

DOCTOR FINGERS

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

INT. CALL CENTER - DAY

Hundreds of call center agents work at their stations in a massive open room. Their voices -- a cacophony of humming -- make for a frenzied atmosphere.

AT A GRAY CUBICLE

One of these automatons, a chipper looking BEN CARTER (35) sits upright in his chair.

BEN
Thank you for contacting RC
Printers. My name is Ben. How may I
be of service?
(listening)
I can certainly help you with that.

ELSEWHERE IN THE CALL CENTER

The keepers of these automatons -- the "managers" -- mill about the floor and provide occasional guidance to them.

ON THE WALL OF HEROES

LYLE -- Ben's manager -- attaches photos of good and faithful automatons.

BACK AT BEN'S CUBICLE

Ben watches in hopeful anticipation. Lyle proudly places a photo of a goofy looking guy next to a sign labeled "BEST STATS".

BEN
(to himself)
Frank? How did he get up there? My
stats were every bit as good as
his.

INT. BEN'S CUBICLE - LATER

Ben troubleshoots with a customer. Ben checks a large digital clock on a desk shelve -- it reads 9:30.

BEN

This is a strange one, Mr. Lambert.
We've tried everything on my
troubleshooting checklist. There is
paper in the printer, correct?

(listening, proudly)

No? Well that's what I'm here for.

The clock reads 10:50.

BEN (CONT'D)

Can I just say that I love your
accent. Where are you from?
Australia -- nice. No, I've never
been to Australia. Maybe one day.

The clock reads 11:30.

BEN (CONT'D)

Unfortunately my database does show
that your product is three days
outside warranty...

INT. BEN'S CUBICLE - DAY

Ben eats a sandwich alone at his desk. Drinks a can of pop
through a straw.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Ben sits in on a new product training class. An INSTRUCTOR
dryly points out several features on a new printer model.

INSTRUCTOR

The SPX 1500 comes with a standard
USB connection and Cobra printing
system. And like the previous model
it too features an equally
unreliable two-sided printing
accessory...

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Ben stands in front of a vending machine weighing his junk
food options. The massive cafeteria is quiet and empty.

INT. BEN'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

A fatigued Ben is back on the phones and completely devoid of
enthusiasm. The clock reads 6:04.

BEN

That's right ma'am, just drag the arrow to the top right corner of the screen and click on the "x". That will close your window.
(patiently waiting)
How do you move the arrow around?

INT. BEN'S CUBICLE - LATER

Ben lays his head on the desk, exhausted.

BEN

So you're saying ants crawled into your printer after a tree limb crashed through the window during a storm... and that's how the printer got doused in RAID?

INT. BEN'S CUBICLE - LATER STILL

Ben gets ready to head home. Lyle walks up to Ben's cubicle and stares coldly at him.

LYLE

What do you think you're doing?

BEN

I'm punching out for the day.

LYLE

It's not eight o'clock yet.

Ben checks the clock. It reads 7:58.

BEN

But it's two minutes to.

LYLE

Exactly -- two minutes. Two minutes we're paying you to work. Two minutes that negatively effect our team stats. Now get back on the phone, Mr. Carter.

Ben reluctantly puts on his headset. Lyle walks away.

BEN

Apparently not the last call of the day.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CARTER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ben flops into a rustic, well used recliner. A woman's voice calls out from the kitchen.

MARGARET (O.S.)
Is that you hun? You're home late.

Ben grunts in acknowledgement. MARGARET CARTER(30) enters and hands Ben a frozen dinner.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Andy just called. He'll be over in five minutes.

BEN
Shoot! I forgot all about squash tonight.

Margaret massages Ben's tense neck.

MARGARET
You must have had a rough day. It's not like you to forget Thursday night.

BEN
I abhor my job.

MARGARET
(half-heartedly)
Me too baby.

BEN
No, really. I actually hope some natural disaster befalls the call center. A tornado would be cool.

MARGARET
Ben that's horrible! At least it pays the rent.

Ben shoves an overloaded fork into his mouth. There's a knock at the door. Margaret opens it.

ANDY WILKINS (35) enters looking like he stepped straight out of the 1970s: sweatband, short shorts, tank top and sneakers.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Hey Andy. Nice duds.

ANDY
Thanks lady luck. Care to dance?

Margaret suspiciously extends her hand. Andy grabs it and pulls her close. He twirls her around and dips her backwards.

MARGARET

Andy! What has gotten into you?

ANDY

Just happy to be alive and jiving I guess. Plus I think the spirit that inhabits used clothing is still alive and well in these.

Andy spots Ben sulking in his chair.

ANDY (CONT'D)

What's with Mr. Happy Pants over there?

MARGARET

(sympathetically)

Baby had a hard day at work.

ANDY

Nothing a little cardio won't remedy. Let's go boy wonder. The woodymobile is ready to roll.

INT. ANDY'S WOODYMOBILE - NIGHT

Andy's at the wheel of his dilapidated wood-trimmed station wagon. Ben stares quietly out the window as they drive.

ANDY

Come on Ben. You know there's no moping allowed in the woodymobile.

Ben remains silent.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I thinks it's time you embraced the Andy Wilkins philosophy.

BEN

What's it this week?

ANDY

Work only when absolutely necessary. Or when the milk and Cheerios run out.

BEN

Unfortunately not all of us can afford to sleep in till noon.

ANDY

Well you're not at work now are you? So forget about it, and let's rock and roll!

Andy cranks the music. The car speeds off into the night.

INT. SQUASH COURT - NIGHT

Andy and Ben are pounding the court. They play fast, competitively.

BEN

Come on little sister. You can do better than that.

ANDY

Oh, are we playing? I thought this was the warm up.

Andy hits the ball aggressively.

BEN

You're moving a little slower these days champ. How's the bad knee treating you?

ANDY

You tell me!

Andy smacks it hard. Ben sprawls for the ball and returns it with an ugly backhand. He trips up and falls hard.

BEN

(painfully)
My finger! Shit, I think it's broken.

ANDY

Ah, it can't be that bad... you're still conscious. Let me see.

Ben's index finger is badly dislocated, pointing off at an odd angle.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Yuck! That's some nasty shit. However, I think I can fix it.

Ben protectively shields his hand.

BEN

Don't you dare touch it Andy!

ANDY

Relax buddy. I've done this plenty of times.

BEN

Wow. I haven't heard that before. You mean like the time you fired my dad's shotgun in the house?

ANDY

Who could've known the thing was loaded? Besides, nobody was fond of Buddy the budgie anyway.

(looking over Ben's shoulder)

Look -- Margaret's here.

Ben turns to look for Margaret. Andy grabs Ben's hand.

ANDY (CONT'D)

This isn't going to hurt a bit.

BEN

What?

Andy cranks the finger. Ben screams bloody murder.

BEN (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

The finger is still dislocated, now bent in a different direction. Ben's beside himself in pain.

BEN (CONT'D)

You haven't got a clue what you're doing, do you? Yanking on it like a fucking Neanderthal.

ANDY

Hey don't blame me. It worked on an ER rerun I saw a few days ago.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Ben and Andy sit a couple seats apart. Ben broods. Pretty NURSE HARRINGTON makes eyes at Andy. He smiles back.

ANDY

Check out the hot nurse. I think the wounded warrior thing is working to our advantage.

BEN
I'm not talking to you.

ANDY
Come on man, it was an accident.
We'll get you all patched up and
back to new in no time.

A MEAN LOOKING HEAD NURSE with a clipboard calls out.

HEAD NURSE
Carter? Follow me.

Ben and Andy follow her into...

TRIAGE ROOM

The head nurse points to a examining table.

HEAD NURSE
Wait here.

Andy watches her exit.

ANDY
How would you like to be the guy
waking up to that every morning?

Ben gives a barely perceptible grin, then plays angry.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I saw that smile.

Nurse Harrington enters the room. She retrieves a thermometer
from her breast pocket and sticks it in Ben's mouth.

NURSE HARRINGTON
We'll keep it there for a minute.

ANDY
Can I get one of those too?

NURSE HARRINGTON
Are you a patient here, mister...?

ANDY
Wilkins. Andy Wilkins. Nurse...?

NURSE HARRINGTON
Harrington.

ANDY

No I'm just here supporting my best friend in his hour of need.

NURSE HARRINGTON

That's so sweet.

ANDY

Yeah, Ben and I are bosom buddies. Literally. His mom breast fed me once.

Ben shakes his head in embarrassment.

BEN

Why do always bring that up?

ANDY

Because that was a bonding thing between us, you know, drawing nourishment from the same source.

Ben winces in disgust.

NURSE HARRINGTON

Well breast feeding is the best start you can give a baby.

BEN

(thermometer in mouth)
I'd hate to breakup this lovely conversation regarding my mothers lactating mammaries -- but when do I get to see a doctor? I'm dying here.

NURSE HARRINGTON

I'll go see where Dr. Macdonald is.

Andy watches her leave. He rests his head against the wall and closes his eyes. Breathes deep.

ANDY

You smell that? That's the aroma of love.

BEN

Smells sterile.

ANDY

That's because you've been married too long.

(then)

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

You have to admit, she has quite the body on her.

BEN

That's nice. I'm in shock and you're undressing my nurse in your head.

DR. MACDONALD enters carrying Ben's x-rays.

DR. MACDONALD

Well Mr. Carter, the good news is that the X-rays show no broken bones -- just a seriously dislocated index finger. The ligaments and tendons are severely stretched and will take several weeks to heal. What is it you do for a living Ben?

Ben winces at the question.

BEN

I work at a call center.

DR. MACDONALD

Well it goes without saying that you're going to have to take a few days off from work.

(then)

Okay, it will only take a second to reduce the dislocation.

Dr. Macdonald takes Ben's finger and sets it. Darkness. A scream.

INT. BEDROOM - CARTER APARTMENT - DAY

Ben wakes up in bed alone. Margaret is dressed and hastily puts in a pair of earrings.

MARGARET

I'm late for work. Sorry, I didn't get a chance to make breakfast. You take it easy with that hand of yours, okay?

She leans over the bed and gives him a kiss.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I love you.

BEN
Love you too.

Margaret exits. Ben stares at his bandaged hand.

INT. BEDROOM - CARTER APARTMENT - LATER

With one good hand, Ben awkwardly tries to button and tuck in his shirt. Attempts to thread a belt. Attempts to lace shoes.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ben carefully raises a spoonful of cereal to his mouth, only to clumsily spill some on his shirt and pants.

INT. BEN'S CAR - DAY

Ben, wearing a clean shirt and pants, sits in his car. Goes for his keys. Realizes they're in his right pant pocket. He awkwardly reaches over and retrieves them, then struggles to place them into the ignition.

INT. BEN'S CAR - DAY

Ben drives downtown. At a stoplight he notices a somber looking old couple in the car next to him.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Ben browses the fruit isle. He examines and squeezes various fruit, all of which are unripened and rock hard.

He realizes he's surrounded by old folks. To his right, an old guy hooked up to a mobile oxygen tank bags some oranges.

To his left, a woman in an electric wheelchair talks to herself.

Ben turns to leave and nearly walks into a BITTER OLD HAG with a cane.

BITTER OLD HAG
Watch where you're going you
handicap!

BEN
I'm sorry --

Ben turns to leave, shaking his head in disbelief.

BITTER OLD HAG

Retard!

INT. APARTMENT UNDERGROUND PARKING - DAY

Ben unloads the groceries from his car. On the way to the apartment elevator he trips on a mat, straining his back. A nearby senior helps him to his feet and into the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

A sad song plays as the elevator ascends. Ben looks as if he's aged 35 years. AN OLD LADY AND MAN soberly reminisce.

OLD LADY

Did you hear Mildred in three-oh-two dropped dead yesterday?

OLD MAN

Really? That's too bad.

OLD LADY

Heart attack.

Pause.

OLD MAN

Guess there's going to be another empty chair at Bingo tonight.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Ben exits the elevator and limps slowly down the hallway. One of the grocery bags breaks open and dumps it's contents.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CARTER APARTMENT - DAY

Ben slouches in his recliner. The room is darkened, drapes pulled shut. He watches a documentary featuring General MacArthur's 1951 farewell address to Congress.

GENERAL MACARTHUR (TV)

...I still remember the refrain of one of the most popular barrack ballads of that day which proclaimed most proudly that "old soldiers never die;

(MORE)

GENERAL MACARTHUR (TV) (CONT'D)
they just fade away." And like the
old soldier of that ballad, I now
close my military career and just
fade away...

Margaret enters the apartment. She sets down her briefcase
and hangs up her jacket -- all while observing a morose Ben.

MARGARET
This is depressing. Who died?

Ben takes a swig of his beer.

BEN
Mildred in three-oh-two.

Margaret pauses a moment trying to gauge Ben's angle.

MARGARET
You're serious? That sweet old lady
at the end of the hall?

BEN
Yep.

MARGARET
Really? You're taking this hard.

Ben awkwardly opens another beer.

BEN
I had a revelation today.

MARGARET
I'm afraid to ask.

BEN
I saw how sad and pathetic it is to
grow old. That, and the fact I
haven't done anything worthwhile
with my life.

MARGARET
Not that marrying me would be high
on your list of accomplishments.

BEN
Well besides you.

