

MAC THE KNIFE

by

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FADE IN

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Emergency personnel, hauling a covered stretcher, burst out into the sunshine. They load their cargo into the back of an ambulance and scream off, sirens wailing.

STREET

Indiscriminately careening up and down city streets, they eventually find themselves in a traffic jam. This results into a very liberal detour as the vehicle climbs over

sidewalks

other cars

up and down unsuspecting office buildings

STREET

Back on the ground, they speed through a series of intersections. A mother pushing a baby carriage steps out into the street. The ambulance swerves to avoid her. This sends them on a collision course with a fruit cart. They opt to swerve back into the baby carriage, which, fortunately, is only carrying fruit.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

They arrive at the emergency entrance of a sprawling, slightly decaying white building. A sign in front reads

"The Oxygen Tent." The stretcher is removed from the ambulance. A valet attendant gives them a ticket and drives the vehicle away.

INT. HOSPITAL

The stretcher is escorted through the waiting area and into an employee lounge where several people are watching a football game on a widescreen TV.

ATTENDANT

Did we miss anything?

The cover atop the stretcher is removed to reveal several pizza boxes. There is much rejoicing.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM

Another set of paramedics enter wheeling in an actual person. A doctor trots up to meet them and addresses one of the EMTs.

DOCTOR

Whatcha got?

EMT

We have a white male approximately 22 to 69 years of age with a ponytail and a tattoo on his right forearm. The patient is a Sagittarius and is wearing jeans. He is lanky. I repeat. . .lanky! There are definite signs of an attack by a large monster. Possibly Mothra or the 50-Foot Woman. He does not have a mustache! Vital signs range from someone who's healthy to someone who's not. His left shoelace is untied. I repeat . . .untied!

A nurse joins the doctor.

DOCTOR

We'll take it from here. Jenny, I'm going to need 5 c.c.s.

NURSE

Of what?

DOCTOR

I don't know? What do we have?

NURSE

There's some pink and some blue.

DOCTOR

Blue. . .stat! Let's get him on a table.

Several orderlies enter to assist lifting the patient.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

On my count..1,2,3,4,5,6,  
7,8,9,10,11,12,13,14,5,16 . .  
.shit, what's today's lift number?

NURSE

21, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Son-of-a-bitch! 17,18,19,20, 21!  
Lift!

The man is finally deposited on a table.

NURSE

Doctor, the patient is convulsing.

DOCTOR

I agree. He's a funny, funny man.

NURSE

No, he's having a seizure!

A large group has gathered around the glass doors of the room.

DOCTOR

Oh God, people are watching! Let's  
make it look like we're working in  
here! I need blood squirted. .  
.STAT!

The nurse sprays some blood onto the doctor's scrubs

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

What the hell are those people  
doing there? Squirt perspiration .  
. .STAT!

NURSE

I believe they're the patient's  
friends and family, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Well, for Christ's sake, get 'em in here! Come on everybody! Let's pack 'em in here so we can't extend our arms and legs!

The doors are opened and the onlookers pour into the room.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

And get those stray dogs in here!

A pack of barking dogs bound in.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I can't do anything for this guy. Let me rephrase that. . . I don't feel like doing anything for this guy. Send him up to Matt MacFarland in surgery.

INT. SCRUB ROOM

DR. MATT "MAC" MACFARLAND vigorously scrubs away at his hands and forearms. He is sturdily built with short cropped hair and a five o'clock shadow. Although still a handsome middle-aged man, he is clearly a bit shopworn. The water is turned off and his surgical gown and mask are applied. He then walks through a series of swinging doors to a metal detector where his overnight bag is checked. He then proceeds through a gauntlet of Nubian goddesses who lightly stroke him with peacock feathers.

He enters the operating room. Waiting inside is his surgical team including Nurse CONNIE GILCHRIST and Doctors JOHNSON and LEFONG. His gaze shifts between them.

MAC

Connie. Dr. Johnson. Dr. LaFong.

CONNIE

Good morning Doctor.

MAC

Connie, where's my music?

CONNIE signals toward a corner of the room.

Sitting on a stool is an orangutan. He picks up a jack-in-the-box and turns the crank, producing a discordant version of "Pop Goes the Weasel"

MAC (CONT'D)

Okay, let's make it happen, people.

The team swings into action.

MAC (CONT'D)

Okay, let's make it happen,  
people.

CONNIE

Is anything wrong, Doctor?

MAC

No, I guess not.

LAFONG

Shall we start then?

MAC

You know, I am a little  
disappointed. I thought someone  
might've acknowledged my new  
signature phrase.

JOHNSON

Doctor?

MAC

"Let's make it happen, people." I  
used to say "It's show time", but  
I changed it. The whole thing went  
over like a lead balloon.

CONNIE

Would you like some sort of  
surgical instrument, perhaps?

MAC

Don't try to change the subject,  
Connie. Oh, by the way - for  
anybody who cares - I've also  
changed my trademark closing  
routine. As you know, I would  
mimic wiping the blood from a  
sword and then putting it back  
into the . . .sword thing. Now  
I'll be tearing off my gloves,  
tossing them on the patient's  
stomach and then finishing with  
several one-armed push-ups.

JOHNSON

You shouldn't remove your gloves  
in the operating room, Doctor.

MAC

Don't tell me what I should or  
shouldn't do, mister.

CONNIE

Anybody for a clamp?

MAC

Do you think I come up with things while I'm sitting on the toilet? This is a carefully orchestrated finale and the gloves are a big part of it!

LEFONG

Have you considered energetic head bobbing and wildly baring your teeth, sir?

MAC

What are you talking about?

JOHNSON

Perhaps a plate of garden crisp vegetables and dip might make for some post-surgery fun.

MAC

Perhaps a plate of garden crisp vegetables shoved up your ass would make for some good post-surgery fun.

LEFONG

Here. . .how about this? Pantomime getting a monster erection, flick out several karate chops and then walk like an Egyptian.

Everyone jumps as a sudden popping sound emerges from the corner of the room.

The orangutan is sheepishly holding the jack-in-the-box. The lid is open and a clown is limply hanging out of it.

MAC

Donald, I've told you you to keep your hand or your paw or whatever the hell you call it over the lid! A patient is not going to be happy if I have to tell them that I slipped up because the orangutan couldn't properly control the jack-in-the-box!

CONNIE

This might be silly, but maybe we could pipe the music into the room in the future.

JOHNSON  
I'd like to suggest "A Little  
Piece of My Heart."

MAC  
I'm not putting it up for a vote.

LEFONG  
Orangutans are filthy creatures,  
sir.

MAC  
That's it! I'm outta here!

MAC storms out.

JOHNSON  
What was that all about?

CONNIE removes her mask to reveal a hopelessly plain woman  
in her late thirties.

CONNIE  
That outburst was just a sorry,  
stupid excuse. He's scared,  
Johnson. You should have seen him  
in his heyday. He could strip down  
a body and reassemble it in less  
than an hour. It was wonderful. He  
used to do it at parties.

JOHNSON  
I find that pretty hard to  
believe.

CONNIE  
Why? The man knows everything to  
know about human anatomy.

JOHNSON  
No, I find it hard to believe he  
was invited to parties.

CONNIE  
The man is a genius. He was on his  
way to some great discoveries, but  
he got careless one day and he's  
been paying for it ever since.

LEFONG  
A regular Dr. Frankenstein, huh?  
Did he have a hunchback as an  
assistant?



CONNIE

No, it was nothing like that, although one of his research projects did go on a rampage and ripped the arm off of a village constable. I pray everyday he can regain his footing and be the surgeon he once was.

CORRIDOR

The office door of MILES A. BORGO, HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR.

INT. OFFICE

MAC is lying on the couch flipping through a copy of "Surgery For Dummies."

MILES BORGO walks in carrying a load of papers. He is a heavy set middle-aged man with unruly hair and a bushy mustache. He appears in a very good humor.

MAC

What the hell is so funny, Miles?

MILES

We just got the new MRI machine. They were taking the old one out and a patient slid out of it.

MAC

Alive?

MILES

It's hard to say. We haven't used that thing for years. We'll run some tests once they check his insurance. Thank God our gift shop manager has that online law degree.

MAC

Good hire.

MILES

Hey, I thought you were in surgery.

MAC

I was. This time I even got past scrubbing up.

MILES

Froze up again, unh?

MAC  
Like a statue.

MILES  
Who took over?

MAC  
Don't know. I'm sure somebody did.

#### OPERATING ROOM

JOHNSON is throwing a rubber ball against the wall, while LEFONG is doing some fancy skateboarding. The orangutan is having a great time playing with the surgical instruments.

#### MILES' OFFICE

MILES  
Please excuse my suspicious tendencies, but this is starting to play out like a one man sit-down strike.

MAC  
Believe it or not, I don't obsess on how grossly underpaid I am while I scrape out an artery.

MILES  
So I got a Rolls Royce at a cut-rate price. Sure, it has a few nicks, a few dents and sometimes makes a funny noise, but anybody would've jumped at it. Plus it was the only way you were going to be approved by the board...after the incident.

#### FLASHBACK

#### INT. SURGICAL THEATER

MAC is performing an experiment with a body on a slab. A male orderly enters the room pushing a gurney ahead of him while pulling another behind him.

ORDERLY  
Here's your body, Dr. MacFarland. The family gave full permission.

MAC.  
Great. Is that one for me too?

ORDERLY

No, this is a live one. I'm just bringing him back from radiology. Hey, do you suppose I could leave him here for a few minutes while I smoke a marijuana cigarette and poke that temp in IT.

MAC

Are you kidding? It's the 80's. Go do whatever you want.

ORDERLY

Thanks, Doc. Say, you won't get these two mixed up, will you?

Extended forced laughter from both of them.

MAC

What makes it especially amusing is my costly education and extensive medical experience would certainly preclude such an event from ever taking place!

ORDERLY

Because if you want, I could tie a ribbon on the dead one.

More laughter

MAC

It shouldn't be funny because I could lose my license and be weighed down in legal proceedings for years, but I'm such a brilliant surgeon that the laughter is actually enhanced!

ORDERLY

See you in a bit, Doc.

The orderly exits, but peeks his head back in and dangles a ribbon in the air.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)

Last chance.

More forced hilarity.

MAC

Imagine me not knowing the difference between a live patient and a corpse!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

A press conference is being held. A distraught MAC is standing at a podium surrounded by a group of officials.

REPORTER

Dr. MacFarland, do you know the difference between a live patient and a corpse?

MAC

Of course I do!

REPORTER

All of the time?

MAC

Yes, all of the time! Jesus, why didn't I just take the ribbon?!

CUT TO

SPINNING NEWSPAPER

HEADLINE: "Why didn't I take the ribbon?!"

SUB HEADLINE: "Dead Woman and Live Man Look The Same To "Doctor."

CUT TO

TV SHOW

A Jimmy Kimmel-like host is doing his monologue.

HOST

All this joker kept saying was "Why didn't I take the ribbon?" Forget the ribbon. The question he should be asking is "Why didn't I take an anatomy class?"

Laughter. Applause.

END OF FLASHBACK

MILES' OFFICE

MAC

I don't know what's wrong, Miles. I guess you can just say I'm having a little problem with time.

MILES

The spice thyme? I'll speak with the dietitian.

MAC

No, I'm talking about the clock on the wall kind of time. There's so much I want to do, yet my hands are tied and time is passing me by. Now this creeping malaise has reared its ugly head.

MILES

The sandwich spread malaise? I'll speak with the dietitian. I sympathize with you, Mac. I'm made of flesh and bone just like you.

MAC

Then can I dissect you and put you back together?

MILES

Mac, if I hear of anything. . .

MAC

You don't put shackles on genius, Miles!

MILES

Listen to me and listen to me with each and every one of your ears. I'm going to speak to you in what's called movie exposition. In this way, I can reveal facts about your back-ground without having to resort to costly flashbacks that would overtax an already inflated budget exacerbated by your superstar salary. You were a hot shot Wall Street surgeon with ashtrays filled with the finest caviar and a golden stethoscope up your nose.

MAC puts the book over his face and begins to snore.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Chart in hand, MAC enters a

WARD

Containing his young patient BOBBY. There are visitors sitting at the bedsides of the other three patients in the room. The boy sits up in bed.

BOBBY

Hi, Dr. Mac.

MAC

Hey there, Bobby! How's my favorite patient?

BOBBY

Pretty good.

MAC

Looking forward to the big operation?

BOBBY

I guess.

MAC

You guess? You seemed to be pretty darned excited about it the other day. Remember how we met the man who's going to shave you down there and how he promised to cover the part of his face mauled by the lynx?

BOBBY

Yeah, that was fun, but I heard that you might not do the operation.

MAC

Who told you that?

BOBBY

Just about everyone who comes in my room.

MAC

Well, those people are wrong, Bobby. Do you know what the word "wrong" means?

BOBBY

I'm twelve years old, sir.

MAC

What else have you heard?

BOBBY

That your bowels let go after you  
make your first incision.

MAC

Well, that's just...

BOBBY

. . .and then you sit down in a  
corner with your poop and sing it  
a lullaby until you start having  
trouble breathing and they have to  
bring in the special dogs to take  
you away.

MAC

(addressing the  
visitors)

Not a bit of truth in any of this.

BOBBY

Dr Mac, where's my lollipop?

MAC

Lollipop?

BOBBY

I heard the janitor say that you  
give big purple lollipops to all  
your lady patients.

MAC looks around to see the visitors staring at him in  
horror and disgust.

MAC

Time to take that temperature,  
Bobby.

He shoves a thermometer into the boy's mouth.

MAC (CONT'D)

You keep that in for about 45  
minutes. I'll be back to see you  
later.

1ST FLOOR NURSES' STATION

The station is a horseshoe shaped desk in the middle of the  
lobby. It has a large number "1" etched into it. MAC barges  
his way in and picks up the microphone to the intercom  
system.

MAC (CONT'D)

Attention! This is Dr. MacFarland.  
I need all the janitors in the  
building to report to first floor  
nurses' station! Immediately!

He stalks off past CONNIE who is working on some files. The classic figure of DEATH — complete with shroud and scythe — approaches the desk. He is in a jovial, kidding mood.

DEATH

Hey, could I get some service down here, please?

CONNIE

Well, hello there, stranger.

DEATH

How ya doin, sweetheart?

CONNIE

You tell me.

DEATH

Connie, stop bustin' my balls.  
They don't give me the names until  
the last minute.

CONNIE

You can't blame a girl for trying.  
Who are you here for?

DEATH

(checking his list) Guy by the  
name of Brickman.

CONNIE

Oh? He seemed better this morning.

DEATH

Not so much.

CONNIE

Let's see. . .room 137. Ding!  
Ding! Ding! Candy Striper Jody,  
you won the pool!

YOUNG WOMAN

(o.s.)

Whoo hoo!

CONNIE

Just grab the money out of the  
jar. (to Death) She's so excited.



DEATH

Kids.

MAC returns to the desk and motions for RITA. She is an attractive, buxom nurse in her mid-thirties.

MAC

Rita, could I have the Bendix file, please?

RITA

Of course, you may.

She leans suggestively over the desk and hands him the file. Her breasts bubble halfway out of her nurses' uniform.

RITA (CONT'D)

Is there anything else I can do for you?

MAC

There's a time and a place, Rita.

DEATH passes by.

DEATH

Hey, Doc, room 137 is open.

MAC

I'll get you one of these days, you bastard!

DEATH

Dream on, pal.

CONNIE methodically sharpens knives as she stares daggers at RITA. Meanwhile, a dark-haired young man wearing intern garb is trying to get her attention. CORY DEVLIN has a friendly, open face and a genial manner.

CORY

Excuse me.

CONNIE switches off her electric sharpener.

CONNIE

I'm sorry. Can I help you?

CORY

I'm Cory Devlin, the new intern. I was told to report to this station.

CONNIE  
Welcome aboard.

CORY  
Thanks. Not to be an immediate  
suck-up, but everyone I've spoken  
with just raves about this desk.

CONNIE  
It's nice to be appreciated.

CORY  
Actually, I think they were just  
talking about the desk.

TITLE: 2ND FLOOR NURSES' STATION

The desk is badly decayed and has collapsed in on one side.  
Exposed electrical wires emanate from the top. Sparks are  
flying everywhere. A pelican swoops in and lands on it.

1ST FLOOR NURSES' STATION

CONNIE  
Of course. Excuse me for a minute,  
won't you?

CONNIE brusquely shoves the intern in the face and sidles  
up to RITA.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
Making it a bit obvious, aren't  
you?

RITA  
I can't help if he prefers  
younger, more vital women.  
Besides, I don't believe he's  
allowed to experiment with dead  
bodies anymore.

CONNIE  
He also likes women who possess  
their natural hair color and their  
original breasts. I should know. .  
. I've supplied enough for him.

RITA  
He screams my name in bed.

CONNIE  
In terror, no doubt.

RITA

Did you know he likes linseed oil spread all over his body?

CONNIE

No, I didn't know that.

RITA

Did you know that the sap from the elm was used for tanning hides by the Cherokee?

CONNIE.

No, but I'll tell you some things you don't know. I know that his favorite movie is the one he just saw. He prefers white wine to red, but chocolate milk over white. He got a puppy on his fourth birthday. It was run over while still in the wrapping paper. He still mourns. he avoided the draft by gluing Rice Krispies to his testicles. When he coughed, they fell into the doctor's hand. He plants a tree every Arbor Day and a man named Columbus every Columbus Day. He swims in his socks and has been the subject of two interventions and an exorcism. And, what's more. . .

RITA spots MAC heading toward the elevator. She shoves CONNIE in the face and leaps over the desk.

RITA

Mac. . .

MAC

I want to be alone tonight, Rita.

RITA gets a face shove and the elevators doors open. Inside the passengers are all pushing each other in the face.

NURSES' STATION

A tremendous commotion of rattling metal against metal is heard. CONNIE looks up to see every janitor in the building — carrying their buckets and mops — squeezed into the narrow corridor.

JANITOR

What the hell do you want?

EXT. TAVERN — NIGHT

The neon sign reads "The Recovery Room."

INT. TAVERN

MAC is slugging them down. CONNIE walks in and joins him.

CONNIE  
What are you drinking?

MAC  
Turpentine. That's what it tastes  
like anyway.

A man approaches the bar.

MAN  
Hey, two more turpentine fizzes,  
please.

BARTENDER  
(to Connie)  
What'll you have?

CONNIE  
Fried Zima, please.

The bartender unearths a frying pan.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
What happened in there today?

MAC  
I couldn't hold it. I had to go in  
the sink.

CONNIE  
I mean in surgery.

MAC  
Good question.

CONNIE  
Are you sure it's not the music?  
Several patients have reported the  
same dream while under anesthesia.  
Their brains shoot from their  
heads, roll down a back alley and  
then burst into a million tiny  
spiders.

MAC  
Maybe I'm just getting old.

CONNIE

Well, none of us are as young as we used to be.

MAC

He is.

What appears to be a pre-teen boy in a white doctor's coat climbs up on a bar stool and motions for the bartender.

BOY

Double scotch.

MAC

Jesus. . .47 years old! You're a freakazoid, Manzetti!

CONNIE

Mac, I'm sure you'll snap out of it. This could just be a phase.

MAC

If it's just a phase, then it's a pisser. I should be collecting shiny medals in Stockholm, but instead I'm a laughingstock at a second rate facility. You remember, I was the talk of this town. Look, they're still showing reruns of my TV series.

He points up at the TV behind the bar.

ANNOUNCER

Matt MacFarland is Doctor  
Lieutenant Brock Foreman,  
N.Y.M.D.P.D.

Typical crime show theme music plays over main title sequence.

MAC, in full surgical garb, shoots it out with criminals in an operating room.

MAC is involved in a fistfight in a deserted warehouse. He knocks out a thug with a roundhouse right and then immediately tends to him by taking his pulse and checking out his vital signs.

MAC delivers a baby from a woman strapped to the electric chair. There is much joy. He then gives the signal to turn on the juice.

Against a black background, MAC turns and points dramatically toward the camera.

MAC

You have the right to remain...  
cured!

NARRATOR

Tonight's episode..."Bowels of  
Hell."

The title sequence dissolves to the first scene of the show. A young male ORDERLY rolls a cart down the corridor of a big city hospital. He reaches the supply room and quickly ducks inside. He pokes around the shelves until he come across the item he's looking for.

ORDERLY

Bingo!

He loads a healthy amount of small rectangular boxes onto his cart and takes off down the hallway.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD — NIGHT

A car speeds down the road, making an abrupt stop at run down shack. The ORDERLY emerges and removes an oversized sack from the trunk of the car.

INT. SHACK

The ORDERLY pushes the door in. A large man adorned with gold chains sits behind a desk surrounded by henchmen wielding automatic machine guns.

KINGPIN

Wutch you got for me?

ORDERLY

I hit the jackpot. A new supply  
just came in yesterday.

The ORDERLY unloads his collection of white boxes onto the desk. The KINGPIN inspects the label. It reads FLEET ENEMA.

KINGPIN

This best be the real McCoy. My  
clientele accepts no substitutes.

ORDERLY

They're the real deal, man. Have a  
taste.

The KINGPIN takes one of the syringes out of the box, squirts a bit on his finger and dabs it on his tongue.

KINGPIN

Man, that's some righteous Fleet.

ORDERLY

That's 100% Columbian saline.

KINGPIN

Proof is in the pudding, my friend...and I do mean pudding. Since you seem so sublimely confident in your product, I'm sure you won't mind if we take it for a test drive.

ORDERLY

Do what you need to do.

KINGPIN

Teddy Bear!

One of the henchmen steps up to the desk. He is handed one of the enemas.

KINGPIN (CONT'D)

Do me a favor. Retire to yon facilities and avail yourself of this product. Needless to say, heed all directions and warnings posted on the label.

The henchman retreats to the bathroom and closes the door.

ORDERLY

I guess I'll wait out in the car.

KINGPIN

You sit your ass down. If the stuff is as good as you say, you shouldn't have a long wait.

Moments later, outrageously loud flatulent and shitting sounds begin emanating from behind the bathroom door. This goes on for an uncomfortably long time.

KINGPIN (CONT'D)

My brother, I'll take whatever you got.

At this point, MAC's character FOREMAN plunges through the roof of the shack landing feet first.

FOREMAN

You'll take it alright...up the ass at the state enitentiary...

(MORE)

FOREMAN (CONT'D)  
and I don't mean enemas...or do  
I?...wait...

BAR

Shouts of "Shut that crap off!" and "Put on women's  
basketball!"

