

DOVER, DELAWARE - 1979

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

A haze permeates everything, a deep summer heat wave.

Parked crookedly and taking up two spots is a 1970's era station wagon with faux wood paneling.

INT. STATION WAGON

In the driver's seat sits FRANNY LEVIN (16), combination teen hormones and self doubt, applying lipstick in the rear view mirror. Her curly, unruly hair is pulled back in a ponytail, but flyaway strands mix with the perspiration on her face.

The lipstick color registers bold red, and when she sees it on herself she panics. She pulls a beach towel from the backset and tries to wipe it off.

INT. HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

A gray, fluorescent room with cheerful posters attempting to mask the gloom. In a chair hooked up to a chemotherapy drip sits LEILA LEVIN (45), an ex-New Yorker who still channels urban cool, staring at her watch.

A NURSE walks in and Leila waves her over.

LEILA

I think it's finished.

The nurse checks the drip and begins to disconnect Leila.

NURSE

Yep, you're all done. Sorry to leave you sitting here. Everyone and their mother seems to be showing up at the hospital this morning.

LEILA

Must be the heat.

The nurse sighs.

NURSE

This is nothing. It's supposed to hit 105 later.

Leila gets up, slightly dizzy.