the empty can into the trash near the sink.  
Through the window above the sink, she sees Ashley outside  
enjoying her coffee as she reads the morning's paper.

Ashley reads from Saturday, March 28, 2020 edition of the  
Dayton Daily News. Dayton Strong logo is stamped on it.

On the Newspaper's frontpage are three articles:

1. Trump signs \$2T relief package.
2. 'We don't have a whole lot of time' Ohio National Guard to  
oversee hospital bed built out.
3. British PM Johnson tests positive. Story, A8.

Loraine motions to join her but she sees the wall clock.

LORAIN (CONT'D)  
I'm late for work.

Loraine drags herself out. Before she does, she picks up her phone and hits a contact labeled Summerland Estate. The call goes straight into voice mail. Loraine hears Casey's voice.

CASEY (O.S.)  
Thank you for your call. We understand your concerns for loved ones in our care during this COVID-19 pandemic. Rest assured, we have taken every possible precaution to protect our residents. Please leave a message and we will return your call as soon as humanly possible.

SOUND: BEEP!

LORAIN  
Casey! This is my fourth message. I need to get Bob out of there!

The voice mail BEEPS again. Then follows an automated, mechanical voiced message.

VOICE  
Sorry. This mailbox is full and cannot accept messages at this time. Thank you for calling. Goodbye.

Loraine hangs up her phone RINGS. She answers it.

LORAIN  
Nighty! I miss you.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - NURSES STATION - SAME

Nighty watches a mask wearing Casey as he hurries down the corridor to his office.

NIGHTY  
Guess who's wearing his mask now?

INT. LORAIN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Loraine listens and walks.

LORAIN  
Casey.

NIGHTY

Yep. Never takes it off. Even when he eats.

LORAIN (O.S.)

He doesn't return my calls.

NIGHTY

He doesn't return anyone's calls. He even dodges the residents' questions about the virus. Says he's awaiting corporate's official response.

LORAIN (O.S.)

You mind, checking on my Bob?

NIGHTY

Sure thing. How's our residents doing?

LORAIN (O.S.)

Vivian is stable, vented in ICU. Hank and Max seem to be headed in that direction.

NIGHTY

Hank and Max have DNRs!

LORAIN (O.S.)

I know. Let's hope it doesn't come to that.

Casey storms down the hall in Nighty's direction.

NIGHTY

I have to go.

LORAIN (O.S.)

Okay.

INT. LORAIN CAR - SOUTHERN BOULEVARD - LATER DAY

Loraine drives in silence as she attempts to drive through an intersection an ambulance DRIVER hits his HORN!

Loraine was oblivious to the ambulance's SIREN. She pulls over. Her phone on the passenger seat RINGS.

Ashley's face appears. Loraine tightens her knuckles on the steering wheel. She does not answer it.

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - SUIT UP STATION - LATER DAY

Loraine stands in front of metal boxes attached to the wall.

Each box holds different Personal Protection Equipment.

Loraine puts on two pair of latex gloves on each hand.

She moves slowly, as if, each task is a challenge. Now, she removes a yellow, throw-away paper apron. She unfolds it. Then, she wraps herself with it and ties the long strings around her back to her front.

LORAINNE

Ready.

A suited-up Loraine walks the ward.

She passes...

THE NURSE STATION

Full of Jenn, Sarah, Jonathon, and other busy caregivers.

In the ward, all the beds are now full of COVID-19 PATIENTS at various stages of the disease.

She HEARS the PEEPS of machines and the collective HUMMING of the ventilators. She moves on down the hall.

LORAINNE (V.O.)

Caregivers are not immune to pain.  
We are not immune to human  
surrendering. A numbness has  
entered my days now. I am...  
emotionally, physically, and  
mentally drained. I want to help. I  
do. I just don't know how much more  
I can take of this.

Loraine stops at Max's room. His bed is empty. She looks to Sarah down the corridor.

LORAINNE

Where's Max?

SARAH

Sorry, Loraine. Things went south  
quickly.

