

The Life  
Episode 102: Waterfall  
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THE LIFE: WATERFALL

INT. RADIOLOGY ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Jamie is sitting in a small room by herself next to a mammography machine. She looks up at it and reaches out to touch it lightly then pulls her hand away when the technician, DONNA, enters.

DONNA  
Hi. You're Jamie Harrington?

JAMIE  
Yes.

DONNA  
Hi Jamie. I'm Donna and I'll be performing your mammogram today.

Jamie laughs nervously.

DONNA (cont'd)  
What?

JAMIE  
Nothing. It just sounded funny. Like, "Hi I'm Donna, and I'll be your waitress tonight."

Donna doesn't get it.

JAMIE (cont'd)  
Nevermind.

DONNA  
So have you ever had a mammogram before?

JAMIE  
Yes.

DONNA  
Good, then I can save the whole "it doesn't hurt" speech?

JAMIE  
Yes. But I would like to hear about tonight's specials.

Donna still doesn't get it.

DONNA  
I'm sorry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMIE

Nevermind.

DONNA

Okay. Let's get started.

Jamie stands and walks over to the machine, pulling down the hospital johnnie she is wearing as she does.

DONNA (cont'd)

The plate will probably be cold.

Donna helps her get in position.

DONNA (cont'd)

Okay... looks good. Now, don't move. You're going to feel some pressure and if it gets uncomfortable just let me know.

JAMIE

All right.

Donna steps away and the machine starts doing its business. Jamie begins to speak, not to the camera or to Donna - just talking out loud.

JAMIE (cont'd)

I developed very young. I think it was around the sixth grade when I first noticed that I was growing breasts. Growing breasts. That sounds odd. Like they're a crop or something. I hated them. I did. I would wear these big baggy shirts to try and disguise them. Of course a few years later I was wearing the most ridiculously tight blouses just hoping someone would notice them. Not just someone. One person. Danny Peterson. Oh... He was like this God. This perfect tenth grade boy and I was this pathetic ninth grade loser with frizzy hair and braces. But I had breasts. Of course most of the other girls had them by that time too so my one weapon was ineffective against Danny Peterson.

(beat)

He died a few years ago, you know. He was on an airplane that went down in Texas someplace. I read about it in the paper and I just couldn't believe it. Perfect tenth grade boys don't grow up to be people who die in airplane crashes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMIE (cont'd)

(beat)

I guess you never know, huh?

FADE TO BLACK:

OPENING CREDITS

FADE IN:

INT. CAR -- EVENING

Jamie is driving her car with Tom in the passenger seat. His head is bandaged and he has a cast on his hand. He uses his good hand to hold his cell phone.

TOM

Hey Paul. It's Tom Harrington. I'm sorry to call you after business hours but... yeah, I know insurance agents never sleep, right?

He fake laughs and looks to Jamie for support. She smiles back half-heartedly.

TOM (cont'd)

Listen, Paul, we've had a run of bad luck here today... actually both cars.... Yeah, I know. Jamie's is not that bad, at least not in comparison to mine, but the good news is that mine wasn't my fault... Jamie's was her fault but she just hit a post and I don't think it's going to sue... ten o'clock would be great. Thanks, Paul.

He hangs up the phone.

TOM (cont'd)

He's going to be at the house at ten o'clock tomorrow.

JAMIE

I have a big meeting tomorrow morning.

TOM

That's okay. I'll take you to work and then come back home.

JAMIE

The kids?

TOM

I'll take the kids to school and take you to work and then come back home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMIE

Are you going to take the day off?

TOM

I think I deserve it, don't you?

JAMIE

I think so. How's your hand?

TOM

Fine. Doesn't hurt at all. The miracle of modern pharmatucicals... parhmacuec... pharm... drugs. Hey, how did your physical go?

JAMIE

(beat)

It was...

Tom's phone rings.

TOM

Hold on.

He answer the phone.

TOM (cont'd)

Hello?... Hi Mary...

(to Jamie)

It's your Mom.

(into phone)

I'm okay... no I swear, I'm okay.

(to Jamie)

Tell your mother I'm okay.

Tom holds the phone out.

JAMIE

He's okay, Mom.

TOM

(into phone)

See?... I will. Listen we're just pulling into Colin's place to pick up the kids... no, you don't need to come over. You really don't.

He holds out the phone again.

JAMIE

You don't need to come over, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOM  
 (into phone)  
 I'm fine. We'll call you tomorrow. Bye.

He hangs up the phone as Jamie eases the car into a parking space.

JAMIE  
 Why don't you wait here?

TOM  
 Because I broke my hand not my legs?

JAMIE  
 Wow, not in the mood.

TOM  
 I'll wait here.

JAMIE  
 Thank you.

TOM  
 You're welcome.

Jamie gets out of the car.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Jamie walks out behind the car and looks at the damage she did when she backed into the post, which, coincidentally, happens to be also in view. She walks out of the shot and then a moment later walks back into it and looks at the post.

