

2/09/87

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

by

Lorne Cameron

and

Steven L. Bloom

FADE IN:

1

EXT. DEEPEST JUNGLES OF BRAZIL - NIGHT (THE PRESENT)

The forest primeval. A thick mist hangs heavy in the air. In the distance we hear the rhythmic BEAT OF JUNGLE DRUMS.

The CAMERA glides forward through the lush tropical vegetation. Past overhanging vines. Past exotic ferns. Past strange swooping, chattering birds. Past ferocious jungle animals, their eyes glowing in the darkness. Suddenly, an eery orange glow illuminates the scene. The CAMERA continues pushing forward, abruptly emerging into:

A CLEARING

Hideously tattooed, half-naked savages dance maniacally in circles around the outer edges of the clearing. In the center of the clearing a bonfire blazes. Slightly behind the fire we SEE ten savages, bones piercing their noses, their muscles glistening with sweat, pound a steady, relentless beat on giant drums. But despite all the spectacle, despite the richness of the color and the graceful yet menacing movement of the warrior dancers, our attention is riveted in two figures that sit, crosslegged, in front of the fire. They stare at each other intently. One is a WITCH DOCTOR, sporting a wild headress and reciting an incantation in an untelligible language. His voice is husky, deep and foreboding. The other is a WHITE MAN, 50sh, with a bandanna across his forehead.

WITCH DOCTOR

Signo grant li camo nolo.

And with that the beat of the drums increases as an old man enters the circle carrying a tray made out of reeds. On the tray are a ceremonial knife and chalice, both silver, both holy and both out of place in this primitive scene. The witch doctor picks up the knife, holding it high in the air. Then slowly and dramatically the witch doctor picks up the chalice and allows a single drop of its contents to fall on the knife. The knife shimmers with the light reflected from the fire giving it a very magical appearance. As all this occurs the MUSIC begins to crescendo and the dancers become more frenzied. The white man looks around perplexed as even the chanting become louder. Slowly, the witch doctor raises the knife to his mouth, still staring at the white man as if in a trance. The chanting and drums reach a fever pitch. The dancers are now frantic. The witch doctor draws the knife closer to his mouth - closer and closer. The knife finally touches his tongue.

Instantly the jungle falls silent. Everything is still.

The white man and the witch doctor start to tremble violently. Their eyes bulge. Then it's over. The witch doctor's eyes widen in amazement. He looks down at his body, staring in disbelief. An incredulous smile comes to his face and he looks at the white man who stares at him trancelike.

WITCH DOCTOR
(in perfect American
accent)
Paul was the walrus.

2 INT. HAMMOND HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE UP of an elegant ticking clock breaking up the stillness of the night. In the b.g. we can HEAR serious medical and technical jargon. The clock reads 3 A.M.

PULLING BACK we SEE JACK HAMMOND, fiftyish, very proper and precise, standing over an extremely complex model of the human torso. The chest has two little doors that open up and inside we SEE a confusing array of organs.

JACK
... so of course when the aortic
or pulmonary arteries are obstructed
you're into the area of myocardial
infarctions or neurosis of his
myocardium.

Jack looks at his audience, sixteen year-old son CHRIS. Chris stands stunned, looking at the model and trying like hell to absorb it all but something tells us it's not sinking in.

CHRIS
(totally unsure)
Yeah.

JACK
Now on the other hand you can
see that a deviated lumatis
carabeliosis would occur down
here if that happened.

CHRIS
(more unsure;
more stunned)
Yeah.

JACK
Now you're sure you understand
because if you don't we can always
go over it one more time.

Chris gulps and shoots a glance at the clock.

CHRIS
(hesitantly lying)
Yeah, I think I'm sure.

JACK
"Think" isn't good enough.
We need an "A" on this project
if we're gonna get you into
that pre-med program at
Northwestern.

CHRIS
(downcast)
I wish we could take the
test.

JACK
Now you remember how the
liver works.

Chris's eyes light up and a big smile comes to his face.

CHRIS
Oh yeah yeah. It's like an
oil filter in a car. It skims
out all the impurities so
the oil is smooth and pure
which keeps the engine running
cleaner.

JACK
(stunned; unsure)
Yeah, yeah. I think so.
Alright let's talk about
angiocratic Minosis.

CHRIS
Dad, I'm in the eleventh grade!

JACK
When I was your age, I was in
my second year at Oxford.

CHRIS
(how many times
has he heard it)
I know, Dad. I know.

3 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A perspiring Chris stands at the front of the class, the model of the human body to his right. In his hands are carefully typed out index cards. Chris reads off the cards often fumbling over words that he doesn't know how to pronounce.

CHRIS
(stilted and nervous)
The human body. A creation as
wonderous as it is...
(squinting and with
trouble)
inscrutable.
(beat)
Today I am going to take you on
a stupifying journey through the
human
(shock then relief)
organism and when our mesmirizing
sojourn is no more you will see that
the evidence of "the miracle of life"
is indeed in a convertible.

He smiles and pauses for effect. Then he realizes it doesn't sound right. He squints at his notes.

CHRIS
Sorry that's incontrovertible.
So come along with me won't you,
to explore the treasures of the
human body.

Chris turns and goes to open one of the swing doors to the chest cavity. But the thing won't open. He tries again harder. Still no go. He turns to the class with an embarrassed smile.

CHRIS
Just a second.

He turns to the model once again this time really trying to force the cavity door. It opens alright but the whole door actually comes off in his hand. Not only that but the organs inside are starting to fall out of the model. He does his best to stop them from falling and when things have settled he turns back to the class with a forced smile on his face and the chest door in one hand. He continues to read his notes.

CHRIS
(continuing)
Let's start with the heart, shall
we?

And no sooner has he said these words than IRVING, the class brain shoots up his hand and starts to groan so that Chris will answer his question.

Chris tries to pretend he doesn't see Irving and turns away slightly as he forges on.

CHRIS

(continuing)

The Heart.

(Irving's more
persistent: Chris
turns away more)

The heart is the unrelenting
dynamo

(more persistent;
Chris turns away
more)

of the cardio pulmonary system.

Irving's getting so loud with his groans Chris has to speak louder to be heard over him.

CHRIS

(continuing)

It's remarkable musculature...

(finally to
Irving uneasily)

Yes Irving.

IRVING

I wonder if we might talk about
angiocratic minosis and its effect
on the heart for a moment.

CHRIS

(sickened; knowing
he's screwed)

Sure. Why not.

4 INT. OPERATING ROOM

Frantic activity. Heart monitor machines, electroencephalograms, oxygen being administered, the chatter of scrub room nurses, interns, x-ray technicians and anesthesiologists being heard in the background. A middle-aged man lies on the operating table, his chest wide open. As the CAMERA PANS this activity, we HEAR the following dialogue between DR. ROGER HART, the anesthesiologist, and several of the NURSES.

ROGER'S VOICE

Where's Jack?

NURSE #1'S VOICE

The rotating nurse said he was on
his way.

NURSE #2'S VOICE

Maybe he's forgotten how to get
here.

This brings a bit of laughter to the tense scene. We PAN UP now to see Roger.

ROGER

Alright, alright, knock it off.
I realize Dr. Hammond doesn't
operate much any more, but let's
show a little respect, O.K.?

Suddenly from behind Roger, the door bursts open and Jack Hammond blows through it, surgical greens trailing in the breeze, rubber gloves being snapped into place.

JACK

Vitals?

NURSE #1

Pulse 110, pressure 80 and dropping
fast.

ROGER

You want pressors?

JACK

I don't care what you give him,
Roger. Just get his pressure
above 100.

ROGER

Aye-aye, sir.

JACK

(to a nurse)
Let's get him on bypass.
(then to Roger)
Come on, come on, pump it up,
Roger.

The nurse hastily connects the patient's heart to a bypass machine. Jack begins operating.

ROGER

My, but aren't we in a chipper
mood this morning. What's the
matter Jack? Didn't get your
beauty sleep?

JACK

Two more days.

ROGER

And you'll be Chief of Staff.

This brings a bit of laughter to the tense scene. We PAN UP now to see Roger.

ROGER

Alright, alright, knock it off.
I realize Dr. Hammond doesn't
operate much any more, but let's
show a little respect, O.K.?

Suddenly from behind Roger, the door bursts open and Jack Hammond blows through it, surgical greens trailing in the breeze, rubber gloves being snapped into place.

JACK

Vitals?

NURSE #1

Pulse 110, pressure 80 and dropping
fast.

ROGER

You want pressors?

JACK

I don't care what you give him,
Roger. Just get his pressure
above 100.

ROGER

Aye-aye, sir.

JACK

(to a nurse)

Let's get him on bypass.

(then to Roger)

Come on, come on, bump it up,
Roger.

The nurse hastily connects the patient's heart to a bypass machine. Jack begins operating.

ROGER

Mv, but aren't we in a chipper
mood this morning. What's the
matter Jack? Didn't get your
beauty sleep?

JACK

Two more days.

ROGER

And you'll be Chief of Staff.

JACK

And the whole thing will be over with.

ROGER

And you'll be Chief of Staff.

Jack looks at Roger. Yeah, that's right, he'll be Chief of Staff. Roger acknowledges the look.

JACK

I had to tutor Chris for his Biology mid-term and then spent the rest of the night and the early morning getting the equipment forecasts for this bloody hospital. No pun intended.

(to an intern)

We're waiting on that vein.

An assistant finishes harvesting a vein from the patient's leg.

ROGER

(to everyone in the room)

We'll miss you in here won't we guys?

There is no comment from anyone in the room which does not go unnoticed by Jack.

JACK

Well, it seems to be unanimous. Got to keep moving, Roger. You know, a rolling stone and all of that.

(to nurse)

Clamp.

Jack expertly sutures the vein in place. Roger surveys the handiwork with amazement.

ROGER

Proximal and distal anastomosis in less than two minutes. You're one hell of a surgeon, Jack.

JACK

(smiling for the first time)

And I'm going to be one hell of a Chief of Staff.

Jack turns to leave, popping his rubber gloves as he goes.

JACK
 (continuing)
 Somebody close for me please. I've
 got rounds.

He's out the door.

5 INT. HIGHSCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

An anxious Chris nervously sticks another piece of gum into his mouth. His friend TRIGGER, a kid who always talks a good game, coaches him.

TRIGGER
 What's the problem? You're a
 man, she's a woman, I'm a god.
 So let's get out there.

Nervously, Chris turns and his eyes widen.

HIS POV - LORI BEAUMONT, the blonde-bitch-goddess-cheerleader incarnate and the love of Chris's life. She stands at her locker. Chris turns away in panic.

CHRIS
 I can't do it. She's too...
 I... just can't do it.

TRIGGER
 (sincerely)
 Listen guy, take it from the
 Trig. You, my friend are an
 ultra dude. Now you're going to
 get up there and knock her dead.
 I've got complete confidence in
 you. I know you can do it.

Chris looks up into Trigger's supportive face, summons all his courage and begins to walk towards Lori as if he was walking his last mile. Trigger shakes his head sadly.

TRIGGER
 (continuing)
 Not a prayer.

ON Chris as he walks up to Lori, standing at her locker.

CHRIS
 (high voice)
 Hi.
 (low voice)
 Hi.

She turns to Chris and smiles.

LORI
Hi Charlie.

She walks off. Chris follows her.

CHRIS
Actually my name is Chris.
Chris Hammond. Um, ah...
I guess I was just sorta like
wondering you know that if you
weren't doing anything tomorrow
night we could... ah, go out.

LORI
(giggling)
Are you serious?

CHRIS
(weakly)
Uh... yeah...

Lori stops to consider and Chris almost runs into her. He is dying. Trigger is giving him the "thumbs up" sign across the hall.

LORI
(skeptically)
Well, where?

CHRIS
I've got two tickets to the
Motley Crue concert tomorrow.

Another unenthusiastic sigh from Lori as she furrows her brow. Chris is really dying. Trigger encourages him.

LORI
What are the seats like?

CHRIS
Front row.

LORI
Aisle or center?

CHRIS
Center.

Again with the sigh.

LORI
Geez, let me think about this
one.

Just then KIRK ANDERSON leans against the locker, completely separating Chris from Lori. The two whisper.

KIRK

Look, I'm sorry about the show babe, but I just can't dump her now.

LORI

Well you shouldn't have asked her in the first place.

KIRK

Aw c'mon. I'll ditch her at intermission. What d'va sav?

LORI

Forget it. I won't play second fiddle.

(louder and with
false pride)

Besides, I'm going to the concert with Charlie... uh...

Lori smiles at Chris. Kirk looks around startled and angry. Chris smiles meekly and points to himself weakly.

CHRIS

Hammond.

KIRK

(to Lori)

Fine, if that's the way you wanna play it.

Kirk saunters off with a look to Chris he doesn't miss. Chris victoriously gives Trigger the "thumbs up" sign and then swaggeringly turns only to find a locker door in his way. Lori is gone.

6 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

CLOSE UP on a medical chart being lifted by a hand. PULL BACK to reveal Jack with the interns making rounds.

JACK

This is Mr. Racine. He's forty-seven. Two days ago he underwent an aortic valve replacement.

(to the patient)

How are you this morning, Mr. Racine?

RACINE

I dunno, Doc. My right leg kinda hurts and I'm really burning up.

Jack checks the patient's forehead, then examines his leg pressing it lightly. RACINE winces. We are aware that during this next exchange, one of the interns is loudly chewing gum.

JACK

Mr. Racine has a low grade fever and exhibits tenderness in his lower right calf. Undoubtedly phlebitis. In such...

Jack's eyes turn slowly to the intern. The intern swallows the gum. Jack proceeds without missing a beat.

JACK

(continuing)

... cases an anti-coagulant is prescribed. For a minor incidence like this I would suggest... um...

Jack pauses for a moment.

DR. JENSON

Five milligrams of coumadin.

JACK

(smiling)

Dr. Jenson, I don't remember asking for your opinion.

The interns stare at their feet. Jack writes the prescription onto the chart. As they are about to leave, Mr. Racine turns slightly and cries out in pain, clutching his lower stomach. In one quick motion, Jack presses firmly into Racine's midriff. Miraculously, the patient sighs, the pain gone. The interns look at one another and then to Jack in admiration. Jack turns to them.

JACK

(continuing)

Hernia. It's all in the chart.

Jack moves smartly away from Mr. Racine and on toward the next patient. A heated argument attracts his attention. It is between DR. AMY LARKIN, thirty-five-ish, feisty, confident and beautiful and another older WOMAN from the admitting office. The two are standing over a shabby looking down-and-outer who is on a gurney. Jack turns to the interns.

JACK

(continuing)

Go ahead, gentlemen. I'll catch up.

Just as he starts to enter the fray a NURSE juggling several clipboards stops him.

NURSE

Excuse me Dr. Hammond, is Ed Tucker your tonsilectomy and Fred Tucker your diabetic?

JACK

Other way around. Fred Tucker is the tonsilectomy and Ed Tucker is the geriatric. And it doesn't look that good for him. He probably won't last the weekend.

NURSE

(walking away; to herself)
Good. I can't keep those two straight much longer.

7 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Jack now moves to the argument between Larkin and the woman.

WOMAN

Dr. Larkin, hospital policy prohibits the treatment of patients without medical insurance...

AMY

This gentleman doesn't give a rat's ass about hospital policy and neither do I!

WOMAN

I'm sorry Dr. Larkin, but...

Jack wanders into the fray.

JACK

What's all the yelling about?

AMY

Jack, I've got a man here complaining of chest pains. I think we should admit him right away.

WOMAN

She's got a man here with no insurance.

JACK

Send him to County. You know what the policy is, Dr. Larkin. No insurance, no...

AMY

Policy, schmolicy. This guy needs medical attention. Remember how to do that, Jack? You used to. You used to be the best damned surgeon in this city.

She hits home. But not for long. Jack turns to the woman.

JACK

Send him to County. Rules are rules.

AMY

I'll tell that to his widow.

The bum looks alarmed.

AMY

(continuing)

Jack, you know I'm right!

Jack looks between Amy and the bum. Yeah, he knows she's probably right.

JACK

The rules are the same for all of us, Amy... Dr. Larkin.

DR. ARMBRUSTER, the Chief of Staff of the hospital has overheard the last bit of conversation.

ARMBRUSTER

Ah, good morning you two. What seems to be the problem?

JACK

(smiling)

Oh, no problem sir. I was merely pointing out to Dr. Larkin that hospital policy dictates the transfer of uninsured patients to the closes public hospital.

AMY

We don't even know if the patient's stable enough for a transfer.

ARMBRUSTER

(cobra smile to
Dr. Larkin)

Surely Dr. Larkin, I don't have to remind you that this is a private hospital. The insurance rates are more than we can handle as it is and that's why we have rules about this sort of thing.

AMY

But Dr. Armbruster...

ARMBRUSTER

Dr. Larkin, if you wish to carry this crusade any further, I suggest you wait until the board meeting on Monday. Until then, the matter is closed.

(turning to Jack)

Mind if I join you on rounds, Jack.

JACK

(huge smile)

I'd be delighted sir.

Dr. Armbruster puts his arm around Jack and they walk away under the steely gaze of Amy Larkin.

8 INT. BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - DAY

OLD MAN MORRISON makes his way down the aisle of his terrified biology class. Everyone seems to be engrossed in the dissection of their frogs. That is, until Morrison is safely by. Then all students breathe a sigh of relief.

PAN ACROSS to see Trigger who is dissecting his frog with gusto. He holds up a dripping organ.

TRIGGER

Wo. Ever excellent huh? You wanna stick it in Tisdale's lunch for a laugh?

ON a pale Chris who shakes his head weakly. He obviously doesn't have the stomach for this sort of thing. Sighing, he looks down at his own untouched frog. Chris holds up his knife and psyches himself up as he gets ready to cut into his frog. But he can't. The frog seems to be pitifully staring up at him.

CHRIS
 (to himself and frog)
 Ah c'mon. Don't.

Chris gets ready to cut once again but can't. The frog still seems to be looking up at him pleadingly. Chris picks up a nearby kleenex and carefully covers the frog's face. Chris gets ready to cut once again but he just can't do it. Morrison approaches.

