

(Name of Project)

by
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(Based on, If Any)

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in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
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INT. QUIET HOSPITAL WAITING AREA

Dr. Shepherd approaches and Bailey jumps on him.

DR. SHEPHERD
Hi, Bailey.

BAILEY
Sit down.

DR. SHEPHERD
What?

BAILEY
Sit down!

He sits.

DR. SHEPHERD
Are you okay?

BAILEY
What do you care? With your hair products and your perfect little face and perfect little life. What do you care about how I am?

DR. SHEPHERD
My perfect little life? Have you been paying attention at all?

BAILEY
I pay attention! I pay attention - I pay attention to people in all walks of life. All types. I notice people. I see people. It's guys like you who don't see people like me.

DR. SHEPHERD
I don't see you.

BAILEY
Clearly, I'm not talking about you, SHEPHERD. Guys like you who don't see girls like me. We don't exist for you. We exist to do your homework. We exist to build your ego up.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
I am a successful, married mother.
I am chief resident.
(MORE)

BAILEY (CONT'D)

I am CHIEF resident of a major metropolitan hospital. I am a surgeon, who saved his life today - and he still doesn't see me. I may as well still be that high school girl with the mushroom hair cut and coke bottle glasses and the band uniform. The girl who didn't get to go to the homecoming dance, cause it didn't occur to him to ask me. All of those late nights, tutoring him, and it didn't even occur to him to ask...

DR. SHEPHERD

Band uniform? Really?

BAILEY

Do I look like I want to be mocked by you right now?

DR. SHEPHERD

No, no you don't. I'm just going to say one thing. In High school, I weighed 110 pounds, and I had not yet discovered hair products, so I had this big afro and um, I had acne and I, too, wore a band uniform...

She looks at him incredulous.

DR. SHEPHERD (CONT'D)

Sax.

She softens and sits next to him.

BAILEY

Oboe.

DR. SHEPHERD

I would've been honored to take a girl like you to Homecoming.