

EXEC. PRODUCER: Jerry Davis

PROD. #85410  
September 28, 1978 (Spec.Run  
October 26, 1978 (F.R.)  
Rev. 11/9/78 (F.R.)  
Rev. 11/16/78 (F.R.)  
Rev. 12/26/78 (F.R.)

*d. Wells*

H O U S E   C A L L S

A Television Pilot

by

Max Shulman and Julius J. Epstein

— PLEASE NOTE —

THIS MATERIAL IS THE PROPERTY OF UNIVERSAL  
STUDIOS, AND IS INTENDED SOLELY FOR USE BY  
STUDIO PERSONNEL. DISTRIBUTION TO UNAUTHOR-  
IZED PERSONS IS PROHIBITED.

HOUSE CALLS

CAST

DR. CHARLES NICHOLS  
DR. AMOS WILLOUGHBY  
ANN ATKINSON

DR. NORMAN SOLOMON  
LOUELLA GRADY

RESIDENT DOCTOR  
DR. BEAUMONT  
DR. FLETCHER  
DR. ADDISON  
DR. STEELE

ANAESTHETIST

NURSES (3)

TIMMY - FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY  
MRS. BROMLEY - TIMMY'S MOTHER  
PATIENT  
RADIO ANNOUNCER  
PATIENT'S WIFE

SETS

INTERIORS:

KENSINGTON GENERAL HOSPITAL  
CORRIDOR  
SCRUB ROOM  
DOCTORS' LOUNGE  
DOCTORS' LOCKER ROOM  
ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE  
HOSPITAL ROOM  
OPERATION ROOM  
ANN'S APARTMENT  
BEDROOM  
FRONT DOOR  
LOUELLA GRADY'S HOUSE  
LIVING ROOM

EXTERIORS:

KENSINGTON GENERAL HOSPITAL  
(STOCK SHOT)  
L.A. AIRPORT  
HOSPITAL  
PARKING LOT  
DRIVEWAY

db #83458

(X)

HOUSE CALLS

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1-A EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - DAY - STOCK 1-A

We see a jetliner landing.

1-B EXT. AIRLINE TERMINAL BUILDING - DAY 1-B

Dr. Charley Nichols, a ruggedly handsome man in his late thirties or early forties, comes out of the terminal building carrying a suitcase. He tries to hail a cab. Several cabs go past him, all occupied.

1-C ANOTHER ANGLE 1-C

An ambulance pulls up in front of Charley. On the side of the ambulance is a sign saying: "WELCOME HOME, CHARLEY." A couple of doctors in white coats get out of the ambulance, greet Charley warmly. Charley gets into the ambulance with his friends and they drive off.

(At this point we see the first main title.)

1-D EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY 1-D

It is a rather elderly suburban hospital. A sign identifies it as "KENSINGTON GENERAL HOSPITAL." One section of the parking lot has a sign that says: "PARKING FOR STAFF ONLY."

1-E CLOSER SHOT 1-E

A smallish, cheapish car, several years old, pulls into a parking space. Ann Atkinson gets out of the car. She is an attractive woman in her mid-thirties, perhaps not beautiful but blessed with a face full of wit and merriment. She walks toward the hospital.

(At this point we see the second main title.)

1-F ANOTHER ANGLE 1-F

The ambulance with the "WELCOME HOME, CHARLEY" sign pulls into the parking lot. Parked nearby is a rather new car.

CONTINUED

db #83458

2  
(X)

1-F CONTINUED

1-F

Dr. Norman Solomon is getting out of this car. He is a wry, tousled man in his thirties. As Norman gets out of his car, he spies Charley getting out of the ambulance. Norman's face lights up. He runs toward Charley.

(At this point we see the third main title.)

1-G TWO SHOT - CHARLEY AND NORMAN

1-G

NORMAN

Charley!

CHARLEY

Hi, Norman.

They shake hands, thump each other on the back. They start walking toward the hospital, camera following.

NORMAN

Boy, it's great to see you. When did you get back?

CHARLEY

About an hour ago.

NORMAN

(suddenly solemn)

Charley, I want to offer my deepest sympathies.

CHARLEY

Thank you.

NORMAN

She was a fine woman, Emily.

CHARLEY

Yes, she was.

NORMAN

A fine woman and a fine wife. I know how much you miss her.

CHARLEY

I do, Norman.

At this moment there is a sound o.s. of a car banging into another car. Charley and Norman, in front of the hospital door, turn in the direction of the sound.

db #83458

3  
(X)

1-H WHAT THEY SEE

1-H

Dr. Amos Willoughby, a very old, very vague man, has just backed his big sedan into a parked car. The parked car is unoccupied.

WILLOUGHBY

(yelling out  
his window)

Why don't you look where you're going?

(At this point we see the fourth main title.)

1-I INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

1-I

Doctors, nurses, orderlies, bustle up and down the corridor. We hear doctors being paged on the p.a. system. The camera follows Charley and Norman as they walk down the corridor.

CHARLEY

Norman, I really appreciate your taking my patients while I was away.

NORMAN

Aah, what are friends for?

CHARLEY

Friends are to help out on an occasional weekend. I was gone three months.

NORMAN

Well, you needed time to recover. You okay now?

CHARLEY

Fine.

NORMAN

Sure?

CHARLEY

I'm fine, really. How are things at Kensington General?

NORMAN

Same as usual.

CHARLEY

That bad, huh?

They go into a room marked X-RAY DEPARTMENT.

db #83458

4  
(X)

1-J INT. X-RAY ROOM

1-J

Several X-ray plates are mounted on viewing screens. Norman and Charley examine some X-rays as they talk.

