

Overtime

written by

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FADE IN:

MONTAGE:

STELLA, a young woman is asleep in bed. The covers are pulled up to her ear, though the features we can see on her face are striking. The sun shines into the bedroom. It's quiet.

CASEY, a young man, pops up from behind her. He is the physical blueprint for a young rockstar; dark features, unkempt hair, tattoos, and an endearing smirk. He wraps his arm around her. She smiles, opening her eyes, and rolls over to embrace Casey. They kiss.

They are still in bed, but now making love. Casey kisses Stella slowly before burying his head in her shoulder. She scratches his back as she gasps; he thrusts gently.

Casey and Stella are now in the shower. Stella is washing her hair; Casey is scrubbing his arm pits.

They're now in the kitchen cooking. Stella is beating eggs as Casey cuts fruit. She steals a strawberry off the plate before she goes to the stove and pours the eggs in a pan.

They're both getting ready. Stella is wearing scrubs as she puts her hair up. Casey puts his shirt on as he looks outside the window. A small group of people are outside, erupting in cheers when they see Casey. One is holding a sign that says "NYC LOVES CASEY KIMMIT". He smiles and turns back around, seeing Stella looking at him smugly.

He walks her to the front door, kissing her passionately before opening it. Stella runs into a car out front as people erupt with cheer. Casey shuts the door. The car drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - CAFE - CURRENT DAY

Stella (26, now with longer hair and looking visibly unwell) is seated across from MACY (25, put-together to a point of perfection) at a café. Stella is in blue scrubs while Macy wears dress pants and a blouse with the sleeves rolled. They are both eating; Macy has a burger and fries in front of her while Stella is picking at a measly-looking salad.

MACY

Look, I'm not leaving until you eat at least seven leaves.

STELLA
I'm trying. I'm at two.

MACY
Come on. Give me two more.

Stella pokes the leaves with her fork. She mixes them around.

STELLA
I'm just not hungry, Mace.

MACY
You're about to work twelve hours.
You need to eat.

Stella continues to mix the greens.

MACY (CONT'D)
Stella.

STELLA
Macy.

They stare at each other.

STELLA (CONT'D)
(whining)
Take me to a smoothie place.

MACY
You need solids!

Stella gestures to the plate, her eyes wide.

STELLA
I need to be in bed, **crying**.

Macy puts a fry on Stella's plate.

MACY
Eat the fry.

Beat.

MACY (CONT'D)
(gently)
Please.

Stella sighs and eats the fry. Macy claps excitedly.

MACY (CONT'D)
Yay! Thank you!

STELLA

(laughing)

No, thank you. I really appreciate your optimism. I need it right now.

MACY

You know I got buckets of it. I'll dump it on you if I need to.

STELLA

I wish I could fast forward to like, six months from now and be healed.

MACY

You think it'll take six months to get over a three-year relationship?

STELLA

I can try. I've done more impossible things.

MACY

Work-related impossibilities like making an eight-hour drive from a concert to make a morning shift are not the same as processing the grief of your breakup.

STELLA

Goodness, when did you become so healthy?

MACY

When I spent the first three months after my last breakup fucking my coworker.

Macy takes a bite of her burger.

STELLA

Oh man, I forgot about that!

Stella laughs.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Okay, well, I won't be fucking any coworkers. I won't be fucking anyone for a while.

MACY

No, you definitely shouldn't.

Macy takes a sip of her drink.

STELLA
He was really hot though.

MACY
God, so hot.

EXT. DAY - STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Macy and Stella are walking side by side. Stella closes her eyes and lifts her face towards the sunshine.

STELLA
(her eyes closed, face
still towards the
sunshine)
When I was a kid, I used to think
standing in the sun would cheer any
sadness I felt at that moment.

MACY
It's why I love tanning.

STELLA
Yeah.

Beat. Stella opens her eyes and lowers her head.
Macy embraces her.

STELLA (CONT'D)
I can't believe I have to go be a
functioning person right now.

MACY
You'd regret laying around more.
You know it.

