

A small bedroom doing its best to function as a hospital room. Prescription bottles. A half-empty glass of water. Medical paperwork folded beneath a lamp. **LIP (15)** sits on the edge of the bed beside his **MOTHER (45ish)**. She's thin. Frail. The illness has taken a lot from her. But not her warmth. Lip holds a spoonful of soup to her mouth.

LIP

51 Come on. One more.

51

She takes it. Tries to swallow. Can't. Lip immediately reaches for a napkin, gently wiping the soup from the corner of her mouth before it can run down her chin. She catches his hand.

LIP'S MOTHER

52 Okay.

52

Lip looks at the bowl.

LIP

53 You barely ate.

53

LIP'S MOTHER

54 I seem to be wearing more of it than eating it.

54

Lip doesn't laugh. He scoops another spoonful.

LIP

55 Doctor said you gotta eat.

55

She watches him. This fifteen-year-old boy trying desperately to control something he has absolutely no control over.

LIP'S MOTHER

56 Baby...

56

LIP

57 Just one more.

57

She opens her mouth. For him. Lip feeds her. She struggles to swallow again. This time Lip can't watch. He puts the bowl down.

LIP'S MOTHER

58 We need to talk.

58

Lip immediately stands. Grabs his backpack.

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59 **LIP** 59
I'm late for school.

60 **LIP'S MOTHER** 60
Eric.

He keeps packing. Anything to stay busy.

61 **LIP** 61
I'll clean this up when I get back.
Your blue pill is at twelve. The
little white one is at two. I put ice
water in your thermos.

62 **LIP'S MOTHER** 62
Eric.

He stops. But doesn't turn around.

63 **LIP'S MOTHER (CONT'D)** 63
You can't keep running from this.

Lip looks at the bottles of pills. His eyes begin to fill. He
quickly blinks it away.

64 **LIP** 64
Nobody's running.

65 **LIP'S MOTHER** 65
Then look at me.

He can't.

66 **LIP'S MOTHER (CONT'D)** 66
I said look at me.

Lip finally turns. For a moment, he's not the kid trying to
act grown. He's just her little boy.

67 **LIP'S MOTHER (CONT'D)** 67
What's on your mind?

Lip tries to hold it in but after a moment he quietly
mumbles.

68 **LIP** 68
It's not fair.

She gives him a small smile.

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	LIP'S MOTHER	
69	No. It isn't.	69
That answer catches him off guard. No speech about everything happening for a reason. No pretending. Just the truth.		
	LIP	
70	It seems like nothing good ever happens to us.	70
His voice cracks.		
	LIP (CONT'D)	
71	Why you gotta be the one...	71
Silence. His mother fights her own tears.		
	LIP'S MOTHER	
72	Come here.	72
	LIP	
73	I'm gonna be late.	73
	LIP'S MOTHER	
74	Then be late.	74
Lip finally walks over. She reaches up and touches his face.		
	LIP'S MOTHER (CONT'D)	
75	I need you to promise me something.	75
Lip immediately shakes his head.		
	LIP'S MOTHER	
76	You don't even know what I'm gonna say.	76
	LIP	
77	Yes I do.	77
He backs away.		
	LIP (CONT'D)	
78	We'll talk later.	78
His mother studies him.		

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CONTINUED:

LIP'S MOTHER

79 How about this. I was just going to 79
 tell you I need a re-fill.

She reaches for her pill bottle and hands it to Lip. Lip
grabs it knowing that's not the reason but he plays along. He
puts it in his back pack. Lip smiles.

LIP

80 You still got pills mom. Not empty 80
 yet.

LIP'S MOTHER

81 And you still got a mother Eric. I'm 81
 not gone yet. So let's make every pill
 count.

Lip smiles. He gets what his mom is saying.

LIP

82 Blue one at 12. 82

He walks out. His mother watches the empty doorway. A tear
slips down her cheek.

CUT TO: