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Young Doctors In Love

By Michael Elias

- Gently now, don't hurt me.

- It won't hurt.

It hurt.

Is this working?

Good morning. I am Dr. Joseph Prang.

Chief of Staff, Chief of Surgery,

Chief of busting balls.

I'm sure you've all come here

with high hopes.

Scalpel. And wonderful dreams.

You there with the turtleneck on.

What do you hope to get out of all this?

Walter Rist, New Jersey, Hoboken.

I wanna be a psychiatrist...

because I wanna help people

put their twisted, wretched minds...

in a more peaceful place.

Not a chance, Doctor.

Thurman Flicker, Coon Valley, Wisconsin.

- Gynecology, I think.

- Next.

Charles Litto. Chicago:

Anesthesiologist. I like to pass gas.

That's wonderful, Dr. Litto.

We're down here trying

to save a man's life...

and you're up there making fart jokes.

My name is Milton Chamberlain,

Miami, Florida.

Proctologist?

No, sir. Pediatrician.

Young lady, how about you?

Hi.

Hi.

I'm Stephanie Brody, and I'm from Vermont.

I want to specialize in rural medicine...

so I can open a clinic in my hometown.

Buck DeVol.

All-American University of Iowa.

Dream faster, son.

- Yeah. Sports medicine.

- Next.

Phil Burns.

And I am from the really ugly part

of Rego Park in Long Island in Queens.
And I had, like, a hideous childhood...
Wait a minute. Excuse me, Burns.
Dr. Stevens, who is that?
That's Dr. Byner. He's assisting today.
- Why is he wearing a white cap?
- Excuse me?
He's wearing a white cap.
I'm wearing a white cap.
Everybody else is wearing blue caps.
Well, we were all out of blue caps,
so I gave him a white cap.
Get him out of here.
I'm sorry, Burns.
You were saying, ugly, hideous...
Yes. To support myself...
see, I'm working two jobs to become
an allergist and be somebody.
Thank you.
And the one in the back there.
What's your dream, young man?
Dr. Simon August. Beverly Hills, California.
I'm going to be the greatest surgeon
the world has ever known.
Oh, God, he's gonna want a white cap.
Think fast.
I can promise you all two things.

One:

of your lives.

Two:

will be the best doctors in the state.
For the next 12 months,
you will learn to hate my guts.
I may break some of you.
But those of you who survive will thank me.
Get out of here.
That's better. I like your hat.
Attention. New interns report for duty
on January 1.
Happy New Year.
Happy New Year!
The White Zone is for the immediate

loading and unloading of patients only.

No parking.

I want to go back to the party.

- I'm telling you, we don't have any room.

- I know. Just get his history, Perez.

All right, let's go back in there.

We'll get that fly right out of your ear.

All right, Nick, come on.

Get these people to quit smoking.

- And find that duck.

- The duck?

I'm telling you, find me more help tonight.

Or find yourself a new chief resident.

Now, I've got this new intern here for you,
and I found three girls.

Three candy-striper volunteers.

Two of them are paramedics,
and one worked in publicity.

- I'll take the one with the tits.

- Linda.

City Hospital Emergency.

Nurse Chang speaking.

I'll talk to you later.

What happened?

- There's a fly in my ear.

- A fly flew into his ear.

A fly in your ear? Let's see.

Hello, City Hospital. Emergency.

Emergency in Room A, Dr. Jacobs.

Perez, take care of his fly.

- What the hell are you doing?

- Leave her alone, Mom.

Hey, what the hell's going on?

Tell Jacobs those new interns are here.

Good evening.

All right, doctors, I have got
an emergency room full of trouble.

Let's go.

Nurse, sorry, but the schedule says

"Let's Get Acquainted Party, Sunday night."

First day of duty, Monday.

It's still Sunday night. Happy New Year.

Wrong, Doctor.

It's 12:

- Let's go, doctors.

- Careful, don't step on Milton.

Who do we examine first?

Let's see, there we go, Room 5.

You missed a great party, Doctor.

I didn't become a doctor

to go to parties, Nurse.

I didn't become a doctor

to be called "Nurse."

Thank you, Nurse.

This is Mr. Langley.

Doctor, I can't piss anymore.

- How old are you?

- I'm 82 years old.

You've pissed enough.

For Pete's sake.

I was just joking. He didn't get it.

I didn't get it, either.

Inside mob sources say

Godfather Sal Bonafetti...

and his son Angelo...

are marked for extinction by the underworld.

Needless to say, they are

unavailable for comment.

It's New Year's Eve.

I can't stand this fucking hiding anymore.

I wanna go out.

Angelo, listen to me, I wanna go out.

There's three fucking families

trying to kill you.

You got no brains? Can I have some coffee?

You shouldn't talk to your father that way.

Shut your mouth!

I want quiet.

I can't stand this no more. I can't take it.

All my life, always screaming.

I can't stand the screaming!

Stop screaming!

- What's the matter, Pop?

- Pop, spit it out.

Pop, it's me, it's Angie.

- Say something.

- He looks sick.

Will you shut up?
Keep your mouth shut!
We gotta get him to a hospital. Come on.
It's not safe to go out.
We gotta keep him in hiding.
But don't you think letting him die here
defeats the purpose?
He's right.
You disguise Pop, I'll disguise me.
It's gonna be all right, Pop, you'll see.
It's gonna be all right.
Have you got the ambulance yet?
Sir, I can't just get you an ambulance.
- I want the best doctor in the place.
- Does he have any mobility?
- What?
- Mobility?
- His arms, his legs, can he move?
- What are you talking about?
- Sorry.
- What are you doing?
He's all better now. Now do me a favor.
Don't tell anybody that
Dr. Buck fixed your duck.
Will one of the interns please report
to Room B?
Then he cornered me
in the back of the bus...
and then he started pulling at my clothes.
Did he say anything?
Yeah, he did. He said:
"First I'm gonna lick you all over."
- Lick?
- Lick.
"And then I'm gonna..."
I can't say it.
Here.
Write down everything
he was going to do after "lick."
Hello, Rocco, yeah.
Look, we got here safe.
The disguises are perfect.
Yeah, but I don't trust nobody.
There's a rumor that the Gallentino family...

brought in a hit man from Rhode Island.
Attention. Starting Monday,
all nurses must wear underwear.
- Next time you'll know better.
- But I was...
No, Dr. Prang won't let us break the rules.
- What's your name?
- Salvatore is his name.
- Does he have Blue Cross?
- Yeah, he's got everything.
Are you the wife?
Is this "This is Your Life" or something?
Would you please find a room for him, lady?
Don't have any rooms. He'll go in the ward.
- Check first.
- I just checked. We're full.
Please, lady,
would you call the room people?
There might have been a cancellation.
I'm a doctor, you're cured.
Get the hell out of here.
Who are you?
That's my cousin Guido.
And this here's my husband.
- Nice to meet you.
- Get the other guy.
My name is Mickey Callaghan,
and I paid for this room.
Yeah, so what? Who cares?
Get out of here.
You're going home, you're all better.
Are you my doctor?
Yeah, my uniform's in the laundry.
Hello, hospital?
Yes, there's an empty room now.
- You can send up Mr. Bonafetti.
- You're always on the phone.
It's amazing. There is a room.
It's a miracle.
Excuse me.
How long has he been like this?
Since the war. Who gives a damn?
Have you seen Valerie or Bunny,
those girls in the red striped dress?

