



Scripts.com

Excision

By Richard Bates Jr.

(gurgling)
(gasps)
(moaning)
(gasps)
(toilet flushes)

What do we do when we
use the bathroom, Bob?

We lift the lid.

I did.

You're disgusting.

Chew with your mouth closed.

Really, Pauline, I raised
you better than that.

Yes, you may be excused.

Thank goodness I have you.

Hm.

(bell rings)

Much has changed

since I was an adolescent.

The function of reproductive
organs, however, has not.

Now before we get side-tracked
looking at pictures of penises,
I want to have
a frank discussion
on the issue
of sexual transmitted diseases.

Fact:

sexually active teenagers
will contract an STD
by the age of 25.

What do you think about that?

Yeah, Pauline?

Can you contract an STD from
having sex with a dead person?

(chuckles)

Any real questions
in this audience?

Yeah?

Boy:

that has AIDS...

No, I mean,

it would be one thing
if he was like muscular
and a ginger.

But he's scrawny and a ging
and it just doesn't work.

Oh, my God, you're so mean.

I think he's cute.

Okay, so last night Adam
could not get hard

- and it was like totally awkward.

- It's never stopped me.

Okay, tell me the truth.

Is it this?

Like--

Please don't do that.

- Is it? Just tell me the truth.

- No.

- Kind of.

- (laughs)

- Maybe he's gay.

- No.

Hey.

What did I miss?

Hey, nothing.

Your girlfriend's friend
thinks you're gay.

Excuse me?

You're not pretty enough.

(seatbelt alert beeping)

Buckle up.

I'm your mother,

it's my job and it's the law.

Buckle your seatbelt!

We're not going any further
until you do.

Thank you.

If you want to be treated as an adult,
you need to start acting like one.

I don't understand why you insist
on playing these childish games?

Tell me about your day.

I'd rather not.

Tell me two things about your day
or I'm gonna hit the truth horn.

Fuck the truth horn.
(horn honking)
All right, enough!
I learned about the Civil War
and sexually
transmitted diseases.
Lovely.
I guess we better get going.
We don't want to be late
for your appointment.
You could you at least
have the decency
to take me to an actual
psychiatrist.
Your father and I are
not made out of money.
Reverend William
is a very bright man.
You're lucky to have him.
He's doing you a real favor.
(church bell rings)
What's the matter, Pauline?
What's the church's stance
on organ donations?
Well, it's a touchy subject.
Here we believe the body
is a temple.
And what if I told you I found
the resting place
of Jesus Christ
in my backyard
and that with just a few advances
in science and technology
I could resurrect him myself?
I'd say that you are a very
troubled little girl.
I only want you to endure
the same gut-wrenching agony
during these sessions
that I go through
every single Sunday listening
to your sermons.
Thank you!
(church bells ringing)

I know I don't believe in you.
So you're totally justified
if you choose to ignore me.
I just-- I've been meaning
to get something off my chest.
I haven't read your book
in its entirety.
Just can't bring myself to invest that
much time into a work of literature
that's received so many
mixed reviews.
I'm an avid reader.
There's just so much
stuff out there.
Okay, here goes.
I'm planning on having
premarital sex.
I know you're not gonna
be 100% onboard with it.
Which is why I was wondering
if we could discuss
your rules surrounding
forgiveness.
I'm under the impression
if I ask you to forgive me,
you kind of have to.
Which is pretty awesome,
I just got to say.
If I'm off-base, let me know.
Otherwise, I'm gonna move
forward as planned.
Amen.
(bell rings)
(indistinct chatter)
Something the matter, Pauline?
I'm done.
Are you quite sure?
Quite.
Some of these equations here,
they don't seem to be completed.
That's probably because my ability
to solve these equations
has absolutely no bearing
on my future as a surgeon.

