

LFE

Written by

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TEASER

INT. ANJ AND CHELSI'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT-- NIGHT

CU on a TOOTHPICK in JOE'S HAND, being pushed one way by his thumb, the other by his middle finger.

JOE V.O.

People can only deal with so much
pressure before they--

CRACK. The toothpick, *brutalized* into two pieces.

JOE V.O. (CONT'D)

Well, exactly that. Snap.

QUICKLY PAN BACK TO REVEAL:

MUSIC. BEER. MARIJUANA. JOE (27, Andrew Garfield of a boy-next-door) leans on the kitchen counter, no drink in hand, discarding the pieces.

RECORDED GIRL'S VOICE O.C.

*Hey bitches! This is Jenny snorting
vodka!*

An iPhone comes into frame playing a YOUTUBE VIDEO of SOME GIRL *lowering her nose to a shot glass and snorting vodka*. The person holding the iPhone, RYAN (30, bad-boy hot), immediately *lowers his nose to a glass and **does the same***.

PARTY GOERS

AHHHHHHH!

Ryan THROWS HIS HEAD BACK *victoriously*, shaking off the pain, gloating to the PARTY GOERS: ANJ (27, badass Indian woman with the intensity of a football player), CHELSI (24, pale, no makeup, the intense, socially disconnected baby of the group), TREVOR (28, not naturally cool but up for a good time), and MAE (27, Jennifer Lawrence, a fun, if a little messy, every-girl you can't help but love).

They CHEER him on. Joe is *wincing, dumbfounded, constantly in disbelief at his best friend's actions*.

JOE

Unbelievable.

JOE V.O.

Three of us went to Johns Hopkins.
Two, Penn. One, Harvard. We're not
dumb.

(MORE)

JOE V.O. (CONT'D)

But when someone deals with a lot of stress-- at work, at home-- they tend to find a way to release it... sometimes in a manner that looks pretty damn stupid.

ANJ

What's next?!

Ryan hits 'next' on his phone-- a video of a YOUNG DUDE SLAMMING a shot of vodka *into his eye*.

YOUNG DUDE

Bro-- my eye!

Ryan POURS vodka into a shot glass, SLAMS it into his eye.

CHELSEI

I don't know why but I find this entertaining.

ANJ

You're gonna make it through that *whole playlist?*

RYAN

Never say "no" to a dare.

JOE

Well, you dared yourself.

JOE V.O.

Stupid or not, though, it shouldn't matter how people who endure extraordinary things deal with their pulse-pounding realities, if they are the good guys.

RYAN

(hitting 'next')

Need a tube, a box of wine, some help from a willing third party.

TREVOR

Butt-chugging?

MAE

What's that?

TREVOR

Sticking a tube up your butt and then pouring the wine in the--

MAE CHELSI
No! Hardware store on Platt and Gold.

ANJ
Grab some more beer and a cooler,
k? We're heading to the roof.

JOE V.O.
Good guys aren't necessarily *nice*
guys-- the ones who politely nod to
you in the elevator on a Friday
night before going home and
streaming Netflix.

Ryan grabs his coat, heads for the door. Joe does the same.

MAE
Hey! Where are *you* going?

A look between Mae and Joe-- a relationship here that seems
fraught with tension.

JOE V.O.
The *really* good guys are the ones
who had a day filled with crises
and victories and avoid going to
sleep in order to keep the rush
going. Because secretly, deep
down... they *live* for that
pressure.

JOE
He goes alone, he wakes up in 14
hours at a motel near JFK with two
unused tickets to Turks and Caicos
and a hooker OD'd on Coke.

Joe exits, Mae subtly disappointed by his exit.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS-- NIGHT

Horns. Traffic. Ryan crosses the street in front of a car
inching forward in this gridlock traffic. The driver HONKS.

RYAN
(yelling at the driver)
It's not my fault Obama's in town!

On the sidewalk, Ryan drunkenly DANCES as he walks. Joe walks
normally, carrying a case of beer, drinking COCONUT WATER.

JOE

If that guy gets out of his car to hit you, I'm gonna let him.

(offering him the coconut water)

Here. Bros don't let bros dehydrate.

RYAN

Coconut water is for mortals.

INT. SONNY'S HARDWARE STORE-- NIGHT

In the back of the store, Ryan SKIPS into an aisle, SCANNING--

RYAN

Butt-tubes... Butt-tubes...

JOE

They're just called tubes.

Joe grabs a cooler, some ICE from the freezer. As he puts the beer inside of the cooler:

THUG O.C.

The cash! Now!

Joe looks up, spots THREE MEN (two with guns, one with a switch blade) in the front of the store across from the CLERK. One guy FIRES a *warning shot*, the CLERK grabs his gun.

As the sound of a melee breaks out, Joe TACKLES Ryan, PROTECTING him, ducking for cover. Joe STEALS a glance at the door: the three men *run for their lives*.

Joe and Ryan BOLT to the front, finding the **Clerk: his gun on the floor, bullet holes in his body, his hands nail-gunned to the wall, his stomach slashed, his eyes wide, paralyzed. The register is open, no money inside.**

JOE

Christ!

Joe immediately CALLS 911 while Ryan, **instantly sober**, rushes to the man, CHECKS HIS PULSE: *he's dead*. He quickly looks at Joe, *shakes his head*.

JOE (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

911-- There's been a robbery at Sonny's Hardware Store near Battery Park. A fatality.

Ryan *checks the man's pockets*: nothing. He searches the shelves below the register until he finds what he's looking for: the man's wallet.

JOE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I *know* traffic is bad, but how long will it take?

Ryan grabs the wallet, pulls **the man's license**, turns it over. What he's looking for: **THIS MAN IS AN ORGAN DONOR**.

RYAN

No time.

Joe hangs up. Ryan RUSHES to the back, grabs *another cooler, more ice, an axe, saw, scissors*, drops it all at the man's feet.

JOE

Ryan, don't! We have to wait for the cops. Protocol.

RYAN

They're gonna take too long.

JOE

You can't do this! You're drunk!

RYAN

Someone's gotta do it.

A beat. Joe looks at the man, then hurriedly *trades places with Ryan*. He picks up the axe and PREPARES TO SLAM IT INTO THE MAN'S CHEST, when a MOUSY WOMAN (50) *runs into the store*.

MOUSY WOMAN

Stop! What are you doing?!

RYAN

Stay out of it, lady. We're doctors.

Joe quickly sets down the axe, hastily *grabs some Purell from the checkout aisle, Purells*, PICKS UP THE AXE, **SWINGS IT directly towards the man's chest**.

SLO-MOTION: *The axe en route to the man's STERNUM*.

This is a *stylized* series. It's badass, it's heightened.
Imagine Quentin Tarantino's name on the title page somewhere.

Joe's muscles are *bulging* as he swings, his jaw *clenched*, prepping for the hack. The only sound we hear is Joe's heartbeat, Joe's shallow breath.

JOE V.O.
We... are the good guys.

MOTION RESUMES, and--

The axe **SLAMS into the man's CHEST.** The Mousy Woman **SCREAMS.**

WE ZOOM PAST THE MAN'S SKELETAL WALLS INTO:

INT. MAN AT THE REGISTER'S RIB CAGE-- NIGHT-- CONTINUOUS

There it is. **The holy grail: a human heart.** We're alone with it now, as it fails to beat, but after a moment we see a *crack of light.* Then some more. Then *more,* just as we see: **JOE'S HAND ON THE HEART.**

EXT. BATTERY PARK CITY STREETS-- NIGHT-- CONTINUOUS

Joe and Ryan are **SPRINTING DOWN THE STREET,** past the traffic, passing both coolers off to each other as they hop over cars.

JOE
Did you call Julie?

Ryan takes out his phone as they jump over A **COP CAR, sirens blaring, lights flashing but STUCK IN TRAFFIC.**

EXT. THE LAWRENCE F EDWARDS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL-- NIGHT-- CONT.

JULIE (46, slight southern accent) stands outside, cloaked in her doctors' coat, arms crossed, staring up the street over the gridlock traffic as Joe and Ryan **RUN TOWARDS HER.**

JOE
It's in the cooler!

Julie grabs Joe's cooler and hustles into the:

INT. LFE WAITING ROOM-- NIGHT-- CONTINUOUS

She **RUSHES** towards the lab--

JULIE
Prep to run an infectious panel.

RYAN
You guys go. I'm just gonna--

Ryan collapses into a waiting room chair, out of breath. Joe and Julie don't listen as they *charge towards the back.*

INT. LFE LAB-- NIGHT-- CONTINUOUS

Joe and Julie CHARGE into the lab.

JULIE

Grab stuff to test for blood,
tissue type, then we'll see who on
the waiting list is a match.

Julie sets the cooler on the counter, puts on some latex
gloves, opens the cooler. Inside: **a case of beer on ice.**

OFF Julie, looking at Joe, bewildered:

JULIE (CONT'D)

Where's the *heart*?

INT. LFE WAITING ROOM-- NIGHT

Ryan calmly watches an INFOMERCIAL on the waiting room TV
before Joe BURSTS through the doors, RUSHES towards Ryan,
GRABS THE COOLER at Ryan's feet.

INT. LFE OPERATING ROOM-- NIGHT-- LATER

It's calmer now, even though this is a high stakes surgery.
Julie, HER STAFF, perform a heart transplant on a WOMAN (50).

JULIE

Let's slow down bypass, suture the
cannulas from the aorta.

But, upstairs in the:

INT. LFE SURGICAL GALLERY-- NIGHT-- CONTINUOUS

Joe, Ryan, the party-goers from earlier (who are still a
little bit drunk) eat pizza, watch Julie perform the surgery.

CHELSEI

It's an odd choice to be using a
proline suture.

MAE

Is there any pepperoni left?

TREVOR

You know about *synthetic stitches*,
Chelsi?

CHELSI

Are you asking because I specialize in Internal Medicine and not surgery? Are you implying that you, personally, only know stuff pertaining to the wing you're assigned to?

TREVOR

I didn't mean to imply-- I mean-- I've always thought you were smart, Chels.

RYAN

Wow-- whipped and not even dating. Keep your Corpus Caverosum in your pants, Trev.

ANJ

You guys! She's about to take her off bypass.

INT. LFE OPERATING ROOM-- NIGHT-- CONTINUOUS

Julie and her team remove the bypass. They watch the heart, not beating. Then... **It begins to pump on its own.** Julie turns to the doctors in the gallery, gives a thumbs up.

INT. LFE SURGICAL GALLERY-- NIGHT-- CONTINUOUS

The doctors **ERUPT** into cheers.

MAE

Great way to end our first year, guys!

ANJ

Ok! Let's get *TURNT UP!*

TREVOR

Anj and I are going to Murray if anyone's in the mood for \$12 beers.

RYAN

Meeting up with a lady lawyer for some objectional behavior.

CHELSI

Just a lawyer. Not a "lady lawyer." No one says "Man lawyer." Just a lawyer.

ANJ

Joe?

JOE

Have to get home.

ANJ

No surprises there.

INT. LFE HALLWAY-- NIGHT-- CONTINUOUS

As the GROUP OF DOCTORS head to the street, Julie exits surgery, heading to a private room, not even stopping to say--

JULIE

Joe. Ryan. Now.

INT. LFE PRIVATE ROOM-- NIGHT-- CONTINUOUS

Julie, Ryan, Joe enter, meeting DETECTIVE WU (40s) inside.

JULIE

Here they are. Guys-- Detective Wu.

JOE

Did you catch them?

DETECTIVE WU

Issued an APB on the perps-- pedestrians gave us descriptions, scanning MTA cameras for footage. Wanna tell me what happened?

JOE

We were shopping for... things, and the three guys--

DETECTIVE WU

What happened with the heart?

Wu sets HANDCUFFS on table: a warning. Joe looks to Ryan.

RYAN

We took it.

DETECTIVE WU

So you tampered with evidence.

JOE

We're sorry if we caused any--

RYAN

You should be thanking us, not coming in here and playing bad cop to good samaritans.

DETECTIVE WU

"Thanking" you?

RYAN

A human heart has four hours to go from a dead body to the body of a person who needs it. Your force couldn't seem to make it a mere 14 blocks on foot and opted to sit in traffic with your ineffective sirens and we wanted to make sure *our* job got *done*.

JULIE

Ryan.

DETECTIVE WU

You messed with our investigation. You want me to let that go?

RYAN

I want you to tell your superiors you gave us the clearance to take the heart.

DETECTIVE WU

What you did was a *crime*.

Suddenly, the LOUD SOUND of SOMEONE CRYING in the hallway.

GORDON O.C.

Where's Dr. Haas?

Ryan opens the door: GORDON (50) sobbing tears of joy, spotting Julie in the room. Rushes in, SOBS hugs her.

GORDON

She's gonna live.

Ryan, Joe look to Wu. Off Wu, *rolling his eyes--*

EXT. LFE-- NIGHT-- LATER

Julie gets into a cab, Ryan and Joe standing on the curb.

RYAN

You can't seriously be pissed right now. Even the good-conscienced cop came around.

JULIE

You did something *crazy*, THEN made a drunken spectacle in front of our patients!

JOE

I was *not drunk*.

The cab drives off.

RYAN

Don't listen to her. We did the right thing. The job, our job, **is to save lives through any means necessary.**

Off Joe, this idea *sticking with him as he--*

INT. JOE'S SPANISH HARLEM APARTMENT-- NIGHT-- LATER

--silently enters his apartment, so as not to wake:

SCOTTY (Joe's father), sleeping on the couch: ***skinny, frail, hooked up to his Dialysis machine.*** His breaths are deep, deliberate. This is a man on *death's door*. Joe *slowly approaches*, crouches next to him, puts his hand on his head, kisses him on the forehead.

JOE

Love you, Dad.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM-- NIGHT

Joe COLLAPSES onto his **twin bed** in the room he shares with his brother. The sound of someone entering the apartment. Joe's brother BOBBY (17, smart but clearly with no parental guidance), returning from a party, POPS in.

BOBBY

Yo, bro. What'd you do tonight?

Off Joe's face, *EXHAUSTED--*

TITLE CARD: LFE

END OF TEASER

ACT I

INT. NEW YORK CITY BUS-- DAY

The next morning. Bobby stands, giving an IMPASSIONED SPEECH to SOMEONE.

BOBBY

There are two groups in America:
those who have, and those who need.
But in this capitalistic economy,
the have-nots have the *ability* to
become the haves.

SHOTS of OTHER PEOPLE on the crowded bus EAVESDROPPING--
people of all different races, socioeconomic classes.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

We are entitled to life, liberty,
the pursuit of happiness, and for
many, that happiness comes in the
form of money. Blah blah blah,
something about the lowering
barriers in supply-side economics,
then I'll bring it to Reagan's
failed Trickle Down theory.

REVEAL: The someone he's been talking to is Joe.

JOE

And you didn't do the summer
reading?

BOBBY

I'm a natural con man, Joe.

JOE

Bobby, do you know how innately
smart you are?

Joe puts his hand on Bobby's shoulder, Bobby *quickly PULLS AWAY*. Is there *redness* on Bobby's arm? Joe PULLS UP the sleeve to reveal: **A SWOLLEN AND INFECTED SCAR-STYLE TATTOO.**

JOE (CONT'D)

What the *hell?!?*

EXT. LFE-- DAY

In an alley behind the hospital, Joe pours HYDROGEN PEROXIDE on Bobby's INFECTION.

BOBBY

I didn't know it was infected.
Marcus and Javi got them, too.

JOE

Are you in some sort of gang, now?
We've gotta have a talk about this.

BOBBY

(pulling his arm away)
We don't. Jesus. No matter how many
talking-tos you give me, you're
never going to be my parent, Joe.
I'm on my own.

JOE

You *are not*.

BOBBY

Mom's dead. Dad--

JOE

Dad will be fine. He's gonna get a
kidney.

BOBBY

How? Neither of us were matches.
Some random person isn't gonna
volunteer to give him one.

JOE

He's on the waiting list.

BOBBY

That thing doesn't move. A New
Yorker dies every 15 hours waiting
for an organ. Acute kidney failure?
Dad's a dead man walking.

JOE

(beat, so no one can hear)
I've got a new plan. To help dad.

BOBBY

I'm at peace with it. You do you
and I'm gonna do me, ok?

Bobby grabs his backpack, walks away. Off Joe, watching him--

INT. JOE'S LFE LOCKER-- DAY

Joe opens his locker, pulls out a note-card. Written on it: **303 Stagg Street**. Joe's expression tells us *this address means something we don't yet know*.

RYAN O.C.

You ready for today?

Joe turns, sees him. Off Ryan, who smiles excitedly--

INT. LFE LOCKER ROOM/FLASHBACKS-- DAY-- LATER

--because **now it's time to save lives**. Julie addresses Ryan, Joe, Mae, Chelsi, Anj, Trevor, a BUNCH OF OTHER RESIDENTS.

JULIE

Listen up, everyone! Today is your first day as second year residents and I'm going to take it upon myself to prepare you.

CHELSEI

(sotto voce, to Anj)

Taking on leadership responsibilities is a sure sign she's gunning for the open Medical Director position.

JULIE

Second year is harder than first in a deceiving way. You've got more sovereignty, responsibility, and free time outside of work to make dumb decisions, which, judging by last night, you are already using.

QUICK SHOTS:

Ryan rubs his tired eyes. FLASHBACK TO LAST NIGHT: Ryan at a club, popping champagne. BACK TO PRESENT.

Chelsi covers a hickey with her sweater. FLASHBACK TO LAST NIGHT: Chelsi FRENCH KISSING an OLDER MAN. BACK TO PRESENT.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Yes, I'm the attending for only the surgical wing, but I am available to all of you at any hour of the day or night.

Mae tries to stifle a yawn. FLASHBACK TO LAST NIGHT: Mae dancing on a boat in the Hudson. BACK TO PRESENT.

Trevor opens and closes his hand a few times, stretching it.
FLASHBACK TO LAST NIGHT: Trevor and Anj taking SELFIES at a Murray Hill bar before a PREPPY FINANCE DOUCHE grabs Anj's wrist and puts her hand on his chest.

ANJ
Get off me, J. Crew!

FINANCE GUY
Why don't you put your tongue in my ear, first.

Anj resists but he forcefully grabs her closer to him.

TREVOR
Leave her alone, man!

*He pushes Trevor away. Anj is terrified, trying to get away as he **grabs her ass**, so Trevor, LIKE A BADASS, smacks a beer bottle upside his head. The BOTTLE SHATTERS. **THE FINANCE DOUCHE FALLS TO THE GROUND**. Trevor looks up, nervous, in disbelief--*

ANJ
(to Trevor)
Who the hell knew you were capable of doing that?!

BACK TO PRESENT.

