

I MAY REGRET
by
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I May Regret
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FADE IN:

1 INT. ASSISTED LIVING, ROOM - MORNING 1

A sliver of light illuminates a goldfish.
It swims in a bowl of murky water.

2 INT. HOTEL, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 2

FLASHBACK

Bloody young hands wipe dusty glass of a framed photo: a regal silver-haired woman with blue eyes, dressed in a pink terry cloth bathrobe and fuzzy slippers.

The same bloody young hand holds up an envelope. Inside, a personal check: PAYABLE IN CASH for the amount of \$100,000.

3 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

FLASHBACK

Bloody young hands WHIP a canvas off a painting to reveal a portrait of the same silver-haired woman with blue eyes, dressed in a pink robe. She proudly cradles a goldfish bowl.

4 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - MORNING 4

From high above, we fly over congested towering buildings in downtown Los Angeles.

5 INT. ASSISTED LIVING, ROOM - MORNING 5

May, 65 years old. Her frail but steady hands trace various photographs arranged in a vintage photo album. We don't get a look at her face, leaving her identity a question.

She HUMS.

The fingers stop on a 1960s black and white photo: a Nun with a joyous face holding an INFANT in a bassinet.

MAY (V.O.)

The story I'm about to tell you is true. But the details in my later years are probably not as accurate as my youth.

Another black and white photo: May, 4 years old, with a serious face. She stands with a group of Nuns.

Moving to another photo.

A color photograph: May, 5 years old, with rusty red hair and bright green eyes. She poses with a group of girls. A group of Nuns with stern faces stand behind them.

MAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You see, I have dementia.

(MORE)

MAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The curse of my affliction is that newer memories fade, allowing for older memories, deliberately intended to stay buried deep in the past, to resurface.

A mid-60s color photo: a FOSTER MOTHER and FOSTER FATHER pose proudly with May, 6 years old. Everyone but May smiles.

- 6 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 6
FLASHBACK
Shaky old woman's hands decorated with gaudy rings writes a personal check made out to PAUL THOMPSON for the amount of \$1,000. It is dated: JAN 1972.
In the memo section she writes: ALLOWANCE.
- 7 INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING 7
FLASHBACK TO 1963
May, 6 years old, is draped in an adult sized dress, along with strands of jewelry around her neck, clip-on earrings, fresh lipstick and oversized high heeled shoes.
She stares at a goldfish in a bowl. She HUMS.
The bedroom door BURSTS opens. A Foster Mother approaches in a crazy rage. She SCOLDS, THREATENS, and BEATS her.
FOSTER MOTHER
(screaming)
Get that dress off. Don't you ever!
- 8 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 8
FLASHBACK
Shaky old woman's hands decorated with gaudy rings writes a personal check made out to PAUL THOMPSON for the amount of \$1,000. It is dated: DEC 1973.
She writes in the memo section: ALLOWANCE.
- 9 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - DAY 9
FLASHBACK
Shaky old woman's hands again. Her rings JIGGLE as she writes. She fills in a check: PAUL THOMPSON for the amount of \$1,000. It is dated: FEB 1975.
- 10 INT. ASSISTED LIVING, ROOM - MORNING 10
Back to the photo album.
Two official mug shot photos of the Foster Mother and Foster Father holding ID cards: BILOXI POLICE DEPARTMENT 1965.

May, 65 years old, turn the page. Her identity is a question.

A fuzzy color polaroid photos of May, 7 years old, with red-hair and green eyes. Again, posing with a few Nuns.

MAY (V.O.)

My thoughts at night, more compromised than day. Recently I have a shorter attention span than a goldfish. At my best I am delusional, loitering in my own happiness. At my worst, I hallucinate, trapped. I'm someone else's nightmare.

Another photo.

May, 13 year old. Clothing tattered. Worn. She and several teenagers pose with tough faces.

POLICE OFFICERS in uniforms stand behind them. Signage on the wall reads: BILOXI JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER.

MAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

As my mind deteriorates, each passing day is further plagued with confusion, each hour more peppered with fear, each minute with greater degrees of paranoia, yet I don't deny I still have unsolicited spurts of clarity and joy.

Somewhere else in the room, hands of an older man blends colorful oil paints on a pallet using a painter's knife. A worn paint brush dabs the paint.

11 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 11

FLASHBACK

Shaky old woman's hands. Apprehensive, she fidgets with her rings. She writes: PAUL THOMPSON. Misspelling the name, she corrects her work. She enters the amount of \$1,000. She dates it: FEB 197...

She TAPS her pen. Pondering. She completes the date: 1979

12 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 12

FLASHBACK

A lamp CLICKS on. Shaky old woman's hands decorated with a collection of top-heavy rings place a piece of paper on a table.

A pen comes into frame. It TAPS the paper, contemplating its first written words.

The pen begins to SCRATCH: DEAR PAUL. THE TIME HAS COME...

MAY (V.O.)

But each lucid moment is perhaps
more terrifying than the last, because
it is in that clarity that I am
reminded of my mental decline and
the horror I inevitably face.

The writing continues, but the angle from which we see it
makes it impossible to read.

13 INT. ASSISTED LIVING, ROOM - MORNING 13

Frail but steady woman's hands point to another photo:
May, 20 years old, dressed in a worn 1970s waitress uniform.
She holds a bus tray. She poses with other waitresses.

The photo album page turns again.

We land on a newspaper clipping: HEIRESS TO WARNER ESTATE
DIAGNOSED WITH DEMENTIA. She touches it.

Another photo.

A polaroid: a mass of people in a Vietnam protest dressed
in classic 1970s fashion. May stands front and center.
High as a kite, in faded attire.

Another photo: May, with greasy hair and dark circles under
her eyes. Sedated. She slumps on a sidewalk. She holds
a sign: HUNGRY.

Another photo: a mug shot of May with a black eye and
scratches, dressed in 70s clothing. Like her foster parents
before her, she holds her own ID jail card: MAY CARVER.
BILOXI POLICE DEPARTMENT, 1979.

MAY (V.O.)

Some say when all other memories
have finally faded away it is the
memories that we've buried the
deepest, those dark and painful
memories, that are the last to be
exhumed.

14 EXT. MENTAL HOSPITAL- DAY 14

An older building. Signage on the outside reads: RIVERBANK
MENTAL HOSPITAL.

15 INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, ROOM - DAY 15

May, 20 years old, sits on an exam table wearing a hospital
gown. A PSYCHIATRIST wearing a white coat sits on a stool
and explains to her. He refers to a clip board.

Close on the clip board, handwritten words: DISSOCIATIVE
IDENTITY DISORDER. BORDERLINE PERSONALITY DISORDER.

He hands her a bottle of prescribed meds. May inspects
them.

16 INT. GAS STATION, RESTROOM - MORNING 16
ON SCREEN TITLE: 1980

Meet May. Now fully matured. That familiar red hair. Those big green eyes. A thin gap in her two front teeth. She stands at the sink of a public bathroom. Dirty. Run-down. Neon lights BUZZ. Water DRIPS. You can practically smell the urine. She pulls off a dirty and torn shirt and puts on a clean blouse.

She HUMS while fixing her hair.

May sorts through a large plastic bag. She discards several empty prescription bottles onto the floor. The label reads: MAY CARVER - THORAZINE.

She pulls out a polaroid camera and holds it up.

She cracks a smile.

FLASH

WHIR. A photo comes out.

She throws her camera back in her bag. She pulls out more trash and discards it on the floor.

A crumpled piece of paper hits the wet tile floor. It reads: EVICTION NOTICE.

She steps over it as she exits.

17 EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING 17

May exits the bathroom, dressed in a red and white candy-stripe jumper with practical flat shoes. Her bright uniform pops against a dull world. Close up, her shiny lapel name badge reads: MAY.

She FANS her photograph, eager to see it develop. She DRAGS her belongings.

18 EXT. NURSING HOME - AFTERNOON 18

Nestled in a lower-income neighborhood, a single story building with a sign reads: VALLEY ASSISTED LIVING.

19 INT. NURSING HOME, PATIENT'S ROOM - EVENING 19

May takes one small pill from a medley of drugs in a paper cup. She stands over an ELDERLY PATIENT sleeping in bed.

She studies the patient's face. Mouth ajar. Drooling. SNORING. May tenderly fixes the hair on the patient's head.

A caregiver walks in. May JUMPS. She motions for May to leave the room.

CAREGIVER

Make yourself useful.

MAY (V.O.)

Having witnessed dementia in my early years of health care, I made up my mind if I were to be faced with the same fate, I would not wither in agony, nor would I drag others down my burdensome path.

20 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - MORNING 20
FLASHBACK

Shaky old woman's hands decorated in JANGLING bracelets and rings continues to write.

21 INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES, ALLEY - DAY 21

The CLAMOR of the city. May nervously exchanges several clear sandwich bags full of assorted pills to a JUNKIE for cash. They SCURRY their separate ways.

22 INT. NURSING HOME, NURSE'S STATION - MORNING 22

May SQUIRTS window cleaner on glass. On the other side of the window we see polaroids of three smiling girls taped to the glass. Under the photos: WELCOME NEW FULL-TIME HIRES.

May WIPES the glass clean. Looking past the photos, May sees a gaggle of nurses on break. They SMOKE and GOSSIP over cold coffee.

A GINGER NURSE. Her name tag reads: RUTH RN. She holds up a newspaper photo next to her face. She makes a funny grin. The other nurses break into LAUGHTER.

On the counter are a dozen paper cups filled with individual patent dosages. May plucks a few more pills.

23 INT. NURSING HOME, BREAK ROOM - AFTERNOON 23

On the counter, May straightens several magazines, newspapers, handbags, nurse ID badges and sack lunches.

A folded newspaper gets her attention.

The Newspaper's headline reads: \$5MIL DONATION FOR ALZHEIMER RESEARCH IS SMALL CHANGE FOR LOS ANGELES PHILANTHROPIST WITH DEMENTIA. Within the article we read: HEIRESS RUTH WARNER, CARED FOR BY JENNA, HER LIVE-IN NURSE OF 10 YEARS.

Another newspaper clip. A JOB POSTING. The category: NURSING. It reads: SEEKING LIVE-IN NURSE FOR FULL-TIME ALZHEIMER'S PATIENT IN LOS ANGELES. CONTACT JENNA.

Someone has circled the job listing with a red pen.

May ponders the headline. She holds the news article up beside the job posting. She points to JENNA and LOS ANGELES in both papers. Then TEARS the job posting out.

Returning the newspaper, May spots the ginger nurse's ID badge.

The name reads: RUTH RN, VALLEY BREEZE ASSISTED LIVING CENTER, BILOXI, MS

MAY (V.O.)

I would spare the world unnecessary grief and end life with grace. I would exit on my own terms when I deemed the right time. I would do all I could to preserve what is most important to all of us. My dignity.

May ponders the ID badge at her fingertips. She studies her own face in the window's reflection. She takes another look at the ID badge.

KNOCK KNOCK

A RAP on the glass. May JUMPS. A GRUMPY NURSE stands behind the glass.

GRUMPY NURSE

(yelling)

Get cleaning or get out.

24 INT. ASSISTED LIVING, ROOM - MORNING 24

The small oil brush meticulously works the canvas.

25 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - MORNING 25

FLASHBACK

A man's hands place a personal check made out for: \$100,000 PAYABLE IN CASH on the table. He TAPS on the signature line. Shaky old woman's hand with lots of rings on SCRATCHES a signature.

The man seals the check in an envelope and points to the outside. The woman writes the name: PAUL

26 EXT. NURSING HOME - EVENING 26

The door BURSTS open. May tosses her candy striper uniform and name tag into the garbage bin.

MAY (V.O.)

But life is funny, and sometimes the easy way out isn't what we rightfully deserve.

27 INT. BUS STATION - MORNING 27

May, dressed in classic 1980s attire, holds up a bus ticket. It reads: BILOXI - LOS ANGELES. She extends her polaroid camera out and takes a photo of herself.

FLASH goes the camera.

WHIR shoots the instamatic photo. May fans it dry.

28 EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EVENING 28

ON SCREEN TITLE: LOS ANGELES 2015

An older 70s building. Rain pours.

29 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EVENING 29

May, 60 years old, removes her yellow rubber rain coat but keeps her rain bonnet on. We are not quite able to identify her.

Her frail but steady hands fidget nervously. She sits down. An OLDER NURSE hands May a cup of hot tea.

Through privacy glass we can see them TALKING but we cannot hear what they are saying. Whatever they're saying, it's serious. There's lot of EXPLAINING.

The tea cup slips from the grip of May's fingers.

CRASH

30 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, EXAM ROOM - DAY 30

May, with that same damn rain bonnet, sits on an exam table shaking her umbrella dry.

An OLDER DOCTOR pulls up a chair. A YOUNGER DOCTOR and a MEDICAL ASSISTANT stand behind him. Again, we cannot confirm it is actually May they are talking to.

The older doctor scans medical records. Handwritten diagnosis indicate: DISSOCIATIVE IDENTITY DISORDER. BORDERLINE PERSONALITY DISORDER and ALZHEIMER'S.

MAY

(flustered)

You doctors. You and your hospital revenue. You just wanna bleed us dry with your damn treatments. This isn't humane.

OLDER DOCTOR

We've been through this a million times. There's a lot we can do to make you comfortable.

MAY

Comfortable? Comfortable? What about my rights?

OLDER DOCTOR

I hear what you're saying. It's simply not legal.

YOUNGER DOCTOR

You've been managing most of this just fine. Right? We can do the same for your dementia. It's not like you're going to die tomorrow.

OLDER DOCTOR

The Death with Dignity law requires it be a terminal illness.

MAY

It's terminal.

OLDER DOCTOR

Early staged Alzheimer's not terminal.

May shakes her head in frustration. She stands up.

YOUNGER DOCTOR

Terminal is defined as six months to live.

OLDER DOCTOR

You could live many years still.

She grabs her umbrella and paces the room.

MAY

(frustrated)

No. No way. And what might be my mental capacity, meaning my legal right to request assisted suicide, when I'm in those last six months?

The doctors and nurse look down, unable to look her in the eyes.

MAY (CONT'D)

(heated)

This is not an unreasonable request. You know how many people commit suicide every day?

OLDER DOCTOR

Ma'am. It's the law.

MAY

(yelling)

Don't Ma'am me!

May settles.

MAY (CONT'D)

(emotional)

More importantly, do you know how many suicides fail?

OLDER DOCTOR

We will do...

MAY

(interrupting)

And what it costs a family? Not to mention the pain and suffering?

(to herself)

Damn all of you. I'll go to another state.

OLDER DOCTOR
No one's going to assist your suicide
if you aren't terminal.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT
(under her breath)
Switzerland?

MAY
What?

SILENCE.

The younger doctor gives the assistant a stern look. He
shakes his head. The assistant cowers.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT
(swallowing)
You can try Switzerland?

31 INT. LAW OFFICE, FOYER - MORNING

31

May's frail but steady hands signs documents in the company
of an ESTATE ATTORNEY. We do not get a clear look at May's
face, again, leaving her identity a question.

MAY
(serious)
Is this it?

May SIGNS stacks of legal documents in folders.

ESTATE ATTORNEY
All of it.

MAY
And no one goes to jail?

ESTATE ATTORNEY
No one. Do you need money for travel?

She shakes her head.

MAY
I'm fine. It's a one way trip, right?

The Attorney nods yes. May nods back.

She signs the last of the documents, rests the pen and
shakes his hand.

32 INT. SHOPPING MALL - AFTERNOON

32

A little photo booth. Behind a curtain the camera flashes.
On the outside of the booth a strip of photos FALLS into a
tray.

33 INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - MORNING

33

Travel documents are STAMPED. A passport is passed back.

34 EXT. FOREIGN EXCHANGE BOOTH - EVENING 34
 Another security window. Dollar for Swiss Franc.

35 EXT. AIRPORT - EVENING 35
 We see the back of May walking toward the airport. She carries only a small weekend-sized travel bag.

36 INT. AIRPORT, COUNTER - EVENING 36
 Documents CHECKED. Passport STAMPED. Tickets TORN.

37 INT. AIRPORT, TERMINAL - EVENING 37
 In the far distance we see the back of May with a scarf on her head.
 Her heavy heeled shoes ECHO in the halls. She WALKS alone. Her travel bag in one hand. Her air tickets in the other.

38 EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - EVENING 38
 A jet plane TAKES OFF.

39 EXT. ZURICH, SWITZERLAND - MORNING 39
 ON SCREEN: ZURICH SWITZERLAND 2015
 It's dark and grey. Blustering cold out. Snow falls lightly.
 May, now bundled in a heavy winter coat and hood, climbs out of a cab. She stands on a curb and double checks the address written on a piece of paper. As usual, we cannot see her face. She stares into a storefront's window.
 Refocusing, she holds up a note. She turns in a circle to orient her direction. She walks out of frame, revealing a Swiss clock shop filled with traditional cuckoo clocks.

40 INT. SWISS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 40
 A SWISS WOMAN and a SWISS MAN escort May into the main room.
 We see personal photos on the wall. A goldfish swimming in a bowl. A tea kettle BOILING. A fruit bowl on a table.
 We are in someone's personal residence.
 An old cuckoo clock shows time laps as May sits and meets with a YOUNG WOMAN, an ASSISTANT and a TRANSLATOR. The conversation is predominantly in SWISS GERMAN.
 Again, May's face is not revealed.
 A series of hand shakes and hugs. There is LAUGHTER. There are tears. There is tea.

