

The Wrong Stop

By

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INT. TRAIN - DAY

Arthur (75), is sitting on a train seat with his arms crossed and an annoyed look on his face. He mumbles and complains about every minor inconvenience.

ARTHUR
(Annoyed)

How does the conductor manage to close the train door this late every single day? How inconvenient is that? Just because other people are late because of oversleeping or whatever other reason, it doesn't mean I have to wait for them, does it?

A woman trips while walking to her seat and the coffee in her hand spills and almost touches Arthur's shoe.

ARTHUR
(Muttering)

Have you not learned to walk properly in a public space? Is it really that hard to just move your feet forward without falling to the ground and spilling your disgusting cup of crap all over my shoe?

(Sarcastically)

What a wonderful way to start a day isn't it?

CUT TO:

EXT. WIFE'S CEMETERY - DAY

Arthur walks into a very dusty, isolated graveyard. All the trees around it seem old, and the grass there always seems to be brown. Among the few graves in the graveyard, Arthur walks up to one that writes 'Grace'.

Arthur waters the flowers besides his wife's grave and pulls out the old, dried up flowers to replace them with new ones. He gently strokes the tombstone and wipes off the dust on his hands. He starts walking back to the train station.

ARTHUR
Here you go honey, the usual ones I get you.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION BY ARTHUR'S WIFE'S GRAVEYARD - DAY

Arthur sits on the bench beside the train track, waiting for his train to arrive to go back to his town. He yawns and once again complains about how the train is so late.

ARTHUR

(sarcastically)

Wow what a surprise! Another day of the train being late. It's almost impressive that it doesn't miss a damn single day.

Arthur walks into the train and realizes there are less people on the train than usual.

INT. TRAIN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

He sits down in his usual spot satisfied, and closes his tired eyes.

When Arthur wakes up, he realizes he has slept way longer than he is supposed to, and is at the train's last stop. Irritated, he gets off the train.

ARTHUR

Now, what an actual day! I'm in a town that I've never even heard of before, and the sun's already going down.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Arthur walks through the streets of the town, trying to get help to find his way back home. He knocks on a few doors but most of the houses are either very old and have no people living in them, or the residents of the homes do not answer the door. He finds a house that at least looks occupied and knocks on the door again. Oscar (77), opens the door. Oscar looks at him and frowns.

OSCAR

(rudely)

What do you want? You really had to disturb my peaceful evening didn't you?

ARTHUR

For goodness sake, I was just going to ask you a question. I didn't even open my mouth to say a word yet, and guess what? This old grumpy man starts yelling at me out of nowhere?

While Oscar is arguing with him, Arthur unintentionally looks into his house. He notices how dark it is, and that there are a lot of pictures hung up around the walls everywhere. The pictures seem to be Oscar's wife, and Arthur feels an unknown, strange connection.

ARTHUR

Is that your wife?

OSCAR

(Pauses for a bit)

Who are you to even bring up my wife? Such a goddamn waste of my day.

Oscar slams the door on him.

While walking out of Oscar's porch, Arthur spots Oscar's mailbox, which has his and his wife's name engraved on. The engraving writes "Oscar Miller" and "Ada Miller" with a heart between the two names.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Arthur simply cannot stop thinking about Oscar for some reason. The name echoes in his head. He makes laps around the whole entire house, until he holds his knee and sits down on the couch because of the pain. He goes to sleep that night, without figuring out why he can't stop thinking about Oscar.

ARTHUR

Ugh, Who is this Oscar and why can't he get out of my mind? Why can't I get this to stop bothering me all day?

CUT TO:

EXT. ARTHUR'S TOWN - DAY - ONE WEEK LATER

Arthur is slowly walking down the sidewalk after visiting his wife's grave that morning, going back to his house. Then, he notices a familiar face in the cemetery. It's Oscar, sitting beside a tombstone, gently cleaning it with a handkerchief. He seems nothing like the person who was yelling at Arthur a week ago.

Arthur instantly gets curious, and when Oscar leaves, he approaches the tombstone Oscar was sitting next to.

ARTHUR
(murmuring)
Ada Miller. Ada Miller. Ada Miller...

Repeating this familiar name, Arthur tries to remember how this name sounds familiar by squinting his eyes, putting his hand over his mouth, looking at the sky, and even knocking on his head.

ARTHUR
(grunting)
This old memory of mine! Ada Miller... Ada Miller...

