# RUSH

PILOT

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**FROM BLACK TO**

*We're not sure, really*. An amorphous blur. Abstract. Unidentifiable. Music echoes soft, as though we're rising up from underwater. Something rousing, indie, anthemic.

Bubbling to the surface. It crescendos, as

A YOUNG HOTTIE shoots into our frame: sunken cheekbones covered in sweat; coke residue on her perfect nose. She wipes it, looks into lens:

YOUNG HOTTIE
I'm no one.

ANGLE ON THE MAN who sits across from her. He's in his early-30's. Handsome in a perfectly-fitting button-down shirt that's been unbuttoned one button too far.

THE MAN
Excuse me?

YOUNG HOTTIE
I saw you looking at me like 'where do I know this girl from?', but I'm not really famous. Not yet anyway. I *was* on this show, once, called *Thank You For Nothing,* maybe that's how you know me?

The Man opens his mouth--

YOUNG HOTTIE (CONT'D)
And I just did this video. Kanye featuring T Pain?

THE MAN
That must be it.

YOUNG HOTTIE
It got, like, thirty million hits on YouTube...

THE MAN
Congratulations.

PULL BACK to reveal a meticulous, classically decorated HOTEL ROOM. More Chateau Marmont than Ian Schrager. The Man and the Young Hottie sit over a 1930's mahogany coffee table, upon which lie two amber vials of coke.

YOUNG HOTTIE
Yeah, Yeezy was *supercool* to work with.

The Young Hottie cuts up another line, puts the dollar bill to her nose, *

SNORTS.

THE MAN
Shouldn't use dollar bills. Puts you at a high risk for Hep C.

This barely registers with The Hottie... The Man tears off a piece of hotel stationary, expertly wraps it into a tube, and SNORTS his own line. He rises up with a satisfied smile:

YOUNG HOTTIE
So, who are you?
(beat)
I mean, like, what do you do, or whatever? * *

The Man's here for one reason, and it's not to conversate. But as that's presently a chemical imperative, he obliges:

THE MAN
Guess.

YOUNG HOTTIE
You're an agent.

In a perverse rhythm now. The Hottie bobs back down for another line...

THE MAN
Christ, no.

YOUNG HOTTIE
A lawyer.

THE MAN
You know what? This game's boring. Can we just make out?

The Young Hottie nods affirmatively, holds up the "one second" finger, does yet another line... She rises up, and *

<u>BLOOD STREAMS FROM HER NOSE.</u> She starts to shake and cough. Her eyes roll into the back of her head.

The Man watches The Hottie seize and shudder. Off his look:

**SUPER: <u>"2 Hours Ago..."</u>**

**INT. SOHO HOUSE - NIGHT** *

After-work Friday crowd. The same Man sits at the bar, shirt * buttoned all the way up. He sips from a tumbler of Scotch. The Hottie stands close, pressed even closer by the encroaching crowd. Conversation in medias res--

YOUNG HOTTIE
...So--you like to have fun? *

THE MAN
(smiling)
It's sort of a specialty of mine.

YOUNG HOTTIE
Well, I've got 2 grams of cocaine *
and no panties. I'm a fun girl.

The Hottie stares at him. She's fucking gorgeous...

MATCH CUT TO:

The unconscious Hottie, right where we left her. The Man eyes her with something that borders on annoyance. He calmly rises up and walks across the room.

ANGLE ON the couch, where a LEATHER BAG, something between a briefcase and a duffel, rests. One song ends. A new one begins. Hip hop. Bass pumps.

The Man casually sifts through his bag. His eyes dart to the chaise lounge. She's turning blue.

Now, The Man finds what he's been looking for: a SYRINGE. He walks back across the room, to the Hottie. She's frozen, lifeless. The Man eyes her up and down

AND SLAMS THE NEEDLE INTO HER NECK.

Her eyes shoot open with a start of adrenaline.

*HOTTIE POV:* The Man, smiling, coming into focus. The Young Hottie exhales. A beat:

YOUNG HOTTIE (CONT'D)
Damn. *
(beat) *
That is some really good shit.

THE MAN
Sure is.

He leans across, removes the syringe from the Hottie's neck. When she sees it, a light bulb goes off--

YOUNG HOTTIE
I got it. You're a doctor!

THE MAN
Something like that.

Meet DR. WILLIAM RUSH.

**EXT. CEDARS SINAI HOSPITAL - SOON AFTER**

A pristine 1963 Ferrari Lusso convertible squeals into the parking lot. Will Rush gets out, walks to the passenger side, opens the door:

RUSH
We're here.

The barely conscious Young Hottie looks up, smiles. A low groan of effort, as Rush hoists her up, throws her arm over his shoulder. They begin the slow shuffle to the Hospital. The Young Hottie slurs:

YOUNG HOTTIE
What club did you say this was again?

RUSH
It's very exclusive. Just opened.

YOUNG HOTTIE
What's it called?

RUSH
Emergency.

YOUNG HOTTIE
You sure we'll be able to get in?

RUSH
Don't worry. I know the door guy. *

**INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Rush and the confused Hottie enter through sliding double doors.

