

NURSING PAINS

Written by

Simon K. Parker

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Simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk

FADE IN:

INT MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

MICHAEL BURTON, 28, handsome, but dressed in loose dirty clothes with long greasy hair sits on the closed toilet seat. Playing a game on his phone.

Through the thin walls we hear the sound of an old woman screeching.

JUNE

(O.S)

Michael. Michael. Michael.
Michael....

Michael gives up on the game. Looks over at the closed door to the bathroom.

MICHAEL

(muttering)

Shut up you rotten old bitch.

Michael stands up. Lifts the toilet lid open and urinates. Finished he leaves. Doesn't bother to wash his hands or flush the toilet.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - DAY

The front room is squalid. Trash on the floor. Dirty clothes piled up on chairs. Hasn't been cleaned in years.

JUNE, 63, massively overweight and dressed in a long nightshirt is sat in a wheelchair that's positioned right in front of the television. She is the one doing the screeching.

JUNE

Michael. Michael. Michael.

Michael enters.

MICHAEL

What is it?

JUNE

Are you just going to leave me here
all day?

MICHAEL

What do you want?

JUNE
Change the channel.

Michael gestures desperately to the remote control just to the side of her. She could easily reach it.

MICHAEL
The remote is right there.

JUNE
Well I want you to do it.

He approaches the television.

JUNE (CONT'D)
Channel 7.

MICHAEL
I know, I know.

JUNE
You don't know shit. I have to keep telling you everything. Useless idiot. I swear I must have dropped you on your head when you were a baby.

Michael changes the channel.

MICHAEL
You know, I can't take much more of this.

She laughs at him dismissively.

JUNE
Oh, here comes the speech again.

MICHAEL
I mean it. You keep pushing me and I'll simply walk out that door.

JUNE
And do what? Look at you. What a mess. What a joke. Clean up this god damn house.

MICHAEL
I would be just fine out there on my own.

JUNE
Bullshit.

MICHAEL

I'd make it just fine.

JUNE

You can't make shit. Clean this god damn house and keep that mouth of yours closed.

MICHAEL

You wouldn't last two days without me. Feeding you. Cleaning you. Clothing you. Getting your pills. Doing everything for you. All you have to do is wake up and I still have to be your alarm clock.

JUNE

And you can't do any of those things right.

MICHAEL

You want me to leave. See how long you last?

JUNE

Don't you talk back to me. Just clean this god damn house. You're not warning me, I'm warning you.

MICHAEL

You want this place clean so bad you do it.

JUNE

My back is gone. Do as you're told and clean this house.

MICHAEL

What's the urgency all of a sudden?

JUNE

We're having company.

He can't help but laugh.

MICHAEL

What?

JUNE

I've got a Nurse coming to assess my disability, and if it goes well my disability payments will be going up.

MICHAEL

That's all you care about.

JUNE

An extra 600 a month you're damn right I care.

MICHAEL

Then you clean it. It's your house remember, I'm only staying here because you let me.

JUNE

You good damn ungrateful piece of shit.

MICHAEL

I haven't got time for this I've got to go make you dinner. You don't eat unless I make it.

JUNE

Everything you make tastes like shit.

MICHAEL

Well I learned how to cook from you.

Michael turns to leave.

JUNE

Where the hell do you think you're going. You leave when I tell you to leave. You keep pushing me and you'll be out on your ass. You're nothing without me. Always remember that Michael, you're nothing.

He leaves.

JUNE (CONT'D)

(screaming)

I wish you had never been born. I should of had an abortion. Do us both a favour and drop dead!

He lets the door slam shut behind him.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen might be more dirty than the front room. Left to rot.

Michael stands in front of the filthy microwave. A simple looking TV dinner cooks inside. Cheap and lacking any kind of real nutrition. Once that's done, he puts a second one in.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY

Michael and June sit together at the table. Only space enough for their hot TV dinners. The rest of the table is covered in random trash, old books, magazines and newspapers.

June and Michael sit across from each other. Eating in silence, sharing occasional tense glances.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Michael wakes up to the shrill sound of his alarm clock.

He pulls back the covers, still wearing the same sweat stained clothes he had on the day before.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Michael sits amongst the piles of dirty clothes on the sofa. Can barely see the television screen for how close June sits in front of it.

They're watching a gameshow.

