ROYAL PAINS

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Teleplay by
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WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT 8/12/08
BLUE REVISED DRAFT 8/27/08
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YELLOW REVISED PAGES 9/5/08
GREEN REVISED PAGES 9/19/08
GOLDENROD REVISED PAGES 9/24/08
FADE IN:

1 EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS -- DAY -- VARIOUS SHOTS

$20-million-dollar townhouses living alongside condemned city tenements. And the townhouses are winning. This ain’t your mother’s Brooklyn.

2 EXT. BASKETBALL COURT -- BROOKLYN HEIGHTS SCHOOLYARD -- DAY

A FAST AND FURIOUS pick-up game is underway. Blacks, Hispanics, Asians, and whites all blend together seamlessly. Out here, the only color anyone sees is orange.

For most of these guys, the SHOWBOAT DRIBBLES, PICK-POCKET STEALS, and HALF-COURT JUMPERS are effortless. Pure fun.

Battling valiantly to compete with them is HANK LAWSON, 31. He’s handsome as hell, wiser than he looks, and truly passionate about everything he does.

But he’s built more like a jockey than a Jordan.

He’s getting banged up pretty good out here, doing his best to keep up with the breakneck pace.

HANK
Watch pick, watch pick! Switch!

Hank picks up the ballhandler, a YOUNG BLACK KID who’s half as old, twice as big, and three times as fast. The kid jumps over Hank and throws down a THUNDEROUS TOMAHAWK DUNK before Hank even knows he’s been burned and dropped to the floor.

The crowd ERUPTS with hollers of appreciation and derision. A few spectators pull fresh beers from THEIR ICE COOLER. This is gonna be a good show.

Hank gets up slowly, a bit dazed, and heads back down court with the ball. The black kid guards him, and Hank is clearly intimidated, wondering how he’s gonna get past this guy.

Suddenly, Hank sees the black kid STUMBLING, trying to catch his breath. Odd. And then the kid simply DROPS LIKE A ROCK.

HANK (CONT’D)
Time! Man down!

Hank drops beside him. A crowd immediately forms.

HANK (CONT’D)
Hey man, are you OK!?
The kid is flat on his back. Hank gently shakes his shoulders. Nothing. He puts two fingers to his throat and examines his head and neck.

    HANK (CONT’D)
    (to himself)
    No pulse.
    (to Ballplayer 1)
    You. Call 911.
    (to Ballplayer 2)
    You. I need two full gym bags.
    (to Ballplayer 3)
    You. I need that ice cooler.

They all deploy. The onlookers are skeptical about those final 2 requests. Hank begins performing RAPID CHEST COMPRESSIONS. One-man CPR.

Ballplayers 2 and 3 rush back with their respective bounties. Hank continues rapid compressions.

    HANK (CONT’D)
    (to Ballplayer 2)
    Put a bag on each side of his head.
    (to Ballplayer 3)
    Ice his crotch, armpits, and scalp.

They comply.

    BALLPLAYER 2
    He’s turning blue!

    HANK
    He can’t breathe.
    (to Ballplayer 2)
    Come here and keep pumping just like this.

Ballplayer 2 takes over the chest compressions.

Hank does a JAW-LIFT, hooking two of his fingers behind the front teeth of the BLACK KID’S jaw, and gently PULLING UP. But he makes sure the kid’s NECK DOESN’T MOVE AT ALL.

After a tense beat, we start to see some CHEST MOVEMENT. The impressed onlookers breathe a cautious sigh of relief. Now Hank is the giant out here.

    BALLPLAYER 2
    Where’d you learn them moves, bro?

    HANK
    Re-runs of House.
BALLPLAYER 1
(hanging up)
Ambulance’ll be here in 10.

Hank looks down at the kid. He’s still blue.

HANK
We don’t have that long.

Hank looks around. He sees a PAINTER’S SCAFFOLDING TOWER being detached from an adjacent building. He focuses on the PLANKS OF WOOD that comprise it.

He reaches into one of the gymbags, pulls out a LAKERS tank top and RIPS it in half.

BALLPLAYER 1
Yo, that’s my shirt!

HANK
Who’s got an SUV?

Nearly every hand in the playground goes up.

Then Hank looks up at the TWO BIGGEST GUYS on the court.

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS STREET NEAR BASKETBALL COURT -- NEXT 3

Hank guides the big guys as they GENTLY carry the injured kid, who is strapped to A PLANK OF WOOD. He’s tied down to the makeshift backboard with Hank’s shirt tatters.

They ease him into the backseat of a PIMPED-OUT ESCALADE. Hank jumps in shotgun and the driver speeds off.

INT. RESUSCITATION AREA 1 -- BROOKLYN HEIGHTS MERCY ER -- DAY

CONTROLLED CHAOS. Hank rolls in beside the kid, merging into a SWARM of nurses, residents, and attendants. He’s still wearing his basketball gear. DR. WOLF looks right at Hank.

WOLF
What are you doing here, man?

NURSE
Aren’t you off today, Dr. Lawson?

HANK
I was.
(them)
Status post cardiac arrest.
(MORE)
HANK (CONT'D)
Got his pulse back and opened his airway.

NURSE
(impressed)
You really used gym bags for immobilization?

HANK
Can’t wait to tell him that some sweaty boxers saved his neck.

WOLF
And ice for neuro-resuscitation?

HANK
Really can’t wait to tell him that some beer saved his brain.

The kid is now on a gurney. Hooked up to a BP cuff, pulse oximeter, and cardiac monitor.

WOLF
Thready pulse, O2 Sat 80, BP 100 over 60.

HANK
Draw up 5 of Versed, 150 of Sucks.
Let’s get him tubed fiberoptically.

Another nurse walks up and hands Hank some scrubs, which he slips into as he goes.

As they prepare to intubate, the first nurse runs up to Hank.

NURSE
Paramedics bringing in a 68-year-old with a STEMI.

HANK
(shit)
When.

NURSE
NOW.

Behind them, an OLD WHITE MAN is rolled by. His BRIONI shirt RIPPED OPEN. Conscious but clutching his chest.

He’s trailed by a small ENTOURAGE -- including the triage nurse, patient advocate, and DR. PARK, the hospital administrator. Park detours over to Hank with urgency.
PARK
Thank God you’re on. We have Mr. Gardner over here.

HANK
The Mr. Gardner.

Park nods, but Hank doesn’t share her sense of urgency.

HANK (CONT’D)
I’ll be right there.

PARK
(grabbing him)
Mr. Gardner is a friend. We don’t keep friends waiting, Dr. Lawson.

Hank disagrees, but has no time to argue.

HANK
OK, let’s have a look, then.

He follows Park to --

INT. RESUSCITATION AREA TWO

Where he joins the action in progress and takes command. He looks at Gardner, his vitals, and his history.

HANK
Hang nitro drip and titrate to pain, and give him Morphine.
(then)
Type and screen him for 2 units packed cells.

INT. CATH LAB -- HOSPITAL -- NEXT

We see SHOTS OF HANK catheterizing Gardner:

- Hank quickly shaves and preps the groin.
- Hank puts the needle through the skin and pulls back on the syringe. Blood is aspirated.
- Hank takes the wire and puts it through the needle.
- Hank puts the introducer over the wire into the groin and withdraws the wire. Blood pumps out of the introducer.

CARDIOLOGIST
Flash pulmonary edema from his MI.
He’ll drown in his own secretions
if we don’t clear the blockage.

HANK
You snake, I’ll tube.
(to nurse)
Lasix 80 milligrams STAT IV push.
Versed 5mg IV push. Mac 4 scope to
me stat.

Hank is given the laryngoscope. He opens Gardner’s mouth and
inserts the blade.

HANK (CONT’D)
Suction.
(he suctions in the mouth)
Good, I see the cords. 8.0 ET to
me.

Hank inserts the ET tube through the cords. Sputum comes up
the tube.

HANK (CONT’D)
Suction the tube.

The tube is suctioned. The heart rate on the monitor comes
down and we see 100% on the pulse Ox. Hank has stabilized
Gardner.

As the cardiologist takes over, Hank looks and sees:
Wolf is BRIEFING Park right outside the cath suite. Hank exits to join them, bringing THE CT SURGEON along.
HANK
He’s stable, just needs an angio.
How’s the kid.

WOLF
EKG shows a 3rd-degree AV block,
unresponsive to meds. I placed an
external pacer, but I’m not getting
capture.

HANK
What’s his BP.

WOLF
Hovering around 60 systolic.

HANK
(to CT surgeon)
He needs a wire STAT.

PARK
(turning red)
The priority is Mr. Gardner.
You’ll see him all the way through.

HANK
Gardner is stable. His BP is up.
His sat is 98% on 2 liters. The ST
segments are normalizing and his
pain is gone.

(then)
So. How about today we save two
for the price of one?
(to CT surgeon)
Let’s go.

Hank leads the CT surgeon away, Wolf right behind them.

PARK
Dr. Lawson!

But Hank’s already gone.

EXT. BROOKLYN RESTAURANT -- EVENING

Hank enters to find his fiancée, NIKKI, 30. Along with his
other blessings, Hank got the girl who had her pick of the
litter. She’s always believed she chose correctly.

Hank kisses her like he means it. He’s trying his very best
to leave his work back at the office. As all doctors do.

NIKKI
Wow. Thanks.
He holds her firmly by the waist.

HANK
After a long day of life and death, there’s nothing more reassuring than the sight of the world’s most beautiful girl.

NIKKI
(playfully rolls her eyes)
If I had a nickel...

Hank leans towards her again.

NIKKI (CONT’D)
Settle down, Dr. Desperate. I know that look in your eyes, and it usually leads to skipping a meal.

Hank flashes a guilty grin. And the negotiation begins.

HANK
We skip apps and dessert.

NIKKI
We order apps with the entrees.

HANK
Cold apps only, no Blackberrys.

NIKKI
Done and done.

They shake on it. And confiscate each other’s Blackberrys just to be sure. Hank grabs 2 nearby menus, hands her one.

HANK
Decide now, so I can get the check.

Nikki playfully punches him.

NIKKI
You don’t own this body yet.

She flashes her sparkling ENGAGEMENT RING at him.

HANK
I nailed the down-payment though.

NIKKI
Yeah. You did.

HANK
Yeah I did.
A smile and kiss consummate this image of total contentment.

Nikki looks back at the ring, then at Hank again.

NIKKI
Let’s go give your long day a happy ending.

Hank smiles big, Nikki yanks him out of the restaurant, and we:

SLAM CUT TO:

9
INT. ENTRANCE TO HANK AND NIKKI’S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Hank works in an ER -- he knows how to rip clothes off in a hurry. They’re half-nude before the door even closes behind them. And they never stop moving towards --

9A
INT. HANK AND NIKKI’S BEDROOM -- NEXT

Hank lays on his back. Nikki mounts Hank. Hank kisses Nikki, then flips her onto her back. Nikki kisses Hank, then flips him back. Nikki gets her way.

And as she removes her final article of La Perla, and gently drapes it across Hank’s eyes as a blindfold...

10
INT. HANK AND NIKKI’S BEDROOM -- LATER

Hank and Nikki lay in bed, exchanging looks of satisfaction, and running their fingers through each other’s hair. Nikki smiles sheepishly.

NIKKI
I have a confession.

HANK
I will hear your confession.

NIKKI
I always wanted to marry a doctor.

HANK
That’s your deep, dark secret?

NIKKI
I’m just saying, everything seems to be falling into place for me. For us. Maybe life is supposed to go according to plan.

HANK
Man plans, God laughs.
NIKKI
Don’t you think that every day for us is better than the one before it?

HANK
The ones that end like this.

They laugh together...until the moment is shattered by THE PHONE. Hank stares at it for a beat, then picks it up.

HANK (CONT’D)
Hello.

INT. HALLWAY -- BROOKLYN HEIGHTS MERCY HOSPITAL -- DAY

Hank stands outside two glass doors, FROSTED OPAQUE. He paces back and forth, in nervous anticipation.