CHARLEY

Great little hospital we got here. The chief of surgery is senile, and the chief of medicine is ten years older.

NORMAN

And the hemotologist faints at the sight of blood...Charley, you ought to run this joint.

Charley makes a deprecating gesture.

NORMAN

I mean it. Everybody knows you're the best doctor in town. Why, even when I was in medical school, you were already a legend.

CHARLEY

Really? What for?

NORMAN

For the fees you charge.

2 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

2

From one end of the corridor a Nurse is wheeling a trolley covered with patients' medications. From the opposite end of the corridor another nurse is wheeling a trolley full of blood samples. Several feet behind the second nurse an orderly is pushing a gurney on which a patient is lying.

Suddenly a door swings open, slamming into the trolley full of medications, knocking all the medications to the floor. Out of the door comes Dr. Amos Willoughby. He glares at the Nurse who was wheeling the trolley he just knocked over.

WILLOUGHBY

New here, aren't you, Nurse?

NURSE

Twenty-six years.

WILLOUGHBY

You'll learn.

CONTINUED

db #83458

5  
(X)

2 CONTINUED

2

Willoughby turns, just in time to knock over the trolley full of blood samples which is coming from the other direction.

WILLOUGHBY  
(to second nurse)  
Butterfingers!

Willoughby walks out of the shot. The Patient on the gurney has seen Willoughby knock over two trolleys. The Patient gawks.

PATIENT  
(to orderly)  
Who is that old nut?

Before the orderly can answer, Charley and Norman walk into the shot.

NORMAN  
(to patient)  
That old nut, sir, is the chief of surgery.

The terrified patient leaps off the gurney and goes running down the hall.

3 INT. LOCKER ROOM

3

There are scrub sinks and doctors' lockers in the scrub room. Charley and Norman change into surgical greens during the following dialogue.

NORMAN  
So what are you plans, Charley?

CHARLEY  
Plans about what?

NORMAN  
You know. Emily's gone now, rest her soul, and you -- well, you know.

CHARLEY  
You mean women?

NORMAN  
That's what I mean: women.

CHARLEY  
Look, Norman, I'm no swinger. I'm the kind of guy who needs a wife.

CONTINUED

db #83458

6  
(X)

3 CONTINUED

3

NORMAN

You also need a psychiatrist.

CHARLEY

Try to understand. I was married at 18 and I loved every minute of married life. I've been a widower for three months and I've hated every minute. If you'd ever been married, you'd know what I mean.

NORMAN

Me married? You must be joking. You know nobody's good enough for my mother.

CHARLEY

How is she, by the way?

NORMAN

How do you think? Two hundred years old and not a wrinkle. And people laugh at chicken soup.

CHARLEY

Remarkable woman.

NORMAN

You want her?

CHARLEY

No, thanks.

NORMAN

Smart.

3-A INT. SCRUB ROOM

3-A

CHARLEY

What I want -- to begin with, first of all, right from the top -- let's be clear about this -- what I want is someone young and pretty. I don't mean young like a schoolgirl or pretty like a movie star. I mean a woman, say thirtyish, not a raving beauty necessarily, but a face you don't forget in a hurry. Plus a great body, of course -- long legs, a good strong pelvis....

CONTINUED



db #83458

7  
(X)

3-A CONTINUED

3-A

NORMAN

You gonna use her for plowing?

CHARLEY

One more, and this is the most important of all. I want a woman who's tractable.

NORMAN

Tractable means they do what you tell 'em?

CHARLEY

Exactly.

NORMAN

I think you're out of business.

CHARLEY

I think not.

NORMAN

Charley, where you gonna find these marvelous women -- the yellow pages?

Charley reaches into his locker and removes a stack of letters.

CHARLEY

Don't be silly. I don't find them; they find me. You see these? Sym-pathy notes from people around town. And what a coincidence! Most of them are from women -- all good-looking, all unattached, all presentable, all educated, and all young.

NORMAN

And they all want you?

CHARLEY

Why wouldn't they? Remember, Norman, I happen to be a pretty good catch -- not too old, not too ugly, not too poor, not too dumb ---

NORMAN

Not too modest.

3-B ANOTHER ANGLE

3-B

At this point a very Pretty Nurse enters the scrub room. She carries sterile rubber gloves. She is pleasantly suprised to see Charley.

CONTINUED

jo #83458

8  
(X)

3-B CONTINUED

3-B

PRETTY NURSE

Doctor Nichols! So nice to have you back.

CHARLEY

Thank you.

PRETTY NURSE

May I offer my sympathies on the loss of your wife?

CHARLEY

Very kind. Thanks.

The Pretty Nurse turns to Norman, gives him a radiant, eager smile.

PRETTY NURSE

Hello, Norman.

NORMAN

Don't waste that beautiful smile. My mother turned you down.

Norman sticks his hands into the rubber gloves she is holding.

4 INT. DOCTORS' LOUNGE - DAY

4

This is the room where doctors relax after operating. There are several easy chairs, a table holding a coffee urn and a tray of Danish pastry, a phone on the wall. About a half-dozen doctors, all wearing surgical greens, are in the room.

We open with a close shot of Charley talking on the phone. In his hand he holds a pocket diary.

CHARLEY

(into phone)

Connie, I was wondering if you're free for dinner on ---

A WOMAN'S VOICE

Yes! Oh, yes.

CHARLEY

I haven't mentioned the night yet.

