

GETTING ON

"Glamourpuss"

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"GLAMOURPUSS"

FADE IN:

INT. PATSY DE LA SERDA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Patsy meditates with his eyes closed, palms upturned -- until he is interrupted by the jarring sound of a staple gun punching into the wall outside his office. Kuh-chunck...kuh-chunk...kuh-chunk. He squints to see an agitated FIGURE in the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY NEXT TO PATSY'S OFFICE - SAME

In one arm DR. JAMES balances a stack of flyers. Desperate to make the jammed staple gun someone else's problem, she peers into Patsy's office, breathing against the window. Seeing Patsy with his eyes closed, she considers barging in, shows restraint.

INT. PATSY'S OFFICE - SAME

ON Patsy fighting against distraction...

INT. HALLWAY NEXT TO PATSY'S OFFICE - MOMENT'S LATER

INSERT - A crooked flyer fastened to the wall with surgical tape reads: SKIN LESIONS IN NON-AMBULATORY GERIATRICS: A Public Talk by Dr. Jenna James, Director of Medicine.

INT. PATSY DE LA SERDA'S OFFICE - SAME

OFF PATSY, as the timer (crickets chirping) goes off. Mind over matter. This round -- is his.

MAIN TITLES

INT. OPEN WARD/NURSES' STATION - DAY

Didi fills pill dispensers as Dawn wrestles with a mound of paperwork. Dr. James approaches, holding flyers.

JENNA

Ladies, this talk is going to be a game-changer for geriatric dermatology. The epidermal terrain of the elderly is as varied as, well, I imagine -- the lunar terrain, not that I've been to the moon recently.

Dawn is walled-in by paperwork.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Dawn, I need you to drop anchor, button down the hatch, and set sail. Between now and Thursday morning, I need the entire team to give 150% to the ailing women of this recovery unit -- so that I can do the important work that changes lives.

DAWN

(offended)
I'm sorry..?

JENNA

While I'm prepping for my talk, we need teamwork, Dawn. And autonomy. Like, when Dr. Stickley calls to invite more colleagues -- or Dr. Saggyhedi of UCLA asks to borrow one of my dermopathy slides,-- that's the top priority, you understand?

Dawn nods, burying her head in a file drawer.

On her way to see a patient, Didi picks up a sharp pedicure tool.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Good morning, Denise. Are you aware that the number one cause of dermatological visits is *dyschromia* or "discoloration?"

Didi shakes her head.

JENNA (CONT'D)

...when it's specific to lesions,
it's likely to be *acanthosis*--
often a sign of insulin resistance.

DIDI

No, I wasn't aware.

JENNA

Yes, well I thought you might be
interested.

Dawn shakes her head.

DIDI (CONT'D)

(gesticulating with the
pointy tool)

Dr. James, do I look discolored to
you?

JENNA

What? Do you?--discolored? NO, no,
no, of course not. I wasn't..No, I
was just explaining that when it
comes to pigmentation there are
specific presentations of.. No, no
one is saying that anyone's
discolored -- that would be-- No.
We -- my colleagues and I -- see a
plethora of dyschromia across
certain populations and
certainly...

Didi continues to wave the tool in the air.

DIDI

Well, that's good. 'Cause last time
I checked, I didn't have a skin
condition. This is just the skin
I'm in - nothin' I can do to change
that.

JENNA

God no,-- now wait a minute. You're
purposely making me sound like I
was saying something -- That's
certainly not what I -- I love your
skin. I wish I had --

Dr. James inches back from the pedicure tool.

DIDI

You wish you had...what?

DAWN

--Nephrology sent over an admit.
She's in the double, Leonarda
Piccolo. Post-op fever following
the passing of a kidney stone.
Vitals look good. Wants to see you
as soon as possible.

JENNA

Alright, duty calls.

Dr. James drops the stack of flyers on Dawn's desk.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Oh, Dawn, you'll distribute these
throughout the unit? And maybe when
nurse De La Serda wakes up from his
nap, he can help with the..

DAWN

(defensive)
His *nap*? Oh, no, no, he's not
napping. He's leading by example.
Meditation is a big part of his
Body Mind--

Dr. James takes off, clacking her heels down the hall.
Simmering, Didi watches her go.

DAWN (CONT'D)

(to Didi)

Did anyone mention anything about
my personal day?

DIDI

Uh-uh.

DAWN

Oh. So, Patsy noticed I wasn't here
but he just didn't say anything?

DIDI

Nope.

DAWN

Nope, he didn't say anything? Or
nope, he didn't notice?

DiDi shrugs.