JULIE
You guys have more power than any twenty-somethings in the world should be trusted with, and part of your job includes personal responsibility. Our patients-- from taxi drivers to the mayor-- come here expecting the best care in the city because here, at the LFE, we deliver that. So, if you see that you're not at the top of your game today after a night of drunken mayhem, maybe start considering a life-style adjustment.

INT. LFE RADIOLOGY ROOM-- DAY-- PRESENT

Anj, reading an MRI scan, the light from the computer screen too bright for her hangover eyes. Ryan POPS his head in--

RYAN
Ultimate hangover cure in the supply closet.

ANJ
Shots?

RYAN
B12 Shots.

INT. LFE SUPPLY CLOSET-- DAY-- MONTAGE

QUICK SHOTS of Ryan *injecting B12 into the ass cheeks of his peers*: Anj, Mae, Chelsi, Trevor, and himself.

ELIJIAH O.C.
(from the hallway)
We've got a subway surfer!

RYAN
Here we go!

Their skills are about to be TESTED. Ryan QUICKLY EXITS.

VARIOUS-- MONTAGE

THE COMMOTION OF A HOSPITAL.

JOE V.O.
Every person gets into medicine for
a different reason.

INT. LFE EMERGENCY ROOM-- DAY-- MONTAGE

KRUZE (15, private school kid) is silent as he is QUICKLY wheeled in on a gurney by an EMT. ELIJIAH (ER attending, Samuel L. Jackson) is *hooking him up to machines*.

EMT
Kruze O'Neill. 15 year old male.
Was riding on top of the 1 Train.
At Franklin, it stopped abruptly,
he flew off. Multiple broken bones.

Both of Kruze's **ARMS, WILDLY OUT OF PLACE**. Ryan, Joe run to opposite sides and THRUST Kruze's arms back into place.

JOE V.O.
For some, it's the thrill.

JOE
He's not making noise.

RYAN

Perforated lung. Kruze-- I know you can hear me, buddy-- We're gonna drain the air out of your chest and then you'll be able to speak.

Ryan makes an *incision*, THRUSTS his finger in the hole, SLAMS a tube in it. Kruze GASPS for air, *his breathing RESTORED*. Off Ryan, SATISFIED--

INT. LFE LOCKER ROOM-- DAY-- MONTAGE

Mae, at her locker, putting her hair into a ponytail. Before closing her locker, Mae looks at the several pictures taped to the inside of her locker: various photos of a 16-Year-Old MAE posing with her IDENTICAL TWIN SISTER.

JOE V.O.

For some, it's because they want to live a meaningful life.

INT. LFE OFFICE-- DAY-- MONTAGE

Chelsi, Mae stand next to RON (60, their attending) who is playing ONLINE POKER.

MAE

56-year-old female, acute set chest pain for three hours. History of--

CHELSI

(forcefully taking over)
--History of Angina. EKG is unchanged. Probable diagnosis is viral myocarditis.

JOE V.O.

Others love the competition.

MAE

(typical Chelsi)
Or Chelsi could just tell you.

RON

(not paying attention)
Test the patient.

INT. LFE PRIVATE ROOM-- DAY-- MONTAGE

A LAB TECH stands across from Mae, Chelsi.

LAB TECH
Positive for viral myocarditis.

Chelsi smiles, proudly nodding, celebrating her VICTORY. Mae watches, rolling eyes at Chelsi's competitiveness.

INT. LFE RADIOLOGY ROOM-- DAY-- MONTAGE

Anj, reading a scan, picks up the hospital phone--

ANJ
That 44 year old guy? Active bleed
in his spleen. Prep the OR now.

INT. LFE EMERGENCY ROOM-- DAY-- CONTINUOUS-- MONTAGE

Kruze is now breathing, TECHS cutting off his clothes.

JOE
Why aren't you in school, buddy?

KRUZE
Test on *The Great Gatsby*. Couldn't
bring myself to read the thing.

RYAN
It's an American masterpiece,
troublemaker! Full body x-rays and
a CT-Scan to check for cranial
bleeding or swelling. Where's a
first year?
(a FIRST YEAR runs up)
Go somewhere and get a copy of *The
Great Gatsby*. I'll pay you back.

Off the First Year, annoyed and confused--

INT. LFE SURGICAL GALLERY/OR-- DAY-- MONTAGE

JOE V.O.
But the reason I became a doctor is
because I wanted to be the closest
thing there is to a superhero.

Mae, COVERTLY PEERING into the OR, where Joe performs a
splenectomy on a MAN, Trevor holding a bloody cloth.

TREVOR
He's losing too much blood.

JOE

Switching to an open surgery.

QUICK SHOTS: The TEAM *hustles* to adjust. Joe grabs a surgical laser. **SLO-MOTION:** he BADASSLY **BURNS** a SLIT in the man's side. **FAST MOTION:** Joe **sticks his hand in the hole.** **REAL TIME:** he removes a GIANT SPLEEN, THROWS it in a bowl.

JOE (CONT'D)

Boom.

Mae, still watching, *smiles.*

INT. SCRUB ROOM-- DAY-- CONTINUOUS

Joe, scrubbing out. Mae enters.

MAE

Go home and snooze last night?

JOE

Dreamt of a new cell phone case and world peace, and you know what? I think it's do-able.

Mae smiles.

MAE

I got home late but still managed to make it to yoga this morning.

Joe doesn't engage. Then, trying to be not awkward:

MAE (CONT'D)

Sugarland's tonight.

JOE

That's still going on?

MAE

Thought maybe you might want to go with me. For old time's sake.

JOE

We went *once.* You got mad cause I wouldn't dance.

MAE

You never dance.

(Beat)

Coffee this weekend?

JOE

I can't.

MAE

Come on. You can't ostracize me forever, Joe. It was three years ago.

JOE

Not gonna be over it til I'm over it.

MAE

The guy had literally been in space. He was an *astronaut*. But I'm not making excuses. I admit it. It was wrong of me to sleep with him. You and I were together, and-- wait-- hold still-- you have soap all over your pants.

Mae grabs a paper towel, wets it, and scrubs Joe's pants. It's in no way sexual, but it is caring, loving.

Joe looks at her in a way that tells us *he's not over her*. She STANDS, looks at him, a beat as they look into each other's eyes, the chemistry REAL, and STILL THERE.

MAE (CONT'D)

Life's too short for this. I care about you.

(she shrugs so as not to get too vulnerable)

And I miss you.

But Joe *suppresses the connection*, PROTECTING himself.

JOE

I can't introduce another volatile factor into my world right now. It's a precarious mess. Go to Sugarland-- have a great time. You deserve to have fun.

Joe EXITS. Off Mae, disappointed, *hurt but feeling guilty*-

MAE

But so do you!

INT. LFE HALLWAY-- DAY-- CONTINUOUS

Ryan does paper work. Joe exits into the hallway as Anj, Trevor pass each other, not stopping, Anj noticing Trevor's NEON YELLOW NIKES.

ANJ

Ooo-- Fun shoes, Trev.

TREVOR

Thanks.

ANJ

It feels like you've got a new pair everyday.

Joe joins Ryan at the desk, does paper work, too.

RYAN

(jokingly)

Charge your brother for that Hydrogen Peroxide this morning?

JOE

Self-inflicted scar tattoo.

RYAN

That's high school for you. Stupid mistake after stupid mistake. Also your twenties, and, I'm anticipating, your thirties.

JOE

Smartest kid I've ever met, but he's getting all tied up in the wrong group, the wrong stuff.

RYAN

Anything I can do to help? Want me to kidnap him, whip him with a belt and lock him in a closet until he promises to change?

JOE

If at some point today I go missing and people notice, lie and say I'm still here.

RYAN

Would rather do the closet thing.

They are interrupted by **A SCREAM OF PAIN**. Ryan, Joe look towards the sound--

RYAN (CONT'D)

I feel bad for those in pain but
God, I love a landslide.

As they run towards: Nadia (33) COLLAPSING to the floor in
pain. The TRIAGE NURSE tries to help her up before Ryan, Joe,
Elijah *lift her onto a bed*.

TRIAGE NURSE

Nadia Retiger. 33 year old female.
Sudden severe pelvic pain for over
an hour now.

ELIJIAH

Pregnant?

TRIAGE NURSE

Last period two days ago.

ELIJIAH

Test and prep for an emergency
appendectomy.

RYAN

Not appendicitis.

ELIJIAH

What the hell you know? I been
doin' this for 34 years.

RYAN

Beautiful woman like this wouldn't
screw up her body with a standard
appendectomy which would leave a
huge scar on her abdomen. But she
did have it removed through her
belly button, leaving a smaller
scar near her naval which she's
covered with flower tattoos.

Nadia SCREAMS, Elijah STUDIES her tattoos, **NOTICES THE SCAR.**

ELIJIAH

(impressed)
Motherfather.

JOE

2 CCs of morphine

Nadia *stops screaming*. Joe crouches, *looks in her eye*.

JOE (CONT'D)

We're gonna figure out what's wrong
with you, ok?

Off Nadia, looking into Joe's eyes, *scared but trusting*--

INT. LFE INTERNAL OFFICE-- DAY

Ron RUSHES to leave. Chelsi, Mae listen for instruction.

RON

One of you take the female in the ER, the other stay in the office, work on that terrible ICU sign-out.

CHELSI

I'll take rounds.

MAE

Flip a coin?

RON (CONT'D)

Chelsi, rounds. Mae, paperwork.