Suddenly, the doors FLASH TRANSPARENT. And Hank sees an ARMY OF HOSPITAL BUREAUCRATS seated at a long boardroom table, all facing him. The firing squad awaits.

INT. BOARD ROOM -- BROOKLYN HEIGHTS MERCY HOSPITAL -- DAY

The bureaucrats are all taking and reviewing notes. Dr. Park chairs the meeting. Hank defends himself, choosing his words carefully.

HANK
I recognized Mr. Gardner’s level of blockage, I knew it had to be relieved, and I was confident he would be successfully angioplastied and survive...barring any bad luck.

PARK
Well, bad luck rained and poured, didn’t it. While you had our senior CT surgeon in another room.

HANK
To help me try to rescue a crashing patient. I made a judgment call.

PARK
You made a mistake. A fatal one.

Beat. The bureaucrats all look at each other. Some of them don’t necessarily agree with Park. But their hands are tied.
PARK (CONT’D)
And it’s a shame, Dr. Lawson. Because we all know you’re the most talented physician this emergency department has seen. And your star was only on the rise.

HANK
Was?

PARK
If I were you, I’d find a good lawyer and a great place to hide for the next 25 years. Maybe by then, you’ll be completely forgotten. And you can come back and try again.

Hank can’t believe this is happening.

HANK
A good lawyer.

PARK
Ideally, a brilliant one. But after yesterday, I have little faith in your ability to tell the difference.

Hank walks with a box full of diplomas and happy photos.

He passes a giant plaque. And we can’t help but acknowledge the name on it, even if Hank won’t:

CLAYTON HALE GARDNER
And as Hank rides the revolving door out one last time, we...

SMASH CUT TO:

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

INT. HANK AND NIKKI’S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

MONTAGE UP --

As Hank spirals gradually into depression, his apartment clutters with shit, sprouting a virtual landfill around him.

1.)

He kicks his legs up on the coffee table, pops open a beer, and digs into some take-out Chinese cartons. He throws a DVD into the player. A big, broad, laugh-out-loud comedy. He smells his shirt -- smells fine for now.

2.)

The empty Chinese cartons are still here, though it’s tough to spot them under the empty pizza boxes and dirty dishes. Hank’s struggling to find new ways to stretch out on his couch that don’t ache in some way. He’s now struggling through a thoughtful, artsy indie. He spills on his pants.

3.)

Netflix DVDs are everywhere, but no movie is helping. Hank tries flipping the channels of ordinary TV, but the remote’s been corroded by a variety of hardened sauces. Hank uses his sock to wipe off the remote, then throws the sock onto the dirty-laundry pile...in the middle of the living-room floor. Mixed in with the clothes are scores of empty beer bottles.

END MONTAGE

FADE TO:

ON THE COFFEE TABLE -- A mound of hate mail:

Subpoena Duces Tecum

Notice to Pay Invoice or Quit

Notice of Debt Collection/Mini-Miranda Warning

The door opens. Nikki enters, takes in the view. She calmly puts her things down, walks over, and sits across from him. Hank doesn’t have the heart for eye contact. He’s filthy, his beard has a beard, and he’s watching reality-TV reruns.
NIKKI
Hey.
(no response)
Hank. Look at me.
(he does)
You know what today is?

HANK
(duh)
Monday.

NIKKI
It’s Thursday.

HANK
(shrugs)
They’re all the same.

NIKKI
You gave yourself 30 days.

HANK
You gave me 30 days.

NIKKI
You agreed to it.

HANK
What do you want me to do?

NIKKI
Hank, you know what I want you--

HANK
Nikki, I can’t make a new job appear out of thin air.

NIKKI
No one can. That’s why we search, apply, and interview -- it’s a proven technique.

HANK
I tried it. The Gardner family managed to pull a few strings and have me blackballed at every level-one trauma center in New York--

NIKKI
What about a Level II or Level III?
HANK
Thanks to all these lawsuits and
countersuits, no institution will
touch me. I can’t get work as a
school nurse.

(sharply)
So what do you want me to do?

NIKKI
Just remember one thing: You put us
here. Not me. You’re the one who
let a billionaire hospital trustee
die. On your day off. I mean,
Jesus Christ, Hank.

Hank is silent.

NIKKI (CONT’D)
This isn’t what I signed on for. I
wanted to spend on florists.
Caterers. Photographers. Not
attorneys.

(sighs heavily, then)
I think we need to postpone.

Beat. And A CALM REALIZATION suddenly washes over Hank.

HANK
I’ll see your postponement, and
raise you.

Nikki’s SHOCKED by his decision, but more by its...ease. She
gulps. Removes her engagement ring, puts it on the table.
She walks towards the door, and just as she reaches it:

HANK (CONT’D)
I saved the kid.

(Nikki turns, silent)
You’ve hashed and rehashed every
excruciating detail of this
nightmare over and over again. But
the one thing you never mention is
that I saved the goddamned kid.

(then)
If anyone asks, that’s why we
called it off.
Since the day I met you, you’ve never been able to accept the things that you can’t change.

Hank hates when she says that.

That’s why we called it off.

I’ll send Rebecca for my stuff.

And don’t even think I’m splitting the cancellation costs with you.

Just add the bills to my stack.

Good point. She walks back over, retrieves the ring. And then she walks out, slamming the door straight to hell.

In contrast to the clutter build-up in the previous montage, we now see the DECONSTRUCTION of a home. A TEAM OF MOVERS parades in and out, removing all of Nikki’s belongings.

As it all happens around Hank -- and even underneath him -- he just sits there perfectly still. Numb to it all.

The last mover walks towards the door, carrying the very last relic of a failed relationship.

The door opens, letting in EVAN LAWSON, 28. Evan’s 20s should last well into his 30s. He never met a diversion he didn’t like, and he takes his social ambition very seriously.

He finds his big brother at ABSOLUTE ROCKBOTTOM. The place is nearly empty now, and Hank has sunken to his last bottle of cooking wine. He’s watching a test pattern on the tube.

Party.

Nikki left.

I heard. Hard to believe she’d walk away from all this.
HANK
What do you want, Evan.

EVAN
I wanna get you out of here.

HANK
I can’t right now.

EVAN
Yeah, clearly you’re swamped. You need some fresh air, bro.

HANK
In Brooklyn?

EVAN
You look like Bigfoot. In a coma.

HANK
I’m not going anywhere.

EVAN
This trip will get you back on your feet -- I promise you that.

HANK
Trip? What trip.

EVAN
To the Hamptons. I’ve been telling you about it all month.

HANK
Yeah, and all month, I’ve been saying, No way.

EVAN
I thought you meant it like, (excited) "No way!"

HANK
I haven’t meant it that way since I was 10.

EVAN
And how much fun did we have then?

HANK
I’m not going.
EVAN
It’s Memorial Day weekend. First weekend of the summer. The biggest parties in the universe take place out there over the next four days.

HANK
I’m not going.

EVAN
I’ve got an in to the rager tonight in Sagaponack. Supposed to be epic. The guy’s flying in ice from Antarctica just for the cocktails.

HANK
Obviously. Where else would you fly in ice from.

EVAN
The sushi rolls are gonna be filled with southern bluefin tuna and cash. Supermodels’ll be mud-wrestling over us, Hank.

HANK
OK that does sound good, but still.

EVAN
I got us the very last hotel suite available on the entire East End. And it’s fit for a king. My treat.

HANK
Evan. I’m broke, unemployed, depressed, disillusioned, and alone.

Evan takes out his iPhone and starts checking his texts.

HANK (CONT’D)
Why would I wanna spend tonight partying with people whose biggest problems revolve around whether or not to send their Yorkshire Terriers to therapy? Hell, give me one decent reason.

EVAN
I’ll give you two.
(points to liquor cabinet)
You’re all out of booze...
(holds up today’s mail)
and Netflix froze your account.
The boys toss their bags into the trunk of Hank’s ‘93 SAAB CONVERTIBLE. Hank is all cleaned up and emerging from his funk. His first breath of fresh air in a while helps a lot.

EVAN
You thinking about getting a new car any time soon?

HANK
It’s got soul.

EVAN
You mean the mold growing in the back seat?

HANK
That’s not mold, it’s soul.

EVAN
As your loving brother and your accountant, I’m advising you to donate this thing to science and take the write-off.

HANK
How bad’s the traffic gonna be?

EVAN
Ahh, you mean how good.

Eastbound, summer-Friday, parking-lot traffic on Route 27. And it’s the only gridlock you’d ever pay to be stuck in.

Every other car is filled with beautiful women jumping through the roof, convertible or not. Drinking beer, spotting friends in adjacent vehicles, soaking up the sun.

It’s a party on the highway. Amid the chaos, we find...

Evan spots a few ATTRACTIVE GIRLS in the CHRYSLER next door. They’re fired up and on a mission. Just like Evan.

Evan, pretending to be on his phone, raises the volume of his “conversation” for their benefit.
EVAN
(into phone)
No, no! I need you to book me VIP tables at La Playa, and Dune, and Pink Elephant. It’s called clubhopping, not clubstopping. And the real estate better be current A-List. If I get seated next to a Hilton or a Lohan again, I’m only buying three magnums of Cristal.

He “hangs up” and turns to the Chrysler driver, ISABELLE.

EVAN (CONT’D)
(rolls his eyes)
I mean, what’s my destination here: The Hamptons or 2006?!
(then)
So. You like money?

She’s skeptical, but grudgingly willing to feel him out.

ISABELLE
Are you out all weekend?

EVAN
Every last drop of it.

Her passenger, SHIRA, chimes in.

SHIRA
North or south?

EVAN
Huh?

ISABELLE
North or south of the highway?

EVAN
South.

Right answer.

SHIRA
Own or rent?

EVAN
Uh, renting.

Acceptable answer.

ISABELLE
Which Hampton?
EVAN
Westhampton.

Wrong answer.

ISABELLE
(laughs)
You mean Worsthampton?

She rolls her eyes...and her window. Evan is humbled.

HANK
That went well for you.

EVAN
Plenty of fish on the road.

HANK
But they were so perfect for you.

EVAN
She was crass and superficial.

Hank just smiles. Exactly.

EVAN (CONT’D)
That’s cold.

Evan goes back to pretending he’s on the phone.

INT. HANK’S CAR -- DAY

As they turn onto Dune Road in Westhampton, they start to see some fairly impressive beachfront MANSIONS. Mostly contemporary. New money.

Hank slows down as they approach an ELEGANT SEASIDE INN.

HANK
I gotta say, Ev. Not bad.

EVAN
No, it’s not. And ours is just a little further down.

EXT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL -- DAY

Hank pulls into a tight parking space, threading the needle between a VW bus and a Caddy Eldorado just like Boss Hogg’s.

The place is 20 years past due on a paint job, and it feels like a refugee shelter for all of the people turned away at the gates of the real Hamptons. We see:
MIDDLE-CLASS FAMILIES with LOUD, HYPERACTIVE CHILDREN
GOOMBAHS IN TANK TOPS, GOLD CHAINS, AND GALLONS OF HAIR GEL
FISHING ENTHUSIASTS GEARED UP FOR BATTLE

HANK
Fit for a king, huh?

EVAN
I didn’t say which country.

INT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

They enter their room, which has a CAPTAIN’S WHEEL on one wall and a STUFFED SWORDFISH on another.

HANK
Party.

EVAN
Tonight is the party, and it’s gonna be historic. And that’s why I don’t plan to sleep here anyway. I wanna get taken in like a stray puppy on a rainy day.

HANK
Maybe Brangelina will adopt you.

EVAN
What’s my favorite sport, Hank?

HANK
Extreme social-climbing.

EVAN
That’s right.

Hank takes a moment then looks at his brother admiringly.

HANK
You know how I was so reluctant to come out here with you?

Evan gets ready to bask in the glow of a “told you so.”

EVAN
Yes...

HANK
I have a feeling...
EVAN
Uh-huh...

HANK
That I was exactly right.