DAWN (CONT'D)

That's okay. I mean a personal day should be a private matter between you and yourself. Or else it would be called something different. Like, a Bleaching and Waxing Day, or a Bingeing and Laxatives Day, or a Hangover and Shame-Spiral Day, right?

DIDI

Really..?

DAWN

What?

DIDI

Nevermind.

DAWN

Nevermind..?

DIDI

Just some people use the day to get errands done, or take care of stuff with their kids, or whatever.

DAWN

I did a lot of thinking on my personal day. Like a LOT of thinking, you know. I wish Patsy and I could -- we need to *define* our relationship a little more. Are we *this* or are we...*that*? Slow lane or diamond lane? Co-workers or blowjob buddies?--without the reciprocation part.

DIDI

Dawn, no matter what you call it, this might not be exactly what you want.

DAWN

What do you mean?

DIDI

I mean that there are other fish in the sea--fish who know if they like to do their swimmin' with lady fishes or man fishes.

DAWN

I know. I know. He's not always sure about *that*-- But then again, I mean, who's ever really sure?

Didi raises her eyebrows -- *Really?*

DAWN (CONT'D)

Well, you know what they say, you need to have some mystery in order to keep things fresh. It's just that I know he knows what he thinks we are, and I want to know that what I think we are is what we both think. Does that seem reasonable?

OFF DiDi -- deep sigh.

INT. OPEN WARD/LIZZY HINEY'S BED

With KITTY and TWO RESIDENTS in tow, Dr. James combs the leathery skin of on an ancient, cranky, patient who has a Santa Claus-sized distended belly. She is LIZZY HINEY.

JENNA

Well hell-ooo...LIZZY HINEY...born 1919. Wooo-ee. Coming up on 96 years young. Good morning, Sleeping Beauty. We're going to reduce the swelling and take a look at what ails you... What have we here? Edges are rounded..Large, fluid-filled blisters inside the folds of her...Anyone?

KITTY

...keratosis?

JENNA

Good guess, but not quite. Its centric girth makes it a bulla, and there are several more bullae near the groin area. That's her groin... down...there...

LIZZY sits up unexpectedly and yells out:

LIZZY

Bullshit! That's no bullae. It's a furuncle, dummy! Diagnosed when I was 85.

JENNA

(smiling)

When you've studied the lesion landscape as long as I have, you no longer mistake a blister for a welt.

KITTY

But maybe she's right about--

JENNA

Oh, there's wisdom to allowing patients to have their dignity--but not if dignity comes in the form of a critical misdiagnosis.

Lizzy gives Dr. James the finger.

LIZZY

(sotto)

Crackpot...

Dr. James turns to LIZZY, sotto but authoriatively:

JENNA

That's okay if you want to believe it's a furuncle...but those are Bullae, my friend, Bullae.

Lizzy shakes her head defiantly.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(sings)

Wooly-Bullae. Wooly-bullae. Wooly-bullae. Wooly-bullae..

Lizzy -- hands up to her ears, shaking her head -- make it stop.

INT. BIRDY'S ROOM - DAY

Dawn pulls back the curtain, fluffs the pillows. Birdy is grinning ear-to-ear.

DAWN

Good morning, Birdy. I see you're in a good mood today. Sleep well?

Dawn notices a LUMP IN THE BED and pulls the covers back to reveal: MR. BUTLER, Birdy's lover, parked between Birdy's legs.

DAWN (CONT'D)
Mr. Butler! Birdy! ...We've talked
about this. A safe distance apart!!

INT. LIZZY'S BEDSIDE - DAY

Didi presses down gently on Lizzy's abdomen. Dawn puts on gloves.

DAWN
Birdy and Mr. Butler are at it
again...

DIDI
Those two... We've got a situation
here. Lizzy's got a bedpan stuck
under there. Help me roll her, will
you? It's wedged in there like a
penny in a carseat.

Didi talks softly to Lizzy.

DIDI (CONT'D)
I know this is uncomfortable. We'll
get it -- just try to work with us.
Scooch a little that way...
Alright...Okay... Now the other
way. Up...now over to the left...

Dr. James arrives with her clipboard, ignores the fuss over Lizzy, and swerves to the next bed.

Dawn raises her eyebrows in disbelief.

In b.g, Dawn and Didi huff and puff along with encouraging words ("I GOT HER," "YOU GOTTA GET UP UNDERNEATH THERE"..)

A few feet away, Dr. James attends to LEONARDA PICCOLA, a tall, elegant, youthful presence, who is hooked up to several monitors. She has a trace of red lipstick and her hair is nicely styled.

