

MARTIN MD

BY LIZ TUCCILLO

**PILOT EPISODE**

BASED ON THE TV SHOW

DOC MARTIN

3/4/2025

INT. PORT WENN, MAINE -- AMERICAN LEGION HALL -- DAY

MARTIN ELLINGHAM, (40s, brusque, unsmiling, misanthropic, always wearing a suit) is sitting in a small, cramped hallway, on a folding chair next to different types of flags in stands. There is a big sign that says "Port Wenn American Legion Hall." SENIORS in exercise outfits walk by.

Martin is sitting across from a pretty woman, LOUISA GLASSON, (30s, completely charming but a little on edge these days.) Three of PORT WENN'S RESPECTED PROFESSIONALS are sitting there as well. Martin stops looking at his phone and stares directly at Louisa's face. She looks away. He keeps staring, actually leaning in to her. She looks away again. He keeps staring. Louisa shifts uncomfortably until she can't take it anymore and jumps up. We think Louisa is about to call him a creep or slap him, but instead, says:

LOUISA

I know what you're thinking.

DOC MARTIN

I highly doubt that.

LOUISA

Just know, there's two sides to every story. Two!

She goes and sits further away in a corner. Martin looks perplexed. The others look away, knowing exactly what she's talking about. He goes back to looking at his phone.

INT. AMERICAN LEGION HALL DAY ROOM -- DAY

Martin is now sitting around a small folding table with the Review Board, which consists of the three people who were waiting in the hallway and FRANKLIN (70, portly, cheerful, very ingratiating) who seems to be the leader. GENEVA (65) sits beside him. In the distant background, there is a group of 20 SENIORS standing with floaties on their arms holding pool noodles doing exercises.

Louisa walks in to take the final empty seat, making it five. Martin eyes her a bit cautiously.

FRANKLIN

Thank you so much for coming,  
Doctor Ellingham. Please forgive  
the informal surroundings.

Martin looks around as seniors are pretending to move their arms in water.

MARTIN

Yes. Not exactly what I expected for a job interview.

GENEVA

The city pool has a leak. Aqua-aerobics had to go somewhere.

MARTIN

Did it though.

Martin glances at the Seniors, "swimming."

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Well, let's get on with it then. Before someone needs mouth to mouth.

Geneva smiles nervously. Louisa clocks his brusqueness.

FRANKLIN

Yes. Well. We are obviously quite impressed. Renowned heart surgeon at Boston Hospital... Commendations a mile long. We only really have one question: why on earth would you want to leave that all behind to come here?

The others smile in agreement. The Seniors are now sitting on chairs paddling their legs.

MARTIN

I summered here as a child. At my Aunt Joan's. Fond memories, this position came up. Anything else?

GENEVA

I remember you. Little Marty. Terrible overbite. So glad you got that fixed up.

MARTIN

(fuming)

Modern Dentistry. It's a marvel. Any other questions, not related to my upper teeth?

FRANKLIN

Well, this really is a formality. If you're willing to come here, it would certainly be an honor to...

LOUISA  
Actually. I have a question.

All eyes turn to her.

                  FRANKLIN  
Yes, Louisa?

                  LOUISA  
I'm curious about your  
interpersonal skills. Our last  
Doctor, Doctor Reese, always put us  
at ease.

                  GENEVA  
He died on the job. At 89.

                  MARTIN  
(sternly)  
Well, in terms of my bedside  
manner. I take people who are sick,  
and I make them well. I won't be  
braiding hair or making balloon  
animals. Unless that's not good  
enough? Will I need to buy a litter  
of puppies, hand them out at every  
visit?

Louisa glares as the rest laugh nervously.

                  FRANKLIN  
Funny! Well. I think it's safe to  
say...  
(looks around)  
We found ourselves a new GP!

                  LOUISA  
What? Don't you think we should  
talk about it... alone for a  
moment?

                  FRANKLIN  
What's there to talk about?

                  LOUISA  
I think it's obvious...  
(to Martin)  
No offense...  
(to group)  
That he... might not have the right  
temperament for a small town  
doctor.

Martin raises his eyebrows.

FRANKLIN

I think it's obvious that there are  
no other applicants and we'd be  
lucky to have him!

Martin notices the faint praise. The others nod in agreement.

LOUISA

But...

GENEVA

My dear, I know you have a lot on  
your mind these days, but no need  
to take it out on...

LOUISA

That's not it at all!

FRANKLIN

I'm sorry, Louisa, Doctor  
Ellingham, you're hired.

Everyone claps, except Louisa, who is fuming.

LOUISA

Fine.

Louisa stands up and leans over, looking directly at Martin.

LOUISA (CONT'D)

But just know -- this town and all  
the people in it, are very dear to  
me. So the person who is in charge  
of taking care of them... Let's  
just say -- I'm going to be keeping  
my eye on you.

MARTIN

Speaking of which.

Louisa looks at him, curious.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Your left eye.

LOUISA

What about it?

MARTIN

Have you been experiencing any  
blurriness and pain?

LOUISA

A bit.

MARTIN

You may have glaucoma. You should see an ophthalmologist right away.

LOUISA

(surprised)

What?

Louisa realizes this is why he was staring before.

LOUISA (CONT'D)

Oh.

MARTIN

I think you'll find I'm very good at my job. Are we done?

FRANKLIN (NERVOUSLY)

We certainly are! Welcome to Port Wenn, Doctor Ellingham!

Martin and Louisa just glare at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR/EXT. MAINE COASTLINE -- NEW DAY

Martin is driving into Port Wenn, Maine. All around him are astounding views of the Maine coastline as he enters this incredibly picturesque fishing village. His car is filled with suitcases and boxes. He looks out his window, taking in the view. He almost cracks a smile...

Just then, a MANGY DOG runs in the middle of the street. Martin slams on the brakes.

MARTIN

Ah!

The Mangy Dog runs away.

INT. CAR/EXT. THE SALTY BREEZE -- DAY

Martin looks up to see a sign that says "The Salty Breeze." He parks in front, gets out and walks inside.

INT. THE SALTY BREEZE -- DAY

Martin walks in to a homey inn/restaurant. GREG GARRISON (65-70s, cheerful, chatty) is filling up the napkin holders when he sees Martin.

MARTIN

Hello. I was told to come here  
to...

GREG

You must be Doc Martin! Welcome!

MARTIN

I prefer Doctor Ellingham.

GREG

Oof, that's a mouthful isn't it?  
(shakes his hand)  
I'm Greg. Proprietor of the Salty  
Breeze.

MARTIN

Someone left keys for me here to  
pick up?

GREG

Yes, Louisa dropped them off.

Greg walks closer to Martin, leaning in.

GREG (CONT'D)

That's a story. Did you hear?

MARTIN

No. And I don't need to.

Just then, GEORGE, (65-70s, a corny jokester), Greg's  
significant other, comes out in an apron and hands in plastic  
gloves covered in mayonnaise.

GEORGE

Doc Martin, welcome! Excuse  
my...(hands)

GREG

George is my partner in life and  
work! And our culinary genius.  
We've won "Best Lobster Roll in  
Northwest Maine" four years in a  
row.

GEORGE

I could give you the recipe but...  
(beat)  
Then I'd have to kill you!

Greg laughs. That joke kills him every time.

GREG  
Would you like one?

Martin looks at George's hands covered in mayonnaise.

MARTIN  
Not in the slightest.

