

GOODBYE

Written by

Kyle Donahoe

4301 Ironhead Ave.
1-800-2837-232

EXT. EMPTY STREET CORNER - EVENING

The street corner is calm and peaceful, as an old man, JAMES, shuffles by on his walking stick. He's relaxed and carefree, a little bounce in his step.

JAMES
Ah, what a night.

Out of nowhere, a scruffy-looking DRUGGIE gets in front of him, shaking and disheveled.

DRUGGIE
H-h-h-hey, man, y-y-you got...
money?

James frowns and shakes his head.

JAMES
Sorry, no, I'm a bit strapped. You
have a good night.

He tries to get past, but the druggie brandishes what looks like a dirty syringe and a knife. James steps back.

DRUGGIE
C-c-c-c'mon, man, gimme money! Or
you're gonna get it!

JAMES
Sir, I don't want any trouble.

DRUGGIE
Haha! That's where y-y-y-you're
wrong!

Druggie enters a scuffle with James, who manages to keep him at bay for the most part. He eventually takes a knife in the gut, followed by the syringe nicking his arm.

JAMES
Son of a...

He collapses to the ground, while Druggie blinks, and stares in horror while dropping the knife and syringe. A cop car SCREECHES to a halt nearby.

DRUGGIE
Oh fuck... oh shit...

Out steps THOMAS, a policeman, and son of James. He draws his handgun and points it at Druggie.

THOMAS
On your knees, now!

DRUGGIE
O-o-okay!

Thomas swiftly arrests and puts cuffs on Druggie, and pushes him away to let a different officer handle it. A GROAN rings out, catching his attention.

JAMES
Thomas...

Thomas whirls about, and his eyes bulge out of his head.

THOMAS
Oh god... Dad!

He rushes over to help James to his feet.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Get a damn ambulance over here!
He's hurt! NOW, DAMN IT!

James weakly clutches at Thomas' uniform. Thomas looks down at his father.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Dad, it'll be okay, just hang on!

AMBULANCE SIRENS are heard as Thomas holds onto his father.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON - WEEKS LATER

Thomas comes walking in wearing his police uniform. He has a somber expression. In the bed is James, hooked up to multiple wires and having a breathing apparatus on his mouth.

James doesn't notice Thomas enter, and his eyes are closed.

THOMAS
Dad?

James is silent, still unaware. Thomas frowns and hangs his head, taking a seat in a nearby empty chair.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You're probably still asleep.

James still doesn't respond. He wheezes and rattles every time he breathes.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Yeah.

Thomas looks away, pinching the bridge of his nose. A look of regret is visible on his face.

A NURSE enters, carrying a clipboard.

NURSE

Thomas?

Thomas looks up, with a neutral expression.

THOMAS

Yes?

NURSE

Your father's illness isn't looking good.

She hands him her clipboard. Thomas flips through the pages, frowning his brows and pursing his lips.

THOMAS

Oh, dammit. That needle he got hit with must have had a lot of bad crap on it.

Nurse nods silently, and gets ready to speak. Thomas cuts her off.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Just keep doing what you need to. Please.

NURSE

Understood.

She takes the clipboard and walks away.

THOMAS

Don't worry, Dad, this'll pass, I promise.

Thomas gets up and turns to leave, heading for the door. Once he leaves, James coughs loudly into his apparatus.

INT. HOSPITAL - FOOD COURT - EVENING

Thomas plops himself in a chair at an empty seat with a tray of a sandwich and fries. He looks miserable as he eats.

A phone ringing interrupts him, and he pulls out a cell phone with a photo of RICHARD, an older male in military uniform, and a phone number on the screen.

THOMAS

Hey, bro.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Hey, Thomas! Glad I could catch up to you, man. How's it been? Is Dad okay?

Thomas frowns, sighing.

THOMAS

No... he's been getting worse, actually.

Richard blinks, looking at him.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Damn... whatever that druggie got him with, I'd love to kick their ass for it.

Thomas rolls his eyes.

THOMAS

We've been over this, Rich. Guy's been put behind bars already, thanks to me. The law will deal with him.

RICHARD

Uh huh. Still gonna kick his ass.

THOMAS

Richard... you know what Dad would say about that.

Richard huffs.

RICHARD

Alright, alright... just because you said.

DR. MARK, 40-something, enters, looking calm but walking with purpose towards Thomas.

DR. MARK

Thomas, a word?

Thomas looks up and nods, before looking to Richard.

THOMAS
I'll call you back, doc wants a word.

RICHARD
Alright, update me ASAP, yeah?

THOMAS
Yeah, no sweat. Love you bro.

Thomas ends the call before getting up and approaching Dr. Mark.

DR. MARK
I have bad news for you.

Thomas frowns.

THOMAS
Alright, go ahead.

DR. MARK
Your father's condition has gotten worse. My prior estimation has been shortened dramatically.

Thomas looks at him, alarmed.

THOMAS
Wait, what?

DR. MARK
He only has an hour to live now, not days.

THOMAS
Damn it.

Thomas abruptly moves past Dr. Mark. Dr. Mark raises his voice and follows.

DR. MARK
Thomas! Wait!

INT. HOSPITAL - JAMES' ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Thomas runs in, panting as he comes across some medical staff trying to stabilize James. James is now awake, coughing loudly.

NURSE
His vitals are fading, we're running out of time!

THOMAS

Oh God, Dad!

Thomas runs over and gently nudges some of the staff aside, sitting in the seat he was in earlier. He reaches to take James' hand.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Dad! Dad! I'm here, it's okay, I'm here!

JAMES

(coughing)

Thomas?

Thomas starts to leak tears out of his eyes as he looks upon his rapidly fading father.

THOMAS

(sobbing)

Dad, I'm sorry, I said it'll pass but it's not, and, just... God, I'm sorry!

James just smiles.

JAMES

You're a good boy, Thomas. It's okay... you still have your brother, Richard, in the air force.

THOMAS

But, but... Dad!

JAMES

Heh... you remember when we helped that old lady out of her crashed car?

THOMAS

Uh, yeah?

JAMES

Good, good times those were.

Thomas tilts his head, while James coughs again.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Shhh... it's okay... I just want you to know... I love you, Thomas. Keep doing good work.

THOMAS

I... I love you too, Dad... I-I
will.

JAMES

Good.

James smiles, before closing his eyes and leaning back in his bed. The sound of a flatline rings out, while Thomas hangs his head, sobbing.