

**NIP/TUCK**

**Pilot**

**By  
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**Shooting Draft**

**The Shephard/Robin Company  
FX/Warner Bros. Television  
January 24, 2003**

Plastic surgeon SEAN McNAMARA, 39, looks directly at us.

SEAN

Tell me what you don't like about yourself.

We PAN around his desk, meet the patient -- SILVIO PEREZ, 40s. His brother, ALEJANDRO, 30, got the good looks in the family. With a slight accent --

ALEJANDRO

My brother has always been unhappy about his appearance. He sees how effortless it is for me to go into a disco and pick up a woman, and when he tries this he is rebuffed.

(pauses, clears throat)

He's tried changing his cologne, working out, but the caliber of women he wants are not impressed. He wants a change.

SEAN

Mr. Perez, what exactly are you interested in changing?

ALEJANDRO

My brother would like a new nose.

(a long pause)

He's also interested in a new jawline. He has acne scars as you can see, he would like those removed. He's also very self-conscious about his hairline, the Rogaine did not work.

SEAN

I'm sorry...Alejandro is it? I'm not comfortable having you speak for your brother when he's the one requesting such extensive surgery. Mr. Perez, maybe you could talk to me about --

ALEJANDRO

My brother does not speak English.

SEAN

I'm sorry, I don't speak Spanish.

ALEJANDRO

You live in Miami and you don't speak Spanish? Take a Berlitz class, man.

Sean pauses, uncomfortable. He smiles, tightly.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

2.  
1

SEAN

My partner will be here soon.

2 EXT. MIAMI STREET -- DAY (SIMULTANEOUS)

2

Plastic surgeon CHRISTIAN TROY, 39, walks a few blocks to work. BEAUTIFUL WOMEN notice his confident strut and smile at him. He lobs a dashing grin right back.

A BLONDE passes. TIGHT ON CHRISTIAN'S EYES. From his POV, white lines from a grease pencil are drawn around her jaw and nose highlighting imperfections -- things to improve. All her flaws are corrected, instantly and easily, in his mind.

A stunning AFRICAN-AMERICAN passes, smiles sexily. Christian zeros in on her chest, she's a B CUP. From his POV, her breasts suddenly MORPH and inflate into perfect high C's. Christian walks straight at us...

MATCH CUT TO:

3 INT. OPERATING ROOM -- DAY (MINUTES LATER)

3

...and directly into a prep-ready surgery, his scrubs on. A PRETTY LATINA, 25, is naked and bottom's up. QUICK CUTS: he slices her buttocks, then holds up what looks to the novice to be two plastic shoe horns. LIZ CRUZ, a smartass lesbian anesthesiologist in her 30s, shakes her head disapprovingly.

LIZ

Ass implants. What will they think of next?

\* Christian roughly shoves the implants into the laser slits.

LIZ

Jesus! It's like stuffing a turkey.

CHRISTIAN

In that case, then this turkey's been stuffed twice this week.

LIZ

You're ~~the~~ the reason girls like me become dykes.

CHRISTIAN

If my craftsmanship offends you so much sefiorita, then why are you working here?

LIZ

Two words, Esai -- life-style.

(CONTINUED)

Sean enters, scrubs on.

SEAN

We need to switch. There's a potential patient in my office I don't understand. Feel him out, see if you suspect EDD.

CHRISTIAN

Will do, partner.

Christian pulls out of the Latina's ass, snaps off his gloves. Sean takes over the operation. He pauses. Then --

SEAN

You put these in wrong.

CHRISTIAN

(turning, at the door)  
I'm sorry?

SEAN

These implants, you put them in upside down.

Christian pauses. Charminglly, to cover --

CHRISTIAN

You saved my ass again.

He exits.

LIZ

And her's.

She's not amused. Sean reaches in the buttocks, turns the implants around.

Silvio tells his story in Spanish. The conversation between Silvio, Alejandro and Christian is translated VIA SUBTITLES.

SILVIO

*Nunca me ha gustado como me vea. Para mi hermano es bien facil conocer chicas in la disco...*

(ENGLISH)

I've always been unhappy about my appearance. I see how effortless it is for my brother to go into a disco...

CHRISTIAN

*Senor Perez, usted vive la avenida Colins cuarenta y cinco veinticinco. Es una vivienda?*

(ENGLISH)

Mr. Perez, you reside at 4525 Collins Avenue. It's a house?

SILVIO

Yes.

CHRISTIAN

*Senor Perez, mi socio piensa que usted tiene un desorden morfologico, sin embargo yo no pienso que usted odia su cuerpo. Yo creo que usted esta huyendo.*

(ENGLISH)

Mr. Perez, my partner thinks you have body dismorphic disorder. I do not. I don't think you hate your body. I think you're running.

Christian and Silvio lock eyes...it's a staredown.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

*Cuarenta y cinco, veinticinco de la avenida Colins no es una residencia es el hotel Eden Roc, yo soy un aficionado a las tapas en la hora feliz ahi. Quiere hablar de la verdadera razon por la cual esta aqui?*

(ENGLISH)

4525 Collins is not a residence, it's the Eden Roc Hotel, I'm quite fond of the happy hour tapas there. Want to talk about the real reason you breezed into town?

Christian smiles, leans forward a little bit. In English:

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

And do me a big favor, Mr. Perez. When you answer, drop the "no hablo English" bullshit. It doesn't add to my confusion about your predicament, it only highlights yours. Your accent and inflection are completely westernized, I'm guessing from the influence of twenty years of "I Love Lucy" reruns.

(CONTINUED)

Christian rises to feed fish in Sean's aquarium behind him. In the reflection, he subtly spies on them -- Alejandro makes a "let's go" gesture, Silvio flashes a nasty glare which silences him. Christian turns, sits down again. Gently --

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

I'm a doctor, what you tell me during a consultation is confidential.

Alejandro looks down, nervous. But Silvio pulls out a briefcase, pushes it across the table with a confident smile.

SILVIO

(in perfect English)

I prefer to let my money talk. Twenty thousand dollars. According to your website, that's your fee.

Christian opens the briefcase, sees it's filled with cash. He pauses, takes a whiff of the money.

CHRISTIAN

Funny, isn't it? How certain things from Colombia have a pungent aroma that can stink up a room. Coffee, for instance. And then, of course, cartel money.

SILVIO

I'm not from Colombia. My brother and I are Argentinean.

CHRISTIAN

Mr. Perez, if you were from Argentina, I wouldn't have to recommend porcelain veneers. It's the only South American country with fluoride in the water.

Silvio begins to sweat. Christian pushes back the briefcase.

SILVIO

I've been to three other surgeons in town. They would not do the operation. Like your partner, they were suspicious.

CHRISTIAN

One last time...why are you running?

SILVIO

(after a long pause)  
I was with the boss' girl.

CHRISTIAN

Mr. Perez, you cad.

(CONTINUED)

Christian and Silvio share a dark chuckle, but Alejandro doesn't laugh. Sean enters, implant operation completed. He quietly sits down. The Silvio/Christian/Alejandro conversation reverts back to Spanish. Sean is in the dark.

## CHRISTIAN

*Senor Perez, la cirugia facial que usted requiere le cuesta \$30,000 dolares. Quiza le parezca caro pero somos los mejores cirujanos y estamos mejorando cada vez mas.*

(ENGLISH)

Mr. Perez, a facial rejuvenation in the manner of your request would be \$30,000. That may seem expensive, but we're the best, and we're getting even better.

(to Sean, in English)

Still trying to get to the bottom of this.

He turns back to Alejandro and Silvio, continuing in Spanish.

## CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

*A finales del ano esperamos inaugurar nuestro propio espa/centro de recuperacion y distribuir nuestros propio linea de productos. Sin duda alguna seremos el centro quirurgico mas grande del sur de la Florida.*

(ENGLISH)

By the end of the year, we hope to open our own recovery slash spa center and distribute our own product line. Without a doubt, we'll be the best plastic surgery operation in Southern Florida.

## SILVIO

*Quiero a los mejores, registreme.*

(ENGLISH)

I want the best. Sign me up.

## CHRISTIAN

*Perdone, pero aqui no vale su dinero.*

(ENGLISH)

Sorry. Your money's no good here.

Silvio looks at Christian darkly. He knows he's being toyed with, but he has no more options. A beat, then --

## SILVIO

*Le doy \$300,000 dolares si me hace la cirugia. En efectivo.*

(ENGLISH)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SILVIO (cont'd)  
If you do the surgery I'll pay you  
\$300,000.

Christian pauses, smoothly turns to Sean. In English --

CHRISTIAN  
I don't think this guy has BDD. His  
expectations aren't unrealistic, he  
doesn't want to look like Tom Cruise or  
anything. He's just divorced and wants a  
fresh start.

(turns, to Silvio --)  
Mr. Perez, let's schedule.

Off Silvio's look of relief, we begin TITLE SEQUENCE.

5 EXT. MIAMI CAUSEWAY -- DUSK 5

An AERIAL VIEW of Christian's Mercedes convertible as it  
glides across the bridge connecting the city to South Beach.

6 EXT. MIAMI ATHLETIC CLUB -- DUSK 6

The Mercedes roars into valet parking.

7 INT. MIAMI ATHLETIC CLUB -- NIGHT 7

Where the elite pay \$20 grand a year to sweat in style.  
Christian sits at the bar nursing a Patron tequila. His eyes  
are drawn to a BEAUTY two stools away in tennis garb.

CHRISTIAN  
Single or doubles?

The BEAUTY ignores him. Then --

BEAUTY  
Doubles. I'm meeting my boyfriend.

CHRISTIAN  
May I buy you a drink?

BEAUTY  
I don't drink.