Off Mae, *offended* that Chelsi's brazenness was rewarded--

INT. LFE PRIVATE ROOM-- DAY

Trevor should be doing paperwork, but he's using his phone to shop. Pulled up: COLE HAAN SHOES. Trevor considers-- he really shouldn't buy them, he doesn't need them, but his impulse gets the better of him. He *adds to cart*, only to be interrupted by--

JOE

(entering the room)

I have to run an errand. It'll take a few hours. I need a surgeon to cover my assignments.

Joe pulls out a SNICKERS bar, offering it to him.

TREVOR

Are you bribing me with candy? What if Julie asks me where you are? What if we have to be in surgery at the same time?

JOE

It's for my family.

Trevor looks to Joe, annoyed that Joe pulled his trump card--

Off Joe, knowing Trevor will budge--

CHELSI (PRE-LAP)

Someone's phone is ringing.

INT. LFE HALLWAY-- DAY

Ryan, Chelsi, Anj (wheeling an ultrasound) walk down the hall. Anj's phone buzzes in her pocket.

ANJ

It's my parents.

CHELSI

Have they been calling for the last 20 minutes?

ANJ

If I answer, I have to tell them why I don't want to marry the 10th 20-something they've made me go to dinner with this year. If they only knew I'm not the good little Indian girl they think I am.

CHELSI

Her parents used to Skype her desktop so much that I canceled our whole internet bundle to make it stop.

RYAN

I can only get a hold of my parents when they're getting service on their yacht.

Anj's phone stops, starts again. Ryan stops, looks at her, come on now--

ANJ

I'll turn it off.

NADIA (PRE-LAP)

I got the cheapest health care plan I could find--

INT. NADIA'S ROOM-- DAY

Anj, performing an ULTRASOUND on Nadia. Ryan, Chelsi stand.

NADIA

--and ER visits cost so much, but I was serving a regular his egg white fritata when I doubled over and he said he'd pay for me to go to the best hospital in the city.

RYAN

Don't go on a date with him when you get out of here unless you want to. Your love is not to be bought.

NADIA

He's gay and I have a boyfriend, but thank you. What's weird is I feel like I've been here before.

RYAN

That's the pain medication working it's sweet, warm magic. I'm going to leave you with Chelsi from our Internal department, and Anj, our resident radiologist, while I get back to the ER. They're smart, nice, and going to figure out what we need to do to get you back to serving egg white fritatas.

NADIA

(Ryan exits, to Chelsi)
You're a doctor? You look so young.

ANJ

I tell people she's really into Botox but the truth is she was a child prodigy. She can diagnose anything so quickly it makes the rest of us look bad. And she's so ambitious she's exactly who I'd want treating me if I was in here.

CHELSEI

Nadia-- your symptoms suggest a tear in the lining of your uterus--

ANJ

(off the ultrasound)
No tear.

CHELSEI

(a beat, confused)
Look again. There's no other justification for these indicators.

ANJ

(looking again)
Two ovaries and a uterus all in perfect shape.

CHELSEI

Why's the ultrasound so cloudy?

ANJ

Bowel gas. We should get you a colonic, maybe that will ease the pain if it's intestinal.

NADIA

Ok, but it's starting to hurt again. You guys. OW! YOU GUYS!

Nadia WRITHES, MOANS. Anj, Chelsi, confused. Trevor DASHES IN at the sound of screaming--

TREVOR

Need help?

CHELSEI

We've got it.

NADIA

OWWWWW! HELP ME!! HELP!!

Off Trevor, *anxiously RUNNING--*

INT. PRIVATE ROOM-- DAY

Julie EXAMINES the head of a man, WALLACE, whose face we can't see. Trevor THROWS OPEN the door.

TREVOR

Room 2B. They need you.

JULIE

Wallace-- excuse me. Trevor-- cover this patient?

Julie RUSHES OUT as Wallace turns his head to look at Trevor: **Cuts all over his face.**

A QUICK FLASHBACK TO: *Last night. Trevor smashing a beer bottle over the FINANCE DOUCHE'S head.*

BACK TO PRESENT: *Trevor's heart rate racing. WALLACE IS THE FINANCE DOUCHE.* Their eyes MEET.

TREVOR

Hi.

End of ACT I

ACT II

INT. NADIA'S ROOM-- DAY

Nadia's pain has subsided. Julie is REVIEWING Nadia's chart as Anj and Chelsi report to her.

CHELSEI

We upped the morphine, started her on a drip.

JULIE

Her LFTs?

CHELSEI

Normal.

JULIE

White count?

CHELSEI

None.

JULIE

Are you sure?

CHELSEI

(irked but professionally)
Yes. Her bilis are fine, she's beta negative. Opted for an ultrasound over a Cat Scan because she had Hodgkins Lymphoma in her youth, we wanted to avoid radiation. No torsion, nothing out of the ordinary anywhere. Nadia-- We're going to run some more tests on you. In the meantime, get some rest. Push that button if your pain returns.

INT. LFE HALLWAY-- DAY-- CONTINUOUS

The doctors exit Nadia's room.

CHELSEI

You doubted us in front of our patient, Julie.

JULIE

What?

CHELSI

You made it look like we had no idea what we were doing when we were doing everything right.

JULIE

I was doing my job.

CHELSI

Your job isn't to correct me. You're a *surgical* attending, I'm in the *internal* wing and you are intentionally overstepping your boundaries to impress the higher-ups for a shot at a promotion.

JULIE

Excuse me?

CHELSI

That's what everyone thinks.

JULIE

You listen to me. I've been doing this for 20 years. You are an arrogant beginner. I'm not going to come to work knowing full well you probably got three hours of sleep last night after doing a keg stand and body shots and not double check to make sure that no one's life is in danger because of it. Stop questioning my authority. Stop wasting time. Get back to your patients.

Julie walks away.

CHELSI

(off to Julie)

I'm on top of my game, Julie.

(Julie ignores her, to

Anj, reasoning it out)

Everyday in this place is life or death. We have the right to have extracurricular downtime, and we've not once brought the night before into work.

INT. LFE EXAM ROOM-- DAY

First time for everything. Trevor sits across from WALLACE staring. Will Wallace punch Trevor? *They sit in silence.*

TREVOR

So... the last thing you remember
is ordering a Vodka soda?

WALLACE

I can be a dick sometimes when I do
liquor but nobody deserves to be
knocked unconscious like that. This
morning I woke up and my head still
hurt, which is when I noticed all
of this.

He points to the side of his head: shards of beer bottle
stuck in the wounds on his skin.

TREVOR

It looks surprisingly terrible. I'm
gonna put my rounds on hold and
we're gonna remove those shards of
glass, get you all stitched up so
that you can get out of here and go
rest up, alright?

WALLACE

That's nice of you, man.

TREVOR

Helping people is my job.

Trevor exits into the--

INT. LFE HALLWAY-- DAY-- CONTINUOUS

--pulls out his phone, texts Joe: *COME BACK*. A red
exclamation point on his phone tells us **the text won't send.**

Off Trevor, staring at it, *trying to stay calm--*

INT. L SUBWAY TRAIN-- DAY

CU: Joe's phone in his hand: *No service.*

HOMELESS MAN O.C.

Ladies and gentlemen, I wish I
didn't have to do this.

A HOMELESS MAN (47), holding a cup for donations, ADDRESSES
the train passengers, including Joe, wearing a jacket over
his scrubs.

HOMELESS MAN

I'm a veteran of Desert Storm on disability and I lost my home in Sandy. If I can raise enough money to get a bus ticket to Chicago, I can move in with my daughter, get back on my feet.

The man STOPS in front of Joe, holding out his cup.

JOE

I would if I had any.

HOMELESS MAN

(looking at Joe's scrubs)
Said the doctor.

JOE

It doesn't work that way.

The train STOPS. Joe STANDS, EXITS, walks up the stairs, *looking back*: the man STARING at him through the subway car window. Joe offers a sympathetic smile, not stopping.

EXT. STAGG STREET-- DAY

Joe walks, *staring at his iPhone's MAPS APP. He stops at 303 Stagg Street, looks right*:

A LARGE BUILDING: STAGG STREET SYNAGOGUE

Is this the right place?

INT. STAGG STREET SYNAGOGUE-- DAY-- CONTINUOUS

CHILDREN AND PARENTS everywhere. A banner that reads "FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL". A PRE-SCHOOL TEACHER *directs the crowd*.

PRE-SCHOOL TEACHER

Parents! Grab your mushrooms and head into the theater for songs!

Joe *curiously ENTERS* through the front door, stands among the parents and children as they JOYFULLY go into a room.

As Joe looks around, MICHELE (31, pretty, friendly) nears.

MICHELE

You look lost. Is your kid in Red Group or Blue Group?

JOE

Oh. No. No kid. Umm... is this whole building a Synagogue?

MICHELE

"Offering services and congregation to the Williamsburg community."
Michele, the executive director.
What can I help you find?

JOE

I'm looking for...

He retrieves the NOTE CARD, turns it over, reads from it:

JOE (CONT'D)

Mr. Benny.

She WAITS. As if Joe is *not done talking*. Then:

MICHELE

That's not the name of anyone here.

JOE

This is 303 Stagg Street, right?

MICHELE

Maybe you're looking for 305? The apartments next door?

JOE

I was told he should be at this address on Mondays from Noon-four.
(beat)
Listen-- My life's falling apart.
This man can save it.

BEAT. Michele looks at Joe's note card. At the bottom of the card, she POINTS to a written phrase under the words "MR. BENNY": "Our sum is greater than our parts."

