

DOC

"MY SON, THE DOCTOR"

PROD. NO. 5116

DOC

"My Son, The Doctor"

Written by
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FIRST DRAFT
November 2, 1975

DOC

"My Son, The Doctor"

#5116

CAST

JOE BOGERT.....BARNARD HUGHES
ANNIE BOGERT.....ELIZABETH WILSON
MISS TULLY.....MARY WICKES
LAURIE FENNER.....JUDY KAHAN
FRED FENNER.....JOHN HARKINS
MR. GOLDMAN.....HERBIE FAYE
CHUCK BOGERT.....

SETS

INT. DOC'S OFFICE
INT. DOC'S APARTMENT
INT. DOC'S BEDROOM

DOC

"My Son, The Doctor"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. DOC'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

UNDER DOC'S DIRECTION, ANNIE AND TULLY
ARE MOVING A HEAVY DESK ALONGSIDE OF
DOC'S DESK.

DOC

Okay, now, just a couple more
inches to the left.

ANNIE AND TULLY, WITH GREAT EFFORT,
MOVE DESK TO THE LEFT.

DOC (CONT'D)

All right, put it down right
there.

WITH RELIEF THEY START TO PUT DOWN DESK.

DOC (CONT'D)

No, that's too far to the left.

Back it up an inch.

ANNIE AND TULLY EXCHANGE TIRED AND DISGUSTED
GLANCES AND MOVE DESK BACK AS DOC WATCHES
CAREFULLY.

DOC (CONT'D)

Don't put it down yet. (DOC
BACKS UP AND MEASURES WITH
HIS EYE) Okay, put it down
right there!

ANNIE AND TULLY PUT DESK DOWN WITH RELIEF.

DOC (CONT'D)

(STILL MEASURING WITH EYE)

Perfect! (BEAT) I don't know,
though. Maybe since Chuck is
left-handed he'll want to turn
to his left to ask me for advice.
So maybe his desk ought to be on
the other side. Why don't we
just move it over to the other
side?

ANNIE

(BREATHING HEAVILY) Joe, I
don't mind moving the desk again.
But before we move any more
furniture, don't you think we
ought to wait till Chuck gets
home so you can talk to him about
all this?

DOC

(EXCITED) No, I want to have our office all set up when Chuck gets here. Then if he wants to change his desk around later, that's up to him.

ANNIE

Joe, moving the desk is the least of it. You haven't even discussed with Chuck whether or not he wants to go into practice with you.

DOC

(PATIENTLY) Annie, what's there to discuss? It's always been Chuck's dream and my dream to set up a father and son practice. Why do you think he went away to medical school in the first place?

TULLY

(STILL SHORT OF BREATH) Probably to get out of moving furniture.

ANNIE

(TENTATIVELY) I just think that before you count on Chuck becoming your partner, you ought to wait and talk to Chuck first.

TULLY

Maybe she's right, Doc. I mean put yourself in your son's place. Just finishing his internship, Chuck might not want to come into practice with you and have to take over treating Mr. Goldman's stomach. Chuck might want to start out his practice with a brand-new stomach of his own.

DOC

I don't understand you two. What are you worried about? Chuck's joining me in my practice wasn't my idea. It was Chuck's idea in the first place.

ANNIE

(RELIEVED) Well, that's different. Why didn't you tell me Chuck said he wanted to practice with you?

DOC

(BRUSHING IT ASIDE) I told you. You just forgot.

ANNIE

(INSISTING) When did you tell me?

DOC

Annie, you've got no memory at all. Don't you remember I told you about the day Chuck was down here in my office with me, sitting on my lap, and he looked up at me and said, "Daddy, I want to be a doctor just like you?"

TULLY

And that was the last time you discussed it?

DOC

(GRINS) What was there to discuss? The kid's word was either his bond or it wasn't. (WARMLY) Annie, stop worrying. Of course Chuck wants to come into practice with me. It's always been understood.

ANNIE

But even if it's been understood, don't you think you should have discussed it with Chuck?

DOC

Annie, the phrase "it's understood" means you don't have to discuss it.

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)

If you have to discuss it, then it means it's not understood. But if something is understood, then there's absolutely no need to discuss if somebody understands that the understanding is understood.

TULLY

(CONSIDERS) Doc, I think you had a better case with the kid sitting on your lap.

ANNIE

(TOUCHING HIS HAND) Joe, Chuck probably will want to join you in your practice. I just don't want you to be disappointed.

DOC

I'm not going to be disappointed either way. It's Chuck's life -- he can do whatever he wants to with it. He's always made his own decisions. I never pushed him into medicine.

ANNIE

(SMILING) Well --

DOC

(ANNOYED) What do you mean -- "Well?" Name me just one time I pushed Chuck into medicine. Name me just one time.

ANNIE

Well, how about the first football game you took him to? And you told Chuck there were twelve men on a side -- eleven players and the team doctor.

DOC

Okay, but you know very well that when Chuck got out of high school I told him I wanted him to make his own decision about his future education. I kept completely out of it. I told him he could go to any medical school he wanted to.

ANNIE AND TULLY SMILE AT DOC'S RESPONSE.

DOC (CONT'D)

All right, wait and see -- when Chuck gets here I won't even mention his going into practice with me. Chuck will bring it up himself-immediately.

ANNIE

(APPREHENSIVELY) What if he doesn't?

