FADE IN:

EXT. FRONT LAWN - SUNRISE

The QUIET suburban neighborhood looks safe, yet, still too early for traffic.

A mailbox shaped like a fish stands before a little white house with cement stairs.

A tow rope attached to the base of the mailbox post snaps tight, SNAP.

The mailbox is uprooted by an unknown source and drags across the cement down the street.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION ZONE - SUNRISE

A torn up construction zone across the street from the small white house. Four Mexican landscapers place rocks and plants around a man-made mud/water pond. A BOBCAT is parked in the distance.

Two ducks land in the pond.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The neat 1970's living room has two worn leather chairs.

The calming rhythm of the TICKING grandfather clock hangs on the wall.

A massive portrait.

INSERT PHOTO:

A beautiful old woman (70's) stands in a garden.

An orange flyer on a stack of mail reads:

"Park Homes Construction Project begins MAY 1st."

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

GEORGE (70s) is a short old man who looks like he has had a hard life. He is dressed in a bathrobe, sits back in the leather chair patiently watching the phone.

Sunlight shines on a red betta fish in a small glass bowl sitting on the nightstand.

He checks his watch, lowers it to see: The grandfather clock on the wall matching his watch exactly.

The phone RINGS.
GEORGE
Hello.

TAMMY (OS)
(deep voice)
Hi, this is Tammy with the Southeast Parks and Recreation Donors Club, is Dorothy Davey available?

GEORGE
I tell you guys, take me off your damn call list.

TAMMY (OS)
I'm so sorry sir, our system updates every two weeks.. I'll put a note..

GEORGE
Yes, yes, you'll put a note on the system not to call me but no one ever checks the notes before they call.

TAMMY (OS)
I'm so sorry sir, I didn't see the note in our system..

GEORGE
You wake me up at the butt-crack of dawn asking for money every day. I want you to send someone down here to recycle all the beer bottles your workers are flinging on my lawn.

TAMMY (OS)
I will make sure no one from our office calls you again sir.

GEORGE
Ha, like I believe that. What did you say your name was?

TAMMY (OS)
Tammy.

GEORGE
Jesus Christ, your voice is so fucking deep I thought you were a man. I can't even picture what your husband must look like. He must have testicles the size of jelly beans. Or are you a dike?
(MORE)
GEORGE (CONT'D)
Yeah, I bet you are one of those lesbian go green save the planet freaks. Let me break a little news to you, the planet is already fucked, its too late to save this worthless pit-hole of a world mankind has spent the last few hundred years shitting on. But, I suppose your relentless ignorance gives you bliss. Let me just leave you with this.. If man can create a hydrogen bomb then what is to stop him from ever setting it off! Hugh? It only takes one crazy fuck to gain enough power and set it off. The next time you think about calling me I'm coming down there to find you. If you are wondering if this a threat, it absolutely is.

DIAL TONE SOUND.
George slaps the phone down with a slight enjoyment.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING
A restored record player flips ON, BIG BAND MUSIC plays.
George opens the near full fridge taking out a prepared plate of bacon and eggs.
Moving to the rhythm of the music he dances his way across the kitchen. His stiff joints won't allow him to keep up.
He pours a few sanitizer drops into the fish bowl and measures the temperature of the water.
He sets the betta's fish bowl on the table as if it were his guest.
He flips open a notebook filled with hand written pages and begins his writing process by sharpening his pencil.
A ROARING sound of a bobcat scraping the ground followed by an erupting QUACKING noise disturbs his writing process.
He drops his pencil and takes a bite of toast and holds a small piece of bread hovering over the fish bowl.
The betta lays on the bottom of the bowl.
From his pant pocket he takes out a fish food container and dabs a bit of food in the bowl. He impatiently observes.
The fish rests on the bottom.

GEORGE
Eat Dorothy?

QUACKING/CHAINSAW (heard underwater from the fish's perspective).

We see thru the window, his glasses magnify his big glaring eyes looking at the construction crew.

EXT. GEORGE'S FRONT YARD - DAY

George carefully walks down the stairs. He approaches the QUACKING ducks in the torn muddy pond and flails his arms violently at them.

The two QUACKING ducks don't seem to mind. He picks up a Corona bottle and throws it into the pond. The two ducks fly off into the air.

Holding their shovels, the six man Mexican construction crew snicker and LAUGH pointing at him. Taking notice, George approaches a YOUNG WORKER (18).

GEORGE
Littering might be encouraged in Mexico but it is illegal here.

