

INT. BEDROOM - CARE CENTER - DAY

PULLING OUT from the T.V. as Ruth enters in pink scrubs, eyeing it before addressing the person at which it's aimed.

RT


RUTH
How 'bout I change this, huh?

It's MRS. HAMBLE in the bed, ninety if she's a day. Skeletal and unblinking. Oh shit...she might be dead already.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Mrs. Hamble?

She moves to the bedside, fearing the worst, but--

MRS. HAMBLE
(a weak rasp)
...look at these goddamn monkeys...

So instead Ruth adjusts the covers, the fluid drip. 

RUTH
No, now...shh.

MRS. HAMBLE
...if my husband Wilson Kenneth Hamble ever lived to see the way they managed to flush this country right down the fuckin stinker, he'd like to never stop throwing up, you never heard a bigger helping of shit in all the years of woe-is-me, God o' mighty, put the chicken and hubcaps down and keep your gigantic monkey dick outta my good pussy...

RUTH
Okay, now. Just. Okay.

MRS. HAMBLE
...Christ help us...

RUTH
Okay.

MRS. HAMBLE
...why won't nobody fuck me good?

RUTH
Shh. C'mon, now.

But then, as she works, the silence prompts her to look.

Mrs. Hamble has gone slack. *Actually* dead this time. 