MAC  
My public. Well, I better call it  
a night. I've graciously been  
invited to the board meeting  
tomorrow. Something about a new  
department or maybe they've  
finally got the votes to have me  
executed. Got a blindfold on you?

CONNIE rummages through her purse.

CONNIE  
As a matter of fact. . .

MAC  
Goodnight, Connie. Thanks for  
listening.

CONNIE  
Goodnight, Mac. (to bartender)  
Give me another . . .and leave the  
frying pan.

INT. HOSPITAL CONFERENCE ROOM

Board members sit around a large oval table. MAC is sitting  
next to MILES, who is reading from a report.

MILES  
. . .resulting in an overall loss  
of \$1,652,2398. Mr. Dalton.

RAY DALTON stands at the head of the table. He is a dapper  
older man with silver hair.

DALTON  
Thank you for being with us this  
morning. For those of you who  
don't know, I am Ray Dalton,  
Finance Director. I hope breakfast  
was to everyone's satisfaction.

Loud retching sound.



DALTON (CONT'D)

Carrying on. Our main purpose today is to, quite happily, end months of rumor and speculation.

MAN

(O.S.)

He's gay!

DALTON

I'm not gay! I would like to officially announce that solar surgery will be introduced into our hospital's roster of services. The decision was not an easy one. This technology does not come cheap.

BOARD MEMBER

How are we paying for it?

DALTON

After mulling over several options, we have settled on a plan that should provide all necessary funds. We will no longer pay the nurses!

Cheers and whoops.

DALTON (CONT'D)

This development should further enhance our reputation as the most progressive of the so-called "urine-soaked facilities." Doctors Nia Crawford and Alan Benning from England will be joining our staff shortly. They will form the nucleus of this new department which will be incorporated into our old boring sleepy snore, snore traditional surgical unit. Both of these fine individuals have been at the forefront of solar surgery since its inception. And wait until you see Dr. Crawford...she got some tit-tays!

More cheers.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Neither could be here today, but  
are here in spirit and, indeed,  
will be represented by these life  
size cutouts of actor Morgan  
Freeman.

He gestures toward the back of the room. Propped up against  
the wall – hands in waving mode – are two cardboard  
stand-ups of Morgan Freeman. One of them has a white  
doctor's coat flung over it, while the other is wearing a  
frilly dress and a ratty blonde wig. The "female" version  
topples over.

An indignant MAC rises to his feet.

MAC

I have a question.

MILES

Mac. . .

MAC

I'm just a tad curious as to why I  
wasn't consulted on the formation  
of this new unit?

MILES

You were consulted, Mac.

MAC

Oh, really? And just what  
corporate-speak razzle-dazzle did  
you utilize to sneak this past me?

MILES places a tape recorder on the table and hits play. We  
hear him speaking slowly and deliberately.

MILES

"Mac, we are seriously  
con-sidering instituting a solar  
surgery unit. We'd like you to  
head it. Please compile a list of  
recommendations, objections and  
comments and turn them over at  
your earliest convenience. Here's  
a 280 page report out-lining the  
proposal. Pretty hard to lose, eh?  
Damned near impossible. Do you  
fully com-prehend this concept? To  
insure that you do, I've drawn a  
circle and a square.

(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)

If you understand what I'm talking about, I would like you to touch the circle. Please let it show that he has placed his right hand on the circle. Everything clear, then? Any further questions? What? Yes, that's my daughter. For God Sakes, Mac, she's 13 years old!

MAC lunges over MILES and shuts off the player.

MAC

I rest my case! Does anyone understand what he just said? I mean. . .what language was that? Excuse me for not studying that gobbly-gook in school. I guess I was too busy learning the art of healing. Let me say this in a language we can all enjoy. Solar surgery is bullshit! I won't have anything to do with it. I'll hold on to my scalpel, thank you very much.

He stomps out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

BOARD MEMBER

The scalpel is a metaphor for his penis.

MILES

(pained)

I think that's quite obvious. There was no real need to point that out.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT.

A metal wastepaper basket hits the ground with a loud clang.

INT. MAC'S OFFICE.

MAC backs away from the window and dejectedly falls into his swivel chair. CORY DEVLIN sticks his head inside the door.

MAC

That's okay. Barge right in.

CORY  
I heard you had an open door  
policy.

MAC  
The bathroom door. Who are you?

CORY  
Corey Devlin, intern.

MAC  
Want to be a doctor when you grow  
up?

CORY  
Just like my dad. Do you have a  
minute?

MAC  
Make it quick.

COREY enters and plops himself down.

CORY  
Rough day?

MAC  
Remember that thing about making  
it quick?

CORY  
Lois Devlin. You said make it  
quick. There it is.

MAC  
Who's Lois Devlin?

CORY  
About 23 years she gave birth to a  
son named Cory. Only on her  
deathbed did she tell me the name  
of my father. Nice to meet you,  
Dad.

MAC  
Fair enough. Show me some proof  
and I'll give you a big hug.

CORY hands over some shabby looking paperwork.

CORY  
I hope this DNA evidence will  
suffice.

MAC

Well, no, because this isn't my DNA test. It isn't yours either. Nor is a DNA test. Is this even paper?

CORY

Maybe this photo will jog your memory.

CORY takes a photo from his pocket and hands it to MAC. He peruses it for a few seconds.

MAC

Is this you as a kid?

CORY

And, if I'm not mistaken, I think that would be a certain Dr. MacFarland in the left hand corner of the shot.

MAC

No, that's not me. That's a building. It says here that this is a still from "The Walking Dead", so I'm assuming the child is an actor.

CORY

Typical. You're just trying to shirk your responsibilities as usual.

MAC

No, I'm pretty sure I'm right on this one. You have to wonder how you would end up in a picture with a lot of bodies strewn about. Sears Portrait Studio, for instance, generally doesn't offer a back to school package called "Your Child With Dead People."

CORY

Maybe you didn't get the memo old man, but we're living in a post-truth universe. I say that's me and that's you and you're my father! These are my alternative facts.

MAC

You really don't have anything, do you?

CORY

Nah, not a thing. I was just trying to squeeze a few dollars out of you.

MAC

Your mother isn't really dead, is she?

CORY

No, she's downstairs. I'm having lunch with her. Do you want to say hello?

MAC

Sure.

CORY

Why? So you can rekindle your love?!

MAC

JESUS CHRIST!

MAC leaps up and flees the office.

CORRIDOR

MAC flings open the door and zigzags through an array of personnel and machinery. Approaching from the other direction are MILES and RAY DALTON. MAC stops in his tracks. They do the same. Then, rather too deliberately to create any real subterfuge, MAC hops up on a nearby gurney and covers himself head to toe with a sheet. The two men exchange horrified stares and continue their walk. Hearing them pass, MAC emerges from underneath the sheet - and in an absurd demonstration of self congratulatory behavior - triumphantly vaults from the gurney and struts down the hall.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

MAC walks out into the sunshine for a breath of fresh air. He sits down on the stoop and ruminates. After a moment, he notices that there are railroad tracks leading up to the building.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA

MAC approaches MILES, who is having his lunch. DEATH can be seen in the background catching a quick bite.

MAC

Did you know that this hospital is built over rail-road tracks?

MILES

I'm not talking to you.

MAC

Did you?

MILES

You just noticed this?

MAC

I've never been in the back of the building before. What's the deal?

MILES

I believe they were retained as a symbol of accessibility. We accept everyone regardless of ability to pay and all of that nonsense. As we know, that policy took the pipe, but the tracks have managed to survive.

MAC

Now I know why I've never felt comfortable here. This is a disaster waiting to happen.

MILES

Don't be ridiculous. You really need to take some time off. Just get in your car, drive someplace secluded and spend some quality time with your brain.

MAC

We're living on borrowed time, Miles. One day some loony is going to take a wrong turn at Albuquerque and plow right into us.

MILES

Are you still here?

MAC

Miles, if it's about this morning, I have nothing else to say.

MILES

Alright, forget it. Despite the fact that you made both of us look like idiots, I still insist you're the man to oversee the new department.

MAC

No way. I don't associate myself with medical sleight-of-hand. Besides, you're just looking to save yourself some green. You figure you already have me under lock and key for minimum wage.

MILES

So, it's all about the money. Tell you what, my boy. I'm going to write a figure down on this napkin and you tell me if it doesn't change your mind.

MAC glances at it.

MAC

It has nothing to do with money.

MILES

Alright, I'm writing down a figure on this tuna sandwich. . .

MILES hands MAC the sandwich.

MAC

Don't like tuna.

MILES

Playing hardball, unh? Well, about if write down a figure on this nun's ass?

He flags down a passing nun.

MILES (CONT'D)

Bend over for me, Sister Katherine.

The nun obligingly bends over and hikes up her habit. Creating the sound similar to a window being squeeged, MILES scrawls an amount on her behind.

MAC

You're offering me six figures?



MILES  
No, that's not a one.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

A locomotive speeds down the tracks heading straight toward the hospital. A skeleton is revealed to be the conductor.

INT. BEDROOM

MAC wakes from the nightmare. RITA is roused.

RITA  
Mac, what's wrong?

MAC  
It's that damn dream again.

RITA  
The one where you continuously run over Connie with an airplane?

MAC  
You keep bringing that up, but I really don't ever recall having that dream.

RITA  
I'll have to change the sheets.

MAC  
I know. I'm sweating like a pig.

RITA  
It's not sweat.

The phone rings. MAC answers.

MAC  
Hello? Yes, I'm alright, Connie.  
Go back to sleep.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The hospital grounds are gaily decorated for the dedication of the new solar surgery unit. A large crowd of employees has gathered. MAC is checking out the railroad tracks when RAY DALTON steps to the microphone. MAC steps back into the crowd and stands next to another doctor.

DALTON

I would now like to introduce the new members to the Oxygen Tent family. Please help me greet Dr. Nia Armstrong and Dr. Alan Benning.

Applause.

NIA steps up the podium followed by BENNING. She is an attractive brunette in her early thirties. She has an air of quiet confidence. BENNING, meanwhile, seems to be sporting full clown make-up down to the red nose. He is wearing the traditional white doctor's coat and a fedora. As DALTON recedes into the background, he gestures toward NIA and lasciviously cups his hands to his chest.

Cheers. Thumbs up signals are given.

NIA

(British accent)

Thank you. I speak for Dr. Benning and myself when I say it is our fervent wish that the goals set forth today will be met - and then surpassed - in the shortest time possible. I would now like you to meet my esteemed colleague, Dr. Alan Benning.

Applause.

BENNING

(British accent) Thank you for your warm welcome. As you will come to know, I am a man of very few words.

ANGLE ON CROWD

MAC

(to doctor) Yeah, usually he just squeezes a bicycle horn.

ANGLE ON BENNING

BENNING

You see, I'm a firm believer that actions speak louder than words. In that spirit, we'd like to invite you to a very special demonstration.

ANGLE ON CROWD

MAC  
 (to doctor)  
 What's the deal with the clown  
 makeup?

DOCTOR  
 Yeah, give me a blue nose over a  
 red one any day.

MAC  
 No, I mean the very fact that he's  
 wearing clown makeup.

DOCTOR  
 From what I've heard, he's such a  
 brilliant surgeon that no one  
 calls him on it.

MAC  
 There's something very fishy about  
 this, my friend and I aims to find  
 out what it is.