Ah, a surgeon, of course.
You know, mathematics and surgery,
they go hand in hand.
I mean, if a patient's life
is at stake,
there's no room for error.
Get it done.
It's such a lovely lapel pin.
You must tell me
where you came across it.
Sweetheart,
don't be confusing.
You know I can't
understand a thing
when you start waving
your hands around like that.
Mom?
Pauline?
What a wonderful surprise.
What the fuck
are you doing here?
Don't make me wash
your mouth out with soap.
Why do you have this?
We were just talking
about Cotillion.
You're trying to ruin my life.
(bell rings)
Teenagers.
Mother, I'd like to talk to you about
why you were at school today.
What about it?
You do realize I'm too old
for Cotillion class?
Mrs. Guthrie has decided
to open her doors
to a wider age range this year.
She's a dear friend
in dire need of assistance.
So I've decided to take
on a position as chaperone.
You can't be serious.
No daughter of mine
is going off to college

without knowing the ins and outs
of what it's like to be a proper lady.
I can't wait for Cotillion.
And what do you have to say
about all this?
I think what your mother
is trying to do is--
Your mother?
Excuse me.
This was our decision.
I knew Dad had nothing
to do with it.
You don't even have enough backbone
to stand up for your own wife?
You're repulsive.
Make sure Grace takes her pills.
Un-fucking believable.
Sorry.
That's complete bullshit.
It's not gonna happen.
Happened to my sister.
(clears throat)
I don't think we've been
formally introduced.
I'm Pauline.
I'm Adam.
(boys laugh)
Forgive me for being too
forward, but...
I want to lose
my virginity to you.
(laughs)
I'm clean and I spent my
allowances on birth control, so...
That's nice.
Adam.
It's my number.
Call me.
- You're on the top of my list.
- Thank you.
I won't wait forever.
I'm ready to lose my virginity.
It's a common misconception
that having intercourse during

menstruation is unhealthy.
When I lose my virginity,
I want to be on my period.
Girls, we're having
early dinner.
I'm not hungry.
Come, Pauline.
Look at you.
(laughter on TV)
I thought you were on a diet.
I'm not gonna keep cooking you
special meals
if you're gonna gorge
yourself on ice cream.
Honey, it's the weekend!
(machine humming)
(turns machine off)
(coughs)
You're my heart,
you know that, don't you?
I saw Charlotte wearing
a dress just like this one.
Who is Charlotte?
She's the most popular
girl I know.
She only dates older boys.
Stay away from Charlotte.
She sounds trashy.
No, she's not.
She only dresses like she is.
(breathing heavily)
Sweetheart, you've got a bit
of something on your nose.
I know, it's a piercing.
I did it last night.
You ruined your face?
Did you sterilize the needle?
What if it gets infected?
I used antiseptic.
You know, I pierced a few things
when I was younger, too.
(chuckles)
You look like trash.
Get over it.

You are not going out of this house
with that thing in your nose.
Look what you've done
to your mother.
Now you take that thing
out right now.
Bob, be honest.
Am I being too hard on Pauline?
You both have your moments.
I'm not becoming
my mother, am I?
Honey, if you were
becoming your mother
I wouldn't be filing bills right now,
I'd be filing for a divorce.
Not now.
It's just like Mom to make me
take out my nose piercing.
You saw it this morning, right?
The procedure was a success.
I'm telling you, Grace,
these hands are gifted.
Martin broke up with me.
Who's Martin?
My Internet boyfriend.
You'll move on.
Men are pigs.
That looks like fun!
I haven't jumped rope
since lower school.
I'm flat-footed,
it's bad for my knees.
Okay?
I could just get insoles.
Maybe we could jump rope
some time.
I don't think so.
Hey! Don't be mean
to my sister!
Come on, Pauline.
- (rain pattering)
- (thunder crashes)
(cell phone vibrates, rings)
- Who is this?

- Uh, it's Adam, from school.
It's late, Adam, what is it?
I want to take you up
on your offer.
I have a car and a fake ID.
You know, we could get like
a hotel room or something.
Pick me up Monday at noon.
Teacher work day?
That's right, Adam,
teacher work day.
I'll tell my mother
we're in a study group.
Okay, good.
So, uh--
(beeps)
(sniffs)
Dear God, one thing
I've been thinking about.
The whole thing about relatives
watching over you after they die
really rubs me the wrong way.
I do a lot of crazy shit
while I'm alone
and I'd appreciate
some privacy.
I don't want to sound
presumptuous.
But if I do get into heaven
and my relatives have been
watching over me,
a lot of relationships will
have been compromised.

- **Man on TV:**

- **Group:**

- Hallelujah!

- Hallelujah!

(man continues preaching)

(man moaning)

(gasps)

They have canoeing.

What's all this?

We're sending your sister
to CF camp.

- What did she do?

- Cute.

Last summer, Gracie had the
time of her life at CF camp,
didn't you, honey?