CHRIS
 (continuing)
 Please. He's gonna kill me.

Morrison arrives.

MORRISON
 Hammond, I suggest you either overcome your delicate sensibilities or be prepared to fail class for the day. Do I make myself clear?

CHRIS
 Crystal clear, sir.

Chris steels himself and grabs a scalpel.

MORRISON
 (sadistically)
 That's right, Hammond. Start at the gizzard. Now slice that sucker open and scoop out the intestines...

Squeamish, Chris closes his eyes, thrusting his scalpel into the frog. A stream of formaldehyde squirts in his face.

9 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Jack and Dr. Armbruster are emerging from the last patient's room having finished rounds. In the background we see the other interns heading off in separate directions.

ARMBRUSTER
 Good show, Jack.

WOMAN'S VOICE
 Larry, what's been taking you so long? I've been waiting almost fifteen minutes!

Armbruster looks up to see GINNIE ARMBRUSTER, his young and extremely attractive second wife, staring indignantly at him.

ARMBRUSTER
(kissing her on the forehead)
Sorry, Ginnie. I've been observing Dr. Hammond here instructing the masses. You two know each other of course.

Ginnie proffers her hand for Jack to shake. He reluctantly does so.

GINNIE
Hello, Jack. How've you been?

She smiles provocatively at him. Jack averts her eyes. Armbruster is oblivious to the vibes which shoot past him.

ARMBRUSTER
You know Ginnie. Jack might just be our next Chief of Staff.

JACK
(modestly)
Oh, well, I... hadn't really given it much thought.

GINNIE
Well, I think he'd be a wonderful choice.

Jack smile and bows his head modestly, basking in the compliment.

GINNIE
(continuing)
He's a superb doctor. With such a wonderful presence. And a hard worker. I bet Jack's the hardest of all.

Jack's smile starts to freeze.

GINNIE
(continuing)
Which means he must have the stamina to last those long, long days and those long, long nights. Don't you Jack.

JACK
(in a broken whisper)
Yes.

A NURSE walks hurriedly up to Dr. Armbruster.

NURSE

Excuse me, Dr. Armbruster, could I interrupt you for just a moment.

ARMBRUSTER

Of course. Ginnie entertain Jack for a few moments, will you?

GINNIE

(smiling at Jack)

My pleasure.

Armbruster leaves with the nurse. Jack is sweating.

GINNIE

(continuing)

Jack, if you're free tonight, Larry's got his cribbage game...

JACK

I don't play cribbage.

GINNIE

Neither do I. That's why I'm not going.

JACK

Uh, well, actually I have to tutor my son.

GINNIE

You're always tutoring your son. Give the poor boy a break. Give yourself one too. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

JACK

That's me. Dull. Very dull. Boring.

GINNIE

I think I could change that.

Dr. Armbruster re-joins the two of them.

ARMERUSTER

Change what, darling?

GINNIE

Oh nothing.

(putting her arm through her husband's and walking away)

See you soon, Jack.

10 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - DAY

A band of runners whip around the final curve heading into the home stretch. Kirk Anderson is in the lead. Chris is two strides behind him. Chris digs in. Straining, he gains on Kirk. They're neck and neck. The finish line approaches. Chris lunges, sprawling across the tape. He wins!!

Both Chris and Kirk crash to the ground exhausted. Their track coach, MR. ELLIS, looks at his stopwatch, glowing with pleasure.

ELLIS

50.5! Way to gut it out Hammond!
Okay, it's official. Hammond runs anchor at the Districts tomorrow. Anderson, you'll lead off.

KIRK

Aw, c'mon coach, it was a fluke!
You can't make Hammond anchor.

ELLIS

I just did. Now hit the showers.

Ellis leaves. Kirk turns to Chris just as Trigger throws a towel around him and starts to rub him down.

KIRK

I'm warning you Hammond. You're getting in my face a little too often. So you better watch your step, dickhead.

Trigger steps in.

TRIGGER

Yeah, and who's gonna make him?

KIRK

(very cool)

I am.

TRIGGER

(to Chris; meekly)

He is. He's gonna make you.

CHRIS

Look why don't you just take it easy, okay?

Kirk violently shoves Chris and knocks him over. A little crowd has gathered.

KIRK

I don't want to take it easy
asshole. That's why.

He picks up a five gallon bucket of Gator Aid and dumps the
contents on Chris.

KIRK

(continuing)

You like a shower now. You
like that, you wimp bastard?
Huh?

VOICE

Jesus, leave him alone, Kirk.

Kirk's not through. He kicks cinders all over Chris including
his eyes.

KIRK

Some sprinkles, Chrissy. You
like some sprinkles over that
wimp ass of yours?

Now some of the crowd steps in and grabs Kirk. He shakes them
off.

KIRK

(continuing; putting
one arm behind his
back)

C'mon wimp ass. I'll put one hand
behind my back. What are you,
chicken shit?

TEAMMATE

C'mon Kirk. The guy's half your
size.

Chris doesn't move. Best not to. This guy is nuts. Finally
Kirk is finished, gives a sneer of victory and walks off.

11 INT. HALLWAY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Chris stares glumly at his grade on the door. Trigger approaches
and sees Chris's grim expression.

TRIGGER

How bad?

CHRIS

Real bad. A "C." How about
you?

TRIGGER
An "A+." Naturally.

CHRIS
Come on, Trigger, get serious.
You've been flunking calculus
the entire semester.

TRIGGER
Look for yourself if you don't
believe me.

Chris finds Trigger's grade. He looks at him, incredulous.

TRIGGER
(continuing)
I switched brains with Irving
Rabinowitz.

CHRIS
Yeah, and I switched dicks with
Johnny "The Wad" Holmes...

TRIGGER
Is he really Eddie Haskell?

CHRIS
My dad's gonna mutilate me.

12 EXT. CHRIS'S CAR - DAY

Chris drives a battered, '66 Mustang convertible. Trigger sits next to him as they cruise through a pleasant, affluent beach community.

TRIGGER
Think about it, Chris. If I
didn't switch brains with Irving
Rabinowitz, how else would
someone of my limited mental
capacity get an "A+?"

CHRIS
Trigger, I'd appreciate it if
you'd keep your half-baked,
off-the-wall fairy tales about
magical potions to yourself.
I've got enough on my mind as it
is.

And Chris stops the car at a set of lights where a car full of girls sits. Trigger reaches into the back seat and picks up an ordinary house phone from his bag. He picks up the receiver and tries to look as suave as possible as he flashes them a smile. Absolutely no response from the girls and their car takes off leaving Trigger in their dust. He turns to Chris without losing face.

TRIGGER

Lesbians.

The two ride on in silence, Chris still worried.

TRIGGER

(continuing)

Chris, you remember my Uncle Earl?

CHRIS

Is he the one in prison in Tanganyika?

TRIGGER

That's my Uncle Wilbur. Uncle Earl's the one who shaved his head and joined an ashram in India. He travels the world over searching for spiritual fulfillment. Well, anyway, he was here visiting last weekend and he brought back this potion-stuff from the Amazon.

CHRIS

What am I going to tell my father? He was counting on me to ace the exam.

Chris pulls the car into his driveway and the two hop out and head for the door.

13 INT. CHRIS'S ROOM - LATER

ON a serious-looking Chris and Trigger sitting on the floor. Between them lies a box, old and weathered. In the b.g. we HEAR eerie MUSIC. A slightly anxious Chris and Trigger give each other nervous looks.

TRIGGER

(doing his best Rod Serling)

Submitted for your approval, one cigar box, but just not any ordinary cigar box. No it's a totally weird cigar box. A cigar box so weird...

CHRIS

Just open the thing will...

The box opens with an eerie CREAK (the horror movie type) causing Chris to stop midsentence. Trigger begins to croon the theme to "THE TWILIGHT ZONE."

PAN DOWN to reveal the contents of the box. A bottle of tabasco sauce attached to a note.

CHRIS

(continuing)

Looks like tabasco sauce to me.

TRIGGER

Oh mock mock fair maiden but this isn't just any ordinary tabasco sauce. Listen to this.

(reading the note attached)

"Dear Clarence."

(sheepishly)

Forget that part. "Please excuse the bottle for one must make due in the darkest Jungles of the Amazon and this was the only thing I could find that used drops - and but a single drop you will need. So careful you must be for to waste even a single drop of this nectar of the Gods is to waste a chance at being enlightened beyond any other civilized man."

The two look at each other gravely and silently.

TRIGGER

(continuing)

Where's your cat?

(beat; sweetly; invitingly)

Seymour where are you!? I've got a little present for you.

The cat seems to sense impending doom and makes a "B" line for the door. Too late. Trigger grabs him and carries him over to where Chris's dog is sleeping. Pointing the cat directly at the dog, he carefully pours two drops from the tabasco bottle into the cat's mouth.

CLOSE SHOT - THE CAT'S EYES bug out. Suddenly, the sleeping dog jumps to its feet and arches its back, MEOWING loudly. The cat, meanwhile, bares its teeth and starts jumping on its hindlegs, BARKING furiously. The cat chases the dog out the door.

ON Chris. The bubble he's been blowing deflates and he swallows his gum, incredulous.

CHRIS
How'd you do that?

TRIGGER
You ever see "The Emerald Forest"
where the guy swallows some gunk
and becomes a panther?

CHRIS
No.

TRIGGER
Same principle.

Just then PHYLLIS, the slightly jumpy family maid, pokes her head in. She clears her throat, clearly unnerved.

PHYLLIS
Umm, did either of you notice
anything... unusual about
Seymour and Sparky today?

CHRIS & TRIGGER
(simultaneously)
No.

14 INT. JACK'S BRAND NEW JAG - DAY

A glum Jack pulls into his driveway. Beside him is his friend and fellow doctor ROGER. As the two start walking toward the front door, we see the barking cat and meowing dog chase after each other in the background.

ROGER
Look, it's in the bag, Jack.
Chief of Staff is yours if you
really want it. I just wonder
if you do. It's all just paper
pushing and office politics you
know. You wouldn't have any
time for real medicine.

JACK
And what's "real" medicine.
Pill pushing and hand holding.
No, that job would give me a
chance to run things the way
they should be run.

ROGER

Well if that's the way you want it.
 (starting to leave
 he stops)
 Hey, what d'ya say we go out for a
 couple of drinks tonite.

JACK

No, I don't think so...

ROGER

Aw, for God's sake Jack. You can't
 keep going on like this. You
 haven't been out of the house since
 Jan passed away. You don't drink.
 You don't socialize. I can't
 remember the last time I saw you
 smile. I'm worried about you.

JACK

Hey, don't worry about me. Nothing
 could be going better. I've got
 a great job, a great house, a
 great car... a kid. What more
 could a person want?

Roger shrugs somewhat half-heartedly and heads back to the
 car as Jack walks into the house.

15 INT. ON STAIRS - NIGHT

As Chris and Trigger get to the bottom of the stairs Chris
 starts to freeze in panic and clutches onto Trigger's arm,
 having overheard the tail end of Jack's conversation.

CHRIS

Trig, you've gotta stay for
 dinner and try and lessen the
 blow.

TRIGGER

Hey relax. What's the big deal?
 So you blew an assignment. You
 know if you really thought about
 it you'd realize you don't wanna
 go to med school anyway. It's
 just your old man talking. I
 mean the Trig feels these things.
 Now if I was you I'd tell the
 Ayatollah to get off my back Jack
 or there'll be hell to pay.

And no sooner has he uttered those words than Jack rounds the
 corner.

TRIGGER
 (continuing;
 obsequious; animated)
 Dr. Hammond, what a delightful
 surprise. Christopher and I
 were just talking about you.

Jack just looks at him, then looks back to Chris.

JACK
 Well, how'd we do on that
 presentation today?

There is an awkward silence. Phyllis walks by carrying the
 tabasco bottle. No one notices.

TRIGGER
 You know, that's a nice jacket
 Dr. Hammond. It really brings
 out the color in your eyes.

JACK
 Chris.

CHRIS
 Um, the grades aren't being
 posted till Monday...

Trigger, who had been holding his breath, breathes a sigh
 of relief and raises his eyes to the heavens in thanks.

16 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack, Trigger and Chris enter just as Phyllis places the bottle
 of tabasco sauce she found in Chris's room on a shelf next to
 an identical bottle.

JACK
 Monday, huh? I was hoping
 we'd hear before the weekend.

CHRIS
 Oh well... but I do have some
 great news dad. I'm running
 anchor in the mile relay at the
 District Championships tomorrow.

Jack goes to the cupboard and reaches for a bottle of tabasco
 sauce. But he picks up the wrong bottle!

JACK
 (fairly uninterested)
 Be sure and mention that to the
 guy from Northwestern on Friday.

Phyllis calls out from around the front door as she finishes putting on her coat. Jack stirs some tabasco into his Bloody Mary.

PHYLLIS

Dr. Hammond, I'm leaving now.
The spaghetti's just about done
and there's a salad in the fridge.

JACK

See you tomorrow Phyllis.

And just before she leaves, a half smile freezes to her face again as the cat runs through the house chasing the dog.

CHRIS

Dad, about that interview with
the Northwestern guy.

Jack puts the Bloody Mary down and starts to dish out the spaghetti onto plates.

JACK

You reconfirmed it, didn't
you?

CHRIS

Yeah, Friday at noon but
dad...

It's no use. Jack grabs a plate of spaghetti and goes into the dining room.

17 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP on the untouched Bloody Mary that rests within Jack's reach.

PULLING BACK we SEE Jack absorbed in his newspaper, having finished dinner. Chris's mood has lightened considerably and he and Trigger are exchanging witty (or so they think) banter across the table. Their laughter abounds.

TRIGGER

Aw c'mon let's face it, you
lucked out. I mean we're talking
Lori Beaumont. Serious major
league action. I didn't think
you had a chance.

CHRIS

Hey, you said I was the ultra dude.

TRIGGER

Yeah but I never meant it.
C'mon, she's used to going out
with guys that look like a cross
between Sylvester Stallone and
Don Johnson.

CHRIS

Yeah, and what am I?

TRIGGER

You're more like a cross between
Sylvester Stallone and Don Knotts.

Chris laughs which makes Trigger laugh.

CHRIS

Yeah, well you're like a cross
between Don Knotts and Sylvester
the cat with like maybe a lint
ball mixed in for IQ purposes.

TRIGGER

(laughing)

Oh, oh, I'm bleeding, I'm bleeding.
Hey dude, just remember, I wasn't
the one who pulled the big fat C
on his biol...

Trigger stops in midsentence. A look of horror comes over
both his and Chris's face. They look over to see if their
biggest fear is realized. Indeed it has for the newspaper
starts to lower and a smoldering Jack starts to glare at Chris.

TRIGGER

(continuing;
voice cracking)

I've mentioned that jacket
already haven't I? Herringbone
isn't it?

But Jack stares straight at Chris.

JACK

I thought those grades weren't
being posted until Monday.

CHRIS

(nervously)

Dad, I was going to tell you.

JACK

And you got what?!!

CHRIS

Dad, it's not that important.

Trigger looks down at his wrist. He doesn't even have a watch.

TRIGGER

Will you look at that time.
I should really go.

JACK

What did you get Chris!

TRIGGER

Do you have a bus map?

JACK

(quivering)

A "C."

Jack begins to shake with rage. To calm himself he takes a giant swig from his Bloody Mary. Trigger starts to get up.

TRIGGER

So, ah, thanks for the chow
and ah, glad I could help Chris.

JACK

A "C"!!!!!!

Jack begins to shake, but not from rage. His eyes begin to bug out.

Jack's POV - Chris looks into CAMERA at his father, trying to calm him down.

CHRIS

Dad, I'm real sorry. I swear,
I tried my best...

Chris's face goes all BLURRY and OUT OF FOCUS for a few seconds. Gradually things slowly get back INTO FOCUS and we SEE an earnest looking Jack staring into the CAMERA, his face etched in worry.

(Note: From now on Chris's mind is in Jack's body and Jack's mind is in Chris's body. Kirk Cameron will now be Chris (Jack) or simply (Jack) in stage direction and Dudley is Jack (Chris) or (Chris)).

JACK (CHRIS)

...but I'm just no good in biology.

CHRIS (JACK)

Listen young man. Hammonds don't
get...

Both look at one another with stunned looks on their faces. They look down at themselves.

CHRIS (JACK)
(continuing)
What the...

JACK (CHRIS)
Trigger, tell me what I think's
happening isn't happening.

TRIGGER
(equally stunned)
Okay, it isn't happening.

(Jack) tears over to the dining room window and stares at his reflection, his face screwed up in a look of awe and horror. He begins to feel himself frantically to make sure it is real. He's so stunned he even begins to shake.

CHRIS (JACK)
No, no. This can't be happening.
This must be some kind of...

(Jack) is fumbling on his words. He stops and reaches for his mouth. In horror, he pulls out a huge wad of bubble gum. In his numbed state he lets it just fall to the floor.

JACK (CHRIS)
Dad, dad. We can explain...

TRIGGER
(hedging)
I can't explain. He can explain.

CHRIS (JACK)
(dazed)
Explain what?

JACK (CHRIS)
(controlled)
Trigger's Uncle Earl gave him a
brain transference formula. It
was in a little brown tabasco bottle.
You didn't...
(eyes widening)
Oh shit.

And as soon as he says this both (Chris) and Trigger make a "B" line for the kitchen leaving (Jack) still standing there stunned.

CHRIS (JACK)

(trying to reassure
himself)

No, no, this is impossible.
It's just medically impossible.
There's no such thing as a brain
transference formu...

And (Jack) chokes on his words for standing there BARKING at
him is the Hammond cat.

(Chris) and Trigger begin frantically pulling things out of
cupboards left and right letting those things in their way
scatter to the floor. Suddenly they see the tabasco sauce
bottle and Trigger pounces on it. Trigger grabs the bottle,
holding it upside down. Nothing dribbles out. It's empty!

TRIGGER

So much for getting laid!

Trigger looks nervously at (Chris) and (Jack) who stare at him.

TRIGGER

(continuing)

No sweat. The thing's not
permanent. No way.

JACK (CHRIS)

Should happen any minute now,
right Trig?