Margaret walks into the...

KITCHEN

...and begins to prepare supper. Ben follows her like a lonely puppy.

BEN (CONT'D)

All my friends became cops or commercial pilots or businessmen -- but not me. No, I skipped straight through to the part where I became a senior citizen.

MARGARET

You're not a senior Ben.

BEN

No? Explain then how I'm on the phone all day with these people, or how I live in an apartment building with them or why I do a ten o'clock in the morning grocery shopping routine?

MARGARET

Alright Ben, you're a senior. But you forgot the impotence thing.

BEN

That's great Margaret. Pour some salt on the wound.

MARGARET

Oh come on Ben. You're being a tad bit overdramatic don't you think? Your finger will heal.

BEN

It's not about the finger. It's about nearly everything else.

Margaret doesn't get it. Her expression says so.

BEN (CONT'D)

My life sucks.

MARGARET

So change it. Go back to school, get a trade or something. You know my father is willing to pay the tuition.

BEN

Why? So I can go from one crappy job to the next? No thanks.

MARGARET

Well all I'm saying is that you
have to keep your options open Ben.

BEN

I honestly can't tell you what's
happened to the last fifteen years.
I have no memory of it -- like I
just woke up this morning and
realized I was here, wearing these
clothes and married to this woman.

Margaret notices Ben gasping for breath.

MARGARET

Ben, what's wrong?

BEN

I think it's PTSD.

Margaret wraps a comforting arm around Ben.

MARGARET

Don't worry hun. Things will come
together for you soon enough.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Ben sits on the examining table paper. DR. REYNOLDS takes a
quick peek at Ben's medical file.

DR. REYNOLDS

I bet you'll be happy to get that
hand back, huh?

BEN

Tell me about it. I haven't been
able to write anything legible for
the last week. Maybe I should
become a doctor, huh?

Dr. Reynolds is not amused by the comment.

BEN (CONT'D)

You know, the whole doctor messy
writing stereotype...
(off the doctor)
...yeah, not funny.

Dr. Reynolds removes Ben's splint. He examines Ben's hand,
moving the fingers through various positions.

DR. REYNOLDS
Any pain or discomfort?

BEN
None.

DR. REYNOLDS
(amazed)
I've never seen this level of articulation from anyone who's had a trauma like yours.

BEN
Is there something wrong?

DR. REYNOLDS
Quite the contrary. Your hand is in exceptionally good shape.

INT. BEDROOM - CARTER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Margaret and Ben lay in bed. Her head rests on his chest. She holds his hand and examines it.

MARGARET
I've always loved your hands. So slender and feminine.

BEN
You know, deep down that's what every man wants to be told.

MARGARET
I didn't mean it like that Ben. Not womanly. Artistic. You have the hands of an artist. I only hope our children get your genetics.

They lay in silence a moment.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
I want a baby, Ben.

Ben's caught off guard.

BEN
Wow. Really? Right now? Don't you think -- I mean we haven't even bought a house.

MARGARET
Everything inside me is saying it's time.

She looks passionately into his eyes. She's sincere.

BEN

Okay.

MARGARET

Really?

Margaret let's out an excited shrill. They kiss.

BEN

Just give me a second.

Ben jumps out of bed and dances in his underwear.

MARGARET

What are you doing?

BEN

I heard dancing increases your
fertility. Gets the blood flowing
to all the right places.

She laughs as he attempts his best male stripper moves.

BEN (CONT'D)

(self-consciously)

What are you thinking?

MARGARET

I was just thinking how much I love
you.

BEN

I'm thinking of an Euro-trash
techno beat, with an Indian girl
screaming out.

Ben sings out a snippet of his imaginary song, then jumps in bed with Margaret. She squeals with delight as his hands dive under the covers.

BEN (CONT'D)

Look! Mr. Fingers is all healed up.
Mr. Fingers wants to explore the
wild jungle.

Ben begins his finger foreplay. Margaret reacts with ecstatic disbelief.

MARGARET

Oh Ben! This is so good!

EXT. CARTER APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Margaret's pleasure is audible through the building's walls.

INT. GYM SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Andy treads water wearing goggles, swimming cap and nose plugs. Ben swims laps.

ANDY
How's the hand Ben?

BEN
Fantastic.

ANDY
See buddy! I knew you'd be fine.

BEN
You have no idea! The other night
Margaret and I were making love
when...

ANDY
Whoa! Gotta stop you there Don
Juan. You can't say "we were
making love". Only a chick says
that.

BEN
Whatever. So I started with a
little of this...

Ben raises a hand above the water and fingers the air.

BEN (CONT'D)
... And I'm telling you Andy, it
was like I had someone else's
fingers.

ANDY
Really worked the magic did you?
You should patent the technique.
You'd make millions.

BEN
I'm pretty sure you can't patent
that kind of thing.

ANDY
Reminds me of a TV special I saw
about this thing called female
hysteria.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

Apparently for the last few centuries chicks were going all neurotic and stuff. Doctors thought the only way to cure them was to give them the old rub down south, you know, finger them.

BEN

Really?

INT. HOT TUB - CONTINUOUS

Ben and Andy sit opposite TWO ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMEN.

ANDY

Apparently physicians were busy twenty four seven until one of them smartened up and invented the vibrator.

BEN

Wow -- I did not know that.

ANDY

(re: the hot tub girls)
You take the one on the left.

BEN

Andy --

ANDY

Right... the married thing. I suppose I'll have to go in alone.
(to the women)
Ladies...

Andy rises to make his move. Just then, BERNIE -- a large muscular black man -- slips into the tub between the ladies, an arm around each. Thwarted, Andy pretends to stretch.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Learned this one from a Yogi in India. Promotes the release of plastics stored in the body.

INT. CHANGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ben changes, awkwardly shielding himself with a tiny towel. Andy is completely nude.

ANDY

Eventually the whole hysteria thing was pretty much debunked, but doctors made a mint from jacking off these women.

BEN

How do you do that?

ANDY

Do what?

BEN

The whole naked thing. You look way too comfortable like that.

ANDY

Just proud of my manhood I suppose. Some quasi public nudity might do you some good Ben. Help you overcome the fear of people seeing your small penis. Give me your towel.

BEN

No way. And it's not small. It's in proportion to the rest of my body.

ANDY

Seriously. Show that pecker the sunshine. You could probably use the vitamin D.

Bernie, drying himself with a towel, interjects.

BERNIE

Actually you can't get vitamin D from fluorescent lights. But I agree with your friend here. You should probably lose the towel, let the junk hang all out.

Bernie drops his towel. Ben and Andy stare in awe.

INT. BEN'S CUBICLE - DAY

Ben's back at work. He's on a call and completely inattentive.

BEN

Alright Mr. Peters. I'm going to put you on hold for just a moment...

Before he's finished speaking he's got the customer on hold.

BEN (CONT'D)

Okay -- female hysteria. Let's see what the all knowing Wikipedia has to say about this.

On his computer, Ben brings up a Wikipedia entry on female hysteria. He reads, wide eyed.

INT. CARTER APARTMENT - DAY

Ben walks through the door brimming with enthusiasm. He greets Margaret with a massive kiss.

MARGARET

Wow, you're chipper today.

BEN

Have you ever heard of female hysteria before?

MARGARET

No. It's not going around your work is it?

BEN

What? No, it's nothing like that.

MARGARET

If it is you need to be using that hand sanitizer I bought you.

BEN

So I was talking to Andy about us the other night and how amazing I was with the whole foreplay thing, and he mentions this show...

MARGARET

Wait one second. You talk to Andy about our sex life?

BEN

Yes, but...

MARGARET

No buts Ben. That's off limits, you know that. Besides, people don't look at you the same when that kind of information gets out there.

BEN

Okay. I'm sorry, alright? I won't say anything to Andy anymore.

Margaret gives Ben an "I'm deadly serious" look.

BEN (CONT'D)

(impatiently)

Now can I tell you my idea?

MARGARET

Fine.

INT. CARTER APARTMENT - LATER

Margaret -- perplexed -- stares at Ben.

MARGARET

Let's see if I got this. You want to finger women?

BEN

No! Well, yes -- kind of. It's not called fingering per se. More like therapeutic assuage.

MARGARET

Assuage?

BEN

(conceding)

For money.

MARGARET

So you finger women, and they pay you. Ben, tell me how this is any different from being a prostitute?

BEN

Well physicians have practised it for hundreds of years, so it can't be that morally suspect.

MARGARET

How about nipples Ben? What's your position on stimulating them?

BEN

Come on Margaret! You make it sound so sexual.

MARGARET

How can pleasuring a woman with your fingers not be?

BEN

It's just not the same. I can't tell you why.

MARGARET

Alright, well what if your mom showed up wanting your services. What then?

BEN

That wouldn't happen.

MARGARET

Why not? Maybe she has the hysteria. Maybe she needs some pelvic manipulation or whatever it is you call it.

BEN

Gross. Do you think gynecologists perform exams on their own mothers?

MARGARET

Okay. That's probably a bad example. But this is serious Ben. Have you considered the legality of it all? And how would you ever get financing to...

Ben embraces Margaret, melting her defenses.

BEN

Relax babe. I've got a contact at the bank. Just go with me on this, okay?

MARGARET

(relenting)

This is insane Ben. But okay.

BEN

Okay? You're with me on this?

(kissing her)

Thank you! I've got to call Andy.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Ben checks himself in the mirror. He takes a deep breath, adjusts his tie, and exits.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Ben's greeted at the door by TOM SMYTHE (35). Tom's quite overweight and nearly balded.

TOM
Benny boy! How have you been?

BEN
I'm good Tom. Thanks for asking.

INT. TOM'S CUBICLE - FIRST NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Ben takes a seat. On Tom's desk is a framed photo of a much younger, better looking version of Tom.

BEN
Is that picture from high school?

TOM
Football team QB. Wow, what's it been -- fifteen years?

BEN
Can you believe it?
(lying)
You haven't aged a bit.

TOM
(proudly)
What can I say? Got my mother's DNA. Now what can I do ya for, Ben?

BEN
Well I'm hoping you can get me a loan. My business plan.

Ben passes him a folder.

TOM
What line of work are you in?

BEN
See that's the tricky part. I like to define it as an unregulated service specializing in women's health issues.

TOM
Well the health care field is an ever expanding market.
(consulting the folder)
These are some impressive numbers.

BEN

The idea is to open a clinic to treat women for female hysteria.

TOM

Okay you've lost me. Female hysteria?

BEN

It's a relatively unknown health issue. It's treated through...
(working up the courage)
...pelvic massage until the patient reaches hysterical paroxysm.

Tom nods his head inquisitively.

TOM

Pelvic massage, huh?

Tom looks at Ben, approvingly.

TOM (CONT'D)

Are ee talking about a rub and tug here? You can be honest with ol' Tom.

BEN

Gross. No...

TOM

(saving face)
Yeah, tell me about it. Yuck.
(confidingly)
A Shiatsu massage parlour then? Get a little Asian bang-bang going on?

BEN

No. No bang-bang. Are you serious?

TOM

Absolutely not. Those houses of harlotry disgust me!

A customer walks past the office and gives them a dirty look.

TOM (CONT'D)

(changing gears)
And I take it you have qualifications in this area? A diploma or degree?

BEN
No, not really. I just broke my
finger.

Tom stares at his papers a moment.

TOM
Just between the two of us Ben, I'd
totally give you the loan. But I
couldn't get this kind of request
past my manager. Sorry buddy.
(enthusiastically)
But hey -- go Spartans!

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Ben exits, discouraged. Retrieves a piece of paper from his
pocket.

INSERT - PAPER WITH THE NAMES OF BANKS LISTED.

He crosses one off the list. He looks across the street.
Another bank.

BEN
I can do this.

Ben strides confidently across the street.

INT. BANK #2 - DAY

An uncomfortably long distance separates a seated Ben from
THE BANK LADY. She stares at him across an oversized desk.

BEN
...So that's basically it.

The bank lady lowers her glasses and stares coldly at Ben.

BANK LADY
Well Mr. Carter. I must say that
this is a first for me. Let me put
the answer to you this way --
(sternly)
Never.

INT. BANK #3 - DAY

Ben sits in front of A SKINNY PALE MALE BANKER.

SKINNY PALE MALE BANKER

No.

Ben is already off his seat having anticipated the response.

BEN

Okay then. It was nice to meet you.

INT. BANK #4 - DAY

At yet another bank. Ben sits with A PARANOID OLD BANKER.

OLD BANKER

I'm being recorded, aren't I? Are you with corporate? Because corporate has been trying to force me into early retirement and I'm not giving in!

BEN

(getting up to leave)
Thank you for your time sir.

OLD BANKER

Get rid of the old guy they say to themselves. Run lean.

Ben walks to the door disregarding the man's rant.

OLD BANKER (CONT'D)

You tell corporate I can't be bought! This man is not for sale!

INT. BANK #5- DAY

Ben sits in front of STANLEY, a stern looking black man.

STANLEY

Of course you've got the loan.

BEN

(disbelief)
Really? Oh man that is such a relief. You don't know how many banks...

Stanley's unable to contain his laughter any longer.

