

THE HOSPITAL

Written by
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SHOOTING DRAFT

1971

THE HOSPITAL. DAY. MAY,

complex, a
north

there
Bastilles
Modern
shafts
Clinic
complex.
apartment
house
and
to
sign --
in
shattering

PANORAMIC VIEW of The Hospital -- a vast medical sprawling pastiche of architecture extending ten blocks and south on First Avenue and east to the river.

The Hospital was founded in the late 19th century, and are still a few begrimed Victorian Bedlams and among the buildings. Mostly though, it is Medical 1971, white and chrome and lots of glass and concrete and rotundas. A spanking new Community Mental Health towers among the tenements at the northern end of the On the far side of First Avenue, a twenty-story house with recessed balconies and picture windows to the resident staff has just recently been completed, next to it, eight ghetto buildings are being demolished make way -- according to the construction company's for a new Drug Rehabilitation Center, to be completed 1973, we should all live so long. This is where the

of
POUNding,
Avenue.

SOUNDS OF CONSTRUCTION are coming from. A block length
generators and cement and demolition machines are
CRASHING, SCREAMING. Traffic HONKS and BRAYS up First

It is a cold spring morning -- 10:00 A.M.
A 1966 station wagon pulls up to the Holly Pavilion.
A tiny, fragile, white-bearded OLD MAN, almost lost in
his
and
nurse.

overcoat, is helped from the rear of a station wagon
slowly led to the entrance doors by a middle-aged

NARRATOR

On Monday morning, a patient named
Guernsey, male, middle-seventies was
admitted to the hospital complaining
of chest pains.

HOLLY PAVILION. EIGHTH FLOOR CORRIDOR

The old man is now in a wheelchair pushed by a hospital
orderly down the corridor.

NARRATOR

He had been referred by a nursing
home where the doctor had diagnosed
his condition as angina pectoris.
Now it is axiomatic that nursing
home doctors are always wrong.

ROOM 806

bed,
uniform,
taking
room,
I.V.'s

The old man, shirtless, is propped on the edge of the
wheezing. DR. SCHAEFER, a young intern in white-
perches beside him with the old man's chart in his lap,
down his history. The other patient in the two-bedded
a MIDDLE-AGED MAN, is comatose and all rigged up with
and catheters.

NARRATOR

The intern who admitted Mr. Guernsey,

however, accepted the diagnosis and prescribed morphine, a drug suitable for angina but not at all suitable for emphysema, which is, unfortunately, what the old man actually had. Within an hour...

EIGHTH FLOOR CORRIDOR

the
waiting

Two orderlies rush the old man's bed with, of course, old man in it, past the Nurses' Station and into a elevator.

NARRATOR

...the patient became unresponsive and diaphoretic and was raced up to Intensive Care with an irregular pulse of 150, blood pressure 90 over 60, respiration rapid and shallow.

INTENSIVE CARE

An oxygen mask is applied to the old man's face by the resident.

NARRATOR

The resident on duty now compounded the blunder by treating the old man for pulmonary edema. He gave him digitalis, diuretics and oxygen. This restored the old man's color...

EIGHTH FLOOR CORRIDOR

sleeping
the

The elevator door opens. Two orderlies wheel the man on his bed back around the Nurses' Station and down corridor to his room.

NARRATOR

...and he was sent back to his room in the Holly Pavilion, ruddy complected and peacefully asleep.

ROOM 806. EVENING

tiny

The old man is back in his room sleeping serenely, his

covers
diffuses
other
silent.

body making barely a ripple in the white sheet that
him. The room is in hushed shadows. A yellowish light
into the room from the half-opened bathroom door. The
patient in the room remains as before, comatose and

NARRATOR

In point of fact, the patient was in
CO2 narcosis...

ROOM 806

orderly
BRUBAKER,
intern.

All the lights are on now. NURSE PENNY CANDUSO and an
are wrapping the old man in a post-mortem shroud.
the senior resident, is giving hell to Schaefer, the

NARRATOR

...and died at seven-thirty that
evening.

The shrouded body of the old man is wheeled out of the
room.

CAMERA STAYS on the vacated bed.

NARRATOR

I mention all this, only to explain
how the bed in Room 806 became
available.

regarding
scraggly
hair

PAN from bed to Schaefer, now alone in the room and
the empty bed with frowning interest. Schaefer is a
young fellow, bespectacled, with a contemporary mess of
and a swinging unkempt moustachio. HOLD on Schaefer.

NARRATOR

The intern involved was a prickly
young buck named Schaefer who had a
good thing going for him with a
technician in the hematology lab. In
the haphazard fashion of hospital
romances, Dr. Schaefer had been
zapping this girl on wheelchairs,
stretchers, pantry shelves...

the
Dr. Schaefer moves for the phone on the table between
two beds.

NARRATOR

...in the kitchen, in the morgue, in
the dark corners of corridors...

Schaefer speaks softly into the phone.

NARRATOR

...standing up, sitting down -- so
you can imagine what an available
bed meant to him.

SCHAEFER

(on phone)

Hey, Sheila, this is Howard, Sheila.
Hey listen. I got us a bed for
tonight. A real, honest-to-god bed.

on
FREEZE on CLOSE-UP of the beaming, lubricious Schaefer
phone as

CREDITS AND MUSIC ERUPT ONTO THE SCREEN --

THE HOSPITAL

INTERSPERSED WITH CREDITS, the following scenes:

ROOM 806. NIGHT

quite
woman,
hell,
admonishing
other
questioningly at
After
and
whisper
Dark. Just a bit of moonlight streaking through the not
closed bathroom. The hallway door opens, and a young
carrying a top coat, slips quickly in giggling like
followed by Schaefer, who is likewise giggling and
her to be quiet. Her name is SHEILA. Sheila notices the
patient in the room sleeping away and looks
Schaefer, who reassures her as he removes her coat.
which he strips off his own white jacket and trousers
hangs them in the armoire. The girl asks in a hoarse

that's
crotch.
giggle
dress.
of
bumpings
"Boy, I

if they're going to get totally nude and wonders if
such a good idea. For an answer, Schaefer fondles her
They both giggle, they both shush each other, they
again; they're both stoned. The girl unzippers her
The dark room is filled for the moment with the flurry
undressing, flung garments, elbows, legs and arms,
into each other, and Sheila saying between giggles,
sure hope nobody walks in."

scene
in
each
giggles

They eventually wind up on the unoccupied bed, and the
ends looking ACROSS the sleeping profile of THE PATIENT
the other bed as Schaefer and his girl thump away at
other with much creaking of springs, moans, groans,
and the white-limbed patterns of fornication.

ROOM 806

Sheila is
after
deeply
shakes

Dark, silent, hushed. The fun and games are over.
in front of the armoire. She slips back into her dress,
which she tiptoes back to the bed where Schaefer is
asleep, smiling in postcoital peace. Sheila bends,
his shoulder.

SHEILA

(whispers)
I'll see you.

Schaefer smiles, grunts, sleeps on.

END OF CREDITS.

OUT.

FADE

FADE IN:

THE HOSPITAL. 6:30 A.M. NEXT MORNING, TUESDAY

sprawling
traffic on

A cold newly-dawned sun shines down on the vast
complex of the hospital. Desultory early morning
First Avenue.

HOLLY PAVILION, EIGHTH FLOOR

night's
nurse,
ELIZABETH
the
an
supply
NURSE
Room

The night shift of nurses is closing out another
work, which has been on the whole uneventful. The head
MRS. REARDON, hunches over her paperwork. NURSE
RIVERS sits at the desk beside her, resting her head on
palm of one hand. NURSE'S AID J.C. MILLER crosses with
armful of linens. She disappears into the pharmacy and
areas behind the Nurses' Station. In the west corridor,
LUCINDA PEREZ glances at her watch, then pads down to
806. She enters.

ROOM 806. DAY

Nurse
the
other bed --
bed,
tube
quite
lying on
dead.
naked

A cold gray light cheerlessly illuminates the room.
Perez checks the I.V. on the comatose patient who is in
bed nearest the door. Then she turns to regard the
which gives her pause.
NURSE'S P.O.V.: Intern Dr. Schaefer is lying on this
rigid, eyes dilated, pupils staring unseeing. An I.V.
sticks out of his naked right arm. Nurse Perez doesn't
know what to make of the fact that Dr. Schaefer is
that bed with an I.V. tube sticking out of him looking
Frowning, she reaches out a tentative hand to shake his
shoulder.

NURSE PEREZ

Doctor Schaefer...

enters
long
second
his
sighs
dilated
to the
things are
to the
bedsheet
down.

There is, of course, no response. A terrible suspicion
Nurse Perez's mind, and she closes her eyes and sighs a
shuddering sigh. Then she opens her eyes and, with a
and briefer sigh, reaches for Schaefer's neck to take
pulse. Clearly, the result is not encouraging. She
another short sigh and regards Schaefer's unblinking,
pupils. It's all a bit too much for her; she shuffles
window and stares out into the gray morning where
a little more comprehensible. Once again, she returns
bed, regards Schaefer's death mask. She raises the
and, for one short but appreciative moment, considers
Schaefer's naked body. She lets the bedsheet carefully
She sighs again.

NURSE PEREZ

(trying again, with
little hope)
Doctor Schaefer?

She sighs, turns and leaves the room.

EIGHTH FLOOR CORRIDOR

slowly

Nurse Perez, frowning and pursing her lips, moves
back to...

EIGHTH FLOOR, NURSES' STATION

Head Nurse Reardon is still bent over her paperwork.

NURSE PEREZ

Listen, did you know Doctor Schaefer
was in Eight-O-Six, because he's
dead?

MRS. REARDON

(late forties,
continues her

painstaking paperwork,
grunts)
What?

NURSE PEREZ

I'm just telling you, Dr. Schaefer
is dead.

MRS. REARDON

(works on; after a
moment, looks up)
What do you want, Perez?

NURSE PEREZ

Look, I don't know what the hell
this is all about, but Dr. Schaefer
is in Room 806 with an I.V. running
and he's dead. I didn't even know he
was sick.

MRS. REARDON

(regards Perez a moment)
Perez, what the hell are you talking
about?

(appeals to Nurse
Rivers coming out of
the floor pharmacy)
Do you know what the hell she's
talking about?

NURSE PEREZ

Well, maybe I'm going crazy. I don't
know. Isn't Room 806 the patient
Guernsey? I mean, did something happen
I don't know about?

MRS. REARDON

Perez, I don't know what you're
talking about.

NURSE PEREZ

This is the nuttiest thing I ever
saw. Dr. Schaefer's in Room 806 dead.

MRS. REARDON

What Dr. Schaefer? Our Dr. Schaefer?

NURSE PEREZ

Our Dr. Schaefer. The one who's always
grabbing everybody's ass.

MRS. REARDON

(to Nurse Rivers)
Do you know what she's talking about?
I don't know what she's talking about.
(to Perez)
What do you mean Doctor Schaefer's
in Room 806 dead?

NURSE PEREZ

I mean, he's lying on the far bed,
stone dead, and with an I.V. tube
sticking out of him. And if you don't
believe me, maybe you just ought to
get up and look for yourself.

Nurses
to
With a short, irritable sigh, Mrs. Reardon abandons her
paperwork and heads down the west corridor, followed by
Perez and Rivers. CAMERA TRACKS as Mrs. Reardon turns
Nurse Rivers.

MRS. REARDON

All right, maybe you'd better call
Mrs. Christie.

Phone RINGS.

BOCK'S HOTEL ROOM

grained
watching
spread on
opened,
light
the
day-old
stuffed
a
the
Dark. Venetian blinds drawn. TV set on, a gray coarse-
square. PHONE RINGS.
DR. HERBERT BOCK, 53 years old, a large man, bulky,
disheveled, apparently fell asleep in a chair while
television the night before. The bed still has its
but is rumped. Bock is in trousers and shirt, collar
barefooted. PHONE RINGS. The reading lamp is the only
in the room except for the sheen of gray hissing from
television. Newspapers litter the floor. Books, two-
plates of food, yesterday's mugs of coffee, cigar-
ashtrays, a shirt, a pair of pants, a winter overcoat,
battered gray fedora have been slung about. PHONE on

sleep
clump of
grunts,
a
sodden
RING.

bedtable RINGS again, begins to penetrate the sotted
of the man. Two bottles of booze, one empty, and a
glasses are on the coffee table in front of Bock. He
opens an eye. PHONE RINGS. Bock suddenly exsufflates in
snorting grunt. He stands, shuffles to the bed, a big,
fellow, picks up the receiver, interrupting its next
He sinks, sitting on the bed.

BOCK

This is Dr. Bock... Yes, Mrs.
Christie, what is it? It's all right,
I'd be getting up in a few minutes
anyway... I'm sorry I missed that.
Would you say it again? Yes, I know
him, Schaefer, the stud with the
glasses, who fancies the nurses...
I'm afraid I don't understand that,
what do you mean? Was he sick? I
mean, was he... uh, what was the
cause of death? Was he being treated?
I don't understand. What was he doing
in the bed? You did say he... Look,
Mrs. Christie, did you call the
office? Good, well, I'll... No, no,
it's all right. I'll be getting my
wake-up call any minute anyway.

disoriented,

He returns the receiver to its cradle, sits
unbuttoning his shirt.

HOSPITAL. MORNING. 8:00 A.M.

pull
line
in an

LONG SHOT of the hospital, now alive and jumping. Taxis
up and out of the large U-shaped drive. A noisy picket
of about twenty chanting protesters parade with signs
uneven ellipse.

GRUMBLING PROTESTERS

(chanting)

Two-four! Help the poor!

NO!" --
toward
One, a
into the
BLACK
THE

handsomely
Hospital.
sandy-haired
to

Most of the placards are slogan-y: "PEOPLE YES! DOCTORS
"CURE POVERTY! HEAL THE POOR!" Two protesters move
the street, waving and yelling at an approaching car.
a young white fellow wears a sandwich board that goes
matter at some length: "WE PROTEST THE EVICTION OF 386
**FAMILIES AND THE DESTRUCTION OF THEIR HOMES TO SERVE
EXPANSIONIST POLICIES OF THIS IMPERIALIST HOSPITAL."**

In the back seat of the car sits JOHN SUNDSTROM,
graying, tanned, early fifties, the Director of the
Hospital. He looks up. That young demonstrator, DR. IVES, a
sandy-haired bespectacled man of 30 in a white doctor's coat, sidles
to the car's open rear window angrily shouting.

DR. IVES

What do you say, Sundstrom? How much
longer do you think our monopolistic,
exclusionary, racist policies will
work?

PROTESTER

We're the hope!

directions.
notices

Sundstrom lowers his window and gives his driver
He exits in the BACKGROUND parking area, where he
Bock emerging from his car. Sundstrom waits for him.

SUNDSTROM

So how's it going, Herb?

Bock's sour glance says it all. He locks his car, joins
Sundstrom, and the two men start down the concrete
ramp.

BOCK

(after a moment)
One of my interns dropped dead this
morning.

SUNDSTROM

Really? I'm sorry to hear that. I understand you've moved out to a hotel.

BOCK

Yes.

SUNDSTROM

It got that bad with Phyllis?

BOCK

It's been that bad for twenty-four years. Are you going to be solicitous?

SUNDSTROM

Yes.

BOCK

Oh, God.

They trudge across the U-shaped entrance drive, pausing to let a car pass.

SUNDSTROM

Listen, Herb, I'm the guy who brought you into this hospital, so I think I can skip the diplomatic overtures. Marty stopped me in the hall yesterday, very upset. He had just had lunch with you and said you sounded suicidal. Marty tends to be extravagant, but he's not the only one. Jack Singer mentioned the other day you've been boozing it up a lot. And let's face it, you've been sloughing off. I understand you haven't even been doing rounds.

BOCK

I'm going to do rounds today.

They pick their way around the shuffling line of protesters -- many with Afro haircuts and tinted glasses, including a black minister and four young white activists.

HOSPITAL, HOLLY PAVILION, EXECUTIVE CORRIDOR

Early-arriving secretaries chat in the doorways. The corridor

gynecology
back
slow to

itself connects to the Bryce Pavilion (pediatrics,
and obstetrics), so a steady stream of traffic moves
and forth. Bock and Sundstrom enter the corridor and
a halt to continue their chat by a wall.

SUNDSTROM

Herb, want a couple of days off?

BOCK

No.

SUNDSTROM

Go down to Montego Bay, get drunk,
get laid, get a little sun.

BOCK

For God's sake, John, I'm fifty-three
years old with all the attendant
fears. I just left my wife after
twenty-four years. Standard case of
menopausal melancholy.

SUNDSTROM

Maybe you ought to have a talk with
Joe Einhorn.

BOCK

I don't want to see a psychiatrist.
Stop worrying about me. All I have
to do is get my ass back to work,
and I'll be fine. I'm sorry I've
caused you concern.

MILTON
one of
acknowledges
moving

He sets off down the long corridor to the elevators.
MEAD, the Administrator of the Hospital, comes out of
the offices, waves a good morning to Bock, who
him and plods on. Mead comes up to Sundstrom, now
toward his own office.

MILTON MEAD

Sid just called from St. Luke's, and
he's heard that the demonstrators up
there are planning a march to join
the bunch down here.

SUNDSTROM

Oh, God.

(he wraps his arm
around Mead's
shoulders, ushering
him into his office
area)

Did you call the cops?

MILTON MEAD

Yes.

HOLLY PAVILION, EIGHTH FLOOR. 8:15 A.M.

unbuttoned
number of
floor
being
Edwards
DONOVAN,
always
also
Donovan

The elevator door opens. Out comes Bock, overcoat now. He clumps to the Nurses' Station. An unusual number of nurses seems to be there. Through the doorway of the pharmacy, we can see Nurse Rivers of the night shift comforted by Nurse Perez of the night shift and Nurse Edwards of the morning shift. The head morning nurse, MRS. DONOVAN, is at the desk hunched over her paperwork. (Nurses are always hunched over their paperwork.) NURSE FELICIA CHILE is also seated at the desk doing some paperwork. Head Nurse Donovan looks up briefly as Dr. Bock approaches.

MRS. DONOVAN

(back to her paperwork)

They're all in Eight-O-Six, Doctor.

BOCK

What happened?

MRS. DONOVAN

I think I'll just let Mrs. Christie tell you about it.

of
carts,
bearing
Bock lumbers off for the west corridor through a press activity. Kitchen workers trundle creaking portable nurse's aids and attendants pop in and out of doorways

along
a
are
senior
BIEGELMAN,
medical
condition

notecards
listening.
who
tunic
have
spots
over to

trays and used dishes. A robed patient or two ambulates the hall. Morning rounds have just started, which means a clump of white-jacketed, white-trousered young doctors gathered in a gaggle at the far end. The group includes resident MONROE BRUBAKER, junior resident HARVEY BIEGELMAN, interns SAM CHANDLER and IRVING AMBLER and another student, all lounging outside a door discussing the condition of the patient within.

Chandler is presenting the case from a handful of notecards in his hand. The others lean against the walls, listening. They wear shirts and ties with the exception of Ambler, who is new to the floor and still in the canonical white tunic under his jacket. They are all in their twenties and have swinger sideburns and occasional mustaches. When he spots Dr. Bock, senior resident Brubaker turns the rounds over to Biegelman and joins Bock just outside 806.

BRUBAKER

(as he approaches,
rolls his eyes)

Oh boy.

BOCK

What happened?

BRUBAKER

I've seen some pretty good snafus, but this one... I mean, there's a certain splendor to this one. One of the night nurses, a float, thought Schaefer was a patient and plugged an I.V. into him. He was a diabetic, you know.

BOCK

What do you mean, a nurse plugged an I.V. into him?

BRUBAKER

Oh, it's really a screwed-up story, Doctor. You see, what happened was we had an old man in that bed who died last night, so the bed was available. And you know Schaefer. He's Sammy Stud.

BOCK

And he talked a nurse into zapping him on that bed.

BRUBAKER

I think it was a girl from hematology he's been running with.

BOCK

My God, it's a Roman farce.

Administrator The door to Room 806 opens, and an Assistant
named HITCHCOCK pokes his head out.

HITCHCOCK

I thought I heard you out here, Doctor.

(he too rolls his
eyes heavenward in
an expression of
incredulity)

Bock makes a noise and goes into...

ROOM 806

the
streetclothes;
Evening
called
winter
Dr.

