

Nothing Special

By

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INT - SARA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - MORNING

SARA(28/F)finished up her breakfast at the small, two-person table that sat in the proportionately small kitchen at her mother's house. She stared at the back of her mother's bandana on her head. Her mother, Robin, (58/F) was watching TMZ and it's crew in their latest encounter with Kanye West. He was cursing and being his typical shitty self.

Sara wasn't really paying attention to the television. She was more concerned with her mother who had been hacking an awful cough and spitting into a small pot. Sara got up to placed her cereal bowl in the dishwasher. She grabbed a clean washrag and ran it under hot water. She brought it to her mother and placed it on her neck. Her mother was startled at first, then was thankful for the gesture.

ROBIN

(in a raspy voice)

Thanks babe. Can you believe this guy?!

SARA

(in a non-caring tone about the question)

No. I can't. Mom, why do you watch this crap?

ROBIN

(in a semi-insulted but playful manner)

Oh. Jeez. I dunno. It's the only thing that gets my blood moving anymore. This damn chemo is sucking the life right out of me.

SARA

I told you, you didn't HAVE to do it.

ROBIN

Dr. Gold told me it'd be best.

SARA

I know and he's one of the best we have there but we could have tried a more natural route.

ROBIN

(in a lightly stern tone)

Sara, he's your boss. You shouldn't be stubborn with him. I'm fine, really. Just tired.

(CONTINUED)

SARA

(in the same lightly stern tone, almost mimicking her mother's voice)

I know. That's why you shouldn't be wasting the little energy you have with Kanye West and arguing with me. I've been researching other ways to get around this.

ROBIN

(in a more loving tone now)

I'm not arguing, Sara (pausing and smiling at Sara) If I haven't mentioned it, I'm so proud of you. You are truly something special. I hope I'll be around long enough to watch you...

SARA

(cutting her off in a harsh tone at first but then using the same loving tone)

Mom! Stop. Please. Don't talk like that...

ROBIN

(her tone becomes a little more serious)

I'm sorry Sara, I need to be realistic about this. Dr. Gold has told me I only have...

SARA

(also using the same serious tone)

I know what he told you Mom but I don't need you to start giving up.

ROBIN

(back to a loving voice)

You're right but I'm not giving up though.

SARA

(also in a loving voice)

I know you're not..... Love you mom.

All in the same motion she grabs her attaché case and her tablet bag and kisses her mother's head on the way out of the door.

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN

Love you too. Call before you leave work, o.k.?

SARA

(in a sarcastic tone)

Yes, Mother. Turn that stuff off and get some rest, huh?

ROBIN

(smiling)

Be nice to your mother!

Sara smiled back as she shuts the door.

EXT - IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE - MORNING

Sara kept her smile and shook her head. She walked toward her Honda Civic parked by the curb. Two women were jogging and approaching her on her left. She pretended not to listen to their inane conversation as she unlocked her car.

JOGGER #1

...yea, she just needs to let it go. Why would she even post that anyway?

JOGGER #2

I know, right.

Sara got in her car and drove off. She drove with her car windows half down. She continued through the shady part of town that precedes Sloan-Kettering Hospital. Stopped at a stop light she watched a 15 year old girl walking while she texted. In stride, the girl tripped over a homeless man's extended foot while she stared at her I-phone. The man twitched and grunted. The girl caught herself from falling. Sara watched the whole thing and heard both the homeless man and the girl's individual reactions.

TEENAGER(15/F)

Fucking bum!

The homeless man picked his head up slightly, then laid it back down. Sara shook her head and turned up the radio. A sports radio station host announced a new deal being made with a baseball player.

RADIO HOST(V.O)

So, it's official. Muldanato will be the highest paid pitcher in the league. The extension inked him in for 3 more years at \$150 million.

(CONTINUED)

A second host chimes in.

RADIO HOST #2
Wooo! Well, he's worth it, the
guy's worth it, listen to
these numbers....

Sara smacked the radio power button and made a FFFT sound. She pulled into the entrance of a parking garage. She was waved through from the attendant operating the arm. She found her spot and began her walk into work.

INT - INSIDE SLOAN KETTERING - MORNING

Sara walked to the first elevator and pressed the up button. The elevator doors opened and began toward her station.

JEREMY (23/M)

Jeremy ran up behind Sara.
(excitedly)
Sara, Sara! Are you in?!

SARA
(slightly surprised)
Woah! Easy does it Speed Racer!..
In what, Jeremy?

JEREMY
Fantasy football. Remember? You
almost won last year. What a stupid
play call or you would have beat
Malcolm.

