

I'LL BE SEEING YOU

Written by

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INT. RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MORNING

HENRY CLAYTON, 85, grizzled and a bit overweight, moves slowly about the kitchen. In the background, a TV announcer drones on about the latest COVID-19 news.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
...making this the twelfth straight
day of increasing deaths in the
greater Philadelphia area, with
most of those deaths occurring at
area nursing--

Henry mutters something inaudible under his breath and shuts off the TV. He turns to an Amazon Alexa on a kitchen counter.

HENRY
Alexa, play "I'll be Seeing You" by
Jimmy Durante.

The virtual assistant lights up and plays the song. Henry hums along.

He continues about his business in the kitchen, placing a thermos into a small cooler, which he carries into the--

LIVING ROOM

Where he puts on a heavy coat and hat. He waddles to the front door, but stops to stare at a picture of himself and a woman of similar age, surrounded by grandchildren.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I'll be seeing you, Annie. And I'm
gonna bring you home. Promise.

EXT. NURSING HOME - MORNING

A beat up Cadillac pulls into a parking spot. The facility looks like it's seen better days as well.

Henry proceeds to the entrance, and tries to open the front door, but it's locked. A sign in the middle of the door reads: "FOR THE SAFETY OF OUR RESIDENTS, NO VISITORS ALLOWED. NO EXCEPTIONS."

His shoulders droop and he shuffles back to the car. He contemplates driving away, but then gets out and opens the trunk.

He pulls out an old folding chair and wanders along the sidewalk. Counts windows of the building along the way.

Satisfied he has found the one he wants, he takes the chair over and unfolds it next to the window. He peers inside, and a broad smile appears on his face.

INT. NURSING HOME - ROOM - MORNING

Inside the room, ANNIE CLAYTON, 84, a gaunt, silver-haired woman, lies propped up on a bed. An oxygen tube is hooked up to her nose.

Henry RAPS on the window several times. Annie finally turns her head towards the window. He waves happily at her.

Annie has no reaction. Her face is a blank stare. Henry is disappointed, but not deterred.

HENRY

Annie! It's me - Henry.

Her expression remains unchanged, but she manages to raise her arm and give a slight wave. That's all Henry needs. He plops down in the old lawn chair.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You doing okay?

He's not sure she can even hear him, but he soldiers on.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Can't believe they won't let me in to see you. Place is going to hell and I have to watch it unfold like some sort of TV series.

Henry studies his hands. Searches for the words.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Oh. Marcus and Jamie came by with the kids last night. You can't believe how much they've grown. Marcus says that the school is thinking about closing down for a couple of weeks while they figure out what the deal is with this virus. Damn shame too. Emma was having a great year in basketball, and Jack -- you won't believe this -- but Jack, that kid got into Princeton! Princeton! Don't know how they're going to pay for that, but boy oh boy, an Ivy Leaguer in our family! Don't that beat it all?

Henry beams. So proud. The look prompts Annie to smile as well, and Henry's heart melts.

A passerby on the sidewalk spots Henry, takes a picture with her cell phone. Henry doesn't even notice.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Honey, I promise I'm going to bring
you home. You'll be safe there.
Just have to cut some red tape,
pulls some strings, whatever. But
I'm going to do it. You'll see.

Henry settles back in his chair for the long haul.

EXT. NURSING HOME - NIGHT

Henry checks his watch, stifles a yawn. He peers in the window. Annie is fast asleep.

HENRY

I'll be back in the morning, dear.
And the next one and the next one,
until I figure out how to get you
outta here, okay? I love you... and
I'll be seeing you.

Henry begrudgingly heads to his car with his chair.

EXT. NURSING HOME - MORNING

Henry returns to his spot outside the window. Waves cordially at Annie. A MALE NURSE is at her bedside and takes her vitals. He acknowledges Henry with a nod.

Annie can barely lift her hand from the bed but slightly moves it in a semi-wave.

HENRY

Dang, it's cold. Wish they'd let me
in there with you. The bastards. No
sense of decency. Won't even think
about releasing you. I tried to
call an attorney to see what can be
done, but no one's answering their
phones. The world's gone mad.

Henry leans up against the window. The sight on Annie lying in the bed, frail and non-responsive, brings tears to his eyes. He paces the ground, wiping away the tears.

The nurse, moved by the interaction, pushes her bed over by the window where Henry can see her better.

Henry, overjoyed at the gesture, turns to the window. And then he does something unusual. He clears his throat.

And he starts to sing.

Shaky at first, but he gathers strength as he goes.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I'll be seeing you,
In all the old familiar places
That this heart of mine embraces
All day and through...

As he sings, her head moves back and forth slowly in response and a smile crosses her lips. And just as Henry starts to savor the moment, her door opens and a DOCTOR enters.

Henry continues his song, and the doctor gives him a curious glance as he examines Annie.

HENRY (CONT'D)
In that small cafe
The park across the way
The children's carousel...

The doctor notes something in his pad. He gives instructions to the nurse, who nods and pushes her bed towards the door.

HENRY (CONT'D)
The chesnut trees... HEY!

Henry raps on the window.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Hey! Where are you taking my wife?

The doctor ignores Henry and leaves the room quickly.

HENRY (CONT'D)
HEY! Where are you going?

But the nurse has his orders and he wheels Annie away without a response.

Henry moves as quickly as his unsteady legs will take him to the front entrance. When he gets there, he POUNDS continuously on the glass door entrance.

HENRY (CONT'D)
LET ME IN! I NEED TO SEE MY WIFE!

JOANNA, 40, dressed in nurses scrubs, passes by the doors and is startled by the pounding. She slips on a face mask and stands opposite Henry on the other side of the door.

JOANNA
Sir, please calm down.

HENRY
Don't tell me to calm down! I need to see my wife. They took her away and I need to be with her.

JOANNA
We can't let anyone in. State orders. Can't risk the virus coming in or going out. I'm really sorry.

Henry is crestfallen.

HENRY
Please... I just...

JOANNA
I understand how you feel. I'd feel the same if I were you. What's her name? I'll see what I can find out and call you with an update.

HENRY
Annie Clayton. She was in room 110.

JOANNA
Okay, Mr. Clayton. Now you go home and get some rest. Warm up before you get sick yourself.

Dejected, Henry walks away.

INT. RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Henry sits at the dining table, eating soup. The silence is broken by Henry's cell phone ringing.

HENRY
Hello?

Henry listens carefully, as we FADE TO--

EXT. RESIDENCE - DAY

A sunny, beautiful day. Blooming trees and flowers in the garden indicate the cold of winter has passed and spring has sprung.

Henry pulls his Cadillac into the driveway and gets out. He carries a large, dual-handled bag to the front door.

INT. RESIDENCE - DAY

Henry puts the bag on an entry table.

HENRY

Told you I'd bring you home. I kept
my promise.

He reaches into the bag and pulls out an ornamental urn, and places it next to the picture of the two of them.

He pats the urn softly as he walks from the room.

FADE OUT.