JOE (CONT'D)

"Our sum is greater than our parts?"

MICHELE

That's all you had to say.

INT. STAGG SYNAGOGUE WAITING ROOM-- DAY

Windowless. Two chairs. Like a therapist's waiting room. Joe and Michele ARRIVE here through a hallway.

MICHELE

You'll get your cell phone on the way out. Sit here and wait. I'll let him know you're here.

Joe sits, *tentatively*, next to: a miniature Roman sculpture of a HUMAN HEAD, water *slowly dripping from its eyes*.

CLOSE ON: A FLY as it lands at the bottom of the sculpture, *drinking the water*. Joe watches the fly, *bewildered--*

MAE (PRE-LAP)

Where's Joe?

INT. LFE HALLWAY-- DAY

Mae stands across from Ryan who's looking over paperwork.

RYAN

He's busy.

MAE

Busy where?

RYAN

If he wanted you to know where he was, you'd know, right?

MAE

Come on. Be nice. I got stuck doing the ICU sign-out.

RYAN

I'd feel bad for you except I have patients with medical problems.

MAE

You have to talk to Joe for me cause you're his straight boyfriend and the only person he'll have a real "bro-to-bro" conversation with.

RYAN

It's how he lets me know I'm special.

MAE

Wouldn't it be easier if there was no weirdness between him and me?

(Ryan tries to walk away,
she grabs his shoulder)

(MORE)

MAE (CONT'D)

Ooo-- Nice anterior, Ry. You get a trainer?

RYAN

Flirting with me will *help* your case?

MAE

Why is kindness so often mistaken for flirtation?

RYAN

Listen-- You have a lot of personal issues to work through, but judging by those cheesy-yet-inspirational quotes you've been posting on Instagram, you're working on them, and I support that.

(off her look)

Joe is a turtle-- hard shell, super soft interior, and you cut him.

MAE

But I was young and stupid in Med school--

RYAN

I remember.

MAE

--and I would never do that now.

RYAN

I need you to be at a hospital right now. I've got a patient presenting with severe, rapid-fire muscle twitches in his legs. Been going on for 10 months, the craziest twitches I've ever seen and apparently getting worse.

MAE

Will you at least say *something* to Joe?

RYAN

The patient. Any thoughts?

MAE

Are those his only symptoms? Muscle spasms in his leg? If his scans are fine, I'd say Benign Fasciculation Syndrome.

(MORE)

MAE (CONT'D)

Tell him to take twenty minutes
twice a day to focus on his
breathing and relax.

RYAN

Are you being real?

MAE

Healthy with some anxiety. What's
wrong with a diagnosis like that?

RYAN

It's just so... boring.

Mae rolls her eyes, walks away.

INT. LFE CAFETERIA-- DAY

At a table, Anj is on the phone, Chelsi next to her.

ANJ

Because he wasn't funny, I wasn't
attracted to him, and he had a
bizarre obsession with the
television show Growing Pains to
the point that he brought it up
twice.

Mae arrives, sits at the table.

CHELSI

(to Mae, re: Anj)
On with her parents.

ANJ

You don't understand-- that *is*
enough of a reason for me not to
want to marry him.

Anj gets up, walks away to finish the phone call.

CHELSI

Can you imagine being from a
culture where your parents set you
up like that?

MAE

Listen, Chels-- I'm trying to
communicate my feelings more, and
when you unfairly called rounds and
I got stuck doing ICU sign-out, I
felt angry, jealous, and let down.

CHELSEI

Ok. I'll take the sign-out next time he needs someone to do it.

MAE

Can we please go with Ron together and tell him that, to be fair, we should switch assignments half way through the day today?

CHELSEI

No.

MAE

Ok, well, I can't control your reaction. I can only control how I react to your reaction.

CHELSEI

Ok.

(Mae's brow furrows at Chelsi's response, Anj returns)

How'd it go?

ANJ

They actually said to me, "But he's a doctor." And I was like, "I'm a doctor." And they were like, "But he's the *man*."

CHELSEI

That's not right.

ANJ

You guys wanna go out tonight?

MAE

I'd love to go out. Today's giving me a headache but, y'know, my new therapist might say that in this instance you're actually replacing your parents with Tom Collins and Bloody Mary.

ANJ

Maybe. Or it could be the fact that an hour ago a first year I am supervising missed a barely visible aneurism on a guy's aorta, I happened to catch it, quickly alerted the department, and when they took the guy into surgery, I ran down there to see if we spotted it in time and the guy had *coded*. I spent three minutes blaming myself for this guy's death until the defib brought him back to life, but my heart's still beating so fast I know I won't be able to sleep tonight so I can either spend the evening praying to Ganesha or I can go out and dance, and I want to go out. *Hard*.

INT. LFE OPERATING ROOM-- DAY

Trevor uses forceps to stitch up the side of Wallace's head.

WALLACE

I can't believe you didn't have to put me under for this.

TREVOR

(removing the last piece
of glass from his head)
There. All done. Now you're ready
to face the world "head-on"-- A
little joke for ya.

Trevor notices Wallace's eyes: **stuck staring straight ahead**.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Did you hate that joke or can you
not hear me?

He shines a light in Wallace's **fixed eyes**-- his pupils *don't dilate*.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Shit!

INT. LFE HALLWAY-- DAY

Trevor RACES Wallace past HOSPITAL STAFF who SHUFFLES out of his way, Mae, Chelsi, and Anj who are returning from lunch.

TREVOR

Get the elevator! CODE BLUE but
I've got this under control! Got a
subdural hematoma! Acute trauma
from a beer bottle hit to the head!

ANJ

(recognizing Wallace)
No way!

TREVOR

Blood is building around the brain,
people. We have to drain it to
avoid a fatality. His eyes are
fixed. Someone call Neurology and
tell them we're on our way up!

He makes it into the:

INT. LFE ELEVATOR-- DAY-- CONTINUOUS

The doors close, Trevor uses this seclusion--

TREVOR

You can't hear me but you need to
know that I am the guy who hit you
last night cause you were being a
GRADE A DOUCHE and sexually
assaulting my friend, but I've
never hit anyone before and had no
intention of hurting you this
badly. I will make sure that the
doctors in our Neurology department
save you because I refuse to become
a murderer.

The DOORS OPEN. Trevor pushes Wallace into:

INT. LFE NEUROLOGY DEPARTMENT-- DAY-- CONTINUOUS

--BUT IT'S A GHOST TOWN!

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I need a Neurosurgeon!

A MEDICAL TECH comes running out of a room--

TECH

They're all in surgery!

Trevor, *panicked*, *BULLDOZES* Wallace down the hall to an open:

INT. LFE NEUROLOGY ROOM-- DAY-- CONTINUOUS

Trevor speedily *washes his hands, puts on gloves*. The Tech hooks Wallace up to machines.

TECH

We should wait for an attending.

TREVOR

He will die! Get me a drill and a subdural drainage catheter.

Tech hands Trevor a drill. He focuses on Trevor's head--

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(to himself)

You sat in on one of these as an intern. Create an opening, access the blood, pump it out, slowly.

One deep breath and TREVOR DRILLS A HOLE INTO WALLACE'S SKULL. He stops drilling and then: **BLOOD ERUPTS, SQUIRTS, Trevor dodges it.** The blood stops.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I forgot about that part! It's normal. It's the rest of the blood we have to get to.

Trevor inserts a tube, pumps but NO BLOOD IS COMING OUT.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Come on! We need blood. Where's the blood?

Trevor pumps, hopeful, nervous... THE BLOOD BEGINS TO FLOW! He YELLS with excitement, pumping. Anj RUNS IN.

ANJ

What happened?!

TREVOR

He almost died!

INT. MR. BENNY'S OFFICE-- DAY

CLOSE ON: ANOTHER FLY, now on a desk. A MAN PINCHES the fly, *instantly killing it*, loads it into the filter part of a VAPE PEN, on top of some tobacco, closes the pen, inhales.

Now a wider shot. THE MAN is MR. BENNY (50s, a successful entrepreneur, suit coat off), exhaling the smoke. Across from him-- Joe, trying to disguise his discomfort.

JOE

There's no high that can be achieved from smoking a fly, is there?

MR. BENNY

Don't think so. Why?

Joe looks at the vape pen. Mr. Benny smiles.

MR. BENNY (CONT'D)

It's a warning to the other flies.

Joe doesn't know what to make of this guy. He does something creepy like that, but also seems totally normal. On his desk: a photo of his family, a Starbucks cup with his name on it.

JOE

I don't want anyone to get hurt, to take part in anything that would harm someone else's life. That's part of the reason I haven't decided if I want to do this or not.

MR. BENNY

With a broker like me, everyone benefits. I find a donor *willing* to sell their kidney. There's no drugging of people and stealing of organs like you see on the news. The donors walk away, healthy as they were at the start, having made money to build better lives for themselves. And the recipients... They live.

JOE

That's... amazing.

MR. BENNY

The thing is, Joe, even if you decide you want to do this, I'm not sure I feel comfortable working with a doctor. Especially one who got my information from an ex-patient of his all of two days ago.

JOE

I told him about my dad, he told me how you helped his wife.

MR. BENNY

Sure, but as a member of the medical community, you must know that a lot of people-- and I don't just mean the feds, I mean your people-- are against someone like me, the organ trade.

