

Last Call Jenny Hall

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INT. JENNY'S HOME, BEDROOM - DAY

JENNY HALL (40's, hair askew this morning), searches her bedroom.

BRENT (O.S.)
Jenny, Honey?

Jenny pulls open her husband's messy side drawer and finds his ZWINGLENSES (futuristic VR goggles).

BRENT (O.S.)
They're not down here!

Jenny stares at the Zwinglenses, torn.

Brent (40's, Jenny's husband) hurries inside. Jenny hides the lenses behind her back.

LINCOLN (O.S.)
Grandpa's here!

Brent gives her a frank look. He knows she has them.

JENNY
It's dangerous.

BRENT
Let's not do this.

JENNY
There are wild animals.

BRENT
We're fishing.

JENNY
Your Dad's not even driving his autocar.

BRENT
It'll be fine. We'll all be fine.

JENNY
We should get one too. The drivers out there--

BRENT
It's been on the damn schedule for a year.

Brent holds out his hand for the goggles.

JENNY
It's a bad idea.

Brent shakes his head. He leaves. Jenny follows him to the

ENTRY WAY

where their son, LINCOLN (12, a wheelchair user), waits impatiently.

LINCOLN
I thought I was going to have to load
it all myself.

Brent shoots a smile at his son. He picks up a duffel and holds out his hand. Jenny surrenders the glasses.

Brent heads out.

Jenny kneels by her son.

JENNY
If you're stranded, eat Grandpa
first.

LINCOLN
It's Montana, not the North Pole.

JENNY
Grandpa's slower than you, so if you
see a bear...

LINCOLN
Mom.

Lincoln puts his duffel on his lap and heads toward the open door.

JENNY
Here, let me--

LINCOLN
I got it.

Lincoln heads outside, passing Brent on his way back in.

BRENT
We need to let him live. You can't
hide from life forever.

Jenny's not so sure.

BRENT
Back by Labor Day.

She refuses to be comforted.

JENNY
Maybe I'll win the autocar this year.

Brent rolls his eyes.

BRENT
Don't hurt anyone getting it.

JENNY
Don't hurt any fish.

INT. MR. YUN'S HOSPICE - DAY

JENNY HALL, incognito in scrubs & clipboard, opens the door.

The space is one of many long term hospice rooms, this one cluttered with BOATING MEMORABILIA. MR. YUN (67, gray in old sweats) snores in his WHEELCHAIR.

Jenny glances at a CLOCK, which reads 3:00, 2:59, 2:58...

JENNY
Mister Yun?

No response.

Jenny frowns, then SLAMS the door.

He startles awake.

MR. YUN
I was napping.

JENNY
Feeling alright this afternoon?

MR. YUN
I feel old.

JENNY
It's a beautiful day.

Mr. Yun huffs.

JENNY
Great day to be on the lake.

MR. YUN

My kids probably are right now. On my boat.

JENNY

I take it you wouldn't want your kids to get to have it if you were to pass.

He frowns.

MR. YUN

I don't know.

JENNY

Maybe you'd donate it to your church?

Mr. Yun glances at the clock. 2:15, 2:14...

He wheels around to see Jenny.

MR. YUN

Who are you?

JENNY

And what would you do with the cabin?

Mr. Yun glances at the clock, then back at Jenny.

MR. YUN

Is this a Call?

JENNY

Let's talk about the boat--

MR. YUN

--And you didn't tell me?!

JENNY

The boat and cabin are the only substantial assets not included in your old will. Please, just answer--

MR. YUN

I can do whatever I want in my Call!

Mr. Yun stands from his wheelchair.

Jenny glances at the clock. 1:20, 1:19...

JENNY

The boat to charity, then?

Mr. Yun jumps up and down, giddy.

MR. YUN
I've been in that damn thing for
years!

He blows a raspberry at his wheelchair, dancing an
IMPROBABLE JIG.

Jenny gets between him and the wheelchair.

JENNY
Your boat.

MR. YUN
Sold and split between my sons.

JENNY
And your cabin?

MR. YUN
I've always wanted to fly--

Mr. Yun, suddenly wearing a WWI AVIATOR OUTFIT, raises his
arm Superman style.

Sure enough, his legs lift off the ground. Jenny watches him
float, unimpressed.

JENNY
Mr. Yun--

The clock counts down. :15, :14,

MR. YUN
I can do anything!

Jenny pulls him back down to earth.

JENNY
I'm running out of time.

Mr. Yun sees she's right. :05, :04,

MR. YUN
Fine. Tell my sons-- Tell them I love
them all! Except William-- I don't
think he's mine.

JENNY
The cabin--

MR. YUN
--Split it--

JENNY
Between all your sons?

MR. YUN
Not Will--

:01...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPICE ROOM - DAY

Jenny opens her eyes. She removes a slim circlet, the CALLING HEADSET, from her brow. She looks over to the bed where Mr. Yun's body lays.

The HEART MONITOR flat lines quietly near him.

Jenny shakes her head. No respect for the dead here.

JENNY (PRE-LAP)
--And the cabin sold and split half
and half.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Mr. Yun's kids-- ANGRY SON, VAPID SON, ABSENT SON, and WILLIAM (significantly less Asian looking), listen to Jenny.

VAPID SON
But I wanted the cabin.

Jenny ignores him, handing out forms for them all to sign. She begins to fill out her own.

Angry son scowls, ready to explode. He gives a look to his brothers, who shrug back at him, all save Absent Son, who's eyes and head are encircled by Zwinglenses.

ANGRY SON
And he didn't say anything personal?

JENNY
I swear my neutrality in these
matters and the accurate recordation
of aforesaid last will before
witnesses--