- We're over here, Miss Chang.

- We're over here.

Nurse Sprockett is looking for you.

Here's what he said.

Now don't read it out loud.

"I'm gonna suck...

"And then I'll...

"...your brains out."

A sick, perverted human being.

He ought to be hung up by his things.

Nurse Chang.

Get this woman a place to lie down

until she's ready to go home.

Thank you.

Just wait till I tell you

what happened to me on the bus.

Officer, thank you.

These are neat.

Are you a waitress?

No. I'm a prostitute.

I just wear these to turn on the guys.

How far along is she?

Well, she doesn't know exactly,

but she's huge.

All right, young lady, you'll have

a beautiful baby in no time.

I don't think so, Doctor.

What? What are you talking about?

Hysterical pregnancy.

She wants a straight life so badly,

she's convinced herself she's pregnant.

Doctor, this girl is in heavy labor.

It's just not so, Doctor.

Get out.

Thank you, Doctor.

- What happened? Was that a balloon?

- Next.

Poor kid.

I never knew it was possible

for a medical doctor to be so unfeeling.

It sounds to me

like you're falling in love with him.

- How old are you?

- Seventeen.

I'm 27.

Hold me, like you held that duck.

We're gonna take good
care of your dad. Okay?

Yeah, that's nice of you.

You don't have to worry
your pretty face about it.

Dr. Pepper, please report
to the Diabetes Ward at once.

Sal? Is that you?

It is you.

Got yourself a big private room, huh?

All alone.

That's nice.

I got a little something for you.

A goodbye kiss from the Gallentino family.

The Gallentino family
always kisses on the nose.

Not in my hospital.

What did you put up there?

Move and you'll be shitting glass for a week.

Thank you, ladies.

What's your name?

- Malamud.

- Where are your records?

I don't know, I lost them.

Well, I'll find them. What's wrong with you?

I'm sick, okay?

You sure are, pal.

And so, without further fuss,

I give you the ever-diligent...

Dr. Oliver Ludwig.

- Doctors.

- Hello.

Welcome.

Here in Pathology, we consult the dead...

and ask them how we may cure the living.

Here we interpret the messages

the body sends us.

Messages found in substances...

the uninformed find disgusting.

They are not disgusting, they are beautiful.

They are the literature of pathology.

The human being emits, oozes, secretes...

excretes, salivates, urinates,
menstruates, lactates...
evacuates, expectorates...
and ejaculates.
You left out regurgitates.
Don't help me, Kurtzman.
Now, there are more than
twenty vital bodily fluids.
And I'm proud to say that I have
tasted every one of them.
This urine, for example.
What will it tell us?
Definite sugar taste.
Now I don't need a battery of tests
to tell me...
that the patient has a slight
pre-diabetic condition.
Doctor, will you confirm my findings?
No, thank you, I'm trying to cut down.
That's an order, Doctor.
I know my limit.
No sugar.
No sugar taste, the doctor says.
Just my little way of showing you that...
there's something far more important
to the pathologist than taste.
That is the power of observation.
If you had been observing, Doctor,
you would have seen that I put...
this finger in the urine,
but I put this finger in my mouth.
Lesson number one, Doctor.
Yes, but if you had
tasted the specimen, Doctor...
you would have noticed
a dangerously high level of fractoids.
This patient has pituitary thrombosis.
Well, let me see that.
Tastes like plain old piss to me, Doctor.
With a slight metallic flavor,
indicating a high level of zinc.
Doctor, here, you try.
No, wait. Just a minute.
I didn't really taste the urine.

I was just kidding.

You what?

I did the same thing he did.

I switched fingers. I thought it was obvious.

Can I have a word with you, Doctor?

You might have made a fool

out of some of my colleagues...

but you'll have to get up early

to put one over...

on Dr. Oliver Wendell Ludwig.

Now you look at this face, what do you see?

I see alcohol poisoning...

and prosiasis in the tertiary stage.

Get out.

- Out! All of you!

- I think we've been dismissed.

Get out, every one of you.

- What did I say?

- Come on.

Where's the little guy?

What are you doing tonight, Simon?

I thought I might learn some of this stuff.

Drop out? You okay, man?

Who is in charge of pills and drugs

here at this hospital?

Nurse Sprockett.

Do you think she can get me

some speed or some uppers?

I guess she might, if she likes you enough.

She likes me?

You won't believe the note

that she gave me. Read that.

You know, some of these words have never

been said in the State of Wisconsin.

She's an animal.

Hi, remember me?

I'm the doctor you saw

when you were first admitted.

I'm sorry. Walter Rist.

Anyway...

Yes, I know, and I'm sorry.

But it was the only bed available.

And I knew you'd prefer it

to the Mental Ward.

Okay, I'm gonna give it to you straight.
You're paralyzed with fear.
But then again,
maybe you already knew that.
You're safe here. Nobody can harm you.
I promise you that.
In them old cotton fields back home
Well, it was down in Louisiana
just about a mile from Texarkana
In them old cotton fields back home
Where do you want me to lick you first?
When them cotton balls get rotten
You can't pick very much cotton
- I'm glad you asked me out, Stephanie.
- You fascinate me, Simon.
I've never been out
with such an insensitive genius.
Thank you. Now, tell me
all about Burnaby Mountain.
It's where I live. It's in Vermont.
My father was the only doctor.
He used to work 24 hours...
and half the time
people couldn't even pay him.
They used to give him chickens
and stuff like that.
Anyway...
when he died, everybody knew
that he wanted me to be a doctor.
So they took up a collection
to send me to medical school...
to return to Burnaby Mountain...
to take up where my dad left off.
They're all praying for me, Simon,
the whole town.
They paid him with chickens?
Why would anyone
practice in a silly place like that?
Stephanie? What did I say?
Stephanie.
Stephanie, what is it?
It's nothing. I'm fine.
You, get your hand out of there.
- Check, please.