JOE

I know many people think doing something like this is not within my rights. That going through a broker to buy an organ is wrong. But those people have never been in my position. They've never held their parent's hand while he withered away because his stomach was so weak he had trouble swallowing just a mouthful of water, all while they could be doing something about it. They never lost their mother to cancer before being forced to watch their father suffer organ failure, while they could be *doing* something about it. Those people, who say I don't have the right-- they're correct. I do not legally have that right. But I'm a doctor, and the way I see it, they have no right to tell me that I shouldn't do everything within my power to save a life. My father has the right to *live his life*.

MR. BENNY

Sounds like you've made up your mind.

JOE

So, what happens now?

MR. BENNY

I find a donor who matches your father, we do the surgery, and your father walks... *walks...* away.

(off Joe, nodding)

I will need the funds first.
\$160,000.

Off Joe-- did he hear that number right?

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. JOE'S SPANISH HARLEM APARTMENT-- NIGHT

SCOTTY, Joe's father, lays on the couch, his Dialysis machine running. Joe ENTERS through the front door. Bobby, a HOOD over his head, exits the bedroom, tries to get past Joe.

BOBBY

You're supposed to be at work.

Joe notices something on his *face*, GRABS his arm. Bobby tries to *pull away*. Joe PUSHES OFF HIS HOOD to reveal a **BLACK EYE.**

Bobby looks at Joe, then *defiantly tries to exit the apartment*. Joe, LIVID, GRABS Bobby, *trying to keep him inside*. They struggle, the way two brothers do.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Get off of me!

Joe CORNERS him into the bedroom, SLAMS the door behind him.

JOE

You're screwing up your life!

BOBBY

It was a nothing fight. I'm fine.

JOE

You're not fine. You're a punk who's not welcome to live here if you continue to act irresponsibly.

BOBBY

This is *dad's* apartment.

JOE

Not for long.

Bobby looks to Joe. **Did he just say that?**

JOE (CONT'D)

You're at peace with it, now I am, too.

BOBBY

Your "new plan" didn't work out?
(off Joe, conceding)
I'm outta here. I don't need this.

Bobby tries to exit, Joe PINS HIM *against the wall.*

JOE

You think I'm only concerned about what you need? Huh? Where do you think I'll be when Dad dies? You're my *brother*. You'll be the only thing I have left of a home.

Bobby breaks free, EXITS. Joe, *livid*, PUNCHES the door.

Off Joe, trying to collect himself--

CHELSEI (PRE-LAP)

Does it hurt too much?

INT. LFE EMERGENCY ROOM-- NIGHT

Chelsi stands over Nadia, iPad in hand.

NADIA

The morphine is helping.

CHELSEI

Ok, well, don't be discouraged, but all of your tests came back perfectly fine.

NADIA

That's the worst good news ever. You still don't know what's wrong with me?

Nadia *begins to CRY*. Chelsi sits with her.

CHELSEI

We will get there.

NADIA

A few years ago I was into bad stuff-- stuck in this really terrible cycle. But now I've got a job, customers who care about me, a boyfriend who loves me-- we've been trying to start a family.

CHELSEI

Well according to the ultrasound, everything looks healthy in that department.

NADIA

Which is *so exciting*. That's why I'm crying. I've realized that I *like being alive*.

CHELSEI

I'm going to do everything in my
power to get to the bottom of this.

Nadia *smiles, thankful*. Off Chelsi, *certain--*

INT. LFE RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT

Wallace is out of surgery, WAKING UP, his head now **severely stitched up from the emergency procedure.**

TREVOR

How are you doing? There was an
emergency. We had to drain some
blood out of your skull. Your
head's going to be really sore
right now, but you're fine.

Wallace MUMBLES something *indistinguishable*.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

What was that?

WALLACE

The guy who hit me was with a girl--
a girl in a black shirt.
(finally remembering)
And they were taking selfies.

INT. LFE LOCKER ROOM -- NIGHT

Ryan, Mae, Chelsi, and Anj are at their lockers when Trevor comes DARTING into the room, quickly UNLOCKING his locker.

TREVOR

7 o'clock. Good night, everybody.
(sotto voce to Anj)
He's starting to remember.

ANJ

Good day, guys.

Anj and Trevor EXIT. Julie ENTERS, scrubs off, jacket on.

JULIE

Has anyone seen Joe? I haven't seen
him since this morning and I didn't
get his reports.

RYAN

Stomach thing. He's in the bathroom
now. Want me to get him?

JULIE

Nah, it's fine. See you tomorrow.
Well done today, kids.

Julie EXITS.

CHELSEI

For the record, she was talking to
us. The fully grown adults in this
room.

Ryan closes his locker to find Mae STARING at him.

RYAN

I'm not telling you where he is.

MAE

The girls are going out if you want
to join us.

RYAN

Still have reports. Gonna be here
awhile. Get this: the patient with
the lightning fast muscle spasms in
his legs, the one you said should
do yoga? Now **there's numbness in
his right arm.**

MAE

Well that's different. **That's a
neurological disorder.** ALS.
Multiple Sclerosis. Maybe Lyme's
Disease.

CHELSEI

No matter what, **not good.**

MAE

Needs another scan and blood work.
His life's about to change.

RYAN

That's what I thought. Cool-- I'll
get that started.

MAE

Guess he wasn't boring after all.

Mae offers a friendly smile to Ryan, who gives her a knowing
look as he exits towards:

INT. KRUZE'S STATION-- NIGHT

RYAN
(opening the curtain)
MRI's all good.

Ryan STOPS, *confused* by what he SEES: Kruze with a HALF INFLATED DOCTOR'S GLOVE over his head/half of his face, inflating it using only air from his nose.

KRUZE
I got bored.

RYAN
(pulling off the glove)
I bought you *The Great Gatsby*. Why does it look like you haven't opened it?

KRUZE
Because I already have it on my Kindle and it's not gonna happen.

RYAN
(sympathetically)
Don't be embarrassed, but do you... not know how? To read?

KRUZE
Are you kidding? I live on 76th and Park. I started a business designing web sites for non-profits when I was nine. My IQ is 166.

RYAN
Then stop surfing on the roofs of subways and read a freaking book.

KRUZE
I zone out whenever I try to. My eyes will be reading but I'll be thinking about something totally random, like roller coaster design or what would happen if the sun exploded. Then five minutes later I realize I didn't take in one word of the story.

RYAN
Have you told your parents this?

KRUZE
They think I'm a problem child.

Ryan CLOSES the curtain to Kruze's section.

RYAN

You, young man, are suffering from
Attention Deficit Hyperactivity
Disorder.

KRUZE

ADHD?

Ryan takes a bottle *out of his pocket*, two pills to Kruze--

RYAN

Adderall. Take these. If they work
we'll get you a prescription.

KRUZE

Do you have ADHD, too?

RYAN

Not really, but shhhhh.

Off Kruze, *taking the Adderall*--

INT. NADIA'S ROOM-- NIGHT

Chelsi stands next to LUKE (29, strikingly handsome, square)
over a panicked Nadia.

NADIA

You can't leave yet. The pain is
returning and the drip isn't
helping. It hurts to sit up.

CHELSI

Luke will take excellent care of
you during his shift.

NADIA

You promised you'd figure out what
was wrong with me. Now you're going
to leave me alone while you punch
out and open a bottle of wine
somewhere?

CHELSI

I'll be back tomorrow morning and
Luke will call me if anything comes
up.

LUKE (PRE-LAP)

Classic med-seeker with a history
of it.

INT. LFE HALLWAY-- NIGHT

LUKE

According to my attending, Nadia came in here a few times around 2009 using a fake name, attempting to get pain meds.

CHELSEI

She's absolutely clean. I ran a toxicity report, nothing at all in her system. You can't discredit her and disregard her symptoms just because she made some bad decisions in her past.

LUKE

I have no real choice except to follow protocol here. She has nothing detectably wrong with her, a history of abusing opioids. She's gotta go to the Psych Ward.

CHELSEI

No, she doesn't. She's my patient.

LUKE

It's after 7.

Off Chelsi, annoyed, POWERLESS--

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joe sits on the couch, next to his father.

SCOTTY

Bobby'll learn to survive in this world. And me? I'm not in a unique position. People all over the country are on that list, waiting for someone to donate a kidney so they can live. It's only the lucky ones who make it. I'm not gonna be one of them.

JOE

When mom was dying, I promised her I'd take care of everyone. That's all I'm trying to do.

SCOTTY

I am very grateful for you.

Off Joe, feeling like he's failing both of his parents--

EXT. JOE'S SPANISH HARLEM APARTMENT-- NIGHT-- LATER

Joe sits on the front step, thinking. He texts Ryan: *Where are you?* Ryan responds: *LFE. Here for awhile. Come hang.*

INT. ANJ AND CHELSI'S APARTMENT BATHROOM-- NIGHT

Anj, Mae get dressed in their SLUTTIEST CLUB CLOTHES.

MAE

You look good, lady. Maybe you'll meet your soul mate this evening.

ANJ

I'm actually already in a somewhat romantic situation, but I haven't told anyone because my parents will never approve.

MAE

Who is he?

ANJ

It's not a he.

MAE

It's a she?

ANJ

No. It's a them. It's a couple.

Mae is stunned. Anj exits into the:

INT. ANJ AND CHELSI'S LIVING ROOM-- NIGHT-- CONTINUOUS

Chelsi, already dressed in skimpy clothes, on the COUCH.

MAE

ANJ!

Anj signals to be quiet: Chelsi doesn't know yet.

CHELSI

What?

ANJ

Nothing. Let's get our asses to the dance floor.

CHELSEI

All I can think about is Nadia. She doesn't belong in the Psych Ward, guys. She's in pain.

