

THE CANDLE

Written by

John F Daly



*The Candle*  
A sick girl on her death bed  
receives a candle that,  
when lit,  
brings forth new vitality,  
along with a being who holds  
secrets of the Universe.

[www.JohnDalyProject.com](http://www.JohnDalyProject.com)  
727-643-4570

INT. BEDROOM (THE CLEMENS HOUSE) - DAY

A sick 12 year old girl, LISA CLEMENS, lays in bed, as a nurse, MARSHA GARRETT, 40, arranges meds and gets medical equipment set up around her.

A woman MICHELLE CLEMENS, 32, Lisa's mother, sits in a chair next to the bed watching with tears in her eyes.

MARSHA GARRETT

(to Michelle)

Why don't you step out of the house for a while, it will be good for you. She'll be sleeping now for a while anyway. Everything is being monitored and she's currently stable. If there's any changes I'll contact you immediately.

Michelle nods yes, gets up and slowly makes her way to the bedroom door. She looks back at her daughter with the saddest face, then leaves the room.

OUTSIDE

She walks out of her house and sits on the steps that lead off the porch.

Her neighbor EMILY HARRINGTON, 33, walks over to her.

EMILY HARRINGTON

If there's anything I can do for you, please let me know.

MICHELLE CLEMENS

Thanks.

Emily sits next to her.

EMILY HARRINGTON

We never really got to know each other, but you know, I went through the same thing you're going through.

MICHELLE CLEMENS

Oh! That's right! Your son. I heard about that. I'm sorry.

EMILY HARRINGTON

Yeah, well, it's like living it again, knowing you're going through it. I feel for you, Really.

Both women look up and see a delivery truck stop in front of the house.

THE DRIVER, 25, gets out of the truck and starts walking up to the them carrying a small package.

THE DRIVER  
Excuse me, but, are either of you  
Mrs Clemens? Michelle Clemens?

Michelle raises her hand slightly.

THE DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Can you sign for this package?

Michelle takes his tablet and signs for it, he then gives her the package.

THE DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Have a nice day.

He starts walking toward his truck again, while Michelle looks at the brown wrapped package in her hands. The sender's address is in a foreign language.

EMILY HARRINGTON  
I wonder what it is?

MICHELLE CLEMENS  
I don't know. Looks like it's from  
another country. I'm kind of  
scared.

EMILY HARRINGTON  
Should be alright. It's from a  
legitimate courier service.

Michelle starts tearing the paper off the package, revealing a gold plated cylinder that has more foreign lettering on it (engraved).

She then starts pulling on the top of it.

MICHELLE CLEMENS  
Looks like it has a lid.

She pulls off the lid, pulls out some packing paper and takes a beautiful candle out of the cylinder.

EMILY HARRINGTON  
Oh, it's beautiful!

MICHELLE CLEMENS

Must of been ordered by someone  
that knows Lisa. She loves candles.

Michelle starts crying and Emily puts her arms around her to comfort her.

EMILY HARRINGTON

You know, they have beautiful  
candles in my church, but I've  
never seen a candle THAT beautiful.

Michelle's expression changes slightly to anger.

MICHELLE CLEMENS

I haven't gone to church in years.  
I think I've lost my faith. What  
God would give me the life I've  
had? My husband beat me, left us.  
My daughter is dying right before  
my eyes.

Michelle starts crying again and Emily hugs her tighter.

MICHELLE CLEMENS (CONT'D)

I just wish I could have more time  
with her.

Michelle begins to get up and Emily lets go of her and stands up also.

EMILY HARRINGTON

Remember, if there's anything I can  
do just let me know.

Michelle nods yes, waves goodbye and heads into the house.

INT. BEDROOM (THE CLEMENS HOUSE) - NEXT DAY

Michelle wakes up from sleeping in the chair next to Lisa's bed.

Lisa is partly awake, but so weak that she can hardly keep her eye's open.

Michelle sees that she's awake and moves closer to her side.

MICHELLE CLEMENS

Hi baby.

Lisa acknowledges her mom's words with a slight smile.

Michelle then picks up the candle on the table and brings it closer to Lisa's bed.

MICHELLE CLEMENS (CONT'D)  
 Look what someone got you. Isn't it beautiful? I don't know who ordered it for you, but they must know how much you love candles.

Michelle turns to the closest table, places the candle on it and looks in a drawer for matches.

She pulls some out of the drawer and lights the candle.

MICHELLE CLEMENS (CONT'D)  
 Oh, doesn't it smell wonderful?

Lisa just stares at it.

MICHELLE CLEMENS (CONT'D)  
 I'll be right back baby, I'm just going to get a plate to put under the candle, hold on.

Michelle leaves the room.

KITCHEN

Michelle searches the cabinet for a plate.

MICHELLE CLEMENS (CONT'D)  
 (pulling a plate out)  
 Oh, perfect.

Michelle heads back into the bedroom to find Lisa sitting up, and much more alert.

Michelle's expression is between joy and shock.

MICHELLE CLEMENS (CONT'D)  
 Baby?

LISA CLEMENS  
 Mom, we need to have a talk.

Michelle still has a slightly shocked expression on her face.

MICHELLE CLEMENS  
 (hesitantly)  
 About what, baby?

