

THE END
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INT. CAFÉ APPEARING AS DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

SARAH, smartly dressed in a shirt, sits across the table from HELEN, dressed casually. The room is white, austere and brightly lit - like a doctor's office but with no obvious medical equipment. The only sound is a faint buzzing from the overhead light.

HELEN is waiting expectantly. Beneath the table she fidgets anxiously with her wedding ring.

SARAH clears her throat and clasps her hands on the table in front of her, trying to assume a positive expression. She looks quickly at her phone which is on the desk and then turns it over.

SARAH

So, how are you, Helen?

HELEN

(warily)

Fine, I suppose, and you?

SARAH

Good, good. I think you know why I wanted to see you today.

(inhales)

It's not good. I'm so sorry. I don't want to upset you but it isn't working.

(beat)

We've tried everything. And you know this was the last possible option.

HELEN

(calm exterior broken)

There must be something else I can do, something new. Can't we do another trial?

SARAH

Well we have tried one as you know and it just didn't work as well as we had hoped..

HELEN

(growing frantic)

But there must be something else, surely? I could change my lifestyle? Exercise more?

SARAH

(shaking her head sadly)

I'm afraid not. It's not something within your power.

SARAH
(falsely cheerful)
It's not all bad news though. You will have more freedom in the coming weeks, more time for yourself.

The lights grow warmer, the buzzing noise fades, and the hum of people talking in the background becomes apparent.

HELEN
(growing angrier and more frantic)
God don't you get it? I'm not sleeping, I can't concentrate, the pain is unbearable. I may as well write my will now.

SARAH
Don't talk like that. Have you considered seeing a councillor?

HELEN looks incredulous

SARAH
Look, I've spoken with a few people. They agree that this is the best thing we could do now. Essentially ... quit while we're ahead

HELEN
(outraged)
Quit? Give up? This is my life!

The light is now warmer and the buzzing has stopped. People speak more loudly in the background.

SARAH
(reaching out to take Helen's hand)
Oh Helen. I'm not your life. We had something once and now..
(searching for words)
These wounds aren't physical, they heal with time. Honestly it could be worse ey? Think ... it could be cancer!

HELEN stares at her blankly then stands up with a short laugh. We see she is in a café.

SARAH
(trying to appease her)
At least stay for the food.

HELEN takes off her wedding ring and flings it on the table.