The doorbell rings. June turns her head and looks over at him.

JUNE

Answer it. And you still haven't cleaned up this place. You should be ashamed of yourself. You're disgusting.

MICHAEL

It's your stuff. All of it.

June picks up the television remote and slings it at Michael, hitting him in the chest.

JUNE

Go answer the door!

(spits)

And I want that remote back!

Michael gets up and leaves.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Michael opens the front door to SELMA, 24. He's stunned by how beautiful she is. Dressed in her nurse's uniform. She's perfect.

MICHAEL

Wow.

SELMA

Hi. I'm here to see...

He closes the door on her.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Michael comes running back into the front room. He's carrying a couple of heavy duty black bags with him. Starts frantically cleaning. Bagging anything that looks like trash. Which unfortunately for him is nearly everything in this room.

June watches him, stunned.

JUNE

What are you doing?

MICHAEL

This place is a mess. I can't believe you invited someone like her over.

JUNE

It's not just someone, it's my Nurse. Where is she?

MICHAEL

I shut the door on her. I just needed sometime. Hopefully she's still there.

JUNE

Jesus. You can't even answer the door properly, what a waste of space you are. You're a fucking oxygen thief is what you are.

MICHAEL

Are you going to help?

She laughs at him.

JUNE

By back....

MICHAEL

Then just let me do this.

JUNE

Just go and answer the door you
fucking idiot.

MICHAEL

Just wait.

Michael continues with his mad dash. Throwing away what he
can.

JUNE

Michael, answer the fucking door.

He ignores her. She starts picking up any object she can get
to hand. Throwing them at his head. She gets him a couple of
times.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Go get my fucking nurse.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Michael stands in front of the sink staring at himself in the
mirror. He quickly washes his hands, washing his face and
sleeking back his long greedy hair.

MICHAEL

(looking at his
reflection)

Shit. I look like fucking shit.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Michael watches from the open doorway. Selma is knelt down on
the floor beside June. Still in her wheelchair.

With a notepad and pen Selma watches as June fails to lean
forwards or to even lift her arms up.

JUNE

That's the best I can do. The pain,
it's just too much.

SELMA

Ok.

Selma jots down her notes in fast scribbled handwriting.
Totally pokerfaced.

Michael can't take his eyes off of her.

MICHAEL

So, how long have you been a Nurse for?

Selma turns to face him. June scoffs loudly.

JUNE

What kind of stupid question is that. What an idiot. Can't you go somewhere else. Can't you see that we're busy.

(turns to Selma)

I'm sorry about him. I genuinely think he might be a little autistic. You know, properly fucking retarded.

MICHAEL

(snapping back)
I'm just asking.

SELMA

(to June)

You shouldn't really use words like that. And I'd rather not hear them.

(to Michael)

I've been qualified for three years.

MICHAEL

Awesome. Hard job.

JUNE

Oh my god what are you doing are you flirting with her, that's disgusting. I think I'm going to be sick.

(to Selma)

I'm so sorry about him. Spends all day in his room masturbating, he has no idea how to speak to real women.

Michael takes a couple of steps into the room, furious.

MICHAEL

Mom, knock it off!

SELMA

Ok wow, I think I'm going to go.

Selma stands up to leave.

Michael actually leaves.

Selma moves to join him. June energetically reaches over and grabs a hold of her. Suddenly able to move with ease.

JUNE

No wait, I need you here to make me better.

(a fake smile)

Please.

She gestures to the door closing shut behind Michael.

JUNE (CONT'D)

You see he's gone. I need you to make me better. I've gotten worse. Much worse. I need more help. From the government.

SELMA

Well I'm just here to assess you and your living conditions. That's it. Just an assessment. Whatever is going on between you and him I want left out of it.

June relaxes back into her wheelchair.

JUNE

Alright. Go ahead.

Selma composes herself.

SELMA

Alright, why don't you try and lean forwards for me. Let me see how much mobility you've got.

June shakes her head relaxes right back into her wheelchair.

JUNE

Oh honey you've got no chance. I can't move. I can barely move my head. My back. The pain. I'm almost paralysed at this point.

Selma doesn't react to this, just takes more notes.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Selma inspects the kitchen, she spots some mould growing, pokes at with the end of her pen.

