

LIKE A COAT

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OVER BLACK

ARTIST
Wonderful, Megan, hold just like
that.

TITLE

FADE IN:

INT. ARTIST'S STUDIO

MEGAN poses nude but strategically so that no R-rated parts
show.

A HAND sketches on canvas.

A slight smile forms on Megan's lips.

ARTIST
A bit more of a pout.

She complies.

ARTIST
Perfect. Beautiful.

CLOSE on her face.

Her eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Megan's eyes look back at her from the mirror.

Bored.

With something approaching a rhythm, she rocks slightly forward then back.

The motion continues.

A male hand appears on her shoulder.

He GRUNTS.

BRENT's face appears next to Megan's.

BRENT

That was great, honey.

He gives her a peck on the cheek and steps back.

The SNAP of elastic.

Megan, wearing her long sleep shirt, drops her head.

MEGAN

(turning)

You used to --

A glimpse of boxer-wearing Brent leaving the bathroom.

She turns back to the mirror.

MEGAN

Asshole.

INT. NURSING HOME HALLWAY

Megan, in her nurse's uniform, walks along, clipboard in hand.

Ahead of her, a bedpan CRASHES against the wall.

MR. TALBOT (O.S.)
Get the hell away from me, you
prissy bastard.

Megan speeds up.

JUSTIN (O.S.)
I've told you already, this is a
non-smoking --

INT. MR. TALBOT'S ROOM

Megan rushes in to find JUSTIN, a young nurse, holding a
cigar, and a very angry 70-something MR. TALBOT--

MR. TALBOT
Hey there, be a sweet little
missy and help me up so I can
kick this queer's ass.

MEGAN
Justin, I'll take it from here.

Justin looks at her with relief.

JUSTIN
Be my guest.

As Justin starts out --

MR. TALBOT
Don't go away mad, Nurse
Ratchet, just go the hell away.

MEGAN
Now, mister. . .
(quick glance at her board)
. . .Talbot, is that any way to
behave?

MR. TALBOT
Bastard snatched my cigar right
out of my goddamn mouth.

Megan studies his chart as they talk.

MEGAN

I'm sure you know that no
smoking is permitted here.

MR. TALBOT

It's a private room for Christ's
sake.

MEGAN

You know how rules are.

MR. TALBOT

Yeah, dumb as shit.

Megan spots a framed photograph on the bedside table.

MEGAN

(with a nod)

Your wife?

MR. TALBOT

(softening)

Yeah, Sarah. She passed last
year.

MEGAN

I'm sorry. But would she approve
of you acting this way?

MR. TALBOT

She loved my ornery side.

Megan gives a little laugh.

MEGAN

You must miss her.

Mr. Talbot looks over at the picture and nods...

MR. TALBOT

She was my coat from the cold.

MEGAN

Isn't that a Guy Clark line?

Mr. Talbot's head snaps toward Megan, looking at her with
more interest now.

MR. TALBOT

You have good taste in music, for a young-un.

MEGAN

My father listened to him all the time. Now, Mister Talbot, I see you're only with us while you rehab from hip-replacement surgery, so let's make the best of it, okay?

MR. TALBOT

Know what'd make me be real good?

MEGAN

I'm afraid to ask.

MR. TALBOT

If you were to sneak me in a bottle of Turkey 101.

MEGAN

(heading out)

You are a mess.

MR. TALBOT

It's the night shift, who's gonna know?

Shaking her head, Megan continues out the door.

Mr. Talbot smiles after her.

INT. BEDROOM

The alarm clock clicks over to 3:00pm and BUZZES.

Megan's arm snakes out from beneath a large comforter and smacks the "OFF" button.

The covers fall away as she pushes herself up.

Her hands stretch toward the ceiling as she attempts to strain the sleep from her body.

She rubs her eyes and, then, scoots to the edge of the bed.

INT. DEN

BRENT sits in front of their PC.

FOOTSTEPS.

With a quickness, he minimizes the screen.

As Megan, now in her jogging outfit, passes behind him, Brent reaches out for a handful of her rear.

She keeps going.

MEGAN

I know what you look at on there.

BRENT

What you expect me to do with you sleeping all day?

MEGAN

(at the door)

I work, Brent.

The door closes behind her.

BRENT

(mocking)

"I work." Bitch.

EXT. BRENT AND MEGAN'S HOME

Megan jogs away, down the street.

INT. MR. TALBOT'S ROOM

Mr. Talbot looks up from his book to see --

Megan sneaking her head in the door.

MEGAN

You awake, Mr. Talbot?

MR. TALBOT

Of course, I am. How could I
bear to go to sleep and miss a
minute of life in this paradise?

Carrying two plastic cups in one hand, she closes the door
behind her. Sticking her free hand in her pocket, she
moves toward Mr. Talbot's bed.

MEGAN

(sly smile)

I've got something for you.

MR. TALBOT

(laying his book aside)

And what in the name of Jimmy
Stewart could that be?

With a bit of showmanship, Megan displays an airplane-size
bottle of bourbon.

