

A Flicker of Hope

An original screenplay

by

Larry A. Jaggard

Larry A. Jaggard  
P.O. Box 167  
Elwood, NJ 08217  
Email; [ljaggard@peoplepc.com](mailto:ljaggard@peoplepc.com)

FADE IN:

INT. NURSING HOME, SECOND FLOOR NURSES STATION - DAY

Two EMT's wheel MARIAN (90's) a frail, motionless, pale woman, on a stretcher to the nurses desk.

LYSSA (30's) A stocky, laid-back charge nurse, lounges behind the station, filing her nails.

One of the EMT's steps up to the desk with papers in hand.

EMT

This woman must be on oxygen continuously. Maximum off time fifteen minutes.

Lyssa, nonchalant, takes papers from the hand of the EMT.

INT. NURSING HOME, PATIENTS ROOM - DAY

Lyssa looks on as supply clerk, DORLEEN (30's) a dedicated, husky, short woman, hooks Marian to a large boxlike container on wheels called an oxygen concentrator. Dorleen pushes the plug in the socket.

DORLEEN

This is our last concentrator.

Lyssa stares at Dorleen with an air of self-importance.

LYSSA

We need more.

DORLEEN

I ordered five. They'll be here tomorrow.

LYSSA

About time.

DORLEEN

We're always short because no one cooperates around here.

LYSSA

Not my problem.

DORLEEN

God forbid if there was an  
emergency.

Lyssa stares unconcerned.

Dorleen lumbers out of the room.

INT. NURSING HOME, SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

Dorleen listens to the radio and loads supplies on to a  
medium size heavy plastic supply cart.

RADIO BROADCASTER (V.O.)

Today clear and cold. Tomorrow  
expect sunny skies and continued  
cold, high around 30.

Dorleen smiles with confidence that she will get her supplies  
tomorrow.

INT. NURSING HOME, LOBBY - EVENING

Dorleen walks to the double glass entrance doors. She stares  
outside. Dorleen turns and motions to the admissions clerk,

MEEKA (30's) the admissions clerk, a slender, bright, astute  
woman lumbers over to Dorleen.

DORLEEN

Is that snow flakes I see out  
there?

MEEKA

Nothings suppose to develope. They  
say clear tonight and tomorrow.

Dorleen eyes Meeka with hope then turns back and lumbers out  
the double glass doors.

EXT. NURSING HOME, PARKING AREA - NEXT DAY

The sky is a dark gray. A thick blanket of snow covers everything. The strong blustery winds make the heavy falling snow a blizzard.

INT. NURSING HOME, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dorleen and Meeka stand side by side with eyes glued to the scene outside.

MEEKA

I'm glad you made it in Dorleen. We have only a handful of staff.

DORLEEN

They called a state of emergency. That means no deliveries. Not a good sign.

Lyssa lumbers into the lobby. She stares at Dorleen with an expecting glare.

LYSSA

We getting any oxygen tanks today?

Meeka and Dorleen turn and gawk at Lyssa wide eyed.

DORLEEN

Are you joking? Look out there.

The lights black out.

A few flickers flash from the large square light panels imbedded in the ceiling. A sudden low HUMMING sound.

The lights stammer back on.

MEEKA

Something happened. We're on generator power.

Lyssa tramps back out of the lobby.

RITA (50's) a distinguished gray hair woman, the administrator, walks in the lobby.

RITA

They say it will be 5 or 6 hours  
before we'll be back on line.

Lyssa lumbers back into the lobby.

LYSSA

The socket in Marian's room is not  
working. There's no more oxygen  
tanks.

RITA

Bring her down to first floor.

Lyssa tramps back out. Dorleen and Meeka follow behind.

INT. NURSING HOME, FIRST FLOOR NURSES STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Marian lays on a portable bed and hooked to the concentrator.

Rita looks on cautious as,

Dorleen sticks the plug in the electrical socket.

The concentrator BEEPS on.