JAMIE  
 Stupid post.

She walks away.

INT. COLIN'S LOFT -- EVENING

There is a knock at the door and David goes to answer it. Jamie is waiting.

JAMIE  
 I'm sorry we're so late.

DAVID  
 It's okay. How's Tom?

JAMIE  
 He's fine.

Rose and Bryan come out of the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSE  
Mom!

JAMIE  
Hi honey.

She hugs Rose and kisses Bryan.

ROSE  
Where's Dad?

JAMIE  
He's downstairs in the car.

BRYAN  
Is he okay?

JAMIE  
He's fine! Get your stuff.

Rose and Bryan start collecting their belongings.

JAMIE (cont'd)  
(to David)  
Where's Colin?

DAVID  
(beat)  
He's gone.

JAMIE  
Gone?

DAVID  
Yeah. Gone.

Jamie gets what he means.

JAMIE  
Hey kids, why don't you run down to the  
car and see your Dad?

ROSE  
Okay.

JAMIE  
Say thank you to your Uncle David.

ROSE  
Thank you Uncle David.

Rose hugs and kisses him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID  
You're welcome, honey.

BRYAN  
Yeah, thanks.

DAVID  
No problem.

The kids leave - there is an uncomfortable silence.

JAMIE  
What happened?

David hands Jamie the note, which she reads.

JAMIE (cont'd)  
A note? He left a note?

DAVID  
Don't get me started.

JAMIE  
I... I... I don't know what to say.  
Except that I'm going to kill him. I'm  
going to kick his ass so hard that he is  
actually going to die from it. I don't  
know if that makes you feel any better or  
not, but...

DAVID  
A little.

JAMIE  
I'm so sorry.

DAVID  
It's not your fault.

JAMIE  
He's my brother.

DAVID  
Still doesn't make it your fault.

JAMIE  
God, he is such an idiot.

DAVID  
Jamie, you don't have to...

JAMIE  
Yeah, I do.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

DAVID

Listen to me. This is between Colin and I. I don't want you caught in the middle.

JAMIE

But if anyone can talk some sense into him...

DAVID

I don't know that I want anyone to talk some sense into him.

(beat)

And I don't want you to have to choose sides. Primarily because I know what side you'll wind up choosing and...

JAMIE

David...

DAVID

You said it, Jamie. He's your brother.

JAMIE

It doesn't mean that I approve of him cheating on you. Or that I think that moving out was the way to go about fixing it. And the note? He must have been adopted.

DAVID

(beat)

But he's still your brother.

There is another silence.

DAVID (cont'd)

You better go get your battered husband home.

Jamie nods.

JAMIE

Is there anything I can do?

DAVID

I kind of liked that ass kicking idea.

JAMIE

You got it.

Jamie goes to him and hugs him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JAMIE (cont'd)  
No matter what... okay?

David nods, fighting back tears. Jamie releases him and she too is verge of crying.

JAMIE (cont'd)  
Don't cry you old queen.

DAVID  
Who you calling old?

The smile at each other, then Jamie turns and exits.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Tom is sitting on the bed next to Rose who is trying to decide what to write on her father's cast.

ROSE  
What should I write?

TOM  
Whatever you want.

ROSE  
Bryan is a butthead?

TOM  
(beat)  
How about "get well soon"?

ROSE  
That's boring.

TOM  
But much less likely to incite violence.

ROSE  
He is a butthead.

TOM  
No he's not.

ROSE  
Yes, he is.

TOM  
Get well soon.

ROSE  
Fine.

Rose signs the cast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

Thank you. Now you need to go to sleep.  
It's late.

Tom kisses her on the forehead and she settles in. He heads for the door but she stops him.

ROSE

Dad?

TOM

Yeah?

ROSE

I'm glad you're okay.

Tom pauses for a moment and then goes back to hug her.

TOM

Me too.

He kisses her again and goes for the door.

ROSE

Goodnight, Daddy.

TOM

Goodnight, sweetheart.

He turns out the light and exits the room.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Tom comes out of Rose's room just as Jamie is coming up the stairs.

JAMIE

You need to be in bed.

TOM

Oh God, yes. Bed good.

They start down the hallway toward their room but stop at Bryan's room when they see the door open. He is in bed reading a book.

TOM (cont'd)

Lights out, bud.

BRYAN

Okay. Hey Dad. Can I ask you a question?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

Sure.

BRYAN

(very serious)

The accident... it was pretty bad, right?

TOM

Yeah, pretty bad.

BRYAN

I mean, Mom said the SUV was like totalled.

TOM

Probably. But I'm okay, Bryan.

BRYAN

Oh, I know. I was just kind of wondering what kind of car we're going to get to replace it.

Jamie and Tom exchange a look.

TOM

I was thinking about a minivan.

JAMIE

Yes! The kind with the wood paneling on the side.

TOM

And white wall tires.

JAMIE

Do they still make white walls?