41 INT. SWISS DRUGSTORE - MORNING 41

The young woman, now wearing a lab coat, receives several pill bottles from a PHARMACIST. They MUMBLE in Swiss German. She pays him in Swiss francs.

The young woman double checks the labels on the three pill bottles: PENTOBARBITAL, METOCLOPRAMIDE and SECOBARBITAL.

42 INT. SWISS HOTEL, ROOM - MORNING 42

May sits at the edge of her bed. She HUMS. We observe her from the back. She holds the same photo album we saw before.

She goes through the pages of photos. We aren't able to see the photos from our angle.

She is calm. Resolved. Nostalgic.

43 EXT. SWISS HOUSE - MORNING 43

It snows heavily. The city is calm and quiet. A car door SLAMS shut. May, shrouded by an umbrella, is escorted into the house.

44 INT. SWISS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING 44

The Swiss man and Swiss woman sit May down comfortably on a couch next to the translator. May fidgets with her fingers Nervous. All the while, we cannot confirm it is actually May.

She is given several pills to SWALLOW.

TRANSLATOR

(heavy accent)

This is just to relax you. That's all.

There is a longer CONVERSATION in Swiss German. We cannot understand what they are saying but MAY keeps nodding in confirmation to a translator. They point to May.

MAY

I'm fine. Please.

The Swiss man hands May a document to sign.

SILENCE

The Swiss man swallows. Nervous.

45 INT. SWISS HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING 45

An ASSISTANT empties pills into a glass. She adds water and STIRS. On the counter are fifty empty capsules.

46 INT. SWISS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING 46

The Swiss woman pats May on the back.

SWISS WOMAN

(accent)

Sure? You can change your mind.
There's no pressure.

From May's POV, we hear everyone, but voices sound like they are underwater.

The WHISTLE of the tea kettle cuts through the room's CHATTER with surreal clarity.

From May's POV, faces of people in the room become bigger than life. Even the goldfish in the bowl far across the room seems to be bigger than life.

TRANSLATOR

Ma'am. Are you okay? Ma'am?

May nods yes. The process continues. More talking. They help May sit upright.

The assistant enters, holding the daunting glass full of milky white solution. She passes the glass to the Swiss woman, who sits down next to May.

More CHATTER. MUFFLED now. The Swiss woman holds the glass up to May's face. Multiple VOICES add to the state of confusion.

May stands. She sits again. Panic washes over her. From her POV everyone stares at her. Pressured.

She scans the room as if looking for an exit. A jumble of images fill her brain. Faces. Photos on the wall. The tea. The bowl of fruit. The glass. The room spins.

VOICES sound miles away. Everyone is clearly concerned.

May points her finger toward the goldfish bowl.

Like the fish, May's vision is murky. Her hearing, MUFFLED.

From across the room, the goldfish presses its face against the glass, as if uttering something directly to May.

May pushes the cloudy toxic glass of solution away. She HYPERVENTILATES. She shakes her head no.

MAY

(to herself)

This isn't right. I don't... This isn't right.

47 INT. ASSISTED LIVING, ROOM - MORNING

47

ON SCREEN TITLE: LOS ANGELES 2018

May sits in a chair. Her back faces us, making it impossible to confirm her face. Her frail but steady hands adjust a vintage turban wrap on her head.

She HUMS.

A crack in the drapery illuminates the photo album. She stares out the window. She looks down at her photo album and turns the page.

48 EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

48

ON SCREEN TITLE: 1980 MAY, 25 years old with shiny red hair and bright green eyes. She's dressed in a starched new nursing uniform and sensible flat shoes.

She lugs a suitcase fastened shut with duct tape. We see a NAME TAG on her lapel. A polaroid camera hangs around her neck. A backpack over her shoulders.

She approaches an older 1920s building.

Street signs read: 7TH ST and HILL ST

She looks up at the corner facade of the building that once was an old movie theater marquee.

It now reads: DIAMOND GOLD SILVER WHOLESALE RETAIL.

May pulls out the newspaper clipping she took from the nursing home.

She unfolds the JOB POSTING that reads: SEEKING LIVE-IN NURSE FOR FULL-TIME ALZHEIMER'S PATIENT IN LOS ANGELES.

She unfolds another piece of paper.

The memo reads: JENNA. 411 HILL. 8TH FL. 11AM. KEY IS UNDER THE DOORSTOP.

She crouches down and lifts up a heavy cast iron doorstop, revealing a key on a string.

She picks up a key.

She nods affirmatively and adjusts her uniform, straightens her stolen ID badge that reads: RUTH.

She turns the key, opens the door, and disappears into the building.

49 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

49

DING rings a distant bell.

Eyes pop open. From a person's POV, everything is blurred. Muddled. Reality is impaired by sudden jump cuts and gaps in time, making reality confusing and disjointed.

Welcome to Ruth's world.

She scans her bedroom. She quickly covers her bed-head with a wrap. In the distance she hears her nurse calling.

JENNA (O.S.)

(calling)

Who's there?

50 INT. HOTEL, CHECK-IN COUNTER - MORNING 50

An abandoned hotel counter is covered in old mail and newspapers. A relic cash register. Behind it a wall with boxes and room numbers. A few rusty room keys hang on hooks.

No one is there.

May RINGS a rusty service bell resting on the counter again.

DING DING

JENNA

(a distant yell)

Up here. Eighth floor.

51 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - MORNING 51

Ruth SHUFFLES to the door. Paranoid. She pokes her head out, looking down the hall. She adjusts her attire.

52 INT. HOTEL, STAIRWELL - MORNING 52

JENNA, a middle-aged caregiver dressed in a dusty nursing uniform leans over the banister. She dries a pan with a bar towel.

JENNA

(rote)

Up here. Keep going.

53 INT. HOTEL, STAIRWELL - MORNING 53

May, weighed down by baggage, a back pack and the camera around her neck, makes her way up the RICKETY wooden stairs. She DROPS her luggage. She offers an inviting handshake.

MAY

(short winded)

Oh my God.

54 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - MORNING 54

From the far end of a long hall, Ruth watches the two women.

JENNA

Just in the nick of time. I thought you were comin' two days ago. Jenna. Pleased.

MAY

Uh. Ruth. You said today.

JENNA

(chuckling)

No. Anyway. Ruth, huh? Ain't this gonna be confusing. Miss Ruth already thinks she's Jenna half the time.

May looks around. The interior is cluttered. Weathered. Dilapidated. Like something straight out of Gray Gardens. May tries her best to keep a smile.

MAY

Quite a building.

JENNA

Well, don't just stand there.

Jenna reaches for May's suitcase. May shakes her head no.

MAY

I got it.

Walking.

JENNA

I'll admit. Your cover letter. Well written.

Jenna gestures quotes with her fingers.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Sharing the same name I'll treat her as if she were me. That. You had me.

Jenna makes her way down a long narrow corridor.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Ruth. Ruth?

The hall is lined with doors on either side. Most are empty. Some have small beds and chairs. All unoccupied.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Ruth!

RUTH (O.S.)

(grumpy)

What!

JENNA

We got company.

RUTH steps out from her doorway.

Ruth welcomes May with big green eyes, and freshly applied lipstick. She wears a chenille pink bathrobe and fuzzy slippers. A 1920s style turban covers strawberry grey hair.

She looks like she either just woke up or just returned from the opera. She cracks a smile, revealing a fine gap in her two front teeth.

Her frail but steady hands are decorated in top-heavy gemstone rings and NOISY bracelets.

She cradles a goldfish bowl filled halfway with murky bile water and two inches of mucky translucent gravel at the bottom.

A small fish bobs from side to side due to the turbulent handling.

Ruth clams up at the sight of a new face.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(sweet)
Say hello.

MAY

Hello.

Ruth shakes her head. She steps back like she's just seen a ghost. May gives Ruth a friendly smile.

MAY (CONT'D)

I'm Ruth.

RUTH

(defensive)
I know who I am. Who are you?

Ruth turns around and makes her way back into her room.

JENNA

This lovely young lady's name is
Ruth too. Two Ruths.

Ruth pauses and turns around as if things are firing in her brain. Not quite adding up to a full thought, she does her best to fake it.

RUTH

I see. Hello.

MAY

Ruth.

RUTH

Ruth.

MAY

Hello.

Ruth thinks.

RUTH

What's your name?

MAY

Ruth.

Ruth nods, as if she's been played.

RUTH

Oh. I see. That?

Ruth points to May's polaroid camera.

MAY

A camera.

FLASH

May captures a photo of Ruth gripping the goldfish bowl with a look of confusion on her face.

She hands Ruth the undeveloped polaroid photo.

MAY (CONT'D)

Give it a minute.

JENNA

Her name's Ruth. Like you. Same name. I told you about her?

RUTH

I'm not telling you anything and I'm not going anywhere. Go away.

JENNA

We were about to have some lunch before our midday nap. Weren't we?

RUTH

What's your name?

MAY

You're Ruth. I'm Ruth. We're both Ruth.

Ruth looks at the the blank image, then she looks up at May.

RUTH

(panic)

Yeah. No.

Startled.

RUTH (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Get out! Get out!

Ruth dives into a fit of confusion. Jenna wrangles her back to her room in a routine fashion. Water splashes from the goldfish bowl.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Get out of my house! Get out!

55 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

55

Jenna sits Ruth on the side of the bed. She takes the goldfish bowl from Ruth's tight grip.

May observes from the door. Light dying to break through heavy curtains. A worn walker. An old wheelchair. Hospital gear. A dirty food tray. Clutter. Trash.

Near the window, a painter's easel covered by a canvas. The paint tray is filled with tubes of oil paint, various brushes and painter's knives.

RUTH

(growling)

Make her go away.

May keeps her distance.

JENNA

In the last few months she's been sleepin' in late and up all night. When she gets tired, she talks out her ass. Especially late nights. It's the Sundowners syndrome.

An IV pole with an empty solution bag hangs. Dusty boxes and soiled garments piled in the corner.

Ruth holds her stomach as if she's nauseated.

JENNA (CONT'D)

When she's nice, that's the Ruth we all love. Don't take anything personal.

Jenna pulls a pair of fuzzy pink slippers from a large assorted pile just under the bed.

She lines up the matching pair in front of Ruth's feet. Ruth steps into them without asking.

JENNA (CONT'D)

It's best to just go along with whatever she's thinking to avoid any upset. She'll eventually move on.

Jenna slides the goldfish closer to Ruth. Ruth relaxes at the sight of the fish.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I found this bowl and gravel on her dresser. Filled it with water. Threw in a fish. And look. Works like magic.

Ruth is mesmerized by the fish. It swims like it's had better days.

JENNA (CONT'D)

A lotta people with dementia latch on to objects. It helps 'em remember.

In the far distance, a clock CUCKOOS eleven times. Jenna talks right over it.

JENNA (CONT'D)

That's why a familiar environment, photographs, foods, music, knickknacks. It all helps. You put 'em in a home, it's over.

Jenna points to the fishbowl. She leans in to May.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(whispers to May)

When that damn fish finally dies, go out and buy another and you're back in business.

Jenna winks and exits the room. May follows.

56 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - MORNING

56

Our first real look at this chaotic room. It's been gutted. A hotel pantry with make-shift electric burners to better serve as a working kitchen.

Someone's sold off the major appliances. Months of dirty dishes fill the counters. Piles of mail and unread rolled-up newspapers clutter the table.

Jenna opens a kitchen drawer. She pulls out a shoe. She tosses it. May doesn't even have time to settle.

JENNA

She likes to hide things.

Jenna retrieves a large pill organizer, she clears room on the dining table. She opens it, showing May an impressive collection of pills.

JENNA (CONT'D)

She's got a ton of pills. Some to sleep. Some to get up. To pee. To poop. I'm not gonna pretend I know which is which. Just refill 'em same way every time and you're good to go.

She digs through the organizer, picks up a small yellow pill.

JENNA (CONT'D)

This here is her dementia pill. Off this a day and she'll be babbling nonsense and hallucinating.

Jenna holds up a small vial and hypodermic needle.

JENNA (CONT'D)

And if she's really belligerent you give her this. It won't put her out, but damn close.

Jenna fans the pages of a tattered notebook and then TOSSES it into the table.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Notes. Her primary care doctor. Emergency numbers. Closest hospital numbers. You name it.

May looks worried.

57 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - MORNING

57

Jenna walks to the other end of the hall.

JENNA

You'll get an allowance every week from Truman. Her so-called estate manager. Take out your pay, make sure Ruth gets her meals and meds.

She kicks boxes, walking down the hall. May struggles to take off her backpack, but gives up to keep up.

JENNA (CONT'D)

The rest, if there is any rest, I give directly to Ruth so she doesn't feel completely powerless.

Near the stairwell, twenty plus boxes are marked with the name: JENNA.

JENNA (CONT'D)

You got hot water in the bathroom on the north side of the building.

A MOVER in blue jeans and a T-shirt with a back brace around his waist picks up a heavy box marked: DISHES.

A RATTLE. He almost loses his grip.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(to the workers)

Jesus.

Four more MOVERS systematically gather and haul furniture down the stairs.

MAY

Can I ask why you're leaving?

JENNA

Paradise? Personal reasons. Besides working here ten years now? It's not healthy to get too attached. Right?

May nods in agreement.

MAY

And this is it?

JENNA

It's all in the notebook.

MAY

No. I mean, this is all she's got?

Jenna stops.

JENNA

(chuckling)

Ah. You mean?

Jenna looks at the deteriorated interior around her.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Rich old woman and her millions in inheritance? Rambled on for years about her big fortune?

Jenna points to her brain and makes a crazy face.

May looks disappointed.

Jenna gives May a second glance.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Ah. You took this job thinking...

She LAUGHS and walks away.

JENNA (CONT'D)

A lot of people battle with dementia. But not a lot of people get swindled by their own family attorney before their very eyes. My dear. What you see is what you get. Have at it.

58 INT. HOTEL, MAIN ROOM - MORNING

58

Consistent with the rest of the place, holes in the wall and ceiling. Damaged lamps. Broken-down furniture. A dirty Persian rug. Stacks of boxes. Magazines. Books.

Jenna grabs her eye glasses, a sweater, some shoes. Things are piling up in her arms.

MAY

No. I mean she's been living here alone all this time?

Jenna goes to the mantle. She straightens a large damaged oil painting of MR WARNER, a handsome but elderly, well-dressed gentleman with a handlebar mustache. He holds a tobacco pipe.

JENNA

After Mr Warner? Alone? No.

Jenna taps on another photo resting on the fireplace mantle.

She rubs a thick opaque layer of dust off the glass, revealing the photo image of a silver-haired woman with blue eyes, dressed in 1970s attire.

She leans in and whispers.

JENNA (CONT'D)

If you ask me, rumor has it she preferred the company of other women.

Jenna raises her eyebrow.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Oh! Heads up.

(MORE)

JENNA (CONT'D)

Miss Warner has this artist boy come every week who's working on a commissioned portrait.

She puts the framed photo back on the mantle in line with several other dusty photos we cannot clearly make out.

JENNA (CONT'D)

It's all done in private. He'll be here tomorrow.

59 INT. HOTEL, JENNA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

59

Jenna CLOSES her suitcase, grabs her coat and turns to May.

JENNA

There's new sheets on the bed. Take care of her, will ya? If there's one thing I know about her, she'd rather rot in this place in privacy than be humiliated in a public hospital.

60 INT. HOTEL, STAIRWELL - MORNING

60

Jenna now stands at the edge of the stairwell. Ruth SHUFFLES in with her goldfish bowl cradled in her arms.

JENNA

(whispering)

Like you and me, her dignity is everything. When she's acting nuts just remember there's a good woman deep inside there.

May drops her backpack and raises her camera, gesturing Jenna and Ruth stand together for a photo.

FLASH

WHIR

The photo spits out. May offers the photo to Jenna. Ruth SWIPES it and SHUFFLES away.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Okay then.

Jenna starts down the stairs. She stops and yells upward.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Ruth? Miss Warner!

RUTH (O.S.)

(yelling back)

What!

JENNA
 (yelling)
 You be good, okay? Okay?

RUTH (O.S.)
 (yelling back)
 Okay.

Jenna gives May a plastic smile and turns away. She makes her way down the stairwell with her belongings.

Tears roll down her eyes before reaching the ground floor.

61 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

61

May enters with caution. Ruth sits in a chair. In her lap she cradles her goldfish bowl. She MUMBLES.

May CLEARS her throat to get Ruth's attention. She steps forward.

MAY
 So Ruth.

RUTH
 (guarded)
 Wrong person.

MAY
 I'm sorry. Have you seen Miss Warner anywhere?

Ruth doesn't answer.

MAY (CONT'D)
 Well, if you see her? Tell her I'm lookin' for her.

May leans in.

MAY (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 I think her nurse was taking advantage of her.

Ruth turns away from her. She holds her goldfish bowl tight.

MAY (CONT'D)
 Yeah, I'd be cautious too. I don't blame you. But don't you worry. She's gone now. I just hope she didn't clean you out too bad.

Ruth shakes her head. Confused. She hides her face but you can tell she's considering every word May has uttered.

May exits.

62 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - MORNING

62

Ruth stands before a classic 1970s wall phone with a long tangled spiral cord. She dials from memory.

May, dressed in her white nursing uniform and stolen name badge, approaches. She YANKS the receiver away and HANGS UP.

May WALKS her toward her bedroom. Ruth leans in toward May.

RUTH

(whispering)

You don't want the money.

MAY

Exactly. I'm here to help you.

RUTH

Mr Warner sold off all the property. Before he...you know. He wanted everything to be liquid. In a nest egg.

May raises an eyebrow.

MAY

He was smart. Keep it all cash.

Ruth shakes her head.

RUTH

(worried)

No. A nest egg.

MAY

(going along)

There we go. Nest egg.

Ruth leans in and whispers with a smile.

RUTH

Young lady, what's your name?

May contemplates her answer. She ponders her badge.

MAY

I'm...I'm Ruth. I'm sorry, I didn't catch your...you are?

Ruth glances over her shoulder.

RUTH

(whispering)

Jenna.

May smiles.

MAY

Nice to meet you, Jenna. Don't you worry about a thing. I gotcha.

Ruth turns to May as they approach her bedroom door.

RUTH

I'm a bad nurse.

Ruth enters her bedroom and closes the door halfway. She reaches out and points to May's name badge.

RUTH (CONT'D)

And so are you.

She SHUTS the door, leaving May in the hall. Stunned.

63 INT. HOTEL, SUNROOM - MORNING

63

May explores. She's baffled by what she sees. In the center, a dirty green shag carpet. Around that are several broken chairs all facing inward.

A dozen dismal tree saplings in terra-cotta pots are scattered about. Like Ruth, the plants are malnourished, pale and dry. Empty pots stacked against the wall.

On the wall, strange lined drawings. A mad man's work.

May studies the peculiar sketches. There is an arch and words written inside. She tilts her head to try and figure it out. She shakes her head. She moves on.

64 INT. HOTEL, STORAGE ROOM - MORNING

64

May snoops through cardboard boxes. Inside she finds old clothing. VHS tapes. Vinyl records. Lots of broken 70s electronics.

In the background we hear Ruth MUMBLING to herself. She LAUGHS and SHOUTS periodically. At first it startles May, but within a few hours she's gotten used to it.

May finds an unused CHECKBOOK. An ACCOUNTING LEDGER that has no entries. A shoebox with the words: RENT CHECKS. Inside are old CASHED CHECKS by various JEWELRY VENDORS.

May finds several large BLUEPRINT SCROLLS.

May unrolls one. It's a STREET MAP with PROPERTY PARCEL NUMBERS. Several large downtown city blocks are highlighted in red and the name HENRY WARNER written inside them.

One page in particular is a STREET DIAGRAM. The corner lot is highlighted in green marker. Inside the marked lot is handwriting: WARNER. 7TH & HILL.

Inside she finds an OLD BANK ACCOUNT LOG. TOTAL \$0, stamped: ACCOUNT CLOSED.

65 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

65

She opens Ruth's door and slowly approaches her bed. Ruth opens her eyes. She sits up.

RUTH

Get out.

MAY

Sure. I just want you to know I'm here for you.

Ruth turns her back to her.

MAY (CONT'D)

If you get hungry, let me know.

Ruth doesn't respond. May steps out.

66 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - MORNING

66

May searches cabinets and drawers. She retrieves the bag of pills and the large pill organizer. She reads the PRESCRIPTION LABELS.

She cherry-picks specific pills and places them in a sandwich bag.

She slips several full bottles of meds in her pocket. She leaves everything scattered on the table and exits.

67 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - DAY

67

May opens Ruth's door again. From the HEAVY BREATHING, all indicates Ruth is soundly sleeping.

May quietly opens drawers and boxes. She digs into pockets. A dollar.

Some change.

May continues her search while monitoring Ruth's BREATHING.

She lifts the mattress of RUTH's bed. She lights up at the sight of a large crushed envelope underneath. She pulls it out. Ruth STIRS slightly.

Inside she finds CRAYON AND MARKER SKETCHES of the same baffling shapes hung the walls of the sun room. An arch-shaped figure. Scribbled words. Incomprehensible.

May looks under the bed, DRAGGING out an old suitcase. Inside she finds several old shoe boxes and other odd items.

She focuses on the shoe boxes.

Bound by rubber bands so brittle they SNAP when you touch them.

Ruth STIRS again.

Inside one box May finds a collection of BRITTLE newspaper clippings.

Close on an article. It reads: REAL ESTATE MOGUL HENRY WARNER TAKES BIG LOSS IN MAJOR MARKET CRASH.

Close on another clipping headline reads: 1945 HENRY WARNER PARALYZED AFTER UNSUCCESSFUL SUICIDE LEAP.

Another news clipping reads: 1950 HENRY WARNER DIES AFTER 5-YEAR COMA.

An article: 1955 DOWNTOWN BUSINESSES SUFFER FROM WWII URBAN EXPANSION.

Another news article. Unlike the other ones, this one is fresh and new. The paper is white.

The article reads: 1970 \$5MIL DONATION FOR ALZHEIMER'S RESEARCH IS SMALL CHANGE FOR WARNER HEIRESS.

She picks up a vintage black and white photo of a handsome man in a suit with a handlebar mustache. He stands before a building. It is dated: 1930.

We recognize it as the building May is in now. She brushes the dust off the photo.

Puzzled, May puts the photograph along with the articles back. She checks another box.

Inside, May reveals what looks like ornate over-the-top costume jewelry and clear plastic jeweler's bag full of loose gemstones.

MAY

Now we're talkin'.

She takes them.

May gets up. She sits on the edge of the bed. Ruth's BREATHING tells us she's still in a deep sleep.

She takes Ruth's hand. She holds it as if to comfort her. She pats her lovingly and stares at her face.

May reaches for a bottle of hand lotion on the bedside table.

She carefully massages Ruth's knuckles. One by one, she removes a collection of ornate rings from Ruth's hands.

The last ring is a simple gold wedding band. She takes it too.

From a collection of old purses hanging from Ruth's bedpost, May selects a macrame handbag. She stuffs it full with newly acquired jewelry.

May returns the boxes back under Ruth's bed. Ruth STIRS. May freezes. Once Ruth resumes her SNORING, May crawls low and exits the room, DRAGGING the macrame purse behind.

68 INT. HOTEL, MAY'S BEDROOM - DAY

68

May gathers her personal belongings. She takes her roll of money and bus ticket from her suitcase and puts it in her newly acquired macrame purse with the other valuables.

She FLIPS the purse, now chock-full of valuables, over her shoulder. She puts on her coat and exits.

69 INT. HOTEL, STAIRWELL - DAY

69

Fully loaded with baggage, May SCUFFLES to the stair landing only to hear FOOTSTEPS drawing closer.

Climbing up the stairs is TRUMAN, an older man dressed in a suit and tie. He carries a briefcase and a roll of BLUEPRINTS.

He reaches the top step and offers a handshake. He catches his breath.

TRUMAN

Truman. Elliott Truman. I'm Ruth's estate attorney.

MAY

Oh.

He points to her baggage.

TRUMAN

Is there a problem?

MAY

What. This?

He looks confused.

MAY (CONT'D)

Oh. No. Just goin' to unpack.

TRUMAN

You need to stay on the same floor. She can't be alone.

MAY

Of course.

TRUMAN

Where's she?

MAY

Her room. Sleeping.

May follows Truman.

70 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - DAY

70

Truman PLOPS his belongings on the table. He stares at all the medication scattered on the table.

May PLOPS her bulky baggage down. She KNOCKS several dishes off the counter. CRASH. She hangs Ruth's macrame purse of valuables on the back of a chair. She picks up ceramic shards.

TRUMAN

You got all the info from Jenna?

May nods and throws the broken ceramic plates away.

MAY

Just sorting her meds. Don't want any errors. Coffee?

Truman shakes his head no.

TRUMAN

Let's just see where this goes today.

May gathers the meds.

MAY

Anything else I need to help her with? The bills?

Truman rolls his eyes.

TRUMAN

Yeah. No. Look. You stick to her mental health. I worry about the rest.

Truman opens his briefcase and pulls out an envelope. He hands it to May. May opens it and counts the money.

MAY

Do I need to sign anything.

Truman shakes his head no.

Ruth suddenly appears in the doorway.

RUTH

(factual)

I smell a rat!

Truman and Ruth both swallow. Truman gets up to offer Ruth a seat. Ruth shakes her head no.

TRUMAN

A rat? You know who I am?

RUTH

Of course.

TRUMAN

And this is...

(to May)

I'm sorry, I didn't get your name?

MAY

Ruth. We're...same name.

May refers to the stolen name tag clipped to her nurse uniform.

RUTH

(interrupting)

Why am I here. I shouldn't be here.

May helps her to the table. Ruth pushes May's helping hands away.

MAY

Okay.

Ruth SPITS at May. May flinches.

TRUMAN
 (scolding)
 Ruth.

RUTH
 Ruth yourself!

TRUMAN
 Sit. Be nice.

RUTH
 (convinced)
 I shouldn't be here. I don't belong
 in here.

TRUMAN
 Just a few more signatures for that
 project we're working on. You know
 what I'm saying? We're almost there.
 Ruth looks at Truman like he's an alien.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)
 You feel like signing some stuff
 today?
 Ruth shakes her head no. She looks confused.

RUTH
 I'm not signing any more papers until
 I talk to my last lawyer.
 Ruth sits. Defiant.

TRUMAN
 It's called Lasting Power of Attorney.
 You're lookin' at him.
 He stares at Ruth. She stares back at him like he's a
 total stranger.
 Frustrated. He snaps. Truman SLAMS his briefcase. He
 shakes his head.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)
 Yeah. I don't think this is going
 to happen today. I drove a fucking
 hour to hear this shit.
 (to Ruth)
 We're very close, Ruth. You just
 need to sign a few more documents
 that you've asked for. You. Not
 me. Fucking Christ.
 No response from Ruth. He grabs his briefcase and walks
 toward the door.

KNOCK KNOCK

At the doorway stands DILLON, a young artist-type with big
 eyes and messy hair. He wears soiled jeans and a tattered
 T-shirt coated in assorted paint smudges.

He takes his backpack off his shoulders and sets it next to May's baggage.

Dillon and Truman exchange familiar nods.

May and Dillon lock eyes. An instant attraction.

DILLON

(to MAY)

Hello. Dillon. I'm. I'm working on a portrait. For Ruth. Of Ruth.

MAY

Of course. Nice to meet you. Ruth.

Dillon looks over at Ruth. Confused.

DILLON

I'm sorry?

MAY

Ruth. I'm Ruth. Same name.

RUTH

(sarcastic)

What are the odds, right?

Truman hands Dillon an envelope, shakes his head and exits. May recounts her money with a grimace. She shakes the envelope upside down.

MAY

(calling out)

How's she supposed to live on this?

TRUMAN (O.S.)

Jenna did it, so can you.

Ruth slides her chair out and exits with a slow gait. She takes her macrame handbag with her. Dillon grabs his backpack and follows.

May is left. Alone. She KICKS the dining table. Fuming.

71 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - DAY

71

May has her ear to the door. Inside we hear MUFFLED LAUGHING and TALKING.

The door OPENS. May JUMPS back. Caught. Ruth exits and heads down the hall. Dillon follows, handing her off to May.

DILLON

Toilet.

May offers help. Ruth refuses. She passes May.

72 INT. HOTEL, BATHROOM - DAY

72

May sits on the cold tile floor. Behind the stall door we hear a dismal TRICKLE.

SILENCE

MAY

You alive in there?

Ruth exits and heads for the sink.

May steps into the stall to give the toilet at FLUSH.

By the time she turns around, Ruth is already SPLASHING her face with water.

MAY (CONT'D)

Dirty hands!

May hands her a bar of soap. Ruth's face turns to worry when she notices her rings are missing. She rubs her fingers and thinks. She exits.

73 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - DAY

73

Ruth makes her way back toward her room. Dillon exits in a rush. He ZIPS his backpack and THROWS it over his shoulder. He throws a smile.

DILLON

I didn't realize the time.

MAY

See you again?

DILLON

Next week. Same time.

Ruth returns to her bedroom. May stands in the hall with a plastic smile. She waits to be sure Dillon has exited.

74 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - DAY

74

May enters. Ruth sit, staring at her goldfish. May scans the room. The macrame purse is nowhere in sight.

May runs out.

MAY (O.S.)

Dillon! Dillon. Wait up.

75 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - EVENING

75

Ruth sits at the table with May and Dillon. She is dressed in her usual pink terry cloth bathrobe and turban. She is barefoot.

Food remnants are scattered on a mishmash of plates.

Dillon sits back. Stuffed. May wipes her lips clean on a napkin and takes a big GULP of wine from a porcelain coffee cup.

She gets up. She clears dishes. Her eyes are locked onto Dillon's backpack, hanging over his chair.

DILLON

(to Ruth)

Good?

Ruth nods.

DILLON (CONT'D)

She's in heaven. I don't believe Jenna cooked. If she did, I wasn't ever invited.

MAY

(to Dillon)

So this painting. Why can't you show it?

RUTH

Not until it's done.

DILLON

Even Ruth. It's a work in progress.

MAY

You make a living doin' this?

Dillon shakes his head no.

DILLON

I was in the building doing repairs and we got to talkin'. I mentioned I dabbled in painting and we hit it off. Right Ruth?

Ruth nods and smiles.

MAY

And Jenna?

DILLON

What?

MAY

She sure took a lot of stuff with her when she left.

Dillon shrugs his shoulders. Ruth lifts an eyebrow.

DILLON

Can't say.

MAY

What about Truman?

DILLON

Yeah. I don't meddle. He's been around since before Mr Warner died.

RUTH

There's a lovely painting of Mr Warner in the parlor.

DILLON

That's right. In the parlor. Right
Ruth? Miss Warner?

Ruth is slightly glazed over.

RUTH

Oh he loved Miss Warner. Loved her
to bits.

DILLON

He sure did.
(to Ruth)
And he showered her with gifts.
Right?

Ruth nods and smiles as if they've both visited this story
a million times before.

RUTH

Oh yes. Showered. Showered with
gifts. But Miss Warner didn't want
that.

DILLON

(prompting Ruth)
She just wanted...

RUTH

(cutting Dillon off)
She just wanted love.

DILLON

That's right. Miss Warner didn't
want gifts or any of that. She just
wanted love.

RUTH

You can have love. Or you can have
wealth. But...

DILLON

But?

Dillon waits for her to say it. She draws a blank.

DILLON (CONT'D)

(prompting Ruth)
But you can't...

RUTH

But you can't have both. Miss Warner
told Mr Warner over and over that
she didn't want to be showered with
all that. And look what happened!

MAY

What happened?

Ruth looks up. Shocked at the question. Dillon shifts in
his chair. Concerned.

DILLON

(changing the topic)

Oh. We don't usually talk about...

Ruth's face is suddenly consumed with sadness.

She grows emotional.

DILLON (CONT'D)

(chipper)

They met in a park.

RUTH

What?

DILLON

Mr and Mrs Warner. They met in a park.

Ruth sparks with more ideas.

RUTH

Oh yes. They met in a park. Right here on this corner before this hotel was built.

DILLON

Where was Miss Warner? What was she doing?

RUTH

(recalling)

Miss Warner was having lunch on the grass and Mr Warner walked by. He said enjoy the park because I just bought it and I'm going to put a building on it. Oh...it was a lot of pressure. The timing was off. The deal went belly-up and the banks. Oh the banks. He was a man of pride. It killed him.

(to Dillon)

Didn't it?

Ruth nods. Dillon makes a grimace and nods back to her.

DILLON

(lightening it up)

But it was love.

RUTH

(turning to May)

But it was. It was love. In a park. Right here on this corner. Before this hotel. It was love. I have a photo of it somewhere. One of Mr Warner's friends took a photo of that first day. In a park. It was love all right.

Ruth looks directly at May. She turns serious.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Truman's helping me.

MAY
Helping you what?

RUTH
A park. Right here. On this corner.
For people to fall in love.

Ruth's eyes well up as she nods yes. She looks at May as if she finally realizes she's in the room.

May sits upright.

Ruth leans in as if to talk softly to May. A worried look washes over her. She touches May's face tenderly and smiles.

Then, as if someone flipped a switch, Ruth looks at her as if she's a total stranger.

RUTH (CONT'D)
I'm going to figure out who you are.

MAY
Your nurse. Ruth.

Ruth looks at her like she's pulling her leg. Then she winks at her.

DILLON
(amused)
She sure loosens up at night...

MAY
It's the dementia. I think I need
to get her to bed.

Dillon looks at his wristwatch. He stands and puts his jacket on.

DILLON
I want to thank you two ladies for a
lovely evening.

May grabs a plastic container of food.

MAY
Don't forget this.

She reaches for his backpack. He takes it from her. He throws the backpack over his shoulder. She hands him the leftovers.

DILLON
Thanks again.

He picks up several small boxes labeled: DILLON on the outside.

MAY

Look at you.

DILLON

(chuckles)

Well, this week? I got records.
VHS tapes. Old magazines. An
electric razor. As always. Thank
you, Miss Warner.

Dillon exits.

The two women sit frozen. They both listen to the sounds
of Dillon WALKING down the hall toward the staircase.

The two women lock eyes.

MAY

(whispering)

I'm not sure we can trust Dillon.

They both stand. They circle the room like they're about
to start a Sumo match.

