

Reunion

INT. BATHROOM -- MORNING

VALERIE, a short brown woman, examines a hair held up with tweezers. She taps the tweezers against the mirror until the hair sticks. She closes her eyes and blows it off.

WILLIAM

Val?

Valerie's pulling at an eyelash with the tweezers.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Val?!

She taps the mirror with the tweezers until another hair sticks. She closes her eyes and leans to blow it off. WILLIAM, a long brown man, slaps his hand on the mirror. Valerie's eyes snap open.

VALERIE

What, Will?

WILLIAM

Why are you doing that?

VALERIE

I'm wishing.

WILLIAM

Will it work with you yanking them out?

She pries his hand from the mirror. The hair is gone. She lifts William's hand. He holds it at eye level.

VALERIE

It has to.

She closes her eyes and blows.

INT. CAR -- MORNING

Valerie sits up perfectly straight, her hands grip the steering wheel tightly. William grabs her wrist and pulls. Valerie doesn't budge.

WILLIAM

Why did you agree to come?

VALERIE

She's my mother.

WILLIAM

So.

She turns toward him, slumping back into the door.

VALERIE  
So, I have to get her. What was I  
supposed to say?

WILLIAM  
Fuck you?

She frowns and straightens up.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
I'd let her take a goddamn taxi.

VALERIE  
We can't all be like you, Will.

She puts the car in drive and pulls out.

INT. CAR -- MORNING

Will switches from song to song rapidly on the iPod. When he pauses at cheerful piano music Valerie's hand shoots out the stop him from changing it.

VALERIE  
What made you play that?

WILLIAM  
I just did. Why? What is it?

Tears are coursing down Valerie's face. The car swerves a little. Will steadies her hands.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
Pull over, babe.

As soon as the car stops Will hauls Valerie over onto his lap.

VALERIE  
It's us.

WILLIAM  
Us?

VALERIE  
We're playing a song she wrote for  
me.

Will strokes her face gently.

WILLIAM  
What is it called?

VALERIE  
Wishing. Because she wished for me.

WILLIAM

It's beautiful.

VALERIE

I want you to know us like that,  
Will. Not like the mess you came in  
on. Can you give her a chance?

WILLIAM

I don't know.

INT. LOBBY -- MORNING

Will and Valerie are slumped on a lumpy old sofa. The waiting area is filled with more equally old and abused furniture.

DR. MORAN

Valerie. It's nice to see you.

Will and Valerie stand.

VALERIE

Dr. Moran, I'd like you to meet my  
husband, Will.

DR. MORAN, small and middle-aged with a plump face, looks up at Will.

WILLIAM

Nice to finally meet you.

DR. MORAN

Likewise. I've heard a great deal  
about you. I admit, I wasn't  
expecting you to be so tall.

They chuckle. Valerie begins inching away, looking tense.

VALERIE

If we could just....

Dr. Moran and Will start at her words.

DR. MORAN

Of course.

They start off in opposite directions. Will looks confused.

DR. MORAN (CONT'D)

Oh. She's in the lounge.

VALERIE

The lounge?

EXT. LOUNGE -- MORNING

Soft piano music can be heard outside the door. Will and Dr. Moran walk in. Valerie pauses, gripping the doorway.

INT. LOUNGE -- MORNING

WILLIAM

Veronica?

VERONICA, a medium brown woman, stops playing at once. She swivels around on the bench, looking towards the door.

VERONICA

Val?

Valerie hesitates so long that Will walks over to her. He bends nearly in half to lean in towards her ear.

WILLIAM

I can't give y'all a chance, if you don't give yourself one.

She lifts her hands from the doorway. Will takes them both into one of his. Together they walk to the bench. Veronica cannot take her eyes off of her daughter. Valerie gestures towards the piano.

VERONICA

I had this sudden urge.

Veronica swivels back around and starts their song. She drops one hand as Valerie sits and picks up the remaining notes. The soft notes get louder the longer they play.

INT. LOBBY -- MORNING

The staff and waiting families in the lobby start towards to lounge.

INT. LOUNGE -- MORNING

Veronica and Valerie are teary and smiling. The room is bursting with patients and family and staff. Emotion leaks from the eyes of many.

Will steps closer. Valerie looks into his face. He lifts his hand and scoops a lash from her wet cheek. He holds it in front of her face.

She closes her eyes and blows.