Everyone has the disorder,
so I fit right in.

Mom, a boy named Adam is gonna
pick me up around noon.

He's put together a study group,
because we have a really
big test next week.

I'll only be gone a few hours.

This boy in your study group
must be something.

How'd you meet?

Just get this over with.

(radio playing)

(engine starts)

So, um--

It's okay.

This will be our little secret.

I, uh...

stole some condoms

from my brother's room.

They're the big kind.

Take off your pants.

(gasps)

It appears you're too small
for the big kind.

But that's not a bad thing.

It's just--

it'll hurt less, so it's good.

Um...

we'll forget the condoms.

Like I said,

I'm on birth control

and that is over

Okay, yeah.

Take off your clothes, Adam.

(exhales)

(moaning)

God, you're so fucking wet.

(gasps)

(shrieks)

I want you to go down on me.

Okay.

(moaning)

(Adam gasps)

What the fuck?

(radio playing)

Thank you, Adam.

I had a really nice time.

Can you get the fuck

off my car?

How did it go?

It was everything

I'd hoped it would be.

Good. I'm so glad.

First things first.

I don't want to be pregnant.

I know I was on my period

and that pretty much takes

care of that,

but I'm still a little paranoid.

In any case, if I am pregnant,

I'm just gonna have an abortion.

Apparently, you don't approve

of abortion,

so save us both the trouble.

(crying)

It's okay.

Phyllis :

She's with the angels.

I know.

You know what the worst thing

is about having cystic fibrosis?

What's that, sweetheart?

When your friends die.

Last night we found out

Grace's best friend

from CF camp passed away.

Please make a special effort to be nice

to her while she mourns the loss.

Where is she?

She had a doctor's appointment.
She's gonna need a lung
transplant, isn't she?
You've been
doing your homework.
It's a very serious procedure.
There's a high risk
of infection.
With all the mishaps that happen
in hospitals these days,
perhaps you should consider
an alternative.
That day is a long ways
down the road, Pauline.
All right, next question.
Let's see.
Somebody asked,
"Is it true that being fat results
in poor sperm quality?
And if so, do you have to use
protection while having sex?"

Yes, fact:

affect your sperm quality.
What the hell are you doing?
You're gonna set off
the fucking fire alarm.
I lost my virginity yesterday.
Checking myself for STDs.
You are such a freak.
Who would sleep with you?
"Mr. Claybaugh,
does it mean that you're gay
since you try to suck your
own dick all the time?"
Who asked this question?
Anybody know who wrote this?
If somebody could tell me
who wrote this question...
You're an idiot. Do you really think
that you're gonna be able to tell
if you have an STD
by looking at your blood?

Pauline:

It's just one of those things.

Brachiosaurus thing.

Weird. I don't know.

- Sorry.

- Hello, Adam.

Hey, what are you doing here?

I'd watch out for Pauline,

if I were you.

She gave herself an STD test

in science class today.

Everything was fine, but you

can never be too careful.

Oh, Natalie, I meant to ask you,

do you have any STDs?

Absolutely not.

Good, then neither do I.

- What is she talking about?

- I have no idea.

How was school today?

Dreadful.

Things not going well

with your friend?

What friend?

The boy from the study group.

Adam?

He was tolerable,

but I've lost interest.

Well, that's a shame.

He seemed

like such a nice young man.

Pauline:

be our last session.

You are completely unqualified

to be doing this. It's unethical.

I have it on the highest

authority that you're wrong.

I refuse to allow you to indulge

in my psycho-sexual fantasies.

I would imagine a man

as repressed as yourself

would have his own

issues to work out.

I'm here to listen, not judge.
Psychiatry is a science.
At least in some circles anyway.
If there's one thing I know,
it's that science
and religion don't mix.
So, that's it then?
That's it.
(religious music playing)
(turns off radio)
Dear God, in regards to my sister,
while I might not show
it all the time,
I love her.
Please allow me to do everything
in my power to cure her.
And lastly, my mother.
Kill her.
Kill her before
she can make me attend
those horrible
Cotillion classes.
You'll probably want
to make it painless.
I get it, that's your thing.
But hear me out.
A little pain never hurt anyone.
Besides, you can always
just blame it on the devil.
(doorbell rings)
And what have we here?
My jump rope club's raising money
to benefit inner-city youth.
How wonderful.
Step inside.
- What are you doing here?
- None of your business.
You weren't very nice
to me the other day.
You're weird.
Come here again and I will
perform a tracheotomy on you
with the blunt end of one
of your jump ropes.

