

One More Day

By

Joseph D Tremblay

Copyright 2020. All Rights
Reserved.

Joseph Tremblay
702 499 8083
arckrc44@gmail.com

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sitting alone on his couch is WILLIAM RHODES, a mid 20's, scruffy faced man with heavy eyes, wearing a black T-shirt and shorts.

He sits in a dirty apartment. On the coffee table in front of him lay stacks of envelopes with bold red letters "Bill Due: Final Warning" typed onto each of them. The TV is flashing a commercial, without sound.

Will stares down at his legs without expression. In his right hand is a silver revolver and in his left hand a single bullet.

A tear slides down his cheek.

The disheveled man slowly moves his left hand and places the bullet into the revolver wheel of the gun and then spins it slowly, until he finally taps the wheel in place.

Will raises the barrel to his right temple and stares at the TV never making a sound. He inhales deeply and exhales slowly, he places his finger on the trigger.

With his eyes fixed on the TV, Will slowly squeezes the trigger. The TV flashes text onto the screen "SUICIDE HOTLINE" just as the trigger pulls, his eyes widen. The gun sounds off a sharp CLICK.

Will gags loudly while hurling the gun down onto the floor and he rips at his messy black hair. The shaking man hunches forward and screams loudly into the dark room. Will slams the coffee table with both of his clenched fists and then flips it over. The TV flashes the Text "We Want To Help: Call 1-800-555-1212"

He stops to read the text and his forehead crinkles. Tears stream down his face and he quivers, letting out a few short breaths.

Will reaches to the floor and pulls up his cell phone. He stares at the TV a moment longer and then dials the number into the phone.

He sits back on the couch and puts the phone to his ear.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Suicide Hotline your name please?

WILL
It doesn't matter.

(CONTINUED)

OPERATOR (O.S.)
I understand sir, what is
happening?

WILL
I wanna die...

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Okay. Please tell me what's wrong.

WILL
I'm sitting alone in the dark. I'm
broke, I'm getting evicted... I'm
a loser, life's not what I thought
it would be.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
I'm sorry for what you're going
through. Is there anyone you can
talk to who can give you some
support right now?

Will lays on the couch and sighs.

WILL
No, not really. That's why I'm
calling.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Okay, got it. Do you work?

WILL
Not anymore.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
What about family? Where are your
parents or siblings right now?

WILL
My parents gave up on me long ago
and my sister... is dead.

Will sighs.

WILL
You know what? I thought you all
would be able to help me, but I'm
just going to end it tonight. This
was a mistake.

He looks all around at the floor by his feet.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

I'm sorry about your parents not understanding you and for the loss of your sister. How do you plan to kill yourself?

WILL

I'm just going to shoot myself, once I find my gun.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

What will happen if you die, who will be sad?

WILL

No one's gonna give a shit if I die. Maybe my mom, but my father will just say I was a coward.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

That's tough. I am amazed that with all those problems you had the strength to reach out. So can I just ask one thing from you?

WILL

Sure.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Just give it one more day.

WILL

What the hell for?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Because you never know what good things can happen.

WILL

You know how many days make up 25 years?

Will sits up and clenches his fist.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

I do understand. I can tell by your voice that it's been a long hard road. This is the first time you've reached out for help though right?

WILL

Yeah?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

So that's a good thing! It means you must have some hope left. So why not just give it one more day? And tomorrow, do something different than you did today.

WILL

different like what?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Like anything, clean your apartment, talk to a stranger, anything really.

WILL

It won't matter, What happens after tomorrow? When my life still sucks?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Call me directly. My direct line is 702 555 1212.

WILL

What's your name?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

It's Sarah, what's yours?

WILL

That was my sister's name. I'm Will.

SARAH (O.S.)

Talk to you tomorrow Will.

Will ends the call. He picks up the coffee table and places the papers and magazines back. He picks a pen off the floor and writes the number down, then Sarah above it. He stares at the name, circles Sarah's name.

He turns the TV off and lies down on the couch.

WILL

One more day...

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Will awakens slowly and stares at the water stained ceiling above him. He rubs his eyes and sighs a long deep breath. Will jumps off the couch and picks up the piece of paper with Sarah's phone number written on it.

He places it on the side table next to his couch.

He looks around his apartment. There are dishes and clothes lying scattered about. Old food wrappings and clutter are everywhere. He brushes his finger on the coffee table in front of him and looks to see thick dust.

In fast motion, Will cleans the entire apartment. He throws the trash into giant black trash bags, picks everything up, brings clothes to the washer/dryer. He washes all the dishes in the dishwasher. Scrubs the floors, dusts and wipes the furniture. He vacuums and rearranges everything into neat and tidy order.