JENNA
Ciao, Leonarda Piccolo! Come ti
senti oggi?

LEONARDA
(In posh British- schooled
English:)
Honestly, I've been better, doctor.
Didn't sleep a wink last night.
(MORE)

LEONARDA (CONT'D)

But clearly my roommate needs the attention. She's very...musical, you might say operatic, poor girl.

JENNA

Yes, well, the nurses are doing what they do best. Dr. Jenna James, director of medicine. You have the skin of a much, much younger -- (checking her chart) -- You can't be 72! Seventy...two! Seventy -- You don't mind if I say your age.

LEONARDA

(smiling)

I'm afraid it's a bit late for that.

In the b.g., Lizzy mutters loudly:

LIZZY HINEY

She's a baby.

JENNA

(sotto)

What's your secret?

LEONARDA

My secret? I don't have any secrets, doctor. We are what we are. Life itself is a mystery, no?

JENNA

But I mean -- Do you eat cruciferous plants? Take milk baths? Sleep in a chamber?

LEONARDA

Nothing so dramatic, I'm afraid. I just wash with a gentle soap made from dandelions. Oh, and I learned a lot from the girls when I was modeling in Milano.

JENNA

Milano! You're a model.

LEONARDA

I was, yes, years ago...Gianni Versace, Gucci, all my dear friends...

IN the b.g. -- Dawn and Didi grunt louder.

DIDI

Wait now, wait a minute...Hold on to the...No, no not *there*..Oh, Lord...okay...okay...

DAWN

Push...that's it...thatta girl...one more...push...push harder..!

JENNA

It's like a maternity ward in here. Okay, let's see. Your fever is down slightly. That's good. Pyelonephritis is often caused by -- oh, right, you passed a kidney stone.

LEONARDA

Yes. One minute I was promoting my book and the next I was doubled-over in pain...

JENNA

Your book?

LEONARDA

It's called *Beauty Within*. I talk about how we must get away from the superficial and be more luminous, more attractive -- from the inside out.

JENNA

Really? I'll have to try that.

In the b.g. Lizzy MOANS. DR. James checks Leonarda's chart.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Hemoglobin...Okay, we'll keep you hydrated, and on the antibiotics for at least another two days, and we'll have you ready for that book tour in no time...

LEONARDA

Fantastic.

JENNA

Let me just take a peek at the catheter...

From the other side of the room:

DAWN
 (loudly)
 One..two...

ON Didi, as she struggles -- and finally pries the bedpan out from under Lizzy.

DIDI
 Got it! We got it. I got...

The bedpan contents come raining down...

DIDI (CONT'D)
 ...okay.

Dawn stares at Didi, her hand over her mouth: The front of Didi's apron is wet. Even Dr. James gets a sprinkle on her lab coat.

DAWN
 (to Didi)
 Sorry you had to take one for the team.

LIZZY
 That was exhausting!

ON Didi, thinking, *you're exhausted?*

A low pitched gaseous noise can be heard coming from Lizzy, rather like the pattering of a motorboat.

JENNA
 (liking her own joke)
 Another successful delivery.

The sound of putt...puttt, continues in b.g.

LEONARDA
 Poor woman, her digestion is not working properly. What can we do?

JENNA
 (nose held as she backs out of the room)
 I suggest you breathe through your mouth. I'm having a talk Thursday that you will be VERY interested in -- skin lesions in geriatrics. Game-changer...Hope you can make it. What is in that hospital food?

INT. OPEN WARD - DAY

Dr. James crosses Patsy, who is pushing a PATIENT in a wheelchair.

JENNA

Nurse De la Serda, you look well-rested. Could you spray some air-freshener in room 109?

PATSY

I'm sorry? Air freshener? I'm returning this patient from physical therapy...

JENNA

Never mind, I may have some patchouli incense left over from the uh ... in my office.

PATSY

Doctor, are we having some kind of a miscomm? I'm not sure what you meant by 'well rested.' Is that sarcasm directed at me?

JENNA

No sarcasm. I just noticed that while you seem to have isolated yourself, I've been preparing for--

PATSY

No one is isolating. Just the opposite, I'm team-building.

JENNA

Well, we are all out here in the big arena, on the front lines, doing our darndest to help our patients in their recovery...

PATSY

Frankly, Dr. James, you seem totally unaware of my Body-Mind Program. You must have seen my signs for a healthy B.M...

JENNA

Must have missed that one...

PATSY

As part of the healthy B.M. program, I've encouraged our staff to practice daily meditation and set aside time for a silent lunch retreat. Studies consistently show that mindfulness helps to prevent burn-out among our healthcare professionals.

