

SIDE #2

Jackson + Ginny

Scene 7

*(Early morning at JACKSON's clinic. He's on the phone with his brother, and preparing for patients. He hasn't even turned the open sign around. He's hot [mad]).*

Start

JACKSON. I told you not to call me while I'm at work. I don't have time for this... *(He's interrupted.)* Listen... *(interrupted again)* No... You listen... Fine, yeah, it's a sickness...you're sick... Fine. No. You made your own choices... You did not trip and fall on top of a crack pipe. *(beat)* Good. I'm glad you're straight now. That's great Harold, I'm very proud of you. I just need for you to hear me clearly. You find a halfway house, you find your last crack ho and shack with her, you live in the fucking subway for all I care, but you will not drag all that craziness into my mama's house.

*(GINNY enters the clinic. JACKSON's back faces the door...)*

I will hurt you. I will come to Mama's house and I swear to God I will kill you. I will kill you in front of her and your boy [*if*] you bring harm to this family... *(beat)* You got the money I sent? Yeah, five hundred...hey Harold...use it for food.

*(JACKSON sees GINNY.)*

We're not open yet.

GINNY. I'm sorry I...your door was...

JACKSON. Do you need help?

GINNY. I called yesterday.

JACKSON. Are you unsafe in your home?

GINNY. I don't think so?

JACKSON. Are you here because someone or something makes you feel endangered in your home?

GINNY. Oh God no.

JACKSON. OK. *(beat)* I can show you to an examination room...

*(Long pause. She's waiting for something, and he's confounded.)*

GINNY. ...Oh... No... I'm Ginny. You're Dr. Moore?... Yes, there it is, on your *(pointing to his nametag, shaking his hand)* ... It was nice of you to extend yourself, Nicole said to... So you read the documents I...

JACKSON. You sent literature?

GINNY. Your nurse

JACKSON. No

GINNY. Assistant? Nicole

JACKSON. Nikki

GINNY. She said

JACKSON. The receptionist /

GINNY. She said that you would have / read

JACKSON. I'm sorry, I would have? /

GINNY. To prepare for our discussion /

JACKSON. No. Read? Why?...

GINNY. OK. *(beat)* I could walk you through it... *(Beat, re-grouping, digging through her bag, handing him a mound of papers.)* I spoke with Nicole...

JACKSON. Nikki...

GINNY. Nikki, last Wednesday. *(beat)* This isn't going well.

JACKSON. So, I don't have time to make this a big thing. You can leave your samples on the counter... I'm sure someone will get back to you. We could really use XR versions of Saxagliptin, whatever you have.

GINNY. I'm sorry?

JACKSON. Samples. Anything diabetes?... *(beat)* You're welcome to leave brochures.

GINNY. I don't understand.

JACKSON. You didn't bring samples?

GINNY. I think you think I'm with a pharmaceutical... *(regrouping)* I'm with the study.

END