

SICK DAY

by

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FADE IN:

INT. DAVE'S KITCHEN - DAY

DAVE, mid-30's sits at his kitchen table and stares out the window in a groggy state. His hair is messed up and his eyes are red from lack of sleep. He dials the phone.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE - DAY

Dave's boss, JIM, mid-40's, sits at his desk and reviews paperwork as the phone rings. It is Dave.

INTERCUT PHONE SEQUENCE

JIM
(Answers phone)
Hello, this is Jim.

DAVE
(soft)
Hi Jim.

JIM
Hey Dave. What's up?

DAVE
Jim, I picked up a cough and flu over the weekend and I'm wiped out. I need to take a sick day.

JIM
Hmmm.

DAVE
What's wrong?

JIM
Let me check something.
(looks at computer)
Okay...I got it...Dave, this is your third sick day this year.

DAVE
I know. I had strep in February which knocked me out for a couple of days. I haven't had any other sick days since then.

JIM

Right. Right.
(looks at computer)
Well, that would be three sick
days in eight months.

DAVE

Exactly.

JIM

If you keep up at this clip,
you'll have a full week of sick
days this year.

DAVE

Are you extrapolating my sick
days?

JIM

The point is, based on your
history, you'll be out some more
this year.

DAVE

(irritated)
So what?

JIM

Remember the senior management
meeting I attended last month?

DAVE

(suspicious)
Yeah.

JIM

The entire three days were
dedicated to reducing sick days
and cutting health costs corporate
wide.

DAVE

And?

JIM

The company loses eight million
dollars a year in productivity due
to sick days.

DAVE
(sarcastic)
Well, maybe you guys should have created a new policy prohibiting employees from getting sick.

JIM
You're missing my point.

DAVE
(upset)
Jim, I'm sick! I'm going to the doctor today.

JIM
Well, that's another thing.

DAVE
What's another thing?!!

JIM
Our health care costs are ballooning and a lot of it is due to unnecessary doctor visits.

DAVE
What's that got to do with me? I'm on the verge of crapping my pajamas right now!

JIM
Well, going forward, we're going to do things a little bit differently around here to get our healthcare costs under control.

DAVE
Jim, I'm puking my guts out. I have diarrhea and I'm sneezing and coughing every five seconds. What the hell is going on here?

JIM
I need to personally verify your condition.

DAVE
What the ...verify my condition?

JIM
The president has asked all senior managers to personally get involved to curb healthcare costs.

DAVE

I'm getting cofused here.

JIM

I'll be by in twenty minutes to check you out.

DAVE

No you won't because I'll be at the doctor's office. Jim, be reasonable! I'll get a note from the doctor!

JIM

Nope. Got to check it out myself, president's mandate. So go shower up.

DAVE

What?

JIM

See you then.

They both hang up. Dave gets up, rubs his eyes, shakes his head, fluffs his hair and walks upstairs.

DAVE

(to himself)

Is this a dream?

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - DAY

Jim's car pulls in Dave's driveway. Jim gets out. He wears a white Doctor's overcoat and a stethoscope hangs around his neck. Jim reaches inside his car and grabs a black medical bag. From behind the living room blinds, Dave nervously watches Jim approach the house. Jim rings the DOORBELL. Dave opens the door and lets Jim in.

INT. DAVE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dave and Jim both sit down in the living room facing each other. Dave eyes Jim's outfit suspiciously.

DAVE

Jim, please, is this a joke? What the hell's going on here?

JIM

I'm demonstrating my commitment to you and the company by looking after your well being. We believe this personal touch will greatly reduce our health care costs.

DAVE

You're not a doctor!

JIM

True, but I received special training at the conference last month. I am now equipped to do rough diagnostics.

DAVE

Rough diagnostics? What kind of bullshit is that?

JIM

Dave, I need to examine you. You know, to verify your condition.

DAVE

No, I don't know.