LORAINNE

He's in the ICU?



SARAH  
No. He ended up coding.

Loraine backs away from the room.

LORAINÉ  
Coding?!?

Dr. Chang appears from another room.

CHANG  
Sarah, I need you.

Sarah looks at Loraine with concern.

SARAH  
You okay?

Loraine nods yes.

Loraine passes the room Sarah and Chang disappeared into.

A group of medical personnel attempt to save a WOMAN'S life.

CHANG (O.S.)  
Paddles.

In a daze, Loraine moves on. On her way, she bumps into a few pieces of medical equipment in the hall. She says nothing. She just keeps moving.

She nears the door to the Break Room.

She is drawn to it. She looks around and witnesses the surrounding chaos. Her body language shows she's about to give up. She's nearing her breaking point.

This is when she hears CRYING coming from the supply room. Cautiously, she opens the door and enters...

THE SUPPLY ROOM

Jonathon sits on a box and weeps.

LORAINÉ  
Jonathon?

JONATHON  
Ooh!

He wipes at his tears but her forgets he has a mask on.

JONATHON (CONT'D)  
Loraine.

Lorraine rubs his back.

LORAIN  
What's wrong?

JONATHON  
My Dad...

Jonathon weeps uncontrollably.

LORAIN  
Is he all right?

JONATHON  
He's gone.

LORAIN  
I'm so sorry.

JONATHON  
He was a smoker. It took him fast.

Lorraine keeps rubbing Jonathon's back.

JONATHON (CONT'D)  
This f'ing virus is a monster.

LORAIN  
It's okay. It's going to be okay.

JONATHON  
Lorraine... I didn't even get a chance  
to say good-bye.

LORAIN  
What would you have said?

Jonathon eyes CAMERA. His eyes are swollen and fill of tears.

JONATHON  
Thank you.

Lorain listens and rubs harder.

JONATHON (CONT'D)  
Thank you for being such a good  
father. And role model.

LORAIN (O.S.)  
There. There, Jonathon. Let it out.  
Your father must have been an  
amazing man to raise a wonderful  
boy like you.

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - VIVIAN'S ROOM - LATER

In a chair beside Vivian's bed, Loraine stands guard.

HUMS the ventilator.

Loraine's eyes grow tired. She closes them again and again for a brief second. Then, she closes them for more.

She feels her body fall as she sleeps. She yanks her body up.

Loraine gets up.

LORAINÉ

Keep moving. Must stay awake.

Loraine yawns hard as she pats Vivian's leg.

LORAINÉ (CONT'D)

Keep fighting it, ViVi. Ashley misses you.

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - NURSE STATION - LATER

Loraine reaches for her phone.

[Note: Text messages are in italics. Could be shown on screen in CHYRONS if desired.]

LORAINÉ (TEXT)

*Just checked on Vivian. She's still stable. When I learn more I will let you know.*

ASHLEY (TEXT)

*TY. I made pasta tonight. It will be on the stove waiting for you.*

Loraine thumbs a response.

LORAINÉ (TEXT)

*TY.*

LORAINÉ (CONT'D)

*T.Y. Thank you. You learn something new every day. Let's check on Bob.*

Loraine taps on Nighty's contact. It attempts to connect.

SOUND: FACETIME RING.

Nighty answers.

NIGHTY (O.S. FACETIME)  
Hi, Loraine. Now isn't...

Bob in the background yells out.

BOB (O.S.)  
Where the hell am I!?

LORAINA (FACETIME)  
He's confused.

NIGHTY (O.S. FACETIME)  
Sorry. Bob's having a bad day.

BOB (O.S.)  
You're not my wife!

LORAINA (FACETIME)  
This is breaking my heart.

BOB (O.S.)  
Where am I!?

NIGHTY (O.S. FACETIME)  
I've gotta go.

LORAINA (FACETIME)  
Good-bye.

Loraine lowers her iPhone.

LORAINA (CONT'D)  
Seems like everyone is having a  
terrible day today.

