

MALPHEUS

FADE UP ON:

INTERIOR - SURGEONS' LOUNGE as JERRY, wearing surgical scrubs, ENTERS, crosses to a chair and drops down into it burying his face behind the Wall Street Journal.

DOORWAY as VINCE, the hospital director, bursts into the lounge.

VINCE

(angry)
Jerry! Is that you!

JERRY

(lowers paper)
The director of our hallowed temple of healing seems upset.
(raises paper)

VINCE

You just did the Bartholomew leg amputation! Mr. Jeffrey Bartholomew!

JERRY

Fast and clean.

VINCE

Glad to hear it. There's only one problem.

JERRY

You're right. IBM is down five and an eighth.

VINCE

Mr. Bartholomew wasn't Mr. Bartholomew.
Mr. Bartholomew was Mrs. Sartowski!
Gladys Sartowski! Some idiot switched the charts!

JERRY

It's hard to get good help these days, Vince.

VINCE

She was scheduled for a hysterectomy, and you cut her leg off!

JERRY

That explains it.

VINCE

Explains what, for Christ's sake!

JERRY

(lowers paper)
Why Mr. Bartholomew had ruby-red toenail polish.

(raises paper)

VINCE

God damn it, Jerry! The feces are about to hit the fan around here!

JERRY

Like some advice?

VINCE

What!

JERRY

Pop a Prozac...
(lowers paper)
...and pick up 300 shares of Louisville Electric and Gas.
(raises paper)

VINCE

Shit! You're a big fucking help! She can sue us for millions! Millions!

JERRY

Fat chance. There are Red Cross first-aid stations with more insurance than this meat locker has.

VINCE

You better make damn sure your malpractice insurance is paid up!

JERRY

Christ! Pork belly futures are on a roll!

VINCE

Ass hole! That's a big help!

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JERRY

(lowering paper)
Temper, temper. What about our microsurgery team? Maybe they can sew it back on.
(raises paper)

VINCE

Jesus! I never thought of that!

He rushes to phone and punches in an extension.

Pathology? This is Dr. Herman. Have you got a leg down there? (PAUSE) Yes! A leg! A leg! With red toenail polish!

JERRY

(lowers paper)
Ruby red, Vince.

(raises paper)

VINCE

(still on phone)

Herman! Herman! Dr. Vincent Herman! I'm the hospital director, you clod! Have you got the leg or not! (PAUSE) Okay! Okay! Good! Get it back up to the surgical suite! Stat! (PAUSE) Don't you give me any of that "Dr. Frankenstein" shit, you wise ass! I'll have your job! You hear me! Just get that leg up here! Use the emergency elevator! Move!

Slams down the phone, but it rings and he picks it up

What! (PAUSE, SUDDENLY RESTRAINED)) Now, just wait a minute Harry. I can explain everything. Yes. Well, charts got mixed up. It happens. Yes, switched. (PAUSE) Now c'mon, Harry! That's not called for, here. I've got enough problems without that! That's not very funny!

(slams down phone)

Shit! That was Harry Olmstead. Obstetrics. He says he's got a woman on the table with the biggest pair of balls he's ever seen! The bastard said we should call the Guinness Book of Records!

JERRY

Did he get the uterus out?

VINCE

(leaving)

Swine!

JERRY

(lowering paper)

C'mon, Vince. Don't go away mad. Everybody makes a mistake now and then.

VINCE

(turns and sticks his index finger up)
Suck on this, you incompetent prick! I'll have your license!
(exits)

Jerry runs to the door and yells down the hall

JERRY

What about the time you left your contact lens in that gall bladder case!

Mumbling as he crosses to the phone

Bloody hospital directors. No sense of humor.

(dials a number)

Hi, honey. (PAUSE) I'm fine. How're the kids? (PAUSE) Oh, you know... Just another routine day, nothing special.

Listen, Marge, do me a favor. Go online and close out our E-trade positions. (PAUSE) Right. The whole portfolio. And have them send us a check. (PAUSE) Please, sweetheart, not now. Okay? All will be explained, later. I promise. Okay? Good. You know something? I was thinking about a vacation. You bet. The whole family. Sure. All of us. We're overdue. Right? (PAUSE) Well, how about Bolivia? (PAUSE) Yes, Bolivia. (PAUSE) Why? Well, they don't have an extradition treaty with the U.S. (PAUSE) Kiss, kiss, honey. See you soon.