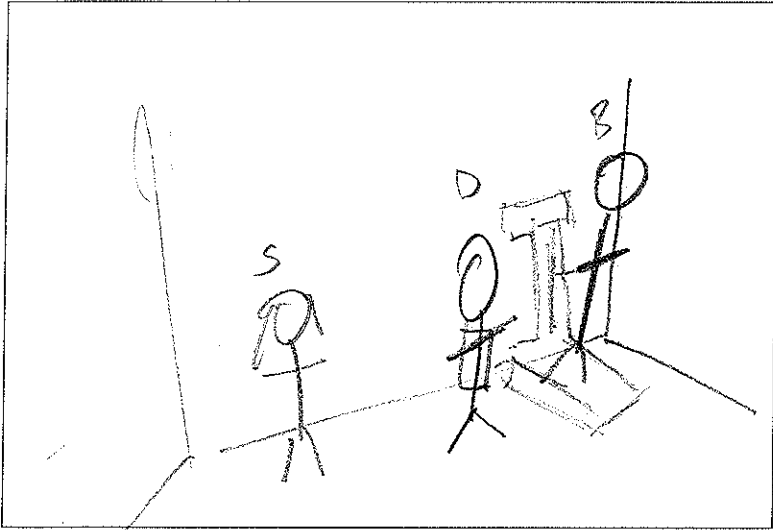


TOPIC:

DATE:

FILE UNDER:

PAGE: **8**



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.

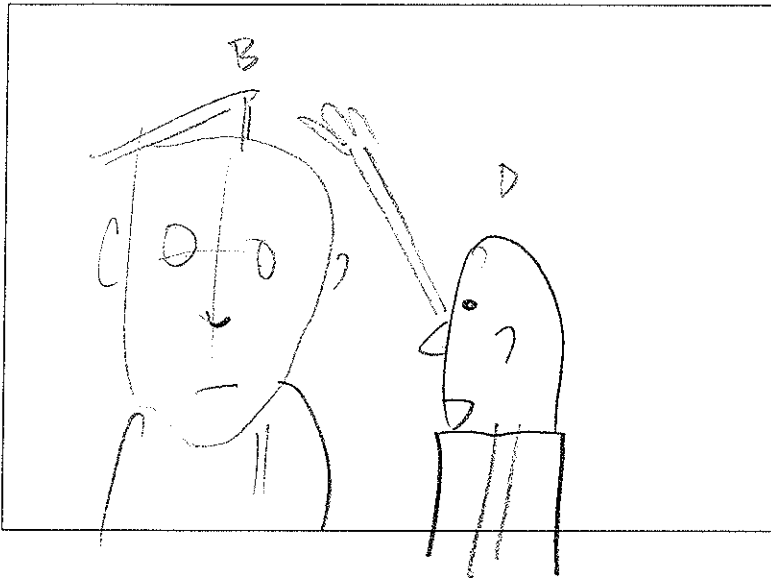
Burt starts to move --

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.

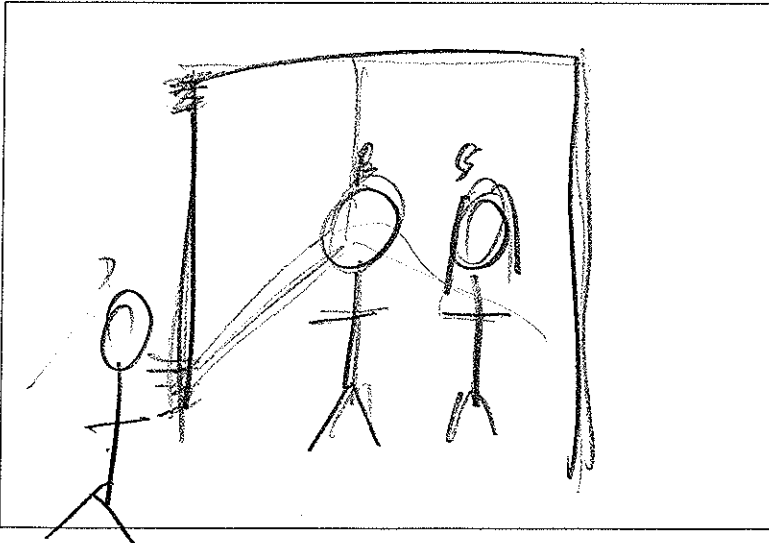
Burt makes wide-eyes at Sheryl as he steps off the scale. Dennis grabs Burt, manipulates his back against the wall, against a giant tape-measure.



