

THE MEDICATION IS WEARING OFF

Written by  
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OVER BLACK

The slight tick ticks of a wrist watch.

INT. SUV, COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Mid-Summer countryscape greenery rushes past. Twinkling of sunlight on a shimmering lake.

TRAVIS (38) checks his watch, enjoying the breeze from the open window.

DONNA (34), tranquil, about seven months along, glances over.

DONNA

That was the first gift I ever got you.

TRAVIS

I remember.

DONNA

Few years old, though. Maybe a new one for your birthday?

TRAVIS

No need.

(smiles)

It still works.

She nods. Satisfied. A moment of silent driving passes, then she looks at him with those big brown eyes.

DONNA

We're hungry.

INT. SANDWICH SHOP - MORNING

Complete darkness until Travis switches on the lights. He's the first to arrive. Chairs on tables, record covers and faux antique signs on the walls.

Title: *two months earlier*

He turns on a coffee maker - one of several - hits brew and disappears into the back room.

SANDWICH SHOP - LATER

Bustling with activity. Food being prepared, phones ringing.

Travis picks up a line.

TRAVIS  
 (into phone)  
 Dilly Deli... Yeah, this is Travis  
 Jones. Oh. Hi, Doctor. How is he?

DOCTOR (O.S.)  
*Well, he's out of surgery. We did  
 what we could, considering. He's  
 sedated now, but... He's on life  
 support.*

TRAVIS  
 Oh. Okay. Well, I guess just keep  
 him sedated and I'll stop by  
 tomorrow. As long as he's not in  
 pain.

DOCTOR (O.S.)  
*Mr. Jones, I don't think you  
 understand. He's on life support.  
 Major organs are failing. I think  
 you need to get down here.*

Travis' face drops, his eyes water. The realization like a  
 gut punch.

LORIE (32), notices this, now right beside him.

TRAVIS  
 Okay, Doctor. Okay. I'll be there  
 soon.

Travis hangs up, trying to keep it together as he looks over  
 the store.

LORIE  
 Go. I got it. Just go.

TRAVIS  
 (trying not to lose it)  
 Okay.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Late afternoon shadows in the parking lot.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Muffled chatter and clean.

Travis and Donna speak to a female NURSE with a clipboard outside a room.

TRAVIS

(scoffs)

I don't know how to answer that.

NURSE

I know it's a tough decision. If it helps any, it seems like he's fighting.

TRAVIS

Well, then give him whatever he needs to keep on fighting. Just... I don't want the meds to wear off. I don't want him in any pain.

NURSE

Okay.

She hands him the clipboard, Travis signs.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Thank you, Mr. Jones. You can go inside.

Travis nods as Donna looks up to him. She takes his hand in hers and they go into the room.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Hey, Dad.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - LATER

Purple twilight in the sky as Donna and Travis embrace against a wall.

If there's crying, you can't hear it.

Tears, you can't see them.

Just the long day's last bird songs.

INT. TRAVIS AND DONNA'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Donna curled on her side in bed, Travis next to her. He's awake. Hasn't slept much.

The red neon numbers of the alarm clock. 4:16 am.

The phone rings. Travis hesitates. He knows who's calling. Been expecting it. He let's out a sigh.

TRAVIS  
(into phone)  
Hello.

EXT. SMALL COUNTRY TOWN - DAY

Travis and Donna step along the sidewalk, taking in the aesthetic and charm.

DONNA  
I'm glad we finally got to take a break.

TRAVIS  
Well, a couple months late. But we're here, right?

Donna points at a storefront. Oliver's Diner.

DONNA  
Here.

TRAVIS  
What do you know? A sandwich shop.

Travis takes out his wallet and hands it to her.

DONNA  
You're not coming in?

TRAVIS  
I will. I just wanna look around a little.

DONNA  
I wanna look around too.

TRAVIS  
We will, we will. Just get me something, okay?

DONNA  
Okay.

Travis turns and moseys down by the corner. Street sign says Sunset and Alvarado. Dozens of stores, cobblestone and ivy. You'd half expect a trolley car to rumble past.

He looks down, steps over a crack in the sidewalk to find himself in front of a specialty bookstore. Out of print stuff. He looks in the window.

One book catches his eye, and he finds himself utterly transfixed.

Insert: Book

*What The Hell Do I Do Now?*

*by Mo Everett.*

A moment passes. Then another. He slowly pulls back from the window to see his reflection looking back in the glass.

TRAVIS

What the hell do I do now is right.

He laughs to himself, slowly turns and heads back. He checks his watch, puts it to his ear.

Donna exits the diner and holds up a bag of food.

DONNA

Hey, you ready?

TRAVIS

Yep.

DONNA

You sure that old thing is still working?

TRAVIS

It still ticks away.

THE END