A smile brightens Mr. Talbot's face.

MR. TALBOT

(reaching out)

They out of real ones?

She pulls it back.

MEGAN

To get this you have to tell me
how you met Martha.

MR. TALBOT

Aw, hell, girl, don't need a
bribe to get me to talk about
her. But I'm not turning it down
mind you.

Megan takes a seat and unscrews the bottle cap.

MR. TALBOT

After the war --

MEGAN

Two?

MR. TALBOT

I ain't quite that old. Korea.

Megan smiles as she pours.

MR. TALBOT

Anyway, not a lot to how we met.
When I got home to North
Carolina, I figured I should see
the rest of this country I'd been
fighting for and seen some good
friends die for, so I headed out.
Hadn't been too far when I hit
this part of it and run across
Martha, prettiest gal I'd ever
seen and smart, too.

MEGAN

Love at first sight?

MR. TALBOT

Shit, you young'uns always in
such a damn hurry. Don't know
what real love is.

Megan hands him a cup.

They each throw back their shots.

Mr. Talbot savors his.

MR. TALBOT

Now, that'll put a spring your
step.

MEGAN

So Mr. Sentimentality, tell me
what real love is.

MR. TALBOT

I don't know that I can define it
exactly, but I'll tell you one
thing. When it's real, you
always know you have someone you
can count on and cling to when
everything else goes bad. It
ain't nothing hurtful.

MEGAN

So how did you get Martha to
cling to an old grouch like you?

A smile shows his appreciation of Megan's version of charm.

MR. TALBOT

To start with I wasn't old back
then. . .

INT. NURSE'S LOUNGE

Megan sits at a table with BRENDA, a fellow nurse.

MEGAN

He's just the sweetest old guy.

BRENDA

Talbot? That crotchety old coot?

MEGAN

That's an act, he's a big softy.

BRENDA

Mm-hmm. Speaking of assholes,
how are things with Brent?

MEGAN

Okay. Got any gum? This piece
has about had it.

BRENDA

(digging in a pocket)
You know you should dump his ass.

MEGAN

He's just depressed because he
hasn't been able to find another
job.

BRENDA

Right. Told him about your
little side job, yet?

MEGAN

He'll find out tomorrow. I have something for him that'll cheer him up.

BRENDA

I have a spare couch if you need it.

MEGAN

You know how he likes baseball? Gilbert did a painting of me in...

INT. DEN

Brent and Megan stand side by side looking at --

The finished painting from the opening scene.

Shock shows on Brent's face.

Megan grins.

BRENT

What the hell?

Her grin disappears.

MEGAN

You don't like it?

BRENT

You posed like that for some guy?

MEGAN

Not just some guy. A really talented artist and he did this just for me to give you.

BRENT

And what did you give him?

MEGAN

Don't be an ass.

BRENT

How many of these talented artists have you gotten naked for? What's next? Gonna find you on a website with your legs spread?

MEGAN

There's a difference between art and porn, you ignorant --

BRENT

Yeah, I'm ignorant. It takes a lotta brainpower to get naked and let some perv stare at you.

MEGAN

You make smart an oxymoron.

Megan turns and stomps away.

BRENT

What the hell's that supposed to mean?

MEGAN (O.S.)

Think about it.

A door SLAMS.

INT. MR. TALBOT'S ROOM

Everything is the same except for the empty bed.

Megan enters, smiling.

MEGAN

Hey, you old --

She stops, still.

Her eyes search the room. She knows what this sight means, but she doesn't want to know.

A hand touches her shoulder.

Megan turns to find --

BRENDA

I'm sorry, honey. I just found out or I would've called you. He had an aneurysm.

Megan lowers her head. Bites her lip.

Her friend hugs her.

Parting, Megan goes to Mr. Talbot's bedside.

She looks at his picture of Martha.

Megan picks it up and turns away.

As she walks past, Brenda reaches out but Megan keeps going, leaving Brenda alone in the room.

EXT. BRENT AND MEGAN'S HOME

Megan's car sits in the drive, packed full.

Megan opens the backdoor of the car and slides the painting inside, careful not to damage the canvas.

Another car pulls up.

Brent.

He gets out, looking at her stuffed car, as she closes her backdoor.

BRENT

What are you doing home?

Megan opens her front door --

BRENT

Where the hell are you going?

With a foot inside, she stops, looks at him. A smile beginning to form on her lips --

MEGAN

Nowhere. I'm just leaving.

She closes her door.

BRENT
What the hell? Why?

As Megan turns the key in the ignition, she rolls her window part of the way down --

MEGAN
There's a note. It explains everything.

Brent watches, dumbstruck as --

Megan backs out of the drive.

INT. DEN

A sticky note hangs on the computer screen.

Brent snatches it off, stares at it --

INSERT - NOTE:

"I have to find my coat and you're not it."

Brent wads it up.

BRENT
Explains, shit.

He fires the tiny piece of yellow paper across the room.

BRENT
Bitch'll be back.

EXT. STREET, FOUR-WAY STOP

Megan's car turns right.

FADE OUT