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.

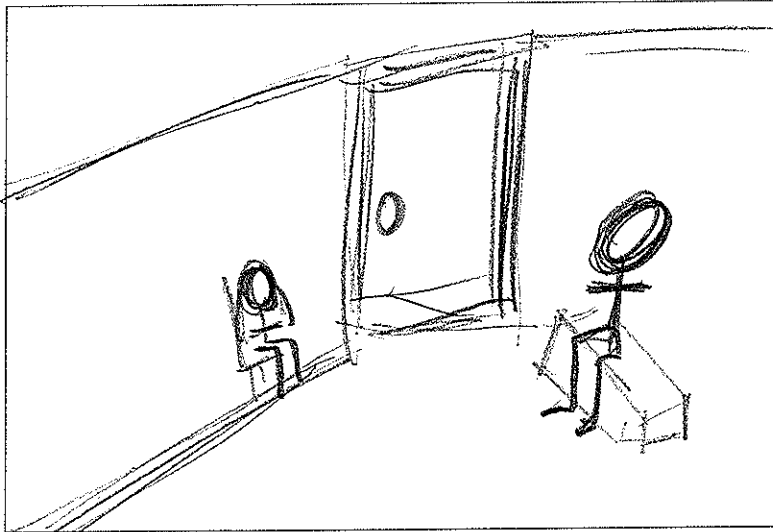
Burt and Sheryl enter the room like innocent animals. Dennis clicks the door shut, exits FRAME.

TOPIC:

DATE:

FILE UNDER:

PAGE: 9



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.

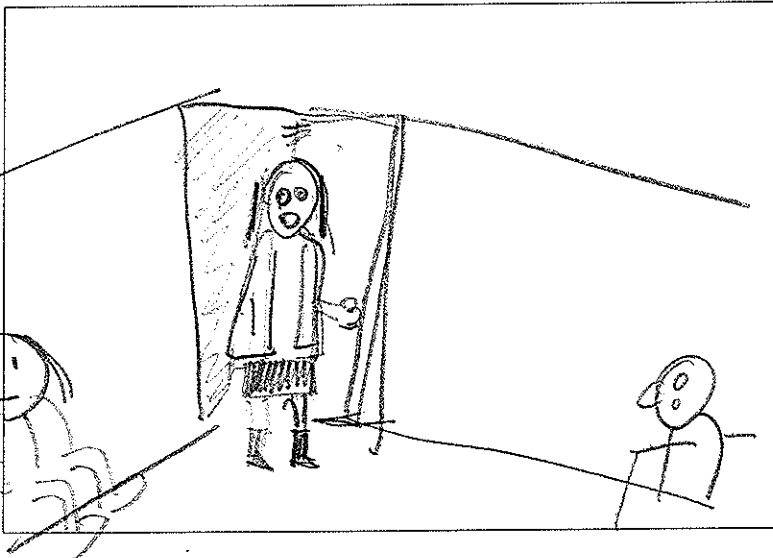
Ten seconds took by.

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.

