

DAWN'S GLORY

FADE IN:

EXT.: DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

THE SOUTH, SPRING 1934

Thunder rumbles, lightning crashes and a dog howls.

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT: TURNER PLANTATION 1934

A full Moon and stand of pine trees expose JUBAL (16-18), a Black sharecropper's son, running. A dark horse with Rider gallops behind. Jubal looks back and up. A shadow crosses him.

EXT.: SHARECROPPER'S SHACK - NIGHT

Jubal stumbles into the shack. A hand repeatedly clangs a bell.

EXT.: DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The Horseman sees torches moving in front of the shack.

EXT.: SHARECROPPER'S SHACK - NIGHT

The Family is urgently placing them around it humming a gospel song as a Woman waves a burning broom throughout the threshold. Another slings salt across the two, porch stairs. Wind rises and clouds streak the moon. Jubal's GRANDMA (60-65), smoking a pipe, directs the others. A young Woman holds a crying Infant.

GRANDMA

Take that chile inside!

Wait!

The panicked young woman looks down the path. Thunder rumbles as the Grandma puts a black amulet around the baby's neck.

P.O.V.: QUICKLY PASSING THE SHACK, DOWN THE PATH, THROUGH THE PLANTATION HOUSE DOOR, UP THE STAIRS AND INTO A ROOM WHERE A WHITE WOMAN MOANS AND TOSSES IN HER SLEEP. LIGHTNING...

INT.: APARTMENT - DAWN

NORTHERN CITY, SPRING, 2009

Blinds are opened to the Sun rise. Unlit candles, heavy with melted wax and other mystical objects are throughout the room. Face unseen, an older, BLACK MAN with cane sits in a cushioned chair, places his feet on an Ottoman and turns on the TV.

CLOSE UP on the television. Elderly are on the porch playing table games. Others fish at the pond or play croquette.

TV COMMENTATOR
 Dawn's Glory retirement
 home. "Where memories are
 kept alive."

The Man turns to a yellowing photo of the Grandma in a beige,
 high-collared dress. A seven-year-old Boy stands beside her.

INT.: BILLIARD HALL - DAY

CLOSE UP on BILL "SIMP" SIMPSON'S (72-75) eye focused on a
 nine-ball shot. Compassionate with a sense of humor, his black
 amulet is seen on a chain as he shoots and balls roll into the
 pockets. On a cane, he extends his hand around the table.

MR. SIMPSON
 I'm collectin' all bets.
 'Don't wanna' have to come
 back lookin' for ya.'

The Patrons give him a warm send off. DOC (55-60), a friend, is
 at the doorway waving, "come on."

EXT.: BUS TERMINAL - DAY

Doc helps Mr. Simpson out of the Mercedes with his luggage.

DOC
 Ya' still got a whole
 lotta' years left Simp.

MR. SIMPSON
 'Guess I'm jus' tired of
 livin' alone.

DOC
 'Hope you can handle that
 two-day ride.

MR. SIMPSON
 I'll be all right, Doc.

INT.: BUS - DAY

Mr. Simpson sits near the front. He lightly grabs his heart and
 takes a pill. The bus pulls off. His vision slightly blurs...

EXT.: DAWN'S GLORY - DAY ESTABLISHING

Birds sing and flowers bloom around the tranquil, plantation,
 retirement home. Racially diverse, residents are active while
 others sit on the porch wheelchair-bound and lifeless.

INT.: DAWN'S GLORY - DAY

The main sitting area has high ceilings, grand windows and hardwood floors. The elderly are tended to by Orderlies.

INT.: DR. ALSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

A large, grandfather clock is next to a desk. The administrator, DR. RON ALSTON, Caucasian, (50-55), self-centered with a feminine aura, brings items from his briefcase. He hangs a certificate on the wall then pulls out a framed photo and admires it. The phone rings.

DR. ALSTON

(On phone)

Dr. Ron Alston speaking...

(Pause)

Maybe you can stop by next week, Mr. Tucson. But the last thing these old folks wanna' talk about is ghosts and death.

He hangs up as EMMA CRAWFORD (50-55), Head resident nurse, sharp, kind and authoritative, knocks on the door and enters.

EMMA

'Expecting more interviews?

DR. ALSTON

Uh, yes. Miss Ivy.

Emma starts to leave the room.

DR. ALSTON (CON'T.)

Oh, Emma. I think we'll make a good team.

