

"LOSS"

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FADE IN

1. EXT. LOCAL PARK - DAY

TOM, an man in his 30's, is standing near a river bed. He stares off into the distance. Deep in thought.

The river is turbulent.

CUT TO

2. EXT. BACK YARD AFTERNOON - (A FEW MONTHS EARLIER)

A SMALL BOY, 9 years old, is laughing. He plays with his father, Tom.

They are playing tag. Everything seems blurred.

CUT TO

3. EXT. LOCAL PARK - DAY (PRESENT)

Tom is by the river bed. He falls to his knees. Worn out.

Bystanders bother not to stop.

4. INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The room is big. Almost a living room than an office. TOM sits on one side, while the PSYCHIATRIST sits on the other. his legs crossed.

Tom looks around the room. Odd ceramic figurines on top of the end tables.

PSYCHIATRIST  
How are you this week?

Silence from Tom. Nothing.

PSYCHIATRIST  
How's your wife?

TOM  
She doesn't say a word. Not a single word. Despite everything-

Tom stops speaking. Deciding not to say anymore. The Psychiatrist senses this.

(CONTINUED)

PSYCHIATRIST  
Don't stop, Go on.

Tom fidgets in his seat.

PSYCHIATRIST  
Please, Tom. Continue.

Tom looks at the Psychiatrist. Pondering.

5. INT. TOM'S HOME - NIGHT

The house is dark. No movement. No sound but the sound of a rocking chair in the DEN.

In the den, SALLY, Tom's wife, in her late 20's, beautiful, even with her scars on the left side of her face, sits in the dark. Her hair is unkempt.

Tom walks in. He is dressed casual.

TOM  
I am going to run to the  
store. You need me to grab  
anything?

No response.

TOM  
I can pick up that ice cream you  
like.

Sally rocks the chair. Tom grimaces at the sound of the chair rocking.

TOM  
Sweetheart. Would you like that?

The rocking continues. No response from Sally.

TOM  
Alright. I will be back.

Tom closes the door. In the room, the chair creaks as it rocks. No movement from Sally. No response as the front door to the house slams shut from a distance.

## 6. EXT. ALLEY WAY - LATER - NIGHT

A man, JOSH, in his 20s, is standing by the side of a nearby building. He flicks his cigarette the moment a set of headlights appear down the alley way.

Josh waits for the car. Calm. As if it was expected.

The car arrives, stops by Josh. The window rolls down to reveal a face peering through. Tom.

Josh makes his way to the side door.

JOSH

Did you get lost?

Tom turns his head to the front and the back of his car.

TOM

No. Traffic. Its crazy tonight for some odd reason.

JOSH

I see. Well, here it is. You sure you want to go this route?

TOM

What do you care?

JOSH

(smiles)

You are my friend. I had to at least ask before I pass it over to you. You remember what its like, right? Having a friend?

TOM

Just hand it over, please.

JOSH

(smiling)

You got the necessities?

Tom is puzzled for a moment. Then he gets it.

TOM

No. I was hoping you could provide those as well. I can pay extra.

JOSH

Don't worry about it. I always carry spares.

(CONTINUED)

Josh digs into one of his jacket pockets. He pulls out a baggie with white powder inside it. In his other pocket, he pulls out a set of syringes.

JOSH  
(dropping them in Tom's hands)  
Here you go.

Tom nods. Josh pulls a shiny silver spoon out of his back pocket. Tom and Josh complete their exchange as they trade items.

TOM  
Thank you.

Tom opens his glove compartment and puts the items in there. The car window immediately rolls up and the car drives away. Leaving Josh behind.

JOSH  
(to himself)  
You're welcome.

Josh stands there as the car continues to disappear.

7. INT/EXT. TOM'S CAR - NIGHT

Tom is driving down the road. The radio is blasting. Talk radio. Turning the corner street, he spots the local movie theater.

Tom breathes heavy, causing him to pull over to the side. Shuts the engine.

CUT TO

8. EXT. LOCAL THEATER - AFTERNOON - (MONTHS EARLIER)

The small boy pulls on Tom's arm. He is excited. Happy. But everything seems blurred.

SMALL BOY  
Come on, Dad! Its about to start!

TOM  
(laughing)  
Relax! We'll make it, son!

It was a joyful day.

CUT TO

## 9. INT/EXT. TOM'S CAR - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Tom stares at the front of the theater. Begins to sob.

Tom reaches for the glove compartment, scurries for the stuff he just purchased. He stares at the items. begins to sloppily pour the powder into the spoon. His hands are shaking. The powder spilling over the side.