TOM

We'll special order.

JAMIE

Oh, and personalized plates that say something like "MOMSVAN."

TOM

And we'll drop you off at school every day in it.

JAMIE

Right in front.

TOM

Goodnight, Bryan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMIE  
Goodnight, dear.

They pull the door shut and continue toward their room.

JAMIE (cont'd)  
We're very mean.

TOM  
Yeah, well... he was being a butthead.

They go into their room at the end of the hall.

INT. TOM & JAMIE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Tom and Jamie enter and Tom literally falls into bed as Jamie goes into the adjoining bathroom.

TOM  
So what kind of car are we going to get?

JAMIE  
Not a minivan.

TOM  
You drive a station wagon.

JAMIE  
Station wagons are cool again.

TOM  
Says who?

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jamie is looking at herself in the mirror.

JAMIE  
"Car and Driver." I want something big  
and heavy that has an impenetrable force  
field around it that will repel  
distracted drivers on cell phones.

TOM  
I think Ford might have something like  
that.

Jamie tentatively reaches out to touch the lump in her breast.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- EARLIER

Jamie is sitting in the small and somewhat cluttered office of her doctor - nervously drumming her fingers on the arm of one of the two guest chairs next to a desk. Dr. Kaelin comes in with the mammogram film.

JAMIE  
You're office is a mess.

AMANDA  
It's the maid's day off.

JAMIE  
I'm just saying it isn't terribly reassuring.

AMANDA  
The fact that my desk is messy makes you question my skills as a physician?

JAMIE  
A little.

AMANDA  
Do you want to keep talking about my messy desk?

JAMIE  
A little.

AMANDA  
Up to you.

JAMIE  
I just think that would be much more entertaining than what you've got in your hands there.

AMANDA  
You're probably right.

JAMIE  
(beat)  
How does it look?

Amanda takes the film to a light board on the wall and shows it to Jamie.

AMANDA  
It's right here. About two centimeters, which is very small so that's good news.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMIE  
Good news?

AMANDA  
In comparison.

JAMIE  
In comparison to what?

AMANDA  
Three centimeters.

JAMIE  
Yeah, but in comparison to it not being there at all it's pretty much sucky news, right?

AMANDA  
I suppose.

JAMIE  
And it's...

AMANDA  
We'll have to do a biopsy to be sure.

JAMIE  
But you think it is.

AMANDA  
Jamie, let's not get ahead of ourselves, okay? We'll do the biopsy, we'll be sure, and then we'll deal with it.

JAMIE  
Okay.

AMANDA  
And I'm not just blowing smoke when I say that's it's relatively good news. I think we've caught it early and most of the time that means the prognosis is excellent.

JAMIE  
Most of the time.

INT. BATHROOM -- RETURN TO SCENE

Jamie is still staring at herself in the mirror - still touching the spot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMIE

Tom? I kind of need to talk to you about something.

Jamie exits the bathroom into the bedroom.

INT. TOM & JAMIE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jamie comes out to find Tom sound asleep. She looks at him and then crawls into bed with him.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- EARLIER

We pick up the earlier scene in flashback where we left off.

JAMIE

So I have to go to the hospital?

AMANDA

For the biopsy? No. It's done in a doctor's office. Takes about fifteen minutes.

JAMIE

Do they have a drive through?

AMANDA

It's a procedure called a needle aspiration biopsy.

JAMIE

Needle?

AMANDA

Yes, it's very simple. They take a small needle...

JAMIE

Needle?

AMANDA

..and anesthetize the area and then they take a slightly larger needle...

JAMIE

Oh God.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

AMANDA

...and insert it into the mass and  
withdraw some cells. That's it.

JAMIE

You just said needle three times. That  
does not qualify for "that's it."

AMANDA

I've already called Dr. Rosen - he's a  
great guy, fantastic doctor. He can see  
you on Friday.

JAMIE

Friday? As in day after tomorrow?

AMANDA

Yes.

JAMIE

Soon.

AMANDA

I didn't think we should wait.

JAMIE

(beat)  
Right.

INT. JAMIE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Jamie is sitting at her desk totally lost in the memory as  
Kim tries to rouse her.

KIM

Jamie? Jamie!

JAMIE

What?

KIM

You have a call on two. It's Elaine.

JAMIE

Oh. Okay.

KIM

Are you all right?

JAMIE

Yeah. I'm fine. Line two?

KIM

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jamie picks up the phone.

JAMIE  
Hi.

INT. ELAINE'S TRAVEL AGENCY -- CONTINUOUS

Elaine is sitting at her desk in her small but comfortable travel agency. We begin intercutting between the two of them.

ELAINE  
How's Tom?

JAMIE  
He's fine. A little bit of a headache but he's okay.

ELAINE  
And you?

JAMIE  
What about me?

ELAINE  
Your husband was in a serious car accident. Kinda scary.

JAMIE  
Yeah. I'm okay. Trying not to obsess about it.

