

UNDER THE ORCHID MOON

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. — L.A. FIRE ESCAPE, COVID LOCKDOWN — NIGHT, JUNE 2020 1

We HEAR the beginning of Erik Satie's Gymnopédie 1, and see a fire escape with two levels, separated by stairs. Upstairs has a tiny tomato and herb garden barely seen from one side. We also see a few hanging crystals and a wind chime. Downstairs has a bicycle with two blue face masks dangling from it.

ANGELA, an Italian-American Reiki Master, early forties, enters up top with a flashlight and shines it up to the sky.

After a few minutes, CARVER, an African-American Emergency Room doctor, late forties/early fifties, comes out at bottom wearing scrubs. He looks up at the sky, then at his watch.

MUSIC ends and ANGELA turns out the flashlight.

CARVER

Was that eight minutes and
forty-six seconds?

ANGELA

It was.

CARVER

Won't do anything.

ANGELA

You don't know that.

CARVER

Not in my lifetime.

ANGELA

You don't know that.

Silence.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(to sky)

I see you, George Floyd. The
world will not forget.

CARVER

Angela, the world will forget.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

I won't. I can't believe that policeman showed absolutely no mercy toward him.

CARVER

You can't? Do you know how many hundreds of years it's been this way?

(shakes head)

A flashlight protest.

ANGELA

There are people that care, you know.

CARVER

Mm hmm.

ANGELA

I'm one of them.

CARVER

Are you?

ANGELA

It was his throat chakra, you know? . . .His communication center.

CARVER

He wanted to mute him, permanently. That's what he did.

ANGELA

It's despicable. Change is happening now.

CARVER

Oh, like MeToo? Do you think these protests will create real, behavioral change? Long term?

ANGELA

It's changing our consciousness, yes.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER

You're naïve, neighbor. It'll just bounce back the other way again.

ANGELA

You lack vision, neighbor. Turn your heart light on. Change is slow, but it happens. Eventually.

CARVER

Maybe, maybe. Ah-- Too many things on my mind.

He sits down in a heap and rubs his eyes.

ANGELA

I forgot. How's your Dad today?

CARVER

Doesn't look good for him. Two packs a day. Diabetic. Never listens to me.

ANGELA

God.

CARVER

It'll be over soon.

ANGELA

I'm sorry. Are you sure?

CARVER

(tears up)
Unfortunately.

ANGELA

Oh, Carver.

She crouches down and tries to extend her hand.

CARVER

(moving away)
Angela, that's three feet now. . .

ANGELA

I keep forgetting.

(CONTINUED)

He gives her a "hands off" signal.

CARVER
Easy now.

ANGELA
Would you like some tomatoes? I
have some ripe ones.

CARVER
You know you shouldn't have that
garden up there.

ANGELA
You know you shouldn't have that
bike.

CARVER
The crystals either.

ANGELA
I like my crystals. They ground
me.

She turns to go inside.

INT. — ANGELA'S KITCHEN — NIGHT 2

ANGELA walks into the kitchen, picks up some clear vinyl gloves
on the counter, and grabs a paper towel.

EXT. — FIRE ESCAPE — NIGHT 3

She comes out with gloves on, clips tomatoes and basil and puts
them in the paper towel.

ANGELA
Here. There's some basil too.

She lays them on the step.

CARVER
Nice. Thank you.

ANGELA
(shrugs)
Hey.

(CONTINUED)

She snaps off her gloves.

CARVER
White guilt?

ANGELA
Loneliness.

CARVER
I hear that.

They smile at each other.

ANGELA
Come on. Let me try Reiki on
your Dad.

CARVER
That again? Oh, the woo-woo
stuff. You know what? Knock
yourself out.

ANGELA
Really? It's not woo-woo. Your
own hospital advocates it.

CARVER
You're going to heal my Dad,
Reiki Practitioner?

ANGELA
Um, that's Reiki Master to you.
I can do distance healing you
know. There's no time or space
when it comes to energy work.

CARVER
(under his breath)
Or effectiveness.

ANGELA
I heard that. Where's your belief,
man?

(CONTINUED)

CARVER

So while you're at it, why don't you eradicate this virus? So you can come down here with your tomatoes? So you can sit in my living room?

ANGELA

So I can cook you a nice lasagna dinner.

CARVER

Well, you can still cook it. Mail it to me.

ANGELA

A little messy--

CARVER

--in the big brown box.

They laugh, briefly. Sadness sweeps in.

ANGELA

We have to do what we can. . .

CARVER

All this MeToo, woo-woo, COVID, hatred-- I don't know how much longer I can. . .do anything. Sometimes I see so many faces. . . Sometimes, I don't care about them, I don't care about me. . . I do my job, but-- hurts, hurts.

ANGELA

Carver, put your mask on.

CARVER

What, why?

ANGELA goes inside briefly, reenters and starts down the stairs, putting her floral mask on.

ANGELA

I'm coming down. Just for a minute.

CARVER

I'm a doctor. . .no!

(CONTINUED)

She stops and takes her mask off.

ANGELA
See. . .you do care. Still.

CARVER
What did you want to do?

ANGELA
Jumpstart you.

CARVER
What?

She grabs the flashlight and turns it on his chest.

ANGELA
Breathe some light into that heart.

CARVER
That hurts.

ANGELA
It's just light.

CARVER
It hurts.

ANGELA
(turns it off)
I know.

CARVER
What were you going to do?

ANGELA
Not sure. Hug you maybe.

CARVER
If you ever come down here, what
will you do?

ANGELA
All I can do right now is tell
you I care.

CARVER
I know. Put a glove on.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
What, again?

CARVER
Just put one on.

Curious, she does.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Now you stand there. . .

She stands on the step.

CARVER (CONT'D)
I'll stand here.

He puts on a glove and positions himself far enough away.

ANGELA
And?

CARVER
Give me your hand.

They connect hands and look deeply at each other.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Just for a minute.

ANGELA
(getting emotional)
This is nice.

Soon, he lets go.

CARVER
Whoever thought it would come to
this?

ANGELA
We have to rise above, neighbor.
For them and for us.

CARVER
Or all will be lost.

ANGELA
I'll pray for your Dad.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER
Goodnight my friend.

He picks up tomatoes and basil and goes inside. She stands there for a minute and looks up at the sky. Beams the flashlight up again for a second, then goes inside.

INT./EXT. MONTAGE — APARTMENTS — NIGHT INTO DAY 4

We HEAR a bit more of Satie's Gymnopédie 1. We see the interior apartments and bedrooms of ANGELA and CARVER as they restlessly sleep, segueing into the quiet activity of night. . .We see flashes of an empty street. . .the wind moving through the trees. . . moonlight. . .a lone streetlamp. . .dawn.

EXT. — FIRE ESCAPE — DAY 5

ANGELA enters and looks at the morning. She carries a white sage bundle that's lit and wafts it around the space. Absently, she HUMS the Gershwin song "Love Is Here to Stay" as she does. She sets the sage down. Holds her hands in prayer position for a few moments at her heart, then sweeps her hands open, palms outstretched. She breathes deeply.

ANGELA
(intones)
Han Sha Ze Sho Nen
Han Sha Ze Sho Nen
Han Sha Ze Sho Nen

She sits, visualizes CARVER'S father, and concentrates. After a few minutes, CARVER enters below and looks out at the day. Thinking he is alone, he rehearses a conversation with his father.

CARVER
Pop. . .it's time.

He stops and collects himself. ANGELA perks up an ear but doesn't move. She continues her distance Reiki and also takes his words in.

CARVER (CONT'D)
We haven't always been. . .

He stops again, clutches the railing and bows his head down to his knees. He's overtaken by emotion. He picks himself up and clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER (CONT'D)

Any final requests, Pop? I'm here. . .I wish you could see, speak to me. Not talk at me, like you always did.

(pause)

Why. . .why were you never. . . never proud of me, Pop? Haven't I done right by you? Didn't I respect you, revere you even, as a boy? Whether you'll admit it or not, recognize it or not. . . I don't even really know you. You know you're dying, don't you?

(pause)

How do I let you go?

(pause)

I'll miss our silences.

Hmm? My trying to break through to you.

(pause)

I love you. Asshole.

ANGELA, who has heard this, lets herself be known.

ANGELA

He knows, Carver. He loved you. He just didn't know how to express his love.

CARVER

Creeping up on me?

ANGELA

You have to let the disappointment go. The attachment to what you wish the relationship might have been.

CARVER

It could have been different. He didn't try.

(shakes head 'no')

He didn't--

ANGELA

--know how.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER
He knew.

ANGELA
You have to let it go now.

CARVER
I'm letting him go. I'm
saying goodbye now. Getting
ready to, anyway.

ANGELA
He won't be able to hear you.

CARVER
Why?

ANGELA
Like that.

CARVER
Stop.

ANGELA
I'm an infiltrator, and this
is your private moment. I just
wanted to be here for you. I
just happened to be here--

CARVER
--none of your business.

She gives him a "hands off" signal.

ANGELA
I understand.

CARVER
This is between me and him.

ANGELA
Okay.

She starts to move away.

CARVER
Wait.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
Hmmm?

CARVER
What do I say?

ANGELA
You can start with 'I love you
Pop.'

