

A Part of Me – SIDE READING for Rita and Jimmy

(JIMMY'S ROOM. JIMMY is playing a game on his cell phone, while RITA, JIMMY'S mother starts to prepare to leave for their appointment in the lab)

RITA

Okay, Jimmy, you need to stop playing now . . . it's time to go to the lab.

JIMMY

Why?

RITA

Because it's on the schedule for today. You know that. Let's go.

JIMMY

Why?

RITA

Why? You know *why* . . . they need to draw blood and measure your levels.

JIMMY

(ceasing playing, looking at her intently)

No – really – why? Why do I need to go to the lab? What are they gonna tell me that I don't already know? So, really – what's the point?

RITA

The point is that you're my son, and I want you to get better. And you're going to do whatever you need to do – whatever they ask you to do – in order to *get* better.

JIMMY

(returning to playing the game on this cell phone)

Whatever . . . I'm sick of it.

RITA

No . . . not "whatever" . . . you're going to stop fooling around and giving me attitude. I'm sick of it, too. I can't just make it magically better for you with a snap of my fingers, you know. It's not easy for me either . . . worrying all the time.

(Rita's voice breaks on the last line)

JIMMY

(relenting as he looks at his mother)

Yeah, I know. Just... chill, okay? You're so intense lately. Look, maybe my levels are down today.

RITA

I just wish I could... make this all go away. Make you well.

JIMMY

I know you do. Just try not to stress so much. . . okay, Mom?