

SPARROW

WRITTEN BY JIMING LINDAL

FADE IN.

INT. NURSE STATION -- MORNING

A big bag is pushed across the counter of the nurse station.

LINDA, (30), head nurse, heavy weight, stern, checks the bag.

Linda glances at SPARROW (40), a slender Asian woman, scattered. Linda pulls out the shampoo, comb, razor...

LINDA

They go to the contraband.

Linda's eyes trace to Sparrow's sneaker. Shoe laces.

LINDA (CONT'D)

This, off.

Linda points to the shoe laces. Sparrow is surprised but complies.

Linda gestures -- give that to me. Sparrow hands Linda the shoe laces. Linda throws them in the trash can.

LINDA (CONT'D)

We can't have them here.

Linda fills out a yellow paper and pushes the bag back to Sparrow.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Take your clothes, you're in room B-2.

Sparrow takes the bag.

INT. ROOM B-2 -- CONTINUOUS

The door is open.

Sparrow scans the room: Two beds. Two night stands. Two dressers.

A desk, against the wall.

A bathroom without the door, on the side.

Sparrow finds her bed and sits down. She empties the bag and a stack of clothes drops on bed. She sorts them out.

MARIA, (65), Sparrow's roommate, Hispanic, years leave marks on her but her eyes are tender. She moves closer to Sparrow with a walker.

MARIA

I'm Maria.

INT. NURSE STATION -- LATER

A line of patients in the hallway. PATIENT ONE shakes his legs. PATIENT TWO stares at the ceiling. MIKE (64), in shabby clothes, unshaven, Vietnam War Vet limps into the line. Maria pushes her walker closer when the line moves.

Sparrow, at the end of line.

Line moves and finally Sparrow reaches the nurse.

Linda hands Sparrow a cup of pills, and another cup, water.

Sparrow pours into her mouth, a cocktail of various pills. She then sends the water down the throat.

She throws the two cups in the trash can next to her.

INT. ROOM B-2 -- DAY

Sparrow lies in the bed, asleep.

Maria leans on a walker and pats on Sparrow.

MARIA

Group time, young lady.

Sparrow struggles to wake up.

INT. COUNSELLING ROOM -- A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Linda calls the room to order.

LINDA

Group session! Group session!
Everyone!

Maria finds a chair and sits down. Sparrow sits close to her. Mike plants himself on the opposite side, facing Sparrow.

The room is almost full. Linda looks around, and she is ready.

LINDA (CONT'D)
OK, let's start, who wants to go
first?

Maria leans on her walker, looks around.

Sparrow drifts to sleep.

Linda looks at Sparrow.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Sparrow, go introduce yourself.

Sparrow struggles to have her eyes open.

SPARROW
I'm Sparrow.

Mike leans back, taking a good view of Sparrow.

MIKE
An interesting name.

Linda ignores Mike.

LINDA
Your diagnosis?

Sparrow tries to recall, very hard.

SPARROW
Bipolar...seventy-two-hour hold...

LINDA
Do you want to say anything else?

Sparrow shakes her head, politely, and her head drops.

Linda turns to Mike.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Mike,

Mike points to himself, like Robert De Niro in Taxi Driver.

MIKE
You talking to me?

The room laughs.

The roll call continues.