ELAINE  
And we all know how good you are at not obsessing about things.

JAMIE  
Ouch.

ELAINE  
Sorry. I'm having a day.

JAMIE  
What's going on?

ELAINE  
Andy is at the bank.

JAMIE  
Oh God, that's right. I totally forgot.

ELAINE  
Jay if we don't get this loan...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMIE  
You'll get the loan.

ELAINE  
But what if we don't?

JAMIE  
You will.

ELAINE  
We'll lose the business. And then we'll  
lose the house. And then we'll wind up  
living in a van somewhere.

JAMIE  
Now who's obsessing?

ELAINE  
(beat)  
I'm really scared, Jamie.

JAMIE  
I know. Business hasn't picked up at  
all?

ELAINE  
A little, but... with the economy and  
September 11th and everything else,  
nobody wants to book big expensive  
vacations anymore. They want to pile the  
kids into the SUV and go see grandma.

JAMIE  
Not that there's anything wrong with  
that.

ELAINE  
Yes there is. It's putting me out of  
business. Grandma sucks.

JAMIE  
Oh man, I shouldn't be on the phone with  
you.

ELAINE  
Why?

JAMIE  
Because when the lightning comes down to  
strike you it can travel through the  
phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ELAINE

Okay, okay. Enough. Let's talk about something else. What else is going on with you? Something happy, I hope.

JAMIE

(beat)

Happy. Yeah, fresh out of happy over here.

Elaine looks out the window.

ELAINE

Jamie, I think Andy just pulled up. I'll call you back.

She hangs up the phone and we stay with her as she gets up and heads for the front door of the office.

EXT. TRAVEL AGENCY -- CONTINUOUS

Elaine comes out of the travel agency and walks to the side of the building where her husband Andy is parked in their SUV. She sees that he is just sitting there and she knows that it's bad news, but she goes to the passenger side and gets in.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Elaine gets in and shuts the door with ANDY COOPER, her husband, a man in his early 30's who was probably the football star and the president of the senior class, but has faded a bit. They sit there in silence for a few moments. Andy can't even look at her.

ELAINE

Eh. We work too hard anyway.

She reaches out her hand and he takes it.

ANDY

I'm sorry.

ELAINE

Not your fault.

ANDY

Feels like it is.

ELAINE

Sorry, but no. It's the terrorists fault.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDY  
Stupid terrorists.

ELAINE  
And that trillion dollar tax cut that did  
nothing for the economy.

ANDY  
Stupid Republicans.

ELAINE  
And grandma...

ANDY  
Grandmas suck.

ELAINE  
So see? Not your fault.

There is another moment of silence.

ANDY  
Still feels like it.

They look out the window instead of looking at each other.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE -- EVENING

Jamie pokes her head in Fred's office.

JAMIE  
Fred?

FRED  
Yeah, Jamie, come in. I was hoping you  
were still here. Hold on.

Fred picks up the phone and buzzes his assistant.

FRED (cont'd)  
Margaret, call Tanya and tell her I'm  
stuck here for awhile... Margaret,  
just... thank you.

He hangs up the phone.

FRED (cont'd)  
Do you want Margaret to call your  
husband?

JAMIE  
Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRED

To tell him you're going to be late.

JAMIE

I didn't know I was going to be late.

FRED

Well, you are. Donnelly just called and said the girl is too virtuous.

JAMIE

Virtuous?

FRED

Yes.

JAMIE

And that's a bad thing?

FRED

Apparently.

JAMIE

He does realize that we're shooting the commercial in about twelve hours.

FRED

Yes, but not with the virtuous girl.

JAMIE

Fred, it's 6:30! How...

FRED

I've already called four different casting places. Less virtuous girls should be arriving within the hour.

Jamie sighs and looks at her watch.

JAMIE

Okay. I'm going to run home, wave at my children, grab a quick bite, and I'll be back by 7:30. Cool?

FRED

Fine.

She turns to go but then remembers why she stopped in the first place and turns back.

JAMIE

Oh, uh, listen... tomorrow I'm going to have to sneak away for a couple of hours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRED  
Sneak away?

JAMIE  
Yeah. I have a doctor's appointment.

FRED  
Didn't you just have a doctor's  
appointment yesterday?

JAMIE  
Yes. And now I have another one.

FRED  
And you have to have it right in the  
middle of one of our biggest commercial  
shoots all year?

JAMIE  
It probably won't even take an hour.  
Drive there, fifteen minutes, in and out,  
drive back.

FRED  
I don't think it's a good idea, Jamie.

JAMIE  
Fred, it's important. And I would think  
after I didn't even say one word about  
having to come back here tonight to look  
at Donnelly's less-virtuous girls that  
you'd be willing to cut me a little slack  
here.

FRED  
I didn't realize we were negotiating.

JAMIE  
You always make it seem like it's a  
negotiation, Fred.

FRED  
(beat)  
You know, it's a good thing that you make  
a lot of money for this company because I  
probably would've fired you a long time  
ago if you didn't.