Tired of standing up for so long, Arthur sits at a nearby bench facing towards the tombstone, still trying to remember where he had seen this name. Continuing to repeat the name Ada Miller, he folds his arm and firmly closes his eyes and opens it again out of tiredness. When he opens his eyes and takes a look at the name again, he finally remembers who it actually is.

ARTHUR
Ada Miller... Ada miller... Ada Miller! Oscar Miller heart Ada Miller! Oh my lord, finally! I knew I still had that sharp sense of memory!

However, after realizing who the tombstone belonged to, Arthur loses his smile. He strokes his mouth and chin with his hand, lets out a deep sigh, and heads back home.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S HOME - NIGHT

Arthur can not stop circling his house, just like when he did the first time he met Oscar. He circles around the house, then sits down on the sofa due to his fragile knees. He does this over and over again, until he is grabbing on to his knees and back because of the pain. Then, Arthur makes a decision. He goes to sleep with a smile on his face that night.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION BY ARTHUR'S WIFE'S GRAVEYARD - DAY

As usual, Arthur visits his wife and waits for the train to arrive to go back to his town, except this day, he is not going back to his town. He gets on a train, and soon arrives at Oscar's town. Strolling down the sidewalk, Arthur checks every mailbox, looking for the name Oscar and Ada.

ARTHUR

Curse my memory! Ugh, my brain, please please help me out again this one time...

After walking down a little more, Arthur finds Oscar's house. Oscar's house is very old and worn down, most of its paint peeled off the walls, and the windows looking like it was never cleaned.

ARTHUR

(proudly, tapping his head with his finger)
Ah! I knew the smart brain of mine would never disappoint. How could I forget this crappy house? I still don't get how someone could possibly live here.

Arthur approaches the mailbox to double check the house is the right one, and walks on to Oscar's porch. Arthur knocks on the door, but there is no response. But after knocking several more times, the door opens. Oscar opens the door and there is an awkward silence for a few seconds. When Oscar squints his eyes and realizes who Arthur is, he rolls his eyes and tries to shut the door.

ARTHUR
My wife also died!

Oscar freezes and turns to look at Arthur. He has a puzzling look on his face, but he doesn't say anything. He has a slight frown on his face, but his eyebrows are turned downwards, also showing a sign of curiosity.

ARTHUR
I... uh... I actually saw you the other day in my town. You know Amberfield vill..?

OSCAR
(stuttering)
Wrong person...

Oscar reaches to shut the door, but Arthur stops him.

ARTHUR
I feel we're living in similar situations. I have completely lost my life after my wife's death... You remind me of myself.

Arthur points at one of the many hung-up pictures in Oscar's house.

ARTHUR
Mrs. Ada Miller? She truly seems like a kind soul. I can see the love in your eyes for her.

As Arthur points out each one of the pictures, he gradually steps into Oscar's house, but Oscar doesn't get mad. Instead, he

just gazes at the pictures with Arthur, with a bittersweet smile on his face.

OSCAR

That was our wedding... and that's the last time we went out for dinner... and that's when she knitted me my scarf... I never wear it out nowadays. Too scared to get it dirty or anything ya know.

Oscar chuckles quietly but turns his head and realizes he's unconsciously shared more than he wants to with Arthur.

OSCAR

(gruff)

Ya better keep going. I got work to do. Come back tomorrow if you got nothing better to do.

Oscar goes upstairs while Arthur heads out.

CUT TO:

EXT. OSCAR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Arthur steps out onto Oscar's porch. He has a faint smile on his face. He slowly walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Oscar and Arthur are sitting on their usual bench in the park.

ARTHUR

(arms linked together)

Holy god damn it it's cold. You sure we shouldn't be heading back inside now? It's one cold and it's done for us oldsteres ya know.

Arthur chuckles. However, Oscar doesn't reply

ARTHUR

(taps on Oscar)

You gotta be getting that hearing aid. Did ya not hear me just now?

OSCAR
(coughing)
I guess so.

ARTHUR
Damn you got a lot of things to check out. You been hacking like that for days.

OSCAR
(shrugs)
It's just the air. Dusty old town.

ARTHUR
(sarcastically)
Uh-huh. Right.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE - OSCAR'S PORCH

Arthur stands in front of Oscar's porch and knocks on the door. There is no response. He stands with his weight on one leg, tapping his feet on the pavement.

Confused, he knocks again, a little harder. Still no response.

ARTHUR
Hellooo? Come on now Oscar, what's taking so long. Can't keep me hanging out here for the rest of the evening old man.

There still isn't a response

ARTHUR
(murmuring to himself)
Old fool.

Arthur carefully opens the door, stepping inside his house.

