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Tootsie

By Larry Gelbart

That's right.
Come on. No, don't stop.
Keep looking!
You don't feel so good now, do you?
See, you let it out. Out!
I feel like an idiot.
Not so fast, not so fast. Slower.
Slower.
Good, good.
Keep it specific.
Still a little tension in the mouth.
Good, good.
Okay, make her work peripherally.
Michael...
...Dorsey, is it?
Yes, that's right.
Mr. Dorsey, would you turn
to page 23, please?
Yes, I believe you mean
the first scene...
Sorry, the second scene
of the first act.
Second scene of the first act. Right.
Begin when you're ready.
Yes, of course.
Oh, sweetheart, do you know what
it was like waking up in Paris...
...seeing the empty pillow where...
Wait! Cover your breasts. Kevin is
downstairs! My God, what are you?
I'm a woman. Not Felicia's mother.
Not Kevin's wife.
Thanks very much.
We need someone a little older.
Mom! Dad! Uncle Pete, come quick!
Something's wrong with Biscuit!
I think he's dead!
We're looking for someone younger.
"They have dinner..." Can I start again?
I didn't get kicked off right.
The reading was fine.
You're the wrong height.
I can be taller.
No. We're looking

for somebody shorter.
Look. I don't have to be this tall.
See, I'm wearing lifts.
I can be shorter.
I know, but we're looking
for somebody different.
I can be different.
We're looking for somebody else.
What do you care more
about than working?
The part's the most important thing.
But love sometimes is too.
With improvisation, you're the writer.
When somebody writes a play...
...they decide where the highs are,
where the lows are. Now you do it.
And you may not be high where
they're high in the writing.
You may not be low where they're low.
You may be high on "but."
You may be high on "and."
Of course, they were doing it
for dough...
...the same as everybody
does it for dough.
But the question is in
the last analysis.
What were they doing for dough?
You and me were advancing our
little non-Prussian careers.
So when all hell broke loose,
and the Germans ran out of soap...
...and figured, "What the hell?
Let's cook up Mrs. Greenwald!"...
...who the hell do you
think stopped them?
Pardon me, is my acting
interfering with your talking?
Don't play a part that's not in you.
Don't say "he" or "she" like you did
last week when you were doing Kitty.
When you were doing
Time Of Your Life.
If you can't make the part yourself,

you can't play it.

Sergeant.

Quick! Get a priest!

No, sergeant, no priest.

- But you're dying, Count Tolstoy.

- I know.

In the name of the Father,
the Son and the Holy Ghost...

...I commit your soul to God.

- My friends...

- That's super, Michael.

But I wonder if you could move center
stage on that speech, and then die.

Why?

The left side of the house
can't see you.

You want me to stand up and walk
to the center of the stage...

...while I'm dying?

I know it's awkward,
but we'll just have to do it.

- Why?

- I just told you. Now do it!

Because you say so?

Yes, love.

Not with me as Tolstoy.

You gotta work.

There's no excuse for not working.

There's no excuse.

There's unemployment.

There was unemployment when
my friends and I started acting.

And it's not changed.

You got 90-95% unemployment.

It's never going to change.

You're an actor.

You're in New York.

There is no work.

But you gotta find ways to work.

Two tortellinis,
a gazpacho with two salads.

Ordering:

two scrods, an order of chicken!

One scrod underdone.

- What's the rest?
- Baked potato.
- How'd it go?
- Terrible.
- Did you rewrite the last scene?
- I did the necktie scene.

How is it?

It'll change theatre as we know it.

We'll work on it

when we get home tonight.

That's my flounder.

- That is my flounder.
- Robber!

- Ordering:

- That's for the customer!

I eat these things so if the customers ask if I eat his food...

...I can say, "Yeah, I eat his food."

You rewrote the necktie scene? Good.

- Without the necktie?
- With the necktie.
- With the necktie?
- Yeah, with the necktie.

The necktie's wrong. You take the necktie out, you got something.

- What's wrong with you?
- What's wrong with me?

What's wrong is it's depressing to be disagreed with.

It's depression.

Today's your birthday, and you haven't mentioned it.

Don't start. I'm a character actor.

Age has no effect on me.

- That's very good.
- How does one not be depressed?

Instead of trying to be Michael Dorsey, the great actor or the great waiter...

...why not just try to be

Michael Dorsey?

I am Michael Dorsey.

What's the payoff?

- Say it like you mean it.
- I am Michael Dorsey. Fine. Okay?
Surprise!
Speech! Speech! Speech!
Wait, wait, wait, wait! Wait a minute.
First a toast.
To Michael Dorsey, who makes you
remember what acting's all about!
Being unemployed!
To Michael...
...who's been my friend for six years.
Was it that long?
And who is my coach.
And he's just great.
He's a great coach, a great actor.
He's a great guy and...
This is a really dumb speech.
Let's get drunk.
Happy birthday!
- How you doing? Michael.
- Patty.
You an actress? Terrific face.
Nice blouse. Who'd you come with?
I don't want a full house
at the Winter Garden Theatre.
I want 90 people who just came out
of the worst rainstorm in history.
These are people who are alive
on the planet...
...until they dry off.
I wish I had a theatre that
was only open when it rained.
Strasberg said you create
your opportunities.
- Uta said that.
- I don't care.
The point is, Sandy and I are raising
\$8,000 to do Jeff's play in Syracuse.
We're going to do it.
You could do the same.
Look at Emily!
Look who's here.
You can do it in the Poconos.
You're sitting around saying,

"I can't work." Create your own...
Isn't she cute?
He loves children.
He really does.
You make it!
You find a way to raise it.
I was looking at you.
Terrific face. Are you an actress?
- Sometimes.
- You were in Dames At Sea!
- You saw that?
- Good work. Really!
You have a great singing voice.
I felt there was an aura
between us when I saw it.
I'm not kidding.
I don't know you, but I know you.
I'll tell you about yourself.
You like to run barefoot on the beach.
- Why are you so wired?
- It's my birthday. I'm out of work.
That's it? Nothing more?
Yeah, it hurts me. Be the last one
to take your coat tonight. We'll talk.
Fine. All right.
Will you? Serious?
Give me a hug.
Thank you for liking me.
I don't like it when people say...
..."I really dug your message, man."
Or, "I really dug your play, man.
I cried."
You know?
I like it when people come up to me...
...the next day...
...or a week later and they say...
..."I saw your play.
What happened?"
I've got it under control. I'll feed
my cats and be back in an hour.
I can't make it. My roommate
wants to work on the third act.
- You can't make it?
- He wants to work.

- Give me your phone number.
- I already did.
- I thought you changed it.
- Since an hour ago?

Good point.

Let me talk to him. I'll call you.

- Didn't anybody hear me?
- Guess not.

I've been trapped for half an hour.

What kind of a party is this?

God, you guys are having
a good time, huh?

Sorry.

I'll remember that if I ever
do a scene where I'm trapped.

- It's nice, Michael.
- Thanks.

Who is that?

- Mallory. She's married to John.
- Oh, yeah.

I did a thing about suicides
of the American Indian.

And nobody cared. Nobody showed.

And I think the American Indian
is as American...

...as John and Ethel Barrymore...

...and Donny and Marie Osmond.

I think it's really sad...

...but I think that, nowadays,
when people dream...

...they don't even dream in their
own country anymore.

And that's sick.

I had a good time.

I just didn't know half the people.

It was late, and I wanted it
to be a surprise.

I invited 10 people.

They all invited 10 people.

You met 40 new people.

They all liked you.

I heard nice things about you.

- Thanks, Jeff.
- Good night.

- Happy birthday.
- Thank you.
- One of the five people I knew.
- Great party.
Thank you.
Excuse me, Miss Right?
Miss Right?
Good night.
It was a wonderful party.
My date left with someone else.
I had fun. Do you have any Seconal?
Come on, I'll take you home.
I did have a good time.
I really did.
You didn't.
Wait. Money for cab fare.
That's okay. It's cheaper to
get mugged. Let's walk.
The fares are really
insane now anyway.
- Why didn't you have a good time?
- I did have a good time.
- What's wrong?
- Nothing's wrong.
What?
- What?
- Nothing! I'm perfectly fine.
I just cry like this, like a tic.
Tell me what's wrong,
or I'll kill you.
Nothing's wrong, Michael.
I'm really very up.
You're worried about your audition.
Why?
- Because I'm not going to get it.
- Why not?
- Because I'm completely wrong for it.
- What kind of a part is it?
A woman!
You don't have a man,
so you act like one.
You're wrong, Dr. Brewster.
I'm proud of being a woman.
Wait a minute.