JAMIE  
And it's a good thing that you pay me a  
lot of money because I probably would've  
killed you a long time ago if you didn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRED

I think we've just defined teamwork.  
Take your hour. Go be healed.

JAMIE

Thank you.

FRED

But take your cell phone.

Jamie turns and exits.

INT. KITCHEN -- EVENING

Jamie enters the kitchen from the back of the house to find Tom sitting at the kitchen counter. She immediately heads for the refrigerator.

JAMIE

Hey.

TOM

Hi.

JAMIE

So I have like twenty minutes to eat something, say hi to the kids, and then I have to go back to work. This client decides the night before the shoot that he wants a different actress and...

TOM

Jamie.

JAMIE

Yeah?

TOM

When were you going to tell me?

Jamie stops dead in her tracks, thinking he means about the doctor.

JAMIE

(beat)  
How did you...

TOM

He's upstairs.

JAMIE

(beat - confused)  
Who?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TOM

Your brother. He showed up about an hour ago and wanted to know if he could stay here for a few days until he found his own place.

JAMIE

Oh, God. Yeah. Colin and David broke up.

TOM

I kind of figured that part out.

JAMIE

So wait. Colin's here?

TOM

In the guest room.

JAMIE

You told him he could stay?

TOM

What was I supposed to tell him?

JAMIE

No.

TOM

Why would I tell him no?

JAMIE

Because he's totally to blame for all of this mess and I'm pissed off at him.

TOM

Ah, but see, how was I to know all of that?

JAMIE

(beat)  
Right.

TOM

Go talk to him.

JAMIE

I don't want to talk to him.

TOM

I'll fix you a sandwich.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMIE

(beat)

It better be a really good sandwich.

Jamie trudges out of the kitchen.

INT. GUEST ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Colin is taking some of his stuff out of his suitcase and putting it in the closet at Jamie comes up to the door. He stops when he sees her.

COLIN

It'll just be for a couple of days.

JAMIE

Okay.

(beat)

Towels are in the hall closet next to the bathroom.

COLIN

Thanks.

JAMIE

Sure.

There is a beat or two of uncomfortable silence.

COLIN

We're getting really good at this uncomfortable silence thing.

JAMIE

You're making jokes? It's funny to you?

COLIN

Jamie, I can't...

JAMIE

No, Colin, I can't. I don't have time to argue with you.

COLIN

I don't want to argue.

JAMIE

Well, that's too bad because at some point we are going to have a huge argument about this. Just not right now.

COLIN

Fine. It'll give me something to look forward to. Like Christmas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMIE

Are you actively trying to make me angry?

COLIN

Oh, you know what? Never mind. I knew this was a bad idea.

He starts taking his stuff out of the closet.

JAMIE

Oh no. No, no. You are not going anywhere. You are going to stay right here so you can live in fear that I may sneak in during the night and smother you with a pillow.

COLIN

Fine.

JAMIE

Fine.

COLIN

Great.

JAMIE

Terrific. There's washcloths next to the towels.

COLIN

Thank you!

JAMIE

You're welcome!

She exits and slams the door behind her.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- EARLIER

We are in another flashback scene with Jamie and the doctor.

JAMIE

So they do the biopsy on Friday. Then what?

AMANDA

We get the results and go from there.

JAMIE

If it's just a cyst?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

I'd still probably recommend removing it but we could leave it as long as we monitored the situation.

JAMIE

And if it's not a cyst?

AMANDA

Well, then we need to run some more tests and make some decisions.

JAMIE

What kind of decisions?

AMANDA

I think we're getting ahead of ourselves here, Jamie.

JAMIE

Humor me.

AMANDA

A guy goes to the doctor, says "Hey Doc, it hurts when I do this."

Amanda holds her arm above her head at a strange angle and jiggles it. Jamie isn't humored.

AMANDA (cont'd)

It'll all depend on how serious it is. Most likely they'll be able to do a lumpectomy, where they just take out the offending bit and leave everything else. Some chemotherapy, radiation treatment. It's really hard to say until we get a better picture of what we're dealing with.

JAMIE

Mastectomy?

AMANDA

I doubt it.

JAMIE

But you can't rule it out.

AMANDA

I also can't rule out that this is just a cyst or that you might want to hear the punchline to my joke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMIE  
Don't do that.

AMANDA  
Do what?

Jamie holds her arm above her head as Amanda did earlier.

JAMIE  
It hurts when I do this.

AMANDA & JAMIE  
Don't do that.

AMANDA  
I need new material.

JAMIE  
Yes, you do.

Amanda holds out a card for Jamie.

AMANDA  
So here's Dr. Rosen's card and your  
appointment confirmation. If you need  
anything between now and then, just call  
me, okay?

JAMIE  
Thanks.

Jamie gets up to leave.

AMANDA  
Jamie... people are beating this every  
day.

Jamie nods and opens the door.