DOC

(CONFIDENTLY) He will. (GRINS:
KIDDING HIMSELF) But in case he
doesn't bring it up right away,
I'll just sit him down on my lap
and we'll have a man-to-man talk.

DISSOLVE TO:

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INT. DOC'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

DOC AND ANNIE SEATED, WAITING. DOC KEEPS
LOOKING AT HIS WATCH.

DOC

(ANXIOUSLY) Why aren't they
here, yet? Are you sure the
airline told you on the phone
that Chuck's plane arrived on
time? You didn't get it mixed
up, did you?

ANNIE

(MILDLY) Joe, will you give me
credit for knowing how to
interpret what an airline
information clerk tells me on
the telephone?

DOC

(LOOKS AT WATCH AGAIN) Then why aren't they here? (DOC RISES AND BEGINS PACING) What did the airline say exactly?

ANNIE

The airline said "Chuck's plane arrived on schedule so tell his father to stop worrying and stop pacing up and down looking at his watch."

DOC

(ANXIOUSLY) We should never have let Fred and Laurie go out to the airport to pick him up. Fred's always getting lost. (SIGHS) But never permanently. (DOC BEGINS PACING AGAIN)

ANNIE

(WARMLY) You know what you're worried about, don't you?

DOC

Sure, I know what I'm worried about. (SHARPLY) Of course I know what I'm worried about!

ANNIE

(SOFTLY) What are you worried about?

DOC

(BEAT: A LITTLE BOY) I don't know.

ANNIE

You're worried that in spite of everything being "understood" between you and Chuck about his joining your practice, you're not really sure he'll want to.

DOC

(CONSIDERS, WAVES IT AWAY) Ah, don't be silly. Of course he'll want to.

ANNIE

How can you be so sure?

DOC

Because...

DOC

It's understood.

DOC RISES.

ANNIE

It's understood.

DOC

You know what the trouble with you is?

ANNIE

What?

DOC

The trouble with you is you don't understand about things being understood.

ANNIE

Well, maybe not.

DOC

That's right... "maybe not."

And let me tell you something,
two minutes after Chuck walks
in that door, he's going to
bring up about our going into
practice together. I won't have
to bring it up. He'll bring it
up.

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

DOC (CONT'D)

(BESIDE HIMSELF WITH ANXIETY)

There they are! (BEAT) They're
here! (BEAT) There they are!

ANNIE

Joe, calm down.

DOC

(EXCITED) I'm calm.

DOORBELL RINGS.

ANNIE

I'll answer it. (GUIDES DOC DOWN
INTO CHAIR) You just sit down.

ANNIE OPENS DOOR. CHUCK, LAURIE AND FRED
STANDING IN DOORWAY. ANNIE AND CHUCK
EMBRACE, AD LIB GREETINGS. DOC, HAVING
REGAINED CONTROL OF HIS NERVES, RISES AND
CROSSES TO DOORWAY.

DOC

(ARMS OUTSTRETCHED) Son!

FRED RUNS INTO DOC'S OUTSTRETCHED ARMS.

FRED

(OVERCOME WITH SENTIMENT) Do
you know that's the first time
you've ever called me "son?"

(SLOBBERING OVER DOC) I've lived
for this day. (DOC IS TRYING TO
FREE HIMSELF) Oh, thank you -
Dad.

DOC

(FINALLY FREEING HIMSELF) Will
you get out of the way? (CROSSING
TO SON) Chuck!

FRED

(FINDING HIMSELF STANDING ALONE,
TO LAURIE) Is it any wonder I
have to seek emotional relief
with cold beer?

FRED CROSSES TO REFRIGERATOR TO GET BEER.

LAURIE

Doesn't Chuck look great, Daddy?

DOC

He sure does. (PROUDLY) So
you're a real doctor now, huh,
Chuck?

FRED

I'll say he's a real doctor.
Driving back from the airport, he
told us things they're doing in
modern medicine you wouldn't believe.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

(TO CHUCK) When Gramps got out of medical school, the headlines in the Medical Journal read "Physicians Should Stop Using Leeches Until Further Testing."

(CHUCK LAUGHS, SEEMING TO ENJOY FRED)

DOC

(TO CHUCK) The fact is, you can't get good leeches anymore. They're all selling paint.

FRED

Laurie, let's go upstairs and clean up your knee.

ANNIE

What happened to your knee, Laurie?

LAURIE

Oh, it's nothing. When we were waiting for Chuck at the airport, I tripped over a "Be Careful" sign.

FRED

(AT DOOR, TO CHUCK) Say, Chuck, tell Gramps about that new-fangled medical procedure... you know, washing your hands before surgery.

LAURIE AND FRED EXIT, FRED LAUGHING.

DOC

(EAGERLY) Sit down, Chuck.

CHUCK

(JUST A TOUCH NERVOUS) Maybe I ought to unpack some of my things first, Dad.

DOC

Oh, that can wait. Let's have a little talk first.

CHUCK

Well, okay.

CHUCK SITS AND DOC SITS AS ANNIE ANXIOUSLY WATCHES BOTH OF THEM.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

(AFTER A SILENCE) How have you been, Dad?

DOC

Oh, I've just been fine, Chuck.

(AWKWARD SILENCE) How have you been?

