

Oh, my sweet Mina...

Jean kisses the child in her arms.

FADE-IN:

**6 INT. JEAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

**6**

Returning to the same room, Mina is still hesitating on the door frame with Jean close to her back.

JEAN  
Please. Mina. Please.

Mina walks toward the futon and sits down.

MINA  
This house is too cold.

Jean immediately rushes herself to clean the area around, hiding her bills and notes, and hurries to her kitchen.

JEAN  
I think the heater is broken. You haven't eaten have you? I'll fix something quick. If I turn on the stove fire, it should get a little warmer.

Mina stays put on the futon.

MINA  
I thought you were happy. What happened?

Jean stops upon the entrance of her kitchen, searching for an answer.

JEAN  
I thought I would be. I thought I had found what was born for but I suppose I still haven't found it.

Jean, filled with empathy, walks toward Mina.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
I could've been a shoulder for you during that hard moment. And tell you that everything is would be ok. I'm sorry I wasn't there for you.

Mina bursts into tears. Jean with slight hesitation, hugs her.

Mina winces slightly, not completely comfortable with the gesture. Jean notices and backs away, returning to her sofa with slightly more distance away from Mina.

MINA

What happened? You wanted to be happy, but you clearly aren't. You left me for... this? Where's your husband, your fancy house, your art? That choice you made, 30 years ago what went wrong? To make me see you live like this? What happened?

Jean sits on her sofa.

JEAN

Mark, your stepdad, got into gambling... and-

MINA

And?

JEAN

Put a gun into his mouth... I don't want to say more.

Mina forms no words. After some silence, Mina finally takes off her jacket and continues the conversation.

MINA

When dad died, I felt a sense of relief. I still feel horribly about that.

JEAN

He was sick for so long.

MINA

Did you even love him? Dad?

JEAN

I don't know. I might have. It was so long ago.

Mina gets up to sit on the sofa with Jean. Jean seems uncomfortable with this arrangement.

MINA

It's funny that he never talked about you. Ever. It's as if you were erased from his memory.

Jean immediately switches topic.

JEAN

You haven't eaten, have you? I'll fix something.

Jean gets off of the couch and into the kitchen again.

MINA

Mom.

Stopping midway, Jean slowly turns around.

JEAN

I don't think I ever heard that word from you since you were 3... Give me just a few minutes. It'll be quick. I'm not sure if I can do it right. My mind's been a mess lately.

MINA

(reluctantly)  
I'm... not hungry.

Jean hurries on to the kitchen while Mina gets up to look at the walls of Jean's house. Mina checks the notes on the wall, unsure what to make of them. Jean opens her fridge revealing that it's empty.

JEAN

The fridge is completely empty. How about some soup? Oh, dear...we're out of soup, too.

Jean reappears.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Should we order something?

MINA

I...don't have any money.

JEAN

No,no..no. I'll make something fast.

Jean hurries back to the kitchen. The clanging gets louder. Mina senses something wrong with Jean's behavior.

JEAN (CONT'D)

You know, the fridge is completely empty right now. How about some soup? Oh, we don't have any soup...

Jean reappears.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Should we order something?

Mina is frozen in her seat upon the response. She takes a moment before standing up to look at Jean back.

MINA  
Mom. What are you doing?... Why are you doing that?

JEAN  
Doing what?

MINA  
You were repeating yourself...

Jean silently remains where she is, leaving Mina confused.

JEAN  
Was I?

MINA  
Yeah.

JEAN  
I guess it's starting up again...

MINA  
What are you talking about?

JEAN  
It's...this condition that I have.

Mina's expression turns slightly frantic. Jean walks around collecting her thoughts.

MINA  
Have you been to the doctor?

JEAN  
Oh, yeah, I have. It's Alzheimer's disease and apparently it's getting progressively worse.

In stark realization, Mina looks back at the post-it notes she disregarded as mere senile reminders.

MINA  
Is it related to memory loss?

JEAN  
Yes... when it kicks in, I revert to a mind of a child. Acting and thinking like an eight-year old.