EXT. VALET STAND -- BORIS’S CASTLE -- DUSK

Hank and Evan pull up to a line of white-gloved valets. Behind them looms a BREATHTAKING CASTLE with sweeping, perfectly-manicured grounds.

VALET CAPTAIN
Gentlemen. The service driveway is a half mile down the road.

EVAN
We’re guests, not service.

VALET CAPTAIN
(highly skeptical)
Very good, sir.

The captain snaps his fingers and 2 VALETS rush to open the doors. Evan steps out like he owns the place.

HANK
Whose place is this exactly.

EVAN
Boris.

HANK
Boris who?

EVAN
[shrugs]
German duke and like, trillionaire. Everyone just calls him Boris.

They walk towards the majestic front entrance, blocked dauntingly by THREE ISRAELI BODYGUARDS.

EVAN (CONT’D)
Just follow my lead.

HANK
What do you mean.

EVAN
Act like we’re invited.

HANK
You said we are invited.
EVAN
I said I have an in.

HANK
How good of an in?

EVAN
I can’t speak to that definitively.

HANK
You really should run for office.

EVAN
Who knows what we’ll do tonight.
(then)
By the way, my name is Wilhelm.

Hank braces himself as they arrive at the door.

ISRAELI BODYGUARD 1
Welcome to Shadow Pond, Gentlemen.

EVAN
(half-legit German accent)
Well hello, Shadow Pond.

Evan holds his hand out: limp, palm facing down. No takers.

EVAN (CONT’D)
Wilhelm Friedrich Von Schmidtsberg.
Of Niedertaufkirchen, of course.
(waves a finger at Hank)
Unt my security, Johann. Johann, say hello.

Hank is speechless.

EVAN (CONT’D)
He’s new.

The bodyguards size up Hank. One says something to the other two in HEBREW, and the other two laugh.

ISRAELI BODYGUARD 1
The name again please.

EVAN
(impatiently)
Wilhelm Friedrich Von Schmidtstein.

ISRAELI BODYGUARD 1
I though it was Schmidtsberg.

Beat. Hank’s turning white.
EVAN
Well it was. Until the Prussian Hohenzollerns took control of Berlin in 1881.

ISRAELI BODYGUARD 2
(deadpan)
1871.

EVAN
You were there?

Bodyguard 1 checks the list. Looks up at Evan.

ISRAELI BODYGUARD 1
Do you have some identification.

EVAN
But of course.

Evan produces a convincing FAKE GERMAN DRIVER’S LICENSE. The bodyguard studies it closely...then returns it to Evan.

ISRAELI BODYGUARD 1
Enjoy your evening, Sir.

The other guards step aside, leaving the doorway wide open.

INT. FOYER -- BORIS’S CASTLE -- NEXT

The color returns to Hank’s face, and they enter.

EVAN
Boris has 312 cousins back in Deutschland. Knows maybe four of them, but has them all on a permanent guest list, in case they pop in during a visit.

HANK
So how did you become Wilhelm.

EVAN
I made a few calls to the consulate, studied the dynasty’s genealogy on the web, and picked the only name I had a shot of remembering.

HANK
And the fake German ID?

EVAN
Puerto Rican guy I know in Queens.
HANK
Do me a favor?

EVAN
Name it.

HANK
Never speak to me again.

EVAN
Hold that thought.

Because that’s when they emerge into the --

INT. GRAND BALLROOM -- BORIS’S CASTLE -- CONTINUOUS

And it’s clear that Evan’s done something right. 10 women to every man. 9 out of every 10 are, indeed, supermodels.

They’re dancing on priceless Biedermeier antiques. Sipping Chateau d’yquem. Comparing their YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.

EVAN
Still mad at me?

Hank is stunned silent.

EVAN (CONT’D)
Bro, this is where God would party.

HANK
If he could get in.

EVAN
Wanna hear something interesting?

HANK
(barely listening to him)
Sure.

EVAN
For the first time in a long time, you’re smiling.

BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. GRAND BALLROOM -- BORIS’S CASTLE -- NIGHT

Hank and Evan part ways, ready to divide and conquer. Hank circulates, taking in the scene.

In one corner, he sees Jay-Z and Howard Stern kicking it. In another corner, he notices a DAPPER MAN, 60s, aggressively hitting on a girl too young to even be his daughter.

The ladies start to notice Hank, wondering who he must be.

MONTAGE UP --

SUPERMODELS ROLLING UP ON HANK

1.)

MODEL 1
I love that shirt. Is it from Lagerfeld’s new summer line?

HANK
Believe it or not...Costco.

She dies laughing.

MODEL 1
Seriously.

Then she sees he’s serious. And walks away.

Hank sees what he’s dealing with here, and he refuses to assume false airs in order to impress girls. So he starts sassing them. And enjoying their reactions -- breaking out into a smile after each one. This is all the fun he needs.

2.)

MODEL 2
Where’d you go to prep?

HANK
I’m a proud survivor of the New Jersey public-school system.

She takes a step back.

HANK (CONT’D)
It’s OK. I’m vaccinated.
MODEL 2
(under her breath)
And yet I still feel ill.

She walks away. Hank tries to save face by waving at a passerby, who has know idea whatsoever who Hank is.

3.)
MODEL 3 IS THE HOTTEST WOMAN IN THE ROOM

MODEL 3
(knows he doesn’t belong)
Uh, how did you get in here?

HANK
My...friend is Bavarian royalty.

MODEL 3
Honey, it’s the Hamptons. Everyone’s royalty.

And she walks away.

HANK
Call me.

4.)

MODEL 4
What kind of plane do you have?
And please tell me it’s yours. I’m so over fractional ownership.

Hank decides to try an even-more-straightforward approach.

HANK
I have no money, no job, and my Saab is older than you. Interested?

She dies laughing. Then sees he’s serious. We watch her struggle to compute the idea of such poverty.

MODEL 4
But wait. Oh. Huh?

She walks away, still confused.

END MONTAGE

Hank looks and, of course, sees Evan SURROUNDED by beauties. Hanging on his every word, utterly enchanted. Kissing his hand. Hank bows from across the room in amused admiration.
And just as the fun starts to peak, Hank hears GASPING AND SHRIEKING coming from a nearby room. He instinctively follows the noise into --

INT. LIBRARY -- BORIS’S CASTLE -- NIGHT

Where a girl is writhing on the floor with nausea. She has VOMIT in her hair, and she’s mumbling incoherently.

A few people stand around frozen. No idea what to do. So they just watch the train wreck. Just as Hank is about to step forward and intervene, the DAPPER MAN moves in first.

He’s carrying a SMALL JET-BLACK TITANIUM CASE. And an apathy that suggests he’s seen this a million times before.

SILVER
Clear out, Dr. Silver here.

Silver kneels beside the girl, checks her vitals.

We hear WHISPERED SNIPPETS around the room: “Brilliant internist”...”Mayo Clinic”...culminating in:

MALE FASHIONISTA
Boris’s concierge doctor.

SILVER
When are you damned kids gonna learn how to hold your drugs.

He opens THE CASE, revealing: A fully-loaded OVERDOSE RESCUE KIT. Hank observes carefully from just a few feet away.

SILVER (CONT’D)
Start with some Oxy, then a little crystal, rip a few lines for good measure, and chase it all down with champagne. Heaven Salad you kids call it, right?

It’s all rhetorical. But the MALE MODEL steps forward.

MALE MODEL
Wait, April doesn’t do drugs.

SILVER
Why, because she says she doesn’t? News flash, pretty boy -- most drug addicts are also liars.

He pulls out a syringe, needle, and vial of Narcan. And now Hank’s antenna is really up on this guy. He steps closer.
SILVER (CONT’D)
   Sorry, April, but we gotta get this
   straight into your system.

Silver pinches around the tissue right under her chin. April
reacts by VOMITING, and some of it gets on his ARMANI SUIT.

SILVER (CONT’D)
   Jesus Christ. Thanks for that.

Hank notices APRIL’S TEARY EYES...and he looks closer.

Silver is about to jab the needle right into her vascular
plexus, when Hank GRABS HIS HAND.

HANK
   Doctor, you may have misdiagnosed.

Silver chortles at Hank’s audacity.

SILVER
   Oh really. And who are you?

HANK
   Just a concerned observer.

SILVER
   I observe nausea, photosensitivity, disorientation, and a few other
tell-tale symptoms of opioid overdose. What are you observing.

HANK
   The same symptoms you are. Plus a couple you’re not. Like her miotic
pupils and SLUDGE toxidrome.

For the first time, Silver cares enough to actually EXAMINE
APRIL CLOSELY. And he turns WHITE.

SILVER
   A chemical nerve agent?

The crowd REACTS. Everyone takes a big step back. Hank
calmly turns to April’s friend, the male model.

HANK
   Have you been with her all night?

MALE MODEL
   Yeah, pretty much.

HANK
   Tell me everywhere you’ve been.
MALE MODEL
We were in the walk-in fireplace,
downstairs in the recording studio,
out in the botanical garden--

HANK
The garden. What did you do there?

MALE MODEL
Nothing. She was smelling flowers.

HANK
Insecticide.
(turns to Silver)
The problem with assuming the worst
about people, Dr. Silver, is that
it lets you stop searching for
culprits.
(then)
Got any Atropine in the fancy case?

Silver begrudgingly finds and hands Hank a pre-filled
SYRINGE. Hank rips his belt from his pants, and ties it
around April's right arm, raising a prominent vein.

He injects her and within mere seconds, her color starts
clearing and her secretions diminish, restoring much of her
stunning natural beauty.

This guy's gonna make a whole new generation of kids wanna go
to med school.

HANK (CONT'D)
(to Silver)
Now we need to get her to a
hospital. Call 911.

MAN'S VOICE
NO.

Hank looks up to find his host, BORIS. Early 40s,
immaculately groomed and dressed, and trailed closely by his
KEY SERVANT.

The servant is efficiently ushering people out of the room,
closing the door behind them.

Boris shoots Silver a sharp look of disappointment, and then
the servant ushers Silver out, too.

KEY SERVANT
(discreetly)
You can punch out for the night,
Doctor. Thank you.
ON BORIS

BORIS
No paramedics.

HANK
You mean, no cops.

Boris is surprised by his challenge.

BORIS
Aren’t you a doctor?

HANK
Yes, but only a doctor. She needs a hospital.

BORIS
(amused)
Hamptons Heritage Hospital? The place is a taco stand. For anything more advanced than a Band-Aid, we’d have to get her to Stony Brook or Manhattan. What does she need?

HANK
The second half of the antidote.

Boris kneels beside Hank.

BORIS
(to Hank)
Please, there must be another way to help her...and help me. I would be doubly grateful.

There’s something about this guy that’s tough to resist.

As Hank thinks, the door opens and A BUFF, TAN GUY rushes in.

BUFF TAN GUY
Look out, look out.
(to Hank)
I can take it from here, guy.

HANK
Who are you?

BUFF TAN GUY
(with authority)
I’m a lifeguard.

Beat.
HANK
Thank God you’re here. Are you board certified in clinical toxicology?

The lifeguard is stumped.

HANK (CONT’D)
Get me a pillow, Baywatch.

Baywatch finds a pillow. Hank folds it and sticks it under April’s neck, tilting her chin up to support respiration. He looks at April, then at Boris...and he gets AN IDEA.

HANK (CONT’D)
(to Boris)
Your bodyguards outside.

BORIS
What about them?

HANK
High-priced. Former Mossad.

BORIS
(impressed)
That’s right.

HANK
Do they have Mark 1 kits?

BORIS
Enough to save everyone in this house. Bought them after 9/11.

HANK
Baywatch. Go tell them I need the auto-injector from a Mark 1 kit.

April VOMITS AGAIN. Hank looks at her, then Baywatch again.

HANK (CONT’D)
Go fast, go now.

Baywatch hustles off. Boris is watching, taking note.

BORIS
Where do you practice, Doctor?

HANK
Nowhere. My last hospital fired me for letting a rich patient die.