*RUSH POV:* A fluorescent-lit Calcutta: homeless people, old men, children with head wounds, women with black eyes. Rush is disgusted.

RUSH
Ugh.

Rush's eyes settle upon an ER DOCTOR, mid-30's, balding but handsome. He stands at an ELDERLY WOMAN's bedside. She blows into a SPIROMETER:

ER DOCTOR
That's perfect, Mrs. Weiss. Just like that.

RUSH (O.S.)
Yo McDreamy.

The ER Doctor turns around, sees Rush and a very confused HOTTIE propped up against him:

RUSH (CONT'D)
I believe this girl's had a coronary incident of some sort. Her heartbeat is febrile. She's disoriented. I'd keep her overnight for observation if I were you.
(telling a secret)
It's possible she's had a heart attack.

ER DOCTOR
Yeah? And how would you know that?

RUSH
Just a hunch.

ER DOCTOR
OK. We'll check her in.

RUSH
Good. See you tomorrow.

ER DOCTOR
Tomorrow?

RUSH
Elliot's birthday. Remember--?

This is DR. ALEX THOMAS, Rush's best friend.

ALEX
Yes. He's my son, Rush. I just didn't think *you'd* remember.

Rush responds, indignant.

RUSH
He's my godson. How could I forget?
(beat)
(MORE)

RUSH (CONT'D)
Plus, Eve puts all that stuff on my calendar. Then she reminds me the day before. And calls me the day of.

Alex turns to an ATTENDING NURSE, a luscious, full-figured African American woman named TASHA. She's sitting at a desk, scanning a computer screen:

ALEX
This guy couldn't even tie his shoe without a detailed email from his assistant, but he can remove an appendix with his eyes closed.

RUSH
And I've had to, on occasion.
(to Alex)
You're no slouch yourself. Did he tell you he graduated second in his class at Harvard?

TASHA
(smiles)
He did not.

RUSH
Yeah, well, you know what they say: second place is the first loser.
(beat)
Will Rush. First in my class. Pleasure to meet you.

He extends his hand. She takes it, charmed.

ALEX
A lot of good it did you.

He flicks his eyes over to the Young Hottie, who's attempting to light a cigarette:

RUSH
Since I know that's coming from a place of jealousy, I will choose not be offended.
(to the Hottie)
I don't think you can smoke in here, sweetheart.

Now, Alex pulls Rush aside. Hushed voices:

ALEX
You are completely jacked up right now--

Rush ignores him. His eyes settle on Tasha:

RUSH
Is she new?

Alex looks away:

ALEX
Yeah.

RUSH
She seems very--
(beat)
Competent. You're supposed to keep me apprised of all the new talent here at the hospital. You're my inside guy--

ALEX
I'm not your anything. How much blow have you done? *

RUSH
Spare me the moralizing, Doctor. I just saved this girl's life.
(checks his watch)
Now, forgive my manners, but if I leave right away, I should just make last call.

Rush looks to the girl, makes the "hand phone" gesture:

RUSH (CONT'D)
Call me.

He looks at Alex, then to the Hottie:

RUSH (CONT'D)
Keep an eye on this one.
(whispers)
She's a total fucking mess.

And with that, he's gone.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

**EXT. CEDARS SINAI - DAWN**

Rush exits the hospital, squints into the oncoming dawn. It's a quiet morning, punctuated by low chatter from the PATIENTS and HOSPITAL EMPLOYEES that dot the parking lot.

Now, an AMBULANCE speeds in. Attendants swarm it, surround a WHEEZING WOMAN, mid-60's. Her HUSBAND is by her side. His terrified SCREAMS pierce the morning air. *

BEEP-BEEP. Rush clicks his keychain. The Ferrari unlocks. He doesn't break his stride.

RADIO DJ (O.S.)
...Gonna be a hot one today, Los Angeles... *

**EXT. 101 FWY - MORNING**

A bright and beautiful LA Morning. Rush drives, sunglasses on, holding his Blackberry against the wheel. His other hand scans the radio.

His car is filled with Banker's Boxes, files, CD's, empty Red Bulls. An archaic pager rests on the dash. It's a makeshift office. Although a disaster, it's got a sort of messy logic to it. Kind of like Rush himself.

His CELL PHONE RINGS. He picks up:

RUSH
My car's making a strange noise--

On the other end, EVE, Rush's assistant:

EVE (O.S.)
I'm not a mechanic. You're late.

Rush clicks on his Bluetooth, tosses the Blackberry onto the passenger seat:

RUSH
I'm close. Can you order me the poached eggs with wasabi oil and shiitake chutney? *
(beat)
Actually, you know what? Just a burger.

**INT. MAISON CRESSON HOTEL - DAY**

EVE walks through the lobby of an opulent boutique hotel. She is a beautiful young pixie: innocent, stylish, sexy.

EVE
Martin Hanover called--

RUSH
How's he doing?

EVE
Finally breathing on his own.

INTERCUTTING

Rush throws a pill into his mouth. He reaches under his seat and brandishes a Vitamin Water, gulps it down.

