

LET US PRAY

(an excerpt from "Plenty of Time for That")

Written by

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INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Bright, crowded, slightly cluttered and untidy.

A WOMAN, late thirties, big boned, brassy, and her HUSBAND, forties, balding, hefty, sit next to SUZIE, late twenties.

The Husband reads a magazine, while the Woman flips distractedly through her magazine.

WOMAN

(to everyone and no one)

I pray every day the Lord will
bless us with a beautiful little
baby girl. My sister has three with
another on the way. It just seems
so unfair. And what an effort to
get him to come to the doctor.

The Woman give an angry look at her Husband, who continues reading.

Suzie starts to text, then stops and puts the phone away in her purse.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(to Suzie)

And you're so young. You've got
time on your side. That's what
makes me so nervous. The damn
biological clock never stops
ticking. It's so unfair. But, Lord
willing, we will lick this. He's a
wonderful doctor. Is this your
first visit?

SUZIE

It's our third.

WOMAN

Your husband isn't here I see.

The Husband puts down his magazine.

HUSBAND

Don't bother the lady. Can't you
mind your own business?

WOMAN

You shut your mouth. Who asked you?
Butt out. We're talking shop here.

The husband goes back to his magazine.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

What a trial. If I could do it myself, I would. But now-a-days it takes two pay checks and that's about all they're good for.

SUZIE

You have a point.

WOMAN

He get's laid off, I'm sunk. What a trial. If I didn't have our savior to talk to every day, I don't know what I'd do. It takes two to tango. That's God's plan, but Lord what a trial. Do you pray?

SUZIE

I'm considering giving it a try.

WOMAN

Heaven help us, I couldn't get through the day with out praying. Pray with me.

The Woman starts to get down on her knees.

SUZIE

I don't think...

The Woman grabs Suzie and pulls her to her knees with her.

WOMAN

Come on. Give it a try.

The other patients in the room try to ignore them. The Husband continues reading.

Suzie collects herself, but stays kneeling.

SUZIE

This really isn't my thing.

WOMAN

That's what I said before I started.

The woman brings her hands together at her chest and closes her eyes while looking upward.

Suzie starts to mimic her, catches herself and awkwardly drops her hands.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Lord, we ask that you...

The husband looks up at his wife.

HUSBAND

Oh my god. Give it a rest, will you.

The Woman opens her eyes, lowers her head, slowly turns and gives a withering look at her husband, who meets her gaze and quickly goes back to reading his magazine.

Suzie gets up and sits back down in her chair.

With some effort, the Woman gets off her knees and sits back next to Suzie.

WOMAN

What's your name dear?

SUZIE

Susan. But everyone calls me Suzie.

WOMAN

Suzie. Let me tell you about a dream I had a few nights ago.

Suzie takes out her phone and checks for a text message. She puts the phone in her purse.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I was in the supermarket going up and down the aisles looking for something that I could not find anywhere. There was this beautiful music playing. And before I knew it, I was drifting out of the store and over the roof tops with my shopping cart in hand. I felt so free.

A NURSE, thirties, ample, enters the waiting area and looks around the room.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

And then I felt a presence. It was so close to me. So close. A warmth filled my body from head to toe. And I knew then what I had been looking for. That I had found it.

The Nurse comes over to Suzie.

NURSE

Ms. Prescott, the doctor will see you now.

Suzie hesitates and then turns to the nurse.

SUZIE

What did you say?

NURSE

It's time for your appointment.

Suzie gets her phone out again and tries to call.

SUZIE

I'm waiting for my husband. Can I have a few more minutes?

The Woman settles back in her chair and straightens her dress.

NURSE

We're very busy today. You will forfeit your appointment if you don't come now.

The Woman leans in to Suzie.

WOMAN

They're all bums.

SUZIE

What?

Suzie stands up.

WOMAN

You take care of yourself, dear. And remember. Things have a way of working out.

Without looking up from his magazine, the husband says.

HUSBAND

You better believe it.

WOMAN

That's enough out of you.

SUZIE

Alright. I'm ready.

The nurse and Suzie leave the waiting room. Suzie takes a last look at her phone, then puts it in her purse.