CHRISTIAN  
Can I buy you an appetizer?

BEAUTY  
I'm a model. I don't eat.

Christian pauses. This arrogant bitch is a lot of work. It's  
time to seal the deal. He peels off bills to close his tab.

(CONTINUED)



BARTENDER  
One for the road?

CHRISTIAN  
No thanks. I have to operate tomorrow.

The beauty slowly turns and looks at him.

BEAUTY  
You're a doctor?

CHRISTIAN  
(a wolfish grin)  
Plastic surgeon.

SMASH CUT TO:

8 INT. CHRISTIAN'S SOUTH BEACH PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT 8

Against a backdrop of white silk curtains billowing in a balmy breeze we find Christian, glistening with sweat, fucking the model. She groans with pleasure and abandon.

9 EXT. CORAL GABLES HOUSE -- NIGHT 9

Uppermiddle-class in a family-friendly neighborhood. As we PUSH across a front-lawn we hear --

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Bread. Rembrandt toothpaste. Bananas...

10 INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT 10

We meet the woman. CLAIRE McNAMARA, 39, is underneath her husband Sean as he gives her the once-a-week high hard one. As he mechanically pumps away with no kissing to distract her, she mentally continues her grocery list.

CLAIRE'S VOICE  
Wolfgang Puck pizzas. Grape jelly...

11 INT. CHRISTIAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 11

The model is now giving Christian a blow-job.

CHRISTIAN  
You're a bad girl, aren't you Kimber?  
You're a nasty dirty bad girl.

He flips her over, sprinkles a LINE OF COCAINE down her spine, snorts it as she giggles.

12 INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 12

The monogamous sex between Sean and Claire continues. We go into Sean's head as he dutifully thrusts away.

SEAN'S VOICE

I'm gonna fire the gardener. The hedges in front are lopsided, it looks like he trimmed them drunk.

(pauses, conflicted)

Maybe Claire should fire him, she's better at that sort of thing.

CLAIRE

Are you finished honey?

He orgasms with a contained shudder.

SEAN

Yes.

13 INT. CHRISTIAN'S LAVA ROCK SHOWER -- NIGHT 13

Christian and the model conclude their passion under a sexy waterfall. He orgasms loudly, almost violently.

14 INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 14

Claire rolls over, looks at the moon. Her eyes are pained. Sean is asleep and oblivious as the TITLE SEQUENCE ENDS.

15 EXT. CHRISTIAN'S BALCONY -- MORNING 15

Wearing Christian's shirt from the night before, model Kimber leans against the balcony and stares at the ocean, bathed in the glow of the rising sun and her night with Christian. Fresh from the shower, he appears, hugs her from behind.

KIMBER

Take me back to bed, Prince Charming...

CHRISTIAN

Don't you have a boyfriend you have to explain last night's disappearing act to?

KIMBER

He's not my fiancee or anything, he's just a bouncer at Level. And I didn't move here from Minnesota to settle down in a one-bedroom in Hialeah, that's for sure.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

There are advantages to having a bouncer boyfriend. You never have to wait behind a velvet rope.

KIMBER

Please. You think a girl like me has to wait? I always go to the front of the line. Like last week, I was with my girls at that new club Rendezvous and the owner said "right this way, Ten." The perfect ten, that's what he called me.

CHRISTIAN

Booked any covers yet?

A well-placed arrow. A beat, she looks out at the ocean.

KIMBER

I'm only 21. I've got time, right?

CHRISTIAN

Absolutely. Of course, it takes a lot of discipline and work to get there, to be perfect. But if you fix the flaws, you could absolutely be a ten.

KIMBER

What am I now? Tell me.

She drops the robe and stands before him, naked and vulnerable. He scrutinizes her, then unflinchingly --

CHRISTIAN

You're an eight.

He pauses, turns her face slowly toward the cruel morning sunlight. His index finger traces her undereye area.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

You're also 26, you should have worn sunscreen. But with a light peel under the eyes, you could look twenty. Even so...you're a very pretty girl, Kimber.

KIMBER

I don't want to be pretty. I want to be better. I want to be perfect.

(pauses, panic rising)

I haven't booked anything in two months. Tell me.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

All right. Do you have a lipstick?

She reaches in her purse, pulls out a tube of berry stain. He looks her over, like a painter contemplating an empty canvas. Then from the POV of Kimber's face and body, we see Christian making swooping circles with the lipstick.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Beauty is symmetry. Your left eye is half a millimeter higher than your right, we could properly fix that with a malar augmentation...that's a cheekbone enhancement. I'd give you some Botox here, and here, which would provide a good lift. Irish?

KIMBER'S VOICE

Part.

CHRISTIAN

That explains the slightly flat boxer nose, we can shave the cartilage to give you the Christy Turlington thing. The breasts could go one size bigger to a low C, you could finish off with some abdominal lipo. Pretty much...

16 INT. BATHROOM -- SIMULTANEOUS

16

CHRISTIAN

These are your problem areas.

He turns her around to look in the mirror. Her eyes grow wide in shock -- her face and body are slashed in red lines...she looks like a human bull's-eye. Her eyes fill with tears.

KIMBER

Am I really this ugly? I was homecoming queen...

CHRISTIAN

Don't be upset. Let your shortcomings and flaws fuel you, let them push you further than you ever thought you could go. When you stop striving for perfection, you might as well be dead.

He's genuine here, spooky. She nods, moved by him.

17 INT. SEAN AND CLAIRE'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

17

Sean and Claire prepare for work. As he shaves --

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

I want to fire Julio Esperanza.

CLAIRE

Why?

SEAN

He's sloppy. He's careless, he can't even trim a hedge straight. When you pay him this week, tell him --

CLAIRE

Oh no buddy, I'm not doing your dirty work. He has three kids and his wife makes us paella every year for Christmas. Instead of firing him, why don't you just tell him what you want? Be specific. Isn't that what you always ask of your own clients?

SEAN

Are you implying a professional similarity between me and the gardener?

CLAIRE

No, but you just did.

Claire pauses. Playfully --

CLAIRE

Have you noticed anything...different?

SEAN

Like what?

CLAIRE

I don't know, it's silly, but...ever since I nursed Annie, I've noticed that my boobs are dropping. Do you think I should, you know...consider a lift?

SEAN

Aren't you...past all that stuff now?

CLAIRE

Oh, I forgot, right, I should just cut to the chase and have my uterus bronzed.

SEAN

I didn't mean that. Let me see.

She strikes a sexy Playboy pose. But he doesn't laugh.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

For your age, gravitationally, they're exactly where they should be.

His precise medical response deflates her. He turns back to the mirror to rinse his face.

SEAN

By the way, I told Annie she could adopt the gerbil her kindergarten teacher's trying to unload.

CLAIRE

Sean, didn't you hear me last week? I specifically told her she couldn't bring it home.

SEAN

What's the big deal, it's not like a puppy. It makes messes in a cage.

CLAIRE

It still shits, Sean. And that's more shit for me to clean up.

SEAN

Claire, come on...it's not like you're Mia Farrow tending to ten paraplegic kids with polio. We've got two and a gerbil and a maid.

(busses her cheek)

It's manageable.

PUSH IN on an upset Claire as she watches him exit.

18 INT. KITCHEN -- DAY (MINUTES LATER)

18

French toast sizzles in a skillet manned by ROSA CITONE, 50s, the McNamara family maid. Sean sits at the kitchen table reading The Miami Herald. His two children, ANNIE (five) and MATT (15) sit with him. Matt is reading a textbook as he shovels cereal into his mouth. Annie spills her juice. Without looking up from the paper, Sean stops the orange flow with a dam of napkins, pours her another glass. Whispering --

ANNIE

Mommy always yells at me when I do that.

SEAN

(whispering back)

Mommy doesn't need to know. Our secret. Why are we whispering?

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE  
We're Spy Kids.

SEAN  
Whatcha reading Matt?

ANNIE  
Dad! You asked him the same question two days ago! Matt's reading about alligators for his science fair project on the...what is it again?

MATT  
On the vanishing Everglades ecosystem. But of course Dad asked me the same question two days ago, Annie, because Dad never listens to anything I say.

SEAN  
Alligators, huh? Sounds interesting.

ANNIE  
And scary!

MATT  
Yeah, they are. Like, did you know that at the turn of the century, settlers dying of starvation in the Everglades would use dead human bodies as bait to lure alligators so they could eat them? But the funny thing is...the alligators wouldn't bite. They'd attack, then spit the bodies out.

ANNIE  
Why...why would they spit them out?

MATT  
Turns out gators find the taste of human flesh...boring. Oh, but did I tell you one time the settlers saw a wild boar fall in the water and the gators went berserk? Turns out pork is the gators version of a Big Mac or some shit.

Matt takes a chomp out of his sister's bacon. She screams.

SEAN  
Enough Matt. You're scaring your sister. And watch your mouth.

Annie pauses, rattled. Then in Spanish, SUBTITLED:

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE

*Rosa, me das mas toncio depavo por favor?*  
(ENGLISH)

Rosa, may I have some more turkey bacon  
por favor?

SEAN

Annie honey, I told you, when you're  
around Daddy, please don't speak in a  
foreign language daddy doesn't  
understand.

CLAIRE

(entering, heading for coffee)  
We live in South Florida Sean, English is  
the foreign language.

Matt pointedly looks at his father, starts talking in  
Spanish. VIA SUBTITLES as everyone speaks in Spanish:

MATT

*Mami, necesito dinero para mi lonche.*  
(ENGLISH)

Mom, I need money for lunch.

CLAIRE

*Veinte dolares son suficiente?*  
(ENGLISH)

Is twenty enough?

