

**HIPPOCRATIC OATH by PHILLIP BARRON**

INTERIOR ACOUSTIC. HOSPITAL WARD.

F/X: \_\_\_\_\_ A HEART MONITOR BEEPS IN  
TIME TO A PATIENT'S  
HEARTBEAT.

EDITH: For the last time Doctor, the answer is no.

DOCTOR: I really do think it's for the best.

EDITH: For the best? How can turning off my husband's  
life support be for the best?

DOCTOR: It's kinder to the environment.

EDITH: I beg your pardon?

DOCTOR: It takes the same amount of energy to boil a kettle  
as it does to light a football stadium or something.  
Imagine how much we're wasting keeping this lazy  
bugger alive.

EDITH: Lazy? My Ralph's not lazy.

DOCTOR: Well he hasn't done much since he's been in here.

EDITH: He's on a ventilator!

DOCTOR: Exactly! Turn it off and he'll soon be out of bed.

EDITH: You think he'll get better?

DOCTOR: No, but if he's in a coffin he's not in a bed is he?

EDITH: No, I won't have it. You are not to turn it off under any circumstances.

DOCTOR: (in a deep voice) It's okay Edith. You can turn me off, I don't mind.

EDITH: Ralph? Is that you?

DOCTOR: (in a deep voice) Yes. Please turn me off; I don't want to be a burden to the NHS.

EDITH: Oh Ralph, I can't believe you'd ever give up so easily. You're only 30.

DOCTOR: (in a deep voice) Still, I've had a good innings.  
(in her normal voice) Ah well, there you go. I'll just pull the plug.

EDITH: No, stop. He's still alive, he's still talking.

DOCTOR: Oh for God's sake!  
(in a deep voice) Edith, I'm going now. I'm dying,  
please let me die. Argh! Urgh! Uk!

EDITH: That's you; you forgot to cover your mouth this  
time.

DOCTOR: (in a deep voice) Oh bugger.

EDITH: For the last time Doctor, I do not want my Ralph to  
die. You are not to turn off that ventilator. Got it?

DOCTOR: Yes.

EDITH: Promise me.

DOCTOR: I promise.

EDITH: You've got your fingers crossed.

DOCTOR: Only a little bit.

EDITH: Doctor! Swear, swear on your oath as a Doctor  
you won't touch that switch.

DOCTOR: Oh alright. I swear I won't kill your husband. Happy now? Jesus!

THEY LAPSE INTO A TROUBLED  
SILENCE.

EDITH: Do you want a cup of tea?

DOCTOR: Go on then.

EDITH: I'll just be a moment Ralph.

F/X: FOOTSTEPS AS EDITH LEAVES  
THE ROOM.

PAUSE.

DOCTOR: Ah, she'll never know.

F/X: A SWITCH IS FLICKED AND THE MONITOR  
FLAT LINES.

END OF SKETCH