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INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Most of the class files out of the hall. Dr. Cox gathers his papers at the lectern. Lucy, clutching her laptop, approaches.

LUCY
Dr. Cox?

DR. COX
Professor.

LUCY
Professor Cox?

DR. COX
Actually, it's both.

LUCY
Doctor Professor Cox?

DR. COX
Yes?

LUCY
I just wanted to talk to you about something.

DR. COX
You had your chance to talk in class when I called on you. But instead you chose to stammer and chirp and say nothing, even remotely intelligent.

LUCY
But that's the thing. I actually knew the answers to all your questions. Check it out: Aortic bypass. Pulmonary embolism. And George Harrison.

DR. COX
Fabulous. I don't care.

LUCY
You just kept yelling and you had that vein thing popping out of the side of your head -- there it is -- and I get kinda nervous under pressure and sometimes I forget basic...you know...what's the things that you speak...

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DR. COX

Words?

LUCY

Yes! Words! People speak words.

DR. COX

Do you think that when a patient's coding on the table, and you have to make a decision, you can just tell everyone around you to stop screaming so you don't get nervous?

LUCY

(holding it together)

No.

DR. COX

Oh, I've seen that face before. You're a crier.

LUCY

As a matter of fact, I have not cried once in my entire adult life, and I'm not going to start now because of you.

DR. COX

We'll see.

LUCY

Yeah, we'll see.

Dr. Cox exits. Lucy calls after him.

LUCY (CONT'D)

And Dr. Cox?

(off his look)

Dr. Professor Cox?

DR. COX

Yes?

LUCY

I'll tell you something else. If you do make me cry it won't be a big deal because I lied. I cry all the time.

DR. COX

Good God.

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