This guy treats you like dirt...
...because he's a big doctor, right?
But don't take that.
Talk to him on his level.
Show me.
You're doing a Southern accent?
You're wrong, Dr. Brewster.
I'm very proud of being a woman!
I can't do it as good as you.
You can! Just turn the tables
on him. Come on, now.
You're wrong.
I'm proud of being a woman.
Where am I off?
- I don't know what you're playing.
- I'm playing rage. I'm enraged.
You told me to turn the tables.
I'm playing rage.
This is rage?
I have a problem with anger.
You do. But there's 100 other
actresses reading...
...who don't, who aren't
afraid of working.
Who aren't afraid to stick
everything on the line and do it!
- Don't get mad!
- Stop being a doormat!
- I'm not a doormat!
- Act right now! Do it!
You're wrong, Dr. Brewster. I am...
Go on.
- You're wrong, Dr. Brewster...
- Must I hit you with a stick?
You're wrong.
I am very proud to be a woman.
And I'm proud of this hospital.
And before I see it destroyed
by your petty tyrannies...
Have the anger. Don't show it to me.
...I'll recommend you be
thrown out into the street.
- Don't lose it.
- Good day.

- Don't whine like you're second-rate.

- I said good day!

Not bad.

Did you feel how much I hated you?

- You really felt it?

- That's why I'm going.

How can I get it back tomorrow?

How can a total stranger enrage me?

I'll pick you up at 10:00

and enrage you.

Bruce Fortune to Telecine.

Bruce Fortune to Telecine.

- Bennett?

- Right here.

Stanz?

I'm supposed to look like this?

- That is what you look like.

- It's not funny.

Good.

Don't lose that.

No sequins, Alfred.

She's attending her husband's funeral.

Jacqui? As soon as Ron gets here, in.

Lester.

Lester. Sandy Lester?

Yes, here.

Stop it!

Bye-bye. Good morning, ladies.

Please bring your rsums

and follow me.

Wish me luck.

- Fuck you.

- Thank you.

- Go.

- God bless you.

Here you'll recognize your favorite
characters from Southwest General...

...including John Van Horn,

who has played Dr. Medford Brewster...

...since the first episode aired

Now we'll head into Studio B,

where the episodes are actually taped.

Andrew Donovan,

report to Wardrobe, please.

I didn't get it.
- What?
- They wouldn't let me read.
- They wouldn't let you read?
- They said I wasn't right physically.
They want somebody tougher.
So I'm going home.
I'll walk you.
To San Diego?
- What are you talking about?
- I'm going home!
I hate it here!
God! I'm 34!
I paid \$24 for these glasses.
All I do is buy things...
I want to be a waitress.
I wasn't gonna resort to this,
but you're gonna read.
Excuse me, is Terry Bishop here?
No, Mr. Bishop is rehearsing
The Iceman Cometh for Broadway.
He's what?
He's rehearsing The Iceman Cometh
for Broadway.
That was my part.
I was supposed to be up...
I got to see somebody.
Don't do anything rash.
Will he be back?
- Is George Fields in?
- Yes, he is.
Now, wait a minute.
You can't just go in there!
Michael, he's tied up right now.
I swear!
Hang on. Will you wait outside?
I'm talking to the Coast.
This is a coast.
New York is a coast too.
Oh, boy.
Sy, are you...
God... Look what you...
Margaret?
Get him back.

I cut myself off.
What is it, Michael?
Terry Bishop's doing Iceman.
You promised to send me up for that.
You told me I'd get a reading for that.
Aren't you my agent?
- Stuart Pressman wants a name.
- Terry Bishop is a name?
Michael Dorsey is a name,
when you want to send a steak back.
Wait, wait, wait!
You always do this to me.
It was a rotten thing to say.
Let me start again.
Terry Bishop is on a soap.
Millions watch him every day.
That qualifies him to ruin Iceman?
I can act circles around him.
- I played that part in Minneapolis.
- If he wants a name, that's his affair.
People are in this business
to make money.
- I'm in it to make money too.
- Really?
The Harlem Theatre for the Blind?
The People's Workshop at Syracuse?
Wait a minute.
I did nine plays up at Syracuse.
I got great reviews from the critics.
Not that that's why I did it.
God forbid you should lose
your standing as a cult failure.
You think I'm a failure?
I will not get sucked
into this conversation.
I will not.
I sent you my roommate's play to read.
It had a great part in it for me.
Where do you come off sending me
a play for you to star in?
I'm not your mother.
I don't find plays for you to star in.
I field offers.
That's what I do.

Who told you that?
The agent fairy?
I could be terrific in that part.
- Nobody's going to do that play.
- Why?
It's a downer about a couple
that move back to Love Canal.
But that actually happened.
Nobody wants to watch people
living next to chemical waste!
They can see that in Jersey.
I don't want to argue about it.
I'll raise \$8,000 and produce his play.
Send me up for anything.
I don't care.
I'll do dog commercials.
I'll do radio voice-overs.
- I can't put you up for that.
- Why not?
Because no one will hire you.
I bust my ass to get a part right!
And you bust everybody else's ass too!
Who wants to argue about
whether Tolstoy can...
...walk when he's dying
or walk when he's talking..?
That was two years ago,
and that guy's an idiot!
They can't all be idiots.
You argue with everybody!
You've got one of the worst
reputations in this town.
Nobody will hire you.
Are you saying that nobody
in New York will work with me?
Nobody in Hollywood will either.
I can't even get you a commercial.
You played a tomato, and they went over
schedule because you wouldn't sit.
Yes, it wasn't logical.
You were a tomato! A tomato
doesn't have logic. It can't move!
So if he can't move,
how's he going to sit down?

I was a stand-up tomato.
A juicy, sexy, beefsteak tomato!
Nobody does vegetables like me!
I did vegetables off-Broadway!
I did the best tomato,
the best cucumber!
I did an endive salad that knocked
the critics on their ass!
I'm trying to stay calm here.
You are a wonderful actor.
Thank you.
But you're too much trouble.
Get some therapy.
Okay, thanks. I'm gonna raise
\$8,000 to do Jeff's play.
Michael, you're not
gonna raise 25 cents.
No one will hire you.
Oh, yeah?
Dorothy Michaels?
- Yes.
- George Fields is your agent?
- Yes.
- Okay, ladies.
Please bring your pages
and follow me.
I hate this line,
"You have every right to happiness."
This is Dorothy Michaels.
Our director, Ron Carlysle.
That's our producer, Rita Marshall.
George Fields is Dorothy's agent.
That's impressive.
I'm afraid you're not right for
this role. Thanks for coming by.
Page 205, you want camera one or two?
- Camera two, and tell Art.
- Why am I not right?
I'm trying to make
a certain statement...
...and I'm looking for
a specific physical type.
Mr. Carlysle, I'm a character actress.
I can play it any way you want.

I'm sure you're a very good actress.
It's just that you're not
threatening enough.
Not threatening enough?
Take your hands off me or
I'll knee you in the balls!
- Is that enough of a threat?
- It's a start.
I think I know what you want.
You want a caricature of a woman.
To prove some point like
power makes a woman masculine...
...or masculine women are ugly.
Well, shame on any woman
that lets you do that.
And that means you, Miss Marshall.
Shame on you, you macho shithead.
Jesus!
What is idiotic about power
making a woman masculine?
Not that that was my point.
Miss Michaels, just a minute.
Was that for real
or were you auditioning?
Which answer will get me
a reading, Miss Marshall?
Well, good for you.
Come.
- Miss Michaels.
- Yes. Oh, thank you.
You really think she's worth testing?
She told me no director had ever
communicated a part to her so fast.
She said that?
I like her...
...accent.
- I gotta get these back in order.
- They won't know the difference.
I'm a little nervous.
Just think of them
as something friendly.
Like a firing squad.
Miss Michaels, we're going to
do a camera test now.

Let me have a right profile, camera 1.
Camera 3, a left profile.
What side?
Left side.
Which way for your left?
- What?
- Is that my left or your left?
Wait. What are you talking about?
My left.
Your left.
Miss Michaels, nobody's talking to you.
I'm sorry.
I thought you wanted my profile.
- Not so close on camera 3.
- Camera 3, back off.
Make her look a little more attractive.
How far can you pull back?
- How do you feel about Cleveland?
- Knock it off.
That's good right there, Herbie.
Dorothy, honey, we're going
to try one. Okay?
Let me see exactly
what you showed us a while ago.
Cue her, Jo.
"I know the kind of woman
you are, Emily.
You're getting older. You don't have
a man, so you want to act like one."
Shut your mouth right now. When you
talk to me, talk professionally.
You don't get personal.
That is inappropriate behavior.
I'm proud of being a woman,
Dr. Brewster.
I'm proud of this hospital,
and you should be too.
And I must tell you, before I let it
be destroyed by your petty tyrannies...
...by your callous inhumanities, sir...
...I'm going to recommend
you be turned out into the street.
Good day, Dr. Brewster.
I said good day, sir.