Boris doesn’t (ever) flinch -- in fact, he’s intrigued.
BORIS
Bureaucracies. Not a fan. I find people are much better off when left to their own devices.

As Hank processes that, he checks April’s status, and tries his best to comfort her.

Baywatch flashes back in, another CASE in hand.

Hank injects April, and she now improves further.

BORIS (CONT’D)
She’s going to be fine, right?

HANK
She should still be taken to the hospital, whether it serves Mexican food or not. You can’t just shoot her up and put her to bed.

Boris just stares at Hank.

28 INT. GUEST BEDROOM -- BORIS’S CASTLE -- LATER

April’s in bed, Hank’s beside her. Boris and his servant look on. April is starting to regain full consciousness.

APRIL
My head hurts. And my throat.

HANK
A result of your Linda Blair impersonation -- we’ll get you something for that. You’ve been asleep up here for an hour, but you still need to take it easy.

Boris cues his servant, who darts off. April takes in Hank fully for the first time, feeling his presence deeply.

APRIL
You’re the one who saved me?

HANK
The lifeguard helped out too.

APRIL
Who are you?

HANK
I’m Hank.
She stares through her haze, into his eyes, and manages to smile ever so softly.

INT. PRIVATE STUDY -- BORIS’S CASTLE -- NIGHT

Boris leads Hank into his opulent personal office, and shuts the door behind them.

HANK
You always keep a detox kit around for the occasional OD?

BORIS
For the protection of my guests.

HANK
For the protection of your privacy.
(then)
So, I gather you’re “Boris.”

BORIS
Boris Kuester von Jurgens-Ratenicz.
(off Hank)
You’d be informal about it, too.

HANK
I’m Hank.

BORIS
Please have a seat.

HANK
(declining)
Pleasure meeting you, but I gotta find my friend and get goin--

BORIS
I wanted to thank you.

HANK
(heading out)
No sweat.

Boris reaches into his desk, pulls his checkbook.

BORIS
And compensate you for the trouble.

HANK
I can’t accept that.

BORIS
A pro-bono concierge doctor?
HANK

Concierge doctor?

BORIS

Private physician for hire. All the rage now, among us elite folk.

HANK

I know what they are. I’m not one of them. I was in the wrong place at the right time, and I was ethically obligated to intervene.

(then)

But you should’ve called the girl an ambulance.

BORIS

Life isn’t always simple.

HANK

Death is.

BORIS

Hank, sit down. Please.

Hank reluctantly sits in a plush chair, and sinks three feet.

BORIS (CONT’D)

You’re right. My privacy is sacred to me. And I can’t afford to draw any unwanted attention this summer. The last thing I need is a Page-6 sensation on the first weekend.

(then)

But Hank, something truly told me she was better off in your hands.

Hank can’t tell if he’s being patronized or not.

BORIS (CONT’D)

Where are you staying?

HANK

A theme park in Worshampton.

BORIS

Stay in my guest cottage. For the summer. It’ll be vacant shortly.

HANK

I’m only here for the weekend.

BORIS

Well, if you extend your stay.
He delivers that more like a prophecy than a hypothetical.

Hank looks at him, then exits. Boris contemplates. Then he presses a page button on his desk, and his servant instantly appears. Ready to serve.

INT. MAIN BALLROOM -- BORIS’S CASTLE -- NEXT

Hank enters the room and experiences it much differently this time. He notices ALL EYES ON HIM. POINTING. ADMIRING. And it makes him just as uncomfortable as being totally ignored.

Hank looks up and sees SILVER, back in his corner of the room, seducing teenage girls who don’t know any better. And now Hank is officially ready to call it a night.

Hank finds Evan, and peels him away from his groupies.

    EVAN
    Where have you been?
    
    HANK
    Working.
    
    EVAN
    Tell me about it.
    
    HANK
    I’m outta here, Wilhelm.
    
    EVAN
    What? Are you kidding me?
    
    HANK
    The sun’s rising.
    
    EVAN
    And I’m just heating up. I’m on the verge of a Roman orgy with the entire cast of Gossip Girl.
    
    HANK
    Good. They can drop you back at the motel after prom.

Hank walks off. And Evan, more reluctantly than he’s ever done anything, follows faithfully behind his big bro.

EXT. VALET STAND -- BORIS’S CASTLE -- NEXT

He’s STRUCK by her natural, girl-next-door looks at this party full of Barbie Dolls. She recognizes him.

GIRL NEXT DOOR
Oh, the heroic doctor. Nice work.

HANK
Thanks. Uh, did you...need a ride?

GIRL NEXT DOOR
Uh, no thanks, I have one. My car.

Hank looks more closely, and realizes it’s not his Saab.

HANK
And a nice, basic car it is.

GIRL NEXT DOOR
Out here, basic is special.

HANK
Yeah. I think so too.

Hank’s Saab pulls up right behind hers. She looks at it, then at Hank, and she smiles. It’s a hell of a smile.

GIRL NEXT DOOR
So you’re the other person who bought it in this color.

HANK
They offered to throw in free hubcaps and I caved.

GIRL NEXT DOOR
(laughs)
Well, see you around.

Hank holds her door for her, and she gets in.

HANK
Don’t go running any red lights -- may get pinned on me.

She winks playfully. And then she drives off, leaving quite an unexpected impression on Hank.

HANK
Sorry to cut your night short.
EVAN
(shrugs)
Chicks dig the French exit anyway.

HANK
French exit?

EVAN
Leaving without saying goodbye.

HANK
A French exit by a German baron on the brink of a Roman orgy?

EVAN
I like that.

HANK
We’re from Jersey, Ev -- accept it.

EVAN
Never.
(turns around)
I need one more look at my cousin’s castl--hey, what’s that?

HANK
What’s what?

EVAN
The briefcase in the backseat?

Hank stops short. He turns around and sees, sure enough, another SMALL TITANIUM BRIEFCASE IN THE BACKSEAT. With a note on personal stationery. Evan grabs it and reads it.

EVAN (CONT’D)
“The Doctor:
My gratitude is non-negotiable.
With Regards,
Boris.”
(to Hank)
What were you up to in there?

Evan opens the case to reveal:

A 10-TROY-OUNCE CAST BAR OF PURE GOLD.

Long beat.

EVAN (CONT’D)
This could have some serious tax implications for you.

(MORE)
Evan (cont’d)

(Hank is silent)

Dude, what were you up to in there?

Off Hank, wondering about the same exact thing...

Black.

End of Act Three
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL ROOM -- EARLY MORNING

Hank is wide awake. He tosses and turns, wrestling with the mattress for comfort.

Evan sleeps like a baby, mumbling his way through a fantasy in his cheap German shtick.

    EVAN
    Gut, das uber gut.
    HANK
    Evan.
    EVAN
    Now Wilhelm on top.
    HANK
    Evan.
    EVAN
    Yowser.
    HANK
    Evan! Shut up you sick fool!

He hurls a pillow at Evan’s head, which does the trick.

Hank takes a deep breath. And just as he finds a tolerable position, and tries to force his eyes shut...

His CELL PHONE objects. He reaches over HIS GOLD BAR on the nightstand, and grabs the phone. The number reads “PRIVATE”.

    HANK (CONT’D)
    Hello.
    DEEP MALE VOICE (V.O., FILTERED)
    Hello, Hank?
    HANK
    Uh, yeah?
    DEEP MALE VOICE (V.O., FILTERED)
    I have an emergency. Could you come over immediately please?
    HANK
    Who is this?
DEEP MALE VOICE (V.O., FILTERED)
You don’t know me -- my name’s Mr. Bryant. Please come fast.

HANK
I don’t know how you got this number, Mr. Bryant, but for starters, I’m not even in the city right now -- I’m in the Hamptons.

DEEP MALE VOICE (V.O., FILTERED)
So am I. I’ll text you the address. Please hurry -- it’s a matter of life and death.

Click. Hank just stares at his phone, baffled. He looks over at Evan, who’s back to unconsciously babbling cheesy one-liners in his fake German accent.

Hank’s phone chirps and the text message pops up:

147 GIN LANE, SOUTHAMPTON

Hank thinks, then texts back:

DON’T HAVE GPS...NEED DIRECTIONS

Beat.

The reply comes:

NO GPS?? WHAT DO YOU DRIVE???

Hank rolls slowly down Southampton’s most storied residential street. Checking addresses.

The fabled hedgerows stare down at him condescendingly, as though he’s the very type of person they’re here to keep out.

The epic oceanfront mansions peek over the hedgeline, showing just enough of themselves to turn him on...but not enough to invite him in.

Hank pulls into a huge circular driveway, lined with A SPARKLING COLLECTION OF THE WORLD’S MOST EXOTIC SUPERCARS.

A Koenigsegg CCX.

A Pagani Zonda F.
A Bugatti Veyron.

If you have to ask...

And then a car Hank’s actually heard of: An Enzo Ferrari. It’s elegant, seductive, intimidating…and HALF-TOTALED. A sight that would make any self-respecting Italian sob.

Hank sees A BOY, 16, slipping CASH to a TOW-TRUCK DRIVER. The driver generously thanks the kid, gets in his truck, and drives away. Hank approaches him.

HANK
Uh, hi. I’m Hank. I guess…your dad called me. Mr. Bryant.

The boy turns and LIMPS out. He has BLOOD ON HIS CLOTHES.

BOY
Dad’s not here right now. I’m Tucker Bryant, and I called you.

HANK
You don’t sound like him.

TUCKER
(fakes deep male voice)
Oh, right. How bout now?
(off Hank’s shock)
Sorry, I had no choice.

HANK
How did you get my number?

TUCKER
When Dad left this morning, he left a list of emergency contacts. Legal emergency: Paul Roth. PR emergency: Howard Rubenstein. Medical emergency…Dr. Silver: “Concierge Doctor.” But that one was crossed out, and underneath it just said, Hank. And your number.

Hank shakes his head at that. But he gets the rest of it.

HANK
Your dad’s out of town and you totaled his Ferrari.

TUCKER
Please, no Billy Joel jokes. He lives within earshot.

(MORE)
TUCKER (CONT'D)

But this isn’t my blood. It’s my girlfriend’s.

And that’s when Hank looks more closely at the Ferrari, and sees BOTH AIRBAGS DEPLOYED. Hank’s face fills with worry.

TUCKER (CONT’D)

Please come inside.

Hank follows him, with a mix of hesitation and obligation.

INT. BRYANT MANSION -- CONTINUOUS

They walk a long hallway, adorned with priceless COLLECTIONS OF MODERN ART, SPORTS MEMORABILIA, and ROCK ICONOGRAPHY.

Original Pollocks and Warhols.

T206 Honus Wagner baseball cards -- as in TWO of them.

Beatles outfits and Hendrix guitars.

HANK
And who is Dad?

TUCKER
Marshall David Bryant IV.

HANK
Never heard of him.

TUCKER
That’s cuz it’s my great-grandfather’s money he spends, collecting all these toys.

HANK
Who’s your great-grandfather?

TUCKER
Marshall David Bryant II.

HANK
Never heard of him either.

TUCKER
Ever use a blender?

HANK
Yeah...

TUCKER
You’re welcome.
Hank sees A MAID, dusting, not the least bit alarmed by anything going on here.

They reach the end of the hallway and enter Tucker’s:

INT. GAMING ROOM -- BRYANT MANSION -- CONTINUOUS

Where we find a collection of really high-end gaming desktop computers. A Falcon Northwest Mach V, a Xi MTower IGE-Stacker, an Alienware Area-51 7500, etc...

Facing one computer, her back to us, is A GIRL, also 16.

She’s speed-surfing the web, pounding away at the keyboard furiously. And printing. She’s doing a shitload of printing, on several different printers at the same time.

Next to the printers are photos of Tucker with Seinfeld.

TUCKER
Babe, the guy’s here.

GIRL
(manically)
Perfect, cuz I found out what’s wrong with me. I’ve got an epidural hematoma, a thoracic spine fracture, a sternoclavicular dislocation, and obviously some likely internal bleeding. But that’s just so far.