The camera pans over to two middle-aged, prosperous-looking doctors named Beaumont and Fletcher who are seated in a corner.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

BEAUMONT

Have you thought over my proposition?

FLETCHER

You and me starting a nursing home?  
Gee, I don't know, Ed. Awful big  
investment, isn't it?

BEAUMONT

No, that's the beauty part. It's  
not like a hospital where you need  
all this fancy equipment. These  
geriatrics come in, you know what  
they get? A bed with sides on it,  
thirty cents worth of mush every  
day and a piece of stewing hen on  
Sundays. Gorgeous!

4-A ANGLE - THE COFFEE URN

4-A

Two doctors named Addison and Steele are getting coffee.  
Norman Solomon is behind them, waiting his turn.

ADDISON

(to Steele)

Going to the ethics seminar this  
afternoon?

STEELE

What's the subject?

ADDISON

Abortion. At what age is a fetus  
capable of surviving outside the  
womb?

NORMAN

If you ask my mother, it's thirty-  
five.

5 ANOTHER ANGLE

5

Willoughby, wearing surgical greens, walks into the lounge.  
Charley, on the phone, spots him.

CHARLEY

(into phone)

Hold it a minute.

(to Willoughby)

Amos, you haven't been operating,  
have you?

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

WILLOUGHBY

No. I been washing my car.

CHARLEY

Thank God!

(back to  
the phone)

Okay, Connie, I've got you pencilled in for Thursday with an option for Tuesday if anyone cancels.

6 TWO SHOT - NORMAN AND WILLOUGHBY

6

Norman comes up to Willoughby.

NORMAN

Amos, did you get my memo?

WILLOUGHBY

What memo, Silverman?

NORMAN

About the nursery for newborn infants.

(X)

(X)

WILLOUGHBY

We already have a nursery.

NORMAN

I know. My point is, most hospitals today have closed circuit television in the nursery.

WILLOUGHBY

For newborn babies? That's insane! They can't even focus.

(turns away from  
Norman, addresses  
the room at large)

Gentlemen, I'm glad I found you all together because there's a few things I want to talk about...if I can remember them...Let's see. Oh, yes!

Before Willoughby can get into his story, the doctors flee. They run out of the lounge mumbling ad-libs like: "I better check my service"... "I got a fistula waiting"... "I'm due at the office," etc. Soon Willoughby is alone except for Charley. Charley, now off the phone, also tries to escape, but Willoughby blocks his way.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

WILLOUGHBY

Not you, Charley. You stay here.

CHARLEY

I'd love to, Amos, but I've got a man waiting to see me with an enlarged spleen.

WILLOUGHBY

You also got a woman waiting to see you with an enlarged wallet.

CHARLEY

(groaning)

Louella Grady.

WILLOUGHBY

That's right. Young widow Grady. Rich young widow Grady. 22 million smackers!

CHARLEY

I won't see her.

WILLOUGHBY

You will see her. In fact, you'll see a lot of her because she's just been elected a trustee of this hospital.

Charley groans again.

WILLOUGHBY

Now, Charley, be reasonable. I know she's a nymph and she's mean and conniving and unscrupulous and hateful. ...All the same, play your cards right and who knows? We may get a new wing for the hospital. Knock wood.

(raps on the table)

Come in!

7 DOOR OUTSIDE DOCTORS' LOUNGE

7

Ann Atkinson stands at the door, her fist raised, about to knock. Now, hearing the call "Come in!" she shrugs and enters.

8 INT. DOCTORS' LOUNGE

8

as Ann enters.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8  
(X)

ANN

Dr. Willoughby?

WILLOUGHBY

(X)

Who are you?

ANN

Mrs. Atkinson.

Willoughby looks blank.

ANN

The hospital administrator.

WILLOUGHBY

No, you're not. He's a short, bald  
guy with a moustache. Isn't he,  
Charley?

CHARLEY

Correct, Amos. And he quit yester-  
day.

ANN

And you hired me.

WILLOUGHBY

I did, huh?...Well, you can't ex-  
pect me to remember everything...  
What's the trouble?

ANN

Sir, your new meal schedule for the  
patients ---

(X)

She is carrying a sheet of paper. She refers to it now.

WILLOUGHBY

What about it?

ANN

Breakfast -- 5 a.m. Lunch -- 9:30  
a.m. Dinner -- 1 p.m.

WILLOUGHBY

So?

ANN

The patients are complaining.

WILLOUGHBY

Damn cry babies! Who's running this  
hospital, us or them?

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED - 2

8

ANN

Us, I guess, but ---

WILLOUGHBY

Damn right, shorty.

He exits the room.

CHARLEY

I'm Charley Nichols.

ANN

Ann Atkinson.

CHARLEY

Well, how do you like it so far?

ANN

Let me put it this way: After 24 hours at this hospital, I am ready to join Christian Science.

CHARLEY

Look, I know there are things wrong around here ---

ANN

(mockingly)

No!

CHARLEY

Somehow I get the feeling you don't admire the medical profession.

ANN

I do. Used to, anyhow. But whatever happened to the old family practitioner, the dedicated healer who'd make house calls any hour of the day or night?

CHARLEY

Come on, let's not get romantic about house calls. A doctor can see five patients in the office in the time it takes to make one house call. Five people are helped instead of one.

ANN

Also, five people are charged instead of one.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED - 3

8

CHARLEY

Look, good medical care is not cheap.

ANN

Neither is bad medical care.

CHARLEY

Do you have any idea what it costs to run a medical practice? Take a simple, routine checkup.

ANN

I'd love to. I can't afford it.