RUSH
How's his wife?

EVE
She checked back into rehab.

RUSH
Nothing scarier than a drunk chick with a gun--

He leans over to the passenger seat, where stacks of MIX CDs are strewn about, scratched, exposed. Upon each, in black sharpie, a scrawled label: "SORRY 4 YOURSELF", "SMOOTH OPERATOR", etc. Rush sifts through them--

Rush finds a CD that reads, "IRONIC HAPPY MUSIC", puts it in the stereo. Bubblegum pop rises on the soundtrack.

**INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY**

Eve passes the CONCIERGE, gives him a nod:

EVE
Can you turn that music down, please?

**EXT 101 FWY - CONTINUOUS**

RUSH
You got something against Debbie Gibson?

The CD starts to skip.

RUSH (CONT'D)
My CD’s are skipping.

He ejects it--

EVE
You’re living in the aughts, Rush.
No one listens to CDs anymore.
There’s this new thing called an
iPod. I can install one in your
car--

RUSH
I thought you weren’t a mechanic.

Rush turns into a West Hollywood parking lot, lined with tall plants, well manicured grass. This is the exterior of the Maison Cresson.

EVE
Janice Stone’s pregnant.

RUSH
Good for her. What’s that got to do
with me--?
(beat)
*Is it mine?*

A VALET moves quickly to the Ferrari, as Rush puts it in park. The Valet opens the door for him.

RUSH (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Rush hands the Valet a $20. As Eve approaches, folders in hand. They both hang up their phones:

EVE
She wants to see you.

Rush shakes his head:

RUSH
Not what we do. Plus I don’t like
looking at vaginas in that state.
It really throws me. Did you order
my breakfast?

Eve just looks at him.

**INT. HOTEL - DAY**

Rush walks quickly through the hotel lobby. Eve’s trying to keep up:

EVE
You look like shit.

RUSH
And you look very pretty.

EVE
You didn't sleep again, did you?

RUSH
The human body can chronically restrict its own sleep cycle without any noticeable effects. I've tricked my neurochemical and hormonal emission/production cycles to activate in my waking state. So, you know, I need less sleep than normal humans. *

EVE
But you're still human, Will.

RUSH
It's so cute that you think that.

**INT. RUSH'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

A palatial suite. Rush showers. A half-eaten breakfast sits on a room service table. Eve speaks from the other room.

RUSH
I can't just *give* her more methadone. She has to manage it. That's the whole point. Give her a * prescription for weed if she needs * something so bad-- *

EVE *
You're prescribing marijuana to a * junkie? *

RUSH *
Yes I am. It works, trust me. *

Eve averts her eyes as Rush snatches a towel, wraps it around his waist.

RUSH (CONT'D)
That it--?

Eve waits a beat, exhales:

EVE
Red Cummings called.

RUSH
When?

EVE
A few hours ago.

RUSH
And you tell me now? What did he want?

EVE
What do you think he wanted?

RUSH
(sharply)
You have to tell me as soon as Cummings calls. You know that.

EVE
You shouldn't enable an asshole like that--

RUSH
I'm an asshole. You enable me every day.

EVE
You're not like him, Rush.

RUSH
It's all degrees, baby.

She shakes her head:

RUSH (CONT'D)
You know the policy: we don't screen, we don't discriminate, we don't judge. I'm not a shrink, I'm not a lawyer, I'm not a priest, I'm not a cop.
(beat)
We treat people who pay. And Red Cummings pays.

**EXT. STUDIO CITY MCMANSION - DAY**

Rush rings the doorbell of a palatial Studio City home. The door SWINGS OPEN, and on the other side,

RED CUMMINGS, tall, thick, Midwestern, and American as apple pie. Cleanup hitter for the Los Angeles Dodgers.

RED CUMMINGS
Took a while.

Rush ignores him, enters the house. The interior is straight out of MTV Cribs: massive, sparse, with wall-to-wall white carpet. The only personal touch is some of Red's sports memorabilia on the walls.

And in the Living Room, Rush spots a WOMAN slumped against the couch. Blood dripping from her lip onto the white carpet beneath her. Cut beneath her eye. This is Hannah. Rush shoots Red a look.

RED CUMMINGS (CONT'D)
She drank my juice.

RUSH
(incredulous)
She drank your juice.

Rush sighs, moves to the woman quickly, opening his medical bag as he does:

RED CUMMINGS
Doc, that juice is hand-squeezed by a Tibetan monk and imported daily from Nagchu. It keeps me centered.
(off his look)
...And I've been in this goddamned slump for weeks. I'm sorry, but that stuff gets to a ballplayer. They all say it don't, but it does--

Rush kneels by Hannah, gets a closer look:

RUSH
Well, that's gonna cost you 15 grand.

Red looks at him, nods, disappears into the other room. Rush begins to attend to Hannah, removing items from his kit. She's dazed, numb.

Red returns, stands over Rush, several stacks of cash in his hand:

RUSH (CONT'D)
Next time, could you at least take off your rings before you hit her?