- I had two salads.
Curtain time. Good morning, Sal.
Here's your breakfast.
Stop fooling around.
Now get back in that bed.
Today's your lucky day.
- What day?
- Your surgery day.
We found your records.
What surgery? What records?
I ain't getting no surgery.
What are you doing to me?
Now, Mr. M. Callahan.
Who's Callahan?
- Malamud Callahan.
- What?
Now, lots of people lead
perfectly normal lives with only one kidney.
What?
All right, ladies. Moving out.
One kidney?
Wait!
Here it is.
Okay, see if you can
raise the bed now, Emilia.
No good.
This is a 35-year-old woman.
- Who did the workup?
- Me.
She has all the symptoms
of a thyroid disease.
She has a very strange pain in her nose.
We'll have to examine her.
All right,
you wanna spread your nostrils for me?
Any more mystery pains, Stephanie?
Everyone gets dizzy once in a while, Simon.
Destroying an entire restaurant?
This is no small matter.
No snow up there.
If it bothers you, we won't go out.
I have other dates.
Litto asked me out,
Thurman Flicker asked me out.

Back on your box.

I hope you turned them down.

- You do?

- Yes.

Involvement with hospital staff
could only end in disaster.

Any romance now would be ludicrous,
and counterproductive to our studies.

Terrific.

We'll spend every single moment studying,
all year long.

You'll make a fine doctor, Stephanie.

Keep up the good work.

Yes, simple vitamin A deficiency.

I think you get that from carrots.

What? Vitamin A, or the deficiency?

- Burns.

- Hemorrhoids.

I know you're holding a couple of jobs
to pay your way through here.

If you can't handle it, get out.

Yes, Mr. Fitkin.

Doctors, we have here a man
who was admitted with severe...
abdominal pains and back spasms.

What is your diagnosis?

I'd say gallbladder.

- You say gallbladder?

- Yes, sir.

Dr. Litto, your gallbladder is located here.

Appendix here.

Spleen, liver, kidneys!

It's important you learn to tell
one from the other.

Now, this patient is suffering
from a simple kidney infection. Next.

Here we have general malaise,
hair falling out...

pain in the extremities,
disgusting appearance.

Dr. August, what is your diagnosis?

Myasthenia chroepsis.

That's very good. Can you prove that?

No sir. Neither can you. No one can.

Why not?

We won't know for sure until the autopsy.

I don't believe you, Simon.

That was real sensitive.

- What did I say?

- Think, Simon.

I don't know if he'll ever be... Hi, Milt.

I don't know if he'll ever be

the warm, loving dad...

that you so desperately need,

but we'll give it a try.

You know, in a sense,

we're all to blame for Sal.

Your attention please.

Due to a mix-up in Urology,

no apple juice will be served this morning.

Hi.

Just mellow out.

I'm sorry about what happened

the other day.

You gave me that note, what do you expect?

What note?

In Emergency.

I didn't write that note.

Do I smell Bal de Versailles?

You might.

It's my scent.

I thought so. Here.

It's my way of saying that I'm sorry.

Don't play with a nurse's affections, Doctor.

I mean it. If I didn't have three jobs,

it would be very different for me.

Three jobs?

Is that why you're so tired all the time?

Intern, umpire, and dancehall guy.

\$1 a dance. \$1.50 for the rumba.

Well, you poor man.

How do you do it?

Basically it's a box step.

I'd like to share it with you.

Walk.

Back.

Walk.

Now, see the sun.

Now feel the space, turn.

Now up and dip.

Yeah, that's good.

Now come on, show me where your
mother lives. Yeah, right there, come on.

Remember "The Pony"?

Why are we stopping?

I am so tired, I have no energy.

I can't do anything.

- I'm falling apart.

- You poor man.

- It's terrible for me.

- Perhaps...

An upper would be so friendly right now.

So if you have anything...

it would be so lovely.

- Do you always wear that key?

- I'm married to this key.

- Okey-dokey.

- What a selection.

- Now just one.

- One.

- I feel better already.

- Yeah.

"Guajina" is the bird.

The dance ends with a big finish.

It's one, two, three, and up.

That was really good, what you did there.

I believed it, you danced,

you used the space, it was terrific.

It was nice.

"N. Sprockett."

What does the "N" mean?

Norine.

- Can I call you Norine?

- Sure.

- Doctor...

- Phil.

Phil.

Norine?

I think I could learn to be crazy about you.

Phil.

Good morning. City Hospital.

Ready for surgery, Doctor?

Tell me, did Elizabeth Taylor call?
Elizabeth Taylor did not call,
and you are not ready for surgery.
That's funny. I thought sure she'd call.
I met her at the wedding. She looked at me
with those big violet eyes.
- I thought she would call.
- Would I tell you wrong?
You wouldn't be jealous, would you, Nurse?
City Hospital. Happy Valentine's Day.
- How are you feeling?
- Lousy. My laryngitis is killing me.
Couldn't find a doctor.
- Excuse me, Miss.
- Yes?
- Is the doctor around?
- No.
- Excuse me, Miss, is the doctor around?
- No.
Good morning, Happy Saint Patrick's Day.
Let me see if I have this straight.
You were shaving, you slipped,
you cut your nose off.
Then you dropped your razor
and cut your toe off.
Doctor made a mistake,
he sewed your toe onto your face...
and your nose onto your foot.
And your complaint is that every time
you sneeze, you blow your shoe off.
That's silly.
City Hospital. Happy Easter.
Attention, at exactly 3:00 p. M...
all hospital electricity
will be turned off for five minutes.

At 2:

- should take a deep breath and hold it.
- Where's Dr. Rist?
- Thank you.
- He's right over there.
Hello, Doctor.
- No, don't get up.
- Angela.

It's all right, I'll find a place.

Excuse me, sir.

Could you move over there,
give me a chance?

The light's better over there.

Could you hold this for a second?

All right, that's it. Over here.

Thank you. You're very cute.

- Thank you very much.

- This is for my father.

I knew that.

- Please sit.

- No, after you.

No, please. Sit down, will you?

It's good to see you, Angela.

How's my pop?

- The same.

- The same?

Hello, Stephanie. How's everything?

Your attention please.

ET, phone home.

I don't get a chance to be alone too much
because I have a large family.

I like cooking, cooking is nice.

And I read a book once.

I like to go to the ballgame.

What about you?

Me?

Well, I guess...

I'm basically into sharing.

