

BOSTONIAN DOCTOR

Written by

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INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

The waiting room is filled with people with various illnesses and injuries and people perturbed because, honestly, there's no good reason they're there.

After the camera pans the room it gets to the door where it sees a well dressed man, RICHARD MANLY.

RICHARD

You've no doubt seen countless medical shows set in the fine city of Boston, Massachusetts. From the ground breaking Saint Elsewhere to (Richard ponders) and a couple of really excellent episodes of Cheers. Even the (air quotes) documentary series, Boston Med didn't quite capture the spirit of doctors from Boston.

Richard turns. The shot is the reverse angle.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Richard Manly. I'm a well respected Hollywood producer of fine unscripted programming such as, "Hey! I'm Working Down Here!" About people who work in man holes. "Here's Your Stuff!" The award winning show that followed the lives of people who put the white stuff in Oreos. And the show I'm most proud of, "Happy To Make Your Acquaintance!" A humanitarian award winning program about the daily meet and greet in an Alzheimer ward.

Richard walks out of the shot.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Richard walks down hall.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
But this time I wanted it to be  
even more real. If that's at all  
possible. Being a native Bostonian  
I knew people should see how a real  
doctor from Boston operates.

Richard stops in front of another door.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
If you'll pardon the pun. So I'm  
going to take you inside where  
you'll meet a real doctor from  
Boston.

DR. SULLIVAN (V.O.)  
Get the fuck outta my way ya jag  
off.

DR. SULLIVAN slides past Richard.

DR. SULLIVAN  
I fuckin' told ya an ya crew better  
not get in my fuckin' way.

Dr. Sullivan walks down the hall.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
I swear to Christ I'll bust someone  
in the mouth if they do.

RICHARD  
As you can see, with Doctor  
Sullivan we have ourselves a real  
Bostonian Doctor.

Bumper superimposed reads: Bostonian Doctor.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Let's go see how the shit really  
goes down.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

People are in the waiting room as Dr. Sullivan walks in.

DR. SULLIVAN  
Who's the next sick bastard to bust  
my balls?

A guy, BOB, with his head tilted to the side stands up.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
What the fucks wrong with you? You  
look like that stupid dog with his  
head cocked listening to that old  
time record player.

Dr. Sullivan looks around the room. No one knows what he's  
talking about. He can't believe it. He cocks his head and  
raises his hands to the side of his face to mimic a cone.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
You know. The fuckin' dog and the  
thing on the record player that  
looks like one of them old  
fashioned hearing aids.

Nothing.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
You know! His masters voice was the  
slogan.

Nothing. He drops his hands in disgust then looks into the  
camera.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
That's why I hate this fucking  
place. Everybody around here is a  
dumb shit.

Dr. Sullivan turns to exit.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
Let's go, chucklehead.

Bob trails behind.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bob quickly catches up with Dr. Sullivan who's standing in  
the hallway with his arms folded. Bob stutters to a stop so  
he doesn't crash into him.

DR. SULLIVAN  
What where ya goin'. What are you?  
A tard?

Bob stands there. Head still cocked.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
So what's your problem?

BOB  
My ears fucked up. What are ya?  
Blind.

DR. SULLIVAN  
Don't mouth off to me, ya little  
prick. I'll stick a catheter so far  
up your little prick it'll collect  
snot.

Dr. Sullivan points to a couple of chairs.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
Sit down before I knock ya down.

They sit down.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
So what the fuck happened?

BOB  
I was at this rippa on Dot Ave. . .

DR. SULLIVAN  
. . .I grew up off Dot Ave.

BOB  
Pissa. Where?

DR. SULLIVAN  
Charles.

BOB  
Oh yeah? I went to school on that  
street.

DR. SULLIVAN  
You couldn'ta gone long. You look  
like a stupid fuck.

BOB  
Keep that jaw waggin', ya douche,  
and I'll take you out right here.

DR. SULLIVAN  
And you'd still be a dumb ass with  
something wrong with his ear. Can  
you just tell me what happened?

BOB  
So I'm sittin' there, kicking back,  
tossing a few, watching the Sox...

DR. SULLIVAN  
. . .is this going to take long?  
I've only got another forty, fifty  
years on the planet but I swear, if  
you keep going on with the jag off  
story I'll kill myself here.

Bob, unperturbed, continues.

BOB  
So I'm watching the Sox and that  
nut sack, Sully Mac. . .

DR. SULLIVAN  
. . .the Townie?

BOB  
Yeah.

DR. SULLIVAN  
Sewed that whack jobs ear back on  
last summer.

BOB  
So, ya know him. Wicked  
mouthbreather. He comes in with  
this fucking hoodsie. Tammy, his  
ex, almost shits. So I don't give a  
fuck it's not my fucking life. But  
that asshole comes up behind me and  
sticks something in my ear.

Dr. Sullivan nods looking at his ear.

BOB (CONT'D)  
At first I think it's his bogger  
picking finger so I freak the fuck  
out.

Bob jumps up.

BOB (CONT'D)  
So I jump up and touch my ear and  
feel something in it.

DR. SULLIVAN  
Aw, fuck. It wasn't a bogger, was  
it?

BOB  
No. It was a fucking peanut.

Bob sits back down. Dr. Sullivan lifts his head.

