

(Name of Project)

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in Order of Work Performed)

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INT. CURTAIN TWO

Grace sits on the gurney, sipping water. Carter and Susan are with her.

GRACE: I must be dehydrated. I, uh, all I've had is coffee and a muffin since last night.

CARTER: You want to tell us about the scars?

GRACE: I used to be a cutter. My parents fought a lot when I was a kid, and I was in school. I developed an eating disorder. It was my way of dealing with the stress.

CARTER: Did you ever see anyone about it?

GRACE: The only people who really seemed to care were the doctors and nurses. Which is probably why I'm in med school.

SUSAN: And what about now, are you still cutting?

GRACE: (that's silly) No.

CARTER: Show me your arm.

GRACE: You don't believe me? (she pulls up her sleeve to reveal old scars)

CARTER: Grace, you have a fever, and you have a borderline white count. Maybe from an infection, maybe from using a dirty blade.

GRACE: I told you, I haven't eaten.

SUSAN: So the eating disorder continues?...

GRACE: No! I've just been cramming!

CARTER: Pull up your skirt.

GRACE: Pardon me?!

CARTER: Let me see your thigh.

GRACE: I don't think so!

Susan pulls it up for her. There are fresh cut mark.

GRACE: (to Susan) You ASS!

CARTER: You're still cutting.

Grace grabs her bag and tries to go.

SUSAN: We just want to help you.

CARTER: Hold on, Grace.

GRACE: I have a pathology final.

CARTER: If you don't stay and agree to speak to someone, you'll force me to put you on a psych hold.

GRACE: On what grounds?!

CARTER: Danger to self.

GRACE: (pushing past Carter) That's not true.

SUSAN: (grabbing Grace) Grace, Grace, wait.

GRACE: (reeling away from Susan's grip) Stop! You're blowing this way out of proportion!

SUSAN: If you just see one of our psychiatrists, we won't hold you.

GRACE: (pleading) What are you doing this?!

CARTER: 'Cause I know what it's like to need help when you least want it.

GRACE: Please. Please, just leave me alone.

CARTER: I can't.

GRACE: (noticing another dr - Gallant) What are you staring at? You couldn't even diagnose thrombocytopenia!

SUSAN: (to Gallant) Get five of droperidol.

Grace is getting hysterical.

GRACE: No! No, no, no! Stop! Stop! I don't need that.
(crouches/ leans against the wall)

SUSAN: (going down with Grace) Okay, just get back in the bed, Grace.

GRACE: Don't touch me! Don't touch me!

Gallant prepares Grace's arm for the needle.

GRACE: Please, please...

CARTER: Okay, Just take it easy, it's okay.

GRACE: (NEAR TEARS) PLEASE, YOU'LL RUIN EVERYTHING. PLEASE,
YOU'LL RUIN EVERYTHING. NO, PLEASE, STOP. DON'T DON'T DON'T.
PLEASE. (IN GOES THE NEEDLE) GOD, YOU CAN'T EVEN GIVE HALF...
(SOBS)