TUCKER
Shit, Libby, please chill.

Libby spins around. She’s a bit more bloodied than Tucker. But she seems otherwise alright.

LIBBY
Chill?! How the hell am I supposed to chill, Tucker?!

She grabs a fistful of pages from the printer and waves them at Tucker with a vengeance.

LIBBY (CONT’D)
Can’t you see that I’m officially dying?!?!

THE MAID helps clean Libby up, while Hank examines her. As the blood is wiped from her face, neck, and chest, all that remains visible are a few cuts and scrapes. And some rage.
TUCKER
The tree came out of nowhere.

LIBBY
It came out of the ground.

TUCKER
Did it have the right of way?

LIBBY
This is so not funny!

TUCKER
You wanted to go for a ride.

LIBBY
I wanted Pinkberry. You said you could drive that thing.
(goes for the jugular)
Guess it was too much car for you.

TUCKER
Do not emasculate me, Libby.

The maid rolls her eyes ("Here they go again") and exits.

LIBBY
It seems that you’re just fine.

TUCKER
And you’re fine, too.
(to Hank)
She’s fine too, right?

Hank ignores Tucker, and continues checking Libby for breaks, fractures, and soft-tissue injuries. He finds no damage. And she barely winces at any of his prodding.

HANK
Does that hurt?

LIBBY
Yes.

HANK
How about that?

LIBBY
Uh, yeah.

HANK
And that?
LIBBY
Take a guess, McWeenie.

HANK
Thanks for your cooperation.

LIBBY
I have fibromyalgia, right?

HANK
What?

LIBBY
A disorder marked by the presence of chronic widespread pain and tactile allodynia.

HANK
I know what it is.

LIBBY
Patients also typically present with debilitating fatigue, abnormal sleep architecture, cognitive dysfunction, anxiety and depress--

TUCKER
See what I deal with here, Hank?

Tucker starts limping back and forth, exasperated.

HANK
You don’t have fibromyalgia.

LIBBY
You’re gonna tell me nothing’s wrong with me. I hate when doctors tell me there’s nothing wrong with me. Every. Single. Day.

HANK
Oh, there’s something wrong with you alright.

LIBBY
Thank you.

TUCKER
(rolls his eyes)
He’s being facetious, babe.

LIBBY
Do not patronize me, Tucker.
HANK
Are you guys really only 16?

TUCKER
I told her, she doesn’t have anything.

HANK
Actually, she does.
(off their looks)
It’s an increasingly common condition called cyberchondriasis.

LIBBY
(vindicated)
I knew it!
(then, freaked)
Oh my God. Is that degenerative?

She grabs hold of Tucker for consolation and then BREAKS DOWN INTO A FIT OF HYSTERICS. And as Hank starts to tense up...

INT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Evan rests blissfully. A KNOCK on the door stirs him. As he very slowly gets up to answer it, he notices that Hank’s bed is empty. Though the gold bar is still there.

EVAN
(shouts toward the door)
Dude, you’re killing me! How is it you can remember the name of every bone in the body, but you can’t remember to take your key?

The knocking continues. He opens the door to reveal:

APRIL. She looks fully recovered, and fully hot. She’s wearing Hank’s sports coat. Evan’s in boxer briefs.

With her biochem haze lifted, we get a clearer picture of April’s nature: strong, confident, assertive.

EVAN (CONT’D)
I’m still asleep, right?

APRIL
I’m looking for Hank.

EVAN
Not if it’s my dream, you’re not.

Evan sees that April isn’t amused, just determined. So determined, that it may be just a bit unsettling.
APRIL
Who are you.

EVAN
Evan R. Lawson, CPA. AKA, Hank’s brother.

APRIL
(very skeptical)
You’re related to Hank. Really.

EVAN
Yes. And thanks.

APRIL
Where is he?

EVAN
No idea. Can I take a message?

APRIL
(scoffs)
For the first time in my life, I may be in love with a guy. And I’m gonna relay that info to him through his half-nude, number-crunching little brother? Just a bit awkward, don’t you think?

She barrels past Evan, and starts browsing around the room.

EVAN
Yeah, 100% socially unacceptable.

In sudden concern, Evan subtly backs up to the nightstand, and tucks the GOLD BAR away in the drawer. And he stands there firmly, guarding the bulk of his family’s fortune.

APRIL
Hank saved my life. I heard if he wasn’t there, that old concierge hack would’ve killed me. I need to return his jacket, thank him,...

EVAN
(steps toward her)
As his brother and his accountant, I am legally empowered to accept your thanks on his behalf.

April looks him up and down.
You don’t look very empowered.

Evan blushes and retreats.

April looks at the grimy, tacky beds, and she retches.

Can I give you the grand tour?

April takes off Hank’s jacket, lays it down, and sits on top of it. She looks like she’s posing for the Vogue cover as we speak, getting ready for Hank’s return.

I’ll just wait here.

Stay as long as you want. Please.

Let’s be clear. I’m here for Hank.

Got it.

Good.

I’ll just go take a few cold showers then.

Great.

He grabs his cell phone, snaps a picture of her.

Sorry, just need to send that to... everyone I’ve ever met.

Evan grins, deeply enjoying his company, as...

Hank, amused now, struggles to calm his company down.

Sorry. I didn’t mean to upset you.

Cyberchondriasis?

Cyberchondriasis?

(MORE)
How could that not upset me? It sounds awful! What is it, just tell me. Is it neurological? Immunosuppressive? Please say it’s not dermatological. Take anything but my complexion.

Tongue firmly in cheek, Hank explains the “diagnosis.”

HANK
Cyberchondriasis is an obsession with researching health online.

Libby’s face goes blank.

HANK (CONT’D)
Symptoms include excessive time spent on WebMD, NIH.gov, and noah-health.org.

LIBBY
That’s it?

HANK
That’s it. You’re just a cyberchondriac. A rabid cyberchondriac, I’m afraid, but it’s nothing that’ll kill you.

LIBBY
Then what’s causing all my aches and pains?

HANK
The stress of the cyberchondriasis.

LIBBY
You’re saying it’s all in my head.

HANK
And you should have someone take a look around in there.

Tucker chuckles. Libby shoots him a glare.

TUCKER
(to Libby)
Sorry.
(them)
Let’s let the good doctor go on his way now, Libby.
LIBBY
Wait, I have more complaints.
Whenever it rains, my toe itches a lot.
Tucker walks Hank towards the door, and Libby goes online and starts researching *cyberchondriasis*.

INT. HALLWAY -- BRYANT MANSION -- CONTINUOUS

TUCKER
She’s a handful, but all the best ones are.

Hank just smiles. He can’t deny that the kid’s charming.

TUCKER (CONT’D)
Thanks for coming over so quick.
(then)
We should hang out some time. Fly my models planes.

HANK
Where do you do that?

TUCKER
In the backyard. Right where Dad lands his chopper.

HANK
I’m only here for the weekend, pal.

TUCKER
Too bad. Dad would like you.

HANK
And I’d like to know how he got my number. I just got out here.

TUCKER
Word travels fast in the Hamptons.

As they descend the stairs, Hank sees Tucker’s limp getting worse and finds that curious.

HANK
Let me take a look at that leg.

TUCKER
I’m good. Just banged up a bit.

When they get to the bottom of the stairs, Tucker stops and pulls Hank in close to shake his hand. And as he does, he slips him A FAT WAD OF FRANKLINS.

TUCKER (CONT’D)
What would be mighty fine of you, is if you could just keep this whole little episode on the DL.
HANK
You don’t think your dad’ll notice
the Enzo out front that looks like
it’s been through your great-
grandfather’s invention?

TUCKER
Dad’s at another one of his beach
homes for the next 10 days.
Plenty of time.

Hank chuckles at Tucker’s naïveté.

HANK
That’s a million-dollar piece of
hand-assembled machinery. 10 days
is plenty of time to repair it?

And Tucker chuckles at Hank’s naïveté.

TUCKER
Not repair it. Replace it.

Beat.

HANK
Aren’t there only 400 in the world?

TUCKER
I only need to buy one.

And for the first time, Hank starts to realize just what kind
of money we’re talking about here.

TUCKER (CONT’D)
What Dad doesn’t know won’t hurt
him. And you can’t put a price on
not hurting your old man, can you?
That’s what trust funds are for.

HANK
What about the maid?

TUCKER
Francisca? Please, my debacles and
fiascoes are her profit center.
When I burned the poolhouse down,
she got a Rolex. This one’ll put
her kids through college.

Which makes Hank look at the cash in his hand, and realize:
HANK
(returning the cash)
Sorry. I don’t sell my silence.

TUCKER
You’re gonna snitch on me?

HANK
Not if no one asks. But I’m not gonna lie for a kid who risks lives, all in search of a few ounces of frozen yogurt. Overhyped frozen yogurt, if you ask me.

LIBBY (O.S.)
It is not overhyped! It’s a tart, refreshing, fat-free snack offering 10% RDA of calcium per serving!

TUCKER
Dude, don’t punk the Crackberry. She’ll light you up like a Christmas tree.

Libby appears at the top of the stairs.

Tucker grunts loudly, and something about it CONCERNS HANK. He takes a decisive step towards Tucker.

HANK
I need to give you a once-over.

TUCKER
Nah. Really, I’m solid ma--

But just as he tries to repel Hank, Tucker goes PALE. Sweat pops out on his forehead. His breathing grows labored. And he clutches his LEFT SIDE. Tucker folds slowly to his knees.

Hank is there to break his fall.

HANK
I gotcha.

He lays Tucker supine on the floor. Hank RIPS OPEN Tucker’s shirt. His entire LEFT chest is BLACK, BLUE, and MUSHY.

LIBBY
(rushing downstairs)
Tucker! What’s wrong!

Hank’s situation is getting more complicated, as...
Evan’s is too. April furtively RIFLES THROUGH HANK’S BAG. Exploring his stuff. Evan emerges from the shower, wrapped in a towel. She quickly retreats from the bag, unnoticed.

EVAN
OK, April -- let’s talk turkey.

APRIL
Can’t you just call Hank?

EVAN
I don’t know his number.

APRIL
Bullshit.

EVAN
That’s correct.
(then)
And since we have time, tell me about your colleagues. I prefer the European runway bulimics, but I feel strongly that the girl-next-door glamour models need love too--

There’s a knock at the door.

APRIL
Finally.

EVAN
Already?

April rushes to the door, and opens it, revealing:

A PETITE YOUNG INDIAN WOMAN, 26. Dressed much more conservatively than April. In fact, she’s in a D&G pant suit, carrying a leather tote, and she’s all business.

APRIL
(a bit territorial)
Who are you?

YOUNG INDIAN WOMAN
I’m Divya. Divya Saluja.

APRIL
And...?

YOUNG INDIAN WOMAN
And I’m looking for Dr....Hank?

Evan takes out his phone and activates the VoiceNotes app.
EVAN
It’s Saturday, 11:30AM.
(into phone)
Note to self. Become a doctor.

Off that, we return to...

INT. FOYER -- BRYANT MANSION

Tucker’s mumbling about the pain. As Hank palpates his chest, he starts to notice ECCHYMOTIC AREAS all over his body -- some of it old, some of it new.

Hank remembers Tucker’s limp and checks his knee -- it’s BADLY SWOLLEN. So is his OTHER KNEE. And Hank REALIZES.

HANK
Why didn’t you tell me you’re a hemophiliac?

TUCKER
I thought I was fine.

LIBBY
What?! Why didn’t you tell me you’re a hemophiliac?

TUCKER
I was afraid my hemophilia and your cyberchondriasis might not be...compatible.

That pummels Libby with guilt the weight of the world. She tears up, and starts kissing him affectionately.

LIBBY
You know I’d love you no matter what medical stigmas you carried.

TUCKER
Thanks, babe.

Hank is touched by the sight these two impossibly precocious teens...just being kids. Insecure and vulnerable. But there’s no time for it because:

TUCKER (CONT’D)
Dude, my chest is killing me.