CARVER
(shakes head)
Ugh.

ANGELA
No criticism. No name-calling.

CARVER
(rolls his eyes)
Ugh.

ANGELA
Carver, say whatever you'd like
to, whatever's in your heart to
say, but without the hostility.
No one hears that. But you
can say 'I wish we'd been
closer'. . .

CARVER
(rehearsing)
I wish we'd been closer. . .

ANGELA
. . .and 'I forgive you Pop.'

CARVER
(raw)
I don't think I do.

ANGELA
Peaceful release hinges on
forgiveness. Famed in story and
song.

CARVER
I've read the story, I've
sung the song.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
Not with him--

CARVER
--No.

ANGELA
That's not a big reveal.

CARVER
Wise ass.

ANGELA
No, wise heart.

CARVER
What?

ANGELA
Forgiveness is hard for all of
us. But we have deeper wisdom
within.
(touches her heart)
Here.

CARVER
I'm not a saint you know.

ANGELA
No, but you're an empathic
healer who can embody the more
compassionate view.

CARVER
(bestows title on her)
Okay, wise heart.

ANGELA
Just let the burden of the old
stories go.
(physically starts shaking
invisible 'stories' off of her)
It's just habit. You can create
a new reality with your Dad.
A new beginning with this ending.
For however much time you have
left.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER
You're such a dreamer, friend.

ANGELA
I'm actually pragmatic, friend.

CARVER
If you say so.

ANGELA
Why do you fight so hard? Resist
so much?

CARVER
Healthy skepticism. And I'm tired.
So tired.

ANGELA
If you'd stop fighting, you'd be
less tired.

CARVER
Look, I accept the mumbo-jumbo,
touchy-feely stuff-- when
appropriate.

ANGELA
You know bedside manner. But this
is untested territory for you.

CARVER
Are you patronizing me?

ANGELA
I'm encouraging you to not let
him die without coming to better
terms. That's all.

CARVER
I understand the role of
forgiveness. I do.

ANGELA
Then forgive. It's just a choice.
Like choosing oatmeal for
breakfast over avocado toast.

He looks at her, dubiously.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

The way you feel right now,
about to lose him, see him
that way too. As a boy. See
him lost, confused, unable to
understand his pain. Just like
you were, at the same age.
It went from his generation to
yours. Inherited pain.

He looks at her meaningfully.

CARVER

You're a good woman, Angela.
A little out there, but good.

ANGELA

And you're a good man, Carver. A
little fill-in-the-blank, but also
good. Now go see your Dad, and
show him what a good man you are.
No doubt, his soul already knows.

CARVER

What if nothing changes?

ANGELA

If he doesn't acknowledge you?

CARVER

Yeah.

ANGELA

At least you'll have tried. . .
released your own heart.
Just know that the relationship
never ends. You can always
talk to him when he enters
the next realm.

CARVER

(shakes head)

You do like to open me up, don't
you. You should have been a
surgeon.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
Just express what's in you to
say.

CARVER
There's just pain right now.

He looks at her quizzically.

ANGELA
Tell him about it. Say everything
you need to. Let there be only
love between you left.

CARVER
I can do that.

ANGELA
I know you can.

INT./EXT. — MONTAGE — OUTSIDE HOSPITAL ICU ROOM — DAY 6

We HEAR a bit more of Satie's Gymnopédie 1. CARVER stands outside the door of an ICU room, gathering strength. . .He hems and haws in deep thought. . .In flashes, we see ANGELA'S face and some visual imprints of his morning conversation with her . . .We see him deciding, then with purpose, he takes a step forward to go in.

EXT. — FIRE ESCAPE — NIGHT 7

CARVER comes home with his bike and calls up to Angela. From the way he holds himself, he appears to be in a better mood, as if something is resolved within him. He's excited about something.

CARVER
Angela!

He WHISTLES up.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Angela. . .

He waits. WHISTLES again.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Hey, wise heart!

(CONTINUED)

He paces, waiting. As soon as he hears her he turns around and starts speaking. She's on the phone and looks concerned.

CARVER

You were right. . .

ANGELA

(to phone)

Hold on Mom . . .

He sees her face.

CARVER

What's wrong?

She takes a deep breath.

ANGELA

My Mom was diagnosed today.

CARVER

God.

ANGELA

She's having trouble breathing
. . .can't reach her doctor.

CARVER

Did she call 911?

ANGELA

No, she says she's managing.
Her doctor said it's to be
expected. Can you help?

CARVER

Managing.
(shakes head)
Is she in bed?

ANGELA

Yes.

CARVER

Is she alone?

ANGELA

Yes.

CARVER

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

He throws off his jacket, rubs his face quickly and sighs.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Tell her she's going to take six
deep breaths.

ANGELA
Six deep breaths?
(to phone)
Mom, listen. My neighbor's an
ER doctor, and he's going to
help you.

She looks to him.

CARVER
Six deep breaths.

He holds up his hands, to stop her before she speaks.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Let me describe it first.

ANGELA
He's going to describe it, and
then you'll go ahead, okay?--
Mom are you there? Okay.

CARVER
Six deep breaths. The first
five she's going to hold for
five seconds.

He holds up one hand, displaying five fingers. She nods.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Then on the sixth one, she's
going to cough.
(indicating to Angela)
Go ahead.

ANGELA
Mom, you're going to take some
deep breaths.

She looks to CARVER for support.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER
Five of them--

ANGELA
--Five of them you'll hold
for--

CARVER
--five seconds each--

ANGELA
--five seconds each--

She looks to CARVER again.

CARVER
Cough on the sixth one.

ANGELA
Then on the sixth one, you'll do
a big cough.

She looks to CARVER.

CARVER
That's it.

ANGELA
That's it. Got it?

She looks to CARVER and nods.

CARVER
Tell her to go ahead, and let us
know when she's done.

ANGELA
Mom, go ahead and tell us when
you're done.

They both wait. CARVER paces a little and ANGELA stays frozen,
listening. She gets the cue.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Are you okay Mom? . . .
(pause)
She says yes.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER

Now tell her to do the same thing all over again. Then this time tell her when she's done, to lay on her stomach with a pillow in front of her and continue to take deep breaths. For ten minutes if she can.

ANGELA

I don't know if she can do that. Why her stomach?

CARVER

Tell her to try. The lungs are in the back.

ANGELA

Mom? . . .Carver says-- the doctor. He says to do the six breaths again, then when you're done, lay down on your stomach--

They lock eyes and he prompts her.

CARVER

--with a pillow in front of you.

ANGELA

--with a pillow in front of you.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Can you do that? Good. . .Then breathe deeply for--

CARVER

--Ten minutes.

ANGELA

Ten minutes. . .Okay. Call me back Mom. Let me know how you did.

She hangs up and sighs.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

CARVER

Happy to do it.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
I feel so lost right now. Like
I'm in kindergarten.

CARVER
I know.

ANGELA
I should be there.

CARVER
Where is she?

ANGELA
Ohio.

CARVER
Well, you can't travel there
tonight. Not your fault.

ANGELA
I know. Thank you.

She starts to cry.

CARVER
It's gonna be okay, Angela.

ANGELA
Is it?

Her crying intensifies. CARVER comes to the stairs and sits on
the bottom step closer to her.

CARVER
Hey, hey. Look at me.

ANGELA
Yeah?

He smiles to lift her spirits.

CARVER
I talked to my Dad, wise heart.

ANGELA
You did?

(CONTINUED)

CARVER
Yes, and guess what? You were
right.

She comes to the top step and kneels down.

ANGELA
I was?

CARVER
Yes.

She laughs, regaining some spark.

ANGELA
What happened?

CARVER
I found a private moment in all
the chaos and-- the stars aligned.
He heard me.

ANGELA
You're trying to speak my
language. I appreciate that.

CARVER
I want to lift you too-- the
way you did for me. Today, I
began to understand your
language.

ANGELA
How?

CARVER
I said my piece-- and I said it
all. He listened. He looked at
me without any kind of--
defensiveness. There was this
innocence about it, born out of
fear I guess.
(pauses, gets emotional)
He was in and out, not breathing
well. I was gentle.

ANGELA
Good.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER

I saw an expression of love
for me I hadn't seen since I was. . .
(looks innocent, like a boy)
since I was really small. He
looked like the small boy. . .
(collects himself, mans up)
and now I was the taskmaster.

ANGELA

(taken aback)
The taskmaster?

CARVER

The one with the capacity to
sustain him.

ANGELA

Why not. . .a compassionate healer
then?

CARVER

He's reliant on me. I hold his
fate now, the way he did with
me then.

ANGELA

Not the universe? God?

CARVER

Yes, but. . .just the power
dynamic. The roles are flipped.

ANGELA

Oh. So it turned out well?

CARVER

Yes! It was. . .twenty minutes.
No judgment, no accusations,
and when I was done, he reached
out and held my hand.

ANGELA

You said all you needed to?

(CONTINUED)

CARVER

Everything was out on the table,
under the table, around the table.
When I finished, he motioned for
a piece of paper and a pen. He
scratched this.

Pulls paper out of his pocket and shows it to her.

ANGELA

(reads)

Love you son. I'm sorry.

(looks at him)

Oh!