RED CUMMINGS
I know, Doc. I know. But those are World Series rings. You win 'em, you leave 'em on. That's just what you do. People have to know you're a champion.
(beat)
(MORE)

RED CUMMINGS (CONT'D)
But there ain’t gonna be no next time, Doc. I’m gon’ get this thing under control--

Rush offers no response. Instead, his eyes turn to the cash:

RUSH
It’s all there?

RED CUMMINGS
Count it.

RUSH
You count it. I’ll take care of your lady.

**INT. STUDIO CITY MCMANSION - LATER**

PULL BACK from Hannah’s lip, as Rush DRAWS A NEEDLE through it. He’s just about done with the stitches. Hannah holds an ICE PACK to her cheek, silent... In the background, Red walks back and forth on the phone, swinging a bat. He’s distracted:

RED CUMMINGS
Look, let me make this simple: I’m not goin’ if Bradley’s goin’. Not after what he tweeted about me! I don’t care if it’s for charity, some shit’s a matter of principle. Them kids’re just gon’ have to wait for the hospital to make me an exclusive offer--

Rush tries to ignore him. He squints with concentration, forcing the needle through Hannah’s lip one last time... Rush snips the string with a small scissors...

And Hannah just looks at him. With hopelessness, with fear. A silent plea. Rush’s eyes lock with hers.

RUSH
Can I give you some advice?

She nods.

RUSH (CONT'D)
Don’t drink his juice.

**INT. EL COMPADRE MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY**

One of those classic Los Angeles Mexican restaurants where even the pictures of the food look disgusting. Health Board rates it a “C”, and they’re proud of it. Dimly lit with flickering fluorescents. Dotted with hipsters and cholos.

Rush sits in the back, sipping a Michelada. Music plays softly.

Out the window, in blazing sunlight, a MAN pulls up on a CHOPPER. This is MANNY MARQUIS, part surfer dude, part Cholo. He strides through the front door, sits down:

MANNY
Sorry I'm late, Bro. That Andrew McCarthy can talk.

Manny slides into the booth. He reaches into his FANNY PACK, pulls out a CORNUCOPIA OF NARCOTICS: pills, powders, liquids, etc. He holds them just beneath the table:

MANNY (CONT'D)
What you want today, Bro? Same shit?

RUSH
Same shit.

MANNY
Steady and precise. Like an egg timer. You cook eggs? That's the only shit I cook, bro. My doctor has me on a paleo diet. Pre-agricultural and shit, like cavemen eat--

Manny removes a PAPER BAG from his fanny pack, slides some baggies, pills, etc. into it:

MANNY (CONT'D)
Most people I see, they buy an eight ball in the afternoon, next thing you know I'm getting a call at 6 in the morning asking me for more shit. Not you. You got discipline. It's damn near admirable.

RUSH
Homeostasis.

MANNY
Homey, what?

RUSH
It's the property of a system--in this case, the human body, that regulates its internal environment so as to maintain a stable, constant condition.
(MORE)

RUSH (CONT'D)
(taking the paper bag)
Some systems just need a little more help than others.

Rush reaches into his MEDICAL BAG, removes up his PRESCRIPTION PAD, tears off a wad of papers:

RUSH (CONT'D)
Remember, never fill more than 2 of these at a time.
(beat)
Can I ask you a question, Manny?

Manny nods warily:

RUSH (CONT'D)
You still giving Red Cummings steroids?

MANNY
Hell no. That shit's way too hot right now, Rush. You think I need to be testifyin' in front of a grand jury and shit?
(beat)
Why you think he's having such a shitty season?

**INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

A grimy bathroom. Flies buzz, as Rush stares into the graffiti-covered mirror. He puts a little coke between his thumb and forefinger, SNORTS.

His phone vibrates now. He reaches into his pocket--

1 TEXT MESSAGE. From EVE. **REMINDER ELLIOT BIRTHDAY PARTY @ 3.**

Rush checks his watch.

Shit.

**EXT. ALEX THOMAS' HOUSE - DAY**

A beautiful Silver Lake house: simple, tasteful. Rush's convertible screeches into the driveway, pulling alongside Minivans and Station Wagons... He approaches the front door, *

And he's intercepted by Eve, who carries a WRAPPED PRESENT:

EVE
It's a Lego Racer. He'll love it.

RUSH
What would I do without you?

EVE
It wouldn't be pretty.
(beat)
Uh, Rush?

He looks at her. She moves in close, wipes a bit of coke from beneath his nose. He gives her the thumbs-up, a wink:

RUSH
Keep up the good work.
(beat)
You sure you don't want to come in? Could be some cute guys in there--

EVE
It's a six-year-old's birthday--

RUSH
Please come. Just for a second. You know how much Laurel hates me. You could run interference--

EVE
As enticing as that sounds, I have to get back to the office. Some things I need to finish up--

RUSH
Then come back after.

EVE
I can't. I have plans this evening.

Rush's ears prick up:

RUSH
Really?

EVE
Yes. I *do* have a life outside of this job, you know.

RUSH
I did not know that, actually. But, for what it's worth, I'm glad you're dating. I think it's healthy.

EVE
Coming from the expert on health.