Thank you.

Hold it a minute.

Tough cookie.

I gave her that direction.

Something more, though.

I don't know. It's your decision,
but something about her bothers me.

I like it.

We'll send the contracts to George.

Excuse me. Could you help me?

I'm looking for the Russian Tea Room.

This is the Russian Tea Room.

You're in front of it.

Oh, well, my stars! So it is.

Well, this is very embarrassing.

Yeah, well, this is it.

Thanks very much.

Good afternoon, Mr. Fields.

Nice to see you. Please sit down.

- The waiter will be just a minute.

- George, how are you?

Hey, Ronnie. How are you?

- Hi.

- Wait a minute...

I'm new in town, and I'm lonely.

Would you buy me lunch?

You can't come...

Gregory, this woman...

Don't. It's okay.

George. George. George.

It's Michael Dorsey, okay?

Your favorite client. How are you?

Last job you got me was a tomato.

- Oh, no, no, no...

- Yeah.

- Swear to God.

- Michael?

Oh, God! I begged you to get therapy.

- You also said no one would hire me.

- And this'll make a difference?

I got a soap.

I'm the new woman administrator on
Southwest General.

Congratulate me! They thought

I almost looked too feminine.

- Something from the bar?

- A double vodka right away, please.

For the lady?

How about a Dubonnet with a twist?

- Thank you. Lovely blouse.

- Thank you.

- Welcome.

- You won't get away with this.

- I got away with it. Look around.

- I don't believe this.

I mean, I just don't

believe anybody else will.

- You want to bet?

- Don't sit...

- You know Joel Spector.

- Hello, Joel. How are you?

I talked to Stuart yesterday.

He'll be one more week in London.

Then he definitely...

- I missed you!

- Then he definitely...

You're such a tickly-wickly. You
never were before. We go back years.

- We haven't been introduced.

- Joel Spector.

- I'm sorry.

- Phil Weintraub.

- Sorry. This is Michael...

- Dorothy Michaels. Nice to meet you.

May I say that you are

the best director...

- Producer.

- Sorry. Producer...

...on the Broadway scene today.

Thank you.

Thank you, Miss Michaels.

- Hope to see you again.

- Let's have lunch.

- Fine.

- Call you.

He's handsome.

You should represent him.

- You are psychotic!

- No, I'm employed.
- I got the whole world...
- Don't!
- I won't make fun of you.
- Don't get close to me!
- Loan me \$1000 till payday.
- For what?

For what? I gotta have something to wear besides this.

I won't let you not buy it.

It's the best dress you've had on.

I think it makes me look dumpy.

Because you're wearing ankle straps.

With a few alterations...

Taxi! Taxi! Taxi!

Thank you, thank you.

What are you doing?

I was here first!

Thank you.

Those women were like animals.

I saw this beautiful handbag.

I was afraid to fight for it.

They're vicious. They kill their own.

The woman that finally bought this handbag, I know did time.

Now I don't have a decent handbag.

You know what this lingerie cost?

And the makeup?

How does a woman keep herself attractive and not starve?

Can I have more cottage cheese?

- You wore this today?

- I gotta set that before I go to bed.

Easy, easy, easy.

Please!

I'm dieting. Please.

I gotta get up at 4:30,

do a close shave.

I told the studio I do my own makeup because I'm allergic.

I appreciate your doing this, but it's for the money, isn't it?

It's not so you can wear these little outfits?

I'm not even gonna answer that.
It's a great acting challenge.
You know what my problem is?
Cramps.
No, not cramps.
Sandy.
How can I tell her they cast a man
instead of her? She'll be suicidal.
Don't tell her.
Where will I say I got the money?
What am I going to do? Tell her
somebody died and left it to me?
- My God! When did she die?
- Last week.
Of what?
A disease.
Gee, what a coincidence.
I mean, your needing \$8000 and
her leaving you exactly that much.
- Isn't it?
- It's, well...
- All right, kid.
- It's mine?
- Learn your lines.
- I'm excited!
This is the greatest part!
I want to take you to dinner.
It's time we celebrated something.
- To Return to the Love Canal.
- Hurry up.
- I'll jump in the shower.
- Hurry, hurry, hurry!
Why, yes.
You know, we can stay here
if you want to, and...
- What are you doing?
- Oh, God! I'm...
Sandy, I want you.
You want me?
I want you.
I want you.
- Will I ever see you again?
- We've known each other six years.
I know. But sex changes things.

I've had relationships where I
know a guy, then have sex with him...
...and then I bump into him and
he acts like I loaned him money.
That's not me.
I'll call you tomorrow.
I know there's pain in every
relationship. I just want my pain now.
Otherwise, I'll wait by the phone...
...and then I'll have pain
and wait by the phone.
It's a waste of time.
Let's make it definite.
Dinner tomorrow.
Mom?
What do you think?
Hurry. I'm late.
Turn around.
Smile.
- Say something.
- Hello. It's nice to meet you.
You look very nice. Nice.
But the hair's not right.
You got a Howard Johnson's thing going.
Do something. I can't be late
my first day. Come on.
- Easy, easy!
- It's not your head.
- Okay?
- Let's see.
Well, it works.
But what?
Don't play hard to get.
Taxi! Taxi!
Taxi!
- Dorothy Michaels. Southwest General.
- Oh, yeah.
TV 2.
Straight ahead, first right.
Is that clock right?
- Yes.
- I couldn't get a cab.
Hi, Bobby. This is Miss Michaels.
You'll be in Room 4. We'll need you

on set in about 15 minutes.

- I'm sorry.

- That's ok...

- Oh, Jesus.

- It's quite all right.

- I'm April Paige.

- My, what a nice-looking table.

- Really?

- Yes, it's very smooth.

And that's a very good idea.

A socket for a plug.

- Yeah, well, we got everything.

- Yes, I see.

Just push all that out of the way.

Make yourself at home.

Yes?

One more thing, Miss Michaels.

I forgot to give you these.

Oh, are these for today?

They always throw stuff

at you in the last minute.

- My goodness!

- What's wrong?

- I have to kiss Dr. Brewster!

- He kisses all the women.

We call him "The Tongue."

Okay, quickly. Now, the tubes

have pulled out of Rick's nose.

Julie, there's an alert

at your station.

Rick, get on the floor.

That's why the tubes pulled out.

When Julie starts stuffing

the tubes back up your nose...

...you grab her hard.

- In his condition?

Yes. He's been crazy

since he fell through the ice.

You're delirious.

You think she's Anthea.

- Mr. Carlisle, I...

- Jesus Christ!

Could I have

a little more hammering here?!

Now, when you grab her,
maybe you even say, "Anthea! Anthea!"
Good. Is my violin somewhere
in the room?
Your violin sunk.
It's at the bottom of the lake.
The violin fell through the ice.
He was playing during the thaw.
You're Dorothy Michaels, aren't you?
I'm John Van Horn.
We're up next.
When he grabs you,
you've got to be torn, to struggle.
You know you've got to get those
tubes stuck back up his nose.
But you also realize
you're in the arms of a man...
...whose music was everything to Anthea.
It was her whole life.
This is a man who stood by you
after Ted's breakdown.
Get me a bagel and cream cheese.
- Julie, you want anything?
- No. She's fine, thanks.
So it's a struggle, but you're
struggling with yourself as well.
- And I lose, right?
- Get down here a minute.
Now, then, Rick, it says when she
comes down to her knees...
...it inflames your desire.
God knows, it inflames mine.
Okay, Big John.
Dorothy, come in here.
This is Dorothy Michaels,
the new hospital administrator.
Hello, Dorothy.
Hi! We met the other day.
Julie Nichols, hospital slut.
No! Now, Mr. Carlysle...
I'm sorry, but we have so little time,
we can't even rehearse.
I'm gonna show you your marks,
and then we'll go straight to tape.

Big John, you'll enter from here,
you see them struggling...
...you cross to here and cry loudly,
"Nurse Charles! Are you insane?"
Yes, I see. Will it be
on the teleprompter? "Loudly?"
And who do I say that to?
Nurse Charles.
I thought when Dr. Brewster...
You will enter from here,
cross to this mark.
I know my mark.
But I thought...
The corridor scene will be played
right here. Right?
See, I just wanted to ask
concerning the doctor...
Places, please.
Stand by, tape is rolling.
Five, four, three...
Anthea!
Oh, Anthea!
Freeze up.
One twenty-five.
Nurse Charles! Are you insane?
I'm Emily Kimberly,
the new hospital administrator.
Nurse Charles, what on earth
is going on here, dear?
Help me get her to her feet,
Miss Kimberly.
John's going.
Nurse Charles, tend to your patient
and faint on your own time!
- Yes, Miss...
- Kimberly.
Dr. Brewster...
...you and I must talk.
- Rita, you want to keep rolling?
- It's okay. The girl saved it.
- You haven't changed, Emily.
- But I have, Medford.
You know, Emily, there's no reason
for us to be in opposite camps.

