

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

NURSE SIDES

150 INT. CEDAR SINAI, EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 150

Kyle approaches the desk. He is hit by another cramp.

KYLE
(wincing)
Hi. I need to see a doctor.

The NURSE sizes him up.

NURSE
Insurance?

He shakes his head, trying to breath through the pain.

NURSE (CONT'D)
There's a clinic on Santa Monica.

KYLE
(angering)
I can't wait. I'm in pain.

NURSE
Don't raise your voice at me. I
can't admit you without insurance
or a recognized form of payment
like a credit card.
(doubtful)
Do you have a credit card?

He's hit again, wincing as he shakes his head. His eyes
tear.

KYLE
Just let me see a doctor. Please.

He panic makes him aggressive.

NURSE
Step back from the desk or I'll
call security.

KYLE
(tearing, hushes)
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Really. I'm
sorry. I just need to see a
doctor. I haven't shit in 4 weeks.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE
(a little concerned)
Four weeks? Have you tried
laxatives?

Kyle shakes his head, yes.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Wait here.

The nurse gets up and goes to a doctor and talks to him a minute. The doctor looks over, a distasteful look on his face. He says something to the nurse, pulls out a pad and writes a prescription. The Nurse walks back to Kyle.

NURSE (CONT'D)
These are prescription strength.
But please take them somewhere
else to be filled.
(pause)
Sorry.

She turns her back and resumes working, dismissing Kyle.
Kyle stares a moment, dumbstruck, then leaves.