HANK
Where’s your Factor VIII supply?
TUCKER
(looks at Libby)
Bottom drawer next to my aquarium.
(MORE)
Libby races back upstairs.

Hanks puts his ear to Tucker’s chest.

HANK
Just try to keep calm, Tucker.

TUCKER
(fading)
I can’t breathe.

Hank quickly examines Tucker’s neck, and gets pulses from both wrists.

HANK
Stay with me, pal.
(with calm urgency)
Libby!

Libby races back down with THE BLOOD PRODUCT, and she hands it to Hank.

LIBBY
(to Tucker)
We’ll discuss your magazines later.

HANK
Tucker, I’m gonna start the Factor VIII, which I hope will get you clotting. OK?

But Hank gets no response.

HANK (CONT’D)
Tucker?

Hank shakes him and gets nothing. He checks his pulse again.

LIBBY
Oh my God! What’s happening to him?!

Hank ignores her and starts talking it out with himself. Thinking. Processing.

HANK
Jugulars up, muffled heart sounds, minimal pulses...
(then)
Damn. It’s a Beck’s.
LIBBY
(at a total loss)
Beck’s?

HANK
He probably contused his heart and bled into the pericardial sac.

LIBBY
What? What are you talking about?!

HANK
His heart is being squeezed and not circulating blood to his brain. He needs the fluid drained, but because of his hemophilia, I could kill him trying to save him.

And Libby realizes she knows nothing about medicine. Beat. But she trusts this guy.

LIBBY
Please, Hank. You have to save him. It’s Tucker.

Hank knows what that means. He is her world.

HANK
I need: A bottle of vodka. A very sharp, pointed knife. A bic pen, a sandwich baggie, and duct tape. (Libby processes the list) Hurry, Libby.

Libby rushes off. Hank cannulates a vein with the needle and tubing, and starts the clotting factor. Libby races over with AN X-ACTO KNIFE, a bottle of 42 Below, and the rest.

Hank pours the vodka ALL OVER TUCKER’S CHEST.

Hank gives Libby a look, then takes the knife and CUTS Tucker just under the breast bone. There is A LOT OF BLEEDING, but it’s manageable. Tucker hardly stirs. Hank goes to work.

LIBBY
What are you doing in there?

Beat.

HANK
Surgery.

Libby goes white. She looks at Hank in holy-shit disbelief.
HANK (CONT’D)
OK, I’m there.

Hank dissects the soft tissue away from the pericardium with HIS FINGERS. Libby gags.

HANK (CONT’D)
Let’s pray he’s started clotting.

Hank sees that Libby was already praying. He takes the knife and cuts the pericardium. CLOTS and BLOOD start POURING OUT.

LIBBY
(losing it)
OH NO, he’s bleeding! We’re killing him!

HANK
WAIT.

Hank scoops the last of the clot out with his finger, feeling a now-vigorous heartbeat. He takes the barrel of the BIC pen and places one end in the pericardium.

He uses duct tape to seal the incision site and secure the pen. He opens the baggie and tapes it over the cut and pen, against the skin. A trickle of blood drains into the bag.

And then Tucker starts to stir...and his eyes suddenly open. He tries to get up, but he can’t.

HANK (CONT’D)
Just take it easy, pal.

TUCKER
(re: his chest)
Oww. What the hell just--

LIBBY
Tucker!

She starts kissing him again, not letting go for anything. Hank slumps and reclines on the floor, completely spent. Tucker is in pain and a bit freaked out, but he’s alert.

TUCKER
(to Hank)
What did you do to me?

LIBBY
He saved you. That’s what.
HANK
Libby helped out big-time. And braved through it pretty well, for a cyberchondriac.

Libby beams at Hank.

TUCKER
Glad you two bonded while I was unconscious.  
(picking up a scent)
Did you cap it off with martinis?

Libby smiles big -- her Tucker’s back.

HANK
Libby, now call 911.

TUCKER
Hamptons Heritage? No way, man.

LIBBY
I call it the M*A*S*H tent.

TUCKER
Dad calls it the local cemetery.

HANK
We have to get you somewhere quick.  What would Dad suggest we do?

TUCKER
Go into my wallet. There’s a card, it’s black.  Says American Express.

The private paramedic crew loads Tucker into their EC145 MEDEVAC CHOPPER. Tucker entertains them with dirty jokes.

LIBBY
(to Hank)
Amazing how he bounced back from your little surgery there.

HANK
Hemophiliacs live in pain, Libby. People who know they can die any minute...they find a way to block out pain that would floor people like you or me.
Libby looks at Tucker, appreciating her man entirely anew. She hops on board the chopper right behind him. Hank instinctively moves to join them in support.

CREW CHIEF
Are you family?

HANK
No, I’m...the physician on scene.

CREW CHIEF
Sorry, doc. No more room.

LIBBY
It’s OK. We’re in good hands now.

HANK
I should meet you at Mt. Sinai.

TUCKER
You really don’t have to.

HANK
You’re an unaccompanied minor.

TUCKER
Almost always. I’m used to it.

Hank is struck surprisingly hard by that. It resonates.

And the door slams shut in his face. The chopper achieves lift. And Hank stands in the rotor wash, watching it ascend rapidly and vanish into the endless skies over the Atlantic.

BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

April sits on Hank’s bed, Divya on Evan’s. Each eyeing the other as competition. Though Divya’s got a more polished, academic edge. April’s edge is simply predatory.

Evan is trying his best to create a mood here. He goes to the alarm-clock/radio and turns on some staticky FM jazz.

EVAN
Can I offer you ladies a drink?

APRIL
What do you have?

EVAN
Water and mouthwash.

APRIL
Water’s fine.

DIVYA
I’d love some water, thanks.

Evan enters the bathroom and returns with 2 plastic cups.

EVAN
Hypothetically. If us three were stranded all alone in the Hamptons--

APRIL
I’d swim to Europe.

April sips the water, then SPEWS IT OUT.

APRIL (CONT’D)
Ohmygod ohmygod! Is this...tap?

EVAN
Long Island’s finest.

APRIL
Long Island’s finest causes breast cancer, you moron!

April rushes into the bathroom. WE HEAR VIOLENT SPITTING.

DIVYA
I’ll go see if she’s OK.
EVAN
I’ll stay here and pray.

And as Divya enters the bathroom, Hank walks in the door.

EVAN (CONT’D)
Hey, how’s your morning been?

HANK
I’ve never worked harder during a vacation in my life.

EVAN
I had the exact same morning.

Hank starts packing. He pauses, sensing perhaps someone’s been through his stuff, but moves on. Evan is unfazed.

EVAN (CONT’D)
Where you goin there, bro.

HANK
Back to the city, for some R&R.

EVAN
Any shot I can change your mind?

HANK
No.

EVAN
What if I told you I’ve got two beautiful women in the bathroom, and they came here just to see you?

HANK
Yeah, Ev. If that’s true, I’ll stay the rest of the weekend.

EVAN
Done and done.
   (shouts toward bathroom)
Ladies, Hank’s home!

The ladies emerge eagerly. Hank is speechless.

EVAN (CONT’D)
You remember April. She’s here to thank you for saving her life.
   (then)
And this is Divya. She’s here to apply for a job.

Beat.
HANK
Let’s go one at a time.

APRIL
Can we move this shindig outside?
The lighting in here is highly unflattering.

EVAN
And I’m missing peak sun hours.

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EXT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL -- DAY

Women in bikinis, old men leering, kids splashing around.
And several HANDSOME, CHISELED GOOMBAHS are strutting around shirtless with beers. But April looks straight into Hank’s eyes, like he’s the only man on the planet.

In the background, Evan tries to wine and dine Divya at the low-rent snack shack. We see Divya receive A CALL on her cell phone, and she happily steps away from Evan to take it.

HANK
So what you’re suggesting is--

APRIL
I’m not suggesting, I’m insisting.
We should see more of each other.

HANK
I’m not sure that’s a good idea.

APRIL
Why not?

HANK
Your judgment is still clouded.

APRIL
It’s never been clearer, Hank.

HANK
Wow. Last night, when you were sprawled across the floor semiconscious, I didn’t realize what a...go-getter you are.

Hank succeeds in humbling April...but only momentarily.

APRIL
You don’t make it from the farms of Des Moines to the catwalks of Milan by being shy.
HANK
These feelings you think you have--

APRIL
Excuse me, but which one of us knows more about my feelings?

HANK
I do.

APRIL
Oh really.

HANK
Really.

APRIL
And how do you figure that?

HANK
Because this isn’t an emotional issue. It’s a medical one. It’s called Nightingale Syndrome.

Beat.

APRIL
What’s that.

HANK
It’s where a patient in critical care develops an emotional dependency on his or her caretaker.

APRIL
I don’t have Nightingale Syndrome.

HANK
Prove it.

APRIL
How.

HANK
Don’t see me for a month. If you still have your feelings then, we’ll talk.

APRIL
You’re out here all summer?

HANK
Just for the weekend.
APRIL
You’re not making this easy.

HANK
(grins, then to Evan)
Next!

ON EVAN AND DIVYA

EVAN
(to Divya)
The doctor will see you now.

Divya sits and starts confidently pulling résumés and transcripts from her tote bag, and she lays them all out on the plastic table in front of Hank.

Evan hovers, watching with amused interest.

HANK
Divya. Divya. Hold on.

DIVYA
What’s wrong.

HANK
I think we skipped a part.

DIVYA
Oh. Which part?

HANK
The part where you tell me what the hell is going on here.

DIVYA
I’d like to be your PA.

HANK
My PA?

DIVYA
Physician assistant.

HANK
I know what it is.

DIVYA
OK.

HANK
Why would I need one?
DIVYA
All concierge doctors have a PA.

HANK
I am not a concierge doctor.

EVAN
What’s a concierge doctor?

DIVYA
The doctor of the future.

HANK
The newest accessory of the rich.

DIVYA
It’s how we all did it once. A folksy neighbor, walking up to your door with a little black bag...

HANK
But now it’s a former department chair from Mayo or Mass General or UCLA, rolling up in an SUV with portable X-ray, ultrasound, and EKG gear. It’s doctors-on-demand.

EVAN
And what’s so wrong with that?

HANK
Nothing. It’s just not what I do.

DIVYA
What about April?

HANK
I was a bystander.

DIVYA
What about Tucker Bryant?

HANK
How could you possib---

DIVYA
Got a call on my cell while you were talking to April.
  (off his look)
It’s the Hamptons.

HANK
Word travels fast, I know.
  (then)
  (MORE)
HANK (CONT'D)
Two freak occurrences. I have not set up shop in the Hamptons.

DIVYA
I know. And I guess what I'm saying is...Why not?

Hank is silent. Evan sees Divya’s vision, and runs with it.

EVAN
You’ve been here for 24 hours, and you’ve already got a cast bar of pure gold in your nightstand--

HANK
(to Divya)
It’s chocolate. The maid puts it on your pillow.

EVAN
--and you’re chasing away supermodels. Imagine what we could do with you if we actually tried--

HANK
We?

EVAN
Hank. You’re up to your eyes in debt, with no income to service that debt, and your bills back in Brooklyn are still stacking up. (Hank can’t argue that) You got a better career plan?

Divya pulls more documents.

DIVYA
I took the liberty of doing some back-of-the-envelope calculations. A rough estimate of the emergency-medicine market out here during the season, and a practice model for services and fees. With virtually no capital outlay, conservative pricing, and relying strictly on word-of-mouth and referrals...you could bank some nice coin here.

EVAN
Dude, I really like this girl.
Hank’s head is spinning. And just when he thinks the chaos has peaked... HIS CELL PHONE RINGS. He takes it out of his pocket, looks at it, and lets it ring. And ring.

Evan and Divya wait eagerly for him to seize the call.

DIVYA
Aren’t you gonna get it?

It looks like he’s not. So Divya grabs it and answers it.

DIVYA (CONT’D)
Doctor’s office.

Hank can’t believe this girl. Evan adores her.