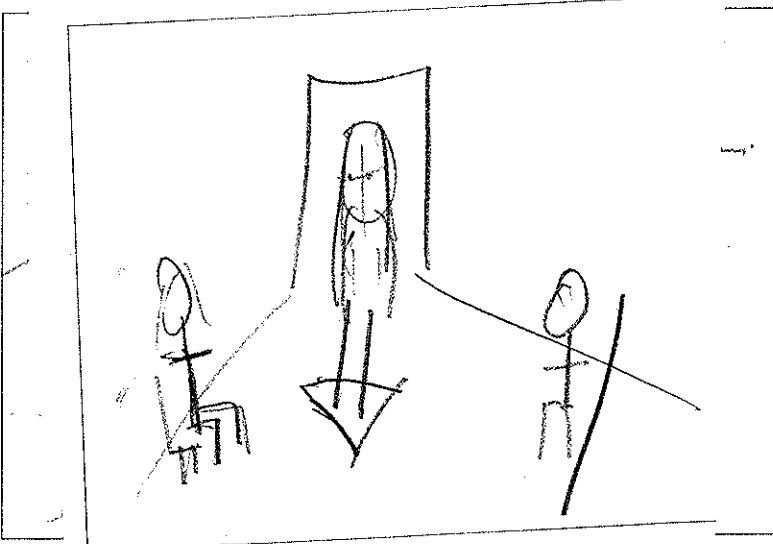
Ten seconds took by.

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 knees-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.

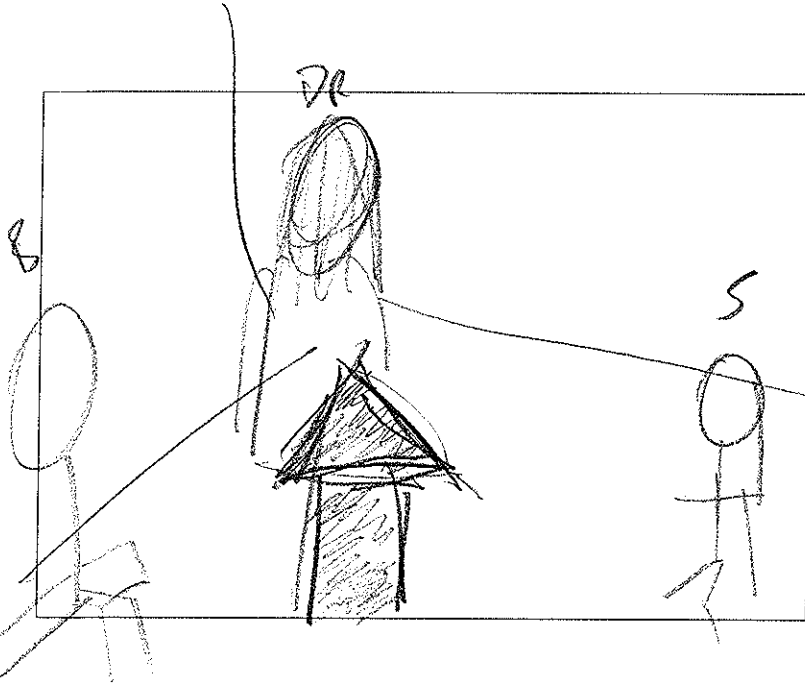
SHERYL
I'm sorry. We didn't have any idea how far away it was --

TOPIC:

DATE:

FILE UNDER:

PAGE: 10

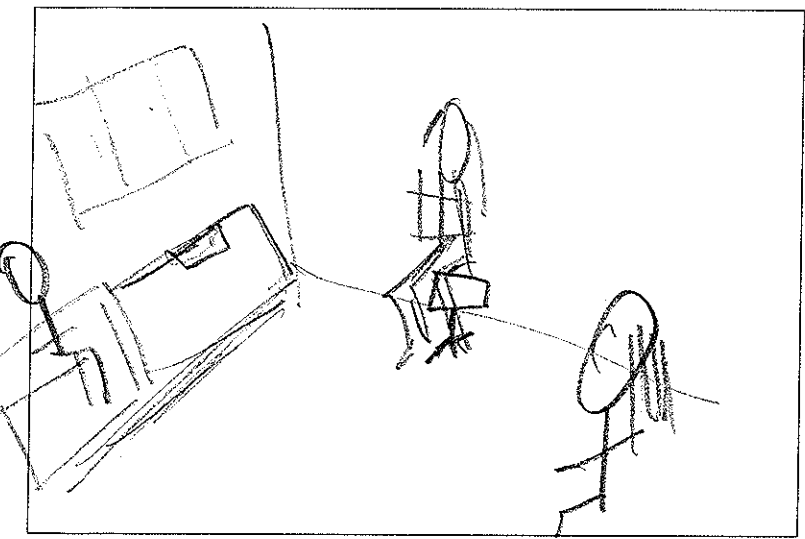


Yeah -- BURT

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

cross to other side
Burt and Sheryl share a look.*

~~DR. FOOTE~~



hide

How long have you been trying?

