

ROYAL PAINS

Story by

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and

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Teleplay by

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ACT ONE (FKA TEASER)

FADE IN:

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

\$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 2

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.

3 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.

4 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.  
(then)  
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 --

5 INT. RESUSCITATION AREA TWO 5

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.

6 INT. CATH LAB -- HOSPITAL -- NEXT 6

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.

Gardner starts groaning. He turns blue. Pink frothy sputum comes out of his mouth. The Cardiologist walks in scrubbed. He looks at Gardner.

\*  
\*  
\*

## 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 suction 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:

7

INT. CORRIDOR -- HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

7

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.

8

EXT. BROOKLYN RESTAURANT -- EVENING

8

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 9

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 9A

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 10

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.

10A INT. HALLWAY -- BROOKLYN HEIGHTS MERCY HOSPITAL -- DAY 10A

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.

11 INT. BOARD ROOM -- BROOKLYN HEIGHTS MERCY HOSPITAL -- DAY 11

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.

12 INT. ATRIUM -- BROOKLYN HEIGHTS MERCY HOSPITAL -- DAY 12

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

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 INT. HANK AND NIKKI'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY 13

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:

14 INT. HANK AND NIKKI'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY 14

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 re-hashed 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.



NIKKI

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.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

*That's* why we called it off.

(then)

I'll send Rebecca for my stuff. And don't even *think* I'm splitting the cancellation costs with you.

HANK

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.

15 INT. HANK'S APARTMENT - MONTAGE UP - DAY

15

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.

WE WIND DOWN THE MONTAGE

16 INT. HANK'S APARTMENT -- DAY

16

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.

EVAN

Party.

HANK

Nikki left.

EVAN

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.

17 EXT. HANK'S APARTMENT -- DAY

17

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*.

18 EXT. SUNRISE HIGHWAY -- DAY

18

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...

19 INT. HANKS' CAR -- SAME

19

HANK

This is offensive.

EVAN

This is the best.

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.

20 INT. HANK'S CAR -- DAY

20

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.

21 EXT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL -- DAY

21

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.

22

INT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

22

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.

23

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

23

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.

24

INT. FOYER -- BORIS'S CASTLE -- NEXT

24

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 --

25 INT. GRAND BALLROOM -- BORIS'S CASTLE -- CONTINUOUS 25

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:

26 INT. GRAND BALLROOM -- BORIS'S CASTLE -- NIGHT 26

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 no 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 --

27

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

27

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

28

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.

29

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

29

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 Worsthampton.

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.

30 INT. MAIN BALLROOM -- BORIS'S CASTLE -- NEXT

30

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.

31 EXT. VALET STAND -- BORIS'S CASTLE -- NEXT

31

New Hummer. New Porsche. New Maserati. Then an OLD SAAB CONVERTIBLE. As Hank approaches, he BUMPS into A GIRL, 29.

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:

33 INT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL ROOM -- EARLY MORNING

33

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???*

34 I/E. GIN LANE - HANK'S CAR - DRIVING -- MORNING 34

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.

35 EXT. BRYANT ESTATE -- NEXT 35

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.

(then)

(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.

36

INT. BRYANT MANSION -- CONTINUOUS

36

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:

37

INT. GAMING ROOM -- BRYANT MANSION -- CONTINUOUS

37

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?!?!?*

38

INT. GAMING ROOM -- BRYANT MANSION -- DAY

38

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...

39

INT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

39

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.

40

INT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

40

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.

APRIL

You don't *look* very empowered.

Evan blushes and retreats.

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

EVAN

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.

APRIL

I'll just wait here.

EVAN

Stay as long as you want. Please.

APRIL

Let's be clear. I'm here for *Hank*.

EVAN

Got it.

APRIL

Good.

EVAN

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

APRIL

Great.

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

EVAN

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

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

41

INT. GAMING ROOM -- BRYANT MANSION -- DAY

41

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

HANK

Sorry. I didn't mean to upset you.

LIBBY

Cyberchondriasis?  
*Cyberchondriasis?*  
(MORE)

LIBBY (CONT'D)

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.

(then)

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*.

41A INT. HALLWAY -- BRYANT MANSION -- CONTINUOUS

41A

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...



42 INT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

42

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...

43

INT. FOYER -- BRYANT MANSION

43

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)

TUCKER (CONT'D)  
(reluctantly)  
Under the magazines.

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.

44

EXT. REAR LAWN -- BRYANT MANSION -- DAY

44

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:

45 INT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

45

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.

46

EXT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL -- DAY

46

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.

47

EXT. POOLSIDE -- WESTHAMPTON MOTEL -- NEXT

47

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.

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.

49 INT. DIVYA'S SUV - DRIVING -- NEXT

49

Divya takes the corners like Jimmie Johnson. She knows these  
roads.

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:

50 INT. ADMISSIONS AREA -- HAMPTONS HERITAGE HOSPITAL -- NEXT 50

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 *f--*

(changes course)

--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?

51

EXT. MAIN STREET -- SOUTHAMPTON -- NEXT

51

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...

52 INT. MASTER BATH -- NEWBERG'S BEACHFRONT PALACE -- DAY 52

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 --

53 EXT. TERRACE -- NEWBERG'S BEACHFRONT PALACE -- CONTINUOUS 53

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?

EVAN

Evan R. Lawson, CPA. CFO of  
HankMed. LLC.

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.

54

EXT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL -- DAY

54

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:

55 EXT. WESTHAMPTON BEACH -- DAY

55

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)



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.

The Lawson boys are both speechless for a moment.

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.

56

INT. WESTHAMPTON MOTEL ROOM -- EVENING

56

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?

57

INT. CHEWY'S CLAM SHACK -- MAGIC HOUR

57

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.

58

EXT. BOARDWALK -- WESTHAMPTON MOTEL -- EVENING

58

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.

59 EXT. WESTHAMPTON DUNES -- NIGHT

59

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?

60 I/E. WALK FROM GROUNDS TO POOL - BORIS'S CASTLE -- DAY

60

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

61

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