

A Flicker of Hope

An Original Screenplay
by
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'Flicker Of Hope'

FADE IN:

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

NURSES STATION

Two EMT's wheel MARIAN (93) a frail, motionless, pale woman, on a stretcher to the nurses desk.

LYSSA (30) A stocky, carefree charge nurse, lounges behind the station, filing her nails.

One of the EMTs steps up to the desk.

EMT

This woman must be on oxygen continuously. Maximum off time fifteen minutes.

Lyssa, nonchalant, takes papers from the hand of the EMT.

FADE TO:

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

PATIENT'S ROOM

Lyssa and supply clerk, DORLEEN (35) a dedicated, husky woman, hook Marian to an oxygen concentrator.

Dorleen pushes the plug in the socket.

DORLEEN

This is our last concentrator.

Lyssa stares at Dorleen with an air of self-importance.

LYSSA

We need more.

DORLEEN

I ordered five. They'll be here tomorrow.

Lyssa replies as though the fault were Dorleen's.

LYSSA

About time.

DORLEEN

We're always short because no one cooperates around here.

LYSSA
Not my problem.

DORLEEN
God forbid if there was an
emergency.

Lyssa's posture indicates she could care less.

Dorleen lumbers out of the room.

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

SUPPLY ROOM

Dorleen listens to the radio and loads supplies in a medium
size cart.

RADIO BROADCASTER (V.O.)
Today clear and cold. Tomorrow
expect sunny skies and continued
cold, high around 30.

Dorleen smiles with confidence that she will get her supplies
tomorrow.

FADE TO:

INT. NURSING HOME - EVENING

LOBBY

Dorleen walks to the double glass entrance doors. She stares
outside. Dorleen motions to the admissions clerk,

MEEKA (32) a slender, bright, astute woman lumbers over to
Dorleen..

DORLEEN
Is that snow flakes I see out
there?

MEEKA
Nothings suppose to develope. They
say clear tonight and tomorrow.

Dorleen eyes Meeka with hope. She lumbers out the double
glass doors.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. NURSING HOME - NEXT DAY

PARKING AREA

A thick blanket of snow covers everything. The strong blustery winds make the heavy falling snow a blizzard.

INT. NURSING HOME - CONTINUOUS

LOBBY

Dorleen and Meeka stand side by side, eyes glued to the scene outside.

MEEKA

I'm glad you made it in Dorleen. We have only a handful of staff.

DORLEEN

They called a state of emergency. That means no deliveries. Not a good sign.

Lyssa lumbers into the lobby. She stares at Dorleen with an expecting glare.

LYSSA

We getting any oxygen today?

Meeka and Dorleen gawk at Lyssa wide eyed.

DORLEEN

Are you joking? Look out there.

The lights black out.

A few flickers from the large square light panels imbedded in the ceiling.

The lights stammer back on.

MEEKA

Something happened. We're on generator power.

Lyssa runs out of the lobby.

RITA (50) a distinguished gray hair woman, the administrator walks in the lobby.

RITA

They say it will be 5 or 6 hours before we'll be back on line.

Lyssa tramps back into the lobby.

LYSSA

The socket in Marian's room is not working. There's no more oxygen tanks.

RITA

Bring her down to first floor.

Lyssa lumbers back out.

INT. NURSING HOME - CONTINUOUS

FIRST FLOOR NURSES STATION

Marian lays on a portable bed. She's hooked to a concentrator.

Rita looks on cautious as,

Dorleen sticks the plug in a socket.

The concentrator BEEPS on. Meeka stands waiting, holds her breath. The concentrator hums.

Meeka releases a puff of air through her nearly closed lips.

MEEKA

My God, that was close. In a few minutes we would have lost her.

PAUL (40) The maintenance man, walks into the hall.

PAUL

(To Rita)

The fuel level is low in the generator. We have a few hours left of power.

The lights flicker.

The concentrator shuts down.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Well, maybe less.

RITA

We can't give up. Keep trying all the outlets.

Lyssa whins a stressed reply.

LYSSA
We don't have enough time.

PAUL
Get her down to the lower level,
closer to the generator.

The five gather around Marian. They push the bed down the hall.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Marian lays on the portable bed. Paul, Meeka, Dorleen, Lyssa, and Rita surround her, headed down.

The light in the elevator flickers. The elevator thumps to a stop.

Paul hits the button on the panel with his finger. The doors locked.

LYSSA
What now!

The light flicks back on.

The elevator shakes, rumbles down.

FADE TO:

INT. LOWER LEVEL BASEMENT HALL - CONTINUOUS

The concentrator hums. There's a sigh of relief on the five health care worker's faces.

Rita turns to Paul with urgency.

RITA
Check the fuel again Paul.

Paul races down the hall.

The four women keep watch on Marian.

FADE TO:

LATER

Paul returns with a grim look. He holds a cylindrical object to his side.

PAUL
There's enough for a few minutes.

The lights flicker. The hall goes black.

Light illuminates from a flashlight Paul holds.

MEEKA

We have 15 minutes to get Marian
out of danger.

Dorleen charges up the stairs.

Paul, Meeka, and Rita follow.

Lyssa looks down over Marian's pale and motionless body.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Meeka stares out the double glass doors.

Dorleen paces nervous. She stops and turns to Paul.

DORLEEN

We need more fuel. Where do we get
it?

Paul stares blank at Dorleen. He gropes for an answer.

PAUL

The nearest gas station is closed
and nothing can get through.

Meeka continues to gaze out the entrance glass door at,

The snow covered parking lot. Vehicles incased in mounds of
snow.

MEEKA

You said gas Paul?
(beat)
What about the cars in the parking
lot? There's a big source of fuel.

PAUL

I can rig up a siphoning device. We
need more help.

RITA

You get what you need, I'll round
up the staff.

Paul charges out of the lobby.

FADE TO:

EXT. NURSING HOME - CONTINUOUS

PARKING LOT

Employees brave the harsh elements, shoveling snow away from the vehicles.

With a long hose and a suction device, Paul siphons gas into large buckets.

The other employees lug the fuel in buckets to the entrance, forming a line to the building.

FADE TO:

INT. NURSING HOME - EVENING

LOWER LEVEL GENERATOR ROOM

Dorleen takes a bucket of gas, pours it into the fuel tank of the generator.

Dorleen pulls the starter cord.

Nothing.

Frantic, Dorleen pulls harder.

Nothing.

DORLEEN

Come on! Start!

Another forceful try.

The generator vibrates, kicks on.

Dorleen wipes her forehead.

Lights suddenly flick on.

FADE TO:

INT. NURSING HOME - LATER

LOBBY

The room dimly lit. The employees assembled together.

Meeka and Dorleen smile with uncertain victory.

RITA

We did it by working together. We
have enough fuel for another 8
hours.

Suddenly the lights brighten.

The phone rings. Meeka grabs the receiver.

Dorleen watches Meeka intense.

Meeka places the receiver down.

MEEKA

(eyes gleaming)

The city power has been restored.

The road crews are out clearing the
highway.

A chorus of cheers fill the lobby.

FADE OUT.

THE END.