

ACT 1

FADE IN:

INT. LTAC HOSPITAL ROOM 11 - 2022

A man lies in an ICU bed, connected to medical equipment by tubes and wires. He appears to be in a coma. We pan across a series of cards from his family, spanning several years. Birthdays and a couple anniversaries. We land on a newspaper clipping, describing some kind of event at Trump Tower.

NURSE

Good morning, Lane. How are we feeling today?

LANE

(Unresponsive)

NURSE

That's nice.

She checks his vitals on the monitor. She opens an eyelid and checks his pupils with a pen light: Fixed and dilated. She checks his chart and makes a note. She squeezes his hand. And suddenly he squeezes back. His eyes spring open and he begins to gag on his breathing tube.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Well hello, there. Let's get this out of you.

She pulls the tube out of his throat slowly and he gasps for his first real breath in a long, long time. She lunges for the intercom.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Paging Doctor Pelleggi to Room 11, stat. Lane's baaaaack!

CUT TO:

INT. LTAC HOSPITAL NURSES STATION

DOCTOR PELLEGGI halts in mid sip on her awful hospital coffee, as the nurses look at each other slack-jawed. The DOC sets her cup down with a splash and rushes off. The NURSES follow her like a gaggle of goslings.

CUT TO:

INT. LTAC HOSPITAL ROOM 11 - LATER

DOC is just completing her neurological exam.

LANE  
Do I know you?

DOC  
(Takes pause)  
Maybe? You tell me.

LANE  
Hmmm. So what'd I miss?

DOC  
(Painful laugh)  
Well I'm not sure where to start.

LANE  
How long was I--

LANE sees a TV news Chyron referring to some kind of Congressional hearing about President Trump.

DOC  
Almost seven years, Lane.

LANE goes silent as he processes that.

DOC (CONT'D)  
(Deadpan)  
We're in the middle of two global pandemic crises. The Covid-19 Coronavirus and then a deadly orange plague before that.

LANE  
(Boiling)  
No. No no no no. Trump? The game show host? He won?! That asshole?  
How--

DOC clenches her jaw and nods. She takes his hand to calm him down. He sees the hurt in her eyes. The violation. The vacancy.

DOC  
Shhh.

LANE  
(Sighing)  
I had the strangest dream.

DOC  
Oh? Was I in it?

LANE  
(Coughs, then smiles)  
Um, no. But maybe next time?

She listens to his chest through her stethoscope.

DOC  
Deep breath.

He obliges.

DOC (CONT'D)  
And again.

LANE  
I was flying. Then falling. More  
falling. Forever. And then--

DOC  
(Whispering)  
Yeah?

LANE  
I was tinkering with a clock. One  
of those cuckoo clocks. You know,  
like from Germany.

DOC  
Oh I love those. They're so cute.  
Intricate. Complicated.

LANE  
Yeah. But this one was huge. A  
lotta work.

DOC  
(Grinning)  
You mean like Big Bird huge?

LANE  
(Clearing his throat)  
No, like I was inside it.  
(Straining)  
Surrounded by the gears and chains  
and shit-- I mean stuff.

LANE raises his hand to see a wedding ring on his finger. He gasps.

DOC

(Going pale)

I'm sorry, Lane... We decided not to take it off but... She's gone. I'm sorry.

LANE

Gone?

DOC

(Tearing up)

She got Covid early. The first wave took a lot of us, before the vaccines. Her lungs-- They... It... The Trumppers...

The moment is rudely interrupted by a loud ruckus in the hallway. A family wearing red caps is berating the nurses. Something to do with masks? A nurse is shoved up against the door.

LANE

(Bracing)

What's that all about?

DOC

Rural folk. Anti-vaxxers. Anti everything. That's just our reality now. I'm sorry. My nurses are tough.

LANE

But--

DOC

I'm sorry you came all this way. To wake up to this.

She plants the call button tenderly in his hand.

DOC (CONT'D)

Now rest, so I can take care of these morons. Let us know if you need anything. We'll catch up later.

FADE TO:

INT. LTAC HOSPITAL ROOM 11 - NEXT DAY

LANE is sitting up in his hospital bed, researching the last six years on his iPad, paying particular interest to stories about politics, the pandemic, civil unrest, and the January 6th insurrection. There's a sharp rap on the door.

NURSE

Lunch time-- Oh. Any questions, Rip Van Winkle?

LANE

Yeah, what the hell's "fake news?"

NURSE

Ha! You're watching it right now.

She points to Wolf Blitzer on the TV. She sets his lunch tray on the side table. LANE decides to search for his own name. Up pops a Fox News story about a deranged man who tried to disrupt Donald Trump's 2015 infamous 'golden escalator' announcement at Trump Tower, but instead fell to his apparent death when Trump's security team "tried to save him."

LANE

(Puzzled)

I have no memory of this.

NURSE

I saw it on YouTube. You're lucky they only fractured your skull and a couple joints. Eat up. Before the Secret Service gets here.

She leaves the room. LANE furrows his brow in concern. He pops a piece of toast into his mouth and browses to YouTube. He types a search for 'Trump golden' and autocomplete offers up 'showers' but he keeps typing 'escalator' and then 'incident'. And there it is: Video of a man being tossed off the mezzanine by a Russian bodyguard. One bounce off the escalator handrail next to Melania Trump, and a cartwheeling plummet to the marble floor below.

MELANIA (V.O.)

(Shrieking in Slovene)

What da fook!

DONALD (V.O.)

(Waving frantically)

Cut!

LANE scrolls down to read the comments, pausing at one that reads: "Take 1 LOLOL"

LANE

Fuck.

We see some toast and jelly drop onto LANE's iPad keyboard. His eyes fix and dilate. The monitors sound the alarm as LANE slips away.

FADE OUT.

ACT 2

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LTAC HOSPITAL ROOM - 2021

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - 2020

DOC

Well LANE, today's a big day. We have a deadly pandemic on our hands and we need your bed. So we're going to move you to someplace quiet.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - 2019

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - 2018

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - 2017

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - 2016

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - JUNE 16, 2015