

INT. SARAH'S CHILDHOOD HOME - LANDING - DAY

Sarah stands on the landing outside a closed door with John and her Mother JANE.

Jane is holding onto John.

Sarah stands apart.

SARAH

So am I going to be sleeping under the computer desk? I suppose I've had worse.

JOHN

You said you'd "rather die" than come home.

Jane elbows John.

SARAH

Irony.

Sarah opens the door to discover her childhood bedroom exactly as she would have left it.

JANE

You said you were never coming home, but I hoped.

SARAH

I'm not fifteen anymore.

Sarah slams the bedroom door shut.

She loses her balance, sways, and falls to the floor.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - SARAH'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

Sarah sits propped up in bed.

All of her stuffed animals, gymnastics trophies, and picture frames lie strewn about the floor.

SAM, 30, enters the room carrying a doctor's briefcase.

SARAH

You look like my Dad in that suit.

Sam picks his way through the debris of Sarah's childhood.

SAM

Some of us have to grow up.

Sam walks over to Sarah and sits on the edge of the bed.

He puts his bag down on the floor and starts rummaging through it.

Sam takes out a ophthalmoscope and shines it into Sarah's eyes.

She squints and turns her head.

SAM (CONT'D)
Stay still.

SARAH
Still telling me what to do.

SAM
Still not listening.

Sam brings a hand to Sarah's cheek and turns her face towards him.

Sarah relaxes to his touch.

He gently holds her head in place while he shines the light into her eyes.

Sam removes his hand and puts the ophthalmoscope into his doctor's bag.

He takes out a blood-pressure cuff and a stethoscope.

SAM (CONT'D)
Arm.

Sarah holds out her arm covered with infected puncture wounds.

SAM (CONT'D)
Left arm.

The left arm is no better.

SAM (CONT'D)
Jesus.

Sam shoves the cuff onto her arm and places the flat end of the stethoscope under it.

SARAH
Owww.

SAM
You'll feel a pressure.

He starts pumping. The cuff inflates.

SARAH
It hurts.

SAM
Just stay still.

SARAH
Take it off.

SAM
This will only take a minute.

SARAH
Take it off, Sam!

Sarah rips the cuff off of her arm and throws it on the floor.

Beat.

SAM
Fine.

Sam scoops it up and begins to pack his bag.

SAM (CONT'D)
I don't really need to examine you anyway.

SARAH
What's that supposed to mean?

SAM
You feel like shit because you are going through heroine withdrawal.

Sam gets up.

SAM (CONT'D)
You're not dying, you just need a course of Methadone.

SARAH
I am dying.

SAM
You're killing yourself. There's a difference.

Sam walks out of the room and leaves the door open.

Sarah hears the muffled sobs of her mother downstairs.