She's disgusted. Makes more notes.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Selma pokes her head around the door, peering inside the bathroom. She sees the unflushed toilet.

SELMA
Jesus, no thank you.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Selma puts her shoes on then her coat. Getting ready to leave. Michael holds onto her bag for her. Holds it out for her to take.

Selma takes it from him.

SELMA
Thanks.

Michael is nervous and stuttering.

MICHAEL
Would you like to grab a coffee or
some foods sometime? As a thank
you?

SELMA
No. Thank you.

MICHAEL
Why not?

Selma looks him slowly up and down.

SELMA
I don't think I'd enjoy it. Sorry.

MICHAEL
Will I ever get to see you again?

SELMA
I finish my report tomorrow. So
yes.
(under her breath)
Unfortunately.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Michael enters carrying a plastic tray that has a large bowl of chocolate ice cream and a bottle of beer.

He comes over to June, she snatches both from the tray.

JUNE

What the hell were you saying to her out there?

MICHAEL

Why do you care?

JUNE

You like her don't you. What a fucking joke.

MICHAEL

I'm going to bed.

JUNE

(singing, taunting)
Michael likes the pretty girl. You love her.

MICHAEL

I'm going to bed. I'll see you in the morning.

JUNE

Don't be disgusting and jerk off over her. She's my Nurse. Show some fucking respect.

MICHAEL

She smiled at me just so you know.

JUNE

Look at you. A girl like that wouldn't be seen dead with someone like you.

MICHAEL

Enjoy your dinner.

June laughs at him. Tucking into the ice cream and chugging the beer.

JUNE

Thank you. I will.

Michael slams the door shut behind him. Bang!

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Michael stands in front of his mirror. Fresh out from the shower he holds onto a pair of long kitchen scissors. His hair still soaking wet. He chops his hair off. Cutting it as short as he can.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Michael is fighting with the toilet. Rubber gloves on, mask and goggles. He's scrubbing it clean.

June screams at him through the wall. Telling him to shut up and to knock it off.

It doesn't effect him, just continues to plough ahead.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Michael in fresh clothes and styling his fresh haircut answers the door to Selma. He aims a big warm smile towards her.

MICHAEL

Good morning.

June can still be heard screaming, making her demands from another room. She sounds furious.

Selma steps in. Taken aback at Michael's new appearance. Her attention is then brought to the sound of June screaming.

SELMA

Is she alright?

Michael takes her bag from her.

MICHAEL

Isn't that why you're here, to find that out?

SELMA

Just an assessment and I'll be glad when it's over.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Selma is going through some simple stretching exercises with June.

June fails to do any of them. Selma just looks at her disappointed.

JUNE

It's my back. I'm basically a cripple.

Selma grabs her paperwork and pen.

SELMA

So you have someone you'd like to name as your primary carer?

JUNE

My son. He's a good boy. You need to talk to your bosses and tell them I need my benefit payments increased and it needs to be right away. I need the help. I can't look after myself. I need this extra money, OK? Netflix, Amazon Prime. Disney plus. Paramount Plus. Hulu. That's a lot of money all together. And considering I'm bound to a wheelchair, I don't think that's fair. This country has gone to hell.

The sound of banging and clattering now enters the room.

Selma glances over her shoulder towards where it's coming from.

June face sours.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Am I going to get my extra money or what? Or are you just wasting my time?

Selma stands up heads towards the sounds.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Michael is busy cleaning. The floors and walls are sparkling. He's now tackling the sink. Cleaning like he's in a race against time.

Selma looks in and she's impressed. June starts her screaming again.

SELMA

You've done all this since I've been here?

MICHAEL

(out of breath)
Yeah.

SELMA

You work fast.

MICHAEL

Thanks. I even cleaned the toilet. So if you need to use the bathroom you can.

SELMA

Thanks. But I think I'll be ok. You know this isn't a bad apartment at all. I think once you've gotten rid of all the trash it could be a pretty wonderful place to live.

He nods, agreeing.

A beat. An awkward pause between them as they both gaze at each other.

MICHAEL

Someone like you shouldn't have to come into a mess like this place. I'm sorry for how it was. I really am.

SELMA

Someone like me?

MICHAEL

Someone as beautiful as you.

She smiles, genuinely touched.

SELMA

What's your story?

MICHAEL

My story?

SELMA

How did you end up living your life like this?

