

# **I'M DYING HERE**

by  
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EXT. LONDON STREETS - EARLY MORNING

JENNIFER, 40s, groomed and coiffed drives her slick black BMW M3 through the streets of London. Icona Pop's 'I don't Care' blasts.

Oxford Circus.

The smog. The drizzle.

The Double Decker Bus.

INT. LONDON ONCOLOGY CLINIC UNDERGROUND CARPARK - MORNING

The car jolts to a stop. The music stops.

A congratulatory bottle of chardonnay and bunch of flowers sit on the passenger seat.

Jennifer grabs her bag, key, phone and ice cold to-go glass full of what could be river sludge.

INT. LONDON ONCOLOGY CLINIC ELEVATOR - MORNING

Jennifer steps into the elevator.

An OLD WOMAN on a walker rushes to join her.

JENNIFER

No!

Jennifer hits the 'close' button.

The woman steels herself to make it before the doors slide closed.

JENNIFER

It's not working. Sad face.

The doors close on the old woman. Jennifer takes a long draw of her juice.

INT. LONDON ONCOLOGY CLINIC - MORNING

PING -- Elevator doors slide open.

Jennifer strides out into the foyer. It is functional with aspirational posters on the wall - the one with the kitten grabbing onto a rope and "Hang in There!" takes pride of place behind the Chemo Survivor Bell.

A lovely RECEPTIONIST looks her in the eyes and warmly smiles tapping her earpiece - she's on a call.

Jennifer leans on the counter.

JENNIFER

Dr. Rivers.

The Receptionist still on the phone. Jennifer sucks on the straw.

RECEPTIONIST

(whispers)

Jennifer Murphy?

Jennifer nods.

RECEPTIONIST

Room 3.

She squints at the Survivor Bell.

JENNIFER

When I come back I am going to ring the fuck out of that bell.

RECEPTIONIST

Good for you, Ms Murphy.

Jennifer strides down the hall, head held high.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - MORNING

Jennifer shivers in the hospital gown.

She folds her clothes placing them in her open tote. She removes her wig, revealing her shaved head, placing it on top of the pile.

DR. RIVERS, a frumpy woman with a face that exudes rainbows, enters with 2 X-ray sheets.

DR. RIVERS

Let's have a look-see, Jennifer.

She pushes the X-rays into the display case clips.

JENNIFER

I've been feeling great.

Jennifer's lungs glow pure white.

Dejected, Dr. Rivers sits down on the squeaky stool.

DR. RIVERS

You have no pain?

Jennifer smiles.

JENNIFER

Painkillers!

Jennifer sucks noisily again on the green sludge.

She shakes on her inhaler and takes a long draw.

Dr. Rivers reaches out and holds Jennifer's hand.

Jennifer is not crazy about being touched.

DR. RIVERS

I'm very sorry, Jennifer, but it's not looking good.

JENNIFER

I don't understand.

SLURP!

DR. RIVERS

There was a chance that your treatment might not work.

JENNIFER

Yeah?

DR. RIVERS

Your cancer hasn't gone away.

Jennifer is taken aback.

JENNIFER

I came to you because you have the most success in treating this.

DR. RIVERS

I'm sorry. Know that I have done all I can.

JENNIFER

So, what's next? What's the next treatment?

DR. RIVERS

Unfortunately, this is all we have. All we can do.

Dr. Rivers stands and writes on her notepad.

JENNIFER

Seriously? I mean, mRNA or something, right?

The doctor shakes her head.

DR. RIVERS

Your cancer is too far gone - it wouldn't be successful.

JENNIFER

"Your cancer." I hate that - MY cancer? I don't want it.

DR. RIVERS

Here's an address for a hospice. Go there and they will help you. You don't have long.

Jennifer takes the note. The penny's dropped.

JENNIFER

A year? 6 months? 1 month? 2 weeks?

Dr. Rivers shakes her head.

JENNIFER

Seriously, it's less than 2 weeks!

