

LOVE POTION NUMBER NEIN

Written by

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NURSE:

The meds keeping him under will start to wear off in about an hour. After that, he'll be on a mild pain medication to ease his way back into sensation ... and it's mainly wait and see ... and hope and pray for the best.

ANGELA:

Ok. I understand.

NURSE:

Try not to worry too much, and just be with him right now. That's all you can do. I'll check back in a little bit, and you can press the call button if you need anything before then.

ANGELA:

Ok. Thank you.

NURSE:

You're welcome.

NURSE Exits.

36. INT. JASON'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

After the nurse exits. ANGELA looks at JASON lying there for a bit and then sits down in a ROLLING CHAIR near his bed. She's processing all that's happened. Not just last night, but the whole year since their fight ... trying to make sense of how everything has gotten to this point.

ANGELA:

Oh. Jason. I ... I don't know what to say. I'm sorry. I didn't mean for you to be hurt this much.

(beat)

Not just last night, I mean that was an accident, obviously. (nervous laugh) But before. Before all of this. I didn't mean to hurt you then either. You know that, don't you? You have to know that!

(beat)

I don't know why I couldn't love you when you wanted me to. I don't know why I couldn't tell you what you wanted to hear, but I couldn't.

(MORE)

ANGELA: (CONT'D)

I don't know why I let you walk away, but I did.

(beat)

And I did love you. I don't know why I couldn't say it, but I did. I must have, or else it wouldn't have hurt so much to lose you.

(beat)

And then after ... Watching you do everything, watching you make it as far as you did. Maybe I could have said something then, but I figured your life had gotten so good without me ... that all I could do was make it worse. It was like losing you twice.

(beat)

And then finally, somehow, we were together! And I thought I had you back! But I didn't. Because you were someone else. And now I know why.

(beat)

I get it. You saw your worst fears come true, and you did what you felt you had to do to keep from getting hurt again. I can't say I wouldn't have done the same thing. And now I'm the one who's hurt. God, if that's not poetic justice, I don't know what is!

(choking back tears)

I'm sorry. I wish I knew what to do to make it better, but I don't!

ANGELA takes a breath and looks around the room. Her eyes land on a PAMPHLET with a picture of PRAYING HANDS and the words "Prayer Makes a Difference!" (or something like that)

ANGELA: (CONT'D)

(sotto voce)

Well that's a little on the nose.

She thinks for a moment and cautiously kneels.

ANGELA: (CONT'D)

Ok then, might as well.

(beat)

Uhm ... God? I know it's been awhile, and believe me, I'm just as surprised as you are to see and hear myself doing this. I'm honestly not sure how it's supposed to work.

(MORE)

ANGELA: (CONT'D)

Maybe that's why I stopped. But I don't know what else to do, so if you could humor me for a minute or so ... I ...

(beat)

This is just all too much! I don't really know what else to say right now. I mean, I know I was stupid and afraid, and hurtful ... and I said what I said, and Jason ... he did what he did, and that was hurtful too, but ... but I just don't see how we deserved any of this. I know he didn't, at least.

(beat)

God, I just miss the old Jason. I miss the guy who was always there for me; the guy who loved me ... who I loved. If you could just bring that guy back to me. The guy who I knew before ... before all of this happened.

(beat)

And maybe he won't be able to love me again. Not after ... after everything. But that doesn't matter. He still doesn't deserve this. He deserves to enjoy his success ... to enjoy his life ... with or without me. Oh, God just please bring him back!

ANGELA is finally silent. The machines and monitors are the only sounds heard for a few seconds. Then there is movement from JASON. Only slight. A twitch of his fingers or his hand. ANGELA notices and stops, holds her breath and stares. Another second or two. ANGELA is still. Did she dream this? Did he really move? Then JASON'S hand moves again, but more this time. Now his head starts to move to one side and ANGELA jumps up. She looks around quickly, looking for the nurse call button. She finally finds it and presses it. Then goes to the door to put her head out and look for her.

ANGELA: (CONT'D)

Hello? Excuse me? Can I get a nurse in here? I think he's waking up!

The NURSE walks quickly back into the room.

NURSE:

What happened? Did he move?

ANGELA:

Yes! Yes! It was his hand at first;
I wasn't sure, but then he turned
his head and I heard him breathe!

JASON is still again, but the NURSE can see that he's turned his head.

NURSE:

Ok. Yes, his head has definitely
moved. Let's see if he has any
sensation.

NURSE takes a pen and lightly touches the bottom of JASON'S foot with it, testing for sensation/reflex. JASON moves his toes and lets out a breath.

NURSE: (CONT'D)

Well, he has feeling in his
extremities, that's a good sign.

ANGELA:

Yeah?

NURSE:

Yes. It means he's not paralyzed
and likely no spinal damage. That's
very good.

ANGELA:

Oh, great. But is he ... does he know
what's going on? Where he is? Is he
awake? I thought I saw him waking
up.

NURSE:

It's possible. He may be coming in
and out. Best to just be patient
and let him come back on his pace.
I'll go let the doctor know. Just
keep an eye on him and press the
button if you see any changes.

ANGELA:

Ok. Thanks.

NURSE exits.

ANGELA: (CONT'D)

(stands beside the bed
looking down at JASON)
Oh, sweetie.