He contemplates on this, then smiles.

MICHAEL

Maybe we can go for a coffee
sometime and I can tell you all
about it? It starts with my father
dying, so it's not the most
uplifting tale, but there's a few
interesting things here and there.

Selma smiles politely back at him. She opens her mouth as if
to answer, but is cut short.

June's screams are now getting so loud they're impossible to
ignore. Terrible, fowl, swearing as loud as she can.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

She wasn't always like this. I just
don't know what to do with her?

SELMA

Well, you're going to have to have
a good long think about that.

MICHAEL

What do you mean?

SELMA

Your mother best describes herself
as crippled. Needs round the clock
care. Unable to care for herself.
And she's named you her primary
caregiver.

MICHAEL

What does that mean?

SELMA

It means you decide what happens to
her next.

A million possibilities seem to flood into his mind all at
once.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - DAY

June sits in her wheelchair watching one of her gameshows.
Junk food spread out across a table just beside her.

Michael enters. He's clean shaved, dressed in nice brand new
clothes. He cleans up nicely.

MICHAEL

Mom. Time to pack.

She looks over at him.

JUNE
Get the hell away from me.

MICHAEL
Come on Mom. It's time.

JUNE
Go to hell.

MICHAEL
Mom. It's time.

JUNE
You've been telling me this all
week. I don't know what your game
is but this is my house you stupid
fuck head.

Michael reaches back to the door. Holds it open.

MICHAEL
Alright, come in.

Three large health professionals enter, dressed all in white.
All tall men.

JUNE
Get the hell out of my house.

MICHAEL
They're here to take you to a
specialist home. Where you can get
the care you need.

JUNE
This is some kind of sick fucking
joke.

MICHAEL
Mom it's a special home where you
can get round the clock care.

JUNE
Fuck you.

The three large men descend onto her.

MICHAEL
You'll get looked after. The
government is paying for all of it.
It's what you asked for.

The biggest of the three men grabs a hold of the back of her wheelchair. Pushes her towards the door.

JUNE

You can't do this to me you piece of shit.

MICHAEL

Actually I can. I'm your primary caregiver. And you signed the paperwork to say you're incapable of looking after yourself.

June leaps up out of the wheelchair and starts to wrestle with the men. She's quite strong.

JUNE

Get out of my house. Now.

She's very strong. Takes all three of the men to overpower her. Pinning her down into the wheelchair.

MICHAEL

Get her out of here.

She fights against them with all her might, impossible to keep her pinned down. They're really struggling.

One of the men then removes a syringe and injects a solution into June's neck. Takes only a few seconds but it successfully knocks her out.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It's ok. She's not herself. You can take her away.

The three men are a little stunned. This isn't what they were expecting at all. But they do as he says and wheel June out of the room.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Michael sits down at a table with two cups of coffee. Selma is there in a pretty summer dress.

He joins her. He places her cup in front of her. Sipping from his own, he gestures around this ultra trendy city café.

MICHAEL

What do you think? It's not a bad spot is it?

SELMA

It's nice. You look nice too.

MICHAEL

Wow thanks. Well if you think I scrub up well, wait until you see the apartment. I hired a cleaning team. It's like a whole new place.

SELMA

Is your Mom...

He interrupts.

MICHAEL

She's not there anymore.

SELMA

Wow.

MICHAEL

She's finally got what she wanted. What she always wanted I think.

SELMA

Which is?

He shrugs.

MICHAEL

Being treated like she can't do anything for herself.

SELMA

Wow, now that's a development.

MICHAEL

So, you want to see the apartment? Maybe I can make you something for dinner?

She smirks.

SELMA

Let's see how this coffee date goes first.

MICHAEL

(excited)

This is a date?

Selma relaxes back into her chair cupping her coffee in both hands.

SELMA

So, tell me about yourself.

MICHAEL

Ok. Where do I start? I feel like only these last few weeks I've really truly started to begin to know myself. And I have you to thank you for that.

SELMA

Me?

MICHAEL

I was living in a sort of daze, and then I saw you.

SELMA

A daze?

MICHAEL

Like a coma. Then I saw your face and I woke up.

SELMA

Gee, thanks.

MICHAEL

So what do you want to know?

SELMA

Start from the beginning and we'll see where this goes.

They share another look and a smile.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END