God loves you.
Thank you.
(girls giggling)
What's so funny?
Do you purposely leave your house
looking like a raging lesbian?
You do have the body
of a 10-year-old boy.
That's a highly
unfortunate opinion.
Especially considering
your vagina
looks like
a diseased ax wound.
That's vile.
I actually get afraid that
I might get a yeast infection
just being in the same room
with that thing.
Look, I spoke with Adam.
And I got to hand it to you,
from the sounds of it,
he's freakier than I imagined.
So I dumped him.
He's all yours.
Forgive my vulgarity,
but Adam licks pussy
like a dog drinks water.
I'm not interested.
Suit yourself.
You mind if I leave you
with some advice?
Make it quick,
I got to take a shit.
You're disgusting.
Stop spending your
allowance on birth control
and invest in some estrogen
pills, okay?
(girls giggling)
My bones fall in
My bones fall out
You're cool as silk
Beside my heart...

What are you doing?
I'm thinking of performing
an umbilical plasty on myself.
What's that?
Long story short,
I want to reshape my navel
and allowance won't cover it.
What do you think?
Boys don't care
about belly buttons.
They care about these.
My world does not revolve around
boys like yours does, Grace.
I'm doing this for myself.
Come on.
Breathe, Pauline.
Good girl.
Bob, you have a cold sore
on your lip!
You should have waited
for the lifeguard.
Are you serious?
She could have died.
Well, when she's a teenager,
you get to explain to her why
she has herpes on her lip.
Unbelievable.
Pauline, what did I tell you?
The high dive is for big girls.
I can cut it myself.

Phyllis:

I have some exciting news.
Today, I bought Pauline
the most elegant dress.
Perfect for both church
and Cotillion.
You won't let it rest,
will you?
I refuse to go to church.
Isn't it enough that I'm willing
to subject myself to the humiliation
of Cotillion with a bunch
of adolescents?

Phyllis:

you land a decent husband.
I'm gonna get married one day.
To a black guy.
Well, don't expect
for him to be faithful.
African-Americans
are notorious adulterers.
Don't look at me
like that, Bob.
Well, they are.
(sighs)
Tomorrow night is gonna be over
before you know it.
Pauline,
you're gonna look beautiful.
I know I can be a bit of
a demented bitch sometimes.
But you still love me, right?
Of course, I do.
Oh, God, you're getting
a cold sore.
Jesus, Mom, show some tact.
It's okay.
We just won't do the pictures.
What's the occasion?
Well, I was so excited about
tonight, I couldn't sleep.
So I decided I might as well
get started in the kitchen.
Bacon. Nice.
Maybe if I eat enough I can
induce a coronary.
Hey, Dad? Thanks.
You're welcome.
I saved your life.
On the off-chance that I have
another near-death experience
and you're the only one around,
what new sexually transmitted
disease can I expect to acquire?
I will be down in 10 minutes.
Please be ready to go.

Come upstairs when you're
through with your breakfast.
Dad?
I don't want to hear it.
Young lady?
- Principal Campbell.
- Mm-hmm.
Save some for the rest of us.
All right?
(chuckles)
Ew, don't sit next to me.
Where's your friend Natalie?
None of your business.
Yes, Pauline?
I have to go to the bathroom.
Do you have any
hall passes left?
No.
Oh, well, I'm sorry,
I'm afraid you're gonna have
to wait until the bell rings.
Anyone here like to take a shot
at explaining
Cramer's Rule to the class?
Anyone?
Abigail.
It's a formula for solving systems
of equations by determinants.

Cooper:

Yes, correct.
Yes, Pauline?
I have to go to the bathroom.
All right, make it quick.
And don't make me regret this.
(door opens)
Oh!
Congratulations!
You've now lost
your bathroom privileges
to the end of the semester.
Was I really gone that long?
Just take out
your text book, page 73.