TRIGGER

Not exactly Dr. Hammond.
(smiling)

I mean Chris. Sorry guvs, I
keep forgetting.

(Jack) gives Trigger a glare that wipes the smile right off
his face.

JACK (CHRIS)

Then we're talkin' about a couple
of hours, right Trigger?

(beat)

Trigger.

TRIGGER

I don't know if I'd put it in
terms of hours, Chris.

JACK (CHRIS)

Days?

Trigger begins hedging a bit.

CHRIS (JACK)

Then how the hell long is it
gonna take to switch back!!!

TRIGGER

Well...

(calculating)
about three and a half weeks.

(Jack) lunges at Trigger, grabbing him right off the ground
by his shirt collars.

CHRIS (JACK)

Three and a half weeks!!!

TRIGGER

(weakly)

Give or take a day or two.
Brain transference is far from
an exact science... or so my
uncle tells me.

CHRIS (JACK)

Now listen to me you little
bastard. You go right now and
call that lunatic uncle of yours
and you find an antidote to this
thing. And if you don't, you'll
never finish puberty. Do I make
myself clear?

TRIGGER

(through throttled
neck)

Yeah, pretty.

(Jack) lets Trigger down and Trigger scrambles for the door.
Just as he gets to the door, he turns, a smile on his face.

TRIGGER

(continuing)

You two gotta admit though.
You look pretty funny.

(Jack) starts for Trigger but too late. Trigger flees out the
door and is gone. (Jack) stops and turns back to (Chris),
shaking his head.

CHRIS (JACK)

And as for you!! If you weren't
friends with that little asshole
and if you hadn't left that stuff
just lying around like you always
do, we wouldn't be in this mess.

JACK (CHRIS)

Oh yeah, like it's my fault.
Everything around here is always
my fault.

CHRIS (JACK)

At least we agree on something.

And with that (Chris) starts to break down. But before he does he turns and runs upstairs with (Jack) following behind him.

18 INT. CHRIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Upset, (Chris) dives into his bed grimacing in pain when he lands. The sight of his adult body lying in a bunkbed, surrounded by rock 'n roll posters, discarded adolescent junk etc. is very disorienting.

19 INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grumbling to himself, (Jack) collapses onto a huge double bed. The sight of his teenage body amidst the stark, adult trappings of the master bedroom is very disorienting.

20 INT. CHRIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

(Chris), still down-hearted, sits on the edge of his bed and lets his hands rest on his pockets. Perplexed, he reaches into them and first pulls out a set of car keys with the Jaguar logo on the key chain. Next he pulls out a wallet and a length of credit card holders unravels out of it. He inspects them, paying particular attention to his dad's Gold Card. He smiles.

21 EXT. CULPEPPER HOUSE - NIGHT

(Chris) is halfway up a huge tree, the branches of which are close to two windows on the second story. His climbing is a hard, labored process due to his older body. He's constantly slipping off the branches that often crack underneath him. As he nears a window, he whispers.

JACK (CHRIS)

Pssst. Trigger. Trigger. Pssssst.

22 INT. CULPEPPER house, PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trigger's mother, MRS. CULPEPPER brushes her hair at the night table as MR. CULPEPPER reads in bed.

MRS. CULPEPPER
Did Clarence seem a little strange
to you tonight?

MR. CULPEPPER
Clarence always seems a little
strange to me.

There is a loud cracking NOISE and a whimper. Mrs. Culpepper
stops brushing and listens. She peers out the window.

MRS. CULPEPPER
Arthur, come quick.

23 EXT. CULPEPPER HOUSE - NIGHT

(Chris) hangs helplessly from a branch, dangling in front of
the Culpepper bedroom window. Mr. Culpepper stands at the
window.

MR. CULPEPPER
Dr. Hammond, is that you?

JACK (CHRIS)
(forcing a weak smile)
And who says we don't make house
calls anymore?
(off no reaction)
Is Trig... uh... Clarence home?

24 INT. CULPEPPER HOUSE, FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Mr. Culpepper opens the front door to a sheepish (Chris).
Just then, Trigger descends the stairs, a smile on his face.

TRIGGER
Hey dude, what's shakin'?

JACK (CHRIS)
(overly mature)
Arthur, I wonder if I might have
a word alone with your fine young
boy, Clarence.

MR. CULPEPPER
(very confused)
Uh... yeah... sure.

And (Chris) walks by, towards Trigger. When he is past
Mr. Culpepper, a grin comes to his face and he proudly holds
up the car keys and credit cards. Trigger smiles.

ON the dead-panned face of Mr. Culpepper as he watches (Chris) and Trigger giggling and jumping up and down in excitement. Suddenly they stop and head for the door.

TRIGGER

Dad, me and the Doc are gonna head out for a bit. Don't wait up.

JACK (CHRIS)

(overly mature)

Nice to see you again Walter.

(beat)

And keep up the golf game.

And Mr. Culpepper continues to watch them as the two scramble for the Jaguar. He stares blankly as the car peels backwards out of the driveway and partially over the lawn, totally wiping out the lawn jockey.

JACK (CHRIS)

(continuing; from

car; overly mature)

Sorry about that, Walter.

And with that, the car screeches off into the night.

MONTAGE - WITH HARD DRIVING ROCK MUSIC

- A) CLOSE SHOT on a credit card machine processing an American Express Gold Card.
- B) A funky blue-haired dude in a new wave record store processes (Chris)'s Gold Card. (Chris) holds an armful of new heavy metal records. The cashier looks strangely at him as he rings up a Motley Crue album.
- C) The Gold Card being processed again.
- D) (Chris), in mirrored sunglasses and an overdone hip Miami Vice pastel suit, peers in the mirror as a sales clerk looks on, incredulous. Trigger, wearing a lopsided grin, starts out of the dressing room sporting none other than a pair of leopard-skin pants a la Rod Stewart.
- E) (Chris) proudly sits behind the wheel of Jack's sleek Jaguar coupe as it cruises down the street. Trigger points excitedly at something. (Chris) immediately executes a sharp turn into a parking lot for a dingy, suspect-looking bar, past a sign which proclaims in big, bold neon letters: "PIRATE'S COVE."

25 INT. NICKY BLAIR'S

(Chris) and Trigger wander into a very classy bar looking around in a mixture of awe and delight.

TRIGGER
(reverently)
Wall to wall babe action.

They spot a table and move towards it. Trigger is leering at all the women and making heavy eye contact as he swaggers across the room. Needless to say, it goes unheeded. They sit and their mouths drop as a WAITRESS comes up. They both stare a little too long, a hint of desperation in their eyes.

WAITRESS
You wanna see a menu? You two look pretty hungry.

JACK (CHRIS)
Huh? Oh, ah, no. No we're here for drinks.

Trigger throws off a macho nod.

WAITRESS
Uh huh. And what'll it be?

JACK (CHRIS)
Me, ah, oh I'll have a martini.
Yeah that's it, a martini.

WAITRESS
Okay, and you want that on the rocks?

JACK (CHRIS)
(slightly confused)
Uh no, in a glass is fine.
(beat)
Oh, and could I have some ice with that please?

WAITRESS
Yeah. And what about for the boy?

JACK (CHRIS)
(smiling)
For the boy? For the young tyke here? He'll have a ginger ale.
(smiling off Trigger's look)
Oh, and could you put a cherry in it? He likes it that way.

The waitress departs.

TRIGGER
Hey, what's this ginger ale shit?

JACK (CHRIS)

Hey now, relax there little fella.
You wanna get me in trouble for
corrupting a minor?

TRIGGER

This blows.

(getting up)

I'm gonna cruise the joint.

(straightening his shirt)

Back in a flash, with the scoop
on the gash.

Trigger leaves. The drinks come. Jack (Chris) looks around, trying to affect a suave manner. Someone catches his eye. An attractive woman is tipping her drink to him. He can't believe his luck. As coolly as possible, he picks up the glass with the candle in it and promptly burns his tongue when he brings it to his lips. This brings a smile to the lips of the admirer who we see is none other than Mrs. Armbruster. She slowly

MRS. ARMBRUSTER

You son of a gun.

JACK (CHRIS)

(very nervous)

That's me!

She sits opposite him.

MRS. ARMBRUSTER

Why are you teasing me like this?

JACK (CHRIS)

(perplexed)

Teasing you? I... I'm not teasing
you... honest.

MRS. ARMBRUSTER

(eyes lighting up)

No? You know, I never thought
you'd actually come.

JACK (CHRIS)

(perplexed)

You didn't? Wo, neither did I
til earlier tonight. It just sorta
worked out.

MRS. ARMBRUSTER

(big smile; toasting)

Well, here's to opportunity!

Trigger walks back.

TRIGGER

Ah, the place is full of nuns.
 (spotting Mrs. A)
 Well, well hello there. The
 name's Trigger. You know, as
 in the horse, as in "hung like."

And as Trigger makes eyes at her and sits down very close to her, a look of bewilderment, disgust and disappointment comes over her face.

MRS. ARMBRUSTER

You... you brought your son?

JACK (CHRIS)

Son? Ah, no, no. I'd never bring
 my son here. No, this is my... ah...
 son's friend.

MRS. ARMBRUSTER

(not understanding)

Ah...

(off Trigger's lewd
 looks)

Well I should go. Well it was
 really quite... ah... charming
 to meet your son's friend.

Mrs. Armbruster reaches into her purse and grabs a pen and matchbook. She writes on a matchbook and hands it over to (Chris).

(CHRIS)'S POV - "Your place. Tomorrow night at eight so we can be alone."

(CHRIS) looks up totally confused and is about to object. However, to his surprise he sees that Mrs. Armbruster has vanished.

MONTAGE PART TWO - WITH THE SAME ROCK MUSIC

- A) CLOSE SHOT of a Gold Card being processed.
- B) Literally every single person in the Pirate's Cove turns to (Chris) and toasts him in thanks for the drinks he's bought them. Trigger glowers at his ginger ale with the cherry in it.
- C) Trigger drives the Jag as (Chris) leans out the window, enjoying the air.
- D) CLOSE SHOT as the shutter on the window of a live peep show descends. (Chris) and Trigger's heads also descend trying to get the last possible glimpse.

E) On a busy city street, a prostitute propositions a staggering (Chris) who leans on Trigger for support. Trigger has to pull (Chris) away as he flashes his Gold Card to her.

26 EXT. HAMMOND HOUSE - MORNING

Extreme CLOSE UP of a blinking tail light on the back of Jack's Jaguar. PAN across the back of the car until we see the other tail light, also blinking. Continue PANNING. The driver's door is open and we realize that the car has the hazard lights going and is parked in front of the Hammond house. Only not in the driveway, but on the front lawn, neatly driven right up to the door. Right up to the door. So that it would be a struggle to open the front door. Continue PANNING onto the lawn until we SEE (Chris)'s supine body stretched out face up on the lawn. He starts to stir. It hurts.

JACK (CHRIS)

Oh, God.

27 INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

(Jack) is also starting to stir having also had a couple of drinks the night before.

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING IS INTERCUT:

Chris (Jack) slowly and painfully pulls himself out of bed and stumbles into his bathroom as (Chris) slowly raises himself off of the lawn, grabbing onto the open door and pulling himself up. (Jack) arrives at the sink, eyes half closed. (Chris)'s tortured body is emerging over the top of the open car door, starting to pass the outside rear-view mirror on the way. (Jack) opens his eyes and stares into the mirror. The sleepy eyes are suddenly fully awake. The nightmare continues.

CHRIS (JACK)

(screaming)

AAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

He stops, still staring in horror. Another primal scream turns his attention. It sounds like his son and it's coming from outside.

28 EXT. HAMMOND LAWN - CONTINUOUS

(Chris) has pulled himself in line with the rear-view mirror and his vision of himself and:

JACK (CHRIS)

AAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

29 INT. JACK'S BATHROOM

(Jack) runs to his bedroom window and the source of the scream. He is greeted with the earlier described scene on the front lawn. He starts tearing down the steps, muttering to himself.

CHRIS (JACK)

Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God...

Still in his underwear, he opens the front door, which smashes against the front of the car. He is hit in the stomach with a newspaper. He throws it back at the paper boy, barely missing him. He starts screaming at (Chris). The PAPER BOY can't believe this kid yelling at his father. He stays to listen.

CHRIS (JACK)

What in the hell do you think you're doing?

Jack (Chris) doesn't have any idea what he's doing. His head is killing him.

JACK (CHRIS)

Dad, could you hold it down a little?

CHRIS (JACK)

You're drunk!

JACK (CHRIS)

(holding his head)

No, I'm dead.

CHRIS (JACK)

(yelling)

You're telling me! You're out all night doing god knows what...

PAPER BOY

(giving the solidary fist)

Alright!

CHRIS (JACK)

(ignoring the paper boy)

... in my car, no doubt using my cash, boozing it up...

(pointing to his clothes)

Where'd you get the money to pay for an outfit like that? I only had twenty dollars in my wallet!

JACK (CHRIS)

Dad...

CHRIS (JACK)
 (screaming at the top
 of his lungs)
 My credit cards? You used my
 credit cards? You are grounded
 for life!

The paper boy starts applauding.

PAPER BOY
 (loudly)
 Tell him! Lean on him!

All the time (Jack) has been yelling, a little crowd of
 astonished neighbors has been gathering on the sidewalk.

CHRIS (JACK)
 (still screaming;
 ignoring the paper boy)
 The next time you go out of this
 house is for a nuclear war. I
 don't mean a test either. I mean
 the real thing.

(Jack) is suddenly aware that he has attracted a group of his
 neighbors who, along with the paper boy, are quietly watching
 this kid in his underwear chew out his father. For a moment
 they just stare at each other. He then quickly grabs his
 father by the collar hauling him to his feet and starts
 running around slamming the doors to the car.

CHRIS (JACK)
 (continuing)
 Go on inside son... dad... and
 get the soap and towels. We'll
 get 'er spiffied up here in a
 jiffy!

(Chris) sinks to his knees again. (Jack) gives the neighbors
 a big grin.

CHRIS (JACK)
 (continuing; loudly)
 Best time of the day for washing
 the car, right dad?

(Chris) nods.

CHRIS (JACK)
 (continuing; to the
 crowd)
 We do it here on the lawn because
 you can kill two birds with one
 stone. Saves time.

(Jack) runs over to a spicket on the side of the house and turns it on. The lawn sprinklers come on drenching the two of them. In the middle of all of this (Jack) once again hauls his son to his feet, putting his arm around his waist, holding him up.

CHRIS (JACK)

Well, good to see all of you.
I don't think neighbors can see
too much of each other.

(Jack) starts dragging his father into the house.

30 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

(Chris) sits at the kitchen table nursing an ice pack on his head and eating some Cocoa Puffs. He's wearing an Iron Maiden T-shirt and a pair of shorts. Just then (Jack) walks down the stairs wearing a white shirt, jacket and slacks. He sees (Chris) eating the bowl of Cocoa Puffs.

CHRIS (JACK)

Do you mind? I'm on a diet.

JACK (CHRIS)

(looking down)
Yeah, sure dad. I forgot.

Just then Trigger comes upon the back door, opening it without even knocking.

TRIGGER

Hi Dr. Hammond, Hi Chris.
(looking back and
forth between them
confused)
whatever.

CHRIS (JACK)

Did you get in touch with your
uncle?

TRIGGER

Close. It seems there's no phones
in the Zocolo Rain Forest but be
cool cause I left a message with
their local police and he should be
getting back to us pronto.

JACK (CHRIS)

Dad, you're not going to work today
are you?

CHRIS (JACK)

No, no. I'm going to school for
you today.

JACK (CHRIS)
 (face dropping)
 What?

CHRIS (JACK)
 I'm going to take advantage of
 shall we say this "unique
 opportunity" and I'm gonna see
 about improving your grades and
 hey, there's no need to thank me.

JACK (CHRIS)
 Dad, dad, you can't do that.
 You'll wreck everything.

CHRIS (JACK)
 What are you talking about? I'll
 wreck nothing. I'm going to
 straighten out your life for you
 Chris.

TRIGGER
 (laughing at his
 outfit)
 Not if you go dressed like a geek.

(Jack) flashes Trigger a withering look. Trigger straightens up

CHRIS (JACK)
 Now, this is your excuse for
 missing work today. I want you
 to call my office at precisely
 nine A.M. and read this note.
 You're not to leave this house
 under any circumstances until
 I get back. Understand?

(Chris) begins to object.

CHRIS (JACK
 (continuing; emphatically)
 Understand!

JACK (CHRIS)
 (angry)
 Yeah...

CHRIS (JACK)
 Right then. We should be off.
 We mustn't be late for our first
 day of school.

TRIGGER
 Ah Dr. Hammond, I think we should
 talk about your use of the word
 "mustn't."

And as Trigger and (Jack) leave, Trigger turns to (Chris).

TRIGGER

Don't worry. I'll look after him.

JACK (CHRIS)

That's what I'm afraid of.

Both Trigger and (Jack) depart. The instant they're gone, (Chris) pours himself a huge bowl of Cocoa Puffs. He starts to shovel down a spoonful furiously.

31 EXT. HAMMOND HOUSE - MORNING

Trigger starts to walk towards (Chris)'s battered old car. (Jack) looks at him horrified.

CHRIS (JACK)

You don't expect me to get into that thing, do you?

TRIGGER

You have any better ideas Dr. Hammond? We can't walk. That would be totally uncool.

CHRIS (JACK)

Yeah. Let's take the Jaguar.

Trigger looks excited and rushes to the driver's side and starts to climb in only to have (Jack) pull him out.

TRIGGER

Aw c'mon. Chris let me drive last night.

(Jack) winces, pushes Trigger aside and climbs in.

32 INT. JAGUAR - DAY

The car pulls into the crowded school parking lot. Trigger is in heaven, waving to women, looking cool. (Jack) on the other hand is appalled when he sees a couple making out passionately in broad daylight. His jaw drops and head turns as he stares at them.

33 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Lori leans up against the car as an upset Kirk stands in a parking space pleading with her. She's loving it.

LORI

...No. Now I told you already.
You had your chance. I'm going to
the concert with Charlie Hammond.

KIRK

Aw, c'mon. The guy's a geek.
What's he got that I haven't got?