MATT

Si.

ANNIE

*Rosa, me das un pco de jalea tambien?*  
(ENGLISH)

Rosa, can I also have some jelly?

ROSA

*Soy tu cocinera y tu sirvienta, no tus  
piernas. Parate y tomala tu.*  
(ENGLISH)

I'm your cook and your maid, not your  
legs. Get up and get it yourself.

CLAIRE

*Bien dicho Rosa!*  
(ENGLISH)

Way to go, Rosa!

Sean just stares at this family he can't communicate with.



19 EXT. HOUSE -- LATER

19

Sean exits down the front walk, holding his suitcase. He passes JULIO, the gardener, who is butchering a rosebush. Sean's bloodpressure skyrockets.

JULIO ESPERANZA

Good morning to you, Mr. Sean! Is there anything extra you'd like done today?

SEAN

(after a long beat)

No, Julio. Keep up the good work.

20 EXT. MIAMI HARBOR -- LATER

20

ANGLE: a father and son carry a lunch cooler as they walk up the dock toward their boat for a morning of sailing. PUSHING CLOSER, we see it's actually Christian with Matt. They begin to untie the boat with perfect synchronicity.

CHRISTIAN

God it's beautiful out here, huh?

MATT

Perfect weather for skipping school.

CHRISTIAN

I want you back by third period Mattie, we agreed. Here, I wrote you a doctor's excuse.

MATT

Thanks Uncle Chris. And thanks for the, you know, medical consultation stuff. When can we schedule the operation?

CHRISTIAN

Whoa killer, slow down. Like it or not we still have to talk to your dad about this. You're under 18, he has to sign the consent form.

MATT

He'll never go for it. He's such an asshole.

CHRISTIAN

Hey -- don't call your father that, you don't know how lucky you've got it.

Christian's serious tone deflates Matt. Christian sees this, then --

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Besides -- your dad's not an asshole.  
(a beat)  
Robots can't be assholes.

And the mood is restored. Christian grins, pops a Coors from the cooler, tosses Matt the keys. He catches them, thrilled.

MATT

You're gonna let me drive?

CHRISTIAN

Yeah. That way I get to drink.

They laugh as they climb on board. PANNING the boat's gleaming exterior, we notice that Christian has christened his \$100,000 toy "The Boatox."

21 INT. MCNAMARA/TROY OFFICES -- DAY (LATER) 21

OMIT

22 INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY (LATER) 22

MARIE MICHAELS

This is my Joey last year. At Epcot.

Sean looks at the picture of JOEY, 14 and full of life. He has a brilliant Matt Damon smile and is a good-looking kid.

SEAN

And after the accident?

MARIE

It was no accident, okay?! I'm sorry, I'm still reelin', you know?

SEAN

Can I see the current pictures please?

Marie hands over a handful. Sean looks at the pictures with no emotion, even though they are horrifying. The previously handsome Joey is now terribly burned. CLOSE-UP CLINICAL SHOTS of his charred arms and legs are difficult to look at.

SEAN

How many grafts has he been through?

MARIE

We had to stop at five, he needs three more. Shitty HMO...

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Ms. Michaels, I'd like to help. But --

MARIE

Please don't say no. Can't we make an arrangement or somethin'? Like...you know, a lay-a-way?

SEAN

Ms. Michaels, it's not the money. It's the time. We're booked solid for the next six months. If it were a more simple operation, I could squeeze you in, but because grafts of this nature are complicated...

MARIE

Oh, I get it. So if I wanted something silly and stupid like a goddamn boob job -- somethin' you could make a quick buck on -- maybe you could squeeze me in.

SEAN

Ms. Michaels, I'm going to give you the number of Dr. Michael Lewengard, a colleague of mine I --

MARIE

Screw you! I already went to him, he blew me off and then recommended you! That's why I'm here!

(a long beat, then --)

Congratulations on your fancy expansion, doctor. Looks like you've done real good for yourself. And thank you for your precious time.

She stands to leave. At the door, she turns. Softly --

MARIE (cont'd)

The next time you've got some little size four on your table and you're givin' her liposuction she really doesn't need, you think of my Joey, and what you coulda done for him. Shame on you.

23 INT. OPERATING ROOM -- DAY (LATER)

23

Sean and Christian select surgical utensils for Silvio's operation. Scalpels, an electric saw, etc. Sean is still upset from his previous consult. To distract himself --

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

So check out this bombshell. We're getting ready this morning and Claire tells me she wants her breasts done.

CHRISTIAN

Well, I can see where she's coming from. At this year's Fourth of July poolparty at the homestead, I did think her tits were hanging like sand in tube socks. If you're thinking conflict of interest, I'd like to volunteer my services.

SEAN

Still have a crush on the Mrs., do we?

CHRISTIAN

Let the record show I dated her first and passed my sloppy seconds off to you.

SEAN

Screw you, one date and she didn't even let you kiss her. She thought you were too smooth. My wife's perceptive.

CHRISTIAN

But you're not. A lot goes on in your family you don't even know about. If my kid was getting brutally razed at school, I'd pick up on his changed behavior.

SEAN

Matt's having trouble at school? And he told you this?

CHRISTIAN

He's torn up. I guess he was showering in gym and shit and some tough guys started laughing at him and calling him Anteater.

SEAN

Anteater?

CHRISTIAN

Basically, he's self-conscious about his dick and he wants a circumcision.

SEAN

He doesn't need a circumcision. That's a vanity operation.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

We're in the vanity business, Sean. That's what we do. Shit, I remember when I was his age. I got in fights every goddamn day.

SEAN

Not over your penis.

CHRISTIAN

Over my Dollar Mart polo shirts I stuck construction paper alligators on trying to pass them off as Izods. Appearance is everything for a kid, it's how you fit in. Snip snip, he feels better about himself, and you can make that happen. How cool is fatherhood?

SEAN

I'm not doing anything to my son's penis or my wife's breasts. I don't want my family...infected by what we do here.

CHRISTIAN

What do we do here Sean, other than make people feel better about themselves?

SEAN

What we do here is let people externalize the hate they feel about themselves. Which is why I want to hire a full-time psychologist, to screen people better.

CHRISTIAN

Great. And let's do yoga in the lobby.

SEAN

Since Botox went wide, it's become a factory in here. There's no discernment, no caution...

CHRISTIAN

This is a business, Sean. A good business that's on the verge of setting us up for life.

SEAN

Well maybe I don't want to be in this business anymore.

Gloves on and hands held up, Sean and Christian enter the...

24 INT. OPERATING ROOM -- DAY

24

...where an unconscious SILVIO PEREZ lies on a metal gurney.

LIZ

Boys, our patient is comfortably in twilight and ready to be carved.

SEAN

Let's do it.

In QUICK CUTS, we see the mechanics of Silvio's transformation. Christian deftly peels off his facial epidermis, trims it, tightens it, as Sean inserts cheekbone implants, then breaks Silvio's nose and resets it. Saw in hand, Christian begins to thin Silvio's jutting chin.

SEAN

You're shaving too deep.

CHRISTIAN

It's fine.

SEAN

Do you want it fine or do you want it perfect?

Sean holds out his hand. Christian, pissed, hesitates, but hands over the saw.

25 INT. RECOVERY ROOM -- DAY (LATER)

25

We FADE UP on Silvio, still unconscious, in post-op and now wearing an eerie cobalt blue mask. Alejandro sits in a chair, on vigil. Sean enters, checks Silvio's vital signs.

SEAN

He's on morphine, there's no pain. He'll be up and around at the hospital by week's end. A transport ambulance just arrived, you can ride with him to Dade County if you want.

ALEJANDRO

What's with the mask?

SEAN

A new break-through. Pulse magnets bring constant rejuvenating bloodflow to the surface of the skin.

26 INT. CHRISTIAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

26

Christian logs in on a COMPUTER as Kimber watches in a surgery-prep gown.

CHRISTIAN

Before you sign the final consent form, I thought you might want to see some of my greatest hits.

On the SCREEN; startling BEFORE and AFTER shots of WOMEN...6's before he sliced and diced, now 8's and 9's. Kimber is impressed. Her current FACE fills the screen.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

This is you...and this is what you'll look like when I'm done.

KIMBER

(re: her new AFTER shot)

I...I don't really see any difference.

CHRISTIAN

Agents who book you will, photographers looking through telephoto lens that highlight every flaw absolutely will. I told you -- beauty is millimeters. See this girl, baby? She's my ten.

27 EXT. HALLWAY -- DAY (SIMULTANEOUS)

27

Sean heads for his office. Alejandro catches up with him.

ALEJANDRO

Dr. Sean, excuse me. I forgot to ask ...does the 300 grand cover everything, or is the hospital stay extra?

SEAN

Did you pay by check, Mr. Perez?

ALEJANDRO

Cash. =

28 INT. CHRISTIAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

28

Kimber is now giving Christian a blow job. Just as he reaches orgasm, an upset knocking at the door.

CHRISTIAN

Coming...

Christian exits to find --

29 EXT. CHRISTIAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

29

SEAN

Where'd you hide the extra Perez money?

CHRISTIAN

You wanna play accountant, go check the goddamn corporate account. I'm putting that money back into our company. The Alpha Lipoic Firming activator sample costs three times the projection. It has to be perfect, it's the cornerstone of the skincare line.

SEAN

Why didn't you tell me?

CHRISTIAN

Now you're suddenly interested in cosmeceuticals?

SEAN

It's drug money, isn't it?

CHRISTIAN

I didn't ask. Neither did you. It's what he offered. If we turned him away, he'd go down the block to Myers or Jacobian.

SEAN

And I would have slept better.

NURSE

Excuse me Dr. Troy, the architect is here to show you the marble samples for the steam room.