See if you can catch up
with the rest of the class.
And if you have any questions,
you know where I am.
- (groans)
- What is it now, Pauline?
I feel sick,
may I go to the clinic?
Tough it out.
In another 10 minutes, you'll be
somebody else's problem.
You are so full of shit.
Mr. Cooper?
I think I'm gonna be sick.
(coughing)
Oh!
(gags)
Oh, that's disgusting.
Well, your temperature's normal.
Maybe you have food poisoning.
Maybe.
There's a multitude
of bacterial infections
I'm not willing to rule out.
Let's not forget to sanitize that.
It is my favorite thermometer.
I'm very disappointed in you.
For what?
When your school called,
my first inclination was to
check the medicine chest.
A touch unsympathetic, I know.
But I have a pretty good grasp
of how your mind works.
That's when I discovered
that the ipecac syrup
had mysteriously disappeared.
That's impressive
detective work, Mother.
Pretending that you're sick?
It's an all-time low, Pauline.
Your sister would do anything
for a healthy body
and you take it so for granted.

Relax.

It's not like I have

Munchausen Syndrome.

It was a last ditch effort

to get out of Cotillion.

That's all.

Well, it didn't work.

You look beautiful.

We're gonna have to beat

the boys off with a stick.

Gross.

Agh, back off!

Good lord, Pauline!

You just had something on your face.

The average human mouth contains

nearly 600 species of bacteria.

My cheek might as well

be a Petri dish.

When did you become

so germaphobic?

I thought you wanted me to make

a good impression, right?

In the unlikely event that someone

shows up with a microscope

you can blame me, okay?

Stand up straight.

Better.

(waltz playing)

Mother, this is bizarre.

I didn't take the age difference

into consideration

as much as I should have.

For that I apologize.

Try and make the best of things.

You okay?

I'd rather be at home

with a good book.

Well, that makes two of us.

What do you think boys see

in all these overly made-up

cum dumpsters?

I wouldn't know.

Boys don't talk to me unless

they need help with their homework.

Have you ever thought
about having work done?
(scoffs)
Want to dance?
So, how old are you?
That's pretty old.
Not really.
Grace Marie!
What on earth
has gotten into you?
I'm vulnerable right now.
Young lady, you just lost your
computer privileges permanently.
Amber, I'm really sorry,
but this is not working out.
I think I'm gonna have to pull
the girls from Cotillion.
What's--
what's that on your lip?
It's a cold sore.
It's pretty disgusting.
Oh, well, thanks.
Sorry.
(spits, groans)
(spitting)
What happened?
The girl with herpes
on her face kissed me.
Does that mean I'm gonna have
herpes on my face, too?
Not necessarily.
I asked her to dance.
I thought she was a retard.
I was just trying to be nice.
Pauline, how could you?
It's pretty
self-explanatory, Mother.
I fell victim to his charm.
My friend said
That she saw you last
That you talked a while
And it was good but sad
- And I can't believe...
- (coughing)

- How long it's been
I don't know
what to do about it
Summertime
We're all drinking beers
We can't live without us
We all work so hard
And I can't believe
How long it's been
I don't know
what to do about it
Too much in between
There's too much in between.
Where have you been?
The library.
I get a concerned call from
Principal Campbell
that you didn't show up
for school today.
And you expect me to believe
that you were at the library?
(screams)
You saw her at dinner.
She's disturbed.
- I want her out of this house.

- **Bob:**

Phyllis:

dare take her side!
I will divorce your ass so fast,
you won't see it coming!
- Come on, don't be--
- Bob, she's a fucking menace!
No wonder all of her friends
have fallen by the wayside.
You have to be fucking crazy
to want to spend time with her.
I have tried and tried!
And it is impossible to love her.
(sobs)
Across the freeway flow
Against the Western road
On plotting shoes

I go to steal you out of town
On the phone, I swear
And so I will do so
Up the access stair
To cash my paycheck there...
Don't make me regret
saving your life.
Very sorry.
You were already
too far gone.

Phyllis:

Pauline, honey, we're home.
Pauline?
We're home.
Everything all right in there?
- (knocks on door)
- I'm fine!

Phyllis:

Gracie, Pauline, dinner time!
(breathing heavily)
Pauline, your toilet
is clogged again.
What on earth are you
flushing down there?
I must not be getting
enough fiber.
That's enough.
This is inappropriate dinner
conversation.
Honestly, Bob, sometimes I feel
as if I have a third child.
And just where do you think
you're going?
You haven't asked to be excused.
May I please be excused?
Not until you finish
your dinner.
I'm full, and I don't need
any more calories.
We can't all use menopause
as an excuse for weight gain.
I think you look great.