JENNA

Yes, well, that does seem like the kind of lofty, unattainable goal that people like you over in Dalai Lamaville may hope to achieve.

Jenna's POV --

INSERT: FLYERS On The Wall -- Jenna's face has been tagged: RED DEVIL EYES, WITCH HAT, FURRY with FANGS...

JENNA (CONT'D)

Will you excuse me --

PATSY

Doctor...

(calling after her)

It's never too late to start looking inward.

EXT. NURSE DE LA SERDA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Dawn stands outside reading the sign taped to the door: Silent Lunch Retreat/ Back at 12:45. She knocks timidly, enters.

INT. NURSE DE LA SERDA'S OFFICE - SAME

A beat -- as Dawn waits to see if Patsy will respond.

DAWN

Maybe you can just lift one of your fingers or wiggle your ears or something, so I know you're hearing me...or not.

CLOSE on Patsy's lifeless ears.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Was that a wiggle? I couldn't tell if that was a twitch or...?

Patsy exhales.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Anyway, you said we needed some time apart and I did it. I took that personal day so we could have some time to not be together, and just be...you know, apart.

PATSY

(peeking)

Hmn?

DAWN

I spent the day tweezing some hard to get places, maybe drinking a little vodka and o.j., and thinking about our relationship. A lot. Trying to understand where we are.

PATSY

(eyes closed)

Dawn, that's not what a personal day is for...Look, I just wanted us to slow down a little, that's all.

DAWN

Okay. Okay. So, in your mind we're in the diamond lane? We're not on the shoulder?

Patsy shrugs, eyes closed.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Phew. As long as we're not like all the way over on the shoulder -- with a flat tire and the hazard light blinking. I mean, are we?

Patsy opens one eye to deliver his verdict.

PATSY

I don't...know, Dawn. You have a lot of questions.

DAWN

I'm just trying to understand.

PATSY

(recrosses his legs with a sigh)

We're all trying to understand. The thing is, not all questions have answers. Okay?

DAWN
 (nodding)
 Sure, okay.

Off Dawn -- not at all okay.

INT. LIZZY/LEONARDA'S ROOM -- AFTERNOON

DiDi checks Leonarda's vital signs.

DIDI
 Your temperature's almost normal
 now. Lookin' good. How's that
 catheter? Probably not too
 comfortable. Let me just check on
 that...

As DIDI adjusts the catheter, she sees something UNUSUAL
 between Leonarda's legs. She raises her eyebrows slightly,
 and bites her bottom lip, a noble effort to keep her surprise
 in check.

Leonarda grins demurely. Didi, perplexed, smiles back.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - MOMENT'S LATER

Dawn's listening to a "relationship" talk show in the b.g.
 Dr. James and DiDi arrive at the same time, both needing
 Dawn's urgent attention. Dr. James holds a few "examples" of
 vandalized flyers.

JENNA
 Dawn, do you mind telling me what
 twisted mind would do a thing like
 this..?

INSERT: Flyer featuring Dr. James as "HITLER."

Dawn shows concern. Didi turns her head away to keep from
 laughing.

DAWN
 Oh, that's...No, I haven't seen...
 I'll keep my eyes peeled for
 vandals and taggers -- *or anyone*
carrying a concealed magic marker
 on the ward.

JENNA
 Denise?

Didi shrugs.

DAWN (CONT'D)

I think that's the term we learned in my book club when we read the one --*Middlesex* -- about the Greek hermaphrodite guy-lady. I couldn't wait to finish that one to see, you know, how it turned out -- So you're saying Leonarda has a vagina -- and a penis.

DIDI

Yep.

DAWN

Cool. I mean, not really cool, but...Is it full size? Can it stand up on its own, or is it more of a micro-penis?

DIDI

Nothin' fancy, so more towards the micro-whatever, I guess.

JENNA

(to Didi)

I'm going to ask you the hard questions. First of all, are you sure what you saw was a penis?

DIDI

...Really?

JENNA

This is a valid question. The geriatric vagina can be very *deceptive*. Perhaps it was an enthusiastic clitoris.

DIDI

Excuse me, doctor, I have been married a long time, but even back in the day when we had a few drinks before dinner, I never got confused about what's a penis and what ain't a penis.

DAWN

And I've never even heard of a *deceptive*...a *sneaky* vagina. That's...that's new to me.

JENNA

(professional)

Alright, alright, let's assume that Leonarda has two sets of genitalia -
- Is the scrotum palpable? How is the penis presenting?

