

1

INT. HALLWAY-DAY

1

FADE IN

Open on DR. DE FORM, ED, walking down hallway. Cut to polished oxfords walking steadily down hallway. We don't see any of the doctor's face or body for now.

2

INT. SURGEON WAITING ROOM-SAME

2

Door swings open, plump receptionist looks up.

MARIA RECEPTIONIST:

Good morning Doctor! Busy day today--you have four consultations.

DOCTOR:

Thanks, darlin. Lovin the lipstick by the way.

Cut to: Closeup of Maria's lips widening into a smile, revealing purple stains on her teeth.

DOCTOR:

Send in my first in 5.

The doctor walks, his back to the camera, into his office. The door shuts behind him.

3

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE-SAME

3

Tracking shot of doctor's legs moving to leather chair; he sits down. The chair sags a little under his weight.

The doctor opens a drawer in his mahogany desk. The camera trains on the inside of the drawer. In it we see: crinkled cheeto wrappers, a pack of marlboro's and a few loose cigarettes lying around, and one metal flask engraved with : D.F. and M.F. 1989. The doctor momentarily traces his fingers over the flask--while he does this the audience notices a tan line on his ring finger. He slams the drawer shut.

4

INT. WAITING ROOM-SAME

4

Pan around the room of the four patients, sitting on couches covered in plastic wrap. The room is silent except for the occasional LOUD CRINKLE as someone adjusts their position. This continues for around thirty seconds. Every time the sound occurs everyone quickly looks at one another, offering small bashful smiles.

Close up of first patient CARMELA SANTOS, 21. She adjusts herself, another CRINKLE occurring. The camera slowly tracks down over her body, pausing on her hands, anxiously cracking knuckles.

Next we have BERTHA DAVIS, 78. The woman's lips are swollen, her cheeks tight and her smile frozen. She gazes at herself in a small pocket mirror while her other hand strokes her pet hamster, who is almost hairless and seems as old as Bertha. Bertha looks over at Carmela.

BERTHA:

Is this your first time, Taco Tina?  
Let me guess, you want that  
Brazilian butt lift.

Carmela looks over at Bertha with a shocked expression but doesn't say anything.

BERTHA (CONTINUES TALKING):

You Mexicans all look the same--liposuction, big hips, big butts.

CARMELA:

Excuse--

RECEPTIONIST:

Ms. Davis, are you ready for your inner-nose bleaching and hair removal consultation?

BERTHA:

Ahem! Putting on the pounds, Maria.

Bertha gets up with her hamster and toddles towards the doctor's office.

Carmela smiles at the receptionist, and the receptionist returns the smile, with purple-stained teeth.

Several minutes later, the old lady toddles out and Carmela is up next:

RECEPTIONIST:

Ms. Santos, the doctor is ready for you.

Carmela gets up, and the camera follows her.

5

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE SAME:

5

She opens the door and the doctor is seen, his back to Carmela and the camera. The camera stays on his chair, and he turns around slowly. The camera quickly zooms in on his face, and the doctor attempts to grin.

The doctor is hideous. He has huge lips, a deep spray tan, tight skin, bright green contacts and absurdly white teeth. His cheeks are huge.

DOCTOR (SOUTHERN TWANG):

Ah, Ms. Santos, what a pleasure. Please sit!

Carmela shakily walks towards a chair next to the doctor's desk.

DOCTOR:

So, what are you considering to improve upon, darling? I must say, you are a beautiful, beautiful lady.

DOCTOR'S INNER MONOLOGUE:

Look at her. So naive. I can see that nose from five miles away.

CARMELA (BLUSHING):

Um, well, thank you. I was thinking--

DOCTOR:

Your eyes are enchanting.

CARMELA (LAUGHING):

Thank you doctor.

DOCTOR'S INNER MONOLOGUE:

Beady, beady eyes.

CARMELA:

--maybe make it a little larger and add some definition.

DOCTOR:

Oh, of course honey. You're already beautiful, but with these...improvements, you'll be a goddess.

CARMELA:

Thanks so much doctor, I can't wait  
for this to happen!

DOCTOR:

Tell you what--I'll make some space  
for you so we can do this even  
sooner.

The doctor reaches out to shake Carmela's hand and she takes it. He strokes it once or twice, then releases it.

Carmela leaves.

The doctor sighs with exaggerated relief, then pulls out a mirror to check his appearance. He touches his face in various areas, admiring himself.

DOCTOR:

Lookin' so nice today, Doctor.

DOCTOR'S INNER MONOLOGUE:

Cheeky balloon man.

The doctor opens up his drawer again, and looks at the flask. He brings it out and takes a sip. He then coughs and realizes:

DOCTOR:

Ugh! Forgot I replaced this with  
apple juice. Screw you, alcoholism.  
And screw you, Marcia.