

AMY AND DAD

Written
by
Diana Robertson Bond

dlrbnd@gmail.com
805-709-8070

FADE IN:

INT. AIRPORT - TICKETING - DAY

Amidst a crowd of travelers, BRIAN (50, business exec with dad-bod) and SON (13, Beats™ headphones around his neck) beeline to an unoccupied CHECK-IN KIOSK.

Drafting two steps behind them, AMY (50, earnest, working-mom, slacks and blazer) drags a ROLLER BAG and talks on her CELL PHONE.

AMY

I know, I kno--

(beat)

This is the earliest we coul--

(beat)

You don't-- Don't say that. Oh my God. Can you just tell him I'm on my way?

(beat)

Mom? Are you still there?

EXT. BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY

MOM (80, resembles Amy) -- cell phone to her ear -- exhales cigarette smoke.

In the b.g., the automatic doors slide open, and a MAN IN SCRUBS exits pushing an ELDERLY WOMAN IN A WHEELCHAIR.

MOM

Amy, it's not going to make a hill of difference if you can't get here in time.

INT. AIRPORT - TICKETING - DAY

Amy's eyes fill with tears.

AMY

Just tell him I'm on my way.

She hangs up. Brian looks up from the kiosk, sees Amy's distress, and wraps her in a big hug.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Amy, window seat. Son, middle. Brian, aisle.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (female, 30s) nears, and Amy reaches across the other two to get her attention.

AMY

Excuse me. Excuse me. Why are we not taking off?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

The crew's just finishing up routine safety checks.

AMY

But we're already-- the flight was scheduled to leave forty minutes ago. Shouldn't those have already been done?

BRIAN

Honey.

AMY

What?

BRIAN

She doesn't control the safety checks.

AMY

I know she doesn't control--

Amy catches herself, tightening her lips. She turns toward the window -- frustrated and vulnerable but with a little, "I will burn this place down if I have to."

Brian looks at Flight Attendant and mouths, "I'm sorry."

Flight Attendant offers Amy a comforting ...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

It shouldn't be much longer.

But Amy's not comforted. She stares out the window.

FLASHBACK:

INT. NURSERY - DAY - 50 YEARS EARLIER

Mom (at 30) films DAD (30) as he cradles Baby Amy. Broad-shouldered, with an affable face and a twinkle in his eye, Dad sways gently and sings.

DAD
*Once in love with Amy. Always in
 love with Amy.*

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY - 45 YEARS EARLIER

Five-year-old Amy -- all pigtails and smiles -- stands on Dad's feet (Dad, now 35), and the two dance.

FRANK SINATRA's VOICE floats from the STEREO, and Dad sings along.

<p style="text-align: center;">FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)</p> <p><i>Ever and ever fascinated by her, sets your heart afire to stay.</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DAD</p> <p><i>Ever and ever fascinated by her, sets your heart afire to stay.</i></p>
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INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY - 30 YEARS EARLIER

Amy and Brian (at 20) enter, both carrying duffles with UCLA stenciled on them.

Amy hugs Mom (at 50), then makes an introduction.

AMY
 This is Brian.

Dad (at 50) enters, singing.

DAD
*Once in love with Amy. Always in
 love with Amy.*

Amy groans ...

AMY
 Make him stop.

Dad pulls Amy into a dance step.

DAD
*Once you're kissed by Amy. Tear up
 your list, it's Amy.*

AMY
 Dad. Oh my God. Humiliating.

END FLASHBACK

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Amy wipes away a tear.

EXT. AIRPORT PASSENGER PICK UP - SUNSET

Amy practically shoves Brian and Son into a Lyft.

SON

Mom, ow!

AMY

Go.

I/E. LYFT/HIGHWAY - SUNSET

Amy, with her phone gripped in one hand, holds her suitcase on her lap. The bag bounces up and down because, underneath it, Amy's leg bobs madly. She looks unwell.

BRIAN

We're good. We got this.

AMY

I'll never forgive myself.

Brian takes her free hand and squeezes it.

I/E. LYFT/SUNNY HILLS ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - NIGHT

The Lyft approaches the entrance. (Note: the same entrance behind Mom in the first scene)

LYFT DRIVER (male, 40s) ...

LYFT DRIVER

You sure about this entrance? I do a lot a' rides here, an' pretty sure they lock this side at sundown.