DIDI

I didn't ask the penis how it was doin'. That's not my business. I was checking on the catheter line and -- there it was, like the moon and the sun -- out at the same time. I'm just telling you, so you don't have a surprise party the next time you examine her.

JENNA

And I thank you for that.

DIDI

And another thing -- I know how they like to talk around here. I figure Leonarda might want some privacy around this issue. I know *I* would.

DAWN

Do we have to fill out paperwork? I know by Thursday we need another bed. Technically, she could be moved to another floor.

Dawn picks up the phone.

DAWN (CONT'D)

...she is, just a minute.
(cups the phone)
Doctor, do we need to fill something out for Leonarda? I mean, does she need to be transferred?

JENNA

Good question. Good...question.

DAWN

Is that a yes or a no?

Dr. James heads to her office, leaving Dawn to ponder.

DAWN
 (sotto, frustrated)
 Another question with no answer.

OFF Dawn -- annoyed.

INT. LIZZY/LEONARDA'S ROOM - DAY

Didi enters with a tray.

DIDI
 Hi there. How you feelin'? Time for
 your meds.

Didi hands Leonarda a cup with pills and water.

LEONARDA
 I'm alright. I don't think I'm very
 popular around here. I overheard
 some of the ladies talking. Saying
 I shouldn't be on this ward.

DIDI
 People get some weird ideas, that's
 all.

LEONARDA
 They get the wrong impression of
 me, I think, because I'm a little
 eccentric.

DIDI
 Well, thank God we're all a little
 different. If not, it'd be awfully
 boring.
 (a beat, as Didi decides
 to open up)
 You know I have an extra bone in my
 foot that sticks out. Couldn't wear
 sandals for the longest time. I
 know it's not the same as what
 you -- as your situation -- but
 it's something that make me unique.

Didi takes Leonarda's blood pressure.

DIDI (CONT'D)
 130 over 80. They're just confused.
 And maybe even a little jealous.

LEONARDA
 Perhaps.
 (a beat)
 You have been very kind to me.

DIDI
Well, we try...

INT. DR. JAMES' OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

In the cramped space, Dr. James is practicing the slideshow for her talk. A BOBBLE-HEAD of a doctor with a stethoscope around his neck sits on a chair as the "audience."

JENNA
(to the bobble-head)
...funny you should ask. I just had a patient claiming she had a furuncle when clearly it was a...

The phone rings and she picks up.

JENNA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Oh, Yes, hello, Paul. Right, this Thursday...That's right. You what?
Oh. (a beat)
Your son?...Sixth grade?

Dr. James starts to fold into the chair.

Badminton...Uh-huh. A
Tournament...Oh, a Round Robin...Of course. So, you can't even catch the last few minutes... I see...I understand... And your wife? Sure. Succulents. Alright then, I guess we'll have to...I know you are...Next time.

After a beat for a slow boil -- Dr. James grabs the figurine out of the chair and rips its little head off. She then hangs the decapitated "body" from a hook.

INT. OUTSIDE DR. JAMES OFFICE - SAME

PAN to Patsy standing outside the door, witnessing the "killing." Patsy knocks timidly.

PATSY
Busy?

Dr. James, shaken, smiles blankly, as Patsy pushes past her.

Patsy spots the FIGURINE hanging from a hook.

PATSY (CONT'D)

I hear you wanted to talk about passing out some flyers for your --

JENNA

I assume you know we have a miscreant...an evildoer living among us, defacing property on the ward.

PATSY

I did notice that some of the flyers were...scribbled on, yes.

Dr. James holds up a flyer portraying her as HITLER.

JENNA

This is more than 'scribbles,' nurse. It's the kind of inexplicable act that makes me wonder about the human condition -- and those who would take aim at a woman of medicine.

PATSY

Oh, I don't think anyone's taking aim at you, doctor. Then again, when something like this happens, it can be an opportunity to -- instead of pointing the finger out there --

Patsy demonstrates with a pointed index finger.

PATSY (CONT'D)

Turn it around and point it back at ourselves.

JENNA

You think I had something to do with my own flyers being mangled and --?

PATSY

No, not directly. But, who knows, maybe it was just a prank.

JENNA

A prank, really?

PATSY

I did see one kid putting ice down his granny's nightie. Very naughty little...bugger.

JENNA

Well, pranks hurt. Graffiti-- especially Hitler mustache-related graffiti--hurts. And boils...big simmering boils all over your face hurt, too.

PATSY

Sure they do. It does. Believe me, I know about ridicule.

JENNA

I'll bet you do.

