

DYING YOUNG (20th Century Fox, 1991)

17. EXTERIOR. THE BASEMENT DOOR

HILARY steps through the slightly open door. A man's voice can be heard.

VICTOR: Yes. Please come in.

She steps into an apartment very different from the main house – high tech, modern, art on the walls. On the couch is VICTOR GEDDES. He is clearly the young man behind the door, and he is clearly ill, pale and fragile.

V: I'm Victor Geddes. Ms...O'Neil.

HILARY: Hilary. Yeah.

V: Hilary. Good. This is going very well. How old are you?

H: Twenty-three.

V: I'm twenty-eight. You're not a nurse.

H: No, I am not a nurse...

V: *(reading off her form/resume)* But you were a *candystriper*.

H: Well, uh, yeah, in school, but – I dropped out. Well, I was in, uh – Future Nurses of America. I was the Vice-President.

V: Ah-hah...

H: Alert the media.

V: No, that's...what did you do?

H: We went to the hospital after school...

V: Mercy?

H: Ah...Our Lady.

V: Oakland.

H: It's where I'm from.

V: I interrupted.

H: All right...I dropped out...

V: You worked there?

H: Right, well, the sisters...you didn't go to Catholic school?

V: No.

H: Well, the sisters at the hospital talked to the sisters at school, and if we did something, like, um, wear our skirt too short, or committed some mortal sin, such as...French kissing...

V: Ah!

H: Then we got all the really terrific duties at the Hospital.

V: Bedpans.

H: Bedpans, changing sheets, ah, cleaning up...all kinds of things...um...But sometimes they'd let us change the babies, and...point them out to the parents, you know, through the glass...hold them up. That's about it.

V: I have...Leukemia. I've had it for, ah, ten years. I'm twenty-eight. I said that. So...since high school. Not – the whole time. I've had remissions, I've led...a pretty normal life. Been to Europe, and I finished college. Ran the dash, the hundred...You're not the first woman in my house...I, ah...Do you know anything about Chemotherapy?

H: Well, I know it's...a treatment for...(she can't say it)

V: Well, I need help during it...want the job?

H: You make it sound so attractive. Your father said –

V: Forget my father.

H: Well, he said...You needed a nurse.

V: *Forget* what he said.

H: Well, if he's the one hiring...

V: He's *not* hiring. He's flying to Japan, in a luxurious airplane. *I* am hiring. Uh...if you choose to take this job, you will be working for me. *Not for* my father.

H: So why would you pick me?

V: Oh...

H: I got it...I had the shortest skirt, huh?

V: Uh, actually, no, there was one with a shorter skirt. But he was never a candy striper. Anyway...it's room and board, and...*(he sizes her up)* Four hundred dollars a week.

H: Cash?

V: Cash. Follow me.