

The Stinger

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

JON, an elderly man lies on his back on his bed. His gray sheets are thrown across sloppily. He inhales slowly, his body shaking.

The only window is open blowing in cold air and dimly lighting the room. His banister is cluttered with miscellaneous items, but a few stand out: a knocked over orange pill bottle and a glass of whiskey about to fall off the edge.

He exhales and closes his eyes.

INT. ICE RINK - SUNSET

Jon, middle-aged with stubble and the beginnings of wrinkles under his eyes, opens them.

KARA, a middle-aged woman is in front of him smiling tenderly, holding her hand out to Jon.

JON

Kara?

KARA

I waited up for you. Now, do you need me to tie your shoes because I will start charging you, mister.

Jon startled, looks around his surroundings. He chuckles in disbelief and eases into familiarity.

JON

I only know the bunny way, it's not my fault!

KARA

Race you around the ice!
(Beat. Jon catches up to Kara; she is bent over, her arms holding her torso.)

Oh yeah...I keep forgetting my bad lungs. Looks like I'm an old lady after all.

Jon looks down at the ice. His cool tears fall down, hitting it.

JON

I remember this day...It was a nice one.

KARA

(Bites her cheek and drops
her brows)

There's no fooling you then. I
wanted a little longer with you
this time...I like this day too; do
you remember how I got you hot
chocolate after you fell?

JON

(voice breaking)

I've missed you so much, Katherine—
so much. Cut to the chase. I'm
dreaming again, right? Please, tell
me if it's for real this time. Are
you really here?

Kara caresses Jon'S pink face with her hand and wipes away
his tears

KARA

I've always been here. Waiting. But
I have you now; it's okay. I got
you.

Jon chuckles and breaks down crying in relief

JON

(Quivering upside-down
smile)

You have me.

He leans into her embrace. Kara drops her hand and takes a
deep breath.

KARA

(regrettably)

But I need to show you something.

SHE GRABS HIS HAND LEADS HIM AWAY OFF THE ICE

INT. PARK - DAY

Kara and Jon stand by a tree. They see their fifteen-year-old
selves, sit on a dirty park table. They shiver in their thick
layers of clothing.

JON

Where are we?

KARA

A memory, like the times before,
but just a little different...We
were just teenagers.

JON

(pacing worryingly)
Why am I here, Kara? Does this mean
I'm really—you know? Is this what
the afterlife is?

Kara struggles to get a word in

JON (CONT'D)

Just a repetition of memories. I'm
so confused, I need a minute! Is
there a god?—Wait, are we in—

KARA

(Interrupting)
Jon! Jeez, I should've known how
much you'd worry! Everything will
make sense, just...trust me, okay?
(Beat Jon is calmer, he
smiles and nods his
head.)
Now watch.

They both look at the younger versions of themselves. YOUNG
JON swings his feet, excitedly.

YOUNG JON

I hate the cold, Katherine.

YOUNG KARA

(pretentious)
I quite like it.
Although...everything dies or hides
away. While I like the peace and
quiet, it's kinda morbid.

YOUNG JON

Yeah...but I did see a bee today.

YOUNG KARA

(skeptical)
Really? It's winter.

Kara looks away. Jon nudges her.

KARA

I forgot how awful I was.

JON

You weren't awful-completely...this was a little after she got sick right?

KARA

Yeah, it was. A month or two after.

JON

You had every right to be awful, Katherine.

KARA

Back then you helped me get through so much, and didn't even know it.

They share a bittersweet moment. She then points to the younger two. Jon studies the situation curiously.

YOUNG JON

Yeah really! It was beating against a glass pane; it didn't understand why it couldn't fly through. Despite each failure, the bee kept at it.

YOUNG KARA

Where are you going with this?

YOUNG JON

Nothing...I just thought it'd make you feel better. It ends happily, I promise.

YOUNG KARA

What happened next-with the bee?

YOUNG JON

Well, I just felt so bad for him! I mean, anyone would take pity on him.

YOUNG KARA

(sarcastic)

So it's a "him" now?

(Beat she stops laughing and coughs)

Continue.

YOUNG JON

He was going to die if he kept at it. Maybe his last goodbye wasn't supposed to be his last goodbye.

(MORE)

YOUNG JON (CONT'D)
 Maybe he just wanted home-

Young Jon is discouraged, Young Kara is on the brink of tears listening to him.

YOUNG JON (CONT'D)
 -had something to go home to.
 Or I don't know, probably just
 survival instinct or whatever. I
 mean, he wanted it enough to take
 in all of that pain.

Jon looks away and shudders,

JON
 I remember this one too, I just
 don't understand why.

Kara holds his hand firm and kisses the back of it

KARA
 (teasing)
 You struggle with patience.

She turns to the scene of the younger two. Young Kara looks at Young Jon in astonishment and curiosity.

YOUNG JON
 (continuing with his
 story)
 To help him, I got a red solo and
 scooped him up-

YOUNG KARA
 (seeing where the story
 was going)
 That bee could've stung you!

YOUNG JON
 (Empathetic and oblivious
 to her dissent)
 He was hurting.

YOUNG KARA
It's a bee.
 (Beat Young Kara looks
 regrettably purses her
 lips)
 Sorry...but it's Winter; he'll
 probably die in a week.

YOUNG JON

Well, he obviously wanted to live a little longer for *something*. That's why he kept going for so long. Now he gets to...I did what anyone would do though.

Young Kara smiles at him. They share an intimate look.

YOUNG KARA

No...I wouldn't have. Most wouldn't.

Jon let goes of Kara's hand and faces her

JON

Kara, I-I don-I don't get it.

Kara smiles at him, the same way she did when they were younger

KARA

(Tenderly)

Yeah, you do...that's why you're crying.

Jon, surprised, holds his face searching for his tears. He finds one falling down his cheek.

JON

Why didn't I feel it?

KARA

It's cold here. You wouldn't like it.

JON

(repeating himself)

Kara, why didn't I feel it?

KARA

(taking in a deep breath)

Jonathan, that bee didn't want to die. He just wanted to live the way he wanted so much it could've killed him...he wanted out.

JON

(voice breaking

No, no, please I don-I-don't care if it hurts! I can't feel anything anymore. I'm just numb without you. I want to be with you. I want this; I really do.

KARA

Not yet. Not like this.

JON

I'm ready, I promise. There's nothing for me there...*I need you.*

KARA

Don't you dare say that! He *needs* you. Don't do this to him.

JON

But it *hurts*. And-an-and I've messed up so much already without you here...oh Kara,

KARA

He already lost a mom

JON

He's grown up, living somewhere else, out there being a great father and I didn't teach him how...I'm so sorry;

KARA

I forgive you; you already know that. You got to forgive yourself.

JON

After you left-I-I was so awful. He has every right to hate me. *Please*, let me die; let me be with you. I need you; you make me better.

KARA

No matter what you think. You are always the man I fell in love with...You made me better. You don't need me; you gotta let go. You got to wake up...

JON'S VISION OF KARA AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS BLURS

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jon startles awake and hyperventilates. He holds his face in his hands. The cool wind is still blowing from the open window.

After a moment, Jon struggles to get up in the dark. He staggers toward the window. Before closing it, he looks up at the sky and shivers in the cold.

Jon slowly makes his way to his bed. He throws himself on It then looks to the ceiling for a moment, spiraling into thought. He searches the bed for his phone in the dim light. He grabs it and the blue light shines on his face, highlighting his wrinkles. He taps on the phone and puts it to his ear.

JON

David?

THE END.