Dr. Rivers can't hide the truth - it's all over her face.

DR. RIVERS

I can't say exactly.

JENNIFER

Wow. So any day now. OK. So, immunology, right?

Doctor shakes her head.

JENNIFER

There is absolutely nothing YOU can do? I'm just...

Jennifer puts the note in her bag.

DR. RIVERS

You are not going to survive this.

JENNIFER

No.

DR. RIVERS

You are dying.

JENNIFER

But...

DR. RIVERS

We can help make you comfortable.  
That's about it.

JENNIFER

I CAN BREATHE!

She shakes the inhaler and sucks.

DR. RIVERS

The steroids. I'm sorry, Jennifer.  
Is there anyone you can call?

Jennifer stands, affronted.

JENNIFER

YEAH. A lawyer AND a real doctor.

Jennifer swings open the door, her panties glow though  
the hospital gown slit.

She slams it shut behind her.

She opens the door - back for her forgotten bag.

JENNIFER

A doctor who knows their stuff.

Slams the door.

Opens it again, for her car keys and her wallet.

JENNIFER

Go back to school, you hack...

INT. CLINIC FOYER - MORNING

A group of NURSES cheer as they crowd around a smiling  
CANCER-FREE GIRL as she reaches up to ring the bell.

The shaved-headed Jennifer storms through the foyer and  
stops at the commotion.

JENNIFER

Whoop-deee-fucking-do for you! How  
exciting, you get to live.

Jennifer flings her green sludge drink at the bell. It dings a dull ding. The juice splatters across the kitty poster and the group including the old woman with walker.

She pushes through the fire escape doors and down the stairs.

JENNIFER  
FUCK CANCER!!!

Her yell echoing. The crowd left traumatized.

I/E. LONDON STREETS/JENNIFER'S BMW - LATER

Jennifer speeds home.

She howls with grief.

She shoves the bunch flowers down over the chardonnay bottle, the head emerging among the blossoms.

Twists off the cap and pops in the straw from her sludge. Drinks deep.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer pulls up at a traffic light next to a police car.

The COPS look over to her.

She buries her head in her flowers to drink.

She wipes her mascara-blurred eyes and gives them a wave.

COP  
Allergies? Same here, maybe try  
hydrangeas - don't affect me.

Light changes, they move on.

INT. JENNIFER'S BMW - MORNING

Jennifer brakes on the gravel in front of her grand Edwardian apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Keys sound in the door and it flings open.

Jennifer storms in.

The wine has hit her hard.

Her place is exquisitely done; wide hardwood floorboards; recessed strip lights illuminate the space from behind floating walls; state of the art kitchen - so much grey. This woman is r-i-c-h. It is beautiful, but cold.

INT. KITCHEN

Jennifer opens the fridge. It's filled with fresh produce and green juice.

She slams it closed.

Still in her hospital gown she climbs up on the counter and pulls down a plastic tub labeled: "Bad For You!"

It's full of treats.

Through her tears Jennifer uses her teeth to rip open a chocolate bar. She takes a bite.

Opens another and shoves it in her mouth too. She can't get enough.

Straight into a third.

Jennifer is crying now.

JENNIFER

This used to taste so good.

She clamps her jaw and screams through her chocolaty teeth.

She places her forehead down on the cold quartz of the kitchen island. She strokes the smooth surface.

JENNIFER

Goodbye, quartz countertops,  
10,000 well spent.

Fills her arms with chocolate bars and pulls another bottle of wine from the wine fridge. Moves into the

LIVING ROOM

JENNIFER

Goodbye, Eames chair-I-didn't-  
really-sit-in-much.

(MORE)



JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Fifteen hundred. Maybe, sat on you  
10 times? So worth the hundred a  
pop.

Jennifer collapses down into the sofa.

JENNIFER

Goodbye, cloud couch. 10,000 plus  
1000 delivery. How I love you. I  
really LOVE you!

