

EXT. PARK- DAY

JOHN is 79 and CAROL is 82. Carol is wearing a white wig and John has balding gray hair. They are both wearing sneakers, although they generally only walk for about a quarter to a half of a mile, depending on how Carol is feeling. John still stands tall, though Carol is hunched over. John and Carol are walking in the park, arm in arm, though Carol seems to be having trouble keeping up with John.

CAROL

Slow down honey, I'm not as fast as I was a year ago.

JOHN

Sorry dear, I'll try my best.

The couple continues to walk but when Carol sees a bench she motions for them to go over and they sit down.

CAROL

John. I can't do this much longer.

JOHN

What do you mean?

CAROL

I take 3 naps a day, all I eat is porridge, and worst of all, I am constantly in pain.

JOHN

Yes, but this will all be better once you've finished chemo.

CAROL

John, I don't feel better, and I'm nearing the end of my treatment. You know this.

JOHN

Just give it time, I know it will all be better.

CAROL

This is stage 4. There is no time.

JOHN

You don't have to be this negative.

CAROL
I'm not being negative, just realistic. And I've come to a conclusion.

JOHN
Oh, which is?

CAROL
John, I don't want this awful lung cancer to decide when my life will end. I want to make that choice for myself.

JOHN
Carol, are you really going to-

CAROL
(interrupting)

Please, I've been thinking about this for months. I've weighed out all the options, I promise you, this is what is truly best.

JOHN
Not for me it isn't! You can't just give up and kill yourself!

CAROL
Firstly, euthanasia is a more appropriate word, and also, that's not the right way to look at it. Put yourself in my shoes. And don't think I haven't taken you into account, this is difficult for me too!

JOHN
I just... You can't give up now.

CAROL
It won't be immediately, I still have some time left until my appointment. But please, let's go home. I need to lay down.

INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT

John is brushing his teeth in the bathroom. He looks in the

mirror & Carol comes into focus (and John goes out of focus), who is sleeping in bed. There is a short montage of his life with Carol; when they met, their wedding, when Carol has their first child, their daughter graduating from college, a trip in an RV across the United States, and then the music stops and a scene between them in a hospital waiting room from a few months prior plays.

INT. HOSPITAL- DAY

JOHN

How'd the appointment go? Hopefully no bad news!

Carol looks down at him (he is sitting on a chair and she is standing) and makes a very solemn face. She sits down and sighs. John's expression quickly becomes worried.

JOHN

Oh no, what's wrong?

CAROL

Cancer. Lung cancer.

JOHN

I- I don't know what to say. We will get through it though, you will do chemo and I'll be there for you the whole way through.

A minuscule and bittersweet smile appears on Carol's face, but it quickly goes away as she starts talking to John.

CAROL

You know, I don't think chemo is for me.

JOHN

Carol, you have to at least try. Can you do that for me?

CAROL

John, I've lived a full and happy life, I don't really feel the need to make it longer if I have to suffer through it.

JOHN

Carol, you're talking nonsense. Just promise me you'll try chemo?

CAROL

Ok, I promise I will try.

INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT

The camera is focused on Carol in bed with John brushing his teeth in the mirror (he is blurry), and then focuses back onto John. He spits out his toothpaste, washes out his mouth, and climbs into bed, kissing Carol on the cheek before he goes to sleep.

EXT. PARK- DAY

John and Carol are walking on the same path in the park they always do one month later. Carol is pushing a walker and they are going significantly slower. She stops, and seems to be in physical pain.

CAROL

Let's sit down.

They stop at a nearby bench. Carol holds her chest and takes out her pain meds.

JOHN

Carol, I understand now.

Carol smiles, takes John's hand, and squeezes it.

