

A LIFETIME

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. DARK SNOWY SKY - NIGHT

THE STREETS BELOW --

Snow pasted roofs. Lights from inside homes and street lamps giving the wet concrete a phosphorus look --

A TAXI pulls over to the side of the road -- across two lamp post -- entrance to a modest house.

The back door comes open slowly -- and out comes --

SARGENT DOYLE CHURCHILL, looking a modest 22, clean shave, in full attire, white steam escaping his open lips, revealing the extreme cold weather of this 14th day of February 1945.

He makes his way towards the house, a gait in his footsteps giving away a certain injury incurred in war.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MR AND MRS PARKINSON, in their early 50's, sit close to each other, across the fire-place, uncertainty on their faces.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR --

A BURLY ELDERLY MAN gently makes his way towards the door, and after a brief moment throws it open as --

Mr. and Mrs Parkinson get up slowly --

MR. PARKINSON
Doyle my boy.

SARGENT DOYLE
I came as soon as I could sir.

Mr. Parkinson nods almost regretfully.

MRS. PARKINSON
She must see you now.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door opens slowly --

Sargent Doyle enters the room.

Sally Parkinson, worn out, due to Leukemia, stirs slowly, her weak eyes taking in Sargent Doyle, her heart heaving with an effort.

SALLY
(Weakly)
D-Doyle?

Doyle sits by her side, his fingers gently caresses her pale face.

SARGENT DOYLE
Yes. Yes it's me Sally.

SALLY
I thought...
(Coughs)
I thought I'd...never see you
a-again.

Sargent Doyle's face is awash with tears.

SARGENT DOYLE
I'm so sorry...so sorry I left you.

SALLY
(Reaches and touches his face)
It's...not your fault my Love.

They hold hands and cry for a while.

SALLY
(Wipes her tears)
I have always prayed, prayed for
this day to come.
(She looks into his eyes with
a sudden urgency)
Doyle...please...kiss me. Kiss me
like you've never done before.

Doyle shakes his head painfully. He looks deep into her eyes -- so much pain. His head comes low. Their lips meet softly at first, then more firm and urgent.

He gathers her in his arms, screaming "NO" as he feels the Life depart from her body. Tears flow down his face, as he holds onto his love -- like he will never let go.