Just then, a POT-BELLIED PIG walks in.

GREG  
Brisket, welcome Doc Martin!

Brisket snorts and extends her hoof. Martin is appalled.

GREG (CONT'D)  
We've trained her.

MARTIN  
(doesn't extend his hand)  
Yes, I didn't think that was animal  
instinct. My keys? Or the number  
for the health department?

GREG  
(remembering)  
Oh. Right! Louisa!  
(leaning in)  
Anyway. The whole town's abuzz. She  
and Sheriff Mark....

GEORGE  
(elbowing Greg)  
Shhh! Speak of the devil!

Greg looks up and immediately stops talking.

SHERIFF MARK MYLOW, 35, walks in.

GREG  
Sheriff Mark!

George looks at Martin and puts his finger up to his lips as if to say, "don't say a word." Martin has no idea what's going on.

SHERIFF MARK  
Hello.  
(beat)  
You must be Doc Martin.

MARTIN  
Dr. Ellingham, actually.

SHERIFF MARK

Well Doc, welcome to Port Wenn.

GREG

(with pity)

Mark, how are you? Anything we can do to...

SHERIFF MARK

I wanted to talk to you guys about Saturday.

GREG

(so much pity)

We'll give you back the deposit.

GEORGE

(even more pity)

Last thing you should do is worry.

SHERIFF MARK

No. NO! I still want to have the party.

GREG

Really?

SHERIFF MARK

Yes! Best thing that ever happened to me. I'm a free man. Stay of execution granted! Time to party!

Greg and George look dubious, a bit of overkill.

GREG

(to Martin)

You see. Louisa and Mark. Well. Louisa. She...

SHERIFF MARK

Dumped me two weeks before our wedding. I should go home and write her a thank you note! Everyone thinks she's so wonderful. "Ooh, she teaches kids." But I know the truth. *The devil lurks beneath.*

GEORGE

The reception was going to be here.

MARTIN

I see. Well.

(to Greg and George)

Keys? Before the first frost?

GEORGE

Oh!

George goes to pat his pants, but his hands are covered in mayonnaise. He motions to Greg to get them from his back pocket.

SHERIFF MARK

(to Martin)

Doc, you have to come! Who needs a boring wedding? It's gonna be an all-night blowout. With a crepe station!

MARTIN

No.

SHERIFF MARK

You have plans already?

MARTIN

Not at all.

Greg gets the keys from George's pocket and gives it to Martin.

Martin takes them and walks out, leaving the others slightly perplexed.

INT./EXT. CAR -- MARGIE'S PHARMACY -- DAY

Martin is now driving through town. He pulls up to the local pharmacy. He gets out of his car.

INT. MARGIE'S PHARMACY -- DAY

Martin walks in and MARGIE MYLOW, 58, the town's pharmacist, wearing a neck brace (that won't be questioned for quite a long time,) looks up from her computer and greets him immediately.

MARGIE MYLOW

Well, hello, Doc Martin!

Martin rolls his eyes.

MARGIE

(a bit flirtatiously)

I was hoping you'd stop by. Since we're going to be colleagues.

DOC MARTIN

Exactly. I'm assuming this is the only pharmacy in Port Wenn?

MARGIE

Yes. "Heavy the head..."  
 (trying to impress)  
 Anyway. I was just reading about  
 Auto-Brewery Syndrome. Are you  
 familiar with it?

DOC MARTIN

It's when ethanol is produced  
 through bacterial fermentation in  
 the gastrointestinal system, yes.

MARGIE

Fascinating isn't it? All that  
 stuff fermenting in your gut can  
 actually make you drunk. It's like  
 your body's having it's own little  
 Mardi Gras!

She giggles, flirtatiously.

DOC MARTIN

Yes. Well. I just wanted to  
 introduce myself. Face to the  
 voice, etc.

MARGIE

(smiling)  
 And a lovely face it is...

Martin, unmoved, turns to go.

MARGIE (CONT'D)

Doc, one more thing.

DOC MARTIN

Yes, what is it?

Suddenly Margie's demeanor darkens...

MARGIE

*Stay away from Louisa Glasson.*

Martin looks surprised.

MARGIE (CONT'D)

Make friends with her and you'll be  
 making an enemy out of me!

Martin looks at her quizzically.

MARGIE (CONT'D)

You can't break up with my son two weeks before the wedding and think it's going to be all Twizzlers and caramel corn!

Martin gets it. And he has finally had enough.

DOC MARTIN

As I have tried to explain to the others. I am a Doctor. I plan on examining, diagnosing, and treating the ill. Other than that, I will be keeping my own company. I won't be attending parties, going on hayrides, or most importantly, taking sides in petty small town feuds!

MARGIE

Well.

For a moment we have no idea what she's going to say.

MARGIE (CONT'D)

(then a big smile)

You're a direct one aren't you?

Martin glares at her. As he walks away...

MARGIE (CONT'D)

I'd reconsider the hayride though.

(batting her eyes)

The leaves in autumn are like *fireworks*.

Margie smiles flirtatiously. Martin nervously makes his exit.

EXT. DOC MARTIN'S HOME OFFICE -- DAY

Martin pulls up to his new home and office. He gets out of his car. He sees a post with a "For Rent" sign out front. As he gets out his keys to open his door, the Mangy Dog now scoots up next to him, wagging his tail. With his leg, Martin tries to shoo him away but the dog isn't moving.

MARTIN

Go on. Move along. Go. Go!

Martin then hears giggling. He looks up to see THREE INTIMIDATING TEENAGE GIRLS and their GAY MALE TEENAGE FRIEND standing there.

TEENAGE GIRL #1  
Are you Doc Martin?

MARTIN  
My name, actually, is Doctor  
Ellingham! Doctor Ellingham! Is it  
really that hard?

They all laugh...

TEENAGE GIRL #1  
Chill out, *Doctor Ellingham...*

TEENAGE GIRL #2  
Ooh, he's a fancy man from  
Boston...

TEENAGE GIRL #3  
Do you think you're too good for  
us, *Doctor Ellingham?*

MARTIN  
No!

They're all laughing.

TEENAGE GIRL #2  
Ooh, tell us. Is there a Mrs.  
Doctor Ellingham?

MARTIN  
What?

TEENAGE BOY  
Or maybe a Mr. Doctor Ellingham.

MARTIN  
I don't see how that's any of your  
business!

The kids laugh.

TEENAGE BOY  
He's definitely straight.

TEENAGE GIRL #3  
And single.

They all laugh again. Martin scowls and goes to put the key in the door, but realizes the door is unlocked. He pushes the door open. The Mangy Dog manages to sneak in when he walks in, much to his irritation.

INT. DOC MARTIN'S RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

Martin walks in. He sees the back of a young woman, ELAINE, 21, (adorably useless, big dreams) talking into her phone that's propped up on the desk. The office phone is ringing.

ELAINE  
(into phone)  
Here I am just sipping my coffee!

She sips her coffee.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
Now, I'm going to sort through the pens. See which ones are crusty on the top!

MARTIN  
Am I interrupting?

ELAINE  
Ugh! Yes!

Elaine turns to see Martin. She has a large teddy bear strapped to her chest. Off of Martin's perplexed look:

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
I'm shooting my show.

MARTIN  
And you are?

ELAINE  
Elaine. Your administrative assistant. I worked with Dr. Reese.

The phone is still ringing.

