

i'm your man

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MAIN TITLES ON BLACK CARDS: NORTHERN FLICKER FILMS PRESENTS
I'M YOUR MAN

FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING - VARIOUS ANGLES

A car parked in front of a modest house. In the passenger sits BURT, a mid-30ish man in a winter coat, in a state of high agitation. He drums on the dashboard nervously, HONKS THE HORN.

INT. CAR

In the back seat looking at Burt as he lays off the horn, checks his watch, peers at the house.

BURT
(under his breath)
Baby, come on, where are you? Baby,
I've just been sitting out here
waiting. Calmly. No, I'm fine.
Baby, I'm fine.

Suddenly he opens the door, springs out.

CUT TO:

FRAMED PHOTOS

Burt & Sheryl and their dog in front the Christmas tree; Burt & Sheryl wearing backpacks on a hike; Burt & Sheryl on their wedding day. Suddenly

BURT'S HEAD

enters FRAME, obscures the matrimonial photo, as he yells up a staircase:

BURT
Baby, what the fuck!

We hear the sound of a SHOWER.

SHERYL'S VOICE
What?

BURT
What do you mean what?

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Burt yells into the bathroom through a steam cloud at the shower curtain. As calm as he can muster:

BURT
Whatever you're doing in there is
making us late.

SHERYL'S VOICE
I'm bathing. Try it sometime.

ON BURT

as he takes a beat, then opens his mouth to scream.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF QUICK IMAGES/SOUNDS

- shower faucet off
- shower curtain open
- coffee poured into a jar
- winter jacket pulled off hanger
- Sheryl grabs purse, keys

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

Sheryl runs out of house, puts her jacket on, toward Burt in the car.

SHERYL
I'm here. Right here. Here is where
I am.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Keys into ignition. Car pulls away from the curb.

INT. CAR - MOVING - MORNING - SERIES OF SHOTS

Sheryl drives, Burt sits. Down Powell, across the Ross Island Bridge, toward downtown and freeways. They're quiet.

ON SHERYL

as she turns to Burt.

SHERYL
You feel like apologizing?

BURT
Do you?

She shakes her head, sick of Burt's bullshit.

INT. CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Stuck in traffic. Not moving at all. Sheryl is talking on her cell-phone.

SHERYL
Hi, yes the appointment is under my husband's name...Burt... Right...I just want to give you guys a heads-up...No, we're on the way --

RADIO
I'm your man. Baby, I'm your man.

INT. CAR - MOVING - VARIOUS SHOTS

A SERIES OF QUICK IMAGES/SOUNDS

- up the exit ramp
- onto hospital campus
- into parking garage
- car shift into PARK
- engine off, keys jangle

INT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

Burt and Sheryl run through the garage. Sheryl runs with her jar full of coffee.

AT THE ELEVATOR

They press the down arrow on the panel. The doors DING open.

INT. CLINIC HALLWAY

Burt and Sheryl run down the hallway, towards a desk, the RECEPTIONIST stands immediately, sensing impending frenzy.

RECEPTIONIST
Burt and Sheryl?

BURT
We called.

SHERYL
Yes, I called.

RECEPTIONIST
Go on in. Ask for Dennis. Just pay
after.

FOLLOW as they enter a glass door, fluorescent light and bad carpeting, to a nurse's station; a MAN in blue scrubs stands behind a computer, holding a clipboard.

SHERYL
Dennis?

The man looks up with laser-eyed no-bullshit stare:

DENNIS
Come with me.

MOMENTS LATER

in another hallway, in front of a scale. Dennis is all business, working with military efficiency.

DENNIS
(to Burt)
Get on the scale.

Burt starts to move --

DENNIS
Lose the coat.

Burt hands Sheryl his heavy winter coat, steps onto the scale, the numbers flashing forward and backward, landing on

DENNIS
Two-fifteen.

Burt makes wide-eyes at Sheryl as he steps off the scale. Dennis grabs Burt, manipulates his back against the wall, against a giant tape-measure.