TOM  
Damn it, damn it!

Tom finally decides to forget the whole thing and throws the rest out of the window.

Tom reaches for the glove compartment again and pulls out an old fast food napkin.

He wipes the dust off his hands. Looks at the theater.

TOM  
(to himself)  
You always enjoyed the movies. You  
were always excited for the  
popcorn.

Tom feels tears begin to swell up. He forces himself not to cry.

TOM  
I miss you so much!

Tom puts his hands over his face and continues to sob.

## 10. INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - AFTERNOON

In the office. Tom is crying. The Psychiatrist just looks at him. waiting for him to calm down.

Tom wipes his face with a Kleenex.

PSYCHIATRIST  
Did you go back to the theater?  
After?

Tom realizes now in the office that what he did was wrong. He nods his head.

TOM  
I stayed in the car for quite  
sometime. Screaming at the steering  
wheel. Cursing everyone that came  
out of that theater.

(CONTINUED)

PSYCHIATRIST

What about your wife?

TOM

Three hours later, after, I came home, she is still on that rocking chair!

PSYCHIATRIST

Do you blame her?

Tom shakes his head. He tries to say something, but holds back.

He notices the look the psychiatrist is giving him.

After a couple beats, he gives in. Pity on his face.

TOM

Not at first, blamed her I mean. Then, of course, I found out the cause of it.

The Psychiatrist waits a beat or two before he asks the next question.

Tom is looking down to the floor. Spacing out.

PSYCHIATRIST

Were you supportive of her. After what happened?

TOM

Things are out of our control. I tried to talk to her about it. But she, ugh, I don't know what to do about her.

Tom looks up from the floor. Makes eye contact with the psychiatrist.

CUT TO

11. INT. TOM'S HOME - AFTERNOON (MONTHS EARLIER)

Tom and Sally are in the kitchen.

Sally is leaning against the counter with her arms crossed. Her right arm rubbing the bandaged left arm.

A cast.

(CONTINUED)

She looks at the fridge. A picture of her, her beauty radiant before the accident.

On the kitchen table, pictures of her receiving an award.

Tom is pacing as he speaks.

He stops. Looks at Sally.

TOM

Sweetheart. Can I get an answer please?

SALLY

(coming out of her trance)  
What?

TOM

Jesus! You are not even listening to me are you?

SALLY

What is there to say, Tom?.

TOM

How do you expect me to help you if you don't let me in?

SALLY

I am not asking you, now am I?

TOM

(disbelieve on his face)  
I don't believe you. I seriously cannot understand what goes on in your head.

Tom stares at her for a beat. He moves away from Sally and makes his way to the next room.

Suddenly, the house phone rings. It hangs on the wall.

Tom stares at it for a beat. He answers it

TOM

Yes?

Sally looks at Tom as Tom listens to the caller.

Tom motions to hand the phone to her.



TOM  
It's for you.

Sally pushes herself off the counter. Slowly makes her way towards Tom. She grabs the phone.

SALLY  
Yes? (waits a few beats to listen) I  
don't understand. You are letting  
me go?

She hangs up the phone. Anger is easily read on her face as Tom looks into her eyes.

Sally lets out a loud roar. She leans back onto the counter and begins to slide down to the floor.

Tom can only continue to look at her. No pity for her, as she has shown no pity for the loss of their son.

CUT TO

12. INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - AFTERNOON (PRESENT)

Psychiatrist is paying close attention to every word Tom is saying. He is holding a notepad. Doodling as Tom speaks.

TOM  
She got fired. From her job. She's  
a model.

PSYCHIATRIST  
What did you do for her?

Tom's eyes begin to swell up again. He stops himself from crying.

TOM  
I have no empathy for the woman.  
Our son is dead. And she has done  
nothing but cry about her work.

PSYCHIATRIST  
She did not show any emotion the  
day you got the call?

Tom reflects on that day. He begins to tap his foot on the floor of the office.

CUT TO

13. INT. TOM'S HOME - AFTERNOON (MONTHS EARLIER)

Sally is in the kitchen. Sitting at the table. A picture in her hand. She looks at it as she rubs her hand.

Tom enters the kitchen. Looks at Sally.

TOM  
Sweetheart.

SALLY  
(coming out of her trance)  
What?

TOM  
I am going to the hospital. You want to come with me? I am sure he would like that.

Sally smirks. Looking at the picture in her hand now. Rubbing it with her thumb.

SALLY  
The doctor said there is nothing we can do. Except wait.

TOM  
And we can't do it there?!

