

Anesthesia

Sample

BACK IN THE ROOM --

That's all Mary needs. She gathers her things and heads for the door.

Just as she's about to exit -- DR. CLAYTON APPEARS!

Mary startles. Drops her purse. Contents scatter.

Dr. Clayton (33) is mild. Unassuming. He has a slightly receding hairline and an easy smile. Stitched on his tunic: "Dr. Clayton, DDS."

Mary squats. Gathers her things. Clayton helps.

DR. CLAYTON

You're not running out on me are you?

MARY

Sorry. I was just...

Clayton grins. Crouches down to help.

DR. CLAYTON

No problemo. Happens all the time.

He picks up Mary's wallet. There's a photo inside --

BOBBY (6). Hugh smile. Missing a few teeth.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Looks like someone's keeping the tooth fairy busy?

MARY

Yeah, you could say that.

Clayton nods. He helps Mary back to the chair. She reluctantly takes a seat. Holds her purse close.

Clayton notes her anxiety. Takes a seat.

DR. CLAYTON

Listen Mary, I know coming to the dentist can be scary, but I want to assure you, we're not monsters.

SUE (O.S.)

Speak for yourself.

SUE (20's), Clayton's perky assistant, enters with a mischievous grin. She pushes a covered cart.

Clayton shakes his head.

DR. CLAYTON
Sue, this is Mary. Mary, Sue.

SUE
Howdy.

Sue fastens a bib around Mary's neck. No time for niceties. She goes to the counter and preps.

MARY
(to Clayton)
I just don't see why I have to get
my teeth pulled. They feel
perfectly fine.

DR. CLAYTON
Sure they feel fine now, but over
time, wisdom teeth tend to shift
and next thing you know, you have a
whole mouth full of trouble.

Sue turns toward Mary. She smiles revealing several SMALL PLASTIC STRIPS wedged into her mouth like misshapen teeth.

Mary forces a smile. Sue shrugs and goes back to work.

DR. CLAYTON
You know, we've come a long way
since your parents got their teeth
yanked out in the back of the barn.

MARY
My parents didn't grow up on--

Clayton stands and approaches the COVERED CART, already into the pitch.

DR. CLAYTON
With recent advancements in modern
dentistry, the procedure is
practically painless.

Clayton tries to pull the cover off the cart, but it's stuck on a clasp. He tugs at it. Frustrated.

Sue comes to the rescue. Unhooks the cover. It slides off revealing --

A complicated setup. Glass jars and tubes. One jar labeled 'SUCTION,' the other 'NITROUS.'

Clayton beams like a proud parent.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)
A little of this and you won't even
remember we had this conversation.

SUE
It's like treating yourself to a
nice bottle of wine.

DR. CLAYTON
Or ten.

Clayton and Sue LAUGH. Mary forces a tight smile.

Clayton takes a seat.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)
So, what do you say?

Reluctantly, Mary nods agreement.

Sue places the breather over her nose. Adjusts valves on the
tanks. Gas HISSES.

SUE
Deep breaths through the nose.

MARY'S POV: of Clayton and Sue. Distorting as the gas takes
effect.

DR. CLAYTON
Feeling the gas, Mary. A little...
dizzy?

Mary sucks in a deep breath through her nose.

MARY
Yeah. I guess. A little.

Across the hall, a SCREAM OF PAIN from behind the closed
door. HUSHED VOICES calm the patient.

BACK IN THE OFFICE

Clayton doesn't care. He has Mary's X-RAY held up in front of
him.

DR. CLAYTON
(re: the scream)
Sorry 'bout that.
(re: the X-RAY)
Third molars, Sue.

Sue pulls a towel off the tray. Two hypodermic syringes with
wicked looking needles are underneath.