CHUCK

Oh, I've been fine, too. (SILENCE)

Anything you wanted to talk about,

Dad? I mean you have anything

in particular on your mind?

DOC

(QUICKLY) Oh, Lord, no!!

CHUCK

Are you sure?

DOC

Absolutely sure! The fact is I haven't had anything on my mind for quite a while now. How long has it been, Annie, since I've had anything on my mind? About two or three weeks?

ANNIE

(SMILES) About that.

CHUCK

Well, then why don't we talk later? I'll get unpacked.
(STARTS TO RISE)

DOC

(ANXIOUSLY) Sit down! Sit down!

DOC HAS RACED OVER TO KEEP CHUCK IN HIS CHAIR.

ANNIE

Chuck, I'll start unpacking for you. You just sit and talk to your father about the nothing he has on his mind.

ANNIE HAS CROSSED TO PICK UP ONE OF CHUCK'S BAGS AND ANNIE EXITS. DOC HAS BEEN WAITING FOR ANNIE TO LEAVE THE ROOM.

DOC

(PACING ABOUT, DRAMATICALLY)
Chuck, when a father has a son born to him, sometimes it's the beginning of a dream for a father.

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)

You can understand that, can't you, Chuck? How a father, with a son, can have a dream?

CHUCK

Sure, Dad.

DOC

(STILL DRAMATIC) Well, there they are. The two of them. The father and the son. And the father has a dream. (BEAT: OVERLY--CASUAL) By the way, you have any son dreams?

TELEPHONE RINGS.

DOC (CONT'D)

Annie, would you get the phone, please?

PHONE STOPS RINGING.

DOC (CONT'D)

(HURRIEDLY) Look, Chuck, there is something I want to ask you. I swore to your mother I wouldn't bring the subject up myself but I can't stand it any longer. (DEEP BREATH) Chuck...

ANNIE ENTERS. ANNIE CARRIES DOC'S HAT AND COAT. DOC SEES HER BUT CHUCK DOESN'T.

CHUCK

What's your question, Dad?

DOC

(WITH ANNIE LOOKING AT HIM;
FEEBLY) Are you still left-
handed?

ANNIE

(INTERRUPTING) That was Mr.
Peterson on the phone. His
wife is running a fever again.

DOC

Okay. (BEING HELPED INTO COAT
BY ANNIE) Want to come along,
Chuck? It'll be our first
case together.

CHUCK

(HESITATING) Well, if you
really want me to...

ANNIE

(INTERRUPTING) You go by
yourself on this one. Chuck's
tired from his plane trip.

DOC

Sure, I forgot. (AT DOOR)
Chuck, we'll talk some more
when I get back.

CHUCK

Okay, Dad.

DOC

(OPENING DOOR) Boy, how many house calls like this have I gone on, I wonder? I remember going on a house call like this one time, Chuck, when I delivered a baby. And the baby grew up and went into business with his father and now they're both very, very happy.

DOC EXITS.

ANNIE

(SMILES) You know what he was talking about, don't you?

CHUCK

(UPSET) Yeah, I know.

ANNIE

(SADLY) You don't want to go into practice with him.

CHUCK

Certainly I want to go into practice with him. That's why I wanted to study medicine in the first place.

ANNIE

Then what's the problem?

CHUCK

The problem is I've decided I don't want to practice medicine.

ANNIE

(SURPRISED) Why not?

CHUCK

(UPSET) Well, the last year or so I've decided I don't really want to be a doctor. I want to try to be a writer. In fact, I've already finished six chapters of a novel.

ANNIE IS TORN BUT ALREADY ACCEPTS FACT.

ANNIE

I'll bet it's good.

CHUCK

(UPSET) All the time I knew Dad was trying to get around to asking me about coming into practice with him, I kept trying to tell him. But I couldn't. (TO ANNIE) How do you think he's going to take it when I do tell him?

ANNIE PUTS HER ARM AROUND CHUCK TO COMFORT HIM.

ANNIE

Oh, you know your father. He's a very understanding man. Sure, he'll be a little disappointed at first, but he'll get over it.

CHUCK NODS, KISSES ANNIE AND EXITS.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(TO HERSELF) In ten, twenty years.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOC'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DOC ENTERS. DOC IS RETURNING FROM HOUSE CALL...WEARING OVERCOAT, CARRYING MEDICAL BAG ETC. BEFORE EVEN TAKING OFF HIS COAT, DOC GOES TO HIS DESK DRAWER AND TAKES OUT A NAME SIGN. SIGN READS: "C. BOGERT, M.D." HAPPILY HUMMING, DOC PLACES SIGN ON CHUCK'S DESK. CHUCK ENTERS. DOC'S BACK IS TURNED TO HIM.

CHUCK

Dad.

DOC HURRIEDLY HIDES CHUCK'S SIGN UNDER HIS COAT.

DOC

(TURNING) Oh, hi, Chuck.

CHUCK

(RELUCTANT, BUT DOC DOESN'T NOTICE) I heard you come in. I came down to talk to you about my going into practice with you.

DOC

(ECSTATIC) I knew it! (HE WHIPS SIGN OUT FROM UNDER COAT AND IMITATES A FANFARE) Da da! (PROUDLY SHOWS SIGN TO CHUCK)

How do you like it?

CHUCK

It's really nice.