CARVER

Yeah.

She looks at the paper again.

ANGELA

He could barely write.

He nods.

CARVER

(tearing up)

After he gave me that, he wanted
me to come closer, and put his
one free arm around me. The first
hug I've had since I was three,
I think. Then he fell asleep.

ANGELA

Three?

CARVER

Tough authoritarian Father.

ANGELA

Wow.

CARVER

I felt this huge weight lift off
me.

ANGELA

Amazing.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER

(brushing away a tear)
I didn't feel it before today,
you know? He loved me. I really
didn't think so. Not having that
love. . .It's partly why I became
a doctor. If I can help someone--

ANGELA

--they'll love you.

CARVER

Something like that. Or at least
regard me well.

ANGELA

And is that true? From your
experience?

CARVER

Sometimes. Other times, not at all.

ANGELA

Same with my clients. If I can
minimize their pain, or help
them release something
energetically--

The phone rings.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Oh! Mom!

She picks up. CARVER perks up an ear, but also looks at his
father's wobbly writing, touching it gingerly.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Hi Mom-- Mom? How'd you do? . . .
Uh huh. . .What happened? . . .
Can you breath better now?
. . .I know. Good.

CARVER

Give her my number if she can't
reach her doctor for some reason.

ANGELA

Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

CARVER
For you?

She smiles at him.

ANGELA
Mom, when we hang up, I'm going
to text you Carver's-- that's the
doctor's-- number. If you can't
reach your doctor, you can call
him. . .Yes, I will. Love you too.

She texts the number.

CARVER
All good?

ANGELA
Yes. She's grateful to you.

CARVER
When was the last time you saw
her?

ANGELA
Not in awhile.

CARVER
Come in tomorrow. We'll test you.

ANGELA
I feel like I may have had
something already, weeks ago.

CARVER
Hmmm. Well, Keep taking vitamin D,
zinc, and C.

ANGELA
I will. Thank you for this.

CARVER
We're doing good, Angela. We'll
get through.

ANGELA
We will?

(CONTINUED)

CARVER
Have to.

ANGELA
Glad you're here.

CARVER
(smiles)
Yeah, but knowing me takes work
sometimes.

ANGELA
True, true. But it's satisfying
work.
(smiles, beat)
See you in the morning?

CARVER
See you in my dreams. . .

ANGELA
I'll look for you too. . .in
mine.

CARVER
Night.

ANGELA
Night.

INT./EXT. — MONTAGE — APARTMENTS/HOSPITAL — NIGHT TO DAY 8

We HEAR the end of Satie's Gymnopédie 1. CARVER washes his face before bed, looking deeply at his exhausted reflection in the mirror. . .ANGELA wakes startled at 3:30, turns on the light, checks her phone, sees the time, then rolls over to go back to sleep. . .Dawn. . .During the day's rain storm, ANGELA fights to shut a window while seeing an ambulance and HEARING its SIREN as it goes by. . .Carver looks out his office window at the rain as he HEARS HOSPITAL ALERT SOUNDS.

EXT. — FIRE ESCAPE — NIGHT 9

CARVER enters with his bike and parks it. He dusts himself off to look presentable, then WHISTLES up for ANGELA. It takes a few tries before she enters. She comes out all dressed up, looking quite different from her usual at-home casual attire. She smiles

(CONTINUED)

and waves hello. He looks at her appreciatively and gives a WOLF WHISTLE.

CARVER
You're a sight for sore eyes.

ANGELA
I did a Zoom today.

CARVER
Well you rose to the occasion.

ANGELA
Why, thank you.

CARVER
How's your Mom?

ANGELA
Better. Your Dad?

CARVER
Worse.

She looks at him empathically.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Did you stay that way for me?

He indicates her dress.

ANGELA
(flirts)
Could be--

He toys with coming up the stairs to her, and she flirts with coming down. They both stop, holding their distance.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
That's it?

CARVER
For now. But hold it in mind.

ANGELA groans a bit in dismay, playfully. We HEAR a faint teakettle WHISTLE coming from inside ANGELA'S apartment. She points toward the sound.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
Would you like some tea? Herbal.

CARVER
(nods)
Sounds good.

INT. — KITCHEN — NIGHT 10

ANGELA reaches for the kettle. Opens cabinets to get cups.

EXT. — FIRE ESCAPE — NIGHT 11

CARVER breathes in the night air and does some stretches while he waits. ANGELA comes out with both cups, carrying his with a glove on. She puts it down on the stairs. Takes glove off and puts it aside.

ANGELA
I needed this to clear my head
after the client I had.

CARVER
What happened?

He picks up the cup.

ANGELA
A young poet, not able to focus
on her classwork. Having nightmares,
stomach aches, panic attacks. . .

CARVER
How come?

ANGELA
Well, she's involved in all the
protests. She doesn't even want to
be. Her parents expect it of her.
They're a very political family.

CARVER
In what way?

ANGELA
Well for starters, she's distantly
related to Thurgood Marshall, if
you can believe that.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER

Supreme Court Justice Thurgood
Marshall? Black Supreme Court
Justice Thurgood Marshall?

ANGELA

That's what they said.

CARVER

You talked to them too?

ANGELA

No, Aya just relayed it to me.
That's her name.

CARVER

Aya, huh. So what happened?

ANGELA

She's got a lot of anger. Rage,
actually. Took some of it out on
me.

CARVER

I don't like the sound of that.

ANGELA

No, I understand it. I didn't take
it personally. She's completely
shut down. Hates herself.
Energetically, I felt all these
barriers around her.

CARVER

You could tell that from the Zoom?

ANGELA

Sure. The way you can hear it
on a phone call, or see it from
fifty feet away. If you know what
to look for.

CARVER

How can you tell?

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

Just-- it's a lot of small things.
They all. . .
(sighs)
tell the tale.

He settles in, interested.

CARVER

Tell me.

ANGELA

Well, we had set up a time to get
to know each other first, before
the session. Meeting first gives
me insight into what I may need
to address.

CARVER

What did you learn?

ANGELA

On the surface, that she's tried
(uses air quotes)
"everything" and was curious
about energy healing. I told
her that to be effective it was
important to be receptive for
the Reiki energy to flow in.
She really wasn't.

CARVER

I bet that was a tough sell.

ANGELA

She was referred by another client
of mine. She was in. I prepared
her-- told her when we started to be
quiet, comfortable, without
distractions, and to just
(uses hands in an opening
gesture)
open as best she could. The actual
session is offline.

CARVER

Uh-huh.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

I said to let me know how it went for her afterward. That's what I wasn't prepared for.

CARVER

What did she say?

ANGELA

Well, it touched something in her, and she defended against it. I felt that her stomach issues were all about this repressed rage, and the lack of being able to assert her own will. She has no agency to do what she wants. That third chakra area at the solar plexus is all about personal sovereignty. Self-assertion.

CARVER

How old is she?

ANGELA

Twenty. She's young.

CARVER

And black. There are all sorts of negative associations that come with being an assertive black woman. A lot of pain too.

ANGELA

I know. I think helping to free that area of constraint-- wake it up-- dislodged some of the patterning, made her more aware of some things. Which is good. Emotions have to be freed and brought to consciousness so they're not stuck in us. But she didn't like having that awareness. She was a bit raw.

CARVER

And?

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

She blamed me for feeling bad afterward, not immediately better. Healings don't always work like that. Sometimes there's a detox period first.

CARVER

A detox period? Like withdrawal?

ANGELA

Yes, removing something the body is used to. In this case, an energetic block.

CARVER

Makes sense.

ANGELA

I also told her that part of what she was feeling was not just detox, though. It was the internal resistance she had to letting go. Which can block the healing.

CARVER

I'm sure that went over well.

ANGELA

I prepared her for all kinds of reactions post-treatment. Most people love Reiki. It's gentle, it's noninvasive, and it's rare for someone to react the way she did. But she had to lash out. I think for her, it's actually a sign her healing has begun. With the awareness, which has been sparked. That's always the first step.

CARVER

How did you leave it?

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

Well, as a step toward self-assertion, I advised her to not take part in the protests if she really doesn't want to.

CARVER

(taken aback)
What? Why would you say that?

ANGELA

She's sensitive. A poet. She can do things that suit her better, if its making her miserable.

CARVER

Oh come on. You didn't say that-- did you?

ANGELA

Yes, why? We shouldn't always force compliance, you know. Sometimes exposure to things we aren't prepared to deal with can be detrimental-- even for the--
(searches for the words)
noblest intent.

CARVER

Wait a minute. The protests are. . .
(struggles to find a word)
legitimate. They're necessary--

ANGELA

Didn't you say the protests wouldn't change anything?

CARVER

(shakes head)
I was just. . .
(deflects)
They're necessary. It's an action she should take. For herself.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

She doesn't think so! Plus she can make an impact on the world in a different way. The way Greta Thunberg has, with nature.

CARVER

Come on now. This is her heritage. You're giving her a pass to not care about being black in this racist country? To step up and defend herself? Her own people?

ANGELA

No, no of course I'm not giving her a pass. I'm giving her an option.

CARVER

(disbelief, anger beginning)
What?

ANGELA

She can contribute to the world in other ways, with her art, or with. . .animal organizations, for example. She loves animals.