ARTHUR

Your legs cannot be this feeble for you to not even open the door lazy old chap.

Arthur turns his head and looks around the kitchen, but cannot spot Oscar in his usual spot, the kitchen table.

ARTHUR

Huh, Skipping tea today?

Arthur walks further into the living room, and spots Oscar lying down, sleeping on the couch. His facial expressions aren't good, and he is sweating under his old blanket than he has over his whole body. He is lightly wheezing under each breath that he takes.

Arthur stops walking for a short period, watching him for a moment, his facial expressions unreadable.

He clears his throat abruptly, and walks over to Oscar.

ARTHUR

What the hell you doin' lyin' there like that?

Oscar opens his eyes, blinking very heavily. He struggles but manages to sit up, letting out another harsh cough.

OSCAR

Ah, nothing, a chill I guess... You know how it goes. It's harder for us old, wrinkly men.

Arthur doesn't say anything for a moment, watching Oscar put himself together and get off the couch. His eyes narrow a little, but not significantly.

ARTHUR

(skeptical)

Of course. Always just a chill isn't it.

He lightly rolls his eyes, and walks to the kitchen. He grabs the kettle, fills it with water, and puts it on the stove. And from the kitchen, he watches Oscar again with crossed arms.

ARTHUR

You're worse off than you're lettin on.

OSCAR

(sigh)

Damn your trust issues. It'll end in a week. I'm just tired right now.

ARTHUR

Stubborn goat.

Arthur takes the kettle off the stove, pours the hot water into a mug, and hands it to Oscar. Oscar quietly chuckles and sips.

CUT TO:

INT. OSCAR'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oscar is still sitting on the couch, and Arthur is sitting at the kitchen table, which is behind the living room. Oscar looks over his shoulder at Arthur and is talking with each other. There is a heavy atmosphere in the house. The clock is ticking very lightly.

OSCAR

Ya better know that I don't need no doctor.

Oscar knows that Arthur is concerned and reassures him.

ARTHUR

You're sitting there sounding like a busted-up car engine.ya better go check that one out

Oscar rolls his eyes and chuckles lightly.

CUT TO:

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE - DAY

Arthur now visits Oscar's house every day, casually watching TV on the couch.

OSCAR

(coughing very hard)

Will you hand me that cough drop on the desk will ya?

ARTHUR

You very much, clearly need to go to the doctors. You're about to start hyperventilating Oscar.

Oscar doesn't reply but only coughs and looks away, admitting to the fact that he indeed does need to go see a doctor.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN HOSPITAL - DAY

Arthur and Oscar are sitting on a small couch outside of the doctors office. Oscar lets out brief coughs every so often.

OSCAR

(frowning, sarcastically)

Guess how long this is gonna take. Probably gonna be on my way to heaven by the time he calls me in.

Arthur, also a very impatient person, gets irritated, but doesn't express it for Oscar's sake.

ARTHUR

(not mean)

Here it is. Was wonderin why you weren't complaining today. We've been here for what? 10 minutes?

OSCAR

Oh my lord, you're talking like this is a huge medical center. It's Oakbury Arthur, we're in this sma...

NURSE

Oscar miller? Is there an Oscar miller here?

Before Oscar can finish his words, he is called to the doctor's office. He struggles but manages to get up by gripping onto the side of the couch.

OSCAR
Stupid old back.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUED

Oscar is sitting on a stool next to the doctor's desk, while Arthur stands outside of the office as Oscar told him to.

Oscar rolls his eyes at Arthur through the open door.

ARTHUR
(quietly chuckles)
Don't look at me, listen to what the doctor says.
Geez, what are you, 5?

Oscar turns his head around to listen to the doctor.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUED

Oscar walks out of the doctor's office in a gown after his exams, looking tired. He squints his eyes to try to find Arthur amongst the crowd that had formed while he was in the office.

Arthur sees Oscar, walks up to him, and pats his shoulder.

OSCAR
(clears his voice)
The doctor wants to talk to you too. My lord this is taking long.

Oscar walks into the office again with his arms crossed, and Arthur follows him in.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUED

DOCTOR ERICK

Hello again Mr. Miller, I hope the exams went well, and I'm here to just go over some results if you don't mind.

OSCAR

(in a very quiet voice)

Not like you aren't gonna show me if I say no...

Arthur aggressively taps Oscar on the back.

Oscar sighs and looks into the computer screen next to Doctor Erick.

On the screen, there are x-ray photos of two different hearts.

DOCTOR ERICK

(pointing at the screen)

You see here? This is your heart right now, versus what it looked like the last time you checked in with us.