DOC

And how do you like the desk I put in for you? Your mother and Tully thought I was crazy because I told them you and I had an understanding. That shows what they know. From now on, Chuck, the whole neighborhood will be calling us "Old Doc Bogert" and "Young Doc Bogert." (TURNING TO CHUCK) I'm a little young to be called "Old Doc" but what the hell.

CHUCK HAS GENTLY TAKEN SIGN OFF OF DESK.

CHUCK

(PAINFULLY) Dad, I've decided not to practice medicine.

DOC

(STUNNED) What are you talking about?

CHUCK

(WITH DIFFICULTY) I want to be a writer. I've been working on this novel and...

DOC

(INTERRUPTING, PUZZLED) You went through all those years of medical school because you wanted to become a writer? I guess that makes sense. But what kind of school would you have gone to if you wanted to become a doctor?

CHUCK

I'm sorry to disappoint you, Dad.

DOC

(AFTER DISAPPOINTED PAUSE) Don't be silly, Chuck. You've got a right to do what you want to with your life. Anyhow, I wasn't really counting on you practicing with me.

CHUCK

(SMILES) You weren't, huh? What about the desk you put in?

DOC

Oh, I've been needing another desk for some time now.

CHUCK

(SMILES AT LIE) What would you need two desks for?

DOC

One to put my feet up on. I always wanted to put my feet up on my own desk but there was never enough room. (SEES CHUCK LOOKING SADLY AT HIS NAME SIGN. WITH FORCED CHEER) And don't worry about this sign, either. I'll just have the painter keep the "C" going in a circle to make it into an "O" for "Old Doc."

DOC PLACES NAME SIGN UP ON SHELF. DOC TRIES TO HIDE A RATHER LARGE OBJECT THAT IS GIFT-WRAPPED.

CHUCK

What's that?

DOC

(PICKING UP OBJECT: INNOCENTLY)

What's what? Oh, you mean this?

DOC

Oh, just some tongue depressors.

CHUCK

Gift-wrapped tongue depressors?

DOC

Goldman brought 'em for his examinations. He likes to pamper his tongue.

CHUCK

I've never seen gift-wrapped tongue depressors. (TAKING OBJECT FROM RELUCTANT DOC) Mind if I look?

CHUCK TAKES GIFT PAPER OFF AND WE SEE
IT IS A MICROSCOPE.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

(HOLDING UP MICROSCOPE) Mr.
Goldman must really have a big
mouth.

CHUCK HAS BEEN TURNING OVER MICROSCOPE
AND HE NOW NOTICES SOMETHING ON ITS
BOTTOM.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

(READS INSCRIPTION) "If you
follow in my footsteps, magnify
them with this so they look
bigger than they were."

DOC

(EMBARRASSED GRUFFNESS) They
put that inscription on all the
new models. If there's anything
I hate, it's a sentimental
optical company.

CHUCK HAS BEEN STARING AT THE INSCRIPTION
ON THE MICROSCOPE.

CHUCK

Look, Dad, what if I come into
practice with you for awhile.
I could write my novel on the
side.

DOC

No, Chuck. You become a
writer. Do what you want to
do.

CHUCK

I will be doing what I want to do. I want to practice with you. "Old Doc" and "Young Doc."

DOC

It wasn't anything I said, was it?

CHUCK

I'm telling you, it's my own idea. Nothing you said. (BEAT)
Well, maybe something you engraved.

CHUCK PUTS HIS ARM AROUND A HAPPY DOC,
AS WE:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. DOC'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

DOC AND CHUCK CONSULTING. CHUCK HAS A CLIPBOARD WITH PATIENT'S CHART. THEY ARE BOTH EXHILERATED.

CHUCK

So, if you don't mind, Dad, I thought I would put her on that instead of the medication you had her on. Is that all right with you?

DOC

(PROUDLY) I think it's a great idea. I was thinking of trying it later myself. (PATS CHUCK ON BACK) But you're a little younger and a little quicker.

CHUCK

(MODESTLY) Well, it was something we were using at the hospital. And we had pretty good success with it.

DOC

(BEAMING) Don't be modest, Chuck. The way you've been talking to me about medicine today, I'd be proud of you even if you weren't my own son.

CHUCK

Well, I've got another patient. See you later.

CHUCK EXITS. DOC BEAMS AFTER HIM.

DOC

(CALLS HAPPILY) Tully!

TULLY ENTERS.

TULLY

What is it, Doc?

DOC

You know what I was thinking?

TULLY

What?

DOC

Why don't you and I dance more in the office?

DOC GRABS TULLY AND BEGINS WALTZING WITH HER. AS HE DANCES HE HAPPILY SINGS:
"IT'S A MOST UNUSUAL DAY."

TULLY

(AS THEY STOP DANCING) You
been testing those sample drugs
again?

DOC

Tully, we're coming to the end
of the happiest day of my life.
There's nothing like it, Tully --
when a son grows up and joins his
father in his profession. It
gives you an extra and special
pride in what you do if you see
that your son wants to follow in
your footsteps.

TULLY

(PLEASED FOR HIM) I know, Doc.
(CAN'T RESIST) I guess Atilla
the Hun felt the same way the day
Attila the Hun Junior came to
him and said, "Dad, I'd like to
pillage and plunder."

DOC

(EXCITED) Did you call and
have the champagne sent up to
the apartment for the celebration
later?