MARTIN  
Sorry, I assumed I'd be interviewing people for the position.

ELAINE  
Well, I just saved you the time. See what a good assistant I am?

MARTIN  
(referring to her get-up)  
And this?

ELAINE

I'm about to be a Youtube star. I go about my day, doing my usual things but with Teddy strapped to me! Guess what the show is called?

MARTIN

(beat)  
Bear with me.

ELAINE

(deflated)  
Darn you!  
(beat)  
Well, put your mask on, Doc, cause I'm going viral!

Elaine thinks that's hysterical. The phone is still ringing. Martin walks up to Elaine.

MARTIN

Just curious. Do you happen to be experiencing any ringing in your ears?

ELAINE

(holding her ears,  
concerned)  
No. Why?

MARTIN

(about to let her have it)  
Because the pho...!

Just then a man walks in, GILBERT, (65 almost as cranky as Martin, very sheepish.)

ELAINE

Gilbert! Nice to see you! Are you here for an appointment?

GILBERT

Well, yes.

ELAINE

Step right in, then!

MARTIN

Elaine! I just arrived. I'm not seeing patients yet!!!

ELAINE

Um. Beg to differ Doc.  
 (pointing to Gilbert, duh)  
 We're both staring right at him.

Martin shakes his head, then to Gilbert:

MARTIN

I'm sorry, but I haven't even  
 unpacked my car. Is this an  
 emergency?

GILBERT

If this isn't an emergency then I  
 don't know what else is!!

Gilbert walks to the doorway of Martin's office. Then, turns  
 around.

GILBERT (CONT'D)

Well. If you're our new doctor --  
start doctoring!

Gilbert disappears into the office. Off of Martin's  
 beleaguered look...

**END OF TEASER**

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM -- DAY

Gilbert is standing there, looking extremely uncomfortable.  
 Martin is sitting behind his desk.

MARTIN

(grabbing a pen)  
 Alright then. What is your full  
 name?

GILBERT

Gilbert Carlisle.

MARTIN

And would you like to tell me what  
 this emergency is all about?

Gilbert now is reticent to say.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

A minute ago you couldn't wait. Now  
 what?

GILBERT

Well. Doctor Reese would offer a cup of coffee first.

MARTIN

Not a barista. Continue.

GILBERT

Right. Well. You see. It's difficult to talk about.

MARTIN

(very impatient)

I assure you, everything here is completely confidential.

GILBERT

Very embarrassing.

MARTIN

Nothing to be ashamed of here.

GILBERT

Very unusual.

MARTIN

I've seen it all.

Gilbert grimaces.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

Would you like me to guess?

Gilbert sort of nods, "yes."

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Oh, for...

(reluctantly)

Erectile dysfunction?

GILBERT

God no!

MARTIN

Incontinence!

GILBERT

Absolutely not!

MARTIN

Uncontrollable flatulence, halitosis, leprosy?

GILBERT

No no no!

Gilbert suddenly rips off his shirt.

We see only Doc Martin's POV as he stares at Gilbert's chest. Martin walks up to Gilbert and takes a longer look.

MARTIN

Right. The term is Gynecomastia.

Gilbert closes his shirt.

GILBERT

Nice way to say I'm growing tits!

(beat)

I blame the drinking water. Ever since the new pipes came in. Tasted funny.

MARTIN

Right. Well. It's not uncommon. Over 35 percent of men have it at some point. We should do some blood work.

GILBERT

Fine by me.

Gilbert begins rolling up his sleeve. And squeezing his fist. Martin looks at Gilbert's arm. He suddenly looks almost queasy.

MARTIN

On second thought. I don't have my supplies ready. You'll have to come back when I'm set up.

GILBERT

The needles and tubes are kept right there, drawer on the left!

MARTIN

(abruptly)

Well, Doctor Carlisle, would you like to analyze the blood yourself? Maybe throw in a brain surgery while you're at it?

GILBERT

I'm merely saying there's no time like the present! Look,  
(pointing to his vein)  
...we have a juicy one here!

Martin now looks even queasier.

MARTIN

I walked into my office for the first time ten minutes ago! You'll have to come back later!

GILBERT

That's it? No blood test? No advice?

MARTIN

Yes! Take two training bras and call me in the morning!

Gilbert gasps.

GILBERT

I have never!!!! NEVER!

He storms out.

INT. DOC MARTIN'S RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

Elaine watches as Gilbert storms out. Martin walks out after him.

ELAINE

(to Martin)

You're a real charmer, aren't you?

Just then, father and son handymen BERT, (50, hardworking, simple, always got a scheme) AND AL LARGE, (22, hardworking, good son, crush on Elaine, closet genius) walk in.

MARTIN

Sorry. But I'm not open for business.

BERT

No worries. We're just here to say hello. Welcome you to town. Here's a whoopie pie.

MARTIN

Hm.

Martin takes it and puts in on a chair.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I'd like to go unpack now if you don't mind.

BERT

And to give you our card. In case you need any repairs done around the place.

AL

We're a handyman company.

MARTIN

Well. That's not front of mind right now. Good bye.

BERT

Just from a glance, seems you might want a new paint job. Replace the windows, that'll help with the heating bill, sand and stain the floor. Might need to patch up the roof.

AL

I also fix computers. I know this set-up inside and out.

MARTIN

You're both indispensable. Got it.

Al is now sitting on Elaine's desk. Elaine is unwrapping a sandwich.

AL

Hey. You going to Sheriff Mark's party on Saturday?

ELAINE

Nope. I'm Team Louisa. She followed her heart no matter the cost. She's like Reese Witherspoon.

AL

You're really smart.

Elaine giggles.

Martin glares at Al sitting on his desk.

MARTIN

Off.

Al hops off the desk.

BERT

Well, here's our card. Keep us in mind!

MARTIN

Good bye!

They walk out. Elaine is now back filming.

ELAINE

Now I'm eating a sandwich!

She takes a bite of a sandwich.

MARTIN

Excuse me. Is there any food here?  
I just realized I haven't eaten all  
day. Oh! The Whoopie Pie!

He turns around to see the Mangy Dog devouring it.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Out!!

The dog just stares at him.

ELAINE

(as he goes)

There's some crackers and jelly in  
the kitchen. Or you could go to the  
Salty Breeze. Best lobster rolls in  
Northwest Maine!

MARTIN

Is there a grocery store?

ELAINE

(filming herself saying  
it.)

Right in the middle of town. Can't  
miss it!

(to camera)

That's Hannerford's on Maine  
Street. Use Code Elaine for a ten  
percent discount!

Martin looks at her and leaves.

EXT. PORT WENN STREET -- DAY

Doc Martin gets out of his car. He looks out at the pristine  
harbor. He takes a moment to enjoy the spectacular view.

INT. PORT WENN GROCERY - DAY

Martin is walking through the grocery store with his cart.

SHOPPER #1

If it isn't Doc Martin! Nice to see you!

Martin nods awkwardly. He turns a corner.

SHOPPER #2

Welcome to Port Wenn! Looking forward to stopping by!

Martin nods again. He continues, sees an empty aisle, walks down it. Another SHOPPER rolls in.

SHOPPER #3

Well, if it isn't our new GP! Getting groceries just like the regular folk!

Martin turns around only to bump in to a WOMAN with her cart. Her SON is sitting in the grocery cart.

WOMAN

Doc Martin.