DOCTOR  
 Do you always put an "s" at the  
 end of "aim?"

MAC  
 Not often. Sometimes.

INT. ATRIUM

A solar conductor – a large instrument resembling a giant microscope – has been set up in the sun filled hospital atrium. A middle-aged woman is rolled in and lifted onto a table. MAC looks on skeptically. Preparations completed, NIA addresses the gallery.

NIA  
 Our volunteer, Mrs. Capstick, is  
 suffering from painful gallstones.  
 They're a recurring problem and  
 have been removed twice  
 previously. No anesthesia is  
 necessary, so we're about ready to  
 go. Dr. Benning.

The clown doctor trains the scope of the apparatus toward the patient. He makes his adjustments and then punches in a code. The room becomes engulfed in a golden glow. After a matter of seconds, the conductor is shut down. NIA helps MRS. CAPSTICK to sit up.

NIA (CONT'D)  
How do you feel?

MRS. CAPSTICK  
The pain seems to be gone.

NIA  
Take a few steps for me.

The patient hops down from the table and walks slowly around the table.

MRS. CAPSTICK  
This is wonderful. I feel like a new woman.

NIA  
There you have it. That is the beauty of solar surgery. This woman did not have to be sliced open like a watermelon for, what is after all, a minor procedure. Her full recuperation will be measured in hours, not days.

MRS. CAPSTICK is walking more vigorously in the background.

NIA (CONT'D)  
The miracle of this procedure is that while it is healing our patients, it can also feed them. For while we were curing Mrs. Capstick of her gallstones, we were also creating 50 pounds of raisins!

She moves the table out of the way to reveal several barrels of the fruit.

"Ooohs" and "Aaahs" from the onlookers, then wild applause.

MRS. CAPSTICK is now running amuck. Two attendants attempt to chase her down.

MAC shoves his way to the front of the crowd.

MAC  
You idiots! I've seen faith healers perform the same stunt. How about if we perform some psychic surgery on this lady while we're at it? Someone grab a pork chop so I can pull it out of her head!

Security now joins the pursuit of MRS. CAPSTICK. She eventually has to be tasered into submission. A net is thrown on top of her and she's dragged off.

MAC (CONT'D)

How do you know it worked? Has anyone questioned what this gizmo does to the healthy parts of the body? I suggest we might want to run something called "tests" before we all have a group orgasm.

Silence

ONLOOKER

RAISINS!

With this, everyone rushes forward to congratulate the two doctors and to gorge themselves on raisins. MAC fights his way out of the humanity and leaves the room. CORY follows him out.

CORRIDOR

CORY

Dr. MacFarland!

MAC

I'm not adopting you.

CORY

I just wanted to say that I agreed with everything you said back there.

MAC

Great. One person thinks I'm right and it's you.

CORY

I didn't get into medicine so I could aim a machine at somebody.

MAC

Neither did I. The day they deny a surgeon that feeling of reaching into a human body and dredging a handful of goo is the day I retire. Maybe today is the day.

CORY

I guess we could be overreacting. After all this thing can't install an artificial hip or perform a heart transplant.

MAC  
Yeah, but taking out stuff was my  
favorite part.

CORY  
I just don't see it ever replacing  
traditional surgery.

MAC  
You don't, unh? Maybe you aren't  
the gaping asshole I was going to  
have kicked out of the building.  
Let's go get some chow.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

INT. CAR - DAY

MAC and COREY have an open bag of Purina Dog Chow situated  
in between them. MAC is merrily eating away, but CORY looks  
nauseous.

CORY  
I can't eat this.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT

MAC and CORY are wolfing down burgers.

MAC  
So what's it like being an intern  
these days?

CORY  
Probably not so different than in  
your day. Long hours. . . short  
pay.

MAC  
Getting friendly with the nurses  
in the supply room?

CORY  
A little.

MAC  
Raiding the cafeteria vending  
machines?

CORY  
Naturally.

MAC

Going down to the morgue and  
making the dead eat pie?

CORY is a little startled.

CORY

Well. . .not so much of that.

MAC

Enjoy it, my friend. Those days  
were the happiest of my life. I'd  
give anything to be your age. I  
really envy you.

CORY

That's funny. We all envy you.

MAC

You don't know how funny. Hey,  
I'll tell you what. What would you  
think if I tagged along with you  
on your daily rounds? I promise I  
won't interfere.

CORY

On one condition. Get me away from  
the grunt work and let me hang out  
in your department for a day.

MAC

Deal.

CORY

Groovy. Cool.

MAC

Whoa, slow down! I'm not hip to  
that new lingo. Did that mean "23  
Skidoo?"

They throw their heads back in hilarity. Freeze-frame.

INT. HOSPITAL

MAC is walking down the corridor with CORY, his fellow  
interns and the resident physician. The mood is positively  
giddy setting off a musical

MONTAGE

to the tune of Bobby Darin's "Mac the Knife."

WARD

The group walks the length of the room checking on the inhabitants. Along the way, we see a patient with his wisdom teeth in a jar, followed by another with his kidney stones in a jar and then another with his amputated leg in a jar.

#### MAC'S OFFICE

MAC is seated at his desk. Cory is sitting on the couch. Both look bored.

#### PATIENT'S ROOM

MAC shakes up an IV bag and sprays it at the scattering interns. The patient enjoys it immensely.

#### MAC'S OFFICE

CORY plays Nerf basketball, while Mac flicks pencils into the ceiling tile.

#### PATIENT'S ROOM

A bedpan is being passed among the interns for inspection. It eventually reaches MAC, who mischievously tosses a dollar bill into it.

#### MAC'S OFFICE

MAC is reclined in his swivel chair, fast asleep. CORY tosses paper airplanes at him. One lands in MAC'S open mouth. CORY etches another pencil mark on a pad of paper.

#### X-RAY LAB

As the interns look on, MAC pulls down his pants and sits on the X-Ray machine and takes a picture.

#### MAC'S OFFICE

MAC and CORY enjoy take-out Chinese. The desk is littered with a mound of empty containers.

#### PATIENT'S ROOM.

The gang sneaks into a dimly lit room. Lying on the bed is an alien creature of indiscernible origin. MAC strikes a "watch me" pose and then proceeds to tickle the creature's talon-like foot. This elicits a geyser of green goo from an orifice in his forehead. The interns race merrily from the room like a bunch of school kids.

#### MAC'S OFFICE

MAC and CORY sketch a thonged body builder.



## HOSPITAL BASEMENT

A door reads "Cloning Lab." MAC leads the interns inside. Moments later, they all dash wildly from the room followed by a thing with an intern's body, but a fly's head.

## MAC'S OFFICE

Based on the mask he is wearing and the theatrical poster now adorning wall, we surmise that MAC is singing a selection from "Phantom of the Opera." CORY is overcome with emotion.

## MORGUE

MAC slides out one of the drawers to reveal a covered body on a slab. He then motions to one of the interns who produces a custard pie.

## MUSIC ENDS

## MAC'S OFFICE

MAC and CORY are playing checkers on the floor.

CORY

Are we actually going to do anything today?

MAC

We're having some fun, aren't we?

CORY

Yeah, loads, but I thought it was supposed to be more of a learning experience.

MAC

Itching to get into the shit, unh? Well, let's see what's on the schedule. Here's one for you. Let's go.

## INT. OPERATING ROOM

MAC and CORY, both in scrubs, walk in on a surgery in progress. DR. PAUL LAMAR and his assistants are huddled around an operating table.

MAC

Paul.

LAMAR

Oh, hi Mac. Who do you have there?

MAC

This is one of our interns. Cory, this is Dr. Lamar, one of the finest spinal surgeons in the country.

LAMAR

Well, it's great to have you here, Cory.

He hands CORY a small vinyl case.

LAMAR (CONT'D)

Please enjoy this complimentary aftershave and comb packet.

MAC

Dr. Lamar is performing perhaps the most sensitive of procedures. . .the spine transplant.

LAMAR

That's correct. As I'm sure you know from med school, your typical human spine goes bad after a certain amount of time. It goes just plain rotten. If you want a whiff of hell just open up a bad spine. The decay is nothing you can repair, so replacement of the entire vertebrae is generally called for. If the condition goes untreated, the spine eventually shrivels up and drops right out of you. I've known people who've found it in their shoe. As you might imagine, a trans-plant is a lengthy and complicated process. We've been here three days on this one.

MAC

That's why you see all the pizza boxes.

LAMAR

We're finally winding down. All that's left is to slap in the new spine and then it's Miller time.

MAC

Say, I have an idea. How about giving Cory a shot at it?

CORY

Wait a minute. I'm not a surgical intern.

LAMAR

Don't be a baby. The hard part is already done.

MAC

You've sewn a button on a shirt, haven't you? Same damn thing.

CORY

I usually just send things home to Mom.

LAMAR

It looks like you guys are all over this. Come on, guys.

The surgical team straggles out, leaving MAC and CORY alone with the patient.

CORY

I'm not really doing this, am I?

MAC

It'll be great experience for you. I'm right here if you have any questions.

CORY

Here's one. What do I do?

MAC

Easy. First you have to get the replacement spine.

CORY

Where is it?

MAC looks around the room.

MAC

Just grab one from underneath the table.

CORY

They're in that cardboard box?

MAC

Yeah, we buy them in bulk. They're all over the damn building.

CORY emerges with a spine wrapped in plastic.

MAC (CONT'D)

There you go. Just unwrap it and slide her in. Don't remove that tag. It's against the law.

CORY has trouble opening the plastic. He ends up biting off the end with his teeth. The spine is wriggling around like a live fish. He attempts to keep it at bay.

CORY

Man, these things are sticky.

MAC

Yeah, they tend to get a little gummy if you leave 'em on the shelf too long.

The spine is becoming more and more unwieldy. CORY is starting to panic.

CORY

Could we go back to your office now?

MAC

That one looks pretty fresh though.

The spine has now wrapped itself around CORY'S head and torso. He descends to the floor in terror and disgust.

CORY

GET IT OFF OF ME!

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

MAC is looking at a file while walking. NIA trots up to join him.

NIA

Dr. MacFarland?

MAC

Yes?

NIA

I was wondering if you were planning any kind of orientation meeting...just so Dr. Benning and I could acclimate to the department as a whole?

MAC

The restrooms are down the next hall to your right. If you need any more orientation than that, I suggest you take the hospital tour.

A modified golf cart carrying several riders whizzes down the hallway. The driver speaks into a microphone. His voice reverberates loudly.

DRIVER

. . .and in these room are the patients with a less than 5% chance of living through the night!

NIA

Doctor, I understand you harbor some serious reservations about our work, but I trust you'll keep an open mind. Your input would be invaluable.

MAC

I'm afraid I don't know enough about your work to be of any help nor do I care to learn. Excuse me.

NIA follows after him.

NIA

One doesn't go through years of medical training without hearing about the exploits of Dr. Matt MacFarland. It's a series of firsts, isn't it? The first successful appendix transplant, the first Caesarean section on a man, the first surgery ever performed on a cartoon character. . .Yosemite Sam's bowel obstruction in 1995. You even got that gerbil out of Richard Gere.

MAC

That was all a long time ago.

NIA

I'm perfectly aware that certain aspects of our work. . .

MAC

What's with this "we" and "our" business? Is it "our" breasts or "our" vagina? Do you ever just speak for yourself, Dr. Armstrong?