STANLEY

Are you kidding me? I wouldn't give you a loan if we were the last two people on earth and you needed it to buy water from me. You disgust me Mr. Carter. In fact just looking at you is making me nauseous. You're nothing but a gold digging pimp worming his way into the lives of weak willed women. The answer is no. Goodbye Mr. Carter.

Stanley returns to his paperwork. Ben stares dumbfounded, then slowly stands to leave.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

One more thing. If anyone gives you a loan, you call me back and I'll reconsider.

Ben's puzzled. A glimmer of hope.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Wait, no I won't.

Stanley laughs maniacally as a defeated Ben exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CARTER APARTMENT - DAY

Ben reclines in his lazy boy, beer in hand. Margaret dresses in the bedroom.

MARGARET (O.S.)

Well it's not like you weren't expecting to get turned down Ben.

BEN

Still. I figured they might give me something.

Margaret peeks out the bedroom.

MARGARET

We're going to my parents tonight for dinner. Maybe you should ask them for a loan.

BEN

Really? Wow, I can't see that blowing up in my face.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

You're Mom: "So Ben, what do you need the loan for?" Me: "Oh, you know, so I can start up a small business catering to the sexual needs of New York's female population."

MARGARET

You don't have to be specific Ben. Just tell them you have a business idea and you need a small loan to get started.

Margaret exits the bedroom and models a new dress.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Picked it up today, half price. How does it look?

BEN

You look stunning.

She sits in his lap.

MARGARET

So how about making me your first client, doctor?

He playfully runs a finger up her leg. She squeals with delight.

INT. MARGARET'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben and Margaret sit across the dinner table from MARGARET'S PARENTS, SUE and RON.

SUE

I'm so happy you guys could make it for dinner. We haven't seen you in months.

MARGARET

Sorry Mom, but with Ben's injury and my work schedule --

Sue places a reassuring hand on Margaret's shoulder.

SUE

No need to explain darling.

RON

So how's the technical support business treating you, Ben?

BEN

Not so good these days Ron. Since the economic slowdown people just haven't been buying printers. You figure they would still need to print stuff though, right? It's crazy really.

RON

Margaret says you're looking at a career change? What, like plumbing or something?

Ben is caught off guard by the question.

BEN

(choking on his food)

Actually, Ron, I'm thinking more along the lines of a clinic slash therapy type thingy.

SUE

Oh you're getting into medicine! Isn't that great Dad?

RON

That's fantastic news Ben.

BEN

Well actually it's more of a female... relief... helping women with their --

Sue and Ron nod appreciatively not really following what Ben's saying. He starts to sweat.

BEN (CONT'D)

-- um, women issues.

Sue and Ron look perplexed. Margaret plays it straight.

MARGARET

Ben wants to open a clinic to cure women of female hysteria.

Sue spits out her drink in shock, obviously aware of the topic.

BEN

There it is.

RON
 What the hell is female hysteria?
 Is that like a shopping thing?

Ben looks to Margaret to save him.

MARGARET
 Ben believes he has a special gift
 to enable a woman to have an --

SUE
 Orgasm.

DAD
 My word! That's a job?

BEN
 You know it's probably not the time
 to bring this up.

SUE
 But Ben honey, that theory was
 debunked years ago! Why in the
 heavens would you want to resurrect
 some crazy idea like that?

RON
 How exactly do you do this? Do you
 strap them up to some sort of high
 tech machine or something?

BEN
 I don't know. It just...

He searches deep.

BEN (CONT'D)
 ... I feel like it's some divine
 calling or something. Ever since I
 hurt my hand it's like I've
 discovered what I'm meant to do.

Sue stares at Ben, eyebrows raised questioningly.

BEN (CONT'D)
 Besides, there's gotta be a lot of
 women out there that need this kind
 of therapy?

RON
 Your mother-in-law for starters.

Ron!

SUE

Dad!

MARGARET

RON (CONT'D)
Just saying.

SUE
And how do you feel about this
Margaret?

MARGARET
Well if Ben is as passionate about
this as he seems, why not let him
try? Thing is, Ben needs a small
advance to get things rolling.

SUE
Now that's a silly idea! We're a
respectable family Margaret. You
can't expect us to just jump on
board and be accepting of this!

Agitated, Sue gets up and clears the table.

SUE (CONT'D)
Why us? Why not get a loan from the
bank?

BEN
They already turned me down. Too
"out there" for them.

RON
Now there's a shocker.

SUE
I'm sorry Margaret, but we're not
going to have our name dragged
through the mud.

MARGARET
Come on Mom! We're just asking you
to consider...

Sue begins to retort, but Ben interrupts.

BEN
No, Margaret. Let it go. We'll
figure something else out.

MARGARET
But Ben, you've been so passionate
about this --

Ben gives Margaret a look that says "stop". Awkward silence.
Ron breaks the standoff.

RON
Anyone for some peach cobbler?

EXT. WATERFRONT - DAY

Ben and Andy sip coffee as they fish from the boardwalk.

ANDY
So how was dinner with the in-laws?

BEN
Good -- besides the part when
Margaret's parents discovered what
a sick pervert I am.

Andy looks at Ben inquisitively.

ANDY
Wait. You didn't mention your
hysteria clinic idea to them, did
you?

BEN
Maybe it slipped out a little.

ANDY
What? That's the worst thing ever!

BEN
I didn't have a chance Andy! They
tricked me with their verbal
mastery.

ANDY
I hate when people trick me with
verbal mastery! How embarrassing.

BEN
Tell me about it.

ANDY
So did you get into the nitty
gritty -- like how it's performed?

BEN
Margaret's mom already knew. I
think her dad is still working out
the details.

ANDY
So I guess that's the end of it,
huh?

BEN
I guess so.

Ben casts the line. Andy watches his friend, concerned.

INT. ELEVATOR - CARTER APARTMENT - DAY

A solemn looking Ben rides the apartment elevator, fishing gear in hand. Ron greets a surprised Ben as the doors open.

RON
Hey Ben.

BEN
Ron --

Ron hands Ben a small envelope.

RON
I figured it would be best to give you this in person. A little something to get your business going.

BEN
Sure Ron. Thanks.

Ron pats Ben on the shoulder and steps into the elevator.

RON
Oh, and please don't mention this to Sue. I couldn't live without that woman's peach cobbler.

BEN
My lips are sealed.

The elevator doors close. Ben opens the envelope and retrieves a cheque. A massive smile beams across his face.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Ben and Margaret stroll arm in arm down a quiet city street.

MARGARET
I wasn't aware there were any restaurants in this part of town.

BEN
There aren't. Beautiful here, isn't it?

Margaret views him suspiciously.

MARGARET
I thought you were taking me out
for dinner?

BEN
I am. But there's something I want
to show you first.

Ben unlocks the door of a small street level office building.

BEN (CONT'D)
Stay right here.

Ben leaves a baffled Margaret on the sidewalk and heads
inside. A large sign on the front of the building lights up.
It reads: "DR. FINGERS FEMALE HYSTERIA CLINIC."

MARGARET
(surprised)
Ben! Look!

Ben proudly reappears.

BEN
Pretty cool huh? Opens next week.
The real estate lady says the
location is ideal.

MARGARET
I don't understand Ben. I thought
all the banks turned you down? You
didn't do anything illegal, did
you?

BEN
Just trust me babe. Dr. Fingers has
it all under control.

INT. DR. FINGERS OFFICE - DAY

Ben suits up like a soldier going into battle: gloves,
operating gown, cap, eye protection. He makes his way down
the hallway and into...

INT. DR. FINGERS SERVICING ROOM - DAY

Ben grabs a patient information folder off the table and
pulls a stool beside his first client, GWEN THE PRUDE (50s)

BEN

So we've got Gwen here. And you've got on the garment we've provided for the procedure?

Ben looks up from his folder. Gwen glares sternly at him.

BEN (CONT'D)

(nervously)

Okay, we'll just check that off the list. So I'm Dr. Fingers, but of course you already knew that, right? Because you're here with an appointment and I'm wearing this white doctor's jacket...

He laughs nervously. She's unmoved. He plays it serious.

BEN (CONT'D)

I'll be performing the procedure today.

Gwen examines her nails, disinterested.

GWEN THE PRUDE

(tough Brooklyn accent)

My husband recommended that I come here. He says I got the hysteria.

BEN

Well he must be a good man...

Gwen looks daggers at him.

BEN (CONT'D)

...Or not.

(upbeat)

Alright so let's get to it. If you could sit just like this.

Ben positions Gwen in the chair, which is half lazy boy, half that gynecologist stirrup contraption.

BEN (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

She grunts in acknowledgement. He grabs a bottle of lube and squirts a dollop into his hand. Looks at Gwen again. Squirts a much larger dollop.

Ben awkwardly slides into position and begins the procedure. She's unresponsive. He works a few angles, varying his position, changing speed and rhythm. No response.

Then -- a strange, animal like grunt.

GWEN

I'm done.

Ben's unsure as to what has just transpired.

BEN

Oh... alright then.

Gwen gets up off the chair and leaves. Ben ponders, confused.

INT. RECEPTION - SAME TIME

Ben exits the room. WENDY -- his underworked receptionist -- sits at the front desk engrossed in a celebrity magazine.

BEN

Any more clients, Wendy?

WENDY

Sorry. Not today, Mr. Carter.

Ben's disappointment shows as he bins his gloves.

INT. GYM - DAY

Ben and Andy shoot hoops. Andy's dressed like a member of the Harlem Globetrotters.

ANDY

What's with the glum face muchacho?
You don't look like a man who's
been feeling up strange women all
day.

BEN

I only had one customer today.
Margaret thinks I need to
advertise.

ANDY

That sounds about right. Spread the
word -- pardon the pun.

BEN

I'm starting to think this whole
thing was just a big mistake.

Andy holds up.

ANDY
Don't do it man.

BEN
Don't do what?

ANDY
You can't let the fire die because you had a bad day. Look at half the billionaires out there. Most were high school dropouts. But they kept fighting for their dream, right?

BEN
I suppose.

ANDY
Where would society be without the Frederick Banting's, Isaac Newton's and Robert Oppenheimer's?

BEN
(pauses, about to throw)
Didn't Oppenheimer create the atom bomb?

ANDY
Okay so maybe he should have given up. But these other guys gave the world some good things right? Like hope and knowledge and... fuzzy white bunnies.

Andy shoots and misses. The rebound goes wild and smacks some guy in the head.

BEN
Maybe you should stick with your fuzzy bunny philosophy.

INT. BEDROOM - CARTER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ben and Margaret lay in bed. She senses his discouragement and spoons him.

MARGARET
You wanna talk about it?

BEN
Not really.

MARGARET
You wanna practice?

BEN
You going to pay me?

MARGARET
Ben!
(then)
Don't worry hun. Tomorrow's a brand
new day.

Ben, wide eyed and sleepless, broods in the darkness.

INT. DR. FINGERS OFFICE - DAY

Ben walks down the sterile looking hallway to his office.
Standing out front is Wendy -- and Gwen.

BEN
(sarcastically, re: Gwen)
Great.

Ben unlocks the door.

BEN (CONT'D)
Good morning Gwen. Did you forget
something here yesterday?

WENDY
She has a nine o'clock appointment,
Dr. Fingers.

Ben looks pleasantly surprised as he opens the door. Gwen
gives him a lustful smirk.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DR. FINGERS BUILDING - DAY

A FEMALE REPORTER does a spot outside the Dr. Fingers clinic.

FEMALE REPORTER
I'm outside the bustling office of
Dr. Fingers, where women are lined
up around the block just hoping to
get into this clinic. Why, you may
ask? Well, they're paying for
treatments of a condition known as
"female hysteria".

INT. DR. FINGERS SERVICING ROOM - DAY

SONIA (32) -- a Latino -- is being serviced by Ben. She makes
a lions face, which startles Ben.

SONIA
Make a face.

BEN
Sorry?

SONIA
Like this.

She makes the face again.

SONIA (CONT'D)
(assertively)
Like a hungry lion!

Ben attempts a lion's face.

SONIA (CONT'D)
Yes, now roar!

BEN
Okay, ah, roar?

She firmly grasps his arm.

SONIA
(angrily)
Roar!

BEN
(hesitantly)
Oh, okay. Roar.

SONIA
LOUDER! ROAR!

BEN
(louder)
ROAR!

SONIA
(ecstatically)
Yes! Yes! Again!

INT. DR. FINGERS WAITING ROOM/RECEPTION - SAME TIME

Ben and Sonia's roars are overheard in the waiting room. TWO OLD LADIES, HAZEL AND MAE, peak out from behind their magazines.

HAZEL
That's a different technique. I might try that one.

MAE

Oh behave!

BACK IN THE ROOM

Ben and Sonia collapse in exhaustion, covered in sweat.

INT. DR. FINGERS SERVICING ROOM - LATER

LISA (32) a shrewd executive type, is being serviced by Ben. She too reacts violently to Ben's technique.

LISA

Chauvinistic bastard men! We don't need them now, do we? Slap me.

BEN

Excuse me?

LISA

Slap me, like I'm your bitch!

BEN

What's with you people today? I can't do that.

She slaps Ben.

LISA

(threateningly)

Slap me!

Ben hesitantly relents and gently slaps her.

LISA (CONT'D)

Like this!

She slaps him again. Ben slaps her hard. She smiles and climaxes.