DR. SULLIVAN  
 Yep, it's a Planter's.

Dr. Sullivan releases Bob's head.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
 And I see you tried to get it out  
 yourself.

BOB  
 Yeah.

Bob pulls a awl out of his pocket.

BOB (CONT'D)  
 I figured I'd use this.

DR. SULLIVAN  
 You just happened to have a fucking  
 awl with you.

BOB  
 I carry it all the time.

Bob makes stabbing motions.

BOB (CONT'D)  
 Ya never know what shits gonna get  
 real.

Dr. Sullivan takes the awl from Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)  
 So I'm jumping around, that dirt  
 bag Sully Mac is laughing his  
 fuckin' head off. If I wasn't so  
 freaked out I wouldn't kicked his  
 ass right then and there.

DR. SULLIVAN  
 But instead you stuck a fuckin' awl  
 in your ear?

BOB  
 Yeah!

Bob says thinking that was a perfect idea. He can see from  
 Dr. Sullivan's expression it wasn't. So now Bob needs to  
 defend his actions.

BOB (CONT'D)  
It's a small fucking tip. I figured  
it would slide in there, grab that  
fuckin' thing and that would be the  
end of it.

Dr. Sullivan grabs Bob's head. Leans it up, looks closer and  
closer and closer before putting his mouth on Bob's ear and  
sucking.

SND FX: Sucking sound.

Dr. Sullivan pulls his head away and spits out a peanut. He  
looks at Bob, shakes his head then stands up.

DR. SULLIVAN  
Get outta here.

Bob looks up at him as if he's going to make a break for it.

BOB  
Ain't ya gonna take me to a room  
and check me out?

DR. SULLIVAN  
Your a moron but you're okay. The  
peanuts gone.

BOB STILL SITS THERE UNSURE. DR. SULLIVAN LEANS OVER HIM.

DR. SULLIVAN  
Listen, ya little scum bag, I know  
you don't have insurance so I'm not  
going to log another fuckin' hour  
in this dump doing paperwork for  
some little tool who's never going  
to pay anyway.

Dr. Sullivan steps back and points to a door.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
Get your ass outta here.

Bob gets up and hurries out.

BOB  
Thanks doc. You're the shit.

Bob exits as Dr. Sullivan steps back into the waiting room.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Sullivan stands at the door.

DR. SULLIVAN  
Which of you whiny bastards is  
next?

A gentleman in pastel clothing, RANDOLPH, pushes his way to Dr. Sullivan who leans back to check him out.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
Dude! What the fuck? Ya mother  
still dressing you or what?

Randolph is unperturbed.

RANDOLPH  
I must get seen immediately. It's a  
matter of life or death.

DR. SULLIVAN  
You don't look all banged up to me.  
Seriously, who sent you here? Did  
Tony send you to bust my balls?

RANDOLPH  
Trust me, sir, I know no one named  
Tony and I am in intense pain.

More out of curiosity, Dr. Sullivan decides to hear him out.

DR. SULLIVAN  
Tell the doctor what happened.

RANDOLPH  
Well, it was a very nice afternoon  
at the club. We were sipping mimosa  
while playing croquet when. . .

DR. SULLIVAN  
. . .wait just a cocksuckin'  
minute.

RANDOLPH  
I beg your pardon.

DR. SULLIVAN  
You'll have to be me not to put you  
in a body back, ya twee fuck, if ya  
don't shut the fuck up.

Randolph stands there battered but not broken.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
You're telling me you have a  
croquet injury?

Randolph nods happily not that the doctor understands the  
seriousness of this matter.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
That's the game where you whack a  
ball through some sticks. . .

BOB  
. . .it's called a wicket.

DR. SULLIVAN  
I don't care if it's called your  
mother twat. It's a stupid fucking  
game and you deserve a beatin' for  
getting hurt playing that stupid  
game. Get the fuck outta here.

Dr. Sullivan walks past an utterly shocked Randolph.

RANDOLPH  
Well, I never.

DR. SULLIVAN  
Maybe if you did once in a while  
you wouldn't be such a tight ass.

RANDOLPH  
Well, I'll have you know. . .

DR. SULLIVAN  
. . .yeah, yeah, yeah. You know my  
bosses bosses bosses bosses gay  
dog.

Dr. Sullivan stands very close to Randolph.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
Blow it out your ass, ya fuckwad.  
You think I want to use my God. . .  
(blesses self)  
. . .given talent treating some  
Brahmin fucktard?

RANDOLPH  
Well, I'll have your job.

DR. SULLIVAN  
Fuckin' take it. You think I like  
being around these assholes all  
day?

Dr. Sullivan looks at the people waiting.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
No offense.

The crowd waves him off like it's not a problem.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
Sniff this.

Dr. Sullivan says putting finger under Randolph's nose. He blanches.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
I had to jam a prolapsed uterus  
back into some old bags twat this  
morning.

Randolph can't get out of the room quick enough.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
All right, maggots, whose next to  
brighten my fuckin' day?

The camera pans behind Dr. Sullivan revealing Richard.

RICHARD  
I told you you were in for the real  
deal. I'm Richard Manly and this  
has been Bostonian Doctor. Tune in  
next time for another griping and  
gritty episode.

Credits roll over Richard.

FADE TO BLACK.