

BRING FORTH THE LIGHT

Written by

Jennifer Rudin

Logline: A woman awaiting a cancer prognosis find solace with a homeless man on a New York City subway.

Jar266@nyu.edu

FADE IN:

INT. JACKIE'S BATHROOM - DAY

SPLASH. Soapy hands crash through water and onto white skin.

JACKIE STONE, mid 40s and attractive, massages Kiehls moisturizer onto her face.

She pinches some flesh from beneath her chin and scowls at her reflection. Applies some Mac lip gloss, then grabs her Purrell from the sink counter.

Her right fingers remove her wedding band from her ring finger. She gently places the ring into a red ring box and hides it in the mirrored medicine cabinet above the sink.

Her eyes fixate on a silver framed photo of her on her wedding day. A younger, excited Jackie smiles underneath her white veil.

Jackie drops the frame into the trash basket and leaves the bathroom.

The glass frame SHATTERS.

INT. JACKIE'S HALLWAY - DAY

Jackie's in her Chanel sling-backs and navy Prada pants suit. She locks her front door.

She bends down to her welcome mat for her *New York Times*. The mailing label reads:

"JACKIE AND SCOTT STONE"

She rips up the label and keeps walking.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Morning rush hour.

PASSENGERS crammed onto the train. Bodies pressed up against bodies.

Jackie leans on a center pole on the jam-packed morning rush hour subway. She purposefully does not touch the pole until...

A SWEaty MAN (50s) presses up behind her. Jackie breathes deeply, shifts towards a YOUNG MOTHER (20s) holding her TODDLER.

The toddler's foot gets caught in Jackie's Gucci tote bag.

Jackie gently moves the toddler's foot.

The toddler lets out a piercing SHRIEK. The Mother glares at Jackie, and cradles her child closer.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

We're being held here momentarily by the train's dispatcher. We should be moving shortly.

Jackie takes a deep breath, practicing her breath of fire yoga breathing.

A HOMELESS MAN, 60s, with a cane and an eye patch on his left eye, pushes his way through the crowds, shaking his cup for change. His worn and pock-marked face shows a lifetime of struggle.

HOMELESS MAN

My name is Tyrone. I'm a Vietnam Vet. Please can you spare some change. I was stabbed in my right eye and now I'm legally blind. My wife has HIV and we need money for her medication.

The mother next to Jackie reaches in her fanny pack and gives him some change.

TYRONE

Thank you. God Bless.

He stares at Jackie. Then smiles wide and grins at her, exposing an entire top row of missing teeth.

Disgusted, Jackie turns away and avoids his eyes.

The train moves slowly and pulls into the next station. Jackie pushes her way off the train.

Welcome to New York. The carnival never ends.

EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE AND 68TH STREET - DAY

Jackie emerges from the subway station, bathing her hands in Purrell. She starts to sweat from the summer heat, and takes off her suit jacket.

She's late. *Shit.*

She starts speed walking in her Chanel's. Faster and faster.

Her shoes CLICK CLACK on the sidewalk, moving through the filthy city streets.

INT. OB-GYN EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Jackie lies on the examination table, her feet in stirrups.

The office is flooded in fluorescent lights. In the background, a MUZAK CONCERTO plays on a loop.

DR. WEBB, 40s, African-American, all business, finishes the examination.

DR. WEBB

Since your pap smear was abnormal, I have some concerns. Some of your cells have changed so I'd like to run a biopsy to rule out anything serious.

Jackie's face takes a moment to register. Her eyes narrow. She blinks back tears.

JACKIE

Do you mean I have ovarian cancer?

DR. WEBB

It's possible. There's a lot of reasons cells change. Stress. Age.

Dr. Webb removes her gloves and starts to leave.

DR. WEBB (CONT'D)

Don't panic. We're just being extra cautious. I'll call you when we get the results.

Jackie gets up from the examination table. She looks at herself in the small mirror above the sink.

I'm not ready to die.

EXT. PARK AVENUE & 65TH STREET - DAY

A dazed Jackie leaves the doctor's office.