RUSH
I am a doctor.
(beat)
So, who is it? The bartender from Harvard and Stone? The one who's doing Blue Steel in all his Facebook pics?

EVE
Bye, Rush.

RUSH
No way. Not Hairplugs Guy from Tender Greens?

She walks away. Rush calls after her:

RUSH (CONT'D)
Don't go down on him! He'll never call you again!

**INT. ALEX THOMAS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Decorations everywhere. Balloons, streamers, etc. And Rush enters, surveys the room... Kids run around, playing. Parents immersed in conversation. Now, he spots Alex, his wife LAUREL (late 30's), pretty, high strung. They're talking to an OLDER COUPLE. Rush approaches. Alex looks taken aback:

ALEX
You made it.

RUSH
Sure did. Brought a gift too.

LAUREL
(forced smile)
How sweet. Thank you. I'll give it to Elliot.

RUSH
I'd kinda like to give it to him myself--

LAUREL
(grabbing the present)
Oh, he's in the back. Playing with his friends. I'll get it to him--

She walks off. Rush shoots Alex a look. He shrugs apologetically, follows his wife--

LAUREL (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Why is he here? I thought we had a deal--

ALEX
He remembered.

LAUREL
*He's on something.* *
(beat)
Oh my God, he's talking to them--

She turns back, sees Rush talking to the Older Couple... He gesticulates wildly; the Older Couple nod politely. Alex and Laurel can't hear what he's saying, and that's what scares them...

LAUREL (CONT'D)
Those people are about to make you Chair, sweetheart. We have to keep * them as far away from Will Rush as possible.

ANGLE ON Rush. As he asks the Older Couple--

RUSH
...I'm parched. Do you happen to know where the bar is?

Two children run by, shooting toy squirt guns.

OLDER WOMAN
I'm not sure there is one.

RUSH
That's OK. I know where they keep the good stuff.

Rush exits, dodging the kids, en route to the kitchen. When he turns the corner, he FREEZES. And just about melts.

*RUSH POV:* Across the room, SARAH (mid-30's), elegant, gorgeous...

RUSH (CONT'D)
Sarah--?

Sarah turns. When she spots Rush, her face drops. Rush walks across the room:

SARAH
I didn't think you'd be here.

RUSH
The kid's my godson. I never miss a birthday--

SARAH
Lucky me.

RUSH
What are *you* doing here?

SARAH
I had a job interview yesterday at UCLA. I'm just in town for the weekend.

RUSH
Wait--you're moving back?

SARAH
Don't worry. I doubt I'll get the job. I'm barely qualified.

RUSH
You're overqualified for everything and you know it. You're brilliant.

SARAH
I dated you for four years. How smart can I be?

He smiles, looks at her.

RUSH
You look beautiful.

SARAH
You look the same.

RUSH
You're all grown up.

SARAH
Some people do that.

An awkward beat:

RUSH
I quit smoking.

SARAH
That's great, Will.

They lock eyes. Unspoken, shared memories. Rush is thrown:

RUSH
Will you excuse me for a second?

**INT. ALEX THOMAS' BATHROOM - DAY**

Rush enters the bathroom, breathless. He stares at himself in the mirror.

JUMP CUTS:

-Rush sits on the edge of the bathtub, grabs a copy of *Parenting* magazine, starts twisting a joint on it.
-Rush cracks the window, leans over to it.
-Sparks the joint.
-He takes a deep hit, exhales, and--

There's a KNOCK at the door. Rush leaps up, starts wafting the smoke out the window:

RUSH
One second.

ALEX (O.S.)
It's me.

Rush opens the door, Alex sneaks in:

ALEX (CONT'D)
Rush, this is my son's birthday party.

RUSH
Sarah? You invite *Sarah* without telling me--?
(realizing)
You didn't want me here.

Alex looks at him, busted.

ALEX
She's just in town for the weekend.
She's one of Laurel's best friends.
And you never show up--

RUSH
*I always show up.*

Rush waves it off, fixating on...

RUSH (CONT'D)
*Sarah Peterson*.
(beat)
That girl messed me up, man. I was completely out of control with her.

ALEX
You guys were in love. *

RUSH
Whatever you wanna call it, it * fucked me up.

ALEX
She was good for you.

RUSH
She broke up with me. *

ALEX
Of course she did. *
(beat) *
Have you ever considered how hard * it must be to date you? *

Rush considers this, then:

RUSH
No. Nuh-uh. She was stubborn.
(beat)
She would never shave it, you know that? Not even a trim--

ALEX
(heard this before)
Yes. I know. *
(beat)
...You pushed her away, man. She * would wake up in the morning, and * have no idea where you were... * You'd show up 2 days later, all * messed up, with some story. And I'm * the one who had to field the * desperate phone calls-- *

RUSH *
I was a kid.

ALEX
You were 30.

RUSH
Barely.
(beat)
Man, when I saw her just then-- Jesus, my heart is racing-- I need to calm down--
(beat)
I need to sober up.

He’s about to toss the joint into the toilet, when:

ALEX
Easy, easy.