Dr. James collapses in her chair.

PATSY

Are you alright, doctor?

JENNA

(feigning recovery)

Fine. Did you know that badminton is the second most popular sport in the world?

PATSY

I can't say I've played much badminton. Croquet once or twice with the guys, you know, lawn parties in P-town.

JENNA

(a beat)

Dr. Stickley's son has a round robin badminton tournament this Thursday, so he won't be able to attend my talk. And his wife is trying out a new gardener...So, that's one seat that won't be filled. C'est la vie.

PATSY

I'm sorry to hear that. I hope you find a quiet moment of contemplation in your day.

JENNA

I know you do.

Dr. James nods. She's not quite ready to bury the hatchet. After Patsy leaves, she tosses the bobble head in the air and swats it across the room -- with a badminton "kill shot."

INT. LOUNGE AREA - DAY

By default, BIRDIE, LIZZY HINEY, and a FRAIL PATIENT, are watching a Spanish *telenovela*. No one has been by to change the channel in a while.

BIRDIE

I can't understand a word they're saying.

LIZZY

That's because it's in another language! This place is like the Third World. Did you hear, they stuck a man in my room.

BIRDIE

Lucky!

LIZZY

I had no choice. They wheeled in what looked like a friendly young gal -- next thing I know-- I've got a guy in the next bed.

FRAIL PATIENT

He sure is pretty. I'll say that.

LIZZY HINEY

Turn the sound up!

FRAIL PATIENT

I can't. Someone stole the channel changer -- again.

DiDi enters with a channel changer in hand.

DIDI

Okay, ladies. Got some new batteries. This should do it.

FRAIL PATIENT

(sotto)

Took ya long enough.

DIDI

(to Lizzy)

Glad to see you up and around.

LIZZY

Yeah, well I didn't sign up for a coed room. It was bad enough being married all those years.

Some of the other PATIENTS nod their heads in agreement.

DIDI

Frankly, Lizzy, I doubt Leonarda signed up for you, either. You get what you get around here.

Didi flips to a cooking show.

OFF Lizzy, ruffled -- and gassy. Putt...putt

INT. LIZZY/LEONARDA'S ROOM - MORNING

Leonarda reads from her book, as Mr. Butler tries to snuggle with her. In the next bed, Lizzy, eyebrows raised, ears perked, looks on disapprovingly.

LEONARDA

(reading)

...and that's when Calvin said to me, 'it's always better to help the blind children than to walk any catwalk,' -- and I knew he was right.

MR. BUTLER

You know something? You look the same. Haven't changed one iota. I used to steal a peek at my wife's swimwear catalogs -- and there you were -- all woman.

PAN to Lizzy -- she rolls her eyes.

LEONARDA

Thank you, but I hope I have changed, evolved as a person.

MR. BUTLER

Let's see the picture of you in the bikini one more time. What did you call it?

LEONARDA

Well, it's just one piece -- the bottom only, as you see -- so Rudy G. called it a "monokini."

MR. BUTLER

Maybe you could try it on for me sometime..?

Lizzy shakes her head.

INT. OPEN WARD - OUTSIDE LIZZY/LEONARDA'S ROOM - SAME

PAN -- the FACES of a small ANGRY MOB of PATIENTS, including Birdy at the helm. Patsy navigates the circle.

INT. LEONARDA'S BEDSIDE - DAY

PATSY

(to Mr. Butler)

Visiting hour's over, buddy. Time to hit the road. This patient needs some rest.

LEONARDA

Thank you for your interest in my book. I am about ready for a nap. Ciao, Signore Butler.

As a chastised Mr. Butler exits with his head down, Birdy whacks him with a rolled up newspaper. Jeers from the group: "Playboy!"... "American Gigolo!"... "Saddam Hussein!..."

Incited, ANOTHER PATIENT hurls Jell-o at Mr. Butler. He ducks, and the Jell-o hits Patsy in the neck. Patsy then has to help another PATIENT with a walker, while "wearing" the Jell-o.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY - LATER

Dawn is looking through contracts as Didi marks urine samples in plastic containers with a magic marker in the b.g. Dr. James approaches with gift bags in hand.

JENNA

...you won't forget the sunscreen samples.

Dawn reaches into a sample bag and surveys the contents.

DAWN

...boil-ease ointment?... A visor from Pachanga Resort... Mini peppermint Schnapps?

JENNA

The Schnapps is for the V.I.Ps. Even physicians like a nice door prize. Dawn, neurology is sending over a head trauma post-op. I'm going to need another bed first thing tomorrow morning.