INT. JAMIE'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Jamie comes through the doorway into her office as if she has just stepped out of the doctor's office. She certainly is steeped in the memory of the conversation.

Kim walks in after her holding a small stack of 8x10 glossies.

KIM  
Okay, next is Aerialla.

JAMIE  
No, God, no. Make it stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIM

That would be A-E-R-I-A-double L-A.

JAMIE

I'll pay you to make it stop.

KIM

And apparently it's just Aerialla. No last name.

JAMIE

I make a lot of money. I'm a very powerful woman. I could do things for you.

KIM

Aerialla has done four national spots - pizza, dog food, soda, and an investment banking firm.

JAMIE

I'll give you my children.

KIM

(looks at picture)  
This woman sold investment banking?

JAMIE

It's almost ten o'clock. How many more are there?

Kim flips through the stack.

KIM

Six. But more may be on the way.

Jamie peeks out into the waiting room.

JAMIE

Good Lord. A room full of desperate women in push-up bras at ten o'clock at night.

KIM

Add a few drink specials and a jukebox and we could open our own bar.

JAMIE

All right.  
(deep breath)  
Deep breath. Cleansing.  
(exhales)  
I'm ready. Send in Nipple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KIM  
Aerialla.

JAMIE  
I was close.

KIM  
So are you going to tell me what's wrong?

JAMIE  
Huh?

KIM  
Are you going to tell me what's wrong  
with you? And don't say "what makes you  
think there's something wrong with me."

JAMIE  
(beat - defensive)  
I wasn't going to say that.

Kim waits.

JAMIE (cont'd)  
I don't know what's wrong. Yet.

KIM  
But when you do, you'll tell me?

JAMIE  
Of course.

KIM  
Okay then.

Kim opens the door.

JAMIE  
Kim... thanks.

Kim nods and goes to get Aerialla.

EXT. JAMIE'S BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Colin is seated on the swing set in Jamie & Tom's backyard  
smoking a cigarette. He doesn't notice his mother Mary  
walking up behind him.

MARY  
I thought you quit.

COLIN  
No, that would be your other son.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

I don't have another son.

COLIN

Then you don't have one that quit.

MARY

You told me you quit.

COLIN

I tell you lots of things, Mom. I would've figured by now you would've learned not to listen.

(beat)

How did you know I was here?

MARY

I didn't. I was on my way home from my class and I stopped in to see how Tom was doing.

COLIN

What class?

MARY

Spanish.

COLIN

You're taking Spanish?

MARY

Si.

COLIN

Um... why?

MARY

Because I'm going on a cruise to Mexico, remember?

COLIN

Mom, you don't need to learn Spanish to go on a cruise to Mexico.

MARY

I know I don't *need* to.

COLIN

It'll all be tourist places and they all speak English.

MARY

I know.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

COLIN

You could've just bought a phrase book.

MARY

Is there any chance that you're going to stop taking your aggression out on me any time soon?

COLIN

Taking my... you're in therapy aren't you?

MARY

As a matter of fact, I am.

COLIN

You crack me up, Mom.

MARY

Yeah, I'm a regular laugh riot.

(beat)

So you want to tell me about it?

COLIN

Not really.

MARY

Why not?

COLIN

Because you're going to yell at me and I'm just... I'm just not in the mood.

MARY

Okay. But can I just say one thing?

COLIN

Oh God, I really wish you wouldn't.

MARY

Colin, shut up.

COLIN

Yes, Mother.

MARY

Would you like to know why I'm in therapy and going on a cruise and taking Spanish lessons? Because they make me happy. For almost 30 years I did things to try to make your father happy and when he left I realized that it was my turn. Because, see, your father was a very unhappy man.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARY (cont'd)

Any time he had something good, he went out of his way to screw it up. I don't know why he did that, but he did. He just couldn't stand to be happy.

(beat)

You're a lot like your father, Colin.

Mary kisses him on the head.

MARY (cont'd)

Call me.

Mary turns and heads back to the house while Colin contemplates what she just said.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Jamie is walking out to her car in the parking lot of the advertising agency. She is surprised to find David sitting on the hood of her car.

JAMIE

Hey.

DAVID

Hi. I was going to come up but all those models scared me.

JAMIE

Can't say that I blame you. What's going on?

DAVID

Colin left a message. Said he was staying at your place and... well, he left some stuff he's going to need.

David produces a small box.

DAVID (cont'd)

His pager, his phone address book thing, oh and his Britney Spears CD.

JAMIE

I don't know which is more frightening: the fact that he owns a Britney Spears CD or the fact that you think he's going to need it.

DAVID

I stopped questioning a long time ago.

JAMIE

Can't blame you for that either.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID  
So you'll give it to him?

JAMIE  
Of course.  
(beat)  
How are you doing?

DAVID  
I'm okay. Not really. But I'll live.  
You?

JAMIE  
I've had better weeks.

DAVID  
I can identify.  
(beat)  
Well, I better get going. Thanks for  
getting that stuff to him.