Aside from Hitchcock, the room includes MRS. CHRISTIE, Director of Nurses, a fusty forty-six, in Head Night Nurse, Mrs. Reardon, in uniform; Head Nurse, MRS. DUNNE, mid-fifties, who had apparently been in from home because she's in mufti and wearing a coat; and, of course, the comatose patient and the dead Schaefer. Mrs. Christie is instructing the two nurses.

MRS. CHRISTIE

I'll need one from both of you, three

copies, and I suggest you do that right now. The forms are in my office...

up to Mrs. Dunne, on the verge of tears, head bobbing, looks
Bock.

MRS. DUNNE

I'm really so terribly sorry about this, Dr. Bock. I...

BOCK

(regarding Schaefer's rigid death mask)

As I understand it, one of the nurses inadvertently administered an I.V. to Schaefer here. How the hell could that happen?

HITCHCOCK

Listen, I think we ought to straighten this out somewhere else.

MRS. CHRISTIE

Yes, very good idea. Oh God, what a mess.

They all file out now, Bock in the rear into...

HALLWAY, NURSES' STATION AND LOBBY AREA

Reardon
Christie
solarium;
stands,
decoagulant.
consequent to
young
wall.
corridor.

They all go along to the Nurses' Station where Mrs. and Mrs. Dunne disappear into the rooms behind. Mrs. leads Hitchcock and the trailing Bock to the TV-solarium; but Dr. Brubaker is now holding his rounds there. He stands, quietly expounding on the uses of heparin, a decoagulant. One of the patients last night had hemorrhaged consequent to injudicious use of that drug. Listening, the other young doctors make notes. Mrs. Christie leans against the wall. Apparently, the conference is to take place in the corridor. Background activity continues normally.

MRS. CHRISTIE

(with a sigh)

Well, these things happen, of course.

HITCHCOCK

I suppose I'd better call the Medical Examiner.

BOCK

I still don't know what happened.

MRS. CHRISTIE

Well, it took an hour to get it sorted out. It seems a patient named Guernsey died last night in Eight-O-Six, but that information wasn't given to the night nurses. These things happen.

apathy Bock has begun to get the drift. A curious state of
settles over him.

MRS. CHRISTIE

(rattling on)

At any rate, according to the cardex, the patient Guernsey was down for twenty-five milligrams of Sparine Q-6-H, so Mrs. Reardon sent Nurse Perez to give him his twelve o'clock shot. Meanwhile, it seems Dr. Schaefer had usurped that particular bed for his own purposes. Dr. Brubaker suggests it was for a love tryst, and some weight is given that hypothesis by the fact that Dr. Schaefer was naked.

BOCK

(trying to give his
attention to this)

I get the drift, Mrs. Christie. In other words, Nurse Perez went in and sedated Dr. Schaefer thinking it was the patient Guernsey. My God! What I don't understand...

MRS. CHRISTIE

If I may finish, Doctor. Well, after Perez gave him his shot, she noticed the I.V. on the bed had been pinched off, and she reported that back to Mrs. Reardon, who then assigned Nurse Rivers to restart the I.V.

(Bock sighs)

Now Rivers was a float. She didn't even know the staff people on the floor, and nobody knew what the patient Guernsey looked like anyway, since he'd only been admitted that morning.

BOCK

So she plugged an I.V. into him.

MRS. CHRISTIE

Yes.

BOCK

How much?

MRS. CHRISTIE

A liter.

BOCK

(The doctor in him
intrudes into his
lassitude)

A five percent glucose solution won't kill anybody. Did he have any other ancillary conditions? He wasn't dehydrated, was he? Didn't anybody bother to go in to check him during the night, even under the impression he was merely a patient? Was he hyperasthmolic? Did he have a bad heart? He must have had some kind of thrombosis. I want the post done here, Mr. Hitchcock. And you and I better have a little chat, Mrs. Christie, about your excessive use of float nurses.

MRS. CHRISTIE

I've got nearly a thousand nurses in this hospital.

BOCK

(gathering rage)

And every time one of them has her period, she disappears for three days. My doctors complain regularly they can't find the same nurse on the same floor two days in a row. What the hell am I supposed to tell that boy Schaefer's parents? That a

substitute nurse assassinated him, because she couldn't tell the doctors from the patients on the floor? My God, the incompetence here is absolutely radiant! I mean, two separate nurses walk into a room, stick needles into a man -- and one of those was a number eighteen jelco! -- tourniquet the poor sonofabitch, anchor the poor sonofabitch's arm with adhesive tape, and it's the wrong poor sonofabitch! I mean, my God! Where do you train your nurses, Mrs. Christie? Dachau!?

(he is aware his voice
has risen and is
attracting attention.
He lowers his voice)

All right, wrap him up and get him down to Pathology. I'm especially interested in his blood sugar. A liter of glucose never killed anybody. Your ladies must've done something else to him.

MRS. CHRISTIE

Will there be anything else, Doctor?

BOCK

No.

HITCHCOCK

Before you call the family, Doctor, I wish you'd talk to Mr. Mead about this. We'd like, naturally, to avoid litigation.

Bock heads abruptly down the corridor to the elevators.

HOLLY PAVILION, SEVENTH FLOOR, CORRIDOR

Medicine,
department
are
he

A corridor of offices. This is the Department of
where Bock and all the senior staff members of the
have their offices. It's quiet, since most of the staff
away at their various specialties about the hospital.
Bock comes up the corridor still wearing the overcoat

unbutton

arrived in some hours ago. He has only managed to
it in all the time it has taken him to reach the corner
office. Gilt lettering on the door reads: DEPARTMENT OF
MEDICINE and below that DR. HERBERT E. BOCK.

BOCK'S OFFICE, OUTER OFFICE

gets
phone,
IBM,

Small office with two desks. As Department Chief, Bock
two secretaries. Both are at their desks, one on the
MISS GLORIA LEBOW, and the other rattling away on the
MISS STEPHANIE McGUIRE.

MISS LEBOW

(mouthing)
Coffee?

into...
It would seem not. Bock waves a listless hand, exits

BOCK'S PRIVATE OFFICE

tomes.
the
he
than
exhausted.
holding a

The modestly imposing office is lined with medical
Bock slips out of his coat and jacket and hangs them in
closet. In shirtsleeves with his tie a bit askew --
fastidiousness in dress is not Bock's strong point --
crosses to his desk and sits, breathing more heavily
his small exertions would seem to warrant. He seems
There is a KNOCK on the door. Miss Lebow enters,
filing envelope stuffed with papers.

MISS LEBOW

A few things have been piling up.
Would you like to go into them?

chair,
A guttural noise indicates yes. Miss Lebow pulls up a
opens her folder.

MISS LEBOW

A quickie. Dr. Esterhazy wants to
start hiring temporary people to
cover the summer vacations. He says

last year some of the replacement people didn't receive their checks until they waited six months. He wonders if you could do something about getting these people paid more promptly.

Bock. He She places a sheet of paper on the desk in front of tries to give his attention to it.

MISS LEBOW

(drones on)

Miss Aronovici complains the lab reports are coming in slow into the E.R. I called Dr. Immelman about that, and she said three microscopes have been stolen out of her lab in the last two months. Charley Waters also complains about pilferage. I've clumped all those together for you...

(she lays a sheaf of memos in front of Bock, who stares at them blankly)

Now, as you know, Doctor, we've agreed to take over the local ambulance cases as part of the hospital's commitment to the community, and it's created a serious overload in the E.R. I don't know why this was dumped in our lap, but...

hand to Bock obviously isn't up to all this. He waves a limp stop Miss Lebow's morning report.

BOCK

(staring at his desktop)

Find out if Dr. Einhorn is in his office yet.

MISS LEBOW

Which Dr. Einhorn? Ophthalmology or Psychiatry?

BOCK

Psychiatry.

(suddenly stands)

Never mind. I'll look in myself.

He lumbers across the room and out into...

BOCK'S OUTER OFFICE

IBM, and

...and down past Miss McGuire, rattling away on her
out into...

HOLLY PAVILION, SEVENTH FLOOR, CORRIDOR

marked

...down past several closed doors, stopping at a door
DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHIATRY, DR. JOSEPH EINHORN. He

enters.

DR. EINHORN'S OFFICE, SECRETARY'S OFFICE

paperback

A secretary at her desk, sips coffee and reads a
novel.

BOCK

Is he in?

open

The doctor is obviously in. He can be seen through the
door sitting at his desk writing in a notebook. Bock
leans
in.

BOCK

Can you give me a few minutes, Joe?

EINHORN

(short, chunky,
bespectacled, late
fifties)

Of course.

Bock goes in, closes the door behind himself.

DR. EINHORN'S OFFICE

Bock looks only at the floor.

BOCK

(ill at ease)

I've been having periods of acute
depression recently. Apparently,
it's becoming noticeable. A number
of people have remarked on it. Anyway,
John Sundstrom thought it might be a
good idea if I spoke to you about

it.

EINHORN

Do you want to sit down, Herb?

BOCK

No. I'm not good at confessional.

(he ambles around)

Well, what can I tell you? The last year, two, three... it goes way back, I suppose. I can remember entertaining suicidal thoughts as a college student. At any rate, I've always found life demanding. I'm an only child of lower-middle-class people. I was the glory of my parents. My son the doctor. Well, you know. I was always top of my class. Scholarship to Harvard. The boy genius, the brilliant eccentric. Terrified of women, clumsy at sports. God, Joe, how the hell do I go about this?

EINHORN

I understand you just separated from your wife.

BOCK

I left her a dozen times. She left me a dozen times. We stayed together through a process of attrition. Obviously sado-masochistic dependency. My home is hell. We've got a twenty-three-year-old boy I threw out of the house last year. A shaggy-haired Maoist. I don't know where he is, presumably building bombs in basements as an expression of his universal brotherhood. I've got a seventeen-year-old daughter who's had two abortions in two years and got arrested last week at a rock festival for pushing drugs. They let her off. The typical affluent American family. I don't mean to be facile about this.

Indeed, he does not. He is horrified by the fact his eyes are wet and he is verging on tears. He turns away quickly.

BOCK

I blame myself for those two useless young people. I never exercised parental authority. I'm no good at that. Oh, God, I'm no good at this either. Joe, let's just forget the whole thing. I'm sorry I bothered you.

He starts for the door.

EINHORN

How serious are your suicidal speculations, Herb?

BOCK

(at the door)

I amuse myself with different ways of killing myself that don't look like suicide. I wouldn't want to do my family out of the insurance.

EINHORN

Digitalis will give you an arrhythmia.

BOCK

A good toxologist would find traces. Potassium's much better. Sixty milli equivalent. Instantaneous. Of course, then you're stuck with how to get rid of the hypodermic. Forty milli equivalent. Gives you plenty of time to dispose of the evidence.

EINHORN

You seem to have given considerable thought to the matter.

BOCK

You ought to know a man who talks about it all the time never does it.

EINHORN

I don't know. I see a man who's exhausted, emotionally drained, riddled with guilt, and has been systematically stripping himself of his wife, children, friends, isolating himself from the world. Are you impotent?

BOCK

Intermittently.

EINHORN

What does that mean?

BOCK

It means I haven't tried in so long, I don't know. Let's just drop the whole thing, Joe. I feel humiliated and stupid. All I have to do is pull myself together and get back into my work. I'm sorry I troubled you. Take care of yourself. I'll see you.

disappears
Before Einhorn can say a word, he slips away and into his own office.

HOLLY PAVILION. 8:30 A.M.

in
Poor!"
Sundstrom
them to
The score of protesters outside the pavilion still move an uneven ellipse and shout: "Two -- Four! Help the Ives, the bespectacled demonstrator who shouted at earlier, is removing his sandwich boards and giving his replacement. He hurries across the walk and into...

HOLLY PAVILION, LOBBY

swiftly
Ives cuts through the congestion of people and moves up the long corridor leading to the Farkis Building, unbuttoning his overcoat as he goes into...

THE FARKIS BUILDING, FIFTH FLOOR

laboratory
young
the
Ives
own
...and comes out, as the elevator opens. This is a floor, and the corridors are empty except for a white-uniformed orderly leaning against a wall and for one woman in a white smock in the background, who waves to young man before disappearing into one of the rooms. Ives fishes out a ring of keys and unlocks the door to his lab. He enters into...

FARKIS BUILDING, NEPHROLOGY LAB

coat
jacket,
work
inside.

Dingy and cheerless place, as labs go. Ives hangs his
in the cupboard, loosens his tie, unbuttons his suit
squats on a stool, reaches over for a loose file on the
table, opens the file and begins to read the papers

he
FULL
know
starts
small
slumps
surface of

A door CLICKS open behind him, and without looking up,
waves briefly to whoever has entered. CAMERA DOLLIES to
SHOT of Ives frowning over his notes. We are suddenly
conscious of a white-uniformed presence behind him. We
it's medical personnel, but we can't see the face. Ives
to turn to the presence behind him, when suddenly a
hospital sandbag is whipped down on his head, and he
slumps forward, his forehead thumping against the black
the lab table.

DISSOLVE TO:

HOSPITAL. NOON

high
of
fifty
toward
DOPES!"
THE
From
of
ramble

HIGH ANGLE SHOT establishing the passing of hours. Sun
overhead, traffic on First Avenue an impenetrable river
HONKS and HOOTS. At a crosswalk, a loose procession of
or so shouting demonstrators, bearing placards, flows
the main gates. Their posters read: "FIGHT DOPE -- NOT
"DRUGS YES! TRANSPLANTS NO!" and "SAVE OUR KIDS FROM
SKIDS!" which is what they now chant: "Save our kids!
the Skids!" The demonstration moves through a handful
city cops where our original group of twenty still
around, chanting: "Two -- Four! Help the Poor!"

HOLLY PAVILION, EIGHTH FLOOR

wearing
the
white.
entrance.

The staff elevator doors open and Bock comes out,
his long white doctor's coat unbuttoned. Hanging about
Nurses' Station are Dr. Brubaker and a few young men in
white. They come quickly to respectful attention at Bock's
CLATTERING TRAYS dominate the lunchtime atmosphere.

BOCK

All set?

BRUBAKER

Yes, sir.

corridor
people
twenties
long and
and
forties
MAN
the
Indian
is

The doctors move off toward the solarium on the east
overlooking the river. They pass a curious quartet of
consisting of a very handsome YOUNG WOMAN in her late
in an out-of-fashion miniskirt (She has great legs,
tanned.); an ELDERLY MAN, uncomfortable in city clothes
unmistakably an INDIAN; a tall overcoated man in his
wearing a MINISTER's white collar; and a DISTINGUISHED
dressed in fashionable gray who is trying to persuade
young woman of something. The young woman and the
stand absolutely still, silent, impassive. The minister
more fidgety.

BOCK

(to Brubaker en passant)
Who's that exotic group?

BRUBAKER

(murmurs)
You got me. They've been here about
an hour.

ONE YOUNG DOCTOR

I think they're with the old man in

Eight-O-Six.

the Bock and Brubaker, trailed by young doctors, move into TV room.

BOCK

Dr. Perry said he picked the tuberculosis and the liver nodes for today, right?

BRUBAKER

Yes, sir.

BOCK

Good. Because that's the one I studied up. A hell of a case.

EIGHTH FLOOR, TV ROOM

of Some twenty-five or thirty young doctors, two or three them black, three or four of them women, fill the room. At Bock's entrance, they find places around the walls, sofas, soft chairs and benches. The TV set has been pushed into a corner, and a large portable blackboard has been set up. This is the Chief of Service Round, attended by every available intern and resident. Somebody closes the door, just as two young doctors come hurrying in.

BOCK

All right, who's presenting?

EMERGENCY AREA, WAITING ROOM

arranged People of all ages sit around on aluminum chairs around the walls of the room. All are in streetclothes. Some speak to each other. A line of people, extending into the hallway and holding their charts, waits for a lady from the accounting department taking Blue Cross numbers. This lady from accounting is MRS. CUSHING, late forties, bespectacled

and testy. She calls out at large.

MRS. CUSHING

Is there anybody seated who hasn't been to see me first? Is there anyone here who hasn't given me their health insurance number?

Her phone RINGS. She picks it up.

MRS. CUSHING

Emergency Room... Well, I don't know, Sybil. What's his name?

to
her.

To a man on line at her desk, thrusting his chart out

MRS. CUSHING

Would you wait a moment, please. I'm on the phone, can't you see I'm on the phone?

(rummaging through a stack of charts, large paper forms in quadruplicate)

...Of course not, do they ever?

(hangs up, takes two charts from the desk, pushes through the waiting line)

Would you mind, please. I have to get through, do you mind?

She makes her way to the door and goes out into...

EMERGENCY AREA, ENTRANCE LOBBY

...which is congested. Mrs. Cushing enters...

EMERGENCY, ADMITTING AND TREATMENT ROOMS

NURSE

(on phone)

Give me that one again... thirty-two?

mostly
another

Facing the desk are six curtained treatment rooms, open to view. Behind the desk are a supply room and

PARANOID

to

treatment room. Both are occupied, the former by a
LADY wringing her hands in a paranoid rush and listened
by a very patient young intern.

PARANOID LADY

They follow me everywhere. Three big
black men. Naked, completely exposed.
Right in the street. Hanging down to
their knees. Disgusting. They're
waiting out there for me now...

being

treatment

in

anesthesiologist

black

a

has

melodramatic

clothed

room

subcutaneously.

chairs

ankle

held

badly

Emergency

...and in the other room, a man in his thirties is
treated for some sort of head lacerations. In one
room, the Chief of Emergency Service, DR. SPEZIO, a man
his late thirties, along with an intern, an
and a nurse, is bent over a naked and comatose young
woman of eighteen, covered somewhat with a sheet. She's
junkie, being intubated, i.e. a small endotracheal tube
been inserted into her mouth. This is the most
of the varied activity here.

A middle-aged man complaining of chest pains is lying
in another treatment room; a nurse attends him.

An asthmatic middle-aged woman sits in still another
being administered her 500 mg. of amephyllene

The curtains on another room are drawn for privacy. On
in the corner sit a teenage boy with a badly sprained
and an elderly man bathing his hand in an enamel basin
in his lap.

A young mother with a five-year-old daughter with a
cut arm is being attended to by the back wall. The

in
wound.
Room Nursing Supervisor, MISS ARONOVICI, a pretty woman
her mid-twenties, is sterilizing the little girl's

detest
Mrs. Cushing makes her way to Miss Aronovici. They
each other.

MRS. CUSHING

Did you call upstairs and tell them
to admit a patient named Mitgang?

MRS. ARONOVICI

(continuing to treat
the little girl)
The concussion?

MRS. CUSHING

I don't know. They just called me.
They said you didn't fill out the
chart. And where do you come off
sending anyone up to Admitting without
my okay?

sweetly.
Miss Aronovici turns to Mrs. Cushing, regarding her

MRS. ARONOVICI

Sally, would you get the fuck out of
here. The patient's in the Holding
Room. You want his Blue Cross number,
you go in and you get his Blue Cross
number.

waiting
Mrs. Cushing elbows back through the line of patients
at the Admitting desk.

MRS. CUSHING

Do you mind, please...

on
There are now three nurses behind the desk, all of them
phones. One nurse calls to Dr. Spezio.

NURSE

O.P.D. wants to know how that
asthmatic they sent down is.

DR. SPEZIO

(just leaving the

group around the
junkie)
She's fine. We'd like to keep her
here a little while.

Mrs. Spezio heads for the door where he is intercepted by
Cushing.

MRS. CUSHING

May I see you a moment, Doctor, if
you don't mind.

DR. SPEZIO

(sighs, calls back to
the triage nurse)
I'll be right back.

He goes out, followed by Mrs. Cushing, into...

EMERGENCY AREA, LOBBY

Spezio and Mrs. Cushing move between laundry and supply
carts.

MRS. CUSHING

(thrusting some papers
at the doctor)
If you don't mind, Doctor, is this
your handwriting?

Spezio stops, sighs, examines the paper.

MRS. CUSHING

Am I supposed to read that? Was it a
sprain? Was it a broken wrist? I
can't read that scribbling. I mean,
I have to bill these people. I know
you doctors are the ministering
angels, and I'm just the bitch from
the Accounting Department, but I
have my job to do too. I mean, if
you don't mind, Doctor...?

DR. SPEZIO

(studies the paper)
The kid had a collar fracture. We
had him in the O.R. We reduced it
and we gave him a small cast.

He strides off.

MRS. CUSHING

(calls after him)

But did you give him a sling? You must have taken X-rays. How am I supposed to make up the charges?

She turns into...