JIM

You need to relax. I'm certified to do this. That three day training was excellent. Down the road, I will be sending some middle managers for training so we can get more coverage. And guess what? You're on the list!

DAVE

I don't want any...

JIM

(ignoring Dave)

Now open your mouth, stick out your damn tongue and quit resisting!

DAVE

I'm not...

JIM

Open your mouth!

Dave reluctantly opens his mouth. Jim immediately places a tongue depressor in his mouth and shines a small flashlight at the back of his throat.

JIM

Oh yeah. Throat's real red. Let me check your glands.

Dave starts shaking his head to resist but Jim grabs both sides of Dave's neck with his hands and moves his fingers up and down the length of the neck.

JIM

Swollen glands too.
(joking)
Bet you're feeling sick too, huh?

DAVE

Okay, enough. You've verified my condition so I can go to the doctor, right?

JIM

Not yet. I have a couple more things I have to do before I sign off. Lift up your shirt.

Dave reluctantly lifts up his shirt. Jim places a stethoscope on his chest and looks at his watch.

JIM

Your pulse is high. You a little anxious?

Dave's face turns red.

JIM

Turn your head to the side and breath in and out slowly, real deep.

Dave reluctantly does so.

JIM

Major league congestion. You really are sick.

Dave gives Jim a look that would kill.

JIM

Okay, let's get a look at your blood pressure.

Jim, places the blood pressure pad on Dave's arm and listens on his stethoscope while pumping the pad.

JIM

Wow, your blood pressure is high.
Why is that?

DAVE

(angry)

I'm about two seconds away from
kicking your ass and I don't even
care that you're my boss.

JIM

Just two more things and I'm out
of here. You did shower before I
got here, right?

DAVE

Yes!

JIM

Okay then, drop your drawers.

DAVE

No way!

JIM

Drop your drawers! I need to see
if you have any ruptures?

DAVE

You mean hernias?

JIM

Ruptures, hernias, same thing...

DAVE

(angry)

They're not the same thing.

JIM

You're right Dave. You really do
have an aptitude for this. I'll
see if I can move you up on the
training list...Anyway, I need to
check for ruptures, check that,
hernias.

DAVE

(frustrated and
confused)

(MORE)

DAVE (cont'd)
Plural? Like multiple
hernias?...I'm sick here, not
injured.

JIM
(reassuring)
Since the company is longer
covering the cost of annual
physicals, I thought I'd do a
hernia check while I'm here,
saving you some money and killing
two birds with one stone.

DAVE
You mean two balls with one hand?

JIM
Huh?

DAVE
I'm not letting you touch my
balls!

JIM
It'll be real quick and then one
more thing and I'm out of here.
Come on Dave. Drop your drawers,
turn your head left and cough.
Just once. Come on.

Dave drops his shorts. Jim reaches down and Dave turns his
head and coughs.

JIM
Whoaaa.

DAVE
What?

JIM
I didn't realize you had such a...

DAVE
(angry)
Stop! What if I were female? This
would be sexual harrassment!

JIM
(matter of fact)
No. Our female employees will only
be examined by female
managers...Darn! Okay, last thing,
bend over.

DAVE

Why?

JIM

Again, we're cutting costs and rectal exams aren't covered anymore. You need to get a rectal twice a month.

DAVE

Bullshit!

JIM

Yeah, check that. Rectal exams are required at least every two years, not twice a month. What was I thinking? Either way, you're due. So bend over and crack a smile.

Dave abruptly pulls up his shorts.

JIM

Dave, what are you doing...

DAVE

Good news Jim.

JIM

Really? What?

DAVE

No need for you to fiddle my rectum because I'm starting to feel better now. In fact, I don't think I even need to go to the doctors. How about I finish getting dressed and meet you in the office in thirty minutes or so?

JIM

Really?

DAVE

Yeah. I don't need a sick day today. It must have been a twenty four hour bug.

JIM

(smiles)

Super!

10.

DAVE
(under his breath)
Yeah, super.

FADE OUT.