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - NURSE STATION - LATER TIME

Loraine listens and stops when she reaches the nurse station.  
She looks down at Sarah as she types into the computer some  
notes on a patient.

LORAINA  
Abigail, now a good time?

NIGHT (O.S.)  
Bob's better? He was just...

SOUND: BEEP!

A patient's bedside heart monitor alarm goes off!

Sarah bolts up.

SARAH  
Bed Eight!

Dr. Chang and others rush to the patient in Bed Eight.

LORAINNE  
Nighty, I have to go. Bed Eight...  
that's Hank!

Lorraine rushes to join them.

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - HANK'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Dr. Chang, Sarah, and Jonathon are already in the room  
applying counter measures when Lorraine enters.

Hank looks lifeless.

SARAH  
Patient is unresponsive.

JONATHON  
O-two stats low.

CHANG  
Let's resuscitate.

Lorraine pats Hank.

LORAINNE  
I'm glad you changed your mind.

Dr. Chang starts chest compressions.

CHANG  
Intubate. Prepare 1mg of  
Epinephrine.

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - HANK'S ROOM - LATER

Dr. Chang continues CPR chest compressions.

The heart monitor has flat-lined.

JONATHON  
O-two levels have dropped into the  
sixties.

Dr. Chang continues.

CHANG  
3mg Epinephrine.

Sarah injects adrenaline into the Hank's IV.

CHANG (CONT'D)  
Charge the Paddles.

Jonathon does so.

Dr. Chang grabs the paddles carefully.

CHANG (CONT'D)  
Okay. Clear!

The paddles JOLTS Hank.

SARAH  
Nothing. The heart monitor is still  
flatlined.

Dr. Chang does not stop.

CHANG  
Again.

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - HANK'S ROOM - LATER

Dr. Chang continues to try. Sweat pours down his face.

Sarah, Jonathon, Loraine, and the others keep working.

CHANG  
Anything!

JONATHON  
No.

Dr. Chang backs away from the patient.

CHANG  
Damn it. Call it!

Dr. Chang shoulders buckle over.

CHANG (CONT'D)  
I liked him.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - VIVIAN'S ROOM - LATER

Loraine checks in on Vivian. She's all plastic tubes and pulse monitors. Sedated, she looks smaller than before. A long tube down her throat gives her life, as it fills her lungs with rich, wonderful oxygen.

The ventilator WHOOSHES and HUMS as it PUSHES AIR in and out of Vivian's lungs. A heart monitor BEEPS.

Lorraine holds her hand. But it is not skin to skin. She's dressed in full PPE as usual. She wears two pairs of green latex gloves too for protection.

LORRAINE  
Oh, how I hate all this plastic.  
This virus has stolen the healing  
effects of touch.

Lorraine looks at Vivian.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)  
Keep fighting, my IBM girl. Keep  
fighting.

Vivian appears lifeless.

INT. HOSPITAL - COVID FLOOR - BREAK ROOM - LATER NIGHT

Lorraine sleeps. Her weary head rests atop the table.

Sarah enters.

The break room door CREAKS open.

Sarah leans back out.

LORRAINE  
Come in. I'm not dead yet. I just  
feel that way.

Sarah sits at the table. Around her neck, she wears fire engine red BEATS headphones.

SARAH  
How was your shift?

Sarah laughs hard. Her entire body moves. As if, all COVID Caregivers all ready know the true answer.

LORRAINE  
It sucked. We lost Max. Jonathon's  
father. And... Hank. Sarah, tell  
me, why do we do this?

SARAH  
Because we were born with an all  
powering need to fix broken people.

LORAINNE  
Yeah, but I'm starting to feel  
broken too.

SARAH  
Its draining on all fronts. No  
doubt.

LORAINNE  
I'm tired of walking in rooms to  
visit friends, to find out their  
dead or just hanging on by a razor  
thin thread.

Sarah starts moving her shoulders, side-to-side, as if  
listening to a beat of cool music.

SARAH  
A wise man once shared... at the  
end of a bad shift, we must sing.