EMERGENCY AREA, HOLDING ROOM

Designed to hold patients who've been examined and wait to be admitted to a room upstairs, it's in fact used for examination, treatment, storage. The room is quiet. Two patients lie on comfortable stretchers, apparently sedated and resting. Mrs. Cushing turns to the patient immediately to her right as she enters. To the still figure she poses her questions.

MRS. CUSHING

Are you Mitgang?

She gets no answer from that bed. From another direction, a voice.

MITGANG

I'm Mitgang.

She turns to Mitgang. Something bothers her about the first patient. She finds Mitgang's chart tucked in under his pillow, takes out her pencil.

MRS. CUSHING

Do you carry Blue Cross, Blue Shield, Mr. Mitgang, if you don't mind?

Mitgang, eyes closed, emits a sound.

MRS. CUSHING

Do you have your card with you?
(no answer)
Do you know your number?

Negative grunt from Mitgang.

MRS. CUSHING

Mr. Mitgang, you're not leaving this room until I have this information.

NURSE

(enters for some chore)

Will you leave that man alone?

her
In a fit of temper, Mrs. Cushing throws the chart and pencil down on the floor.

MRS. CUSHING

(indicating the other patient)

Do you mind if I at least ask this gentleman to fill out his chart?

retrieves
the
She pulls his chart from under his pillow, bends and her pencil from the floor, straightens. She speaks to the silent patient.

MRS. CUSHING

May I have your A.H.S. policy number, sir?

now
Ives,
No answer. CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN on the patient. We recognize him as the bespectacled young activist Dr. so recently coshed over the head with a sandbag.

MRS. CUSHING

(looming)

Do you carry Blue Cross? Blue Shield?

breathing.
for.
Mrs.
Mrs. Cushing stares at the patient. He is not Behind her, the nurse exits carrying whatever she came Mrs. Cushing turns to her, but she is gone. Frowning, Cushing backs out...
...as Dr. Spezio and others come down the corridor.

MRS. CUSHING

(as Spezio approaches, with spiteful relish)

I think one of your patients in here

is dead, Dr. Spezio.

DR. SPEZIO

(enters the Holding
Room)

Why do you say that, Mrs. Cushing?

MRS. CUSHING

Because he wouldn't give me his Blue
Cross number, Dr. Spezio.

HOLDING ROOM

Spezio regards the death mask of a face.

DR. SPEZIO

Oh, Christ.

He moves quickly forward to raise the dead man's
eyelid.

Behind him, a nurse enters. He wheels on her angrily.

DR. SPEZIO

How the hell long has this man been
lying here? Isn't this that doctor
who came in around nine o'clock?

MILTON MEAD'S OFFICE. 2:00 P.M.

MILTON MEAD, late thirties, lean, efficient but under
constant strain, is having his daily staff luncheon conference,
which consists of a CHIEF ENGINEER, the ASSISTANT
ADMINISTRATOR OF PERSONNEL, three residents in administration, including
Hitchcock, sandwiches and coffee.

CHIEF ENGINEER

I mean, they gave me a hard time,
Con Ed. "For Pete's Sake," I said,
"this is a hospital. One of our
feedlines just blew..."

Mead's phone RINGS and he picks it up.

MILTON MEAD

Yeah?

(it's another
annoyance; he sighs
with irritation)

CHIEF ENGINEER

I mean, it's lucky we traced it in time.

MILTON MEAD

(on phone)

No, I'll be right up.

(hangs up, stands)

Have we covered about everything?

ADMINISTRATIVE RESIDENT

Dr. Kish has been driving me nuts with the O.R. schedule.

MILTON MEAD

He's supposed to see me about that.

He moves across his office into...

MEAD'S SECRETARY'S OFFICE

Actually a communal office with desks for three secretaries.

MEAD'S SECRETARY

(looks up to Mead
from talking on the
phone)

This is the Emergency Room. One of the doctors just died of a heart attack.

MILTON MEAD

(pauses)

One of our staff?

MEAD'S SECRETARY

I think so.

Mead frowns, leans back into his own office.

MILTON MEAD

(to Hitchcock)

Tom, you want to go down to the Emergency Room? One of our doctors just died.

HITCHCOCK

What? Another one?

MILTON MEAD

Yeah, see what that's about.

(en passant to
secretary)
I'll be on Holly Eight. I'll be right
back.

HOLLY PAVILION, EIGHTH FLOOR

out. He
woman
follows him
The staff elevator door opens, and Milton Mead comes
has apparently been buttonholed in the elevator by a
in a doctor's coat, DR. IMMELMAN, Pathology, who
out...

DR. IMMELMAN

It's no longer pilferage, Milton.
It's reached the point of piracy.
That's the third microscope this
month.

MILTON MEAD

Why don't we get together on this
sometime this afternoon, Fran?

DR. IMMELMAN

One o'clock?

MILTON MEAD

One o'clock will be fine.

He turns left and heads for...

HOLLY PAVILION, EIGHTH FLOOR, NURSES' STATION

In
activity.
R.N.
tray
--
Dr.
desk.
...where Head Nurse Donovan is bent over her paperwork.
the background, we see normal morning hospital
Nurse's Aid, SHARLENE STONE, takes towels into a room.
Felicia Chile comes out of another, bearing her enamel
of instruments.
Also in the background, the curious quartet from before
the beautiful woman, the elderly Indian, the minister,
Sutcliffe. Mead hardly notices them as he makes for the

MRS. DONOVAN

(without pausing or
looking up)

Your brother's in the room, Mr. Mead.

MILTON MEAD

What room is it?

MRS. DONOVAN

Eight-O-Six.

Mead bobs his head thank you and heads for the west
corridor.

EIGHTH FLOOR, ROOM

As Milton Mead enters, his elder brother, WILLIAM MEAD,
mid-
seated
coat
avoids
window.
agitated
forties, a smaller and manifestly nervous man, is
sullenly puffing a cigar, fidgeting, still wearing his
and hat. He looks up briefly when Milton enters and
his brother's eye. His wife, MARILYN, late thirties, is
standing in suppressed exasperation, staring out the
Out of respect for the COMATOSE PATIENT, the ensuing
scene is held in whispers.

MILTON MEAD

For heaven's sake, Willie, you're
going to be in the hospital for two
lousy days. What're you making such
a fuss about?

WILLIAM MEAD

You're supposed to be such a big
wheel here.

MILTON MEAD

There are no private rooms available.
If they brought in Jesus Christ fresh
off the cross, I couldn't get Him a
private room.

WILLIAM MEAD

I'm not going to stay in a room with
a dying man...

MARILYN MEAD

He's not dying. They'll screen him off. You won't even know he's here.

MILTON MEAD

If you want a private room, go on home, and I'll call you the first one that comes up. But you're the one who phoned me in a panic, you're going on a vacation. For heaven's sake, Willie, they'll cut this polyp out tomorrow morning. You'll be home Thursday, you'll be in Miami Friday. Marilyn, will you talk some sense into this lunatic?

MARILYN MEAD

Well, you said it, he's a lunatic.

WILLIAM MEAD

Big wheel, can't even get me a private room.

MILTON MEAD

I'll get you a tranquilizer...

He exits.

EIGHTH FLOOR, TV ROOM

his
chalk
formulae and
the
(3)
is
good

Bock -- excited, vivid, alive -- is in full flush with lecture. He moves around in front of the blackboard, in hand. The blackboard itself is scrawled with diagrams. He is writing the words "full abdomen," as fifth in a list reading "(1) parexia, (2) hepatomegaly, splenomegaly, (4) episodes of arthralgia." The audience forty young doctors rapt with attention. There is a deal of note-taking.

BOCK

...five, a full abdomen contrasted to wasting elsewhere; six, ascites with a protein content above four grams; unexplained anemia, leukopenia, unexplained elevation of the serum gamma globulin level, especially

abnormal flocculation tests, and of course, a positive P.P.D. All these findings assume special significance among Negroes. This has been a very commendable workup, as commendable a workup of an F.U.O. as I can remember. The staff of this floor is to be applauded.

(spots Brubaker among the others)

It's a reportable case, Brubaker. Write it up.

(a brief, rare smile)

Well, let's go have a look at the girl.

dissolves
dispersal.

He rumbles toward the door. The class of doctors into hospital murmurs and mutters and a general They follow Bock out to...

EIGHTH FLOOR, EAST CORRIDOR

the

...where Dr. Sutcliffe, the beautiful young woman, the elderly Indian and the minister are engaged in agitated discussion. The girl and the Indian retain their stoic impassivity. Dr. Sutcliffe leaves them and moves down corridor to the counter of...

EIGHTH FLOOR NURSES' STATION

SUTCLIFFE

Nurse! Nurse, who's the Senior Resident on this floor?

NURSE

That would be Dr. Brubaker. But I'm afraid he's at Chief of Service rounds right now.

Sutcliffe points off right.

SUTCLIFFE

That's... this way?

The nurse nods indifferently.

some

ACROSS to Bock coming out of the TV room, followed by

indeed. He

dozen young doctors. Bock is in very good spirits
quizzes his young doctors en route:

BOCK

I wonder if there might not be some
correlation between hepatic
tuberculosis and drug addiction.
Presumably, there was an early
consideration of S.B.E.

BRUBAKER

(off-screen)

Yes, sir. We discounted it after
repeated blood cultures were negative.

BOCK

You, Ambler. Is that right, Ambler?

AMBLER

Yes, sir.

BOCK

What else do you look for in bacterial
endocarditis?

AMBLER

(nervous)

Some sort of embolic phenomena, sir.

BOCK

Good.

SUTCLIFFE

(flagging Brubaker)

Dr. Brubaker, I wonder if I could
see you for a moment?

Sutcliffe.

them

class.

Brubaker detaches himself from his group to join
CAMERA STAYS with Bock and his entourage, following
down the east corridor, Bock still happily conducting
Bock strides into...

ROOM 819

bed on

lying in

Past two beds, they group around the foot of a third
the right side of the room. Bock checks the patient

the bed.

BOCK

Still a little icteric. Who's got an ophthalmoscope?

the

One of the young men hands his to Bock, who leans over patient to look through it.

BOCK

Did anyone note Roth spots?

them,

The doctors exchange a look as Bock rises, moves toward laughing.

BOCK

Well, don't worry about it. There aren't any. Ambler, you're our big man on S.B.E. What was the latex-fixation?

BIEGELMAN

It wasn't done, sir.

BOCK

Don't you think that's an important test to differentiate S.B.E. from miliary T.B.?

BIEGELMAN

(off-screen)

No, s...

BOCK

Not you, Biegelman. Ambler.

AMBLER

Well, there's about a seventy percent incidence of false-positive latex in **S.B.E.**

Bock hands the ophthalmoscope to Ambler.

BOCK

You have been reading up. If the diagnosis were S.B.E., would a positive latex indicate anything in the therapy?

AMBLER

We'd expect the latex to become negative.

BOCK

If...?

AMBLER

If the antibiotic therapy were successful.

BOCK

Are you applying for your internship here?

AMBLER

I'm not sure.

BOCK

Come and see me.
(to the patient,
helping her up)
Would you sit up for a minute?

up and
Bock turns to the off-screen patient, helping her sit forward, percussing her back as the students look on.

EIGHTH FLOOR, EAST CORRIDOR

discussion
drifts
doctors
to
approaches
Brubaker and Sutcliffe are now both involved in with the woman, the Indian and the minister, as Bock through the background, followed by the band of young now dispersing. Bock crosses past the foreground group the staff elevator. He pushes the button. Brubaker Bock. They confer quietly in the hallway.

BRUBAKER

We've got a little thing over here, Doctor. The girl over there is the daughter of the patient in Eight-O-Six. He is at the moment comatose and requires intravenous feeding and meds.

smile,
The elevator comes and goes, disgorging some, taking on others. Bock, who greeted Brubaker with a rare, benign

the

has begun to look a bit sodden. Poor Brubaker, aware of gathering storm in Bock's demeanor, sighs and continues regardless.

BRUBAKER

The thing is, the daughter wants to take the father out of the hospital and back to Mexico where they live. The patient's name is Drummond. He's apparently a Methodist missionary, and he and his daughter run some kind of religious mission among the Apache Indians. The daughter claims to be a licensed nurse, so she can give the necessary I.V. treatment. I certainly don't think he should be let out of this hospital. The Attending -- he's the guy in gray over there -- concurs.

Bock squints at Brubaker.

BOCK

All right, wait a minute. Let me have all that again.

BRUBAKER

As a matter of fact, Doctor, this is Dr. Biegelman's case.

BOCK

Never mind the professional ethics, what happened?

BRUBAKER

(sighs)

I don't know why I'm covering for that sonofabitch in Farkis Pavilion anyway.

(sighs and begins)

The patient, a man of fifty-six, was admitted to the hospital ten days ago for a check-up, in good health, no visible distress. We did the mandatory work-up on him. Blood cultures, stool, L.E. preps, chest, E.K.G., all negative. But there was apparently some evidence of protein in his urine. I don't know how that sonofabitch in Farkis Pavilion ever found out about it. Maybe he had

some kind of deal with one of the girls in the lab. Anyway, he turned up the next day, conned the patient into signing an authorization for a biopsy...

BOCK

What sonofabitch in Farkis Pavilion?

BRUBAKER

Some post-grad fellow named Ives. Elroy Ives. I never met him. He's on one of the immunology research programs.

BOCK

Are you trying to tell me some post-grad fellow came up here and did a biopsy on the patient?

BRUBAKER

Yes, sir. He conned Biegelman with that old story about...

BOCK

...protein in the urine?

BRUBAKER

Yes, sir.

BOCK

And he biopsied the man?

BRUBAKER

And he nicked a vessel, and at two o'clock in the morning, they woke up Biegelman because the nurse found the patient in shock. Biegelman called the kidney people for a consult right away. What was there to see? The man was sour and bleeding. We spoke to this fellow Sutcliffe, and he referred us to a surgeon named Welbeck...

BOCK

Welbeck?! That barber!

BRUBAKER

You ain't heard nothing yet. So we finally got Welbeck around four in the morning. He said, go ahead. So they laid on the surgery for eight.

Welbeck turns up, half-stoned, orders an I.V.P., clears him for allergies...

BOCK

...without actually testing.

BRUBAKER

Right.

BOCK

And the patient went into shock...

BRUBAKER

...and tubular necrosis. They lopped out the bleeding kidney, ran him back to the room, and we sat around waiting for three days to see how obstructed he was. Fever began spiking like hell, euremia, vomiting, so we arranged hemodialysis. He's putting out good water now. But some nurse goofed on his last treatment. A leak in the tube, something. His blood pressure plunged. They ran him right up to I.C.U., checked out vital signs, all normal except he's comatose. That was two days ago.

BOCK

In short, a man came into this hospital in perfectly good health, and, in the space of one week, we chopped out one kidney, damaged the other, reduced him to coma and damn near killed him.

BRUBAKER

Yes, sir.

A great sad serenity has settled over Bock.

BOCK

You know, Brubaker, last night I sat in my hotel room, reviewing the shambles of my life and contemplating suicide. Then I said "No, Bock, don't do it. You're a doctor, a healer. You're the Chief of Medicine at one of the great hospitals of the world. You're a necessary person. Your life is meaningful." Then I came in this morning and find out one of my doctors

was killed by a couple of nurses who mistook him for a patient because he screwed a technician from the nephrology lab...

BRUBAKER

Hematology, sir.

BOCK

And now you come to me with this gothic horror story in which the entire machinery of modern medicine has apparently conspired to destroy one lousy patient. How am I to sustain my feeling of meaningfulness in the face of this? You know, Brubaker, if there was an oven around, I'd stick my head in it. What was the name of that sonofabitch from Farkis Pavilion again?

BRUBAKER

Ives, sir. Elroy Ives. Somebody ought to ream his ass.

Out
working
is

The gathering storm erupts. Rage suffuses Bock's face. of respect for the hospital corridor and the people around him and Brubaker, he keeps it glacial. But there no mistaking the volcanic fury he feels.

BOCK

(barely containing himself)

I'm going to ream his ass. And I'm going to break that barber Welbeck's back. I'm going to defrock those two cannibals. They won't practice in my hospital, I'll tell you that!

BRUBAKER

What'll I tell the girl, sir? She says we have no legal right to stop her from taking her father out. She's willing to sign an A.O.R. form.

BOCK

Let him go. Before we kill him.

Bock

The elevator door opens. A couple of nurses come out.
strides in.

SEVENTH FLOOR, DEPT. OF MEDICINE CORRIDOR

wrenches

Bock advances in a cold fury down to his office. He
the door open.

BOCK'S OFFICE, OUTER OFFICE

typewriters.

Miss Lebow and Miss McGuire clatter away at
Sitting on a chair in the crowded office is a senior
staff
doctor, a man in his late forties, wearing a coat
similar to
Bock's. He is DR. LAGERMAN. He looks up from the
magazine
he's been leafing through as Bock storms in.

DR. LAGERMAN

Hi, Herb...

to

Bock acknowledges him with a brusque nod, storms over
Miss Lebow.

BOCK

Get me Dr. Gilley. Put him on page
if you have to. I want to talk to
him right now. I don't care if he's
operating.

(wheels around to
Miss McGuire)

And you get me some monkey named
Ives. Ives. I-V-E-S, first name Elroy.
He's in the Farkis Pavilion.

DR. LAGERMAN

Herb...

BOCK

I want to talk to you, Joe. Would
you mind coming into my office?

He strides, followed by Dr. Lagerman, into...

BOCK'S PRIVATE OFFICE

...and slams the door shut behind him.

BOCK

Have you got some punk named Ives rotating in your department?

DR. LAGERMAN

Listen, Herb...

BOCK

(sits at his desk)

I also want to know what the hell kind of a dialysis room you're running. I just came from...

The phone RINGS. Bock seizes it.

BOCK

Yeah... Gilley? Put him on. Bock. Didn't you tell me a couple of months ago you were going to cut off all privileges for that assassin, Welbeck? Yeah. Wellbeck. He just butchered another one of my patients... Oh, come on, Harry! The man's a buccaneer! I want him brought before the Medical Executive Committee... He's in your department, Harry, not mine. He's putatively a surgeon!... I'll be here!

(slams receiver down,
stares at Lagerman)

Listen, Joe, I think you should know that you've got a research guy in your department named Ives who's been doing some very dubious biopsies. We're having enough trouble squeezing grants out of the Nixon administration...

DR. LAGERMAN

Ives is dead, Herb. That's why I'm here.

This gives Bock pause. He blinks at Lagerman.

BOCK

What do you mean, Ives is dead?

DR. LAGERMAN

I mean he's dead. He had a heart attack in the Emergency Room.

BOCK

He had a heart attack in the Emergency Room?

DR. LAGERMAN

Yeah.

BOCK

(blinking)

What the hell is this? Some kind of plague?

(stands)

Where is he now?

DR. LAGERMAN

They were just taking him down to Pathology.

HOLLY PAVILION, FIRST FLOOR, PATHOLOGY DEPT

shrouded
section
of
can

vital
being
dressed

Bock, Lagerman and Hitchcock have gathered across the figure of Dr. Ives on a stretcher. We are in the lab of Pathology; in the background, through the glass part the door separating the lab from the surgery room, we see the autopsy on Dr. Schaefer being performed. Schaefer's naked white cadaver is stretched out on an operating table. He has been opened up and all his organs are being excised. It's bloody. The autopsy is performed by DR. BREWSTER, the Resident in Pathology, in surgical scrub.

HITCHCOCK

...and the next thing anybody knew, about three hours later, Mrs. Cushing from Accounting came in and said there was a dead man in the Holding Room.

BOCK

You don't find anything grotesque about all this?

HITCHCOCK

What do you mean?

BOCK

I mean, at half past eight this morning, we meet over a doctor who's been killed intravenously, and here we are again, four hours later, with another doctor who had a heart attack in the Emergency Room.

HITCHCOCK

Well, what're you suggesting Doctor? Do you think we have a mad killer stalking the halls of the hospital? Presumably, Dr. Ives died of a heart attack and Schaefer in a diabetic coma. People do die of these things. It's all perhaps coincidental, but I don't think I'd call it grotesque.

BOCK

How long are they going to be on Schaefer's post?

the
from
gloved
door

He knocks on the glass window of the door separating laboratory from the operating room. Dr. Brewster turns his gory chore. Bock makes a gesture saying, "How much longer?" Brewster raises ten blood-drenched rubber-gloved fingers. Bock turns and shuffles across the lab for the door out.

BOCK

(pauses at door, to Lagerman)
I don't suppose you'd like to call next of kin?

DR. LAGERMAN

No thanks.