SEAN

Steam room? Our recovery unit addition now has a marble steam-room? I didn't approve that, I wasn't even consulted on that, that's a ridiculous unnecessary expenditure.

CHRISTIAN

You stay out here and moralize, Sean. I'd listen, but I'm trying to run a business.

END ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)



ACT TWO

30 INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

30

Sean looks directly at us.

SEAN

Tell me what you like about yourself.

We PAN around the desk, see Sean's morning consult is Matt.

MATT

Look dad...I'm grateful you're treating me like an adult. But if we have to do this, could we please skip the psycho mind probe stuff?

SEAN

Matt, honestly, why do you want a circumcision?

MATT

(uncomfortable)

I want it removed because...you know.

SEAN

No, I don't know.

MATT

Yeah, because you don't have a stupid hard-top!

SEAN

Your mother and I thought a lot about this topic, and we didn't give you a circumcision because you were six weeks premature. Your little fighting body didn't need the stress of an operation.

MATT

I could've taken it.

SEAN

Matt, why did you go to Christian with your concerns instead of me?

MATT

Because he's cooler than you. And he listens to me. I don't get that Father Knows Best bullshit from him. He treats me...like a man.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

You want straight talk, Matt? I'll give it to you, right now. A circumcision on a post-puberty male is a suture-heavy procedure requiring some degree of nerve reassemblage, it's extremely painful. For a week to ten days after the operation, you'll be pissing fire.

MATT

It can't be any worse than when I broke my leg and the shin-bone stuck through my muscle, right? And you'll give me pain drugs, right? Maybe I could try Oxycontin.

SEAN

Matt, I'm gonna make an appointment with a psychologist. I apologize we don't have one on staff here, we should.

MATT

What? Why?!

SEAN

You've never bowed to peer pressure before. I think something's going on.

MATT

I just want it, okay? I don't want guys talking trash about me, and I know women don't like it when you're not cut. The small or something, even though I keep it clean and stuff, so feel free to skip the hygiene lecture.

SEAN

Matt, are you having sex with girls?

MATT

Not with girls, dad, with Vanessa. Maybe you've overheard me talking to Mom about her. She's beautiful and she's a varsity cheerleader and she can have anybody and she chose me.

SEAN

So you have had sex.

MATT

It's getting there. And I know she'll see it and hurl.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Matt, if this girl genuinely cares about you, she won't care about something as trivial as extra skin.

MATT

This is my life! It's not trivial! For once give me something that I need!

31 INT. WAITING ROOM -- DAY (SIMULTANEOUS)

31

DOWN COMES A MENACING BUZZ-SAW...on a piece of wood. A CONSTRUCTION WORKER exits with it, passing Claire, her hair freshly styled. She is sitting next to HEDDA GRUBMAN, 60s. Pushy, nosy and dressed head to toe in Palm Beach peach. Claire realizes this woman is staring at her, and slowly looks up.

MRS. GRUBMAN

My daughter's getting married next month! That's why I'm here. I'm gonna freshen up the eyes a bit. Wedding pictures are forever, you know?

Claire smiles stiffly, and returns to her magazine. Mrs. Grubman looks at Claire's chest. Wryly --

MRS. GRUBMAN (cont'd)

Going bigger?

Before a galled Claire can respond, Christian suddenly appears and smiles at his 3 o'clock.

CHRISTIAN

Mrs. Grubman, right this...Claire. To what do we owe this pleasure?

CLAIRE

Sean's having a professional sit-down with Matt. To, you know, try and talk him out of the circumcision.

CHRISTIAN

So I heard. Tough stuff.

CLAIRE

Things Dr. Spock did not write a chapter about. Hey, thanks for talking to Matt last week.

CHRISTIAN

Everybody needs someone in their life who'll listen...right?

(CONTINUED)

From the look on her face, he sees she doesn't have that person anymore. Christian studies her, breaks into a smile.

CHRISTIAN

I thought something was different. You changed your hair. You look amazing.

Claire shoots a triumphant "fuck you" look at Mrs. Grubman.

CLAIRE

Just thought I'd try something new.

CHRISTIAN

New? You wore your hair like that when we were in school. I always thought it looked hot on you back then, too. Does Sean like it?

CLAIRE

(after a beat)

He hasn't mentioned it.

They lock eyes. There's a chemistry here that Christian finds darkly exciting and Claire is terrified of. To change the subject --

CLAIRE (cont'd)

So the construction seems to be coming along nicely.

CHRISTIAN

Wait until you see the steam room in the recovery center. Nero Portoro marble, top of the line.

CLAIRE

How'd you talk Sean into that one? This is a man who wants to rinse and reuse paper plates.

CHRISTIAN

It's just smart business, the ladies flocking from Palm Beach know and expect luxury =

MRS. GRUBMAN

Speaking of which Dr. Troy, I did have a 3 o'clock appointment and it's now 3 fifteen.

CHRISTIAN

Have me over to the house one of these days. I miss my family.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

I'd like that. So, um, would the kids.

Christian turns to Mrs. Grubman and smiles seductively.

CHRISTIAN

And now all my attention is focused on my favorite patient.

He ushers her to his office. Over his shoulder, he winks at Claire. It's a sexy wink. It disturbs and excites her.  
ANGLE. Matt and Sean exit from Sean's office.

SEAN

Field trip. We'll meet you at home.

Matt looks at his mother and rolls his eyes.

32 INT. DADE COUNTY BURN UNIT -- REHABILITATION ROOM -- DAY 32

Burn victim JOEY MICHAELS learns to walk again. RACK FOCUS: Matt and Sean are behind a glass observation wall.

SEAN

That boy is your age, Matt. I heard about this case last week. His mother divorced his father. During an overnight visit, his father set him on fire while he was asleep.

MATT

Why?

SEAN

So he wouldn't have to pay child support.

MATT

"Tonight, on the WB...a father-son field trip to a burn unit turns out to be just what the doctor ordered when his uncut kid sees burn boy and realizes "what am I worried about my dick for? I should be grateful for all my parts that aren't scorched!" Sorry, dad. I stopped watching that network when I was a 13-year-old girl.

SEAN

How did you become so goddamn cynical? I don't even know why I try with you.

MATT

You never have before, why start now?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

29.  
32

Suddenly, the burn boy looks up. He and Matt lock eyes. Matt is extremely uncomfortable, and looks away.

MATT

I'll be in the car.

Matt exits. Sean watches, alone, as we DISSOLVE TO...

33 INT. ANOTHER SECTION OF DADE COUNTY HOSPITAL -- DAY 33

...where Christian and Alejandro stride down the hallway.

CHRISTIAN

How's the patient?

ALEJANDRO

Pissed they only have vanilla ice cream.

CHRISTIAN

When our recovery spa center is done, we'll be serving fresh fruit smoothies.

34 INT. SILVIO'S ROOM -- DAY (SIMULTANEOUS) 34

Christian and Alejandro enter to see an empty bed.

CHRISTIAN

Where's your brother?

ALEJANDRO

I don't know, he was here a minute ago.

CHRISTIAN

Well if you want me to do a follow-up, find him. I have another appointment in half an hour.

PUSH IN on Alejandro, as something dawns.

35 INT. PEDIATRIC WING -- DAY 35

Christian follows a panicked Alejandro as he speed walks past the cheerily decorated rooms, checking inside each one.

CHRISTIAN

Why would your brother be on this floor?

36 INT. PEDIATRIC ROOM -- DAY 36

Silvio sits on the bed of a beautiful EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIRL, who is eating something Silvio is spooning into her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

His magnet mask is still on, giving him an otherworldly chilling appearance. All we can see are his hot wet black eyes. They converse in ENGLISH.

SILVIO

This will make your tonsils feel better.

LITTLE GIRL

Are you the Boogieman?

The girl turns -- Alejandro and Christian have arrived in the doorway. Off Christian's clearly concerned look --

SILVIO

I gave her my ice cream. I didn't want it to go to waste.

Silvio exits, but not before staring nastily at his brother. Chastised, slightly afraid, Alejandro looks down. Christian gently addresses the little girl.

CHRISTIAN

How's that ice cream sweetheart, are you okay?

LITTLE GIRL

Yes.

Christian follows Silvio out into the hallway as he shuffles toward the elevator. Confused, Christian sees Silvio in an elevator now, waving. Christian turns and sees the girl in the hallway, waving back at her new friend. Dry-mouthed --

CHRISTIAN

During our consultation, your brother mentioned he was with the boss' girl. How old was she?

ALEJANDRO

(weakly)

She was six.

Down the hall, Silvio is still waving spookily to the girl as the elevator doors close. Christian is quietly devastated.

37 INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY (LATER)

37

A reflective Sean stares out the window. Liz enters.

LIZ

We've got a walk-in problem.

38 INT. RECOVERY ROOM -- DAY

38

Kimber sobs as Sean, with Liz's help, re-sutures her left breast. She bandaged and bruised from her recent surgery.

SEAN

Ms. Henry, you've got to calm down. The contractions from your diaphragm have split five stitches.

KIMBER

Is Christian here? I want my surgeon to do this.

SEAN

Dr. Troy's in the field with another patient. Are you upset with the surgeries, Ms. Henry? This swelling and tenderness is normal, give it another...

KIMBER

I don't understand this, I haven't heard from him since my operation! I thought we were gonna be together!

SEAN

Ms. Henry, I think you're confusing Dr. Troy's pleasant and very thorough bedside manner with real emotions.

LIZ

If it's any consolation honey, you're not the first girl he's done this to. But at least you got some good tits out of it, so heal in more ways than one and go on with your life.