Dear God, I've had a lot
on my plate recently.
Last week I had sex
for the first time.
My little sister
is slowly dying.
And my mom, as I'm sure you
know, is a total bitch.
I'd accept full responsibility
for all my actions,
but let's face it,
you gave me hormones.
I need to talk.
What did I do?
Nothing.
You didn't do anything.
I just want to talk.
I've been reading this
new book in my book club.
It's caused me to do
a lot of self-reflection.
Although, honestly, sometimes I feel
like I'm the only one reading it.
I swear to you, Pauline,
some of these ladies,
they just use it as an
excuse to get together.
Anyway, it's got me
thinking that...
perhaps I could be
a bit more patient.
Sounds like you joined
the right book club
a few years too late.
Take it easy, Pauline.
Some of your behavior has been
downright sociopathic.
Solely based on the definition,
I don't know a teenager who
doesn't profile as a sociopath.
When I was your age,
my mother hurt me
more than words can say.
I'm still trying

to forgive her for that.
I don't want us to have
that relationship.
Are you finished?

Abigail:

you're a dumb ass.
Cunt is spelled with a C.

Natalie:

If it's spelled with a K
you still know what it means.
It sounds the same.

Abigail:

You're an idiot.
- No, it's fine.
- Cunt is with a C.
Yeah, well, Pauline's
a fucking moron, so it's fine.

- You're a fucking moron.
- Fuck off.

(rock music playing)
(chuckles)

I don't understand it.
I don't. What-- what is it
with you, Pauline?

Have you no remorse?
I'm the victim here,
Principal Campbell.

It's not my fault I was born
with a chemical imbalance.
Will you stop making excuses
for yourself?

- I'm not making excuses.
- Yes, you are.

We've been all through your file
and there's no mention here
of any kind
of psychological problem.
Give me five minutes with
a clinical psychiatrist
and you'll have a doctor's note
that will clear this right up for you.

Isn't that how it's done?

No, no.

You will be held accountable
for your own actions.

You understand? You.

You, look super busy.

I'm gonna go.

Suspended indefinitely.

You're months away from graduating
and you pull this kind of stunt?

There's only one explanation
the way I see it.

I have borderline
personality disorder.

It's gone undiagnosed for years
and this was a cry for help.

Go to your room.

Bob!

(knocks on door)

I need the plunger.

You and your father
are relentless.

Entering as you knock completely
defeats the purpose of knocking.

Oh, my God.

What did you do to your arm?

Relax, I'm not a cutter.

It's sort of like a tattoo.

It's hideous.

What on earth would compel
a young girl

to carve a crucifix
into her arm?

It's the symbol
for the Red Cross.

Bob!

Why is everyone so sad?

We're not sad, honey.

We're disappointed.

Your sister did
a very bad thing today.

Do you have any idea
how hard I've worked
to get you into that school?

Now you're on the verge
of being expelled.
It makes me sick
to my stomach.
I'm not one
to advocate violence,
but every now and then,
people like Natalie
need to be punched
in the face.
I've tried to be supportive,
but I'm finished.
You're delusional
about a career in medicine.
I think at this rate,
you'd have a hard time
holding down a job
at a fast food restaurant.
Give it a rest.
I can always take the GED test.
Open up some sort
of private practice.
Like your father said,
you're delusional.
Never thought I'd say this,
but I'm starting to miss not having
the whole family at breakfast.
I can wake you up for family
breakfast if you like.
On second thought,
this is very nice.
Your father and I had
a long talk last night.
Jesus Christ.
Do not use the Lord's
name in vain.
Not now, not ever.
Go on.
I'm not gonna pretend to understand
what you're going through.
It's over my head.
So your father and I have
decided to break the bank
and send you to see

a real psychiatrist.
The earliest appointment
we could get is for next week.
Hopefully,
you'll have an easier time
opening up to Dr. Sadler
than you have to us.
If money is tight, feel free
to dip into my college fund.
(sighs)

We are praying for a miracle.
It'd be a miracle if Dr. Sadler
could undo the damage
caused by Reverend William.
We might not have always made
the best decisions for you,
but we have always had
your best interest in mind.
(phone ringing)

Phyllis:

Hello.
- Hey.
- Hey.
Dr. Gray called with bad news.
He's recommending that we put
Grace on the transplant list.
I don't understand,
she looks so healthy.
Where's Mom?
Mrs. Taylor is sick.
She's taking a casserole
over to her house.
What are you doing?
Looking at pictures.
I hope I live long enough
to get married some day.
I'm going to do everything in my
power to make sure that happens.
What was that for?
I've been doing a lot of
research on your condition.
And I read that your
skin tastes like salt.