Sunsets on wintry beaches, cats...

and relating over a fine bottle of wine.

What about you, Angela?

Me?

My father didn't take me out a lot.

There was the track, and there was Vegas.

But like a fucking museum

or a fucking concert, like fucking forget it.

- I like music.

- Music? Yeah?

I thought I heard a song in your heart.

No, what I meant was...

I thought that you were musically inclined.

Did you ever sing, or play any instrument?

Fucking guitar.

Is that a special kind of guitar?

- No, it's regular.

- All righty.

I studied when I was a kid...

but I broke it on my brother's head

and went to work.

Do you ever feel sad...

that you were denied some of those things?

No, you know...

you grow up fucking insensitive.

Yeah.

Okay, turn.

Jump.

Stephanie.

You can turn that off a minute.

I'll be right back in just one minute.

Stephanie, I'm not always that quick

on the uptake as regards...

It seems to me like,

in the last couple of months...

your attitude towards me has undergone
something of a change.

You noticed?

It's called the cold shoulder, Simon.

And it's exactly

what the doctor prescribed, Doctor.

I don't follow you.

"A romance now would be ludicrous,
and counterproductive to our studies."

I guess that might have sounded
a little stuffy, Stephie.

- Slightly, Simon.

- Look.

Do you think a couple of tickets
to the ballet might help?

You bought those tickets?

No, they were given to me by a patient.

Close enough. You were a rotten first date.

But I'm willing to give it another try.

How are you on the second date?

I don't know. I've never had one.

- Cut out the mushy stuff.

- Let's dance.

Okay.

Clap.

Jump.

- Stephanie.

- This is a dumb dance.

- What is it?

- I think it's supposed to be punk.

I'm fine. It's okay.

I just get dizzy sometimes, that's all.

Let's go jump in the lake.

Yeah, let's go swimming.

Thank you, orphans.

These dizzy spells are not normal.

I'd like to do some tests on you.

I'm sure it's nothing.

Come on.

When you were a kid,

did you play "Spit in the Lake"?

No. Why would anyone play that?

The idea is to see who can spit the farthest.

I used to be the champ.

- You play games?

- Yeah, I play games.

I bet I could beat you.

No. It's the only game my father
would let me play, I'm very good at it.

We'll see. You go first.

Okay.

Forget it. You can't win.

Awfully cocky.

Simon, I want that back.

Give me my spit back.

No. Sorry.

At least tell me what you think I have.

No. Because I could be wrong.

Simon, you're never wrong.

That's true.

Do you think you could just hold me?

Good morning. Medication time.

Attention. Dr. Prang has refused
to meet with our strike committee.

So we urge nurses not to work very hard.

Take this spit.

Whose is it?

I don't know. Baryshnikov.

No, this is Stephanie Brody's spit here
on the ballet ticket, I see...

that Dr. August keeps on bugging us about.

Who's that?

That brilliant young intern,
who figured out with the two fingers.

- That smartass, yeah.

- That's right.

I see here he wants a Nederlander's,
a trilateral myopia.

He wants a Lastfogel's process.

Wait a minute.

You know about that Lastfogel test?

Sure.

I haven't seen anything about it
in the "National Enquirer."

No, it was in "People" magazine.

With the trilateral myopia...

and the Nederlander's,

you can only be pretty sure.

But with this Lastfogel's test,
you are 100% sure.

Paging Dr. Howard, Dr. Fine, Dr. Howard.

Dr. Prang's office.

Miss Pendergast speaking.

No, I do not want to talk to the nurses.

No, they'll never strike.

They're dedicated people,

for God's sake. Yes?

Sarah.

Sarah, you've got to understand,

I am supervising 20 interns.

I am running the surgery department of
one of the largest hospitals in the country...

and I'm sitting on 12 medical committees.

Now, I don't have time to talk to you
or your divorce attorney. Is that clear?

Good! Hello?

Oscar? What did E.F. Hutton say?

What do you mean,

another \$200,000, Oscar?

Where is it coming from, Oscar?

Where is it coming from, man?

I was told you wanted to see me, Doctor.

Dr. August, come in.

You didn't want to use
the telephone, did you?

- No.

- Good.

I've been hearing a great deal about you
from your fellow interns.

Evidently they think you're quite an asshole.

- I like that.

- Thank you, sir.

Doctor, I've decided to let you take out
an appendix, a gallbladder, whatever.

Something wrong?

No. Nothing.

The whole idea is to see whether you have
what it takes to do your residency with me.

I'm very anxious to see how you cut.

Pendergast. Excuse me.

Hello? Yeah. Milton, it's for you.

You guys hear the scuttlebutt?

Prang is gonna let Simon cut.

Why is he chewing on a ball?

He broke up with Julie.

You know, relationships can be hard.

- Take Angela for instance...

- She's a hooker.

She is?

Julie, she's a hooker.

Her voice is changing all the time.

My mom and dad,

they went to church every Sunday.

Her father murdered her mother.

- Murdered?

- He's in prison.

I like her. She's a good kid.

She brings me presents.

She wants to give up hooking but...

I don't know. I'm a doctor.

I can't hang around with hookers.

Do you ever have any relationships?

Relationships? Yeah, I've had a few.

But then again, too few to mention.

I don't know.

I saw that.
So what? Are you a cop?
I'm a stranger. Don't look at me.
- Can you get some more of those?
- More of what?
Pills, man. Reds, whites, whatever.
Might mean a little extra scratch for you.
Pay off a loan or two.
How do you know about that?
All interns have loans.
Meet me here same time next week
with the goods, all right?
I'll be in disguise, but you'll know me

by the password:

- Vanilla.
- Manila.
- No, vanilla.
- Vanilla.
Can I look at you now?
You look beautiful.
You really look nice.
Seven months, I've been in this
stinking hospital, Sal.
The Gallentino family's losing money.
Do you realize the hell I've been
going through since I've been here?
They've made me drink chalk.
They stuck a tube up my ass.
They took x-rays.
They got this little camera on a wire.
They stuffed it up my wang.
I've had a lot of things
done to the old wang...
but Roto-Rooter ain't one of them.
Should I try it?
Ladies and gentlemen,
we have here a 46-year-old male...
with an inflamed appendix.
It will be removed by a 27-year-old male.
With an inflamed ego.
Do you really think that's funny?
Dr. August.
Well?

Well, what?

Start slicing.

Yes.

Doctor, if you plan to remove the appendix,
you will have to break the skin.

Simon's really starting to look like a doctor.

Lyle, he should be playing football.

Don't be silly, June.