Meeka stands waiting, holding her breath.

The concentrator suddenly HUMS to life.

Meeka releases a puff of air through her nearly closed lips.

MEEKA

My God, that was close. In a few  
minutes we would have lost her.

PAUL (40's) wears professional clothes and demeanor,  
indicating he is the maintenance man, walks up to the others.

PAUL

The fuel level is low in the generator. We have a few hours left of power.

The lights flicker. The concentrator shuts down.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Well, maybe less.

RITA

We can't give up. Keep trying all the outlets.

Lyssa whins a stressed reply.

LYSSA

We don't have enough time.

PAUL

Get her down to the lower level, closer to the generator.

The five gather around Marian and wheel the bed down the hall.

INT. NURSING HOME, ELEVATOR - LATER

Marian lays on the portable bed with Paul, Meeka, Dorleen, Lyssa, and Rita surrounding her. The elevator glides down.

SUDDENLY

The light in the elevator flickers. The elevator thumps to a stop.

Paul hits the button on the panel with his finger. No movement.

LYSSA

What now!

The light flicks back on.

The elevator shakes then rumbles down.

INT. NURSING HOME, BASEMENT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The concentrator HUMS next to the portable bed that Marian lays motionless on. Her eyes open and a nasal cannula hooked in her nose.

There's a sigh of relief on the five health care worker's faces. Rita turns to Raul with urgency.

RITA

Check the fuel again Paul.

Paul races down the hall.

The four women keep watch on Marian.

LOWER LEVEL BASEMENT HALL - LATER

Paul returns with a grim look. He holds a cylindrical object to his side.

PAUL

There's enough fuel for a few minutes.

The lights flicker. The hall goes black.

Sudden light illuminates from a FLASHLIGHT in Paul's hand.

MEEKA

We have 15 minutes to get Marian out of danger.

Dorleen charges up the stairs. Paul, Meeka, and Rita follow.

Lyssa looks down over Marian's pale and motionless body.

INT. NURSING HOME, LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Meeka stares out the double glass doors.

Dorleen paces nervous. She stops and turns to Raul.

DORLEEN

We need more fuel. Where do we get it?

Paul stares blank at Dorleen. He gropes for an answer.

PAUL

The nearest gas station is closed and nothing can get through.

Meeka gazes intense out the entrance glass door at,

The snow covered parking lot. Vehicles incased in mounds of snow.

MEEKA

You said gas Paul?

(beat)

What about the cars in the parking lot? There's a big source of fuel.

PAUL

I can rig up a siphoning device. We need more help.

RITA

You get what you need, I'll round up the staff.

Paul charges out of the lobby.

EXT. NURSING HOME, PARKING AREA - LATER

A small band of EMPLOYEES brave the harsh elements, shoveling snow away from the vehicles.

With a long hose and a suction device, Paul siphons gas into large buckets.

The other EMPLOYEES lug the fuel in buckets to the entrance, forming a line to the building.

INT. NURSING HOME, BASEMENT GENERATOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dorleen takes a bucket of gas and pours it into the fuel tank of the generator. Dorleen pulls the starter cord.

Nothing.

Frantic, Dorleen pulls harder. Nothing.

DORLEEN

Come on! Start!

She gives it another forceful pull.

The generator vibrates and kicks over. Dorleen wipes her forehead with relief.

Lights suddenly flick on.

INT. NURSING HOME, LOBBY - LATER

The room dimly lit. The EMPLOYEES assembled together.

Meeka and Dorleen smile at each other with uncertain victory.

RITA

We did it by working together. We  
have enough fuel for another 8  
hours. And Marian is out of danger.

Suddenly the lights brighten.

The phone RINGS. Meeka grabs the phone as Dorleen watches intense. Meeka listens then places the phone down.

MEEKA

The city power has been restored.  
The road crews are out clearing the  
highway.

A chorus of cheers fill the lobby.

FADE OUT.

THE END.