Just then the Jag pulls up, hoping to take up the space that
Kirk stands in. Lori looks over and her eyes become dreamy-eyed

LORI

A Jaguar for starters.

34 INT. CAR - DAY

(Jack) leans on the horn impatiently, then sticks his head out
the window.

CHRIS (JACK)

Son, you wanna run along now.
I'm gonna park there.

Kirk stands stunned for a second.

TRIGGER

(nervously)

You shouldn't be doing that.
That's Kirk Anderson!!

CHRIS (JACK)

So? I don't care who it is, he's
still blocking the space.
(out window to Kirk)
C'mon son, let's move it!!

And Kirk is so stunned that move it he does. (Jack) pulls into
the space and parks. He and Trigger get out.

LORI

Yoohoo, Charlie.

And (Jack) turns only to be swept up in an embrace by Lori. She
gives him a big kiss which leaves him breathless. Kirk has
snapped out of his daze and his eyes narrow in anger. Trigger's
eyes widen in amazement. After the kiss, (Jack) looks like he's
about to pass out.

LORI

(continuing)

Charlie, are you alright? You
look kinda funny.

CHRIS (JACK)
 (gasping for air)
 Yeah... just give me a sec...
 get the blood recirculating.

(Jack) puts his head between his legs and breathes in and out slowly. Finally, he starts to catch his breath and he stands u

LORI
 I'm really looking forward to
 the concert tonight.
 (motioning to the car)
 It'll be nice to go out in style
 for a change.

the bell RINGS. She gives (Jack) another major kiss on the lip rendering him breathless once again.

ON Kirk who really is starting to look stewed.

LORI
 (continuing)
 See ya.

And with that, she is off. (Jack) starts to recover and watches as Lori's cute little rear end bounces towards the school. Trigger breaks up his gaze.

TRIGGER
 Dr. Hammond, it's very uncool to
 move in on your own son's date.

35 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A puzzled Phyllis dusts the living room all the while watching a very strange "Dr. Hammond" sprawled out on the couch glued to MTV. He's chewing on a mound of gum.

PHYLLIS
 Dr. Hammond, it's almost nine
 thirty. Aren't you supposed to
 be at work?

JACK (CHRIS)
 Nine thirty? Oh no!

He races for the kitchen, picks up (Jack)'s note, and hurriedly dials the phone. Phyllis is curious and she can't help but follow him in there pretending to dust in the kitchen

JACK (CHRIS)

Hello Norma. This is Chris...

(making voice mature)

I mean this is Chris's father,
Dr. Hammond.

(reading note)

"Norma, I will be unable to come
to the hospital for the next few
days as I am suffering from an
acute attack of the 120 hour flu
and a very severe case of
laryngitis..."

Surprised at what he's reading, (Chris) immediately assumes a
hoarse, barely audible whisper. By now Phyllis is very
intrigued.

JACK (CHRIS)

(reading into phone)

"Please refer all my calls and
appointments to Dr. Roger Lee.
Thank you. Now not another word
and hang up the phone."

(Chris) realizes the last sentence was meant for him. He hangs
up the phone and whips around to look at Phyllis. Phyllis is
quick enough to pretend she is engrossed in her dusting duties.

36 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

NORMA hangs up the phone just as Dr. Armbruster walks in.

NORMA

Dr. Hammond just called in sick.

ARMBRUSTER

That's a first. Hmmm, must be
serious. I'm having lunch out
that way. I'll drop by and check
on him.

37 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

(Jack) wanders down the deserted corridor until he reaches
classroom four. Through the door, one can hear the teacher
droning on. Class is clearly in progress.

38 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

(Jack) quietly opens the door. The teacher stops in mid-
sentence as he sees (Jack). A wicked smile comes to Old
Man Morrison's face.

MORRISON

Well, well. Good morning Hammond.
(sarcastically)
I do apologize for dragging you in
here so early.

(Jack) moves towards an open seat.

CHRIS (JACK)

Ah, that's quite alright.

The class erupts in laughter. (Jack) looks up in surprise.
The laughter causes Morrison to turn a little red.

MORRISON

Hammond.

CHRIS (JACK)

Yes?

MORRISON

Yes sir.

CHRIS (JACK)

Oh, you don't have to call me
sir. Chris'll be fine.

The class erupts in laughter. Morrison turns a deep shade of
purple and smashes his yardstick down on (Jack)'s desk. A
nervous hush falls over the class. Morrison leans into (Jack)'s
face.

MORRISON

(commanding)

Up to the board. Now.

(Jack) starts to rise and tentatively walks up to the board.

MORRISON

(continuing)

Now class, we've just seen Mr. Hammond
show us how clever he thinks he
is. Now he'll get a chance to prove
it by sharing his vast knowledge of
the respiratory system with us.
Hammond, let's see you complete my
diagram with all your cleverness.

(Jack) looks at the incredibly complex diagram on the board.
It is surrounded by all sorts of obscure explanatory notes.

CHRIS (JACK)

(squirming)

Do you really want me to?

MORRISON
 (with a victorious
 smile)
 Oh yes Hammond, I insist.

CHRIS (JACK)
 Well, if you insist.

(Jack) turns to the board and picks up a chalk brush. He erases a small part of Morrison's diagram.

CHRIS (JACK)
 (continuing)
 Well for starters, this is wrong.
 (erasing part of
 diagram)
 This was out of date way back in
 the sixties.
 (erasing another part)
 Geez, looks like you got this one
 out of a How and Why book.

(Jack) lets out a disgusted sigh and starts to erase the whole diagram.

CHRIS (JACK)
 (continuing)
 Looks like we're gonna have to
 start this whole thing from scratch.

He finishes erasing and turns to the stunned class. Irving Rabinowitz, who was about to raise his hand, lowers it nervously, a scared look on his face.

CHRIS (JACK)
 (continuing)
 The respiratory system.
 (looking at Morrison)
 Have a seat.

Morrison sits down, not pleased.

MONTAGE

39 INT. HISTORY CLASS - DAY

Students glare at Jack. MRS. DAVIS, the teacher, listens, impressed and amazed at the same time.

CHRIS (JACK)
 ...and I've certainly always felt
 that the impact of the Jutes and
 the Angles on the Norman Invasion
 has been unjustly overlooked.

MRS. DAVIS

Thank you Chris, for yet another perceptive insight.

(glancing around the class)

Can anyone tell me what effect this had on the Norman culture?

She surveys the bored class. No one raises their hand... except Chris(Jack). Trigger buries his head.

MRS. DAVIS

(continuing; looking at Chris(Jack))

Anyone?

40 INT. MATH CLASS

The MATH TEACHER stands at the front of the class writing a complex mathematical formula on the board. (Jack) sits in the front row, watching intently. From the back of the room, Kirk lets loose a huge belch. The teacher turns around.

MATH TEACHER

Alright, who did that?

(Jack) reflexively points to the back of the class right at Kirk

CHRIS (JACK)

He did.

The class sobers, staring at (Jack) with contempt in their eyes.

41 INT. ENGLISH CLASS

A passionate, dramatic and beautiful reading from Jack.

CHRIS (JACK)

How do I love thee. Let me count the ways...

As (Jack) turns his back briefly on the class to continue, a barrage of paper, spitballs and debris shower him. In anticipation (Jack) puts up his hand to fend off the attack, never breaking stride in his reading. Even the teacher registers disgust.

42 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Trigger and (Jack) go down the cafeteria line. Trigger loads up on junk food while (Jack) selects cottage cheese and a fruit salad.

CHRIS (JACK)

How can you eat that slop? That MSG will rot your chromosomes. And that meat. You know what's probably in that meat? Artificial preservatives, cow's brain, not to mention their intestines. You might as well be licking the floor of a slaughterhouse.

Two kids in front of (Jack) look at him, then put their food back on the shelves, sick to their stomachs. They walk away, glaring at (Jack). Trigger sees this and hurries ahead in line, trying to put some distance between him and (Jack) who sticks to him like glue.

TRIGGER

Go away. I don't know you. I've never even seen you before.

CHRIS (JACK)

Did I say something wrong?

TRIGGER

Wrong? You've gotta be kidding me. Kirk Anderson may be a jerk, but that's no excuse to snitch on him.

CHRIS (JACK)

Well he shouldn't have been disrupting class.

TRIGGER

And did you have to answer every single question in history?

CHRIS (JACK)

Hey, is it my fault that I knew all the answers?

TRIGGER

And asking for extra homework?

They pay for their food at the cash register, then leave the cafeteria line, looking for a table.

CHRIS (JACK)

So sue me, I'm just trying to be a good student.

TRIGGER

Try to remember you're also a kid, Dr. Hammond. You've got to tone it down. People are beginning to talk.

CHRIS (JACK)

Oh, poppycock. Nobody suspects a thing.

Tray in hand, (Jack) heads straight for the teachers' table, plops down and with a big grin, turns to MR. HENDRICKS, the math teacher we saw earlier.

CHRIS (JACK)

(continuing)

So, Stan, how are you feeling about the upcoming contract talks?

Before Stan can even answer, (Jack) is yanked up by the collar by a mortified Trigger who drags him over towards a student table.

TRIGGER

Are you nuts? You don't just pop over to "Stan's" table and start a friendly chat! You are messing up Chris's life, Dr. Hammond!

CHRIS (JACK)

No I'm not! I'm fixing his life, not messing it up. He'll be grateful.

Trigger and (Jack) sit down at the crowded student table. The other students at the table see (Jack) and hurriedly pick up their trays and leave. In seconds, the entire lunch table is empty with the exception of Trigger and (Jack).

CHRIS (JACK)

(continuing; mystified)

I wonder what's with them.

43 INT. HAMMOND HOUSE - DAY

(Chris) is still sprawled on the couch watching cartoons on TV as a still wary Phyllis descends the stairs and gets her coat.

PHYLLIS

Dr. Hammond, I'm just going to step out and get some groceries. I should be back in an hour.

(Chris) absentmindedly waves her off, his attention still glued to the set. Phyllis shakes her head at the sight and leaves. As soon as (Chris) hears the door close he looks to it, then hauls himself up and wanders over to the stereo. A smile comes to his face as he picks up his Motley Crue album.

44 EXT. HAMMOND DRIVEWAY - DAY

As Phyllis walks down the driveway Dr. Armbruster pulls up in his car and gets out.

ARMBRUSTER

I thought I'd drop in on Dr. Hammond. I hear he's sick.

PHYLLIS

(nodding deadpanned)

Oh yeah.

Just then a piercing SOUND erupts, shattering the peaceful tranquility of the neighborhood. It is the SOUND of Motley Crue and it is emanating from the Hammond house. Armbruster looks up startled.

45 INT. HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE UP on the intense face of (Chris) as music blares.

PULL BACK to show him strutting, air guitaring, dancing all over doing 360 degrees and lewdly thrusting his hips back and forward as he does his best David Lee Roth, Jagger, etc. He even does a back flip for good measure.

46 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A perplexed Armbruster is ringing the doorbell and trying to look in the window. Nobody is answering the door.

47 INT. HOUSE - DAY

The deafening SOUND continued as (Chris) continues dancing. We can SEE a puzzled Dr. Armbruster peering through the window in the b.g. (Chris) is in the middle of a particularly dramatic air guitar solo when Armbruster opens the front door and tries to yell to (Chris). But (Chris)'s back is to him and he can't hear anything but the MUSIC. Armbruster eyes the stereo and starts to walk over to it.

ON an impassioned (Chris) as he finishes up the solo with a back flip at the same time as the MUSIC mysteriously goes off. (Chris) picks himself up and is shocked when he finds himself eyeball-to-eyeball with Dr. Armbruster.

JACK (CHRIS)

Dr. Armbruster.

ARMBRUSTER

(weak smile)

Jack.

(after a beat)

Well, it looks like you're feeling much better.

JACK (CHRIS)

Yeah, much. Much better.

ARMBRUSTER

Good, good.

(starting to leave)

Alright, then. We'll see you back at the hospital in oh, say, an hour?

Looking really really sick right now, (Chris) nods his head weakly.

48 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

A surprised Pete and Mike watch as (Chris) pulls into the parking lot in his old junker. He parks it among the other Jags and BMWs and gets out. He wears a stiff-looking suit but no tie.

MIKE

Holy shit. Is that Hammond?!

As if by reflex Pete takes the wad of gum out of his mouth. (Chris) tries to walk past the two of them but notices that they look at him curiously. Pete's jaw drops when he sees (Chris)'s mouth full of gum.

MIKE

(continuing)

Hello Dr. Hammond. New car?

JACK (CHRIS)

Ah, um. Oh, the other one's in the shop. This is just an old one I worked on.

MIKE

Hey, it's a great car. I used to have a '69 just like it. It had one heck of an engine... sir.

JACK (CHRIS)

Oh, wo, yeah, you said it. Hev if you want to experience th ultimate in horsepower, vou should take a little cruise in this baby sometime. I overhauled the engine all by myself. It can really burn.

PETE
Sir, ah, you're chewing gum.

JACK (CHRIS)
Yeah... oh, you want some?

PETE
(stunned)
Ah, yeah, sure.

(Chris) offers Pete a stick of gum, then offers a piece to Mike
(Chris) turns to leave.

JACK (CHRIS)
Listen, I've gotta make some
tracks. Ill catch you dudes
later, okay?

(Chris) gives them a friendly smile and hurries away. Mile
and Pete turn to each other, incredulous.

ON (Chris) who nervously breathes a deep breath as he looks at
the hospital in front of him.

49 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

PLAY SAME MILITARY DRUM ROLL AS IN FIRST ACT.

It's bustling with activity as staff and patients go about
their business. In the b.g. we SEE someone streak across the
hall so fast that no one knows he's there. It's (Chris).

ON a nervous (Chris) as he bobs and weaves, trying to make it
through a gauntlet of salutations and greetings from people
he's never seen before. Through it all (Chris) smiles brightly
waving and giving everyone a friendly but slightly nervous smile.
The reactions of others is confusion. They've never seen a
friendly Jack Hammond before.

NURSE
Good to see you Dr. Hammond.

JACK (CHRIS)
Well, it's good to see you, too.

She stops and looks at him quizzically but by that time he is
long past. A NURSE carrying a clipboard collars him.

NURSE
Oh, Dr. Hammond. I've been
looking everywhere! Could you
look in on your bypass patient?
His angiogram seems to be...

JACK (CHRIS)
 Ahhhh, ahh, yeah, yeah.
 (looking beyond her)
 Hey, isn't that Bob?

And the second the nurse looks, (Chris) ducks behind a passing gurney. The nurse looks back only to discover (Chris) has vanished.

ON (Chris) bending over at the waist and walking on the other side of the gurney. He looks up and smiles at the confused orderly who pushes the gurney.

50 INT. ANTE ROOM TO JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack's secretary busily types at her desk. (Chris) enters nervously. The secretary looks up.

JACK (CHRIS)
 Like no calls, no visitors, okay?
 I'm gonna be real busy.
 (beat; unsure)
 Ah... cheerio.

Before the secretary can utter a word, (Chris) walks into his father's office and closes the door.

51 INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Upon closing the door, (Chris) leans against it and breathes a heavy sigh of relief. Glancing around the room, he notices the plush chair behind his father's desk. He walks over to it, passing the medical skeleton that hangs in the office, and sits himself down in the chair. A large smile comes to his face as he leans back and swivels. Quickly becoming bored with that, he notices a slightly open desk drawer. He opens it and pulls out a stethoscope. He puts the stethoscope into his ears, holds the thimble up to his mouth and speaks into it.

JACK (CHRIS)
 (loudly)
 Test, test!

His face registers pain and he yanks the stethoscope out of his ears and leaves it around his neck. He looks back in the drawer and picks up a tongue depressor. He turns it over in his hand a few times. He looks up and the skeleton catches his eye. A smile crosses his face as he gets up and walks over to the skeleton, placing the stethoscope back in his ears.

JACK (CHRIS)
 (continuing; in a
 mature voice)
 Well young man, you're looking
 a little pale today. Let's
 listen to the old ticker.

(Chris) places the thimble on the skeleton's rib cage and
 listens, nodding wisely.

JACK (CHRIS)
 (continuing)
 HMMMMMMMM, very faint.

He stands up, brandishing the tongue depressor.

JACK (CHRIS)
 (continuing)
 Now say "ah."

He puts the tongue depressor in the skeleton's mouth and peers
 in. Just then, the office door swings open and Roger Lee
 appears, accompanied by the interns.

ROGER
 Jack, buddy I...
 (looking strangely
 at (Chris))
 ... was hoping you could do
 ... rounds for me today.

JACK (CHRIS)
 Uh... I couldn't. I'm...
 (beat)
 busy.

ROGER
 Yeah.
 (beat)
 But the patients I'm talking
 about are still alive, Jack.

52 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

(Chris) reluctantly leads the interns on rounds. They
 approach Mr. Racine, the bedridden man from the day before.
 (Chris) walks right past him. The interns stop at his bed.

MIKE
 Dr. Hammond, over here.
 Mr. Racine.

JACK (CHRIS)
Mr. Racine. Oh yes, of course.

(Chris) picks up the clipboard at the end of his bed and looks at it, then realizes it's upside down. He turns it right side up and looks at it blankly, then turns to the interns who look at him expectantly.

JACK (CHRIS)
(continuing; to Mike)
You. What's your name?

MIKE
(quizzically)
Me? O'Donnell, sir.

JACK (CHRIS)
(bluffing)
I know that. I mean your first name.

MIKE
You want to know my first name?
It's Mike, sir.

JACK (CHRIS)
Why don't you do this, Mike?

He hands the clipboard to Mike. The interns look at each other amazed.

MIKE
Subject, age forty-seven underwent
an aortic valve replacement...

(Chris) looks at Mr. Racine in horror.

JACK (CHRIS)
You poor guy!

The interns and Mr. Racine look at (Chris) curiously.

MIKE
During post-op, he complained of
pain in his lower right calf and
exhibited a low grade fever.
Phlebitis was diagnosed...

(Chris) slumps onto the end of the patients bed clearly looking upset.

JACK (CHRIS)
My God, this is terrible.

MR. RACINE
(alarmed)
It is?