YOUNG WORKER
No hablo engles.

George add-libs his own version of sign language.

GEORGE
Take your mess somewhere else.

One of the workers makes a comment in SPANISH, all workers LAUGH.

George walks up to the bobcat parked on the side of the murky pond. He retrieves the keys from the ignition and chucks them in the middle of the pond.

He stomps his way up the stairs.

The Young Construction Worker flips him off.

YOUNG WORKER
Crazy old fuck!

George SLAMS the door and looks through his peep hole.
INT. LIVING ROOM -DAY

George sits attentively in his chair polishing a revolver with a cloth.

The ALARM CLOCK sounds. He turns it off.

George looks out the window through binoculars and sees:

Three landscapers watching the Young Landscaper unsuccessfully fishing out the keys from the pond with a rake.

George's attention is diverted to a MAIL CARRIER walking up his front steps.

A tough, African American, female, Mail Carrier (60s) wears a Black sweater with headphones BLASTING and carries a few letters in her hand.

He cracks open the door leaving the chain lock ON.

MAIL CARRIER
Good morning George.

She takes her headphones off.

GEORGE
Yes it was.. Can I help you?

MAIL CARRIER (CONT'D)
Your mailbox is down.

GEORGE
I have a pretty good idea of who it was..

She attempts peaking inside the house but, he nudges the door leaving only a visible sliver.

A loud QUACKING sound interrupts.

MAIL CARRIER
Everything ok?

GEORGE
All this bullshit is upsetting Dorothy.

MAIL CARRIER
Dorothy stopped getting mail years ago George.
GEORGE
My betta fish.. She just sits on the bottom of the bowl. Doesn't eat.

MAIL CARRIER
Maybe your fish just needs a friend? Get it a goldfish to play with.

GEORGE
You can't put another fish in with a beta. It will kill it.

MAIL CARRIER
How is your book coming along?

QUACKING continues.

GEORGE
I can't write with all this going on. The ducks are louder than the men.

MAIL CARRIER
Why don't you try throwing some bread out there?

GEORGE
Ha, or a bullet.. Why do I smell cigar?

She lifts a cigar from her pocket and offers it to him. He shakes his head NO.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
No, can't stand it.

MAIL CARRIER
My son just had a baby girl yesterday.

She holds up her cell phone with a picture of a new born baby. George waves her off.

GEORGE
Yeah, I know what a baby looks like. My show is almost on, darling please excuse me.

He reaches through the chain locked door and takes the letters.
GEORGE (CONT'D)
Thank you.

He shuts the door.

She places her head phones on.

MAIL CARRIER (OS)
Have a good day George.

He notices the sticky seal on an envelope is wrinkled as if it had already been opened.

All four letters appear to have been re-sealed.

He tosses the letters on a mountain of unopened mail in his entryway.

He watches her walk down the stairs.

She waves to a landscaper who does not return the gesture.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

George sets the betta fish bowl on a wooden nightstand, twists it facing the fish towards the tv screen.

He rests his old body in the comfortable chair. A click of the remote, the tv signal is snow.

GEORGE
No.

George presses the button repeatedly with no response. He moves in for a close inspection of the tv adjusting the bunny ears.

He manually presses the button on the tv and smacks the side.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
This place is falling apart. Can't even watch one simple show.

The screen goes blank, he checks the power cord, it's plugged in. Furious, he storms into:

THE KITCHEN

He flips through the yellow pages.
INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

George nervously arranges the pillows on the couch. He paces back and forth on the carpet trail worn from his pacing habit.

His watch reads: 9:59, he lowers the watch revealing the clock on the wall which matches his watch exactly.

His ALARM clock sounds 10:00. He slams the top of the old alarm clock.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

George, sunk in his leather chair looks out his front window anticipating a visitor.

The sound of a CAR DOOR slamming.

He looks through the peep hole.

He opens the front door to an out of breath, heavy REPAIRMAN (early 40s) standing before him wearing a bluetooth headset.

REPAIRMAN
George Davey?

GEORGE
You said you would be here at 10:00.

REPAIRMAN
20 minutes late. In my world that's early.

Repairman LAUGHS until he notices George's glare.

GEORGE
Your shoes.

Repairman bends over removing a shoe, he clumsily hops around exposing his love-handles.

Repairman walks scanning the living room.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
It's in the corner.

A 20 year old pathetic television balances on a beta max player in a cheap entertainment center. Repairman looks to George as if someone had played a joke on him.
REPAIRMAN  
I'm sorry, I don't work on these tv's.