Stella pulls away, nodding. She smiles at Macy.

STELLA
I'll text you.

MACY
I'll answer. I love you!

Macy turns and begins to walk down the street. Stella lingers her stare, then glances back up at the sun.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - BEDROOM (CURRENT DAY)

CASEY (now older, his hair cut short) is asleep in bed. He's drooling. The sunlight leaks into his room through cracks in the curtains. His room is messy; CLOTHES everywhere, EMPTY BEER CANS, and all the PILLOWS except the one under his head lay on the floor.

ALLISON (female, 40's, business from the neck up and incredibly sleek from the neck down) walks into the room. She looks around at the mess and sighs. She walks over to Casey in bed.

ALLISON

Case.

She grabs his shoulder and shakes it.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Case, get up.

Casey groans. He rolls over onto his back.

CASEY

Don't make me get up.

ALLISON

How much did you drink last night?

CASEY

Whatever's on the floor.

Casey rolls over in bed so his face is buried into his pillow. He groans again.

ALLISON

So you're hungover?

CASEY

Mhmm.

Allison sighs.

ALLISON

Casey, come on.

CASEY

(muffled)

Allison, please.

Casey rolls back over on his back.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Can't we just cancel tonight? Tell them I got food poisoning or something?

ALLISON

You know we can't, Casey. Not with Theo coming in.

CASEY

(annoyed)

I can't work with him when I feel like this.

Allison sits on Caseys bed.

ALLISON

Sitting here in your room, drinking, moping, you're just making yourself feel worse.

CASEY

It's been two weeks.

ALLISON

I know. But you've done the same thing for the past two weeks and you still feel like garbage. Don't you think you'd feel better with some fresh air? Being in the studio doing what you love?

CASEY

(desperate)

How can I do what I love when I feel like this?

ALLISON

You're an artist Casey. You're telling me you can't turn any of this into a song?

He thinks for a moment.

Casey sits up.

CASEY

For you, Ally, I will awaken.

Allison smiles.

ALLISON

I know how much pain you're in Casey, but I also know that bad habits will only make it worse.

Allison is looking at Casey; he is staring at his hands.

CASEY

It's weird, grieving someone who's still alive.

ALLISON

You're telling me.

Casey looks at Allison, then at the beer cans on his floor.

CASEY

Alright, well, I'm gonna clean up and I'll get myself ready. How long do I have?

ALLISON

(looking at her watch)

About an hour. The car will be here at 11.

Casey nods. Allison stands from the bed, a beer can crunching under her feet.

CASEY

Hey, watch where you're going.

They both laugh. Casey revels in the brief moment joy.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - HOSPITAL (CURRENT DAY)

Stella stands at the front counter of her hospital floor. She is writing down something on a clipboard. The room is calm with quiet chatter around her.

AUSTIN - 30's, male, looks like he could be younger by the way his skin glows - walks up beside Stella and puts a hand on her shoulder.

AUSTIN

Hey. You finish your report?

STELLA

Yeah, just about. I'm gonna double check on Marina before I head out.

AUSTIN

I can do that. You wrote her meds
and the doses down, yeah?

STELLA

Of course I did. She's really nice,
family is getting a little antsy
but you can assure them she's fine.

Stella finishes writing on her clipboard and hands it to
Austin.

STELLA (CONT'D)

And check her dressings! It's been
almost five hours, they probably
need a change.

Austin salutes her and Stella smiles.

A SONG is heard coming from the TV. Stella turns and looks to
see her ex-boyfriend Casey on the SCREEN. It's one of his
music videos. He's singing and a gorgeous blonde woman is on
his arm, looking utterly captivated by him. They kiss.

Stella pinches the bridge of her nose, turning around. She
looks down the hall at a window. The sky is blue.

CUT TO:

INT. - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Stella is walking in front of the same window just seen, but
it is now dark outside. Her hair is shorter, her face
brighter, and she is wearing scrubs.

She walks into a patient's room. In bed is Casey. His eyes
are barely open and a blanket is pulled up to his chin.