A year. SHERYL Few months. BURT ✗

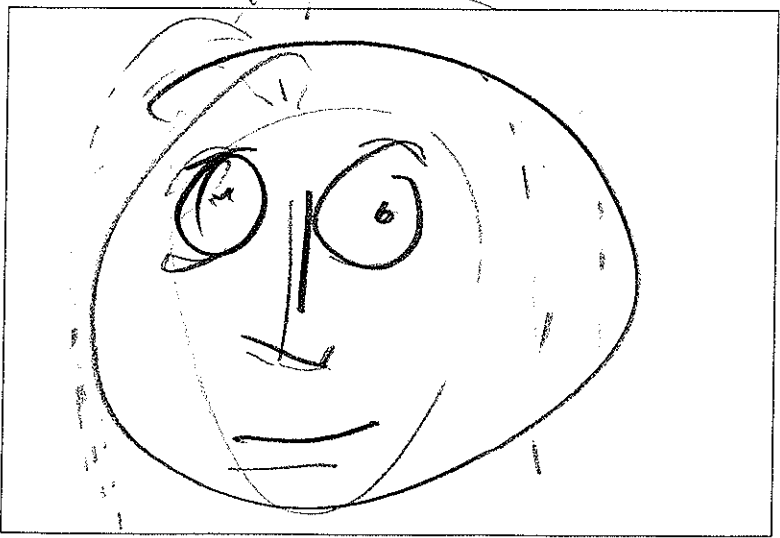
Dr. Foote looks away from her clipboard briefly at Burt.

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?

No. BURT

DR. FOOTE
Drinking, how much per week?

Burt



cu burt

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

He looks to Sheryl for verification. She nods back. ✗

cu shyl

DR. FOOTE
Any street drugs?

cu Foote

No. BURT

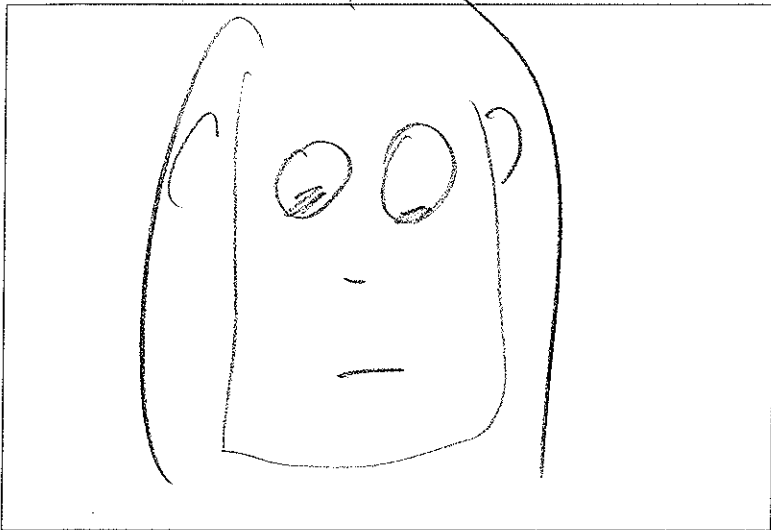
TOPIC:

DATE:

FILE UNDER:

PAGE: 11

DR FOOTE



DR. FOOTE
Not even marijuana?

cc Foote

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?

cc Burt

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.