Yuck.

(laughs)

WeII, if I ever do
get married some day,
I want you to be
my maid of honor.

This may seem a little bit
out of character for me,
but I want to thank you both
for putting up with me
the way that you have.

I tried to call you
several times today.

What have I told you about not
picking up your phone?

Can we not do this right now?

I'm trying to have a heart to heart.

Yeah, let her speak.

I'm enjoying this.

Go ahead, sweetie.

I just want you both to know
that I plan on making you proud.
Being expelled from school forced
me to put things into perspective.
I'm turning my life around.

I realize...

it's not all about me anymore.

WeII, I'm glad

to hear that, honey.

Sometimes it takes
hitting rock bottom
for us really to want
to make a change.

What your father
is trying to say,
is that we'll believe it
when we see it.

In other news,
your father and I are gonna go into
the city tomorrow night for dinner.

Jennifer's gonna come over
and look after you girls.

Jennifer is two years older than me
and she's coming over to babysit?

Jennifer is a very
responsible young woman.

(coughing)

Call Dr. Gray!

I want to thank you
for providing me with the mental
and physical strength
to accomplish great things.

Thank you for believing
in me when no one else does.

Against my better judgment,
I guess what I'm trying
to say is

it's getting harder and harder
for me not to believe in you.

I'd ask you to put in a good
word with my parents,
but I've pretty much got
that taken care of.

(coughs)

I'm gonna be out
of reach for a while.

I hope you don't get lonely.

Amen.

(laughing)

You nearly slept the day away.

I need my eight hours.

Jennifer cancelled, your father
is gonna stay and look after you girls.

He should be home any minute.

(car engine starts)

I made us some tea.

Since when do you drink tea?

Since I started reading
about anti-oxidants.

You're not getting any younger.

You should take better care
of yourself.

If Mother cared about you

half as much as I do,

she'd make you

drink tea every day.

Look, Pauline.

You need to lay off your mother.

Everything she does,
she does out of love.
One day you'll understand.
I'm really sorry we got
off on the wrong foot.
I was hoping to make amends.
I've got some old jump ropes.
My sister can't use them
'cause of her lungs.
(muffled screams)
Grace?
You're not going to understand
what I'm about to do.
But someday
you'll thank me.
(muffled screams)
Hello.
Bob?
Bob, what happened?
Where's Grace? Bob!
Grace?
(muffled shouting)

Phyllis:

Gracie?
Gracie?
Gracie!
Come closer.
I want to show you the detailed
work I did on Grace's sutures.
It's a mess, I know.
It's just my first surgery.
I haven't perfected
my technique.
What have you done?
What have I done?
You mean, with the other one?
I didn't know what to do
with her body
after I successfully
retrieved the lung.
So I practiced my incisions.
You have to take
a closer look, Mom.

She is extraordinary.
(shrieking)
(screams)
(sobbing)
(wailing)
(screams)
Move back towards me
And tell me,
break into me
I don't hear
That said too much
To me any more
There was a block, a snack
Can't you change away
Between us and you
There's still
Save us from yourself
Come on girl
It's a plastic knife
And you'll look
Nothing like you
did last night
Come on, girl
You'll be my dear
My waterflower
Whenever you are
We want to discuss
The after news within
The afternoon
We won't discuss
The night times within
The night time
Back towards me
And tell me I'm not
looking for anyone
I don't hear that said too much
To me anymore
Come on, girl
You'll be my dear
My waterflower
My little thing girl
Come on, girl
It's a plastic knife
And you'll feel nothing

Like you did last night.
You sleep for the peace
But the peace will never come
'Cause you wake up alone
And you're a sweaty mess
He's there with you at night
And in the morning he is gone
It's driving you insane
But it's better
than having no one
You're sleepless,
you're restless
This will never go away
You're shutting the blinds
You're sleeping all day
It's over it's finished
I want to throw up
on your face
Leave me alone
Give me my space
You know it's getting bad
When you wanna just collapse
So you smoke a little bit
To try and help you relax.