We can rule Southwest General together.

I admire people with power.

Women with power, especially.

God, she hit him on the head.

Rita, she hit him.

- and not consider it a threat?

I'm afraid that you have underestimated me.

If you want to win me over, you'll deal with my mind...

...and not my lips.

- Cut it.

- And stop tape.

- I was supposed to kiss her.

- It was just an instinct.

Remember what you said about being more threatening?

It was a good instinct.

It would've been mine.

Wait. I'll handle the instincts here.

It happened to be a good instinct, toots.

But next time you want to change something, discuss it with me first.

Yes. I was wrong not to.

Good girl.

Big John, wonderful!

All right, people.

Item seven. In the corridor.

Thanks for catching me.

You saved my ass. Literally.

Dorothy...

...I just want to say I loved what you did in our scene. Welcome aboard!

Well, you know, you were good too...

Can I have your autograph?

I've always watched the show.

You're so great.

Wonderful! Oh, thank you!

Thank you. That was an exhilarating first day.

- Tell me about it next week.

- Good night.

Julie, come on, baby.

Can we drop you?
Maybe you'd like to join us for a drink.
- No, thanks. I feel like walking.
- Okay, bye.
She's a very attractive girl.
And no dummy.
But for the life of me...
...I cannot understand why she
hangs around with that director.
He treats her like she's just...
...nothing!
I think you're right.
I'm rewriting the necktie scene
without the necktie.
He's condescending.
He calls me "sweetheart."
He doesn't even know my name.
He calls her "baby."
He pushed me around. If not for
the dress, I'd have kicked his ass.
How'd you communicate with him?
He told me what he wanted.
I didn't say anything.
I did it my way. He bawled me out.
I apologized. That was that.
I think Dorothy's smarter than I am.
I just wish I looked prettier.
I look in the mirror and...
Maybe I can just get a softer...
...hair or something,
because she deserves it.
- Don't answer that!
- Why not?
- It could be for Dorothy. Please.
- Why'd you give them this number?
The show has to contact me
in case they change the schedule.
I'll find out.
They can't think Dorothy lives
with a man! It's wrong for her.
It could be for me.
Answer as Dorothy.
I can't!
What if it's Sandy?

If it's Diane, how do I
explain there's a woman here?
I'll get a service tomorrow.
When you were playing Cyrano and you
stuck a saber in my armpit...
...I didn't say anything.
When you were hopping around,
ranting about your hump...
...saying this was a bell tower,
I didn't say anything.
But I don't see why I should
pretend I'm not home...
...just because you're not
that kind of girl.
That's weird.
- Where are you going?
- To Diane's.
That way if anybody wants to reach me,
they can talk to me.
What do you think I'm doing this for?
For you, for the play, for Sandy...
I told you to give me
the pain yesterday.
Sandy, I'm sorry.
I can't talk long.
I just don't have the energy.
I didn't forget.
I just may have the flu.
Do you have a fever?
How much? Go right to bed
and take two aspirin...
...bundle up, sweat, and drink liquids.
Above all, take 1000 units of
vitamin C every hour with milk only.
Did you give Melanie
an overdose on purpose?
I don't know.
I don't write the shit, you know.
Don't be so hard on Dr. Brewster.
He's insecure.
I have to be tough.
He just wants my body.
Dorothy, you're so bad.
- You look just the way you look.

- Thank you. You're very attractive too.

I want you to meet my dad, Les.

- It's nice to meet you.

- I feel I know you already.

I just love your daughter to pieces.

I can't write any clearer
than I can write. It's in English.

- What about those?

- For Sandy?

For me, for Dorothy. Not exactly,
but that kind of idea.

- A little overstated.

- Really? Wait a minute!

Jesus!

- That's her.

- Mr. Earl!

You got it.

Thursday, what time?

I will not forget.

Okay, bye-bye.

"Things are better since you
came to Southwest General."

- "We're so grateful to you."

- For?

- "For your help and advice."

- "I think of you all as my daughters."

"What kind of mother wouldn't
give her girls tits?"

"Tips."

It's "tips."

Tips.

You'll find you picked
the wrong man to challenge.

It was you who pro...

Look at me when I talk to you.

I don't trust a man
who won't meet my eye.

I don't trust it in a bank teller
or a salesman.

And I certainly don't trust it
in a chief surgeon.

You provoked this confrontation.

You're an incredibly
insensitive woman.

Stop thinking of me as a woman
and start thinking of me as a person.
That's what Southwest General
is made of, people.
And have Nurse Charles
see me immediately.
- Push in for a close-up.
- Not too close!
Okay, hold it there.
- And cut it!
- Stop tape.
Dorothy, it was wonderful
the way you held my face.
You controlled me completely.
Thank you, but you had
some great moments.
Hold it. Good news, children.
Our brilliant engineers have
again erased a reel of the show.
So we have to retape
It's either that
or do it live, tomorrow.
I think we should tape it.
That's a wrap. See you bright

and early, 6:

- Good night, Dorothy.
- Good night, Ben.
That's some day, huh?
What? Oh, you mean about
doing it over again.
Tell me, does that happen often?
Every once in a while.
We actually had to do it live once.
Live!
You should have seen Van Horn's face.
He was so panicked...
...we had to shoot him from the back.
- Want some wine?
- No, thanks. I better go home.
I have to wash my hair.
Thanks anyway.
- Dorothy?
- Yes?

Listen, I know this is exactly
what you want to hear now...
...but we've got 26 pages,
and I was wondering...
...if you could come over and
run some lines with me tonight.
I could make you something to eat.
Night, Fay.
I'm a born defroster.
You don't have a thing to wear?
- She's seen me in all these.
- Not in the white thing.
What, this? You cannot wear white
to a casual dinner. It's too dressy.
- You couldn't wear pants?
- No. Pants? I can't.
- What about this?
- No shoes for it.
The lines make me look hippy...
...and it cuts me across the bust.
We're getting into a weird area.
This is smart.
What about this?
Looks like you should
ring a school bell.
This may seem silly to you,
but this is our first date.
I want to look pretty for her.
Hi.
What a pretty outfit.
- Glad you like it.
- Come on in.
- Brought you something.
- You didn't have to.
It wasn't nothing.
Come in.
I'll put them in water.
What a big apartment.
- What a lovely, lovely room.
- Is it?
- Yes, it's yummy.
- I had a decorator do it.
Before, no money.
Now, no time.

- Amy is asleep. Finally.
- Scared the daylight out of me.
Miss Nichols, that child is never
going to learn anything if you keep...
Thank you, Mrs. Crawley.
- Dorothy, Mrs. Crawley.
- I'm sorry, I didn't know.
Nice meeting you.
- Scared the shit out of me.
- Scared me to death.
Drop your coat here.
- Who is it?
- Amy's nanny.
And she hates me.
Who's Amy?
My daughter.
She was 14 months old last week.
I didn't know you had a baby.
You got any kids, Dorothy?
- Were you ever married?
- I haven't been that fortunate.
I was engaged once, though,
to a brilliant young actor...
...whose career was cut short by
the theatrical establishment.
- They killed him?
- So to speak.
Sutton gave up acting, and me as well.
He's working now as a waiter
in a disreputable restaurant.
I don't want to talk about it.
Maybe you'd like some wine?
No, I think I'd better keep sharp
when we work, you know?
You mind if I ask you a question?
Do you worry about using so much
heavy makeup on your skin?
I don't worry.
I have a little...
...moustache problem I'm sensitive to.
Probably just too many
male hormones or something.
Some men find that attractive.
I know, I know. I just don't like

the men that find it attractive.
So you're divorced?
I've never been married.
Perhaps I'll have
one little drink.
Tell me about Ron.
- How much time have you got?
- Go on.
Well, Ron...
Ron is, hands down, the best
director of daytime drama.
Did they tell you
not to call it a soap yet?
If anybody calls it a soap opera,
Rita fines them a quarter.
It's how she got her car.
You're not telling me
about you and Ron.
That's nighttime drama.
He's interesting there too.
Oh, you mean he's...
You mean you have a good relationship.
What's a good relationship, Dotty?
Can I call you Dotty?
- Oh, please do.
- Ron's smart and he's funny.
We got things in common.
You know a guy who wants a woman
who eats at four...
...is unconscious by nine
and works at dawn?
But how does he treat you?
Oh, that!
- You think I do this without a plan?
- What do you mean?
There are a lot of men out there.
I'm selective. I look around carefully.
When I find the one who can
give me the worst time...
...that's when I make my move.
for a Czech movie.
Try answering as if the question
took you by surprise.
What do you mean?