STELLA

(softly)

Hi Casey. Are you awake?

Casey opens his eyes slightly more wide.

CASEY

Mmmm. I can be.

Casey tries to move up in bed. He winces and groans in pain.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Oh god, no, I don't want to be.

Stella walks to his bed.

STELLA

Here.

She grabs the REMOTE hanging off the side of the bed and pushes a button, slowly raising Casey.

He stares at her, his eyes flicking up and down, taking in all of her. He breathes deeply.

Stella reaches under Casey to lift his back and places a fresh pillow behind his head.

STELLA (CONT'D)

There. Better?

CASEY

Better.

Casey smiles at her. She smiles back.

Beat.

STELLA

Well, uh, I'm Stella, your nurse, I'll be taking care of you for the next little bit. How are you feeling?

She grabs a clipboard hanging from the foot of the bed and begins to browse the pages.

CASEY

Is the pain normal?

STELLA

Oh, very. You had a hernia.

CASEY

A hernia?

STELLA

A hernia.

CASEY

Never heard of her.

Stella looks up from the clipboard and chuckles. She walks over to Casey, holding her clipboard at her side and placing her pointer finger on his stomach.

STELLA

Well, your abdomen has a bunch of muscles and tissues that protect all of your organs when you move.

As she speaks, she outlines his abdomen. He stares at her hand.

STELLA (CONT'D)

A hernia is an opening or a gap in those muscles and tissues that makes the insides stick out. In your case, you had some bowel in there.

Casey's eyes widen. She pulls her hand away and holds the clipboard to her chest.

CASEY

Jesus, seriously? How did that happen?

STELLA

Well, typically it's caused by excessive pressure on the abdomen. And I did overhear that on top of working out a lot, you were dropped onto a metal railing while crowd surfing.

CASEY

(laughing)

Oh fuck, okay yeah, I remember now. I was playing a show and during one of the guitar solos I went for a ride. Fuck, I barely remember falling.

STELLA

You probably went into shock. How do you feel now?

CASEY

Tired. Sore.

Casey looks around, then to the window.

CASEY (CONT'D)

How long was I out for?

STELLA

Couple hours. You got here around 8 pm last night. It's just hitting-
(She checks her watch)
5 am now.

CASEY

Shit, did they call the show?

STELLA

(shrugging)

I'm your nurse, not your manager.
In fact, she asked me to call if
you woke up. She went to grab
something to eat.

CASEY

Allison's here?

Stella nods.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Thank goodness.

STELLA

Here, let me check your dressing
before I go see my other patient.

She walks to the side of Casey's bed and pulls the blanket off his body. She unties the side of his gown, carefully pulling part of it aside to reveal white gauze. Under the gauze is taute muscles that Stella tries not to look at for too long.

STELLA (CONT'D)

The bleeding has stopped, so that's
a good sign. I'll come back in a
bit to check on it, okay?

CASEY

(nodding)

Yeah. If you get bored, you could
come hang out here.

(his eyes widen)

Not that you don't have a job to
do, it's just that I'm not a big TV
guy and I never mind talking to a
pretty girl-

Stella's eyes widen.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Nurse, I mean.

(embarrassed)

Look, there's a lot of morphine in
my veins. I'm so sorry, you are
very pretty, and I'm not a creep, I
promise, I'm just an honest man on
a lot of depressants.

Stella laughs.

STELLA

It's okay. I'll take the compliment. Now, I do have a job to do, but if you decide you want a fresh pillow-

(She points to a little red button on the right side of the bed, just above Casey's shoulder)

Press this button and I'll be on my way.

CASEY

Can I push it if I want to compliment you again?

Stella stares at Casey. Getting hit on at work was nothing new.

STELLA

If it's worth my time.

Casey smiles at her. She just stares, unsure of what to make of him, then turns and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. - DAY - HOSPITAL (CURRENT DAY)

STELLA

(exasperated)

Don't date someone famous. Ever.

AUSTIN

I know it's not much, but you know he's probably in his bed heartbroken to all hell.

