

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Silence fills the sterile, white room.

GARLON FRAZIER (60's) lies in a hospital bed and stares at a blank television screen. NURSE shakes her head sympathetically.

NURSE

Well, you old, stubborn goat. How we doin' today?

Garlon drops his fork next to his untouched food and turns the tray table away.

NURSE (CONT'D)

You wasn't hungry, baby? Mr. Frazier?

He focuses on the blank television screen on the wall.

Nurse 1 pushes a wheelchair near the bed and helps him sit up.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Dr. Berger wants to do an MRI. That's some special pictures we take with a magical machine.

Garlon sucks a lemon.

GARLON

Ain't no such thing as magic, sweetheart.

She sighs and helps him into the wheelchair.

INT. MRI ROOM - DAY

A LOUD WHIRRING fills the cramped space of the MRI machine. Garlon lies flat on a table and studies the inside of the huge circle as the machine does its work.

The machine stops with Garlon halfway inside. His eyes dart frantically.

Faint but forceful voices float through a door that hangs ajar.

FEMALE MEDICAL WORKER (O.S.)

...left atrial fibrillation...

DR. BERGER (O.S.)
 ...history of angina...heart
 attack...arrythmia...

FEMALE MEDICAL WORKER (O.S.)
 ...ninety percent blockage.

The talking ceases. A woman appears in the doorway, peeks into the room and pulls the door shut. The click of the door echoes throughout the small, sterile room.

Eyes wide, Garlon lies still and breathes rapidly.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Dr. Berger (40's) stands next to Garlon's bed with a sympathetic look.

DR. BERGER
 Our only option is immediate surgery. We're having a room prepped as we speak.

GARLON
 I can't...

DR. BERGER
 Mr. Frazier, the blockage is so severe, you could go into heart failure at any moment.

GARLON
 And this will save me?

DR. BERGER
 Without surgery, heart failure is imminent. Frankly, I'm surprised you've lasted this long.

Garlon screws up his face and clenches his teeth.

GARLON
 Surgery will make me all better? I'll be good? My daughter is--I haven't spoken to my daughter in some years. She's having a baby--my grandchild. I have to make it OK between us.

DR. BERGER
 Surgery is your best option.

Garlon rips the covers off and tries to get out of bed.

DR. BERGER (CONT'D)
I need a sedative in here!

A large aide rushes in holding a syringe. Defeated, Garlon lays back on his pillow.

DR. BERGER (CONT'D)
An anesthesiologist will be in shortly. Try to relax.

Dr. Berger taps a few keys on an adjacent keyboard and whooshes out the door.

Garlon turns his head to look out the window as his eyes fill with tears. His gaze falls to the IV drip and follows the tube down to the needle in his arm.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Garlon's head pokes around a corner surveying the scene.

Medical personnel in scrubs and lab coats dart back and forth along the busy hallway.

He pulls his IV stand with one hand as he creeps into the hallway. His other hand holds the back of his gown closed.

Nurses answer phones, converse with doctors, file papers, etc. as Garlon approaches a long desk in a hallway intersection.

An elevator DINGS. He heads toward the sound and finds it just as the doors close. He hits the down button and taps nervously on the IV stand.

Others line up around him. He avoids eye contact and stares at the cloth booties on his feet.

The doors open again. Garlon struggles to drag the IV stand over the threshold.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The doors close and a dozen passengers stand in awkward silence.

Garlon's bare bottom presses against the cold steel of the elevator wall. He gasps and pulls the back of his gown closed again.

A male nurse (30's) looks up from his iPad.

MALE NURSE
(sarcastic)
Making your escape?

Everyone looks at Garlon. A beat. Everyone laughs.

INT. HOSPITAL - FIRST FLOOR

Garlon finds a directory showing the Maternity Ward located on the opposite side of the hospital.

A calm voice makes an announcement on the hospital PA system.

DR. BERGER (V.O.)
Code yellow. Black male. Late
sixties. Call four three seven.
Code yellow. Dial four three seven.

Garlon makes a quick study of the directory and heads toward the next wing.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM - DAY

Dozens of people wait with various ailments. Some slump in chairs or lean against walls.

An old woman wears a headscarf and worriedly wrings her hands. Hacking coughs emanate from several patients peppered throughout the room.

Garlon winces and breathes heavily as he weaves around wheelchairs, walkers, canes, and people reclining with outstretched legs.

A teenager stands holding a misshapen obviously broken arm.

A young mother hugs her 3-year-old daughter nuzzling her to her bosom.

Garlon is mollified.

GARLON
Kelly?

The little girl CRIES hysterically as her mother soothes her.

He shakes off his stare and swivels on his heels, then bumps into a large man in white scrubs.

The two men glance up and down at one another but Garlon quickly keeps moving.

Another large man in white scrubs and a security guard survey the room. Garlon disappears through an open corridor.

INT. EMERGENCY DEPT. HALLWAY - DAY

Garlon pants with his hand on his chest. The back of his gown hangs open as he plods down a dimly lit hallway.

The BEEP of a flatline pierces through an open door.

HOSPITAL STAFFER (V.O.)
Code blue. One oh two. Code blue.

