

"TWENTY GOOD YEARS"
FIRST DRAFT

"Pilot"

14.

SC. 1/1

M/M
C

Marty + JOHN

MARTY

SCENE C

INT. JOHN'S CONSULTING ROOM- DAY

JOHN, STILL IN HIS SCRUBS, ENTERS, TALKING OVER HIS SHOULDER TO HIS SURGICAL STAFF.

JOHN

Did you notice I stitched him with my left hand? I do that sometimes to make it harder.

WIDEN TO SEE A SMALL GROUP OF HOSPITAL STAFF GATHERED AROUND JOHN'S DESK. ONE OF THEM HOLDS A SMALL CAKE.

ALL

Surprise!

JOHN

Oh my goodness. I did not expect this. Who has plates? Let's set gifts on the credenza.

THE HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR, MARTY, APPROACHES. MARTY IS AN EARNEST BUT HUMORLESS MAN.

START

MARTY

Congratulations, John.

JOHN

Hello, Marty. Look at you, away from your desk. What's wrong -- have I been recklessly consuming cotton swabs?

JOHN LAUGHS APPRECIATIVELY AT HIS OWN WIT.

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MARTY

(DEADPAN) That's very, very funny.

(THEN) John, for nearly thirty years,
you've been one of the best surgeons
Chelsea General has ever boasted.

JOHN

Awkward use of "boasted," but go on.

MARTY

So, here. And thank you.

HE HANDS JOHN A GOLF PUTTER TIED WITH A BIG RIBBON.

JOHN

A golf putter?

MARTY

Read the engraving.

JOHN PEERS AT THE BASE OF THE CLUB.

JOHN

"To a real operator."

MARTY

It's a pun.

JOHN

Almost.

MARTY

Anyway, you should get out there and
play. Now that you have time.

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JOHN

Why would I have time? (REALIZING) This
is a retirement gift.

MARTY

Come on, John. Don't play dumb.
You're sixty.

JOHN

So?

MARTY

So, you go to half-time for two years,
then you retire. You know the drill.

JOHN

But I'm Dr. John Mason. The drill
doesn't apply to me. I'm at the height
of my powers. What kind of lame-ass
birthday party is this?

~~ANNETTE~~

~~(SINGING) Happy --~~

~~JOHN~~

~~Oh, shut up.~~

JOHN'S ANGER IS TINGED WITH A HINT OF FEAR.

JOHN (CONT'D)

How can you do this to me? I've
dedicated my life to this hospital.

(MORE)

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JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm not some insurance salesman you can
push out the door. I save lives! It's
what I do!

MARTY

We know that, John. But this is standard
policy.

JOHN

You traitor. I fixed your Achilles
tendon. And by god, I can unfix it!

MARTY

Maybe you need some time with this.

EVERYONE HURRIES OUT OF THE ROOM.

END

JOHN

(CALLING AFTER) You can run because of
me! Not that you ever do. I mean, look
at you!

JOHN SAGS INTO HIS CHAIR. A BEAT. THE NURSE RE-ENTERS

ANNETTE

John...

JOHN

Please, Annette. I don't want your pity.

ANNETTE CONSIDERS SAYING MORE, THEN TURNS TO EXIT.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Although a shoulder rub would be nice.

OFF HER EXASPERATED REACTION, WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

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