MAE

Honey, you've gotta let that go. We need to let loose or we're gonna go crazy.

CHELSEI

I can't go out if I know some poor woman's locked up on the 9th floor with the Schizophrenics.

ANJ

You know what you need? My killer cure for forgetting about patients.

INT. ANJ AND CHELSEI'S KITCHEN-- NIGHT-- LATER

QUICK SHOTS: Anj, Mae, Chelsi *SLAM SHOTS* of Bacardi 151.

EXT. BATTERY PARK STREETS -- NIGHT

Anj, Chelsi, Mae *drunkenly STUMBLE* on the empty street.

CHELSEI

Maybe she's suffering from a very localized case of sciatica.

ANJ

I swear the liquor usually works.

MAE

When this girl obsesses, she *obsesses*.

Anj *HURRIES* up to a STARBUCKS, tries to open the *locked door*. A WORKER inside shakes his head-- they're CLOSED.

ANJ

I've gotta pee!

No luck. Anj, annoyed, RUNS to some grass, POPS A SQUAT.

ANJ (CONT'D)

If I don't pee before we get on the subway, I'm gonna have an accident.

Chelsi, Mae drunkenly NOD-- **Good idea**-- POP SQUATS next to Anj. As they pee--

CHELSEI

Is it possible Nadia's a
hermaphrodite?

SUDDENLY, we see FLASHING COP CAR LIGHTS on their faces.

ANJ

Oh, no.

Off Anj, Mae, Chelsi, frozen--

INT. LFE BATHROOM-- NIGHT

CLOSE ON: The flame of a lighter. Ryan, holding it, places
his right arm over the flame. **He doesn't flinch.**

He turns to a full length mirror, lifts up his pant leg, and
watches his leg as **the muscles twitch at a lightning fast
speed. He is the patient he's been asking about.**

QUICK SHOTS: Ryan swigs vodka. More. Pops an Adderall.

INT. LFE HALLWAY-- NIGHT-- CONTINUOUS

Ryan, backpack on, a little hopped up, heads towards the exit
passing PETER (50, tailored suit) yelling at AN ER RESIDENT.

PETER O.C.

I don't need to fly back here from
London just to find my son looking
up from his Kindle telling me the
doctor gave him Adderall! My wife
and I don't believe in medicine for
our child's issues.

RYAN

(suddenly stopping,
interrupting)
You don't believe in medicine?

PETER

For ADHD? It's not a real disorder.
It's an excuse for *indolence*.

RYAN

Ok-- do you believe in
Anthropology?

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

Cause you might be surprised to know that 10,000 years ago, when we were a nomadic species, people with ADHD were actually the ones who prospered since their brains are wired for adventure, excitement. It's actually the people without ADHD who have a genetic mutation in our brains because we as a civilization have made life so DULL, so FREAKING MUNDANE that our minds had to physically change in order to accept it, but *your son's neural pathways still look for thrills*. If his brain isn't treated, he will *continue to seek novelty experiences--* like surfing on the top of a *subway car--* and whatever happens to him won't be his fault. It'll be YOUR DAMN FAULT cause you "don't believe in medicine!"

Joe ARRIVES, calmly GUIDING Ryan *away from the situation*.

PETER

Who is that guy?

ER RESIDENT

He's a doctor.

RYAN

Your son was on his Kindle? When was the last time that happened?

Off Peter, realizing **Ryan is right--**

RYAN (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here, Joe.

INT. KRUZE'S STATION-- DAY

Kruze, in bed, his Kindle on his lap, *eyes filled with tears*, having HEARD IT ALL. Peter RETURNS, *tentatively*.

KRUZE

I feel normal on this stuff, dad.

Peter nods, hearing him. Off Kruze, RELIEVED--

STRIPPER (PRE-LAP)

What can I get for you?

INT. NEW YORK DOLLS STRIP CLUB-- NIGHT

MUSIC BLARING. A STRIPPER in a BRA AND UNDERWEAR tends bar. Ryan ordering, Joe just behind him.

RYAN
Double shot of Gran Patron
Platinum.

STRIPPER
It's 50 bucks a shot.

Ryan SMACKS DOWN four *hundred dollar bills*.

RYAN
I'll also need some singles.

JOE
Bro-- you're already messed up. Why
don't we get out of here, go get a
bite?

RYAN
I don't like it when my thoughts
are louder than the music.

She serves the shot, Ryan SLAMS it.

STRIPPER
Body shot special tonight.

RYAN
(flirtatiously)
What's a body shot?

Joe tries not to scoff. Is this really what Ryan wants to do right now?

The stripper *mounts the bar*, pours liquor down her BARE BODY. Ryan puts his tongue on her stomach, licks it up like a dog.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Ruff, ruff!

Joe watches this, his impatience BUILDING--

JOE
What is freaking WRONG with you,
man?!

Joe beelines out of there onto:

EXT. CHAMBERS STREET-- NIGHT

Ryan hurrying after Joe.

RYAN
Come on! Come back!

JOE
I texted you so I could come talk
to you and you're buried in a
stripper's freaking navel.

RYAN
I can do two things at once.

JOE
Seriously. You're going so hard
lately it's hard to be around you.

RYAN
Dealing with stuff, bro.

JOE
Me too. What stuff for you?

RYAN
Don't wanna talk about it.

JOE
My brother is getting bad, Ry.

RYAN
See, this is what I don't want to
do. I can't listen to your 'woe is
me' stuff again today. Your life *is*
what it *is* but you could at least
help yourself get out of this funk,
man. All of your never partying,
moping about what a terrible hand
you've been dealt, rejecting Mae
out of principle when everyone
knows you're in love with her. Do
something about it. Any of it. Come
back inside with me. Have a shot,
motorboat an aspiring Broadway
actress who's trying to pay her
rent and *stop avoiding pleasure*.

JOE
You, all of the other residents--
you guys have parents, apartments
they bought you, money for the rest
of your lives. You get to be
careless. I don't.

RYAN

So I guess because you're poor the solution is to sulk forever?

JOE

No. I've never let that limit me before.

RYAN

Then shut up, Joe. Figure out what you can control and control it.

Ryan walks away. Joe, alone, reflects. Then in the distance he hears:

HOMELESS MAN O.C.

*In the jungle, the mighty jungle,
the lion sleeps tonight--*

Joe turns towards the sound, squints his eyes, an idea *FORMING* as he looks off towards:

EXT. CHAMBERS STREET CORNER-- NIGHT-- CONTINUOUS

The Homeless Man from the subway, cup in hand, unsuccessfully attempts to collect donations from *PASSERBY*.

HOMELESS MAN

*In the jungle, the mighty jungle,
the lion sleeps tonight.*

Joe *APPROACHES* as he sings. The man sees Joe.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

Look who it is. The doctor without a dime.

JOE

How much money would it take for
you to sell your kidney?

The homeless Man's brow furrows.

Off Joe, nervous but steadfast--

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

INT. LOWER MANHATTAN JAIL HOLDING CELL-- NIGHT

Mae, Anj, Chelsi sit. A GUARD at a desk just outside.

ANJ

I should have stayed home and prayed to Ganesha. Can you believe this? Public urination is a seriously over-punished crime.

CHELSI

Technically it was the peeing, the running away, and then Mae trying to flirt with a female police officer.

MAE

(realizing)

I should quit therapy. It's never going to work.

CHELSI

Why did we waste our one phone call each on Joe, Trevor, and Ryan? No one answers an unknown number when they're not on call.

BAE CUNBITZ (30, drunk Drag Queen) stands in the corner.

BAE

"On call"? Y'all doctors? I'm havin an aneurism. I need medical attention.

ANJ

Girl, the only thing wrong with you is you are *too fabulous*.

BAE

Me? Please, I'd kill for your hair.

ANJ

(drunk flattered)

Omigod, really?

CHELSI

The thing is, Nadia displayed signs of uterine rupture, but her uterus was fine.

MAE

Bladder and intestines were fine,
right? And she wasn't pregnant.

ANJ

But she was trying to *get* pregnant.
(to Bae)
Hey-- Do you sing? Are you that
kind of drag queen? I did a capella
in college and I miss it. Can we do
a duet? Pleeaaaaassee.

BAE

Baby, I can't do anything until one
of you gives me a physical.
Something is wrong in my brain
right now. I'm seeing double. There
are six of you in here, all
talkin'.

CHELSEI

"Double."

ANJ

That's not an aneurysm, honey.
You're just drunk.

Bae gasps, as though she's just been diagnosed.

BAE

How bad is it?

CHELSEI

"Double."

MAE

What? What are you thinking?

CHELSEI

I dunno if I'm just drunk too, but--
(to the Guard)
Sir! I need to make another phone
call!

GUARD

You're here til morning.

CHELSEI

Someone's life is in danger!

He's not budging. Chelsi looks to Mae--

MAE

(to the guard)

Have you gotten that mole on your neck checked out? Very likely a melanoma. Pre-cancerous at the least.

Off the guard, scared but also thankful--

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT BATHROOM-- NIGHT

Julie, in her PJs, dries her hair. Phone rings, she answers.

JULIE

This is Julie.

(livid)

What?!

INT. NYC TAXI-- NIGHT

Anj, Chelsi, Julie in the backseat. Mae, DRIVER in front.

ANJ

(to the driver)

You've gotta go FASTER!

CHELSI

(to Julie, mid-explanation)

--uterine dideylphis.

JULIE

You think Nadia has two uteruses? That's so rare and you smell like Bacardi. What is *wrong* with you?