He'll save his hands for surgery,
just like I did.

Doctor, it's time for your birthday party.

We lose the room in an hour, Doctor.

- You're a great surgeon, Dad.

- You're a great surgeon, too, my boy.

Simon's going to be a great surgeon.

Simon, show all your doctor friends
how you operate.

- Cut out the pinata's appendix.

- Yes, Father.

Show Grandpa how you cut.

Cut him.

Cut, Simon.

No, I can't.

I'm sorry.

This is the world's greatest surgeon?

Some people call it rookie-itis.

Some people call it intern nerves.

Me? I call it chickenshit.

We will all remember Spot Moscovitz...

because when he was alive,

he remembered all of us.

A devoted father, beloved husband,
and could catch a Frisbee in his mouth.

Do you come here often?

Yes.

Yes, I come here to see our mistakes.

It inspires me to think

that I could have saved some of these lives.

They made fun of me, Stephanie.

They laughed at me in the operating room.

They said I was no good.

Simon, there are other careers in medicine...

that don't require surgical technique:

Radiology, cardiology,

dermatology, endocrinology.

I have to be a surgeon!

I know that I can overcome this fear of mine.

It's going to take some time.

Will you help me, Stephanie?

- Where are you taking me?

- Don't ask.

There's no other place to go, Simon.

Look, I just...

I just don't think I'm...

I think I have a problem in this room.

I just don't think that I'm gonna be able to...

That I'm going to be able to function.

There's only one cure for that.

Me.

I'm as scared as you are.

I'm even more scared than you are.

I've never even been in this room
with my regular clothes on before.

What is it?

Heimlich maneuver. Come on, relax.

Take it easy. One, two, three.

You got it?

Please, be careful what you swallow.

I'll sew it on for you tomorrow.

Put that phone down.

You're always on the phone.

Who are you talking to?

- I'm tired of hiding.

- I'm tired of you.

- Angelo.

- What?

You're spending a lot of time at the hospital.

My father's in there. I'm sacrificing myself.

Suppose I get killed looking like that.

It could ruin my reputation.

That Dr. Rist called again.

- When?

- This afternoon.

- What did he sound like?

- He sounded like a doctor.

He's a very good doctor.

- Angelo.

- What?

Are you getting funny?
I'll give you funny. Come over here.
Where'd you put my purse?
I'm glad I dragged you in here.
I guess I can function in this room.
I was never worried about that.
I was worried about the tests.
But now, no matter what happens
with the tests...
I will have had sex with you.
You call that sex?
Now let's try it again,
and stop chatting so much.
- Dr. Ludwig!
- How long have you been there?
Let's just say I loved it
when you bit his buttons.
Doctor, what are you doing up there?
I've been looking all over for you two.
I have the test results.
- And?
- Negative. Every one.
You did the Lastfogel's process
and everything?
I did everything, even the Lastfogel.
Thank you, Doctor.
Was there anything else?
No, go right ahead.
I'll just stay here and observe.
Beat it, Doctor.
No, I didn't mean that. I mean, leave.
Will you stay with me, Stephanie?
I can't stay in Beverly Hills, Simon.
They're waiting for me in Burnaby Mountain.
But you didn't do the Lastfogel's test.
Good morning, Happy Labor Day.
No pulse.
We lost him.
He's alive.
I've got to get this watch fixed.
Welcome back.
Good morning, Happy Halloween.
Mrs. Bauer, I don't like the way
your husband looks.

I don't either, but he's good to the children.
Good afternoon. Happy Thanksgiving.
I looked in your mouth...
checked your breasts...
probed every part of your body.
Well, what's wrong with me?
How should I know? I'm a lawyer.
Merry Christmas. City Hospital.
You need a dime?
Here, I got it. Put it right in there.
Thank you very much.
You know, I was wondering...
there's this big party tonight
at Dr. Prang's home.
A lot of broads?
There'll be a lot of, you know,
other women there to chat with.
I love fucking chatting.
- You do?
- Yeah.
Come on, pick up the fucking phone.
I thought maybe you'd want to go.
- Yeah, sure.
- You would?
- It's not much of a notice.
- That's all right.
Pick up the fucking phone.
Hello, Rocco, this is Angie.
Pop's fine.
He's gonna have a peaceful Christmas.
That's good.
Seven operations, Sal.
Forty-two stitches.
A year in this crummy hospital.
This Mr. Callahan was a sick man.
Okey-dokey.
Have a nice trip, Sal.
It must be difficult for Dr. Prang
after his divorce.
I hear he throws a wild party, though.
I want it to be a nice, cozy party.
You know, the kind
with chestnuts roasting on an open fire.
Hi, welcome to Dr. Prang's party.

- Hello.
- How do you do?
You should have that dark mole removed.
- You mean this one here?
- The light ones can stay...
- Simon.
- Do you get keloids?
- Where's Dr. Prang?
- He's in his room, resting.
Doctor.
- I knew it.
- What?
- I'm fucking overdressed.
- No you're not. You look beautiful.
Now you can say anything you want.
I want to grease down...
and slide all over your body like a snake.
I'd like that.
"Drink to me only with thine eyes."
Relax, take off your key.
Look, the margaritas are ready.
You're a doctor, aren't you?
You must make a lot of money.
No, actually I'm an intern.
Goodbye.
Excuse me, are you rich?
If we don't get our checks by the end
of the week, we're going on strike.
- Would you like to...
- I'd love to.
Let me ask you a question.
If you could go to any show,
in any theater, anywhere...
what show would you pick?
Ice Capades.
- Ice Capades?
- Ice Capades. I like the Ice Capades.
You know, I think
Ice Capades are in Cleveland.
Yeah, or Holiday on Ice.
Holiday on Ice?
I can definitely get a couple of tickets.
- Did you see those tits over there?
- I'm sorry.

Don't be sorry. Santa Claus' helper
over there without a shirt?

- Are you embarrassed by that?
- Embarrassed? No.
- Dr. Prang always...
- Fuck Prang.
- Did you see those tits over there?
- Try not to notice them.
- Let's talk about Holiday on Ice.
- Fuck Holiday on Ice.

A bunch of fags skating.

Did you see those tits on that lady there?

Gorgeous.

- Can I get in here?
- I don't think so.
- Hi, Bucky.
- Julie!

What are you doing here?

You're not working the party are you?

- Of course not.
- Then what?

I have a surprise for you.

I'm really pregnant this time.

I want to be sexual with you,
do you hear me?

I hear you, Phil.

I want to be physical with you.

I want to make
the beast with two backs with you.

Don't get Kinney, Phil.

Kinky.