CARVER

Unbelievable.

ANGELA

What?! She can help the food banks, do something that doesn't take her away from herself-- her core identity. To be what her parents want. She can contribute in other ways.

CARVER

What, like Habitat for Humanity?

ANGELA

Nobody's building now, but yes. Yes! Why not?

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Didn't you once tell me your
father wanted to be a doctor
when he was young-- and you
ended up doing it to please him?

CARVER
(taken off-guard)
Woah-woah-woah. No. This is
different. You misunderstood me.

ANGELA
How is it different?

CARVER
(stymied, defensive)
I wanted to be a doctor too. I
didn't just do it for my father.

ANGELA
No? Not even a little bit?

CARVER
You're pissing me off, Angela.

ANGELA
I'm sorry, but--

CARVER
--Forget this girl's--

ANGELA
--young woman's--

CARVER
--young woman's
(rolls his eyes)
"self" for a minute.

ANGELA
Yes?

CARVER
This focus on what's right for
her-- it's myopic!

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

--It's not myopic! We all have to be secure in ourselves before we can extend ourselves to others.

CARVER

What good fairy told you that?

ANGELA

I'm going to forgive you that comment.

CARVER

Look-- Why is she so against fighting for her own-- culture, her heritage?

ANGELA

Because-- these are her words-- she doesn't want to be black. She said it's too weighty a responsibility. She doesn't want to wear that, walking down the street.

CARVER

(angry)

Give me ten minutes and I'll walk with her down that street.

ANGELA

Carver. You sound like her Dad.

CARVER

I sound like my Dad. But she needs to learn. Don't you understand? She's our future. And she doesn't 'want it.' She hasn't had it hard enough. Wow. I guess you really don't understand. You don't.

ANGELA

Carver-- come on.

CARVER

What?! You come on. I don't even know who you are.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
 (hurt)
 What do you mean?

CARVER
 You care for me, so you say, you
 care for me, and yet today you
 advised her to go against--
 something that-- what I think,
 what I feel--

He swallows something deeply stuck in his craw.

ANGELA
 She's not going against you. Or
 what you stand for, or care about.
 And neither am I!

CARVER
 Of course she is! And you condone it!

Beat.

ANGELA
 Carver, I-- this is getting out
 of-- out of the bounds of--

CARVER
 --Too out of control, energy master?

ANGELA
 Hey, don't talk to me like that.

CARVER
 (disconnects from being invested
 in her)
 Okay.

ANGELA
 Look I understand how you feel. I
do. I certainly didn't ever mean
 to--

CARVER
 --Forget it. Just forget it.
 Never mind-- any of it.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
No, I-- I want you to understand,
I--

CARVER
--Doesn't matter.

ANGELA
--Of course it does, I--

CARVER
--Forget it.

ANGELA
--Carver!--

CARVER
Forget all of it.
(pointedly)
All of it.

He means her, and his feelings for her. He storms off. ANGELA is shaken. We HEAR the beginning of Satie's Gymnopédie 2.

INT. — CARVER'S LIVING ROOM — NIGHT 12

We see CARVER enter, pace, and stop, not sure where to go or what to do.

EXT. — FIRE ESCAPE — NIGHT 13

Satie music ends. Upset, ANGELA burns some sage and wafts it around the space, trying to breathe calmly to center herself. To gather her courage, she HUMS "Love Is Here To Stay" a little, specifically the phrase "they're just passing fancies, and in time may go-- but oh my dear" then stops when she HEARS some noises coming from CARVER'S apartment. There's some CLATTERING, capped off by a loud ROAR of anguish which stops her short. A few moments later, CARVER reenters.

CARVER
I overreacted. I'm sorry.

She's quiet.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Wise heart?

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
Please don't call me that.
(somewhat contrite)
Apparently, I'm not so wise.

She remains still.

CARVER
Ah, forget what I said.

ANGELA
I didn't do the right thing in
your eyes.

She looks at him.

CARVER
You did what you thought was right.
It's--

ANGELA
(somewhat annoyed, hurt)
You forgive me?

She starts wafting sage again.

CARVER
Nothing needs to be forgiven.

ANGELA
(annoyed)
No?

CARVER
You're my sweetheart. Don't you
know that? I'm just on edge.

ANGELA
(softens)
I am? It's okay, maybe I--

CARVER
I know your heart, Angela.

ANGELA
It's with you.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER

I know. These things are going to come up for us.

She wants to move closer to him, then stops herself.

ANGELA

Damn this tired world, creaking and screaming and. . .! Damn it all to hell you know? This social distancing! Six feet of--
(makes a mock gesture of the air around her)
it's crazy! It gets in the way of--

CARVER

--of our connecting. I know. It's making everybody crazy, tense.
(points to sage)
What's that for?

ANGELA

(irritated)
Burning sage purifies the space.
Helps to clear anger.

CARVER

Doesn't seem to be doing much good from the look of things.

ANGELA

Huh?

He points to her, up and down, suggesting her demeanor.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Oh. . .stop. It will help me too.

CARVER

Angela, there's not enough sage in the world right now, for all the angry people there are.

Suddenly, this calms her.

ANGELA

True.

(CONTINUED)

He thinks a minute.

CARVER
You needed to purify your space
of me?

ANGELA
No, no! Just the energy of our. . .
heated misunderstanding.

CARVER
Our misunderstanding. . .but not
our heat, I hope?

ANGELA
No. . .No. Not that. That can
stay. In fact, that will be
encouraged. . . stoked. . .

CARVER
. . .at a later date.

ANGELA
Yes.

They look deeply at each other.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(takes a deep breath)
But right now. . .I'm preparing
the space to send a healing to
your Dad.

CARVER
(deep sigh)
Thank you.

ANGELA
Do you have a photo of him?

CARVER
Sure.

He takes it out of his wallet. She grabs a vinyl glove and puts
it on as he does. He lays the photo down on the steps. She comes
down a short way and takes it.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER (CONT'D)
He's with my Mom in it. Is that okay?

ANGELA
That's perfect.

She holds it dearly.

CARVER
You know, while you do that, I'm gonna check in with your Mom. Lend some support.

She smiles appreciatively.

ANGELA
It's amazing how your level of handsomeness just-- increases-- all the time.

CARVER
How you talk.

He puts his arms around himself, as if it was her. She does the same in response. They each go inside their apartments.

INT. - MONTAGE - APARTMENTS - NIGHT TO DAY 14

We HEAR the middle of Gymnopédie 2. ANGELA is in her living room, one hand at heart level, the other extended outward. The photo of CARVER'S father is nearby and it has her focus. . .In his apartment, CARVER holds a basketball and rotates it absently while watching TV, occasionally hitting the wall with it. . . Each goes to sleep. . .We catch glimpses of their living spaces during the night. . .For CARVER, it includes remnants of his earlier clattering noises-- broken dishes and glasses with some small fragments swept into corners. . .On his desk is his father's will, splayed open. . .For ANGELA, there is a notepad with handwritten details about AYA's session and her temperament. . .some nearby sketches on drawing paper.

INT. - ANGELA'S APARTMENT - DAY 15

Morning comes and we see ANGELA getting off her stationary bike as she HEARS CARVER rattling his bike chain below, getting ready to leave for work. She moves toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. — FIRE ESCAPE — DAY

16

ANGELA enters from her apartment.

ANGELA
I heard you bouncing last night.

CARVER
Bouncing?

She makes a dribbling motion.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Sorry, couldn't sleep.

She shrugs as if to say "oh well," then pantomimes getting the ball into a hoop, tossing it in. He smiles.

ANGELA
Thanks for checking on my Mom.
She texted me.

CARVER
We texted too. . .for awhile
last night.

ANGELA
(surprised)
You and my Mom?

CARVER
Mm hmm.

ANGELA
How come?

CARVER
Just--

He pauses.

ANGELA
What about?

CARVER
About your Dad, mostly. Who he
was.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
(taken aback)
My Dad?

CARVER
She thought I knew.

ANGELA
Oh.
(beat)
How'd that come up?

CARVER
I don't know.

ANGELA
Oh.

CARVER
You lost him young.

ANGELA
(clears throat)
I did.

She is suddenly vulnerable.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I guess you heard. . .he had
the biggest heart-- but not a
particularly strong one. I was
nine.

CARVER
Yes, but--

He gives her a deep look. She becomes slightly irritated.

ANGELA
How did you get on this topic?

CARVER
(sensitive to her)
She was just-- grasping at some
things, you know. Grappling
with some. When you face a thing
like--

(CONTINUED)

He stops himself.

ANGELA
--COVID.

CARVER
It was just-- nighttime worries.
I was there. A sounding board.

ANGELA
I get it.
(lightly)
So it made you pick up that ball
under duress?

CARVER
(laughs)
No. Well, maybe--
(rethinks)
No. She's lovely. Like you.

ANGELA
Are you handling me, doctor?

CARVER
(lighter, romantic)
Believe me, I'd like to. But I've
got to get to work.

He gives her a long look and waits.

ANGELA
(rushes tell him quickly)
--Okay, so long story short, my
Dad drank as you probably heard--

CARVER
--I did--

ANGELA
But it was his heart-- not his
liver-- that. . .
(faux dramatic)
Did him in.