LORAINNE  
I hear no music.

Sarah continues to dance in her chair. She takes off her  
Beats and rubs them down with a Clorox wipe.

SARAH  
Close your eyes.

LORAINNE  
That will not be a problem.

Lorraine does.

Sarah holds the Beats in both hands above Lorraine's head.

SARAH  
Your Hubie taught me this wonderful  
concept. Music heals. Fills us.  
Reloads us. Saves us.

LORAINNE  
Saves us? My Bob can't even  
remember... his own name.

SARAH  
No matter. We do. At the end of a  
terrible day, Bob would act like he  
was in some goddamn musical.

LORAINNE  
I remember.



SARAH  
He could sense when were all about  
to snap, loss our shit.

LORAINIE  
Yeah.

SARAH  
Sing.

Sarah lowers the headphones over Loraine's ears.

Note: Song-like Andy Grammer's Don't Give up on Me plays.

Loraine cups her hands over the headphones, repeats what she hears, and sings along with Sarah.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I will fight. I will fight for you.

SARAH/LORAINIE  
I always do until my heart. Is  
black and blue. And I will stay.

SARAH  
I will stay with you.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Super hero CAREGIVERS end their shift. They walk through the hospital on wide, white linoleum floors.

MUSIC: CONTINUES.

Sarah and Loraine lead them out.

CAREGIVER CHORUS  
We'll make it to the other side.  
Like lovers do.

They head through the corridor toward the employee entrance in a pack and sing as one.

CAREGIVER CHORUS (CONT'D)  
I'll reach my hands out in the  
dark. And wait for yours to  
interlock. I'll wait for you. I'll  
wait for you. 'Cause I'm not givin'  
up. I'm not givin' up, givin' up.

EXT. HOSPITAL - EMPLOYEE EXIT - SAME TIME NIGHT

Loraine and Sarah walk out into the starry night.

Caregiver Chorus surrounds them.

CAREGIVER CHORUS

No, not yet. Even when I'm down to  
my last breath.

Their shift is over.

SOUND: MULTITUDES OF CHEERS! and CLAPS!

To their surprise, fifty or more FIREFIGHTERS, EMTS, POLICE OFFICERS line both sides of the sidewalk that leads to the employee parking lot. As soon as they see the caregivers appear they CHEER and CLAP!

A banner they hold reads, Heroes Work Here!

Sarah looks to Loraine, and starts to clap.

SARAH

Like I said... good people can  
sense when we're all about to snap,  
and lose your shit.

Sarah sprints ahead.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I love surprises!

INT. LORAINES HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Loraine rests sprawled out in her bed.

ECU: Panasonic RC-6025 flip clock shows 6:00 a.m.

SOUND: BUZZ!

Loraine hits the off button and swings her body out of bed.

LORAINES

Today is a new day.

SUPER: "Good Friday..."

Her feet instantly find and slide into her fuzzy slippers.

She flips on the lights as she enters...

THE BATHROOM

Loraine stands before the mirror for a long period of time.  
She says nothing. She examines herself hard.

She looks rested.

LORAIN (CONT'D)  
I can make a difference.

IMAGE: WATER STREAMS OUT OF A SHOWER HEAD.

CUT TO:

Loraine's silhouette shines through the shower curtain.

SOUND: WATER BOUNCING OFF HER BODY.

Steam invades the screen, and Loraine begins to sing.

Song-like Andy Grammer's Don't Give up on Me plays.

LORAIN  
I will fight. I will fight for you.  
I always do until my heart. Is  
black and blue. And I will stay.

INT. LORAIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER DAY

Loraine opens-up a cabinet to grab a can of IAMS cat food.  
She stops and closes the cabinet.

She eyes the Fridge.

LORAIN  
My poor boy. This weekend I will  
dig you a nice hole.

Ashley appears. She is caring two coffees.

ASHLEY  
Good morning. I bought you a  
coffee.

Ashley hands it over.

LORAIN  
Thank you. You sleep okay?

ASHLEY  
Yes.

