

PATIENT 33

"Spaghetti Day"

Written by

Courtney Archerd and Eve Gershon

INTRO:

Theme music plays.

TERRIER
This is Patient 33. Episode 6.
Spaghetti Day.

End music.

PART 1

INT. HOSPITAL OFFICE ROOM - DAY

Steady beep of hospital equipment. Terrier picks up the intercom system. DING. DING. DING. The intercom plays its entry theme.

TERRIER

Hello. This is Dr. Terrier. As you all know, today is spaghetti day, and I am severely allergic to tomatoes. So if you could please kindly not bring any spaghetti outside of the cafeteria area that would be just wonderful. That means no slurping, burping, and especially NO selling will be happening in this coma ward at any point today. If I so much as detect a strand of spaghetti not yet gone down your throat, not only will I break out in hives, but I will personally have you removed from the area and suspended without pay for a week. After that, I assure you that it will be all night shifts from here on out. Do. I. Make. Myself clear? I said DO. I--

Soft murmuring.

TERRIER (CONT'D)

(aside)

Right. Thank you, Nurse Jennie.

Terrier clears his throat.

TERRIER (CONT'D)

Well, I certainly hope that I've made myself clear. Good day.

CLICK. The intercom is hung up.

END PART 1

PART 2

INT. COMA WARD - DAY

Door OPENS. A chair is rolled up next to Patient 33. Why starts to eat some spaghetti.

WHY
(mouth full)
Spaghetti day is my favorite day of
the month. You know why, 33?

A beat. Gulping.

WHY (CONT'D)
Because every one is so focused on
hiding their spaghetti from
Terrier, that they don't bother me.
I can do whatever the hell I want.

Why chuckles.

WHY (CONT'D)
Watch.

Shuffling. Slush.

WHY (CONT'D)
Spaghetti mustache! Now, how cute
is that? ...and by cute, I mean, a
good accessory to your previously
good--average looks. Not in a bad
way, but in a guy in a coma who
only gets shaved once a week kind
of way, and honestly, 33, you're
kind of starting to smell. When was
the last time you had a bath?

Why clears his throat.

WHY (CONT'D)
That's enough of that.

Shuffling. Beat. Cough. Slurp. Chewing.

WHY (CONT'D)
(mouth full)
See? All better. You're probably
wondering why I'm having spaghetti
for breakfast. Or at least I like
to think you'd wonder.
(gulp)
(MORE)

WHY (CONT'D)

Like I said. No one's asking me questions, so I have to just infer that you would be asking me these questions if you were, you know, up and walking, rather than just being the good ol' listener you are.

Anyways, the spaghetti goes dry quick. Quicker each year, even. You have to get it fast, or you won't have any at all, which just won't do, will it?

DING. DING. DING. The intercom plays its entry theme.

TERRIER

(PA system)

Why did I find tomato stains in the linen closet? Someone will pay for this.

Click.

WHY

Believe it or not, that's not on me. I'm just gonna borrow your trash can here or--no that's evidence. Hmm. Plan B it is.

Footsteps. Window opening. Cityscape. Woosh. Crash. Car alarm.

WHY (CONT'D)

Forgive me, Greta. Anyways, I'll be on my way. See ya later, 33.

Footsteps. Door open and close.

END PART TWO

PART 3

INT. COMA WARD - LATER

JENNIE

Oh! Detective Crunch! Before you leave, are you absolutely positive that Margie is okay?

CRUNCH

Of course I am. I spoke with her on the phone, remember?

JENNIE

No I know, but I'm--I'm just worried--what if someone was forcing her to say all that stuff or something? I mean, I just don't know why she wouldn't have told me.

CRUNCH

Oh, now don't be too offended there. I'm sure she just left in a hurry is all. Nothing personal.

JENNIE

But of all people, why Homely?

CRUNCH

If you want me to answer that question, you'll have to hire me through my private investigation company.

Soft murmuring from the hallway. A beat.

CRUNCH (CONT'D)

HAA. I'm just kidding you. I don't know why she only told Homely, but I guess we'll never know...Welp! If there's nothing else, I guess I'll be on my way now.

JENNIE

Actually, there was something else. A lot of the patients here have been dying suddenly, and we have no idea why. Do you think you can take a look into it? We're starting to get worried that all this is more than just a coincidence.

CRUNCH
Maybe you just need better doctors.

A beat.

CRUNCH (CONT'D)
Har. Har. Har. You people can't
take a joke, can you? I don't know
what to tell you, Jennie, but I'm
pretty sure that stopping people
from dying in a hospital is not in
my job description. In fact, I
actually think it's in yours.

Crunch giggles.

JENNIE
But--

CRUNCH
Bye, now!

Footsteps as Crunch walks away. Jennie lets out a SIGH.

END PART 3

PART 4

INT. COMA WARD

DING. DING. DING. The intercom plays its entry theme. Sound of people eating spaghetti in the background.

