

THIS VERSION DRAFT 1

Written by

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INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

AMARA is sitting back while DR. STEING takes notes...

AMARA

I'm just going to say the thing
you're not supposed to say about
your mother. It's just that
sometimes...

She takes a breath.

AMARA (CONT'D)

Sometimes, I wish she would just
die already. And I know I'm
terrible for saying that but I just
sit and stare at her for hours
thinking I should just take that
pillow behind her head and...

She goes silent.

DR. STEING

Do you want your mom dead perhaps
because you're angry with her?

AMARA

But I'm not angry with her. It's
not her fault she got sick. It's
not her fault I can barely afford
her treatments or that neither of
my sisters are willing to stop and
help. I just want things to be
easier.

DR. STEING

Easier for who?

AMARA

For all of us. For me. For her. She
can't move or talk, she eats
through tubes. Her body is a
prison. This version of my mom
isn't the one I grew up knowing.
All of her light is gone. Her
intelligence, her advice, her
strength. It's just gone.

DR. STEING

And what if this is a test of your
strength? One last lesson for you?

AMARA

Then I'm fucked.
(through tears)
And if it's between some cosmic
lesson or my mom, I choose my mom.
But the hardest part is I know I
can't. All I can do is sit and wait
for this hell to end, however long
that takes.