MAY (CONT'D)

Jenna and Truman. For sure they're
out to get all you got. But Dillon
I'm not quite sure yet.

May calmly glasses and silverware from the table. Ruth
retrieves a newly washed drinking glass stacked amongst
others on the counter.

MAY (CONT'D)

You know how he snoops around in
your room when no one's around. I
just don't want him stealing your
jewelry or something.

Ruth brandishes the water glass, threatening May.

RUTH

Get out. Get out!

She throws it, almost hitting May.

May runs into the hall, out of harm's way. Glasses continue
to FLY and SHATTER into the hallway.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Get out of my building! You can't
be here.

Ruth goes quiet. May stares down the hall at Ruth's empty
room. Glass SHARDS stop her from heading there.

May gets up. She steps partially into the shards to make
her way toward Ruth's room. Ruth throws another SHATTERING
round, keeping May at bay.

76 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - NIGHT 76

May sits on the floor. Broken glass and bent cutlery covers the floor. Ruth has thrown everything she can. It appears she has finally run out of steam, let alone kitchen items.

77 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - NIGHT 77

May and Ruth sit at the table. May, in her nurse uniform, finishes the last of bandages on Ruth's cut feet. Ruth's eyes roll in sheer exhaustion.

May helps Ruth with her fuzzy slippers.

MAY

Slippers from now on, okay?

May slides the goldfish toward Ruth. Ruth cradles it. May places a tea cup full of soup in front of her.

MAY (CONT'D)

Soup.

Ruth gives May a face of disgust.

MAY (CONT'D)

Minestrone.

Ruth looks away. Childish.

RUTH

(to herself)

Barf.

Ruth pushes the tea cup of soup away.

MAY

Look. I get it. I'd be frustrated too. Treated like this. Everyone after your money. Hell, even your own attorney. If I were your daughter, I'd fire him. I get so frustrated when I see people being taken advantage of. I completely know how you must feel.

Ruth turns away from her, but you can tell she's listening.

RUTH

(interrupting)

I got big plans.

MAY

Not without money you don't.

Ruth points a finger at her.

RUTH

(interrupting)

I'm gonna find out who you are. I see what you're doing.

MAY

I'm sorry. Me and my big mouth.
Sorry. But if I see anyone touching
your nest egg. So help me.

Ruth nods in agreement. May smiles.

RUTH

You should go.

MAY

Yeah, well, Dillon stole my bus ticket
not to mention some other things...so
I'm not going anywhere until I get
that back.

RUTH

I'm fine on my own.

MAY

You don't want a nurse?

Ruth shakes her head.

MAY (CONT'D)

Truman's so dead-set on you being
locked up here. He's got you under
his thumb.

Ruth grabs her head.

RUTH

(upset)

No. You're going to take everything
and then you're going to kill me.

MAY

(calming)

Ruth!

RUTH

(furious)

Don't call me Ruth.

Ruth turns away from May. She shakes her head in disgust
and cradles her goldfish bowl.

She rocks.

SILENCE

MAY

(gently)

I like your goldfish.

Ruth pretends she didn't hear the comment. She turns
further away from May but you can tell she's listening.

MAY (CONT'D)

You know.

(MORE)

MAY (CONT'D)

When I was a kid I had a goldfish too. Actually, several of them. It was the only cheap thing my foster parents would buy me to shut me up.

78 EXT. APARTMENT - EVENING 78

FLASHBACK TO 1963

A lower income housing building project.

79 INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - EVENING 79

FLASHBACK TO 1963

On a shelf is a framed black and white photograph of May, 5 years old, with red hair. She poses with some significantly older, strung-out Foster Mother and Foster Father.

We hear drunken, belligerent people ARGUING in the background.

80 INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - EVENING 80

FLASHBACK TO 1963

MAY, 5 years old, with strawberry red hair and green eyes, stares at a sickly goldfish that is struggling to BREATHE.

It floats on the top of the bowl, suffering from what is sure to be an inevitable death.

May TAPS the glass, trying to get a reaction from the fish.

A drunken FOSTER MOTHER STUMBLES into her room. May clutches her bowl. The drunken woman leans down in front of her.

FOSTER MOTHER

Poor fish. You're just being cruel now. You gotta let it go. Let's let it go.

May shakes her tiny head. She grips the bowl tighter. The foster mother gets right up into her face. She softens her voice and looks into her eyes.

FOSTER MOTHER (CONT'D)

(tender)

Trust me. Can you do that? Can you trust me?

She STROKES May's hair tenderly.

FOSTER MOTHER (CONT'D)

You can trust me. It will be okay, I promise.

Finally, after what seems like forever, the little girl lets go. The foster mother GRABS the bowl from her hands and takes it away. May CRIES.

81 INT. APARTMENT, CORRIDOR - EVENING 81

FLASHBACK TO 1963

A long narrow hallway. May, 5 years old, follows the drunken woman as she carries the goldfish bowl down the corridor. Water SPLASHES onto the floor. May CRIES.

MAY

No. No no no. Don't. Don't.

82 INT. APARTMENT, HALLWAY - EVENING 82

FLASHBACK TO 1963

The woman LOCKS herself in the bathroom. May POUNDS relentlessly on the door from the outside.

A moment later, we hear the toilet FLUSH. May COLLAPSES in total grief, SOBBING uncontrollably. The foster mother comes out.

She hands May the empty bowl and STAGGERS away.

FOSTER MOTHER

If you were that fish you'd be thanking me right now.

MAY

I hate you!

The foster mother turns around, SLAMMING May, 5 years old up against the wall.

FOSTER MOTHER

(fuming)

I hate you more. You're only here because of the money.

May slides to the ground. The woman walks away.

FOSTER MOTHER (CONT'D)

You got till the end of the month. Then you need to go. Until then, get up. Start acting your age.

83 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - NIGHT 83

We are back in the service room. Both May and Ruth's eyes well with emotion.

RUTH

(upset)

No one does that to a child. I'll never forgive her.

MAY

(comforting her)

No. Look. Yours is right here. It's safe.

May looks at the pain in Ruth's face. She comforts her.

MAY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said all that.

Ruth nods. She wipes a tear from her eye.

RUTH

(confessing)

Back in Biloxi. My sister and I were very poor. I got in a lot of trouble in my youth. Then I came out here for work. It wasn't until I was about your age that I even began to feel worthy of being loved.

May looks spooked. The story is far too close to her own. She swallows. She realizes Ruth is staring at May's stolen nurse ID badge.

Close on the badge, May is reminded it reads: BILOXI, MS.

MAY

(relieved)

Biloxi. Really.

Ruth cowers from May's cold stare. Ruth picks up her tea cup and holds it like she's royalty.

RUTH

Are you married?

MAY

Nope.

May shakes her head. Disappointed.

RUTH

Cursed with wealth.

MAY

Yeah. No. If that were the case I'd hardly call it a curse.

RUTH

Love or wealth?

MAY

What?

RUTH

Given the choice. Which one?

May ponders. She shakes her head like it's nonsense.

MAY

Speaking of wealth. I couldn't help but notice you get the morning newspaper every day. You know that adds up? Do you read 'em?

Ruth stares at her. She looks at her with skepticism.

MAY (CONT'D)

Well you add that up over a year or two. It's a lotta money.

RUTH

You can have them. I don't want 'em.

MAY

No. I'd rather cancel your subscription. Save you some money.

Ruth looks at her with surprise. Ruth shrugs her shoulders. Then she smiles.

MAY (CONT'D)

I'll get on it in the morning.

May smiles back. Ruth's line of thought has derailed.

RUTH

(frustrated)

You don't understand my question.

MAY

I'm sorry. What was your question?

Ruth is stumped. She thinks. Embarrassed. She looks at her cup of soup. Lost.

RUTH

(faking it)

What kind of soup is this?

MAY

Minestrone.

Ruth looks like she's never hear of such a soup before. She dips her finger in the cup and tastes it.

MAY (CONT'D)

Do you like it?

RUTH

Eh.

Ruth turns away from May. She pull her fishbowl closer. May releases an endearing smile.

84 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

84

May KNOCKS on the doorframe as she enters Ruth's room. She holds the morning paper in her hands.

MAY

Good morning.

Ruth rolls over and puts a sheet over her head.

RUTH

Get out!

Ruth stays under her bed covers. May opens heavy drapery, letting morning light in.

MAY

Sure. But I need your credit card info to cancel the newspaper.

RUTH

Talk to Truman. I don't have my cards anymore.

May walks back to the door.

MAY

Your card's already on file. We just need to get the security number. Sometimes it's a little number on the back that...

From under the covers.

RUTH

(interrupting)

Four. One. One. Zero.

May stops in her tracks.

MAY

What?

RUTH

Four. One. One. Zero.

May is puzzled.

MAY

What's that?

RUTH

It's Miss Warner's birth date. 1910. Four. One. One. Zero.

Ruth hides under the covers. May repeats the numbers back in her head and exits.

85 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - MORNING

85

Truman and Ruth sit at the table. Ruth holds up a piece of paper. From the back we can see it's one of Ruth's crazy illustrations again.

RUTH

I drew this. You like it?

TRUMAN

Oh. I love it. Wonderful work. I think you have a winner here.

May tries to look over his shoulder. He flips the page over and gives her an evil eye.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Okay, we got some other things here too.

Truman puts the drawing in a folder and pulls out other documents.

He points to a section on a the document and hands Ruth a pen. Ruth signs: RUTH WARNER.

May stands over Ruth's shoulder studying the curves and details of Ruth's penmanship.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Where are your rings?

RUTH

In my room.

Truman looks up at May. May quickly pretends to re-count cash from her envelope.

86 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

86

Ruth is buried under sheets. May KNOCKS on the door and enters.

MAY

Hungry?

May WHIPS the heavy drapery open, allowing morning light to spill in. Ruth GRUNTS from under the sheets. She turns away from the light.

RUTH

Dillon's gonna be here any minute.

Ruth uncovers her face. She GRUMBLES and sits up. So does her hair.

87 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - DAY

87

May KNOCKS on Ruth's door. Dillon yells from inside.

DILLON (O.S.)

Don't come in.

MAY

Need anything?

DILLON (O.S.)

We're fine.

From behind the door May can hear Ruth and Dillon LAUGH like school kids.

88 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - DAY

88

May meticulously glues matching ceramic pieces back together. In front of her, several reconstructed plates and cups dry.

May holds the phone to her head. The long spiral cord stretches from the hallway.

MAY

Yes. I wish to cancel it. Because I don't read it anymore. Warner. Yes, Ruth Warner. Yes. This is her. Yes. Let's try four, one, one, zero? Yeah? Yeah? Great.

Her nervous face melts into relief. She fixes her hair and improves her posture. She holds up her tea cup. Her little finger extended out.

MAY (CONT'D)

(like royalty)

Well, thank you. It's a pleasure to meet you too.

She leans back, relishing a sense of power and respect.

89 INT. HOTEL, SUNROOM - DAY

89

May eavesdrops on muffled CHATTER and LAUGHTER behind Ruth's door while moving potted saplings closer to the sunlight.

She ponders the strange sketches pinned to the wall again. Humming, she tilts her head to various angles hoping for clarity.

90 INT. HOTEL, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

90

Dillon descends. May comes running after him with a plate covered in tin foil.

MAY

Wait. Ruth eats like a bird and this'll just go bad.

DILLON

Thank you.

May turns to go back. Dillon takes a few steps and stops.

MAY

(calling down)

Hey. I'm glad you stayed.

Dillon stops and turns.

DILLON

Maybe it's just eating and sleeping better, but she's already improved since you've been here.

Dillon continues his decent.

MAY

Dillon?

He stops again.

DILLON

What?

MAY

I wanted to ask. Don't you think it's odd? What Truman is doing?

DILLON

What do you mean?

MAY

Well, he was trying to get Ruth to sign legal documents.

DILLON

He's her attorney.

MAY

But she has dementia.

DILLON

Truman's been around since before Mr Warner died. He's handling everything.

MAY

Exactly. And where is everything now?

Dillon shrugs his shoulders. May draws closer.

MAY (CONT'D)

I mean, it doesn't just vanish. If you sell it, there's at least money in the bank. Who's paying you?

DILLON

Miss Warner.

MAY

Cash?

He shakes his head no.

DILLON

Checks.

MAY

Checks? Like a bank account?

Dillon swallows.

DILLON

I get it from Truman, but the checks are signed by Miss Warner.

MAY

Right? She signs just about anything.

Dillon gives her a look of disappointment and walks away.

DILLON

May.

MAY

I'm sorry. It's not my business. It just seems so unfair. We're the ones putting in all the hours while he systematically dismantles her estate. Where's our piece of the pie. Right?

Dillon stops. He shrugs his shoulders unsure how to respond.

MAY (CONT'D)

I mean, who in their right mind lives like this but still manages to donate millions?

DILLON

That's way before me. I don't meddle.

MAY

Of course not.

DILLON

Look. She may not show it around you. But when I paint, she talks about you. In a good way. You've cracked the uncrackable. It's somethin' you can be proud of.

Dillon smiles and leaves. May melts.

- 91 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - NIGHT 91
 May sits at the table with a spiral notebook and pen. She HUMS to herself.
 Close up, a page full of repetitive attempts to perfect a forged signature: RUTH WARNER. She shuts the notebook and turns the light out.
- 92 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 92
 May carefully tucks a SLEEPING Ruth in bed. She stares at her with a warm smile. She picks up Ruth's fishbowl from the side table and exits.
- 93 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - MORNING 93
 May opens the drapery. Sharp morning light strikes Ruth's face. She opens her eyes and scans the room. She gives her fish bowl a second look.
 An instant mood change. She sits up with a smiles. The water is clear. Gravel cleaned. The goldfish swims happily. Ruth is thrilled.
 May places her pink fuzzy slippers at the foot of the bed.

Ruth SLIDES her feet into the slippers. Her attention is fixated on the fishbowl.

May hands Ruth her paper cup full of pills.

MAY

Here.

Ruth takes the cup.

MAY (CONT'D)

Take 'em.

May offers a glass of water.

RUTH

I don't want 'em. They make me...I can't think with them. I think less.

MAY

You mean less bad thoughts? More happy thoughts? Take 'em.

Ruth gives in. She takes the pills and washes them down.

May holds her polaroid camera out. She leans in to Ruth and takes a photo.

FLASH

WHIR

She fans the photo dry. Ruth lies back down. She's in no hurry to get up.

MAY (CONT'D)

Breakfast's gettin' cold.

94 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

94

MONTAGE

The same morning routine but this time with less resistance.

Days turn to weeks.

Ruth's typical grumpy frowns turn to cordial sedated smiles, growing more and more eager to get up, excited to see each her photos develop.

Weeks pass.

May hangs a large empty wooden picture frame fixed with multiple horizontal rows of wire stretched within, onto Ruth's bedroom wall.

Various polaroid photos of Ruth, May and Dillon are clipped to the wires. On the lower portion of the photographs May has hand-written descriptions.

95 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

95

Ruth, dressed in her pink robe and Turban sits proudly in a chair posing with her goldfish bowl.

Behind the painting and easel hides a focused Dillon. The angle doesn't allow us to see his work.

96 INT. HOTEL, SUNROOM - DAY 96

May holds a watering can. Ruth points to potted olive trees in desperate need of water. May pours. Ruth smile.

97 INT. HOTEL, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 97

Ruth, May and Dillon finish dinner. May has her polaroid camera over her neck.

Dillon looks at his wristwatch, takes his backpack and gives them both hugs good night.

As Dillon exits, May slides another paper cup full of pills toward Ruth. Ruth takes them with out question.

TIME LAPSE

Ruth grows groggy. May helps her from her chair. Ruth pushes May's helping hands away, clearly not wanting to be touched. Ruth BABBLES. Confused. May is patient.

98 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - EVENING 98

May puts her camera down. She takes Ruth's robe off, and adjusts her pajamas. She tucks Ruth into bed. Before she can walk away, Ruth grabs her hand and motions her to sit bedside. Her eyes are welling with tears.

RUTH

The meds are horrible.

MAY

I'm sorry.

RUTH

That boy is somethin'. Yeah?

MAY

(joking)

Dillon? Eh.

They LAUGH like school girls.

MAY (CONT'D)

He's terribly cute. But you can't trust him.

RUTH

Oh look at you.

MAY

I'm just saying.

RUTH

(laughing)

He's an artist.

MAY
 Con artist. You haven't even seen
 his work.

They LAUGH more. May gets up and approaches the easel and
 painting, covered by a canvas.

RUTH
 Don't you dare!

MAY
 What?

Ruth motions her back to the bed.

RUTH
 You gotta trust him.

Ruth points to her bed and pats the mattress.

RUTH (CONT'D)
 What's your zodiac?

MAY
 Taurus.

RUTH
 When's your birthday?

MAY
 In May.

RUTH
 (confused)
 Me too. I think. Well, your mother
 should have named you May.

May swallows. Nervous. She sits on the side of the bed.
 They both stare at the goldfish.

RUTH (CONT'D)
 Emerald.

MAY
 What?

RUTH
 Your birthstone. It's emerald.
 Miss Warner's diamond. Have you
 ever seen an uncut diamond?

May shakes her head no.

MAY
 Why?

RUTH
 Well, uncut, they don't look so
 special. In fact, they're dull.
 But properly cut, they're objects of
 beauty.

MAY

How do you know all that? About diamonds.

RUTH

Back in the day this part of town was called the diamond district. Most of our tenants were jewelers.

