

If We Left - Sample Scene

By

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FADE IN:

**INT. NURSING HOME - DAY**

The nursing home BEDROOM looks more like a hospital room than a bedroom. It's the kind of place that's the last stop before death. There are two beds with a curtain between them. A TV faces each bed. In the bed closest to the door is an elderly woman sleeping in an oxygen tent. Behind the curtain ORDERLY JONES (female, black, 20s) in white scrubs is helping JONNIE MAE (female, white, 80s) into a wheelchair. In the corner stands HUGH (male, white, 50s) watching with a frown. HUGH is wearing plain jeans and a plaid short-sleeved shirt. He looks like a factory worker.

ORDERLY JONES

Please Miss Jonnie, just swing your legs over.

Jonnie Mae is struggling to keep the hem of her floral print mu-mu pulled down as the Orderly Jones is working to get her off the bed. She is able to stand up but doesn't want to. A COMMERCIAL on the TV ends and the OPENING SEQUENCE of a soap opera is starting.

The TV CLICKS off. Hugh is putting the remote on the night stand. Jonnie Mae groans.

JONNIE MAE

My stories! Turn it back on!

HUGH

We don't have time for this shit Mother. We're going to the office.

JONNIE MAE

Watch your language. I'm staying right here.

HUGH

If we're lucky you'll have a room to come back to. Stop fighting with her.

Jonnie Mae sighs and lets the Orderly Jones swing her legs over the side of the bed. She stands up with a huff, and plops down in the wheelchair and straightens up her mu-mu. She looks at Hugh, but mutters mostly to herself.

JONNIE MAE

Don't need this. That administrator woman has it in for me. Never liked me.

Orderly Jones begins to push the wheelchair towards the door. Hugh takes the chair's handles and steers it out into the hall. He trades a look of exasperation with Orderly Jones.

HUGH

Thank you.

NURSING HOME HALLWAY

The hallway is brightly lit but cluttered. Racks of towels and food trays line the walls. Doors are open to the other rooms TV SOUNDS flood out into the hall. The tile floor is marred and streaked. This place has seen better days. One of the wheels on the chair SQUEAKS with each revolution.

HALLWAY CONTINUOUS

Hugh leans forward.

HUGH (CONT'D)

You need to...

Jonnie Mae starts to rant, pounding on the wheelchair arms.

JONNIE MAE

They need to stop stealing. I catch 'em. They think I'm asleep but I'm watching.

Hugh straightens up, but looks tired. This is not a new conversation. They turn a corner and continue down the hallway.

HUGH

Stealing what? There's nothing to steal.

They pass a nursing station and Jonnie Mae points at a passing black orderly with a shaking hand.

JONNIE MAE

My candy. My medicine. Anything they think they can sell.

HUGH

What about your cigarettes?

Jonnie Mae tries to twist in the wheelchair, Hugh keeps pushing.

JONNIE MAE

I don't have any. Can't smoke here.

Hugh shakes his head and smiles. He keeps pushing.

HUGH

That's why I'm here. Why I had to  
take a day off work. They caught  
you.

Jonnie Mae slumps back into the chair. She half throws up her  
hands and they land in her lap.

JONNIE MAE

Did not. They're liars.  
(juts her chin out)  
Thieves too.

HUGH

So that fire alarm was nothing  
then?

JONNIE MAE

Had to be the kitchen. Not me.

Hugh stops the chair, and leans over. He's trying to keep his  
voice calm.

HUGH

You lit up in a room with an oxygen  
tent. You trying to burn this place  
down too?

Jonnie Mae waves her hand dismissively.

JONNIE MAE

This place? I'd be doing it favor.

Hugh starts pushing and they turn another corner. This  
hallway is uncluttered and clean. There's industrial carpet  
on the floor, and a SIGN on the wall has arrows for  
"Administration" and "Front Desk."

The wheelchair BUMPS onto the carpet and stops squeaking.  
They stop in front of a fancy wooden door with a sign on it.

FACILITY ADMINISTRATOR

Hugh leans over to look Jonnie Mae in the face.

HUGH

Please Mother. Apologize so you can  
stay. You know we can't take care  
of you at the house any more.

Jonnie Mae slumps in the chair and nods.

FADE OUT.