

SHORT

BROTHERS AND SISTERS 1 *Seven*

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NORA

I brought you ginger ale.

JUSTIN

Thanks. Mom I'm okay, I'm fine.

NORA

Yeah your fine, you're terrific. We should all be so lucky.

JUSTIN

Alright, tell me what's the fastest way out of this conversation?

NORA

By having it.

JUSTIN

Ok I'm not fine.

NORA

No, you're not fine. I think we...you should explore the possibility of taking the pain medication.

JUSTIN

You realize you're talking to your son Justin, the youngest one, the one with the drug problem?

NORA

I've talked to all your doctors and your physical therapist, I even called Dr. Benedict.



JUSTIN

My pediatrician? Mom, you know I'm not twelve years old. This isn't strep throat.

NORA

He's one of the most respected doctors in this town. They all agree that if we keep the dosage low, if we monitor...

JUSTIN

I don't care what they think! I mean did you call the rehab where I sobered up? Did you call my sponsor?

NORA

When you got sober I was there everyday and I worried about you every minute that I wasn't. Do you think I wanna be standing here advocating you using drugs again for any reason?

JUSTIN

Then why are you doing it mom?

NORA

Because I'm old enough to know that when life does something this horrible to you there are no rules as to how to get over it. You just have to do whatever you can. Anything you can to make it better.

JUSTIN

Mom I can't. Anything is not an option for me.