JACK (CHRIS)
 Can't we do something about this?
 (turning to Pete)
 What do you think we should do?

PETE
 You want my opinion?

JACK (CHRIS)
 Yeah.

The interns look at each other in even more amazement.

PETE
 Well, I think... I think we should
 increase his daily dosage of Coumadin
 to ten milligrams.

JACK (CHRIS)
 That much?
 (to other interns)
 Those that agree with him say
 "ave."

Most of the confused interns find themselves saying "ave."

JACK (CHRIS)
 (continuing)
 Those who disagree?

A couple of confused interns say "nay."

JACK (CHRIS)
 (continuing)
 Well I think the "aves" have it.
 Ten milligrams it is.
 (to Mr. Racine)
 And don't worry Mr. Racine. We
 won't let you die. Right guys?

INTERNS
 Right Dr. Hammond!

MR. RACINE
 (touched)
 Thanks Doc, and God bless ya.

And (Chris) and the other interns move on. Just then a NURSE
 holding a receiver of a phone, calls out to (Chris) from her
 nursing station.

NURSE
 Dr. Hammond. Dr. Hammond!! The
 fourth floor is calling about Fred
 Tucker. He's being released today
 and they want to know if there are
 any final instructions.

JACK (CHRIS)
 (nervously)
 Fred Tucker?

NURSE
 Yeah, you know, the tonsillectomy.
 You know sir, the one you've been
 hounding us about all week.

JACK (CHRIS)
 Oh yeah, of course. Fred Tucker.

NURSE
 Well, what should they tell him?

(Chris) looks to his interns but they are quiet. There is
 a long silence and then a small smile of relief comes to
 (Chris).

JACK (CHRIS)
 Umm, tell him to eat ice cream.
 (off everyone's nods
 of approval)
 Yeah, that's it. Gallons and
 gallons of ice cream.

(Chris) smiles, a sense of confidence flooding into him. This
 medicine stuff isn't so tough after all. (Chris) turns back
 to the interns swaggering slightly and starts leading them down
 the hall.

JACK (CHRIS)
 (continuing)
 Okie, dokie.
 (to another intern)
 Why don't you take a crack at this
 one.

53 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Trigger drags (Jack) by the collar towards the Jag. In (Jack)'
 arms are a ton of text books.

TRIGGER
 Go home, Dr. Hammond!

CHRIS (JACK)
 Take your hands off me! You're
 stretching my shirt!

TRIGGER
 Dr. Hammond, I'm sorry to have
 to do this but I've been Chris's
 best friend too long to just sit
 back and watch you destroy everything
 he's achieved since grade nine.

Just then the track coach, Mr. Ellis, blows his whistle and yells to (Jack) from across the parking lot.

ELLIS

Hey, c'mon Hammond. Hurry up.
They're not going to hold up the
District track meet just for you,
you know.

(Jack) looks over at Trigger as Mr. Ellis turns and leaves.

TRIGGER

Dr. Hammond. Don't even think
about it.

CHRIS (JACK)

This should be a snap.

54 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

(Chris), still putting on airs of being in control, stands in an elevator as the doors close. He casually waves to the interns who stand in the hallway. As soon as the doors close, he breathes a huge sigh of relief. A smile comes to his face. He's made it. The elevator stops and the doors open. An ORDERLY pushing a sheet-covered body on a gurney gets onto the elevator and (Chris) holds the door for him.

ORDERLY

Hey, thanks Doc.
(beat)
Got one of yours here.

JACK (CHRIS)

(unconcerned)
Yeah?

ORDERLY

Yeah, a guy named Tucker -- a
diabetic. Guess the sweet stuff
finally got to him.

The elevator doors shut. PUSH IN on (Chris)'s face which turns from a genuine smile to a frozen smile of horror.

55 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

(Chris) tears down the hall as fast and as frantically as he can

56 INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

ON (Chris) desperately sorting through files, whispering "Tucker, Tucker" under his breath. He flings the files that aren't relevant onto the floor. Suddenly, the office door swings open and Jack's secretary walks in. (Chris) turns to her, his face blanched.

SECRETARY

Excuse me Dr. Hammond, Fred Tucker's family is here to get him. They just stopped by to thank you for everything you've done for him.

JACK (CHRIS)

(panicked)

Ah, no... it's really alright. I didn't do anything to him... for him.

On this, Fred's WIFE and a gaggle of small children walk in.

WIFE

Oh, Dr. Hammond, I can't tell you how thankful we all are. I know Fred was just here for a minor operation but he's such a worrier -- what with three children and another on the way. Anyway, he just couldn't bear the thought of something going wrong. But I kept saying to him, "Don't worry, Fred, Dr. Hammond is the best. He'll take care of you." And boy, you sure have.

JACK (CHRIS)

(half smile; half sick)

Yeah, I sure have.

(clearing his throat nervously)

Ah, about your husband... it ah seems a little thing's come up that might change your plans.

WIFE

(frowning her brow)

He will be leaving today, won't he?

JACK (CHRIS)

Well, yeah, sort of...

(off her confused look)

Now, Mrs. Tucker... ah... maybe you should sit down for this.

WIFE

No. I'm alright.

JACK (CHRIS)

Well then, maybe I should sit down for this.

WIFE

What's wrong with my husband?

(off (Chris)'s
stammering)

He's dead, isn't he? He's dead.
(starts to sob)

JACK (CHRIS)

(desperately reaching)

Let's try not to look at this so negatively.

The kids begin to cry, resulting in a cacophony of squabbling and crying.

JACK (CHRIS)

(continuing)

Now I really do think it's important not to get carried away right at this point. You see...

All attention turns towards the door where the secretary stands with a man carrying a small suitcase. The wife and children scream "Fred" and "Daddy" and swarm to him.

WIFE

Honey, he said you were dead!

All eyes turn accusingly to (Chris) who feels about two feet tall at this point. (Chris) starts to grope for words and backs out of the room in retreat, shrugging his shoulders and forcing a laugh.

JACK (CHRIS)

(sheepishly)

I was kidding... I'm a kidder. I do it to everyone around here.

(as he passes his
secretary he turns
to her)

Your mother's dead.

(forcing a laugh as
he turns back to the
Tuckers)

See, it's a joke.

57 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL TRACK - DAY

As the crowd cheers in the stands, runners race down home street straining for the tape. The winner is on Chris's team.

ON (Jack) who is now in track uniform. He stands with the rest of the team on the sidelines, listening to Mr. Ellis.

ELLIS

Alright. Here's how it stands. Dunn's first place in the 880 makes us a sure thing to win the meet. All we have to do is place in the mile relay.

CHRIS (JACK)

The mile relay? That's me, right?

ELLIS

(suspiciously)

Right...

(beat)

Now I want you guys to take it easy. Make sure of your hand offs. Remember, there are seven teams running and we only have to beat one of them to win the Districts for the first time in twenty-nine years.

(beat)

Okay, let's go and make history!

They break apart and move to their positions at the starting line.

MONTAGE - "THE BIG RACE"

- A) The gun goes off and the runners explode off the blocks.
- B) Kirk runs the first leg. He assumes a commanding lead coming down the stretch. (Jack) watches as Kirk hands off perfectly to the next man.
- C) Mr. Ellis is exultant. So are the people in the stands.
- D) The second leg for Chris's team hands off, having increased the lead to a good hundred yards. The baton exchange is picture perfect.
- E) The crowd goes nuts.

58 EXT. STARTING LINE - DAY

Mr. Ellis walks over to (Jack) who watches confidently.

ELLIS

Alright Hammond, you're next.
Now take it nice and easy. With
this kind of lead, you could walk
it in!

(Jack) looks at the cheering people. Trigger watches anxiously from the stands. Still breathing hard from his leg, Kirk comes over and slaps (Jack) hard on the ass.

KIRK

Hammond, I'm warning you. You
blow this race and it's your
final day on planet Earth.
Understand?

The third leg man for Chris's team rounds the final corner, having increased the lead by yet another fifty yards. He heads down the straightaway, pumping hard.

Suddenly, (Jack) takes off like a rocket, holding his hand back for the baton just like he saw the other runners do. Only there's one slight problem. He took off too soon. He quickly runs out of the baton-passing zone, leaving the third leg man incidentally, the baton, in the dust well behind.

Mr. Ellis watches, incredulous.

ELLIS

Hammond, get back here! You
forgot the baton!!

After about seventy yards, (Jack) senses something's wrong. He stops in place, trying to figure it out. Trigger, in the stand winces.

TRIGGER

Dr. Hammond, the baton!

ON (Jack) who looks back at the starting line. The entire team and most of the stands wave him back. He finally gets the idea and begins running back to retrieve the baton. As he runs the wrong way, two runners from the other team run past him going the right way.

ON Mr. Ellis forcing himself to calm down.

MR. ELLIS

It's alright. He's only got to
beat one team. That's just two
out of six.

ON an out of breath (Jack) who makes it back to the third leg man who just stands there, hands on his hips, waiting for him. (Jack) takes a baton and turns to get back into the race. Only, in his haste, he fumbles the baton. He juggles with it a few steps, then drops it on his foot and inadvertently boots it a few lanes over.

ON Trigger who closes his eyes in pain.

ON (Jack) who has to wait for two more teams to complete their hands-offs before he can cross over to the outside lane and retrieve the baton.

Mr. Ellis watches, a nervous wreck.

MR. ELLIS

Three out of six... Four out of six...

(shouting)

Hey Hammond, enough kidding around!
This is getting serious!

(Jack) has the baton and he's finally running in the right direction. He still has about fifty yards on the last two teams. He sprints around the track, straining, gritting his teeth, giving it his all. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees yet another man pull up next to him, then shoot past him.

The crowd is in a frenzy egging him on. Trigger screams from the stands.

TRIGGER

C'mon! C'mon! C'mon!

(his cheers lessening
as we see him turn his
head)

Trigger loses complete interest as he watches a beautiful girl walk by.

But the rest of the crowd hasn't lost interest. Their cheers heighten.

ON Kirk pounding his fist in his hand, practicing what he plans to do to (Jack).

ON Mr. Ellis who is now a basket case, jumping up and down, looking up at the sky.

MR. ELLIS

Why me!! What could I possibly
have done to deserve this!!!

(screaming)

Please, Hammond!! Please!!

The finish line rapidly approaches. (Jack) and the other guy are neck and neck. (Jack) leans forward, diving for the tape. He falls to the ground, sprawling on his face, sliding painfully forward on his belly.

HOLD ON (Jack) as he lies exhausted on his stomach in the middle of the track. The NOISE of the crowd wells, then dies down into an ominous SILENCE. Hundreds of feet step around and over (Jack) until he is left alone, too tired to move. Finally, a pair of sneakered feet approach, stopping right in front of (Jack)'s nose. (Jack) barely manages to look up slightly. He sees that it's Trigger.

CHRIS (JACK)

Did I beat him?

TRIGGER

No, you dived ten yards too soon.
You still haven't crossed the finish
line.

CHRIS (JACK)

Oh.

(Jack) lowers his head and goes back to sleep.

58 INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

In the b.g. we HEAR boring voices talking boring medical talk.

PAN along a row of distinguished looking doctors who listen intently and nod sagely on occasion. We finally come to (Chris) who watches what these doctors do and then tries to repeat it. He nods sagely. You'd think he was just like them except for the fact he discreetly chews a huge wad of gum. As he nods, he reaches into his pocket and sticks another piece of gum in his mouth. Looking to his immediate right, (Chris) sees the doctor to his right cross his legs. (Chris) does the same thing. The doctor to his right gives him a strange look and his eyes catch on (Chris)'s socks. They're sweat socks and white. (Chris) is oblivious to this as he pretends to look like he's listening. Out of the corner of his eye (Chris) sees the doctor to his right patting his pockets. He pulls out a cigarette and goes to light it. (Chris) does likewise. He pats his pockets, pulls out his pipe and sticks it in his mouth super-maturely. The other doctor leans over and gives (Chris) a light. (Chris) smiles, nods his thanks and inhales just like the other doctor. But as soon as he inhales, his face starts to drop and he starts to turn green. He quickly pulls the pipe out of his mouth to cough but as he does, a string of gum drapes down from his mouth which is stuck to the pipe. Chris, as discreetly as he can, tries to scrape the gum off the pipe and reel it back into his mouth. However, as he pulls, the gum becomes elongated. He reels it into his mouth faster and faster but it still stays connected to the pipe

ARMBRUSTER

... and Dr. Hammond. What do
you think?

(Chris) quickly sticks the pipe in his mouth and looks up to see all eyes upon him. A loop of gum still dangles from his mouth. (Chris) tries to cover this up by stroking his chin sagely. There is silence as the room waits for him. Unfortunately, (Chris) has no idea what for.

JACK (CHRIS)

Ah well ah... yes, yes, it's very interesting.

(silence as doctors
wait)

... and... and ah I'm sure good things could be said about the ah, ah

(beat)
good things.
(the doctors still
wait)

And, ah, wo, ah, I think we really have a lot to think about here.

There is silence as all eyes shift to Armbruster.

ARMBRUSTER

(after an agonizing
beat)

Thank you, Jack.
(murmurs of agreement
from other board
members)

I think we should implement Dr. Hammond's suggestion immediately by sending this to committee. Do we have a seconder?

About ten different doctors including a particularly adamant Dr. Anderson raise their hands.

ARMBRUSTER

Fine, let the record show Dr. Anderson seconded the motion.

Anderson looks very pleased with himself.

ARMBRUSTER

(continuing)
Fine. Let's see, next on the agenda.

(sighing)
The matter of indigent care.

ON Roger, sitting on (Chris)'s left.

ROGER

Oh, oh. Here it comes.

ARMBRUSTER

Perhaps we can be brief. We still have to discuss several other matters. You have the materials in front of you. I think they speak for themselves. Do we have a motion to send this issue to committee?

AMY

You certainly do.

ARMBRUSTER

(gritting his teeth)

I thought we might. Do you have a seconder, Dr. Larkin?

The room is silent.

ARMBRUSTER

(continuing)

Right then. The next item.

AMY

(jumping up)

Now hold it!

ON Roger.

ROGER

Oh no, he'll kill her for sure.

AMY

You haven't even thought about this. You've got people out there who are sick and dying and their only sin is that they don't have the money to get in here. I always thought that our first obligation as doctors was to help people who need medical attention, and we're shirking that duty. I realize this is a private hospital, but surely to God, that doesn't give us the right to turn a blind eye on this issue. I'm not asking for a miracle. All I'm asking is that this issue go to committee so we can figure out a way to do something for these people.

ARMBRUSTER

Now Dr. Larkin, we've been through this all before. We can't send everything to committee. And besides, you still need a seconder. Is there a seconder?

Armbruster points with his pen. PAN the table as he points to each doctor. They variously look away, or down, ashamed but silent. Amy looks on desperately.

AMY

Aw c'mon. Are you all afraid to offend Dr. Armbruster that you won't even send a matter like this to committee?

ARMBRUSTER

Well Dr. Larkin, it looks like you're out of luck.

(Chris) meekly raises his hand.

JACK (CHRIS)

I'll second it.

There are murmurs of surprise all around the table. Anderson smirks for he knows (Chris) has blown it.

ON Amy as her face register surprise, then a small smile.

ARMBRUSTER

(eyes narrowing)

Well, well Jack. You're full of surprises today.

(to everyone)

Very well then. Let the record show that Dr. Hammond has seconded the motion. Well Amy, I guess your issue goes to committee.

60 INT. JUST OUTSIDE BOARD ROOM - DAY

(Chris) leaves the board room with the other doctors. Amy makes her way over to him with a puzzled but happy look on her face.

AMY

(cautiously)

Jack? Are you feeling okay?

JACK (CHRIS)

Yeah...

(reading her nametag)

Sure Amy.

AMY

Amy!? Let's see some I.D.

JACK (CHRIS)

(nervously)

Why... like what do you mean?

AMY

(laughing)

Cause I just can't believe that was you in there. Since when did you start taking up sides with me?

JACK (CHRIS)

I just think that if people are sick we should try and help 'em out. It's part of the hypocritical oath, isn't it?

AMY

(laughing)

Well I'll be. Funny too.

(looking at him reflectively)

Jack that was courageous what you did in there. Frankly, I never knew you had it in you.

JACK (CHRIS)

Aw, it was nothing.

And Amy is so overcome she actually gives him a big hug.

AMY

Nothing? For you to say that in front of Armbruster!

PUSH IN on (Chris)'s face. He smiles.

61 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

(Chris) runs down the corridor with a worried look on his face. He passes the interns. Mike nudges Pete forward.

PETE

Ah Dr. Hammond. I'm sorry to bother you like this but ah, well, we heard what you did in the board meeting and well, we all think it took a lot of guts. We'd feel really honored if maybe you'd let us buy you a beer.

JACK (CHRIS)

Geez, thanks guys. But I got pretty wrecked last night...

MIKE

Then don't drink. Just come to Vesuvio's and have a piece of pizza with us. It'd really mean a lot to the guys.

JACK (CHRIS)

No, I'd better not. I'd better get home. I'm in enough shit as it is.

He starts to walk off, then stops. He turns slowly, a half smile on his face.

JACK (CHRIS)

(continuing)

Vesuvio's. As in "double bacon double cheese, enough hot peppers to bring you to your knees" Vesuvio's?

All the interns smile.

62 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

A thoroughly beaten up and exhausted (Jack) limps painfully out of the change room with Trigger at his side.

CHRIS (JACK)

Trigger, could you slow down, please? I've got multiple contusions, at least three lateral pulls, not to mention severe oxygen deprivation, lower back spasms and secondary trauma.

TRIGGER

What does that mean?

CHRIS (JACK)

I hurt all over...

Suddenly out of nowhere (Jack) gets hurled against a set of lockers. He picks himself up and looks right into the mean eyes of an angry Kirk Anderson. A crowd of students gathers ro

CHRIS (JACK)

(continuing)

What do you think you're doing?

KIRK

Okay shit head. C'mon, let's go. This time you're not duckin' it.

Kirk kicks over a nearby bench, making more room and puts up his fists. The crowd backs up. (Jack) can't believe this.

CHRIS (JACK)

You want to fight? You really want to fight?