MARTIN

I'm sorry. I was just looking for the coffee filters.

WOMAN

Well, while I have you. My son scraped his knee. I bandaged it up but now I'm afraid it's infected.

MARTIN

Well. Come make an appointment. I'll be happy to see him there.

WOMAN

Since you're here.

She begins removing the bandage.

MARTIN

No, please...

WOMAN

I'm not sure if it's blood or pus that I'm looking at.

She reveals her son's bloody knee. Martin peeks at it.

MARTIN  
(quickly)  
No. Perfectly fine. Just keep it  
covered and dry.

Martin leaves his cart and scurries away.

EXT. PORT WENN GROCERY -- DAY

Martin walks out of the grocery store. He starts pacing, breathing heavy, looking like he's having some kind of attack. For a moment it looks like everything around him is spinning. He ducks around the store and leans against a wall, taking deep breaths. Unfortunately, it's not enough. Martin faints. It's clear Doc Martin has some big issues...

**END OF ACT ONE**

EXT. PORT WENN GROCERY -- DAY

Martin sits up with a jolt. He looks around to make sure no one saw him. He quickly gets up, brushes off his suit, trying to act as if nothing happened.

EXT. PORT WENN STREET -- DAY

Martin, now composed, is walking to his car -- no groceries. SUSAN, (60-65, sexy, low-cut shirt) walks up to him.

SUSAN  
Doc Martin!

Martin rolls his eyes and turns around.

MARTIN  
Yes.

SUSAN  
Hello! Welcome to Port Wenn. I'm  
Susan.

MARTIN  
Yes.

SUSAN  
I was just wondering. I'm running a  
little low on a medication and was  
hoping you could call in a refill.

MARTIN  
 (to himself)  
 Like the world is one giant  
 doctor's office!

SUSAN  
 I'm sorry. Doctor Reese never  
 minded. It's a bit of an emergency.

Martin is beaten down.

MARTIN  
 What's it for?

SUSAN  
 Estrogen creme. .01 Milligram.

MARTIN  
 Fine. Let me make a note. Though I  
 don't characterize this as an  
 emergency.

Martin takes out his phone and starts typing.

SUSAN  
 I disagree. My husband and I are  
very active. And without it, it can  
 get a little - *sandpapery* down  
 there.

They turn to see two WOMEN IN THEIR TWENTIES, walking down  
 the street.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
 (looking at them  
 enviously)  
 Someone should warn them. Moisture  
 doesn't last forever.  
 (beat)  
 Anyway, thank god for the cream.  
 Works so well, Gilbert practically  
 needs a wet suit!

MARTIN  
 Wait. Is Gilbert Carlisle your  
 husband?

SUSAN  
 Yes.

MARTIN  
 Do you use it during intercourse?

SUSAN

Gobs of it. Get a paddle, we're going down the rapids!

MARTIN

If you'll excuse me.

EXT. PORT WENN DAY SCHOOL -- DAY

Martin walks to his car. He sees Louisa through a window of the school building, teaching a class of middle-schoolers. She's wearing an eye patch. Martin smiles to himself, pleased that she took his advice. But he continues to stare, suddenly noticing she's quite pretty. Just as she's about to look up, he scoots away.

EXT. BERNARD AND SUSAN CARLISLE'S HOME -- DAY

Martin drives right up to to Gilbert's house. He gets out. Gilbert is mowing the lawn.

GILBERT

Get off my property, you psychopath!

MARTIN

I wanted to tell you, I think I understand the problem.

GILBERT

Too late. You think you can humiliate me... I'll go to a doctor in Bar Harbor. Who needs you!

Martin walks over to Gilbert and stands in front of his lawn mower.

MARTIN

Will you please shut up and let me explain!

GILBERT

Fine!

MARTIN

Well. You see your...  
(beat; suddenly realizing)  
Actually. Because of doctor-patient confidentiality, I'm not sure if I can.

GILBERT  
Glad you thought that through. Bye  
bye!

Just then, Susan pulls up in her car and gets out.

MARTIN  
Perfect. This will clear things up.

GILBERT  
(to Martin)  
Don't say anything!

MARTIN  
(under his breath)  
What??

GILBERT  
(gesturing to his chest)  
She doesn't know!

MARTIN  
Well, how does that work?

GILBERT  
T-shirts, pajama tops, the rare  
pizza boy outfit.

SUSAN  
(to Martin)  
What are you doing here?

MARTIN  
Um.

GILBERT  
A minor medical issue. Nothing to  
worry about.

SUSAN  
How minor?

MARTIN  
(to himself)  
Approximately an A-cup.

Gilbert heard that. Glares at Martin.

SUSAN  
Well, when you say not to worry,  
then I really worry! What is it,  
cancer, heart disease?! Do you  
know what day is it? Who's our  
mayor?

GILBERT  
 (to Martin)  
 Fine! Just tell her!

MARTIN  
 Happily!

He thinks.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
 Wait.

Exasperated, Martin takes Susan a few steps away to talk privately.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
 Does your husband know? About the cream?

SUSAN  
 No! And don't tell him! A marriage has to have some mystery!

MARTIN  
 Just great!

GILBERT  
 (from the distance)  
 Will you just tell her??!

MARTIN  
 Oh for...

Martin goes over to Gilbert and pulls his t-shirt up. Susan gasps.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
 (pointing towards Susan's crotch)  
 Your.  
 (pointing towards Gilbert's chest)  
 This.

SUSAN  
 What do you mean??

MARTIN  
 Your cream. It's a female hormone. You're supposed to wait at 12 hours before intercourse. Otherwise there could be... absorption!

SUSAN  
(gasps)  
This is all my fault?!

GILBERT  
What are you talking about??

MARTIN  
(exasperated)  
You know -- pour a drink, have a  
talk, my job here is done!!!

Martin leaves as Susan goes to embrace Gilbert.

INT. DOC MARTIN'S RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

Martin walks into his office. Elaine is recording a video again. She's holding a pile of mail in her hand.

ELAINE  
Here it goes. Junk mail, in the  
paper recycling!

Elaine throws a pile of mail in the trash can. She stops recording. She turns and sees Martin.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
Nailed it.  
(beat)  
Hi Doc! How was shopping?

MARTIN  
Actually. It was very productive.  
One medical whodunnit solved.

ELAINE  
Okay, well, you have a patient  
waiting.

MARTIN  
Elaine. I told you, I'm not taking  
appointments yet!

ELAINE  
(shrugging)  
Tell that to your patients!

MARTIN  
No, that's actually your... oh why  
bother.

Martin walks in to his office.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM -- DAY

A young, sexy man, long-hair, 30, DOUG, is waiting for him. He's apoplectic. He rips off his shirt.

DOUG

What the fuck?? I have boobs!

Martin is dumbstruck. Maybe it is the water??

**END OF ACT TWO**

INT. DOC MARTIN'S RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

Martin walks out of his office.

ELAINE

Hey Doc, I just got a call. Someone injured themselves at the dock. They need you to come take a look right now.

DOC MARTIN

Is it serious? Do they need an ambulance?

ELAINE

(shrugging)

They just asked to see you on their boat.

DOC MARTIN

Did you ask if they could come to my office? It's been a long day!

Elaine shrugs again.

MARTIN

Do you know anything else?

ELAINE

Well, I'm not a mind reader!

Just then, he looks over and sees the Mangy Dog peeing in the corner.