INT. DR. FINGERS SERVICING ROOM - LATER

Ben's in the process of servicing URSULA. He realizes his fingers are stuck in her.

BEN

Wow -- someone's been doing their Kegel's.

URSULA
 (East European accent)
 You like, doctor?

Ben tries to find his hand beneath her smock.

BEN
 It's like a thick boreal forest
 down there.
 (struggling)
 Yeah I'm going to need my hand
 back.

She releases his hand.

BEN (CONT'D)
 (massaging his hand)
 You have quite the grip.

She gives him an alluring grin.

INT. DR. FINGERS SERVICING ROOM - LATER STILL

Wendy escorts JOLENE, a soft spoken homemaker type, into the room. Ben is quite visibly exhausted from the days work.

WENDY
 Right through here Jolene.
 (to Ben)
 It's her first time, doctor.

BEN
 We'll treat her extra special then.

CUT TO:

Ben works over Jolene -- who's about to climax. She suddenly bursts into tears. He backs away, as if having violated her.

JOLENE
 I'm sorry Dr. Fingers. I must seem
 like a crazy person to you.

BEN
 (lying)
 No -- not at all.

JOLENE
 These are tears of joy. It's just
 the first time that I've ever,
 well... had an orgasm.

INT. DINING ROOM - CARTER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ben and Margaret sit at the dinner table in silence. Ben stares detachedly at his untouched plate of food.

MARGARET
So... how did it go today?

BEN
Huh?

MARGARET
How was work? Did you have many clients?

Ben can't help but gaze at the vagina looking vase in the middle of the table.

BEN
Ah, yeah. Lots of climax -- ah, clients.

Ben looks back at his plate. His food is arranged so as to look like a vagina. He's suddenly dizzy and disoriented.

BEN (CONT'D)
(unbuttoning his shirt)
Is it hot in here?

MARGARET
Is everything alright sweetheart?

BEN
(getting up)
Oh yeah, fine. I'll be right back.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Ben splashes cold water on his face. He turns off the water and stares into the mirror.

BEN
Just what have you got yourself into ol' Benny boy?

INT. MARGARET'S OFFICE - DAY

Margaret sorts paperwork at her desk. LIZ and LAURIE peek overtop her cubicle.

LIZ
Psst.

Margaret looks up, only to find no one there. Liz and Laurie suddenly appear around the cubicle and take a seat.

LAURIE

How long were you planning to keep this a secret?

MARGARET

What are you talking about?

LIZ

Ben is Dr. Fingers -- and you never told us?

LAURIE

That's office sacrilege. We're practically family Margaret.

MARGARET

You girls can't tell anyone about this. I know that's asking a lot of you but I need you to promise?

LIZ/LAURIE

(reluctantly)

Promise.

From around the cubicle RICK GOLDSTEIN(38) appears. Ruggedly handsome, he speaks with an Australian accent. He confidently places a foot up on an empty chair.

RICK

(loudly)

So what's this I hear about your husband becoming a gigolo?

Margaret stares disappointedly at Liz and Laurie. The girls attempt, albeit unsuccessfully, to look innocent.

MARGARET

He's not a gigolo Rick. He's a female hysteria therapist.

RICK

Tomato, tomahto. Whatever. All I know is that you have got to introduce him to me.

MARGARET

You met at last years Christmas party, remember? He's on the short side, brown hair -- average looking.

Rick burst out laughing.

RICK
You just described my dog!

Liz and Laurie laugh along flirtatiously.

MARGARET
Oh, that's right, you don't
remember the party because you were
idiotically wasted.

RICK
(remembering fondly)
That was a great night. Anyway,
give him my phone number will you
Margaret love. Chow ladies.

Margaret observes Liz and Laurie gush as he walks away.

MARGARET
Really you two. I don't know what
you see in him.

LAURIE
Well we're sorry Margaret. Not
every woman has an in-house vagina
superhero like you.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE PATIO - DAY

Margaret and Sue lunch at a chic outdoor cafe.

MARGARET
This is so exciting Mom. Just the
two of us here.

SUE
Yes, it's wonderful dear. Margaret,
I've been meaning to ask you
something and please don't be
offended.

Margaret is instantly apprehensive.

MARGARET
Okay. You've got my attention.

SUE
I've been wanting to talk to you
about Ben's --
(cynically)
-- business.

Margaret takes a bite hoping to avoid the topic.

MARGARET

This salad is absolutely delicious.
The chicken is so juicy, here, try
some Mom...

Margaret thrusts a forkful of salad towards Sue, who waves it away.

SUE

(frustrated)

Surely you can't be okay with Ben
pleasuring other women Margaret?

Margaret suddenly appears less enthusiastic about her salad.

MARGARET

Mom, I understand your concern -- I
really do. But Ben's very
professional in his work. I think
of him as a kind of gynecologist.

SUE

But Margaret, most men get...
(lowers her voice)
...turned on by this kind of thing.

MARGARET

Not Ben. He'd never cheat on me.
He's not that type.

Sue looks at Margaret sadly.

SUE

They're never that type, Margaret.

Margaret studies her mother.

MARGARET

What are you saying, Mom? Is there
something you're not telling me?

SUE

Just be careful baby, that's all.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CARTER APARTMENT - DAY

Ben sits on the couch and types madly on a laptop. There's a knock at the door.

BEN

You want to get that honey. I'm kind of in a creative zone here.

Margaret answers the door. Andy greets her with a kiss to the cheek and invites himself in.

ANDY

Hey guys.

Andy disappears into the bedroom.

MARGARET

(sarcastically)

Come on in, Andy.

ANDY (O.S.)

I need to borrow a shirt Ben. Mine are all dirty.

MARGARET

Ben's working on an idea for a Dr. Fingers TV commercial.

ANDY (O.S.)

Really buddy? That's great! Pass it by the advertising impresario.

BEN

Well, alright. Imagine: little puppies frolicking in a beautiful green field. Horses drinking from a bubbling stream. The sounds of birds singing. I suddenly appear in a cloud eating chocolate truffles and say "Put your well being into some very special hands -- the hands of Dr. Fingers."

Andy reappears wearing one of Ben's dress shirts.

ANDY

I don't know man. Sounds a little gay to me.

BEN

I just figured chicks are all ga-ga over chocolate and puppies...

ANDY

Ben, chicks dig two things in a guy: confidence and money.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

Doesn't matter what the dude looks like, if he uses Viagra to get an erection or if the gold chain around his neck came from a gum ball machine. It's the image, the illusion.

MARGARET

It also helps if they look like Tom Seleck.

BEN

What's with chicks and that guy?

ANDY

I don't know. Maybe it's the 'stash. Anyway, gotta fly!

BEN

You can't leave. You have to help me flesh out this idea.

ANDY

Nothing would give me more pleasure Ben, truly. But I'm meeting Jennifer's parents tonight.

MARGARET

That reminds me Andy. When do we get to meet this mystery woman of yours? It's been five months.

ANDY

(apologetic)

I feel so bad about that. She's just super busy with her modeling career. Meeting famous celebrities, jet setting -- blah, blah, blah.

BEN

So dinner with the girlfriend's parents?

ANDY

Taking them to a fancy restaurant downtown. Make 'em think their daughter's dating some Wall street high roller. Eventually they'll sober up and find out I don't subscribe to the whole work thing, but by then we'll probably be married.

BEN

Wow. I haven't seen you this committed to deception for some time. You must really like her.

ANDY

She's the ying to my ding man.

BEN

It's yang. Ying-Yang.

ANDY

The mate to my coffee.

BEN

That's -- I don't know what that is. Are the future in-laws rich?

ANDY

Loaded. Her dad was this big shipping magnate during the war.

BEN

Which war? Vietnam? The Gulf war?

ANDY

Don't know. The second one?

BEN

The second world war? He must be -- like a hundred.

Andy proudly checks himself out in the mirror.

ANDY

Then our kids will inherit some excellent genetic code.

BEN

Well I don't care what they say. It's important to marry rich.

MARGARET (O.S)

I heard that.

BEN

(whispering)

Don't make the same mistake I did.

MARGARET (O.S)

And that.

ANDY

Your on your own, muchacho! Later
Margaret!

MARGARET (O.S)

Good luck tonight Andy.

Andy exits. Margaret reenters the room holding a tray of freshly baked cookies. Ben steals one as she passes.

BEN

Ouch! Hot!

MARGARET

(smiling)

That's what you get.

INT. HALLWAY - DR. FINGERS OFFICE - DAY

The hallway to Ben's office has become a sea of desperate, horny women. Escorted by BUILDING SECURITY GUARDS, Ben pushes down the crowded hallway to his office. Women reach out to touch him. He's become a rock star.

QUEUE OF WOMEN

Good morning doctor./ I can't wait
for my appointment./ I love you Dr.
Fingers!

INT. RECEPTION - SAME TIME

The waiting room is filled to capacity. At her desk, Wendy is overwhelmed by clients. Some throw cash at her.

WENDY

I'll be with you all in an orderly
and professional manner.

Ben enters. Wendy makes her way through the mob to him.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Dr. Fingers!

BEN

Hey Wendy. Wow! This is crazy huh?

WENDY

Tell me about it! I've already
booked your schedule for the next
four months. Now I need you to sign
these forms.

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

Also, some TV producer called and asked if you'd consider doing the Charlie Rose Show, whatever that is.

BEN

(excitedly)

Thanks Wendy. Good morning everyone! Let's get to work!

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

-- Dr. Fingers clinic - A woman writhes in ecstasy. Then another woman. It becomes apparent that Ben is treating multiple clients in a group setting, quickly moving from one patient to the next.

-- A large mansion - Ben and Margaret embrace on the front yard of their new home as a real estate agent removes a "FOR SALE" sign.

-- A car dealership - Ben and Andy select a high-end convertible and peel out of the dealership, tires smoking.

-- Dr. Fingers clinic - Hazel, the old lady from earlier, swoons after receiving a treatment.

-- Apartment - A moving crew crates Andy's stuff into Ben and Margaret's old apartment.

-- Gay Pride Parade - Ben waves to the colorful crowd from an open top convertible.

-- University commencement - Dressed in hat and gown, Ben accepts an honorary degree.

-- New Dr. Fingers clinic - An enthusiastic crowd surrounds Ben as he cuts the ribbon at the opening of a much larger Dr. Fingers clinic.

-- Ben's swimming pool - Ben and Andy drink beer and eat pizza as they bob around in inflatable pool chairs.

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

Ben receives a last minute powder touch-up. The HOST of a popular interview show sits across the table. (ie. Charlie Rose) A PRODUCER counts down.

PRODUCER

We're live in three, two...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CARTER MANSION - NIGHT

Andy and Ron sit in front of the TV. Margaret and Sue prep some snacks in the kitchen. The intro to the show begins.

ANDY

It's coming on ladies. Hurry up!

Sue and Margaret excitedly rush in.

MARGARET

(seeing Ben on TV)
That's my husband!

BACK AT THE STUDIO

HOST

Our guest tonight is Ben Carter, owner of the extremely controversial Dr. Fingers Female Hysteria practice in lower Manhattan. Welcome to the show Ben.

BEN

Thank you for having me Charlie. I'm a big fan of yours.

HOST

There's been Ben -- to put it conservatively -- a lot of interest in the activities of your clinic. In fact, even the Supreme Court is set to weigh in on the issue. Let's start with this question: female hysteria -- what is it?

BEN

Way back in the 19th and early 20th centuries physicians believed this "hysteria" was responsible for a host of physiological ailments affecting women -- everything from insomnia to insanity.

BACK AT THE CARTER MANSION

SUE

I can't get over how professional Ben seems.

ANDY

I know. I can't believe he hasn't done this before.

RON

I can't believe that's a real job.

BACK AT THE STUDIO

HOST

Aside from the medical perspective, how does this theory fit into societies, um, "moral compass" if you will?

BEN

My viewpoint is no different than it would have been for those doctors years ago. I mean let's be honest. A woman's release is much different than a man's.

HOST

How so?

BEN

Well, for instance, a woman can orgasm when the bus she's sitting in hits a bump.

BACK AT HOME

SUE

I don't know about that.

ANDY

No?

Ron fills his mouth with a handful of pretzels.

RON

It would take a miracle to get her excited.

MARGARET

Dad!

Sue looks daggers at Ron, who shrugs obstinately.

BACK AT THE STUDIO

HOST

Ben, what would you say to critics
who state that you're just
practicing bunk medicine?

BEN

I'd say talk to my clients. They
all seem pretty satisfied.

Ben looks into the studio camera and smiles confidently.

INT. DR. FINGERS SERVICING ROOM - DAY

GINA climaxes, collapses into the chair. Ben removes his
gloves.

BEN

See you in a week Gina.

An exhausted Gina can barely raise a hand in acknowledgment.

INT. RECEPTION/WAITING ROOM- SAME TIME

Ben saunters out of the servicing room. Grabs his briefcase.

BEN

So we'll see you at the party
tonight Wendy?

WENDY

You bet!

Ben leaves with a spring in his step.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - CARTER MANSION - NIGHT

Ben and Margaret mingle with guests in their beautifully
landscaped backyard. The party is semi-formal and catered.
Ben greets Tom from the bank.