KIMBER

No, no you're wrong. He...he told me he had feelings for me, he told me he wanted to see me again.

LIZ

He's had six fuck and fixes this month. That's all you are to him okay? A fuck and a fix. You deserve to know.

KIMBER

He calls me what?

SEAN

Liz, you're out of line.

(CONTINUED)



LIZ

No Sean, you are out of line. You co-own this business, this reflects on you and your character. Wake up!

39 EXT. HIGHWAY -- DUSK

39

White lines roar by as we hear a BERLITZ TAPE begin to play.

BERLITZ ANNOUNCER

"Speaking Spanish can be fun! Repeat!"

40 INT. SEAN'S VOLVO -- DUSK

40

Sean has a focused manic intensity as he listens to the tape.

SEAN

"Hablando espanol pude ser divertido!"

His cell phone rings.

41 INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DUSK

41

A pissed Christian is looking at Sean's empty desk.

CHRISTIAN

The construction workers ripped us off.

SEAN

We weren't ripped off, Christian. I'm quitting. I'm starting over before it's too late.

CHRISTIAN

Sean, are you at home? I'm coming over and we're gonna talk about --

SEAN

It's my turn to talk now Christian, okay? The mute finally speaks! So listen up! Thank you for using your cock as a lure to get emotionally damaged young women into our office, it's a brilliant sales ploy! Thank you for being so ruthlessly ambitious that you would gladly accept drug money, a business transaction, by the way, that could lead the feds straight to our front door! Maybe you want to have your medical license revoked and spend your 40s taking it up the ass in prison but I do not!

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Done?

SEAN

I'm just getting started, Christian!  
Thank you, thank you for becoming so  
repugnant to me that I am finally taking  
charge of my life!

CHRISTIAN

What are you going to do?

SEAN

For ten years I've been consumed with  
transforming other people. Starting  
today, I am transforming myself!

He hangs up, turns the wheel and roars into a strip mall. As  
he parks and a REALTOR stands waiting with keys near a  
MEDICAL OFFICES FOR RENT sign, we...

END ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

## ACT THREE

42 INT. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI APARTMENT -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 42

A VIDEOCAMERA turns on.

## CLAIRE'S VOICE

Is it on? Okay it's on. Christian! Tell our viewing audience what we're doing here on the night of August 25, 1987.

The camera, operated by Claire in verite style, focuses on Christian and Sean at a table, rolling a joint and counting pennies. Everyone is 25...at the height of their promise.

## CHRISTIAN

Well Claire, it's a momentous night. We're getting your fiancée high for the first time ever and scrounging up change to pay the overdue electricity bill.

## SEAN

(deadpan, to camera)  
See Sean count. See Sean eat government cheese.

They break up. We PULL OUT of the picture to see it's on a plasma in Claire and Sean's current house. Claire watches, wistful. Christian passes the joint to Sean. He tokes, then:

## SEAN

I don't feel anything.

## CHRISTIAN

Keep smoking and keep counting.

## CLAIRE'S VOICE

Christian, if you would have put the money you scored this weed with toward the bill, we'd have made the payment.

## CHRISTIAN

"Call me...irresponsible..."

## CLAIRE'S VOICE

I guess I'll have to hock this camera, guys, or we'll be in the dark.

## SEAN

Your parents just gave you that to celebrate your nursing school graduation, baby, you can't do that.

(CONTINUED)

## CLAIRE'S VOICE

Ladies and gents, he just called me baby  
-- he is high! Wait, I was out of focus,  
say that again on the record.

## SEAN

(in focus, sweet)  
I love you, baby.

ANGLE: present day Claire, watching, very moved by this.

## CLAIRE'S VOICE

Okay...since this is our one and only  
videotape, let's tell our audience what  
all this hard work and eating ramen  
noodles 24/7 has been about. Christian...  
what do you want out of your life?

## CHRISTIAN

What I want is...a girl like Claire...  
(Claire and Sean mock "aah")  
...and a kick-ass practice with Sean  
where we make women feel better about  
themselves...my speciality.

## CLAIRE'S VOICE

Yeah, we've certainly witnessed that.  
Sean...what do you want?

## SEAN

Well, I want you...  
(more mock "aah's")  
I want to make people's lives better. I  
want to make a difference. Claire, give  
me the camera.

She passes it to him, he focuses. The face of a young Claire  
-- beautiful, funny and not jaded -- fills the screen.

## SEAN'S VOICE

What do you want?

At the door, a KNOCK. Present day Claire grabs the remote,  
PAUSES THE PICTURE. She gets up and answers the door.

## CHRISTIAN

Hey. Is he here?

## CLAIRE

No, he left for work hours ago.  
Christian, is there something wrong?

43 INT. SEAN AND CLAIRE'S FAMILY ROOM -- DAY (LATER)

43

Christian and Claire sit drinking coffee. Claire looks both shocked and pissed. A beat, then --

CHRISTIAN

I'm sorry, sweetheart. I presumed you knew. Liz told me he was setting up shop next to some fungus-ridden nail salon right before she quit and left me with no anesthesiologist.

CLAIRE

Why...why would he do this?

CHRISTIAN

I think our boy's having a mid-life crisis. If I find out he's screwing around, you have my word, I'll kill him.

CLAIRE

You think he's having an affair?

CHRISTIAN

That was out of line. I'm sure he's not, I mean, you guys have always had a hot time between the sheets right?

CLAIRE

He told you that?

CHRISTIAN

He used to tell me everything. I miss him.

CLAIRE

I miss him too.

She starts picking up Annie's toys, so he won't see her cry.

CHRISTIAN

He needs you, Claire.

CLAIRE

There's a big difference between need and want.

A beat, then Christian turns and gestures at the large TV with her face still paused and frozen.

CHRISTIAN

Is that new art?

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

What? Oh, no, I was just watching an old tape.

CHRISTIAN

To see how much your breasts have changed?

She freezes. He's right.

CHRISTIAN

Isn't that why you changed your hair, why you want implants? So he'll notice you again...want you again like he did when we were young?

CLAIRE

I just asked him if he thought I needed them...

CHRISTIAN

So he could tell you you didn't. You didn't get the response you wanted.

CLAIRE

(voice cracking)

No.

CHRISTIAN

Let me see them.

She laughs in his face. Did she hear this right?

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

I'm a doctor Claire, I do over 300 breast augmentations a year, more than double the number Sean does. I'll be objective. Let me see them.

Her mouth goes dry. She's both alarmed and excited. Would this be cheating? Would it make her feel better? She looks toward the kitchen doorway, to make sure no one is home. Hand shaking, she slowly unbuttons her blouse.

==

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

The symmetry is perfect. Sagging is minimal, despite two rigorous sessions of breast feeding. The tone is immaculate.

He rubs his thumb across her right nipple. They lock eyes.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

How's the sensitivity?

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Fine.

CHRISTIAN

I can't recommend surgery, Claire. Your breasts...are perfect.

His hand is still on her right breast. Neither moves. Then, from the kitchen --

ANNIE'S VOICE

Mom!

As if a trance is broken, Claire turns away and quickly buttons her blouse. Annie appears holding a cage.

ANNIE

Uncle Chris!

CHRISTIAN

(scooping her up)  
How's my best girl?

ANNIE

Look at my new gerbil, I named him Frisky!

Claire looks less than overjoyed at this addition. Annie and Christian pet him. A beat, then Christian turns to Claire.

CHRISTIAN

I don't want Annie to have to go to public school, Claire. You have to talk to him. He listens to you, he always has. You're his compass.

The TV'S PAUSE TIMER runs out and the 1987 video continues. The video PANS WIDER, revealing that Claire is eight months pregnant with Matt here.

CLAIRE (1987)

What do I want? I want a family, I want to go back to school and become a pediatrician once you guys get the business established.

(a beat, grins sweetly)  
I just want to be happy...

44 EXT. MCNAMARA HOUSE -- DAY (LATER)

44

Sean, wearily home from work, trudges up the walk with his briefcase. With no warning a LARGE BRANCH falls from the sky and lands inches away from his head. He jumps.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Jesus!

He looks up into a maple revealing gardener Julio Esperanza.

JULIO ESPERANZA

Oh, Mr. Sean! I did not see you, sir!  
I'm trimming the tree. Making it pretty!

PUSH IN on Sean, as he watches Julio continue to needlessly butcher the tree and he flashes to SUBLIMINAL IMAGES...of himself, tightening Silvio Martel's face...cutting Silvio's jawbone... in his mind, similar unnecessary savagery.

SEAN

Julio, stop. I said stop it, goddamn it!

JULIO ESPERANZA

Is there a problem, Mr. Sean?

SEAN

Yes. Yes, there is a problem, Julio. You butcher my trees and my hedges...you hack them to pieces when they need careful nurturing! I'm sorry, but I have to trim the deadwood. You're fired.

JULIO ESPERANZA

But Mr. Sean...I've been with you for seven years! I'm loyal to you, sir.

SEAN

Julio, our arrangement here is over.

PUSH IN on Julio up in the tree... almost crying.

45 INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

45

Claire is at the sink, cutting vegetables for a stew as Sean enters. He opens the fridge to get a beer.

SEAN

You need to hire another gardener. I just fired Julio.

CLAIRE

No Sean, you need to hire another gardener. It took me two years to find somebody who would actually show up every week and clean the poolfilter. Next to giving birth, it's the most difficult thing I've ever done. It's your problem.

(CONTINUED)



Suddenly, something small and gray runs across the kitchen floor and disappears. A stunned Sean digests this. Then --

SEAN

We have mice.

CLAIRE

That's not a mouse Sean, it's Frisky the gerbil. He escaped from his cage.

SEAN

Well...did you try and catch it?