DIVYA (CONT’D)
Of course, one moment please.

She calmly hands the phone to Hank.

DIVYA (CONT’D)
For you.
(“I rest my case”)
It’s an emergency.

Hank stares at her for a beat before accepting the phone.

HANK
Hello.
(beat)
No, you don’t underst--
(beat)
Ms. Newberg, I’m not taking call--
(beat)
NO, DO NOT TEXT ME THE ADDR--hello?

He looks at Evan and Divya in defeat. Then his cell chirps with the text. Hank reluctantly reads the address.

DIVYA
My car has GPS. And a few other things that may come in handy.

EVAN
Shottie.

EXT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NEXT

Divya opens her SUV’s trunk, and Hank is stunned to find a virtual mini-Mobile Medical Unit. Her ride is tricked out with a RESUSCITATION KIT, SUCTION DEVICE, ECONO-VAC AIR SPLINT SET, etc....
HANK
You really came prepared.

DIVYA
Core wound care, home diagnostics, infusion/IV--

HANK
I know what they are.

DIVYA
OK.

HANK
Why does a PA drive around with them in her trunk?

DIVYA
They were on sale.

HANK
Divya.

DIVYA
I want to show you all I can bring to the table. Besides my work ethic, knowledge of the Hamptons, relationships with the locals,--

EVAN
Your superbly well-toned figure--

DIVYA
(to Evan)
Don’t objectify me, sidekick.

DIVYA
I’m valuable, Hank.

HANK
Why aren’t you in the city, being valuable to someone else--

DIVYA
My parents insist I spend the summers out here with the family.

HANK
With time off to play ambulance.
DIVYA
This is not a game to me. It’s a calling. A lifelong dream.

(then)
And actually...my parents aren’t quite up to speed on it. But a girl needs to do what a girl needs to do.

Hank wonders what that means. He’s intrigued by this girl.

EVAN
You’re beautiful when you talk.

DIVYA
How are you two genetically linked?

Divya STOPS SHORT on a commercial street. She’s confused.

DIVYA (CONT’D)
Uh, this is it.

EVAN
This is what?

DIVYA
The address that woman gave Hank.

Hank and Evan look out the window. They’re confused, too.

HANK
This has to be a mistake.

DIVYA
No, this is it. This is where Ms. Newberg is stranded, in desperate need of medical assistance.

OUT THE WINDOW -- The entrance to HAMPTONS HERITAGE’S ER.

HANK
I guess we can leave the toys in the car. Evan, that includes you.

Hank and Divya hop out, leaving Evan to gawk out the window, like the family puppy. And as they head into the unknown...

BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE
ACT SIX

FADE IN:

INT. ADMISSIONS AREA -- HAMPTONS HERITAGE HOSPITAL -- NEXT

The first thing Hank notices is that THIS PLACE ISN’T SO BAD, other than the fact that it’s filled with AVERAGE PEOPLE.

HANK
The way everyone describes this place, I was expecting much worse.

DIVYA
Most of them have never even been here. But if something doesn’t make the US News rankings, they assume it’s a 3rd-world operation.

Hank and Divya walk towards the RECEPTION NURSE, who has her hands full with a SCREAMING WOMAN.

SCREAMING WOMAN
I demand to see your administrator!

RECEPTION NURSE
Please stop yelling, Ms. Newberg.

HANK
Oh joy. Can’t wait to meet her.

DIVYA
Oh, that Ms. Newberg.

HANK
You know her?

DIVYA
Of her. They call her Newparts Newberg.

They arrive at the desk, and Hank sees how she earned her nickname. Every part of her face has been repaired or replaced. Some enhancements look more natural than others.

She’s wearing A LONG FUR COAT -- an odd summer accessory.

HANK
Ms. Newberg?

MS. NEWBERG
Are you the administrator?
HANK
No, I’m Hank.

MS. NEWBERG
Oh, good. I hear wonderful things.

She’s calmed considerably. Hank just sighs.

HANK
This is Divya.

DIVYA
I’m his physician assistant.

HANK
She’s not my physician assistant.

MS. NEWBERG
I need your help, Hank.

HANK
Ms. Newberg, you’re in a hospital.

MS. NEWBERG
This isn’t a hospital.

HANK
It’s not?

MS. NEWBERG
It’s a socialist conspiracy.

The reception nurse rolls her eyes.

MS. NEWBERG (CONT’D)
Apparently, if you’re not holding your own dismembered leg in your hand, you don’t require treatment.

RECEPTION NURSE
We will treat you, but there’s a line, based on medical necessity. And you belong at the back of it.

MS. NEWBERG
Lines are for the citiots.

HANK
What’s a citiot?

DIVYA
It’s what we call you people, who come out just for the weekend.
HANK
Thank you.

MS. NEWBERG
After my first 90 minutes of waiting, I called my attorney to bring this boondoggle to his attention. He told me about you. And he gave me your number.

HANK
Ms. Newberg, what’s your emergency?

MS. NEWBERG
I have a flat tire.

Beat.

HANK
I’m not triple A.

She exhales impatiently and pulls Hank and Divya aside.

MS. NEWBERG
No, a flat tire.

She opens her fur coat, revealing ONE GIANT PROTRUSION on the left side of her chest. The right side is...flat.

HANK
Oh.

DIVYA
Dear.

MS. NEWBERG
I spent the entire off-season on this project, and I’ve waited months to debut these two saline gems on my beach this week. I wake up this morning, and pluwoofth. Flat tire.

Hank can barely keep a straight face. Divya sees pure opportunity, and couldn’t be more serious about it.

HANK
That’s a shame. But this isn’t my area. In fact, I shouldn’t have even come here. This is just a big misunderstanding. The good news is, you’ll be fine. The saline is harmless -- your body will simply absorb it.

(MORE)
HANK (CONT'D)
Just wait your turn and the ER staff here will take good care of you, I’m sure.
DIVYA
Hank, let’s help her.

HANK
No.

Ms. Newberg steadily starts to raise her voice again.

MS. NEWBERG
You must.

HANK
I’m sorry.

MS. NEWBERG
Please. I can’t be seen in The Hamptons like this! Like some high-society circus freak! What am I gonna do with this thing, hang beach towels on it? They’re supposed to come in pairs!

HANK
There’s nothing I can do. I’m here on vacation. I have no privileges at this hospital -- in fact me even standing here consulting with you is probably 12 different kinds of illegal. And I don’t have any equipment or facilities of my own.

DIVYA
I can get us everything we need.

MS. NEWBERG
Your assistant seems pretty confid--

HANK
She’s not my assistant.

DIVYA
(to Newberg)
I’m his physician assistant.

(then)
Offer to pay him generously.

HANK
Divya.

DIVYA
He needs the money.

MS. NEWBERG
I’ll pay any amount.
HANK
That’s not the point.

MS. NEWBERG
I’ll pay enough to make it the point!

HANK
Ms. Newberg--

MS. NEWBERG
I won’t take no for an answer.

HANK
Take it or leave it, it’s my answer. Have a great day.

And Hank is about to turn and leave when--

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Can I be of any help here?

Hank turns and finds GIRL NEXT DOOR from Boris’s party. They recognize each other, but exchange only a subtle smile, remaining professional.

MS. NEWBERG
You had your chance.

GIRL NEXT DOOR
Nice to see you again, Ms. Newberg.

MS. NEWBERG
This is Hank, my private physician.

HANK
I’m not her private physician.

MS. NEWBERG
And he’s gonna take care of me now.

Girl Next Door finally offers Hank a proper introduction.

GIRL NEXT DOOR
Jill Casey, hospital administrator.

Hank’s hit anew by her grace and floored by her line of work.

HANK
Hank Lawson, between jobs.

JILL
Nice to meet you, Dr. Lawson. Can we confer a moment?
They step aside, as Divya attempts to manage Ms. Newberg.

JILL (CONT’D)
So you’re the new concierge doctor in town.

HANK
No, I’m not. I can explain this.

JILL
Don’t. In fact, I just wanna thank you for taking this frequent flier off our hands.

HANK
You do?

JILL
She storms in every time one of her renovations goes awry. And she expects to leapfrog the dozens of people here with staph infections, skull fractures, chest pain...well, you know what comes into an ER, I’m sure.

She’s the only normal person Hank’s met out here. And her normalcy is mesmerizing.

HANK
Yeah, I do.

JILL
So, you’re gonna fix her flat tire?

And because he’d do anything right now to please this girl:

HANK
Like I’m triple A.

They smile at each other and Hank walks back over to Newberg.

HANK (CONT’D)
Can we continue this consultation somewhere a little more private?

EXT. MAIN STREET -- SOUTHAMPTON -- NEXT

High-end boutiques and bistros overflow with wealthy patrons. Perennial summer residents, many who haven’t seen each other since last summer, reunite and trade breaking-news gossip.
Hank and Divya walk through this epicenter of activity, resuming their consultation with the patient. Evan follows a few feet behind, asking women for directions he doesn’t need.

HANK
This isn’t quite what I had in mind, Ms. Newberg.

MS. NEWBERG
You don’t mind. I had to pick up a couple of things in town. Besides, I’m not shy.

People can’t help but gawk at the notorious Newberg. Especially in her extravagant fur coat.

MS. NEWBERG (CONT’D)
So, let’s cut to the chase, Hank.

HANK
OK...saline, not silicone.

MS. NEWBERG
That’s right.

HANK
Single-lumen?

MS. NEWBERG
Yes.

HANK
Volume?

MS. NEWBERG
900 cc.

Hank looks concerned.

HANK
850 is the maximum you can buy. Without going to the custom market.

And now Divya looks concerned.

MS. NEWBERG
I don’t do anything half-ass, dear.

Hank has to bite his lip to keep from replying to that. Divya’s cell phone rings. She sees the number and her expression immediately stiffens.

DIVYA
Excuse me a moment, please.
She reluctantly but dutifully steps aside.

DIVYA (CONT’D)
(into phone)
Yes, Mother.
(then)
I told you, I’m shopping today.
(then)
Yes I’ll be at the polo match with you and father -- that’s what I’m shopping for.

We see her becoming irritated by what her mother is saying. She retaliates IN HINDI and jumps off the call abruptly. Hank approaches her, while Evan helps Newberg shop.

Divya slips back into business mode seamlessly.

DIVYA (CONT’D)
So. She didn’t buy...off the rack.

HANK
Assuming you could even find us a place to do this, where the hell are we gonna get custom parts.

DIVYA
It would take time.

HANK
Time she’d spend walking around as a high-society circus freak.

DIVYA
Symmetry is the key to beauty.

Which makes Hank think.

HANK
You have some local anesthetic and a needle in the car?

DIVYA
I do.

HANK
There is the opposite solution.

DIVYA
I don’t follow you.

HANK
If we can’t refill the flat tire...
DIVYA
We can just flatten the other one.

HANK
It’ll even her out.

DIVYA
We can do that procedure anywhere.

HANK
In the comfort of her own home.

DIVYA
She’s not gonna like this one bit.

Hank smirks, Divya smirks back. They walk back to Newberg.

HANK
Ms. Newberg, we’ve got some good news and some bad news.

Off Newberg, not liking the sound of that one bit...

INT. MASTER BATH -- NEWBERG’S BEACHFRONT PALACE -- DAY

Post-op. Newberg sits in front of her triple-panel vanity mirror, mourning the blowout of a second tire, from all imaginable angles. But at least she’s presentable.

Stuck by a sudden resurgence of pride, she gets up and walks across the rambling master bedroom, toward TWO LARGE FRENCH DOORS, which she throws open. Our team follows her onto --

EXT. TERRACE -- NEWBERG’S BEACHFRONT PALACE -- CONTINUOUS

A spectacular patio overlooking the crowded beach. She thrusts her chest outward, ready to preen again for all those people who are actually interested in staring at people like her. She smiles.

Evan smiles too. He is writing up a bill, which is attached to an improvised patient chart.

EVAN
So. Do we invoice you at this address?