Loraine takes a sip from her coffee.

LORAINÉ

Hmm. Good.

ASHLEY

I've a good feeling about today.

Ashley eyes Loraine hard.

LORAINÉ

What?

ASHLEY

My mother was a nurse... inspired me. Taught me to be kind. Treat others with respect. She worked at hospice. It amazed me how she stayed positive all the time. I asked her once, how she dealt with the constant loss. She replied... loss? I don't see it that way. My patients give.

LORAINÉ

That reminds me. I need to call Summerland Estates again.

ASHLEY

I shall give you some privacy.

She takes her coffee to another room.

Loraine calls Summerland Estates.

CASEY (O.S.)

Thank you for your call. We understand your concerns for love ones in our care during this COVID-19 pandemic. Rest assured, we have taken every possible precaution to protect our residents. Please leave a message and we will return your call as soon as humanly possible.

SOUND: BEEP!

LORAINÉ

Casey! This is my eighth message. I need to get Bob out of there! The next call will be from my attorney.

The voice mail BEEPS again. Then follows an automated, mechanical voiced message.

VOICE

Sorry. This mailbox is full and  
cannot accept messages at this  
time. Thank you for calling.  
Goodbye.

Loraine hangs up her phone RINGS. She answers it.

LORAINÉ

Nighty! I miss you.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - NURSES STATION - SAME

Nighty watches a mask wearing Casey as he hurries down the  
corridor to his office.

NIGHTY

Figures.

INT. LORAINÉ'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Loraine listens and walks.

LORAINÉ

You mind checking on my Bob?

NIGHTY (O.S.)

Sure thing. How's Vivian?

LORAINÉ

She's stable, vented in ICU. Hank  
and Max...

NIGHTY (O.S.)

I heard. When the Lord wants you...

LORAINÉ

He takes you.

NIGHTY (O.S.)

That's right.

INT. SUMMERPLACE ESTATES - NURSES STATION - SAME TIME

Casey storms down the hall in Nighty's direction.

NIGHTY

I have to go.

LORAINÉ (O.S.)

Okay.

Right then, Helen appears.

GIGI  
Good-bye, Abigail.

Nighty looks over the counter to find Helen there.

NIGHTY  
Oh, Gigi. Where you going?

GIGI  
I've become too dependent on  
others. I wish to travel.

NIGHTY  
Well, you don't want to miss bingo  
this afternoon.

GIGI  
You've been very kind. But I no  
longer have time for bingo.

She turns away from the desk.

GIGI (CONT'D)  
My remaining days are meant for  
more. I want newness.

NIGHTY  
(jokingly)  
Okay, well you better send me some  
postcards.

GIGI  
(straight-faced)  
I shall.

Helen removes her iPhone. She taps on the Uber App she  
downloaded earlier in the morning.

[Note: Text messages are in italics. Could be shown on screen  
in CHYRONS if desired.]

On screen, *Destination?*

Helen types in, *Airport.*

INT. LORAINES HOME - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Loraine enjoys a cup of coffee with Ashley.

LORAINES  
Vivian is recovering nicely.

ASHLEY

Thank you.

LORAINÉ

No, thank you. I'm going to miss not having you here. These chats. This house is too big for just one person.

ASHLEY

The think the world is learning what isolation means. So many our age all ready know its pains.

LORAINÉ

I suppose so.

ASHLEY

Oscar?

LORAINÉ

I've totally forgotten about him. My poor baby.

ASHLEY

Well, I dug him a nice big hole in the backyard.

LORAINÉ

Okay, its time.

EXT. LORAINÉ HOME - BACKYARD - SAME TIME

Loraine carries Oscar's remains wrapped in a blanket. The cat's body is stiff. His paws stick out from the blanket.

Ashley stands by the hole. She holds a shovel in one hand and a fresh, hand-picked bouquet flowers in the other.

ASHLEY

I would sleep better knowing he was no longer in your Fridge.

Loraine bends down and gently lays Oscar in the deep hole.