CHARLEY

There's the urinalysis, the chest, plates, the blood count, the liver function, the ---

ANN

The Mercedes, the Gucci loafers, the conventions in Acapulco.

Charley starts to protest.

ANN

Excuse me. I'm not through yet.

CHARLEY

Didn't think so.

ANN

Why do medical bills all say, 'Make checks payable to Surgical Procedures, Incorporated...or Internal Medicine, Incorporated...' or some such thing? Isn't it a little odd -- incorporated doctors?

CHARLEY

What's odd about it? Thousands of doctors incorporate.

ANN

Albert Schweitzer didn't.

CHARLEY

Only Willoughby would have hired you.

ANN

I see. And you're going to get me fired.

CONTINUED



CHARLEY

Certainly not. If this hospital is ever going to shape up -- and that is my dearest hope -- we don't need yes-men. What we need is big-mouthed troublemakers.

ANN

Like me.

CHARLEY

Exactly.

ANN

Doctor, sir, you are a pussycat.

CHARLEY

No, I'm not. I'm a money-grubbing butcher.

They exchange a grin.

CHARLEY

Say, what are you doing for dinner tonight?

ANN

Not a thing.

CHARLEY

Well, don't eat here. The food's terrible.

Leaving her puzzled, Charley walks out.

DISSOLVE TO

8-A EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY - CHARLEY

8-A

is hurrying into the hospital. (He wears a different wardrobe, so we know some time has elapsed). Before he gets to the door, Willoughby grabs him.

WILLOUGHBY

Charley, come here.

CHARLEY

No time, Amos.

WILLOUGHBY

Come here.

By main strength, he pulls him away from the door.

8-B ANOTHER ANGLE

8-B

Parked in the driveway in front of the hospital is an expensive little sports car, top down. At the wheel sits Louella Grady, a lush and voluptuous woman in her thirties. She looks at Charley with unconcealed desire.

WILLOUGHBY

You know Louella Grady, of course.

CHARLEY

Who doesn't?...How are you, Louella?

LOUELLA

Fine, doctor -- now that I see you.  
How was your cruise?

CHARLEY

Lousy.

LOUELLA

I know. I own the shipping line.

WILLOUGHBY

(with what he  
thinks is a  
charming leer)

Excuse me. I think I smell a  
patient burning.

He ducks out.

LOUELLA

Doctor, did anyone ever tell you  
you were awful cute?

CHARLEY

Yes. In 1931, if memory serves.

LOUELLA

Well, you are. I've always had  
this thing for older men.

CHARLEY

Thanks. That's what a guy likes to  
hear.

LOUELLA

Know why I go for older men?

CHARLEY

Yes. Because they die and leave you  
great sums of money.

CONTINUED

8-B CONTINUED

8-B

LOUELLA

Right on!

(laughs)

Listen, I just got a new unlisted number which calls for a party, don't you think? You're invited.

CHARLEY

Thanks, but I've got this phobia about big parties.

LOUELLA

Who said big? This one's small. Tiny, in fact. Just you and me. How does that grab you?

CHARLEY

(weakly)

Oh...when?

LOUELLA

Whenever you say, big boy.

CHARLEY

Well, I just got back and there's so many things I've got to ---

LOUELLA

No hurry, Charley.

(takes out a slip of expensive pink note paper)

Here's my new number. If a man answers, I'll get rid of him...Well, got to run. Enjoyed our little heart-to-heart.

She tucks the piece of expensive pink note paper on which her phone number is written into Charley's pocket, gives him a quick kiss and drives off.

9 INT. HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

9

Ann is engaged in conversation with Mrs. Bromley and her son.

ANN

Now then, what are you here for?

MRS. BROMELY

Tonsillectomy for Timmy. Doctor Charles Nichols is going to do it.

CONTINUED

ANN

Now nice for him. Who referred you?

MRS. BROMLEY

Timmy's pediatrician, Doctor Hatfield. Very prominent man. Do you know him?

ANN

The old fee splitter? Know him well...Listen, dear, you're not going to do it, are you?

MRS. BROMLEY

But he keeps getting sore throats.

ANN

Who doesn't?  
(to Timmy)  
Stand up, pal.

The boy rises; so does Ann. She looks him over.

ANN

Looks in great shape to me. Mrs. Bromley, do you get the Readers Digest?

MRS. BROMLEY

No.

ANN

Too bad. They had the most marvelous article about tonsils a few months ago. Are you sure you didn't see it?

MRS. BROMLEY

No.

ANN

You should. Do you know that tonsils are probably the least understood organs in the human body?

MRS. BROMLEY

Is that so?

ANN

Nobody knows what they do exactly, but is there any reason to yank them out? Obviously they were put there for some purpose. As Einstein said, 'God doesn't play dice with the Universe.'

9

CONTINUED - 2

9

MRS. BROMLEY

Who?

ANN

God.

MRS. BROMLEY

No. The other one.

ANN

Einstein. Same thing practically.

MRS. BROMLEY

But Timmy's throat ---

ANN

Salt water gargle, followed by  
vanilla ice cream. How does that  
grab you, Timmy?

Timmy has been watching Ann with undisguised affection.

TIMMY

Okay, but could we skip the salt  
water?

(X)

10

CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ANN'S OFFICE

10

Mrs. Bromley and Timmy are leaving Ann's office when Charley  
walks into the shot. Charley tries to tousle Timmy's hair,  
but Timmy clutches his throat and ducks. Mrs. Bromley looks  
very embarrassed. She hustles Timmy away without speaking.  
Charley looks puzzled, walks into Ann's office.

