

FADE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Cars pass by a modern, crisp hospital building.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

JANET lies in a hospital bed; her feet twitching and her eyes roaming. BOB, her husband, stands next to the bed looking over at her.

BOB

So until that machine gets fixed there's a good chance I might be pulling double shifts for the foreseeable future.

JANET

I'm sorry about that, honey.  
Here's the doctor.

DOCTOR enters carrying a clipboard.

DOCTOR

The results from your tests came back and I have some bad news.

BOB

What is it?

DOCTOR

I'm afraid it's...you have bronchial carcinoma.

BOB

What? What's that?

DOCTOR

It's lung cancer. I can make you some referrals for an oncologist for treatment options.

JANET

That's impossible. I just came in because I've had this cough. For only two weeks.

DOCTOR

I am sorry.

The DOCTOR exits, leaving JANET and BOB alone to deal with this news.

BOB

I can't be working doubles while you're dealing with this. It's hard enough at the shop as it is.

JANET turns away from BOB.

BOB (CONT'D)

And how are the kids going to handle this? Oh Janet, you don't deserve something like this.