CARVER
(nods)
Mmmm.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
That's it. The before-work story.

CARVER
I'm sorry.

ANGELA
I'm at peace with it all now.

CARVER
Are you?

ANGELA
Yes, truly. It's taught me a lot. . .
(shy, within herself)
He taught me a lot. . .

He looks at her, waiting for more.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I forgave him. I'm through it now.

CARVER
And that's it?

He looks at her, knows there's more to it.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Carver, I've been through the tears,
the ranting, and the insecurities
that come with having a father
like he-- sometimes-- was. He wasn't
always. . .
(she drifts off)
He wasn't an angry man, never that,
but. . .deeply unstable.

He looks at her with compassion. She continues and gives him a
conclusion.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
He still fathered me. Gave me some
wonderful gifts.

Beat, they regard each other.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(sighs deeply)
It's okay, Carver. He's still with
me. I talk to him all the time.

CARVER
You do?

ANGELA
I do.

CARVER
Ah, Angela.

ANGELA
What?

CARVER
You're brave, you know that? So
many people are falling apart now.
But you? You've got some reel grit
in you. Steel, I sometimes think.

ANGELA
(laughs, flattered)
Um, hardly.
(beat)
No, I think you're brave going to
that place today. Seeing what you're
going to see, doing what you have
to do. I don't know how you do it.

CARVER
(truthfully)
I think about you.

ANGELA
I think about you too.

CARVER
You do?

ANGELA
I do. But now you know why-- why
I said--

(CONTINUED)

CARVER
 (nods)
 --about my Dad.

ANGELA
 You'll have to go through some
 things afterward. Better now than--

CARVER
 Later. Yeah.

He gets on his bike and thumbs a gesture to indicate he has to go. She nods.

ANGELA
 Tell your Dad I'm praying for
 him. . .

CARVER
 I will. . .

He starts to move the bike, then pauses and looks back at her.

ANGELA
 Go!

He blows her a kiss and does.

EXT. — FIRE ESCAPE — NIGHT

17

ANGELA claps for CARVER and other frontline workers on her block (O.S.) coming home. She has a Tibetan tingsha bell she rings.

ANGELA
 Woo-hoo!. . .Thank you!. . .
 Here's to you!. . .Well done!

They leave her line of sight. CARVER enters with his bike and parks it.

CARVER
 That's really unnecessary.

ANGELA
 All of you on the front lines,
 with no supplies? Just your
 commitment to support you?
 I beg to differ.

(CONTINUED)

She waits expectantly.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
So?

He shakes his head no, and starts taking off his shoes.

CARVER
Happened early this morning.

ANGELA
No. . . Oh, no.

CARVER
Right after rounds.

Takes his shoes off and throws them inside. Sits down and rubs his feet.

ANGELA
Oh.
(sits at top of stairs)
Poor man.

CARVER
Lower middle-class man. He made it that far.

ANGELA
Good man.

CARVER
(tears up, covers his eyes)
He was.

ANGELA moves to try to get nearer, than rethinks it. Wants to do something. Goes inside for a moment, and comes out with a clipped white orchid flower which she holds with her gloves on.

ANGELA
Hey. One last bloom.

She wafts the orchid down to him. He catches it gently.

CARVER
(looks deeply at it)
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
(at a loss for what to say)
It symbolizes love. . .and
strength--

CARVER
(nods through tears)
Need that.

ANGELA
--among other things.

CARVER
Such as?

ANGELA
Beauty. Virility.

CARVER
Not tonight, dear.

They smile. Silence for a few moments. She sits on the stairs again, as close as possible.

ANGELA
He grew up in Harlem?

CARVER
Hell's Kitchen. A holy terror,
he was.
(smiles)
But in a good way.

ANGELA
(smiles)
I'll bet.

CARVER
He had it hard.

ANGELA
No doubt.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER

(serious, philosophical)
You know, when his breathing
tube was removed today, he lasted
eight minutes and fifty-one
seconds. That's five seconds
longer than George Floyd.

ANGELA

What does that mean? Does that
mean something?

CARVER

(shakes head)
Just a coincidence. I saw the
monitor.

ANGELA

Not really similar circumstances.

CARVER

It's the snuffing out of life,
another insidious way. That
ignorant cop took Floyd's life,
the virus took my Dad.

ANGELA

(incredulous)
Ignorant?

CARVER

I'm being tolerant.

ANGELA

Another good man.

He smiles at her.

CARVER

(looks at her quizzically)
Angela, Angela.

ANGELA

How precious life is. How easily
lost.

CARVER

Mmmm.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
But the soul lives on you know.

CARTER
So they say.

ANGELA
(with deep commitment)
It does. I'm guided in my work. . .
to know that.

CARVER
So you say.

ANGELA
(tearing up)
You tried so hard. . .

CARVER
(shakes head)
Ah. . . You know, it actually didn't
matter that he had a respirator when
so many didn't, or as an aging black
man, had a black physician son
who could advocate for him.
(pause)
The final ironies.

ANGELA
I failed him too.

She gets up and moves, feeling lost.

CARVER
No, no you didn't.

ANGELA
Yes, and you.

CARVER
You gave him comfort and peace
of mind-- a blessing in his final
days of life. For that I'm grateful.

ANGELA
Maybe if I had worked with him
longer. . . had more time. . .

(CONTINUED)

CARVER
You don't know that.

ANGELA
It wasn't enough.

CARVER
What we do is never really enough.
We just point the way. Other things
take over.

ANGELA
Like?

CARVER
I don't know. God. God has a place
for my Dad.

Silence for a few moments. She sits again.

ANGELA
He does. It's possible his soul
chose this moment in time to go
too.

CARVER
The soul chooses?

ANGELA
I believe so. Many spiritual
teachers talk about that.

CARVER
(shrugs)
Could well be.

ANGELA
So what will you do now?

He paces a little.

CARVER
There'll be no service. It was
really just me and him anyway
since Mom died. No friends to
speak of. Not really. Stopped
speaking to them a long time ago.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
How come?

CARVER
(jokes a bit)
He was selective. Or so he used
to say.

ANGELA
Oh.
(nods)
I see.

CARVER
So just me and him.

Silence. A few moments pass.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Hey, sing me that song.

He sits, expectantly.

ANGELA
(surprised)
What song?

CARVER
The one about. . .
(searches for the word)
impermanence. I need something.

ANGELA
(quizzically, gently)
What do you need?

CARVER
Something to lift me up.
(looks at her, vulnerable)
Will you do that for me
Angela? The one I always hear
you warbling up there?

ANGELA
I don't know the one--

CARVER
--the rock of Gibraltar song?

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

Oh.
 (nods)
 Oh.

She stands. Sings to him, and to the universe.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(sings)
 "It's very clear
 our love is here to stay
 Not for a year,
 but ever and a day
 The radio and the telephone
 and the movies that we know
 may just be passing fancies
 and in time may go
 But, oh my dear,
 our love is here to stay
 Together we're going a long,
 long way
 In time the Rockies may crumble
 Gibraltar may tumble
 They're only made of clay
 But our love is here to stay"

CARVER

That's the one. . .This world
 is crumbling around us now.
 Everything on the ground is
 falling away, dying. . .

ANGELA

. . .becoming something new.
 The form of this world is
 changing, but a better world
 will emerge in time.

CARVER

How can you be so sure?

ANGELA

Because when I listen to my
 heart, I know it's true. And
 my heart never lies to me.
 Only my head.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER
Neat trick.

ANGELA
Come on now, friend. Where's
your faith?

He gets up and they stand and look deeply each other.

CARVER
I can't believe we never spoke
until quarantine.

ANGELA
(smiles)
I know.

CARVER
Are you safe up there friend?
Are you okay? It's time I asked.

ANGELA
I'm okay. I'm glad to see you.

Both are caught in the moment, not sure what to do.

CARVER
I've got to go wash this day
off of me. Thank you for the song.

He starts to go, then turns back and looks up.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Sweet dreams.

He reaches out his arm and she does the same, as if to touch. He goes in.

ANGELA
Goodnight.

She looks up at the moon.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(sings)
"In time the Rockies may crumble
Gibraltar may tumble

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 (sings)
 They're only made of clay
 But our love is here to stay"

INT. — MONTAGE — APARTMENTS — DAY 18

We HEAR a bit more from the middle of Satie's Gymnopédie 2. It is early morning and we see ANGELA finishing getting dressed . . .then diffusing some essential oil into her space. . .We see CARVER in bed, looking up at the ceiling, trying to process his emotions. . .Segue to ANGELA making breakfast in the kitchen . . .CARVER getting up. . .slowly moving to the kitchen to make coffee, a tear coming to his eye. He is physically unsteady in his grief, having to lean against the counter as he waits for the coffee to brew.

EXT. — FIRE ESCAPE — DAY 19

ANGELA comes out with a watering can and waters her small tomato and herb garden. She looks around and greets the day, then looks up at the sky and speaks to a bird in her line of sight.

ANGELA
 (WHISTLES to bird)
 Hello birdie.

She watches the bird's flight with her eyes, stops short and has an idea. She goes back inside.