TOM

Hey buddy! Great job on that TV
interview. You totally nailed it.

BEN

Thanks Tom. Enjoy the Beaujolais.

Sue and Ron appear with a look of amazement on their faces.

MARGARET

Mom! Dad!

Margaret greets them with a big hug.

SUE

How's my baby doing?

(looking around)

Margaret, this party is incredible!

MARGARET

Did you see the living statue guy?

Oh you have to see this!

Margaret leads Sue away. Ron and Ben stand there uncomfortably.

RON

So work's been treating you good?

(beat)

How couldn't it be good, right? I don't mean good in a, you know, that way. Good as in, well...

BEN

It's good Ron.

RON

Good. Good. You need any help over at the clinic? Fixing things of course...

BEN

I'll let you know if anything comes up.

RON

Sure. Sure.

BEN

Oh -- almost forgot.

Ben pulls an envelope from his jacket pocket.

BEN (CONT'D)

Your loan back, plus interest. I couldn't have done this without your help, Dad.

Ron pats him on the shoulder.

RON

It's the least I could do for my son.

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)
 (cough)
 In-law.

EXT. UNDER A GAZEBO - LATER

Liz, Laurie and several OGLING WOMEN flock to Ben.

LAURIE
 (seductively)
 So Dr. Fingers, what exactly is
 your technique for treating
 hysteria?

BEN
 Well that depends on the symptoms
 Laurie.

LIZ
 (seductively)
 I'm sure it does.

LAURIE
 I bet you could make me orgasm in
 an instant.

Ben starts to sweat it. He looks for an exit but is blocked
 by Liz.

LIZ
 (caressing his collar)
 So, where do we have to go to
 collect our party favors?

Ben laughs nervously. Looks at his nearly full glass.

BEN
 Shoot. Appears I need a refill.
 I'll be right back...

A full glass is forced into his hand by one of the ladies.

BEN (CONT'D)
 (observing the glass)
 Well how about that.

A voice of salvation calls out.

RICK (O.S.)
 Come on now ladies! Let the poor
 man catch his breath.

Rick, wearing a mostly unbuttoned collard shirt and sporting
 a wine glass, saunters over.

RICK (CONT'D)
Shove off now! All of you.

Rick gives Liz and Laurie an affectionate swat on the butt.

RICK (CONT'D)
I'll see you girls back at my pad
for a night cap.

Liz and Laurie gush at Rick as they exit.

BEN
Wow. What you just did there was
incredible.

RICK
Women love to be ruled my friend,
controlled. Yeah, they may act like
they don't like it, cry women's lib
and all that shit. But in the end,
the cock and the fist rule.

BEN
I've never heard a relationship
described that way.

RICK
Relationships don't bloody well
count, doctor. Threesomes are the
dogs bullocks.

Ben almost spits out his drink.

BEN
Well you've got that market
cornered.

RICK
Hey the way I figure it we're only
here for a blink of the great
cosmos's eyes. Then we're dead.

Rick downs his wine.

RICK (CONT'D)
And I plan on enjoying my time
here.

Rick tosses his glass into an outdoor brick fireplace. Ben's
caught by surprise.

RICK (CONT'D)
Your turn.

BEN
Seriously?

RICK
Come on now. Be the man cock and
toss the bloody glass.

BEN
(looking around nervously)
Margaret would kill me if she saw
me do this.

Ben throws the glass and completely misses the fireplace. It
takes the head off an outdoor nude sculpture. They wince.

RICK
Okay. So you might want to stick to
the vagina thing mate.

Andy shows up holding a heaping plate of food in one hand,
bear hugs Ben with the other.

ANDY
Love the spread man! And this dip
is fantastic!

BEN
Andy, this is Rick. Margaret and
him are coworkers.

Andy and Rick shake hands.

RICK
Actually my position carries more
weight than Margaret's. Mentor they
call it. Seniority thing. But who
cares about titles, right?

ANDY
Exactly! Titles are so damn
condescending. Hey Ben, I like this
guy!

Andy playfully pats Rick on the bicep. Rick checks his watch.

RICK
Time for this old bastard to shove
off. Nice meeting you Arnie.

ANDY
Andy.

RICK
My apologies.
(to Ben)
Don't forget our little chat Doc.

BEN
Cocks and fists. Got it.

RICK
And hey, if you've got some free
time tomorrow, let's get a little
tee time in.

BEN
Great idea. I'm there.

Rick chats up a few ladies on his way out.

ANDY
Sounds like a date.

BEN
What a cool guy.

Andy takes in the surroundings as he stuffs his mouth.

ANDY
I must say you have truly outdone
yourself muchacho.

Margaret appears, a relieved expression on her face.

MARGARET
There you are! I've been looking
all over for you Ben. Hi Andy.

ANDY
Mrs. Carter. Looking ravishing as
ever.

MARGARET
(blushing)
Thank-you Andy. Where's Jennifer? I
haven't seen her...

ANDY
Something came up. Got to say,
dating a model is not for the faint
of heart.

MARGARET
Well tell her we said hello.

ANDY

I will.

MARGARET

Ben, if you'll come with me, we have an important announcement to make.

BEN

Announcement? What announcement?

Margaret leads Ben away by the arm.

BEN (CONT'D)

Enjoy the dip, Andy.

ANDY

Thanks buddy. Knock 'em dead.

Andy watches as they leave. Margaret whispers something into Ben's ear. A wide, excited grin appears on his face.

BEN

Everybody! I'm going to be a daddy!

People cheer and congratulate Ben and Margaret. Andy smiles.

ANDY

(sincerely)

Good for you Ben. Good for you.

A waiter with a tray of hors d'ouvres passes nearby. Andy helps himself to a generous portion.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Can I get some of this to go?

INT. BEDROOM - CARTER MANSION - NIGHT

Ben undresses while Margaret washes off her makeup in the bathroom.

MARGARET

That went well tonight, don't you think?

BEN

Fantastic. And I met Rick tonight. Again.

MARGARET

Oh yeah?

BEN

Now there's a guy who knows what he wants and goes for it.

MARGARET

We call him the talking penis at work.

BEN

We're playing golf tomorrow.

Margaret slides into bed.

MARGARET

I don't get it. Everyone's all impressed with Rick's nifty accent and macho swagger.

BEN

Yeah, he reminds me of Crocodile Dundee.

MARGARET

Just be careful Ben. He's not exactly the kind of friend I'd pick for you.

BEN

What's that supposed to mean? That he's some sort of serial killer?

Margaret laughs.

MARGARET

(playfully)

Maybe that's why he left Australia.

Ben caresses Margaret's still flat pregnant belly.

BEN

Don't worry about me babe.
(mimicking Rick's accent)
Let's worry about little baby Carter.

They kiss lovingly.

EXT. GOLF COURSE SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Ben drives balls downrange. Andy shows up. He sports a ridiculous looking golf outfit.

ANDY

Wow, somebody's been practicing their swing.

BEN

Andy -- what are you doing here?

ANDY

Figured I'd take up Rick's invite. Spend some time with my main man.

Andy clumsily removes a driver from Ben's bag.

ANDY (CONT'D)

You know we haven't played squash in three months?

BEN

Really? Sorry man -- just been busy with work and all.

ANDY

(mildly disappointed)
I hear you.

Andy swings hard. The ball flying sideways into a pack of teeing golfers. Andy pretends it wasn't him.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Something wrong with that club. You should get it checked out.

(putting back the club)

Anyway, I've been meaning to ask you a tiny favor if I could Ben.

BEN

Sure Andy. What's up?

ANDY

Well last week the old woody mobile bit the dust.

BEN

That sucks man. I loved that car, as much as you can love a car with wood-grain exterior mouldings.

ANDY

(desperately)
I need wheels Ben. And you know my credit is all shot to hell.

BEN

So how much do you need?

ANDY

If you could lend me twenty five thou, that would totally solve my problems.

BEN

Wow -- that's a lot.

ANDY

But you know I'm good for it Ben.

Ben spots Rick's car pull up.

BEN

Sure Andy. I'll take care of it later.

ANDY

You're the best, man! I knew I could count on you!

Andy gives Ben an excited hug and smooch on the cheek. Embarrassed, Ben tries to pull away as Rick approaches.

RICK

Are you two faggots glued at the hip?

ANDY

Just showing my best friend how much I love him.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Andy and Rick sit aboard their own golf cart. Ben lags behind as he tries to adjust his bag straps.

RICK

Come on Nancy. Let's get a move on.

ANDY

Yeah, let's go Nancy.

BEN

I can never seem to get these straps fitted right.

Ben heads towards Rick's cart, which is the closer of the two. Andy notices this and shifts over to the passenger seat.

ANDY

Hey Ben, how about I let you drive.

RICK
Come on now, it's my bloody invite!

Ben is torn between the two requests. Andy pulls him aside.

ANDY
Come on Ben, this is our thing. We
always ride together.

BEN
When's the last time we golfed
together Andy? Like in the
nineties?

ANDY
Valid point. Then let's do it for
old time's sake.

BEN
It's only a golf cart Andy. You'll
be fine.

Ben hops in with Rick. Andy watches them happily drive off.

ANDY
(mimicking Ben)
"It's only a golf cart Andy." Fine,
you want to chauffeur the poor
helpless Rick, go right ahead.

Andy angrily throws the cart into gear and pushes the pedal to the floor. The cart reverses unexpectedly and smashes into an empty cart. Andy takes a quick look around and drives off.

INT. BEN AND RICK'S GOLF CART - DAY

Ben and Rick travel to the first hole.

RICK
This is the life, eh mate? All
we're missing is a few Shelia's to
bring us beer.

BEN
Well it's a good thing I paid for a
pre-stocked cart.

Ben pulls out a few bottles of ice cold beer.

RICK
Smashing! Hand one over mate.

BEN

I think I'll just hold on to them until we get to the tee. You know, drinking and driving and all that stuff.

RICK

Come on Doc. Only pussies believe that shit. It's all bunk science I'd say.

He grabs a beer out of Ben's hand and chugs it back.

RICK (CONT'D)

See? No harm.

EXT. FIRST HOLE - DAY

Ben and Rick wait for Andy, who belatedly pulls up -- his expression soured. Andy walks straight over to the teeing ground, throws down a ball and angrily clubs it 250 yards.

BEN

Andy -- that was incredible!

RICK

Twenty bucks says you can't repeat it.

Andy drops another ball and clubs it. It lands besides the first. Rick looks mildly impressed.

ANDY

Believe it or not that's not the most unusual thing that's ever happened to me...

He returns the club to the bag.

ANDY (CONT'D)

...One time in India I had three men rub me down with oil.

Ben and Rick look at him curiously. Andy hops in the cart and takes off.

SEVERAL HOLES LATER

Ben lines up a putt. Rick has a buzz on.

RICK

So it's the perfect job, huh Ben?
Good money. Plenty of hot women.
You wouldn't happen to need an
extra hand on your staff, would
you?

ANDY

No way. Ben's a solo artist. A da
Vinci of sorts.

RICK

I was thinking you could bring me
in as a partner, like Bonnie and
Clyde.

BEN

Yeah that didn't work out so well
for them.

ANDY

(southern accent)
Gunned down by a posse they was.

RICK

Anyway, if the old hand ever needs
a break, you know where to find me.

INT. BEDROOM - CARTER MANSION - NIGHT

Ben returns his clubs to the hallway closet. Margaret reads a
magazine in bed.

BEN

Did you know Rick bagged a wild
boar Safari hunting in Africa? He's
got this big old boar's head
hanging above his fireplace.

MARGARET

Sounds like you guys are really
hitting it off.

Ben strips down to his undies and hops in bed.

BEN

He wants to go fishing next time.

MARGARET

Why don't you ask Andy to go with
you?

BEN

Those two are polar opposites when it comes to, well, everything.

Margaret lays down her magazine and cuddles up with Ben.

MARGARET

You've barely seen Andy in months.

BEN

I just went golfing with him.

MARGARET

Well I don't see what the trouble is. You're friends with both of them. Why can't they be friends with each other?

BEN

Besides this whole thing sounding outrageously gay? I don't see them clicking, you know? Rick's all driven and competitive. And Andy, well, he's Andy. I'm like this rare breed of buddy medium or something.

MARGARET

You are a rare breed...

She takes his hand and pulls it beneath the sheets.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

...now why don't you try out a little of what got you so famous?

BEN

Sweetie, I don't...

(withdrawing his hand)

...I just don't think I should mix business with pleasure.

MARGARET

What do you mean "you don't think?" I'm your wife Ben! And you will do this...

She grabs his hand and forcefully thrusts it down the sheets.

BEN

Wait -- I have an idea. Why don't I go get some penis shaped vegetable out of the fridge and we try that?

MARGARET

(angrily)

Gross! That was my favorite part of sex. No offense -- but everyone knows a guy blows his load before the girl even gets going.

BEN

I'm sorry. But it just feels weird.

MARGARET

Mom warned me something like this would happen.

BEN

What are you talking about?

MARGARET

You know what Ben? Save your fine china for the trash coming off the street -- I understand!

BEN

It's not that way at all Margaret!

MARGARET

Well why can't you touch me? Explain this to me.

Ben searches for words. Margaret stares, fuming.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

She throws a pillow at him.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

There's a couch in the living room looking for a little action. Maybe you can share your little tricks with it!