MAE

Think about it. The second uterus wouldn't have shown up on the ultrasound before her colonic. Gas is an ultrasound's worst enemy.

ANJ

She very possibly *got* pregnant, like she was trying to do, but the embryo got lodged in her dysfunctional uterus--

CHELSI

Causing the fetus to die and calcify, grow--

JULIE

And perforate the uterine walls
causing discomfort, pain and
possibly death.

Off Julie, **maybe they're on to something--**

INT. PSYCH WARD-- NIGHT

Nadia is yelling in pain to a non-plussed NURSE.

NADIA

Please! I can't breathe!

Nurse leaves. Nadia SCREAMS. Mae, Chelsi, Anj (still in skimpy clothes), Julie (in her PJs) RUN in. Anj is pushing an ultrasound machine.

NADIA (CONT'D)

What are you guys doing here?

ANJ

Shoot! I need a condom for the
ultrasound!

MAE

I have one.

Mae *grabs a condom out of her clutch*, gives it to Anj.

CHELSI

Nadia this is going to be cold, but
hold still, ok?

Anj applies the condom to the wand, places on Nadia's abdomen--

ANJ

Julie-- making sure *I* don't have
double vision right now. Are you
seeing what I'm seeing?

JULIE

(leaning closer)
W.T.F.

Off the ultrasound, where there are **two uteruses--**

INT. LFE LOCKER ROOM-- NIGHT

Joe at his locker. LUKE comes in, grabs his hoodie.

LUKE
This isn't your shift.

JOE
Forgot some stuff.

Luke leaves. Joe opens his locker, we see a BAG FULL OF SYRINGES. Joe puts it in his gym bag, grabs the bag--

INT. LFE HALLWAY-- NIGHT-- CONTINUOUS

--exits. As he coolly tries to leave the building, he is interrupted by Julie running down the hall.

JULIE
Prep the O.R. I'm scrubbing in.
Emergency hysterectomy.
(off Luke, running towards
the OR)
Get out of here. You're not in on
this surgery. I'm not going to have
the guy who sent a dying woman to
the Psych Ward in the OR.

Chelsi, Anj, Mae come drunkenly running around the corner--

LUKE
But you'll listen to *them*?

JULIE
Just cause they're disasters
doesn't mean they're not geniuses.
(she turns to Joe)
You! Sober?

JOE
Always.

Joe DITCHES his bag in a nearby office. As Joe and Julie RUSH into the OR, Chelsi starts *drunk dancing in front of Luke*.

CHELSEI
(singing)
Hate to say I toldja, but I toldja.

Luke *rolls his eyes*, walks away. Off Chelsi, GLOATING--

INT. LFE OPERATING ROOM-- NIGHT

QUICK SHOTS: Julie and Joe CUT OPEN Nadia. **This is a stylized sequence.** Different shots in Slo-Motion, in Fast-Motion.

Julie uses forceps, pulls out **A POTATO SHAPED STONE, WITH A VISIBLE BACKBONE AND ARM BONES**, shows Joe who is dumbfounded--

JULIE

Life is nuts.

She puts the stone in a dish, **removes the uterus**.

JOE

Closing her up.

Julie turns towards the galley window, **begins clapping**. The OTHER TECHS do as well, as we pan up to see Chelsi, Mae, Anj, sporting doctors' coats over their clothes, cheering and hugging as everyone celebrates their victory.

INT. LFE LOCKER ROOM-- NIGHT-- LATER

Julie enters, addressing Joe, Mae, Chelsi, Anj.

JULIE

I'm going home. Will you promise me you're going home to sleep, too?

ANJ

We promise.

JULIE

(to Chelsi)

Good work.

Chelsi smiles, ok with Julie, for now. Julie EXITS.

Joe can't help but *stare at Mae's breasts* in her outfit. She NOTICES. Then, **he notices her noticing**. Interrupted by:

ANJ

We're still going out, right?

MAE

Totally.

CHELSI

Of course.

CHELSI

I'll text Ryan.

ANJ

You coming, Joe?

Mae and Joe look at each other.

JOE

I can't. I've got plans.

Off Mae, almost at peace with it--

INT. LFE PRIVATE OFFICE-- NIGHT

Joe enters the office where he ditched his gym bag, opens the bag, checks to make sure the syringes are still there. They are. Off Joe, planning-- **What are his plans for tonight?**

INT. LFE HALLWAY-- NIGHT

Anj walks past EVA (30s) and a NURSE.

EVA

I want Wallace to recover at home.

ANJ

I'm Dr. Gara. I worked on Wallace's case. He had a very intense surgery today. We wouldn't advise he leave.

EVA

Well, I'm his fiance and I'll be the one making that decision.

ANJ

Fiance?

NURSE

I'll gather his belongings.

ANJ

No. I'll do it.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM-- NIGHT

Chelsi sets down a cup. Nadia slowly wakes.

CHELSEI

They never give enough ice chips. I got you more. Go back to sleep.

NADIA

The operating doctor said they were able to save my healthy uterus, kept explaining to me how rare my condition was, said you figured it out.

CHELSEI

Yeah, well... That's my job. And I can't ever think about anything else.

Chelsi gives a sympathetic smile to Nadia, exits.

INT. WALLACE'S ROOM-- NIGHT

Eva and the Nurse help Wallace into a wheelchair. Anj hands Wallace his clothes, his **cell phone, and a business card.**

ANJ

Here's the number for the local police station. Call that number if any memories of your assault come back to you, ok?

The nurse wheels out Wallace. Anj takes out her phone, texts:

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT-- NIGHT

Trevor, shopping for shoes on his phone, his closet door open, shoes on every shelf in the apartment. He's got OVER A HUNDRED PAIRS. He gets a text from Anj: *Come dancing. Wallace won't say anything. Guarantee it.*

Off Trevor, wondering how--

INT. TAXI CAB-- NIGHT

Wallace and Eva in the backseat.

WALLACE

Oh my God. It was them. The people who assaulted me. It was the doctors.

EVA

What? Wallace-- That's ridiculous.

Wallace DIALS **the number from the business card Anj gave him.** When he hits "Call" we see that **the number has already been saved in his phone under the name "CHECK YOUR PHOTOS."**

WOMAN ON PHONE

New York City Precinct Number 1?

Bewildered, he CHECKS his photos. There, in his camera roll: **three of Anj and Trevor's selfies.** CIRCLED in the background? **HIM MAKING OUT WITH ANOTHER WOMAN.**

WOMAN ON PHONE (CONT'D)

Hello?

Wallace looks over to Eva, CANCELS the call.

Off Wallace, looking out the window-- Who are these doctors?

INT. SUGARLAND DANCE CLUB-- NIGHT-- MONTAGE

SLO-MOTION. **Blissful freedom: Trevor, Chelsi, Mae, Ryan and Anj dance. They are letting it all go. This is their medicine.**

QUICK FLASHBACKS TO: Trevor PUMPING BLOOD from Wallace's skull, Ryan YELLING at Peter, the girls celebrating Nadia's successful surgery. PRESENT IN SLO-MO: They fucking dance.

The FRONT DOOR of the club OPENS. In walks: **JOE.**

He spots his friends, joins them, **JUMPS into the party.** Mae WATCHES Joe-- he DANCES, JUMPING up, down. She SMILES. Joe is letting go. But **why now?**

JOE V.O.

Superheroes can't *only* take care of everyone else.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LFE EMPTY ROOM-- NIGHT-- FLASHBACK

Joe REMOVES a *blood-filled syringe* from an ARM. A GROUP OF HOMELESS crowded around Joe, setting it down, next to other *blood-filled syringes*, each one **labeled with a number.**

HOMELESS MAN

How much do we get paid if we're a match and we give your father our kidney?

JOE

\$9,000.

HOMELESS WOMAN

It's like we're playing the lottery!

HOMELESS MAN

How you gonna know where we are?

Off Joe, GOOD QUESTION--

EXT. 5TH AVENUE 24 HOUR APPLE STORE-- NIGHT

Joe, holding Apple Store bags, hands out GEO TAGS.

JOE

If you keep these on you at all
times, I'll be able to track you.
You're a match? I'll come find you.

PEOPLE disperse, Joe looks at his iPhone-- a MAP tracking
each and every one of them.

JOE V.O.

There comes a moment in every
superhero's life where they also
have to look out for themselves.

Off Joe, *in it to win it*--

INT. SUGARLAND DANCE CLUB-- NIGHT-- MONTAGE

Slo-motion. Ryan DANCES next to Joe, proudly. Joe closes his
eyes, enjoying this freedom for himself. He's almost
weightless as he joyously *throws his head back*, JUMPING.

INT. LFE EMPTY ROOM-- NIGHT-- FLASHBACK

JOE V.O.

In my life, this is that moment.

Joe reviews PRINTED OUT PAPERS. **BOOM.** He finds a match for
his father, circles it. He's PROUD of himself for just a
second but he's **NOT DONE.**

QUICK SHOTS: Joe at a computer on the quiet hallway. In a
search field for a database, he types "NEW YORK WAITING LIST/
KIDNEY." He retrieves the printed list from the printer. He
scans the list, going BACK and FORTH between **the pages re:
homeless people's blood and the donor list**, WRITING *all over
both of them.*

As we get a view of the rest of the pages, we discover that
he is matching those in need with the willing homeless
donors. **What's he going to do with that info?** Joe looks over
the list, **finally feeling POWERFUL.**

Off Joe, smiling--

END OF EPISODE