Kinney is where America shops for shoes.

The latest from Wall Street.

Blue chips showed an upward trend

on the New York Exchange...

with the prime lending rate

rocketing to 25%...

with little improvement shown.

Dr. Prang?

I'm Jyll Omato, from the gift shop.

I'm your Christmas present from the staff.

Speculators who were heavily leveraged...

were particularly affected

as brokers called in their margins.

Consumer confidence fell...

Not now.

Industrials are down 30 points,
Chemicals leveled off at 16...
while Rails faded toward the close
to a low of 43.

Okay, now.

Simon.

You're out here all alone.

Sure. Before you came along,
I was always alone, Stephanie.

I believe in you, Simon.

I've made a very important decision.

Simon, I'm ready

to give up Burnaby Mountain...

if it means I can be

with the man I love in Beverly Hills.

You love a man in Beverly Hills?

Simon, think.

Concentrate.

Everyone, quiet please.

I have an announcement I'd like to make.

Stephanie Brody and I
are going to be married.

Congratulations, Stephanie.

Let me call you sweetheart

Thank you.

I'm in love with you

Move out of the way. Thank you.

Let me hear you whisper

that you love me, too

Keep the love-light glowing

In your eyes so true

Let me call you sweetheart

I'm in love

with you

- Excuse me, I'm a doctor.

- Excuse me, I'm a doctor.

Actually, I'm a lab technician.

- Excuse me, I'm a doctor.

- It's all right, we're doctors.

Someone call an ambulance!

It's all right, we're doctors.

Goddamn you.

Why didn't you do the Lastfogel?
I don't need a battery of tests
to tell me if a patient has saxafragia mitosis.
I knew it the first time I laid eyes on her.
Why did you tell us the tests were negative?
What did you want me to do?
Say she's a goner?
Sorry, doc. I wanted you kids
to have a nice Christmas.
She's not a goner.
It's been cured by surgery before.
Once! Once out of 6,000 cases.
It's the most complex surgery there is.
There's only one doctor in the world
that's ever done it successfully.
I'll go find that doctor
and make him do it for her.
You won't have to go far.
He's right here in this hospital.
- Who?
- Dr. Prang, as a matter of fact.
- He can perform an operation.
- What operation?
It's a paraglobular underpass...
with a subarachnoid angulation
of the sphenoid wing.
Will he do it?
I spoke to him briefly this evening.
He said he'd get back to me
as soon as he got the girl off his face.
- Fine.
- I'll check in later, okay?
Merry Christmas.
Who was the girl?
- Jyll Omato.
- Omato.
You say Omato, I say Omato.
I want a lover with a slow hand
I want a lover with an easy touch
Your daughter Angela is a very lovely girl.
And she cares about you a lot.
I've got an idea.
Why don't I get these flowers...
you give them to Angela and let her know

how much you care about her?

- Mrs. Greschler?

- What?

Could I please have some carnations?

- You want carnations?

- Please.

- I've got lovely mums.

- You don't want any mums, do you?

- You don't want any mums?

- No. Carnations.

- You don't want mums?

- No, I think carnations.

Nobody wants my lousy mums.

Got to be carnations.

The ones down at the end are fine.

I've got some right down here.

I'll get them for you.

- Thank you, Mrs. Greschler.

- Just a minute. These are lovely, too.

Not as lovely as mums, but they're good.

- Thank you, Mrs. Greschler. Bye-bye.

- Thank you.

Rist, have you heard anything
about your residency?

Not yet, Litto.

I guess you could say

I'm the kind of guy who's tuned in.

Tuned in to holistic psychiatry.

No smoking.

All right, Mr. Callahan.

It's time for our bodily function.

Mrs. Greschler.

- I'd like to buy some chrysanthemums.

- I've got some mums.

Attention please.

Anyone who has had contact with
the gift shop candy-striper Jyll Omato...
please report to the VD clinic.

Let me tell you about this operation, kid.

It's a maze, do you understand?

You have to shut off three arteries.

You have to regulate four enzyme flows.

You have to replace two fluids
and a blood supply, twice.

One teeny weeny little mistake...
and you might as well piss on the fire
and call the dogs 'cause it's all over.
- I will be there to assist you, Doctor.
- You?
I wouldn't let you
take a splinter out of a rat's ass.
- Look, you've done the operation before.
- Yes. But no more.
This one is not meant to be.
Dr. Prang, I've appealed to you
as a physician, and as a man.
There's only one other way
to put this to you.
Will you operate on Stephanie Brody?
No.
Okay. We'll need an anesthesiologist.
We'll need an endocrine person.
We'll get all the best people.
We'll work with them
till they can do it blind-folded.
We'll have fun with it.
Emilia, press the button.
Okay.
Now she's in somebody else's bed.
I really appreciate this, Dr. Prang.
Okay. Just don't hit me anymore.
Who's that on the end?
That's Dr. Quick, Doctor.
Doppenheimer's out of town.
He recommended Quick himself.
Never mind. All right. Everybody ready?
Scalpel.
- Ready with the dialysis retractor?
- On. Counting now, Dr. Prang.
- Give it to me in fives. X-ray?
- Fifty.
Blood count?
Fifteen on twelve.
- Heart?
- Normal.
- X-ray?
- Twenty-five.
- Moving. No shadow.

- Twenty.
- Renostomy count, quickly.
- 25 over 20.
Fifteen.
- Platinum wire.
- Platinum wire.
Seventeen, damn it!
Seventeen, damn it!
- Time?
- Ten seconds.
- Five.
- Nope. We're in trouble.
- Nine seconds.
- We're losing her.
- Eight seconds.
- I've reopened the scarpoid valve.
- Seven seconds.
- Oxygen.
Oxygen.
- Counting down.
- Four seconds.
Two seconds.
- Gattling frappe, quickly.
- One second.
- Zero, Doctor.
- That's it.
No, never mind!
We've lost her.
We killed her.
We'll have to do better than that, won't we?
All right, let's try it again.
Only this time, let's practice on him.
You son of a...
Dr. Prang, you just had
a very urgent call from your accountant.
Oscar? What did he say?
He said you're broke.
Broke?
Attention. Tomorrow Dr. Prang
will perform...
a saxafragia mitosis operation
on our very own Stephanie Brody.
Tickets are still available.
The public is invited.