Ruth pauses. A look of nostalgia washes her face.

RUTH (CONT'D)

The point is, I learned you can't always judge something by a first impression. Sometimes you gotta look beyond that. Imagine grinding down some of those rough edges.

MAY

Right.

RUTH

And you, my dear, are an uncut diamond. I see goodness. In you.

May tears up. They sit in SILENCE, both staring at the goldfish.

May smiles. She leans forward to turn the bedside lamp out. Ruth pulls her down to lay beside her. She spoons her.

May lies motionless, locked in Ruth's loving grip. The awkwardness eventually subsides as Ruth STROKES May's hair from behind.

The two women stare at the large framed display of polaroids and their descriptions on the wall.

RUTH (CONT'D)

You look like me.

May grabs her polaroid camera off the bedside table and lays down next to Ruth. Extending the camera over them, she SNAPS a photo of the two of them.

MAY

Smile.

They both smile.

FLASH

WHIR.

A polaroid photo falls onto Ruth's chest. Agitated, Ruth flicks the photo toward May and rolls away from her.

May stares at the photo as it come into focus, knowing Ruth's mind is fading at her side. She wipes a tear.

99 INT. HOTEL, MAY'S BEDROOM - MORNING 99
 May sits on the edge of her bed. She holds her spiral notebook filled with forged signatures. On the spiral notebook's last page she's written: 4/1/1910 = 4110
 She closes her notebook.
 She thinks.
 She contemplates.
 She concedes.
 May pulls her suitcase from under her bed.
 She opens it. She unpacks her worn clothing into a little closet and built-in dresser.

100 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - DAY 100
 Dillon moves cardboard boxes.

101 INT. HOTEL, MAIN ROOM - EVENING 101
 Ruth sifts through a box next to several others that have already been rummaged.
 She pulls out some old 60s clothing. She LAUGHS. She holds up a vintage sweater.

RUTH
 (groggy)
 Oh God. Haven't worn that for ages.
 Hold it up.

May inspects a 60s sun dress. Ruth shakes her head and points to a pile of other items beside her.

RUTH (CONT'D)
 Wait. What size is it?

May looks for a label inside.

MAY
 Small.

RUTH
 Try it on.

MAY
 No. I really can't.

May looks uneasy.

RUTH
 Do it.

She backs up. Weary.

MAY
 No, I shouldn't. It's not mine.

RUTH

Please. I want you to.

May reluctantly disrobes and steps into the 60s sun dress. She ZIPS up the back.

Ruth nods in approval. Dillon stands in the hall. He smiles.

May's eyes well up.

Ruth labels the box with a thick black marker: MAY.

RUTH (CONT'D)

I'll be damned. This whole box is yours. And there's plenty more.

MAY

I don't need this.

RUTH

You are a pretty girl. You should dress pretty. I absolutely insist.

Ruth gives May a long hug. She adjusts the dress on May's figure. Tears fall from May's eyes.

Ruth hands her a small silver wristwatch.

RUTH (CONT'D)

I'm pretty sure it works.

Ruth steps back. She scans May's hand-me-down dress.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Well, isn't that lovely. Where did you find that?

May LAUGHS, but immediately realizes Ruth is serious. May's heart sinks, but she holds her composure.

RUTH (CONT'D)

(laughing)

I'm kidding! Where's all my costume jewelry? I want you to have my jewelry.

May goes from heart-broken to guilt-ridden as Ruth digs for her jewelry. Ruth pulls out a pair of vintage high heeled shoes.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Oh here we go. Try walking a mile in these sometime.

The two women LAUGH.

DILLON

How's it go? Walk a mile in someone else's shoes?

Ruth nods yes. May reluctantly tries the shoes on. She wobbles as she stands. Ruth nods. May melts.

MAY

I've never had shoes like this.

RUTH

Well, that's a crime. Now, help me find my good jewelry. They're in smaller boxes. Shoe boxes.

May swallows. She leaves the room.

MAY

I need to get dinner going before it gets too late.

Ruth continues searching. She opens another box. At a glance she can tell it's not what she's looking for. She ponders. Then she looks around. She thinks. Puzzled.

She stands in the middle of the room and bites her nails. She looks around for clues.

Ruth has lost her train of thought.

May watches Ruth from the hallway. She holds the costume jewelry in her hands.

Her heart sinks for real this time.

102 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - DAY 102

Ruth poses in her usual position, upright in her chair, holding her goldfish bowl. Dillon's eyes pop out periodically from behind the canvas as he paints.

103 INT. GROCERY STORE, ISLE - DAY 103

May, wearing her usual nursing uniform, looks down at her hand-me-down footwear. She pushes a grocery cart. PASSERS-BY offer smiles. May glows in her new shoes.

104 EXT. HOTEL - EVENING 104

The sun is setting.

105 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - EVENING 105

A new table cloth. New dishes. Matching wine and water glasses.

Ruth picks at food scraps on her plate. She BABBLES quietly to herself.

Dillon leans back and rubs his stomach. May, still wearing her nursing uniform, offers more wine to Dillon. Her coordination is compromised by the alcohol. He shakes his head no.

MAY

Suit yourself.

May rubs her feet with a grimace.

The faint sounds of a CUCKOO clock chime in a surreal distance. Ruth's half-shut eyes open wide.

She sits up, listening.

DILLON

I should go. She's ready for bed.

RUTH

Shh.

Dillon checks his wristwatch. He brings his plate to the sink. He puts on his jacket.

106 INT. HOTEL, STAIRWELL - EVENING

106

Dillon stands with a cardboard box labeled: DILLON in both hands. May balances a dinner plate covered in foil on top.

MAY

Sure you can ride?

DILLON

It's not even that dark out yet.

MAY

You're welcome to stay.

DILLON

I'm fine.

May goes in for a kiss. Dillon backs up slightly.

MAY

My bad.

Dillon smiles.

DILLON

It's fine.

Hands in the air, May backs up. She THUMPS the side of his box.

MAY

Did I just ruin things?

Dillon smiles. He shakes his head no.

DILLON

(cordially)

I suspect we'll be friends for life.

MAY

You gonna paint my portrait when I'm old some day?

Dillon smiles and waves.

DILLON

Night.

He works his way down the stairs. May stands at the top of the stairwell, smiling.

107 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - EVENING

107

May pours herself another glass of wine. She thinks. Ruth approaches from down the hall. She BABBLES.

MAY

Ruth? Ruth?

Ruth enters, cradling her fishbowl. She places the bowl on the table in front of May.

MAY (CONT'D)

Let's get you back to bed.

RUTH

I've given it a lot of thought. And with a clear mind, I'll have you know. It goes against everything I believe. But I feel like it's right. If you were to have asked me for it I'd say no but you never have. And so I feel for the right reasons you deserve it.

MAY

Ruth. You need to get to bed.

RUTH

I don't want you to go. I love you like you were my own. So I want you to have this.

She slides the goldfish bowl closer to May.

MAY

Well. It will be my honor.

May stands and turns Ruth toward her hall.

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

And now. You need to get some sleep. What did we say about slippers?

108 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - NIGHT

108

The goldfish swims in silence. Through glass, it stares at May who has fallen asleep at the dinner table.

May wakes to a strange SOUND coming from down the hall. She hears MOVEMENT.

MAY

(spooked)

Ruth?

She DIGS through kitchen accessories and selects an ice pick.

109 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

109

With a flashlight, May slowly makes her way down the long corridor.

Each FOOTSTEP CREAKS on the hardwood floor. Each open door she passes more scary than the last.

MAY

Ruth? Dillon?

SILENCE.

She finds nothing. She works her way the opposite direction.

ANOTHER SOUND

She turns to go back only to walk directly into PAUL, a young man with a small suitcase standing behind her. His presence is startling.

May SCREAMS.

Her arms flail. She SWINGS the ice pick.

MAY (CONT'D)

Back. Back!

PAUL

Whoa! Easy. I'm not gonna hurt you! I'm family.

Paul raises his hands to indicate he is unarmed. He shows May the front door key with the string tied to it.

MAY

Back away?

PAUL

Easy. I'm had no idea...

MAY

Stand back. I'm warning you.

PAUL

I'm sorry. I'm Paul. I didn't mean to scare you. I'm here for Miss Warner?

MAY

I'm miss Warner.

PAUL

(challenging her)
Actually...

MAY

What do you want?

PAUL

My name's Paul. Paul Thompson.

May shakes with fear. She shines her flashlight into his eyes. She sees a suitcase at his side.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm her nephew.

MAY

Good for you. Now get out.

PAUL

I'm Ruth's sister's son. I'm here to see my...

MAY

In the middle of the fucking night?

PAUL

It's six thirty.

MAY

(yelling)

I don't give a shit what time it is. Go. Now.

Paul shakes his head. Frustrated. He picks up his suitcase and works his way toward the stairwell.

PAUL (O.S.)

Okay. Fine. I'm outta here.

May heads for the phone.

MAY

Who just shows up in the middle of the night? I'm calling the police.

PAUL (O.S.)

It's six thirty in the evening.

May holds the receiver in her hand, ready to dial. Paul descends one floor down the stairwell. She monitors his FOOTSTEPS.

May thinks as she hears him continue his descent. She HANGS UP the phone. She catches her breath. She looks at her hand-me-down wristwatch.

MAY

(calling out)

Stop. Come back.

SILENCE.

After some time, Paul works his way back up. She goes to the stairwell. Paul drops his baggage. Exhausted from the climb.

110 INT. HOTEL, PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

110

May hands Paul folded sheets and points to the small single bed. Paul hangs his coat in the closet and scans for a place to open his baggage.

MAY

I'm sure she'll be thrilled to see you. I had no idea she had any family.

PAUL

I can't say we've all been close.

MAY

Still. Family is family. So why now?

PAUL

I happened to be in town.

MAY

Work?

PAUL

Nah. Nothing like that.

She studies him.

MAY

I'm sorry. What do you do?

PAUL

Between jobs at the moment.

MAY

But usually? What kind of job usually?

May stands. Arms crossed. Guarded. She adjusts her nursing uniform.

He removes his T-shirt, smells it and digs for a clean shirt in his baggage.

PAUL

I was training to be a paramedic. Then I changed to real estate. Then did some construction.

May sneaks a look at his bare chest as he struggles to get a fresh shirt over his head.

MAY

And now?

PAUL

Between jobs.

MAY

And you happened to be in town?

PAUL

(nervous)

Actually seeing an old high school buddy. That, and I heard she wasn't well. You know family. I didn't want her to be alone.

A wave of suspicion washes over May.

MAY

Of course not.

She turns away as his head pops through his shirt. He adjusts the fit.

PAUL

We met up just after my mom died from cancer.

MAY

I'm so sorry.

PAUL

Yeah. Well. Cancer sucks, that's for sure. She fought for a long time until one day she just said no more treatments. I could tell she was ready.

He shakes his head in pain. May nods. He wipes a tear from his eyes. May spreads a blanket over his bed.

PAUL (CONT'D)

So. A nurse?

May blushes. She adjusts her uniform.

MAY

Yup. If you fall sick in my presence I gotcha. But I charge.

PAUL

Clean bill of health there. Although a month ago I had conjunctivitis.

May gives Paul a grimace.

MAY

(defensive)

Really. And yet you're up and around like it never happened. One tough guy!

Paul looks confused.

MAY (CONT'D)

No offense, but if you're thinking you're gonna be her nurse think twice.

PAUL

Relax. I just wanted to see her. She's my aunt.

Paul sits on his bed. He looks around.

PAUL (CONT'D)

So this is still her building?

May nods.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You getting paid well?

May gives him a second look. Paul holds his hands up.

PAUL (CONT'D)

As long as she's not taking advantage of you. You think she's faking it?

MAY

What?

PAUL

I mean is it serious? The dementia. It's hard to tell. Or is she just cranky and over reacting, or what?

May shakes her head. Irritated.

MAY

You're somethin' else!

Paul looks at the ceiling. He KNOCKS on the wall.

PAUL

If you ask me, this place is a demo. But it's prime property.

May tries her best to cover her skepticism.

MAY

I suppose.

She looks at her wristwatch.

MAY (CONT'D)

There's more blankets in the closet. It can get a bit drafty up here. Bathroom's at the end of the hall to the left.

Paul nods as he kicks his shoes off. May heads for the door.

MAY (CONT'D)

You can see her first thing in the morning. I get her up early.

PAUL

You got it, Nurse.

May nods with authority.

MAY

I hope you're not planning to stay long.

PAUL

A week?

May shrugs her shoulders, then nods with approval.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Oh. Just so you know.
Conjunctivitis?

Paul raises an eyebrow.

PAUL (CONT'D)

It's pink eye.

May swallows and exits.

Paul pulls out a paper wall calendar. May watches through a crack in the door as he folds the months over to reveal the next month. He pins it to the wall.

May observes the days are crossed off, leaving only a week left in that month.

Paul circles a date.

May slips away in silence.

111 INT. HOTEL, PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 111

Paul UNZIPS a side compartment in his suitcase. He retrieves several bottles of pills. He RATTLES them.

He pulls out a stack of letters clearly written in Ruth's penmanship. He thumbs through them. Bites his lip. Worried.

SMASH

Something has SHATTERED in a distant room.

Paul quickly stashes his collection of meds back in the suitcase side compartment. He ZIPS it shut. He LOCKS his baggage. He runs out.

112 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - NIGHT 112

May RUNS toward the sound. Paul HOPS, slipping his shoes on.

RUTH (O.S.)

(calling)

Ruth?

113 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 113

May BURSTS into Ruth's bedroom. She's not there.

114 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - NIGHT 114

May works her way down the long corridor, searching each room systematically.

MAY

Ruth? Ruth!

115 INT. HOTEL, MAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

115

May enters her own room. Ruth sits on the floor. May's suitcase is wide open.

Ruth's old hand-me-downs are scattered about.

MAY

What are you doing?

RUTH

(groggy, confused)

I'm packing. Mr Warner's had an accident.

May tries to GRAB her suitcase away.

Ruth PULLS back, refusing to let go. She grips May's luggage tag. It RIPS off, sending May and her luggage CRASHING to the floor.

In the doorway stands Paul. Ruth tries her best to place his face but she's unsuccessful. She backs away. Terrified.

MAY

Do you know this man?

PAUL

(to Ruth)

It's me. Paul.

RUTH

(shouting)

Get out. Both of you.

MAY

Ruth. Let's get you to bed.

Ruth is confused. Disoriented. May does her best to comfort Ruth but she's not having much success.

RUTH

(screaming meltdown)

Go away! How many times have I got to say it! I'm not Ruth.

MAY

(calming her)

Okay. Let's go get something to make you feel better. Okay?

Like a child who gets their way after a tantrum, Ruth calms. She stares at May's luggage tag in her hands, searching for clarity in her head.

Ruth looks directly at May. She holds up the tag.

RUTH

(amazed)

May. See. I'm May.

Ruth shows it to Paul. It reads: MAY. Ruth smiles.

May swallows. She tries to take the luggage tag away, but Ruth is not about to let it go.

May puts her arm around Ruth and SHUFFLES her toward the door. She WRESTLES for the name tag one last time without success. She finally lets Ruth have it.

116 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

116

May leads Ruth into the hall. They cross Paul in the narrow doorway. Ruth gives the new stranger a once-over. She inspects him from head to toe while keeping a safe distance.

There is a look of defeat on Paul's face as May escorts an increasingly calmer Ruth back to her room.

Ruth turns around. She lights up as if her soul has returned to her body.

RUTH

Paul.

Her eyes well up. She holds her arms out. Paul runs to her.

Ruth SOBS. Paul hugs her tight. Over Ruth's shoulders, May gives Paul a cold stare.

117 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - MORNING

117

May has changed her look. Over her usual nursing uniform, she now wears one of Ruth's hand-me-down vintage sweaters. She wears Ruth's old shoes. She cooks.

A heavy butcher knife CHOPS. Bacon SIZZLES.

118 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

118

The curtains are closed. The bedside lamp is on. Ruth and Paul sit on the edge of the bed. Both clearly nervous.

Paul opens his small overnight bag.

Paul takes out three pill bottles and some handwritten notes and several paperback books. Titles read: DYING WITH DIGNITY, PLAN B, and THE ART OF SUICIDE. Ruth looks disheveled and exhausted. Paul, apprehensive.

RUTH

So how will this work?

Paul rubs his face. He ruffles his hair.

PAUL

(reluctant)

Well, according to my notes, the process is traditionally done in three steps. The first one will settle your stomach.

He holds up a bottle of pills: METOCLOPRAMIDE.

RUTH

(worried)

Okay.

Ruth nods her head.

PAUL

This is crazy.

RUTH

We made a deal. We set a date.

He sets the pills down and takes her hand.

PAUL

But only if you could prove you're
clear headed.

RUTH

(snapping)

And I am.

She takes a breath. She sits up. Brave.

RUTH (CONT'D)

(calmer)

I really am.

Paul takes another deep BREATH. He picks up another bottle:
SECOBARBITAL.

PAUL

The second one will eventually make
you sleep. But before you fall asleep
it will most likely make you feel
very excited or agitated. It sounds
like it'll be a bit of a ride.

Ruth puts on a brave smile. She nods. He picks up a third
bottle of pills: PENTOBARBITAL. Paul points to the label.

