

SANDSTONE

Written by

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FADE IN:

OVER BLACK.

There is quiet, then there is the loud CLUNK of a lamp being knocked off a bedside table, a glass LANDING on carpet.

MIRIAM (V.O.)
Cathy...!

The voice is hoarse, ragged with the exhaustion of chronic pain. The sound of stumbling STEPS grow louder.

A medicine cabinet opens.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRIAM'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

CATHERINE HART, 40, rummages in the medicine cabinet. Her eyes are bloodshot and glazed.

CATHERINE
Where the fuck are those pills...

She shoves half-empty bottles of Avon makeup and tubes of Blistex aside, finds the orange bottle. She unscrews the top and a lone white pill falls into her palm. She frowns at it.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
CVS just filled these...

MIRIAM (O.S.)
(panicked)
Catherine!

Catherine rushes out of the bathroom.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
Oh my god-- Mom, hang on, hang on,
I'm calling an ambulance, hang on!

TITLE: SANDSTONE

INT. TARZANA MEDICAL CENTER ICU - NIGHT

Catherine leaves a darkened room, closing the door lightly behind her. The whiteboard outside the door reads "Miriam Regan."

She rubs the sleep out of her eyes and gives the NIGHT NURSE on duty a little wave to catch his attention.

CATHERINE
(her voice a croak)
Hi, I'm...

She clears her throat.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I'm Catherine Hart with...

She gestures to her mom's room.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
My mom is out of her prescription.

NIGHT NURSE
You'll need to contact her primary
to get that refilled, ma'am.

CATHERINE
I just want to have some there at
the house for when she comes back--

NIGHT NURSE
There's nothing I can do, I'm not
able to prescribe anything. Talk
to...
(he checks Miriam's chart)
Dr. Feinman tomorrow.

CATHERINE
(with a bracing smile)
Okay, no problem. Thank you for
your help.

The nurse has already gone back to his Sudoku.

She holds her smile as she calls for the elevator, finally letting her face fall into tired lines once she is inside and the doors are closing.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Catherine pulls her iPhone from her purse and checks the screen: 3:54 AM, no notifications. She returns it to her bag and leans against the elevator wall.

INT. CATHERINE'S 2010 HONDA ODYSSEY - SHORTLY AFTER

Catherine pulls into the vacant drive-thru of a Wendy's, the pale morning sun scattering light across the condensation on her windshield.

CASHIER
 (via intercom)
 Welcome to Wendy's, can I take your
 order?

INT. CATHERINE'S HOME - KITCHEN - SHORTLY AFTER

Catherine sits eating her chicken sandwich at the kitchen table, looking over her daughter Alison's 3rd grade English homework between bites. She finds an error, erases the word, and rewrites it.

She goes to the fridge, reaches into a half-empty 24-pack of Tecate with "PETER'S" written and underlined on it in bold Sharpie. She drinks the beer in two long swigs.

She drops her bag and empty can in the trash. She pauses to push the empty Tecate can deep into the bin out of sight. She creeps into the living room. She has blankets set up on the couch. She crawls into them, still in her clothes, and drops immediately off to sleep.

INT. MICHAEL AND STEPH'S HOME IN MONTANA - NIGHT, SAME TIME

The room is sparsely decorated with a threadbare couch against a dirty wall. A streetlamp shines feebly through bent blinds.

MICHAEL REGAN, sometimes Mikey, is 33, skinny with bags under his eyes. He sits on the couch with STEPH SANDOVAL, 25, his equally thin, haggard girlfriend. She holds a Bic lighter and a spoon bent at the neck.

She runs the flame along the bottom of the spoon, heating its contents. The material is brown and sticky, like tar.

STEPH
 Your sister called. She said your
 mom's pain is back.

He waits for her to continue, but she is single-mindedly focused on preparing the drugs.

MICHAEL
 Catherine didn't say what happened?

STEPH
 (shrugging)
 She might've, I don't remember
 everything she told me. Might have
 been stomach pain?

MICHAEL
 Good that Catherine is there to
 help, I guess.

STEPH
 (rolling her eyes)
 Yeah, Saint Catherine.

MICHAEL
 Hey, give her a break. She
 practically raised me.

Steph is unimpressed.

The heroin is liquid, ready to inject. She ties a piece of
 rubber around her upper arm and presses the needle into her
 vein, releasing the heroin into her bloodstream.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 This is the last time, right?

STEPH
 (with a heavy sigh as her
 body begins to loosen up)
 Yeah, last time. Your turn.

She draws the rest of the heroin into the needle and helps
 Michael inject.

MICHAEL
 God that feels nice. Thanks, babe.

His glazed eyes roll heavenward as he falls back into the
 couch.

INT. CHRISTOPHER'S MALIBU HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT, SAME TIME

CHRISTOPHER REGAN, 37, snores softly, his sleeping face
 illuminated by the green LED of his alarm. He shares a king
 bed with his wife BARI, barely 30 and beautiful even in
 sleep.

The clock changes to 4:00 AM and BEEPs exactly once before
 Christopher quiets it, dragging his body out of bed.

He pads into the bathroom, pees, and starts the shower.

INT. CHRISTOPHER'S HOME - KITCHEN - SHORTLY AFTER

Christopher places his Yeti travel coffee mug under his Nespresso Vertuo and snaps a pod into place. He pauses and promptly pops it back open without running the system. He reads the description on the label and, grumbling, throws it out. He selects a similar-colored pod from the drawer and starts the machine up.

INT./EXT. DRIVEWAY, BY CHRISTOPHER'S MERCEDES S-CLASS - MORNING

Christopher tosses his computer bag into the backseat and settles in behind the wheel. He stretches to open the glove box, takes out a plastic Ziploc bag with a pill in it, takes it with a swig of coffee, and pulls away from the house.