Don't worry, Emilia.
We'll fix this bed outside,
so you won't hit the ceiling.
Ice cream.
Vanilla ice cream. We have established that.
Did I hear you say
you wanted some vanilla ice cream?
Vanilla ice cream, yeah.
When last we met,
I quoted you \$20 on these.
You've got it.
As we speak,
people grow badly addicted to them.
I'm gonna have to ask you for \$40
and I'll throw in water pills.
- I'd rather have the bag.
- Fine, you can...
I'm a doctor! I worked hard for this.
This is typical.
We'll get your buddy.
Don't worry.
Phil?
Can I talk to her?
For a minute.
Freeze!
Let's go. It's going to be a car chase.
Door's locked. No chase.
Freeze!
Am I pointing this at you?
Good job, Blind Officer.
- Did we get them?
- We got them.
Hi. What's your name?
I'm sorry, Phil, but it just had to be this way.
I guess so.
Listen, when you tell people about this...
and I want you to tell a lot of people...
use me as a warning.
You worked so hard to be a doctor.
Do me a favor.
Tell medicine that I'm no good for it.
Did you like me?
Yes.
- Why did you do it, anyway?

- Reaganomics.

Attention, all nurses
report to the picket line outside.

We're going on strike, baby.

Hi.

Nurses unite!

- Out of our way, Doctor.

- Wait a minute. Where are you going?

Out! As of this minute,
the nurses are on strike.

You can't walk out now.

Stephanie is due in surgery.

If we don't operate, she might not make it.

- Talk to Dr. Prang.

- He hasn't paid us in two months.

You're taking this very well, Stephanie.

Hello, excuse me.

You were just visiting someone
at this hospital, weren't you?

That's right.

- May I ask you a question?

- Sure, go right ahead.

What do you think of this nurses' strike?

I got nothing to do with this at all.

Hey, asshole, get off the car!

You hear?

Listen, excuse me.

I don't give a fuck about this,
but there's an asshole on my car.

- Thank you very much.

- Come here!

Get off the fucking car. Fucking pleasure.

I'm gonna rip your nose off.

They're not coming, are they?

We're just running a bit late, that's all.

They'll be here.

We've got to help Simon.

He's stuck up there without any nurses.

Remember, this is why we want
to be doctors in the first place. Okay?

Rist, your patient Sal's going home.

Okay, the three of you should help.

I'll meet you there.

Dr. Prang, you're wanted in surgery.

Sal, it's finally time to go home.
Hospital policy, you have to
take your last ride in a wheelchair.
Hey, "ragazzo," I don't need no chair.
- Okay, we'll change the policy.
- Change the policy.
- This is for you.
- For me?
It's from your daughter.
My dear Walter.
It would be foolish of me to deny...
that you have aroused in me
certain feelings that I thought I never had.
Your sensitivity, kindness, and care
have moved me deeply.
But for various fucking reasons...
ours is a relationship that cannot be.
If there's ever anything I can do for you,
please let me know.
Thank you for everything. Angie.
Rocco, make sure the car's ready, all right?
- You weren't supposed to be here.
- Get me out of here!
Fill out this affidavit.
It's a malpractice affidavit.
- English?
- Yeah, in English.
This isn't gonna work...
because there's things about me
that you just don't know.
What? We've always been
honest with each other.
If it's the fact
that you curse all the time, I can...
I can control that.
I don't give a fuck about that. Listen to me.
Here, feel that. Go on, feel that.
- It's pretty.
- Not that!
When you look at me, what do you see?
I see a beautiful human being.
I'm married.
Married?
Please, don't hate me, Walter.

I couldn't stand it.
Are you happily married?
Dr. Prang, Dr. August is waiting.
Oscar, what do you mean, indictment?
They made me turn over
the hospital records.
So what? I'm clean.
Guess again, Joseph.
You know the \$400,000 loss?
That was recorded
as surgery you never performed.
Why, you slimy little wimp wart.
I had to do it, Joseph.
You needed money for the condos.
Why don't you just cash in
the pension plan, reimburse Medicare?
You don't have a pension plan anymore.
I had to cash that in
to cover your losses in the silver market.
Silver? I was never into silver.
Yes, you were. It was supposed to be
a surprise for your anniversary.
And then Sarah zapped you,
and the bottom fell out of the market.
That's why they call it risk capital.
Joseph, it'll be all right. What the heck?
You're a brilliant surgeon.
We'll declare bankruptcy. We'll sell the...
Joseph, don't do it to yourself.
Myself?
Joey, no!
Oscar, you're through as my accountant.
Don't, Joey! God, Joey, you hurt my hand.
You hurt my... Joseph, please! No!
Don't do it!
Five minutes before the operation.
We're letting the audience in.
Meet your volunteer scrub nurses.
Chamberlain.
Litto. My friend Flicker.
Stephanie, look... She's...
Where's Dr. Prang?
Well, don't worry.
He's probably just going over his notes.

Get out of the way, you sick bastard.
Welcome to City Hospital.
Everyone, remain in your assigned seats.
No standing, and no flash photography.
Attention.
No one will be seated
during the last 10 minutes of the operation.
Attention, Dr. Prang. Report to Surgery.
Think of what you're doing.
This isn't rational. Joseph!
I'm calling the police.
Due to the nurses' strike,
we're being staffed today by new volunteers.
Would those among you
who have had first-aid training...
come to the desk and get
some Band-Aids that I've laid out there?
The rest of you will just take a number,
and we'll get to you as soon as possible.
- Call the police!
- Sir, you'll have to take a number.
He's got a gun!
Dr. Prang, this is Dr. August.
Report to Surgery.
Hi.
Sorry.
Don't worry.
He's just some crazy honky with a gun.
Be honest with me. What are my chances?
That bad?
Prang, you're wanted in Surgery!
You'd better scrub up. Come on.
- No, I'm going to wait for Dr. Prang.
- Don't wait for Prang.
- Pardon?
- Don't wait for Prang.
Why?
We got a problem. Dr. Prang is very upset.
Upset? Let me tell you something, Simon.
I don't think the man
is in the mood for surgery.
- Kurtzman, please.
- I'm sorry.
What about the other doctors?