She pushes Ben out of the bedroom and slams the door in his face. He stands there, dejected, then slowly walks down the hallway.

INT. DR. FINGERS SERVICING ROOM - DAY

Ben enters the room visibly downcast. From the shadows...

LIZ (O.S.)

(seductively)

Hello Ben.

Liz shuts the door, locks it. Ben's surprised to see her.

BEN

Liz? Shouldn't you be at work?

LIZ

I went home sick.

(fake cough)

Besides, I figured you could use some cheering up considering the fight you and Margaret had last night.

She approaches Ben, strokes his neck sensually. Ben's paralyzed by her seduction...

BEN

Liz, I don't think this is a good idea...

LIZ

You sit there.

She shoves Ben forcefully into the chair. Before he can react, Liz is on top of him, straddling him face to face.

LIZ (CONT'D)

It's my turn to play Doctor.

She ravishes his hair with her hands, sucks his ear lobe.

LIZ (CONT'D)

You work so hard. But no one tells you how much they appreciate you, do they?

BEN

Not really, no...

She rips off her gown. Ben stares wild eyed at her breasts...

LIZ

You put in so many hours...

(rubbing her breasts in his face)

...struggling to put food on the table, filing tax returns, putting up with the office crew thinking you're a slut just because you gave the boss a blow job...

Ben's tranquilized by her seduction...

LIZ (CONT'D)
...If only you could get some
affirmation.

She slides her hand down his pants.

BEN
I shouldn't be doing this...

She grabs his hands and places them on her breasts.

BEN (CONT'D)
...but they are so very nice...

Ben woozily comes to his senses. He pushes Liz off him.

BEN (CONT'D)
I can't do this. I'm sorry Liz, but
I'm going to have to ask you to go.

Liz glowers defiantly, not accustomed to being rejected.

LIZ
(buttoning up her blouse)
Fine. One day you'll wish you had.

Liz quickly exits. Ben sighs big.

INT. RECEPTION - DR. FINGERS OFFICE - DAY

A frazzled Ben fills out paperwork at his desk. Wendy enters.

WENDY
Mary, your three-thirty and Jackie,
your four-ten, both cancelled.

BEN
That's odd. Did they say why?

WENDY
No. But there has been a lot of
chatter in here about the Dr. Hanz
clinic. Apparently you're not the
only one with the golden touch.

A concerned Ben tosses his gloves in the garbage.

INT. GAMES ROOM - CARTER MANSION - NIGHT

Ben and Rick enter an effeminate looking games room.
Furnishings, pillows and fixings are perfectly arranged.

RICK

What the fuck is this? Come on mate, mess things up a bit. It looks like a bloody Martha Stewart mag in here.

Rick grabs a handful of pillows from the couch and tosses them nowhere in particular. Ben nervously retrieves the pillows and neatly stacks them in the corner of the room.

RICK (CONT'D)

There, that's better.

Rick sprawls out on the couch. Ben passes him a beer.

RICK (CONT'D)

You know what this place needs Ben?

BEN

(observing the room)
Wall stenciling?

RICK

The cock. You need to reestablish the cock in this place. Masculinize it.

BEN

Well I was hoping to put a moose head over the fireplace.

RICK

(encouragingly)
That's the stuff.

BEN

...But Margaret vetoed that idea.

Rick jumps up off the couch and grabs a pool cue.

RICK

Come on mate! I'm not just talking about the pretty princess decorating job. She runs you. I bet she even picks out your clothes in the morning, doesn't she?

Ben checks himself in a nearby mirror. Yep, she does.

RICK (CONT'D)

Ah man, this is bad. Listen. You got the trophy wife, the home, the life -- right?

BEN

Sure.

RICK

But you don't have these.

Rick grabs a pair of billiard balls. Ben plays along.

BEN

I take it we're pretending those
are testicles?

RICK

This is your manhood. And you being
this way is downright humiliating.

BEN

So what do I do?

RICK

That's a tough one. Why don't you
go see a shrink, get your head
violated.

BEN

Psychiatrists freak me out. They
have that stare, you know. It's all
very condescending.

There's a knock at the door.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - CARTER MANSION - SAME TIME

Ben's expression sours on seeing Andy -- who hands him a
liquid six pack.

ANDY

What's up stranger?

BEN

Andy -- what are you doing here?

ANDY

Thought we'd share a few brewskies,
catch up on things.

BEN

Sorry man, it's just not a good
time for me. Busy with... stuff.

Andy peaks into the house. Ben tries to block his view.

ANDY
What sort of stuff?

Andy spots Rick, pool cue in hand. Rick tosses back a handful of nuts and waves at Andy.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Beer nuts and pool? Why wasn't I invited?

BEN
Sorry Andy. It's just, well --

ANDY
Well what?

BEN
I just said.

ANDY
You just said "well" and left it totally open ended.

BEN
I did not.

Margaret comes to the door and interrupts them.

MARGARET
Andy!

ANDY
Margaret! Wow, look at you all bulging and sexy. Man, you impregnate well.

MARGARET
Thank you Andy. I'm sure there's a complement in there. Come in.

ANDY
I'd love to.

Andy ignores a hesitant Ben and confidently makes his way inside. Ben closes the door, scowl on his face.

INT. GAMES ROOM - LATER

Andy, Ben and Rick are in the middle of a game of pool.

RICK
Ben -- you ever heard of a bloke going by the name "Dr. Hanz"?
(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

The women at the office talk about him like he's the bloody second coming.

ANDY

Yeah I heard about him. What a bonehead name, huh?

BEN

I don't know how he get's away with it. I can't imagine too many guys out there with squash related injuries.

RICK

Actually I think you have to respect the guy.

Ben and Andy look suspiciously at Rick, then at each other.

ANDY

Really? He totally ripped off Ben's idea.

RICK

Hey man -- that's capitalism at its finest. The American dream and all that flag waving "I have a dream" bullshit.

ANDY

He's still a douche.

RICK

Sounds like you're jealous mate.

ANDY

Of that creep? No way!

It's Andy's shot. He proudly sinks the "8" ball.

BEN

You're supposed to sink that one last.

ANDY

Damn it. I need another beer.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Margaret prepares some finger foods for the guys. Andy grabs a beer from the fridge.

ANDY

So how have you been Margaret? You don't seem your usual perky self.

Margaret tries hard not to cry as she chops veggies.

MARGARET

(harshly)

I'm fine Andy.

Andy is taken back by the response. He looks at her, concerned.

ANDY

Okay. Just checking up on my favorite girl.

He places a comforting hand on her shoulder and goes to exit the kitchen. Margaret breaks down, tears flowing.

MARGARET

I'm a mess Andy.

Andy grabs a stool.

ANDY

What's going on?

MARGARET

I don't know if it's the pregnancy hormones or Ben's long hours at work or what. I just feel like I'm totally disconnected from him, like he's disappearing on me.

ANDY

Me too! I feel the same way and I'm not even pregnant.

Margaret gives a small laugh amongst the tears.

MARGARET

And it doesn't help that he's hanging out with that misogynist sleazeball Rick.

ANDY

Ben and I haven't played squash in five months.

MARGARET

What do we do Andy?

Andy looks at her sympathetically.

ANDY
 Just keep loving him I suppose.
 Give him some time. He'll figure
 things out.

Margaret wipes the tears from her eyes.

MARGARET
 You think so?

ANDY
 Yeah. The old Ben's in there...
 somewhere.

This brings Margaret a little peace. She gives Andy a kiss on
 the forehead.

MARGARET
 Thanks Andy. I always appreciate
 our little talks.

ANDY
 Me too.

INT. BEDROOM - CARTER MANSION - NIGHT

Ben and Margaret lay in bed. Ben watches a "60 Minutes" type
 TV show featuring a report on the female hysteria phenomena.

MARGARET
 It was nice to see Andy tonight.

BEN
 Would have been nice if he had
 called first.

MARGARET
 He's called every day this week
 looking for you. Don't blame him if
 he just shows up. What's with you
 lately? Whenever Rick's around it's
 like you're embarrassed of Andy.

BEN
 Maybe I am a little. I don't know.
 Lately Andy and I just haven't --

Margaret senses there's more to it.

MARGARET
 So you're too busy for everyone who
 matters in your life?

BEN

You know that's not true. It's just different. People change.

MARGARET

Andy hasn't changed.

BEN

Shush already. I'm trying to watch this.

MARGARET

This hysteria shit is the only thing that matters to you anymore, isn't it?

BEN

Well it's put a nice roof over your head now hasn't it!

MARGARET

What does it matter Ben? You're never around to enjoy it.

BEN

Whatever. Go eat some chocolate. I think your hormones are acting up.

MARGARET

(tearing up)

It's not the hormones!

Margaret grabs her pillow and storms out of the room. She reenters, grabs a box of chocolate from the drawer -- and storms out again.

BEN

Is so the hormones.

ON THE TV

The program shows footage of various female hysteria clinics.

NEWS REPORT (V.O.)

Female hysteria clinics are springing up all over the city. However most lack the professionalism associated with the Dr. Fingers clinic.

A guy dressed as a PIMP stands in front of a rundown inner-city store. A sign in the window reads "THE PIMP'S TOUCH". Several YOUNG WOMEN pass by.

PIMP

You girls looking for a little satisfaction? Then look no further than "The Pimp's Touch", the cure all for all your ills.

The girls recoil from him as if he's radioactive.

NEWS REPORT (V.O.)

However only one of these clinics approaches Dr. Fingers in scale and popularity.

The news camera zooms in on the Dr. Hanz clinic.

NEWS REPORT (V.O.)

This is the office of Dr. Hanz.

Ben stares at the screen with a look of angry determination.

INT. BEDROOM - CARTER MANSION - DAY

Ben steels himself as he stares into Margaret's closet.

EXT. BUSY CITY STREET - DAY

A sexy redhead in a short skirt struts confidently in her pumps. Nearby construction workers whistle. She waits at the crosswalk.

An Aston Martin pulls up to the curb. It's BUSINESSMAN DRIVER leans over and speaks through the open passenger door window.

BUSINESSMAN DRIVER

Hey sweetheart -- ever seen the inside of an Aston Martin?

The woman leans in through the door.

REDHEAD/BEN

(in his normal voice)

The V-12 Vantage. I see you went with the optional carbon fibre seats.

Blood drains from the businessman's face as he realizes Ben's no she. The car takes off with a squeal.

INT. RECEPTION - DR. HANZ OFFICE - DAY

Ben enters and overplays his femaleness. He speaks with HELEN THE RECEPTIONIST.

BEN
(girls voice)
Is there anyway I could get in to
see Dr. Hanz today?

HELEN THE RECEPTIONIST
(coldly)
Take a number.

Ben attempts to pull a ticket from the ticket dispenser, only to find it jammed. He yanks hard and pulls the dispenser from the wall. The girls at the desk stare in awe.

BEN
(embarrassedly)
Oh my!

He daintily places the dispenser on the receptionist's desk.

BEN (CONT'D)
Oopsy!

Helen stares emotionless at him, then returns to her paperwork. Ben glances down the hallway. He catches a glimpse of a man in a white coat pass between rooms.

BEN (CONT'D)
Is this seat taken?

A WAITING GIRL sizes Ben up. It looks as though he's been compromised.

WAITING GIRL
It's all yours, hun.

Ben sits and apprehensively browses a magazine.

WAITING GIRL (CONT'D)
Are those extensions?

BEN
Ah... actually yes. Thank you for
noticing.

WAITING GIRL
(rapid fire teen speak)
Cause I just got my hair cut and
they totally messed it up! Like I
showed them this picture...

Ben pretends to listen as the girl drones on. He overhears Helen and Dr. Hanz converse at the reception desk.

HELEN THE RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Dr. Hanz -- can I get your signature on this form before you see your next client?

DR. HANZ (O.S.)

Sure Helen.

(to a patient)

I'll see you next week Sue.

Ben's mother-in-law appears around the corner. His jaw drops.

BEN

Sue?

SUE

I'm sorry. Do I know you?

Ben is speechless. His shock is compounded as Andy -- Dr. Hanz -- appears holding a clipboard.

DR. HANZ/ANDY

Alright... and the next satisfied patient is?

(consulting his clipboard)

Lucy Michaels.

Ben's shock quickly turns to outrage.

BEN

You!

Andy glances up from the clipboard.

ANDY

Whoa miss -- I know we're busy today but you'll get your chance.

Ben slaps him across the face. The girls look on, aghast.

BEN

You deceiver!

The girls whisper amongst themselves.

ANDY

Listen lady, if this is about our refund policy you can forget it!

BEN

Maybe this will refresh your
memory!

Ben slams his massive purse down on top of Andy.

ANDY

Ow! What have you got in there -- a
severed head?

Ben wails down another blow before Andy tackles him to the
floor. The girls gasp.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Call building security Helen! Tell
them I've got a hormonal attacking
my patrons!

(to Ben)

My you're a strong one! You remind
me of my ex-girlfriend.

Ben screams like a girl. The girls get up to defend Ben,
wailing purses and kicks on Andy.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Ouch! What are doing? I'm trying to
protect you!

GIRL MOB

Cheater!/To think we trusted you!