BOCK

(deeply depressed)
Oh God, I need a drink.

He goes down...

THE PATHOLOGY CORRIDOR

...and is soon lost in the normal traffic of the area.

THE HOSPITAL. NIGHT

CRASH of THUNDER. CRACKLE of LIGHTNING. A horror-film rainstorm lashes the vast dark complex of buildings.

SEVENTH FLOOR, DEPT. OF MEDICINE CORRIDOR

of
Bock's
Dark, empty, silent. One lonely light at the lobby end
the long, closed corridor of offices. The door to
office stands ajar and issues a trace of light.

BOCK'S OFFICE

the two
office, we
a
He
ACROSS the silent, dark, typewriter-covered desks of
secretaries through the doorway to Bock's private
can see Bock at his desk, lit by the desk lamp. He has
bottle of booze on his desk. He gets up from his desk.
has made a decision.

HOLLY PAVILION, EIGHTH FLOOR

subdued.
hunched
The corridors are silent; the night lights are on,
Head Evening Nurse Mrs. Dunne is back at her desk,
over paperwork. Resident Brubaker passes by.

EIGHTH FLOOR, PHARMACY

twenties, has
small
needle
Nurse SHERLEE DEVINE, a black woman in her mid-
a porcelain tray on the shelf onto which she puts a
jar of alcohol, cotton swabs, a wrapped hypodermic
and syringe. She moves out into...

NURSES' STATION

...where Mrs. Dunne looks up as she passes.

NURSE DEVINE

Mead.

down Mrs. Dunne nods. Nurse Devine makes her way silently
the sleeping doors to...

ROOM 806

thin Dark, sleeping. The bathroom light is on, but only a
stream of yellow light trickles through the door.
THUNDER CRASHES. William Mead sleeps fitfully. The other
patient is entirely curtained off. Nurse Devine sets her tray on
Mead's bedtable, turns on the goose-neck lamp, keeping it from
his eyes. She unwraps the hypodermic syringe, sets in the
needle, draws the required dosage, reaches over and gently
shakes Mead by the shoulder.

NURSE DEVINE

(softly)

Mr. Mead... Mr. Mead, I have an
injection for you.

Mead's Mead sleeps on. Expressionlessly, Nurse Devine extracts
alcohol right arm from under the sheets, wets a swab with
vein. and rubs down the vein. The needle slides into Mead's

also an OVER THIS, we begin to hear a distant sibilant HISSING,
sound. indistinct like the leakage of a bad heart. There is
occasional distinctly human but not quite civilized

the CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY to Nurse Devine withdrawing
strange needle, looking up, for she too has heard the soft,
other sounds. They emanate from behind the curtains of the
gathers bed. Nurse Devine returns the syringe to the tray,
Drummond's her things and pads silently around Mead's bed to
little and bed. With her free hand, she opens the curtains a
stares in.

NURSE DEVINE

What the hell is going on in there?

BEND
IS
PIS-
MEANT TO

NURSE DEVINE'S P.O.V.: THE INDIAN AND BARBARA DRUMMOND
OVER DRUMMOND PERFORMING SOME PAGAN RITUAL. THE HISSING
BARBARA'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE CEREMONY. (IT SOUNDS LIKE
PIS, AND IS IN FACT AN IMITATION OF THE NIGHTHAWK,
APPEASE THE SPIRIT OF THE THUNDER.)

body
ceremonial
bag
east,
breath
white

The old Indian has stripped to the waist and marked his
with smears of dye and tule pollen. He wears a
hat, a sort of beaded beanie. He holds a small buckskin
of pollen in his cupped palms and is facing north,
south and west, offering the bag and prayers under his
as he does. A beaded amulet lies stretched across the
sheet covering the comatose Drummond.

Nurse
the
porcelain

When Nurse Devine draws the curtains, Barbara frowns at
Devine, holds a cautioning finger to her lips and draws
curtains closed again. Nurse Devine, carrying her
tray, exits.

EIGHTH FLOOR, NURSES' STATION

drunk

Bock comes out of the elevator, jacketed now, fairly
but holding it well.

down
into...

He heads for the Nurses' Station as Nurse Devine comes
the west corridor. Bock grunts at Mrs. Dunne and goes

PHARMACY

shelf

...where he quickly runs his finger along the second

filches
through
to

until he comes to the bottle of potassium which he
off the shelf and slips into his pocket. He rummages
the drawers for a hypodermic syringe. Through the open
doorway, we see Nurse Devine making her way swiftly up
Mrs. Dunne at the desk.

NURSE DEVINE

Well, honey, we got a witch-doctor
in Eight-O-Six, and you better go in
there. You know that Indian that was
sitting in Eight-O-Six all night?
He's still there, and the girl's
there, and they're doing some voodoo
in there, and I ain't kidding.

pharmacy

Behind Mrs. Dunne, Bock appears in the doorway to the
where he stands listening.

MRS. DUNNE

(looking up)

What are you talking about?

NURSE DEVINE

I mean that Indian's in there, half-
naked and going pis-pis-pis with a
little bag. You just better get in
there, Mrs. Dunne.

corridor,
at a

Mrs. Dunne, annoyed, gets up and heads for the west
followed by Nurse Devine and by an intrigued Dr. Bock
few paces behind.

NURSE DEVINE

(to NURSE WEITZENBAUM,
coming out of another
room)

You want to see somethin', baby? You
jus' come here.

slips

As the small procession bears down, Barbara Drummond
out of that room to intercept them.

BARBARA

(keeping her voice
low)

Look, it's a perfectly harmless ceremony, nothing to get excited about. It'll be over in a few minutes anyway. Mr. Blacktree is a shaman who gets his power from the thunder, and it's imperative he conclude his rituals while the storm is still going on.

NURSE DUNNE

Visiting hours were over at nine o'clock, Miss.

Bock reaches for the door to the room.

BARBARA

All that's going on in there, Doctor, is a simple Apache prayer for my father's recovery.

Bock makes a vague noise, neither contradicting her nor assenting, and continues around her into...

ROOM 806

with
reveal
marked
four
the
amulet
peeking
watches it
into...

As Bock slides in, a bit of the corridor light comes in him. The curtains have been left sufficiently open to Mr. Blacktree. He is still stripped to the waist and with crosses of pollen. He extends two twigs to the directions after which he places the twigs carefully on white sheet covering Drummond in a pattern around the already there. Behind Bock, Mrs. Dunne can be seen in. The Indian is oblivious to both of them. Bock all with interest for a moment and then backs out

EIGHTH FLOOR CORRIDOR

...closing the door after him.

BARBARA

The markings he's made on my father's arms are from the pollen of the tule plant. The twigs have no significance

other than they've been struck by lightning and are consequently appeals to the spirit of lightning. It's all entirely harmless, a religious ceremony, not a medical one.

BOCK

You don't seriously believe all that mumbo-jumbo will cure him?

BARBARA

On the other hand, it won't kill him, Doctor.

They regard each other levelly.

BOCK

(grunts)

Okay. Go ahead.

He wheels and clumps off for the stairway exit.

BARBARA

Thank you.

Nurse Weitzenbaum opens the door of the room and peeks

in.

At the stairway exit, Bock pauses to look back at all

the

women in front of Room 806.

BOCK

Miss Drummond, are you still taking your father out?

BARBARA

Yes. I still have to arrange an ambulance service. Is there a phone around I could use?

BOCK

Use my office.

BARBARA

Thank you.

Bock exits. Barbara edges past Weitzenbaum, who is peeking into the room.

still

ROOM 806

chair
to be
dialogue
exits,
door.

consists
muttering

sleeps
Mead's
at
this
continue

sedated
and a

of
and

the
of
Manhattan

Barbara comes in, gathers her coat and purse from a
and moves to the Indian, now occupied with what seems
the rolling of a cigarette. The two exchange a brief
in Apache. The old Indian nods. Barbara turns and
taking Nurse Weitzenbaum out with her and closing the

The room is dark and hushed again. Blacktree lights his
cigarette and "sends the smoke up," a ritual which
of puffing smoke to each of the four directions,
in Apache "May all be well" after each puff.

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS to the other bed where William Mead
fitfully. The Apache words and pis-pis-pis penetrate
drugged sleep. He opens one eyelid and stares glazedly
the dark air. The SOUNDS persist. Blacktree chooses
moment to sidle out from behind the curtains and
his ritual in the less-confined space at the head of
Drummond's bed. It's quite a sight for a nervous,
man to wake to. Thunder RUMBLES and the rain SLASHES
sudden, savage STREAK of lightning illuminates it all.
Mead figures it's all a bad dream and, after a moment
dully regarding the odd spectacle, closes his one eye
goes back to sleep.

BOCK'S OFFICE, OUTER OFFICE

Barbara Drummond comes in. Bock has apparently turned
lights on for her, but Bock himself is not immediately
visible. She looks through the half-open door to Bock's
private office, and there he is, staring blankly at the
bottle. Barbara starts to say something, thinks better
it, lays down her coat, and looking around, spots a

and
through
classified directory which she hauls up from its shelf
sets on Miss Lebow's desk. She sits, quickly flips
the pages.

visible
Barbara
catches
Barbara flips through the directory. Bock is partially
in the background at his desk. He sits soddenly.
finds what she wants, opens her purse and takes out two
airplane tickets. She dials. The CLICKING of the dial
Bock's ear. He looks up for a moment.

BARBARA

(on phone)

Hello. I'd like to arrange an
ambulance for one-thirty tomorrow
afternoon... Thank you...

visible
tanned
REVERSE ACROSS Bock at his desk with Barbara partially
at Miss Lebow's desk. All he can see are her great long
legs.

BARBARA

(in background on
phone)

...Drummond, first name, Barbara.
I'll pay cash...

desk to
Bock stands a little unsteadily and moves around his
get a better look at those legs.

BARBARA

(on phone)

No, you're to pick up my father,
Drummond, Edward, at the Manhattan
Medical Center, Holly Pavilion, Room
Eight-O-Six. It's a stretcher case.
I presume you provide the stretcher.

very
She senses Bock watching her, turns, smiles. She's a
beautiful girl. She returns to the phone.

BARBARA

He's to be taken to American Airlines,
Yes... No... Kennedy Airport, Flight

Seven-Two-Nine to Yuma, Arizona.
I'll accompany the patient... Yes,
thank you.

up
tickets
doorway,
She returns the receiver to its cradle. When she looks
again, Bock is no longer there. She returns the flight
to her purse, snaps it shut, stands and moves to the
enters a step into...

BOCK'S OFFICE

Bock, back at his desk, looks up.

BOCK

You believe in witchcraft, Miss
Drummond?

BARBARA

I believe in everything, Doctor.

BOCK

Like a drink?

BARBARA

Yes.

bourbon.
Bock drains his glass and pours her a hefty shot of

BARBARA

(from the door suddenly)

My father, you should know, was a
very successful doctor in Boston, a
member of the Harvard Medical Faculty.
He was a widower, and I was his only
child. He was not an especially
religious man, a sober Methodist.
One evening, seven years ago, he
attended a Pentecostal meeting in
the commons rooms at Harvard and
suddenly found himself speaking in
tongues.

(she takes her drink
and crosses to the
sofa)

That is to say, he suddenly sank to
his knees at the back of the room
and began to talk fluently in a
language which no one had ever heard

before. This sort of thing happens frequently at Pentecostal meetings, and they began to happen regularly to my father.

(she sits)

It was not unusual to walk into our home and find my father sitting in his office, utterly serene and happily speaking to the air in this strange foreign tongue. I was, at that time twenty years old and having my obligatory affair with a minority group, in my case a Hopi Indian, a post-graduate fellow at Harvard doing his doctorate in the aboriginal languages of the Southwest. One day, I brought the Indian boy home just as my father was sinking to his knees in the entrance foyer in one of his trances. The Indian wheeled in his tracks and said, "Well, I'll be a sonofabitch." You see, my father was speaking an Apache dialect, an obscure dialect at that, spoken only by a ragged band of unreconstructed Indians who had rejected the reservation and were living in total isolation in the Sierra Madre Mountains of northern Mexico. Well! What do you say to that, Dr. Bock?

BOCK

(who has been staring
at her as if she
were insane)

What the hell am I supposed to say to that, Miss Drummond?

Barbara throws back her head and roars with laughter.

BOCK

I'm sitting here boozing and, all of a sudden, you start telling me some demented story about your father's religious conversion.

BARBARA

No, no, you miss the point, Doctor. Not my father's conversion -- mine. You see, I had been hitting the acid pretty regularly at that time. I had achieved a few minor sensory

deformities, some suicidal despairs, but nothing as wild as fluency in an obscure Apache dialect. I mean, like wow, man! I mean, here was living afflatus right before my eyes! Within a week, my father had closed his Beacon Hill practice and set out to start a mission in the Mexican mountains. And I turned in my S.D.S. card and my crash helmet and followed him. It was a disaster, at least for me. My father had received the revelation, not I. He stood gaunt on a mountain slope and preached the apocalypse to solemnly amused Indians. I masturbated a great deal. We lived in a grass wickiup and ate raw rabbit and crushed piñon nuts. It was hideous. Within two months, I was back in Boston, a hollow shell and dizzy with dengue, disenchanting with everything. I turned to austerity, combed my hair tight and entered nursing school. I became haggard, driven and had shamelessly incestuous dreams about my father. I took up with some of the senior staff at the hospital. One of them, a portly psychiatrist, explained I was generated by an unresolved lust for my father. I apparently cracked up. One day, they found me walking to work naked and screaming obscenities. There was talk of institutionalizing me, so I packed a bag and went back to my father in the Sierra Madre Mountains. I've been there ever since. That's three years. My father is, of course, mad as a hatter. I watch over him and have been curiously content. You see, Doctor, I believe in everything.

trying
long
Mostly
glance

She pauses, her story over. Throughout, Bock has been to keep his glowering eye on the desktop. During her narrative, he once seized the bottle and took a swig. he is finding the experience murkily sensual. His

surreptitiously keeps darting out from under his brows to
bends look at the beautiful long tanned legs; or, when she
flapping for the drink she set on the floor, to peer down the
uncrossing her She, on the other hand, has been crossing and
ridden legs, bending, stretching, so that her short dress has
exhibitionism up almost to her waist and is saved from utter
unaffected by only by the darkness of the shadows. She seems
not Bock's voyeuristic interest in her, but she is surely
courting his unaware of it. It is hard to believe she is not
attention.

BOCK

Now what was that all about, Miss
Drummond?

BARBARA

I thought I was obvious as hell. I'm
trying to tell you I have a thing
for middle-aged men.

BOCK

I admire your candor.

BARBARA

You've been admiring a lot more than
that.

locked. The Bock looks up, and they suddenly find their eyes
incipient dark, dense air in the room fairly steams with
sexuality.

BOCK

(looks down again)
You're wasting your time. I've been
impotent for years.

BARBARA

Rubbish.

he is

With a crash of his fist on the desktop, Bock stands;
in a drunken rage.

BOCK

(lurches about)

What the hell's wrong with being impotent? My God, you kids are more hung up on sex than the Victorians! I've got a son, twenty-three. I threw him out of the house last year. Pietistic little humbug. He preached universal love and despised everyone. He had a blanket contempt for the middle class, even its decencies. He detested my mother because she had petit bourgeois pride in her son the doctor. I cannot tell you how brutishly he ignored that rather good old lady. When she died, he didn't even come to the funeral. He thought the chapel service an hypocrisy. His generation didn't live with lies, he told me. "Everybody lives with lies," I said. I grabbed him by his poncho, dragged him the full length of our seven-room despicably affluent middle-class apartment and flung him out. I haven't seen him since. But do you know what he said to me as he stood there on that landing on the verge of tears. He shrieked at me: "You old fink! You can't even get it up anymore!" That was it, you see. That was his real revolution. It wasn't racism and the oppressed poor and the war in Vietnam. The ultimate American societal sickness was a limp dingus. Hah!

(he lurches about,
laughing rustily)

My God, if there is a despised and misunderstood minority in this country, it's us poor impotent bastards. Well, I'm impotent and proud of it! Impotence is beautiful, baby!

(he raises a militant
fist)

Power to the Impotent! Right on,
baby!

BARBARA

(smiling)

Right on.

BOCK

(stares drunkenly at her)

When I say impotent, I don't mean merely limp. Disagreeable as it may be for a woman, a man may sometimes lust for other things, something less transient than an erection, some sense of permanent worth. That's what medicine was for me, my reason for being. When I was thirty-four, Miss Drummond, I presented a paper before the annual convention of the Society of Clinical Investigation that pioneered the whole goddam field of immunology. A breakthrough! I'm in all the textbooks. I happen to be an eminent man, Miss Drummond. And you want to know something, Miss Drummond? I don't give a goddam. When I say I'm impotent, I mean I've lost even my desire for work, which is a hell of a lot more primal a passion than sex. I've lost my *raison d'etre*, my purpose, the only thing I ever truly loved. It's all rubbish anyway. Transplants, antibodies, we manufacture genes, we can produce birth ectogenetically, we can practically clone people like carrots, and half the kids in this ghetto haven't even been inoculated for polio! We have assembled the most enormous medical establishment ever conceived, and people are sicker than ever! We cure nothing! We heal nothing! The whole goddam wretched world is strangulating in front of our eyes! That's what I mean when I say impotent! You don't know what the hell I'm talking about, do you?

BARBARA

Of course, I do.

BOCK

I'm tired, I'm terribly tired, Miss

Drummond. And I hurt, and I've got nothing going for me anymore. Can you understand that?

BARBARA

Yes, of course.

BOCK

Then can you understand that the only admissable matter left is death?

He suspects he is going to cry and turns quickly away.

He

sits heavily and fights his tears.

BARBARA

Sounds to me like a familiar case of morbid menopause.

BOCK

Oh Christ.

BARBARA

Well, it's hard for me to take your despair very seriously, Doctor. You obviously enjoy it so much.

BOCK

Oh, bugger off. That's all I need now, clinical insights. Some cockamamie twenty-five-year-old...

BARBARA

Twenty-seven.

BOCK

...acidhead's going to reassure me about menopause now. Look, I'd like to be alone, so why don't you beat it? Close the door and turn off the lights on your way out.

They are both suddenly conscious of a third presence in the room. They look to the door where Mr. Blacktree, fully clothed again and carrying his coat, is standing in the doorway.

Barbara uncrosses her long legs and stands.

BARBARA

(crossing to the door)

Mr. Blacktree disapproves of my miniskirt, but it was the only thing I had to come to the city with. Back at the tribe, I wear ankle-length buckskin.

BOCK

Swell. Just close the door and turn off the lights.

Apache, Barbara regards his hunched form and, murmuring in
thunder she exits, closing the door. In the subsequent hush,
window RUMBLES and CRASHES. Wind sweeps the rain against the
panes.
Slowly, he The sounds go unheeded by Bock, still as marble.
jacket raises his head and sighs and then fishes about in his
syringe. He pockets to bring out the bottle of potassium and
poking takes off his jacket, rolling up his shirtsleeve,
he about for the vein. He removes his trouser belt, which
he ties tightly about his upper arm for a tourniquet. Now,
to it. tears the wrapping of the syringe and fits the needle
finds Fiddling about in the pockets of his jacket, he finally
returns to a crumpled pack of cigarettes. He lights one and
expressionlessly as the business of killing himself, puffing
draws he does. Thunder RUMBLES and rain SLASHES. He carefully
the just the right amount of potassium from the bottle to
his syringe, peering at the procedure against the light of
switches desk lamp. He sets the cigarette on the ashtray,
rigidly the hypodermic to his right hand, holds his left arm
out under the light of the lamp...

BARBARA'S VOICE

(off-screen)

What're you shooting, Doc?

clenched
doorway.
blind,
He turns slowly to the doorway, his bare left arm still rigidly extended, the belt dangling, the hypodermic in his other hand. Barbara is perfectly framed in the doorway. He stares at her, slowly suffusing with the numb, total rage of the aborted suicide. The thunder CRASHES.

BOCK

(barely gets the words
out)
Leave me alone...

around
She approaches the desk affably, turns the potassium to read the label.

BARBARA

Potassium. You take enough of this stuff, it'll kill you, Doc.
(moves toward the
couch)
It occurred to me that I might have read you wrong, that you really were suicidal. So I came back.

down,
Bock's rage erupts. He crashes the hypodermic syringe shattering it. The potassium puddles on the wood.

BOCK

(hysterical rage)
Who the hell asked you!

leather
down
He moves around the desk, a shambling bear of a man, a belt dangling dementedly from his arm, tears coursing his cheeks. He advances on her in a stuporous shuffle.

