

NIP/TUCK

"Claudette Unger"

by

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35 INT. OPERATING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

35

Claudette is lying under an anesthetic stupor. Good thing: Her knees are bent and her thighs are spread indecently apart.

Sean and Christian, in brown scrubs, are hovering over her.

SEAN

She looks so powerless.

CHRISTIAN

No more than any other unconscious patient.

SEAN

No. But more for her.

They're ready. At the stereo, anesthesiologist LIZ CRUZ selects some FOLKSY POP MUSIC.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Weighted speculum.

NURSE LINDA hands it over. He inserts this SURGICAL TOOL into the vagina. The free end's metal weight holds it open.

SEAN (CONT'D)

15 blade.

The door to the room FLIES OPEN. Quentin, still in civilian wear, stands there. Distressed.

CHRISTIAN

(to Quentin)

Nice long lunch?

QUENTIN

Gentlemen, get out here now.

SEAN

What's going on?

QUENTIN

There's a woman with a knife.

Sean and Christian share a look and hurry out.

36 INT. WAITING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

36

Christian emerges first. And sees Gina, who promptly slices the KNIFE across her wrist. BLOOD RUNS across her skin, onto the floor. Christian scampers backward into Sean.

CHRISTIAN

Stay back! She's bleeding.

Gina glowers at him, her arm half-raised, dripping.

GINA
So you won't touch me even if I'm
dying in front of you?

CHRISTIAN
Quentin, get back, she's HIV-positive.
(looking at Gina)
She's already dying.

Gina clenches her fists and grits her teeth.

GINA
Damn right, asshole.

She dashes toward the far wall and SMEARS it with red.

CHRISTIAN
Holy shit! Gina!

He chases her briefly and grabs her from behind, locking in her arms. She thrashes like a wildcat.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Stop it! What the hell are you doing?

GINA
Open your goddamn eyes!

CHRISTIAN
What happened to "sorry"?

GINA
This is my penance!

She stops fighting, exhausted. Christian hasn't heard her. He's looking at Sean, who is slinking over holding BANDAGES in his ungloved hands.

SEAN
Gina, let me--

Scowling, she heaves herself up, then gives in with a sigh.

Sean steps past the blood splatters and gingerly dresses her wrist. Christian watches, fuming, then lets her go.

Gina's more upset than angry now.

GINA
Guess I'll have to do this alone!

She storms off. Christian glares after her. She's dead to him.

CHRISTIAN

You do that.

Liz joins the three surgeons. They stand around, stunned.

SEAN

We can't continue. We have to postpone today's, maybe tomorrow's appointments and sanitize the building.

QUENTIN

I only saw her as I returned. She wasn't bleeding then.

CHRISTIAN

She could have cut off her big toe and rubbed the nub over our furniture. We don't know. Crazy bitch.

Sean shoots him an accusatory look.

SEAN

Yeah, she certainly turned out that way after you "talked" to her.

Christian reacts: "Aw, hell."

SEAN (CONT'D)

You're obviously enabling her worst impulses!

Christian shuts up, angry but knowing Sean's right.

LIZ

Speaking of, Sean, you have an hour before you need to tell Claudette about take two.

SEAN

What do you mean "speaking of"?

LIZ

I don't know why you caved--I hope not for money--but you have the M.D. You didn't have to take her case.

CHRISTIAN

(to Sean)

Why did you change your mind?

Sean sighs, defeated. No answer.

LIZ
 Maybe this delay is your chance to
 talk her out of it. Again.

CHRISTIAN
 No way. We've already entered her.
 It can't be for nothing. She'd freak.

SEAN
 Liz, I've talked to her twice since
 the consult.

LIZ
 Third time's the charm.

SEAN
 Yeah. Charm's really worked for me.

LIZ
 Hey, I'm the resident Bitch Doctor.
 I can tell not only that she's off
 her rocker but also that she's got
 you under some Ungerian spell.

Sean evades her gaze guiltily.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 For her own good, you have to break
 through to her.

Sean looks back toward the operating room, toward Claudette.

SEAN
 (thoughtful)
 She'll be at work tomorrow.

Liz rejoins the patient. Sean follows.

Christian and Quentin linger, staring at the blood stains.

QUENTIN
 You have quite a way with the ladies.

CHRISTIAN
 (mordant)
 Not presently. But in the case of
 Gina, thank God.

QUENTIN
 Uh, what I mean is that no matter
 how badly you treat them, they're
 crazy about you. Or because of you.

CHRISTIAN
 Only the crazy ones keep coming back.

QUENTIN
(to himself)
I wouldn't think so.

CHRISTIAN
Oh? Did you have someone in mind?

Quentin's face remains blank.

END OF EXCERPT