She holds her phone close, downs another large mouthful  
of wine, bites another bar.

JENNIFER

Goodbye, friends that never call.

She throws her phone across the room.

She instantly jumps up and retrieves it. It's OK.

INT. BEDROOM

Jennifer bursts in and throws her tote on the bed.

She crawls across her high, sage-colored bed toward the  
dresser.

JENNIFER

Goodbye, Savoir bed. You cost me  
more than my mortgage downpayment.  
Soo fucking worth it!

The dresser is laden with pills. She twists off the cap  
of a bottle and shakes 4 out.

Knocks them back with a mouthful of wine.

She picks through the bottles searching for a specific  
painkiller.

She notices a photo of an old Irish cottage: whitewash  
walls, thatched roof, red half door. A YOUNG JENNIFER  
holds hands with her gorgeous and sweet GRANNY MURPHY. In  
front, a black and white cat.

She stares at it, absorbing every detail.

A sudden pang of pain and her body tenses. She swipes the  
pills off the dresser and turns back to the bed, curling  
up in a ball. She closes her eyes to let the pain pass.

Opening them again, she catches sight of herself in the full length mirror.

She takes a moment to really look at herself.

She tips out her bag, another bottle of painkillers. Downs a fistful.

She finds the photo again, and next to it Dr. Rivers note: St Ignatius Hospice.

EXT. ST. IGNATIUS HOSPICE - AFTERNOON

Now fully clothed, Jennifer pulls her BMW into the turning lane opposite the Hospice on a tree lined street.

I/E. JENNIFER'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer's eyes are red from crying. She double checks the address, looks out from her car at the Hospice. Her turn signal clicking.

The red brick building is set back from the road. Patients, mostly older, sit dotted about the green lawn.

Her breath catches. She closes her eyes from the pain.

An ambulance pulls up behind her.

HONK --

She lowers her window and waves to them to pass her.

They cruise down the driveway to the hospice.

She observes as they open the door and pull out someone on a stretcher from the back - another fading soul.

She's not ready for this. She's not there yet.

HONK -- A work van. He waves his arms for her to move.

JENNIFER

I'm going!

Flustered Jennifer pushes into first, slams her foot down on the accelerator and peels off.

INT. BMW - AFTERNOON

Jennifer courses aimlessly through city streets...

Turns into countryside...

Flashes of towns...

The world a blur outside her car window...

She stares ahead, no where to go, nowhere to be.

EXT. COAST - EVENING

Jennifer steps out of her car and starts up the grassy verge to see the sea.

She breathes it in and coughs.

Screams a frustrated yell.

She falls to her knees and sobs.

A kindly MAN WITH A DOG approaches.

MAN WITH DOG

You lost? Looking for the ferry?

She quickly wipes her face.

Runs back to her car.

MAN WITH DOG

You need to go to Ireland?

On top of her bag on the seat beside her, the photograph of her Granny's house.

JENNIFER

Ireland!

The man has reached her window.

MAN WITH DOG

Back the way you came, first left.

With all her heart -

JENNIFER

Thank you.

She drives on.

EXT. FERRY YARD - EVENING

Jennifer's BMW sits in a row cars and caravans.

I/E. JENNIFER'S BMW

Jennifer is worse for wear.

She throws a finished chocolate wrapper on the floor.

She pops a chewing gum in her mouth.

The FERRY AGENT taps on her tablet.

Leans in Jennifer's window.

FERRY AGENT  
55 return. And 65 one way.

JENNIFER  
One-way.

FERRY AGENT  
The return is cheaper.

JENNIFER  
Then, the return.

FERRY AGENT  
55, please.

Jennifer holds up her black credit card.

FERRY AGENT  
When are you coming back?

Jennifer holds back a tear.

JENNIFER  
I'm not coming back.

FERRY AGENT  
For the cheaper rate I'll need to  
know your return date.

JENNIFER  
Then just give me the one-way  
ticket.