BOCK

Who the hell asked you!

grotesquely
the
stark
She regards his lumbering approach with a faint, sensual smile. He reaches with his naked left arm to neck of her dress and, with one savage wrench, rips her

naked, sobbing through hysterical tears.

BOCK

Leave me alone! Why the hell don't
you leave me alone!

couch,
assault,
He is on her, crushing her down into the shadows of the
ravenous at her neck and shoulders in a brutish
sobbing.

BOCK

Why didn't you let me do it? Who the
hell asked you!

the
act
the
then
Bock
tears
Throughout the scene, CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN through
flesh and fury to an INTENSE TWO-SHOT of this terrified
of love. Then slowly over Bock's plunging shoulder to
woman's face. She gasps at the moment of penetration,
her lovely face slowly shapes into smiling serenity.
sobs; even in the shadows we can see the path of the
on his cheek.

ABRUPT SILENCE.

OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL, NIGHT. 4:00 A.M.

of
The quiet, black streets glisten wetly in the puddles
lamplight.

THE STEINMETZ PAVILION, TENTH FLOOR

R.N., a
water
mouth. To
the room:
The night shift is finishing up. THERESA CAMPANELLA,
high-strung girl in her early twenties, stands at a
tap holding a glass and popping some pills in her

CAMPANELLA

Well, I'll see you.

TENTH FLOOR CORRIDOR. NIGHT

coat
Campanella comes out of the Dialysis room, puts on her
and walks to...

HOLLY PAVILION LOBBY. NIGHT

are
of the
her
Scowling
a
newspaper.
Campanella moves down the empty corridor. All the doors
closed now; only the overhead light in the background
corridor glows weakly. Campanella puts a cigarette in
mouth, pauses to look for matches; she hasn't any.
with annoyance, she continues to the lobby and stops by
partially visible white-jacketed figure reading a

CAMPANELLA

Do you have a match, Doctor?

deeply,
down.
She takes the matches, lights her cigarette, inhaling
when he suddenly sandbags her from behind. She goes

BOCK'S OFFICE. DAYBREAK, WEDNESDAY

the
the
and up
the
Covered by Bock's overcoat, Barbara tosses and turns on
couch in a small nightmare. Through the windows comes
first gray wash of dawn. FULL SHOT of Barbara, awake
on one elbow on the verge of a scream. She looks around
room. It is dark, empty, silent.

secretarial
on
of
his
him
coffee
ACROSS Barbara looking through the door to the
office. It is likewise dark, but suddenly the lights go
and, a moment later, Bock enters. He holds a container
coffee in each hand and has something white draped over
forearm. From under Bock's bulky coat, Barbara watches
lumber to his desk, where he sets the containers of

chair
correspondence
After a
across the

down. He drops the whitish garment over the back of a
and then sits. He hoists a bulging folder of
from his filing tray and hunches to work, reading.
moment, he regards the silent figure on the couch
room.

BOCK

You wouldn't be awake.

BARBARA

What time is it?

from
holds

He rises, picks up the second container and white dress
the chair. She reaches out an arm for the coffee. Bock
up -- a nurse's uniform.

BOCK

I swiped this for you out of the
nurses' locker room. I'll make good
on your dress. I'm afraid it's torn
beyond repair. Buy yourself a new
one or, if you like, give me your
size and I'll send it on to you. But
I want to talk to you about that.

BARBARA

Talk to me about what?

BOCK

About your father. You really
shouldn't move him in his condition.
I just had a look at his chart.
There's no reason to presume brain
damage. You know as well as I you
can't predict anything in these
instances. He could pull out of that
coma at any time. I think you should
let him stay here. I'll personally
look after him.

her
smiling.

He has perched on the edge of the couch, and she rests
cheek against the long, bent curve of his back,

BARBARA

Is this your way of saying you'd like me to stay in town a few more days?

He turns to look at her, smiles back.

BOCK

Well, that would be nice, too.

She sips her coffee.

BOCK

What do you say, Miss Drummond?

BARBARA

I expect you can call me Barbara, considering you ravished me three times last night.

BOCK

Three times?

BARBARA

Oh, look at him, pretending he didn't count. You were as puffed up as a toad about it. Punched a couple of holes in your crusade for universal impotence, didn't it? I think we're on a first name basis by now. I'll call you Herb.

BOCK

Let's give your father a week, Barbara, what do you say?

BARBARA

(a frown darkens her face)

No, I don't want my father in this hospital. I had a dream about this hospital.

(some of the terror shows on her face)

I dreamt this enormous starched white tile building suddenly erupted like a volcano, and all the patients, doctors, nurses, attendants, orderlies, the whole line staff, the food service people, the aged, the lame -- and you right in the middle -- were stampeding in one hideous screaming suicidal mass into the

sea.

(she stares at him
wide-eyed, reliving
the dream)

I'm taking my father out of here --
and as quickly as I can.

They stare at each other, she in terror, he with
affection.

BOCK

You're a real fruitcake, you know?

She sets her coffee down on the couch and decides to
wear
Bock's overcoat rather than use it as a cover. She
searches
for the sleeves. Bock assists her.

BARBARA

Well, let me put it this way. I love
you. I fancied you from the first
moment you came lumbering down that
hallway upstairs. I said to Mr.
Blacktree, "Who's that hulking bear
of a man?" The Apaches are reverential
about bears. They won't eat bear
meat; they never skin bears. Bear is
thought of as both benign and evil,
but very strong power. Men with bear
power are highly respected and are
frequently said to be great healers.

By now she's standing, the overcoat reaching her toes.
She
looks down at Bock perched on the couch.

BARBARA

I said to Mr. Blacktree, "That man
gets his power from the bear."

BOCK

Swell. Now, look, do you have a hotel,
some sort of accommodations where
you can stay for a week or so?

Barbara reaches for her coffee, sips, moves around in
her
tent of a coat.

BARBARA

All right, let me put it this way,

Herb. My father and I accept the implacability of death. If he dies, he dies, but I'm taking him out of here and back to Mexico about one o'clock this afternoon. I want you to come with us, because I love you and want children.

BOCK

I'm afraid Mexico sounds a little too remote for me.

BARBARA

We could use you down there, you know. There's a curiously high incidence of T.B. And you'd be a doctor again, Herb. You'd be necessary again. If you love me, I don't see what other choice you have.

BOCK

What do you mean, if I love you? I raped you in a suicidal rage. How did we get to love and children all of a sudden?

BARBARA

Oh, for heaven's sake, Herb, I ought to know if a man loves me or not. You must have told me half a hundred times last night you loved me. You murmured it, shouted it; one time, you opened the window and bellowed it out into the street.

BOCK

I think those were more expressions of gratitude than love.

BARBARA

Gratitude for what?

BOCK

Well, my God, for resurrecting feelings of life in me I thought dead.

BARBARA

Well, my God, what do you think love is?

BOCK

Okay, I love you, and you love me. I'm not about to argue with so relentless a romantic. Well, then, since we have this great passion going for us, I don't see why you won't stay on here in New York for a week or ten days...

BARBARA

It's up to ten days now.

BOCK

As long as it takes for your father's condition to improve.

BARBARA

No. I've had these prophetic dreams for seven nights. Seven is a sinister number. The meaning of these dreams is very clear, seven times as clear. I am to get my father and you out of this hospital before we are all destroyed.

BOCK

(throws up his hands)

You're certifiable! My God, half the time you're a perfectly intelligent young woman, and then suddenly you turn into a goddam cabalist who believes in dreams, witchcraft and bear power! And I don't like the way you dismiss my whole life as unnecessary. I do a lot of healing right here in Manhattan. I don't have to go to Mexico for it. I also teach. I send out eighty doctors a year into the world, sometimes inspired, at least competent. I've built up one of the best damned departments of medicine in the world. We've got a hell of a heart unit here and a hell of a kidney group. A lot of people come into this hospital in big trouble, Miss Drummond, and go out better for the experience. So don't tell me how unnecessary I am.

BARBARA

(who's been slipping
into the nurse's
uniform)

Yeah?

BOCK

Yeah.

BARBARA

So how come, eight hours ago, you were trying to kill yourself with an overdose of potassium?

BOCK

Where are you going now?

secretaries' This last in reference to Barbara crossing to the office, zippering her uniform.

BOCK'S SECRETARIES' OFFICE

BARBARA

(gathering her coat and purse)

My hotel. I have to check out. Mr. Blacktree doesn't speak any English.

BOCK

(from the connecting doorway)

Well, you're coming back, of course.

BARBARA

Of course. I have to settle the bill here and pack my father. And I think you need a few hours alone to make your decisions.

BOCK

What decisions?

BARBARA

You're a very tired and very damaged man. You've had a hideous marriage and I assume a few tacky affairs along the way. You're understandably reluctant to get involved again. And, on top of that, here I am with the preposterous idea you throw everything up and go off with me to some barren mountains of Mexico. It sounds utterly mad, I know. On the other hand, you obviously find this world as desolate as I do. You did

try to kill yourself last night. So that's it, Herb. Either me and the mountains or the bottle of potassium. I'll be back in an hour or so. I'll be in my father's room.

her She slips into her coat and exits, as Bock looks after thoughtfully, then turns back to his own office.

BOCK'S OFFICE

articulate He shuffles around distractedly, not knowing how to lean the exuberance he feels. Suddenly, he opens the window, out and bellows to the empty air.

BOCK

All right. I love you!
(softly)
My God!

FIRST AVENUE, CONSTRUCTION AREA. DAWN

BUILD
IN
sign
off
loud
two
others
cranes
A.M.,
carrying
groceries,
A construction sign fills the screen. It reads **ON THIS LOCATION, THE NEW YORK MEDICAL UNIVERSITY CENTER WILL A DRUG REHABILITATION COMMUNITY CENTER, TO BE COMPLETED** 1973. E.F. SCHLAGER & CO., CONTRACTORS. Suddenly, the comes crashing down into CAMERA. It has been wrenched the wooden fence protecting the row of tenements and brownstones being demolished. About a dozen young and militants have torn it down.
CAMERA PANS to show the row of houses behind the fence, of which have already been reduced to rubble; the have been boarded up. The demolition generators and are parked silently along the curb. In the dark of 5:00 three black families, carrying children, and children household effects, mattresses, pots, pans, bags of etc., are repossessing the condemned buildings.

FIRST AVENUE, CONSTRUCTION AREA. DAY, 10:00 A.M.

Strong sun overhead. The street has been roped off, and police are all over the place. A sparse crowd of a hundred or so throng the sidestreets off First Avenue. Signs read, "People Sí, Doctors No." A Channel 11 mobile news crew, newspaper photographers, and a radio newscaster are recording the situation with desultory interest.

A POLICE CAPTAIN stands in the middle of the cordoned street, bullhorning the occupiers of the condemned brownstones, who can be seen through the broken windows.

POLICE CAPTAIN

I repeat. I'm asking you to come out peacefully. These buildings are condemned and unfit for habitation.

A piece of brick arches down from the roof of a building and cracks the street a few feet from the Captain.

POLICE CAPTAIN

(sighs, tries again)

You people are possessing this building illegally and in violation of the law. I'm asking you to come out peacefully...

HOLLY PAVILION, ENTRANCE LOBBY. DAY

A small press conference is going on in a corner of the lobby. Reporters cluster, and TV cameras surround the Press Representative of the Hospital, a young woman in her thirties named EVELYN BASSEY, who is trying to read a statement, squinting under her mod glasses at the blaze of lights set up by the camera crews.

MRS. BASSEY

(reading)

...complete sympathy with the tenants.
So the hospital has assumed the

responsibility of finding 400 housing units in good buildings. The hospital wishes to point out that this particular row of buildings on First Avenue was condemned by the City before the hospital acquired ownership, and even then, only after responsible leaders in the community had approved the building of our new drug rehabilitation center.

SUNDSTROM'S OFFICE

SUNDSTROM

(explodes on the phone)
Goddammit, Barry, I've got a dozen community leaders waiting for me in the library! We've been trying to work out some kind of negotiable formula for two years! And with no help from you people in the Urban Affairs Division, I might add!

fifties,
terribly
topcoat.
of the

DR. WELBECK appears in the doorway. He's in his gray, distinguished and very tanned with terribly, kindly old country doctor eyes. He wears a camel hair He smiles benignly and twinkles at Sundstrom from one leather chairs across the desk from the Director.

SUNDSTROM

(hardly notices Welbeck)
And I'm not going to throw all that down the drain because some cockamamie activist group is show-boating for the television cameras! You get those people out of those buildings before a wall collapses or a fire breaks out and we've got a riot on our hands!... Okay!

He hangs up, sighs, turns to the man across the desk.

WELBECK

(smiles, twinkles)
Having your troubles, eh? Well, I won't take much of your time. My name's Welbeck. I've been associated with this hospital for six years,

and, yesterday afternoon, Dr. Gilley called me to say he was cutting off my privileges at the hospital. Do you know anything about it?

SUNDSTROM

(glances at his watch)
It's news to me.

WELBECK

He said he sent the report on.

SUNDSTROM

I'll probably get it tomorrow. Report on what?

WELBECK

Well, I'm not sure myself. I did a nephrectomy on a man about seven days ago. Emergency, called in at four in the morning. The man was hemorrhaging, he'd gone sour...

SUNDSTROM

Welbeck, I'm terribly sorry, but I do have this meeting.

(crosses to the door)

In any event, there's nothing I can do about it. If Gilley wants to cut your privileges, he's Chief of Surgery, it's within his province. You'll have to have the hearing...

He exits, followed by Welbeck into the...

DIRECTOR'S SUITE, SECRETARIES' OFFICES

Buzzing now. Typewriters clicking. Phones ringing.

WELBECK

I have a laparotomy laid on for this morning. I assume I'll be allowed to go through with that.

SUNDSTROM

Of course.

WELBECK

(huffing a little)
I've been associated with this hospital for six years...

SUNDSTROM

Now, now, Welbeck. It seems to me
I've had your name down here before
for something...

(to his secretary en
passant)

I'll be in the staff room.

He and Welbeck pass out into the...

EXECUTIVE CORRIDOR

Welbeck
corridor.

Flowing with a normal stream of traffic, Sundstrom and
turn right and head down to the last room of the
Something comes to him, and Sundstrom pauses.

SUNDSTROM

Wait a minute. You're the fellow
with the Medicaid collecting business
who incorporated and went public,
right? I mean, something like that?
Milton Mead was telling me about you
just the other day. You're a whole
medical conglomerate. You've got a
Factoring service, a computerized
billing company, and a few proprietary
hospitals, a few nursing homes. Good
heavens, Welbeck, you shouldn't be
brought up before a committee of
mere doctors. You should be
investigated by the Securities and
Exchange Commission. You'll have to
go through with the hearing, Welbeck.
I don't interfere in these things.

Even
male
harried
Ricans

He opens the door of the staff room and strides in.
before he enters, we get a blast of angry voices, both
and female. For the moment the door is ajar, we see a
Milton Mead being assailed by angry blacks and Puerto
and young white activist doctors.

HOSPITAL LIBRARY

VOICES

(all overlapping)
...no goddam halfway house, no way,

baby! We ain't gonna wait 'til 1973 to deal with this problem! We want to kill the drug thing right now!... imperializing the Blackaporican community, and we reject the bourgie-ass middle-class black traitors and flunkies who are selling out the Blackaporican proletariat masses to the expansionist, racist policies of this shit hospital!...

WOMAN

Let's get back to the abortion issue!

VOICE

Sit down, Woman!

WOMAN

What the hell does the male establishment know about abortions?

There's an agitated reaction in the crowd.

BLACK WOMAN

Who the hell raised the issue of birth control? The issue at hand is the control of drug addiction in this community and in the ghetto generally.

A black man jumps up and points off right.

BLACK MAN

We don't want no goddam abortion...

A white doctor jumps in from the left.

WHITE DOCTOR

Let's... let's get down to the core of this matter.

moves

More murmuring. A Che Guevara -- styled revolutionary toward Mead and Sundstrom at the table.

MAN

The point is that this hospital is the landlord for those buildings and they should've turned them down.

Angrily, he leans over the table facing Sundstrom.

MAN

Those buildings are imperialistic extensions of the medical establishment. This hospital ought to be rebuilding those tenements, give those people decent housing.

rise. The Sundstrom raises his hands for quiet and starts to hostile din has gotten to him.

SUNDSTROM

Please, please, please!

HOLLY PAVILION, ROOM

Nurse William Mead is transferred from his bed to a rolling stretcher by an orderly in shirt and trousers and by eyes Felicia Chile. Nurse Chile tucks Mead in. He opens his to look at her drowsily.

WILLIAM MEAD

(under sedation)

You know, I hallucinated last night. I hallucinated there was an Indian doing a war dance in here.

NURSE CHILE

(affably)

You weren't hallucinating, Mr. Mead. There was an Indian in here last night.

WILLIAM MEAD

(staring through his sedation at her)

There was?

They wheel him out into...

HOLLY PAVILION, SURGICAL AREA CORRIDOR

the far Mead is wheeled down the corridor by the orderly. At fresh end, an anesthetized patient, blue in the harsh light, from surgery, is being wheeled into a recovery room. Surgery is busy and efficient but not as clinically tidy as

piled
nurses,
flanking
doctors
orderlies
mutter.
turns

we'd like. Linens and equipment and surgical gear are
into corners or on empty stretchers. Green-uniformed
doctors and orderlies go in and out of the many doors
the corridor. This is the non-sterilized area, where
and nurses confer in the corridors; three black
await an assignment, sit on stretchers, chuckle,
Phones can be heard RINGING. The orderly wheeling Mead
left into the...

SURGICAL AREA, CENTRAL PLAZA

the
Holding
grown
casual
operations
still
from
Office.

...a small, cluttered central area with the office of
Operating Room Nursing Supervisor on the right and the
(for Anesthesia) Room on the left. The O.R. is like the
Emergency Ward, desperately busy but staffed by people
so accustomed to it that they display a calm, almost
but febrile efficiency. A large blackboard faces the
Supervisor's Office with the day's schedule of
neatly chalked in. It is full. A middle-aged surgeon,
in his overcoat, is studying the schedule.
A green-uniformed NURSE swings through the glass doors
the Operating Room area to lean into the Supervisor's

NURSE

Dr. Norris says about half an hour.

SECOND NURSE

Tell Shirley it was just an ovarian
cyst.

The THIRD NURSE leans back into the Supervisor's Office
to relay this information.

THIRD NURSE

Shirley, it was just an ovarian cyst!

saying This is apparently good news, for we hear someone

VOICE

(off-screen)
Oh, thank God.

Nursing An orderly rumbles by with an E.K.G. machine. O.R.

the Supervisor DOROTHY KIMBALL, a pleasant lady in her late thirties, leans out of her office to speak to one of lounging orderlies.

MRS. KIMBALL

(handing the orderly
a slip)
All right, Jerry, go up to Holly Six.

exits. It The orderly detaches himself from his cronies and is into this atmosphere of subdued febrility that William Mead is wheeled.

ORDERLY

(to Mrs. Kimball)
William Mead from Holly Eight.

MRS. KIMBALL

Hold him there, Tom. We've got somebody coming out right now.

Room. Indeed, a stretcher is being wheeled out of the Holding
wheels The patient is sedated and covered. As the orderly
profile her past CAMERA, we may recognize the pale, sleeping
a of Miss Campanella, the nurse who had been coshed with
through sandbag not many scenes ago. A CIRCULATING NURSE comes
the glass doors, examines the chart dangling from the
stretcher.

MRS. KIMBALL

(to this nurse)
Who's that? Mangafranni?

CIRCULATING NURSE

(checking wristband)

Yeah.

(to orderly)

Number three, Marty.

Operating
carrying
examines

The orderly wheels the silent Miss Campanella off to Room Three, as Dr. Welbeck, in his natty blue suit, his camel coat, turns in from the outer corridor and the blackboard. He goes back to...

OUTER CORRIDOR

...Welbeck crosses, opens a door and enters...

SURGEONS' LOCKER ROOM

cartons
operations
young
on his

All four walls are lined with lockers. Shelves and of green surgical clothes, caps, masks, trousers, shoe-coverings. Obviously, surgeons dress for their here. Two surgeons, one middle-aged and the other a RESIDENT, are changing. The resident turns to Welbeck entrance and says:

RESIDENT

It's legal for a doctor to incorporate in New York, isn't it, Doctor?

WELBECK

(en route to phone)

Since last September. If they had that when I was your age, I'd have put away a couple of million by now.

