FADE INTO TITLE:

“DESPERATE TIMES”

DIALOGUE TRANSCRIPTED OVER BLACK

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM – TIME UNKNOWN

The rhythmic BEEP-BEEP, BEEP-BEEP of a heart-rate monitor travels through an active cell phone line, followed by --

The ROUGH, RASPY BREATH of OLIVE, an elderly woman.

She takes a DEEP BREATH IN, readies herself to speak.

    OLIVE (V.O.)
    (through laboured breathing)
    Please, Johnny... I need... to see you... It’s been... so long.

INT. CAR (PARKED) – CONTINUOUS

City-traffic sounds come from the other side of the line, cars RUSHING BY, cabs HONKING, pedestrians YELLING OUT.

JOHNNY sits behind the wheel, his voice HOARSE and CROAKY like he’s been shouting or crying, or both.

    JOHNNY (V.O.)
    I know, Ma. They won’t let me.

INTERCUT – OLIVE AND JOHNNY

    OLIVE (V.O.)
    I think... I’m dying.

    JOHNNY (V.O.)
    (distraught)
    Don’t say that! That’s not going to happen, you hear me?

Olive starts to CRY.

    OLIVE (V.O.)
    I need... you... please, my boy.
    You said... you were... coming today.
JOHNNY (V.O.)
I tried, Ma. I promise. The doctors say you need to stay isolated. But I’m here for you, as much as I can be. I’m just outside sitting in my car, praying for you.

OLIVE (V.O.)
You don’t... love me... anymore.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
That’s not true! Security held me back. When I argued they threatened to call the police, when I fought they threw me out the building.

Olive COUGHS uncontrollably, she HACKS up phlegm.

OLIVE (V.O.)
I don’t have... much longer... I can feel it.

Johnny begins to CRY, it’s genuine emotion.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
Please hold on, Ma... for me.

OLIVE (V.O.)
Your brother... God rest his soul... he wouldn’t... have taken... no for an answer.

Olive GASPS loudly, for a moment there’s silence, then a CLUNK as her phone hits the floor, the call remains connected.

The monitors now BEEP erratically, much louder than before.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
Ma? Ma! What’s going on?!

NURSE (V.O.)
(through Olive’s phone, muffled)
Code Blue! We need a crash cart in here!

JOHNNY (V.O.)
No! Oh God no! I’m coming, Ma! Talk to me!

A dull CLUNK as the car’s glove box drops open.

Seconds later, a pistol is COCKED.
The car door OPENS then quickly SLAMS shut.

    JOHNNY (V.O.)
    I’m coming!

    DOCTOR (V.O.)
    (through Olive’s phone, muffled)
    Clear!

A loud electric THUMP.

    JOHNNY (V.O.)
    (crying, frantic)
    Ma!

    SECURITY GUARD (V.O.)
    (through Johnny’s phone)
    Sir, we already talked about --

BANG!

    DOCTOR (V.O.)
    (through Olive’s phone, muffled)
    Clear!

A loud electric THUMP.

    JOHNNY (V.O.)
    Where is she?!

    RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
    (through Johnny’s phone)
    He’s got a gu --

BANG!

    DOCTOR (V.O.)
    (through Olive’s phone, muffled)
    Are those gunshots?! Can someone find out what the hell is going on out there!

    REGISTRAR (V.O.)
    (through Johnny’s phone)
    Please, I have a --

BANG!

On the other end of the line Johnny hears a continuous flat BEEP...
Then --

DOCTOR (V.O.)
(through Olive’s phone, muffled)
She’s gone, call it.

The sound of Johnny’s phone hitting the floor with a CLUNK, the call remains active.

A GUTTURAL CRY followed by several GUNSHOTS.

MOMENTS LATER

DOCTOR (V.O.)
(through Olive’s phone, muffled)
Please, please don’t hurt me. We did all we --

BANG! BANG! BANG!

JOHNNY (V.O.)
(through Olive’s phone, muffled)
I’m sorry, Mama! I’m so sorry!

Desperate CRIES fill the room.

Police siren’s WAIL in the background as they speed ever closer to the scene.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
(through Olive’s phone, muffled)
Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death.

BANG!

SCREAMS echo through the still active phone line.

THE END