FERRY AGENT  
It's cheaper for the return.  
There's a special on.

Coldly.

JENNIFER  
I'm not coming back.

FERRY AGENT

65, so.

Ferry Agent taps the tablet, hands it to her.

Jennifer swipes her card.

FERRY AGENT

Are you carrying any alcohol or  
any illegal items?

JENNIFER

Unfortunately, no. But if you find  
someone who is, can you let me  
know?

FERRY AGENT

Sure, I'll send them your way.

EXT. FERRY - LOWER DECK - EVENING

Jennifer vomits over the side of the ship in between  
drags of her cigarette, inhaler breaks and screams.

EXT. IRELAND - DUBLIN PORT - EVENING

Jennifer steers her car off the Ferry. Looking around  
taking everything in as she drives out of the docks along  
the quays.

Her heart aches as she watches women just like her,  
dressed up, ready to go out on the town.

Dublin City, becomes the N7 motorway, becomes verdant  
green countryside and farmland.

She passes a tractor on a narrow country road.

The ancient Rock of Cashel looks down on her.

EXT. PETROL STATION - EVENING

Jennifer sets the pump back in its cradle.

She checks the map on her phone.

Across the road is an old graveyard - new and old  
headstones.

A black and white cat watches her.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - EVENING

The street lights sparkle as she drives through the town of Tralee.

The roads get narrower and narrower.

Jennifer takes a deep breath - she knows this road.

MAPS APP (V.O.)

You have arrived.

She stops the car.

EXT. GRANNY'S HOUSE ROAD - NIGHT

There it is.

Up on the hill, in all its cute, glowing-in-the-moonlight glory - Granny Murphy's House.

Jennifer is out of the car. In the dark we hear the crash of the Atlantic waves below.

She looks over to the town lights glittering further up the road.

She focuses back on Granny's house, then strides confidently up the hill.

She can hardly contain her excitement.

EXT. GRANNY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer tries to open the door - it's locked.

She runs around to the back door. Tries it - locked.

Back around the front. She knocks on the door.

BANG BANG BANG --

Jennifer peers in the windows, cupping her hands - the curtains are drawn - she can't see in.

BANG BANG BANG --

The door opens.

ZED, a tall black man in his 60's, handsome and broad shouldered fills the door frame. His accent is American.

ZED

It's 2 in the morning...

JENNIFER

Hi. My name is Jennifer. I used to...

ZED

You need to leave...

JENNIFER

I'm Jennifer Murphy and this was MY house and I need to come in.

Zed scrutinizes her.

ZED

I was asleep in bed. Get the hell off my property.

JENNIFER

I just need to come in for a second.

She tries to force her way in. Zed plants his foot firmly behind the door.

ZED

What are you doing?

He struggles to keep it closed.

JENNIFER

Please, I just need to...

Past his body we see the embers glow in the fire - so inviting.

JENNIFER

Please.

ZED

LADY! I don't know you. Let me close my door AND GET OFF MY PROPERTY.

Jennifer uses her whole body to push the door in.

JENNIFER

If you could just let me in for one...!

ZED

NO!

He continues to push against her.

JENNIFER

Stop it!

ZED

Please, LEAVE.

JENNIFER

You're being ridiculous.

ZED

I'm calling the police.

He forces her back and gets the door closed.

JENNIFER

But... I'M DYING HERE.

A dog's howl travels across the bay.

Jennifer stands at the door, mouth agape from shock.

JENNIFER

Rude!

She turns to leave, then...

BANG! BANG! BANG! She hammers with all her might on the door.

JENNIFER

Let me in! LET ME IN!

The lights of the house turn off.

Zed's not going to open the door.

And Jennifer is spent from the effort.

Petulantlly she stomps back to her car.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Jennifer lowers the drivers seat as low as it will go. The steering wheel in the way of her legs.

JENNIFER

What a prick!

This is not comfortable.

She reaches for her coat and pulls it over her.