cc Foote

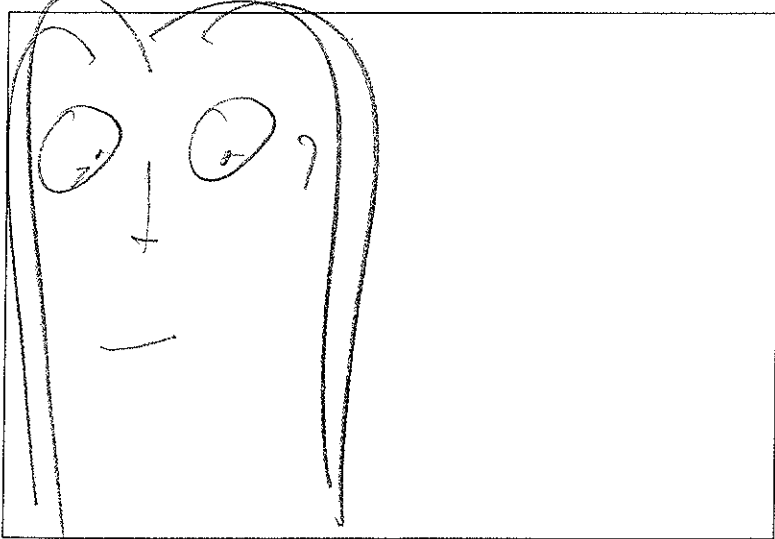
BURT
Right.

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

*cc Burt
cc Foote
cc Burt*

BURT (looks at her)
Right.

SHERYL



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

cc Sheryl

SHERYL
As far as they can tell--

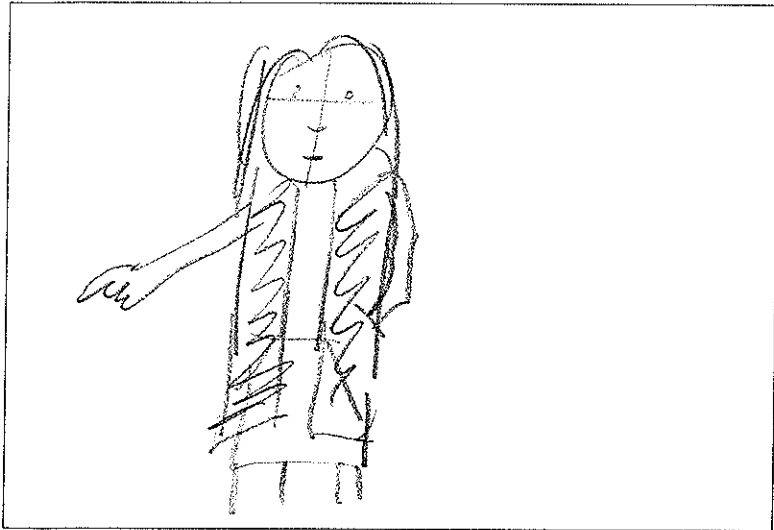
Dr. Foote makes a notation.

TOPIC:

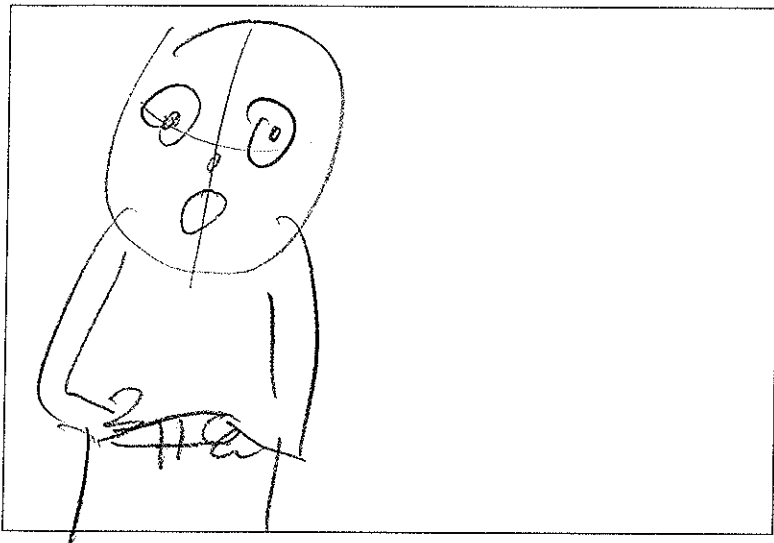
DATE:

FILE UNDER:

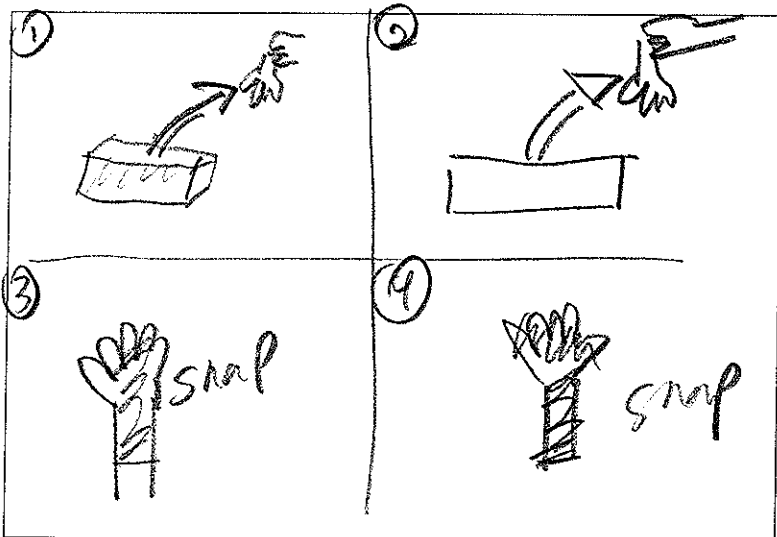
PAGE: 12



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.

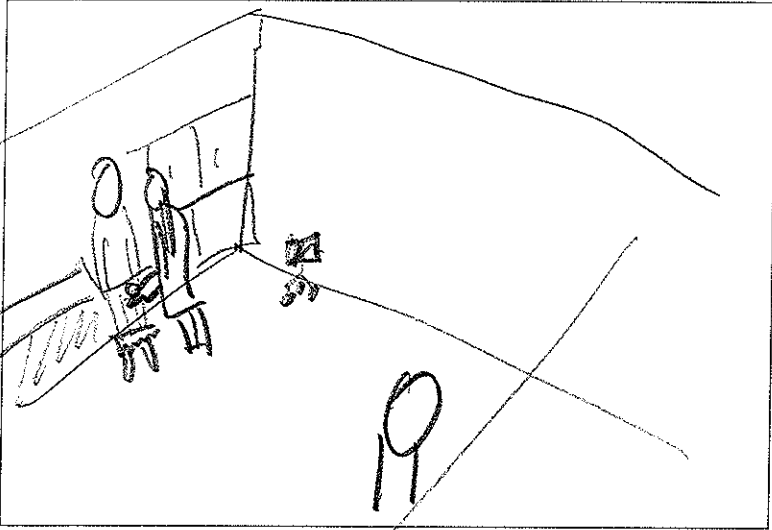
TOPIC:

DATE:

FILE UNDER:

PAGE: 13

WIDE



wide

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

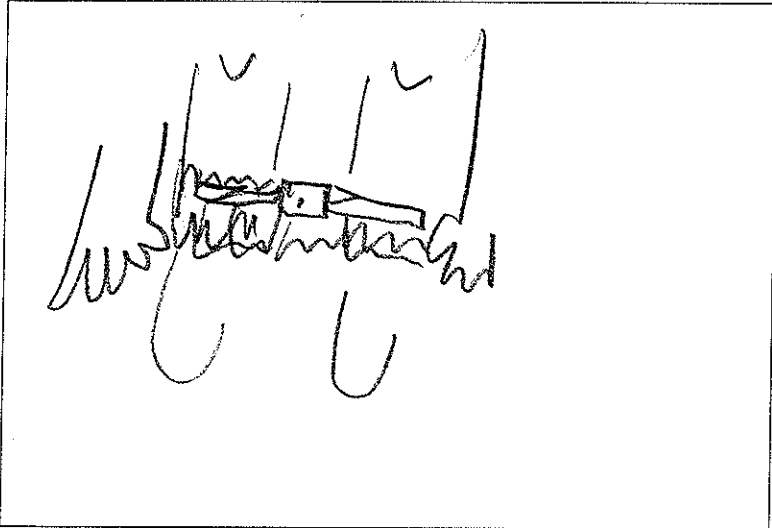
BURT
Okay.