INT. — ANGELA'S LIVING ROOM — DAY 20

ANGELA grabs her cell phone and sits in a comfortable chair. She gathers her thoughts and calls her mother. As she speaks, she hears her mother cough on the other end of the line from time to time.

ANGELA
 (chides gently)
 Hello? Is this the woman who had
 a very long extended house call
 with a certain doctor last night? . . .
 Mmmm, just over text, huh? . . .
 Hmmm, okay.
 (laughs)
 No, it's okay. . .

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(laughs)

No, really it is. It would have come up eventually. . .I'm grateful to him too.

(alert pause)

I heard that cough. How're you feeling?. . .Yes, he's a good man.

. . .He is, a very good man. . .

Oh, I don't know, maybe. . .

(alert pause, frowns)

Oh Mama, how's your breathing today?

. . .Hmm?. . .I know, I

haven't called you Mama in a long time. I did say it before Dada, right? I'm very proud of that. . .

Yes, a developmental milestone. . .

I was a whiz, huh. Still my biggest fan.

(alert pause)

Is now a good time for you?

I mean, are you rested? Can you hear me? I know you can hear me, but I want to tell you something-- significant. . .Well, Carver's Dad-- this isn't it, but-- Carver's Dad passed away yesterday. . .He was not in great health, a smoker, and older-- um, older than you are. . .Yes, from COVID. But his health was declining before COVID. Not like you. You're in great health! You swim every week!. . .I will. I'll tell him you said so.

She pauses, doesn't want to scare her.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

But the thing is, he just barely got the chance to tell his Dad how much he mattered to him before he died. They weren't estranged, but it's like they gave up on each other, on really communicating for decades. . .

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(bows her head, quietly)

Yes, it reminded me of Dad. But it's different too. Carver told me he didn't know his Father loved him before that last conversation. I knew-- there was always love.

(pauses, doesn't know how to continue)

I know you and I have always been on great terms. . .What?. . .Okay, minus that year when I came back from that weird workshop and gave you hell and back. But you forgave me, right? Well-- I heard that-- breathe, Mom. Deeply. One big cough . . .Good.

(exclamatory sigh of relief)

Am I scaring you?. . .Okay, good.

So--I just wanted to ask--

Her chin wobbles, she starts to cry a little, like a small child.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Is there anything I can say-- that you need to hear-- from me? Do you know how much you mean to me? I wish I could take away anything I've ever done-- or failed to do as your child-- that you might have wished was different. Was there anything?

(taken aback)

No, I don't think you're dying! Of course not! You're not!. . . Yes, I would so give God hell and back.

(laughs through slight tears)

It's-- It's just that it made me think that when the time comes-- a long, long, long time from now-- that we won't have anything weighing us down in this world or the next-- anything we wish we would have said to one other, like Carver and his Dad. . .

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Really? You're not just saying that? No, from my end, I'm resolved about everything. There's nothing now. . . No! No small or big failures. Except to say that you're the best Mom I could ever want.

(jokes)

And there's no place to go from there, you know? You're just a little too perfect. So will you work on that please?. . .

(smiles)

Okay, in between coughs.

(grimaces, empathetic)

Oh-- Mommy.

(sighs)

Anything I can do or say?. . . Well, give it some thought, I'm not going anyplace. . . Yes, I'll visit as soon as I can. Okay. Oh, one last thing.

(about to end call, but rethinks)

Just so you know-- Mom? Still there?

(chin trembles)

I couldn't love you more than I do right now, but after we hang up, tonight, tomorrow-- I'll love you even more. . .

(listens, laughs)

Can't help it. . . Yes, I'm still a whiz. . . Always. Bye.

EXT. — RURAL ROAD — DAY

21

CARVER drives on a quiet rural road, looking intently for the turn off.

EXT. — DIRT DRIVEWAY — DAY

22

CARVER finds his destination, marked by a dilapidated PRIVATE PROPERTY sign. He drives in.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. — VACANT HOUSE — DAY 23

CARVER walks around the exterior of a familiar, yet currently unoccupied place-- his boyhood home.

INT. — MONTAGE — VACANT HOUSE — DAY 24

We HEAR the end of Gymnopédie 2. We see the inside of the modest house, which contains a small amount of furniture covered by sheets. . .CARVER walks about through familiar rooms. . . stopping at his bedroom which has some stray childhood markings on the walls. . .In the kitchen he glances at a door frame which has his height markings still visible. Moved, he touches one that says "Carver - age 2."

EXT. — PORCH — DAY 25

CARVER comes onto the porch and sits on a slightly broken chair. In the distance is a lake within view. He removes something from his pocket. It is the orchid flower ANGELA gave him. He looks at it tenderly, drawing something from its presence. He touches it, then puts it back in his pocket.

EXT. — LAKE — DAY 26

CARVER stands at the edge of the lake with his father's urn by his side. He is there to spread his ashes. We HEAR some LAPPING WATER and BIRD SOUNDS. It's a sunny day in this idyllic spot. Perhaps there's a stump or log for him to sit on. He speaks to the air around him.

CARVER

I knew this would be the place,
Pop. By the old homestead. We
never got around to talking about
this, did we? In our last--

(wipes eyes)

chat. I'll call it that. Chat.
Where you'd like to be. Finally.
Why didn't you put that in your
will?

(shrugs)

Maybe you didn't care. Maybe you
always knew it would be here.

(looks at urn and talks
to it)

Weren't particular, Pop?

(CONTINUED)

CARVER (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Maybe not.

He picks up the urn and opens it. Peeks in and looks dismayed. Shuts his eyes in pain, puts the lid back on and puts it down. He picks up a few rocks, starts skipping stones and talking to the air around him, as if his father were there next to him.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Do you remember we came here when Grandpa Henry died? It was my one day alone with you that I can remember back then. You dragged me out of school to come with you. Mrs. Rodriguez was so mad at you. But my second grade teacher had nothing on you, did she Pop? No contest. So we came here.

He looks around, in memory.

CARVER (CONT'D)
We didn't talk much. Just came and did this.
(skips a stone, pauses, remembering)
Ate our baloney sandwiches. You remember? You told me how rough he was on you as a boy, but how you'd miss him. . . We thumb wrestled. You let me win. One out of three times. Just once. You didn't like me winning. . . That was it. We went home.

He looks at the urn.

CARVER (CONT'D)
But it was a nice day for me. One of my favorite memories of you, Pop. So. . .

He picks urn up. Puts it back down.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER (CONT'D)

Let me say a prayer now. I really don't know how. I should have asked Angela.

Takes small bible or prayer book out of his pocket.

CARVER (CONT'D)

I'm glad Mom gave this to me. I haven't looked at it much in the last-- what, eight years, but
 (sniffs it)
 it still smells like her. Like powder and--
 (thinks)
 vanilla soap. She could be so sweet to me--
 (smells book)
 just like vanilla soap.
 (accuses the air with his fingers)
Sometimes, not always.

It's almost as if he hears his father now, talking to him.

CARVER (CONT'D)

That's right, she did become tougher, dealing with you. She called you 'her trial.' I never understood that. Then.

He stops and looks at the air around him, as if he feels a presence.

CARVER (CONT'D)

Whoa, it's like you were just here, Pop.

Shakes it off.

CARVER (CONT'D)

I must be imagining it.

Looks in book.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER (CONT'D)

So. The hospital chaplain told me about this one, from Corinthians, and I thought you might like it. It's from Corinthians 4:16.

Gets a little choked up. He addresses the air again.

CARVER (CONT'D)

Ready, Pop?

(reads)

So we do not lose heart. Though our outer self is wasting away, our inner self is being renewed day by day. For this light momentary affliction is preparing for us an eternal weight of glory beyond all comparison, as we look not to the things that are seen but to the things that are unseen. For the things that are seen are transient, but the things that are unseen are eternal.

He speaks to the air around him.

CARVER (CONT'D)

Do you like that Pop? Seen and unseen. And eternal, it says. You're eternal now, Pop.

He looks at the urn, but isn't ready yet.

CARVER (CONT'D)

One more. Let me see now. . .

He looks at note in his pocket with chaplain's recommendations.

CARVER (CONT'D)

This one, from Psalms.

He talks to the air again.

CARVER (CONT'D)

It's Psalm 27, Pop.

(clears throat, laughs)

Our big finale.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER (CONT'D)

(reads innocently, earnestly)
 One thing have I asked of the
 Lord, that will I seek after:
 that I may dwell in the house
 of the Lord all the days of my
 life, to gaze upon the beauty
 of the Lord and to inquire in
 his temple. For he will hide
 me in his shelter in the day
 of trouble; he will conceal me
 under the cover of his tent;
 he will lift me high upon a
 rock.

He cries a little. Picks up the urn for a moment and hugs it to him.

CARVER (CONT'D)

I'm ready to let you go now.
 Thank you for being my father.
 For teaching me-- who I am. For
 helping me become who I became.
 In spite of-- because of--
 because of who you were. When
 all's said and done, I'm
 grateful for you.

He spreads the ashes. Puts the urn down. Clasps his hands and bows his head.

CARVER (CONT'D)

That's it, Pop. Amen.