Kirk keeps circling him.

CHRIS (JACK)

(continuing)

Well, I don't want to fight you! Look at you. You're huge! You're a neanderthal!

KIRK

What's the hell's a nanderthal?

CHRIS (JACK)

(rubbing it in)

Neanderthal, Ne-an-der-thal. A big dumb sub-human.

Kirk swings from the floor. It takes too long and (Jack) ducks. Kirk's hand slams into the lockers.

CHRIS (JACK)

(continuing)

Okay you're on. Midnight tonight. At the swing set. And you'd better be there cause I'm going to teach you a lesson you won't soon forget.

Trigger can't believe he heard this. He rolls his eyes.

KIRK

(crazy from the pain)

Oh, I'll be there Hammond. You better believe I'll be there.

Everyone disbands, leaving Kirk and Trigger.

TRIGGER

Are you crazy, Dr. Hammond? He'll kill you!

CHRIS (JACK)

No he won't. Not if I don't show.

TRIGGER

What? You can't wimp out. You just bragged to half the track team that you were going to be there to teach him a lesson!

CHRIS (JACK)

And I will. I figure six hours alone
in a park will teach him a lesson
he'll never forget.

(walking off)

Smart, huh?

Trigger catches up to him.

TRIGGER

And what happens tomorrow when
you've got to go to school with
the guy?

CHRIS (JACK)

He'll get over it.

63

INT. HAMMOND HOUSE - EVENING

Chris(Jack)limps in the front door.

CHRIS(JACK)

Chris! Chris!!

A perplexed Phyllis pokes her head around the corner.
Chris(Jack) catches himself.

CHRIS (JACK)

...is home! Chris is home!
I'm home. Oh, hi Phyllis. Where's
ah..dad?

PHYLLIS

(suspiciously)

Your father went off to the hospital
four or five hours ago.

CHRIS(JACK)

WHAT! He did what?!!!

Just then we hear the beeping of HORNES and general YELLING
and HOLLARING from outside. Chris(Jack) rushes over to the
window.His POV - Two cars pull up: one is Chris's old junker. Both
cars are loaded with merry interns. Jack(Chris) gets out
of his car, belting out a song at the top of his lungs.64

EXT. HAMMOND DRIVEWAY - EVENING

JACK(CHRIS)

Jeremiah was a bullfrog.
Was a good friend of mine.
I never understood a single word
he said
But I helped him drink his wine.
And he always had some mighty
fine wine.

(to interns)

Everybody now!

Laughing, the rest of the interns join in.

EVERYBODY

"JOY TO THE WORLD!
ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS
JOY TO THE FISHES IN THE DEEP
BLUE SEA..."

REACTION SHOT OF

Chris(Jack) watching, dumbfounded.

JACK(Chris)

bobs back and forth across the yard, performing an excellent Groucho Marx duck-walk.

JACK(Chris)
"JOY TO YOU AND ME!!!!"

Jack(Chris) does a somersault, flopping on his back. Climbing into the other, the interns break up laughing and drive off, BEEPING madly. Jack(Chris) waves goodbye to them.

JACK(Chris)
Hasta luego, mis amigos!

Jack(Chris) climbs to his feet and hop-skips to the front door which magically opens for him.

65 INT. FRONT ENTRANCE, HAMMOND HOUSE - EVENING

Jack(Chris) looks up and sees Chris(Jack) and Phyllis staring at him, aghast.

CHRIS(Jack)
What were you doing with my interns?

JACK(Chris)
(nonchalant)
Oh you know, hanging out. Eating pizza.

CHRIS(Jack)
(incredulous)
You ate pizza with my interns?

JACK(Chris)
It wasn't my idea, They asked me.

CHRIS(Jack)
They asked you? They've never asked me.

JACK(Chris)
(into phone)
Sure, he's standing right here.
(to Chris(Jack))
It's for you.

Jack(Chris) hands the phone to Chris(Jack) looking at him quizzically.

CHRIS(Jack)
(into phone)
Hello?

LORI
(into phone)
Hey babe. I just buzzed to see when you're going to pick me up in that nice Jaguar of yours...

Chris(Jack) rolls his eyes. Jack(Chris) watches Chris(Jack) on edge.

CHRIS(Jack)
(into phone)
Gee, Lori, I'd love to. But it is a school night and I don't think my father would like it if I stayed out too late...

Jack(Chris) waves frantically at Chris(Jack).

CHRIS(Jack)
(into phone)
Lori, could you hang on a second? My father wants to speak to me...

He covers the phone. Jack(Chris) converges on him.

JACK(Chris)
You're going out with Lori tonight...

CHRIS(Jack)
But she's your date.

JACK(Chris)
She doesn't know that.

CHRIS(Jack)
Chris, I think it'd be a big mistake if I went.

JACK(Chris)
Dad, it's our first date. If I cancel now, she might not ever say yes again.

Chris(Jack) looks sympathetically at Jack(Chris), unable to argue with his reasoning.

CHRIS(Jack)
Okay, what do you want me to say?

JACK(Chris)
Tell her you'll be there in fifteen minutes...

CHRIS(Jack)
(into phone)
You're sure about this?

JACK(Chris)
(insistent)
Tell her!

CHRIS(Jack)
(into phone)
Lori, I'll be there in fifteen minutes.

Chris(Jack) hangs up the phone. Jubilant, Jack(Chris) engulfs him in a bearhug.

CHRIS(Jack)
I 'll take her to the concert and then out for a burger, but that's it.

JACK(Chris)
What a guy. Thanks Dad. It's not every father who would go out on a date for his son.

66 INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack(Chris) hurriedly selects a suitable shirt for Chris(Jack) who pulls on his pants.

JACK(Chris)
Dad, I know this probably seems pretty stupid to you for me to get so excited over a dumb old date. But I've been trying to get Lori to go out with me since before I can remember.

He hands Chris(Jack) a shirt. Chris(Jack) puts it on.

CHRIS(Jack)
It's not stupid at all. I was once young too, you know.

JACK(Chris)
You were?

CHRIS(Jack)
Sure. You really dig her, huh?

JACK(Chris)
All the way to China. What do you think of her? Give me your honest opinion.

CHRIS(Jack)
(diplomatically)
Well, I can see why you like her. She's very, um, mature for her age...

JACK(Chris)
(totally sincere)
Isn't she? I think that's what I like most about her. She's so sensitive and down-to-earth....

CHRIS(Jack)
Are you sure we're talking about the same girl?

Jack(Chris)'s eyes shine just thinking about her.
Chris(Jack) finishes dressing.

CHRIS(Jack)
How do I look?

Chris(Jack) looks very handsome, all dressed up and freshly groomed.

JACK(Chris)
She won't be able to keep her hands off you!

Jack(Chris) suddenly looks at Chris(Jack), stricken. Oblivious to his son's reaction, Chris(Jack) heads out the room.

67 INT. STAIRWAY, HAMMOND HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack(Chris) anxiously follows Chris(Jack) down the stairs to the front door.

JACK(Chris)
Dad, maybe your going out with Lori isn't such a great idea after all.

CHRIS(Jack)
Chris, I don't see how we can back out of it now.
See you later.

Chris(Jack) waves goodbye and leaves. Jack(Chris) stands in the foyer, worried sick.

JACK(Chris)
So they're going to the concert
together? No big deal.

He starts up the stairs, then stops abruptly.

JACK(Chris)
Yeah, but it'll be really dark.
They'll be pushed up close
together. Their hot, sweaty
bodies pulsating in unison to the
throbbing music.

He's getting really worked up.

JACK(Chris)
(reassuring himself)
It's my father.

He starts up the stairs again, then stops abruptly.

JACK(Chris)
(stricken)
He hasn't been laid in five years.

He starts up the stairs yet again then stops abruptly
yet again.

JACK(Chris)

But she would. After all, he's
driving a Jaguar. She'll take
him to Miller's Lookout after the
concert and then she'll attack
him. And then they'll end up in
the back seat and then they'll take
off all their clothes and then
they'll...
(shouting)
STOP IT!! IT'S YOUR FATHER!!
YOUR FATHER!!! IF YOU CAN'T TRUST
YOUR FATHER, HAMMOND, WHO CAN YOU
TRUST??!!

He slumps on the steps, shaken.

JACK(Chris)
Admit it Hammond, he may be your
father, but he's only human.
(whimpering)
MY GOD!! MY OWN FATHER!!! SOME
EXAMPLE HE SETS!!

Suddenly, there is a KNOCK on the front door Jack(Chris)
visibly brightens.

JACK(Chris)
It's him. He couldn't go through
with it. Good old dad!

He opens the door exuberantly.

Only it's not Chris(Jack) but Ginnie Armbruster, looking
very sexy.

GINNIE
You said any time!

Jack(Chris) looks at her blankly, too frantic to be
surprised by Ginnie's sudden presence.

JACK(Chris)
Okay, why don't we grab a quick
burger and head on over to the
Bruce Hornsby concert?

He grabs his sports coat and hustles out the door. Ginnie
looks at him surprised, then hurries after him.

68 INT. CIVIC AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The house lights are on and the concert has not yet
begun. Lori and Chris(Jack) sit side by side in the
front row, only inches from the stage. Lori is the
essence of teenage nubbility, dressed in a short fringed,
low-necked top which exposes her lovely midriff and
tight-fitting jeans which emphasize the rest of her
young, budding body. Chris(Jack) is clearly ill at ease
by his close proximity to such forbidden fruit. He
smiles stiffly at Lori who kisses him on the cheek
excitedly and takes his hand.

LORI
These are such great seats.

CHRIS(Jack)
Yeah, they're really comfortable.

Suddenly, the lights go down. The giant speakers onstage
BLAST a THUNDEROUS DRUMBEAT. Bruce Hornsby and the Range
leap into view, wailing away on their electric guitars.
The crowd ROARS. People in front jump to their feet,
scrambling over seats to the state.

Lori and Chris(Jack) are in the middle of the furor, being
pushed and shoved by the frantic mob. The MUSIC IS
overwhelming, Chris(Jack) looks at Lori in horror. She
squeezes up against him, grinning gleefully.

LORI
ISN'T THIS AWESOME?

CHRIS (Jack)
HOW LONG DOES IT LAST?

LORI
THREE, MAYBE FOUR HOURS IF WE'RE
LUCKY!!!!

Jostled mercilessly, Chris (Jack) smiles weakly at her.

69 INT. REAR PASSAGEWAY OF THE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Jack (Chris) hurriedly leads a bemused Ginnie through
the throng.

JACK (Chris)

Wonderful, it's already started.
We'll never make it to the front now.

GINNIE
Jack, you're just full of surprises
lately. I never realized you were
so "with-it."

JACK (Chris)
Why do you keep calling me Jack?

GINNIE
That's your name isn't it?

A menacing, burly USHER blocks their way with one
massive arm.

USHER
Hold on there Pops. Where do
you think you're going?

JACK (Chris)
I thought we'd...uh...see if we
could get up a little closer.

USHER
Yeah, you and eighteen thousand
other people. Tickets, please.

Jack (Chris) unhappily shows him his tickets. The Usher
looks at them and bursts out laughing.

USHER
Sorry, Pops, these are upstairs.
Way upstairs.

The Usher points to a set of steep, seemingly endless
stairs. Jack (Chris) reluctantly turns around and leads

Ginnie, who is really enjoying the novelty of the concert, up the stairs.

70 INT. FRONT OF AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Lori sits on Chris(Jack)'s shoulders high above the crowd. She jerks and squirms to the MUSIC. Chris (Jack)'s head is scissored between Lori's legs. The tassles to her top dangle in his face. Her breasts push up against the back of his head.

Sandwiched in the crush of dancing gyrating maniacs he staggers back and forth, sweating profusely under Lori's weight.

Finally, he trips, Lori SCREAMS in horror as they both tumble onto the floor, disappearing from sight under the churning, stomping throng.

71 INT. "THE UPPER STRATOSPHERE," AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Jack(Chris) and Ginnie sit against the wall in the uppermost row in the entire auditorium. From their distant vantage point, the crowd below, let alone the band on stage, looks like a bustling colony of tiny ants. All around them, couples make out passionately. Jack(Chris) anxiously scans the auditorium through some binoculars.

JACK(Chris)

I can't see them, can you?

GINNIE

Who?

JACK(Chris)

Mv...uh, son and his girlfriend.
I promised we'd meet them here.

The Guy next to Jack(Chris) taps him on the shoulder, annoyed.

GUY

Do you mind?

JACK(Chris)

Oh yeah, sorry.

He reluctantly hands the binoculars back to the Guy.

GINNIE

Jack, don't you think your son and his girlfriend would probably like to be alone? They are teenagers, you know.

JACK(Chris)
 (totally paranoid)
 What do you mean by that?

GINNIE
 Just that they're probably off
 groping in a corner somenlace
 getting all sweatv.

JACK(Chris)
 I KNEW IT!!!

Jack(Chris) jumps to his feet.

JACK(Chris)
 We've got to find them!

72 EXT. MILLER'S LOOKOUT - NIGHT

A secluded wooded hideaway overlooking the ocean. About twenty or so cars are parked haphazardly here and there. Inside steamy windows, couples make out passionately. It's so quiet that only the gentle, lapping SOUNDS OF WAVES in the distance can be heard.

A car slowly approaches, its headlights illuminating the lovers.

73 INT. GINNIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Ginnie drives. Jack(Chris) sticks his head out of his window scrutinizing each and every car, frantic with worry.

GINNIE

Where in the world are you taking me?

Jack(Chris) doesn't respond, too absorbed in his search for Lori and his father. Ginnie sees the parked cars and is delighted.

GINNIE

Lover's Lane! Do you know how long it's been since somebody's taken me to a place like this?

JACK(Chris)
 Honk loudly if you see a Jaguar.

GINNIE
 I can't even remember the last time.
 Do you want me to stop?

JACK(Chris)
 No, keep moving.

Continuing to drive, Ginnie leans back in her seat and sighs.

GINNIE

Jack, do you know what's the problem with getting older? You forget what it's like to be young. Nothing's new anymore. You forget what it's like to be innocent, open to the world and eager to experiment.

Jack(Chris) bangs his head on the window, turning back to Ginnie.

JACK(Chris)

(agitated)

Experiment? What do you mean experiment?

GINNIE

On, you know. The tingle of your first kiss. The nervous anticipation of being alone in a car with a boy for the first time in a romantic setting like this...

JACK(Chris)

(under his breath)

I'm going to kill him...

GINNIE

The flood of conflicting sensations. That sweet mixture of fear, excitement and mounting sexual arousal....

JACK(Chris)

I'm going to kill him...

Ginnie looks at Jack(Chris) meaningfully.

GINNIE

The warm fuzzy feeling you get the first time you make love. Once you lose your innocence, you're never the same.

Jack(Chris) stares at Ginnie, stricken. He bolts from the car, screaming:

JACK(Chris)

I'M GOING TO KILL HIM!!!

Ginnie leans over to Jack(Chris)'s window, concerned.

GINNIE

Jack, what's wrong? Where are you going?

JACK(Chris)

I just have to, uh, take a leak.

Jack(Chris) fumbles through the darkness and gets caught in a clump of bushes. He fights his way clear of the branches, heaving with agitation. He scans the overlook and spots a Jaguar. He races to it, banging on the hood hard.

JACK(Chris)

Alright, out of the car. Right now!

Two heads pop out of the car window. Only it's not Chris(Jack) and Lori, but another boy (BILL) and girl (Ilene). They stare and Jack (Chris) indignantly.

BOY & GIRL

Hey, what's the big idea?

Jack(Chris) recognizes them from school.

JACK(Chris)

Sorry, Bill. Sorry Ilene. I thought you were my father. You haven't seen him have you?

Bill and Ilene look at each other, scared stiff.

BILL

(whispering)

Lock all the doors quick!

Ilene hurriedly rolls up the windows and locks the doors.

BILL

(to Jack(Chris))

Do we know each other?

JACK(Chris)

Know each other? We grew up together! I'm Chris Hammond!

Ilene SCREAMS.

ILENE

HELP! PLEASE SOMEBODY HELP US!!!

She SCREAMS again. Jack(Chris) flees, diving into the surrounding brush. He scrambles through a jungle of branches and foliage until he reaches Ginnie's car. Ilene's screams of terror echoing in the distance, he jumps in, shouting:

JACK(Chris)
STEP ON IT!!!

74 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack(Chris) bursts through the front door, absolutely frantic.

JACK(Chris)
WHERE IS SHE!!!?

He strides down the hallway and into the living room searching for his father and Lori. There's no sign of them. Ginnie enters the living room a bit out of breath.

GINNIE
Jesus, Jack, what's the rush?

We STAY with Jack(Chris) as he races out of the living room and into the kitchen. They're not there. Ginnie starts to unbutton her coat--the coat we have yet to see her take off.

GINNIE
You're not still looking for your son and his girlfriend, are you?

JACK(Chris)
She's not his girlfrie....!
(his eyes light up in horror)
Why do you sav that?! I mean, you don't know anvthing I don't know, do you?
(melodramatically, to himself)
Of course you do Everyone does.
It's all over town. It's always the cheated lover who's the last one to know.

He tears off to another room, even more frantic.

ON Ginnie who finishes unbuttoning her coat and lets it fall on the couch. Under her coat is the most stunning, low cut, sexiest black dress known to mankind. It is enough to take the breath away from any normal man but Jack(Chris) is too busy rushing through the house to even look at her.

GINNIE
Jack. Jack, whv don't you come here for a minute...

ON Jack(Chris) who is rushing through another room. He is so worked up he doesn't even know what he is doing. He's checking closets, checking curtains -- he even checks

under the pillows on the couch. He stops, leaning against a wall, overwhelmed.

JACK(Chris)

It's two in the morning. Where the hell could they be?

(he grimaces in horror)

Oh GOD, I know where they could be!!

And Jack(Chris) races for the stairs. But when he gets to the bottom of the stairs, he finds Ginnie Armbruster blocking his way.

GINNIE

(seductively)

Jack, Jack, Jack. Would you stop worrying so much about your son and start worrying about more, shall we say pressing matters...

She presses up to him slightly.