MARTIN

(enough's enough)

Elaine. You're fired.

ELAINE

(gasps)

What?

MARTIN

You're lazy, distracted and insubordinate.

ELAINE

What? I've had this job since I was 16! You can't do that to me!!

MARTIN

And yet I just did. Please text me the location of this patient. You did get that, didn't you?

Elaine nods, tearfully. Martin grabs the Mangy Dog and starts ushering him out the door. Elaine just sits there for a moment. She pets Teddy. Then she turns on her phone.

ELAINE

Hello everybody. Tragedy has struck today in Port Wenn...

EXT. DOC MARTIN'S HOME OFFICE -- DAY

Martin stands out there as he waves the Mangy Dog away.

MARTIN

Go on! Go! Go!

The Mangy Dog just stares at him. Martin gets into his car.

EXT. PORT WENN HARBOR -- DAY

A BEAUTIFUL SUNSET. Doc Martin, checking his phone, walks up to a lobster boat. He has a moment of recognition -- he's seen this boat before... He stops in his tracks when a WOMAN (70s-80) appear. She looks down at him sternly. Martin knows he's in trouble.

AUNT JOAN

So I have to pretend I'm half-dead just to get a visit?!

Martin, for the first time, looks almost afraid.

MARTIN

Aunt Joan.

AUNT JOAN

Come on. I won't bite.

We're not sure if that's true.

This is Aunt Joan. She's a big-hearted, tough, warm, no-nonsense pillar of the town.

EXT. LOBSTER BOAT -- DAY

Martin, in his suit, is now on the slippery, slimy boat. Joan is carrying a bin of live lobsters.

AUNT JOAN

Well, might as well be useful.  
Start banding.

MARTIN

Me? Now?

AUNT JOAN

Don't get hysterical. I'm sure you  
remember.

Joan plops down the lobsters. She shows Martin the box of rubber bands and the "lobster bander" tool. Martin looks dubious. Joan grabs a mop and starts mopping the deck. Martin grabs a wiggling lobster and gets to work. He's actually very good at it.

AUNT JOAN (CONT'D)

So. You use my name to get the job,  
but then don't even tell me you're  
coming? Then I don't see you all  
day?

MARTIN

(as he bands)

I've been meaning to. But it's been  
non-stop. Packing. Moving. Already  
seeing patients.

AUNT JOAN

And what about for the past 20  
years?

MARTIN

(mumbling)

Well. I was very busy. College.  
Medical School. Surgical rotations.

AUNT JOAN

Martin, you're just as bad a liar  
now as you were when you were 12!

Martin stops what he's doing.

MARTIN  
I should have called. It's true.  
I'm just not very good with...

Martin takes a moment. For once he can't find the words.

AUNT JOAN  
(beat; so gently)  
I know.

Martin relaxes. She really is the one person that knows him. Martin continues banding. It's actually very calming to Martin. Joan notices.

AUNT JOAN (CONT'D)  
Look at you. Like it was yesterday.

MARTIN  
(unmoved)  
Well. I am a surgeon.

Joan smiles at Martin's lack of sentimentality. A beat.

AUNT JOAN  
And I could have tried harder. I shouldn't have let that father of yours come between us.

MARTIN  
(news to him)  
What do you mean by that?

AUNT JOAN  
Never mind.

Joan stops mopping, she seems to have a problem with her back.

MARTIN  
Here. Let's switch.

AUNT JOAN  
No need, I'm fine.

Martin walks over to her.

MARTIN  
Give me the mop.

Joan reluctantly hands Martin the mop. She goes to the bin of lobsters and starts banding.

AUNT JOAN

Tell me. How are you finding Port Wenn?

Martin is mopping.

MARTIN

Well. I find the people here needy. Demanding. And irrational.

AUNT JOAN

Meaning. Not heavily sedated?

MARTIN

I am aware being a GP is a different skill set. I would just like to be able to buy coffee filters without being asked to perform a colonoscopy.

Aunt Joan looks at Martin disapprovingly.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Okay, that didn't really happen. But it's the point.

JOAN

To avoid that you can always shop in the early hours, avoid the crowds.

MARTIN

Good idea.

JOAN

But Martin, if you don't want to be around people, why did you move here?

Martin pauses -- he is definitely not going to get into it now.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Tell me.

He deflects.

MARTIN

Well, I think it's obvious.

JOAN

Is it?

MARTIN

Clearly someone needs to look after you now.

JOAN

Excuse me?

MARTIN

You think I didn't notice your back problem? And that limp? Where'd that come from?

JOAN

What? It was a little accid...

MARTIN

My point exactly. Face it. You're an old woman and you shouldn't be doing this any more.

JOAN

I beg your pardon???

MARTIN

You proved your point. "I'm a salty seawench." Now enough's enough. Sell the boat. Retire and tend to your blueberries.

JOAN

I haven't seen you in over thirty years and you think you can talk to me like this?

MARTIN

I'm just concerned!

JOAN

Well you can take your concern and shove it up your ass!

In the commotion Joan gets clipped by a lobster. Her finger starts bleeding. Martin peeks over at it. He sees the blood and starts panicking and turning white.

MARTIN

Fine! It's clear you don't need my help!

JOAN

(finger bleeding)  
What???

As he leaves...

MARTIN

I assume you have a first aid kit!

As he walks away Martin slips on a wet rag and lands on his ass. Joan looks at him and then lets out a loud, booming, laugh.

INT. DOC MARTIN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Martin walks in, ruffled and damp. He looks through the empty cupboards. He takes out the box of saltines and grape jelly. He makes himself a "sandwich."

He sits down and eats the dry mess, then washes it down with water. It's a pathetic sight.

He looks out the window to see the Salty Breeze across the way, people talking and laughing. He tries to close the window to shut out the noise, but it gets stuck. He keeps fighting with it but can't shut it. He sits back down to eat his saltines. He gets up and moves further away from the sound, standing by the counter to eat.

EXT. PORTWENN, MAINE HARBOR -- SUNRISE

The sun is rising on the harbor. Seagulls skimming the water. A gorgeous sight.

INT. DOC MARTIN'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Martin's alarm goes off. It's 6:00am. He gets up. He looks up to see the Mangy Dog staring at him.

EXT. DOC MARTIN'S HOME OFFICE -- EARLY MORNING

He shoos the dog out of his house yet again and walks to his car.

INT. PORT WENN GROCERY - EARLY MORNING

Martin is walking around the empty store with his cart, filling it up. He suddenly spies Louisa also there early, trying very hard to look invisible. He stares at her, then ducks away.

Moments later they both turn a corner and bump into each other.

MARTIN  
Oh.

LOUISA  
Oh, hello.

MARTIN  
Hello.

A beat of awkwardness.

LOUISA  
Early riser?

MARTIN  
Just trying to avoid the crowds.  
You?

LOUISA  
Same.

Another awkward pause.

MARTIN  
How's your eye?

LOUISA  
Oh. You were right. It was the  
beginning of glaucoma. They have me  
on drops. Thank you for that.

MARTIN  
That's my job.

Awkward pause.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
Well.

Martin goes to leave.

LOUISA  
Today was supposed to be my wedding  
day. Did you hear?

MARTIN  
Yes.

LOUISA  
I didn't really want to see anyone.  
But I really needed some Taki  
Fuegos.

MARTIN

We all have our crutches.

LOUISA

(beat)

I'm sure you've heard all sorts of horrible things about me.