INT. — MONTAGE — APARTMENT/HOSPITAL — DAY

27

We HEAR the beginning of Gymnopédie 3. We see ANGELA doing yoga at home. . .looking out the window on occasion, feeling the pressure of lockdown. . .In parallel, we see CARVER running up and down the stairwell between floors at the hospital to work off some frustration and regain some equilibrium. We see the different temperaments of the two in motion.

EXT. — FIRE ESCAPE — NIGHT

28

CARVER comes home and sees ANGELA polishing her crystals and caring for her wind chimes. He watches her for a few moments, and looks contrite.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER
Is that my girl?

ANGELA
(playful)
You make me feel like a girl again
sometimes. So I'll allow the non-PC
term.

CARVER
Woman?

ANGELA
Woman. How was your day?

CARVER
(lies)
Fine. You?

ANGELA
Good.

CARVER
Well, I have news. You may not feel
so good-- or girlish after I tell
you.

She looks at him a moment, then, trying not to get ruffled,
continues her polishing.

ANGELA
(calmly)
What happened?

CARVER
Well, I met someone today. That
you know. Told me about.

ANGELA
Who?

CARVER
That girl-- young woman-- you
did energy work on.

She looks up.

ANGELA
Who?-- Not Aya.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER
Yes. Aya.

ANGELA
You know, the next time I spoke
to her, I told her what you said.
Your point of view. It was just
on my mind, I guess.

CARVER
(contrite)
You didn't have to.

ANGELA
Come to think of it, how did you
two even--
(puts two and two together)
Oh, no. Did something happen--

She stops what she's doing, information dawning on her.

CARVER
--There was a protest in Santa Ana
today.

ANGELA
(anxious)
Yes, yes. I saw it on the news.

CARVER
(reticent)
Well-- God, I'm sorry.

ANGELA
What happened?

CARVER
She was there--

ANGELA frowns.

CARVER (CONT'D)
--walking, just-- carrying a sign,
and there was this band of boys--
(discounts a little)
in their teens--

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

--Oh, no--

CARVER

--Yeah. She was between them and a policeman.

ANGELA

And you know this-- how?

CARVER

How else? In the ER. I was called in. I saw the name Aya Marshall on her chart. It was just a guess, but-- Thurgood stuck in my mind, so I asked.

ANGELA

Tell me!

She drops down on steps to prepare herself for the news.

CARVER

They were looters. Four or five of them. One had a broken piece of window glass in his hand. He was wielding it, openly. Aya got in his way.

ANGELA

How did she?

CARVER

She doesn't know. Didn't do anything. She got cut on her brow above her left eye.

ANGELA

Oh, God.

CARVER

She thinks when he raised his hand in the air-- you know, she just happened to be there.

ANGELA

There are no accidents.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER
Hmmm?

ANGELA
(in her thoughts)
Things usually happen for a reason.
When we look back, we can often
see why they do. At least sometimes.

CARVER
Not all the time.

ANGELA
Maybe not. Go on.

CARVER
So he moved to the left, and she
was moving right-- something like
that.

(turns his face to show her)
Her left side was open, glass in
his right hand.

ANGELA
Was it close to her eye?

CARVER
Close enough. But it's above on
the brow, here.

He shows her with his hand on his eye.

ANGELA
There'll be a scar?

CARVER
Yes.

ANGELA
God, I suggested she not go! I
can't believe this.

CARVER
I know.

ANGELA
Then I had to go and tell her--

(CONTINUED)

She indicates him for a second, then stops. Lets it go.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Why didn't she listen to me. Why?

CARVER
You couldn't control any part of
this. Her behavior. What happened.
You gave your point of view, and
then
(beat)
gave her mine.

ANGELA
Yes. I did.

CARVER
Don't take responsibility either
way. She's an adult. She makes her
own choices.

ANGELA
Just barely. I likely influenced her.

CARVER
I'm not happy with what happened you
know.

ANGELA
I know.

CARVER
She told me she was just starting
to feel like she was being heard--
for herself-- expressing herself.
That it felt good to her. Then this
happened.

ANGELA
She said that?

CARVER
She did. So she's having this
moment of liberation, and right
then, felt the glass hit her face--

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
What does that mean?

CARVER
It just happened that way.

ANGELA
I know, but-- life loves to test us. There's always a test. Just when we start opening, or speaking up for ourselves, sometimes we get pushed back to square one. Or square two, at least.

CARVER
Couldn't it just be a random thing? Why does everything have to be so deep? With hidden meaning?

ANGELA
Because life is a web of interconnected things. The underlying consciousness of--

CARVER
(hands up, defenseless)
--Okay, I give.

ANGELA
Oh, Aya.

CARVER
Yeah.

She thinks for a moment.

ANGELA
Was he black?

CARVER
No. White.

ANGELA
Do you think it was on purpose then? Did he go after her?

CARVER
She doesn't think so.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
Why doesn't she think so?

CARVER
Just how he was. He stopped and
tried to help her. He apologized.
She thinks the glass was-- for
effect.

ANGELA
To look tough? Maybe he still meant
it though.

CARVER
You mean covered up his aggression
. . .with passive aggression?
Anything is possible but--

ANGELA
--I'm trying to figure out who
could have gone after such an
unobtrusive, quiet girl.

CARVER
I doubt she was being that quiet
there. . .It just happened, Angela.

ANGELA
(sighs)
So she's released? Okay now?

CARVER
With fourteen stitches.

ANGELA
Fourteen! How wide was the cut?

CARVER
About an inch and a half.

ANGELA
No permanent harm? No vision
changes?

CARVER
She'll be okay, Angela. She was
lucky.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
Thank God.

CARVER
But like you say, there'll be an
energy scar. It's her war wound.

At hearing "wound," she tears up. He moves to comfort her, as close as he can, still holding distance.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Hey, hey. . .

ANGELA
How are we going to survive all
this Carver?

CARVER
You want life to be beautiful, wise
heart?

ANGELA
I do!

CARVER
I know. It is ugly now. We have to
accept that.

She tries to raise her energy.

ANGELA
I'll send some flowers. Something
healing. Bright. Happy.

CARVER
That'll be nice.

Disconsolate, she folds in on herself again.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Hey, you know what she told me on
my way out?

ANGELA
What?

CARVER
That she was still glad she went.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
You're not just saying that?

CARVER
No. You know what I think?

ANGELA
What?

CARVER
My heart says that you helped
Aya be more of her 'self.' Even
with what happened, she felt pride
in speaking up. It's still life
taking her in a new, positive
direction. It's an opening-- in
spite of all the rest.

ANGELA
I'll go with that. Thank you.

CARVER
That's my girl. . .
(rethinks)
Woman. . .
(charming)
Muse. . .
(beat, acknowledges)
And I'm sorry what I said caused
some trouble.

ANGELA
(openhearted)
It's-- past. No worries.

CARVER
No accidents?

ANGELA
No. It just--
(shrugs)
was.

EXT. — FIRE ESCAPE — DAY

29

We HEAR the middle of Gymnopédie 3. CARVER is reading a letter, his coffee mug nearby. ANGELA comes out and stretches to greet the day.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER
(to himself)
Since nineteen seventy-four!

She hears CARVER mumble something, and realizes he's below.

ANGELA
Hello you.

CARVER
Good morning.

ANGELA
Hi.

CARVER
How'd you sleep?

ANGELA
Good-- my Mom just called. She
could almost taste the cinnamon
on her oatmeal this morning.

CARVER
Progress.

ANGELA
Yeah!

CARVER
Could she smell it?

ANGELA
She didn't say. I'll ask.

CARVER
A nurse in administrative got a
text from Aya too. On the mend.

ANGELA
Hallelujah!

CARVER
Hey, I want to read you
something.

ANGELA
What?

(CONTINUED)

CARVER

I got this in the mail. I still can't believe it.

ANGELA.

Who's it from?

CARVER

A woman who knew my Father.

ANGELA

That you know?

CARVER

That's just the thing. I don't know her at all. She saw the obituary in the paper and looked me up. Listen to this.

(reads)

Dear Doctor Harris, my name is Calisha Thomas, and I've been a friend of your Father's for many years. I came across news of his passing and wanted to write you to ask how I may visit him and pay my last respects.

ANGELA

Huh!

CARVER

I've known your Dad since nineteen seventy-four.

ANGELA

Oh, wow.

CARVER

He and I met when you were a very young boy, not even two yet, when he came to work for my company as a machinist. He was looking for some moonlighting work to help with bills and put some money into savings. Do you remember your Dad being away on the weekends? Probably not, you were so small.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER (CONT'D)
(to Angela)
Do I remember it?

She smiles in acknowledgment.

CARVER (CONT'D)
(continues reading)
He would come upstate on Fridays
and then drive back late Sunday
nights and go straight into the
doghouse, because your Mom came to
the conclusion he was out getting
into trouble somewhere. He never
wanted to let her know what he
was doing, or how hard things were.
He would say he was out with the
boys.
(to Angela)
That explains a lot of what
happened between them.

ANGELA
I'll bet!

CARVER
(continues reading)
He was such a good machinist Doctor
Harris, that his
(uses air quotes)
'boys' were really all the workers
who came to respect him.
(to Angela)
How about that?

She nods, smiles.