TULLY

All taken care of. And I ordered
the usual extra bottle for Fred to
sneak upstairs with.

DOC

(CAN'T EVEN BE MAD AT FRED TODAY)

You know, Fred would have taken
a doggy bag home from The Last
Supper.

DOC SITS, WANTING TO SAVOR MORE OF HIS
JOYFUL DAY.

DOC (CONT'D)

How do the patients like Chuck?

TULLY

Every patient Chuck saw today
came to me and told me what a
wonderful young man they think
he is.

DOC

(GLOWING) They did, huh? And
all the patients I gave Chuck today
are really critical people.
Goldman, especially. Goldman
told me the other day he thought
blue was a terrible color for the
sky.

TULLY

(OVER ENTHUSIASTIC) Well, they
all love Chuck. Really love
him. (BEAT: RELUCTANTLY)
However, Doc, there's one thing
I think maybe I ought to tell you
about.

DOC

Well, what? What is it?

TULLY

(RELUCTANTLY) Well, this morning Chuck was removing the bandage from Mrs. Perkin's boil...

DOC

What happened?

TULLY

Well, he removed the bandage. Then when he looked at the boil, he said: "Oh, my God!!"

DOC

(AMAZED) Chuck said "Oh, my God!" when he saw one of Mrs. Perkins' tiny boils? What did Mrs. Perkins say?

TULLY

Nothing. She just fainted.

DOC

All right. All right. (DISTURBED)
I don't understand it. Why would Chuck get all upset at seeing a little boil?

TULLY

Of course, he was fine with all the other patients...except maybe Mrs. Carrazza.

DOC

What happened with Mrs. Carrazza?

TULLY

Well, you know how scared Mrs. Carrazza is about taking shots.

DOC NODS.

TULLY (CONT'D)

So Chuck told her not to look.

DOC

What's wrong with that?

TULLY

Nothing. (BEAT) Except he didn't look, either.

CHUCK ENTERS. HE LOOKS NAUSEATED.

DOC

(ALARMED) Chuck, what's the matter?

CHUCK

(LEANING ON DESK) I don't feel too well.

DOC

(LEADING HIM OUT) Come on in the examining room. When did you start to feel like this?

CHUCK

(ABOUT TO THROW UP) I haven't felt well all day. But don't worry about it. Anyway, Mr. Goldman's waiting to see you in the examining room.

DOC

(AS THEY EXIT) Mr. Goldman's
always waiting to see me. If
I had a night depository, like
a bank, I'd find him here laying
on the floor in the morning.

DOC, HELPING CHUCK STAY STEADY, THEY EXIT:

CUT TO:

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INT. DOC'S EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

GOLDMAN IS SITTING ON TABLE AS DOC
LEADS NAUSEATED CHUCK INTO ROOM.
GOLDMAN IS WEARING A PATIENT'S
EXAMINATION GOWN.

GOLDMAN

Doc, I'm glad you finally got
here. I just got a noise in my
stomach I want you to listen to.

DOC

(HELPING CHUCK INTO CHAIR) Not
now, Mr. Goldman. Later.

GOLDMAN

(PROUDLY) But, Doc, it's a brand-
new sound.

DOC

(LOOSENING CHUCK'S TIE) Later!

GOLDMAN

(HURT) Would you say "later"
to the return of Hailey's
Comet. I'm telling you, Doc,
my stomach is making a sound
that you and I will never hear
again in our lifetime.

DOC

(SNAPPING) Wait outside. I'll
see you as soon as I can.

GOLDMAN

Okay. (LIKE A CHILD) But when
you finally get to me, it'll
serve you right if my brand-new
sound is gone.

GOLDMAN HAUGHTILY PUTS ON HIS HAT AND
EXITS, WEARING HIS GOWN.

DOC

(TO CHUCK) How do you feel?

CHUCK

(WEAK GRIN) As a doctor, I'd
say there's nothing seriously
wrong with me. (NAUSEOUSLY)
However, as a patient, I think
I'm going to throw up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOC'S EXAMINING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

DOC IS FINISHING CHUCK'S EXAMINATION. CHUCK SEEMS BETTER BUT STILL A LITTLE WOOLY.

DOC

(CONCERNED) Well, I don't know. This is the first time I've run into anything like this.

CHUCK

(ALSO CONCERNED) What is it?

DOC

Well, for one thing, you've got Hoffmeier's Disease.

CHUCK

I don't remember studying anything about Hoffmeier's Disease. What's Hoffmeier's Disease?

DOC

Hoffmeier is the second patient you saw this morning. You've got all of Hoffmeier's symptoms. (AS HE POINTS TO DIFFERENT CHARTS ON WALL) And you've also got all the symptoms of Mrs. Crane, your first patient. And you've got the symptoms of Mrs. Todd. Which is highly unusual since Mrs. Todd's problem is she's pregnant. And last but not least, your gastrointestinal tract is making the same sound as Mr. Goldman's -- gurgle for gurgle. "Bloop bloop bleep...bleep bloop."

CHUCK

That's what I was afraid of. I didn't want to tell you because I was hoping it would go away.

DOC

What do you mean?

CHUCK

Well in medical school when we were studying things in books, I was great. But I guess my mind is highly suggestible because then we started seeing actual patients, I'd always get all their symptoms.

DOC

Why didn't you ever tell me any
of this?