DAWN

You do? That's going to be tight.

JENNA

I'm counting on you, Dawn. I'm managing the RSVPs...the gift bags...there are only so many hours in the day.

DAWN

(sighs)

I do have one idea...

INT. LEONARDA'S ROOM -- LATER

Dr. James draws the curtain, checks the chart.

JENNA

Looks like you, my friend, are on the mend. You could be going home as soon as Friday. Let me run something by you. I know the natives aren't always entirely friendly around here, and we have a darn good single room available with a view.

LEONARDA

Really? A room with a view is always nice.

JENNA

Well, you won't exactly see the Sistine Chapel -- but it's better than the parking lot. And you'll avoid all the traffic. What do you think?

LEONARDA

A private room...perhaps. Where is it located?

JENNA

It's nearby. Sunny. Floor seven on the men's ward.

LEONARDA

Oh.

JENNA
 (selling it)
 It's a slightly smaller room, but
 of course you would have it all to
 yourself.

LEONARDA
 I'm going to stay put, doctor.

JENNA
 (shaking her head)
 No?

LEONARDA
 (shaking her head)
 No.

JENNA
 So, you feel you belong...here?

LEONARDA
 Of course I would rather not be
 here at all -- who wants to be in
 hospital? -- but for now I will
 recuperate here until you say I'm
 all better and I can go home.

ON Dr. JAMES -- smiling awkwardly.

INT. NURSE'S LOUNGE - AFTERNOON

Dawn and Patsy are seated opposite each other, eyes closed, attempting a silent lunch retreat. Both have their lunches spread out on the table. Dawn dips her carrot into Patsy's plastic container. Patsy eats one of Dawn's chips...Dawn retaliates...

PATSY
 I think Dr. James needs a vacation.

DAWN
 She needs something. That's for
 sure.

PATSY
 She killed a man with her bare
 hands.

DAWN
 (opening one eye)
 She what...?

PATSY

Thank God he was only four inches tall.

DAWN

Okay, well, about us...
I think I've got a solution.

PATSY

I'm all ears.

DAWN

What about a committed-non-exclusive relationship? You know, like we have a commitment to be open to new relationships and yet we're not.

Patsy steals another handful of chips and crunches loudly.

EXT. PATSY'S OFFICE - SAME

Dr. James knocks on the door and enters with a throat-clearing, "ahem."

INT. PATSY'S OFFICE - SAME

DR. JAMES

(to Dawn)

I've been looking everywhere for you, Dawn. It's not going to work.

PATSY

Dr. James? Is there some kind of emergency? I mean, are zombies loose in the ward, because, if not, we're in the middle of a meeting...

DAWN

...Discussion.

PATSY

That's right. A private-meeting-discussion over lunch.

DR. JAMES

Well, you'll excuse me if I want to run a recovery ward, not an ashram. This is a teaching hospital and we need to set an example by --

PATSY

And that's why we need team-
building and commitment to
inner...work.

DR. JAMES

I need certain things that Dawn is
well aware of. It's game time and
we've simply got to prioritize or
risk failure.

DAWN

The flyers?

DR. JAMES

That and the...the...bags.

DAWN

The goody bags?

DR. JAMES

Top priority is the preparations
for my...talk.

(to Dawn, sotto)

The gift bags, yes.

OFF Patsy -- fuming.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LIZZY/LEONARDA'S ROOM - SAME

Several PATIENTS, including Birdy and Frail Patient are lined
up with their respective walkers, canes and wheelchairs.

We hear an excited chorus (I'M NEXT, LEONARDA...SMOKY
EYES!...I NEED EYEBROWS! TAKE A NUMBER...)

INT. LEONARDA'S BEDSIDE - SAME

As Lizzy checks off the sign-in sheet, Leonarda puts the
finishing touches on PATIENT ONE.

LEONARDA

No, it's not too pink. You're fair
so you can do pink. Confidence, my
dear, confidence.

(to Lizzy)

Who's next?

Dawn cuts the line and stands by Leonarda's bedside.

DAWN

Tell me honestly, can you see me
with hair extensions?

LEONARDA

You have nice thick hair. I say go
curlier, not longer.

Lizzy pulls out a black magic marker.

LIZZY HINEY

I'll skip the makeup. I look good
enough. But I'd like you to sign a
copy of your book.

Leonarda holds up, *Beauty Within*.

LEONARDA

But of course. What should I say?

LIZZY HINEY

How should I know. Something
clever.

Leonarda writes a dedication.

LIZZY HINEY (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Listen, they think you're a guy.
But I told them guys don't have
legs like that. You're a real
glamourpuss.