CARVER (CONT'D)
(continues reading)
That was how he began to save
for college and medical school
for you. He was so adamant that
you be able to do that. He told me
he always wished he could be in
two places at once.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER (CONT'D)

(continues reading)

He wanted to be there to help your Mom raise you. It always bothered him, thinking he was taking time away from you.

He pauses for a second, choked up.

CARVER (CONT'D)

(continues reading)

I remember one time he said he missed your fifth birthday. It upset him so. But he did the best he knew to do for you at the time. Both you and your Mom. The worst part, I think, was letting her think he didn't care, when he did more than he let on.

ANGELA

Do you think she ever knew the truth?

CARVER

I don't know.

(continues reading)

We always thought so highly of him, Doctor Harris. Carver. Can I call you Carver? He mentioned once that you were disappointed with him a lot as a boy, and I thought--if you only knew! I hoped he'd be more open about what he was doing, but that was just his way. He said he'd make it up to you later. The time, you know. I always wondered if that happened. He loved you and your Mom so much. Anyway I thought you'd like to know, and I'd like to visit your Dad. Can you please let me know where I can find him? Sincerely,
Calisha Thomas

ANGELA

That's amazing.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER
I never knew any of this.

ANGELA
That's your gift.

CARVER
Hmmm?

ANGELA
The universe's gift to you--
almost a reward for having that
tough conversation with your Dad.
You released him. Worked out your
soul contract by saying all you
needed to-- forgiving him-- and
the universe brought you one last
surprise. Sometimes life offers us
these generous moments-- when we
need them most. It's more proof
that your father loved you, Carver.

CARVER
Did that happen for you with your
Dad?

ANGELA
(thinks a minute)
It opened a portal for me. . .It
connected me to my work as an
energy practitioner. . .like a
trail of breadcrumbs. Without the
loss of him, I'm not sure that
would have happened.

CARVER
How did it?

ANGELA
I became a searcher. I started
looking beyond the material world
of form to the spiritual world of
no form. For solace. To heal my
wounded heart.

CARVER
And it worked?

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
You tell me.

They regard each other for a few moments.

CARVER
(indicates letter)
This tells me so much more
about him. His character.

ANGELA
Like Father, like son?

CARVER
(laughs a bit)
I don't know about that. . .But
he did have some good qualities.

ANGELA
You and your Dad inspired me to
have a conversation with my Mom
too-- to make sure nothing was
left unsaid between us. Just in
case.

CARVER
You spoke with her?

ANGELA
I did.

CARVER
I think she's going to be okay,
Angela.

ANGELA
I know. But I'm still glad I did
it. I think that's part of what
all this is for. COVID.

CARVER
Saying goodbye?

ANGELA
No, more than that. . .

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(beat, philosophical)

That no matter what happens from this point forward, we tell the people we love that we love them. And show them. Demonstrably. So we finally see through the illusion of our separation. To see we're all one, after all. Each breath affects every other breath. Each life affects every other life. We have one shared life on this planet. One.

CARVER

And we can choose to see it all differently now. I just hope we do.

He looks at the letter.

CARVER (CONT'D)

I'm connected to this person too. She knows about me. We exist in time, space, on a continuum.

ANGELA

Beautiful thought.

CARVER

Your rubbing off on me.

She smiles.

ANGELA

It was bound to happen.

(beat)

Hey, do you remember that day she mentioned? Your fifth birthday?

CARVER

(shrugs)

Even when he was there for birthdays, I couldn't tell if they were meaningful to him. I couldn't read how he felt.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
I'm actually approaching one of those. I'm not sure how to mark it.

CARVER
Your birthday?

ANGELA
(nods)
My Mom said she was going to send me a large chocolate cake, but I told her with all the chocolate I've eaten this year, to please not to!

CARVER
When is it?

ANGELA
Tomorrow.

CARVER
Tomorrow! What would you like, Angela? What would make you happy?

ANGELA
You. Just you.

CARVER
You've got me. What else?

ANGELA
Seriously, I'm not sure I could have gotten through this year without you.

CARVER
Now is it me, or the chocolate?

ANGELA
(laughs)
Both.

CARVER
We're going to celebrate tomorrow, Angela! Get ready! Just you and me.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER (CONT'D)
 Celebrate our shared life on this
 goddamn fire escape. Maybe the
 universe will bring you one memorable,
 no-holds-barred surprise gift.

ANGELA
 I'm so ready!

EXT. — FIRE ESCAPE — NIGHT

30

We HEAR the end of Gymnopédie 3. A day of a Full Moon. CARVER lights some small votive candles upstairs for ANGELA, then quickly goes back down to his space. He looks up at his handiwork, then goes inside for a moment. ANGELA enters, notices the candles, and calls down.

ANGELA
 Young squire? Where is that
 masked man?

He enters with gloves on, carrying a blooming white orchid.

CARVER
 I haven't been young in a long
 time, Angela.

ANGELA
 No?

CARVER
 In fact, I've aged about a hundred
 and seventeen years since all this
 started. You, on the other hand. . .

ANGELA
 . . .was a hundred and seventeen
 when this started.

CARVER
 Come on now. Happy Birthday.
 A replacement bloom.

He lifts the plant up in salute, then places it on the stairs.

ANGELA
 It's beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER

Wait now. . .I have champagne
too. In the fridge since lockdown.

He goes inside, gets two flutes filled with champagne. Leaves
hers on the stairs.

ANGELA

(hopeful)

Are we. . .celebrating anything
else?

CARVER

Well. . .I tested positive for
antibodies today.

ANGELA

You did!

CARVER

(minimizing)

Now, it may offer some protection.
We still don't know.

ANGELA

And my test?

CARVER

(shakes head gently)

No.

ANGELA

Oh. Damn. So no intimacy for this
celebration.

CARVER

Not yet.

She sighs and sits on the stairs. He sits too, putting gloves in
his pocket.

ANGELA

Really, it's too soon anyway.
You just lost your Dad--

CARVER

--But we still found each other.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
I know.

They toast each other, silently.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Just look at all those stars.

CARVER
You know, we wouldn't see all
those beautiful white stars, and
the moon, without the sky being
so dark.
(pause)
So black.

ANGELA
(toasting the sky)
Black and white, peaceful,
coexisting.

CARVER
Interdependent.

ANGELA
What a concept. Amen.

They look up at the heavens.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
You know, it's a full moon
tonight.

CARVER
It looks that way.

ANGELA
Tonight's moon is actually a
strawberry moon though, because
it's rose-colored, not white.
See?

CARVER
Because the world's beginning to
take off its rose-colored glasses?
I hope, I hope. . .

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
Nice thought, young squire.

CARVER
Why, thank you.
(pause)
Should I howl at it?

ANGELA
If you'd like.

CARVER
You could get me to howl at the
moon, Angela.

ANGELA
Not tonight, dear.

CARVER
Good woman.

They smile at each other. ANGELA stands and looks up.

ANGELA
Actually I don't see either. I
don't see rose, and I don't see
white. I see orchid.

CARVER
What?

ANGELA
I see an orchid moon.

CARVER
(quizzically)
What?

ANGELA
You've heard of the man in the
moon?

CARVER
Yes.

ANGELA
Well, I see orchid petals. See?

(CONTINUED)

He stands to look. She draws the round shapes she sees with her finger in the air.

CARVER

Hmmm. More poetic than a
strawberry moon. Or white moon.
(pause, smirks)
Or white man in the moon.

She looks closely at him.

ANGELA

Think I've been cooped up too
long? That I see an orchid moon?
Or maybe its COVID delusion
creeping in.

CARVER

(shakes head, laughs)
No. An orchid moon. I like it.

They look at the moon for a moment, and at each other.

CARVER (CONT'D)

(with deep feeling)
You know that single orchid you gave
me this week?

He pulls orchid out of his pocket, crumpled.

CARVER (CONT'D)

I kept it with me, right here.

ANGELA

You did?

CARVER

Mmm hmm. When I had to sort out
my Dad's arrangements. . .
when I saw more patients than
I ever thought I could. . .I
looked at this. Held it. It
helped me.

ANGELA

Oh!

(CONTINUED)

CARVER

The way you say your crystals
ground you? This did that for
me.

He holds it up to her.

ANGELA

That's it. The universe's surprise
gift for me. . .I'm coming down.

He doesn't fight her. Puts orchid back in his pocket.

CARVER

Well. . .put your mask on. And your
gloves.

She goes inside and gets them and comes back out. He puts the
ones he has in his pockets on.

ANGELA

Here I come.

CARVER

Wait, I have an idea.

ANGELA

What?

CARVER

A dance. You facing that way, and
me, facing this way.

ANGELA

You mean we don't look at each
other?

CARVER

We hold each other. Not long.

ANGELA

You had to go to medical school.

CARVER

Come on now.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
Okay, I'm going to make a birthday
wish that--

She stops herself.

CARVER
What?

ANGELA
Never mind. I'm coming in.

They quickly yet lovingly grasp each other, turning their heads.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
This is ridiculous.

CARVER
You're missing the moment.

ANGELA
What moment?

He begins HUMMING/SINGING "Love Is Here to Stay" as they dance.
In a bit, she joins him in HUMMING/SINGING. Nat King Cole's
version of "Love Is Here to Stay" comes on during their dance.

They hold each other close.

FADEOUT

THE END