

"Just a Job"

FADE IN:

INT. URBAN APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Late afternoon sun streams through the window, casting a warm glow in the otherwise dark apartment. The space is cluttered and small, pill bottles strewn on the coffee table.

ABBY (45, tired and defeated) sits on a sofa in the middle of a phone call.

ABBY

No I don't have anymore questions.  
I'll, uh... I'll get back to you  
on what treatment plan I decide to  
go with.

ABBY pauses as the caller responds.

ABBY

Okay, thanks, have a great day.  
Bye.

ABBY hangs up the phone and turns to see JAMIE (42, stern and solemn) has been listening.

JAMIE

Was that the doctor?

ABBY

Yeah. They were going over the  
test results.

JAMIE

And?

There is a heavy silence.

ABBY

The cancers back.

JAMIE

Shit. After all the surgery and  
chemo, none of it worked?! *Sigh.*  
So what's the next course of  
action?

ABBY

There's not a lot of options anymore. The cancer's spread too much for chemo or surgery. They did mention one treatment, it's... experimental, that we could try.

JAMIE

(interrupting)

So when do you start?

ABBY

But, it's expensive and insurance won't cover it.

JAMIE looks at ABBY skeptically.

ABBY

(exasperated)

We can't afford it Jamie.

JAMIE

(forcefully)

When do you start?

ABBY

Don't, don't fight me on this please. We can't afford it! Hell it might not even work!

JAMIE

We have savings! What are those for if not something like this. And whether or not it works... If it gives you just one more day it will have been worth it.

ABBY

We've eaten through most the savings and what's left is supposed to be for retirement.

JAMIE

Well, you can't retire if you're dead so what's the point of saving it?

ABBY

You'll retire! It's for you. So that I know... when... I'm gone. You'll be okay.

JAMIE

I won't be okay without you! I've  
never been okay without you!

Another tense silence passes between then two of them.

JAMIE

If it's just money that's stopping  
you... Lotte offered me another  
job.

ABBY

(angry)

No.

JAMIE

It'll pay more than enough for  
your treatment, and we will still  
have money left for retirement.

ABBY

No. No more mercenary work.

JAMIE

It's just...

ABBY

(interrupting)

Lotte's work is never *just* a job.  
And for it to pay that well... I'm  
not stupid I know what type of  
work she's asking for.

JAMIE

Look it doesn't matter. If it pays  
for the treatment and gives you  
piece of mind about retirement,  
then it's worth it.

ABBY

You could die. That's not exactly  
what I would call piece of mind.

JAMIE

You *will* die if we do nothing!

ABBY

We promised, when we got married,  
no more jobs. No "easy"  
retrievals, no "simple" escorts,  
no "quick" wet-work. Nothing. We  
were out of that world for good.

JAMIE

We did.

ABBY

(exasperated)

I'm not going to ask why Lotte is still in touch with you, or what could possibly make her think you were available for a job. I don't want to know. Just promise me, you will turn her down.

JAMIE

Only if you agree to the treatment.

ABBY

(defeated)

Fine. We can figure out the money.

JAMIE

(optimistically)

Maybe you can sell some of your art?

ABBY

*laughs.* Or maybe we can find a cheaper place.

ABBY stands up and the two embrace.

JAMIE

Thank you.

ABBY

I'll call the doctor back and tell them I'll go ahead with it.

ABBY

I love you.

JAMIE

I love you too.

ABBY leaves the room, once she is gone JAMIE takes out their phone and makes a call.

JAMIE

Hi. Lotte? I'll take the job.

FADE TO BLACK.