MARTIN

I don't pay attention to local chitchat.

He tries to flee.

LOUISA

What happened is -- I had come back from New York after a well... Bad breakup. Mark had been my high school sweetheart. We just started up again. We've been together for eight years.

MARTIN

We don't know each other. It's better if we don't...

LOUISA

No. It's really good to talk to someone who isn't... invested. Anyway. I always knew that it wasn't right. But Mark. He was my best friend. I'm sorry it took me til the last minute to end it. I feel terrible about that. And everyone here has an opinion!

MARTIN

I see that's one of the pitfalls of small town life.

LOUISA

But that's the thing. I love it here. I love knowing my neighbors. I lived in New York. Everyone living in their little boxes with their little salads. "Minding their own business." That's no way to live.

MARTIN

Well. We both woke up at dawn to buy groceries. Not a ringing endorsement.

LOUISA

This is true.

(beat)

You don't think I'm a monster, do you?

MARTIN

I don't know you well enough to reach a conclusion.

LOUISA

I mean. Aren't you supposed to marry the love of your life? The person that when you kiss them you get weak in your knees? Not just someone who you really enjoy sitting on the sofa with? Is that unrealistic?

Martin is taken aback by this intimacy.

MARTIN

(softly)

Actually, I have no idea.

LOUISA

Have you never been in love?

A pause. Martin doesn't want to answer. They both look at each other. A connection.

MARTIN

Well. Hope you find your Takis.

Martin scurries off.

EXT. GROCERY STORE -- MORNING

Martin walks out of the store. He stops for a moment. He looks back at the store. What just happened?

INT. STREET -- MORNING

Martin is putting his grocery bags in his car. He looks down by the water and sees Gilbert taking a walk. Martin thinks. He sighs, closes the door and reluctantly starts walking to him.

EXT. DOCK -- MORNING

Martin catches up to Gilbert.

GILBERT

Doc Martin.

MARTIN

Yes. Glad I spotted you. Saves me a phone call.

GILBERT

Yes. Not my usual routine, out this early. But Susan's at her sister's. Girl time.

MARTIN

Well. I just wanted to tell you. You are going to have to come in for more tests.

GILBERT

What?

MARTIN

There has been a... development.

GILBERT

I knew it was the water!

MARTIN

Well. Either way. Call me on Monday?

Just as they get to the end of the dock, they see Susan sneaking out of a secluded house boat. Gilbert is confused.

GILBERT

Susan?

Then, Doug, the hot young man with breasts, peeks his head out and kisses Susan quickly. They turn to see Gilbert and Doc Martin staring at them. Doug ducks back in.

SUSAN

Oh my God. Oh my god!

Susan, horrified, runs to speak to Gilbert. Gilbert, speechless storms away. Susan, irrationally takes her mortification out on Martin.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Why are you here? Were you spying on me?

MARTIN

Spying? I had no idea you were..!

SUSAN

Why did you bring him here? You've ruined my life!

MARTIN

I was just going to buy groceries!  
You're the one spreading your estrogen cream up and down the eastern seaboard!

Susan gasps.

SUSAN

You're horrible!

Susan slaps him in the face. She storms away. Doug comes out of his houseboat and starts running towards her.

DOUG

Susan! Please! Come back!

Doug stops at Martin.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Get a life, loser, and leave us alone!

(running off)

Susan!!

MARTIN

(holding his cheek)

That's it! That's just it!

**END OF ACT THREE.**

EXT. PORT WENN ROAD -- DAY

Martin is driving a little too fast with a scowl on his face. He turns a corner and almost crashes into a truck -- it's his Aunt Joan.

AUNT JOAN

Martin! Are you trying to run me off the road?

They both get out of their cars.

MARTIN

No. Just on my way home. Are you alright?

AUNT JOAN

I'm fine. Glad I've bumped into you, actually. Don't like that we quarreled. Not a good way to start your stay.

MARTIN

Well, don't worry. I'm not.

AUNT JOAN

Not what?

MARTIN

Staying.

AUNT JOAN

What do you mean?

MARTIN

I'm leaving. Tomorrow. I didn't sign up for physical assault. Or marriage counseling. Or dog catcher while we're at it!

JOAN

What on earth are you talking about??

MARTIN

It doesn't matter. You were right. I was meant to cut people open, fix them, sew them back up. This couldn't be more wrong.

JOAN

So why aren't you doing that anymore?? What happened in Boston?? And don't pick a fight to change the subject!

Martin starts to walk back to his car.

MARTIN

It's none of your business!

Joan stands in front of his car with her arms crossed.

AUNT JOAN

I can be just as stubborn as you can be!

Martin is standing by the driver's seat, about to get in.

MARTIN

(outraged)

I'll flatten you like a pancake and  
not think twice about it!

AUNT JOAN

If you can't tell me, who can you  
tell?!

MARTIN

(an outburst)

Fine! I just froze, alright?

AUNT JOAN

What do you mean?

MARTIN

On the operating table. I froze.  
Another doctor had to finish.  
Happy?

Aunt Joan walks over to him.

AUNT JOAN

But why?

Martin takes a moment.

MARTIN

(reluctantly)

A little girl. Ruptured heart  
valve.

(glancing at Joan)

Car accident.

Joan let's this sink in.

JOAN

And how old was she?

MARTIN

(knowing what she's  
thinking)

Eight.

Joan is deeply moved.

JOAN

Well. That's understandable,  
Martin. Isn't it? After what... Why  
throw away a...

Martin gets into his car.

MARTIN

Not that simple, I developed a  
problematic condition after that.

AUNT JOAN

(following him)

What kind of "problematic  
condition."

MARTIN

(shutting the door)

Sorry! Pack up your blanky! Story  
time is over!

AUNT JOAN

(leaning into window)

For heaven's sake. If you leave  
here -- where will you go?

MARTIN

I'm not sure.

(beat; sadly)

I thought Port Wenn would be the  
answer to all my problems. I was  
wrong.

AUNT JOAN

Maybe you weren't.

(a beat; thinking)

This place. It won't let you hide.  
That's a good thing.

Martin doesn't reply. He drives away as Aunt Joan looks on  
worriedly.

EXT. DOC MARTIN'S HOME OFFICE -- DAY

Martin gets out of his car, still in a mood. The four  
intimidating teenagers walk by.

TEENAGE GIRL #2

Hello, *Doctor Ellingham*.

MARTIN

Joke's getting old!

TEENAGE BOY

How's your face?

MARTIN

Excuse me?

TEENAGE GIRL #1  
Heard you had a bad run-in with a  
hand!

They all giggle. Martin glares at them and goes inside.

INT. DOC MARTIN'S HOME OFFICE -- DAY

Doc enters in a bad mood. It doesn't get any better when he  
finds Bert and Al Large inside, working on his windows.

MARTIN  
(incensed)  
What are you doing?

BERT  
Had a free moment. Thought we'd  
start on the windows.

MARTIN  
But I didn't ask for them!!

AL  
Consider it a housewarming gift!

BERT  
I mean. If you felt like giving us  
a gratuity -- wouldn't slap you in  
the face for that!

Bert and Al try not to laugh at their joke. News really does  
travel fast. Just then, Elaine walks in.

MARTIN  
Now what do you want?

ELAINE  
I'm here to collect my pay. Two  
days.

AL  
You really firing her, Doc? Elaine  
here -- she's an institution!