(X)

(X)

CHARLEY

I just saw Mrs. Bromley and Timmy  
leaving the hospital.

(X)

ANN

Did you?

She can't meet Charley's eyes.

CHARLEY

Yes, I did. Would you mind telling  
me why?

ANN

Do I have to?

CHARLEY

You have to.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

ANN

Okay, okay. I talked her out of it.

CHARLEY

You?

ANN

Why not?

CHARLEY

Why not indeed. God knows you're qualified. Why, you've been here almost a month.

ANN

Oh, come on. You know that ninety percent of tonsillectomies are unnecessary.

CHARLEY

(a little testily)

No, I don't know that.

ANN

Well, according to Readers Digest, ninety percent of tonsillectomies, fifty percent of appendectomies, seventy-five percent of hysterectomies are unnecessary. As for cosmetic surgery, one hundred percent!

(X)

CHARLEY

Very interesting. Tell me, Doctor, where do you stand on circumcision?

ANN

Now that makes sense.

CHARLEY

I'm glad to hear it.

ANN

For boys, I mean. Relax. Mrs. Bromley will be back the next time her kid gets a sore throat. You know that.

CHARLEY

Yes, I know that.

ANN

And you'll operate of course.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED - 2

10

CHARLEY

(still testily)

Of course -- in spite of you and the Readers Digest.

ANN

Well, I tried.

CHARLEY

(suddenly dead serious)

Don't you ever do that again, understand?

ANN

Yes, sir.

Charley starts walking out. His back is to Ann. She sticks her tongue out (or gives him the Italian finger sign).

CHARLEY

(without looking around)

And don't ever do that again, either.

Charlet exits.

11 CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ANN'S OFFICE

11

As Charley walks out of the shot, Drs. Beaumont and Fletcher, both wearing surgical greens, walk into the shot.

BEAUMONT

I been thinking, Fred. How's about your corporation and my corporation spinning off a third corporation and starting a chain of health food stores?

FLETCHER

Great idea! I mean, if you're looking for patients, nobody's sicker than the people around health food stores.

(X)

They exit the shot. Norman enters, pauses in front of the door to Ann's office, turns and goes in.

12 INT. ANN'S OFFICE

12

Norman enters. Ann is at her desk, looking morose, obviously

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

unhappy about her last encounter with Charley.

NORMAN

What's the matter? You don't look your usual blooming self today.

ANN

Oh, you know us great beauties. We have our good days and our bad days.

NORMAN

You think you're kidding, but you are a great beauty. Believe me, if I were a free man ---

ANN

I didn't know you had a wife.

NORMAN

It's even worse. I have a mother, which reminds me....

He takes Ann's phone and starts to dial.

ANN

Come on, Norman. How about a little honesty? Your mother hasn't stopped you from getting married.

(X)

NORMAN

She sure hasn't helped.

(into phone)

Hello, Mother...Yes, Mother, I know I didn't call yesterday...Because I was removing a stomach from a three-hundred-pound woman, that's why not...All right, Mother, tonight for sure...I'll be there, don't worry...You got roast beef? Grand. That's what I like after a day's work -- carving...What? You'd like me to bring Charley?

At this moment, Charley walks back into the office.

CHARLEY

(to Norman)

I've got a date.

CONTINUED



12 CONTINUED - 2

12

NORMAN

(into phone)

He's got a date, Mother. See you later. Bye.

(hangs up phone,  
addresses Charley)

With whom?

CHARLEY

(looking at Ann)

With Atkinson.

ANN

(raised eyebrows)

Oh?

NORMAN

(looks at them)

You two work it out.

Norman exits.

CHARLEY

(to Ann)

Well, how about it?

ANN

Who cancelled?

CHARLEY

Yes or no?

ANN

I'd love to, Doctor, really, but I've got to work late tonight. It's the end of the month and ---

CHARLEY

Hey, this is Kensington General. What's it matter if things are a month late -- or six months?

ANN

You talked me into it. What should I wear?

CHARLEY

Whatever you like. We're eating at your house.

ANN

Big spender.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED - 3

12

CHARLEY

And we've got to be through by eleven.

ANN

Why?

CHARLEY

The basketball game.

ANN

What basketball game.

CHARLEY

What basketball game? Just the NCAA final, that's all.

ANN

Of course. How silly of me. Imagine my not knowing that!

At this moment, we hear a voice over the P.A. system.

P.A. SYSTEM

Doctor Nichols, call Doctor Willoughby.

Charley picks up Ann's phone.

CHARLEY

(into phone)

Doctor Willoughby.

13 ANOTHER ANGLE

13

At this moment, Willoughby is passing Ann's open door. He hears his name, stops, looks into the office.

WILLOUGHBY

Yes?

Charley turns, sees Willoughby, shakes his head, hangs up phone.

CHARLEY

You wanted to talk to me, Amos?

WILLOUGHBY

About what?

Ann and Charley exchange a look.

CONTINUED

mw

#83458

25

13

CONTINUED

13

WILLOUGHBY

I'm a busy man, Charley. If you  
think of it, call me.

He exits the shot. Ann and Charley look helplessly at one  
another.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

14 INT. ANN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

14

Ann and Charley are seated at a table in Ann's kitchen eating an impromptu dinner of scrambled eggs.

CHARLEY

You're not a very good cook, are you?

ANN

Thanks. You sound like my ex-husband.

CHARLEY

Is that why he left you -- your cooking?

ANN

Left me? I left him.

CHARLEY

Why?

