

WRONG DIRECTIONS

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

A modest home with a clean interior and outdated, fifties style furniture.

JASON STANBERG (80s) relaxes in a recliner, sound asleep, snoring unrhythmically. The television volume is way too loud.

ROSE STANBERG (80s) rocks in her chair, works on needlepoint, oblivious to anything other than the work in her hand. A walker is parked nearby her.

The phone rings on a side table across the room.

Jason snorts, stirs awake and stares at Rose.

JASON

You gonna answer that?

Rose ignores him as the phone continues to ring. Jason struggles to get up, turns down the volume knob on the TV and hobbles over to the side table. He answers the old fashioned phone.

JASON (CONT'D)

Hello?... Hello?... Who?... There's no such person here... What was that? What?... Oh, Rose?... Just hold on.

He looks over to Rose who is still working on her needlepoint and holds the receiver to her.

JASON (CONT'D)

Rose!

She obviously doesn't hear him. He sets the phone receiver down, hobbles next to her and pulls out her hearing aid. He yells in her ear.

JASON (CONT'D)

Rose! The phone!

Rose jumps in shock and slaps him in the chest, grabs the hearing aid plugs out of his hand.

ROSE

Why are you always yelling at me?!

Jason points to the phone.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Who the hell is it?

JASON  
Huh?

ROSE  
WHO IS IT?

JASON  
He wanted to talk you, Rose. He  
asked for salted rice and to splice  
some socks. Must be Church potluck.

ROSE  
I don't go to Church.

JASON  
Well, it sounds kind of important.

Rose frowns, slams down her needlepoint. She struggles to stand up, slowly makes her way to the phone on the table across the room with a walker. She finally makes it to the phone and picks up the receiver.

ROSE  
Rose here, what do you want?...  
Hello?

She slams the receiver down on the hook and returns to her chair.

JASON  
Who was it?

ROSE  
How the hell should I know? They  
hung up. Probably some prank  
caller.

Jason turns the television back up.

Rose picks up her needle point.

The phone rings again.

Jason gets up, turns the television back down and heads towards the phone.

By the time he gets halfway there, the phone stops ringing.

JASON

Dammit! We need to get one of them  
long extension cords or them new  
fangdangled cordless jobbers.

He looks over at Rose.

Rose is busy with her needle point and doesn't hear him.

JASON (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll just go out and get the  
mail and the paper while I'm up.

No response from Rose.

JASON (CONT'D)

(mumbling to himself)

Do you even care if I return?

Jason hobbles out the front door.

A few moments later a loud yelp and yelling outside O.S.

Rose peers up from her needle point, stares at the front door  
and listens.

JASON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

HELP!

Rose shakes her head, pulls her walker in front of her. She  
heads for the front door to check what all the commotion is  
about.

EXT. HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Rose opens the door and sees Jason splayed on the sidewalk,  
lying in on a sheet of ice.

Snow falls softly.

Jason leans up on one arm.

ROSE

You're a little old for snow  
angels, heh?

JASON

Oh for God's sake, Woman, I fell.  
Think I broke something. Call for  
help.

Rose cups her hands around her mouth and hollers.

ROSE  
HELP! HELP!

JASON  
Use the phone, darn it.

JUAN (40s) comes running from the next door house with a blanket. He nearly slips on the ice himself.

JUAN  
Mr. Stanberg, what's wrong with your phone?

Rose looks at Juan and then down at Jason, shrugs.

JUAN (CONT'D)  
I called you twice to try warn you that the sidewalk froze and has a thick layer of ice. I didn't want you to slip and fall until we got salt on it.

Jason looks up at Juan puzzled.

ROSE  
Ha! Maybe it's you that needs the hearing aide.

JASON  
Don't need one. You've never listened to a damn word I've said in all the fifty years we've been married.

Rose frowns over at Jason.

Juan pulls out his cell phone from his back pocket.

JUAN  
I'm calling for an ambulance.

Rose cackles.

ROSE  
Been hearing you loud and clear and for fifty years you've insisted on keeping us in the dark ages. I can't hear you. It's time we upgrade that horrific television and phone, Jason. It's the twenty-first century, and I ain't planning on dying any time soon.

Jason glares at Rose.

Juan talks on the phone to the EMS.

JASON

Fine. First thing tomorrow. I promise.

ROSE

Fine. If that happens, I promise to lose the earplugs.

JASON

Earplugs? But I thought--

Rose shivers in the cold. Juan notices waves her to go inside.

JUAN

You go on inside. It's dangerous out here. I'll take care of Mr. Stanberg.

Rose gives Jason an apologetic look.

ROSE

You let me know you're okay, my love? Thank you, Juan.

Jason gives her a loving wink.

JASON

I will, my Rosie. You be safe.

Rose blushes. She closes the door as the Ambulance pulls up to the curb.

FADE OUT.