What about Stevens? What about Byner?
They won't come if Prang isn't there.
They say it's completely useless.
- Go ahead, tell him.
- What I'm trying to say is...
that you're gonna have to
do the operation, son.
Don't worry about a thing.
I'm sure you're well aware of my reputation.
And I'm gonna be right there with you
every step of the way.
And me.
Don't worry, there'll be no pressure.
It'll just be like any other operation
that you've never done before.
- Kurtzman, could I talk with you a minute?
- Sure.
They told me what's going on.
You have to do it, Simon.
You have to substitute for Prang.
We need an anesthesiologist.
We need an endocrine man. Nurses.
Listen, we can do all those things.
Not to mention a small matter
of a couple of competent surgeons.
Simon, you can do it.
You can. Listen,
you watched Prang rehearse it, right?
And besides, you got all of us.
Litto is a great anesthesiologist.
He can knock anybody out.
And Milton knows the stomach inside out.
He'll come in handy.
Then we got Ludwig.
Ludwig has opened up more people
than anybody.
Of course, you know, they were all dead.
So, you see, you can do it.
We can do it.
For Stephanie.
Or, you know, we could go home and eat.
Nice chatting with you again.
Do you believe in me?
You're kind of a pecker-head...

but I believe in those.
Your attention, please.
Dr. Prang will not be
performing the surgery today.
"He went" meshuga.
Let's go to work, doctors.
Ladies and gentlemen,
there has been a change in the program.
The saxafragia mitosis operation
will be performed by Dr. Simon August.
- Let's go.
- No. Are you crazy?
This is a saxafragia mitosis operation.
All right, doctors.
We've got 20 minutes to find
that saxafragioid nerve and reduce it.
- And she's off.
- Yeah!
Then we're ready, gentlemen.
Scalpel.
Simon, show all your doctor friends
how you cut.
You're a great surgeon, Dad.
And you're a great surgeon, too, my boy.
Simon's gonna be a great surgeon, too, Dad.
Do you hear voices?
I guess I can function in this room.
Well, you did it. A perfect cut.
Blind shithouse luck. But you did it.
Heart?
Normal.
- What's this?
- I don't know.
- Then take it back.
- Sorry.
- How's my time?
- T-minus 33 and counting.
Hang on, Stephanie.
Easy.
Damn!
- What's the matter?
- What's wrong?
The obstruction. I can't reach it.
My damn hands are just too big.

If only one of the nurses were here.
Their hands are small.
They can reach into tiny...
- Chamberlain.
- Thurman, help me.
Substitution. Dr. Chamberlain in
for Dr. August.
Do you see it? Right there. That's it.
Dr. Ludwig, I'm nearing
the saxafragioid nerve.
So?
- Heart?
- Normal.
Sprockett.
This strike ain't for me.
I'm a nurse, and I go where I'm needed.
It looks like I'm needed here.
- I admire your dedication.
- It ain't all dedication.
My little brother Elmer,
he was an air traffic controller.
- Really?
- Yeah, he was incredible.
We're trying to save a life here, remember?
Suction.
Get it off.
Suction, Doctor, please.
Forget the suction. Thank you very much.
- Blood pressure?
- It's dropping.
Sixty, fifty, here we go.
You got to stop now. If her erzemine level
drops to 20, we're gonna lose her.
- Will you shut up, Kurtzman?
- Quiet!
Careful.
Taffler's serum. Five cc's.
Erzemine 30. Injecting Taffler's.
I see it. Hold her steady.
- Renostomy level dropping.
- Give me a count.
- 40 over 13.
- Respiration weak.
- Heart?

- Irregular.
I don't like it.
You don't have to like it.
Just do as you're told.
- We can't stop now.
- It's all right. He's an asshole.
- Blood pressure falling.
- Almost there.
- Twenty-five.
- Got it.
Please hurry, Doctor. Don't taste it.
We've got five minutes
to reduce it and put it back.
Now we wait.
How about those Lakers the other night?
Did you see what they did...
- Come on.
- I'm trying to focus here.
Found it!
Reduced two millimeters.
- All right, reopen the scarpoid valve.
- It won't open.
Cut it! I need that scarpoid fluid.
- Scissors.
- I've lost the renostomy level.
It's in.
- My end's attached.
- Mine, too.
- Ditto.
- Okay.
I've lost the heartbeat.
The body's rejecting it.
- Adrenalin!
- She's not responding.
Pickering fluid, 50 cc's. Noserin 20 cc's.
- Oxygen.
- Oxygen.
I'm afraid she's sliding
into home plate, Simon.
Noserin. Gattling frappe.
Come on, Stephanie, hold on.
Sorry, Simon.
It's just an operation.
All right, let's close her up.

- Suture.
- Suture.
- Wait a minute, her eyes are open.
- What?
- She's looking around the room.
- Look, she's breathing!
Look, she's smiling.
Somebody kicked the plug out of the wall.
Who pulled the plug?
The machines are working.
- I've got a heartbeat.
- I've got an oxygen level.
- I've got a live patient.
- Oxygen.
- Are we going to save her?
- Yes!
Yes, the strike is over.
Nurses report back on duty.
We've just received temporary funding
from the Chubb Insurance Group.
Doctors, over here, please.
Welcome, new interns, to City Hospital.
- Happy New Year!
- Doctor, you're on duty.
Meet me after.
- Stephanie?
- Who?
Would you please all make yourselves
known to Dr. Jacobs because...
No, not now.
Simon! We've got to find Simon to tell him...
before he marries some bimbo
on the rebound. Where'd he go?
Listen, I really admire your work.
And your eyebrows.
You're staying here
at City Hospital, aren't you?
Yes, I am, Nurse Sprockett.
- Norine.
- Walter.
Simon!
Take her to the smartass.
She wants to talk to him.
Keep the love-light glowing

in your eyes so true
Over here, schmuck.
Let me call you sweetheart
I'm in love
with you
- You did it, boy!
- I can't believe it.
Hi!
I love you.
You are the greatest surgeon in the world.
I think they want to be alone.
Thank you. Thank you all so...
Stephanie, wait!
What did I say?
Now.
Simon and Stephanie opened...
the Beverly Hills Clinic
in Burnaby Mountain.
Stephanie had an operating room
built in their house...
so now Simon has a place to function.
Dr. Milton Chamberlain
is Head Pediatrician at Disneyland.
Dr. Bucky DeVol
married Julie the prostitute...
and named their first son
after Simon August.
They called the kid Pecker-Head.
Dr. Oliver Ludwig moved to Hawaii
and became a professional wine taster.
Nurse Norine Sprockett...
was given the Mother Teresa Award
as the best nurse in the city.
Phil Burns was paroled and is now...
the head pharmacist
for the National Football League.
Dr. Walter Rist is trying to date
both Nurse Sprockett...
and tennis player Renee Richards.
Dr. Prang retired from medicine
and is currently...
the road manager for The Plasmatics.
Malamud was retired by the Syndicate...
and given a gold watch,

which exploded in his face.
Angelo Bonafetti
is now a professional musician...
playing with
the Philadelphia Fucking Philharmonic.
Ladies and gentlemen, our entire staff
wishes you a happy and healthy life...
and hopes you never ever
have to stay in City Hospital.