

Int. Hospital - Elevator - Day

Fluorescent lights BUZZ and illuminate AVERY, depressed, thirty-something year old man, enters with an envelope.

BUTCH, risk taker, thirty-something year old man, chases after him, narrowly entering before the steel doors close.

BUTCH

Phew, thanks.

Butch's smile deadens as he turns to Avery.

BUTCH

She was a good soul, your mother. Sorry to see her go.

AVERY

That she was.

Avery responds, wiping his eyes.

BUTCH

How you managing?

AVERY

Well, I've shoveled my way into a ditch, financially speaking.

BUTCH

That makes two of us. Finally in remission, but I get the feeling this tumor finishes what it starts... unlike its host.

AVERY

Yeah? How are you managing?

BUTCH

I'm managing jack shit. Gotten so bad- my net worth's damn near sitting in my pockets. If there's a way out, I'll kiss it's tender ass.

AVERY

(False optimism)

There is, so pucker those lips.

BUTCH

I'm- not so sure.

AVERY

I hate to repeat myself, but if there's
a way in--

BUTCH

-No way out here, man. Not this late
into the game. Maybe it's time we uh-
see this ditch for what it really is.