Stella cracks a tiny smile. Just barely.

STELLA

I hope so. I mean, not that I want him to suffer, but I-

AUSTIN

(laughing)

Stella my god, just be angry! It's healthy!

STELLA

(shoving the clipboard into Austins chest)

It's not that simple!

(MORE)

STELLA (CONT'D)

Don't you have a patient to tend to? A family to de-escalate?

AUSTIN

See! You're mad at me!

Austin is still laughing. Stella stares at him for a moment, annoyed, then eases up and lets out a chuckle.

STELLA

Okay, okay, I have to go now. I've got some awful reality TV to tend to.

AUSTIN

Until next time.

Austin blows a kiss. Stella jokingly catches it.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - CAR (CURRENT DAY)

Casey is in the passenger seat of a car while Allison drives. He is looking out the window. ROCK MUSIC plays through the CAR RADIO.

Casey switches through the stations, stopping when he hears HIS OWN SONG. His hand lingers for a moment before he presses a button and switches the station.

CASEY

Do you think I could write a new single?

ALLISON

(confused)

A new single?

CASEY

Yeah. I know we had finally narrowed down the track list for the album, but I think given what's happened, artistic changes are in need.

ALLISON

You wanna write a breakup song?

CASEY

I just want to write new stuff, and honestly, I don't think I want as many love songs on the record. Not all of them, at least.

ALLISON

They're great songs, Case.

CASEY

I know they are, but the thought of singing them on tour..

(he closes his eyes
tightly, then opens them)

I can't. Not yet.

ALLISON

Well, the label may need some convincing. They'll be concerned about time, but I think they'll be into playing up the whole "sad-heartbroken-lost-puppy" act. Who doesn't love a man wallowing over his woman?

Casey frowns.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Sorry. But you know what their biggest concern is.

CASEY

Believe me. I'm aware.

Allison's car pulls up to the studio. They get out and walk into the building.

INT. - DAY - RECORDING STUDIO

Casey and Allison walk into a recording studio. Seated behind the soundboard is THEO, a 40-year-old producer who, by the way his hands glide across the various knobs and switches, seems to understand better than anyone what he's doing. He is wearing large headphones, and his long dark hair is down his back in waves.

On the couches is BROOKS, a 34-year-old label manager who looks like he's had one too many teeth whitening appointments and suit cleanings, and REESE, the 28-year-old production assistant to Theo, a girl with doe-eyes and an outfit suited for Woodstock.

Brooks is sitting with his leg crossed over the other and his arms spread on top of the sofa. Reese is writing something down in a leather-bound notebook.

ALLISON
Hello everyone!

Casey waves hello to everyone in the room.

BROOKS
Hey hey! Look who's out of bed! You look killer, dude.

Casey gives him a look.

CASEY
(flatly)
Thanks man.

Theo turns in his chair and takes his headphones off.

THEO
Long time no see, Case.

CASEY
Hey, Theo.

They smile softly at each other.

BROOKS
Alright Case, time to get to business. Tour starts in few months, album comes out shortly before. Today we-

CASEY
(interrupting)
Actually, Brooks, I spoke to Allison and I want to change some of the tracks.

Everyone stares at Casey as if he has blood on his hands.

BROOKS
(irritated)
Casey, are you serious?

CASEY
Yes. I don't want to be on a stage singing love songs I wrote for a girl I'm not with anymore.

THEO

But the songs are great. They're
some of your best work.

CASEY

(stern)

I'm not singing them.

BROOKS

Okay, well, you also have a
contract to fulfill. Do you even
have any new material?

CASEY

I can write some.

BROOKS

So you don't have any new material?

CASEY

No.

BROOKS

You have no new material, you
haven't been working for 2 weeks,
and now you want to re-write a year
of work?

(getting closer to Casey,
pointing)

And on top of all of this, you
refuse to work with anyone but
yourself when you write!

Beat.

Brooks laughs dryly. Everyone stares at Casey, who is visibly
annoyed.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

You have some balls, let me tell
you. You think-

REESE

(calm)

I think it's worth a shot.