Afterward, Will jumps into the shower. He gets out, combs his hair and puts on a pair of clean blue jeans and a white t-shirt. He runs into the living room and unplugs his cell from the wall. He looks out the window. It's begun to get dark.

Will runs into the kitchen and opens the fridge. He sees a few pieces of American cheese and a half bottle of coke.

He opens the freezer. Sitting alone in the middle is a small frozen cheese pizza. Will smiles.

He turns the oven on and places the pizza inside. He looks at the clock; 8:23pm. He walks into the living room.

He sits on the couch, turns the TV on and pulls out the piece of paper with Sarah's number written on it and stares at it.

Close up of Will's face.

Without warning the entire apartment becomes dark as night and silent. The appliances shut off. The digital clock in the kitchen is black.

Will sighs.

He flips his cell phone open and uses the light to see the number for Sarah on the paper. He dials her number on the phone. He hears the sound of ringing.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH (O.S.)
Suicide Hotline, this is Sarah.

WILL
It's me again, Will.

SARAH (O.S.)
Hello Will! You made it one more
day! And...?

WILL
And my fucking power just turned
off. I'm starving too, damn pizza
wasn't done cooking in the oven.

Sarah laughs.

WILL
Why's that funny?

SARAH (O.S.)
I'm sorry, it's just that you sound
a little more... alive, then
yesterday.

Will leans back on his couch and rubs his head.

SARAH (O.S.)
I'm sorry Will. Aside from the
power going off, how did things go
for you today?

WILL
Well, okay I guess. I fully cleaned
my apartment. I was happy it was
clean and now I can't see the
fucking place.

Sarah snickers.

WILL
And I had this little 59 cent pizza
in the oven. I mean.. I JUST put
the stupid thing in the oven and
poof...

Sarah howls in laughter. Will's eyes flash angrily in the
dark, but Sarah keeps laughing and then Will laughs too.

They both stop.

SARAH (O.S.)

I'm so sorry I was laughing Will,
it's not at you, it's just the way
you were saying it, was really
funny.

WILL

Glad we could laugh at my
expense. The power going off,
that's the universe telling me no
matter what I do, it's hopeless.

SARAH (O.S.)

No, Will, that's what made us laugh
tonight and who knows what will
happen tomorrow.

WILL

Tomorrow?

SARAH (O.S.)

Yes, tomorrow. Tomorrow figure out
the problem of getting your power
back on.

WILL

What difference does that
make? I'll be kicked out next week
anyway.

SARAH (O.S.)

Don't worry about next
week. Tomorrow, worry only about
the electric okay?

Will sighs and chuckles.

WILL

One more day?

SARAH (O.S.)

Please.

WILL

Fine. Don't know what I'm going to
do, but, yeah, one more, I guess.

SARAH (O.S.)

Good! Call me tomorrow night.

WILL

Yeah if my battery doesn't die.

Will closes his phone. He rubs his stomach, stands up and feels his way into the kitchen. He opens the oven and pulls out the still frozen pizza, breaks off a piece and crunches it.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Will slowly opens his eyes. He stares over at the coffee table and revolver laying atop of it. He grabs the gun and places it under the sofa cushion.

He picks up the clump of envelopes and finds the Electric Bill.

He opens it. 160.00 Over Due in bold red letters.

He puts the envelope down. Opens his phone, the battery meter is full.

He walks into his kitchen and grabs a coffee can from the fridge and spills bills and change onto the counter. He counts the money and change.

WILL
Eleven fucking dollars...

He stuffs the money into his pockets and walks out the front door.

INT. WILL'S PARENTS HOUSE - DAY

A door bell rings. PATRICIA RHODES walks to the front door and opens it. Standing there is her son Will.

Patricia stares at Will, her eyes slightly bulged and mouth agape.

WILL
Mother.

PATRICIA
Will, honey. Come in.

Will walks in hesitantly.

WILL
Where is he?

PATRICIA
At work. Are you hungry? I can whip you up something.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Yeah, please. Actually, Mom, I need some help. My electric just got turned off and I'm still trying to find work.

They walk into the kitchen where Patricia opens the fridge pulls out sandwich meat, mayo, pickles, grabs bread and places it on the counter.

Will sits on the chair in front of the counter.

PATRICIA

Oh honey, you still haven't found a job?

Will grabs his head and slumps.

PATRICIA

You really need to be working Will. The age you are now, you need to get all of your-

WILL

The electric bill Mom. I need \$160.00 for it to be turned back on.

Patricia spreads mayo on the bread and puts the sandwich together. She places it on a plate and pushes it to Will. She opens the fridge and grabs a coke and gives it to him.