I'll ask a question.

You just answer it.

Why do you drink so much?

When you grow up as I did, an orphan
raised by a sister 16 years older...

...you have few illusions.

- There you go.

- It made a difference?

You got it.

Thanks, Dorothy.

Why do you drink so much?

Because it's not fattening...

...and it's not good for me.

How many things can you say that about?

You telling me to mind

my own business.

I just don't think you
should worry about it.

- It's nice of you, but...

- But I should mind my own business.

It's all so complicated, isn't it?

- What?

- All of it.

Don't you find being a woman
in the '80s complicated?

Extremely.

- You know what I wish, just once?

- What?

That a guy could be honest enough
to walk up to me and say...

..."Hey, I'm confused about this too.

I could lay a big line on you,
we could do lots of role-playing...

...but the simple truth is,

I find you very interesting...

...and I'd really like to make love
with you." Simple as that.

- Wouldn't that be a relief?

- Heaven.

Sheer heaven.

Ron was supposed to come over
last night. I had dinner all ready.

He never showed up.

Oh, my Lord!

What time is it?

It's 10:

I gotta go.

Listen, forgive me for rushing off.

It was a wonderful dinner.

The dinner is burned.

I'm sorry I'm late.

But I was taking a shower...

...and the water turned off...

...and I got soap in my eyes.

I had to go to five stores to get
chocolate-chocolate chip.

Michael, I saw her.

What? You saw who?

When you were late,

I went by your place.

I waited outside and I saw that
fat woman go into your apartment.

Fat woman?

The one in the raincoat.

Oh, that woman!

That's a friend of Jeff's.

She came over to help him
with the play.

They've known each other for years.

You think she's fat?

Well, it was dark but, yes,
I thought she was fat.

When did Jeff start
collaborating on his play?

She's an excellent typist.

Look, I'm not having
an affair with that woman.

It's impossible.

I don't want to make trouble.

I shouldn't have people over.

They never show up.

I'm sorry. I feel guilty.

You feel guilty. I'm sorry.

Don't do that. Don't apologize
because I'm three hours late.

You should be furious.

You've been great to me.

You helped me with the audition
for that soap. It's that soap!
That soap!
Did you see that cow they hired?
Cow?
They must've gone a different way.
She is awful.
Well, I heard she was pretty good.
Baloney!
She's supposed to be tough, right?
She's not tough.
She's a wimp!
Maybe it's the lines.
She doesn't make them up.
Well, I think she should.
They couldn't be any worse.
I can't move out, Miss Kimberly.
I have no place to go.
I don't know what to do.
Don't tell me your husband beats you,
but you can't move out.
- Why should you move?
- What is she saying?
Three's up. Ready one.
You know what I'd do
if somebody did this to me?
I'd pick up the biggest thing
around and I'd just...
...bash their brains
right through...
...the top of their skull before
I'd let them beat me up again.
Well, I can't afford therapy,
Miss Kimberly.
Who said anything about therapy?
- Cut it, Ron.
- Cut it!
Wait a minute. Her line is
"Your husband..."
Wait a second.
May I say in my own defense...
...to tell a woman
with two children, no money...
...and a husband who beats

her up like this...

...to move into a welfare center

to get therapy is a lot of...

...horseshit!

I wouldn't do it, would you?

- I can't act with this.

- Oh, shut up.

Ron?

I'm partially to blame, Miss Kimberly.

I know I'm pretty, and I use it.

I guess I shouldn't have gone

to Dr. Brewster's office so late.

No, that's not true.

Dr. Brewster has tried to seduce

several nurses on this ward...

...claiming to be in the throes

of an uncontrollable impulse.

Do you know what?

I'm going to give every nurse

on this floor an electric cattle prod...

...and instruct them to just zap

him in his "badubies."

Cattle prod?

Ruby. Hi, do you want to

open up the yellow pages...

...under the section

of Farm Equipment...

I am Dorothy. Nobody's writing her.

It's coming out of me.

You're Michael acting Dorothy.

It's the same thing.

I'm experiencing these feelings.

Why can't you get me a special?

I feel I have something to say to women.

- You have nothing to say to women.

- I have plenty to say to women.

I've been an unemployed

actor for 20 years!

I know what it's like to wait

for the phone to ring!

Then when I finally get a job,

I have no control! I got zip!

If I could impart that experience

to other women...

There are no other women
like you. You're a man!
Yes, I realize that, of course.
But I'm also an actress.
- We shouldn't argue about this.
- I'm a potentially great actress.
I could do Medea, Ophelia, Lady Macbeth.
Just like in Shakespeare's day.
Get the writers at the agency...
I could do a great Eleanor Roosevelt.
We can do the
Eleanor Roosevelt story!
The Eleanor Roosevelt story?
What's the matter with that?
Phil Weintraub's party is Saturday.
Let's just go.
Have a good time.
Don't take yourself so seriously.
- He never invited me to a party.
- I'm inviting you.
He did a fabulous job on your eyes.
I can't blink for a week. Really.
- I don't like it here.
- Stand up straight.
- What do you want?
- A double champagne.
What is this?
Just serve yourself?
Hi. What would you like?
Give me two...
- Two what?
- Of anything.
- I'm sorry...
- A couple of champagnes.
- Can I get you something?
- Vodka on the rocks with a twist.
You don't remember me?
When I came in, I thought
you looked familiar.
- What's your name again?
- Suzanne.
Call Pamela Green, my agent.
Paramount's interested.
I'll know after the first.

I'll read it after the first.
Actually, I'm not that crazy
about the script.
I'm having a rewrite done.
Maybe we could have dinner.
Call Pamela.
She handles me for dinner.
Do you have a light?
- How've you been?
- Great.
- Good.
- You look wonderful.
Silly me, I already had dinner.
I didn't know there'd be so much food.
It's for my dog.
He likes fruit.
Mike Dorsey.
Great view, huh?
Only Phil could afford all those lights.
You know...
...I could lay a big line on you...
...and we could do a lot of
role-playing, but the simple truth...
...is that I find you
very interesting.
And I'd like to make love to you.
You know?
It's as sim...
As simple as that.
I understand who you really are.
And I'll no longer submit to your
petty insults and humiliations.
It's not necessary now that
Emily Kimberly's here.
Now that someone who sees
the truth is your equal.
Listen, doctor, I've filed charges
against you with the AMA.
You'll be notified tomorrow.
- And cut it.
- Cut.
It's a good one.
Perfect.
- That was great.

- Thanks, John.
- Lovely job. First-rate.
- You were wonderful.
Thanks to my coach.
No, you did it yourself.
- Was it okay?
- I loved the middle...
So much for the
mutual-admiration society.
Let's move on to item 17.
Jo, clear this set.
I'll need Alan, Tom and John.
Tootsie, take 10.
Ron?
My name is Dorothy.
It's not Tootsie or Toots
or Sweetie or Honey or Doll.
- Oh, Christ.
- No, just Dorothy.
Alan's always Alan, Tom's always Tom
and John's always John.
I have a name too. It's Dorothy,
capital D-O-R-O-T-H-Y.
Dorothy.
Excuse me, doctor.
Did somebody die?
- Violinist.
- I didn't know he was that sick.
He wasn't.
He asked for a raise.
I'm sorry about what
happened out there.
- I was upset.
- What're you doing for the holidays?
Why?
Well, the baby and I are gonna
go up to my dad's farm upstate.
It's not exactly the fast lane,
but it's kind of fun.
Maybe you'd like to come along?
You know, since my dad met you,
he's your biggest fan.
Is Ron coming too?
Would that make a difference?

Actually...

...I think he has to stay
in town and work.

If it matters...

...I've always hated women who treat
other women as stand-ins for men.

It's not that, really.

I'd just like you to come.

I just don't want to get up too soon
or I'll have another relapse.

Isn't there some way we could rehearse
in the same room together?

We will. Right after the weekend.

I'll call you Monday.

Thanks. Bye-bye.

You know where my pink nightgown is?

With the flow...

- Listen to me.

- What?

Stop packing.

Don't do this.

- Why?

- You should not do this.

In two weeks, if I ever see Julie again,
it'll be as Michael...

...and she'll probably
throw a drink in my face.

- How can you keep lying to Sandy?

- It's for her own good.

I never told Sandy I wouldn't
see other women. Come on.

If I told her, it would hurt her
and I don't want to do that.