SALLY  
Doctor said, 'go home get some rest'.

TOM  
He's our son, baby. He needs us.

Sally's attention is on the picture. Tom looks at the picture to realize it's a picture of herself. In her modeling days.

TOM  
Stay here if you like! I'm going!

Tom storms out of the kitchen, grabbing his wind breaker jacket from the table chair.

Suddenly, his cell phone rings.

Tom pulls it out of his Jacket pocket, stares at it for a beat. He answers it.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Yes?

Sally looks at Tom as he listens to the caller. Tom begins to choke up. Trying to remain strong.

Sally remains cold. Emotionless. Her attention on the picture.

CUT TO

14. INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - AFTERNOON (PRESENT)

Tom sits on his chair, reminiscing. The Psychiatrist waits for Tom to be ready to share his thoughts.

The Memories of the small boy flash through Tom's mind.

The same from before:

At the theater, The park, Back yard.

He shuts his eyes and the tears are flowing even more.

TOM

(holding back the tears)

See, the doctor said, my little guy, he isn't going to be able to come out of it. The damage was too severe. They tried everything they could have and they saw no other option.

Tom begins to wail now.

TOM

(continues)

Why! He's an innocent little boy! Am I being punished? Is what ever there is out there, god or not, trying to tell me that there is a god and this is his way of punishing me?

The Psychiatrist stares. Sorrow for Tom on his face.

TOM

(continues)

What did he ever do to anyone? My little baby! And that bitch is at home. Drugged up on pain killers, numbing the pain, while I am here

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOM (cont'd)  
taking all of it in! There is  
nothing to nub my pain! I have to  
be strong and deal with it.

Tom grabs the Kleenex box. Its empty. He throws it off to  
the side.

TOM  
I take all this hurt and anger,  
while she is at home feeling sorry  
for herself for a mistake she made!  
How is that fair? How is that fair  
to my little baby, or to me. Or to  
anyone?!

The Psychiatrist gets off the chair and makes his way to the  
desk.

He pulls out a brand new box of Kleenex from the drawer,  
next to a bottle of alcoholic substance.

He opens the box of Kleenex and offers it to Tom.

He returns to his seat as Tom blows his nose.

TOM  
I want to forgive her. I do. But  
every time I look at her, I see her  
on that damn phone. Pressing the  
letters while she is driving. And I  
just want to strangle her!

Tom takes a moment. The Psychiatrist waits for him to  
finish.

The Psychiatrist finally breaks his silence.

PSYCHIATRIST  
Tom, Losing a child is very hard. I  
cannot imagine how hard. But I can  
say this. Whatever pain you are  
going through, I can assume she is  
as well.

15. EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Tom is getting out of his car. he makes his way towards  
Sally, who is sitting on the front porch stairs. A small  
picture in her hand. Tom stops to look at Sally. He stares  
at her for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

PSYCHIATRIST(O.C.)

I understand you are angry. But what is more important to consider is that she's angry. She's maybe angrier than anyone else involved.

Tom begins to make his way towards Sally. Sally wipes away the tears as Tom reaches her and kneels in front of her.

Tom grabs her hands softly. With his other hand, he finishes to wipe her tears.

PSYCHIATRIST(O.C.)

You have to understand, it is not only you who lost someone dear. She did too. And she presumably blames herself and wishes, more than anything, that she could take it all back.

Tom Looks into Sally's eyes. Sally avoids his look. The guilt is written all over her face. The grief.

PSYCHIATRIST(O.C.)

I am in no way saying you are being selfish. You are not. You are entitled to feel the way you do. But understand, she is now completely alone. Emotionally as well as literally.

Tom pulls Sally closer to him. He embraces her. Holding her ever tight.

Sally slowly begins to hit Tom on his back. Almost struggling to get away from him. The picture still clutched to her hand.

16. INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Tom looks into the Psychiatrist's eyes.

PSYCHIATRIST

You are her husband. And you have tried the best you can. I think for now, maybe, you should think about a different place to stay, before these feelings of yours get out of hand.

Tom lets the words sink in. The room is silent for a couple of beats.

(CONTINUED)

TOM  
What if I can't?

PSYCHIATRIST  
You are a strong man, Tom. I have  
faith you will.

Tom relaxes back into the chair.

17. EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Tom holds Sally tighter as she seemingly, struggles to move away from his embrace.

There is almost an urgency to Sally's attempt to get away from Tom's arms. Sally's hands hitting Tom's back, almost violently. But Tom will not let go.

Sally lets go of the picture. The Picture falls to the ground face up. Its the picture of their son.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END