PATRICIA

I can give you what I have set aside. Get your electric back on and get some food. You look thin.

Will devours his sandwich.

WILL

Thanks Mom.

PATRICIA

Don't tell your father.

WILL

Why the hell would I talk to that bastard?

PATRICIA

(Angrily)

Don't you call him that William Rhodes Jr!

(CONTINUED)

Will takes a sip from the can of coke.

Patricia reaches into her purse and opens a small pocket on the inside and pulls out a wad of twenties.

PATRICIA

Your father is a good man. When we lost Sarah, he, just took all the blame.

WILL

He took it out on me Mom, on me.

PATRICIA

Young man you have no idea what we went through. A loss like that... No parent should ever have to endure that kind of pain.

Patricia tears up and counts 12 twenty dollar bills and hands them to Will.

Will takes the money and looks at his mother. His eyes become sad. He pushes the empty plate forward.

He pockets the money and stands. Patricia looks at Will and wipes her eyes. Will walks to her and gives her a hug.

WILL

I have to go Mom. Thanks for the food and money.

PATRICIA

It's fine honey. Please...

Patricia cups her son's face in her hands and pulls him close.

PATRICIA

Please, make something of yourself. You're smart. And try to forgive your father. You both need to talk and get the past cleared up.

WILL

Just trying to get through the day Mom. I love you.

Will walks out of the kitchen and to the front door. He glances at the wall. There is a picture of a younger him and his sister. He sighs.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Will plods back and forth in his apartment, lights and TV are on. The clock on the oven reads 8:30pm. He picks up his cell phone and dials. The phone rings.

SARAH (O.S.)
Suicide Hotline, this is Sarah.

WILL
This is Will again.

SARAH (O.S.)
Oh hello again Will! It's so great to hear your voice! How was today?

WILL
I got my power back on, but had to bum the money off my mom.

SARAH
That's great you talked to your mom! Was she happy to see you?

Will paces the living room rubbing his left temple.

WILL
I guess. Kinda lectured me a bit, but I guess she's had it tough too.

SARAH (O.S.)
I can imagine. It must be tough for your whole family.

Will sits on the couch.

WILL
Yeah, I didn't really think about how my sister's death affected everyone. I just don't understand why my dad was so hard on me.

SARAH (O.S.)
Why don't you talk to him?

WILL
I can't. We got nothing in common.

SARAH (O.S.)
How many times have you both really talked to each other?

(CONTINUED)

WILL
(Angrily)
You don't hear so well do you, I
said we got nothing in common.

SARAH (O.S.)
So you have never really talked
with your father?

WILL
Fucks sake! No, okay?

SARAH (O.S.)
Then how could you know who he is
and how could he really know you?

WILL
I get what you're saying, but, I
just can't talk to the guy.

SARAH (O.S.)
Alright Will! I think you had a
good day, will you go one more?

WILL
I guess. Just paid the electric
bill and got some food. I can at
least eat up all the food first.

Sarah laughs.

WILL
You gotta cute laugh, where are you
from.

SARAH
Talk to you tomorrow Willy.

The line goes dead.

WILL
Willy?

Will walks to the kitchen and opens the oven. He pulls out
a small pizza, cheese bubbling, pepperoni curled. He
smiles.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Will opens his eyes and stares. He looks around his apartment. He jumps off the couch. Runs to the kitchen and starts the coffee pot. He disappears into the bathroom and turns the shower on.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - SAME

Will is dressed in black slacks, white shirt and blue tie. His hair is combed back nicely. He sips from a mug of coffee.

He looks into the mirror.

WILL

Time to get a job you worthless hobo.

He exits his apartment.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Will walks the sidewalk with a newspaper. People walk by him both ways. He visits several shops with "Now Hiring" signs in the windows. Each time he walks out with a frown.

He enters another and when he exits he throws the newspaper into the trash and angrily kicks a parking meter.

There is a loud CRASH. Will turns his attention up the street where he sees a car crashed into a stop sign. He runs to the car.

People circle around the car, taking pictures with their cell phones. Will runs to the drivers side door angrily pushing people out of the way. He opens the car door and sees hunched to the side, clutching his chest, his own father.

WILLIAM RHODES SR looks at his son unable to speak. He clutches his chest in agony.

Will dials 911 and hands the phone to a stranger.

WILL

Get the ambulance here now!

He pulls his father out of the car and lies him on the ground. He yanks a bottled water from a man next to him and pours some into his father's mouth and drenches his father's head.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Hang in there Dad! Help is coming.

Will's father holds his hand and looks at his son, eyes teared up, slightly nodding. His eyes shut.