ANN

The usual reason -- adultery.

CHARLEY

His or yours?

She glares.

CHARLEY

Sorry. His, of course. Well, I assume you stuck him for plenty of alimony.

(X)

ANN

Not a penny.

CHARLEY

You're kidding.

ANN

No, I don't believe in alimony. Not for me, anyhow. I'm strong and healthy. My ex-husband's not getting any use out of me. Why should he pay?

CHARLEY

That is the most beautiful thing I ever heard a woman say.

ANN

Charley, I didn't even like taking his money when we were married.

CONTINUED

CHARLEY

This gets better and better. Tell me more about your husband's adultery.

ANN

In your hat.

CHARLEY

He found a younger woman, didn't he?

ANN

He found several younger women. Also several older women. Also quite a few his own age.

CHARLEY

How long were you married to this goat?

ANN

Ten years.

CHARLEY

Why so long?

ANN

Oh, I knew I should have walked out but I kept thinking, 'Maybe it's my fault. Maybe there's some deep need in him I can't satisfy.' Well, there was a deep need in him; he had to break Errol Flynn's record.

Charley grins, glances at watch, bounds to his feet.

CHARLEY

My God, I'm missing the game. Where's your set?

(X)

ANN

My set of what?

CHARLEY

The TV, you nut.

ANN

In the bedroom.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED - 2

14

Charley rushes out of the room. Ann shrugs, smiles, starts to stack the dinner dishes, switches on a radio. The voice of the Radio Announcer is heard.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

And now, Larry Peterson and the news.

15 INT. ANN'S BEDROOM

15

Charley enters Ann's simply furnished bedroom: double bed, dresser, TV set in the corner. He picks up the remote control on top of the TV set and switches it on.

CHARLEY

Black and white. My two favorite colors.

Carrying the remote control, he sprawls on Ann's bed. We can't see the TV set, but we faintly hear the voice of the play-by-play announcer, so we know the game is in progress. After a moment, Ann comes into the room.

ANN

Would you like anything?

CHARLEY

Shh!

ANN

(looking at  
the TV set)

How come they're playing so late at night?

CHARLEY

Don't you know anything? The game was played earlier. This is a taped replay which is just as good, don't you see? I mean as long as you don't know how it came out.

ANN

Oh, I know how it came out. It was on the radio. UCLA ---

CHARLEY

(shrieking; trying  
to stop her)

No! No! Don't tell me!

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

ANN

...won 112 to 110 in double overtime,  
whatever that means.

Charley mutters, curses not loud, but deep.

ANN

What's wrong? I thought you'd be  
glad to know UCLA won.

CHARLEY

(bitterly)

I'm delighted. Thank you very much.

Viciously he clicks the remote control, changing channels.  
Now the TV set is showing an old, black-and-white movie.  
A man and woman are locked in a passionate kiss.

ANN

Oh, look! That's a Norma Shearer  
oldie but goodie. I've seen it a  
dozen times...Oh-oh, look at that  
kiss. Something naughty's about  
to happen. They won't show it,  
of course. The censors wouldn't  
let them in those days. The next  
shot will be curtains blowing at  
an open window...See? What did I  
tell you?

(X)

CHARLEY

You know, I think it was prettier  
that way.

ANN

Prettier, sure, but not very  
practical. In fact, downright  
impossible. In those days you  
couldn't even show a couple in bed  
unless they were fully dressed and  
each one had at least one foot  
on the floor.

CHARLEY

Who says it's impossible with one  
foot on the floor?

ANN

Well, they thought so...Isn't it?

CHARLEY

Let's find out.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED - 2

15

Now, each keeping one foot on the floor, they try embracing in a variety of positions, all unsuccessful. During their contortions, we hear dialogue like this?

CHARLEY

You got a foot on the floor?

ANN

No.

CHARLEY

Let's try it this way. Scrunch up a little.

ANN

I'm scrunching.

CHARLEY

Well, scrunch some more...How's that?

ANN

You're breaking my back.

CHARLEY

Always complaining...Okay, let's try it this way.

They keep attempting new positions, but nothing works. Finally they both fall off the bed, arms around each other. For a moment they laugh. Then Charley gives her an amorous look.

CHARLEY

Hey, as long as we're here and so nicely intermingled, what do you say?

ANN

Charley, I'm flattered, but I'm really not interested in being another trophy in your game room.

CONTINUED



15 CONTINUED - 3

15

CHARLEY

Wait a minute. You got me all wrong. I'm not one of your swingers. What I'm looking for is a wife.

ANN

No, thank you. I've been a wife. It's over-rated.

CHARLEY

Then what do you want?

ANN

A relationship with a man -- a real man -- loving, decent, faithful, considerate ---

CHARLEY

(interrupting)

Hold it! Hold it right there! You say you don't want to marry this guy, but you want him to be faithful?

ANN

Now you've got the idea.

CHARLEY

That's crazy! It may even be illegal.

ANN

Look, Charley, maybe it's because I got burnt so badly the first time, but in my book that is the most important thing of all -- fidelity.

CHARLEY

Ann, listen ---

ANN

No, Charley, it's not negotiable. I insist on fidelity -- not because I'm the most desirable woman in town, and not because I'm against sex, but simply because it's the nicest possible way to say, 'Hey, friend, you suit me!' Let a man like that show up, and I will go through hell for him.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED - 4

15

CHARLEY

But not through marriage.

ANN

Correct.

CHARLEY

This has been, all-in-all a memorable evening. I was all set to enjoy the basketball game; you ruin that for me. I was ready for a little hipky-drippy. You won't play. All those beautiful expectations, and I'm going to wind up with the morning paper.