PAUL (CONT'D)

For the third drink, timing is
critical. About ten or fifteen
minutes in, after the rush, you'll
start to get really drowsy. That's
when you take it. Only you can do
this. I can only assist. It's taken
at will. You drink it. You drink
it all. Once you've fallen asleep,
it will kick in. It will, eventually,
stop your heart.

RUTH

That's why you're here.

Paul looks into Ruth's eyes.

PAUL

But I need to be certain this is
what you really want.

RUTH

It is.

PAUL

I need you lucid or I won't do this.
That was the deal.

RUTH

You have my word now. But like I
said, I go in and out. You need to
rely on the letters I wrote you. I
stand by my letters.

PAUL

And what if in the last minute you
say you don't want to do this. What
if you're suddenly confused?

RUTH

Paul. Look at me. Look at me.

She takes his hands. Their eyes well up with emotion.
Paul wipes his eyes dry.

PAUL

And my side of the deal?

Ruth nods.

RUTH

Just as I've taken care of you all
these years.

PAUL

I don't have access to your accounts
or anything and this is different
then an allowance.

RUTH

You're taken care of. It's here.
It's yours. But you have to follow
through.

PAUL

And what about your nurse?

RUTH

She mustn't ever know.

Ruth puts her hand on Paul's cheek. She smiles endearingly.
Paul nods. Ruth points to the first bottle of pills again.

RUTH (CONT'D)

And what about these?

PAUL

I already said. That's the first
drink. The one for your stomach.

RUTH

Of course.

The look on Ruth's face tells us she doesn't remember.

RUTH (CONT'D)

If you say so.

We see confusion on Ruth's face. Worry on Paul's.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

MAY (O.S.)

Ruth?

Paul SCRAMBLES to put the pills and books in his bag. He ZIPS it up in lightning speed.

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

Truman's gonna be here soon.

119 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - MORNING

119

May puts her ear to the door. MUFFLED CHATTER raises suspicion.

The handle TURNS. She JUMPS back. Paul appears.

PAUL

She's a little loopy.

May smiles.

MAY

She needs her meds.

Paul stands uncomfortably close to her. He fixes her collar.

PAUL

(whispering)

She uh. She mentioned she had some family belongings. Things she wanted me to have. You know where that might be?

May shakes her head no.

MAY

Belongings?

PAUL

Never mind.

Paul walks away. May looks concerned. She enters Ruth's bedroom. She opens the drapes. Suspicious of both of them.

- 120 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - MORNING 120
 May, now wearing one of Ruth's hand-me-down blouses and sweaters on top of her white nurses skirt, removes specific meds from Ruth's pill organizer. She places them in a small paper cup. She fills a tall glass of water.
- 121 INT. HOTEL, PAUL'S BEDROOM - MORNING 121
 Paul puts his overnight bag of meds away. With his back to the door, he pulls out a thick red marker.
 Through the crack in his door, May watches Paul draw a thick red circle around the date: APRIL 1 on the hanging calendar.
 He rubs his face. Stressed.
 May continues on her way QUIETLY.
- 122 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - MORNING 122
 May enters the room. Ruth is already up. Sitting in her chair. Dressed in her pink bathrobe, and fuzzy slippers and freshly applied lipstick.
 May wears Ruth's hand-me-downs with a white nursing skirt. She hands Ruth her morning cup of pills. Ruth takes them with zero resistance.
 May clips several polaroid photos of Paul and Ruth to the hanging photo collection.
- 123 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - MORNING 123
 May, no longer wearing her nursing uniform, now sports Ruth's hand-me-down dress and shoes.
 May CRACKS eggs. Bacon FRIES.
- 124 INT. HOTEL, BATHROOM - NIGHT 124
 RUNNING WATER tells us Paul is showering behind a vinyl shower curtain. Steam fills the room. May walks in, she cups her lower abdomen.
 MAY
 I need to go pee.
 PAUL (O.S.)
 Don't mind me.
 May reluctantly selects a stall. She SHUTS the door and listens.
 The WATER turns off.
 DRIPPING WATER and BUZZING LIGHTS fill an awkward SILENCE.
 The WHIP of the shower curtain. Paul Steps out. He dries his body. Through the crack in the stall door May indulges a momentary glimpse of his naked body.

Paul smiles and steals a split second glance back through the crack in the stall as he exits.

125 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

125

The curtains are PULLED back. Sunlight spills in. May's new look includes full-on hand-me-downs, finished off with a gaudy costume necklace.

Ruth sits up in her pink bathrobe and slippers. Ready to go.

May hands her a glass of water and pills.

Ruth sits on the edge of her bed. They both stare at the goldfish for a moment.

RUTH

The necklace is lovely on you.

MAY

Thank you.

RUTH

Did you feed her?

May smiles. She points to the small jar of fish food flakes and nods.

May pins up a photo of herself holding the goldfish bowl.

RUTH (CONT'D)

She's getting low on food.

MAY

So with Dillon and now Paul, well, you know boys. They eat everything. I'm gonna need more money.

Ruth doesn't respond.

MAY (CONT'D)

You need to talk to Truman about more money.

Ruth just stares at the fish.

MAY (CONT'D)

I can't work on this amount. Something's gotta change. Unless you got some hidden stash around here, we need to talk to Truman.

Ruth nods in agreement.

126 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - DAY

126

Ruth STOMPS toward her room. Truman follows behind her.

RUTH

(irate)

I said no. You have my changes and that's final.

Truman WAVES a typed document and pen in his hand.

TRUMAN

Ruth. Please.

Ruth shakes her head no. She is agitated. Shaking.

RUTH

(yelling)

No. I said no.

TRUMAN

You're not thinking right. You're confused.

Ruth retreats to her bedroom. Truman follows.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Trust me, it's not what you want.

He SLAMS the bedroom door shut behind him.

May puts her ear to the door. Paul observes from the kitchen doorway.

Voices behind the door escalate to rounds of YELLING.

Paul retreats into the kitchen.

127 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - DAY

127

Paul DIGS quickly into Truman's briefcase.

A folder. The outside says: CAPITAL GAINS TAX

Inside, we see a thick reports: CAPITAL GAINS SUMMARY.
The bottom line on the last page reads: \$180,000.

Paul is suddenly energized.

Digging further, he unfolds a LOT PLAN of a city block.
The corner lot is highlighted and marked: PARK.

He holds up a document titled: DEMOLITION PERMIT.

There is a concerned look on Paul's face.

He digs further. He retrieves a BANK DEPOSIT BOOK: ACCOUNT
TOTAL: \$4,200,000.

PAUL

Holy shit.

Paul swallows.

In the hall we hear the door BURST OPEN. STOMPING FOOTSTEPS
approach. Paul SCRAMBLES to return the documents.

128 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - DAY

128

Truman, fuming with frustration, heads for the kitchen
with the typed document, now torn into pieces.

129 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - DAY 129
 Paul sits at the table, pretending to read the newspaper.
 Truman STORMS in.

TRUMAN
 She's certifiably nuts today.
 He grabs his briefcase and storms out.

130 INT. HOTEL, STAIRWELL - DAY 130
 Truman STOMPS his way to the ground floor. Several floors
 above, May chases after him.

MAY
 Sir. Sir.

131 INT. HOTEL, CHECK-IN COUNTER - DAY 131
 May catches up to Truman.

MAY
 (breathless)
 Sir. Sir. Sir. Our pay.
 Truman, annoyed, opens his coat pocket and hands her the
 usual envelope.

MAY (CONT'D)
 Uh. Did she mention a raise?
 Truman shakes his head. Irritated.

TRUMAN
 A what?

MAY
 A...

TRUMAN
 (cutting her off)
 No. No mention of a raise. In fact
 she said just the opposite.
 May looks confused.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)
 She's suggested you move on by the
 end of the month.

MAY
 I'm being fired?

TRUMAN
 It's Ruth's show. Not mine.
 Truman exits into the rain. May's heart sinks.

132 INT. VEHICLE - DAY 132

Truman THROWS his briefcase in the passenger seat and SLAMS the car door shut. He POUNDS the steering wheel with his clenched fists.

He unfolds a hand written document, clearly penned by Ruth.

The handwritten document reads: LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.
The first paragraph: I HEREBY BEQUEATH MY WORLDLY ASSETS TO MY BELOVED NURSE...

He starts to CRUMPLE it up but stops himself. He smolders.
RAIN DROPS begin to fall on his windshield.

133 INT. HOTEL, PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 133

RAIN hits the window.

Paul TOPS OFF May's wine glass. May paces. Agitated.

MAY

You're telling me. Unbelievable.

PAUL

(amused)

I'm telling you. She's just cheap.
I have no intention of being her nurse, believe me.

MAY

I'm not blaming you. You think she really has money?

Paul nods.

MAY (CONT'D)

So all this time I've been working for almost nothing.

PAUL

Told you. She was using you.

May paces. Furious.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Consider all the properties her husband sold off. It doesn't add up. There's millions missing.

MAY

And what's this about it being cursed?

Paul shakes his head in disbelief.

PAUL

(laughing)

When my mother was dying she used that line. And when I asked for help to go to college I heard the same crap. She's cheap.

MAY

Then why is she sitting on it. Why not use it.

PAUL

We know two things. She's nuts. And she's got a nest egg. Crazy old ladies do that kinda shit.

May nods. She drinks her glass of wine in one GULP.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm thinkin' somewhere in this building. Somewhere close. She can't do the stairs well, so my bet is it's on this floor.

MAY

What if Jenna already found it?

PAUL

You said she took a lot of shit with her?

May nods. Paul shakes his head no.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Imagine you come into millions. You really think you're gonna drag a bunch of crap out of this place?

Paul stands. He steps close to May, resting his hand on her shoulder.

PAUL (CONT'D)

If Truman is in a sweat about selling this one building, he's definitely not in the know about any hidden nest egg.

Paul gets extremely close to May. He tops off her glass.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You need to trust me. If we don't find it, it'll just go uncollected. Truman'll sell the property and someone'll demo this shit hole. Then, no one wins.

He TAPS his wine glass to hers. She melts.

MAY

(mesmerized)

I'll work on her.

Paul SIPS. May SWALLOWS. He tenderly kisses her neck.

134 INT. HOTEL, PAUL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

134

Ruth's hand-me-down clothing and shoes lie on the floor. Paul and May are asleep in his bed. The distant sound of someone WALKING in the hall wakes May.

DILLON (O.S.)

(distant)

Hello?

May POPS up in a panic. She GRABS a sheet and covers herself. She SCRAMBLES to get out of the bed. Paul grabs her arm. She yanks away.

MAY

What the fuck!

She shakes her head, grabs her belongings and dashes out.

135 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - MORNING

135

RAIN falls.

May SCURRIES down the hall wrapped in a bed sheet. Dillon catches the last second of her retreating to her room. She SHUTS her door. He shakes his umbrella dry.

DILLON

Morning.

Dillon continues down the hall toward Ruth's room. He passes Paul's bedroom. The door is open. He finds Paul standing with his back to us, putting on pants.

Paul turns around. They both JUMP. Surprised.

136 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - MORNING

136

RAIN hits the window.

Paul and Dillon SIP hot coffee. There's an uneasy tension.

DILLON

(filling silence)

Kinda unusual for this time of the year.

May enters sheepishly.

MAY

Okay. You can go in now. She's up. I think we all slept a little too much and she's kinda groggy and confused, but she's up. I need to bring in her meds and some food before you get started.

Dillon nods. He grabs his backpack and exits. May sorts through Ruth's pill organizer. She puts her morning dosage in a paper cup.

PAUL

Groggy and confused is good.

MAY

How so?

PAUL

She talks more.

May shakes her head in disagreement.

MAY

Confusion gives her anxiety. That's just cruel.

Paul takes the pill cup from May's hand. He puts it down.

PAUL

But she'll talk more?

May gives it a second thought. She shakes her head no and picks the pill cup up.

MAY

She'll talk more if she's up late. If she's tired. Let me do this.

Paul kisses her neck.

PAUL

(whispering)

You're the nurse.

The touch of his lips on her neck stings her skin. She exits.

137 INT. HOTEL, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

137

LAUGHTER

FLASH

WHIR

May's polaroid camera spits out a photo. Ruth and Paul pose with hats on their heads and wood tobacco pipes in their hands.

Ruth looks groggy. She MUMBLES to herself.

MAY

You tired, Ruth?

Ruth nods. She rubs her eyes.

The faint sounds of a CUCKOO clock chiming many times. It stirs excitement with Ruth.

Ruth holds a finger up.

RUTH

Shh. Hear that?

Paul looks confused. May pats her back supportively.

MAY

So. Ruth? Ruth?

Ruth turns her attention back to May.

MAY (CONT'D)

I've been thinkin' bout your nest egg.

RUTH

Why?

MAY

I just worry. You know Dillon's been snooping around a lot, worried he might've got into something he shouldn't have.

RUTH

Who?

MAY

Dillon. Dillon! Dillon?.

Ruth gives May a blank look. Paul and May lock eyes as they interrogate Ruth together.

RUTH

Dillon has a nest egg?

MAY

No. Your nest egg. You know. The one you told me about.

Ruth looks nervous. She motions for May to keep quiet.

RUTH

He doesn't have my nest egg.

PAUL

How can you be sure?

RUTH

(offended)

I know.

MAY

I just thought I'd check on it to make sure. I'd hate anything to happen to it.

Ruth goes to the mantle of framed photographs.

RUTH

There's nothing to check.

PAUL

That's what I'm afraid of.

Ruth, with her back to us, picks up a framed photo and rubs dust off the glass. She puts it back.

To it's side, Ruth adjusts an envelope addressed to Paul. It is clearly written in Ruth's own handwriting.

RUTH

Don't be afraid. Before this hotel.

MAY

Before what?

She turns around and smiles at them.

RUTH

A park. Oh yes. It was love. I
have a photo of it somewhere.

Ruth exits with a mission. Paul PUNCHES an empty moving
box. Items TOPPLE. He's clearly frustrated. May does
her best to calm him.

MAY

Easy.

PAUL

She's fucking with us now.

May puts her finger over his lips.

MAY

I got this.

She exits the room.

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

Ruth?

138 INT. HOTEL, SUNROOM - NIGHT

138

Ruth, in an almost manic state, arranges her sick potted
olive trees in a row. May enters. Distant lightning hits
the sheer drapery.

RUTH

Someone keeps moving my plants.

MAY

Well, they need light. Over there
they're not going to grow.

RUTH

Well, I don't like it. It's my park.

MAY

Oh. Oh! A park. Of course. I
won't move 'em anymore.

RUTH

No. I don't like that man asking me
those questions.

MAY

He's just trying to help.

RUTH

We have a deal.

MAY

Who has a deal?

RUTH

We. We have a deal.

May still looks confused.

MAY

Just so we're clear...

RUTH

(cutting her off)

I don't want him ruining everything.
I need to talk to my attorney and
you shouldn't be here anymore. I
need to go and you can't be here
anymore.

Ruth rearranges her plants. May fills up a watering can.

RUTH (CONT'D)

I shouldn't even be here. It makes
no sense at all. It's the dementia.

May hands Ruth the watering can.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Ruth suddenly freezes when she hears the CUCKOO chime.
She looks lost. Worried. Confused. May tears up.

139 INT. HOTEL, PAUL'S BEDROOM - DAY 139

Paul flips open his wall calendar. He crosses off another
day, leaving one day left.

He points to the date that's been circled.

He thinks.

140 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - DAY 140

A darker than usual day. RAIN hits the window. THUNDER
roars. Wind HOWLS. Curtains sway.

May stands in the door with regret on her face. Ruth's
room is dark. The drapery is shut tight but through a gap
in the curtains daylight fights to get in.

RUTH

I need to talk to Truman.

MAY

About?

RUTH

I can't see my photos.

MAY

It's night time, Ruth. Get some sleep.

RUTH

You shouldn't be here.

MAY

Sleep, Ruth. Go back to sleep.

In the dark, the cuckoo clock CHIMES multiple times. Ruth holds her head and GROANS.

RUTH

Make it stop.

May exits.

RUTH (CONT'D)

I need to talk to Truman.

141 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - DAY

141

May exits Ruth's room. She shuts the door behind her. Paul's presence startles her. She JUMPS.

MAY

Oh Jesus!

PAUL

Let me talk to her.

She shakes her head no. She's wearing thin.

MAY

You're just gonna startle her.

PAUL

I don't care.

MAY

(snapping)

I do.

Paul blocks her at the door.

PAUL

Who's side are you on?

The anger in his face paralyzes her.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Either you start playing harder with her or I'm gonna step in and up the game without you.

He closes in on her. Cold.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You understand what I'm saying?

May nods. Reluctant. Terrified. Paul caresses her face.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Do I need to worry about you?

May shakes her head no. Paul isn't buying it. He walks away before boiling over. He PUNCHES the wall on his way.

142 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - DAY 142

Standing on the other side of the door, Ruth has her ear up, listening to the VOICES of May and Paul conspire on the other side. She swallows. She thinks. She paces the room. Upset. Paranoid. Plotting.

143 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - DAY 143

Paul disappears into the service room. May SLIDES to the floor, catching her breath.

We can hear multiple DRAWERS opening.

144 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - DAY 144

May enters in a haste. Paul holds Ruth's pill organizer upside down.

MAY

No. No. Oh my God, no.

He DUMPS the pills into the trash bin.

MAY (CONT'D)

Don't do this. I can't do this to her. I want out.

He takes a SWIG from his beer bottle.

