

ON THE WAY

an original screenplay by

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INT. HANNA'S BEDROOM - DAY

HANNA sits at home, watching a movie with her friends. Young and spry, she wears a smile on her face constantly. She and her friends laugh and whisper, until a pitiful wail fills the air.

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Hanna? Hanna! Come on, now, girl!

HANNA and her friends share awkward looks.

HANNA

Just ignore him. He's always like this.

The girls go back to the movie. After a few short seconds...

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HHHHHAAANNNNNNNNNNNNAAAAAAAAAAAAA!
HEEEEEEEELLLLLLLLLPPPPP MEEEEEEEE!

The FRIEND next to HANNA pauses the movie as the wails continue.

FRIEND

I think you should check on him.

HANNA looks at her friend, smile still intact, and goes to the door. Her smile gives way to a grimace, she opens the door and shouts.

HANNA

I'M COMING!

INT. HANNA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE

As HANNA walks through the house, she listens to the mysterious's moans.

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Why do you hate me so much! I didn't do anything to you!

???? (CONT'D)

C'mon now, help me with this radio!
You know how that static kills me?
Thank that Alexander Graham Bell for the thing!

???? (CONT'D)

I'm telling you Hanna, those blacks are bad company. Clogging up our streets. Putting their backwater music in your ears. Except for Mrs. Lindon, the preachers' wife? The one that comes over on Tuesdays? Oooh, she got a voice like two angels high fivin'!

???? (CONT'D)

Yeah, she figures I outta be with the Lord sometime soon, but thats not the type of HEEEEELLLL I need! I'm never bothering anybody, the least you could do-

INT. GRANDPA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HANNA has arrived. Her GRANDPA is sitting up in his bed, wrinkled but bright eyed. His room is quaint, with sparks of flowers, balloons and get-well cards here and there.

HANNA

Grandpa, please stop yelling.

GRANDPA

Oh good, Hanna, you're here. Turn up the radio for me. My ears can handle it.

HANNA sighs and walks over to the radio, raising the volume. The static blares. An oldtime crooner comes on. GRANDPA grooves slowly to the tune, eyes closed. HANNA rolls her eyes and smiles.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

Not as good as Sam Cooke, but it'll have to do.

HANNA

You're annoyed by Graham Bell, but you know Sam Cooke's not white either, right?

GRANDPA looks at her, then continues on his way.

GRANDPA

C'mon, let me just enjoy myself.

HANNA

Wait, just a second ago you were ranting- Oh my God, why me? What's going on?

GRANDPA
Oh, what's your huff? Between the
painkillers and the-

HANNA reaches over and shuts off the radio.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
What's itchin you?

HANNA
Listen Grandpa, its rude to be yelling
to me when my friends are over!

GRANDPA
It's rude to make me wait! And
whatever happened to respecting your
elders?

HANNA
You're so old fashioned.

GRANDPA laughs.

GRANDPA
If only you were this funny normally.

BEAT.

GRANDPA motions to get up. HANNA rushes to his side.

HANNA
Hey, what are you doing?

GRANDPA slowly gets out of the bed, with HANNA's help.
GRANDPA takes HANNA's hand, and they start to slowdance.

They waltz around the room. HANNA starts to laugh.

HANNA sets GRANDPA down into his bed.

GRANDPA
Tell me you can't appreciate this.

BEAT

HANNA
I can't. I've got a life you know.
I can't just be at your beck and
call. Can I go back to my friends
now?

GRANDPA
You gotta understand kid. You're
gonna miss this.
(MORE)

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

It's the way the world works. Always coming around. You're gonna go of to...university, right? And your friends are gonna up and leave.

The room begins to spin. HANNA is now noticeably changed. She appears older. Her clothes are different, and there are slight bags under her eyes. She wears a collegiate scarf.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

Sure you'll make new friends there. But no one is gonna, or is supposed to, stick up for you like family.

But soon you'll have your own family to stick up for you.

HANNA is now sitting next to a college boy, holding hands.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

You'll meet some handsome man who will fall hard for your smarts and beauty. You'll fall in love too, but soon it'll be less about you two and then you three, four, maybe even five.

HANNA and the college boy look much older, and three kids have appeared. They look like they're posing for a family photo. HANNA looks around suprised.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

At that point, I'll be gone.

GRANDPA's bed is now empty.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

But soon enough, you'll be gone too.

HANNA's chair is empty as well.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

The new you at least. The new models go out of style too, yknow.

HANNA is now in Grandpa's bed.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

...Soon, you wont be able to come anywhere anymore. People will come to you. Hopefully they'll stay a while, to warm your hands, cause there's one more person coming slowly but surely.

INT. OLD FOLKS HOME - CONTINUOUS

GRANDPA's voice trails into the distance. HANNA opens her eyes. She appears drastically older. Her room looks like a prison cell. She observes her living conditions. The bad quality television. The dying flowers. A picture frame falls to the floor as she glances at it.

HANNA makes an effort to move but to no avail. Suddenly, the door opens. A teenage girl, TRACY enters with a huf.

TRACY

God, even your bathroom here sucks.

TRACY sits down and goes straight to texting. After a while, HANNA breaks the silence.

HANNA

How are you?

TRACY motions to get her things.

TRACY

I gotta get going, Grandma.

HANNA

Go? But you just got here! Lets watch a movie together, I can get-

TRACY

Sorry, Mom's waiting outside, and you know how she doesn't like to be kept waiting.

HANNA is taken aback. TRACY starts to leave.

HANNA

Wait! When can you come back?

TRACY leaves the room. After a few seconds, HANNA tries to pick up the phone. She drops it. She tries to move again, but to no avail.

HANNA's expression twists, and she begins to cry.

HANNA (CONT'D)

HELP!!!!!!!!!!!!

HELLLLLLLLLLPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!

HELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!

No one comes to her aid.

FIN