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:

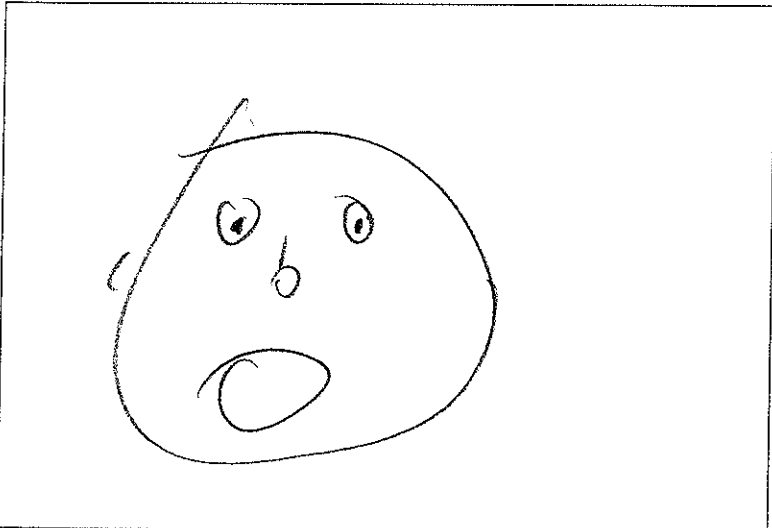
DR. FOOTE
Done.



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 --

TOPIC:

DATE:

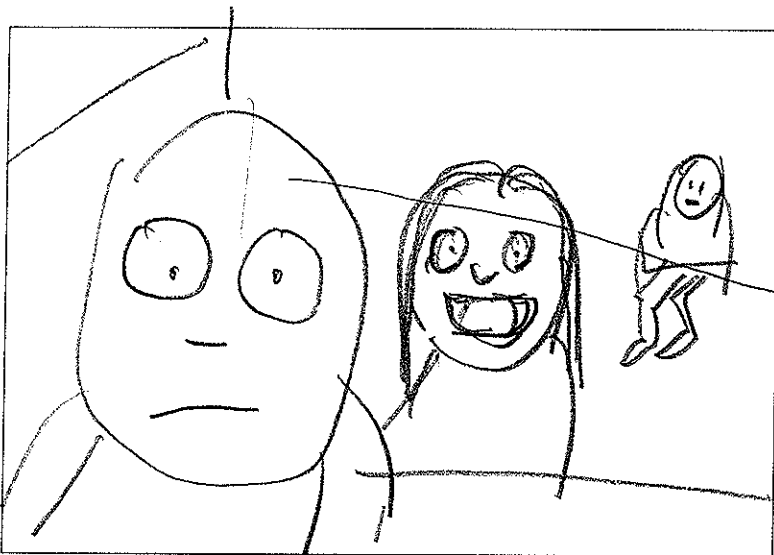
FILE UNDER:

PAGE: **14**



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.

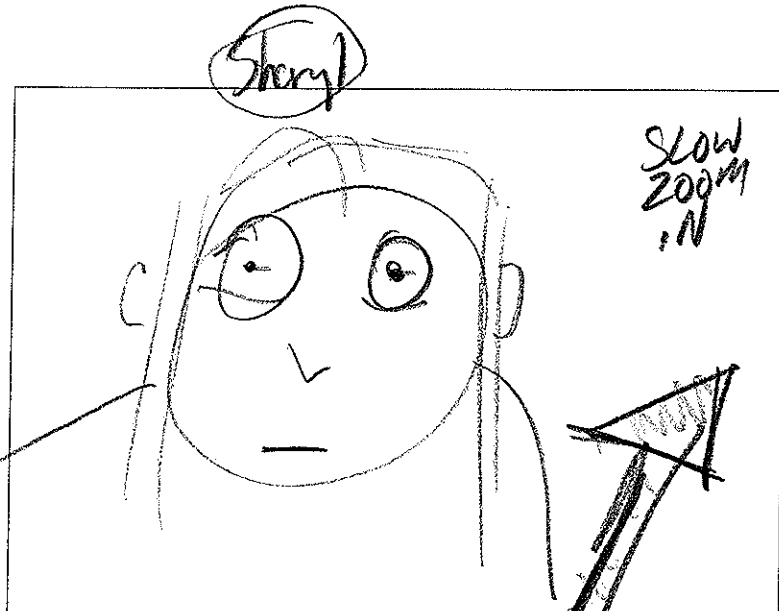
Dr. Foote SNAPS the bottom of each glove on her wrist, leans in to Burt:

