

SUNSHINE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

A well-furnished room with plenty of light and good feelings.

The walls are adorned with pictures of the Father and Daughter together. A special picture is on the bedside table.

ANGLE ON the ceiling, looking down on a Queen-sized bed where a FATHER (early 30s) is laying on his back, holding his --

DAUGHTER (4) on his chest while she sleeps, soundly.

The Father gently strokes his Daughter's head and back while she sleeps.

Note: The Father sings in a hushed, monotone voice, on the verge of cracking, the whole scene.

FATHER

*You are my sunshine/My only  
sunshine...*

The light on the bedside lamp flickers once.

FATHER

*You make me happy/When skies are  
gray...*

Suddenly, it seems like all the items in the room are moving in a slow time lapse.

The light in the windows starts to dim.

FATHER

*You'll never know, dear/How much I  
love you...*

A tear rolls down the Father's cheek.

FATHER

*Please don't take/My sunshine  
away...*

The wallpaper, in different areas of the room, peels away.

FATHER

*The other night, dear/As I lay  
sleeping...*

A small pile of clothes accumulates on the floor.

FATHER

*I dreamt I held you/In my arms...*

Cigarettes pile up on the ashtray on the bedside table.

The blinds are nearly halfway closed.

FATHER

*But, when I awoke, dear/I was  
mistaken...*

The pile of clothes on the floor grows.

The Father's eyes look more tired and empty than before as his hair and beard becomes more disheveled.

FATHER

*So, I hung/My head and cried...*

More snubbed-out cigarettes pile up in the ashtray as the bedside table is filled with alcohol bottles.

FATHER

*You are my sunshine/My only  
sunshine...*

The sheets on the bed are all gone, as is the blanket and the pillow cases.

FATHER

*You make me happy/When skies are  
gray...*

The frame with the special picture of the Father and Daughter is on the floor, shattered.

FATHER

*You'll never know, dear/How much I  
love you...*

A section of the wall above the bed is smashed, like somebody punched it, with blood slowly drying.

FATHER

*Please don't take/My sunshine  
away...*

The blinds are nearly closed.

The special picture of the Father and Daughter has been ripped into dozens of pieces.

FATHER  
*Please don't take/My sunshine  
away...*

The blinds are completely closed as --

His Daughter slowly fades away.

The Father keeps doing the same motions he was doing before,  
but she is gone.

FATHER  
*Please don't take...*

The lamp bulb burns out, leaving the room in utter darkness.

FATHER (O.S.)  
*...my sunshine away...*

FADE OUT.