



sunflower

SUNFLOWER

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Light from the sunflower-shaped nightlight creates a faint yellow glow in the room. It's dim from years of use.

And artifact of childhood in a standard adult's room. Queen bed with matching nightstands. Two figures in bed. Pill bottles scatter the left nightstand.

The person on the left shuffles. Twitches. An unconscious drawn out moan.

MAL (32), completely smooth bald, dark circles under her eyes, shoots into the seated positing. She catches her breath. She has no eyebrows, no hair. Nothing.

NEIL (32), stirs awake. He flips on his light, scoots close to Mal. He has messy brown hair, and a patchy beard.

NEIL

What is it? Mal, what is it?

Mal put her hand up for Neil to give her some space.

MAL

Please. I just...

Neil grabs a water bottle from his nightstand. Holds it out to her. She takes it, takes a sip.

NEIL

Mal, what's going on? Are you feeling okay?

Neil looks at her with fear in his eyes, worried.

MAL

I'm fine. I'm fine. Don't look at me like that.

NEIL

Like what?

MAL

All scared like that.

Neil retracts a bit.

MAL

I'm sorry... I just. I had a dream.

NEIL
You had a nightmare?

MAL
No, a dream. I haven't had a dream
since I started chemo.

Her eyes grow glassy and joyful. She laughs.

Neil calms. Softens.

NEIL
What happened?

MAL
I died.

Neil puts his arm around Mal. Holds her.

MAL
No, it wasn't bad. There was a
field. I was in a field. Of
sunflowers.

Neil peers over at the nightlight. His expression warms.

NEIL
Seems appropriate. You can't sleep
without that thing.

MAL
I can. I just like it. Reminds me
of when I was a kid. I used to have
these big adventures in my dreams.
Like fantasy, exploring castles,
living with tree people. That
nightlight was right across from my
bed, eye-level, so it was the first
thing I saw when I woke up. Like a
bookend to my adventures.

Neil nods. He grabs the water. Takes a swig.

NEIL
You ready to go back to bed?

Mal shoots Neil a glare.

MAL
Do you want to hear about my dream
or what?

NEIL

Right, right. Sorry. I'm still kind of half awake. Story time.

She jabs him with her elbow, playful. He smiles.

MAL

Anyway. I was in a field. I was a sunflower, surrounded by hundreds of other sunflowers. And I saw myself. She came and picked me.

NEIL

You were a sunflower and you picked yourself.

MAL

Just... it made sense. It was me as a kid. Maybe six or so. I was wearing a blue polka-dotted dress. I was the sunflower seeing my younger self. Anyway, she picked me. Put me in a vase. Then set me on the nightstand in my childhood room. I saw myself go to sleep, wake up, leave, come back, go to sleep. The nightlight on the whole time. After what felt like two days, I started to slump, and my vision got blurry. I could see a browning leaf on my stem. I could see fallen petals on the nightstand.

Neil stares, mesmerized by the sunflower nightlight as she tells her story.

MAL

I felt tired, but not bad. I saw more petals fall over the next few days. Then they stopped. I was really tired. Then she lifted my head. Petted it. She tried to prop it up, but my head kept falling along with the rest of my petals. She started to tear up just looking at me. I think that was the worst part.

Neil tears up. Sniffles.

MAL

Then, it felt like when you're taking a long road trip and you nod off for a split second.

NEIL

In the passenger's seat, I hope.

Mal elbows him again. Smiles.

MAL

It felt like I nodded off. Then all of the sudden I was in the field again. A different sunflower. Surround by hundreds of other sunflowers. And I saw her again.

NEIL

Yourself?

MAL

Yeah. She was searching for another sunflower. And she didn't see me. She picked a different one and ran off. And I just sat there blowing with the other sunflowers. Then I woke up and saw the nightlight.

Neil leans over to his nightstand. Turns off the light.

They both stare at the faint, yellow, sunflower nightlight. A yellow gleam in their eyes.

CLOSE ON THE NIGHTLIGHT

It dims a bit, then brightens.

FADE OUT.

THE END