JAMIE  
Sure, of course.

They hug and David starts toward his car.

JAMIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
David?

David stops and turns back to her. She looks at him for a moment, considering, unsure of what she's about to say and especially unsure of why she's about to say it. But then it all comes tumbling out.

JAMIE (cont'd)  
I went in for a physical a couple of days ago and the doctor found a lump in my breast. I have to go in for a biopsy tomorrow and then they're probably going to tell me that I have cancer. That's what the doctor thinks. I mean, she hasn't actually said that out loud, but that's what she thinks. And I haven't told anybody, except for you, now. I haven't told Tom or Colin or Mom or anyone. And I don't know why I just told you but... I had to tell someone. I had to say it out loud, because nobody else is, including me.

David doesn't say a word, instead he waits for a second and then comes to embrace her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMIE (cont'd)  
That's the first time I've said that  
word. Cancer. Can't say as I like it  
too much.

Jamie allows herself to be hugged.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

We are focused tightly on a stoplight, now red. We hold there for a moment and then the light turns green.

At the same time music begins - a ballad - something that strikes a healthy balance between poignant and pissed off.

We pan down from the traffic light to see Jamie pulling up to the opposing red light behind the wheel of her station wagon. She brings the car to a stop and we zoom into her. She is, at this moment, probably more of a danger to other drivers than someone who has been drinking all night, simply because she is not really behind the wheel of the car - she is a million miles away - and it is all of the small, inane little details about driving oneself to the doctor that pull her back.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

We are tight on Jamie's left hand, slowly gripping and releasing the steering wheel. We pan up and see the light change green.

We cut to a shot of Jamie's foot moving from the brake pedal to the gas.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Tight on the wheels of the car as they begin to move.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Tight on Jamie's eyes in the rear view mirror. She glances up at herself briefly. Very briefly.

We cut to a shot of Jamie deploying the turn signal.

EXT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Tight on the blinker on Jamie's station wagon as it comes on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We pull back to see Jamie pulling into the parking lot of a non-descript, low-rise medical plaza.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Tight on Jamie's hand as she pushes the "down" button for the power window.

We cut to a shot of the window going down and the parking ticket dispenser coming into view.

EXT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

We are tight on the machine as Jamie's hand comes out of the window and pushes the button. A ticket prints out and Jamie's hand takes it.

INT. PARKING GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Jamie steers her car into a parking space.

We go into a tight shot of the brake light going out as she puts it in park and takes her foot off the brake.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jamie flips down the visor to access the lighted mirror. She opens it.

We go to a tight shot of Jamie's reflection in the mirror as she checks her makeup and futzes half-heartedly with her hair. Again, her eyes briefly meet her own gaze and she quickly averts.

Back to a wider shot as Jamie flips up the mirror and gets out of the car.

INT. PARKING GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Jamie walks away from the car.

We go to a tight shot of Jamie's finger on the "arm" button of her car's remote. She presses it as her hand leaves the shot and we are left with the view of the car's lights blinking twice and a short horn honk.

Next we go to a tight shot of Jamie's shoes as they click along on the concrete parking garage floor.

INT. LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Jamie enters the lobby of the medical plaza and goes to the directory on the wall near the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We cut to a tight shot of the name of the doctor - "Dr. Harold Rosen, M.D., Surgical Oncology." The shot refocuses to show Jamie's reflection in the glass of the directory.

We cut to a tight shot of Jamie pushing the "up" button for the elevator.

Cut to a tight shot of the elevator floor indicator on 6 and moving slowly down.

We go to a wider shot of Jamie waiting for the elevator and behind her an older couple enters the lobby. Both are in their 70s and the woman is obviously ill, using a cane and being aided by who we will presume is her husband.

The elevator doors open and Jamie holds it so the couple can get on the elevator. Then she follows.

The doors to the elevator glide shut.

INT. ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

Jamie pushes the button for the 5th floor while the man of the older couple pushes 8.

Jamie for the most part stares at the floor number indicator rising but she steals a small glance at the couple. The woman is looking at her and the two of them have a moment where their eyes lock. Jamie looks away quickly but after a moment looks back. This time the woman is looking at the door or the floor indicator or maybe just her future.

The doors to the elevator open and Jamie gets off.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Jamie is in a non-descript hallway of the non-descript medical plaza, a beige affair with lots of doors with people's names followed by lots of initials.

As she walks down the hallway she hears low sounds coming from the other sides of the door. A mumble here, a muffled laugh - the sound of a drill somewhere in the caverns behind a dentist's office door.

She passes a water fountain and then goes back to get a drink, relishing the water and how cool it is.

Finally, she reaches the door to match what we saw on the directory - it reads "Dr. Harold Rosen, M.D., Surgical Oncology."

She takes a shaky but deep breath and opens the door.