TERRIER
(PA system)
Disposing of contraband by throwing waste out of windows is not permitted. Better to own up. Let me know just how royally you've screwed up. Snitches will be rewarded.

END PART 4

PART 5

INT. COMA WARD - LATER

SLURP!

CARTWRIGHT

Mmm. Mmm. Mmm. Ugh, Blue. It looks like we're in business, and you're my first customer.

BLUE

Can--I have mine for free? I did help you set up shop. Plus, considering our relationship...I thought maybe...

Cartwright chuckles.

CARTWRIGHT

Alright. You can pay me back later.

BLUE

Okay. Or, you know...I could pay you back now...

Silence.

Chucking from Cartwright and Dr. Blue.

CARTWRIGHT

Ok. Now, we are officially in business.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)

Come in.

Door opens. Footsteps.

VOICE 1

Hi. Uh...Farfalle.

CARTWRIGHT

Ah, there you go. That's gonna be 20 even.

Voice 1 laughs.

VOICE 1

What, man? That's so expensive I--

CARTWRIGHT

Ugh, ugh, to you want the goods or not?

VOICE 1

Just hand it over.

There is a crinkle of packaging as Cartwright hands the spaghetti to Voice 1.

CARTWRIGHT

Pleasure doing business with you.

Voice 1 huffs off.

Nurse Jennie walks in.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)

Ah. Jennie. What are you doing here?

JENNIE

Uh. I work here. What are you doing here?

CARTWRIGHT

Oh nothing. I was, uh, just coming here for my smoke break, you know?

JENNIE

What? You can't--you can't smoke--
Is that...

(sniffs)

spaghetti?

CARTWRIGHT

HAH! Uh, no. Spaghetti? Here? With Dr. Terrier's severe allergy? I would never.

JENNIE

Oh. Um, hmm. Ok. Ok.

A beat.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

It sure does smell delicious in here right now.

A beat.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

...I was really looking forward to--
to spaghetti day...

CARTWRIGHT

Oh.

JENNIE

Um. Far--farfa--farfa-leigh--far-fa-
leigh?

CARTWRIGHT

Jennie. I had no idea you were a
customer. Please. That'll be \$20.

Sound of exchange of money and spaghetti plate. Chewing.

JENNIE

This is delicious...my god...Uh, if
Terrier asks, um, I--I had no idea,
and I was never here. Agreed?

CARTWRIGHT

Anything for you, Jennie dear.

JENNIE

People have to stop calling me
that, but--but yeah thanks. So,
bye. Bye.

Door slams shut.

Door opens and closes. Footsteps.

CARTWRIGHT

Who goes there?

CRUNCH

Hi. Uh. I don't actually work here.

CARTWRIGHT

A copper, eh? What do you want?

CRUNCH

Yea. I was, uh, given a tip, that
uh...oh! Uh what was it
um...fettucine...elbow...no, it--
it's the bowtie pasta...um...it's
starts with an "F"...falafel...wait
no! Uh.

CARTWRIGHT

Ugh. It's a shame. It's truly a
shame. But unfortunately, my game
doesn't have room for mistakes.
Blue, get this narc out of here.

BLUE
You've got it, babe.

CRUNCH
What?! No! Just give me some spaghetti! I'm starving, dude!

CARTWRIGHT
Sorry. Bub-Bye.

Footsteps.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)
(hushed voice)
Code Bulldog. Code Bulldog. Go. Go.
Go.

Shuffling.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)
Dr. Terrier. How good to see you.
Don't mind me I was just doing some
neurological research on Patient 33
over here for that independent
study I was telling you about.
Remember?

TERRIER
Cartwright. Why does it smell like
spaghetti in here?

CARTWRIGHT
Ugh. Spaghetti? Don't look at me. I
heard that Dr. Why was selling
people spaghetti in here earlier at
a drastic up-charge. Terrible
really. He left before I got here.
Look around. There's no spaghetti
here now.

TERRIER
I swear that man will be the death
of me yet!

Terrier stalks out. Shuffling as all of the spaghetti is
brought back out from hiding.

CARTWRIGHT
Next!

Voice 2 walks in.

VOICE 2
Cartwright, I heard you had the
goods? Farfalle and make it double
will you?

DING of Cartwright's cash register.

END PART 5

PART 6

INT. COMA WARD - DAY

DING. DING. DING. The intercom system clicks on.

TERRIER

(over PA)

This is my last warning. No spaghetti. No illegal sales of spaghetti. No eating spaghetti outside of the mess hall. I've said it before, I'll say it again. I am allergic, and I hate the smell. Blue, I saw the red streak on your lip, and while this isn't enough evidence to prosecute for endangerment, it certainly doesn't put you on my good side. You better watch out. I will...destroy you.

The intercom system clicks off.

DING. DING. DING. The intercom system clicks back on.

TERRIER (CONT'D)

(over PA)

I will come at you like a tiger in the night.

The intercom system clicks off.