CLAIRE

I would have, but I was too busy cleaning up the trail of shit it left everywhere. See Sean, in your operating room everything is pristine and controllable, but that's not how it is for the rest of us out here in the real world. In the real world, hedges aren't trimmed perfectly and stupid gerbils escape from cages.

SEAN

Okay, what is wrong with you?

CLAIRE

You take me for granted.

(turns to him)

I buy your favorite beer, I get up with your kids when they're sick so you can sleep in and be rested for the next day's work, I literally shovel shit...I'm the domestic equivalent of a goddamn prep nurse to you.

She throws the knife into the sink and turns to him.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Did you think I wouldn't find out? What are you doing, Sean? When were you going to tell me?

SEAN

I was waiting for the right moment.

CLAIRE

Well why not last week when you fucked me, but wouldn't kiss me? We could have talked then.

Sean pauses, sits down and sips his beer. Thoughtfully --

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

This is the right thing for me. I've wanted to do pro bono work for a while now, I'm gonna do that. I saw this boy the other day, he was horribly burned. I want to spend my time and talent working on people like him. Liz is coming with me, she also thinks this is a great...

Claire picks up a cup and throws it. It misses Sean's head by inches, smashes to smithereens. He jumps up, furious.

SEAN

What in the hell is it with people in this house throwing things at my head?!

CLAIRE

Finally, some passion! Congratulations, you're not bloodless after all! Do you know how long it's been since I heard you laugh? Since I've seen you be emotional? Christ Sean, I haven't seen you cry since Matt was born!

SEAN

I'm not going to apologize for that. I'm a surgeon, if I get emotional, patients die.

CLAIRE

I'm not one of your patients, Sean! I'm your wife! And on your watch a death has occurred! The death of you and me! This marriage doesn't even have a pulse anymore.

SEAN

I know that. And I'm sad about that. Claire, I realize that we do need to fix something. It's not your breasts. We need to fix us. I want us to be like we used to be. We had parity, equality.

CLAIRE

How can there be equality in a marriage, Sean, when you don't respect me enough anymore to at the very least tell me that you're walking away from everything we sacrificed our lives for!

SEAN

Are we being completely honest? I guess I don't respect you like I used to.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

And the floodgates open, great!

SEAN

What do you do with your days Claire? You shop, you get your vagina waxed like some porn starlet, you have lunch with your girlfriends. Sorry, that seems like easy street to me. And yet when I come home, you're stone. You don't show me any respect, even though I think I've given you a life that's pretty goddamn sweet.

CLAIRE

You gave me nothing, I made this life with you! But do you think this is what I wanted...to be some doctor's wife?! It's not!

SEAN

Then change your life! Change it like I'm changing mine!

CLAIRE

This isn't a change, Sean. This is a whim! You want a change? Me, going back to college in a year when Annie starts school and getting my doctor's degree, that is a change, my change, the change we've been talking about for ten years! Apparently, you forgot about that.

He doesn't say anything.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

If you think I'm gonna start over at the bottom again and work two part-time jobs and sit on my dream again so you can whistle your way through a mid-life crisis, you are horribly mistaken.

SEAN

My God. When was the last time we went to bed ~~that~~ you didn't hate me?

She turns back to the cooking. Her silence answers the question. Sean says nothing. DISSOLVE TO:

46 INT. STRIP MALL MEDICAL OFFICE -- MORNING

46

Sean is asleep on the lobby couch. There is a pounding at the door. More pounding, louder.

(CONTINUED)

Sean stumbles to the door, sees Christian outside in the blinding cloudless sunlight, wearing cool Dior shades and holding up a paper cup of coffee. Sean pauses, lets him in.

CHRISTIAN

So I hear your marriage jumped the shark last week. My condolences.

Christian hands him the coffee. He takes it, sips.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Nice place. If you put a Nagel print on the wall you're suddenly right back to where you started.

SEAN

Christian, I'm not coming back.

CHRISTIAN

Yes you are. We've worked too hard to get here. And even though you won't admit it, you need me. Just like I need you. I'm the salesman, the planner, you're the talent. We fit, we always have.

SEAN

You'll do fine without me, Christian. With your corner on the placebo surgery market, you could easily find another partner.

CHRISTIAN

You think a big change like this will be easy? It will not. You want to change, great, do the nip and tuck route...subtle almost imperceptible shifts, isn't that what you recommend to all your patients? But don't delude yourself into thinking you have the time or the patience for an entire life lift. We're not 27 anymore. We're 40 and brother, we're on the cusp of what we dreamed about.

SEAN

It's not my dream anymore.

Christian pauses, pulls out a FRAME. A DOLLAR behind glass.

CHRISTIAN

Here. You left it when you were cleaning out your office. The first dollar we ever made. Romantic, isn't it.

Christian cracks it over his knee, pulls out the dollar.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)  
I'll be taking this. As part of our settlement.

SEAN  
What are you talking about?

CHRISTIAN  
You signed a contract. With me, a corporation contract. In case you forgot, the contract stipulates that if the corporation is dissolved, as I see now that it is, the disbanding partner has to buy the other partner out.

SEAN  
I don't want anything but a clean start.

CHRISTIAN  
Tough shit, pay up. You've got one week or I'm gonna hire a lawyer and freeze your assets. Then, I'm coming after your house, your pension plan, maybe Matt's college fund.

SEAN  
You wouldn't do that.

CHRISTIAN  
Try me.  
(gets it together, then --)  
Get a decent carpet in here.

As he exits --

SEAN  
Silvio Perez is scheduled to be released today, you need to sign him out.

CHRISTIAN  
Let him rot.

Christian exits. Sean looks around at his shitty new office, silently overwhelmed.

47 INT. MCNAMARA HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY (LATER)

47

QUICK CUTS...of Claire at the kitchen table feverishly filling out a University of Miami medical school application.

She writes her maiden name to show off her new liberation:  
CLAIRE MURRAY McNAMARA. She writes her address.

(CONTINUED)

Her hand FREEZES over the space asking for her age. She slowly writes 39. Stares at the number. And begins to cry.

'Matt appears. Sensing him, Claire quickly wipes her eyes.'

MATT

Mom, I'm gonna go to the arcade after school.

CLAIRE

No, you're not Matt. I need you to clean out the pool.

MATT

But...

CLAIRE

(dissolving)

I need you to clean out the pool! I am sick of doing everything around here!

Matt freezes. He's never seen his mother so raw. Quietly --

MATT

Okay.

He exits. Claire pauses, to get it together. And then the cereal box on the table MOVES. Claire gasps, freaked. She pushes her chair back as the cereal box shakes and then FALLS OVER. Frisky the gerbil scampers out of the box. Sits there, contentedly munching a corn flake. And then defecates.

CLAIRE

I am not going to keep cleaning up your shit!

She pauses, then quickly, in a rush of emotion, picks the gerbil up by the tail and enters...

48 INT. DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM -- DAY

48

...where she drops the gerbil in the toilet, slams down the lid and FLUSHES.

Her hand instantly rushes up to her mouth. She's horrified at what she's done. Should she pick up the lid? She can't bear to look. She quickly exits the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

49 INT. HIGH-END MIAMI HOTEL LOBBY -- DAY

49

Sunglasses on, Christian waits for an elevator holding a silver DOCTOR'S BAG. The door opens. A FATHER exits, holding the hand of his SEVEN-YEAR-OLD SON.

(CONTINUED)

As Christian gets on the elevator and turns, the exiting boy looks back at him and smiles. Christian is extremely moved by the boy's innocence. The door closes.

As the GLASS ELEVATOR RISES, we are TIGHT on Christian as he is overwhelmed by recollection. BLURRY IMAGES and ECHOING VOICES HAUNT HIM as WE INTERCUT TO...

50 INT. FOSTER CARE HOME -- DAY (FLASHBACK) 50

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Christian sits on the floor, drawing a picture of a WOMAN he has labeled MOMMY. Even at that age, his artistry is exceptional.

MAN'S VOICE

Christian, get over here!

Christian looks up, frightened.

51 INT. ELEVATOR -- DAY 51

TIGHT on Christian's face as the elevator roars upward, blurry images of Miami outside interspersed with another memory of...

52 INT. FOSTER CARE HOME -- DAY (FLASHBACK) 52

Christian approaches an EASY CHAIR. All we see is a rear view of the chair, an arm held over one side holding a beer.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN

Yes, Mr. Troy?

MAN'S VOICE

I told you to call me daddy. Do you want your allowance, son? Come sit on my lap if you want your allowance.

Christian fights emotion, dreading this familiar routine.

53 INT. ELEVATOR -- DAY 53

The elevator roars upward, the sound overwhelming.

54 INT. FOSTER CARE HOME -- DAY 54

OMIT

55 INT. ELEVATOR -- DAY 55

Present day Christian. The elevator slows, then the door opens and Christian steps away from his past into madness.

(CONTINUED)

"Turn the Beat Around" blares as five lovely LATINAS dance around in Versace, sipping champagne and snorting cocaine. CELIA snorts coke as Christian approaches her, silent.

CELIA

You bring the good stuff? And it had better be good when you're charging \$1000 a girl, okay?

LATINA TWO

Celia, you spoil us!

CELIA

It's my boyfriend's money. He wants me to look my best.

CHRISTIAN

This is the best there is, ladies. Grade A Botox mixed with contraband silicone.

He opens his briefcase, pulls out a chilled syringe. He flicks the needle. A crystalline bead appears on the tip.

CELIA

Where's your partner? I told you I wanted two doctors, there are ten girls here.

CHRISTIAN

(coolly ironic)

I've done ten women before. I hate to do this up-front, Celia. But...