Everyone turns towards Reese.

BROOKS

Are you joking? He has nothing
done! Unless he decides to work
with someone, this isn't happening.

REESE

Okay, well, give him a deadline.

BROOKS

(bewildered)

What?

REESE

Some of the best songs have come from a place of grief and impulsivity. Besides, we could play up the whole "heartbroken-puppy-figuring-life-out" vibe.

Allison and Casey make eye contact.

Casey purses his lips. Allison shrugs.

THEO

She's right.

(turning to Casey)

If you nail these songs, we can adjust the album and make it work. But it's gonna be tight, and you'll really need to put the work in.

BROOKS

And if he doesn't?

ALLISON

Then it's a tour of love songs about Stella.

Casey tenses. Then, he lets out a breath.

CASEY

It'll get done.

THEO

I think a collaboration should be featured, too. After all, you're changing something you've already been teasing. People will be expecting something more.

BROOKS

Who the hell are we going to get with such little notice?

REESE

I know someone. She's been blowing up recently on social media, we could get her. People would love it.

BROOKS

We could also play into the fact
he's single...people will also love
that.

(thinking, then turning to
Casey)

You have one month.

CASEY

One month?!

BROOKS

(smug)

What, not enough time?

CASEY

No, fuck, I'll have them done.

BROOKS

We'll arrange the collaboration,
and if you waste my fucking time,
this is your last album.

Brooks leaves the studio.

Casey turns and leaves. Allison follows.

THEO

(to Reese)

So, whose the girl?

CUT TO:

INT - DAY - HOSPITAL (FLASHBACK)

Casey is in bed. He is seated up, eating a JELL-O CUP.

Stella walks in with a STEAMING MUG.

STELLA

We ran out of peppermint so I
brought you green tea. It's good
for your immune system.

CASEY

(smiling)

Thanks.

Stella smiles back. She puts the mug on Casey's bedside
table.

STELLA

You done with the Jell-O?

Casey hands her the cup. She grabs it and throws it out.

STELLA (CONT'D)

How are you feeling?

CASEY

Good, actually. Still insanely sore, though.

STELLA

Good, good.
(furrows her brows,
smiling)
Casey, do you like to read?

He fidgets at the sound of her saying his name.

CASEY

Y-yeah, I do, actually.

STELLA

I already know you're a music guy,
and I figured since you're not a TV
guy, you're a book guy. So I
brought you one to read.

CASEY

What is it?

STELLA

I'll bring it by before I head
home, it's in my locker right now.
But its poetry.

CASEY

(eager)
Oh no way! I love poetry!

STELLA

Really?

CASEY

Yeah oh my god! It's how I got into
music! I'm not very good at it
myself, but I love the art.
(beaming)

I can't wait to read it.

STELLA

It's Billy Collins. One of my old
professors was really into him and
lent me one of his collections.
From there, I was hooked.

(MORE)

STELLA (CONT'D)

He's got this one poem, it's called "Divorce", and it's only 4 lines long, but it's one of my favourite pieces ever. It goes, "once, two spoons in bed, now tined forks, across a granite table, and the knives they have hired".

Casey is in awe.

STELLA (CONT'D)

I remember the first time I read it, I couldn't get over how clever it was to compare a couple to cutlery. Then I got sad, because I thought of my parents, and there must have been a time they were those spoons. And I thought to myself, "I hope I'm always a spoon. I hope I always fit smoothly into someone".

Stella makes eye contact with Casey.

There's tension.

CASEY

Can I be honest with you?

She nods.

CASEY (CONT'D)

I'm surprised you haven't mentioned my fame yet.

STELLA

(confused)

Why?

CASEY

When people don't ask me, I just assume they want something they're too afraid to ask me for.

STELLA

(scoffs)

Well, I don't want your money or your fame. Frankly, I don't know how you deal with it.

CASEY

It's part of the job. I assume it's like being a nurse and wiping people's asses. You don't love it but you have to do it.