END PART 6

PART 7

INT. COMA WARD - AFTERNOON

Footsteps. The door OPENS.

FISHING
Viper 1, are you there?

CARTWRIGHT
Who's Viper 1?

FISHING
Uhhh. No one, really.

CARTWRIGHT
Sounds like something from GI Joe.
Did you play with those?

JENNIE
Oh I love GI Joe!

BLUE
Me too!

Footsteps. The door OPENS again.

HOMELY
(clearing throat)
Are you here...Red panda?

FISHING
Doctor! Hi, I don't know what a
panda is nor the fact that there
is, uh, red, a panda, are red
pandas I should say. Grammar is
hard.

CARTWRIGHT
I was with you with Viper 1, but
I'm not so sure red panda is part
of GI Joe. Hmm is there some
expansion pack I'm missing?

HOMELY
Oh. I don't know, why I said red
panda. I also don't know who this
janitor is.

JENNIE

Don't know if it's my place to say it, but calling the janitor red panda seems mildly appropriative.

HOMELY

They picked that name out. I had nothing to do with it! I- I didn't even want to use the codename-

CARTWRIGHT

So you *do* know them.

HOMELY

Did I say that?

FISHING

Uh, no. I--I--I don't think you did. Doctor. Are you even a doctor? I mean it's just a guess on my part, with--with the doctor coat and all.

JENNIE

If you don't know each other, then what are you doing here?

A beat.

FISHING

We're lovers.

HOMELY

Wrong room.

A beat. Cartwright chuckles.

CARTWRIGHT

You guys could have just said you wanted spaghetti. Jesus, the lengths people go to to avoid detection by Terrier. He's a warmonger that man. I swear to god.

JENNIE

You got that right, Doctor.

A pager beeps.

BLUE

Oh, well that's me, sweetie. Got a surgery to attend to.

CARTWRIGHT

Ah, put 'em down, honey.

Blue exits. Footsteps, door opens, closes.

JENNIE

I just love how open you guys are being.

CARTWRIGHT

Spaghetti day is freeing. In many different ways.

JENNIE

Aw, that's so...poetic. Good luck, you two.

Jennie walks away. Footsteps recede. Door opens and closes.

CARTWRIGHT

Oh that's right! How many servings for you two lovebirds?

HOMELY

Uh we're not it was just a-

FISHING

2 for me, please!

CARTWRIGHT

Coming right up!

Cash register DINGS.

FISHING

Thank you. Um. I'm leaving then...honey.

HOMELY

This is not a thing. I will literally end your-

CARTWRIGHT

And you?

Homely SIGHS.

HOMELY

Just one.

CARTWRIGHT

Hey, don't be so hard on them.

HOMELY

We're actually not--they were just trying to-

CARTWRIGHT

You know the old saying about spaghetti, doctor? Spaghetti is stiff, straight, if you will, until it gets hot and steamy.

HOMELY

I'm leaving this nonsense-

CARTWRIGHT

And that's gonna be 35 dollars for you and your beloved.

A beat.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)

Well?

HOMELY

I--

Homely SIGHS. Money exchanging.

CARTWRIGHT

Thank you for your business,
Theodosia.

HOMELY

Piss off, Sam.

CARTWRIGHT

Geez. You think I'd get a thanks once in a while for risking my life and career in this way.

Angry footsteps. Door opens and slams shut.

END PART 7

PART 8

INT. COMA WARD - LATER

Terrier walks into the room.

CARTWRIGHT
(voice low)
Hello. How can I--oh crud.

TERRIER
Hah! Dr. Why, I know it's you
underneath that hood. Give up the
act.

CARTWRIGHT
Ugh--

Cartwright tries to sound like Dr. Why.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)
Yes. You're right. It is me, Dr.
Why, the kooky therapist!...

TERRIER
Dr. Why take that stupid hood off
your head right this moment before
I--

CARTWRIGHT
Uhh...

Cartwright throws spaghetti at Terrier. SPLAT.

TERRIER
No. Get this off of me! Why? Ah the
hives! It burns!

CARTWRIGHT
Secrecy is my only defense!

Window opens. Sound of cityscapes. Jump. Crash.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)
(from a distance)
Sorry, Greta.

Car alarm. Faint sound of running away.

TERRIER
What? No! Don't leave me. Help!
Damn you, spaghetti man!

OUTRO:

Theme music plays.

CARTWRIGHT

Spaghetti Day was written by Courtney Archerd and Eve Gershon. This episode stars Spencer Frankenberger, Justin Stirewalt, Nicole Tchounga, Eve Gershon, Jake Needham, Nathan Zingg, Kira Goldberg, Courtney Archerd, and Lucille Wright. This episode was directed by Kira Goldberg, with original music by Ryan Lew, sound Design by Courtney Archerd, Abby Little, and Jake Needham, and Graphic design by Lucille Wright. Enjoying Patient 33? Leave us a rating and review so that more people can as well! Thanks for listening.

End music.

END OF EPISODE