

Casey

Story By Greg Galloway

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They sit at the table with empty plates and soda in front of them.

PHYLLY

Okay so I have to be honest with you.

CASEY

What do I have something in my teeth?

PHYLLY

(laughs)

No. I lied about not coming here before, I've been here with my father and a friend.

CASEY

But I bet this was your first time trying their late-night menu.

PHYLLY

Correct.

CASEY

See.

She smiles.

PHYLLY

You're pretty cool Nurse Casey.

He squints his eyes at her.

PHYLLY

Okay, okay I'll just call you Casey.

CASEY

Thank you.

She sips the last bit of her soda.

CASEY

I don't want to sound cheesy, but I knew there was something special about you when I first saw you.

PHYLLY

(laughs)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Okay for one, it's not very cheesy. And secondly, how could you tell I was special? I was handcuffed to a hospital bed.

CASEY

You don't survive a crash like that unless you have a purpose.

PHYLLY

So what do you think my purpose is?

CASEY

I don't know, but I know it has something to do with your voice.

PHYLLY

Oh really?

CASEY

For instance, I've always felt that my hands had powers.

PHYLLY

Powers, oh wow?

CASEY

Yeah, like I could heal anything just by touching it.

He reaches out and touches her hand. She feels an instant spark. The feeling startles her and she slowly withdraws her hand.

CASEY

That's how I knew that I would become a nurse. I would have become a doctor if it wasn't so damn expensive.

Phylly giggles.

CASEY

But my point is, maybe you're meant to heal people with your voice.

PHYLLY

Please, I'm too damaged to heal anyone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASEY

You'd be surprised, those are the best healers. They have the gift of experience.

PHYLLY

You're a wise man Mr. Casey.

CASEY

And you're a fascinating woman Ms. Phylisia.

PHYLLY

Please, just call me Phylly.

CASEY

Okay, Phylly.

He gazes in her eyes.