CHUCK

Well, Dad, I knew how much you
wanted me to be a doctor like
you. And I kept hoping it would
go away.

DOC

Did you ever discuss this problem
of yours with anybody else before?

CHUCK

No. I was embarrassed to tell
anybody about it.

DOC

(LIGHTING UP) Well, Chuck, don't
you see?

CHUCK

(PUZZLED) Don't I see what?

DOC

Not discussing it with anybody
else -- another doctor -- has
made your problem worse.

CHUCK

What do you mean?

DOC

I mean if you'd told another
doctor about it, the other doctor
would have told you the same
thing happens to him.

CHUCK

(SKEPTICALLY) You mean you get the symptoms of all your patients, too?

DOC

Of course I do. Every doctor does. You don't believe those stories about doctors playing golf every Wednesday do you? All those doctors get out on the golf course, where nobody can hear them, so they can tell each other how sick they are.

CHUCK

(DISBELIEVING) Come on, Dad.

DOC

Well, I'm kidding about that. But every doctor has the same kind of problem as you've been having. Now Mr. Goldman is waiting out there for me to examine him. And I'll bet, now that you've told me what's troubling you, you won't have the slightest bit of trouble with him.

CHUCK

(UNEASILY) You mean you want me to examine Mr. Goldman?

DOC

Certainly. That's what you've got to do, Chuck. To get over your problem. It's like falling off a horse. You've got to get right back up again.

CHUCK

Like you have to go up in another airplane after a crash...

DOC

Right...you've got to go up again in Goldman's intestinal tract.

CHUCK

Gee, I don't know, Dad.

DOC

Listen, Chuck, I'm going to tell you something I've never told anybody before. (BUSINESS OF OPENING AND CLOSING DOOR TO MAKE SURE NOBODY IS LISTENING) I have a patient named Mrs. Perkins who gets these boils, see?

CHUCK STARTS TO SPEAK BUT DOC GESTURES FOR HIM TO BE QUIET.

DOC (CONT'D)

Anyway, you know what I think to myself every time I look at one of Mrs. Perkins' boils. I think to myself -- "Oh, my God!!"

CHUCK

(DELIGHTED) That's what I
said today.

DOC

(SURPRISED) Mrs. Perkins was
in today?

CHUCK

(LAUGHING WITH RELIEF) Yes.

DOC

(A SQUEAMISH LAUGH) Did she
have one of her boils?

CHUCK

(RELIEVED LAUGH) Yes. It was
the worst looking boil I ever saw.

DOC

(BURSTING WITH LAUGHTER) And
what did you say?

CHUCK

(CONSUMED WITH RELIEVED LAUGHTER)
I said, "Oh, my God!"

DOC

(CLAPPING HIM ON BACK AND
LAUGHING EVEN HARDER) That's what
I always say -- "Oh, my God!"
Except I say it under my breath.

(LAUGHING AND CLAPPING LAUGHING
CHUCK ON THE BACK) That's how
you get to be a successful
doctor -- by saying "Oh, my
God!" so nobody can hear you.

DOC SUDDENLY STOPS LAUGHING AND TAKES
CHUCK BY THE ARM LIKE A FOOTBALL COACH.

DOC (CONT'D)

Now get out there and "Get
Goldman!"

DOC CROSSES TO OPEN DOOR.

DOC (CONT'D)

(CALLS) Mr. Goldman, the doctor
will see you now.

DOC EXTENDS HAND TO CHUCK, MOCK DRAMATIC.

DOC (CONT'D)

Good luck, Doctor.

CHUCK

(KIDDING BUT APPRECIATIVE)

Thank you, Doctor.

DOC EXITS. GOLDMAN, WEARING HAT AND
GOWN, ENTERS. CHUCK IS VERY CHEERFUL,
PART REAL AND PART DETERMINATION.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

(CHEERFULLY) Come right in,
Mr. Goldman. (CLOSING DOOR)
Now what seems to be the trouble?

GOLDMAN

(SADLY) Well, first of all, the
sounds in my stomach stopped.
(ANNOYED) Your father really
missed something special.

CHUCK

(SMILES) Well, I'm sure my father
will regret missing any unusual
sounds. (HAPPILY) Anything else?

GOLDMAN

(SORROWFULLY) Well, first of all, the lower part of my back has been giving me fits.

(INDICATES PLACE IN LOWER PART OF BACK)

CHUCK

(PUTTING HIS HAND ON HIS OWN LOWER BACK) Right about here?

GOLDMAN

(AS CHUCK CONTINUES TO RUB HIS OWN BACK) Yeah, right there. Such pain I never experienced in my life. It's like somebody's been hitting me with a baseball bat.

CHUCK, RUBBING HIS OWN BACK, SHOWS THE SLIGHTEST WINCE OF PAIN.

GOLDMAN (CONT'D)

What's the matter, Doc? You got back troubles, too?

CHUCK

(CATCHING HIMSELF) Oh, no. Just an itch. (REMOVES HAND QUICKLY) Now what about these sounds your stomach has been making that seem to bother you?

GOLDMAN

(HOLDS UP HAND) Hold it a minute. (PROUDLY) I've got something new. Even your father doesn't know about this one.

CHUCK

And what's your new complaint?

GOLDMAN

(PROUDLY) I hiccup. I never hiccuped before but now I'm hiccupping all the time. And I know why I hiccup.