MS. NEWBERG
Who are you again?
Hank just shakes his head.

MS. NEWBERG
Bill me in Manhattan, Palm Beach, or Aspen. Anywhere but here. This is my sanctuary.

She looks up at Hank. And she means it when she says:

MS. NEWBERG (CONT’D)
Thank you. I did waste an entire winter of self-beautification--

DIVYA
But you’re out of the circus.

MS. NEWBERG
I’m out of the circus.

EVAN
Another satisfied HankMed customer.

MS. NEWBERG
I’d be delighted if you’d be guests at my beach party this evening. One I thought I’d have to cancel.

HANK
No, thank yo--

EVAN
I love beach parties.

MS. NEWBERG
Perfect. See you tonight then.

EXT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL -- DAY

They pull up to the motel in Divya’s SUV. Hank eagerly exits. Evan and Divya eagerly follow behind him.

EVAN
And, we make a hell of a team.

HANK
CFO of HankMed?
Evan
Has a ring to it. I have time till
next tax season. And the social
perks to this job should be killer.

Divya
I’d like to discuss my title, Hank.

Hank
There are no titles, no team, and
no HankMed. Sorry guys, but I just
don’t think I can do this.

As resourceful as she is, Divya’s run clean out of arguments.

Divya
So where does that leave us?

Hank
At goodbye. Nice meeting you,
Divya.

Divya
Yeah. You too.

Divya and Evan fear their shared dream has collapsed. Hank
can read the heartbreak on their faces, and he’s surprised by
how ready they were to hitch their fate to his.

But he simply walks toward the room. And he’s left to wonder
if -- once again -- he’s made a wrong decision...one he’ll
regret for the rest of his life.

Black:

End of Act Six
ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

EXT. WESTHAMPTON BEACH -- DAY

Hank and Evan sit quietly on a pristine strip of white sand off Dune Road. They sip a couple beers, watching the waves crash just a stone’s throw from their feet.

EVAN
What exactly are you going back to?

HANK
I’ll figure something out.

EVAN
So you’re really outta here, then.

HANK
Haven’t I spent all weekend saying I’m only here for the weekend?

Evan thinks.

EVAN
There are two kinds of people in this world, bro. People who leave but never say goodbye--

HANK
I know, your famous French exit.

EVAN
And people who say goodbye, but never leave.

And Hank can’t help but grin appreciatively at that.

EVAN (CONT’D)
Ma was one smart cookie, huh?

HANK
(surprised)
You got that one from Ma?

EVAN
I did.

HANK
I never heard Ma drop that one.

EVAN
I’m making a point here.
HANK

Sorry.

EVAN

So yeah, you’ve been saying goodbye since we got here. But here’s the thing, Henry. You’re back. Back on your game, back in a place where you belong. These people trust you, they appreciate you, they need you. Don’t punish them for what happened back in Brooklyn. They’re not part of a conspiracy, they’re just human beings.

HANK

Ms. Newberg may no longer qualify, biologically speaking.

EVAN

Sustained.

(then)

And I’m just a simple man, who barely graduated from Rutgers, getting by on his ample charm. So I could be wrong about this. But isn’t denying people care because they’re rich, just as wrong as denying people care because they’re poor?

Hank once again grins at Evan’s gift for subtle manipulation. But it’s got Hank thinking.

HANK

(sighs, with irony)

Money.

EVAN

Here we go again with the money.

HANK

Evan. This money-obsessed culture has been screwing with me my entire life. And it’s been screwing with you too. You’re just too brainwashed to realize it.

EVAN

(defensively)

Hey. I was there too, remember? I may have only been 8, but I remember it like it was yesterday.

(MORE)
Black Monday...Dad trying to explain to us what a margin call was...the shock, the humiliation at school, the birthdays we had to pretend to forget. The boxes of second-hand winter clothes. (beat) And then...Ma.

The Lawson boys are both speechless for a moment.

Evan (cont’d)
Black Monday...Dad trying to explain to us what a margin call was...the shock, the humiliation at school, the birthdays we had to pretend to forget. The boxes of second-hand winter clothes. (beat) And then...Ma.

Evan (cont’d)
It made me who I am, and it made you who you are. That year, after all, was what led you into medicine, wasn’t it?

Hank
It was.

Evan
And now medicine has led you here. Who knows where this will take you?

Hank can only look at his brother. In a whole new light.

Evan (cont’d)
I’ll bet anything Ma would’ve wanted you to find out.

Ever so subtly, Evan looks skyward. Hank follows suit.

Evan (cont’d)
Under my close supervision, of course.

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INT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL ROOM -- EVENING

Evan finishes getting dressed for the beach party. His wardrobe consists of a Speedo, loafers, and a sports coat.

Hank is laying on the bed in boxers and a t-shirt, watching ESPN News.

Evan
OK. How do I look.

Hank
Like the mayor of a nude beach.

Evan
Perfect. Come to the party. A night with Newparts Newberg. How exclusive does that sound?
HANK
Consider me excluded.

EVAN
What are you gonna do here?

HANK
Relax. Think.

EVAN
Cool. Think hard. Or not too hard. Whichever is better for me. As your brother and accountant--

HANK
Get out or you’ll cease to be either one.

Evan exits.

Hank lays there, just thinking for a moment, until...

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR shatters Hank’s moment of reflection.

HANK (CONT’D)
(slowly getting up)
Dude, you’re killing me! How is it you can penetrate a heavily-guarded castle, but not your own motel room?!

Hank opens the door and is stunned to find: JILL. He quickly grabs and throws on another layer of clothing.

HANK (CONT’D)
Oh. Uh...

JILL
Hey.

HANK
Yeah. Hey.

JILL
You probably wanna know how I tracked you down.

HANK
I stopped wondering that out here.

JILL
I hope I’m not intruding.
HANK
My butler and I were just about to polish the silver, but it can wait.

JILL
Dr. Lawson--

HANK
Hank.

JILL
It’s gorgeous out. Wanna take a walk?

INT. CHEWY’S CLAM SHACK -- MAGIC HOUR

They sit on the outdoor terrace of a waterfront clam bar, enjoying decent wine, good seafood, and priceless weather. They seem thisclose to actually considering this a date.

JILL
So tell me about this little enterprise you’re building.

HANK
I haven’t actually decided to build anything yet.

(then)
Let me ask you something. Do you think we are who we care for?

Jill considers that carefully.

JILL
You know, it’s not all moguls and movie stars out here. We do have some ord’nary folk.

(he smiles)
Plumbers, electricians, busboys. The people who keep this place running. Without them, the VIPs wouldn’t be able to tell between East Hampton and East Newark.
HANK
Hey, easy on Jersey.

JILL
That was me being easy on Jersey.
(Hank grins)
Anyway, those are mainly the people who come into my ER -- cuz they get sick and injured, too. But none of that matters. The only thing that matters, at the end of the day, is that they need help. And if I don’t help them, who will.
(Hank nods appreciatively)
Not your old boss in Brooklyn.

Hank is stunned speechless for a long beat.

JILL (CONT’D)
My grad school has a tight-knit alumni network. I asked around.

HANK
Guess you can’t escape your past.

JILL
Yours won’t chase you too long.

HANK
What do you mean?

JILL
The kid was obviously the sicker patient. And a cardiac tamponade during an angio is like your gas tank exploding while you’re filling up. You triaged it by the book. It was bad luck, not a bad call.

HANK
How could you possibly--
(stops, changes course)
Thank you.

JILL
And if I were the hospital administrator there, I would’ve had your back all the way.
HANK
And you would’ve been fired, too.

JILL
Gladly. Because what happened to you is unacceptable, Hank. And I think we have to change the things we can’t accept.

And now, it’s officially become a date.

HANK
Yeah. That sounds about right.

Beat. And now Hank’s tone becomes markedly more OPTIMISTIC.

HANK (CONT’D)
It’s funny. My brother dragged me out here this weekend. He wanted to get me as far away as possible from doctors, patients. And especially hospital administrators.
(Jill smiles)
I’m glad he failed completely.

JILL
So The Hamptons is growing on you.

HANK
I may give it another weekend.

She smiles. They toast. And Hank smiles back big.

EXT. BOARDWALK -- WESTHAMPTON MOTEL -- EVENING

Hank and Jill are at the midway point of the boardwalk, with the ocean beckoning in one direction and Jill’s Saab parked in the other.

HANK
So. What were you -- a nice, normal girl -- doing at a party like that last night?
JILL
I’m raising money for a local free clinic. Boris has been very generous.

Hank’s a bit surprised by that, but it adds up.

JILL (CONT’D)
So, you know where to find me.

HANK
I know where you work, what you drive, where you go for clams...

JILL
And, I gave you my number.

HANK
Well, yeah, as a last resort.

Jill smiles, gets out of his Saab and into hers, and she drives away. But this time, Hank takes comfort in knowing he’ll see her again.

EXT. WESTHAMPTON DUNES -- NIGHT
Hank stands barefoot at the water’s edge. At first, the tide just flirts with his toes. Then it comes in harder, lapping at his ankles. Pretty soon, his jeans are getting soaked.

Instead of retreating, he takes a step deeper into the ocean.

HANK
(pre-lap)
Hey, it’s Hank. How are you feeling, pal?

I/E. WALK FROM GROUNDS TO POOL - BORIS’S CASTLE -- DAY
Hank is walking a few paces behind two men, whose faces we can’t see.

Hank is on his cell phone.

TUCKER (FILTERED)
Good as new, thanks to you.

HANK
Glad to hear that, Tucker.

TUCKER
They may release me tomorrow...but they said I’ll need follow-up.
HANK
Well, when your dad gets back next--

TUCKER
Actually, he extended his trip.

HANK
By how much?

TUCKER
The rest of the summer.

Hank can hear Tucker’s loneliness and he empathizes deeply.

HANK
Oh.

TUCKER
Yeah.

HANK
Well, I extended mine too. So give me a call when you get back.

TUCKER
So that you can do my follow-up?

HANK
And so we can, you know, fly your model planes in the backyard.

And now he can practically hear Tucker smiling.

TUCKER
Done and done. Later, man.

Hank hangs up just as the two men lead him through two glass doors, into a room with a LONG INDOOR LAP POOL. Hank knocks on one of the doors, timidly announcing himself.

We see a BADLY DAMAGED TORSO -- scars, burns, welts, etc. -- emerge from the pool dripping wet. It belongs to BORIS.

His key servant steps to him promptly, holding an Egyptian cotton robe. Boris steps into it. We now see that Hank’s two escorts are the EX-MOSSAD AGENTS. They take their posts.

BORIS
The good doctor. What a pleasant surprise.

But Boris isn’t surprised to see him at all.
BORIS (CONT’D)
What can I do for you?

HANK
I was wondering about that possible vacancy you mentioned.

Boris simply smiles.

BORIS
Your timing couldn’t be better.

61 EXT. BORIS’S GUEST COTTAGE -- DAY

Boris’s servant shows Hank and Evan to a MINI-CASTLE at the property’s edge. Evan’s IN HEAVEN. And as CFO, he’s carrying THE GOLD BAR. They reach the door. And -- just as a formality -- the servant KNOCKS HARD.

HANK
(to Evan)
Feels like all people do out here is knock on each other’s doors.

EVAN
Only thing knocking is opportunity.

Hank rolls his eyes. The door FLIES OPEN, revealing DR. SILVER. Bags in hand, on his way out for good. Silver sees Hank and he chuckles bitterly -- he should’ve known.

SILVER
Dr. Hot Shot. Those observant eyes of yours -- keep them open wide.
You ain’t seen nothing yet.

As Silver walks away, Evan trash-talks him from behind.

EVAN
There’s a new doc in town, Slick.
So why don’t you recede away, just like your hairline--

Hank restrains Evan, and re-directs his attention to the WIDE OPEN DOOR before them. TWO GLASSES OF CHAMPAGNE sit on a table in the foyer. The servant beckons them forward.

And as they proceed into the mouth of a gilded but unpredictable summer, we...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF PILOT