LORAINÉ

There. There. Rest my love.

Ashley drops in the flowers.

Loraine gets back up and stumbles a bit.

Ashley catches her.

ASHLEY

You okay?

LORAINNE

Fine. Never felt better.

ASHLEY

Would you like to say a few words?

LORAINNE

Sure. Oscar, when the Lord wants you... OWW!

Lorraine collapses to the ground.

Ashley SCREAMS!

EXT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Sun shines beats down on Summerland's shiny exterior.

INT. SUMMERLAND ESTATES - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

The CAMERA travels down the long corridor until it lands on Helen. She's all dressed and ready to leave.

GIGI

Oh, hi. I so enjoyed our time together... but I really must go. So much new things to do.

Helen moves down the hall.

She passes the...

COMMON ROOM

On the TV is Dr. Amy Acton, MD., MPH.

A sign-language INTERPRETER appears in the top right corner.

DR. ACTON

Finally, I want to say one last thing. This is a very special time of the year, and the holiday, and the symbolism are not lost. We are sharing some great news. The great news in Ohio of what we have done to stop the spread of this disease and slow it down.



INT. SUMMERPLACE ESTATES - NURSES STATION - SAME TIME

Helen's petite frame stops before the nursing station's tall to her counter. GiGi stands on her tip-toes and looks around.

GIGI  
Good-bye, Abigail.

Nighty appears.

NIGHTLY  
Bye, GiGi. I will save you a seat  
at bingo... just in case.

Helen's phone BUZZES!

[Note: Text messages are in italics. Could be shown on screen in CHYRONS if desired.]

On screen, *Your Uber has arrived.*

Helen turns to leave.

GIGI  
That won't be necessary.

Casey passes the departing Helen in the hall on his way to the nurses station.

GIGI (CONT'D)  
Bye, Casey.

Casey continues on.

CASEY  
Bye? Hmm, Abigail, I...

Nighty holds up a shh-ing finger.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
What?

NIGHTY  
Ron from The Dayton Daily News  
wishes to speak to you.

CASEY  
Take a message.

NIGHTY  
He's already in your office.

Mr. Casey stares directly into the CAMERA.

CASEY

Great.

NIGHTY (O.S.)

He was asking about our  
precautionary measures.

CASEY

Of course he is.

CUT TO HELEN:

Helen moves down the hall.

YOUNGER LORAINNE appears.

Helen gives Loraine a nod of respect as she passes her.

Young Loraine nods back. She looks so fresh and alive.

A younger version of Oscar moves at her feet.

YOUNG LORAINNE

There's my boy.

She scoops him up and rubs her face into his fresh fur.

YOUNG LORAINNE (CONT'D)

Momma missed you.

Loraine nods as she passes Nighty in the hall.

Nighty does not see Loraine, but she stops and senses her  
good friend's presence.

NIGHTY

Loraine?

Nighty looks around.

NIGHTY (CONT'D)

Hmm.

YOUNG LORAINNE

Bye for now, Abigail.

Loraine reaches Bob's room and stops at the door.

Bob is asleep.

YOUNG LORAINNE (CONT'D)

Bob, you ready?

A YOUNG BOB raises out of Old Bob's body. He's handsome in an unexpected rugged way. He too beams of boundless energy.

YOUNG BOB  
I was waiting for you.

Bob crosses his room in a dance-like manner. As he sings a song like, Chris Cornell's cover of Led Zeppelin's, Thank You. Bob flirts with Loraine.

YOUNG BOB (CONT'D)  
If the sun refused to shine.

Young Loraine sets down Oscar.

The cat runs ahead.

Loraine flirts back with Bob.

YOUNG BOB (CONT'D)  
I would still be loving you.

Young Bob offers Young Loraine his arm for a stroll.

Loraine accepts his invitation and begins to sing with him.

YOUNG BOB/LORAINÉ  
When mountains crumble to the sea,  
there will still be you and me.

YOUNG BOB  
Kind woman, I give you my all. Kind  
woman, nothing more. Together we  
shall go until we die My, my, my.