STELLA

(scoffs)

Wiping asses? Try putting a catheter in an old mans private part.

CASEY

I don't even wanna know what that is.

STELLA

What, the private part?

Stella laughs. Casey rolls his eyes, then smiles at her.

A nurse pops her head through the doorway.

NURSE

Hey Stella, do you mind helping us move someone?

STELLA

(to nurse)

Yeah, of course!

(to Casey)

I'll bring the book when I come back.

Stella exits. The nurse in the doorway stares at Casey for a moment before leaving.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - BEDROOM (CURRENT DAY)

Casey is sitting at a desk in his hotel room. He is holding various small pieces of paper and reading them.

CASEY

(reading poem)

"I yearn to be the sun, the way she kisses your face in one go. I whisper to the moon things no one will ever know."

Casey stares at the poem for a moment, then begins humming a melody. He re-reads the poem, hums along to it, then his eyes widen. He keeps humming, his eyes glued to the paper.

He runs and grabs a guitar case propped up against the wall, opening it to reveal a redwood guitar. Casey pulls it out very carefully, running his fingers along the neck, then on the pick-guard, which has a white paisley design painted onto it.

He strums the strings a few times. Then, he looks back at the poems.

Casey is sitting on his bed, guitar in hand. He looks distraught. He grabs the poems and then shuffles over to grab a notebook. He starts writing.

CUT TO:

EXT. - NIGHT - STREET (CURRENT DAY)

Stella is walking home. She is on the phone.

STELLA

No mom, look, I'm okay. I promise.

STELLA'S MOM (O.S.)

Are you sure? Coming home might do you some good. You love the ocean!

STELLA

I live in New York. We have the ocean here.

STELLA'S MOM (O.S.)

Yeah but not like here! We can practically walk to it.

STELLA

That does sound more appealing than an hour-long subway ride.

STELLA'S MOM (O.S.)

Baby, I'm telling you. Come home for a weekend.

Stella begins to walk into her apartment.

STELLA

I'm working a lot, but end of the month maybe? I'll let you know.

STELLA'S MOM (O.S.)

Just get back to me soon! You know I'd love to have you. Maybe you can go see your dad too.

STELLA

Yeah I..I haven't actually told dad yet.

STELLA'S MOM (O.S.)

Stella, seriously? You need to tell your father.

Stella grabs her keys from her pocket and puts them in the lock. She twists the keys opens the door. As she walks in, her cat OLIVE runs to her feet.

STELLA

I will, I will! Telling people is hard, mom. It makes it feel more...real. Plus, you know how dad'll get. He'll act like I'm dying.

Stella puts her bag down and sits on her couch.

STELLA'S MOM (O.S.)

I know baby, but it's real. You don't want your father finding out through tabloids. Then he'll act like you're dying and Casey's the one who killed you.

STELLA

You're right.
(sighing)
I'll call dad tomorrow. And I'll see you soon. I promise!

STELLA'S MOM (O.S.)

Okay! It'll be fun. And Stella?

STELLA

Yes?

STELLA'S MOM (O.S.)

Chin up, beautiful.

STELLA

(smiling)
I love you.

STELLA'S MOM (O.S.)

More, my love.

Stella hangs up that phone. She looks around her apartment before standing up and walking to her bathroom.

She turns the water on, stripping herself of her clothes.

CUT TO:

INT. - NIGHT - LATER

Stella is on her bed reading. Olive is beside her, asleep. She looks at the clock which reads 11:37. Stella sighs. She puts her book down, waking Olive.

STELLA
Bedtime sweet boy?

Stella crawls under her covers, careful not to move Olive. She hugs the cat to her side as she closes her eyes. There is a photo on the wall of Stella with Casey.

CUT TO:

INT - DAY - HOSPITAL (FLASHBACK)

Casey is staring out the window. Allison enters the room.

CASEY
(beaming)
Allison! Oh, I've missed you.

ALLISON
Hey Case. How are you feeling?

CASEY
Like my hernia is healed. Ready to get back on stage.