Alex snatches the joint from Rush’s hands:

ALEX (CONT'D)
Just one hit.
(beat)
Birthday parties stress me out. *

RUSH *
You’re an ER Doctor-- *

ALEX *
I know. I’m talking to my therapist *
about it. *

A beat. *

RUSH
Her being here. It’s like--what’s
that thing Scientologists believe
in? Fate.

ALEX
Don’t open this up if you can’t
follow through, Will.

RUSH
(nodding)
I know. I know. You’re right.

They sit there, a beat:

RUSH (CONT'D)
Give me one more hit.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

**INT. ALEX THOMAS' HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

Alex opens the bathroom door, trying to hide his guilt. He reenters the party,

ANGLE ON

ELLIOT THOMAS, 6, adorable. Eyeing the bathroom with skepticism.

*ELLIOT POV:* As Rush opens the door--

ELLIOT
Rush!

Rush smiles wide:

RUSH
Hey, kid.

Elliot runs up to Rush, gives him a hug:

ELLIOT
Thanks for the Lego!

Rush pulls Elliot aside. Hushed voices:

RUSH
You know it's a cover, right?

Elliot looks at him, not sure.

RUSH (CONT'D)
I deposited another 5k in the money market account I opened for you. Legos are nice, but they're no substitute for cash.

Elliot nods, taking this in:

RUSH (CONT'D)
Don't forget, you only use it--

ELLIOT
For emergencies.

RUSH
Or really pretty women.

Elliot nods. And Rush looks up, sees Sarah watching him:

RUSH (CONT'D)
*"And he's good with kids? Is this guy perfect or what?"*

As much as she tries not to, Sarah smiles. And Rush moves in closer:

RUSH (CONT'D)
Have dinner with me tonight.

SARAH
I don't think that's a good idea.

RUSH
Please. It's been 8 years. Don't go back to San Francisco without seeing me again--
(to Elliot)
Don't you think Sarah should have dinner with Uncle Rush tonight?

Elliot nods.

SARAH
That's a dirty trick.

RUSH
He's got really good judgment.

SARAH
I just saw him eat dirt.

Elliot looks up, smiles:

SARAH (CONT'D)
Look, Will, you and I--
(beat)
You're like Paxil; I'm like thioridazineare. Each one functions fine on its own. Once or twice, you can take them together. You might even catch a pretty good buzz--

Rush raises his eyebrow, smiles:

SARAH (CONT'D)
But repeated usage becomes toxic and results in death.

Rush sighs. And now, the CAKE comes out. Rush starts singing "Happy Birthday", staring right at Sarah, not giving up.

*"Happy Birthday to you..."*

RUSH
It’s just dinner--

She shakes her head.

RUSH (CONT’D) *
Just sex then? *

“*Happy Birthday to you...*”

RUSH (CONT'D)
I’m different. I’m better.

“*Happy Birthday, dear Elliot...*”

RUSH (CONT'D)
I promise.
(beat)
Please. I really missed you, Sarah.

“*Happy Birthday to you!*”

He looks at her. She looks at him, exhales:

SARAH
Fine.
(beat) *
To dinner. Not sex. *

Elliott blows out his candles.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREETS - AFTERNOON**

Rush drives, grinning wide. An 80’s power ballad blasts from his stereo

His phone rings. He grabs it:

RUSH
This is Rush.

EVE (O.S.)
We received an emergency call from
Brentwood. *

RUSH
What is it?

**INT. RUSH’S HOTEL ROOM CONTINUOUS**

Eve sits at a DESK, on the phone:

EVE
It’s a first.

**EXT. BRENTWOOD MANSION - AFTERNOON** *

A BARELY-CLAD WOMAN opens the door to a giant mansion:

RUSH
I'm here to see Billy Bloom. *

She nods. Behind her, remnants of a party that's been going on all night and into today.

She turns, leading Rush past young hipster girls, older musicians, a few androgynous youngsters, upstairs and into the *

**INT. BRENTWOOD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS** *

A giant room, tastefully decorated. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN sits on a large canopy bed, bathrobe covering black underwear. She smokes a cigarette, taps at her phone. Beyond her, through the window, a Juliet balcony and a black-bottom pool. *

And finally, right in Rush's face, a Jewish man, mid-30's, well groomed and vaguely handsome, if slightly overweight. He wears a Nike windbreaker and towel around his waist. *

BILLY *
Thank God you're here, doctor. I think I broke my cock. *

The girl on the bed pays no attention, exhales smoke.

RUSH
Excuse me?

BILLY *
I've been sitting here with a broken cock for two hours now. It's excruciating-- *
(beat) *
I should have just trusted my gut and jerked off. *
(to the Girl) *
I go down on you for 45 minutes, and this is the thanks I get? *

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN *
It wasn't 45 minutes. *

RUSH *
May I see?

Rush walks over to Billy, who gingerly lifts up his towel. Rush peers under it for a moment, looks Billy in the eyes: *

RUSH (CONT'D)
20 grand. Cash.

Billy furrows his brow:

BILLY
You think I keep that kind of money lying around the house? Trust me. I'm good for it.