He rubs his fingers together. He needs his cash.

CELIA

You act like this is a drug deal.

CHRISTIAN

(all charm)

It is.

56 INT. SILVIO MARTEL'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

56

POV OF SILVIO, seeing Sean and Alejandro above staring down at him. Sean is all business and wants out of here quickly.

SEAN

Let's see how you're healing.

ANGLE: Sean's fingers gently lifting the magnet mask off Silvio's face. Sean nods, pleased. Alejandro is shocked.

(CONTINUED)



SEAN (cont'd)  
Very nice. Would you like to see?

ANGLE: Sean hands him a mirror. We see Silvio's new face in the reflection at the exact moment he does. Even with the mottled bruising, it's an amazing transformation.

SILVIO  
(thrilled, in SPANISH)  
Amazing. Now the girls will not be able to resist me.

PUSH IN ON Alejandro, deeply disturbed. Sean turns to him.

SEAN  
What did he say?

ALEJANDRO  
"Good job."

SEAN  
The swelling is minimal, you're fine to travel. I'll go sign you out.

As Sean heads for the door, Silvio looks at Alejandro and gestures at the fat around his waist. He says something quickly in Spanish.

ALEJANDRO  
Dr. McNamara, my brother has a question.

SEAN  
(turning, not amused)  
What?

ALEJANDRO  
Can you transform his waistline, later today, like you did his face? We'll pay you two thousand dollars.

SEAN  
I'm setting up a new practice, I'm not completely equipped for surgery yet.  
(exiting)  
If he wants a new waist, tell him to knock off the Cheeto's.

SILVIO  
(in perfect English)  
How about twenty thousand?

Sean slowly turns, shocked at his hidden bilingual talents.

(CONTINUED)

SILVIO (cont'd)  
Money like that would certainly come in handy for a businessman starting over from scratch.

Off Sean's dilemma, we CUT TO:

57 INT. PENTHOUSE -- DAY (LATER)

57

Christian pushes a syringe into Celia's face. Stab, plunge, stab, plunge...each thrust deposits a microdroplet of Botox laced with silicon. Trickles of blood drip down her cheeks. As Christian wipes away the blood --

CHRISTIAN  
How'd you hear about me?

CELIA  
Word of mouth.

CHRISTIAN  
Don't lay flat for four hours.

CELIA  
English.

CHRISTIAN  
Tomorrow, you'll be one hot bitch.

CELIA  
You mean hotter. I have one more girlfriend waiting to see you.

CHRISTIAN  
Send her in.

Celia exits. As Christian flicks another syringe, the door opens and TWO MENACING LATIN MEN enter. The leader, a scary looking dude in cornrows and a stylish suit, locks the door.

MAN  
Dr. Troy, allow me to introduce myself.  
I'm Escobar Gallardo, Celia's boyfriend.  
(smiles darkly)  
I'm also the former boss of Mr. Silvio Perez.

Off Christian's alarm, we...

END ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

ACT FOUR

58 EXT. MCNAMARA HOUSE -- DAY

58

Sean sits in his car outside, smoking. Matt exits from the garage with a pool sweep. He sees his father in the closed car in a slight cloud. It's...strange. Matt walks over to the car, knocks on the window. Sean lowers it. A weird beat.

MATT

I didn't know you smoked.

SEAN

Neither did I.

MATT

What are you doing here?

SEAN

Thinking.

MATT

Thinking about what?

SEAN

If I want to go through with something.

MATT

What's stopping you?

SEAN

Honestly? What you would think of me if I did.

MATT

Well don't let me stop you, Dad. Go ahead, do it. Almost all my friends' parents are divorced, life goes on.

SEAN

Your mom and I aren't getting divorced. We're just...taking some time apart. I was contemplating a work-related matter.

MATT

Well, speaking of work, come on. Since you fired Julio, Mom's making me sweep the pool. I shouldn't have to clean up after your mistakes alone.

Sean pauses, then gets out of the car, takes the sweep. They walk to the pool and begin to clean it. A beat, then --

(CONTINUED)

MATT (cont'd)

Did she kick you out because you were screwing some other chick?

SEAN

I would never cheat on your mother.

MATT

So are you gonna give me the operation or what?

SEAN

No Matt. I'm not.

MATT

Then I'll just have Christian do it.

SEAN

You stay away from him!

Matt finds his father's sudden burst of anger astonishing. He's never seen him this passionate. A beat, then --

MATT

Why do you even care about this?

SEAN

(emotional)

I care because you are my son, damnit! My firstborn. I have always cared! And I know I have failed you, deeply. It is painfully clear to me in this moment of your disturbing self-loathing that I should have prevented that I'm a shitty father and that just kills me, Matt. More than any other failure in my life, and they are racking up in apocalyptic numbers, that is my great devastation.

Matt is quietly stunned. Sean pauses, gets it together again.

MATT

So is this behavior a genetic thing I'm doomed to act out too? You know...you doing exactly what your dad did. Leave your wife and kids, make your first family sell the house. Mom'll hit the bottle like grandma did, I'll have to get a job at Footlocker to put myself through school. If that's what's gonna happen, just...be straight with me.

(CONTINUED)

Sean is extremely moved. His son looks so vulnerable and young right now. He can remember being that age.

SEAN

Matt, look at me. I will always take care of this family. Understand?

Matt nods. Sean returns to cleaning the pool.

SEAN

Let's pick up the pace. I've got an operation in one hour.

59 INT. MCNAMARA HOUSE -- DAY

59

Claire is putting away groceries. Annie bounds in.

ANNIE

Mom, have you found Frisky yet?

CLAIRE

(a beat, then)

No honey.

ANNIE

I'm gonna look downstairs.

Annie exits. PUSH IN on Claire...guilt-ridden. Suddenly, a SCREAM. Claire jumps out of her skin, turns to see, standing in the doorway --

Annie. Holding something wet, matted and unmoving in her little cupped hands. Annie begins to cry.

ANNIE (cont'd)

He fell in the toilet!

CLAIRE

(barely keeping it together)

What?

ANNIE

He wanted to go swimming and...he was barely moving around in the water. He got tired!

PUSH IN on Claire...slowly moving toward her daughter's outstretched hand in which sits the gerbil.

ANNIE (cont'd)

His heart's barely beating! He's so cold!

(CONTINUED)

Claire looks at her daughter's heartbroken face. She has never felt worse. A beat, then --

QUICK CUTS: the OVEN being turned to WARM; a COOKIE SHEET being pulled out of the cupboard; Frisky being put on the cookie sheet and shoved into the oven.

ANNIE (cont'd)  
(crying harder, confused)  
Mom, what are you doing?!

Claire frantically sets a timer for 45 seconds. We go TIGHT on her worried eyes as the seconds count down. The timer DINGS. And then, quickly, Claire opens the oven, plucks Frisky off the cookie sheet and cups him in her hands.

CLAIRE  
(frantic)  
Come on...warm up...warm up...

And then, miraculously, the moribund gerbil suddenly jerks to life and scampers up Claire's arm. Annie plucks him off. The two of them look at the gerbil, freaked, but restored.

ANNIE  
(grinning, in awe)  
Mom...you're such a good doctor!

CLAIRE  
I am?

PUSH IN on Claire, as her chin begins to tremble at the first tingle of possibility she's felt in years.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
I am.

She holds her daughter tight as we SLOW PAN out.

60 INT. HOTEL PENTHOUSE -- DAY

60

Christian surfaces, sputtering and gasping, in the hot-tub where JOSE, Escobar's number two, was holding him down.

ESCOBAR  
I've been gentle with you, my friend.  
I'm going to ask you one more time. I  
know you operated on Silvio Perez.

CHRISTIAN  
You don't know shit.

Escobar punches him viciously.

(CONTINUED)

ESCOBAR

We've checked around town, your colleagues all turned Silvio down. But you...you were repeatedly mentioned by your colleagues as someone lacking ethics...someone who'd take a child molester on as a client if the price was right.

(pauses)

Silvio stole that money and my daughter's innocence. You can understand my lack of patience.

A beat as Christian considers this.

CHRISTIAN

He's at Dade County. Under the name Cordova.

ESCOBAR

(to Jose)

Tie him up, then check it out.

As Christian is pulled from the water, we CUT TO:

61 INT. SEAN'S OPERATING ROOM -- DAY (LATER)

61

Sean is scrubbing up for surgery. Alejandro enters.

SEAN

Alejandro, you're not allowed to be in here.

ALEJANDRO

My brother is very nervous this time. This office isn't as soothing to him as your other one was. He misses the plants, the art on the walls...it was comforting.

SEAN

So...what do you want me to do?

ALEJANDRO

Let me sit in and be with him, I've always been the one who calmed him down. He'll be fine if I'm there, I have no problem with the sight of blood.

SEAN

Sorry, no.

ALEJANDRO

We'll pay you five thousand extra.

62 INT. OPERATING ROOM -- DAY

62

Alejandro watches quietly in a corner. As Liz monitors the twilight drip, Sean begins a rather violent liposuction on Silvio, who is out cold.

LIZ

My God, this guy's got so much calcified fat it's like digging through concrete.

ANGLE: Alejandro making sure his GUN is in his waistband.

63 INT. PENTHOUSE -- DAY

63

Christian, wearing only his underwear, has been tied to a Philippe Starck chair that sits in the middle of the room. He watches, his face badly battered and bleeding, as Jose enters to whisper something to Escobar. A beat, then Escobar begins to circle him.

ESCOBAR

Dr. Troy, why didn't your partner come with you today? I was looking forward to meeting him.

CHRISTIAN

He's in San Francisco. At an A.M.A. convention.