JACK(Chris)

No, no. You don't understand. I've got to stop them. Do you know what they're probably doing right now?

GINNIE

Oh, I would think...something like this...

And with that, Ginnie grabs him by his two ears and gives him a long, long, long, passionate kiss. At first Jack(Chris) tries to fight her off but the passion and persistence of her kiss is too great. Gradually, Jack's(Chris) struggle to get away dissipates more and more and his groans of objection becomes more like a purr as he lapses into a lovestruck stupor.

ON the top of the stairs as Chris(Jack) appears, he's in his pajamas and you can tell he has just been asleep for he is still rubbing his eyes. He stares down at his son kissing another woman. (He doesn't know who it is because he only sees her back.)

CHRIS(Jack)

Hey, what the hell do you think you're doing!?

And just then, Mrs. Armbruster turns around slowly and looks up the stairs at Chris(Jack). Chris(Jack)'s face scrunches up in horror.

CHRIS(Jack)

AAHHHHHHHHHH!!! AAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!
Chris, get away from her!!!
Get away from her right now!!!

Jack(Chris) is so startled he steps away from her as if she has a contagious disease. (Jack) regaining his composure by the second, scampers down the stairs.

GINNIE

What the....

CHRIS(Jack)

Oh, oh, I'm terribly sorry about that Mrs. Armbruster...
(off Chris's reaction)
It's just that you startled me.

JACK(Chris)

I...I...I...

CHRIS(Jack)

What...DAD is trying to say to you is...thank you... Thank you very, very much for the delightful evening.

(beat/ concerned)

It wasn't too delightful, was it?

Mrs. Armbruster sulkily picks up her coat as Chris(Jack) directs her over toward the door.

MRS. ARMBRUSTER

Good.

(beat)

Ah...good of you to drop by.
Dad is always saying how he wished he could see more of you and dear wonderful Dr. Armbruster.

Mrs. Armbruster stops at the door, looks over at Jack(Chris) with a look that could kill.

MRS. ARMBRUSTER

Oh, I'll be sure to give him your regards.

And with that she turns and leaves.

75 EXT. HAMMOND HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

ON the front door of the Hammond house as it explodes open. A very angry Ginnie Armbruster, in her slinky black dress, carrying her coat walks angrily down the driveway and over to the other side of the street where her car is parked.

ON a whistling Trigger who stops walking along and watches her curiously. He looks over to the Hammond front door.

76 INT. HAMMOND HOUSE - NIGHT

An enraged Chris (Jack) closes the door and slowly turns and stares at his trembling son.

JACK (CHRIS)

Nothing happened. I swear dad.

CHRIS (JACK)

Do you know what you just did?
Do you know what you just did!?
You probably just ruined my
career, do you understand!?

JACK (CHRIS)

Dad, dad. I liin't know who
she was. I swear...

CHRIS (JACK)

Oh, and that's supposed to make
me feel better, is it? You
really have had a busy lay,
haven't you? If it's not making
out with my boss's wife then it's
making an ass of yourself in front
of all my interns. I've gotta
give you credit though. You
certainly have managed to ruin
everything I've ever worked for
a lot faster than I thought was
possible.

JACK (CHRIS)

Yeah, well it goes both ways, you
know.

CHRIS (JACK)

(belittling)

What? You're talking about that
track meet?

JACK (CHRIS)

No, I was talking about Lori Beaumont.

(gravely)

You didn't run in that track meet, did you?

CHRIS (JACK)

Lori Beaumont!!? You begged me to go out with Lori Beaumont!

JACK (CHRIS)

You didn't run in that track meet, did you!?

CHRIS (JACK)

I went out with Lori as a favor to you, and don't you forget it.

JACK (CHRIS)

You didn't run in that track meet, did you!!?

CHRIS (JACK)

(shrugging)

So I blew it. You're not going to actually compare my career to some stupid little track meet, are you?

JACK (CHRIS)

Why..why is it that everything I care about is stupid and little. You know, that track meet meant a lot to me! You didn't even know that, did you?

(starting to breakdown in tears)

You know, sometimes I wonder if you even know who I am. (beat)

God, I wish mom were here.

CHRIS (JACK)

Well so do I Chris, but she's not! She's gone, Chris, and she's never going to be here again!!

So you better get used to the fact that you and I are stuck together whether we like it or not!!

The front door opens and standing there is a very sleepy Trigger in his night clothes. He has just seen Mrs. Armbruster going out the door in her underwear. He surveys the carnage.

TRIGGER
 (referring to Mrs.
 Armbruster)
 Friend of the family?

CHRIS/Jack
 Don't you ever sleep?

TRIGGER
 I could ask you the same thing.

JACK/Chris
 Give it a rest Trigger. It's late
 and we're both a little worn out
 here.

TRIGGER
 I can understand why.

CHRIS/Jack
 (interrupting)
 It's 3:30 in the morning Trigger.
 I'm going to bed.

TRIGGER
 I found the antidote.

Both men stare at Trigger.

JACK/Chris
 You found what?

Trigger pulls out a piece of paper. Chris/Jack grabs it from him and starts to read.

JACK/Chris
 Well?

CHRIS/Jack
 Biotin. It changes brain wave
 patterns. Two hundred fifty
 milligrams.
 (to Trigger)
 You sure this is what he said?

TRIGGER
 Yep. I made him repeat it. It was
 pretty tough too. He told me he
 was in a tree in....

CHRIS/Jack

Let's go.

77 EXT. HAMMOND HOUSE - NIGHT

The two guys roar out of the house and jump into the Mustang and roar off into the night.

78 EXT HOSPITAL - NIGHT

It is very still. Chris/Jack parks the car and the three figures steal into the hospital.

79 INT. HOSPITAL

It's quiet and still. A lone nurse walks down the corridor. The instant she disappears from view, three heads peer out anxiously from around a corner.

CHRIS/Jack

Keep it quiet. This might be a little hard to explain if we get caught.

TRIGGER

What, the Chief of Surgery of Mercy-hospital who's in his son's body and his son who's in his father's body, and his son's older semi-retarded best friend breaking into a pharmacy and stealing drugs at 4:30 in the morning? What's hard to explain about that?

Once the coast is clear, the three dash down the corridor toward the Pharmacy. Chris/Jack pulls out a set of keys and opens the door. Because the room has glass panels all around it, the three are duck-walking to avoid being seen. Everyone is whispering. We HEAR a DR. WALKER being paged over the intercom in the background. The word STAT (emergency) is being used after every page.

JACK/Chris

What are we looking for?

CHRIS/Jack

A large clear bottle with some small pink pills in it. It's labeled.

TRIGGER

I got it!

He hands a bottle to Chris/Jack for his inspection. Jack reads the

label and quickly gives it back to him.

CHRIS/Jack

This is Bioendilathem. It's a female hormone. You take this and you'll change all right.

Trigger looks down at his chest and shudders.

CHRIS/Jack

Here it is.

He pulls the bottle from the shelf and unscrews the top extracting two of the small pills. All three men are squatting down much as the natives were in the opening scene. Chris/Jack hands one of the pills to his son. We once again hear the page for Dr. Walker.

CHRIS/Jack

Down the hatch.

JACK/Chris

Cheers.

Jack/Chris and Chris/Jack stare at each other for a few seconds expecting the change. It doesn't come. A few seconds becomes a minute. Somebody checks a watch. I still isn't happening. At the same instant they both roll their eyes toward Trigger. He catches the looks.

TRIGGER

So, what happened between you guys and the lady in the Garter belt?

CHRIS/Jack

How long Trigger?

TRIGGER

How long what?

JACK/Chris

How long does this stuff take?

TRIGGER

No idea.

CHRIS/Jack

(yelling in a whisper)

What do you mean "no idea"?

TRIGGER

I mean I don't know. Uncle Earl didn't tell me.

JACK/Chris

Terrific.

TRIGGER

I'll try and call him back.

CHRIS/Jack

Let's get out of here. You can call him from home.

80EXT. PHARMACY

We see the door open and the three duck-walk out into the hallway. For some reason, no one has stood up yet. Just as Chris/Jack locks the door, we hear a voice from off stage.

VOICE

Dr. Hammond, thank God you're...

We now see the person talking. A nurse in full operating room scrub attire running down the hall. She spots Jack squatting down along with Chris and Trigger.

NURSE

Dr. Hammond?

CHRIS/Jack

Yes.

JACK/Chris

Yes.

NURSE

Is everything alright?

TRIGGER-CHRIS/JACK-JACK/CHRIS
Contact lense.

NURSE

(addressing Jack/Chris)

We've got a woman in labor. We've looked everywhere for Dr. Walker and can't find him. You've got to come right away.

JACK/Chris

I.....can't.

CHRIS/Jack

Can't you get one of the interns. There's got to be somebody around.

The nurse looks at Chris/Jack not believing the audacity of this kid.

NURSE

Dr. Hammond, I appreciate your son's suggestion but this is no ordinary delivery. The woman is suffering fetal distress and about to rupture. Please hurry!

CHRIS (Jack)

Oh, Christ.

JACK (Chris)

What does that mean, Dad?

CHRIS (Jack)

It means she's in big trouble.

Trigger, come here a moment

(then to Jack (Chris))

Go on, Dad. I'll catch up with you.

The Nurse pulls a hapless Jack (Chris) down the hallway as Chris (Jack) pulls Trigger off to the side.

81 INT. SCRUB ROOM

Jack (Chris) is hustled into the room by the scrub nurse. A Man we identify as the father is pacing nearby. He rushes up to Jack (Chris) trying to get a word in.

FATHER

Doc, Doc.....

JACK (Chris)

(ignoring him)

There's just gotta be another doctor who can do this.

NURSE

Not a cesarian.

JACK (Chris)

A what?

FATHER

Doc...It's my wife in there. They threw me out when they told me it was a cesarian. I'm a little nervous. It's my first time!

JACK (Chris)

Mine too.

FATHER

Doc, you know I appreciate a good joke as much as anyone, but...

NURSE
Doctor, please hurry.

She hustles him into the operating room.

82 INT. DELIVERY ROOM.

It's dark except for several large lights over the operating table where a very pregnant MOTHER lies face-up, obviously in a great deal of pain. Two nurses, and a young ANESTHESIOLOGIST stand around waiting helplessly. Jack(Chris) enters being dragged by the nurse. He takes one look at this scene and is paralyzed.

NURSE
(pleading)
Doctor, please! B.P. is dropping fast.

Jack(Chris)
AH....ah.....ah.

Suddenly the door flies open and Chris/Jack flies into the room.

CHRIS(Jack)
O.K. folks, we're going to do a section, let's get it on!

Jack/Chris sighs of relief.

JACK(Chris)
My son....taught him everything he knows.

CHRIS(Jack)
Type and cross-match?

NURSE #1
Ready.

CHRIS(Jack)
Pulse?

NURSE #1
Dropping fast.

Chris(Jack) darts to the Mother and expertly begins feeling her stomach. The delivery room staff turns to Jack(Chris), incredulous.

JACK(Chris)
I promised he could help for his science project.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST
 (to Jack(Chris))
 Should I put her under?

JACK(Chris)
 Yeah, why not, sounds good.

Chris(Jack)
 No, no time! Give her a spinal!

An Anesthesiologist turns to Jack(Chris), confused.

JACK(Chris)
 You heard what he said.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST
 Yes, sir.

CHRIS(Jack)
 Scapel. C'mon, let's move it!

Nobody moves.

JACK(Chris)
 Uh, somebody hand him a scapel.

A nurse reluctantly hands him a scapel to the stunned expression of everyone in the room. He bends down to the drowsy women and speaks quietly but with authority!

CHRIS(Jack)
 Relax. You're doing fine.

Suddenly, right on time, we hear the fire alarm go off in the hospital. Chris(Jack) is not the least bit surprised.

CHRIS(Jack)
 (calmly)
 Son of a gun. Listen to that.
 Fire alarm. Everybody out.

A huge grin crosses Jack(Chris)'s face. He now realizes what his father was up to with Trigger. He realizes something else. His father is at home in this room.

NURSE
 But.....

JACK(Chris)
 You heard my son. Out now, everyone.
 (he looks at his father who
 is really cooking)
 We can handle it from here.

The operating staff reluctantly leaves. Chris(Jack) is really into it now.

CHRIS(Jack)
Hand me a scapel, Chris.

JACK(Chris)
(Petrified)
A what?

CHRIS(Jack)
A knife. One of those little knives.

Jack(Chris) reaches tentatively and picks up the blade. He stares at it for a moment.

CHRIS(Jack)
Come on, come on. This kid is getting bigger by the minute.

Jack(Chris) hands him the scapel like it was a snake, extending his hand across the women. Chris(Jack) goes to work immediately making an incision across the abdomen of the woman. A little blood spurts up onto his surgical greens.

CHRIS(Jack)
C'mere, son. Now watch this. See what I'm doing here? I've just opened up the peritoneum. See that? That's the lining around the intestines.

Jack(Chris) has started moving around toward the business end of this operation. Watching with growing awe and respect for his father while at the same time getting sick and woosy at watching what he is doing, he finally arrives over his father's shoulder.

CHRIS(Jack)
The trick here is to make sure that you don't damage that lining. That's the mark of the good hands surgeon. In and out without a mark. See there. You just reach in with your hands, separate the lining wall from the placenta and....

Chris(Jack) is having a ball. He reaches in and pulls out a brand new little human. In the background we see Jack(Chris)'s eyes roll up in the back of his head as he slowly disappears from the frame. Gone. Passed out. The ALARM which has been on for all of this time suddenly goes OFF.

CHRIS (Jack)

(excited)

Damn. Damn. Look at that. That's what it's all about, Chris. Bringing new life into the world. Helping nature out. In here nothing else matters and every second counts. You don't think about the world's problems or even your own. Your concentration has to be total and absolute. Chris, hand me one of those clamps, would you?

Silence.

CHRIS (Jack)

Chris?

He looks behind him at his son passed out on the floor.

CHRIS (Jack)

Uh, oh.

The door to the delivery room opens and the nurses peek in. Chris (Jack) sees them. Handing the baby to his mother, he now begins to close on the woman. The operating room door opens and the surgical nurses look in. There is an intern with them, a Dr. LARRY HARPER.

CHRIS (JACK)

Larry, I need some help, here

DR. HARPER

How do you know my name?

CHRIS (Jack)

Close on this woman, quick. She's starting to hemorage.

DR HARPER

I don't believe I'm seeing this.

CHRIS (Jack)

Everythings O.K., Larry. Dad lets me practice at home. Somebody give me a hand with the old geezer, will you.

Several of the nurses help pick up Jack (Chris)

JACK (Chris)

(coming to)

Sorry, Dad. How'd it go.

CHRIS (Jack)

Piece of cake. You alright?

JACK(Chris)
 Sure, sure, No problem.

As he stands up, he glances over at the still open abdomen of the woman on the operating table and is gone again. They drag him out the door and into the outer scrub area. He can see through the window that dawn has broken Trigger is waiting. He immediately rushes to help Chris(Jack) with Jack(Chris).

TRIGGER
 What happened to the future Dr. Hammond, here?

Chris(Jack) shoots Trigger a nasty look.

CHRIS(Jack)
 Just tired that's all. Help me get him to my office.
 (to the nurses)
 Thank's ladies, we can get it from here.

The two pick up Jack(Chris) and carry him down the hallway and into his office. Along the way there are some run-ins with other nurses with some funny dialogue and I don't have time to write. In Jack's office, they lay him carefull on the couch. Chris(Jack) check's him over to make sure that he is really O.K.

CHRIS(Jack)
 What time is it?

TRIGGER
 Almost 7:30. You've got to get to school.

Chris(Jack) gives a last look at his sleeping son.

CHRIS(Jack)
 Yeah, right. We better get going.

83 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL

Students arriving. The Jaq pulls in and Chris(Jack) and Trigger get out. Trigger immediately meets up with friends and leaves Chris(Jack) behind. We stay close on Chris(Jack)'s face as he walks toward the main building. It's as if he were seeing everything for the first time including the fact that no one is paying the least bit of attention to him. He tries a few tentative "hello's" on his fellow students. Nothing. He walks on into the school.



44 EXT. HAMMOND DRIVEWAY - DAY

As Phyllis walks down the driveway Dr. Armbruster pulls up in his car and gets out.

ARMBRUSTER

I thought I'd drop in on Dr. Hammond. I hear he's sick.

PHYLLIS

(nodding deadpanned)

Oh yeah.

Just then a piercing SOUND erupts, shattering the peaceful tranquility of the neighborhood. It is the SOUND of Motley Crue and it is emanating from the Hammond house. Armbruster looks up startled.

45 INT. HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE UP on the intense face of (Chris) as music blares.

PULL BACK to show him strutting, air guitaring, dancing all over doing 360 degrees and lewdly thrusting his hips back and forward as he does his best David Lee Roth, Jagger, etc. He even does a back flip for good measure.

46 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A perplexed Armbruster is ringing the doorbell and trying to look in the window. Nobody is answering the door.

47 INT. HOUSE - DAY

The deafening SOUND continued as (Chris) continues dancing. We can SEE a puzzled Dr. Armbruster peering through the window in the b.g. (Chris) is in the middle of a particularly dramatic air guitar solo when Armbruster opens the front door and tries to yell to (Chris). But (Chris)'s back is to him and he can't hear anything but the MUSIC. Armbruster eyes the stereo and starts to walk over to it.

ON an impassioned (Chris) as he finishes up the solo with a back flip at the same time as the MUSIC mysteriously goes off. (Chris) picks himself up and is shocked when he finds himself eyeball-to-eyeball with Dr. Armbruster.

JACK (CHRIS)

Dr. Armbruster.

84 INT. BIOLOGY CLASS

All we hear is the fevering hum of pencils. Pan the room to see everyone in different states of agony including Lori who is sporting a nose cast and staring at him. If looks could kill. Chris(Jack) works swiftly, clearly in command of the material. The BELL RINGS. Chris(Jack) stops writing and stares at his blue book as if not sure of something. Mr. Morrison rips it from his hands. Chris gets up and exits.

CHRIS(Jack)
(to himself)

Piece of cake.

85 INT ANTEROOM TO GUIDANCE OFFICE, HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The door opens and Chris(Jack) walks in passing another student who is walking out. He approaches a secretary.

