

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Mom sits across a large, well-organized wood desk from the PHYSICIAN. The Physician, looking relaxed in Hawaiian shirt with a white lab coat hanging casually from his shoulders, performs an Alzheimer's test on Mom.

PHYSICIAN

Apple, shoe, barrel. Remember those three words.

MOM

Apple, shoe, barrel. OK.

PHYSICIAN

So, Lizbeth, how long have you been having these problems?

Mom looks at Dad, at first a stolen glance, but returning to his face for an answer to the Physician's question.

PHYSICIAN (CONT'D)

Let me re-phrase. How long do you remember having these problems?

Mom looks at her hands.

MOM

I don't know. Maybe a few months.

Dad, sitting eight feet removed from the pair, looks up at his wife, a reaction not unnoticed by the Physician.

PHYSICIAN

OK. Been feeling OK, lately? Any problems?

MOM

No, everything's fine.

Dad has to control his tendency to jump in and answer questions for his spouse.

PHYSICIAN

OK. You know why you're here, right?

Mom looks up into the Physician's eyes, then back to her hands.