PAUL

Go. No one's stopping you. In fact you've been asked to go.

May tries to pull the organizer away from him. He PUSHES her out of his way. Glasses SHATTER. He empties full bottles of prescription drugs into the trash bin.

May watches in horror. She runs out into the hall.

145 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - DAY 145

May DASHES for the wall telephone.

She DIALS: 911

Paul YANKS the spiral phone cord, severing it from the wall. He puts his hands around her throat.

PAUL

You call the police you'll end up in jail with a felony, Miss Nurse.

MAY

Don't hurt her!

PAUL

No one's gonna hurt anyone.

Paul GRABS his hair. Frustrated. May, intimidated.

PAUL (CONT'D)

But we're gonna try it my way now.
Okay?

May nods. Paul wipes a tear from May's face.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You've done a great job getting her
in a good state of mind. But now
it's time to shake it up just a bit.
Let's see what she can share with
us.

Paul looks for a confirmation. May nods yes. Paul picks
her up by the arm.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You okay my dear?

He walks her back toward the service room. May nods yes.
Tears roll down May's cheeks.

146 INT. HOTEL, PAUL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

146

RAIN pours.

THUNDER roars.

The sun hasn't even risen yet.

Paul crosses the one remaining day in the month off.

PAUL

Here's what's gonna happen. You're
gonna pack up and leave. Now.

MAY

Why.

PAUL

Like Truman said, you had till today.
You need to go.

MAY

She needs me.

PAUL

She's not gonna talk with you here.

MAY

What are you going to do?

He pulls May's nursing name tag off her shirt. May steps
back. Terrified.

PAUL

If you respect her wish. Her wish
is to be alone.

He looks at the wall calendar. May tracks his eye line.

MAY

The first. That's her birthday.

Paul snaps. He SLAMS his fists on the dresser. Drawers RATTLE. He fixes his hair. He collects his wits

PAUL

(steaming)

Please. Let me handle this. Go.

MAY

Where?

PAUL

(yelling)

I said go. Trust me.

147 INT. HOTEL, MAY'S BEDROOM - MORNING 147

RAIN.

THUNDER.

May is visibly shaken. She takes a large GULP from a wine glass. Her mascara is smudged from crying. She is dressed in Ruth's vintage attire. She stuffs her clothing into her suitcase.

148 INT. HOTEL, CHECK-IN COUNTER - MORNING 148

May, now dressed completely in Ruth's hand-me-downs and accessories, exits. She SOBS and shakes. She DRAGS her belongings across the foyer and exits.

149 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - DAY 149

THUNDER and RAIN

Paul paces. Ruth sits up in bed in her usual pink bathrobe, fuzzy slippers and turban. Confused.

She stares at the polaroid collection on the wall. She points to one photo of Paul.

RUTH

That's you.

Paul downs an entire bottle of beer. He sweats.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Where's Ruth?

PAUL

Don't.

RUTH

Get her.

Paul shakes his head no.

PAUL

You specifically said don't drag her into this.

RUTH

I need her.

PAUL

You're making this very hard, Ruth.

Ruth stands up and heads for the door.

PAUL (CONT'D)

She's gone.

RUTH

I need to get to Truman.

PAUL

Why.

Confused. She scans the room. She feels her naked fingers.

RUTH

My rings.

PAUL

(yelling)

Why Truman? Why now?

RUTH

Don't yell at me.

Paul is starting to panic. He pulls his hair. He paces. He takes a GULP of beer.

PAUL

I should've never agreed to this.

Ruth tries to push past Paul.

RUTH

I'll do it without you.

PAUL

Fuck. Ruth. God Damn it.

150 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - DAY

150

Considerably darker outside.

RAIN pounds on the window now.

THUNDER rumbles. Wind HOWLS. Curtains sway.

Paul hands Ruth a tall glass. Its contents are murky. She toasts to Paul's beer bottle and drinks it all.

Ruth SWALLOWS every drop. She grimaces. She stands. She panics. She heads for the door again.

Paul puts his empty beer bottle on the edge of the side table. He stands to block her.

He holds up a handwritten letter in Ruth's signature handwriting.

PAUL

We had a deal. You promised. I am willing to honor my side, but you gotta tell me now or I fucking won't do it.

Ruth nods.

RUTH

After the next step.

PAUL

God damn it, Ruth!

Paul paces. He guides her back to a chair in the room.

He waits.

Ruth isn't about to budge.

He gives in.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Fuck. Okay. You stay right here. Don't go anywhere. I'll get it. I'll be right back. But if you call Ruth this will all come to a stop. You hear me?

Ruth nods yes. Paul exits the room.

151 INT. HOTEL, MAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 151

Paul checks the room. Bare. She has clearly left.

152 INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 152

A lower income interior. An elderly woman who looks like Jenna's mother sits at a table watching a game show on TV.

Jenna stares at a calendar. A date has been circled.

In handwriting it reads: RUTH'S BIRTHDAY.

She smiles fondly. She TAPS on a phone. Contemplating. She picks up the receiver. DIAL TONE. She thinks. She HANGS UP.

She SIGHS.

She picks up a phone again and DIALS.

She hears: NOT IN SERVICE AT THIS TIME message. A look of worry washes over her face.

153 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT 153

RAIN. May shelters with her baggage in an alcove.

She crouches on the ground staring up at Ruth's building.

154 INT. APARTMENT, HALLWAY - MORNING 154

FLASHBACK TO 1963

May, 5 years old, crouches on the ground. Eyes red from crying.

FOSTER MOTHER

You got 'till the end of the month.
Then you need to go. Until then,
get up. Start acting your age.

May's Foster Mother walks away.

155 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT 155

May stands. Defiant. She hides her baggage in the shadows several trash bins and dashes back out into the RAIN. She runs toward Ruth's building.

156 INT. HOTEL, PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 156

THUNDER roars.

LIGHTNING flashes. Wind HOWLS. Curtains sway.

The WIND has picked up. In the distance a door SLAMS from the wind. Paul jumps. Nervous.

At his small room sink, Paul opens a pill capsule and pours the contents into a glass. He throws the empty capsule onto a pile with 40 or so other empty shells.

He adds water. He stirs. He worries. He finishes one beer and POPS the cap off another.

He GUZZLES.

157 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 157

Paul holds the glass of milky solution in his hands.

PAUL

I don't know why I'm doing this.

He tears up. He lock eyes with Ruth. He studies her Ruth's welling emotions. He nods. She nods.

A distant NOISE.

Paul stands up. Alarmed. He puts the glass down.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Wait. We're not doing anything until
I'm ready. So far I'm not ready.

Ruth nods again.

He peers down the hallway. When he turns back around, Ruth is already SWALLOWING the last drop of the solution. Paul panics.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(screaming)

No. No! God damn it! Fuck. Fuck!

158 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - NIGHT 158
Wind HOWLS. Curtains sway.

May hears Paul YELLING in the distance. She frantically searches through kitchen drawers.

159 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 159

Paul SHAKES Ruth. He KICKS the bed. Angry.

Ruth COUGHS. She sticks her tongue out, indicating the taste was foul.

She GROANS.

Paul panics. His mind races. He CURSES himself.

RUTH
Where's my goldfish?

PAUL
(frazzled)
This isn't how we planned it.

Ruth begins to shift from calm to anxious. She stands. Agitated. Confused.

RUTH
(panics)
I'm sorry. I thought...

The sound of a KITCHEN DRAWER opening and someone DIGGING through CUTLERY and UTENSILS in the far distance.

RUTH (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Ruth?

Paul puts his hand over Ruth's mouth.

PAUL
No no no no you don't.

She PUSHES him off.

RUTH
(screaming)
Help! Help!

Paul PUSHES Ruth onto the bed. She STRUGGLES. He holds her down.

PAUL
(pleading)
Quiet. Please. Don't. No one can be here. That was our rule.

Ruth HITS him in the face. He puts a pillow over her mouth attempting to MUFFLE her outcry. May is RUNNING down the hall.

MAY (O.S.)
 (terrified)
 Ruth? Ruth!

Paul removes the pillow. He gathers his composure.
 May BURSTS into the room. Paul stands. Defensive.

PAUL
 Get out!

MAY
 What've you done?

May points a sharp butcher knife toward Paul. Her hand shakes.

Ruth grabs her glass, brandishing it like a weapon.

She SLIDES from the bed and SLUMPS on the floor. Confused. One hand holds her stomach. The other holds an empty glass with a cloudy white ring of residue.

May DROPS her belongings and runs to her.

MAY (CONT'D)
 (to Ruth)
 What's wrong. What happened?

Paul steps back. He covers his mouth.

PAUL
 You shouldn't be here. Fuck.

MAY
 What. What did you do to her?

He turns and GRUNTS to himself. He panics.

PAUL
 Oh fuck.

MAY
 Go get help!

PAUL
 It was her idea. I didn't want to do it.

MAY
 Do what? What happened?

Paul grabs his scalp as if he's trying to wake himself from a bad dream.

MAY (CONT'D)
 What's going on?

PAUL
 We're ending her life.

MAY

We're what?

PAUL

It was her idea.

MAY

What was her idea? English, Paul.
English.

PAUL

Ending her life. She drank a
solution.

May holds Ruth's head up. She comforts her.

MAY

(to Ruth)

Why? What solution?

PAUL

Two solutions now. She asked me to
do it.

MAY

What the fuck are you talking about?

PAUL

She asked me to come here. To help
her end her life.

May gets up.

MAY

Are you fuckin' crazy? Why?

PAUL

We had a deal. A mutual deal.

MAY

Like for money? No. This isn't
happening!

PAUL

Oh c'mon. We all know why you've
stuck around. You're in on this
just as much as me.

MAY

I wasn't planning to kill anyone.

PAUL

It's her wish. Her right. And she
didn't want to mess it up like her
husband did.

May LUNGES at Paul. She PUNCHES his chest. He backs up.
She goes after him again. Ruth SCRAMBLES to stand up.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Stop. Stop.

MAY

Fuck you.

Paul fends off May's punches, but she's persistent. She SLUGS him. He PUSHES her into the side table. His beer bottle TOPPLES, BREAKING on the floor. May GRABS the butcher knife.

Paul YANKS it from her grip. He THROWS it. Its sheer weight and sharpness LODGES itself deep into the wall on the opposite side of the room.

May DASHES to retrieve it. It won't budge.

PAUL picks up his shattered beer bottle. He approaches.

May turns around. She JABS her knee up into Paul's groin. He BUCKLES over in pain. May attempts to cross him, but he GRABS her.

May loses her FOOTING. Falling, she reaches toward Ruth's polaroid collection hanging on the wall, pulling everything down with her.

Paul FLIPS May on her back and sits on her. He threatens her with his broken bottle again.

PAUL

Don't fucking tempt me. I will
fucking do it. I will fucking kill
you, Bitch!

JAB.

A look of sheer shock and confusion on Paul's face.

He turns around. Dillon's painting knife is lodged deep in Paul's shoulder.

Ruth extracts the knife from his shoulder. Paul's eyes roll to the back of his head. Ruth steps back, shocked at what she has just done.

Ruth covers her mouth in horror. Unable to speak, Paul falls to his side, still gripping his broken bottle.

Ruth points the bloody painter's knife at May this time. May backs away from Ruth.

MAY

It's okay. I'm okay. Put it down.
It's me. It's me.

Ruth's POV. Confused. Crazy. Ruth is extremely agitated. Beads of sweat run down Ruth's forehead. Her BREATHING is rapid and shallow. Eyes wide open.

PAUL

I need to get her the last solution.

MAY

Shut up!

PAUL

(in pain)

It's already in progress.

Paul gets up. He holds his bleeding shoulder. He works his way toward, the door shaking his head no.

MAY

We need a doctor.

PAUL (O.S.)

She'll suffer if we don't get her the last solution. I promised her.

Paul exits.

Ruth's POV.

She calms down. May takes the knife from her hand.

Glass CRUNCHES under May's feet when she moves.

160 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - NIGHT 160

Ruth's POV. May DRAGS Ruth down the hall. They stop at the wall phone. May picks up the receiver and dials. No DIAL TONE. She looks at the severed phone cord.

MAY

Stay right here.

May DASHES down the hall to the other side. Ruth wanders off.

161 INT. HOTEL, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 161

Ruth's POV. We see she is clearly disoriented. Things seem to jump cut. She wanders the hall. Disoriented.

162 INT. HOTEL, PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 162

Paul, shaking, prepares the last lethal cocktail for Ruth to ingest in a haste. Empty pill capsules. WATER in the glass. He STIRS.

163 INT. HOTEL, SUNROOM - NIGHT 163

ACCURATE MEMORY OF 1980

We see a collection of dying olive trees in ceramic pots. The same drawings on the wall. A silver-haired woman with blue eyes picks up an empty 2-gallon ceramic pot in her hands and exits the room.

164 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - NIGHT 164

May draws a clear solution into a hypodermic needle. She drops the bottle on the table and exits the room.

165 INT. HOTEL, PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 165

Paul holds the final cocktail in his shaking hands. When he turns around he sees May standing at the doorway.

Fired up. She enters. She hides the loaded hypodermic needle behind her.

MAY

You can't do this. I won't let you.

PAUL

Look. She used you. She wanted you 'cuz she thought you would get her mind straight. I wasn't going to do this unless I could look in her eyes and know for certain she was in her right mind.

May shakes her head in disbelief.

MAY

No. No. You're lying.

PAUL

I'm not. If it makes you feel any better, she used me too. She knew I'd do it. Sure, there was the money thing, but she also knew I watched my own mother die and she knew I'd honor her wishes regardless.

May approaches Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)

We were both used.

She LUNGES forward with the needle.

A STRUGGLE. Each person garnering a moment where the needle is pointed at the other. May JABS the needle deep into Paul's hand, PIERCING completely through.

He SCREAMS with anger. Paul PUSHES May away. The needle remains in his hand.

Adrenaline consumes Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)

She's dying. She needs the last solution or she's going to suffer.

Paul turns and picks up the glass of solution. May LUNGES from behind. Another STRUGGLE. Paul does his best to FEND May off him, careful not to spill the toxic solution.

May grips the glass of solution, refusing to let go.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Let go. Let go. Please.

MAY

You're a murderer!

Paul finally PULLS the glass of solution from her grip. It SPLASHES.

He places it on the sink counter, then SLAMS May up against the wall.

He YANKS the needle from his hand. Its contents still intact. He points the needle at her face. She SMACKS it from his grip. It FLIES away from both of them.

He GRIPS both hands around her throat. Her face goes red. She SLIDES to the floor. He follows her, never releasing his grip.

May holds on for an extended time. She SCRATCHES at his hands, but his grip is relentlessly strong.

MAY (CONT'D)

(choking)

Stop.

She attempts to SPIT on his face. He CHOKES her harder.

PAUL

Enough?

She looks him in the eyes. She KNEES his groin.

MAY

(choking)

Fuckin' murderer.

He GRIPS her tighter yet. Tears run down May's face.

MAY (CONT'D)

(mouthing it)

It's murder.

PAUL

You think I'm a murderer? I'll fuckin' do it. I'll fuckin' do it!

From behind, an empty 2-gallon terra-cotta flower pot. It SMASHES against the back of Paul's head.

Ruth has returned!

It SHATTERS.

Paul's eyes glaze over. He lets go of May's neck. May SCRAMBLES to get out from under his hold.

He FALLS to the ground.

SILENCE

Blood pools around Paul.

Ruth's face is full of rage and fire. She picks up a large piece of broken pottery and JABS it into Paul's back repeatedly.

May SCREAMS. Then SCRAMBLES.

May covers her mouth. She flees the room.

- 166 INT. HOTEL, BATHROOM - NIGHT 166
 May VOMITS in the toilet.
 She moves to the bathtub and turns on the WATER. She SPLASHES her face. She crouches over the tub and SOBS.
- 167 EXT. APARTMENT - EVENING 167
 FLASHBACK TO 1963
 A lower income housing building project.
- 168 INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - EVENING 168
 FLASHBACK TO 1963
 A Foster Mother, drunk, stumbles into the room. May, 5 years old, clutches her goldfish bowl. The drunken woman leans down in front of her.
 She tenderly STROKES May's hair.
- FOSTER MOTHER
 You can trust me. It'll be okay, I promise.
- 169 INT. APARTMENT, HALLWAY - EVENING 169
 FLASHBACK TO 1963
 The woman LOCKS herself in the bathroom. May POUNDS relentlessly on the door from the outside.
 A moment later, we hear the toilet FLUSH.
- 170 INT. HOTEL, BATHROOM - NIGHT 170
 The toilet FLUSHES.
 Ruth stands at the door. Angered. Disoriented.
 She sees May from the back.
 Ruth LEAPS and SLAMS May's head into the tub of water, STRIKING the tub's faucet as she goes down; CUTTING a gash in her skull.
 The tub water turns from clear to dark red as May's scalp bleeds out. May STRUGGLES for air. SPLASHING. A long extended FIGHT comes to an end as May's head HITS the bottom of the tub.
 May body goes limp. Her head still underwater.
 Ruth withdraws her hands from the tub. She backs away. Horrified. May's lies lifeless, only inches under water.
 SILENCE
 May BURSTS out of the water. She GASPS for a breath.

MAY
 (out of breath)
 You're fuckin' crazy.

RUTH
 This is what greed does. I shouldn't
 have given it to you.

Ruth makes a DASH for the door. May runs after her.