She closes the door. He moves to his desk, admiring the photo.

INT.: MAIN SITTING AREA - DAY

An attractive woman moves amongst the elderly. She is ANGEL IVY (27-30) exotic and rather shy. Her eyes are light colored. She wears a dark, dress suit and carries a black, velvet bag.

EMMA

Can I help you?

ANGEL

I had an appointment today..

EMMA

Miss Ivy? I'll get Dr.
Alston.

INT.: DR. ALSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma opens the door.

EMMA

Miss Ivy is here.

INT.: MAIN SITTING AREA - DAY

MRS. RIVERS, Creole (80-85), blind and wheelchair-bound, faces the sunlit window.

ANGEL (O.S.)

What stunning features!

Startled, Mrs. Rivers turns towards her voice.

MRS. RIVERS

Oh, thank you.

ANGEL

Full lips, high cheek
bones, thick-head-a' hair...

DR. ALSTON

Miss Ivy? I'm Ron Alston.
'Glad you could make it.
Are you ready for the tour?

While touring we see that one-third of the Elderly are non-functional or semi-conscious. Upstairs more are bed-ridden.

DR. ALSTON

As you can see, they need
some type of stimulus.

They come to a small, neat, room overlooking the back yard.

DR. ALSTON (CON'T.)

'And this is your room.

ANGEL

I've got the job? Oh, Dr.
Alston you are too kind,
and don't worry, I've got
just the thing.

She lifts her black velvet bag. Dr. Alston and Emma leave. She looks out the window then sits on her bed and meditates.

INT.: CAB - DAY

Mr. Simpson notices a club, the Fox Trap. Further, he sees a cemetery where a CRYPTIC OLD WOMAN meanders around graves, then, he sees the sharecropper's shack. Grey and blue, its paint is faded and peeling. They pull in front of DAWN'S GLORY.

MR. SIMPSON

'Keep the change, Buddy.

He pays the Driver who carries his luggage to the walkway.

INT.: DAWN'S GLORY - DAY

Through a window, Emma sees him carrying a brief case.

EXT.: PORCH - DAY

As Orderlies retrieve his luggage, a stray dog faces an empty corner viciously barking. Emma shoos him away.

EMMA

You must be Mr. Simpson.
I'm Emma Crawford, head
resident nurse.

MR. SIMPSON

'Pleased to meet you Emma.
You can call me, Simp.

INT.: DAWN'S GLORY - DAY

Mr. Simpson observes the Elderly.

EMMA

Okay Simp. Let me show you
to your luxury suite.

They get on the old 1930s elevator with a gate.

INT.: ELEVATOR - DAY

MR. SIMPSON

'Like that perfume!

The elevator abruptly jerks, stops, and the lights go out. Lights come on and the elevator continues up.

INT.: UPPER HALLWAY - DAY

They exit the elevator and proceed to a small, sunlit room.

INT.: MR. SIMPSON'S ROOM - DAY

EMMA

Dr. Alston will see you
shortly.

Emma leaves. He brings out a bottle of liquor, gets a glass and slings down a drink.

INT.: UPPER HALLWAY - DAY

MR. CLEMENTS, Caucasian (70-72) a resident, is rolling towards the staircase in a wheelchair. Simpson stops it from behind.

MR. SIMPSON

Ya' all right?

MR. CLEMENTS

'Tryin' to decide if I
wanna' stay up here or go
back down. 'Been here nine
years, haven't had one
visit from my family.

MR. SIMPSON

They'll come around. If I
were you, I'd go down -- on
the elevator.

Mr. Simpson pushes him onto the elevator.

INT.: ELEVATOR - DAY

MR. SIMPSON

My name's Simpson.

MR. CLEMENTS

Clements -- and thanks.

MR. SIMPSON

For what?

MR. CLEMENTS

'Pushing me down the hall.
'Kind'a fast, but...

Reaching the first floor, Mr. Simpson opens the gate.

INT.: MAIN SITTING AREA - DAY

EMMA

This is my job Mr. Simpson.
You came here to rest.

Emma takes the wheelchair as Dr. Alston approaches.

DR. ALSTON
Mr. Simpson? Ron Alston,
Administrator. Let me give
you an orientation.

INT.: DR. ALSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Alston gives Mr. Simpson a Dawn's Glory brochure.

DR. ALSTON
This house is about 120
years old.

MR. SIMPSON
One-hundred-eighty.