MARTIN  
Actually. It doesn't matter anymore  
because I'm leaving.

BERT  
What?

MARTIN

Set the place ablaze for all I  
care. I'm firing myself!

Martin takes out his wallet and gives Elaine some cash. And then gives some to Bert and Al. Bert counts it. By his expression he's not too impressed. He's about to say something until he sees Martin's glare. He shuts up.

INT. DOC MARTIN'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

That evening, Martin is eating a sandwich in his kitchen. He can hear again the sounds of laughter and looks across the way again to the Salty Breeze. Still people laughing and chatting outdoors. *Why is that simple thing so hard for him?* He closes the new window. Ooh -- it really does glide very nicely now. He eats his sandwich in silence.

INT. DOC MARTIN'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Martin is washing his dishes. His office phone rings.

INT. DOC MARTIN'S HOME OFFICE -- NIGHT

Martin picks up the phone.

MARTIN

Ellingham here.

INT. THE SALTY BREEZE -- NIGHT

Greg is in the kitchen. George is sitting on a chair in the background with his one leg raised on another chair.

GREG

Hello. It's Greg at the Salty  
Breeze. It looks like George might  
have sprained his ankle. Wondering  
if you could pop over?

MARTIN

Can he move it?

GREG

The swelling is making it  
difficult. Just want to make sure  
it's nothing serious.

Martin pauses.

GREG (CONT'D)  
 Doctor Reese never had a problem...

DOC MARTIN  
 Oh for... Fine!

INT. THE SALTY BREEZE -- NIGHT

Martin walks in to the inn. There are about a dozen people there. Sheriff Mark is in the middle of the dance floor dancing to "I Will Survive." Cringey. Yet somehow adorable. Mark sees Martin and drunkenly claps him on the back.

MARK  
 I knew you couldn't stay away!  
 (puts on a voice)  
 "We will not go quietly into the night!  
 We will not vanish without a fight!  
 We're going to survive!  
 Today, we celebrate our  
Independence Day!"

Martin stares at him.

MARK (CONT'D)  
 Bill Pullman? Independence Day?

Martin just walks away.

INT. SALTY BREEZE KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Greg ushers Martin in to the kitchen. George still has his foot up. As he walks over to George, he sees Elaine walk in wearing an apron and carrying an empty buffet tray. (Still with Teddy.) She glares at Martin as she talks to a cook.

ELAINE  
 We're out of mac and cheese.

She glares at Martin again.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
 Had to pick up some shifts now that I'm unemployed.

GREG  
 (to Martin)  
 Yes. So sorry to hear about you leaving. Really thought you'd make it til at least the Baked Bean Supper. Magical time.

Brisket walks in. Greg throws her a piece of bacon which she devours.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Isn't it funny? Even Brisket loves  
bacon.

Elaine looks repulsed. Martin ignores them both and goes over to George.

MARTIN  
Hello, George. What happened here?

GEORGE  
Had a tussle with a greasy floor.  
The floor won!

George laughs cheerfully.

MARTIN  
I see.

GEORGE  
There goes my Dancing with the  
Stars tryout!

Martin manipulates the foot a bit. George grimaces but not too badly.

MARTIN  
Okay. Good. Just a sprain. Keep off  
of it for a few days and apply ice.  
I'll show you how to wrap it up.

Martin takes a wrap out of his black bag.

Elaine has now taken out her phone and started to film her show.

ELAINE  
(into her phone)  
Here we are, just waiting for our  
mac 'n cheese!

George stares at Elaine and shakes his head.

GEORGE  
That girl...

George smiles proudly.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
... is a star.

Martin packs up his bag and leaves. These people are nuts.

EXT. THE SALTY BREEZE -- NIGHT

Martin is walking out the door down the path. Through the window we can see and hear Mark and his friends dancing to "YMCA." Just then, Susan walks up. Neither is happy to see the other.

SUSAN

Oh. Hello.

Martin nods and keeps walking past her. Susan stops.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Gilbert wants a divorce, did you hear?

Martin stops in his tracks. He turns around.

MARTIN

No, but let me guess. It's all my fault and you want to tell me all about it!

SUSAN

No. I know it's all my fault. I messed it all up.

MARTIN

For once, we agree.

SUSAN

I just like to flirt. Always harmless. But then this young man flirts back. It was so flattering. At my age. Shriveling up like an apricot. Feeling invisible.

MARTIN

Well, luckily you can tell all this to your next doctor.

Martin turns to leave. Through the window Mark is now doing the "YMCA" gestures.

SUSAN

Are you really leaving Port Wenn?

MARTIN

Yes. As soon as possible.

SUSAN

I hope it had nothing to do with me slapping you?

MARTIN

It certainly didn't help!

SUSAN

Well, I'm sorry.

Through the window we see that "YMCA" ends. Everyone claps. Then we hear the beginning of "Shout" by the Isley Brothers. (Not the hippest playlist.) Mark is jumping up and down wildly.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

But I need you to know, I love Gilbert. More than anything. It didn't mean anything. I'm devastat..

MARTIN

I think you've mistaken me for a Priest, or a therapist, or someone who gives a flying...

Now, Gilbert arrives. He stops in his tracks when he sees Susan.

GILBERT

What are you doing here?

SUSAN

Margie asked me to come. What are you doing here?

GILBERT

Thought I'd give Mark my best. I suddenly know what it feels like to be betrayed by the one you trust most in the world.

SUSAN

Gilbert, please listen to me. It meant nothing, I'm so sorry.

GILBERT

You'll be hearing from my lawyer.

SUSAN

I was just telling the Doctor how much I love you. How sorry I am. Wasn't I?

MARTIN

On and on about it. Good bye.

Just then, young lover Doug arrives.

DOUG

Don't leave, Doc. I want everyone to hear this!

MARTIN

Fantastic.

GILBERT

You have nerve showing up!

DOUG

(to Susan)

I was hoping you'd be here. You haven't been answering my calls.

SUSAN

(to Gilbert)

See? I haven't been answering his calls!

DOUG

I need you to know, this isn't just a hook-up for me. I actually love you. And I don't have mommy issues.

SUSAN

Who said you had mommy issues??

DOUG

Some of my friends.

(beat)

All of my friends.

(beat)

But it's not true! I want to be with you! I love you so much I even love my boobs! Cause they were from you!

GILBERT

You gave him tits too??  
Mine better be bigger!!

SUSAN

They are, darling, so much bigger.

DOUG

No way, Not the way we went at it!

GILBERT

Bastard!

Gilbert hauls off and punches Doug in the jaw. Doug goes to punch Gilbert but punches Martin in the nose by mistake.

MARTIN

Ahh!

Martin grabs his nose. He looks at his hand. There's blood on it from his nose. He gasps. Martin races inside.

INT. SALTY BREEZE -- NIGHT

Martin, holding his bloody nose, darts into the Salty Breeze. Mark is now swaying/dancing and singing along to Linda Ronstadt's "You're No Good." Martin makes a beeline into the bathroom, holding his nose. Elaine watches as he goes by.

MARTIN

Ah!!

ELAINE

Doc???

**END OF ACT FOUR**

INT. SALTY BREEZE BATHROOM/OUTSIDE BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Martin is grabbing at toilet paper. He's dizzy and trying not to pass out.

MARTIN

Breathe. Breathe.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

ELAINE

Hey, Doc. Are you okay?