(X)

ANN

You can't even do that. They're on strike.

CHARLEY

Great! I'm batting 1,000...Well, what's left to say?

ANN

It's late. How about goodnight?

CHARLEY

11:30 is late?

(Ann nods)

I see. Insists on fidelity, hates marriage, thinks 11:30 is late. Goodnight.

He waves and walks out.

16 CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ANN'S FRONT DOOR - CHARLEY

16

scowling, comes out of Ann's front door, closes the door, reaches in his pocket for his car keys. As he pulls out the keys, he finds a piece of pink note paper caught in his key rings.

17 INSERT - THE PINK NOTE PAPER

17

Written on the paper is Louella Grady's name and phone number.

18

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

18

A Resident, a Nurse, and a worried-looking middle aged woman walk out of a patient's room and stops in the corridor. The Resident speaks gently to the woman, pointing into the room as he speaks.

RESIDENT

Mrs. Johnson, I know Dr. Nichols had your husband scheduled for surgery tomorrow morning, but I'm afraid it can't wait...Nurse, call Dr. Nichols immediately.

NURSE

Yes, Doctor.

She heads for a phone on the wall nearby.

19

INT. LOUELLA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - THE ROOM

19

is richly decorated, softly lit. Louella is at the bar, mixing drinks. Charley is dialing a telephone that sits on an end table beside the couch.

LOUELLA

Who are you calling, Charley?

CHARLEY

My exchange, so they'll know where I am.

(into phone)

Hello, this is Doctor Nichols. Any calls?...Okay, if you should need me, I'm at --

(peers at

number on dial)

-- 659-9845...Right.

As Charley hangs up and replaces the phone on the end table Louella hands him a drink.

CHARLEY

Thanks.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

19

LOUELLA

Sit down.

She points to a spot on the end of the couch -- the end away from the telephone. He sits and she sits beside him. No body is now between Charley and the phone.

CHARLEY

Look, I'm sorry to drop in on such short notice.

LOUELLA

No sweat, honey. I wasn't doing anything. Just watching an old Norma Shearer movie.

(X)

CHARLEY

(an idea strikes him)

You were? Listen, did you know that in those days when you showed a couple in bed --

(abruptly drops the idea)

Never mind.

Charley smiles and raises his glass. Louella does the same.

20 ANOTHER ANGLE

20

Very deftly, very surreptitiously, Louella removes the phone from the hook, hides it behind a sofa cushion. Charley doesn't see.

21 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

21

The resident and the patient's wife are still standing in the hall. The nurse returns from the phone.

(X)

NURSE

I keep getting a busy signal.

Willoughby enters the shot, sees the worried looks on the faces of the Resident, the wife, and the nurse.

CONTINUED

WILLOUGHBY

What seems to be the trouble here?

RESIDENT

It looks like an appendix, sir.

WILLOUGHBY

(looking at  
patient's wife)

Of course it's an appendix. A  
blind man could see it. Get this  
woman upstairs and shave her body.

RESIDENT

Sir, it's her husband.  
(points into  
patient's room)

WILLOUGHBY

Well, shave his body. I'll get  
ready to operate.

The Resident and nurse are horrified.

RESIDENT

But, sir, he's Doctor Nichols'  
patient.

WILLOUGHBY

Doctor Nichols ain't here. I am.

RESIDENT

But, sir ---

WILLOUGHBY

But nothing! I am Chief of Surgery.

PATIENT'S WIFE

(impressed)

Chief of Surgery? And you're going  
to operate on my husband?

(X)

WILLOUGHBY

I'd like to see anyone stop me.

He throws a challenging look at the Resident. The Resident  
is silent. helpless.

22 INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT 22

We see Ann coming into the hospital from outside.

23 INT. DOCTOR'S LOCKER ROOM 23

Willoughby is changing into surgical greens, humming merrily as he does. He finishes changing, goes to the door, tries to open it. It won't budge.

WILLOUGHBY

(shouting)

Hey, who locked this door?

24 CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LOCKER ROOM 24

Outside the locker room door are the resident, the Nurse, and several other members of the hospital staff. They are smiling gleefully as the resident pretends to try to unlock the door. He keeps jiggling a key in the keyhole, knowing it won't work. In the b.g. are three tall windows. Two windows are closed; the third is open.

RESIDENT

(shouting)

We'll have you out in a minute, sir.

WILLOUGHBY'S VOICE

(from inside  
the room)

Hurry, damn it!

Ann walks into the shot, sees the group gathered in front of the door, stops. The Nurse spots Ann.

NURSE

Ann, what are you doing here at this hour?

ANN

I decided to come back and finish my work. What's going on?

NURSE

Pandemonium! Willoughby's planning to operate on one of Doctor Nichols' patients. (X)

RESIDENT

Don't worry. We've got the old coot locked up. (X)

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

24

ANN

You've called Doctor Nichols, haven't you?

NURSE

About fifty times. But the number he left is always busy. Out of order, probably.

ANN

Whose number is it?

(X)

RESIDENT

Louella Grady's.

(X)

ANN

(grimly)

Are you sure?

RESIDENT

Listen, every doctor in the hospital has that number -- and half the interns.

ANN

Go get him!

The Resident seems reluctant to leave. Suddenly Willoughby appears on the ledge outside the windows. As Ann and the others gawk, Willoughby goes past the two closed windows and steps through the open one.

WILLOUGHBY

All right. Time to scrub.

He walks out of the shot.