Especially since Julie and I
are just girlfriends.

I'm just afraid you'll
burn in hell for this.

I don't believe in hell.

I believe in unemployment.

- Wait! Let me get those.

- Oh, well, thank you.

- Strong little thing, aren't you?

- Well, no.

Come on, Dorothy.

I'll show you the house.
- Careful coming up here.
- It really is old, isn't it?
Here we are.
I'll set up the crib in a second.
Unpack your bags and we'll...
Wait. Are we sharing?
The upstairs is shut off.
And I know you girls.
No matter what, you'll sneak back
together and spend the night giggling.
He still thinks I'm 12.
Which side do you want?
I think the one closest
to the bathroom.
I won't take up much room.
Take it between your thumb
and forefinger.
Let every finger roll down
individually. That's it, yes.
My goodness.
You'll be all right.
Special up here, isn't it?
I'm glad you came.
Can I tell you something?
Sweetheart?
Ron is on the phone.
Hi. I'm sorry.
- What, Dorothy?
- Nothing.
- I think I'll put her down.
- Good.
Gets a little chilly out here.
- No, I was just...
- I brought this sweater for you.
Thank you.
Very nice of you, Les.
Thank you.
I wonder if we're going to get
any stars out of the sky tonight?
I've got my stars.
You and Julie.
- It's beautiful.
- I should've transposed it.

It's wonderful for a lady
to play piano.

Quit. Mama insisted.

- Who wants another drink?

- You better take it easy.

- Remember Injun Joe.

- What's that?

Don't you tell that story.

- This bar Daddy hangs out in...

- I don't.

He and Injun Joe threw back
a few too many.

Hard liquor.

They thought they saw this elk.

They stalked it for a couple hours.

They cornered it up

against Charlie's barn.

About the time they were ready
to blast it, it mooed.

It was a cow?

Enough laughing at your old man.

You know this one?

Wait a minute.

- Bravo!

- That was Julie's mother's name.

Mary Juliet Cooper.

Well, I'm going to bed.

Do you wanna hit the hay,
as they say on the farm?

I think I'll... You and...

Both of you go to bed.

- I'll stay up.

- I'll stay with you.

Well, I'm going.

- Good night.

- Good night, dear.

Good night, Dad.

Sleep well.

Be good.

- Nice girl, isn't she?

- Very sweet.

I'm kind of glad Ron didn't come up.

You know I am too, actually.

Really?

- I'm sorry. Please, sit down.

- Thank you.

I thought you'd be more like
one of them "liberators."

You know, I'm not really
like the woman on the show.

I mean, it's just a part.

I'm not that militant.

Don't get me wrong.

I'm all for equality.

Women ought to be entitled to
everything and all, et cetera.

Except...

...sometimes I think
what they really want is to be men.

Like men are all equal
in the first place. We're not.

Can I get you another drink?

I must keep my wits tonight.

Tonight?

Well, always.

I remember years ago...

...there wasn't talk about
what a woman was, what a man was.

You just were what you were.

Now they have all this stuff about
being like the other sex...

...so you can all be the same.

Well, I'm sorry, but we're just not.

Not on a farm, anyway.

Bulls are bulls,
and roosters don't try to lay eggs.

Never.

My wife and I, we were
married a lot of years.

People got it all wrong.

They say your health
is the most important thing.

But I can lift this house off the
ground. What good is it?

Being with someone.

Sharing.

That's what it's all about.

- Julie says you're not married.

- No.

Like another drink?

- No.

- You sure?

Yes. Well, you know what?

I think it is about that time.

- Thanks for staying up and talking.

- Don't you mention it.

You have beautiful eyes.

Oh, well, thank you.

Good night, Les.

Daddy's a little out of
touch, isn't he?

No. Very sweet, very sweet.

He sees things pretty simply.

You're either happy or unhappy.

Married or not married.

There's nothing in between.

I tried to get him to take out
other women after Mama died but...

You know, she must have been
a very special person.

I guess so.

I don't remember her very well.

I remember her helping me
pick out this wallpaper.

I'd chosen one with great big,
purple flowers on it.

And she said to me...

..."Just remember that once
you choose it...

...it's gonna cover the walls
of your room for a long, long time."

So I tried to imagine what those big,
purple flowers would look like...

...on all the walls of my room...

...every night when I was
falling asleep...

...and every morning
when I was getting dressed.

So I said to her,

"Which one would you choose, Mom?"

And she said, "The one with
the daisies and the little rosebuds..."

...because daisies
are such homey flowers...
...and rosebuds are so cheerful
and always waiting to bloom."
That's lovely.
I made a million plans
looking at this wallpaper.
I was always waiting
for these rosebuds to open.
That's nice.
My mother used to do that too,
sometimes.
- Good night, Julie.
- Good night, Dottie.
Cathy Campbell,
please call your office.
It says "cool."
Don't you think I should be angry?
Doesn't it play better?
Yes. Why don't you try that?
This just came to
our dressing room for you.
- I think it's from Julie's father.
- Oh, my!
Now don't you dare eat any.
You don't want to ruin your cute figure.
What a thoughtless present
to give a woman.
Chocolates!
Dorothy Michaels,
Rita Marshall's office.
You're a complicated lady.
On the one hand,
you're a real pain in the ass.
I've got one of the most
expensive directors in soaps...
I owe myself a quarter.
And you've got him
defensive and hostile.
I don't mean to.
However, we're getting
...and we've picked up
three share points.
And it's largely due to you.

You are the first woman character
who is her own person.

Who asserts her own personality
without robbing someone of theirs.
You're a breakthrough lady for us.
We're picking up your option for
another year. Congratulations.

Come on, Mike. What do you mean,
get you out of it?

There's no way out.

It's their option.

What? Who gave them that?

You signed the standard contract.

But I didn't know I'd be working
for the rest of my life as a woman!

You gotta make it work.

They'll pay. They'll go from

You get me out of this,
or I'll go in and tell them.

Tell them what?

That you put a network on the spot?

You're making a fool out of women?

They'll kill you!

My secretary wants to be like
Dorothy Michaels. I want to fire her.

We're talking major fraud here.

Major fraud! You can't tell them.

What about me? You think anybody
will believe I wasn't in on this?

It's not just ruining yourself.

This is ruining me too.

You can't do it.

You gotta make it work.

- Can you take that many Valium?

- We'll see.

Maybe your contract has
a morals clause.

If Dorothy did something filthy or
disgusting, they'd let you go.

But you've already done everything
filthy and disgusting on your show.

Dorothy, it's Julie.

There's sort of an emergency.

Well, it's not really an emergency...

...but if you get a chance,
would you call me?
- Are you sure you wanna do this?
- No, but I'm going to.
I've been fooling myself about Ron
for too long now.
I guess I really wanted you here
for moral support.
Although I did fire Mrs. Crawley today.
I really did.
- Want a drink?
- I'm not the one breaking up with Ron.
I'd buy a ticket to that.
You have influenced me though.
I've seen Ron through your eyes.
Julie, I don't want
that responsibility.
Why shouldn't you influence me?
You wouldn't compromise your
feelings like I have...
...or live this kind of lie.
Well, no, I wouldn't.
But...
Of course not. And you're right.
It's just...
I deserve something better.
I don't have to settle for this.
But I've always been too lazy
or too scared or too something.
Don't be so hard on yourself.
What the hell?
I'll live, won't I?
Maybe not happily, but honestly.
Sounds like something you'd say.
You mustn't idealize me. Honesty,
in many ways, is a relative term.
My father's coming.
If he calls, don't say
anything about this.
He's coming tonight.
He'll want to see you.
Me?
Oh, God!
It's Ron.

Oh, Dorothy, God bless you.
Wish me luck now.
Always.
I feel that little moustache.
You should put some makeup on it.
How're you doing?
What's going on?
Dorothy's gonna sit with Amy.
- I'll be right back.
- Okay.
Hi, honey.
You don't mind if I call you honey
when we're not working?
Nice dress.
Thank you.
You don't like me, do you?
I can respect that...
...but there's not many women
I can't make like me.
Why don't you like me?
I don't like
the way you treat Julie.
Oh?
I don't like the way you patronize her,
deceive her and lie to her.
What do you mean?
You want me to go on?
No, I know what you mean.
Look, I never promised Julie I'd be
exclusive and not see other women.
But I know she doesn't want
me to see them...
...so I lie to her
to keep from hurting her.
That's very convenient.
No, wait a minute.
Look at it from my side.
See, if a woman
wants me to seduce her...
...I usually do.
But then she pretends I promised her
something. Then I pretend I did.
In the end, I'm the one
that's exploited.