Ben's wig comes off in the scuffle. Andy and the girls
realize they've been had.

ANDY

Ben? Why are you dressed like a
cheap hooker?

The girls redirect their wrath onto Ben and wail on him.

BEN

(in his normal voice)

Ouch! You backstabber! You were
supposed to be my friend!

One of the women stomps on Ben's hand with her stiletto heel.
Ben cries out in pain.

BUILDING SECURITY GUARDS arrive and hustle the women out of
the room.

SECURITY GUARD

Alright ladies, parties over!

Ben gets to his feet, nursing a wounded right hand. His makeup is smeared, leggings torn and boobs displaced.

BEN
(to Andy)
You and me -- we're through.

SECURITY GUARD
(amazed)
Wow Dr. Hanz -- you're one sick bastard! Should I toss this freak too?

Andy straitens out his shirt and tie.

ANDY
Yeah, we're through.

The guard grabs Ben.

SECURITY GUARD
All right girlfriend, let's go.

BEN
I'm going already!

Andy watches as Ben's escorted out. Helen shoves the broken ticket dispenser into Andy's hands as she leaves.

ANDY
Helen, don't go. I can explain...

Andy stands there alone.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Fine. I don't need any of you.

INT. BEDROOM - CARTER MANSION - DAY

Ben stirs in bed. His bandaged hand searches the sheets for Margaret's pregnant body, but finds her side empty.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Ben saunters out. Margaret prepares lunch. A small flat screen TV is on.

MARGARET
I was beginning to think you were turning into Howard Hughes. How's the hand?

Ben wraps an arm around Margaret and caresses her pregnant belly. She stops her work and soaks in the moment.

ON THE TV

Little puppies frolic in a beautiful green field. Horses drink from a bubbling stream. Sounds of birds chirping. Andy appears in a cloud eating chocolate truffles.

DR. HANZ/COMMERCIAL

Put your well being into some very special hands, the hands of Dr. Hanz.

Ben frantically tries to unplug the TV as if it was on fire.

BEN

That son of a bitch!

Ben storms out. Margaret, concerned, touches her belly.

EXT. DOCKED YACHT - DAY

Ben arranges items aboard his gleaming white 45 foot yacht. Rick and TWO FRIENDS, JOCK AND CHUBBY, approach.

RICK

Speaking of, there's the bastard now.

Ben greets Rick and his enthusiastic friends with handshakes.

CHUBBY

An honor to meet you in person sir.

JOCK

Dude, you are a legend.

BEN

Thanks guys. You boys ready to fish?

RICK

Does the queen wear a crown?

INT./EXT. BEN'S YACHT - ATLANTIC - DAY

The boat cuts the waves. Sea spray fills the air. Ben stands at the wheel, the vision of a man trying hard to free himself. Rick passes Ben a beer. He hesitates, then takes and chugs it back.

RICK

The way I see it Ben, this Andy bloke isn't worth another thought.

BEN

Thing is Andy's really not that bad of a guy. I'm sure he'll come around eventually.

RICK

Look at you. You're still defending the deadbeat. He steals your ideas, leaches off you -- not to mention the showing up uninvited thing.

Ben ponders this a moment.

BEN

You know what Rick? You're right. Screw him.

RICK

Screw him.

JOCK

Seriously doc -- who needs friends when you've got a job like yours?

CHUBBY

Pussy all day long.

JOCK

Dude, you must be a workaholic!

RICK

Nah -- Ben plays it a like a born again. Myself on the other hand? Well let's just say I'd treat it like it was my own personal harem.

JOCK

Cheers to that!

Rick pulls out a small bag of white powder.

BEN

Is that -- ?

RICK

Don't worry Ben. We won't tell Margaret. Besides, it's herbal.

INT./EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC - NIGHT

The yacht races in circles, an empowered and overly chipper Ben at the wheel. For the first time, Ben has let it all go. The guys noses are white from the coke.

BEN

I feel invincible! Rick baby, you have got to give me that recipe!

RICK

Ain't no recipe mate. That's one hundred percent made in Colombia.

BEN

That's fantastic! You guys should patent the hell out of that shit!

Ben goes ballistic. He runs on the spot, then rips off his shirt. The guys stare in astonishment.

CHUBBY

Maybe we should get him home before he has a heart attack.

RICK

He's just having fun -- let him be.

Ben flops unconscious onto the deck. Chubby and Rick stare aloof. Jock giggles like a schoolboy.

JOCK

That was fuckin' awesome!

INT. DR. FINGERS SERVICING ROOM - DAY

A hung over and shabby looking Ben garbs up and takes a seat across from Lisa.

BEN

Hey Lisa. The usual?

LISA

You know it!

Ben begins the procedure. Lisa reacts expectantly, but her expression quickly turns to dissatisfaction.

LISA (CONT'D)

Rough night doctor?

BEN

Why do you ask?

LISA

You're just not yourself today.

Ben looks concerned as he increases his effort.

EXT. POOL - CARTER MANSION - DAY

Ben floats in an inflatable pool chair. A very pregnant Margaret bobs in the shallow end.

BEN

I've lost my touch, Margaret.

MARGARET

Maybe you need to take a break.
Let's go on a vacation.

BEN

I can't. Besides, look at you.

MARGARET

After the baby's born then. Please
Ben! I'm thinking the south of
France, perhaps Marseilles or...

BEN

You're asking me to shut down the
clinic for a few weeks.

MARGARET

So what are you telling me? We're
never going on another vacation?

BEN

Why do you women have to be so
bloody melodramatic! Rick was right
-- you are a control freak.

Margaret angrily exits the pool.

MARGARET

I'm going to pretend I didn't hear
that little brainwashed quip.

She throws his towel into the pool and storms inside. A frustrated Ben retrieves his soaked towel, rings it out.

EXT. DR. FINGERS CLINIC - DAY

Two groups clash in protest. On one side -- sex workers/liberal types. On the other -- the radical right. The female reporter from earlier does a news spot.

FEMALE REPORTER

Female hysteria clinics: cleverly disguised massage parlors? Or are they a legitimate unregulated practice that will further the well being of New York's women? The Supreme Court is currently weighing that very question.

REPORTERS battle for access to Ben as he forces his way through the dizzying crowd.

REPORTER #1

Will you abide by the Court's ruling?

BEN

I have every intention of operating within state laws...

Camera flashes blind and disorient Ben.

REPORTER #2

Is it true that you've also been operating a back room casino and betting racket from your clinic?

BEN

What? That's absurd! Where did...

INT. DR. HANZ SERVICING ROOM - SAME TIME

Andy watches the live news report while inattentively servicing a client. The room lights are dimmed, and smooth jazz plays. A variety of sex toys line the wall.

REPORTER #3 (ON TV)

What do you have to say about your competitor, Dr. Hanz, calling your service quote "fast food to his fine entree"?

Ben stops, visibly hurt by the comment.

BEN (ON TV)

As far as I'm concerned, and you can quote me on this -- Dr. Hanz is nothing but a second rate hack.

Andy grimaces, points the dildo he's using at the screen.

ANDY
 Can you believe this guy? Second
 rate hack my ass.

INT. DR. FINGERS SERVICING ROOM - DAY

Ben's servicing Sonia. Wendy pages him over the intercom.

WENDY (V.O.)
 Sorry to interrupt this session Dr.
 Fingers, but the Supreme Court is
 about to announce its decision.

Ben stops the procedure and removes his gloves.

BEN
 Sorry Sonia.

SONIA
 That's okay doctor. I was faking it
 anyway.

Ben, embarrassed, scratches his head.

EXT. PRESS CONFERENCE - COURT HOUSE STEPS - DAY

A PRIM LOOKING PR REPRESENTATIVE stands on the courthouse
 steps in front of a gaggle of reporters.

PR REP
 ...after significant deliberation
 the Supreme Court has issued a
 decision regarding the legality of
 establishments operating under the
 premise of the so-called female
 hysteria...

INT. DR. FINGERS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office gathers to watch the broadcast on a TV in the
 waiting room.

PR REP (ON TV)
 In a six to three decision, the
 court finds that the practice is
 considered lewd and falls under the
 current laws governing prostitution
 in the state of New York.

INT. DR. HANZ SERVICING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Andy also watches the press conference, all the while servicing ANGEL, a busty pink haired client.

PR REP (ON TV)
All clinics operating under these
guises have until twelve A.M
eastern time to cease all
operations, or face legal
proceedings against them...

INT. DR. FINGERS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ben and his patrons are visibly saddened. Wendy wraps a comforting arm around him.

WENDY
I'm sorry Ben.

Ben returns a brave but empty smile.

INT. DR. HANZ SERVICING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Andy shouts angrily at the TV. Angel climaxes.

	ANGEL		ANDY
Yes! Yes!		No! No!	

INT. LIVING ROOM - CARTER MANSION - DAY

Ben, lost in thought, gazes up at the ornate ceiling.
Margaret -- now nine months -- enters and sits alongside him.

MARGARET
Another bill came in today. I don't
think there's enough in the savings
account to cover it.

BEN
We're going to have to downsize,
aren't we?

She pauses, downcast.

MARGARET
I think so Ben.

They share a moment as she cuddles into him.

BEN

I'm going to miss having to use a map to find my way to the bathroom.

MARGARET

You gave it your all Ben. That should count for something, right?

The door bell rings.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Ben finds a discombobulated Andy at his doorstep.

BEN

You got some nerve showing up here. What do you want?

ANDY

Jen and I just broke up.

Ben is sympathetic but guarded.

BEN

I'm sorry to hear that.

ANDY

Turns out I wasn't her type. That, and the whole fingering other women thing.

(upbeat)

On the bright side, it's wing night at Louie's. So how bout it partner?

BEN

I don't think so Andy.

ANDY

Sure, you're probably right. I guess what I did was unforgivable.

Andy's a pathetic sight as he heads down the driveway. Ben can't bare to see him this way.

BEN

Alright I'll come. But I can't be long -- Margaret runs a tight ship.

ANDY

That's my bro!

Ben reluctantly slips on some shoes, wary of his friends sudden transformation. He surveys the driveway.

BEN
Where's your car?

ANDY
In the shop. Apparently some do-
hickey dopple-ganger thing started
rattling. I took the bus.

BEN
I wasn't aware the bus came out
this far.

INT. BEN'S CAR - DAY

Awkward silence as they drive. Ben merges the convertible off
a side street onto a jammed city street.

ANDY
What a beautiful day, huh.

Andy turns up the radio.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I love this song.

BEN
What's with the traffic?

ANDY
First time I heard this was at
Ingrid Van Vulpen's party...

Andy's voice trails off as Ben overhears a radio broadcast
from an adjacent vehicle...

CAR RADIO BULLETIN (V.O.)
...Police are seeking to apprehend
Andy Wilkins on charges of
soliciting prostitution after a
raid on his apartment last night
failed to locate the suspect...

Ben looks at Andy in shock. Andy's lost in the song. The cars
start to move again.

BEN
You never!

ANDY
(shouting over the radio)
I never what?

Ben shuts off the radio.

BEN

It all makes sense now. Showing up on my doorstep with no car. The eye twitch thing you get when you lie.

Andy's eye twitches profusely.

ANDY

What eye twitch thing? What are you talking about?

BEN

You didn't honestly think you could get away with working out of your apartment?

ANDY

Oh that. Relax, it's just a minor misunderstanding.

BEN

Since when did a police manhunt become a minor misunderstanding?

Back in bumper to bumper traffic -- this time outside an electronics store. A TV NEWS BULLETIN broadcasts on a dozen TV screens displayed in the store showcase.

TV NEWS BULLETIN

It's believed Mr. Wilkins had continued his practice from the confines of his apartment even after a Supreme Court ruling...

A mug shot of Andy appears in the broadcast.

ANDY

Oh come on! They had to use that picture? Look at what I'm wearing.

BEN

Out of the car -- now!

ANDY

Fine. But don't expect a Christmas card from me this year!

BEN

You mean the one with the picture of you and your hyper violent prison boyfriend on it?

Andy opens the door about to leave. The bulletin continues.

TV NEWS BULLETIN

...In a strange twist, police are also seeking the whereabouts of Ben Carter, Mr. Wilkins former rival and now possible accomplice...

Ben's photo appears on screen. Ben -- shocked -- glances over at the MOTORISTS stuck beside him. They too have caught the news bulletin and give Ben a suspicious double take.

ANDY

I should have never watched the Discovery Channel that day.

BEN

That's right. We wouldn't be in this situation if you hadn't come up with such a ridiculous idea!

ANDY

Me? You're not blaming this on me Dr. Strangelove! You're the one who broke his fingers and thought he'd become God's gift to women!

BEN

So it's going to be like that?

ANDY

What was I supposed to do, Ben? Sit idly by and watch you get rich?

BEN

That's exactly what you were supposed to do.

ANDY

That's cold man! Did it ever appear to you that maybe I wanted a goldfish pond or matching towel and face cloth sets?

BEN

Whatever. I don't believe anything you say anymore. Was Jennifer real?

ANDY

No. Got her picture out of a magazine. But you have to admit, she was the perfect woman for me.

BEN

I want my twenty-five grand back.

ANDY

I can't. I used it to get the Dr.
Hanz clinic going.

Ben can't believe his ears.