Medical personnel run past Garlon and shoot into the doorway.

Garlon stands frozen. He watches doctors and nurses scatter about counting aloud as they perform chest compressions.

A nurse rips the bedside curtain closed, cutting the flatlining man off from Garlon's view.

Garlon grunts and clasps both hands to his chest. He drops to his knees and turns his eyes toward the ceiling.

GARLON
Help me. Help me.

A HOSPITAL AIDE appears grasping Garlon's elbow.

HOSPITAL AIDE
I found him! I got him! (to Garlon)
You're going to be OK, sir. Take it
easy.

Two other aides approach. One aide grabs a nearby telephone from a cradle on a wall and punches a few numbers.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Garlon is strapped to a gurney unable to move. He is in a flop sweat, his eyes filled with terror.

Dr. Berger stands bedside as an ANESTHESIOLOGIST fiddles with some equipment.

DR. BERGER
We nearly lost you. I don't want
that to happen again. Please try to
relax.

GARLON

I've got to talk to my daughter.
She doesn't understand. I've got to
make it up to her.

DR. BERGER

There will be plenty of time to see
your daughter once we help you.

Garlon winces in pain and wriggles against the restraints.

GARLON

Losing her was the biggest mistake
of my life. I have to speak with
her before...

DR. BERGER

This is a very risky procedure. My
prognosis is no better than a
fifteen percent chance of survival.
But without it, you've got a time
bomb in your chest.

The anesthesiologist presses a plastic mask over Garlon's
nose and mouth.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

Count down from one hundred.

Garlon's eyes widen in desperation. He squeezes them shut.

GARLON

Please, Lord. See me through this.
Help me find a way back to my
Kelly.

An overhead lamp flares blindingly bright. VOICES and
COMMOTION in the room fade into INDISTINGUISHABLE ECHOES. The
room bleeds into blackness.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

A glaring light softens, bringing into focus a pure white
room with no distinguishable walls or ceiling.

Garlon blinks his eyes to find himself disoriented in an
unknown world.

Silence.

He stands in place in his resplendent white hospital gown.

SHUFFLING FEET alert Garlon to turn around and discover a female outline integrating through a cloud of fog.

GARLON

Hello?

KELLY, 19, wears baggy, ripped blue jeans and a FUBU tank top, her hair in long braids.

GARLON (CONT'D)

You look exactly the same.

KELLY

It's how you remember me.

GARLON

What do you mean? What is this?

KELLY

You're somewhere in between, Dad.

GARLON

So. I'm dead.

KELLY

I think it's the drugs.

Garlon grits his teeth.

GARLON

Right. Your expertise. Why am I here?

Kelly frowns and folds her arms.

KELLY

There you go accusing me like always.

He shoots her a look of confusion.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You're high, old man. Not me. It's the anesthesia.

He raises his eyebrows in realization.

KELLY (CONT'D)

So, what am I doing here?

GARLON

Well, I'm sick.

Kelly nods.

GARLON (CONT'D)
I may not make it through the
operation and I need to tell you...

KELLY
Tell me what?

Garlon swallows hard.

GARLON
Kelly, honey, when your mother
passed I didn't know what to do.

He gazes down at his feet.

GARLON (CONT'D)
Nothing in my world made sense. I
didn't know how to take care of
you. I didn't know how to take care
of myself. I prayed and went to
church and visited the cemetery but
none of that brought me any peace.

KELLY
It was hard for me too. I rebelled.
I ran around with delinquents.

GARLON
And I collapsed within myself. I
barely left the house.

KELLY
I didn't want to listen to you. I
was angry with you.

GARLON
It makes sense you would get
involved with young men who seemed
strong, who would take care of you.
And the drugs. That was your
escape. That's how you dealt with
reality. I almost wish I had--

KELLY
No. It was hell. And you were
burning in your own misery.

She moves in and takes his hand.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Daddy, I forgive you.

He shakes his head.

GARLON

I don't deserve to be forgiven.

KELLY

If you can forgive me, I can
forgive you. And I can feel in your
heart that you already have.

Garlon breaks down.

They embrace.

He wipes his eyes and finds Kelly, 33, wearing a tasteful
business suit and short-cropped hair.

GARLON

You look different. You
look...beautiful.

KELLY

You're ready to see me as I am.

He blinks through his tears.

KELLY (CONT'D)

And I think you're ready to meet
someone.

A small figure approaches dragging a cloud of fog. GABRIELLE,
5, is in pigtails and overalls.

KELLY (CONT'D)

This is Gabrielle. Your
granddaughter.

Garlon's eyes widen.

GARLON

My grand--Hello, Gabrielle.

GABRIELLE

Hi, Grandpa.

Her tiny hand grasps his.

A HIGH-PITCHED TONE is emitted as a bright light engulfs them
all.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DUSK

Garlon lies still on the operating table as Dr. Berger and
assistants lay down their tools and remove their gloves.

A small grin remains on Garlon's lips.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DUSK

Garlon's spirit rises over colorful flowers, birds sing, children run and laugh, tree branches sway in the breeze, and a poignant pink sunset lies on the horizon.

FADE OUT.