NIA

I certainly value my professional relationship with Dr. Benning, but let me assure you that I'm very much my own woman. Let me also assure that I retain sole ownership of my breasts and vagina, along with all my other parts.

MAC

So there is a real woman underneath the frequent flier mileage and the perfumed cigarettes.

NIA

I don't know what you're saying, so I'll just answer "yes."

MAC

Could be there's a real doctor in there too. I was just on my way to visit a few patients. Would you like to come along?

NIA

Very much.

As the two proceed down the corridor, CONNIE and RITA register concern as they stare after them.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

The room is being adapted for solar surgery use. BENNING is doing some maintenance work on the conductor. NIA walks in.

BENNING

Where have you been? I could've used some help.

NIA

Sorry. I accompanied Dr. MacFarland on his rounds.

BENNING

Doing a bit of slumming, eh?

NIA

I think it's always good to stay in touch with the human element. It wouldn't hurt you to do more of it.

BENNING

I wouldn't get too close to MacFarland. It's only a matter of time before he totally self destructs. At that point, I - or rather, we - would be the obvious choices to take over the department.

NIA

I wonder if you could really get close to a man like Matt MacFarland.

BENNING

Why bother to wonder? His life is spiraling out of control. You would just end up footing the bill for his rehab stints.

NIA

You shouldn't discourage others because you refuse to allow love in your life.

BENNING

It's the most destructive thing on this Earth.

BENNING ominously places his hands near her neck.

BENNING (CONT'D)

Remember what I always tell you; you always destroy the thing you love most. I know that too well.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

A train is racing down the tracks. It's just about to crash into the hospital when MAC snaps out of his reverie.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

Unfortunately, he's in the midst of attempting to perform a surgery. With some trepidation, he peers down at the patient.

MAC

Oops.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

MILES

Mac, I'd like you to meet Mr. Bruce Kindler. He's from Hollywood.

MAC

Hollywood, Florida? I want nothing to with him.

MILES

No. . .Hollywood, California.

MAC

Oh, sorry.

KINDLER

No worries. I get that all the time. They've been giving Hollywood, California a bad name for years.

MILES

Mr. Kindler is a television producer. He specializes in reality television.

MAC

Reality TV? Never heard of it.

KINDLER

No one has. That's why I brought along some clips from our latest show. Mr. Borgo, I'll let you do the honors.

MILES presses a button on a control panel. An agonizing grinding sound accompanies the monitor's ascent through the slot in the table. Halfway up, it stalls. MILES makes a token effort to wrest it upward and then stops.

MILES

Oh, I know what's wrong with it. One moment.

He returns with a crowbar and dispassionately beats the monitor to a pulp.

MILES (CONT'D)

There's another at the south end.



The three men proceed to the other end of the table to watch the presentation.

EXT. DESERT — DAY

JESUS CHRIST is perched atop a dune.

JESUS

One of my followers has recently forsaken me. I need another to spread my message of peace and love. This is. . .THE DISCIPLE!

In the valley below, a group of 20 men dressed in white robes stand listening to JESUS.

JESUS (CONT'D)

You have come from every corner of the land for this opportunity. You will be given seven tasks to prove yourselves worthy. Your fate will be in the hands of myself, Zachiah, Prophet of the Valley of the Jackal. . .

A rather unkempt prophet steps forward and offers a slight wave.

JESUS (CONT'D)

. . .and my assistant Julie.

A perky blonde in modern garb steps forward and enthusiastically greets the contestants.

CONTESTANT

What would you have us do o Lord? Preach your message in every village? Give comfort to the sick and poor?

JESUS

This man can tell you more. Please welcome Herb Stein, President and CEO of Stein, Hunt and Phillips, one of the most successful direct marketing companies in the world.

STEIN

Thank you, Jesus. Great to be here. Hi, everybody. Your first challenge is to create an ad campaign for a very special product. "What?" you might ask. You're standing on it. Sand!

## CONFERENCE ROOM

MAC  
Pretty powerful stuff.

KINDLER  
You're probably wondering why  
we're showing you this.

MAC  
Not really.

MILES  
Could you try to wonder, Mac?

MAC  
Okay.

KINDLER  
We think we've come up with a  
great new concept for a reality  
series. . . "America's Next  
Surgeon." We bring in a group of  
people with, shall we say, "some  
medical experience." Through  
twelve grueling weeks, you put  
them through their paces until the  
two finalists are ready to perform  
actual surgeries.

MAC  
You know, I may have dropped  
pretty low, but I'll be damned if  
I'll be party to this. I have one  
rule; don't insult the profession.  
What were you thinking Miles? I  
would never, ever be involved with  
something like this. Never! Ever!

## INT. OPERATING ROOM

MAC is performing surgery.

MAC  
Boy, I sure am glad I turned down  
that stupid TV show.

Blood spurts up like an oil geyser.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Oops.

BLACK SCREEN

ANNOUNCER

This season on "America's Next Surgeon."

YOUNG MALE

I'm Peter Fenke and I'm a pediatrician from St Louis.

YOUNG FEMALE

I'm Missy Graves. I live in Butte, Montana and I'm an X-Ray technician.

MIDDLE-AGED FEMALE

I'm Helen Ferguson from Altoona, Pennsylvania and I can identify a thermometer from among other things in a drawer!

LEATHERFACE from TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE appears on the screen wielding his chainsaw. He turns it off and says something unintelligible.

MAC stands on a pillar. He is swathed in dramatic lighting.

MAC

. . .and I'm Dr. Matt McFarland. The first cut is always the deepest. . .but the second can be a BITCH!

MONTAGE

of clips from the upcoming shows.

OPERATING ROOM

The contestants are scattering in all directions.

MAC (CONT'D)

Alex, heart transplant! Gina, appendix! Raji, penis reattachment! You have ten minutes! Go!

STUDIO

SUPERIMPOSED TITLE: "KYLE"

KYLE

If they found out that I left my keys in the patient's lung, I'm going home tonight.

SCRUB ROOM

MAC is menacingly standing over a male contestant like a drill sergeant.

MAC  
Are you shook up?! Are you nervous?! Do I make you nervous?

CONTESTANT  
Sir?

MAC  
Sir what? Were you about to call me an asshole?

STUDIO

MAC (CONT'D)  
Joe, yours was the only patient to survive. You've won the Omaha Steaks! Congratulations!

JOE breaks down in tears.

STUDIO

KYLE  
If I amputate the wrong arm again then I have a good chance of going home tonight.

OPERATING ROOM

MAC is observing surgery from a harness hovering above the operating table ala Tom Cruise in MISSION IMPOSSIBLE.

MAC  
Could someone get me a coffee?

MAC'S OFFICE

He is speaking with a female contestant.

MAC (CONT'D)  
If I can't teach you to be a great surgeon, then, by God, you'll be one hell of a ballroom dancer!

BALLROOM

MAC, in a spangled tuxedo jumpsuit, and his partner glide across the dance floor.

The three judges award them "10s" much to the delight of the crowd.

## DOCTOR'S LOUNGE

MAC is scrubbing the inside of a microwave oven.

MAC (CONT'D)

Would it hurt you to clean out the  
microwave once in awhile?

## OPERATING ROOM

One of the wires on MAC's harness snaps leaving him  
dangling precariously in the air. No one pays much  
attention.

## STUDIO

KYLE

If I don't get that microwave  
clean, then I know I'm going home  
tonight.

## OPERATING ROOM

MAC, swinging wildly from his broken harness, unleashes a  
torrent of vomit.

## STUDIO

MAC

Susie, that was the worst piece of  
surgery, I've ever seen.  
Congratulations, you're staying  
on.

## ANGLE ON

A buxom, mini-skirted female contestant and an Asian male  
contestant.

MALE

But I have immunity!

MAC

I am castration! Consider yourself  
the balls. Snip! Snip! You're  
gone!

## INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA

MAC walks in wearing sunglasses and a scarf swung rakishly  
around his neck. Paparazzi emerge and snap his photo. He  
sits down at NIA's table.

NIA

I don't know how you tolerate those men. I don't think I could stand to be famous.

MAC

It has its perks. For me it's a gateway to re-establishing myself in the medical community thus unlocking the grant money so vital to my research. That and a People's Choice Nomination for Best Reality Host.

REPORTER

Doctor, there's talk of you getting a People's Choice nomination. Any comment?

MAC

I hadn't thought about it.

REPORTER

Thanks!

NIA

Dr. MacFarland, I was hoping you'd have time to meet with me today. There were several questions I had about the new budget.

MAC

Oh shit, there's Simon Cowell. He's been bugging me for months to be one of the judges on our show. Pretend you don't see him. I told him he might know music, but he's not qualified to be a judge on a medical show. I insisted on that type of integrity. It is highlighted in bold in my contract. And that's why we have Mr. Cedric the Entertainer, Miss Eva Longoria and Mr. John Cena as this year's judges.

NIA

I'm afraid I find all of this rather distracting. I understand it's wonderful publicity for the hospital...

MAC

The what?

NIA  
The hospital.

MAC  
Yes, I am wonderful.

The figure of DEATH sidles up to them.

DEATH  
Hey. Doc, I got family coming in  
from St. Louis. They're big fans  
of the show.

MAC  
How many did you need?

DEATH  
Six.

MAC produces tickets from his pocket.

DEATH (CONT'D)  
You the man.

MAC  
Do you know how you can thank me?  
Stop loitering outside of my  
surgeries.

DEATH  
It's just out of necessity, with  
my knees being as bad as they are.  
It's like the farmer staying  
closest to the cow who's gives the  
most milk, if you know what I'm  
saying. (to NIA) Is that lint on  
your sweater?

NIA  
Don't touch me.

INT. HOSPITAL CONFERENCE ROOM

KINDLER, MAC and MILES are clustered together.

KINDLER  
I wanted to propose something I  
think will be great for the  
finale. Get this. We do it from  
Radio City Music Hall.

MILES

That sounds like a pretty big deal. How about if something goes wrong?

MAC

What could possibly go wrong? Besides they can always edit around it.

KINDLER

Absolutely not! This is reality television. Everything the viewer sees on the screen has to be genuine. It's the code every Hollywood producer lives by. Plus, I want to do it live!

EXT. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL - NIGHT

The audience is lined around the block. The marquee reads FINALE: AMERICA'S NEXT SURGEON.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

MAC walks out and approaches a stretch limo.

MAC

Are you my ride?

DRIVER

Dr. MacFarland?

MAC

I won't need you. I'm going to walk to the theater.

DRIVER

Sir, I have strict instructions to get you there safely and on time.

MAC tosses some money into the car.

MAC

Go have yourself some surgery courtesy of me Dr. "Mac" MacFarland. Now get going. Snip, snip, you're gone.

MAC walks down the street. He is joined by a colorfully dressed pimp.



PIMP  
Hey man, what's goin' to make you  
happy tonight?

MAC  
I couldn't be happier than I  
already am.

PIMP  
There ain't nothing wrong about  
makin' that happy sing, baby.

MAC  
Not interested.

PIMP  
You see that building up there? Go  
up to the third floor and tell  
them Arturo sent you.

MAC  
Who or what is up there?

PIMP  
There's some heavy duty anatomical  
assemblage goin' down. The Chinese  
are in town, baby. That means  
freestyle. . .and extreme.

MAC'S face and body tense up with excitement.

INT. BACK ROOM

A smoky, largely unfurnished loft. Several Asian men scream  
at each other in their native languages. The door flies  
open. MAC stands on the threshold. The men stare back at  
him in awe.

MAC  
Head to toe, veins optional . .  
.blindfolded.

INT. THEATER

MILES and KINDER pace around nervously backstage.

KINDLER  
Where the hell is he?

MILES  
Can't we delay the broadcast,  
somehow?

KINDLER

No, we'll have to get someone else  
to do the judging.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

MAC jauntily walks from the building counting a wad of money. He turns the corner onto Time Square and sees a Jumbotron airing the opening of "America's Next Surgeon." The tuxedoed host is at center stage.

HOST

Now welcome our guest judge, the  
Clown Prince of Surgery, Dr. Alan  
Benning.

Boos from the crowd. BENNING turns and give them the finger.

MAC

Shit!

He makes a mad dash down the street.

INT. THEATER

One of the finalists - a young Indian - reaches into a black bag being held by the host. He pulls out a slip of paper, which is passed on to BENNING.

BENNING

Raji, you have chosen hemorrhoids  
for your surgery. This is a fairly  
simple procedure. You just open  
the cheeks wide and have at it.  
Either way, if done correctly, the  
patient can usually go home the  
next day and start shoving all  
manner of these things up their  
ass with little or no discomfort.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

MAC continues to wind his way through New Yorkers.

INT. THEATER

The operations have commenced. Both surgeon wanabees are hard at work on their assigned projects.

Backstage, MAC is snaking his way through the passageway leading to the stage. Running at full speed, he trips over a cable and lands face-first onto a gurney. His foot trips the brake propelling the gurney forward. MAC peers up to see that he is headed directly toward the hemorrhoid surgery. The gurney collides violently with the surgical table thrusting MAC'S head into the open rectum of the patient.

With the man intractably stuck to his head, MAC jumps down and staggers blindly across the stage. The anesthetized patient flops around like a rag doll atop MAC. Eventually, the pair stumbles to the footlights, where they take a spectacular header into the stunned audience.

INT. MILES' OFFICE

MAC is looming over MILES' desk.

MAC

You can't do this to me, Miles!

MILES

I'm sorry, Mac, but I've made my decision. You are under paid suspension until further notice.

MAC

I'm the best surgeon this hospital has!

MILES

Yes, if you actually did any surgery! You're damaged goods, Mac. Did you know we arranged for your patients to watch last night?

FLASHBACK

INT. TV ROOM

A group of patients, some in wheelchairs, some in beds, are watching the festivities.

FEMALE PATIENT

There's Dr. MacFarland!

Their delight quickly turns to horror. Several of them pass out. A heart monitor starts to flatline.

END OF FLASHBACK

MILES' OFFICE

MAC

It was an accident.

MILES

It was an embarrassment to this facility and to me personally. Plus, you didn't even win the goddamned time slot.

MAC

You try battling the juggernaut that is "The Real Housewives of North Korea." Kim Jong-un was guest star that evening along with Ringo Starr. Besides, it was you who whored me out to this stupid show in the first place. Where's your responsibility?

MILES

It's not just the show. This is a file full of complaints about you. Your malpractice insurance must be going through the roof.

MAC

Malpractice insurance?

MILES

Look, Mac, it's for your own good. There's a board meeting tomorrow. If you like to appeal it, fine, but I beg you not to.

MAC

It's the train, Miles

MILES

What?

MAC

It's the train.

MILES

Not that nonsense again!

MAC

I couldn't feel it anymore keenly than if I had my ear to the track. It's coming.

MILES

Who are you...Tonto? Mac, I beseech you. Get some help. I'll call Dr. Derringer down at County. He owes me a favor. I performed the Heimlich maneuver on his cat.

MAC

No thanks, Miles. I'm a big boy. I'll handle this in my own way. I suppose you'll take this opportunity to install Benning in my place.

MILES

I've not made a decision either way.

MAC

You can't kid a kidder, Miles. I can see the writing on the wall.

ANGLE ON

WALL

Scrawled - in rather large letters - "GET RID OF MACFARLAND'S FAT ASS. QUICK!" MILES furiously tries to rub it away with his sleeve.

MILES

. . .just doing my secret Santa list.

MAC

Up yours, Miles.

MAC stalks out of the office.

CORRIDOR

BENNING comes out of a utility room to join MAC.

BENNING

I just heard, MacFarland. If there's anything I can do. . .

MAC

You just heard? Were you listening at the door?

BENNING

Don't be ridiculous. I was in the air conditioning duct.

MAC  
You're not getting my department  
without a fight.

BENNING  
(smacking at the side of his head)  
I didn't hear you. I have soot in  
my ears.

MAC  
Don't you have a kid's birthday  
party to go to?

BENNING  
I heard that.

MAC  
Then hear this. Don't get to  
comfortable in the big chair. I am  
coming back and I'm coming back  
stronger than ever. It takes more  
than this to rattle Matt  
MacFarland.

QUICK CUT TO

EXT. FOUNTAIN — NIGHT

A naked MAC is kneeling in the marble fountain while water  
gushes over him. He is weeping uncontrollably and his arms  
are extended upward. Liquor bottles float by.

INT. MAC'S BEDROOM

MAC is passed out underneath a variety of quilting. The  
doorbell rings. He awakens and slowly slides out of bed to  
the floor. He crawls to the door still covered head to toe  
with one of the quilts. He opens the door to CORY.

CORY  
Oh good. . .you're okay.

MAC  
What do you want?

CORY  
I've been trying to call you for  
the past three days.

MAC  
Like I know where my phone is.  
Come on in.

CORY has to maneuver around a variety of floor debris before finally making it to the couch. MAC stands and emerges from underneath the quilt. He's wearing a ratty old bathrobe, his hair is matted and unwashed and is generally giving off an air of unhealthiness.

MAC (CONT'D)

I suppose my absence is the talk of the hospital.

CORY

It probably would've been if they hadn't reversed the smoking ban.

CORY notices a keg sitting in the middle of the floor.

CORY (CONT'D)

You drank that entire keg of beer by yourself?

MAC

That was vodka. How's Nia?

CORY

Haven't seen her.

MAC

Benning is in all his glory, no doubt.

CORY

Haven't seen him either.

MAC

I would really love to know what his story is. Who is he? What's he hiding?

CORY

Why don't you just Google him?

MAC

I think for the depth of info I'm looking for, technology will have to step aside for some good old-fashioned detective work.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

A sub-compact pulls into the garage and fills an empty spot. A jovial, heavy-set man climbs out. He's dressed casually in a plaid shirt and is carrying a thin manila file folder. MAC gets out of his car and meets him halfway.

DETECTIVE  
Dr. MacFarland?

MAC  
I'm MacFarland.

DETECTIVE  
I'm not quite sure why we had to meet here. Usually, I just see clients at the Arby's down the street from my house.

MAC  
Let's do this.

DETECTIVE  
So, first off, there's nothing to suggest that this man Benning is anything but a very well respected surgeon. No record, no nothing. He's never even been sued.

MAC  
So you didn't find anything, unh?

DETECTIVE  
No, I would say that. There was one item that I thought might be of interest to you. It seems that a couple months ago, a circus clown in England shot his wife to death. He managed to escape the bobbies and hasn't been seen since. Could be that your boy is posing as Benning.

MAC  
Or is Benning? Very interesting. Very interesting, indeed. My God, you've must've racked up an incredible amount of frequent flier miles working on this case.

DETECTIVE  
Heck, I didn't have to leave my living room. I just Googled the name. It only took a few minutes. In fact, the only physical activity associated with this entire endeavor was getting in my car and driving down here.



MAC

It be my guess that during the course of this investigation, you probably ran into some pretty dangerous situations.

DETECTIVE

Well, there's a loose floorboard between the living room and the kitchen. When you go for a snack, you have to be careful not to step on it or you could twist an ankle.

MAC

No doubt you found romance along the way?

DETECTIVE

I'll admit I succumbed to my usual free porn site during the research, but there was nothing new there. It's still almost totally dominated by elk.

MAC

How much do I owe you. Name your price.

DETECTIVE

Well, it took about five minutes of my time and that print paper is a nickel a sheet, I reckon. \$5000?

MAC writes out a check.

MAC

Let's make it \$10,000. Just call it battle pay. Now, go off into the fog of night and into the clammy grip of the unknown.

DETECTIVE

I guess going to Arby's is heading off into the clammy grip of the unknown. Goodnight, Doc.

EXT. HIGHWAY — NIGHT

MAC'S car speeds down the road. He pulls over to the side of the road.

INT. CAR

MAC punches in a number on his phone.

INT. OXYGEN TENT

A cigarette smoking CONNIE is manning the nurses' station. She picks up the ringing phone.

CONNIE  
Oxygen Tent. Ask me about our  
bypass specials. This is Connie.

MAC  
Connie, it's Mac.

CONNIE  
Mac, we've all been so worried.

MAC  
Everything's good. Is Miles still  
there?

CONNIE  
No, he left early. He's probably  
already on his way downtown.  
Tonight is the Donald P. Lavish  
Fundraiser.

MAC  
That's right. . .the Lavish  
Fundraiser! Thanks Connie.

He hangs up.

CONNIE  
Mac, is there anything you need?

RITA runs up to the desk. She is smoking a pipe.

RITA  
Is that Mac?

CONNIE  
Why, yes, Mac, I can go to the  
function tonight. Of course, I'll  
wear my strapless fur pajama top  
that you love to photograph me in.

RITA  
Give me the phone, bitch!

CONNIE

What's that Mac? Of course we can  
have sex in the men's room stall.  
Yes, in the gutter too.

RITA backs out of the frame and then barrels back in,  
taking out CONNIE with a massive body tackle.

EXT. ST JAMES HOTEL - NIGHT

Limousines are pulling up. Finely coiffed ladies and  
gentlemen are emerging from them.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

Guests are milling about, drinking and talking. MILES is  
discussing something with BENNING, while NIA chats up some  
potential donors.

On the big screen TV, guests are being treated to a message  
by RAY DALTON. He is standing in front of the hospital with  
his hand resting on the shoulder of a young boy.

DALTON

They are many reasons to donate  
generously to the Oxygen Tent  
Trust. In fact, (looking down at  
the boy), I can think of a million  
reasons.

CUT TO

A photograph of cockroaches

DALTON (CONT'D)

We've counted a million  
cockroaches in or around the  
building this year! That's a new  
record. So please give. And,  
remember. . .buy more fucking  
raisins!

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

MAC'S car careens up and over the sidewalk. He leaves it  
there and dashes into the hotel. He is still in his skuzzy  
trench coat.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

MAC enters the ballroom where he immediately runs into NIA.

NIA  
Dr. MacFarland, I'm so glad you  
came.

MAC  
Don't come near me. I'm impotent  
and smell bad. Where's Miles?

NIA  
I thought I saw him at. . .

MAC spots MILES and lurches toward him.

MILES  
Mac, what the hell are you doing  
here? My God, you smell impotent.

MAC  
I'm here fair and square, Miles. I  
had a pre-suspension invitation.

MILES  
Why don't you just go home?

MAC  
And miss the festivities? I  
suppose events like this will have  
to be held more often. That's the  
way it is when you blow the budget  
on exorbitant new technologies.

MAC sees BENNING standing at the bar. The clown doctor is  
juggling shot glasses.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Ah, just the man I wanted to see.  
Come with me, Miles.

The two men walk to the bar. MAC snatches one of the shot  
glasses from the air.

MAC (CONT'D)  
A surgeon shouldn't fool with  
these things. You could hurt your  
hand.

BENNING.  
No worries. It doesn't take much  
effort to push a button.

MAC  
Or pull a trigger.

BENNING

Well, yes I suppose you could call it a trigger.

MAC

I mean the trigger on a gun.

BENNING

We don't call it a gun, but it looks like one, doesn't it. It essentially disperses the rays, although you actually pull it more than push it.

MAC

I'm talking about the gun you used to kill your wife. You're really ruining all the drama of this.

MILES

Mac, what the hell are you trying to say?

MAC

Take a look at this.

MAC takes a piece of paper from a file and hands it to MILES.

MILES

Is that Scott Baio?

MAC

Wrong one.

MAC grabs that sheet and hands him another.

MILES

What am I reading?

MAC

Don't you see. . .?

MILES

No, I don't see.

MAC

You're being stupid. The truth is finally emerging.

MILES

Mac, I don't have time for your paranoid crap right now. I have to go up and accept my award in a few minutes.

MAC

What award?

MILES

I'm receiving the prestigious "Participation Award" for attempting to be a hospital administrator. It's something I've striven for and I wouldn't like the moment to be ruined.

MAC wanders out of the ballroom and aimlessly stumbles into an adjacent ballroom hosting a wedding reception. The placard outside reads "The Elliott Wedding." As if in a trance and without breaking stride, he methodically shakes hands with the wedding party, takes hold of the bride and dances her around the floor one or twice, moves to a seat at one of the dining tables where, immediately, a plate is placed down in front of him. He calls after the server.

MAC

I wanted fish.

Another plate appears instantaneously. He eats listlessly and then gets up and walks to the gift table. He stares straight ahead at the colorfully wrapped boxes.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

MAC pays the valet who has just arrived with his car.

EXT. JC PENNEY - NIGHT

MAC'S car pulls into a parking space.

INT. JC PENNEY

MAC approaches the registry kiosk, types in the name "Elliott" and browses the computerized listing.

WRAPPING STATION

A SodaStream machine is gift wrapped while MAC waits patiently.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

MAC gives his keys to the valet.

## INT. RECEPTION BALLROOM

Back at the wedding reception, he places the present on the gift table. The newly wedded couple approach the table and dreamily ruminate about the contents of the package.

## LADIES ROOM

MAC holds the hair of a bridesmaid as she violently vomits into the toilet.

## RECEPTION BALLROOM

Somewhere along the line, MAC has taken over in the DJ booth. he speaks into his microphone.

MAC

Would the owner of a 2017 Toyota Camry please give it to me as I could totally use a new ride. I'm kidding, of course.

## DANCE FLOOR

MAC leads the groomsmen in a rousing rendition of "YMCA" complete with elaborate letter formations.

## DINING AREA

MAC sits at a table with a group of hopelessly bored children as he fruitlessly pontificates on the contents of the BENNING file.

## INT. HOSPITAL GALA BALLROOM

MAC is back among people he actually knows. Hearing laughter coming from the corner of the room, he winds his way through he crowd to get a closer look. A large screen television has been set up and, seemingly playing on a endless loop, is MAC's embarrassing accident on the live broadcast of his reality show. Laughing the loudest is DR ALAN BENNING. MAC can't take it anymore. Enraged, he jumps on top of the unsuspecting BENNING and wrestles him to the floor. They roll into the big screen, knocking it over. BENNING crawls out from underneath and runs out of the gala and into the wedding reception with MAC following closely behind.

INT. JC PENNEY

BENNING stands at the wrapping station as he watches the store associate tie a bow around his gift selection. MAC waits patiently behind him.

INT. HOTEL

After presumably delivering the wedding gift, the two men continue their chase from the wedding reception back to the gala.

INT. BALLROOM KITCHEN

BENNING bursts through the swinging door with MAC in close pursuit. Climbing up on a long wooden table, MAC dashes down the length of it and then makes a wild lunge at BENNING who is running parallel to it. Not surprising, this jump is badly mis-timed and he sails out an open window

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

MAC has landed into an open dumpster which is overflowing with garbage.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

NIA is claiming her car from the valet.

BACK ALLEY

A mob carrying torches pour out from the rear exit of the hotel. MAC leaps from the dumpster and the mob follows. He runs around to the side of the building. NIA's car pulls up. She pushes open the door, he scrambles in and they take off.

INT. CAR

MAC is sitting in the backseat.

NIA  
Dr. MacFarland, you don't have to  
sit in back. You don't smell that  
bad.



EXT. HIGHWAY — NIGHT

NIA's car is pulled over to the side of the road. NIA is pouring gasoline onto the vehicle's interior. She lights a match and tosses it in.

INT. BUS

MAC and NIA ride along silently.

EXT. HIGHWAY — NIGHT

Along with their fellow passengers, MAC and NIA look on as the bus is set aflame.

INT. NIA'S APARTMENT

NIA is preparing coffee in the kitchen.

BATHROOM

MAC is taking a shower.

LIVING ROOM

NIA sets out the coffee on a serving table. MAC emerges from the bathroom wearing nothing but a towel around his waist.

MAC  
Are my clothes ready?

NIA  
No, they're still in the wash. I  
left something on the door for  
you.

MAC retreats into the bathroom. After a moment, he reappears wearing a bra and women's panties.

NIA (CONT'D)  
No, the robe.

MAC  
Oh.

NIA pours the coffee and MAC — now in the robe — joins her on the couch.

NIA  
Better now? Help yourself to some  
coffee. I want to tidy up the  
bathroom.

While MAC preps his coffee, the sound of liquid being  
splashed about can be heard.

ANGLE ON

BATHROOM

A brief burst of flame emanates out into the hallway. NIA  
calmly returns to her seat.

MAC  
Aren't you having any?

NIA  
No. I had ten cups while you were  
showering.

MAC  
I really appreciate this. I'm  
sorry you had to witness that  
debacle.

NIA  
I know that everything you do - no  
matter how good or bad or  
sickeningly depraved or idiotic or  
nauseating or hideous or psychotic  
or childish or spine chilling -  
you do it because you care. How  
many of us can say that?

MAC  
How about you, Nia? Do you care?

NIA  
Yes I do. Very much. Say, what did  
you do to your finger?

MAC  
Oh, I've must cut myself on the  
dumpster.

NIA  
Oooh, that's not good. I'll get  
some iodine.

She leaves the room.

MAC  
 You shouldn't bother yourself.  
 It's only a scratch.

NIA  
 (O.S.)  
 No, I insist.

NIA returns with a bevy of first aid products and proceeds to treat the wound.

NIA (CONT'D)  
 This is my big opportunity to demonstrate that I actually do possess medical skills. A little iodine. . .and a Daffy Duck bandage. . .and you're all set.

MAC  
 Nice job. I couldn't have done better myself.

NIA  
 Now for the sex.

MAC  
 Pardon me?

NIA  
 It's a movie, silly. I've just bandaged your boo-boo. Don't you know that's always the cue for a slam bang, soft focused body doubled love scene?

She picks up a book from the coffee table.

NIA (CONT'D)  
 Look, here's a book that tells all about it.

#### MONTAGE

of MAC and NIA passionately slamming each other against various walls in the apartment. The last one sends them crashing through the exterior of the building.

They fall to the ground where they continue to drive each other into

trees

a wall of spikes

the outfield fence of a baseball park, causing an outfielder to maneuver around them for a fly ball.

The couple roll around on a busy highway. Cars swerve. Horns honk.

In a nightclub, the pair thrash about in a creamed corn pit as onlookers cheer them on.

The Tunnel of Love at a carnival. The focus then moves to an exhibit showcasing "The Incredible Geek." A carny exits the stand lugging an over-sized bucket. He takes it to the back of the building where he unknowingly dumps its contents on MAC and NIA who are writhing in a pit filled with chicken heads. They take little notice.

EXT. HOSPITAL — DAY

MAC's car pulls up to the front entrance. NIA is in the passenger seat.

INT. CAR

NIA

I can't believe there's anything to it, Mac. This is the man who was my mentor at the university hospital. He's ridiculous to think that he's some circus clown. I think you're just jumping to some pretty wild conclusions.

MAC

Maybe I am, I just don't see where it would hurt to ask a few questions.

INT. HOSPITAL

A hand separates the Venetian blind slats to get a better look at the couple in the car. A round, red nose can be ascertained.

NIA

Well, I have to admit there is a part of him that's an enigma to me. Sometimes I think he is holding back something.

MAC

Do you want me to stick around?

NIA  
No. I'll meet you later for lunch.

NIA gets out of the car and enters the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL

NIA walks down the long corridor to her office.

OFFICE

She opens the door. A hand covers her mouth and drags her away.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

MAC drives aimlessly around the parking lot until he finds himself at the rear of the building. He gets out and takes a long, hard look at the railroad tracks. He drops to his knees, lays flat on the ground and puts his ear to one of the rails. Sensing something is wrong, he scrambles to his feet and dashes around to the

FRONT

of the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL

MAC bursts through the front door. MILES is at the reception area looking over some papers.

MILES  
Mac, what the hell. . .?

MAC  
You have to evacuate this building  
right now.

MILES  
Alright.

MILES calmly heads toward the exit.

MAC  
No, not just you! The whole place  
has to be cleared out.

MILES  
Why?

MAC

The train!

MILES

The train?! Mac, I don't want you within a mile of this hospital! Get out or I'll have you thrown out!

MAC

You have to listen to me. If you don't take action, you're going to be responsible for the deaths of hundreds of people!

MILES

I run a hospital. I'm already responsible for the deaths of hundreds of people! I'm giving you one more chance to leave!

MAC

Alright, if you won't do it, then, I will.

MILES

Guards!

Two ancient security guards rise from their chairs with some difficulty and shuffle their way toward MAC. MAC crouches down, bracing himself for the onslaught of hand to hand combat. He waits patiently for a moment, but grows antsy as the guards make little or no forward progress. He runs past them, leaps over the reception desk and grabs the intercom microphone. MILES wrests it away.

MAC

You idiot. At least I'm getting Nia out of here!

MAC runs down the hallway. CORY spots him and runs with him.

CORY

What's going on?

MAC

Never mind me. You need to get everyone out of this building now!

CORY

But I'm an intern!

INT. NIA'S OFFICE

MAC and CORY storm in, but stop in their tracks. NIA is tied and gagged and they are being held a bay by a gun toting clown.

MAC

Put it down, Benning.

NIA motions with her head to the other side of the room. BENNING is also tied and gagged.

CLOWN

You guys get out of here now or everybody gets it!

CORY

Holy jokers are wild, Dr. McFarland!

MAC

Easy, Boy Intern. Grab my hand and I'll propel you into your patented flying drop kick.

MAC grips CORY'S left arm with both hands and whips him forward. Unfortunately, MAC pulls him a bit to the left and violently yanks CORY face first into a metal storage cabinet. The doors of the cabinet open and a cascade of boxes spill out. MAC rolls across the floor toward the cabinet. The clown shoots. MAC springs to his feet and hurls one of the transplantable spines at the gunman. It immediately adheres to him. He struggles to escape, but eventually falls to the floor defeated and exhausted.

MAC picks up the gun off the floor and approaches the clown.

MAC (CONT'D)

Come on, pal. Show a little backbone.

Crime show stinger.

CORRIDOR

MAC, NIA, MILES & CORY are clustered together outside an office door. CORY is applying an icepack to his battered head.

CORY

(to Mac)

Oh, by the way, just for future reference, I don't possess a patented flying drop kick.

MAC

I had no way of knowing that. I  
simply had no way of knowing that.

CONNIE and RITA join the group.

CONNIE

Mac, are you alright?

RITA

We just heard all about it. Mac,  
you were so brave. . . and so were  
you, Cory.

CORY

Yeah. . .sorta did the flying drop  
kick.

BENNING emerges from the office accompanied a police  
detective.

DETECTIVE

I'll be in touch if I have any  
further questions.

The DETECTIVE enters an elevator leaving BENNING with his  
co-workers.

MAC

So, what's the story, Benning?

BENNING

That gentleman you met a little  
earlier is my twin brother. He  
goes by my mother's maiden name,  
Hennessey.

MAC

He didn't kill his wife, by  
chance, did he?

BENNING

No, I'm pretty sure he killed her  
on purpose. You were on the right  
track, MacFarland, but I couldn't  
risk people knowing my affiliation  
with him. That's one of the  
reasons I came to America.

NIA

Why do you suppose he came after  
you?



BENNING

He shot her because he believed she was having an affair. . .with me.

NIA

What rubbish!

BENNING

Oh no, I was pounding her big-time. I likes me some good clown wife.

MAC

I don't know which one of you is worse.

MILES

I'm sure everyone agrees it's the one who kills people. Let's all get back to work. Dr. Armstrong, feel free to go home for the day.

NIA

No, I'll stay.

MAC

Miles! I forgot. . .the train!

MILES

You know, when I got up this morning, I didn't think I'd have to. . .this morning. . .

A look of grave concern washes over MILES' face.

FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM

MILES is watching a TODAY SHOW-like program while he dresses.

FEMALE HOST

Now here's a story that will absolutely touch your heart. If you're not weeping on the floor after you see this, then you're something they'd pick off a rat's dick. Our correspondent is Jim Snedman.

VIDEO TAPE

An adult cocker spaniel is lying on the floor.

SNEDMAN

This is Cuddles. He was recently diagnosed with an incurable kidney ailment. However "Hitch Their Tail to a Star", an organization that grants the wishes of dying pets is out to make Cuddles final days especially memorable.

SUPERIMPOSED TITLE: Karen Seeley

KAREN

Cuddles family came to us and said that the dog's fondest wish was to conduct a train. We're not exactly sure how they know that. We don't ask a whole lot of questions.

EXT. TRAIN STATION

The dog is rather reluctantly loaded onto the train by his family and fitted with a conductor's cap.

SNEDMAN

And so Cuddles prepares for his big day. His clumsy paws and already failing eyesight will operate a 200 ton piece of machinery capable of traveling at speeds exceeding 175 MPH. All we ask is you give a wave as he whizzes through your neighborhood this morning.

END OF FLASHBACK

A now panicked MILES freezes in terror.

MILES

Oh. . .my. . .God!

A train smashes through the back of the building and plows through the length of the structure. Equipment and people fly everywhere. It plows through the reception desk before stopping.

Debris. . .smoke. . .moans and groans. MAC claws his way from beneath the rubble. He hops up on the train and pries open the door of the conductor's cabin. CUDDLES waddles out to survey the damage he's inflicted. MAC begins to pick through the wreckage.

MAC  
Nia! Nia, can you hear me?!

NIA  
Over here.

NIA is propped up against the wall holding her knee. MAC makes his way over to her.

MAC  
Are you hurt?

NIA  
No, I just banged my knee. How about you?

MAC holds up a cut finger.

MAC  
Looks like I'll need your services again.

CORY crouches down beside them.

CORY  
Wow! Remind me to believe everything you say.

MAC  
Come on. Help me.

The two of them begin combing the rubble. The first person they unearth is CONNIE.

CONNIE  
Mac, leave me. Go help others.

MAC  
Alright.

CONNIE  
FUCK YOU! GET ME OUTTA HERE!

She's yanked to her feet.

MAC  
Any sign of Rita?

CONNIE  
There she is there. . .and there.  
. .and over there.

A mad gleam appears in MAC'S eyes.

MAC

I'm going to need Tupperware!  
Stat!

NURSE

Dr. MacFarland, come quick!

The nurse leads him to the front of the train. There he sees that MILES is uncomfortably impaled on the nose of the train. MAC climbs up on some bricks to reach the Administrator. MILES is moaning softly as a crowd gathers below.

MAC

He alive!

NIA

Stay with us, Miles. We'll get you down.

MAC

Forget it. This train is the only thing holding him together.

CONNIE

My God, we have to do something.

BENNING

Let's get the solar module in here. It's the only way.

NIA

It's not going to dissolve metal, Alan.

BENNING

It will at full power.

NIA

Along with the rest of the city.

BENNING

He can't go around with a train sticking out of his chest.

MAN

(o.s.)

It'd be funny!

MAC

Let's face it. . .our only hope is to hack off his arms, legs and head and attach them to a brand new torso.

Hoots and jeers.

BENNING

Oh, you would say that!

MAN

(o.s.)

You'll ruin his suit!

NIA

This is no time for pettiness. A man's life is hanging in the balance.

MAN

(o.s.)

How about reducing yourselves to microscopic size and injecting yourselves into his bloodstream?

The crowd is turning ugly. MAC hushes them.

MAC

He's absolutely right. A procedure could only succeed if conducted internally. True, the technology hasn't been perfected yet. In fact, it hasn't been invented yet, but that can't stand in our way. Perhaps if funding can be arranged and Miles can organize proper channeling of said funds, then I could save his life and the lives of so many others. . . who . . . have trains in them.

Additionally, if I demonstrate impeccable fiscal responsibility, I could filter the remaining resources into. . . I don't know . . . maybe seven or eight personal research projects. What do you say, gang?! Let's get the extras back into their tuxedos. We have more fundraising to do!

Cheers

INT. BALLROOM

MAC is addressing a full house from the stage. Naturally, the main feature of the room is the train engine with the tuxedoed MILES still attached to it.

MAC  
 . . .and with your help, we will  
 wipe out this silent killer. Now,  
 to say a few words. . .hey,  
 where's Miles?

Laughter

MAC (CONT'D)  
 I'm kidding, of course. Ladies and  
 gentlemen, the reason we are here  
 tonight...Miles A. Borgo!

Applause

MILES  
 Thank you. Here's a fundraising  
 idea. I'll donate five thousand  
 dollars to anyone who'll pound a  
 metal spike through my head.

A standing ovation.

TITLE: TWO MONTHS LATER

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL

MAC is addressing a rapt group of academics and students.  
 NIA and MILES are on the stage with him. A large screen  
 looms behind them.

MAC  
 . . .and who knew that it would  
 only take two months to discover  
 how to shrink people. Before we  
 discuss strategy and procedure,  
 I've brought along a few slides of  
 Dr. Crawford and myself conducting  
 the first ever trek through the  
 human body by humans.

FIRST SLIDE: MAC and NIA pose on a stack of intestines.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 Here are the intrepid explorers  
 planting a flag in Mr. Borgo's  
 right intestine, which we claimed  
 for medical researchers  
 every-where. In this case, the  
 flag was made out of a toothpick  
 and some electrical tape. I'm not  
 sure we removed that, Miles. Next  
 slide!

2ND SLIDE: MAC and NIA are sprawled out in a white, fluffy substance.

MAC (CONT'D)

It wasn't all business, however. Here, Dr. Crawford and I pause from our work to create some very special cholesterol angels. This was in area very close to the patient's heart You're lucky, Miles. I wanted to write my name in that stuff, but Nia wouldn't let me.

THIRD SLIDE: "Censored" is stamped on it.

MAC (CONT'D)

Oh boy, we can't show you these. Let's just say Dr. Armstrong and myself are the charter members of the new "bloodstream club."

Cheers. MILES manages a forced smile.

EXT. CHURCH — DAY

MAC and NIA emerge as husband and wife. A large throng is there to pelt them with rice.

INT. RECEPTION HALL

The happy couple is dancing. They smile and wave at their guests including CONNIE who is dancing with DEATH.

MAC

Happy?

NIA

Happy. Oh look, there's Rita and Cory.

They wave at the couple. RITA waves back vigorously causing her arm to fly off. It lands with a splash in a punchbowl.

MAC

Damn! I knew there was something wrong with that socket. Arms have always been my Achilles heel.

NIA

It's still an amazing accomplishment. You've had quite a year.

MAC

I guess it has. And speaking of quite a year. . .

MILES approaches holding an award.

MAC (CONT'D)

How about this guy? He survives four groundbreaking surgeries and wins a Grammy!

MILES

Yeah, it was a long time coming. Jazz mandolin wasn't always the rage you know. So when are my two favorite surgeons getting back from their honeymoon? After all, I can't handle all the press conferences myself.

MAC

There are no clocks in Branson, Missouri, my friend. We'll be back when we're back.

MILES

Well, I certainly can't begrudge you some time off. It's just that we have those three new wings to launch.

NIA

Miles.

MILES

Alright, alright. Just don't stay away forever. I'm going to need that budget on the expanded solar unit.

NIA

My personal recommendations are already on your desk and the budget will be completed upon my return.

MILES

You two are the best. . . despite the fact you screwed in my larynx. Have a great time kids.

MILES heads to the buffet. He passes BENNING, who is standing and eating.



NIA  
You should say hello.

With some reluctance, MAC makes his way over to BENNING.

MAC  
Benning.

BENNING  
Ah, MacFarland. Congratulations  
and all that.

MAC  
I wanted to let you know I'm  
recommending that the solar unit  
be spun into an entirely separate  
department. Naturally, both Nia  
and yourself would assume full  
responsibility.

BENNING  
Jolly good.

MAC  
You know, there's something I  
always wanted to ask you.

BENNING  
Ask away.

MAC  
I understand why your brother wore  
the greasepaint. He was a circus  
clown. You're a big shot doctor.  
Why the makeup?

BENNING  
Makeup?

MAC begins to slowly back away.

MAC  
Well. . .enjoy the rest of the  
evening. Go grab yourself another  
piece of cake.

BENNING  
I shall. Thanks, Mac.

MAC returns to dancing with his bride.

NIA  
So when can we get out of here?

MAC  
Pretty soon. Remember, we still  
have one more stop before we get  
to the airport.

EXT. VETINARY HOSPITAL — DAY

INT. VETINARY HOSPITAL

Along with the attending veterinarian, MAC AND NIA are  
standing at the bedside of CUDDLES.

VET  
(to MAC)  
You did a very brave thing  
donating one of your kidneys.

MAC  
I was happy to do it. Plus, as a  
doctor I know you can get along  
with just two of them.

NIA  
How's he doing?

MAC  
Physically, Cuddles is coming  
along beautifully, but he just  
seems a little depressed.

NIA  
Mac, we better hurry if we're  
going to catch our plane.

VET  
Going on a trip?

MAC  
Our honeymoon. Say, I know  
something that just might cheer up  
Cuddles up.

INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT

MAC and NIA are standing expectantly in front of the pilot  
and co-pilot. NIA is holding CUDDLES, who is wearing a  
pilot's cap.

PILOT  
You people are out of your fucking  
minds.

FADE OUT

THE END