BEN

You're completely fucking insane!

ANDY

That's it! I un-muchacho you!

BEN

Fine! You take your stupid muchacho
metaphor and shove it! I don't even
know what a muchacho is. What is
it, like a Mexican appetizer or
something?

ANDY

It's a friend I think, which is
what you aren't.

BEN

Yeah, well you're a two faced,
backstabbing underachiever.

Ben's comments cut through Andy.

ANDY

I probably deserve that. At least I
never forgot how to be a nice
person.

Ben stares angrily into the distance. Andy slams the car door
and makes his way over to the sidewalk.

Bernie -- the big guy from the gym -- spots Andy from the
sidewalk.

BERNIE

You there -- stop!

Andy pretends not to hear. Bernie breaks into a sprint.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Citizens arrest!

Andy turns and sees Bernie bearing down.

ANDY

Shit -- not this guy!

Before Andy can escape Bernie tackles him to the ground. Ben yields to the crowd swelling around him.

INT./EXT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Police load Andy and Ben into a squad car. BYSTANDERS hurl insults.

BYSTANDERS

That's where low-life scum like you belong!/
Deviants!

Ben and Andy silently ignore each other. Ben watches as his car is towed away.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Ben and Andy sit in opposite ends of a packed prisoner holding cell. TATTOOED AND MEAN LOOKING INMATES are gathered around Andy. Even A FEW COPS listen in.

ANDY

Thus, in conclusion my dangerous looking friends, the art of pleasing a woman can be accomplished through the use of these three techniques.

They all clap appreciatively. A MEAN LOOKING TATTOOED BIKER sits down beside Andy.

MEAN LOOKING TATTOOED BIKER

May I just say how indebted I am for all you've done for my wife Angel. Ever since her treatments she's been a changed woman.

ANDY

Angel? Pink hair -- hyper chick?

MEAN LOOKING TATTOOED BIKER

That's her. I just hope she doesn't relapse. She's kinda crazy when she's not serviced.

A FAT COP calls out to Ben and Andy.

FAT COP

Mr. Wilkins. Mr. Carter. You've both made bail. Let's go.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Margaret waits beneath an umbrella as Ben and Andy exit. Ben goes to kiss her, but she gives him her cheek instead. She turns and heads to the car.

INT. MARGARET'S CAR - NIGHT

It rains steadily on the drive home. The silence is deafening. Margaret pulls up outside Andy's apartment.

ANDY

Thanks for bailing us out Margaret.

Margaret ignores Andy's comment.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Listen, I just wanted to say that it was never my intention to cause you guys any harm or...

MARGARET

We'll talk about this some other time, Andy.

ANDY

That's cool. I understand.

Andy's not quite out of the car when Margaret speaks.

MARGARET

I think it's best if we don't see each other for a little while.

BEN

Yeah, I totally agree.
(to Andy)
Nice knowing you buddy.

MARGARET

No -- I mean us, Ben.

Andy realizes it's time to make his exit. He shuts the door and crosses the street to his apartment.

BEN

Honey, what are you talking about?

MARGARET

I think it's best if the baby and I get away from...
(tearing up)
...from you for a while.

BEN

Margaret this is all just a big misunderstanding...

MARGARET

And I suppose fucking Liz was too?

Ben's completely flabbergasted. And guilty looking...

BEN

What?

(lost for words)

She came on to me... I didn't...

Margaret can't contain herself anymore... tears flow.

MARGARET

I can't take this anymore Ben! I'm not bringing our baby into this world you've created. I need back the man I fell in love with, the man I married.

(rallying)

For now, I think you should find somewhere else to stay.

Ben looks at her brokenly. Margaret wipes away the tears, gazes off into the rain soaked streets.

BEN

Fine. If that's what you think is best.

Ben exits the vehicle and watches Margaret drive off into the night. He checks his pockets -- empty.

BEN (CONT'D)

No wallet -- just great!

(to the sky)

Are you happy now!

He sits on a bus stop bench, drenched.

INT. ANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Andy exits the shower. As he dries himself, he casts a casual glance out his window onto the street below.

ANDY

Look at that poor guy sitting there, all alone and hopeless.

He squints and realizes...

ANDY (CONT'D)
Is that..? Damn karma.

Andy opens the window.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Hey jackass! Get yourself up here!

INT. ANDY'S APARTMENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Andy opens the door to a thoroughly soaked and defeated Ben.

ANDY
You can have the couch. Here's some
clothes.

Andy tosses him a towel, pair of sweats and a t-shirt.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I would have given you a pair of my
boxers, but I know you only wear
briefs. I'm going to bed.

BEN
This doesn't change anything
between us.

ANDY
(detachedly)
Whatever.

Andy heads to his room and shuts the door.

INT. ANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Andy walks out in his boxers. Ben -- one with the couch --
watches a TV game show as he devours cereal from an oversized
bowl. Andy grabs the empty box of cereal, feels its weight,
then looks inside to double check its contents.

ANDY
I can't believe you polished off my
Cheerios. Now that's just going to
throw my whole day out of whack.

BEN
You're going to have do some
shopping. I finished the last of
the milk too.

ANDY

I can't believe this! You better not have taken that peach I was saving to put on top--

Andy checks the counter and sees the empty fruit basket. He throws his head back in frustration as he attempts to rally all his remaining patience. Ben devours the peach.

BEN

Delicious! Where do you do your grocery shopping? My fruit is always rock hard or grainy like it's been frozen or something.

A knock at the door. Andy busily fries up bacon and eggs.

ANDY

You want to get that Cleopatra? If it's not too much trouble for you.

Ben gets to the door and looks through the peep hole.

BEN

Strange looking middle age chick. Wild pink highlights in her hair. Should I let her in?

ANDY

Reminds me of Angel, one of my old clients. Absolute wacko. She'd visit the clinic like twice a day.

The woman begins to bang on the door aggressively.

WOMAN

I can hear the TV on in there! Open the door!

BEN

She seems pretty intent on getting your attention.

ANDY

Probably just selling cookies or magazine subscriptions.

Through the peephole, Ben watches the woman walk away.

BEN

Looks like she's leaving. Wait... she's grabbing something from the wall. Looks like a --

Before Ben can get the words out a fire ax smashes through the door inches from his head. Ben lets out a girlish scream. His bowl of cereal ascends skyward.

The woman hacks at the door and quickly demolishes it. Ben and Andy are in total panic.

ANDY

It's her! The wacko from the clinic! Call the cops -- she's freaking postal!

Ben grabs the portable phone.

BEN

I don't believe this! Your stupid phone is dead!

ANDY

(calm, detached)
Sorry, forgot to mention that. You wouldn't believe the hold time on those TV special offers with the...

His thought is interrupted as Angel enters the apartment. She breathes hard, hair disheveled. Her eyes are focused.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Pepper? Where did I leave it?

ANGEL

Andy my love -- where have you been? You haven't returned my calls. I need your touch Andy.

BEN

I'm sure he was meaning to call you, right Andy?

ANDY

(playing along)
Sure, just busy with, ah...

She stalks them, ax gripped tightly. They move back, slowly.

ANGEL

(pointing to Ben)
Who's this? Are you a homo, Andy?

ANDY

No, no. Ben's...
(searching)
...my brother?

ANGEL

But Andy sweetheart, you told me
you were an only child.

BEN

His Albanian brother slash cousin.
It's pretty much the same thing
over there.

ANGEL

Really?

In a flash, she chops at Ben. He dives to the ground and
comes up holding a chair. She swings again and splits the
chair in two. Ben stares in dread at the two chair halves.

ANDY

Not Aunt Ida's chairs! Could you
find something else to defend
yourself with please?

BEN

Well I suppose you're right. My
life really isn't worth a piece of
wood now is it Judas?

ANDY

Yeah, well John Wayne didn't sit on
any of your chairs now did he?

BEN

What would you prefer me to use?
Oh, how about this napkin? Haven't
you got an Uzi or something?

Andy spots the pepper shaker and frantically unscrews the
top. He throws a handful of pepper at Angel -- but it
disperses and fills the room. They're all blinded.

BEN (CONT'D)

My eyes! You moron!

ANDY

Hot dang! This stuff really burns!

Angel is completely furious. She swings the ax mercilessly.

BEN

Where is she?

ANDY

Near the sofa!

Ben swings a lamp around like a madman. He smashes a mirror.

ANDY (CONT'D)
That better not have been Grandma's
priceless vase!

Ben swings again and destroys Grandma's vase.

BEN
Shoot! No, I think that was.

ANDY
If we live through this I'm killing
you myself!

Angel attacks Andy. He dives backwards to avoid the ax, only to knock over the pan of bacon laid atop the stove. A grease fire erupts.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Ah, we've got a bit of a situation
here!

BEN
Now there's a revelation! What
clued you into that Andy?

ANDY
Fire! We've got fire!

Angel follows Andy's voice and chops blindly at him. Andy stumbles over a chair which sends him to the floor. Angel raises the ax, about to deliver the coup de grace on Andy.

ANGEL
If I can't have you, no one will!

Before Angel can drop the ax, Ben brings a chair down on top her -- knocking her out cold.

BEN
Andy?

Ben gets no response. He listens -- still blinded. No answer.

BEN (CONT'D)
Shit. I didn't get you too did I?

ANDY
No. I'm still here buddy.

Andy braces himself against the kitchen cupboards. Ben drags himself over. They sit side by side, exhausted and battered.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I'm just thinking how we're going to explain this one to the cops.

They both have a laugh at this.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Ben, for everything. No more lies from me, I swear.

BEN

No. I'm the one who should be sorry. I've acted like a total ass lately.

ANDY

Yeah, tell me about it.

BEN

I just always wanted to do something great with my life, you know, become somebody. I guess I screwed that up too.

ANDY

You were somebody before all this Ben. Why do you think a hottie like Margaret married you? I'll tell you why -- you're a good person.

Ben smiles. Let's it sink in.

BEN

Thanks buddy.

They attempt a painful hug.

ANDY

Maybe we should go into business together, you know, like home security or something.

Margaret appears and opens what's left of the front door. She stares aghast at the state of the apartment.

MARGARET

Ben? Andy? Are you guys okay?

ANDY

We're back here Margaret.

Margaret climbs through the debris. She notices Angel's unconscious body on the floor. She stares, speechless.

BEN
There's a good explanation for
this.

MARGARET
I don't have time for it. My water
just broke.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Andy rushes Margaret's wheel chair down a hallway. A nervous wreck, Ben follows behind -- his arms full of baby stuff.

ANDY
Alright Marg, I need you to focus.
Remember your mental picture. Ben,
I'm passing her over to you.

Andy hands control of the wheel chair to Ben.

INT. MATERNITY WARD - DAY

They enter the waiting room. It's filled with pregnant women and panicked husbands. Margaret reaches out for Ben.

MARGARET
Ben -- the baby's coming!

Ben grabs the head nurse's arm, desperate.

BEN
Nurse, please! My wife needs a room
now!

HEAD NURSE
This is my ward sir. I'll not be
talked to in that tone.

BEN
I'm sorry nurse. But...

HEAD NURSE
Take a seat, sir.

Andy overhears some NURSES converse at their station.

NURSES
Dr. Roger's been delayed/ It'll be
at least an hour until...

Andy seizes the moment and snags a doctor's coat and stethoscope. He struts boldly into the nurse's station.

ANDY

Alright nurses! Let's get this show
on the road!

HEAD NURSE

And who are you?

ANDY

Who am I? I'm Dr. Hanz, Dr. Rogers'
substitute.

HEAD NURSE

I haven't seen you here before.
Let's see some identification.

ANDY

Listen nurse -- are we going to
discuss the inner working of
hospital security policy? Or are we
going to deliver some babies!

The waiting room erupts in cheers.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(pointing to Margaret)
Let's start with her.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - SAME TIME

Doors part as Margaret's gurney is rolled in by a gaggle of
nurses.

ANDY

Let's get a birthing ball, several
cold cloths, and case of red bull.

HEAD NURSE

Yes doctor.

LATER IN THE DELIVERY ROOM

Ben breathes Margaret through her contractions.

Alas, the baby arrives. A nurse passes the newborn to Ben,
who stares in awe. Margaret and Ben kiss tenderly. Andy takes
in the moment, removes his garb and exits.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

Andy browses the vending machines. A familiar voice speaks.

NURSE HARRINGTON (O.S.)
 Did you're friend hurt another
 appendage, Mr. Wilkins?

Andy turns. Nurse Harrington beams him a flirtatious smile.

ANDY
 Nurse Harrington --
 (lost in her)
 Actually his wife just had a baby.

NURSE HARRINGTON
 Congratulations! He's real lucky to
 have a friend like you.

Andy mulls this, albeit with a new humbleness. She lingers.

NURSE HARRINGTON (CONT'D)
 So I guess I'll see you around?

ANDY
 Absolutely.

She heads to the exit, disappointed. Andy chastises himself.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 Don't waste this Andy.
 (calling after her)
 Nurse Harrington...

She turns to him, expectantly.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 You ever tried dim sum?

NURSE HARRINGTON
 Are you kidding? I love it!

ANDY
 I know this great place on forty
 second...

Andy opens the door for her as they leave together.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 By the way -- did you know I used
 to be a doctor?

FADE OUT.