RUSH
I'm sorry, Mr. Bloom. I believe my assistant informed you that we require cash in advance before we render any medical assistance.

BILLY
Buddy--my friend--you ok? My assistant offer you something to drink?

RUSH
I'm fine.

BILLY
OK. Good. Look around this room--

He points to a decanter that rests on the night stand next to him.

BILLY (CONT'D)
That's Baccarat crystal.
(he points to a painting on the wall)
That's a Rothko...
(beat)
Tell you what, Google me when you're done fixing my cock, see how much I'm worth. Now, please...this is killing me!

RUSH
Again, really sorry. I'll be happy to call an ambulance for you--

BILLY
OK, listen to me, man--the entire reason I called you, and the entire reason you can't call an ambulance right now--is because *NO ONE CAN KNOW THAT I BROKE MY COCK!*
(beat)
Do you know who I am?

Rush casts a glance at the overwhelming amount of movie posters and memorabilia lining the room:

RUSH
You work in movies?

BILLY
Correct. I am a movie director. And on that TV behind you are the dailies for *Dead Bolt 4*...

Rush turns to the TV, where an action movie starring the Rock and Eva Mendes plays. Off Rush's blank expression.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Really? That means nothing to you?

RUSH
I'm sorry. I don't watch a lot of movies.

BILLY
...Well, it's a big movie. The series has grossed over a billion dollars worldwide. And this girl here, she's a semi-famous actress--

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Hey!

BILLY
...Who was on her way to becoming a more famous actress until she decided to treat my cock like a fucking rental car.
(beat)
*GODDAMMIT! THIS HURTS.* The point is, I don't want to read about my broken dick when I'm checking out at Whole Foods, OK? We are talking *Us Weekly* cover story material here. You can understand how that might be a little embarrassing, can't you?

RUSH
Of course, Mr. Bloom. Conversely, you must understand I need payment in advance. As was told to you on the phone.

EZRA
This is an emergency.

RUSH
I only handle emergencies. This is standard.

BILLY
*THIS IS STANDARD?*

Rush starts to walk out.

BILLY (CONT'D)
I'll pay you double--

Rush stops, turns around:

BILLY (CONT'D)
Forty grand--

RUSH
Wired into my account by close of business today--

BILLY
Yes, yes. Please. Just fix it.

Rush nods, walks back. He reaches over, lifts the towel up:

RUSH
Did you hear a pop?

BILLY
Yeah.
(beat)
Is that bad?

RUSH
You've ruptured your corpus cavernosum. I have to drain it.

Rush looks to the naked girl on the bed:

RUSH (CONT'D)
My dear, do you have any nursing experience?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
I was a sexy nurse for Halloween once.

RUSH
Perfect. Little help over here?

She drops her cigarette into a champagne glass, gets up. Rush removes a LARGE SYRINGE.

CU on Billy, sweating, terrified. *

**EXT. LOS ANGELES - DUSK** *

The sun sets over Los Angeles.

**INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

An immaculate West Hollywood studio. Sparse, Ikea-furnished. Sportscenter plays on TV. A phone rings in the background--

Eve exits the bathroom, freshly showered, throwing on her blouse. She grabs her Blackberry:

EVE
Hello--

RUSH (O.S.)
Billy Bloom was supposed to wire 40k into the primary business account by 6pm today. Can you check the balance for me? * *

Eve opens her laptop, logs into the bank website.

**INT. RUSH'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Rush stands in the shadows of his darkened suite, buttons his crisp shirt, stares out the window at the twinkling panorama beneath him. Night has come to Hollywood.

EVE (O.S.)
No recent activity.

RUSH
You're kidding me.

INTERCUTTING

EVE
I am not.
(beat)
What happened to "cash up front"? I thought that was our policy?

RUSH
We made an arrangement. I doubled my fee.

EVE
Only if he pays.

RUSH
It's under control, Eve.

Rush walks to the wet bar, pours himself some scotch:

RUSH (CONT'D)
Listen, no more calls tonight. I don't care what it is, I don't care how much they offer. Just say I'm out of town--

EVE
Wow. I've never heard you talk like that before. Who is she?

RUSH
My first love. My only love, unless you count that night in Belize. But I'm fairly certain that was the vicodin talking.
(beat)
*Sarah Peterson*.

Eve looks into the phone. A bit taken aback. Jealous, maybe?

EVE
Poor girl.

Rush enters the bathroom, looks in the mirror. He shakes his head, unbuttons his shirt--

RUSH
I'm gonna convince her to give me another chance. What does a reformed asshole wear to dinner--?

EVE
You're reformed?

RUSH
Yes, I'm reformed.

EVE
I didn't get the memo. You sure this is such a good idea?

RUSH
Are you sure it's such a good idea to go out with Dry Cleans His Jeans Guy?

Eve stifles a laugh:

EVE
Goodbye, Rush. Enjoy your date.

RUSH
Yeah. You too.

And Eve hangs up the phone, turns her attention to:

THE TV

The Dodgers pregame show. Vin Scully interviews Red Cummings.