Bullshit, Ron!
You know what?
I understand you a lot better
than you think I do.
Really?
I'm ready.
- Julie's ready.
- She sure is.
Dorothy, she never wakes up.
But if she does,
there's applesauce in the fridge.
Give her a couple spoonfuls.
I'm sure she...
Are you sure you'll be okay?
Don't be silly. How much trouble
can a baby be? Go on.
It's okay.
Oh, it's okay.
Oh, please don't cry.
Please don't cry.
Oh, I love you.
Look how much fun we're having.
It's all right. It's all right.
It's okay.
It's Uncle Dorothy.
Please don't cry.
Please don't cry. Please.
Oh, come on.
Oh, here's funny clown.
Funny clown's talking to...
Look.
Come on, Amy.
Hello, Amy.
Amy...
Give me a break, will you?
Here, come on.
Will you eat some more now?
You told me to open up this one.
Now this is apri...
Gotcha! Gotcha!
You want a little more apricot?
Don't do that anymore.
Don't do that to Aunt Dorothy.
You'll go to sleep after this.

Just try this one,
and then I'll put you...
I don't like you.
It's not funny.
Amy, look at this.
She'll have to paint the kitchen.
Here, look at yourself.
You see what a bad girl looks like?
Dorothy?
I'll be right there.
How's Amy? Any trouble?
Oh, not at all.
She was an angel.
Are you all right?
Fine.
What's the matter?
Tell the truth now.
Are you sure you're all right?
No.
Why?
Who am I going to have dinner with?
Oh, God! I hate myself
for being like this.
- You know something funny?
- What?
And I don't want you
to take this the wrong way.
But since I met you, I'm so grateful
to have you as a friend.
And yet, at the same time...
...I've never felt lonelier
in my whole life.
It's as though I want something
that I just can't have.
You know what I mean?
Do you?
- Dorothy?
- Julie!
- My God!
- Let me explain.
Don't say anything.
- There's a reason.
- I understand.
That's not the reason.

I'm not who you think I am.

- Just wait a minute.

- Nobody is.

- It's me.

- No, it's me.

- No, it's me.

- No, it's me.

I'm not well-adjusted enough.

I'm sure I've got the same impulses.

Obviously, I did.

Don't jump to conclusions about
that impulse.

If you could just see me
out of these clothes...

What? What?

That's my father!

You've got to tell him.

- Tell him.

- Tell him what?

That I...

That's a corncob.

Hi, Dad.

Fine.

I'm here with Dorothy.

I can't tonight, Daddy.

But wait.

You've got to see him.

Just don't lead him on.

- Please don't make me do this.

- You gotta let him down gently.

- I can't.

- You owe me that.

Hi, Les.

I'm fine. How are you?

Tonight, sure.

Tonight?

- What'll you have?

- Just water.

- Water and bourbon.

- Make that a straight scotch.

Scotch and bourbon.

I'd like to...

- Let's dance.

- What?

- It's my favorite dance.
- Oh, really, I don't dance.
- You'll love it.
- What?
- Follow me. Follow me.
- Please, I don't...
You know what? I'd...
Really, I'd rather not.
- Just relax.
- You're very good.
- My wife and I took a course.
- I could tell at once.
- Emily, we love you.
- You're fabulous!
- Just wonderful.
- Wonderful.
- You're even prettier in person.
- Thank you.

I'm sorry. I forgot that
you're on your feet all day.

- Come on, sit down.
- Yes, I think we should stop.
- Thank you.
- Thank you.

I was happy you could
come out tonight.

I know you usually
got a lot of lines to learn.

- There's something I'd better say.
- I want to say something too.

Wouldn't it be funny
if we both said the same thing?
It'd be hilarious.

But I doubt it.

Well, mine's pretty simple.

I'm not too good with words anyway.

I only took two pictures in my life...

...my high-school graduation
and my wedding.

My wife stood next to me in both.

I never thought I'd want anybody
to fill her place.

That changed last weekend.

- Lester.

- Lesley.
- Lesley...
- Don't interrupt me.
I gotta do this in one go
or I won't do it.
I know this is kind of quick,
but that's how I am.
Never did believe in
not getting down to it.
Don't say anything now...
I know it's fast.
But take time to think about it.
If you say no, at least I'll feel
you took me seriously.
Would you mind?
I just need to be alone.
I'd like to start thinking it over
as soon as possible.
Dorothy?
This is a nightmare.
Don't be angry.
I had to talk to you.
- How'd you know where I live?
- I followed you.
- What? Followed me home?
- I didn't have the courage to phone you.
- Could I come up for a drink?
- No, you can't! I have a headache.
Please! I'll only take
a tiny moment of your time.
I'll see you on the set tomorrow
and we'll talk about it.
Go home.
Have you been drinking?
Shh! Are you out of your
cotton-picking mind?
Come on up!
I'm on the third floor!
Hurry before someone
calls the cops!
Jesus!
Come in, but you can
just stay a minute.
Can I have a drink?

Anything alcoholic will do.

- Just one drink and I'll go.

- Oh, all right, but I...

Nice mirror.

Here.

What is it that couldn't wait?

I'm just an untalented

old has-been.

Were you ever famous?

- No.

- Then how can you be a has-been?

I love the way you never let me
get away with anything.

- Dorothy...

- Yes?

- I want you.

- Pardon?

- I've never wanted a woman this much!

- Please! Perhaps another time.

Turn me away, it'll kill me!

- I don't want emotional involvement.

- I'll take sex.

- I don't want to hurt you.

- I don't mind.

Oh, shit!

John Van Horn, Jeff Slater.

Jeff Slater, John Van Horn.

How do you do?

How do you do?

- I'll be going.

- I think it's best.

- Gee, I hope I haven't...

- No, I hope I haven't...

I want you to know, for the record...

...that nothing happened here tonight.

Thank you, John.

I'm sorry, Dorothy.

I didn't understand.

I'm really sorry.

Please don't talk about this.

My lips are sealed.

You slut!

Look, don't start in with me.

Don't do that.

Rape is not a laughing matter.
That guy wanted me.
You cannot believe
the night I have had tonight!
- I think I can imagine.
- No, you can't.
I saw his eyes.
I was in trouble.
If you don't come in,
I'm in the Daily News the next day.
How did you ever let him in?
What do you mean?
He was singing.
- Is he that good a singer?
- What do you..?
That's him!
Say I'm in the bedroom crying.
Don't let him in!
Michael.
It's Sandy.
Sandy?
It's Sandy?
I can't let her see me like this.
I hear you in there.
Open the door. It's me, Sandy.
Open the door!
- Sandy, is that you?
- Yes!
What time is it?
I fell asleep, I guess.
I was having a nightmare
and you were in it.
Mike's in the shower.
I'm in the shower!
I got soap in my eyes!
I'm not dressed.
I was asleep. I was dreaming.
You were in my dream.
You had big teeth.
I had big what?
- I gotta get something on.
- Are you having a party?
I'm in the shower!
Turn on the water!

It's stuck! I got soap in my eyes
and there's no water coming out!
I can't come out
with soap in my eyes!
Open the door!
I can hear you in there, you guys.
Open the door!
- Open this door.
- The door was open.
You must think I'm really stupid.
No one would say it to your face.
I've been out there for 10 minutes.
It sounded like a party in here.
Well, Mike was in the shower.
You know.
- Hi, I was taking a shower.
- He was in the shower.
- Good shower?
- Good shower.
Why haven't you returned
my phone calls?
I'll go do some writing.
Excuse me.
Wait, I'll be back.
I got a present for you.
Pigs!
I'm glad you came over.
I've been meaning to give this to you.
- I suppose this means nothing's wrong?
- Nothing is. Is it?
I've called you all week
and you haven't called back.
- You treat me like I'm a jerk.
- What?
- I called and you didn't call back!
- No, it's...
My new answering machine is no good.
I'll answer my own calls.
- I went to six stores for your favorite.
- Chocolate-covered cherries?
That's sweet.
Oh, and a card.
Oh, yeah. No, no!
Don't, don't read it!

I was very angry when I wrote that!

"Thank you for the lovely night
in front of the fire.

Missing you, Les."

This isn't for me.

It's another girl's candy.

I wouldn't give you
another girl's candy.

- Then, whose is it?

- Mine.

A guy named Les sends you candy?

Yes. He's a friend of mine.

He can't eat candy. He's diabetic.

Why is he thanking you for
a lovely night in front of the fire?

My mind's a blank.

Are you gay?

In what sense?

Just be honest with me.

For once in your life tell the truth!

Because these stories
are very demeaning to me.

No matter how bad the truth is...

...it doesn't tear you apart inside
like dishonesty.

At least it leaves you with
some self-respect and some dignity.

You're right.

Okay. Okay.

