

Nurse & Mr. Stamper

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

BEEPING. Mr. Stamper, an old man in worn jeans, open faded flannel shirt, cracked leather work boots, rests on the gurney as young nurse removes sensors from his worn body.

Tiny bits of bloody crust around the five stitches and purple bruise over his right eye. BEEPING stops as nurse turns off last machine. Mr. Stamper buttons his shirt.

NURSE 1

The doctor will be here in a hop skip, okay?

MR. STAMPER

'preciate it...

Nurse strolls out.

Mr. Stamper cranes his head up, stares at the television. His empty eyes glaze at the depressing news anchor.

CHARGE NURSE flies in with handful of medicine bottles. Speaks too loud, just in case Mr. Stamper is hard-hearing.

CHARGE NURSE

Okay, Mr. Stamper. The doctor's prescribed Lorazepam for your nausea, Doculax for your constipation and Meclizine for the vertigo. Have you taken these before?

MR. STAMPER

Not the Mek-ella-zeen. And I'm not deaf.

CHARGE NURSE

Ha! Habit. Instruction's in the bag. Let me know if you need help with it.

Charge Nurse drops the bottles into a white bag, hands them to the Mr. Stamper.

MR. STAMPER

Okay...

She reaches into her scrubs pocket.

CHARGE NURSE

And here's a few oxy for the headaches, and that hit on the head.

Start

1 of 2

Mr. Stamper takes out Meclizine instructions, dawns readers from shirt pocket.

MR. STAMPER

Sure...

Charge Nurse takes folder from wall bin and writes.

CHARGE NURSE

Next time you see that floor comin' up atcha, you put your hands up. Protect that head, okay.

MR. STAMPER

Will do.

CHARGE NURSE

The doctor's makin' rounds with interns today. You okay havin' that brood in your room?

Charge Nurse replaces folder to the bin.

Mr. Stamper looks up over his readers at Charge Nurse.

MR. STAMPER

Not my room.

He places Meclizine instructions back in bag, readers back in shirt pocket.

CHARGE NURSE

Atta boy. The doctor will be right in. Don't run away.

MR. STAMPER (REFERRING TO HIS MEDS)

I got too much to carry, to run away.

Charge Nurse exits room.

Mr. Stamper torques his right shoulder, examines bright bandage just above his elbow.

We wait patiently with the Mr. Stamper as he examines the wrinkles on his hands, like growth rings on a tree.

A BOOMING confident voice--

DOCTOR

Mr. Stamper!

Behind the doctor, in come three interns, one takes folder from wall bin.