Marsha, the nurse, then walks into the room with fresh linens, sees Lisa sitting up and drops the linens.

MARSHA GARRETT

Lisa? You OK?

She walks over to her monitor, checks a few things then backs up to take in the sight of Lisa's improved condition.

Lisa just looks at her calmly.

LISA CLEMENS

Marsha, may I have some time with my mom please?

Marsha and Michelle both look at each other.

MARSHA GARRETT

(hesitantly)

Sure Lisa. I'll be in the utility room arranging some things.

Marsha slowly starts to leave, looking at Lisa again before going out the door.

LISA CLEMENS

Mom, you know I love you, right? So I've been asked to be an interpreter and want to convey a message to you.

MICHELLE CLEMENS

(hesitantly)

Ok, who are you interpreting for?

LISA CLEMENS

Someone who exists in the higher plains and is aware of our infinite existence.

Michelle looks slightly worried.

MICHELLE CLEMENS

Baby, I'm concerned. You aren't making sense to me.

LISA CLEMENS

That's exactly what I want to do, clear some things up for you.

Michelle drags a chair over to Lisa's bedside and sits in it.

MICHELLE CLEMENS

I can't believe you're so alert. But, you still have me a little confused.

LISA CLEMENS

I'm not scared mom. I'm safe, and want to let you know that.

MICHELLE CLEMENS

You're safe from what?

LISA CLEMENS

You know.

Michelle just looks at Lisa, slightly shakes her head no and shrugs her shoulders.

MICHELLE CLEMENS

You're speaking like you're an older person. You don't seem like you. Are you playing with me? I'm very happy that you feel good enough to do so, but Lisa, come on now. You were almost in a coma not long ago. I'm not up for games, I'm worried.

LISA CLEMENS

I'm with him, he's with me. He's helping me speak mom. It's a very intense feeling to share existence with him. There's nothing to worry about.

Michelle acts a little angry, like she's being played with.

MICHELLE CLEMENS

Alright Lisa, who's he?

Lisa calmly looks at her mom.

LISA CLEMENS

Michael, his name is Michael.

MICHELLE CLEMENS

Michael ha. Michael who?

LISA CLEMENS

The protector. The guide. He shows you the way. He's my friend, mom.

Marsha comes back in the room with an oxygen container. She puts it down and walks over to Lisa's candle.

MARSHA GARRETT

I'm sorry, but I want to get Lisa's oxygen setup for tonight. I hope you don't mind....

Marsha wets her thumb and finger with her mouth and pinches the candle out.

LISA CLEMENS  
(very weak voice again)  
The candle, need the candle.

Marsha and Michelle look at Lisa, who is now weak and hardly able to stay conscious.

MICHELLE CLEMENS  
Lisa?! Baby?!

Michelle quickly gets closer to Lisa to try and help her.

Marsha checks her monitor.

MARSHA GARRETT  
I don't understand. Her vital signs  
have deteriorated drastically.

MICHELLE CLEMENS  
Well do something!!

MARSHA GARRETT  
I don't know of anything that would  
of made a difference with her  
condition in the first place.

Michelle looks at the candle.

MICHELLE CLEMENS  
The candle.

MARSHA GARRETT  
The candle?

MICHELLE CLEMENS  
Light the candle again.

MARSHA GARRETT  
What?

MICHELLE CLEMENS  
Just do it!!

Marsha picks up the matches on the table and lights the candle.

Marsha looks extremely confused, while Michelle puts her hand up to her mouth like she's biting her nails while looking at Lisa.



Lisa slowly starts to become alert again, while Marsha keeps looking back and forth between her and the vital signs on her monitor.

Michelle, still biting her nails, shows a sign of relief with a slight smile.

MARSHA GARRETT

I've never seen such a thing.

Michelle points to herself then Lisa, indicating she wants some time with Lisa again.

Marsha nods yes, looking at Lisa in awe, then leaves the room.

MICHELLE CLEMENS

(to Lisa)

Ok, I'm listening. Please tell me more. This Michael, why is he here?

LISA CLEMENS

First, let me explain something mom. We never die. We're infinite beings, no beginning and no end. We're extensions of the only real source. We come here in the physical to advance ourselves. To become a brighter light by learning and growing.

Michelle starts crying.

MICHELLE CLEMENS

(crying)

You're taking my little girl, aren't you. I don't understand. She's just a baby.

Michelle stops crying for a moment.

MICHELLE CLEMENS (CONT'D)

(sternly)

Why?

LISA CLEMENS

We're here to complete the sequence. It's all perfectly orchestrated. Full comprehension is beyond the physical. It lies only in our return to source.

Michelle just looks at Lisa.

MICHELLE CLEMENS

Source?

LISA CLEMENS

God.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. BEDROOM (THE CLEMENS HOUSE) - DAYS LATER

A span of the room shows pictures of Lisa and Michelle on the dresser, the night table and hanging on the wall.

A box of tissues sits on the chair. The bed is empty and the candle is burnt all the way down to the plate underneath it.

EXT. MICHELLE'S PORCH - DAY

Michelle sits on the edge of her porch with tear filled eyes and looks up at the trees slowly swaying in the wind.

FADE OUT