I'm not gonna lie to you anymore.

I'm gonna tell you the truth.

Sandy...

I'm in love with another woman.

What are you saying?!

- Sandy, please. Don't...

- You liar!

We never said "I love you."

- We went to bed one time.

- I don't care.

You're a dear friend. But let's not
pretend it was something else!

We're gonna lose everything!

I don't care about "I love you!"

I read The Second Sex...

...and The Cinderella Complex!

I'm responsible for my own orgasms!

I just don't like to be lied to!

You asked me

to be straight with you.

I didn't say

how I'd feel about it.

- What can I do?

- There's nothing you can do for me.

I just have to feel like this...

...and you have to know

you made me feel this way!

- Aren't we still friends?

- No!

I don't take this shit from friends,
only from lovers.

- Wait, what about the play?

- What about it?

I should tell you to shove your play.

But I won't, because

I never allow personal despair...

...to ruin my

professional commitments.

I am a professional actress!

So, are these real

chocolate-covered cherries?

I think so.

- See you at rehearsal.

- Oh, Sandy...

Don't call me.

It's 2 a.m.

Can't this wait?

I don't care.

Get me off this show in 10 days.

- It's impossible.

- Then I'm getting a new agent.

You hurt my feelings.

What happened?

I told her about Julie.

She thinks I'm gay.

- Julie thinks your gay?

- No, my friend Sandy.

Well, sleep with her.

- I did and she still thinks I'm gay.

- Oh, that's not so good.
I gotta get back to my life.
You got lots of lawyers...
...there must be a way to get
me out of this show.

- We've been through this.

- Why can't Dorothy have an accident?
We can use our imaginations.
This isn't too tough.
Kill somebody and bring back the stiff,
but she'd better look like you.

- They don't miss a trick.

- These are nice, good people.
Since when do you care so much
about what other people feel?
You should have seen Julie's face
when she thought I was a lesbian.
Lesbian?
You just said "gay."
Sandy thinks I'm gay.
Julie thinks I'm a lesbian.

- I thought Dorothy was straight.

- She is.
Les, the sweetest man in the world,
asked me to marry him.
A guy named Les
wants to marry you?
Yeah.
No, wants to marry Dorothy.

- He knows she's a lesbian?

- She's not!

- I know that, but does he?

- Know what?
That...
Well, I don't know.
You know he gave me a ring?
He gave me a diamond ring.
What did you say?
"I got to think it over."
I went in the ladies' room
and almost pissed in the sink.
Thirteen's up.
Ready 14.
Widen E.

Pull three to 130.

- Cut it.

- Stop tape.

We're gonna take
a short break, people.

Hold it, hold it!

Slight change of plans, children.

Our future ex-tape editor spilled
a bottle of celery tonic...

...on the second reel
of the show airing today.

So we have to redo

Emily's party scene, live.

- Live?

- Quick, like bunnies.

You have 26 minutes.

Get into wardrobe.

- But Rita...

- You've only got a few lines.

Well, I don't see

why we can't use the tape.

Just because it's a little sticky.

Explain to them that

the hours have to be flexible.

No...

And I would...

Can I call you back?

Thank you.

My God, Dorothy! I just...

Really, I can't.

It's for Amy.

Oh, thanks.

That's nice.

- I don't know how to say this...

- I wish you wouldn't.

I understand that you weren't able
to tell my dad last night.

So it'd be better for all of us
if I tried to explain it to him.

Look, I wouldn't be honest
if I didn't tell you...

...how much you've meant to me
these past couple weeks.

You taught me how to stand up

for myself because you always do.
You taught me to stop hiding
and just be myself...
...because you're always yourself.
I'm grateful to you.
But...
Well, I just...
I just can't see you anymore,
you know?
I just feel it would be leading you on.
It wouldn't be fair to you.
I really love you, Dorothy.
But I can't...
I can't love you.
Places, everybody.
Immediately!
Fifteen seconds to commercial.
I don't care how you get there.
This is the most important night
in Emily's life.
We're all going to be there
to honor her, including you.
Stand by.
Quiet, please, on the floor.
Stand by.
Twenty-two and 23
come down to 18.
Hold it.
That's good.
Five, four, three...
Let's raise our glasses to our
guest of honor, Ms. Emily Kimberly.
We're looking forward to having
you grace us with your presence...
...for many years to come.
Thank you, Gordon.
I can't tell you all how moved I am.
I never in my wildest dreams...
...imagined that I would be the object
of so much genuine affection.
It makes it more difficult for
me to say what I'm now going to say.
I do feel it's time
to set the record straight.

I didn't come here
just as an administrator.
I came to this hospital
to settle a score.
What score?
My father built
this hospital.
But to his family...
...he was an unmerciful tyrant.
An absolute dodo bird.
Oh, no! Not live.
Let's see where she goes.
He drove my mother to drink.
In fact, she went riding one time
and lost all her teeth.
What? What?
- the oldest daughter, the pretty,
charming one, became pregnant...
...at 15 and was driven
out of the house.
She was so terrified that her daughter
would bear the stigma of illegitimacy...
...she changed her name and contracted
a disfiguring disease...
...after moving to Tangiers, where
she raised the girl as her sister.
But her one ambition...
Any preference of shots
on this one?
- was to become a nurse.
So she returned to the States
and joined the staff right here...
...at Southwest General.
She worked here
and had to speak out...
...wherever she saw injustice
and inhumanity.
Don't you understand that,
Dr. Brewster?
I never laid a hand on her.
Yes, you did. She was shunned
by all you nurses too.
Give me something, one.
Not backs.

Two and three go left and right.
No, two go left!
Three go right!
Her outspokenness threatened
you doctors.
But she was deeply, deeply,
deeply loved...
...by her brother.
- Her brother?
This brother,
on the day of her death...
...swore to the good Lord above
he'd follow in her footsteps.
And, and, and...
...just, just, just...
Don't, don't, don't panic.
...owe it all up to her!
But on her terms!
Here come the terms.
As a woman...
...and just as proud to be a woman...
...as she ever was...
...for I am not Emily Kimberly...
...the daughter of Dwayne...
...and Alma Kimberly.
No, I'm not.
I'm Edward Kimberly,
Anthea's reckless brother.
Holy Christ!
Edward Kimberly, who's finally
vindicated his sister's good name.
I'm Edward Kimberly.
Edward Kimberly.
- I'll be damned.
- I'm not mentally ill, but proud...
...and lucky to be the woman
that was the best part of my manhood.
The best part of myself.
That is one nutty hospital.
I knew there was a reason
she didn't like me!
Cut it!
Cut!
Does Jeff know?

Hey, Robert.
Hi, Les.
Get him!
All right!
Get him! Get him! Get him!
Oh, come on.
- I thought you'd want it back.
- Outside.
Give it to me outside.
Why'd you do it?
I needed the work.
The only reason you're still living is
because I never kissed you.
I hope you enjoyed the chocolates.
I gave them to a girl.
So did I. I thought.
Do you like them?
- Chocolates?
- Girls!
I like Julie.
I think I love Julie.
Wearing a dress is
a funny way to show it.
I know. I apologize.
The truth is,
you were okay company.
So were you.
I could have done
without the dancing.
You know, you're very good.
- I'm seeing a real nice woman now.
- Oh, really?
You think I didn't check her out?
Can I buy you a beer?
You got six bits.
Yeah.
Can I have a couple of beers?
Does Julie ever mention me?
Taxi!
Thank you.
Hi.
I saw your father.
I drove up to see him
in that bar he hangs out at.

He doesn't hang out there.

Oh, yeah. I forgot.

- How's Amy?

- Fine.

Your dad and I had a couple of beers
and shot a good game of pool.

We had a really good time together.

How's it going?

Terry Bishop's back on the show.

April lost her license...

- I meant with you.

- I know what you meant.

So you're pretty hot
after your unveiling.

What's your next triumph?

I'm going to do this play with...

Good. I've gotta catch a cab.

Can I call you sometime?

Look, I don't want to hold you up.

I just did it for the work.

I didn't mean to hurt anybody.

Especially you.

I miss Dorothy.

You don't have to.

She's right here.

And she misses you.

Look, you don't know me from Adam.

But I was a better man with you,
as a woman...

...than I ever was with a woman,
as a man.

You know what I mean?

I just gotta learn to do it
without the dress.

At this point, there might be
an advantage to my wearing pants.

The hard part's over,
you know?

We were already...

...good friends.

Will you loan me
that little yellow outfit?

Which one?

- The Halston.

- The Halston?

Oh, no!

You'll ruin it.

- You'll spill wine all over it.

- I will not.

I'll loan it to you, but you gotta
give it back. It's my favorite...

What are you gonna use it for?