GEORGE  
Why not?

REPAIRMAN  
No offense, I don't work on tv's this old. Don't have the tools.

GEORGE  
The tools or the brains?

Repairman is caught off guard.

Holding a tv guide George presses the power button on the tv. Repairman studies the back of the set.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
It won't turn ON when I push the button. I only watch Dancing with the Stars re-runs.

Repairman picks up his toolbox.

REPAIRMAN  
They are switching to a digital signal next week, so your analog signal won't work anymore. Plus, man, you could buy two flat screens for the price it would cost for someone to fix this.

GEORGE  
I don't need two or three television sets. My set worked fine for twenty years.  
(beat)  
It just needs a tune-up.

REPAIRMAN  
It doesn't even have cable hook ups. I'm amazed it even has a remote. Listen, there are some great flat screens out there. cheap too.

GEORGE  
And what will I do with this one?

REPAIRMAN  
I don't know, toss it. It isn't worth anything, five bucks maybe.
GEORGE
Your trying to rip me off!

REPAIRMAN
Have you seen the prices at Walmart?

Repairman looks down at his watch.

GEORGE
Buy new you say. I don't want some cheap complicated television set with a hundred buttons.

A HIP HOP RINGTONE from the Repairman's phone interrupts.

Turning, Repairman knocks the fish bowl off the nightstand to the ground shattering it to pieces. The fish flops on the ground.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Dorothy.

REPAIRMAN
Oh my god I'm sorry, it was an accident.

INT.KITCHEN -MOMENTS LATER

With haste, George sets the fish in a glass of water. He adjusts his glasses and moves his head in for a closer inspection. He looks over the fish as if a surgeon and carefully dips his finger in the water.

GEORGE
She's never been out of her bowl before.

REPAIRMAN
Is it gonna be ok? I'll buy you a new one..

George watches the fish swim in the glass of water.

GEORGE
(steaming)
Am I just cursed to be surrounded by fucking idiots all my life? Buy me a knew one? How about sentimental value ass hole. Now get the fuck out before you fuck up anything else.
INT. LIVING ROOM - SUNSET

In near darkness.

The large grandfather clock on the wall TICKS.

George searches through the nightstand drawer tossing aside prescription pills, he finds a revolver.

He pours the remains of the whiskey bottle into his glass, takes a swig. MURMURS to himself in a drunken stupor hunched over in his chair. He pushes the tv remote. Nothing happens.

GEORGE

God damn tv.

He throws a book at the tv missing it completely. George LAUGHS hysterically.

QUACKING is heard in the foreground echoing in the night.

A glass cooking bowl full of water sits on the night stand, the red betta fish floats on the surface dead.

QUACKING from outside.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I said quiet!

EXT. FRONT PORCH - SUNSET

George stumbles on his front porch drawing the revolver. He lines a duck in his site and FIRES, GUNFIRE ECHOS. The ducks fly off into the sunset. He squeezes off a second shot, missing.

GEORGE

Come back. And I won't miss.

LIVING ROOM

George staggers to his chair, holds the revolver on his lap and slumps down. He taps the gun barrel on the side of his head.

A LOUD TELEPHONE RING startles him. He grabs his chest, catching his breath. The phone continues to ring several times.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hello.
Collector
Hello, this is Josh with Automated Collection Services. How are you doing this evening?

George looks to the gun resting on the side of his head.

Collector (Cont'd)
Is George Davey available?

George
Speaking.

Collector
There is an outstanding balance due on your American express that is now in our office. The balance is $8,300. Will you be able to take care of that balance today?

George
I did not charge $8,000 dollars. On what? What was the charge?

Doorbell rings.

George sets the phone down.

He leers through the peep hole. He sees a Police Officer standing in the doorway with lights flashing in the foreground.

George (Cont'd)
You son of a bitches are fast.

He conceals the gun in his pocket.

George (Cont'd)
Come back in the morning. I got some illegal Mexicans you can take with you.

Officer Webner (OS)
Sir, I am Officer Webner, I need you to open the door.

George
I'm busy, my friend Jack Daniels is visiting from Kentucky.

Officer Webner (OS)
I'm not going to ask you again.

George opens the door to a military cut massive Mexican, Officer Mungia.
OFFICER MUNGIA
You George Davey?

GEORGE
Christ, this place is turning into Tijuana.

OFFICER MUNGIA
We received a phone call from one of your neighbors, said they heard gunfire on your property.

GEORGE
Which neighbors?

OFFICER MUNGIA
I'm not going to disclose that information.