171 INT. HOTEL, STAIRWELL - NIGHT 171

ACCURATE MEMORY OF 1980

May steps forward. Hands, bloody. A silver-haired woman
 with blue eyes steps back. She is confused. Delusional.

172 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - NIGHT 172

May chases Ruth down the hallway. Blood runs down the
 side of May's face.

Dressed in Ruth's clothing and accessories, May JANGLES as
 she moves. Ruth hears her approach.

MAY
 (furious)
 Shouldn't have given me what? What
 are you talking about?

RUTH
 (enlightened)
 I mean, It's all making sense now.

MAY
 I don't know what kinda game you're
 playing but I'm done.

RUTH
 This isn't really happening.

MAY
 Paul's money. Where is it.

RUTH
 (euphoric)
 You don't want it. It's cursed.

MAY
 Yes. I do. You owe me. Where's
 the God damn money?

RUTH
 Don't do this to yourself.

MAY
 (screaming)
 Shut up!

RUTH

We're both gonna regret this. All of this.

MAY

Enough. Where is it!

RUTH

(pleading)

That's just it. It was already given. But now everything's ruined. Just like Miss Warner feared.

MAY

Stop playing games!

Ruth backs away from May. Confused.

RUTH

(explaining)

When I was a young girl I had a goldfish. It was so ill but I didn't want to let go of it.

173 INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - EVENING 173

FLASHBACK TO 1963

May, 5 years old, stares at a goldfish that is struggling to breathe. It floats on the top of the bowl, suffering from what is sure to be an inevitable death.

174 INT. APARTMENT, HALLWAY - EVENING 174

FLASHBACK TO 1963

May, 5 years old POUNDS relentlessly on the door from the outside.

MAY

Don't. Don't.

A toilet FLUSHES. May collapses in total grief, SOBBING uncontrollably. The foster Mother exits the bathroom.

She hands May the empty fish bowl and staggers away.

MAY (CONT'D)

I hate you!

The foster Mother turns around. She THROWS May up against the wall.

FOSTER MOTHER

(fuming)

The feeling is mutual. You're only here so I can get some fucking cash.

May is SHOVED to the side. The woman walks away.

- 175 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - NIGHT 175
 Back to the two women. Face to face.
- MAY
 (unhinged)
 No. That was my story. I told you
 about the goldfish. That's my story.
- RUTH
 (scolding)
 I was just five years old. I cried
 for days. But now I understand.
- MAY
 That's not how this goes.
- May steps forward. Blood on her head. Ruth steps back.
 Blood on her hands.
- 176 INT. HOTEL, STAIRWELL - NIGHT 176
 Ruth now stands at the top of the landing. She holds the
 goldfish bowl outward, offering it to May.
- RUTH
 (emotional)
 This time I really had love. But I
 made the wrong choice.
- May steps forward again. Ruth takes another step back.
- 177 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - NIGHT 177
 ACCURATE MEMORY OF 1980
 Again, the silver-haired woman with blue eyes. We now
 realize she is the same woman in the dusty framed photo
 Jenna showed May on her first day of work.
 The woman stands in the hallway holding the same goldfish
 bowl. Dressed in a pink bathrobe and fuzzy slippers. She
 looks confused. Delusional.
 FLASH goes a camera.
- 178 INT. HOTEL, STAIRWELL - NIGHT 178
 Back to the two women. Wind HOWLS.
 Their matching green eyes both tear up. But Ruth has no
 rings on her fingers.
- MAY
 You're talkin' nonsense.
- 179 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - DAY 179
 ACCURATE MEMORY OF 1980
 The silver-haired woman with blue eyes. She sits at the
 table with Truman. Ringless fingers sign legal documents.

- 180 INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - NIGHT 180
 Back to May and Ruth. Bloody. Exhausted. Their silhouettes are uncanny. Their eyes, so similar.
- MAY
 I was being played.
- RUTH
 Don't you see? We both grew up poor. Both from Biloxi. Both had goldfish? You're not you. You're just me. But you did this.
- MAY
 Stop!
- 181 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - MORNING 181
 ACCURATE MEMORY OF 1980
 May sits beside the silver-haired woman with blue eyes. The woman sleeps. May slips her rings off.
- 182 INT. HOTEL, SERVICE ROOM - NIGHT 182
 ACCURATE MEMORY OF 1980
 The silver-haired woman with blue eyes THROWS glasses and dishes. They SHATTER.
- 183 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 183
 ACCURATE MEMORY OF 1980
 The silver-haired woman with blue eyes, dressed in pajamas. She lies on her back beside May. They stare into the camera as May takes a photo of the two of them from above.
- FLASH
 WHIR
- 184 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 184
 ACCURATE MEMORY OF 1980
 The silver-haired woman with blue eyes slumps on the floor. One hand holds her stomach. The other holds an empty glass with a cloudy white residue. May comforts her.
- 185 INT. HOTEL, STAIRWELL - NIGHT 185
 Back to the two women standing face-to-face. Blood DRIPS from May's head. Ruth shakes her head in disbelief.
- RUTH
 It's all coming back.
- MAY
 What do you mean?

RUTH
Everything that happened.

MAY
This is not how it happens, Ruth.

RUTH
Do you know who I am?
(screaming)
Do you?

MAY
(shamefully)
Ruth.

Ruth shakes her head no.

RUTH
(heartbroken)
No. Ruth's gone.

Ruth's eyes well up.

MAY
No.

RUTH
Yes.

Ruth nods. Tears fall from May's eyes.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Ruth said you can have love, or...?

MAY
Don't.

RUTH
Or what?

MAY
Or you can have wealth.

RUTH
But you can't...?

MAY
(crying)
But you can't have both.

RUTH
(regretful)
And she was right. The wealth was
cursed.

MAY
This isn't happening.

RUTH
Exactly. It's the dementia.

May grabs her head, as if she's trapped in a nightmare.
 Ruth looks at her goldfish bowl. She extends it forward.
 In a momentary loss of balance, Ruth steps back toward the
 edge of the banister. May points to Ruth's feet.

MAY

Careful.

Ruth glances down at her fuzzy slippers. Then she looks
 at the vintage high heeled shoes on May's feet.

RUTH

(resolved)

We're both wearing her shoes.

A rush of panic washes over Ruth. She raises her goldfish
 bowl over her head like she's going to throw it at May.
 May steps back.

MAY

Easy, Ruth. Don't.

Confused. Dizzy. She loses her balance. The weight of the
 goldfish bowl bends Ruth's upper body over the banister.

RUTH

Ruth!

186 INT. HOTEL, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

186

Wind HOWLS.

The silver-haired woman with blue eyes loses her balance.
 Dizzy. The weight of the goldfish bowl bends her upper
 body back and over the banister.

May LUNGES forward.

MAY

(screaming in horror)

Ruth!

187 INT. HOTEL, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

187

The goldfish bowl goes airborne, spiraling in slow motion
 as its contents spills into the open air. It tumbles in a
 free-fall toward the 7th floor mezzanine.

C-R-A-S-H!

May looks over the banister in horror.

Blood from her own head falls in slow motion.

From above looking down, the blood droplet PLOPS on the
 forehead of the silver-haired woman with blue eyes. Her
 lifeless body lies contorted from the fatal fall.

May SHIVERS in horror.

A hauntingly faint sound of a CUCKOO clock chimes repeatedly
 in the distance.

May runs down the stairs. She cradles the strange woman's body. After a long embrace, she lowers the lifeless stranger to the hardwood floor.

FOOTSTEPS from one floor down grow louder.

Jenna enters. She catches her breath. DRIPPING wet in her rain coat.

Jenna crouches down and checks for a pulse.

JENNA

(sobbing)

Miss Warner? Miss Warner!

May sits in shock.

The fish GASPS on the hardwood floor.

Amongst glass shards, May notices hundreds of tiny dull crystal-like gravel rocks on the floor.

One catches her attention. May picks it up. It sparkles. It's an uncut diamond. They are all diamonds. Hundreds and hundreds of uncut diamonds.

She shakes her head in horror.

MAY

(screaming)

No. No!

SLOW MOTION. May gets up, backs away and brushes diamonds off her knees. Dazed. She climbs the stairs.

188 INT. HOTEL, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

188

ACCURATE MEMORY OF 1980

Wind HOWLS. Curtains sway.

May, bleeding from her scalp, approaches the mantle. Her bloody hand removes an envelope resting in front of a framed photo.

She picks up the framed photo: the silver-haired woman with blue eyes. Dressed in her 1970s attire with loads of costume jewelry; the photo Jenna showed May on her first day of work.

May turns to the envelope, it is addressed: TO PAUL.

Her bloody hands open it.

Inside is a shake handwritten note: MY DEAREST PAUL, THANK YOU. Folded in the bottom third of the letter is a personal check: PAYABLE IN CASH for the amount of \$100,000.

She backs away from the mantle. She shakes her head in disbelief.

189 INT. HOTEL, RUTH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

189

Wind HOWLS. Curtains sway.

May enters Ruth's room. She turns in a circle. Thinking. A GUST OF WIND SLAMS her bedroom door shut. Hanging on the back of the door is Ruth's macrame purse.

May pours its contents out.

A roll of cash, bus tickets, clear plastic bag full of RINGS, and May's luggage tag HIT the floor.

May KICKS the bag of rings off the luggage tag in order to read the name: MAY.

The bag opens, sending a gold wedding band ROLLING across the floor. It stops short of Dillon's covered painting.

May picks up the ring. Then she PULLS the canvas off to reveal Dillon's painting.

My GASPS. She covers her mouth in disbelief.

Dillon painted: the silver-haired woman with blue eyes, dressed in a pink terry cloth bathrobe. She holds her goldfish bowl. She wears a wedding band.

May holds up the same wedding band in her hand.

190 INT. ASSISTED LIVING, ROOM - MORNING

190

ON SCREEN: 40 YEARS LATER

Shaky old woman's hands remove a turban, revealing a large and irritated scar on the temple of the woman we assumed all this time was Ruth.

MAY

(arguing with herself)

I told you. I'm not Ruth.

All this time it has been May, 65 years old. Her tired eyes well up with emotion. She touches her scar, located in the same place her youthful self was injured on the fateful night of Ruth Warner's fatal fall.

As she touches her scar, a close up of her hospital bracelet: MAY CARVER.

May ponders the hospital bracelet.

Her hands turn the page of her photo album, coming to an 80s polaroid of Dillon's painting of the silver-haired woman with blue eyes. Pinned on the bottom: RUTH WARNER 1910-1980.

DILLON (O.S.)

May? May?

Big green eyes search for the voice that calls her.

May's POV is convoluted. Disjointed. There are sudden gaps and breaks in her reality.

She finds Dillon, 65 years old, with a visitor's name tag: DILLON. He sits beside her bed, dabbing a paint brush on a paint pallet.

DILLON (CONT'D)

Hello, May.

The two exchange smiles.

May seems to light up for a fleeting moment.

MAY (V.O.)

Ah, yes. Dementia. That's what I was talking about. See how my mind is slipping?

She returns to her photo album. Her trembling hands reveal another 80s photo of Ruth Warner, a silver-haired woman with blue eyes. Rings. Her goldfish bowl. The photo captures that look of surprise in the hallway when May first met Ruth Warner.

MAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Dementia typically leaves us with either our greatest or worst memories because those are the ones hard wired in our brains.

Another photo from the 80s. Miss Warner, the silver-haired woman with blue eyes, posing with a woman who closely resembles, but is not quite the Jenna that she has been remembering. Miss Warner poses with her at the top of the stairwell.

It's the photo taken the day Jenna quit her job.

May turns the album's page.

Another 80s polaroid. This time, with a man who closely resembles, but is not quite, Paul. A youthful May poses with him in the living room. They wear hats and hold pipes and make funny faces.

May's frail but steady hands moves on.

An 80s photo of a truly happy May with Miss Warner in her pajamas, taken from above. They lie side by side.

These photos intrigue May, but not enough to spark memory.

May studies a mid 80s photo of her youthful self, posing with Truman at a construction site. She points and smiles.

DILLON

(encouraging)

Yes. That's you and Truman. Remember Truman?

191 INT. TRUMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

ACCURATE MEMORY OF 1980

Truman hands May a tattered handwritten document: LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT. It is Ruth Warner's handwriting. May shakes her head and hands it back to him.

191

MAY (V.O.)

Unfortunately for me, my happiest moments were also amongst my worst.

May slides a stolen nurse ID BADGE: RUTH, RN toward him.

MAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Yeah, I did some horrible things in my youth. Things I will unfortunately take to my grave.

May sheepishly hands Truman her luggage tag. It reads: MAY. She wipes a tear, cracks a smile and explains.

She rolls out BLUEPRINTS for Truman to see. She slides a document across the desk. It reads: DEMOLITION PERMIT.

Another document: PARK PROPOSAL.

Truman opens a folder.

He reveals Miss Warner's crude crayon and felt marker SKETCHES that she drew for him on his visit.

Behind her crude drawings, an artist's rendering depicting a large metal gate archway with ornate metal letters spelling: WARNER PARK.

May reveals a clear plastic bag full of UNCUT DIAMONDS. She slides it to Truman and takes a big breath. They both smile. They exchange affirming nods and a handshake.

192 INT. ASSISTED LIVING, ROOM - DAY 192

May, 65 years old. She points to another late 80s photo that shows a younger May and Truman posing in hard hats before a fenced off construction site.

193 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY 193

ACCURATE MEMORY OF 1980

May and Truman watch a building being demolished.

194 INT. ASSISTED LIVING, ROOM - DAY 194

May, 65 years old. Her frail naked finger points to another photo.

An 80s polaroid. May, 30 years old, holds a shovel. A potted tree stands beside her, ready to be planted. She is surrounded by others also in hard hats.

Another photo.

May studies a photo of a serious but youthful May, 30 years old, posing with oversized scissors at a ribbon cutting ceremony.

May looks up from the photo to find Dillon tearing up. He nods and smiles.

A YOUNG NURSE walks in and checks an IV bag. As she exits May looks up.

MAY
 (mumbles to herself)
 I was a bad nurse.

DILLON
 (correcting her)
 May. You did right, May. In the
 end, you did right.

A momentary smile on May's tired face is quickly washed over with confusion. She returns to her photos.

She settles on a 1930s black and white photo of Mr and soon to be Mrs Warner. Both youthful. Smiling. His handlebar mustache. Her short blond wave. They stand in an empty city lot. Miss Warner has a sack lunch in her hands. Mr Warner holds blueprints.

May smiles at the sight of this photo. It warms her heart.

Another photo. Full color. Much newer. A narrow city park, surrounded by tall buildings on both sides. A large metal sign at the park's entry reads: WARNER PARK.

She turns the page of her photo album to find loose items.

May inspects a worn US PASSPORT, AIR TICKET TO SWITZERLAND, and a strip of PASSPORT PHOTOS.

She studies the images of herself taken only five years earlier. It is undoubtedly she, but she doesn't recognize herself.

195 INT. SWISS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

195

ACCURATE MEMORY OF 1975

We finally see the face of the mysterious woman. It is a May, 60 years old with a fashionable turban on her head. She pushes the cloudy toxic glass of solution away from the Swiss woman.

She shakes her head no. She stands up.

She HYPERVENTILATES.

MAY (V.O.)
 We all earn the right to die with
 dignity. God knows I fought long
 and hard on behalf of Death With
 Dignity laws in this country.

196 INT. ASSISTED LIVING, ROOM - DAY

196

May, 65 years old. A sadness washes over her tired face. May stares past the photos. Confused. Dillon, 65 years old, observes. Heartbroken.

A nurse enters the room.

She looks exactly like Jenna.

CHARGE NURSE

Hello. Miss May. Mr Dillon?

May's POV. The nurse walks in and takes an half-eaten food tray away from the side table. She smiles and exits.

A male nurse walks in carrying a goldfish bowl with a small fish bobbing inside. The nurse looks exactly like Paul.

He places the goldfish bowl to May's side. A fish settles in the water. There's no gravel in the bowl.

STAFF

Fresh water, Miss May.

DILLON

Wasn't that nice of him, May. May?

The faint sounds of a CUCKOO clock chimes a few times. Dillon glances up at the cuckoo clock mounted on the wall. He double checks the time on his wrist watch.

He puts his paint brush and canvas down. We catch a glimpse of his work. A somber painting of May.

MAY (V.O.)

Until you are faced with a terminal situation you won't know how important it is to have that right. The right to preserve your own dignity. But make no mistake. Dignity is not innate. It's earned. As for me, I have not rightfully earned my dignity. Call me crazy, but knowing first hand what Dementia can do to the soul, I ultimately chose to pay for my actions instead of running from them. Actions worthy of my dignity. As my mind is slowly erased from the details that put those deeper, more hard-wired feelings into context I find myself here. I am both victim and aggressor.

197 INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - EVENING

197

FLASHBACK TO 1963

May, 5 years old, wearing an oversized dress, jewelry and lipstick. She stares at an ailing fish in a bowl. Tormented and helpless, the fish bobs. She HUMS.

MAY (V.O.)

As karma would have it, dementia has given me a taste of my own medicine. Haunted by insoluble guilt. Aching from a lack of love. Yearning to rectify the past. Accepting. I, May, regret.

198 INT. ASSISTED LIVING, ROOM - DAY

198

May, 65 years old. Her vacant eyes watch the fish swim.
She HUMS.

FADE OUT