DENNIS
Seventy-two, maybe a little more.

BURT
Is that good or bad?

Dennis smiles curtly: *no time for small talk*. He makes a notation on her clipboard, points at a small room.

DENNIS
You're in here. I'll get the doctor.

Burt and Sheryl enter the room like innocent animals. Dennis clicks the door shut, exits FRAME.

INT. EXAM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Burt sits on the papered table, Sheryl on a pleather loveseat still holding Burt's jacket, sips from her coffee. CAMERA takes in the glass jar of cotton swabs, the box of blue latex gloves, the rack of bad magazines. Burt exhales loudly. Sheryl looks over.

SHERYL
There's nothing to be nervous about.

Ten seconds tock by.

BURT
What if the doctor wants to cut my penis open. Do surgery right away.

SHERYL
No one's cutting your penis. This is just an office visit.

Ten seconds tock by.

BURT
Well, still --

The door swings opens. A woman with a long, tight face strides in. She wears a white coat and a black mini-skirt with black stockings, black knee-high boots.

WOMAN
I am Doctor Foote.

Burt and Sheryl murmur 'hello' as Dr. Foote sits on a squeaky wheeled stool. She speaks almost exclusively to the clipboard in her hand.

DR. FOOTE
We don't have much time.

SHERYL
I'm sorry. We didn't have any idea
how far away it was --

BURT
Yeah --

DR. FOOTE
This will have to be a short
appointment. I have other patients.

Burt and Sheryl share a look.

DR. FOOTE
How long have you been trying?

	SHERYL	BURT
A year.		Few months.

Dr. Foote looks away from her clipboard briefly at Burt.

DR. FOOTE
Your hormone tests came back and
everything looks normal. Slight
elevation of prolactin. Doesn't
mean anything though.
(a moment, then)
Do you smoke?

BURT
No.

DR. FOOTE
Drinking, how much per week?

BURT
Hmm, per week? Maybe seven to ten
drinks?

He looks to Sheryl for verification. She nods back.

DR. FOOTE
Any street drugs?

BURT
No.

DR. FOOTE
Not even marijuana?

BURT
No. Not anymore.

DR. FOOTE
And you don't wear tight pants do
you? On a regular basis? Bike
shorts? Or what have you?
(Burt shakes his head: no)
Hot baths?

BURT
What?

DR. FOOTE
Baths, tubs, jacuzzis?

BURT
No.

Dr. Foote makes a notation on her clipboard.

DR. FOOTE
We got the results of your
semenalysis. Your count is lower
than normal.

BURT
Right.

DR. FOOTE
That's not a huge deal. Your
motility is a bit low and your
percentage of normal sperm is quite
low.

BURT
Right.

DR. FOOTE
(to Sheryl)
And everything with you is
functioning normally? Ovulating?
Healthy?

SHERYL
As far as they can tell--

Dr. Foote makes a notation.

DR. FOOTE
Well, let's do a quick exam.

Dr. Foote stands quickly, looks at Burt.

DR. FOOTE
Stand up, drop your pants and
underwear to the floor.

BURT
Okay.

BURT

stands slowly and turns, drops his pants and underwear as
casually as he can.

DR. FOOTE

pulls a pair of blue latex gloves from the box on the
counter, snaps them over her hands. She moves toward Burt,
stands directly between him and Sheryl.

DR. FOOTE
I'm going to feel your testicles
now.

BURT
Okay.

Dr. Foote feels Burt's testicles.

Sheryl watches uncomfortably. There is the sound of
stretching latex, no small talk. An exhaust fan kicks in
somewhere overhead.

Finally:

DR. FOOTE
Done.

Burt leans down to pull his pants up.

DR. FOOTE
Now just lean against the exam
table. I'll check your prostate.

Burt stops. The needle scratches off the record:

BURT
Um, I don't, is that necessary
really? In relation to my semen --

DR. FOOTE
 I'm a urologist.
 (off Burt's blank stare)
 I want to make sure everything's
 working.

BURT
 Yes.