Officer Webner covers his mouth to avoid George's breath.

GEORGE
Yes, I was scaring the ducks. They are a public nuisance.

OFFICER MUNGIA
It is illegal to fire a weapon in city limits.

GEORGE
I didn't hit them. If I wanted to I would have shot them right between the eyes.

George LAUGHS hysterically. He looks up at the annoyed officer.

OFFICER MUNGIA
I'm going to have to ask you to come with me. I'm placing you under arrest for discharging a firearm within city limits.

GEORGE
Ha, are you crazy, I'm a fucking war hero.

George attempts to shut the door. The Officer grabs his arm gently, turns him around and pats him down. He pulls a revolver from George's pocket.

OFFICER MUNGIA
Is this the weapon? Do you have any other weapons?

The Officer handcuffs him. His drunken struggle is no match
for the overpowering Officer. George pulls away, falls on the stairs slamming his shoulder.

GEORGE
My arm!

The Officer helps him up off the ground.

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE - NIGHT

A young attorney, DAN MILLS, opens the door rushing through the room carrying a briefcase and laptop. He slams his work down on the table exhausted. George wears a sling on his arm sitting at the table in the small room.

DAN MILLS
I'll call you soon.

GEORGE
Call me. I'm right here.

DAN MILLS
I will call your wife and let her know.

GEORGE
What in the hell are you talking about?

Dan ends the phone call by tapping a button on the side of his bluetooth.

DAN MILLS
Sorry, I was just finishing up with a client.

He approaches George.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)
George Davis?

GEORGE
It's DAVEY.

DAN MILLS
Oh sorry, I had it written wrong. I'm Dan Mills, your public defender.

Dan offers a handshake. He sees George's sling on his right arm. Dan switches to shake with his left but, George resists.
DAN MILLS (CONT'D)

Your arm ok?

George does not answer.

Dan writes on his tablet.

GEORGE
How old are you?

DAN MILLS
Twenty nine.

GEORGE
You're too young. I need someone experienced.

Dan stares at him awkwardly with an uneasy smile. George stares at him, straight face.

DAN MILLS
(unsure)
You are kidding me right?

The smile on Dan's face disappears.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)
Sorry, George. Looks like you are stuck with me.. Have a seat.

GEORGE
I'll stand.

DAN MILLS
I am here to help. Have a seat.

GEORGE
Take that thing out of your ear.

Dan glares at him and pulls the bluetooth out of his ear. He pulls the chair out gesturing for George to sit. George remains standing.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
When do I go home?

DAN MILLS
Soon, looking at your file. You are in good shape.

GEORGE
Good shape. Do I look like I am in good shape! Look what he did to my arm.
DAN MILLS
You are a purple heart, with no priors. I understand you didn't have a permit for the gun?

GEORGE
A permit. Yeah, fifty years ago.. I was shooting at..

DAN MILLS
Ducks, yes I know. Had a bit to drink did you?

GEORGE
I don't remember how..

DAN MILLS
It all really doesn't matter what you remember at this point Mr. Davis. What matters is what is on the police report. Now, I can keep you out of jail but the judge will require you to have someone check in on you from time to time. That's our best bet.

GEORGE
I don't need someone to check in on me.

DAN MILLS
You won't have a choice. Now do you have family or a friend that the court can appoint?

GEORGE
No. There is no one.

DAN MILLS
It says here you are married.

George shakes his head NO.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)
Not a friend or a neighbor? (beat) The court will appoint someone.

GEORGE
No, no more intruders.

DAN MILLS
The judge is going to make you.
GEORGE
Then he better send someone who isn't allergic to bullets.

DAN MILLS
It's that kind of talk that will keep you in here. You are looking at jail time, but this can be easily avoided, if you retire your attitude long enough for me to help you.

GEORGE
I have commanded entire fleets in battle. I don't need someone to change my diapers.

DAN MILLS
George, I am trying to help you. Let me do this, this is what I do.. Do you know if any bullets hit the neighbors house?

GEORGE
I wasn't shooting at my neighbors house!

DAN MILLS
Calm, we are going off of what's in the police report.

George views the clock on the wall.

GEORGE
It's time to feed my fish. I'm going home.

DAN MILLS
Today is your birthday George.

George halts, appears confused.

GEORGE
What day is it?

DAN MILLS
May 2nd, your birthday.

GEORGE
How did you know?

DAN MILLS
I have access to your records.

George backs away.
GEORGE
You stay out of my god damn files.
They are private.