(dials)

It gives you a variety of deferral devices, profit-sharing for example. Let's say you pick yourself an October 31-fiscal. You declare a bonus payable in '71. An accrued item payable to a principle share-holder must be paid within two and half months after the close of the year to get the deduction in the prior year. But your corporation doesn't pay that tax, because we've eliminated the taxable

income with the bonus. With two taxable entities, you can bury a hell of a lot of expenses...

(on phone)

Hello, this is Welbeck, any messages?... Well, I'm at the hospital. I have to cut open some guy in a couple of minutes. I'll try to make it as fast as I can. How urgent did he say it was?... Well, Dr. Hogan made those arrangements with the underwriters. The Registration Statement was filed with the S.E.C. well over a year ago... If he calls again, have me paged here.

(hangs up, turns back to the attentive young doctors to conduct his class in medical finance while changing into surgical scrub)

The really big money is in health leasing, of course. Dr. Hogan, the eminent orthopedic surgeon, and I incorporated a leasing company and went public last year. I hold a controlling interest in a number of proprietary hospitals, nursing homes and rest farms, and I've been leasing hospital equipment to my own hospitals at excessive rates. Why, you ask, am I draining my own hospitals? Well, my hospitals are taxed at 48 percent, and I'm giving my leasing company a hell of a price-earnings ratio, which'll balloon the market value of the stock. I hold three hundred thousand shares of that stock, lettered of course, but in a year, I'll dump those shares at a capital gain and walk off with a bundle...

OPERATING ROOM THREE

MALLORY, a Just like on TV -- well, almost. The surgeon, DR. his bad-tempered man in his fifties, sits on a stool with surgical gloved hands wrapped in a towel, waiting for the two

happens
sheeted

RESIDENTS to finish painting the operable area, which
to be the abdomen. It's a hysterectomy. The patient is
except for the small square of abdominal area.

DR. MALLORY

Mangafranni, right?

SCRUB NURSE

Right.

DR. MALLORY

(grumbles to one of
the residents)

What do you say, huh? We're not going
to hang it in the Louvre, you know.

I.V.

The anesthesiologist, DR. CHU, injects pentathol in the
tube.

DR. CHU

Bring a mask over.

tank,
applies
patient. He
of

The RESIDENT ANESTHESIOLOGIST trundles over the oxygen
takes the hypodermic syringe from Dr. Chu, who now
the oxygen mask to the enmarbled profile of the
studies the gauges and equipment around him at the head
the operating table.

RESIDENT ANESTHESIOLOGIST

There's no pulse, Doctor.

DR. CHU

What's the pressure?

RESIDENT ANESTHESIOLOGIST

There's no blood pressure, Doctor.

DR. CHU

No pulse. Get the tube and E.K.G.

DR. MALLORY

What's the matter?

RESIDENT

I can't feel a thing, sir.

a
the
The room galvanizes into the swift, silent activity of
chest massage. Dr. Mallory, standing and stretching in
back of the room, turns and moves toward the off-screen
patient. He begins a vigorous rhythmic massage of the
patient's rib cage over the heart.

DR. MALLORY

What the hell happened?

fist,
Dr. Mallory thumps the patient's chest hard with his
and the others, likewise, go to work.

DR. CHU

I don't know. She must have thrown
an embolus. She was doing fine up to
now.

(to Resident
Anesthesiologist)

Did you check the gasses?

RESIDENT ANESTHESIOLOGIST

I did, sir.

DR. CHU

The only time I ever saw anybody
conk out like this, some jerk switched
the nitrous oxide and the gas lines.

hospital
of
The scrub nurse is applying electrode paste to the
defibrillators. Dr. Mallory yanks the sheets and
shirt off the patient and begins very rigorous massage
the exposed ribs; we can hear one rib crack.

DR. MALLORY

Get the damn leads on. For Chrissakes,
what the hell is this?!

RESIDENT

She's just a young woman, sir. Do
you think we should open the chest?

DR. MALLORY

(defibrillating)

She's fifty-three, you buttonhead!

RESIDENT

(off-screen)
Bicarb?

bicarbonate
rigid,
readings.

Dr. Chu, who has been inserting some suprel and
into the tube of the patient's I.V., is frowning at her
white-capped face. He leans over to check the E.K.G.

DR. CHU
She's fibrillating, Doctor.

Mallory straddles the patient. He's doing heavy heart
massage.

DR. MALLORY
Jesus H. Christ!

DR. CHU
Okay, stop for a minute... Doctor...

Dr. Chu pushes back, the operating cap on the patient's
head,
again.

revealing jet-black hair. Mallory starts to massage

DR. MALLORY
(barking at the scrub
nurse)
You got those paddles ready?

Dr. Chu stares blankly at the patient's face, then
looks up
table,
rhythmically crushing away at the patient's rib cage.

DR. CHU
I may be crazy, Doctor, but I don't
think this is your patient.

Dr. Mallory, now pausing for a moment, looks up. He is
beaded
with sweat.

DR. MALLORY
What the hell are you talking about?

He massages away. Another rib cracks.

HOLLY PAVILION, BOCK'S OFFICE

a
is

The Supervisor of Nurses, Mrs. Christie, is sitting on chair reading a report. Bock, now in his doctor's coat, hunched over his desk, hands clasped.

BOCK

Now, I don't want to get into an institutional hassle with you, Mrs. Christie. The malpractice here is monumental. As you see, Dr. Schaefer's blood sugar was twenty-three. No glucose solution is going to do that. The only thing that will do that is at least fifty units of insulin, probably more. The only presumption is that one of those nurses on the Eighth Floor shot fifty units of insulin into Schaefer's blood stream, either by injection or through the I.V., although how in God's name...

Mrs. Christie's electric pocket-pager BEEPS.

MRS. CHRISTIE

I'm very sorry, Doctor.
(reaches for a phone)
May I?

Miss McGuire leans in from the secretaries' office.

MISS MCGUIRE

(to Bock)
Doctor, did you ask the head nurse on the eighth floor to let you know when a Miss Drummond got there?

BOCK

Yes.

MISS MCGUIRE

Well, she just got there.

BOCK

Thank you.

MRS. CHRISTIE

(on phone)
Oh, dear me, Dorothy. I better get right down there directly. Have you called the O.O.D.? And you better

call Dr. Gilley. And you better call Mr. Sloan... Yes, I'll be down directly.

(hangs up; to Bock)

I'm very sorry, Doctor, but there's a real nasty one in the O.R. They've just operated on the wrong patient...

O.R. NURSING SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE

here
Chief of
security

Crowded now. The administrative resident, Hitchcock, is and a uniformed man in his fifties, MR. SLOAN, the Safety and Traffic. Sloan represents the Hospital's force. Mrs. Kimball is at her desk, on the phone.

MRS. KIMBALL

(on phone)

...well, I don't understand, is she back in her room? When did she get back to her room? Who brought her back?...

(she stares at

Hitchcock)

She's back in her room.

HITCHCOCK

Who?

MRS. KIMBALL

Mrs. Mangafranni, the woman who was supposed to have been operated on...

(calls to a nurse

passing)

Are they still working on that woman in Three?

NURSE

Yeah.

MRS. KIMBALL

(back on phone)

I'm sorry, Mrs. Fried, would you say that again?... Well, nobody in this office sent her back up... Well, all right, Mrs. Fried, I'll have to call you back.

She hangs up, stands, goes out into...

THE OPERATING AREA, PLAZA

...where three orderlies lounge about.

MRS. KIMBALL

Did any of you take a woman named Mangafranni out of the Holding Room back up to Holly Five around ten o'clock?

from
flows by:
surgeons
keeping

Apparently, none of these three. Mrs. Christie turns in the outer corridor. Normal Operating Room activity patients wheeled to and from their various surgeries, checking the blackboard, staff doctors, orderlies the noise level low but steady.

MRS. CHRISTIE

(to Hitchcock in the doorway)
What happened?

Hitchcock shrugs helplessly.

MRS. KIMBALL

(to Mrs. Christie)
I don't know what happened. A patient named Mangafranni was scheduled for a hysterectomy at ten o'clock -- Dr. Mallory. I talked to Sylvia in the Holding Room who admitted her, so she was here. And now I just spoke to Mrs. Fried on Holly Five, and she says an orderly brought Mrs. Mangafranni back to her room about twenty minutes ago. Now Mrs. Mangafranni is in her room sleeping.

MRS. CHRISTIE

Well, who's the woman in the operating room?

MRS. KIMBALL

I don't know.

through
rooms.

Mrs. Kimball, Mrs. Christie, Hitchcock and Sloan push the glass doors to the crossroads of the operating rooms.

Through each window, we see operating crews hacking
away.

MRS. CHRISTIE

Is she dead?

MRS. KIMBALL

Well, they had to open her up, and
that's not good.

They gather in anticipation outside O.R. Three and peer
over
operating
door,
each other's shoulders into the room where the
crew is hunched over the open-heart massage. The masked
circulating nurse looks up, notices the audience at the
and gives a hopeless shrug.

HITCHCOCK

I better get Mr. Mead.

HOLLY PAVILION, THE STAFF ROOM

Milton Mead is sitting in a back seat of the Staff Room
-- a
gives
simultaneously
lounge with couches, easy chairs and magazine racks --
half an ear to the several opinions being
expressed by:

LADY FROM WOMEN'S LIB

...abortion? The clinic should be
under the supervision and entirely
staffed by women and administered by
a member of the Women's Committee
for Medical Liberation!

and by

YOUNG WHITE ACTIVIST

...let's get to the core of the matter
which is the criminal and gangster
collusion between the American medical
establishment and the drug, insurance
and tobacco companies who, through
their combined racketeering efforts,
have produced a dual system of health
care. Everything for the rich and
nothing for the poor!

and by

BLACK PANTHER

...abortion clinic! That's genocide,
baby! You're just killing off blacks!
We consider proliferation elemental
to the class struggle!

and by

SUNDSTROM

(who has lost his
cool altogether and
is screaming right
along with everyone
else)

...for God's sake! We've got eleven
people in these buildings, and we've
got to get them out of there! We can
rectify the injustices of the world
tomorrow, but right now, for God's
sake, can we get those people out of
those buildings? Will you people
please listen to me? Will you people
please shut up and listen to me?
Will you people please call a halt
to this participatory democracy and
address ourselves to the immediate
problem?!

Mead
and
the...
During this maelstrom, the phone at Mead's elbow RINGS.
answers it, listens, nods, returns the receiver, stand
slips out of the room into the delicious silence of

HOLLY PAVILION, EXECUTIVE CORRIDOR

offices.
...where Hitchcock emerges from the Administration
The two men move down the hall toward each other.

MILTON MEAD

How long ago did this happen?

HITCHCOCK

About half an hour.

MILTON MEAD

Have you called the Medical Examiner?

HITCHCOCK

Not yet.

MILTON MEAD

Well, you'd better do that now. And you better call the precinct station house as well.

OPERATING ROOM THREE

gloves
the
Sloan
blessed

Dr. Mallory is wrenching off his blood-drenched rubber and flinging them to the floor in a rage. The door to room opens, and Mrs. Kimball, Mrs. Christie and Mr. enter. Dr. Mallory is stupefied with anger. Dr. Chu, with Eastern containment, blandly gathers his equipment together, nods to Mrs. Christie.

DR. CHU

Good morning.

MRS. CHRISTIE

Good morning, Doctor.

DR. CHU

This is really something, isn't it? I thought she looked a little different when they brought her in. I even said to one of the nurses, "She looks a little younger without her dentures." I'd only talked to her half an hour before.

MRS. CHRISTIE

Does anybody know who she is?

stares

Dr. Mallory can only stare at her numbly. He turns and numbly at Mr. Sloan.

MRS. CHRISTIE

(to Mrs. Kimball,
examining the chart
dangling from the
operating table)
What's her chart say?

CIRCULATING RESIDENT

Her chart says Mangafranni. Her

bracelet says Mangafranni. The only thing that isn't Mangafranni is the woman.

Dr. Mallory finally explodes.

DR. MALLORY

Jesus H. Christ! I've been chopping out three uteruses a day for twenty years, and is it too much to expect for you people to bring in the right goddam Jesus Christ uterus?!

DR. CHU

I had just been talking to her in the Holding Room. She was perfectly fine. A little drowsy. I thought it was funny that when they brought her in, she was out cold.

DR. MALLORY

(shuffling around in aimless circles)
Jesus H. Kee-rist!

patient on
that
Mrs. Christie stares down at the face of the dead
the table, who has had her chest spread wide open so
the organs are exposed.

MRS. CHRISTIE

Well, we'll just all have to stay here until Mr. Mead or someone from the O.O.D. comes back.

DR. MALLORY

Well, I'm not taking the rap for this! I've already got one malpractice suit pending, and I'm not taking the rap for this one!

HOLLY PAVILION, ROOM

suit,
lies
Barbara
one-
William Mead's bed is empty. The Reverend Drummond's
still on its hanger, is lying on it. Drummond himself
comatose and rigged out with I.V.s and catheters.
Drummond is packing her father's things into an open

They

suitcase valise. The door opens. She looks up. It's Bock.
look at each other -- two people in love.

BOCK

Look, you're not going. I love you,
and I'm not going to let you go.

He picks up the suit lying on the bed.

BOCK

Come on, let's start putting your
father's things back. He's staying
here.

(hangs the suit in
the closet)

I'll find an apartment somewhere.
I'm staying in a filthy little hotel
room. We can't use that.

in

two

nameplate

His eyes are caught by a white doctor's uniform hanging
the armoire along with the suits and overcoats of the
patients in the room. He bends over to peer at the
over the breast pocket.

BARBARA

I can't make it here, Herb. I'll
crack up. I cracked up once already.
One week here, and I'd be running
naked through the streets screaming
again. I can retain my sanity only
in a simple society.

BOCK

For God's sake, Barbara, you can't
seriously see me living in a grass
shack hunting jackrabbits for dinner?
Be sensible for God's sake.

BARBARA

I am being sensible. What is it you're
so afraid of leaving here? Your
plastic home? Your conditioned air?
Your synthetic clothes? Your instant
food? I'm offering you green silence
and solitude, the natural order of
things. Mostly, I'm offering me. I
think we're beautiful, Herb.

BOCK

(utterly in love)
You make it sound almost plausible.

BARBARA

I don't know why you even hesitate.
What's holding you here? Is it your
wife?

BOCK

No, that's all over. I suppose if
I'm married to anything, it's this
hospital. It's been my whole life. I
just can't walk out on it as if it
never mattered. I'm middle-class.
Among us middle-class, love doesn't
triumph over all. Responsibility
does.

BARBARA

Herb, don't ask me to stay here with
you, because I love you, and I will.
And we'll both be destroyed.

He turns to her again. They both look away.

BARBARA

I've got the bill here to pay yet.

BOCK

I'll come with you.

into She gathers her raincoat and goes. Bock follows her out
the...

HOLLY PAVILION, EIGHTH FLOOR, CORRIDOR

perhaps ...where Dr. Joseph Lagerman, Head of Nephrology,
remembered from an earlier scene, has been waiting for
Bock. He joins them en route to the elevators.

LAGERMAN

Herb, you asked me to find that
dialysis nurse.

BOCK

What dialysis nurse?

her. Barbara has continued walking. Bock starts to follow

BARBARA

I'll go pay the bill.

LAGERMAN

The one who goofed on your patient,
Drummond.

Bock turns back to Lagerman.

LAGERMAN

Well, her name is Theresa Campanella,
but you are not going to believe
this, Herb. She died on the operating
table in O. R. Three about an hour
ago.

after Barbara is disappearing into an elevator. Bock starts
her, then turns back to Lagerman.

BOCK

What do you mean, she died on the
operating table in O.R. Three?

They hurry down the corridor to the elevators.

BOCK

You mean she was the one?

LAGERMAN

That's the one. I just identified
her.

BOCK

What the hell's going on around here?
Every time I try to find somebody in
this hospital, they either died of a
heart attack in Emergency or of
anesthesia shock in an operating
room.

and Elevator doors open. A nurse and visitor get out. Bock
Lagerman go into...

THE ELEVATOR

there, Two or three people besides the elevator operator are

as well as a patient on a stretcher and an orderly.

LAGERMAN

Listen, I just came from the O.R.
They're trying to find a Dr. Schaefer.
Don't you have a kid named Schaefer
in your service?

BOCK

(scowls, mutters)
I had a Schaefer. He died yesterday
of an overdose of insulin. What do
they want Schaefer for?

LAGERMAN

The Holding Room nurse says there
was a Dr. Schaefer hanging around
the Holding Room. It wouldn't have
been your Schaefer anyway. The nurse
says it was senior staff, a middle-
aged man.

BOCK

There's no senior staff named Schaefer
in this hospital.

LAGERMAN

I told them that. I said, I don't
know any senior staff around here
named Schaefer. They've got detectives
down there, everything. It's a whole
big investigation.

and The elevator stops at the seventh floor. The doors open
Bock and Lagerman stroll into...

HOLLY PAVILION, SEVENTH FLOOR, CORRIDOR

Bock lumbers down the west corridor, turns into...

ROOM 806

is William Mead, sedated and apparently zonked out cold,
O.R. being transferred from a stretcher back into bed by an
around orderly and nurse's aid. Bock rolls back the curtains
his Drummond's bed revealing the comatose patient, his face
sculptured against the white pillow, an I.V. tube in

right arm, a catheter projecting from under the sheet.
Bock lowers the protective railing, leans in, takes the
man's pulse on his neck, raises one closed eyelid, then the
other. The pupils stare vacuously back at him; the eyelids
drop closed as soon as they are released.
In the background, the orderly and aid finish tucking
in William Mead and exit, wheeling their creaking
stretcher out. The room is shockingly silent. Bock goes to the
window and frowns in thought.
HOLD ACROSS the patient Drummond, on Bock in the
background at the window with his back to us. Suddenly, Drummond's
eyes open. He lies rigid, his eyes staring dementedly into
the air above him.
Slowly, his left hand reaches out and carefully
withdraws the catheter from his bladder, lays it on the white
sheet beside him, and silently reaches over to withdraw the
I.V. needle from his right arm. He lets the needle dangle,
dripping onto the bed. Carefully, he twists out from under his
sheet, swings his legs over the side of the bed and sits up.
REVERSE ACROSS Bock at the window, pondering. With a
swift lash of movement, the double tubes of a stethoscope are
whipped over his head and tightened around his throat.

DRUMMOND

(mad as a hatter)

I am the Fool for Christ and the
Paraclete of Caborca.

CLOSE TWO SHOT of Bock being strangled, Drummond's face
frozen in bland dementia behind him.

BARBARA'S VOICE

(off-screen)

For heaven's sake, Dad! What the hell's going on?

poor

Drummond pauses in his strangling and, releasing the man altogether, turns to his daughter in the doorway.

recuperating;

CAMERA DOLLIES to include all three -- Bock

Drummond staring madly; and Barbara infuriated with her father.

BARBARA

(annoyed)

We all thought you were at Death's Door! What're you doing out of bed?

dangling

Drummond, abashed, stands there, a scolded schoolboy, a rawboned figure in a hospital shift, a stethoscope from his right hand.

BARBARA

(to Bock)

What happened? Did he say anything to you?

BOCK

(sufficiently recovered)

As a matter of fact, he said, "I am the Fool for Christ and the Paraclete of Caborca." And you'd better close the door, because if he's going to tell everyone who walks in here he's the Fool for Christ and the Paraclete of Caborca, they'll put us all away. He's already killed two doctors and one nurse.

DRUMMOND

I am the wrath of the lamb and the angel of the bottomless pit.

BARBARA

What do you mean he killed two doctors and a nurse?

BOCK

I mean, he's killed two doctors and a nurse! And he just tried to kill

me! He has something against doctors. Somehow he got hold of a thousand units of insulin and put it in Dr. Schaefer's intravenous solution. And somehow he got Dr. Ives to die of a heart attack in the middle of the Emergency Room. And somehow he got a dialysis nurse named Campanella to die of anesthesia shock on an operating table!

(opens the closet,
points to the white
doctor's uniform
hanging there)

He's been running around the hospital wearing Dr. Schaefer's uniform. Right now, they're looking all over the place for this mysterious Dr. Schaefer. I know this all sounds as grotesque to you as it does to me, but you can see for yourself your father is not the helpless comatose patient we thought he was. Don't look at me like I'm the one who's crazy. Ask your crazy father!