Escobar nods, appeased. Christian is quietly relieved. A beat as he continues to circle him. Then --

ESCOBAR

Question: are there any side effects to the drug you pumped into my girlfriend's face...this Botox shit?

CHRISTIAN

(weak)

No. Botox is a purified serum of the botulism toxin, it's FDA approved. It's completely safe.

ESCOBAR

Then why after you gave my girlfriend Botox, did you tell her not to lie down for four hours?

CHRISTIAN

We tell all patients that.

ESCOBAR

Why?

(CONTINUED)



CHRISTIAN

Botox works by paralyzing muscles such as the forehead that control wrinkles, frown lines. If you lay flat, there is the possibility it could drift into muscles you don't want paralyzed...like eyelids.

ESCOBAR

Why would that be a problem?

CHRISTIAN

Those muscles monitor salivary control, speech motor patterns. If the Botox drifts there, you'd look like a stroke victim until the drug wore off.

ESCOBAR

How long does that take?

CHRISTIAN

Up to two months in some cases. That's why I told your girlfriend not to lie down. I was looking out for her.

ESCOBAR

Interesting.

Then without warning Escobar KICKS CHRISTIAN'S CHAIR BACKWARD. Christian falls, head hitting the marble floor.

Groggily, he sees Escobar open his medical bag and pull out TEN REMAINING BOTOX SHOTS. He puts three back, approaches with seven. As Christian watches, eyes wide with horror, Escobar holds the seven Botox injections over his left cheek.

ESCOBAR (cont'd)

Why are you protecting a child molester?! Your partner isn't in San Francisco, he checked Silvio Perez out of the hospital four hours ago. They left together. Where were they going?

CHRISTIAN

I don't know!

Escobar viciously stabs the injections into Christian's cheeks. He screams in agony.

Silvio's stomach lipo approaches its conclusion. Suddenly, Alejandro stands and begins to crazily pace.

SEAN

Alejandro, sit down.

ALEJANDRO

Our father had a stroke during his  
bypass. He died on the table!

Liz and Sean connect...what the hell is going on? Alejandro  
paces more, like a caged animal.

SEAN

Alejandro, sit --

Alejandro PULLS OUT HIS GUN. He shakily aims it at Liz.

ALEJANDRO

Wake him up.

SEAN

(trying to remain calm)  
Alejandro, your brother is going to be  
fine. Just because your father died  
during surgery, doesn't mean --

ALEJANDRO

Wake him up or I'll kill both of you!

LIZ

If I bring him out too soon he could die!

ALEJANDRO

Do it!

Liz looks at Sean, who is likewise freaked. He nods, not  
knowing what to do. ANGLE: Liz's hand adjusting the  
anesthesia. The TWILIGHT number is 15. It begins to lower.

LIZ

At eight he's conscious.

Nine. Eight. Seven...

ALEJANDRO

Stop! =

SILVIO'S POV now. Blackness gives way to a foggy visual of  
Alejandro, leaning over him.

ALEJANDRO (cont'd)

Silvio...can you hear me? Silvio, stop  
struggling and listen. Get away from that  
door!

(CONTINUED)

Liz is stopped mid-escape. Alejandro turns to Silvio. He's gentle with him, very patient and slow.

ALEJANDRO (cont'd)

I have good news, I found out two days ago. My girlfriend is pregnant. Four months. I'm going to have a daughter, isn't that wonderful?

(begins to cry)

But Silvio, you will never see my daughter. I cannot risk it. You're sick, you have shamed our family for the last time. I wanted you to know all this... maybe then you'll understand and forgive me.

Suddenly, Silvio begins to struggle. He begins to flail, hitting the jut which is DISLODGED. Blood mixed with fat sprays everywhere, all over Sean and Liz and Alejandro. Liz screams as Sean tries to grab the hose, which is writhing like a snake. He finally turns it off as Alejandro subdues his brother by putting his hand around his neck.

ALEJANDRO (cont'd)

Goodbye, my brother.

Alejandro twists the Twilight nob to HIGH. Silvio convulses.

SEAN

Stop it, you'll kill him!

ALEJANDRO

He dies this way or with a bullet to the brain! Your choice!

65 INT. DELANO PENTHOUSE -- DAY

65

Christian screams as Escobar injects a Botox shot directly into his upper left lip. The Botox torture has left his face a riot of track marks. Blood streams from every injection.

ESCOBAR

One more Botox shot, Dr. Troy...what should we paralyze next?

Escobar begins to move the needle lightly, teasingly, down Christian's body. It trails down his chest, his stomach...over his underwear...and stops at his penis.

ESCOBAR (cont'd)

One last chance. Your partner didn't go back to your office. Where did he go?

(CONTINUED)

PUSH IN on Christian. In this moment finding his salvation through loyalty. He looks at Escobar, his eyes defiant. Escobar --

-- injects the Botox into Christian's penis. A cell phone rings. We ZOOM to a sidetable, where Christian's phone rings. In the CALLER ID nameplate, we see Christian has programmed in the words: SEAN'S CELL.

ESCOBAR

I think we'll take this call.

(flips open phone)

Hello? I'm sorry Dr. McNamara, Dr. Troy is not available right now. He's...tied up. You really need to speak with him?

CHRISTIAN

(screaming)

Sean, hang up!

ESCOBAR

Dr. McNamara, tell you what. I'll let you speak to your partner, if you tell me where Silvio Martel is.

Off Christian's look of fear and concern, we...

SMASH CUT TO:

66 INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY (LATER) 66

Christian, Escobar and Jose enter. It's eerily quiet.

67 INT. OPERATING ROOM -- DAY 67

From Christian's POV, the door slowly opens. Christian stops, horrified, as he sees a traumatized and blood covered Sean and Liz, silently standing behind the body of Silvio. Alejandro is seated. He quietly holds the hand of his dead brother.

CHRISTIAN

Jesus Christ...

Escobar and Jose take in the disturbing scene.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Sean, what happened?

ALEJANDRO

I killed my brother.

(to Escobar)

I have a daughter too.

(CONTINUED)

ESCOBAR

You chose the right family, Alejandro.  
Come on.

Alejandro rises and starts to leave with them.

SEAN

Wait! What are we supposed to do with  
this body?

ESCOBAR

That's your problem.

They exit. Christian begins to pace.

CHRISTIAN

We have to go to the police!

SEAN

Oh, right, and they'll believe us, right  
Christian? Please! This guy died from  
an anesthesia overdose, it's shoddy  
medical practice any way you cut it. I'll  
lose my medical license. So will Liz!

LIZ

Liz?! Oh no, I am not going down for  
this! I'm not going to have my entire  
life destroyed because you two screwed  
up! Fix this!

And with that, she exits. Christian and Sean are suddenly  
right back where they started years ago...in it alone.

CHRISTIAN

What are we going to do, Sean?

PUSH IN on Sean...at a crossroads yet again.

68 INT. SEAN'S CAR -- NIGHT (LATER)

68

OMIT

69 INT. PIGGLY WIGGLY -- NIGHT

69

A florescent Muzak nightmare. ANGLE, the express check-out:  
Sean and Christian buy 12 HAMS. The CHECKOUT GIRL eyes them,  
thinking this is slightly weird. They smile, tightly. As they  
pay, then exit --

CHRISTIAN

Okay, would you please tell me why we  
just bought twelve goddamn hams?!

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Because alligators are finicky eaters.

Christian just stares at him.

70 INT. CAR -- NIGHT (LATER)

70

TIGHT ON Sean, numb, driving. He hears a strange slurping sound. Once, twice. He slowly looks over at Christian. The left side of Christian's face is now visibly drawn and paralyzed. Drool is running out of his left mouth corner.

SEAN

Are you having a stroke?

CHRISTIAN

The Botox is kicking in. Ten shots, all in muscles on motor control sights, I'm gonna look like Kirk Douglas!

SEAN

Why did they give you the shots?

CHRISTIAN

Because I couldn't tell them where Silvio was.

(pauses)

Because I wouldn't tell them where you were.

This really registers for Sean. He nods, says nothing. Silence as they drive through the black night.

71 EXT. THE EVERGLADES -- NIGHT

71

Slow moving HEADLIGHTS illuminate an overgrown marsh. Sean parks the car around 200 feet from the water's edge.

QUICK CUTS: Silvio's body being lifted out of the trunk... HAMS tied around Silvio's hands, feet, neck and waist... Silvio's ham-loaded BODY dragged to the water's edge... ALLIGATORS rising in the water, curiosity piqued.

SEAN

Hopefully, they're gonna get confused and eat everything. Then there won't be a trace left.

He smiles, softly.

CHRISTIAN

What?

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

I was just thinking how I used to do the same thing with Matt when he was little. Hide the peas in his mashed potatoes.

The alligators slither onto land. Genuinely emotional --

CHRISTIAN

I didn't know, Sean. When I booked the job, I didn't know. I would never work on someone who could hurt our Annie. Never.

SEAN

I need to believe that.

The alligators move in for the kill.

CHRISTIAN

I think we need to hire a full-time psychologist. To screen better.

The two are silent as Silvio's body is pulled into the water. There is a great heaving thrashing, the water runs red...

And then nothing. A beat.

SEAN

And I want twenty percent of our client base to be pro bono from now on.

(a beat)

Let's clean out the trunk.

72 INT. TRUNK -- NIGHT

72

POV of Sean and Christian above, wiping down the sides with bleach. Sean is, as always, focused and efficient.

CHRISTIAN

You're a little too good at this.

(laughs nervously)

You're scaring me.

SEAN

Good. ~~It's~~ It's good you're scared of me.

And as Christian looks at him with an equal measure of shock and newfound respect, Sean shuts the trunk and sends us to BLACKNESS.

THE END