SARA
Oh. Yeah. Uh... no, not this year
Jeremy.

JEREMY
Oh come on Sara. Why not?

SARA
I won't have time this year to keep
up, ya know, with my mom. I've been
staying at her place to take care
of her.

JEREMY
Oh shit, yea, sorry. I forgot.
How's she doing?

(CONTINUED)

SARA

She's kinda leveled out, ya know?
The chemo is making her miserable
but she won't ever say that. You
know how she is?

JEREMY

Yea. She's a warrior. Let me know
if you need any help. I mean, if I
can. School, work, fantasy
football, it's tough to squeeze it
all in.

SARA

(in a patronizing and
sarcastic tone that Jeremy
didn't notice)

Yea. Sure. Must be tough. Thanks.

Jeremy ran off to attempt to recruit another nurse walking
by. Sara continued her walk before getting approached by one
of her nurses.

SHARICE (24/F)

Hey girl. Hey, check this out. I
got the new I-phone 6 plus 1.

SARA

(she answers trying to hide
her feeling of being
overwhelmed by petty stuff
like this; with half grin)

Awesome Share. Good for you.

A receptionist interrupts.

RECEPTIONIST

Receptionist held a phone in her hand. Another line has been
ringing in the meantime.

Sharice! Mr. Renfro has been
calling for you! He says you didn't
give him his heart pills last hour.

Receptionist answered the phone with a bitchy attitude
discussing insurance.

I'm sorry sir. We can't allow your
wife to leave yet. She's in the
middle of treatment and have not
heard back from your insurance
company.

(CONTINUED)

SHARICE

Damn! Shit never ends. Check ya later girl.

Sharice walked a few feet away from Sara, then turned back around.

Oh, hey! Drinks at O'Mally's later. Haven't seen you out in a minute.

SARA

No, sorry Share. My mom is gonna need me after work.

SHARICE

Oh, shoot. Ok, girl. When she's better we'll celebrate.

Sara just nodded her head with a half smile.

EXT - AT HER CAR IN THE PARKING GARAGE- DUSK

Sara picked up her phone and dialed her mother.

SARA

Mom?

A muffled voice is heard from her phone.
Hey. I'm on my way.

Her mom's muffled voice spoke longer.
Sure. What kind?

Muffled response.

Lemon Raspberry? ulllk. That stuff's nasty... alright. I'll see ya in a few.

EXT-OUTSIDE OF A COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Sara held her mother's cup of tea as she exited the coffee shop. A group of teenagers were nearby giggling and gossiping.

KAITLIN

My dad is going to buy me that BMW or I'm leaving that shit hole.

The other teens laugh.

GWEN

Shut up Kaitlin, your house is nice.

KAITLIN

Yea, it's nice if you're on welfare. I mean, Teresa has a 42" t.v. in her room with her own Netflix account. Her dad just got her the new A6 too. That bitch!

Sara walked passed and gave them a fake smile. The girls looked back at her and giggled at Sara's scrubs. She arrived back to her mom's house.

INT- SARA MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Robin hasn't moved from the couch, except she had laid down. Her eyes blinked slowly when Sara walked in. She gave Sara a tired smile. On the way in Sara checked the thermostat. It read seventy nine degrees. She looked back at her mother who was wearing a heavy blanket. She placed the tea down in front of her and gave her a kiss on the head and covered her feet which were exposed.

ROBIN

(quietly)

Thanks sweetheart.

Sara hung up her coat and helped her mother sit up.

SARA

Here mom, just take a few sips and get some sleep. I'll walk you to bed.

ROBIN

No, no baby. I'll just sleep here, that bed is tough on my back.

SARA

(letting out a deep breath
from her mother's
stubbornness)

Ok Mom. You're a pain in my back sometimes.

ROBIN

(jokingly)

You can't talk your mother like that.

SARA

Too late.

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN
(sarcastically)
Love you too.

SARA
Love you mom. I'll warm your tea up
in the morning, you need to sleep.

ROBIN
ok, love. G'night.

The television was still on with some kind of awards show on. The announcers were talking about the Vera Wang dress that Taylor Swift was wearing and how awful Miley Cyrus looked.

SARA
Good Lord.

Sara grabbed the remote and shut off the t.v. She walked passed her mother and placed the blanket up to her neck. She turned off the one lamp that was on by the end table next to her mother and walked to her room.

In her room Sara unpacked her attaché case and pulled out a binder. She turned on her desk lamp and shut off her bedroom light. She dropped the binder on the desk and opened it.

Slow zoom in over Sara's shoulder and into her binder which displays the title page of her work.

"CURE FOR CANCER"

abrupt end and rolling credits