DRUMMOND

I was merely an instrument of God. I killed no one. They all three died by their own hands, ritual victims of their own institutions, murdered by irony, an eye for an eye, biblical retribution. Schaefer was first, you see, because he killed God. God was admitted to this hospital last Monday under the name of Guernsey...

ROOM 806. MORNING. (FLASHBACK)

fragile,
to
being
solicitously
and hat
the

A cheerless, gray sunlight fills the room as the white-haired and bearded old Guernsey (whose admittance to the hospital was the opening scene of the film) is helped into the room by Nurse Felicia Chile. She helps the wispy old man off with his coat and jacket which she puts in the armoire. With palsied fingers,

the
bed,

little old man unknots his stringy tie and unbuttons collar, which is three sizes too large. In the other Drummond's eyes slowly open.

DRUMMOND

(off-screen)

I was instantly aware of a divine presence.

thin

The old man is slipping out of his clothes to expose a little body in a torn nightshirt.

DRUMMOND

(off-screen)

I was convinced this porcelain old man was, in fact, an Angel of the Lord...

smiles
Drummond
the
silent

The old man sits back, wheezing a little. Nurse Chile nicely at him and takes her leave. For a moment, lies rigidly on his bed, staring dully into the air and old man sits with his hunched back to us. The room is except for his rheumy wheeze.

DRUMMOND

(off-screen)

...perhaps even Christ Himself.

washbasin
back to
professional

After a moment, the old man rises and goes to the and, with some wheezing, spits into it. He shuffles bed. Dr. Schaefer comes into the room with a smile and the patient Guernsey's chart.

DRUMMOND

(off-screen)

Our Savior was, it seems, suffering from emphysema.

to

Schaefer perches on the bed beside Guernsey and begins take his history.

DRUMMOND

(off-screen)

He was relentlessly subjected to the benefits of modern medicine. He was misdiagnosed, misedicated, and put into shock by Dr. Schaefer; raced off to Intensive Care, where the resident compounded the blunder and induced a coma. I can tell you with authority that God is indeed dead. He died last Monday under the name of Guernsey.

CLOSE-UP of Drummond in deep shadow shows him sleeping.

DRUMMOND

(off-screen)

A few hours later, he appeared to me in a revelation.

ROOM 806. NIGHT, 7:00 P.M.

opened
down on
The room is lit only by the yellow light from the half-bathroom door. Guernsey walks out of the shadows, hands raised. He shuffles to Drummond's bedside and looks him from his frail height.

GUERNSEY

(softly)

Rise up, Drummond. You are dead, now you are restored.

voice.
Drummond's eyes open and roll to the direction of the

hospital
hands
intellectual,
beard
DRUMMOND'S P.O.V.: Guernsey, dressed only in his shift, is shuffling up and down the aisle of the room, clasped behind his back like a Mittel-European head hunched forward -- a little old man with a white beard talking to himself.

GUERNSEY

Those who killed you and those who killed me will die in our place. You are the Paraclete of Caborca, the wrath of the lamb. The angel of the

bottomless pit.

Guernsey closes his eyes in religious ecstasy.

GUERNSEY

In this fashion has it been revealed
to you.

imbued
who
into

Drummond starts to sob and slowly sits up in his bed,
with belief. He looks mutely up at the frail old man,
now raises his right hand and his face is transfigured
vast majesty.

GUERNSEY

(thunders out)

The age is closed! The end is at
hand! The seal is broken!

wheezing
lies
the
of
Drummond
glinting in
tears of

So saying, he reverts to the little old man he was,
a bit, and with some effort, climbs back on his bed and
there, eyes closed. His thin, high nose projects from
whiteness of his face. He sighs the rattling last sigh
life and dies. CAMERA DOLLIES slowly to CLOSE-UP of
lying motionless on his bed. His eyes are wide,
the shadows, a man imbued. His cheeks are wet with
exaltation.

DRUMMOND

(off-screen)

Well! Not quite the burning bush
perhaps but prodigal enough for me.
I was to avenge the death of God and
my own brutalization. I was to kill
Doctors Schaefer, Ives and Welbeck
and the dialysis nurse Miss
Campanella, whose negligence caused
my coma.

his
shoulders.

FULL SHOT of Drummond. He raises his left hand, flexing
fingers. Then he moves his other arm, his head, his

Obviously, he is regaining his faculties.

DRUMMOND

(off-screen)

I awaited a further sign from God,
which was given to me later that
evening. Dr. Schaefer, it seems, had
arranged an assignation with a girl
from the hematology lab named Sheila.

lights
wheeling
the
the

ACROSS Drummond to the now empty other bed. All the
are on. PAN on Nurse Penny Canduso and an orderly
away the wrapped body of Guernsey. Intern Schaefer, at
door, considers the empty bed with interest. Moving to
bedtable, he picks up the receiver of the phone.

SCHAEFER

(on phone)

Hey Sheila, this is Howard, Sheila.
Hey listen, I got us a bed for
tonight. A real, honest-to-god bed.

ROOM 806. NIGHT

Dr.
and

REPRISE the scene originally played UNDER CREDITS where
Schaefer and his girlfriend Sheila sneak into the room
undress. Giggles and shushings, gooses and fondles.

SHEILA

Boy, I sure hope nobody walks in.

added.
armoire,

During the replay, however, an additional segment is
At one point, the girl, hanging her dress in the
turns and holds something up.

SHEILA

What's this in your pocket?

SCHAEFER

That's my insulin. Put it back.

SHEILA

What do you take insulin for?
Diabetes? I didn't know you were a

diabetic.

SCHAEFER

It ain't contagious, don't worry about it.

Drummond's

They head for the unoccupied bed. CLOSE-UP on profile.

ROOM 806

to the
quickly

Dark, hushed. Schaefer's girl is leaving; she tiptoes door, peeks out. Apparently, the coast is clear. She slips out.

ROOM 806. DAY

her
on.

Drummond on his chair. Barbara perched on one side of father's bed, Bock on the other. William Mead sleeps

BOCK

And you put Schaefer's insulin into the I.V. jar.

DRUMMOND

Yes. And then a second nurse came and plugged the I.V. jar into Schaefer. God clearly intended a measure of irony here. The hospital was to do all the killing for me. All I need do was arrange for the doctors to become patients in their own hospital. Accordingly, the next morning, I set out for Dr. Ives. I put on Dr. Schaefer's uniform, pinched some digoxine from the pharmacy and a sandbag from a utility cart, and found my way to Dr. Ives' laboratory. I coshed him with the sandbag, gave him a massive shot of the digoxine. This, you see, brought on an instant condition of cardiac arrhythmia. When he came to, I brought him down to the Emergency Room.

EMERGENCY ROOM AREA, LOBBY. DAY

background.
Admitting
matters

The usual E.R. crush and motion goes on in the
Drummond escorts an obviously ill Dr. Ives to the
Room. Drummond's voice under the narration explains
to Miss Aronovici at the desk.

DRUMMOND

This is Dr. Ives. He's in the
Nephrology Lab. I was in there a
little while ago, and he was suddenly
taken ill, and I thought I'd better
get him over here right away.

DRUMMOND

(off-screen)
He had at that time perhaps an hour
to live. Prompt treatment would have
saved his life.

They go into the...

EMERGENCY ADMITTING AND TREATMENT ROOMS

heavily.
Ives, seated on a table in evident distress, breathes

DRUMMOND

(voice-off)
As a staff doctor, he was seen without
preliminaries...

Ives

An attendant takes his pulse, pressure and respiration.
collapses.

DRUMMOND

(voice-off)
His vital signs were taken, an
electrocardiogram...

of
triage
the
in a

PAN SLOWLY across the Emergency Room to catch its state
contained febrility. Every curtained treatment room is
occupied, including the storage room in the back. The
nurse and a second nurse behind the desk are busy on
phones. The triage nurse takes the history of the first

answers line of five people seeking admission even as she
her phone.

Spezio We watch Miss Aronovici and the other nurse and Dr.
with one and his two interns, the two attendants -- all busy
patient or another.

DRUMMOND

(voice-off)
...which revealed occasional
ventricular premature contractions.
An intern took his history...

against ACROSS Drummond, white-uniformed, standing in the back
patients the filing cabinets and linens, watching the the new
trickle and crowd in.

DRUMMOND

(voice-off)
...and then he was promptly...

signed At the Admitting Desk, a MAN in his forties is being
in by a uniformed cop.

DRUMMOND

(voice-off)
...simply... forgotten to death.
Simply mislaid...

CAMERA JUST STARES at the pageant of pain.

DRUMMOND

(voice-off)
...mislaid among the broken wrists,
the chest pains, scalp lacerations,
the man whose fingers were crushed
in a taxi door, the infant with the
skin rash, the child swiped by a
car, the old lady mugged in the
subway, the derelict beaten by
sailors, the teenage suicide, the
paranoids, drunks, asthmatics, the
rapes, the septic abortions, the
overdosed addicts...

EMERGENCY ROOM AREA, LOBBY

attendants,
burst
in.

Looking to the street doors as two ambulance
bearing a seventeen-year-old black girl on a stretcher,
in.

AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS

(shouting)

Not breathing! Not breathing!

into
the...

They hurry into the Admitting Room past a nurse and
the...

EMERGENCY ADMITTING AND TREATMENT ROOMS

Aronovici
to
his

...which is already galvanized into action. Miss
is at the girl's pulse even as she is being transferred
the bed that has just been cleared of Mr. Mitgang and
concussion case.

INTERN

(instructing attendant
with Mitgang)

Better put him in the Holding Room.

MISS ARONOVICI

(with the seventeen-
year-old girl)

She's taking a little pulse.

DR. SPEZIO

(to triage nurse)

Get an anesthesiologist, one-five-
one-five...

overdose
fades

On screen we continue watching the scene of the
case treatment, as the live-action sound in the room
behind Drummond's tale.

DRUMMOND

(off-screen)

...the fractures, infarcts,
hemorrhages, concussions, boils,
abrasions, the colonic cancers, the
cardiac arrests -- the whole wounded

madhouse of our times...

panorama REACTION SHOT of Drummond staring at this ceaseless
of pain, tears streaking down his cheeks.

MAN'S VOICE

(off-screen)

I wonder if I could have a minute of
your time, Doctor...

include Drummond turns to the voice. CAMERA PULLS BACK to
uniformed the man who had been brought into the E.R. by a
cop.

DRUMMOND

I am the fool for Christ and the
Paraclete of Caborca.

NAMELESS MAN

Well, it's an honor and a privilege,
Doctor. I've been here ten minutes,
I can't seem to get anybody to help
me. I'm suffering from some sort of
amnesia. I can't remember my name.
As a matter of fact, it's pretty
screwy. I got mugged. Two hours ago,
walking out of a coffee shop on Fifty-
Seventh Street and Second Avenue,
eight o'clock in the morning, broad
daylight, I got mugged. A sixteen-
year-old girl walks up to me, shows
me a knife about a yard long and
says, "Give me your wallet." I thought
she was kidding. I mean there's
hundreds of people walking right by.
Well, she wasn't kidding. "Listen,"
I said, "all I got's about twenty
bucks." So she takes the wallet
anyway. So I said, "How about leaving
me my identification?" I mean, I had
my driver's license, my Diner's Club,
my credit cards. But she took them
all, the whole damn wallet, credit
cards, everything. So I stopped some
guy, I said, "Hey, you see that girl
there, walking away?" He says, "Yeah."
I said, "She just stole my wallet,
credit cards and everything." He
says, "Well, that's what they want,

the credit cards." So I started looking for a cop. I mean, go find a cop, right? Well, I finally find a cop. The girl's halfway to South America by now, probably bought the ticket with my credit cards. So the cop says, "What's your name?" And you want to know something? I couldn't think of my name. The girl took all my identification, you know what I mean? She took all my credit cards. So I said, "You know this is screwy. I can't think of my name." So he took me to the station house. The sergeant says, "What's your name?" I said, "I don't know! She took all my credit cards!" So they took me down here. So what do you think, Doctor? I'm nuts, right? I finally flipped.

PAN SLOWLY to Drummond who stares at the Nameless Man.

from
from
In BACKGROUND the door opens and Mrs. Cushing, the lady
accounting, enters. She calls out in her annoying voice
a chart.

MRS. CUSHING

Who's number 7-6-8-0-2-S? Is there anybody here who is that number?

DRUMMOND

(off-screen)

In this way was it revealed to me the manner of Nurse Campanella's death. She was to die of the great American plague -- vestigial identity.

RETURN FROM FLASHBACK:

ROOM 806. DAY

prophet,
father's
Drummond in his hospital shift, gaunt and mad as a
sits rigidly on his chair. Barbara perches on her
bed. Bock wanders disorientedly about the room, staring
incredulously first at Barbara and then at her father.

DRUMMOND

So last night, I coshed Miss

Campanella with a sandbag, sedated her with thorazine, shaved her, prepped her, and parked her in a corridor of the X-Ray Department for five hours.

BOCK

Why X-Ray?

DRUMMOND

Well, at X-Ray, a sedated body lying around unattended for five hours wouldn't seem unusual.

BOCK

Of course.

DRUMMOND

Her operation -- that is to say, Mrs. Mangafranni's operation -- was not scheduled until nine-thirty. So at nine-fifteen this morning, I rang for my nurse...

BOCK

You rang for your nurse?

DRUMMOND

To insure one full hour of uninterrupted privacy.

BOCK

Oh yes.

DRUMMOND

I got up, wheeled Miss Campanella off to the operating rooms, replaced her bed with Mrs. Mangafranni's, exchanged charts and identity bracelets. She died officially of anesthesia shock. But, in point of fact, she died because she was wearing another woman's identity.

BARBARA

(to Bock)

God, what do we do now? Let me take him back to Mexico. It's a simple world there. If you turn him in, they'll just cage him in the Rockland State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. Let me take him back, Herb.

BOCK

Are you kidding? We'll both take him. I'm going with you! Get him dressed. We're getting out of here before the police put us all in Rockland State.

DRUMMOND

I haven't finished my work here. I have this Welbeck to dispose of. I am the angel of the bottomless pit and the wrath of the lamb.

BARBARA

Oh dear, he's having another revelation.

his
statue.

Bock holds Drummond's coat and hat and crosses to take arm. He finds the entranced Drummond as rigid as a

BOCK

Look, that ambulance must be here by now. You go down and get them. I'll give him a shot of something to knock him out. We'll take him to the airport in the ambulance.

enmarbled
Mead,
background,
heads
tails of
him.

They both hurry out of the room. Drummond remains in his trance. CAMERA SUDDENLY MOVES DOWN to William whose eyes now open; he has heard it all. In Drummond, suddenly released from his catatonic trance, for the armoire and extracts the white trousers of Dr. Schaefer's uniform. He puts them on, tucking in the his hospital shift. He notices William Mead staring at

DRUMMOND

You're hallucinating again.

William Mead just stares at Drummond.

EIGHTH FLOOR, NURSES' STATION AND LOBBY AREA

the
heads
about its
on

Bock and Barbara come hurrying around the corner from west corridor. Barbara heads for the elevators. Bock for the Nurses' Station. The Eighth Floor is going normal 1:15 P.M. activity. Mrs. Donovan is at her desk on the phone.

MRS. DONOVAN

...Edwards never showed up. I'm short-staffed as hell. It's just me and Felicia. It's like Sunday. Nobody's here.

DR. BIEGELMAN

I'll be at lunch...

visitors
kitchen

A nurse's aid, a bathrobed patient and two of his stroll by. It's the end of the lunch hour, when the workers bring used trays back.

MRS. DONOVAN

Yeah, you gotta send me somebody...
Oh yeah?

where we
syringe. An
resident
Richard
head
breasted
the

Bock moves past Mrs. Donovan and into the pharmacy see him scouring the shelves for thorazine and a elevator arrives, disgorging Milton Mead and his assistant, Thomas Hitchcock and, of all people, Dr. Welbeck himself. Barbara and Dr. Biegelman go into the elevator. The doors close. Milton Mead and Hitchcock for the west corridor. Welbeck, in his natty double-breasted suit and carrying his cashmere coat, heads straight for Nurses' Station.

MEAD

We'll be in Eight-O-Six.

MRS. DONOVAN

(chuckles into phone)
...then what did she say?

WELBECK

(to Mrs. Donovan)
I'm Dr. Welbeck. I have a patient on
this floor named Drummond, and I'd
like to see his chart.

MRS. DONOVAN

I'll call you back.

bottle
scowls at
Bock immediately emerges from the pharmacy holding a
of thorazine and a wrapped hypodermic syringe. He
Welbeck, who scowls back.

WELBECK

Oh, Dr. Bock. Can I have a few minutes
of your time, sir?

BOCK

No.

Welbeck
He starts to pass Mrs. Donovan and would continue, but
lays a restraining hand on his arm.

WELBECK

Dr. Gilley tells me you're the one
who initiated these proceedings
against me.

BOCK

I'm busy, Welbeck.

WELBECK

I'd like to know what you have against
me.

BOCK

You turned up half-stoned for a simple
nephrectomy eight days ago, botched
it, put the patient into failure and
damn near killed him. Then, pausing
only to send in your bill, you flew
off on the wings of man to an island
of sun in Montego Bay. This is the
third time in two years we've had to
patch up your patients; the other
two died. You're greedy, unfeeling,
inept, indifferent, self-inflating
and unconscionably profitable. Aside

from that, I have nothing against you. I'm sure you play a hell of a game of golf. What else do you want to know?

Welbeck's pocket-beeper BEEPS.

WELBECK

Excuse me for a moment, Doctor.

(he reaches over the nurses' desk for a phone)

This is Dr. Welbeck. Were you paging me?

(regarding Bock with cold scorn)

How much do you make a year, Bock? For a guy who makes a lousy forty, fifty grand...

(on phone)

Hello, Arthur, I understand you've been trying to reach me all morning...

Bock turns and heads back for...

EIGHTH FLOOR, WEST CORRIDOR

strolling ...and down that through the kitchen workers and patients to...

ROOM 806

and ...which he enters. He is startled to find Milton Mead Hitchcock leaning over William Mead, who is up on one elbow and in a state.

WILLIAM MEAD

I'm telling you, Milton, he pulls out all the wires and the tubes, and he gets up and puts on a doctor's uniform, and he goes out, and he murders doctors! He just went out ten seconds before you came in!

empty. Indeed, there is no Drummond to be seen. His bed is Bock nods to Milton Mead and Hitchcock, who nod back, and

likewise

crosses quickly to look into the bathroom which is empty.

WILLIAM MEAD

And I'll tell you something else about this crazy place you got here! There was a naked Indian in here last night doing a war dance! That's the kind of crazy place you're running here, Milton! You got to get me out of here, Milton. This is a crazy place, Milton!

for

Milton Mead's pocket-beeper BEEPS. Milton Mead reaches the phone.

WILLIAM MEAD

(appealing to Bock)

I wake up last night, there's a goddam Indian in here, a naked Indian! What kind of hospital is this?

MILTON MEAD

(on phone)

This is Mr. Mead, are you paging me?

WILLIAM MEAD

A couple of hours later I wake up again, and the guy in that bed there is getting out of the bed...

MILTON MEAD

(to Hitchcock)

Are the police still in the building?

HITCHCOCK

Yes.

MILTON MEAD

You'd better get them up here. Yes.

WILLIAM MEAD

All day long, he lays there like a dead man. All of a sudden, in the middle of the night, he gets out of bed! I thought I was going crazy!

MILTON MEAD

(on phone)

Yes, this is Mead... Oh, dear.

When?...

WILLIAM MEAD

You know what he says to me? He says, you're hallucinating. Listen, I just saw a naked Indian. Now, I'm seeing a ghost. I got to figure he's right, I'm hallucinating, right?

MILTON MEAD

I'll be down directly.

(hangs up)

Never rains but it pours. A fire just broke out in one of those condemned buildings. The squatters in the building came out. The police tried to arrest them and, apparently, the situation has erupted into a riot.

(to Bock as he heads
for the door)

I'm sure you're wondering what this is all about, Herb.

WILLIAM MEAD

You're not going to leave me alone in this crazy place, Milton!

MILTON MEAD

(at the door with
Bock)

Mr. Hitchcock is staying with you.

(to Hitchcock)

You better call the cops, Tom.

WILLIAM MEAD

Milton! Milton! Milton!!!

The door slams.

WEST CORRIDOR AND NURSES' STATION

linen

Bock and Milton Mead stride up the corridor through the wagons and kitchen carts.

MILTON MEAD

I haven't the time now, and I'm not even going to try to tell you this curious story my brother just told me. I'll fill you in on it at lunch some time.

incredulity He waves his hand helplessly to indicate the utter
of it all.