ARTHUR

And when's the last time you checked in?

OSCAR

You think my memory's that good? I can't even manage to remember my keys when-

The doctor interrupts.

DOCTOR ERICK

(Clears throat)

That would be 13 years ago. Woah that's when I was still in coll-

ARTHUR

Oscar, are you out of your mind?

OSCAR

(annoyed)

It's not that big of a deal Arthur. I didn't have anyone to remind me. And, am I not at the hospital right now?

DOCTOR ERICK

Well, if you look here again, the hazy, white part in your heart right now is what's causing all the coughing and the pain. It's not too uncommon for people your age, but you have to be careful. I'll prescribe you some medication, so it's hopefully not... too sudden.

Doctor Erick's words put a frown on both Arthur and Oscar's face. They don't say anything, but both know what he means. There is a silence in the room before Oscar opens his mouth.

OSCAR

Thanks doc-

Oscar smacks his lip once, gets up from the stool holding on to his sore back, and slowly walks out of the office.

Arthur stands in the office for a minute, with an unknown expression on his face. Just when he is about to leave, Doctor Erick stops him.

DOCTOR ERICK

I would recommend having someone to stay with Mr. Miller for a while until he gets better.

Arthur lets out a little sigh and slowly walks out of the office as well.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OF OSCAR'S VILLAGE - DAY

Arthur and Oscar are strolling down the street, not saying anything to each other.

ARTHUR

So, you have anything you wanna do?

OSCAR
(chuckles)
Have you always been this corny?

They walk past the train station on the way to Oscar's house. Arthur randomly starts walking to the train station without saying anything.

OSCAR
(confused)
Arthur! What the hell? Where are you going?

Arthur turns back.

ARTHUR
And what are you doing just standing there?
C'mon, catch up!

Oscar is still confused on what Arthur is trying to do, but follows him into the train station anyways.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Arthur and Oscar sit on the train station bench side-by-side.

OSCAR
Arthur, it's about time you actually tell me where we're going. I'm way too tired for any of this.

ARTHUR
Don't be such a loser. It's way too early for you to just go back to your house. What are you gonna do there anyways? What, sleep on your couch?

Oscar is annoyed, but doesn't deny Arthur's point.

The train arrives and they both get on.

CUT TO:

EXT. Pineville - DAY

Arthur and Oscar get off the train, looking around, squinting their eyes because of the beaming sunset. They spot a sign that says 'welcome to pineville'.

OSCAR

Ok Arthur enough with the joke, where actually is this place? We are at least a good thirty minutes away from both our neighborhoods.

ARTHUR

(smiling)

I don't know.

Despite knowing the fact that Oscar is confused and annoyed at Arthur, he still seems proud and has a smile on his face.

OSCAR

Geez I think I am going a little sick, I thought you said you didn't know. Where are we again?

ARTHUR

I mean your hearing sure did get better. You heard me right, Oscar.

OSCAR

No Arthur. No. You are not telling me that we are in this random town that you don't even have any idea of where or what it is. Maybe you're the sick one after all.

Arthur lets out a short laugh.

OSCAR

Ah. You really think this is funny huh. DO you even know how to get back to where we came from?

ARTHUR

(sarcastically)

Oscar what do you think trains are for? You get on, get off, you get home, what a mystery aint it?

OSCAR

Ok, now what are we waiting for? Let's hop on a train so we can go back home and end this tiring day.

ARTHUR

About that... You see, the train that we were just on may have been the last train of the day.

OSCAR

(Puts his hands on his forehead and sighs.)

Arthur! Have you gone crazy? you need a checkup from the doctor? You absolutely did not just take us to this place with no plans whatsoever.

ARTHUR

Okok, enough with the complaining Mr.Grumpy, there's no going back now. How about you actually start trying to find somewhere we could stay for the night.

Oscar rolls his eyes and walks down the stairs of the train station, into the streets.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

The streets are quiet, filled with old street lamps and small stores.

OSCAR

Great, empty streets, no taxis. I mean, not that I'm not used to it, but what could we possibly do here. Let's just hurry up and go find somewhere to sleep.

ARTHUR

Hey, it's got charm. Look at that little bakery over there. Smells like fresh bread.

Arthur then spots a small shop across the street that says, "Photos".

ARTHUR

Now this is what I'm talkin' bout.

Without any further explanation, Arthur starts walking over to the shop.

OSCAR

(sarcastically)

Ok what is it now? Found another stupid place for us to get stuck in?

Arthur is already across the street, slowly turning around to look at Oscar, who is looking back at him if he is crazy.

ARTHUR

You should know what to do by now Oscar.

Arthur crosses his arms, as if he is patiently waiting for Oscar to cross the street.

OSCAR

Ugh. Are you serious?

Oscar rolls his eyes, and crosses the street over to Arthur, and they both go into the store together.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - NIGHT

The inside of the studio is noticeably old and filled with dust. A rather young photographer greets them with a warm smile.

Photographer

Welcome, are you looking to take a picture today?

Arthur clears his throat and answers in a small voice, almost sounding a little embarrassed by the photographer's energy.

ARTHUR

I guess so.

Photographer

Right, whenever you two are ready!

The photographer turns the studio light on, signaling Arthur and Oscar to stand in front of the camera.

Both of them are awkward, hesitant to step inside the frame of the camera.

OSCAR

I thought you were the one who pushed me into this photo taking drama, no?

ARTHUR

Oscar, I haven't taken a photo like this in forever. I can't even remember my last time. What, maybe it was my wedding day?

Photographer

Ok, ready for the picture?

Arthur and Oscar both stop talking, looking at the camera with straight faces.

Photographer

Put your best smiles on, flash on the count of three! One, two, three!

Arthur has a graceful smile on his face, and Oscar, despite his unwillingness, cracks a small smile. The flash goes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Arthur and Oscar are separately sitting on their beds in a sketchy hotel room, looking at the printed and framed photo from earlier in the day.

OSCAR

(Coughing)

I would be surprised if I didn't have a back and neck disc by tomorrow morning. Do they even ever wash these sheets? Jesus, this cannot be good for this old of a man's lungs.

ARTHUR

What? you wanna go sleep in the streets overnight? We took ages trying to even find this place.

Oscar grabs his back, coughing, slowly lying down on his bed. He crosses his arms and closes his eyes, but not as if he is trying to sleep.

The room is silent for the next minute or so.

ARTHUR

(looking at the photograph)

I've never seen you smile even like this before actually.

Arthur chuckles and looks at Oscar.

OSCAR

I mean, why would I have had a reason to, after my whole world collapsed?

Oscar clears his voice aggressively, noticing that the mood of the room has become heavy.

OSCAR

Lemme have a look at that photo.

Arthur hands the framed photo to Oscar without saying anything. Oscar quietly chuckles.

CUT TO:

EXT. OSCAR'S HOUSE - DAY

Oscar's health has visibly declined the next few weeks, making Arthur visit his house more often.

Arthur is in the kitchen, pouring milk into a cup of tea. Oscar's coughs can be heard from downstairs.

ARTHUR

(to himself, sighing)

He better be taking his pills.

When Arthur brings his tea up to Oscar's bedroom, he spots Oscar reading through a thick book of notes. He hands Arthur the book.

OSCAR

Figured you'd understand. Wrote to her, even after she was gone.

Arthur responds with a slight smile.

ARTHUR

I'm just gonna go see Grace right now. Want me to go give this to Ada on the way?

OSCAR

No, I'll just do it later.

ARTHUR

If you can even manage to get out of bed. I'll be back in a bit. Don't get into any trouble, old man.

Oscar takes a sip of his tea and lies down to go to sleep. Arthur quietly grabs the notebook from Oscar's bedside table and leaves the room, carefully closing the door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Arthur kneels in front of Ada's grave. The book of notes rests against the headstone. He places a hand on the stone, taking a deep breath.

ARTHUR

He's tired, Ada. I think he's ready to see you again.

He looks up at the sky for a moment, then gets to his feet and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Arthur walks into Oscar's silent house. He lets out a quick sigh, then walks upstairs, holding onto the rail with his tired hands, up to Oscar's room.

Oscar is still lying in bed. Arthur stares at him for a moment before heading over to the chair beside his bed.

ARTHUR

(softly)

Should've saved you some tea.

At this point, Arthur knows that Oscar isn't with him anymore. He stays silent, still sitting on Oscar's chair. A sense of sadness fills Arthur's face, but he still doesn't say anything. After a long time, Arthur gently pats Oscar's shoulders, then walks out the door, into the living room downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arthur rummages through a drawer, pulling out a hammer and a nail. He picks up the photo of himself and Oscar from Pineville, staring at it for a moment.

The faint sound of the nail being hammered into the wall echoes through the quiet house. Arthur carefully hangs the photo on the wall, stepping back to look at it.

ARTHUR

(smiling)

Just two old fools, huh?

He pulls a chair over and sits down, staring at the photo for the rest of the night, the hammer still in his hand.