

INT. PARENTS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

Dad and Mom sit on the sofa, John across the room in a padded chair. Mom sips an iced tea and looks comfortable. Dad and John ... don't.

Lynn enters.

LYNN

Kids are watching a movie.

She looks at Dad and John, who each nod. She pulls an ottoman over to sit directly in front of Mom.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Hi, Mom.

Mom looks up from her tea.

MOM

Hello, sweetheart.

LYNN

We have something we need to talk with you about.

Mom looks at John, then over at her husband.

DAD

Liz, we need you to stop driving.

A look of incomprehension crosses Mom's face. Then disbelief.

MOM

What? You mean, now?

LYNN

Yes.

DAD

I'm worried about you. About your safety.

This agitates Mom.

MOM

My safety? When have I ever been unsafe?

LYNN

What's happened in the past is irrelevant, Mom. It's what's happening now...

MOM

So I got lost. If Zoa wasn't in the car you would never have known.

LYNN

That's part of the point, Mom. How long have you been getting lost? I'm betting that's not the first time.

Mom starts to answer, then stops.

MOM

I thought the past was irrelevant.

DAD

Liz, we'll figure something out. I'll come home more ...

LYNN

We'll come over more too. Every day, if you want.

MOM

I just don't see why you are making this such a big deal.

LYNN

Mom, what if you ran into someone?

MOM

I don't see how getting lost is the same as hitting someone. I'd remember that!

DAD

Are you sure?

Mom turn on him - quicker than anyone expects.

MOM

I cannot believe you just asked me that!

DAD

Liz, come one. You can't remember many things.

MOM

Hitting someone with the car? I'd remember that. I'm not an idiot.

LYNN

Of course not, Mom. But...

The four of them sit in silence for a moment.

DAD

Liz ...

Mom cuts him off by turning her head away, eyes closed.

JOHN

Mom, you're just slowing down.

Slowly, Mom looks up at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This disease doesn't just affect your memory, it's everything that your brain controls. It's not your fault, but it's true.

(beat)

What if some kid runs out into the road after a ball?

Again, Mom starts to reply, then stops.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Or a truck makes too wide of a turn?  
Or the light turns yellow just as you're approaching the intersection?

MOM

(quiet, but starting  
to understand)

If Zoa wasn't with me we wouldn't be  
having this conversation.

Lynn fights back tears.

LYNN

You're right, Mom. We wouldn't be  
having it now. But she was. And as  
much as we want you to be safe, we  
really want her safe. And that scares  
me so much. No matter what she won't  
be riding with you any more.

Mom stands, looks at each of them, and leaves the room.