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
 Ahhhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhhhh!

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.

TOPIC:

DATE:

FILE UNDER:

PAGE: 15



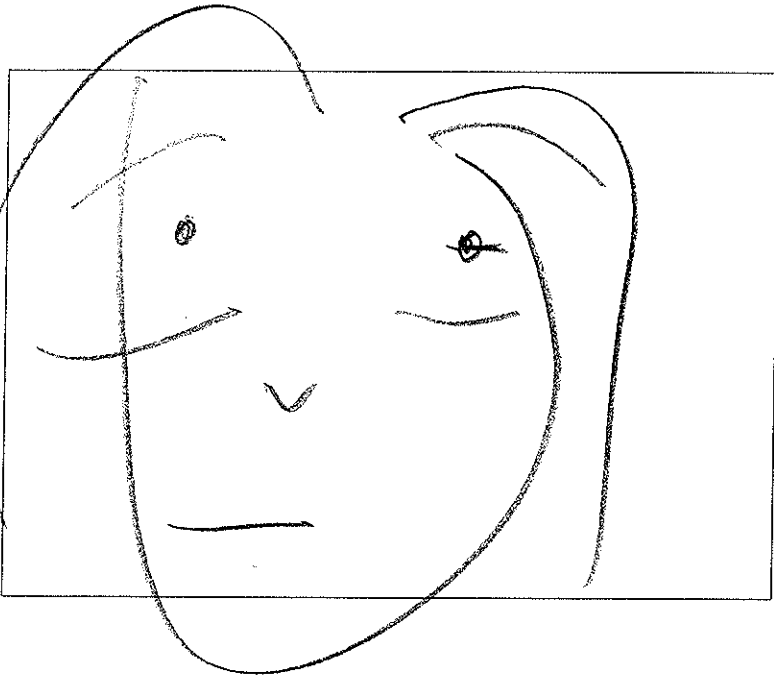
DR. FOOTE
Sorry.

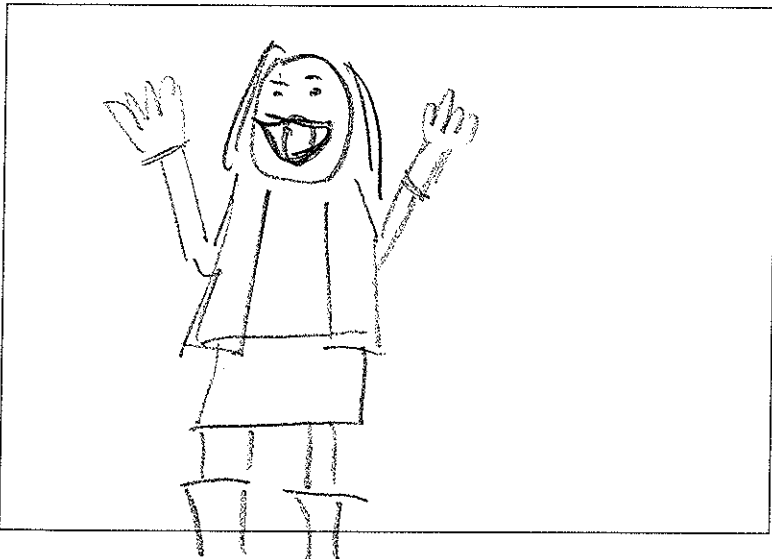
ON SHERYL

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.