CHUCK

Why?

GOLDMAN

I looked hiccup up in the dictionary. And it said a hiccup is caused by "a quick inhalation suddenly checked by a closure of the glottis."

CHUCK

That's right.

GOLDMAN

(THE DETECTIVE) Well, I only hiccup when I'm around or talking about my partner. And you know why?

(MORE)

GOLDMAN (CONT'D)

Because my glottis knows my partner's stealing from me and my glottis is closing up, telling me to close up the business. You can fool some of the people some of the time but you can't fool a glottis. (GOLDMAN SUDDENLY HICCUPS) There it goes! My glottis is telling me to check the books. (GOLDMAN HICCUPS AGAIN)

CHUCK

(SMILING) Mr. Goldman, that's an interesting theory you have. But medically, I don't think...

GOLDMAN HICCUPS.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

...It's a very sound... (HE HICCUPS) ...explanation. (HICCUPS AGAIN)

GOLDMAN

(ANNOYED) You're not making fun of an old worried man, are you, Doc? (HE HICCUPS)

CHUCK

No, not at all. I was just saying that medically...(HE HICCUPS)...I don't think...(HICCUPS AGAIN)... you're on very sound...(HICCUPS AGAIN)...ground. (HICCUPS AGAIN)

THE DOOR OPENS AND DOC ENTERS.

GOLDMAN

(TO CHUCK) I still think you're making fun of...(HE HICCUPS)...me.

CHUCK

(DESPERATELY TRYING NOT TO HICCUP) Mr. Goldman, I swear that I'm...(HICCUPS) ...not.
(HICCUPS TWICE MORE)

DOC HAS QUICKLY SIZED UP THE SITUATION.

DOC

(SEVERELY) What's the matter, Goldman? Didn't you ever see a brilliant young medical man hiccup before? (STARTS LEADING CHUCK OUT WITH GREAT DIGNITY)
Come on, Doctor.

CHUCK

(TRYING TO BE DIGNIFIED) Thank you, Doctor.

AS DOC AND CHUCK EXIT, CHUCK GOES INTO A SERIES OF LOUDER HICCUPS. GOLDMAN GAZES AFTER THEM.

GOLDMAN (C.U.)

(TO HIMSELF) Well, since all the doctors around here are treating themselves, I guess I'll just take two aspirins and call myself in the morning.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOC'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
DOC AND ANNIE IN BED, READING.

DOC

(WITHOUT TAKING HIS EYES FROM
MAGAZINE) You thinking the
same thing I am?

ANNIE

(WITHOUT TAKING HER EYES FROM
BOOK) I think so.

DOC

(PUTS BOOK ON CHEST, DISTRESSED)
He hiccupped all through dinner
and till he went to bed.
(IRRITATED) And Goldman
stopped hiccupping hours ago.
What have I gotten Chuck into,
Annie?

ANNIE

Maybe it's only temporary. As
you said.

DOC

(UNCERTAINLY) I hope so.

TELEPHONE RINGS.

DOC (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Doctor Bogert.

(~~THEN~~ ANXIOUSLY) I've got it,
Chuck. I can hear your cough
sounds worse, Mrs. Steinlauf.
Chuck, I've got it. Chuck, you
go back to bed. I'll make the
call to Mrs. Steinlauf.

(LOUDER) Chuck, I can't hear
Mrs. Steinlauf's address if you
keep coughing like that. Go back
to bed! I'll be right over, Mrs.
Steinlauf!

DOC AND ANNIE ARE THROWING ON THEIR ROBES
AND HEADING FOR THE LIVING ROOM AS:

RESET TO:

INT. DOC'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CHUCK HAS HIS TROUSERS ON AND HE IS PUSHING
HIS SHIRT INTO HIS TROUSERS. HE PUTS ON HIS
TOPCOAT AND HAT. ALL THE WHILE HE IS RACING
AROUND GETTING DRESSED, CHUCK IS COUGHING.
DOC AND ANNIE, DRESSED IN BATHROBES, ENTER.

DOC

(ALARMED) Chuck, will you please
let me take this call?

CHUCK COUGHS ALL THROUGH HIS REMAINING
SPEECHES.

CHUCK

No, Dad. You've had to make
thousands of house calls all
these years. Now it's time for
me to take some of the burden
off your shoulders. After all,
that's what I went through medical
school for.

CHUCK HAS PICKED UP HIS MEDICAL BAG AND
HE IS NOW AT DOOR. OPENS DOOR.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

(COUGHING THROUGHOUT LINE)

Well, wish me luck.

DOC

(CONCERNED) Good luck.

ANNIE

(CONCERNED) Good luck, Chuck.

CHUCK

(COUGHING) Thanks.

CHUCK EXITS.

DOC

I've got to do something,
Annie. What do they say?
Don't wish for anything or
you might get your wish?

(LOOKING AFTER CHUCK) If
one of his patients ever dies,
it'll be a double funeral.

DISSOLVE TO:

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INT. DOC'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

TULLY IS TALKING TO DOC BUT DOC IS
PREOCCUPIED.

TULLY

...and the lab reports came
back on Mr. Goldman. All
negative. You're going to
have to find some gentle way
to break it to Mr. Goldman
that he's healthy. (SEES THAT
DOC IS NOT HEARING HER, SHE
IMITATES A P.A. SYSTEM) Calling
Dr. Bogert! Call for Dr. Bogert!

