

**GAIL**

Eh, we'll be down in a minute, okay?

The telephone starts to ring, Gail pauses, looking offscreen. She takes off her glasses and squints.

**GAIL**

Mickey, what's the matter with you?

You're all white!

The film cuts to Mickey, who is pacing and wringing his hands. He walks over to Gail. The phone continues to ring.

**MICKEY**

I feel dizzy. Sshh, you know, I don't feel well.

He starts to pant, looking worriedly around the room. He continues to wring his hands as Gail stares at him, concerned.

**MICKEY**

Do you hear a ringing? Is there, is there a, is there a ringing sound?

(sighing)

**GAIL**

(gesturing)

Yeah. Yeah, yeah. I hear, I hear it.

She sits down and picks up the phone.

**MICKEY**

(shaking his head)

N-n-no, not that.

**GAIL**

(overlapping, into

the telephone)  
Hello?

**MICKEY**

(covering first one  
ear, then the other, continuing)  
Like--  
(putting a finger  
into his ear, closing  
his eyes and listening)

**GAIL**

(into the telephone)  
Uh, yeah, yeah. We're going to be  
working late tonight. N-no, we'll  
order out. It's all right. Yeah.

Gail hangs up the phone.

**MICKEY**

(turning to Gail,  
gesturing nervously)  
Sssss, if I have a brain tumor, I  
don't know what I'm gonna do.  
(sighing)

**GAIL**

You don't have a brain tumor. He  
didn't say you had a brain tumor.

**MICKEY**

(sighing)  
No, naturally  
(gesturing)  
they're not gonna tell you, because,  
well, you know, th--, sometimes the  
weaker ones will panic if you tell  
'em.

**GAIL**

(pointing a finger at Mickey)

But not you.

**MICKEY**

(flinging up his  
arms, sighing)

Oh, God!

(looking around  
worriedly and touching  
Gail's shoulder)

Do you hear a buzzing? Is there a  
buzzing?

He pants and begins to pace around the room. The camera follows him as he walks away from Gail.

**GAIL**

(impatiently)

Mickey, come on, we got a show to do!

**MICKEY**

(pacing)

I can't keep my mind on the show.

**GAIL**

(offscreen)

But there's nothing wrong with you.

**MICKEY**

(sighing and gesturing)

If there's nothing wrong with me

(pacing back to the  
desk and Gail)

then why does he want me to come  
back for tests?!

**GAIL**

(gesturing)

Well, he has to rule out certain

things.

(sighing)

**MICKEY**

Like what?! What?

**GAIL**

(shrugging)

I don't know. Cancer, I--

**MICKEY**

(interrupting)

Don't say that! I don't want to hear that word!

(gesturing)

Don't mention that while I'm in the building.

**GAIL**

(gesturing)

But you don't have any symptoms!

**MICKEY**

(gesturing)

You--I got the classic symptoms of a brain tumor!

Mickey sighs.

**GAIL**

Two months ago, you thought you had a malignant melanoma.

**MICKEY**

(gesturing)

Naturally, I, I--Do you know I--The sudden appearance of a black spot on my back!

**GAIL**

It was on your shirt!

**MICKEY**

(sighing)

I--How was I to know?!

(pointing to his back)

Everyone was pointing back here.

He sighs again as Gail, frustrated, gestures impatiently to the papers on the desk.

**GAIL**

Come on, we've got to make some  
booking decisions.

Mickey begins pacing around the room again. He wrings his hands and blows on them.

**MICKEY**

I can't. I can't think of it.  
This morning, I was so happy, you  
know. Now I, I don't know what  
went wrong.

(sighing)

**GAIL**

Eh, you were miserable this morning!  
We got bad reviews, terrible  
ratings, the sponsors are furious...

**MICKEY**

(pacing back to the  
desk, still wringing  
his hands)

No, I was happy, but I just didn't  
realize I was happy.

**CUT TO:**