Burt, pants around his ankles leans his body against the exam table. He turns his head around to look back at Sheryl in horrified anticipation.

Dr. Foote SNAPS the bottom of each glove on her wrist, leans in to Burt:

DR. FOOTE
 Try and relax.

BURT
 Yes.

And one blue hand disappears. Burt shrieks:

BURT
 Ahhhhh!

DR. FOOTE
 Sorry, I have to get up there.

Burt's head whips back around to look at Sheryl, who is looking at the ground. The blue hand again:

BURT
 Ahhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!

He laughs uncomfortable embarrassment and pain.

ON SHERYL

as she reaches for her purse, her coffee, seeking any distraction from the horrid sight and sound of what lays in front of her.

ON BURT

as the blue hand goes up again.

BURT
 Owwwwwwwwwwww! Owwwwwwww!

Burt's face scrunches in pain.

DR. FOOTE

Sorry.

ON SHERYL

as she shrinks into the couch, squirming with discomfort. She covers her mouth, closes her eyes, drops her face into her open palms, wanting to disappear.

Finally:

DR. FOOTE

Done.

Dr. Foote leans back, peels off gloves, disposes them. Burt has the stunned demeanor of one who has just been hit in the face repeatedly with a frying pan. Sheryl exhales.

DR. FOOTE

(motions)

Okay.

Burt bends down, pulls his pants and underwear up.

Dr. Foote grabs her clipboard, sits back on the squeaky wheeled stool.

DR. FOOTE

Well, everything looks okay. Though your testicles are quite small. Smaller than normal. Have you always had small testicles?

BURT

Uh, I don't think so.

(then)

I mean I think they are the same as always.

SHERYL

I've never noticed a difference in size. Not compared to other testicles.

Dr. Foote stares at Sheryl. Then:

DR. FOOTE

Well, I'm leaving.

BURT

Should we wait here?

She swings one stockinged leg and knee-high boot over the other.

DR. FOOTE

No, I'm leaving the country for a month so there's nothing to do for awhile.

BURT

(as if they're friends)
Where are you going?

DR. FOOTE

(as if they're not)
I'm going on an African safari.
(then)
Let's order another semenalysis and when I'm back we'll look at the results and talk more then.

Dr. Foote stands, clipboard in hand, smooths her skirt.

BURT

Okay.

SHERYL

Alright.

DR. FOOTE

I'll send Dennis in with a cup for the sample.

Dr. Foote opens the door, starts to step out

ON SHERYL

in a sort of mild-mannered panic:

SHERYL

Excuse me, is there anything we can do in the next month? Til you get back?

Dr. Foote turns, thinks for a second, then, with the casualness of one dispensing generic gardening advice:

DR. FOOTE

Monitor your citrus intake.
Consider red meat. Have frequent, robust intercourse.

She smiles and steps through the door, leaving Burt and Sheryl to a few long beats of awkward, uncomfortable silence.

INT. HOSPITAL CLINIC - LATER

At the receptionist desk, Sheryl writes out a check, signs it.

RECEPTIONIST

Great, thanks.

SHERYL

Thank you. Thanks for your help.

RECEPTIONIST

Glad to. Very much.

The receptionist smiles politely at Sheryl and then Burt. He does not meet her eye.

MOMENTS LATER

Burt and Sheryl walk down the hallway mutely.

EXT. HOSPITAL CLINIC

Burt and Sheryl walk across the driveway, head for the parking structure.

BURT

She was nice.

SHERYL

Yeah, Burt she was a dream come true. The answer to everything.

BURT

I meant the receptionist.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE

Burt presses the up button. They wait.

BURT

Want to get breakfast?

SHERYL

I'm not that hungry actually.

BURT

Yeah.

After a moment the doors DING open and a YOUNG COUPLE WITH AN INFANT step out. The mom holds the baby in her arms as the dad watches. They stop for a second, the mom hands the dad the baby.

Burt and Sheryl step onto the elevator, stare out at the young family.

The doors close.

FADE OUT