DAN MILLS
It's my job, I'm your attorney.

GEORGE
This is your one warning.

Dan's eyebrows lift, he writes on the tablet.
Georges rises.

DAN MILLS
I need to verify your current address?

GEORGES
My address is..

DAN MILLS
And, how old are you today?

George gathers his thoughts for a moment. Devastated, he sits down, defeated.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)
(reading)
You are seventy two years old tomorrow. At the very least the judge will insist someone check in on you as a part of your probation. And George, I thinks it's a good idea.

George heads for the door. Dan stands in his path.
George awkwardly attempts to open the door with his right hand but fails.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)
Mr. Davis, I have twenty-eight clients right now. Twenty-eight. I am very busy, I need you to trust me. Ok?

GEORGE
It's Davey, not Davis! There is an "E, Y" you idiot. How can you help me? You are just a kid. You probably still have pimples on your ass.
DAN MILLS
You are wasting my time.

GEORGE
When you are through with me I'll probably end up in shock therapy.

DAN MILLS
Come on George! You are being ridiculous.
(beat)
Are you going to help me out?

Dan raises his left hand to shake George's hand. George denies him. Dan slaps a piece of paper and pen on the table.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)
Sign here George and you can go home. I will fill you in afterwards.

George reluctantly signs the paper with his bad arm.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)
Date it.

George looks up at him.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)
Today's date is: five, one, two thousand ten.

George dates it.

GEORGE
I don't care anymore.

Dan takes the pen and paper from him.

DAN MILLS
It's not up to you anymore.
(beat)
An officer will give you a ride home. I will call you in a couple days. Answer the phone when I call.

Dan places the bluetooth in his ear.

DAN MILLS (CONT'D)
Everything is going to be ok.
Trust me.

He presses the button on the bluetooth, exits the room, turns the corner.
INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

George's old hand turns off the thermostat.

In a daze, he views his reflection dressed in a baggy decorated military uniform. His arm, neatly wrapped in a sling, struggles adjusting his tie.

He opens the top dresser drawer and digs through a bundle of woman's bras and underwear.

He retrieves a full bottle of prescription pills, squints to look at the label reads: Dorothy Davey.

EXT. GEORGE'S FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

The overgrown jungle of a yard stands out among the houses in it's neighborhood.

Mail Carrier walks up the overgrown concrete stairs carrying a stack of mail and a card board box as if attempting an obstacle course.

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

George draws the shades, the room becomes dark. The clock on the wall reads: 10:57. He twists open the full prescription bottle and pours them into his palm.

He he removes his glasses, blurry.

The door bell RINGS.

EXT. GEORGE'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Mail Carrier RINGS the doorbell.

The door cracks open with chain still attached. George dressed in a decorated military uniform, without glasses, peeks through the chain locked door.

MAIL CARRIER

Good morning George.

GEORGE

Just put it in my mailbox.

MAIL CARRIER

Your mailbox is down.
GEORG

It's all bills that I'm not going to pay.

MAIL CARRIER

George, if you don't pay your bills I can't keep bringing you mail.

GEORGE

Ok.

She tries to hand him the mail but he makes no attempt to accept.

MAIL CARRIER

Ok, what?

GEORGE

Ok, just take it all back. I don't want it.

She looks at him confused.

MAIL CARRIER

Why are you wearing a suite?

An ALARM CLOCK goes off in the background.

She stares at George awkwardly.

MAIL CARRIER (CONT'D)

Your alarm clock is going off.

She stops him from closing the door.

MAIL CARRIER (CONT'D)

There are a few letters from the court house. Do me a favor and at least take these off my hands.

George takes the chain lock off the door and accepts the stack of mail.

GEORGE

Fine.

MAIL CARRIER

I heard you were arrested.

He shuts the door in her face.

She knocks repeatedly.
MAIL CARRIER (CONT'D)
George, open the door, please..

The door remains closed.

MAIL CARRIER (CONT'D)
It's important. George..

She storms off down the concrete steps kicking an empty corona bottle in the yard.

She walks to her sports car, pulls off her US Mail black sweater and throws it in her back seat.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The clock on the wall reads 11:10am.

He sits back in his chair staring at the spot where his TV used to be.

He lifts the phone off the hook and sets it down. DIAL TONE.

The empty prescription bottle lays across the coffee table.

He flips his record player on: BIG BAND MUSIC PLAYS.

He looks up at the painting of the woman sitting in a rose garden.

He sinks slowly in his chair, his eyes are heavy.