CHRIS(Jack)
Excuse me, I'm Doctor Hammond.

SECRETARY
Jumping the gun a little, aren't you?

CHRIS(Jack)
Yeah, I mean I'm Chris Hammond.
I'm here for the interview.

SECRETARY
Go right in. Miss Simmons is expecting you.

86 INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

An attractive, conservatively dressed woman in her early thirties, JANICE SIMMONS, sits behind a desk, scanning Chris's file. She looks up and sees Chris.

JANICE
Hi, I'm Janice Simmons from Northwestern. Please sit down.

Chris(Jack) sits down. Janice continues to leaf through his file.

JANICE
So we finally meet. I must have talked on the phone with your father at least two dozen times. He's determined to get you in.

CHRIS(Jack)
He wants what's best for me.

JANICE

And what do you want?

CHRIS (Jack)

I want to get into the six year med program at Northwestern. I want to be a doctor.

JANICE

Why?

JACK (Chris)

I've never wanted to be anything else. From the time I was a little boy, before I can even remember, I've just wanted to be (beat, to himself) a doctor. Not like Chris, he still doesn't know what he wants to be. . .

JANICE

I see.

(She pauses and looks at him)

Do you always refer to yourself in the third person?

Jack is suddenly confused, lost in thought.

87 INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack (Chris) is sound asleep on the couch where we last saw him. The door opens and Dr. Armbruster enters. He stands and watches Jack for a moment, a smile crossing his face. He drops the smile and shakes Jack (Chris) awake.

JACK (Chris)

Huh, what. . . oh, hello Dr. Armbruster. . . uh, Larry. Just catching up on a little shuteye. I had a rough night.

ARMBRUSTER

So I heard.

Jack (Chris)

What?

ARMBRUSTER

I wanted to drop by and have a little chat with you before the board meets. You're not going to like what I have to say but I'll give it to you straight. Jack, I'm recommending someone else for Chief of Staff.

Jack (Chris) stares in disbelief.

JACK (Chris)

I think I'm going to be sick.

ARMBRUSTER
 Sorry Jack, that's the way it is
 sometimes.

JACK(Chris)
 Please! Oh God please! This isn't
 happening!

He stands and approaches Armbruster.

JACK(Chris)
 Larry. . . Dr. Armbruster, you're
 making a terrible mistake. My fa. . .
 he. . . I want this more than I can
 tell you. It's the most important thing
 I've done in my life. I mean. . .
 I love medicine! I love blood! I
 really do, I. . .

ARMBRUSTER
 Wasn't it you that said "Screw the
 insurance".

JACK(Chris)
 Yes, but that was me, not him. Please,
 don't you understand? It's what he's worked
 and slaved for! It's all he has left!

ARMBRUSTER
 I didn't realize that your father was still
 alive, Jack.

JACK(Chris)
 He won't be for long! This will
 kill him.

ARMBRUSTER
 I'm sorry, Jack. That's my decision and
 it's final.

Armbruster turns and walks to the door. He stops and
 turns.

88 INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE.

JANICE
 Chris, you still haven't answered
 my question yet.

CHRIS/JACK
 What question?

JANICE
 Why? Why do you want to be a
 doctor?

Through a clever set of opticals, CHRIS CHANGES BACK TO HIMSELF!

89 INT. JACK'S OFFICE

APMBRUSTER
 You may get my wife Dr. Hammond,
 but not Chief of Staff of this
 hospital!

With a slight smile, Larry Ambruster is out the door. We are left
 on Jack's panicked face, and then;

Through another set of opticals, JACK CHANGES BACK TO HIMSELF!

70 INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE

JANICE
 Chris?

CHRIS
 (desperate)
 I'm not going to be Chief of Staff?

JANICE
 You're not even in medical school
 yet!

CHRIS
 I don't want to go to medical
 school. I don't want to be a
 doctor. I want to be Chief of
 Staff. I mean my father wants to
 be Chief of Staff and he's not
 going to be! Holy Shit, I got to
 get out of here.

He bolts for the door to the stunned surprise of Janice Simmons.

91 INT. JACK'S OFFICE

Jack is practically sobbing.

JACK
 (still dazed)
 Because, I love it, that's why.
 And I'm good at it. I...

Amy Larkin enters and sees a distraught Jack.

AMY

Jack, are you alright?

JACK

Just want to be Chief of Staff,
that's all. It's Chris who doesn't
want to be a doctor. I gotta get
to school!

Jack starts out the door and then quickly realizes where he is and
looks at his watch.

JACK

What am I talking about! In twenty
minutes I'm going to be the new
Chief of Staff of this hospital!

He finally realizes Amy is in the room.

JACK

What are you doing here?

AMY

Well, I, I...I was just coming
over to wish you luck with the
Chief of Staff vote today.

JACK

You're wishing me luck?

AMY

Yeah, yeah. Frankly, I'm surprised
you actually want it. I mean it
seems like a real waste of one
terrific surgeon! But if you do,
then I just want you to know that
you've got my vote.

Q INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR

Chris walks rapidly down the hall in a stunned daze --- as if he's
just been sentenced to death.

TRIGGER runs up to him.

TRIGGER

Dr. Hammond! Dr. Hammond!

CHRIS

I'm me, Trigger.

TRIGGER

Chris? You're back?

CHRIS

Yeah, and I'm dead, too. I blew the interview. And Dad knows cause he was there.

TRIGGER

Jesus.

CHRIS

It gets worse. I totally blew my old man's chances of becoming Chief of Staff.

TRIGGER

It gets worse than that! Kirk Anderson's looking for you ---

CHRIS

Oh, Christ, I gotta get outta here...

As they turn the corner, Chris finds himself face to face with LORI. She wears a NOSE CAST.

LORI

(smiling)

Hi Charlie, can I speak to you?

CHRIS

Yeah, but make it fast!

Lori quickly kicks him in the balls. Chris doubles.

TRIGGER

Geez, your old man must be one rotten date.

And with all his strength, Chris starts to pick himself up, still gasping for breath.

CHRIS
(gasping)
Got to get out of here.

And slowly Chris starts to work himself out of it. That is, until he runs right into Kirk Anderson.

KIRK
There you are, you little chickenshit!

Chris tries to go by him but Kirk blocks his way and pushes him back.

CHRIS
Kirk, Kirk, ya gotta let me by.
I've gotta get outta here and...

Kirk pushes him back, sneering. A crowd starts to gather.

KIRK
Yeah, I bet you want to get out of here, you little asswipe. But you're not lucking out so easy this time, Hammond.

Singlemindedly, Chris once again tries to get by. Once again, he is thrown back.

CHRIS
Listen, Kirk, I don't want to fight, I just want to...

KIRK
Oh, so you don't want to fight anymore, huh? But you were pretty tough yesterday, weren't you? What happened, Mommy didn't give you your Wheaties this morning?

Laughter from the crowd. Kirk decides to play to them.

KIRK
C'mon, Hammond, I'll fight you with one hand tied behind my back. C'mon.

Kirk puts his hand behind his back. Chris looks dejected.

KIRK
What, you afraid, little boy? Tell you what. I'll even fight

KIRK (cont'd)

you with two hands behind my back.
What d'va say?

CHRIS
(looking up)
Two hands?

SLOW MOTION - ON Kirk, with both hands behind his back, as a look of concern comes over his face. We might have made a booboo. But he is too late, for Chris rears back and with all his might, hits Kirk right on the chin.

CLOSE UP of Kirk's jaw buckling as he is hit so hard, he is actually thrown up in the air.

He comes down in a heap, sprawling on the floor, totally dazed.

REGULAR MOTION - Chris looks to the stunned crowd before racing off again.

CHRIS
Hev, I had a real bad day at
the office yesterdav. What can
I say.

And with that, the crowd parts and Chris is off again with an amazed Trigger in hot pursuit.

93 INT. HOSPITAL - BOARD ROOM - DAY

The BOARD OF DIRECTORS listens as Dr. Armbruster makes his statement.

ARMBRUSTER
...such a position on liability
insurance is dangerous for the
financial success of this hospital.

Therefore, I cannot and will not
recommend Jack Hammond to succeed
me as Chief of Staff....

94 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Chris and Trigger run out to the parking lot. Chris, breathless, stops. His face starts to drop as he scans the parking lot.

CHRIS
Where's my car! Where's my car!

TRIGGER
You've got the Jag today, you
dork. Don't you remember?

Chris searches his pockets coming up with the Jag keys.
A smile breaks out on his face.

CHRIS
Oh...oh yeah.

95 CLOSE UP on the wheels of the Jaguar squealing in reverse.

ON the Jag as it backs up recklessly and whips around. It
accelerates like a rocket out of the parking lot.

96 INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

Armbruster is concluding his statement.

ARMBRUSTER
...So vote with your conscience,
but my recommendation is for the
man I know will continue my
policies. Dr. Hal Gilden.

Reaction shots of the other board members. Many not in
agreement.

97 INT. JAGUAR - DAY

A particularly intense Chris drives out of the driveway
to the parking lot. As he rounds the corner recklessly,
his side mirror scrapes against the pole.

TRIGGER
Watch it Chris! I think you just
scuffed up your old man's side
mirror!

Just then Chris makes a hard right, fishtailing into a
parked car. The back of the Jag is completely caved in.
Chris is so single minded he doesn't seem to notice.

CHRIS
(to Trigger)
What?

TRIGGER
(deadpanned as he surveys
the damage)
Never mind.

98 INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

Armbruster looks over to a secretary.

APMBRUSTER

Right then. Susan, could you pass out the ballots? Gentlemen, after you've made your choice, fold your ballot and place it in that box....

99 EXT. STREET - DAY

The battered Jag careens down the street at breakneck speed.

100 INT. JAGUAR - DAY

Chris continues to drive like a maniac, his attention riveted to the road.

TRIGGER

So how much could it be? Five, six hundred? You take it to a good body shop. You get it repainted, you get the side banged out...

Just then Chris makes a hard left. As he does, his loose rear bumper goes flying off. Trigger turns his head and watches it CLATTER to the pavement, vibrating in the ever increasing distance before it settles.

TRIGGER

(deadpanned without a beat)
..you get a new rear bumper...

101 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Pete and Mike and the other interns and orderlies approach Jack with a GIFT WRAPPED PRESENT.

PETE

Ah, Dr. Hammond. We all chipped in to get you this...we think you deserve it.

Jack is astonished.

JACK
You all got a present...for me?

MIKE
Go on, open it.

Jack does. He is touched when he sees the present.

It's a beautifully FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH OF JACK to go on the wall with the other Chiefs of Staff. On the bottom in gold lettering are the words "To a Doctor - First and Foremost".

JACK
I didn't think you cared--I had no idea...

PETE
And it's all because of vesterdav.

JACK
Yesterday. Yeah. Yesterdav was quite a dav.

The interns laugh. Jack looks down at the picture and the inscription once again. He is pensive and there is almost a sad melancholy look on his face.

102 INT. BROADROOM - DAY

The board members deposit their folded ballots into the ballot box.

103 INT. CAR - DAY

Trigger has his hands gripped to the front dash board, a look of terror in his eyes as they approach an intersection.

104 INT. BOARD RM.

ARMBRUSTER
Sidney, as our secretary, you may now count the ballots.

Sidney takes the ballot box, opens it, and begins counting the votes.

05 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT -- DAY

The speeding Jag comes screeching down the street towards the hospital parking lot.

But there's a line of six cars waiting to pass through the parking gate. No way can Chris butt in line.

Chris pulls the Jag to the back of the line and HONKS.

106 INT. JAGUAR - DAY

Trigger, deadpanned, points to the sign at the exit which proclaims "WARNING -- DO NOT ENTER! SEVERE TIRE DAMAGE!."

TRIGGER

What the hell, hey? Let's do it right.

Chris guns the Jag forward, right across the vicious spikes which blow out all four tires!

No matter --- driving on RIMS, he pulls the Jag up to the entrance and dashes into the hospital.

107 INT. BOARDROOM -- DAY

Sidney continues to count the votes.

108 INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY -- DAY

Chris and Trigger rush for the elevator. The doors close.

109 INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

Sidney finishes counting the ballots. Satisfied, he looks up at the board.

SIDNEY

Gentlemen, we have a new Chief of Staff.

ARMBRUSTER

Susan, please send the candidates in and our secretary will announce the results.

Susan nods and exits.

110 INT. 6th FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

The elevator opens and Chris and Trigger dash out like madmen. They race down the hallway.

111. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

A WOMAN walks down the hall to where Jack paces.

WOMAN

Dr. Hammond. The vote is in.
You're wanted upstairs.

Jack starts to head for the elevators. The interns and orderlies all pat him on the back, wish him "Good Luck" and follow behind him.

112. INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

The board of directors waits impatiently for the candidates to arrive. Suddenly, the door flies open and Chris enters, wild-eyed and out of breath.

CHRIS

Stop the election!

ARMBRUSTER

Who are you? What the hell is this!?

CHRIS

It's important!

ARMBRUSTER

Somebody call security! Tell them we've got an escapee from the psycho ward!

ROGER

Wait a minute---that's Jack Hammond's kid!

ARMBRUSTER

Chris Hammond?

CHRIS

Yes! And I got something real important to say! Please!!

Chris' intensity makes everyone shut up and listen.

CHRIS

You all know that Dr. Armbruster here didn't endorse my father for Chief of Staff, but he was wrong.

The room erupts with a buzz.

ARMBRUSTER

Look son, the election is over.

CHRIS

Shut up. Shut up and sit down! I'm not leaving 'til I have my say!

And Armbruster is so stunned that he actually does sit down.

13 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Jack comes around the corner and stops short of the boardroom as he hears his son's voice coming from the open door.

As he listens in amazement, quietly approaching, we

INTERCUT

JACK'S REACTION WITH

CHRIS talking to the board.

CHRIS

...you see, my father wants to be Chief of Staff more than anything. And if he hasn't been himself lately, it's...well, he's had a lot on his mind, trying to help me in school, and getting me into college, and... I've kinda let him down. But my dad knows medicine. I mean he spends all of his spare time at this hospital and he's always bringing home these boring medical magazines. He doesn't have to do it. But he does 'cause he really loves it. Now sometimes he might blow up real easy but that's not 'cause he's mean or anything. It's because he cares. He cares so much about his patients, he cares so much about his work, he cares so much about me...

Jack is really touched by his son's words.

CHRIS (cont'd)

He just wants everything to go perfect that's all, Like him. I mean, you've seen him work. He's a great doctor...I mean under pressure, he's so cool, so together. Well sometimes that's just a little hard to live up to.

(beat)

Now for you guys to keep him from being chief just because of yesterday, well it isn't fair 'cause that was all my fault. I swear. I'd explain it all if I could but I don't think you'd understand. You've just gotta take my word for it.

Chris starts to leave. He changes his mind and walks over to Dr. Armbruster.

CHRIS

By the way. It wasn't my Dad who was screwing around with your wife.

(beat)

It was me!

ROGER

Geez, maybe we should re-evaluate this thing and vote again.

ARMBRUSTER

NO! No, you'd need a seconder for that. And no one will second that, will they?

Armbruster glances fiercely around the boardroom. No one seconds. Chris looks over the grim faces; he fights to hold back the tears.

ARMBRUSTER

(hiding a satisfied grim)

Sorry kid.

(beat)

Mr. Secretary, will you announce the name of the new Chief of Staff.

SIDNEY

Gentlemen, the new Chief of Staff
of Mercy General Hospital is...
Hal Gilden.

There is a buzz in the room. Chris turns to his stunned
father.

CHRIS

(nearly breaking)

Oh dad, I'm so sorry.

ON Jack's face. Slowly and almost imperceptibly, a grin
starts to form on his face. And the grin starts to grow
and grow until it fills his whole being.

114 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

A busy hallway suddenly becomes quiet when it hears an
enormous bellow.

JACK (O.S.)

YES!! YES!!

115 INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

JACK

(laughing with glee)

I'm gonna still be a doctor!

I'm gonna still be a doctor!

I'm gonna still be a doctor!

Yes!!!!

And Jack absolutely howls in ecstasy. He starts to dance
around. He grabs one of the stuffy board members and starts
to waltz him around the room to the stunned amazement of the
board. He sings at the top of his lungs.

JACK

I'm gonna still be a doctor!

I'm gonna still be a doctor!!

Overjoyed Jack runs over and starts to shake board members' hands and hug them. He comes upon Armbruster. The frozen smile falls from Armbruster's face.

JACK

Oh thank you. sir. Thank you.
I don't know how I can ever
repay you.

And Jack laughs out loud and starts to hug the rest of the stunned people. He comes to Trigger. He affectionately tousles his hair and gives him a hug. Trigger looks worried.

JACK

You're a good kid.

He continues down the line. He comes to a stunned Hal.

JACK

Hal! Hal! Congratulations.
you're gonna make a wonderful
chief of staff. Just wonderful.
(poking a finger into
Hal's chest)

But first we're gonna have to
talk about Mercy General's policy
on indigent care 'cause I think
it sucks!

HAL

But, but Jack. The insurance...

JACK

Screw the insurance!! This is
a hospital not a bank. And you'd
better learn that quick or I
promise you Larkin and I will
make each and every day of your
life a living hell. Right Amy?

AMY

(smiling)

You know it Jack.

And Jack cackles maniacally. He turns to his son and gives him the biggest hug of all.

CHRIS

Dad, dad. I thought you wanted
to be chief of staff.

JACK

Oh I did. I did. But who wants to be some fat old slob who just sits around telling people how to live their lives.

(off Armbruster hearing)

I tried that with you and I was a horrible failure. I mean the idea of me being chief of staff is as ridiculous as...as...

(thinking)

as you going to medical school!

The two laugh and hug again. Finally they break. Jack, somewhat calmer now, turns to the stunned board.

JACK

And now gentlemen, if you'll excuse me, my son and I have some celebrating to do.

(turning to Chris)

Tell you what son. I'm even going to let you drive my car home.

TRIGGER

I think I'll grab a cab.

CHRIS

(hesitantly)

Am dad about your car...

FREEZE FRAME AND OUT