LEONARDA

When you can take a dip in the
Mediterranean...

LIZZY HINEY

Let's quit beatin' around the bush.
I mean, we all want to know, what
are you?

LEONARDA whispers in Lizzy's ear. OFF - Lizzy's raised
eyebrows, taking it in.

INT. DOCTOR JAMES' OFFICE - SAME

DR. JAMES

(into the phone)

...I didn't realize Dr. Haggyhedi's
now completely deaf. Really? Only
hears vibrations.

(MORE)

DR. JAMES (CONT'D)

Well, it's a slideshow, so if he can make out shapes, he can sit in the front row...Okay, well, maybe you can rent one of those machines that what's his name -- Stephen Hawkins -- has...No, I don't know where you would rent one. Have you looked online?

INT. NURSE'S STATION - NEXT DAY

MAX, a tall, handsome grey fox, 60s, holding a bouquet of dandelions, approaches Dawn.

DAWN

(slight baby voice)

Someone's mommy is going to be very happy to see them.

MAX

I'm here to see Leonarda Piccolo. I believe she's to be discharged today.

DAWN

Leonarda. Yes. You're her..?

MAX

...companion, Max.

DAWN

Of course you are. Right. She'll be excited to see you. 109.

As he walks away, Didi stops by the desk. She's pushing a cart piled high with adult diapers.

DIDI

(re Max)

Now, no one's gonna tell me that's not a man.

DAWN

That's Leonarda's very handsome...man-friend.
(a beat, then sotto:)
Do you think he knows?

DIDI

Dawn?

DAWN

I didn't just ask that.

DIDI
 You see, there's someone for
 everyone in this world.

Didi moves on with her cart. PAN to -- her feet in SANDALS.

In the b.g. -- Max enters Leonarda's room. We see Leonarda stand up to greet him. They embrace with a kiss.

INT. BILLY BARNES HOSPITAL/ AUDITORIUM - LATER THAT DAY

In the darkened room, we can barely make out a few FACES cringing at the gruesome slideshow. We imagine they are seeing pus-filled LESIONS... BOILS...GROWTHS and worse...

JENNA
 ...I'd like to conclude with a
 dedication to a septuagenarian who
 shows very little signs of aging.

A SLIDE of LEONARDA, radiant, fills the screen.

JENNA (CONT'D)
 ...but what I find remarkable about
 Leonarda P. is her confidence...a
 belief in herself that is rare in
 any person of any gender. A rare
 demonstration of beauty...In fact,
 she wrote the book.

JENNA (CONT'D)
 Thank you all for coming.

The LIGHTS come up on TWO ZEALOUS CLEANING LADIES, who give Dr. James an ovation.

-- and ON Patsy, who stands at the door, clapping enthusiastically.

JENNA (CONT'D)
 (peering out at the
 'crowd')
 People, don't forget your gift
 bags...

CLEANING LADING ONE
 (rummaging through the
 bag)
 Thank you. I have the bad skin --
 and my husband drinks a lot of
 Schnapps.

Dr. James and Patsy exchange a look that implies a temporary detente. Dr. James offers him a gift bag.

INT. OPEN WARD - ADMITTING AREA - LATER.

Max accompanies Leonarda, who is dressed elegantly and towers in her stiletto heels. She parts a sea of walkers and wheelchairs, as if she's again cruising the catwalk.

Birdy refuses to lock eyes with Leonarda. Bad blood.

Leonarda gives a few hugs -- stopping for a brief but kind exchange with Dr. James. She hands Dr. James a package, before slowly making her way through the swinging doors of the ward...

INT. OPEN WARD -- LIZZY HINEY'S ROOM - SAME

Didi directs ANTOINE to LIZZY's bed.

LIZZY looks peaceful in death, her leathery face relaxed, rosy cheeks tinged with rouge. Didi folds Lizzy's thin arms over her chest. ANTOINE follows behind with his cart. Didi turns to him.

DIDI

Let's give her a minute.

Antoine nods and they share a moment of silence, eyes closed.

DR. JAMES' OFFICE - SAME

Dr. James sniffs a bar of "soap," a present from Leonarda.

INT. NURSE'S STATION -- SAME

Dawn, lowering her head as ANTOINE wheels the bagged BODY out on a gurney.

Pan to -- a copy of *Beauty Within* placed next to Dawn's tea.

INT. PATSY'S OFFICE -- SAME

Patsy, eyes closed in meditation.

CLOSE ON -- a small but *revealing* black magic marker stain on Patsy's clean white coat.

END OF EPISODE