Amy and Brian look at each other, Brian's eyes asking if she's sure.

AMY

Mom said this entrance.

BRIAN

Okay.

Amy's phone CHIMES. She looks at the screen.

A text from MOM: **We're near the end.**

AMY

Oh my God.

Amy throws open the door.

BRIAN

We'll catch up.

Amy exits the car, attempting to bring her suitcase with her, but ONE WHEEL IS TANGLED in the MESH NET POCKET on the back of the front seat.

Amy yanks the suitcase, but the netting tightens.

BRIAN

Just leave it.

AMY

Wha- I can't--
(yanking the bag)
Help me!

Brian tries to separate the wheel from the mesh net.

BRIAN

Hold still.

Amy stops tugging, and Brian frees the wheel.

BRIAN

Done.

Amy pulls the suitcase onto the curb and runs toward to the entrance.

She reaches the automatic doors, but THEY DON'T OPEN.

She SCREAMS at the doors. Still closed.

She turns and heads back toward the Lyft.

Brian, Son, and Lyft Driver are all watching Amy.

LYFT DRIVER

I said, not this door. Not at night.

BRIAN

Dude?

Brian reaches for the handle to open the car door for Amy, when suddenly, behind her, the doors to the building SLIDE OPEN.

BRIAN, SON, LYFT DRIVER

Go back! They're open! Turn
around! Go back!

Amy whips around and sees the opened doors.

She races toward the entrance with the bag flip-flopping behind her, the wheels unable to find the ground in the snap turn.

The automatic doors start to close again ...

AMY

Noooo!

... but, mercifully, as Amy steps closer, the doors reverse course creating a wide opening.

Amy and bag fly through.

INT. SUNNY HILLS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Amy rights her suitcase onto its wheels and speed-walks/jogs down the hallway.

She passes an OLD MAN WITH WALKER.

She passes a SENIOR LADY WITH A HACKING COUGH.

She hears STAMPEDING FOOTSTEPS behind her, and she tucks her shoulders, making her body as small as she can, as THREE PEOPLE WEARING SCRUBS blow past her, turning a corner up ahead and moving out of sight.

AMY

Oh-my-God-oh-my-God-oh-my-God.

Amy sees a WOMENS BATHROOM. She sprints to it, pushes open the door and enters. Her carry-on smacks against the doorframe in Amy's haste.

JUMP CUT:

Amy exits the WOMENS BATHROOM -- now wearing an elegant, flowy, midi-length dress and sensible heels.

Roller bag in tow, she dashes in the same direction that the Three People Wearing Scrubs had run.

JUMP CUT:

A different HALLWAY. Amy runs a long stretch toward a DOOR at the end.

She barrels through the door, entering ...

INT. SUNNY HILLS - COMMUNITY ROOM - NIGHT

A crowded room, set up like a wedding reception.

A gathering of SENIORS, FAMILY MEMBERS, and PEOPLE IN SCRUBS, 70-80 in total. Many sit at round-top tables, some stand in groups of 2 and 3, and a concentration of folks surround A TEMPORARY DANCE FLOOR.

Amy scans the room, finally spotting a man in a tuxedo.

It's Dad!

He's 80 now, smaller in stature, slight frame and slouched posture.

Mom stands next to Dad, nervously chewing on a straw.

Amy rushes to her parents.

Mom sees her first. She removes the straw from her mouth and lets out a joyous, unbridled LAUGH.

Then Dad spots his girl. His chest and shoulders expand, his face lights up. There's that same twinkle in his eye.

Above their heads, a banner:

SUNNY HILLS ANNUAL DANCE COMPETITION

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Up next. Our last act. Amy and --
it just says, "and Dad." So, here
we go ... let's welcome Amy and
Dad.

The crowd applauds.

Amy passes her suitcase to Mom, and Amy and Dad take center stage.

Brian and Son join Mom on the sidelines, just in time.

The applause stops. The music starts.

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
Once in love with Amy.

Amy and Dad dance.

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
Always in love with Amy.

DAD (OVERLAPPING)
Always in love with Amy.

Their steps, effortless, Amy and Dad lock eyes and smile.

FRANK SINATRA (V.O.)
*Ever and ever fascinated by her,
sets your heart afire to stay.
Once you're kissed by Amy.
Tear up your list, it's Amy.
Ply her with bonbons, poetry, and
flowers, moon a million hours
away.*

FADE OUT.