The ambulance appears and place his father on the stretcher. Will jumps in the back as they head off to the hospital.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

William and his mother Patricia sit in the waiting area. A DOCTOR appears before them both.

DOCTOR

William?

WILL

Yeah?

DOCTOR

You saved your father's life today.

Will's mother cries out in joy and hugs Will intensely.

DOCTOR

He wishes to see you.

Patricia kisses her son's cheek.

PATRICIA

Oh baby, please go make peace with your father. Please honey.

Will breathes in deeply, looks at the time on his cell phone. 8:15pm.

He nods and heads off with the Doctor.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - SAME

Laying in a hospital bed is Will's father. He sits up slightly as Will enters. The Doctor leaves. Will stares at his father. Will's father smiles slightly.

WILLIAM SR

You saved my life today son.

Will stares at his father. His face tight and jaw clenched.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM SR

I know son. I know. I have a lot
of forgiveness to ask of you.

Will gets closer to his father, his eyes teary.

WILL

Fuck Dad. I hate... hated you man.
What did I do so wrong? Why did it
get so-

William Sr. breaks into a slight cry. His face turns slight
red. The heart monitor beeps slightly faster.

Will, grabs his father's hand.

WILL

It's okay dad. I know we got a lot
to talk about. Just don't kick the
bucket before we get the chance
man.

William Sr. nods at his son and smiles, his eyelids start to
close. The heart monitor settles back to an even rhythm.

Will turns to walk out.

WILLIAM SR

Willy...

Will turns around quickly, his head slightly cocked.

WILLIAM SR

I love you, Willy.

His father falls asleep. Will turns back around, his eyes
wide in thought. He exits.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - WAITING AREA - SAME

William hugs his mother. She holds William at arms reach.

PATRICIA

Can I give you a lift home Willy?

Will looks at his mother brow furrowed in confusion.

WILL

Why is everyone calling me "Willy"
all of a sudden?

Patricia laughs slightly.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA

It's something your sister used to call you. I'm sorry sweetheart. Come on, let's get some coffee.

Will's jaw drops. He pulls out the piece of paper with Sarah's number. He calls the number.

He hears a prerecorded message. The number has been disconnected.

He finds the 800 number in his call log and dials that.

Patricia grabs her son.

PATRICIA

Honey, what's wrong?

WILL

Hold on ma.

The line rings.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Suicide hotline, your name please?

WILL

This is Will Rhodes. I need to speak with Sarah please.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Sir, this is the suicide hotline.

WILL

Yes, I need to speak to one of your reps, Sarah.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

One moment please.

Will chews his fingernails and stares at his wide-eyed mother staring at him back.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Sir?

WILL

Yes?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

I'm sorry sir, there is no Sarah who works here.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Bullshit, she gave me her private line to reach her.

PATRICIA

Who are you talking to Will?

WILL

Cool it Mom. Hello, she gave me her number.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Sir, we do not have private lines, are you sure you called this Suicide prevention center?

WILL

Yes it was this fucking Suicide prevention Center, the number she gave me is-

Will's mother's eyes go wide with concern and she covers her mouth with her hand as she shakes her head slowly, side to side. Will, pats her shoulder and shakes his head to dismiss her unease as he unfolds the paper he was holding.

WILL

The fucking number she gave me was
702 555 1212

Will's mother eyes become impossibly larger as she hears him say the number. She falls limply onto the chair behind her, her teary eyes stare into space unblinking.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Sir, unless you are calling for support in suicide prevention, I cannot continue this discussion.

WILL

I don't, Sarah... I need to speak to Sarah.

The line goes dead. Will looks at his phone with wild eyes. He dials Sarah's number again and gets the prerecorded message of disconnect.

He puts the phone and paper in his pocket. He looks down to his mother.

WILL

Mom, you alright?

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA
That number you called.

WILL
Long story mom, I was feeling real
down a few days ago.

PATRICIA
The number-

WILL
Don't worry about it mom. I talked
to Sarah and she helped me a lot,
she sounded so familiar, but now I
just can't reach her.

PATRICIA
You talked to Sarah...

WILL
Yeah Sarah.

PATRICIA
You, talked to SARAH.

Will's brows raise.

PATRICIA
702 555 1212

WILL
Yeah, that's her number, was her
number. It's disconnected for some
reason and I... don't-

Patricia giggles, then cries and then laughs. Will stares
at his mother in fear.

PATRICIA
That number... Was your sisters
number honey.

Will goes pale and is forced to sit down.

WILL
Impossible...

PATRICIA
She's an angel.

Will stares unmoving, unblinking. His mother sits beside
him using his shoulder to rest her head and smiling face.

We slowly zoom out and above.

FADE TO BLACK