SOUND OF THE PHONE OFF THE HOOK.

The grandfather clock appears to slow down in rhythm.

George's eyes open. He looks over at the card board box near his lamp, (there is no label on the box).

He looks over the unmarked box curiously. He opens it and peers inside seeing a loaf of bread. He closes the box abruptly and pushes it aside.

He rifles through the letters looking at the address posted:

GEORGE DAVEY P.O. BOX 2459

EXT. PARK - MORNING

George hustles down his front steps carrying the cardboard box.

He arrives at the curb where is mailbox used to be. A few small plants and weeds grow in the hole indicating the hole has been there for a while.
He squints down the street with blurry vision.

Taken back, he sees the most fantastic park waterfall flowing into a large majestic pond. Wonderful flowers cover the park.

He walks closer in delight, seeing ducks swimming and two Mexican children skipping rocks into the waterfall.

GEORGE  How can they be done already?

He sees a mother and it's baby ducks following behind.

George rips open the plastic bag, pulls out a piece of bread and flings it into the pond. The ducks swarm after it.

The boy and girl run over to him and put their hands out for bread.

He becomes dizzy and struggles to keep his eyes open.

He takes a seat on the bench and watches the children throw bread to the ducks. SILENCE.

He fights to keep his eyelids open.

Sweat rolls down his pale face, he holds his stomach in pain.

He leans forward in the bench and vomits.

George curls up on the bench, falls asleep.

The boy and girl, confused, look at each other, something is wrong.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION ZONE -DAY

The torn up construction zone is covered in dirt and mud. Hoses run into the muddy pond. The two ducks QUACK at the group of people huddled around George.

The young boy and girl are shielded while being led away by their mother.

Four Mexican Landscapers huddle around the park bench looking down at George. One of them nudges the body, no response.

George's pale, lifeless body lays across the bench.

A metal sign engraved on the back of the bench reads: "Donated by Dorothy and George Davey."

WHITE LIGHT
INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Mail Carrier sits alone.

DR. GRUVER (50'S) enters the room.

DR. GRUVER
Carol?

MAIL CARRIER
Yes.

He looks up from a clipboard.

DR. GRUVER
I'm Dr. Gruver, you're George Davey's power of attorney?

She stands.

MAIL CARRIER
Yes.

DR. GRUVER
Is he, the George Davey, the author of the books?

She nods YES.

DR. GRUVER (CONT'D)
George is breathing, he suffered a severe stoke due to lack of oxygen to the brain when he stopped breathing. I am waiting on the toxicology report to find out what he took.

MAIL CARRIER
Is he awake?

DOCTOR
No. He is in coma-stasis. His brain activity does not show signs of permanent damage, though, I won't know for sure until he regains consciousness.

MAIL CARRIER
How long will that be?

CUT TO:
INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

George sleeps in the hospital bed surrounded by medical machinery. Wires and cords attached all over his body including a breathing respirator and heart monitor.

DOCTOR (VO)
We don't know. Sometimes, they last for a few hours, days, in worst cases, years. There is no guarantee he will ever wake up. At this point it is too early to say. Much of it will depend on him..

We draw in looking at George's peaceful eyelids. A hint of a smile on his face.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

A dark room with a spotlight on George wearing a tuxedo and corsage. He pleasantly watches an approaching figure.

DOROTHY (the old woman from the painting) approaches him dressed in a red ballroom dress.

George takes her hand, BIG BAND MUSIC PLAYS.

They begin to dance youthful as ever, the spotlights follow them whisking across the hardwood dance floor.

A camera crane swoops in and follows them in a close-up.

A live audience watches in the foreground.

The couple finishes the dance with a bow to the roaring audience.

George holds his wife's hand proud, he stares up towards the ceiling at a spotlight pointing down at him.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

George lays in the hospital bed unconsciously with a bit of a pleasant smile.

An 8 X 8 photo sits on the night stand next to George's hospital bed.

INSERT PHOTO:

Dorothy and the Mail Carrier, 10 years younger, wearing office attire, coworkers, arms around each other in their office cubical.

A nurse adjusts George's IV unit. His eyes open.
NURSE

He's awake.

The Mail Carrier, dressed in a business attire sits attentive in a chair beside his bed holding a newspaper. She stands and approaches his bed.

George, is only able to slightly move his head. He scans the room as if he didn't know where he was. He sees the photo on his nightstand, next to it is a red betta fish in a bowl.

He looks up at Mail Carrier, smiles and takes her hand.

FADE OUT.