YOUNG LORAINÉ  
An inspiration is what you are to  
me, inspiration, look see.

Together, they move towards the main entrance.

Blinding white light pours into the entrance sitting area through the tall, ceiling to floor windows.

YOUNG BOB/LORAINÉ  
And so today, my world it smiles,  
your hand in mine, we walk the  
miles.

To the left and right of them, younger versions of the COVID-19 FALLEN VICTIMS appear. Their voices add to Bob and Loraine's. The singing tribute becomes a true chorus.

## CHORUS

Thanks to you it will be done, for  
 you to me are the only one  
 happiness, no more be sad,  
 happiness. I'm glad.

Appears First, YOUNG ARNIE. He's dressed green & white plaid polyester pants and a green Master's golf shirt.

## CHORUS (CONT'D)

Little drops of rain whisper of the  
 pain, tears of loves lost in the  
 days gone by.

Bob puts his arm on his shoulder and nods.

Young Arnie grins back and then he motions for Young Bob and Loraine to play on through.

Young Bob and Loraine smile and walk on.

Appears Second, Young Bob and Loraine greet a young Navy Aviator in uniform. He smiles big and bright at them at he leans Cool Hand Luke-style against the wall. With his Annapolis ring, a young Hank TAPS the wall behind him.

Hank TAPS God Bless You, G.B.U.

## CHORUS (CONT'D)

My love is strong, with you there  
 is no wrong.

Appears Third, a YOUNG ROSE in a silk Ao Dai, Vietnamese traditional dress. On the wall, she TAPS back twice.

SOUND: TAP. TAP.

## CHORUS (CONT'D)

Together we shall go until we die.

Her seductive gaze melts Hank into butter.

The soulmates feverishly entangle.

When they finish, Bob shakes Hank's hand hard, and Rose and Loraine embrace like old friends.

## CHORUS (CONT'D)

If the sun refused to shine.

Appears Fourth, Bob and Loraine meet YOUNG MAX with a full head of hair. As a joke, he raises his hand to his ear and gets US a wave. He motions right...

CHORUS (CONT'D)  
I would still be loving you.

Appears Fifth, Max's wife MARTHA, youthful version, with long, flowing hair and a guitar strapped to her back. She wears a Hippie Forever T- Shirt.

CHORUS (CONT'D)  
When mountains crumble to the sea.

Appears Sixth, horde of COVID-19 VICTIMS. They line both sides of the hallway as Bob and Loraine pass.

CHORUS (CONT'D)  
There will still be...

When Young Bob and Loraine reach the end of the hallway, both sides of VICTIMS disappear in a SNAP!

Young Bob and Loraine remain. They look at one another. Then, they look at the CAMERA as they hold hands.

YOUNG BOB/LORAINÉ  
You and me.

SOUND: SNAP.

Young Bob and Loraine disappear.

Young Oscar crosses the screen.

SOUND: MEOW.

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER: "The Memorial. Dedicated to those of you who never had an opportunity to say... good-bye."

SUPER: "And for the caregivers who gave their love and their lives for the good of others."

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) Real COVID CAREGIVER in full PPE.

B) A single gloved hand holds an elderly ungloved hand.

C) Elder WOMAN wears a facial mask.

D) Real medical team snapshots of our SUPERHEROES from the hot spots like: Portland, New York City, Detroit, Houston, New Orleans, Los Angeles, and Kettering, OH.

END OF MONTAGE

FOR THOSE WHO  
WAIT:

EXT. HOSPITAL - ENTRANCEWAY - LATER DAY

Ash wheels Vivian out of the hospital.

Doctors, Nurses, and Caregivers give her a big CLAP OUT!

VIVIAN  
Ash.

ASHLEY  
Yes.

VIVIAN  
Take us to the nearest airport,  
please.

Ashley smiles down as she pushes her through a crowd of love.

ASHLEY  
Where do you want to go?

VIVIAN  
How about... you pick.

FADE TO BACK  
AGAIN:

**THE END**