MILTON MEAD

(rushes not to miss
the elevator)

Hold it!

close. They reach an open elevator. Mead goes in, the doors
comes The doors of a second elevator then open, and Barbara
Welbeck out. She and Bock stare at each other. In background,
is on the phone at the Nurses' Station.

BARBARA

The ambulance is here.

BOCK

Yeah, but your father isn't. He's
disappeared. He put on Schaefer's
uniform and has gone out to do God's
work, presumably the murder of Dr.
Welbeck. Except, that fellow on the
phone over there is Dr. Welbeck.

WELBECK

(in background on
phone)

Oh my God, Arthur! What are you
talking about? Have you talked to
Dr. Hogan about this?

BOCK

And, on top of everything else, the
other patient in your father's room
overheard his whole confession and
just told the Chief Administrator of
the hospital. They're sending for
the cops.

the REVERSE ACROSS Welbeck on phone at Nurses' Station. In
background, Bock and Barbara stare at him.

WELBECK

(almost apoplectic on
phone)

Oh, my God, Arthur. Well, who held

title? Do the underwriters know about this yet?... Oh my God! Arthur, what're you waiting for? Arrest the son of a bitch! Turn him in!... Oh my God! When?... Of course, Arthur, call me right back. I'm at the Holly Pavilion, Eighth Floor. Please! Right away!

He hangs up.

BOCK

Are you all right, Welbeck?

WELBECK

All right?! That son of a bitch is trying to wipe me out! My partner, the eminent orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Noel Hogan, is a miserable thief. And he's trying to wipe me out!

MRS. DONOVAN

(extending a chart)

Mr. Drummond's chart, Doctor.

WELBECK

(angrily seizes the chart)

What room is it?

MRS. DONOVAN

Eight-O-Six.

WELBECK

I'm expecting a phone call. Put it straight through to me in that room.

He strides off angrily, followed by an anxious Bock and Barbara, for the...

EIGHTH FLOOR, WEST CORRIDOR

Bock and Barbara hurry along in Welbeck's wake.

WELBECK

The son of a bitch has been draining the company with phony purchase orders on another company, of which, it now turns out, his wife is the principal stockholder! Transparent fraud! I'll send him up for twenty years!

by He wrenches open the door of 806, marches in, followed
Bock and Barbara.

EIGHTH FLOOR, ROOM

only Welbeck advances on William Mead's bed, since he is the
patient in the room. (Hitchcock is on the phone.)

WELBECK

Well, Drummond, you don't seem that
much the worse for the wear.

dully at William Mead stares dully at Welbeck. Then he looks
Bock.

WELBECK

(to Hitchcock)
Would you mind using some other phone?
I'm expecting an important call.

WILLIAM MEAD

What is this? Who... who is this
guy?

HITCHCOCK

(on phone)
Yes, well, I'll be at the Nurses'
Desk, Sergeant. It would be futile
for me to try to explain this to you
over the phone.

WELBECK

(leafing through
Drummond's chart)
You've got a bit of fever, Drummond,
but you're coming along very well.

WILLIAM MEAD

I'm not Drummond, you monkey!
Drummond's the other bed!

for The phone now BUZZES. Welbeck and Hitchcock both head
it.

WELBECK

That's mine.
(on phone)
It's Welbeck here... Yes, Arthur, go

ahead...

William Mead is painfully trying to get off his bed.

WILLIAM MEAD

I'm getting out of this nuthouse!

BOCK

(pushing him gently
back)

All right, take it easy, Mr. Mead.

Hitchcock, satisfied the call is not for him, exits.

WILLIAM MEAD

I came in here just to get a lousy
polyp cut out.

WELBECK

(on phone)

Oh, my God, what do you mean? How
many transactions were there? Bu...
but Arthur, I... I borrowed against
that stock! I'm in the hole for over
three hundred thousand!...

WILLIAM MEAD

(appealing to the
gods)

I'm a sick man! I'm supposed to have
peace and quiet!

WELBECK

(on phone and
apoplectic)

What do you mean, Brazil?! I just
spoke to Hogan's office yesterday,
and they just told me...

Bock
The phone slips from his fingers. He turns to stare at
and Barbara.

WELBECK

I'm wiped out. The S.E.C. has
suspended trading in my stock!

Mead
He keels over like a felled tree, falling face-up on
Drummond's bed, his legs dangling to the floor. William
promptly hides his head under his sheet.

throat
picks
Bock moves quickly to the prostrate Welbeck, feels his
for the carotid pulse, pulls out his stethoscope, rips
Welbeck's shirt open, and listens for heartsounds. He
up the dangling telephone receiver, gets a dial tone.

BOCK

(on phone)
Cardiac arrest, Holly Eight.

uniform.
Barbara strips off her coat. She is still in nurse's
She leans into the hall and calls a passing nurse.

BARBARA

We have an emergency here.

BOCK

(rips off Welbeck's
natty jacket)
Breathe him.

floor.
balls his
intensive
Welbeck's
the
Barbara helps Bock get Welbeck's dead weight onto the
On his knees, Bock straddles Welbeck's prone form,
fist and belts Welbeck on his chest. He begins
heart massage. Barbara gets down on her knees, opens
mouth and commences mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. In
background, the P.A. system blandly echoes:

P.A. SYSTEM

(off-screen)
C.A.C. Holly Eight. Please clear all
corridors.

immediately
Mrs. Donovan and aides move C.A.C. into the room,
followed by Intern Chandler rushing past them.

MRS. DONOVAN

Where's Biegelman?

CHANDLER

He went to lunch.

MRS. DONOVAN

Natch. Get that other bed out of

here.

sheet.
disbelief
Barbara
in,
William Mead, of course, is still huddled under his
He peers out from under his covers in wide-eyed
and ducks under again. Bock massages Welbeck's heart.
Barbara
continues mouth-to-mouth. Nurse Felicia Chile hurries
in,
pushing the emergency cart before her.

BARBARA

(to Nurse Chile as
others begin moving
William Mead's bed
out of the room)
Give him an ambu bag and an airway.

VOICE

(off-screen)
What's been happening?

the
cart's
Nurse Chile has shunted the emergency cart aside to let
bed out and is extracting an ambu bag and tube from the
lower shelf.

CHANDLER

(to Seventh Floor
Nursing Supervisor
just outside door)
Watch it...

P.A. SYSTEM

(off-screen)
C.A.C. Holly Eight. Please clear all
corridors.

Barbara,
mouth
Nurse Chile hands the Berman airway and ambu bag to
who inserts the airway and the ambu tube into Welbeck's
and pumps in air by hand. Bock massages away.

EIGHTH FLOOR, WEST CORRIDOR

his
background,
Mrs. Donovan and Intern Chandler finally get Mead and
bed out into the corridor where they park it. In

cardiologist,
LOOMIS,

emergency activity on all sides. The resident
DR. GEOFFREY MORSE, and anesthesiologist, DR. LAWRENCE
both thirty-three, come hurtling around the corner.

DR. MORSE

In here?

MRS. DONOVAN

Yeah.

before
view,
She follows Morse in as, from the lobby corner, two
technicians come racing a max cart and an I.V. stand
them. Behind them, a bewildered Hitchcock moves into
trying to determine what's going on.

HITCHCOCK

(to Intern Chandler)

Who is it?

P.A. SYSTEM

(off-screen)

Dr. Robert Jackson.

CHANDLER

One of the patients had a cardiac
arrest.

the
off his
animal.
Hitchcock looks down at the sheeted figure hunched on
bed parked in the hallway and slowly pulls the sheet
head. William Mead stares up at him like a hunted
Hitchcock covers Mead's head again.

ROOM 806

works
his
Bock still massages, sweating bullets by now. Barbara
the ambu bag. Dr. Morse is feeling Welbeck's groin for
femoral pulse.

DR. MORSE

What do you have, Dr. Bock?

BOCK

Total cardiac arrest.

P.A. SYSTEM

(off-screen)

Dr. Rigby. Dr. Rigby. Dr. Lilac.

DR. MORSE

How long has he been like this?

BOCK

About a minute. No pulse, no
heartbeat, no respiration...

we
body.
If we can see anything of Welbeck through other bodies,
notice almost all his clothes have been ripped off his
Dr. Loomis replaces Barbara.

DR. LOOMIS

All right, I'll take over.

cart
the
The two nursing supervisors have been getting the max
ready, snapping up the gateleg-footrest and attaching
I.V. tube to the oxygen jar, and that to the ambu bag.

BOCK

Endotrachial tube.

DONOVAN

(rushing in background
with others)

I'm sorry, Doctor, but we have another
emergency in 823.

CHANDLER

Endotrachial tube.

DR. LOOMIS

Shall we get him up on the cart?

DR. MORSE

Yeah.

nearly
onto
from
Drs. Loomis, Bock and Morse struggle to lift the the
naked dead weight of Dr. Welbeck up from the floor and
the max cart. Dr. Morse has picked up Drummond's chart
the bed where Welbeck had left it.

DR. MORSE

All right, who is this patient? What's the story on this patient?

CLOSE-UP of Bock trying to hoist Welbeck and looking up slowly.

DR. MORSE

Is this his chart, Dr. Bock?

Bock cocks his head to him.

DR. MORSE

What's his name? Drummond?

max
They
Bock looks across to Barbara, now helping out at the cart. She looks back at Bock. She shrugs. He shrugs. exchange a smile.

BOCK

Yes, his name's Drummond. That's his chart.

Welbeck
Straining under the effort, the three doctors get off the floor.

DR. MORSE

(studying the chart)

Oh Christ, the poor son of a bitch just had a nephrectomy a week ago.

Mrs. Donovan exits into...

EIGHTH FLOOR, WEST CORRIDOR

...as Mrs. Donovan comes out, Hitchcock turns to her.

HITCHCOCK

Was it Drummond?

MRS. DONOVAN

Who else would it be?

Hitchcock silently thanks God.

ROOM 806

DR. MORSE

(off-screen)

Pick him up. Put him on it. Stop the
massage.

doctors
Welbeck,
bands
the
underwear.
E.K.G.

Welbeck's body is finally on the max cart. Nurses and
converge on him. Dr. Loomis sets about intubating
and the Nursing Supervisor begins clamping the metal
of the E.K.G. machine on each of Welbeck's extremities.
While all this goes on, Bock and Barbara have picked up
remnants of Welbeck's jacket, trousers, shirt and
Dr. Morse is squatting by the max-cart reading the
script as it rolls slowly out of the cart.

DR. MORSE

Ventricular fibrillation. Get me the
paddles. Push another amp of bicarb.

to
an
into

The Nursing Supervisor starts applying electrode paste
the defibrillating paddles. Another nurse measures off
ampule of bicarbonate of soda which Dr. Loomis injects
the I.V. tube.

DR. MORSE

Set it for two hundred.

Welbeck's
Drummond's

Barbara unsnaps her father's valise and stuffs
garments in it. Bock takes Welbeck's coat and piles
things on top of that.

defibrillating

The Nursing Supervisor hands Dr. Morse the
paddles to place on Welbeck's left breast.

NURSE

(off-screen)

That's two hundred.

DR. MORSE

Everybody bock away.

at the
they're

All back away from the max-cart. Bock and Barbara are
window, piled up with valise and coats; they look like
off for Europe.

DR. MORSE

(off-screen)

One-two-three...

electric
the

He pushes the defibrillating button, sending an
shock through Welbeck's body so as to bounce it into
air.

resuscitation

Bock and Barbara remain at the window with heart-
team in background. Barbara slips into her own coat, in
preparation for escape.

DR. MORSE

(in background)

Did he convert?

DR. LOOMIS

(in background)

No, he's still fibrillating.

DR. MORSE

(in background)

Let's go to four hundred.

BARBARA

(sotto voce to Bock)

What do we do now?

him.

Bock is staring out the window. Barbara stares out with

the

THEIR P.O.V.: looking down onto the U-shaped drive of

youths,

entrance plaza of the hospital and First Avenue full of
traffic. A band of some fifty black and Puerto Rican

in

including females and young white revolutionaries, most

at

Che Guevara garb, have broken past the security guards

and

the gates and spill across the drive. Some policemen

security guards move tentatively out of the hospital to

intercept them.

hear The shouting can't be heard from up here. Off-screen we
the activities of the resuscitation team.

NURSING SUPERVISOR

(off-screen)
It's four hundred.

DR. MORSE

(off-screen)
Everybody back One-two-three...

SOUND of the shock.

DR. MORSE

(off-screen)
That didn't work either.

FIRST AVENUE. HIGH SHOT

protesting Low crowd noises. Bock looks out the window at the
mob below.

DR. MORSE

(off-screen)
All right. Let me have a c.c. of
Adrenaline and intercardiac needle.

the CAMERA PANS SLOWLY UP over the melee in the plaza to
fence. Barbara and Bock stare down at the crowd.

DR. MORSE

(off-screen)
Stop the massage. Ventricular
fibrillation. Put another amp of
bicarb. Two hundred.

Reverend ZOOM DOWN into the maelstrom to FULL SHOT of the
on Drummond dressed in Schaefer's white uniform, standing
the slim island separating the uptown traffic from the
downtown traffic. Drummond is a private island of his
own, hands stretched to the skies. He is prophesying.

DRUMMOND

(barely audible above

the traffic rumbling
heedlessly around
him)

Let those who are in Judea flee to
the mountains, for the age is closed,
the season of the seventh seal is at
hand!

ROOM 806

heading Bock and Barbara slip through doctors and nurses,
for the door.

DR. MORSE

Hang isopril, two in five hundred.
Let's take one more crack with the
paddles. Everybody back off the cart.

and Bock, carrying two overcoats, and Barbara, wearing hers
carrying her father's valise, exit into...

EIGHTH FLOOR, WEST CORRIDOR

normal, wall. and ...as Bock and Barbara come out, the activity is
with the exception of William Mead's bed along the
Hitchcock and two overcoated men are in the hallway,
Hitchcock hurries to Bock.

HITCHCOCK

Is he dead?

BOCK

They can't get him out of fib. I
don't think he'll make it.

HITCHCOCK

Thank God.
(sighs, turns to the
two detectives)
This should close the case, Sergeant.

Bock and Barbara hurry toward the elevators.

THE HOSPITAL, HOLLY PAVILION, LOBBY

through The small army of militants and activists has broken

by
the

the security into the lobby. Their entrance is greeted
one small scream from a woman in the lobby. A LEADER of
invading troop calls out.

LEADER

Everybody take it easy! Nobody's
going to be hurt! We just want the
Director!

really
door
doorway

Others in the troop shout reassurances, but it doesn't
reassure anybody. The lady in the gift shop closes her
and locks up. People crowd in a solid block in the
to the coffee shop to see what's going on.

errands

From the long tunnels of corridors, nurses, doctors,
administrative personnel pause in their chores and
and missions to watch the tide of events in the lobby.

HOLLY PAVILION, EXECUTIVE CORRIDOR

into
at
from the
secretaries
Sundstrom
militants

The exit door is wrenched open, and Bock comes hurtling
the carpeted executive corridor toward the lobby, and
that moment the troop of militants come rumbling in
other end. Every door of the corridor fills with
and administrators unsure of what's happening. Then,
elbows his way through the clutch of secretaries in his
doorway and comes into the corridor. He regards the
moving down the corridor toward him.

SHOUTING CROWD

We want Sundstrom! We want Sundstrom!
Community control! Community control!
Hip-hip-Hippocrates! Up with service!
Down with fees!

SUNDSTROM

You people want to see me?

FIRST MILITANT

Yeah, baby, we want to see you...

SECOND MILITANT

We're taking over this hospital,
man...

SUNDSTROM

I've had it up to here. I'm not
dealing with this kind of cheap
blackmail!

LEADER

Now look, man. Now wait a minute
there!

FIRST MILITANT

We're looking for a hostage!

LEADER

Fourteen people just got arrested
for doing...

speaks

In the background, one of their fellow revolutionaries
up...

MAN

Lookit, man, where's the TV camera?

...but he's shut up by the Leader.

LEADER

Would you be cool, man?

(now yelling)

Fourteen people got arrested for
doing nothing but living in their
homes, which you people threw them
out of.

CROWD

Right on!

LEADER

So now we're going to arrest you.
We're going to hold you hostage and
we ain't letting you go un...

teaching

Sundstrom.

Ambler, the medical student we met during Bock's
rounds, pushes in front of the Leader to face

AMBLER

We, the members of the Doctors
Liberation Committee indict this
hospital for the criminal neglect of
the community in which it is situated!
We demand an immediate dissolution
of the governing and executive boards.

SHOUT

What are you going to do about those
fourteen ghetto people?

As the shouts continue, Sundstrom raises a hand to
quiet the crowd.

SUNDSTROM

I am not going to do anything...
about anything.

SHOUT

Yes, you are!

SUNDSTROM

By God, if you want to take over
this hospital, you take it over!

SHOUTS

We will! Right on!

SUNDSTROM

You run it! I am finished! I quit!
You run it! You pay the bills! You
fight the city!

MILITANT

We will!

SUNDSTROM

You fight the state! You fight the
unions. You fight the community!
You... you think you can do a better
job, you do it! Now I am finished! I
quit! It's all yours!

Eyes filled with tears of rage, Sundstrom lowers his
head and moves into the mass of militants, which parts for
him to leave.

CROWD

Quit! Quit!

lobby
of
watching
corridor

The mass engulfs Sundstrom, moving back out into the
with him, pushing him, shoving him, humiliating him.
REACTION SHOT of Bock watching it all from the far end
the corridor. He closes his eyes and the pain of
all this shows on his face. He opens his eyes. The
is now silent and empty. He hurries to...

HOLLY PAVILION, THE LOBBY

the
has
further

Bock rushes in, as the milling throng dissolves into
bystanders, security police and city cops. Common sense
settled in and the general tenor is to avoid any
trouble. We can hear the rhythmic patter of cops.

SHOUTS OF COPS

All right, come on... come on --
Let's clear the area. -- Come on,
let's clear this place... Keep cool.
Everybody keep cool.

toward

Bock elbows his way through the throng as it drifts
the doors to...

THE HOSPITAL, ENTRANCE PLAZA. DAY

camera
gates

...and goes through the gathering police. A mobile TV
crew and a few reporters are hurrying up through the
from First Avenue.

FIRST AVENUE. DAY

among
endlessly,
attention to
an

The Reverend Drummond stands, a solitary human island,
the shrill ROAR of the city. The protesters protest
CHANTING, SHOUTING. Absolutely no one pays any
the gaunt, doctor-clad sixty-year-old man standing on
island.

a
Drummond

Except, of course, for Bock, who must pause to wait for
red light. Bock hustles through the traffic to where
stands.

DRUMMOND

Let those who are in Judea flee to
the mountains, for the age is closed,
the season of the seventh seal is at
hand! The age is closed! The season
of the seventh se...

BOCK

Dr. Welbeck is dead. They thought he
was you.

DRUMMOND

Yes, I know. We must arrange to have
his body shipped to my Apache village
where we will bury him with full
tribal rites. In a day or two,
somebody'll ask, "Whatever happened
to Dr. Welbeck?" And it will be
assumed he absconded to Brazil to
join his partner, the eminent
orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Noel Hogan.
Welbeck, too, was mislaid, overlooked,
forgotten to death, you see.

The ambulance pulls up and Barbara gets out of it.

BARBARA

(taking her father
around to the back)
We have to hurry, Dad.

around
each
opened
toward
stands

The light turns green. The traffic starts flowing
them, disjoined by the ambulance blocking one lane on
side of the dividing island. An ambulance attendant has
the back doors to get Drummond in. Barbara hurries
the front, climbs in, holds the door open for Bock. He
a few paces back.

BOCK

I'm not going.

(he moves to the
ambulance, closes
the door)

The hospital's coming apart. I can't
walk out on it when it's coming apart.
Somebody has to be responsible,
Barbara. Everybody's hitting the
road, running to the hills, running
away. Somebody's got to be
responsible.

(across Barbara to
the driver)

Kennedy Airport. You've got a two-
thirty flight to make.

He turns, and the ambulance pulls away. Bock goes back
to
the sidewalk where he meets Sundstrom, now wearing his
coat.

BOCK

You going back in?

SUNDSTROM

Yeah.

They make their way back toward...

THE HOSPITAL, ENTRANCE PLAZA

The two physicians trudge across the U-drive.

SUNDSTROM

(matter-of-factly)

It's like pissing in the wind, right,
Herb?

BOCK

Right.

OUT.

FADE

THE END