

Last Breathe

By

Lorraine Rice

EMAIL: Lorraine.rice@gmail.com

Number: 00353 86 10 33 924

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A middle aged woman, BARBARA, lies in repose, breath shallow, brow covered in a sheen of sweat. Her daughter, ELLEN, sits to her side, her husband, CHARLIE, stands in front of her.

CHARLIE

(anxiously)

Tell me what I can do love, you haven't eaten a thing all day. The box of chocolate hearts is in the fridge

BARBARA

(smiling gently)

I'm fine, honestly Charlie, just sit and watch the film. How is it they show Sleepless in Seattle every year?

Charlie brushes a few strands of hair away from Barbara's face, her skin clammy to the touch.

CHARLIE

(anxiously)

Romance, eh. (pause) If you're sure.

Charlie sits beside his daughter Ellen, lifting his eyes upwards, a gesture shared often by the two. Barbara never complains, one of the things he always loved about her.

ELLEN

(upbeat)

Mam, would you like a cup of tea? I'm making one.

Ellen leaves the room.

INT. KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Ellen stands at the kitchen door, closes her eyes, and fixes a smile on her face. In her hands she carries a tray, laid with mugs, a tea pot, the box of chocolates, a plate of toast, and a large white bottle.

ELLEN

Dad, clear the table there will ya. I don't want to drop this.

Charlie takes newspapers off a small coffee table, dropping them on the floor. He lifts the table across to Barbara's side.

Using the electronic control, he lifts her chair into a sitting position. As he does, he watches as Barbara's face grows paler with pain.

CHARLIE

(near tears)

Jesus Barbara, would you ever take some of this stuff.

Ellen has placed the tray on the table, and Charlie grabs the white bottle, opening the cap.

BARBARA

(shaking her head gently)

I don't want to forget, I'll be alright.

Ellen hun, pour a cuppa for me there.

(sporting a huge smile)

And I suppose one of those chocolate hearts, before you two eat them all.

Eating chocolates, drinking tea and watching the TV, Barbara, Charlie and Ellen sit together in silence.

INT. SITTING ROOM - SOME HOURS LATER

The TV volume low, the lights flickering around the room, as she sleeps Barbara's breathing has become shallower.

Every few minutes Ellen glances at her mother. Barbara's lips are cracked, with the signs of being bitten, the redness showing stark contrast to her pale papery skin.

With a start, Ellen sits up straight. Mere minutes have passed since she looked at her mother last, yet now there is nothing.

ELLEN

(in disbelief)

Mam's dead. Dad, she isn't breathing.

Charlie jumps up, and rushes to Barbara's side, his hand over her mouth, no breathe coming out.

She looks peaceful. Her eyes are glazed and looking straight at him. Looking at Ellen, he shakes his head. Tears fall down their faces.

Charlie leans over Barbara and takes both cheeks in his hands. He places a kiss on Barbara's now lifeless lips.

CHARLIE

(whispering)

I'll miss you love.

Charlie reaches for Ellen and takes her hand. They both stand beside Barbara for a few minutes, tears falling down their faces, as they realise she is gone for good.