

THAT GOOD NIGHT

Written by

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Reg. WGAw, 2012

FADE IN:

OVER BLACK

The door inches open. A triangle of light slides in from the hallway, disappears as the door closes again.

A WOMAN shuffles through the darkness. The window blinds flutter open. Sunlight explodes into the room to reveal:

INT. PATIENT ROOM - MORNING

NURSE MARA FLORES, 54, stares out the window, her black hair pulled back, unapologetic for the angry scar that runs down her cheek. A red paper heart is pinned to her white uniform.

MARA

Take a look. It's a beautiful day.

The FIGURE in the bed GRUNTS, turns away from the window. This is FRANK MINTZ, 78, ashen and weary.

FRANK

What's so beautiful about it?

MARA

It's Valentine's Day for starters--

MARA

You have a valentine?

Her breath catches in her throat, her hand instinctively covers her scar. But, she recovers quickly...

MARA

The Lord has blessed us with warm sunshine, fresh air... *bendiciones*.

She adds water to the vase of flowers on the windowsill.

MARA

An admirer I don't know about?

FRANK

(snorts)

My daughter finds it easier to send flowers than actually come see me.

Mara hands Frank a small paper cup. She pats his arm.

MARA

I forgot your water.

As she hurries away, Frank dumps the pills into his pocket.
Mara returns, leaves a pitcher on the dresser. She smiles...

MARA

Try to enjoy the day, Mr. Mintz?

As soon as she's gone, Frank fishes the pills from his pocket, drops them in an already full prescription bottle.

He clutches the bottle to his chest, closes his eyes...

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Frank, 20, crew cut and spit-shined, plants a passionate kiss on his new bride, Mary, 17. The coed and the sailer.
- Frank, 30, and Mary, 27, move boxes into their first house.
- Frank, 40, ushers a pregnant Mary, 37 into the hospital.
- Frank, 50, dances in the auditorium with ANGELA, 9. She stares up at him with love in her eyes.
- Frank, 70, breaks into tears at Mary's bedside. Angela, 29 stands against the wall. Hurt. Distant.

Frank's eyes snap open. A tear rolls down his cheek. He stares at the bottle in his hand, slowly twists the lid open.

He pours thirty pills into his palm, reaches for the pitcher.

A KNOCK on the door breaks his concentration.

ANGELA (O.S.)

Dad?

Frank freezes. He hides his hand, pours the pills back in the bottle. He slowly turns back.

ANGELA, 37, a mirror image of Mary at that age, stands in the doorway, a tiny baby in her arms. She hands him the baby.

ANGELA

This is your granddaughter. Mary.

As Frank cradles the baby in his arms, a smile creeps across his gray face.

ANGELA

I wish Mom were here to see her grow up.

(beat)

You're all she has now.

Frank looks down and kisses the baby's head.

FADE OUT.