DOC

(WORRIED) How's Chuck doing
today?

TULLY

(COMPASSIONATELY) Well, he's really trying. He ran a little temperature when he treated Mrs. Crane's flu but it wasn't anything to worry about.

DOC

(UPSET) Tully, I can't get him to quit. I told him last night he obviously wasn't cut out to be a doctor, but he kept saying he didn't want to let me down.

TULLY

Annie's been down here three or four times today. She's worried.

DOC

I know. Who's Chuck with now?

TULLY

He's removing the cast from Mr. Carter's leg.

CHUCK ENTERS, WITH A DEFINITE LIMP.

DOC

What's the matter with your leg, Chuck?

CHUCK

(LYING) My leg? Oh, it's nothing, Dad. I guess my shoe's too tight or something.

DOC

Sit down, Chuck.

CHUCK SITS. HAS A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH
HIS LEG.

DOC (CONT'D)

Chuck, you're a fine boy. And you're very bright. But obviously you're too suggestible. The same imagination that would make you a good writer is going to kill you as a doctor. What I'm trying to say, Chuck, is that your mother and I are worried.

CHUCK

(DETERMINED) Dad, I told you last night -- I'm sure it's a passing thing. I'll be all right. It'll go away.

DOC

But what if it doesn't go away?

CHUCK

(DETERMINED, BUT LIGHTLY)
Forget it, Dad, I'm staying. It's going to be "Old Doc" and "Young Doc." That's always been your dream and it's my dream too.

ANNIE ENTERS.

ANNIE

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you two were talking. I'll be back.

DOC

No, come in, Annie. I've been trying to convince Chuck to stop this nonsense and become a writer, which is obviously what he's cut out to be.

CHUCK

Dad, I've got another patient.
(RISES AND STARTS TO LIMP OFF)
I'll see you both later.

DOC

Wait a minute, Chuck.

CHUCK

You're not going to change my mind.

DOC

I'm not even going to try to change your mind. I've said all I can say. I just want to read you a letter I found last night that my father once wrote to me.

DOC REACHES INTO DESK DRAWER AND TAKES OUT LETTER. HE TAKES LETTER OUT OF ENVELOPE AND STARTS TO READ IT.

DOC (CONT'D)

(READS) "Dear Joe: I know you feel obligated to come in and help me with my business.

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)

And I'm touched by your willingness to sacrifice what you really want to do in order to help me. But you wouldn't be helping me, Joe. Because if you would give up your own happiness for me now, you might make my last few years a little easier, but you would also be destroying my entire past life -- during which all my thoughts and concern were for your future and for your happiness. Joe, most people spend their entire lives doing jobs they hate. So if you're going to spend your entire life in a job you hate, give me a break and choose your own terrible job so you can't blame it on me. With love, Your Father."

(DOC LOOKS UP FROM LETTER) The day I got that letter from my father, I enrolled in medical school. (WRYLY) So if I could give my father a break, why can't you give me a break?

CHUCK GETS UP AND CROSSES TO DOC. PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HIM.

CHUCK

(MOVED) I'm going up and
start packing.

DOC

You didn't treat an alcoholic
today, did you?

CHUCK

No.

DOC

Good. Then we'll all be up in
a minute to toast the future
success of your first novel.

CHUCK

(HAPPY) Fine.

CHUCK EXITS. ANNIE HAS BEEN EMOTIONALLY
MOVED BY THE WHOLE SCENE. SHE CROSSES TO
DOC.

ANNIE

That's a beautiful letter.

DOC

(GRUFFLY) Yeah -- I wrote it
last night. (AS ANNIE REACTS
WITH SURPRISE) Somebody needed
to write me a letter like that
so I wrote it to myself.

ANNIE

(EMBRACING HIM) "Old Doc,"
you're really something.

DOC

I have my moments.

#5116

57.
(J)

HE HICCUPS. ANNIE LOOKS AT HIM
ANXIOUSLY.

DOC (CONT'D)

(REASSURING) Only kidding.

AS THEY RESUME EMBRACE, WE:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

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TAG

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DOC, ANNIE, CHUCK, LAURIE AND FRED. FRED
POPS CHAMPAGNE CORK AND POURS.

DOC

(TOASTING) Here's to our son,
the writer!

THEY DRINK, LAUGHING.

FRED

You know, Chuck, I've had an
idea kicking around in the back
of my head about writing a novel
about the paint business. It
starts out with Faye Dunaway
waking up one morning to find
the outside of her house painted
while she slept.

LAURIE

(EAGERLY) Who painted it?

FRED

(SMUG AUTHOR) You'll have to
read the book.

CHUCK

I'd like to make a toast.

(RAISES GLASS) I only practiced
with him two days, but to "Old
Doc" -- the greatest doctor in
the world!

DOC

(EMBARRASSED BUT DELIGHTED)

Now, Chuck --

CHUCK

Well, I think you are the greatest
doctor in the world. Name me
another doctor as good as you are.

DOC

Well, for one thing, there's --
No, Schweitzer's dead. Does it
have to be a living doctor?

CHUCK

Living or dead.

DOC

Well, then, there's - (BEAT) How
do you like that? I can't think
of anybody.

TOGETHER

To the world's greatest doctor!

FADE OUT:

THE END