INT. WAITING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

It's not really a bad place, this waiting room, but it's like the waiting rooms of every doctor's office you've ever been in. Soothing earth tones, uninspiring art prints, some almost-comfortable chairs, a couple of plants, and tables with old magazines and literature. The type of room that was decorated by the doctor's wife named Sheila or Helen back a couple of years ago when Sheila or Helen got too bored with the club and decided to do something creative before she finally said "screw it" and didn't care that she was pouring herself a Southern Comfort and Soda at eleven o'clock in the morning.

It's not really a bad place - but if you look too closely it has the unmistakable air of desperation hanging over it.

Jamie sort of soaks in the details of the room and then notices that there is one other woman in the room. She is seated near the door to the inner offices reading a magazine. She's probably in her mid-30s, pretty, and wearing a brightly colored scarf to cover her obviously bald head.

Jamie instinctively reaches up to adjust her hair and then feels guilty about it.

She walks across the room and reaches the reception desk where a receptionist, Lorrie greets her.

LORRIE

Hi.

JAMIE

Hi. I'm Jamie Harrington. I have an appointment at two o'clock.

LORRIE

Hi Jamie, I'm Lorrie. Why don't you sign in first.

Jamie picks up the pen and signs her name on the next line of the check-in form.

LORRIE (cont'd)

This is your first time here, right?

JAMIE

Yes.

LORRIE

Okay, I'm going to need to see your insurance card and I'll need to have you fill out some forms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMIE

Okay.

Jamie fishes in her purse and produces the card, which she hands over to Lorrie. Lorrie in exchange hands her a clipboard with some forms on it.

LORRIE

Front and back on the first sheet and sign it. Top section on the second sheet, sign, and initial. Front of the third sheet and sign one last time.  
Okay?

JAMIE

Okay.

Jamie takes the clipboard and goes to sit in one of the almost comfortable chairs.

She fills out the forms - all the important and trivial details of her life formulated into boxes and checkmarks and signatures.

Occasionally she looks up and steals a glance at the woman with the colorful scarf who is too engrossed in her 8-week old issue of "Time" to notice.

The forms continue.

The door to the inner offices opens and a nurse, Glenna, opens the door.

GLENNA

Susan, you want to come back?

The woman in the colorful scarf gets up and follows Glenna into the back. Glenna shuts the door behind them.

Jamie returns to the forms and finishes them off, then returns to the reception desk.

LORRIE

All done?

JAMIE

Yes.

LORRIE

Okay... and here's your insurance card back.

JAMIE

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

LORRIE

So just have a seat and someone will take you back in a few minutes, okay?

JAMIE

Okay.

Jamie goes back to her seat and picks up an 8-week old copy of "People" and begins thumbing through it.

Despite herself she actually gets a little engrossed in it because she doesn't notice the door to the office open and doesn't notice the person who enters until he sits down next to her.

She looks up and sees that it is Colin. She holds his gaze for a moment, almost welling up in tears, and then looks back down at the magazine.

The silence between them this time is not at all uncomfortable and they let it stretch out for a moment or two.

COLIN

David is lousy at keeping secrets.

Jamie nods.

JAMIE

I see that.

There is more comfortable silence.

JAMIE (cont'd)

I'm still mad at you, you know.

COLIN

I know.

He holds his hand out and she takes it, gripping it tightly.

The door opens and Glenna pokes her head out.

GLENNA

Jamie Harrington?

Jamie looks at Colin.

COLIN

I'll be here.

Jamie nods and then stands and follows Glenna.

INT. EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Glenna shows Jamie into a small but pleasant exam room.

GLENNA

Oh, I left your forms out front. Have a seat I'll be right back.

JAMIE

Sure.

Glenna exits, shutting the door behind her and Jamie sits on the exam table. Next to her on the wall, is a mural of a serene forest waterfall. She reaches out to touch it and then begins to speak, not to the camera or anyone else, just talking:

JAMIE (cont'd)

Back a few years ago, Tom and I went on a vacation by ourselves. Left the kids with my folks and we went camping. It was his idea, obviously. I wanted room service and cocktails by the pool, he wanted to commune with nature, which apparently involves peeing on bushes. But I digress. So one morning I get up early because it's like twelve degrees and the ground is hard and instead of lying there in the tent thinking of ways to murder my husband and dump the body without getting caught, I decide to go take a walk. And within like four minutes, I was totally lost. I admit it, I just a big girl when it comes to things like a sense of direction and without a McDonald's or a Starbucks acting as guideposts, well, I'm screwed. So I go wandering around the woods and I realize there's this noise... Sort of a low rumble, coming from somewhere. And I couldn't figure out what it was but I figured that maybe whatever it was might be mechanical and therefore there may be people around it. So I start toward the noise and it gets louder and louder and finally I come into this clearing and there was a waterfall... It was amazing. It wasn't like Niagra Falls or anything, but it was still... And the water looked so clean and clear... so I went in. It was freezing, but it was... How do you describe what it's like to discover a waterfall? It was like a miracle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jamie touches the mural again and we fade to black.