ANN

(to Resident)

Go!

She gives him a shove. He runs off.

25 INT. LOUELLA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

25

The mood is playful but definitely erotic.

LOUELLA

Another drink, Charley?

CHARLEY

So it will be easier to have your way with me.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

ANN

That isn't necessary, sir. Doctor Nichols is on his way.

WILLOUGHBY

He'll never get here in time. I'll proceed.

He goes back into the scrub room.

29 INT. LOUELLA'S LIVING ROOM

29

Charley had his coat off and his tie askew. Now he's putting on his coat and trying to straighten his tie as the Resident pulls him toward the door. Louella sits sulking on the sofa.

CHARLEY

Sorry, Louella, this is an emergency.

(X)

LOUELLA

So is this.

(X)

CHARLEY

I'll have to take a rain check.

(X)

She scowls. Charley goes out the door.

RESIDENT

(to Louella)

Well, good night.

Louella grabs his coattails.

LOUELLA

And where do you think you're going?

30 INT. OPERATION ROOM

30

Willoughby enters the operating room, sterile again, hands upright so the scrub Nurse can slip his rubber gloves on. The Nurse takes the first glove, jams it on Willoughby's hand with such force that his fingers pop right through the tips.

NURSE

Oh, heck! And that was the last pair of gloves we had!

WILLOUGHBY

What the hell are you talking about? There's gotta be more gloves.

CONTINUED



jo #83458

40

30 CONTINUED

30

NURSE

We looked, sir.

WILLOUGHBY

Well, look again, you silly twit!

30-A INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

30-A

The Patient's Wife turns anxiously to Ann, who approaches.

(X)

(X)

PATIENT'S WIFE

How's Doctor Willoughby doing...?

(X)

ANN

Everything's all right. He hasn't started yet.

(X)

31 OMITTED

31

32 INT. OPERATING ROOM

32

Doctor Willoughby now has rubber gloves on. He stands beside the operating table, the surgical team gathered around him. The patient lies on the table, his belly draped for surgery. The Anaesthetist seems to be having some trouble with his equipment. Willoughby is fairly quivering with impatience.

WILLOUGHBY

(to Anaesthetist)

Damn it, will you get that machine going?

ANAESTHETIST

I'm trying, Doctor. This gauge seems to be stuck.

He points at a gauge on which the needle is not moving.

WILLOUGHBY

Well, fix it!

ANAESTHETIST

I'm doing my best.

Willoughby watches with mounting impatience as the Anaesthetist pretends to fiddle with his machine.

WILLOUGHBY

Here. Let me.

CONTINUED

He pushes the Anaesthetist aside, gives the machine a swift kick. The needle promptly frees itself and moves to the middle of the gauge. The surgical team exchanges a hopeless look; they've run out of ways to stall. The Anaesthetist lowers the cone over the patient's face.

WILLOUGHBY

(happily)

Scalpel!!

The Nurse hands him a scalpel. His eyes gleam with glee. The scalpel descends toward the patient's belly.

Charley suddenly bursts into the operating room.

CHARLEY

Hold it!

Willoughby flings down his scalpel in disgust.

WILLOUGHBY

Damn it! Everybody around here gets to operate except me!

CHARLEY

(puts arms around

Willoughby)

Whose doing is that, Amos? Yours, of course. Your wisdom, your guidance, your teaching. It's you who made surgeons out of us.

WILLOUGHBY

(buys it)

I did, didn't I?

CHARLEY

Certainly. You taught us everything we've forgotten.

WILLOUGHBY

Thank you, Charley. It's good to be appreciated...Can you handle this?

CHARLEY

I'll do my best, sir.

CONTINUED

jo #83458

42

33 CONTINUED

33  
(X)

WILLOUGHBY

Very well. Carry on, my boy.

Willoughby turns and walks out, proudly, head high. As Charley(X)  
signals all signals go, and heads for the scrub room.

FADE OUT (X)

END OF ACT TWO

(X)

TAG

FADE IN

34 CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

34

Ann and the Patient's Wife are waiting in the corridor. Charley comes out of the operating room, removes his mask. He is weary but looks happy.

CHARLEY

(to Patient's  
Wife)

He's going to be fine, Mrs. Johnson.

PATIENT'S WIFE

Oh, bless you, Doctor! Bless you!

She gives Charley a hug, but Charley is looking at Ann.

ANN

Yes, Doctor, you're quite an operator.

She starts to walk away. He leaves the Patient's Wife, catches up with Ann. His attitude is friendly, conciliatory.

CHARLEY

(as they walk)

Ann, do you know what I was thinking about all through the operation?

ANN

Your fee.

CHARLEY

I believe I solved the problem of keeping one foot on the floor.

ANN

(pleasantly)

Really? Louella Grady should be pleased.

CHARLEY

But I was sort of hoping ---

ANN

No, Charley.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED

34

CHARLEY

In the interests of research, of course.

ANN

Charley, why me? I'm stubborn, I'm unreasonable, I'm ---

CHARLEY

Weird.

ANN

So what future have we got?

CHARLEY

None.

ANN

Right.

CHARLEY

Right...Well, I guess you wouldn't consider dinner tomorrow.

ANN

Why not?

She grins. He grins back. They start down the corridor.

ANN

What time should I pick you up?

Laughing, they go out through a pair of swinging doors. The doors swing shut. The camera holds on the doors for just a beat. Then the doors open inward and Willoughby walks in, wincing with pain, one hand clutching his battered nose.

FREEZE FRAME

and

FADE OUT

THE END