ALLISON
(smug)
Good try. You need to recover for a little longer before we can continue the tour. I've rescheduled the upcoming shows so you have 2 weeks off.

CASEY
Wait, seriously? Ally, don't you think that's a little silly?

ALLISON

No, what I think is silly is putting you on a stage before you're ready. You should have considered your well-being when you jumped into a crowd of fans.

CASEY

It was in the moment.

ALLISON

Yeah, well, you're 'in the moment' cost us a lot of money and pissed off a lot of people.

CASEY

I can make the money back.

Allison frowns. Casey looks embarrassed.

ALLISON

Casey, I care about you, but I am your manager. You are my client. You put yourself in danger and I had to clean up your mess. I'm asking you to respect your body and listen to me.

CASEY

(quietly)

You're right. I'm sorry.

Stella sprints into the room, soaked. Casey's face immediately brightens. Allison stares at her.

STELLA

Hey! Sorry, ran late! I'm here!
(to Allison)
Hi. I'm Stella. The nurse.

ALLISON

(warmly)

Hi Stella.

CASEY

(confused)

Why are you soaked?

STELLA

The subway was backed up so I walked. Then it started to rain.

CASEY

You don't have a car?

STELLA

I don't need one. Besides, I can't afford one. Public transit is my best friend.

Casey looks dumbfounded.

STELLA (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Look Casey, not all of us can afford to buy whatever we want when we want it. Some of us have to save.

CASEY

I used to pay rent and buy groceries, I get it.

Allison snorts. Casey looks at her, annoyed.

STELLA

It's not all for rent and food. I wanna go to medical school.

CASEY

Wow, really? That's amazing Stella! So you wanna be a doctor?

STELLA

Yes. I love being a nurse, but I realized that I'm not satisfied. I wanna do more. But fifty thousand a year says otherwise.

CASEY

You're saving..all on your own?

STELLA

Doing my best.

She smiles. Casey smiles back. Allison looks between them.

STELLA (CONT'D)

(flushed)

Big day today! Discharge day!

CASEY

I know! Can you believe it?

STELLA

Hardly. You might just be one of my favourite patients.

CASEY
 (smirking)
 Favourite?

STELLA
 You didn't smear your own feces or
 call me a bitch. Oh, and I didn't
 have to restrain you.

CASEY
 Well, you know what, I'm flattered
 to know you enjoy my company. Even
 after I shamelessly called you
 pretty when I was doped up on
 morphine.

STELLA
 I never said I enjoyed it.

CASEY
 God, Stella, just let me compliment
 you.

They are both blushing.

Stella shifts in place. She resembles a flustered yet excited
 teenager.

STELLA
 (to Allison)
 Well, Allison, I'll go through some
 documentation with you and then
 he'll be good to go. You brought
 him some clothes I assume?

ALLISON
 (lifts bag)
 Yes ma'am.

STELLA
 Amazing. I'm gonna go grab the
 paperwork and I'll meet you at the
 front desk.
 (to Casey)
 You need anything?

CASEY
 I'm good. Go nurse.

STELLA
 Good luck, Casey. It really was a
 pleasure to care for you. Keep an
 eye out for railings next time you
 have a show.

(MORE)

STELLA (CONT'D)

Oh, and keep the workouts light,
okay? A six pack isn't much if your
guts fall out.

CASEY

Yes ma'am. It's been a pleasure,
Stella.

Stella smiles, turns, and leaves the room.

Allison stares at Casey.

CASEY (CONT'D)

What?

ALLISON

You like the nurse.

CASEY

Jesus Allison!

ALLISON

What? It's cute! You're like a
puppy!

CASEY

She's pretty and she's been talking
to me like a normal person and
bringing me Jell-O cups week! Whose
gonna not like someone after that?

ALLISON

(laughing)

Well, make sure you get a good look
at her. We are out of here as soon
as I finish the paperwork.

(throws the bag of clothes
on his bed)

Get changed.

Casey stares at the clothes then he looks up at Allison.

CASEY

Is it that obvious?

ALLISON

Oh, very.