

1 EXT. HILLSIDE MANOR NURSING HOME - DAY

1

Surrounded by trees and grassy parkland, the building is low-slung, with wings spreading from either side of the entrance. Only two cars in the lot. It's eerily silent. Not even the birds chirp...

Then a rustling movement in the trees. And a dog bursts out, sniffing, excited. her leash trails behind, empty.

Suddenly, her ears perk up. Then he's off like a shot running flat out through the empty park.

Leaving stillness.

2 INT. THE RESIDENT'S ROOM - DAY

2

The room is sparse and institutional. Several photos liven up the cheap dresser. Linger on a faded snapshot of a young couple dancing. Next to it, a stiff portrait of the couple in their golden years. Beside that, an urn.

In the bed, THE RESIDENT (female, 70s) lies propped-up, her blank eyes staring at nothing. A blood pressure cuff hanging from her arm. Next to the bed, an overturned chair.

Running FOOTSTEPS approach from down the hall. The Resident's eyes shift to the sound.

Someone races by her door. The footsteps fade. A door CLANGS.

The Resident's eyes shift to the window. Outside, a car starts, engine screaming. The tires spit gravel as it peels away. Then silence again.

POV - THE RESIDENT'S EYES (CLOSING)

The room blurs as the Resident's eyelids drift shut.

FADE TO BLACK.

QUICK FLASHES

- branches sway in the breeze
- summer sun dappling leaves
- a hand on her husband's back
- his smile

OVER THER: A SIREN

3 INT. RESIDENT'S ROOM - LATER

3

The Resident opens her eyes. She looks around, confused as the SIREN slowly fades.

Low MOANS come from down the hall - someone lonely, scared, uncomfortable... maybe all three.

It seems to galvanize her. She rips off the BP cuff and it CLATTERS to the floor.

She stands and slides her feet into slippers. Standing there it takes her a moment to find her balance.

On the wall, her TV screen shows a TEST PATTERN.

4 IN THE HALLWAY

4

It's strangely still and empty. The Resident looks down the long hallway. At the very end is a door with an EXIT sign above it.

Her goal.

She starts toward it, feet shuffling, hand on the rail. Just the sound of her slippers SLAP SLAPPING softly on the tile. The WHEEZE of her own breathing.

The low MOAN starts again from the other end of the hall. She shakes her head, annoyed, and keeps going. Bent forward. Slippers SLAP SLAP SLAPPING.

Momentum leads her towards the door.

Behind her, a door BANGS. The Resident stops at the sound. Running footsteps approach.

An ADMINISTRATOR (male, 30) rushes past her like she's not there, his security badge flying. He reaches the door. Slaps a code into the keypad. CLICK. And flies through.

The Resident smiles and raises her hand to wave.

But he's gone. The door CLANGS locked.

She drops her hand. That low MOAN drifts from down the hall.

Suddenly, the door SMASHES back open. It's the Administrator. He locks eyes with her. Knows what he needs to do. He searches frantically for something to hold the door open.

There's nothing. Shit. He rips off his own shoe. Props the door wide. Gives the Resident a final look.

And he's gone. His footsteps fade, leaving silence.

The Resident starts her shuffle toward the door. SLAP SLAP --

CLICK. The exit's hydraulic door-closer engages. HISSSSS. The door begins to swing closed, slowly pushing the shoe with it.

She reaches out her hand. The door's almost closed. She'll never make it.

THUD. The shoe catches in the door frame.

5 EXT. NURSING HOME - DAY

5

The Resident steps into the brilliant sunshine. The parking lot is now empty but she doesn't notice.

She closes her eyes and tilts her face to the sky.

6 EXT. PARK - DAY

6

Slippers off, the old woman joyously digs her bare toes into the grass.

The dog emerges from nowhere. Runs past her BARKING, trailing its leash. Bewildered. Lost.

The Resident smiles. A dog! She trots after it, snapping her fingers toward it in a friendly way. She has no chance of catching it. But she tries anyway until --

She trips and tumbles to the ground, landing in a heap.

The old woman rolls onto her back and spits out some grass, laughing. She stretches out. The big sky overhead. The warm sun on her skin.

She closes her eyes.

7 EXT. PARK - LATER

7

DEEP RUMBLING

The Resident opens her eyes. Sweeps her hands over the grass. Surprised and delighted to be outside.

A shadow passes over her, over the trees, the park, the whole damned countryside. Something huge blotting out the sun.

And the noise. The deep RUMBLE getting louder. The wind whirling around her.

The Resident's expression morphs into puzzlement. Her eyes widen in surprise at whatever she's seeing overhead.

A moment of recognition. Clarity.

She scrambles to her feet, energized now. The wind swirls. But it doesn't faze her.

She starts a creaky, solo dance to music only she can hear. It may be the end of the world, who knows. She's going out dancing.

She extends her hand... and an OLD MAN (70s), her husband - we saw him in the photos - appears and takes it.

The old woman's face LIGHTS UP at the sight of him. At the familiar smile meant only for her. And for a moment the noise and chaos melt away. It's just the two of them. Reading a lifetime in each other's eyes until...

Slowly she begins tapping her toes. Then bouncing to a swing beat. Enticing him. Leading the way.

And they dance.

Moving in practiced steps learned so many years ago. No thinking, just feeling. Together, apart. He spins her around. Her arm brushes her back. Each knowing just where the other will be. Like they never parted.

And as they dance the RUMBLE grows. Louder. And LOUDER still.

The Resident spins, his hand slips from hers, and she's alone again. Confused. The sound of a thousand freight trains overhead.

The wind a frenzy around her. The ground shakes with the violence of it.

The Resident looks into the sky. Braced for whatever's coming. She throws her arms out. And laughs.

Great, joyous, giddy laughter.

SMASH to WHITE.