MARTIN

(gasping)

Fine!

Martin looks in the mirror. He sees the blood.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Ahh!

Elaine is on the other side of the bathroom door, hearing everything.

ELAINE  
Are you sure?

MARTIN  
(sounding distressed)  
Yes!

ELAINE  
(beat; hesitantly)  
Okay... You're the doc...

She begins to walk away. But she hears gasping.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
Okay. I think I'm going to come in!  
(beat; this is weird)  
Yeah. I'm coming in!

She opens the door. She sees Martin sitting on the toilet, blood on his face, eyes closed, hyperventilating.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

Elaine grabs the toilet paper in Martin's hand and starts to mop up his face. He then sees the blood on the toilet paper.

MARTIN  
Ah!

He gets up and sees himself in the mirror again.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
AHHHH!

ELAINE  
Okay. What is happening??

Martin turns his back on Elaine, hand propped up on the wall. He's breathing deeply, trying to calm himself down, clearly unable to talk.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
Are you having a heart attack?

Martin shakes his head "no."

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
A psychotic episode?

Martin shakes his head "no."

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
PTSD? Did something trigger you?

Martin shakes his head "no" again. Then, "well, maybe..."

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
What? Tell me??

Martin turns to look around.

MARTIN  
(mumbling)  
Blood.

She lifts the bloody toilet paper up.

ELAINE  
What about it?

Martin gasps and turns back around.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
Wait. Does blood freak you out???

Martin shakes his head, "yes." Elaine's eyes widen.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
But you're a doctor!

Martin still manages to glare at her. Elaine springs into action. She sits him down on the toilet.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
Do you want to hold Teddy?

Martin doesn't say "no." Elaine gives him Teddy to hold. She starts shoving toilet paper up his nose. Martin is starting to calm down.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
Okay. Just a little more.

She keeps stuffing. But we sense her wheels are now turning...

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
(as she stuffs)  
Wow. A GP who's afraid of b-l-o-o-d.

MARTIN  
You don't have to spell it!

ELAINE  
Sorry! I don't know the rules!!  
(beat)  
(MORE)

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
I'm just saying. I see how that  
could narrow your options.

Suddenly there's a KNOCK on the door.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
In a minute!!

Elaine starts cleaning Martin's face.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
In case you're interested...

She keeps dabbing at his face.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
Doctor Reese. He'd let me bandage  
wounds. Take blood.

Martin looks at her -- what?

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
In case you decide to stay.  
(directly to him)  
I could be very helpful to you.

Martin is listening intently. The door KNOCKS again.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
One darn minute!!!

Elaine looks at Martin's now cleaned face.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
I know it might not seem like it,  
but I am very good at keeping  
secrets.

Elaine gives him a wink. Martin looks at her, taking this in.

EXT. SALTY BREEZE -- NIGHT

Martin is now walking away from the Salty Breeze with his medicine bag. His nose filled with toilet paper, somewhat back to normal. Just as he is getting some distance from the inn and all that mayhem, he sees Mark puking into a garden hedge. Martin stops and sighs -- he's still a doctor after all...

EXT. THE SALTY BREEZE -- DAY

Martin walks up to a puking Mark.

MARTIN  
You alright there?

Mark nods. He looks up to see Martin with his face all messed up.

MARK  
Whoa. Are you?

Mark then vomits again. Martin takes out a small bottle of water from his bag and some Tums.

MARTIN  
Take two.

MARK  
Guess I was a little over-served.

Mark takes the tums and downs the bottle of water. He sits on a nearby bench, dejected. Martin hopes he can go now...

MARTIN  
I'm assuming you have someone to drive you home. So. Maybe a breath mint, and have a nice life.

Mark nods. Then he lets out a sob, startling Martin. Mark then composes himself.

MARK  
Wish you hadn't seen that.

MARTIN  
Me too.

MARK  
(beat)  
Truth is. I know I've been covering it up well...

Martin looks at him, dubious.

MARK (CONT'D)  
...but this break-up's really messed me up, you know?  
(beat)  
I've loved Louisa since I was 12 years old. And I've only loved her more every day since.

MARTIN

Well. Let's not get dramatic.

MARK

It's true. She's perfect.

MARTIN

No one's perfect. Focus on the bad things. The irritating habits. The quarrels. Some lingering resentments.

MARK

I'm telling you, Doc. She is perfect. She's kind. She's patient. Supportive. When I wanted us to take up birding? There she was. 20 below in the marsh pointing at a Lapland Longspur.

(beat)

The only mean thing she's ever done is break up with me.

Mark lets out a little sob.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm never going to get over this.

Martin is at a loss. He looks around, hoping someone might rescue him from this. He sits down next to Mark.

A pause.

MARK (CONT'D)

I can't believe I danced to "I Will Survive." How lame is that?

MARTIN

Incredibly lame.

Mark cringes.

MARK

Love does make you do crazy things.

MARTIN

(getting up to leave)

Yes, I'm getting that impression. Well. Good bye then.

Mark then leans over and gives Martin a big drunken hug. Martin tenses up, deeply uncomfortable. Mark holds it a little too long.

Mark finally lets go. Martin stands up, dusts off his suit.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
That was somewhat horrific.

MARK  
Thanks Doc. You really helped me.

Martin looks surprised by that, but also... slightly pleased.

MARTIN  
I did?

Mark stands up.

MARK  
Yeah. You're really leaving us?

MARTIN  
Yes. To everyone's great relief I'm sure.

MARK  
Well, not everyone.  
(beat)  
Good luck to you then.

Mark shakes Martin's hand. Martin watches as Mark turns to walk away. Mark then stops and turns around.

MARK (CONT'D)  
But the way I see it, we need a doctor, and you need patients. We don't have to all love each other, do we?

Mark then turns around and bangs his shin on a post. Martin stands there, letting this sink in...

EXT. PORT WENN STREET -- NIGHT

Martin is driving home. Through the tiny streets and quaint shops. He stops at a red light. He looks up to see Louisa in her bathroom window, putting drops in her eye.

He stares for too long a time. He hears a honk behind him as he sees the light has turned green. He keeps driving.

EXT. DOC MARTIN'S HOME OFFICE -- NIGHT

Martin gets out of his car and walks into his house. He quickly glances at all the revelers across the way at the Salty Breeze. He goes inside.

INT. DOC MARTIN'S HOME OFFICE -- NIGHT

Martin gets a glass of juice and sits down at his kitchen table. He looks out his closed window and looks more closely at the small group from Mark's party, still laughing and chatting at the Salty Breeze. Elaine, Margie, Susan and Gilbert -- who look pretty chummy. Before he realizes what he's doing, he opens the window to get a closer look. The sounds of merry humanity waft in. He then quickly closes it. He jumps up and starts pacing.

He sits down again. He takes out a photo from his wallet. It's a five year-old boy posing with a seven year-old girl, both are smiling. We can only assume the boy is Martin.

Martin puts it away. He knows that this is a fork in the road. Does he flee, not knowing where he'll go or what he'll do? Or does he stay, committing to live alongside this odd, infuriating, irritating community?

Martin walks outside.

EXT. DOC MARTIN'S HOME OFFICE -- NIGHT

He makes a beeline for the "For Rent" sign that's in front of his home and kicks it down.

As he walks in to his house, the Mangy Dog slips in behind him.

MARTIN  
Get out! Get out!

**End of Pilot.**