DR. ALSTON
We have our own chapel,
golf course, a pond...

MR. SIMPSON
A graveyard and an Oak tree
that grows horizontal.

DR. ALSTON
You're well informed.

MR. SIMPSON
I was born here in 34'. My
family sharecropped.

DR. ALSTON
Then you must know of the
Ghost stories surrounding
this place.

Mr. Simpson walks to the window and looks out.

MR. SIMPSON
"Haints," Dr. Alston. Many
a' night my grandma stood
down some of man's most
horrific, apparitions. Yes,
it's a beautiful place..

He turns with a look of warning.

MR. SIMPSON (CON'T.)
I'm just hopin' the
suffering is over.

INT.: MAIN SITTING AREA - DAY

Mr. Simpson sees Mr. Clements on the porch, depressed. He goes to the Nurse's station and gets a contact roster.

INT.: MR. SIMPSON'S ROOM - DAY

MR. SIMPSON

(On phone)

Hi, is this The Clements' residence? My name is Bill Simpson. I'm a good friend of your father...

(Stern)

Listen to me!

INT.: NURSES' AREA - DAY

Angel is grinding and sifting plants. Emma enters unnoticed.

EMMA (O.S.)

What 'cha doing?

ANGEL

Working on a remedy...

Emma gets a clipboard, oddly looks at her and leaves.

EXT.: PORCH - DAY

ONE WEEK LATER

Mr. Clements is tossing and moaning in his sleep. Dead leaves trickle by his chair as a shadow covers his face waking him. He looks into Mr. Simpson's focused eyes.

MR. CLEMENTS

What the hell...

MR. SIMPSON

'Don't know what ya' did, but haints are riding you.

MR. CLEMENTS

What are you talking about?

Emma comes from the house with the tray of medicine.

EMMA

Okay boys, be good or I'll make you stay after school. Time for your treats!

She gives them each a small, paper cup-full of medicine.

EMMA (CON'T.)

Good boy, Mr. Clements!

MR. SIMPSON

I guess it's true. If it
don't kill ya,' it'll make
you sick!

EMMA

Stronger, Mr. Simpson, it
will make you stronger.

MR. SIMPSON

Since I' 'been takin' that
crap, all I got was, sick!

Angel comes from the side of the house carrying weeds (herbs).
Mr. Simpson curiously stares as she moves towards the door. She
notices and continues into the house.

LATER, Mr. Simpson is on the lawn playing cards with two other
Gentlemen.

MR. SIMPSON

Emma baby, when 'we gonna'
get a new deck'a cards?
These are so worn, you can
see right through 'em.

EMMA

From what I hear, you don't
play fair anyway.

MR. SIMPSON

I ever cheat you guys?

One opponent is deaf, wearing a huge hearing aid. Oblivious to
the conversation, he just smiles at Mr. Simpson. The other,
JOHNSON (70-72), grumpy with one arm, quickly deals.

INT.: MR. CLEMENTS' ROOM - DAY

Dr. Alston listens to Mr. Clements' heart. Angel enters as he
probes his legs with a needle. There's no response.

ANGEL

Hey, Doc. 'Got this herbal
therapy. It's worth a try!

MINUTES LATER, Mr. Clements' legs soak in a tub of hot water.
Angel pours in a green substance and adds a few leaves.

EXT.: LAWN - DAY

Mr. Simpson is dealt a bad hand and throws down his cards.

MR. SIMPSON

Aw, you guys are just too good for me. I'm out! You still owe me ten, Johnson.

He and Emma walk.

MR.SIMPSON (CONT'.)

Oh, did I tell you my niece is comin' on Family Day? Works with them computers like nobody knows.

EMMA

I might have a job for her around here.

MR. SIMPSON

Can't wait to tell her!

Angel walks on the lawn toward the elderly.

ANGEL

Okay folks gather round.

MR. SIMPSON

Aw, Emma. Do I have to?

He reluctantly joins the others. Angel slowly takes them through arm drills and head turns. They happily respond.

DR. ALSTON

She's good.

EMMA

(Concerned)

They're not ready for this.

DR. ALSTON

Maybe it's what they've needed.

MR. INGRAM, (80-85) screams. He has a crook in his neck. All run to him concerned. Emma and Dr. Alston stay back.

MR. CLEMENTS (O.S.)

Look folks, she cured me!

Mr. Clements happily walks on the porch in tears.