

“Sick Day” excerpt by Andrew Meyers

DYLAN

Go ahead with those symptoms, anytime now.

KAREN

Well, if you must know, I have a headache- er, a migraine. Yeah, I have a migraine, my stomach hurts, and I'm sore all over.

DYLAN writes on his notepad.

DYLAN

How about your temperature, you have a fever?

KAREN

I'm sure I do. I don't have a thermometer though, so we can't really-

DYLAN pulls a thermometer from another pocket.

KAREN

Of course.

DYLAN puts the thermometer in KAREN's mouth

DYLAN

Under the tongue, please.

KAREN

Could you go get me a glass of water?

DYLAN

Fine.

DYLAN goes to the kitchen. KAREN sticks the thermometer in the soup. Pause. As DYLAN returns, KAREN sticks the thermometer in her mouth once more.

DYLAN

Here you go. What's your temperature?

KAREN hands DYLAN the thermometer.

DYLAN

One hundred and ninety degrees. Let's try this again, and I'm gonna watch you this time.

As DYLAN sets the thermometer, KAREN spoons hot soup into her mouth. DYLAN slips in the thermometer. They sit, staring at each other, until the thermometer beeps. DYLAN removes the thermometer, and checks it. As he stares at it, KAREN spits the soup back out into the bowl.

DYLAN

One hundred ninety... again. Ya know, that's pretty high. If that were really your temperature, you'd be dead.

KAREN

Well I'm not dead.

DYLAN

Then you're faking.

KAREN

Or your thermometer is broken.

Silence.

DYLAN

I need to make a phone call. Excuse me.