VIN SCULLY
Last night, Red, you went 0 for 5, extending your hitless streak to three games. Manager Don Mattingly has dropped you 2 slots in the batting order. How do you get yourself out of a funk like this?

RED CUMMINGS
You just keep showin' up at the ballpark. That's all you can do. Look, I've been through slumps before. The team's winning. That's the most important thing.

She grabs the remote, flips it off. Throws on her jacket,

Leaves.

**INT. RUSH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Rush, in a new button down shirt, eyes himself in the mirror. In front of him, DRUGS: the ones he got from Manny, along with prescription bottles, etc. Laid out next to each other in careful alignment. Rush grabs a handful, takes the tumbler of scotch, and--

**SUPER: "2 Hours Later..."**

**INT. SARAH'S HOTEL - LATER**

Rush sits across from Sarah, eyes bulging and dilated. He grinds his teeth, grips his wine glass tightly...

SARAH
You all right?

Rush nods, sweaty:

RUSH
Me? Sure, I'm fine.

The glass SHATTERS in his hand. Wine covers his face in red.

**INT. RUSH'S BATHROOM - PRESENT**

Rush puts the pills back. Not tonight.

**INT. SUNSET TOWER HOTEL - OUTDOOR DINING PATIO - LATER** *

Rush walks nervously through the restaurant. At a table by the pool, he spots Sarah. She sits straight up, demure, collected, gorgeous. Rush stops a beat, steels himself. He steps forward: *

RUSH
Jesus, it's like the seventh level of hell in here. Is that Lindsey Lohan?

SARAH
Hello, Will.

Rush sits down, smiles sweetly. Bobs nervously in place.

SARAH (CONT'D)
You all right?

RUSH
Me? Perfect.
(beat)
Kind of nervous, actually.

SARAH
Don't be. I'm not going to sleep with you.

RUSH
That's a relief. Now I can be myself. Wine?

**EXT. TEDDY'S BAR - NIGHT** *

Bass. Beautiful people. A scene. The din of the crowd jockeying for position to get in... * *

Eve waits quietly, completely out of place in this setting. The DOOR MAN scans the crowd, lets a few people in: *

BOUNCER
...And you.

Eve looks up, nods. Moves into the

**EXT. TEDDY'S BAR, POOLSIDE - NIGHT** *

Eve walks past gorgeous girls and gawking guys. She feels their eyes on her, as she moves to the bar. *

She looks around, nervous. A HANDSOME GUY approaches:

HANDSOME GUY
You here alone?

Eve doesn't even look at him:

EVE
I'm waiting for someone.

He nods, contemplating his next move. Then:

HANDSOME GUY
Nice skirt.

She doesn't answer, scans the bar:

HANDSOME GUY (CONT'D)
Must be really popular--
(beat)
I've seen a lot of girls wearing it tonight.

Eve looks at him:

EVE
I get it.
(beat)
The compliment that's really an insult. From that pickup book?

He looks at her, thrown:

EVE (CONT'D)
It's supposed to make me feel just a little insecure? Supposed to make me long for your approval?

The Handsome Guy smiles, nervous:

EVE (CONT'D)
I don't want your approval.
(beat)
I would try the crowd at the end of the bar. They seem a bit more your speed. Not as well-read.

He stares, dumbfounded. Then turns and walks away.

A FEMALE BARTENDER approaches:

FEMALE BARTENDER
You make it look easy.

Eve looks up, smiles.

EVE
I have a real knack for repelling men.

The Female Bartender leans in... In closeup we see it's

HANNAH. Red Cummings' girl. Other than the thin scab on her lip, no evidence of the beating she took earlier. She wears the uniform of this place: jeans and a black tank top.

HANNAH
What can I get you?

EVE
Glass of Shiraz, please. *

Hannah pours the drink, and Eve looks at her, *

As Hannah brushes her hair behind her ear, revealing a particularly nasty bruise.

EVE (CONT'D)
I think you need a little more cover-up--

Hannah instinctively touches her bruise. She looks at Eve:

EVE (CONT'D)
He's not going to stop, you know.

HANNAH
I'm sorry?

EVE
Your boyfriend. He's not going to stop hitting you.

Hannah's taken aback. A beat, then:

HANNAH
You don't know anything about me.

EVE *
...You're beautiful. You're young. *
You come to Los Angeles--from the *
South maybe, judging by that little *
bit of an accent you're trying to *
hide--to live out your dreams, *
right? *
(off her look) *
Actress? *

HANNAH
Musician.

EVE
...You meet a guy. He's handsome. He's famous. He's rich. He takes you to nice places. Maybe you're in love with him. Probably not...
(beat)
...And then he starts hitting you. And before you know it, you've never felt so stuck in your whole life, and you can't imagine any way out.
(beat)
Getting out is easy. You just do it.

She looks at Eve. Her eyes soften...

HANNAH
Who are you?

EVE
I work for Will Rush.
(beat)
Red Cummings is a bad guy. Bad guys don't change. Trust me on this.

They look at each other. There's a mutual sadness they share. Hannah's eyes glaze over with tears. A beat.

And just as quickly, Hannah's look shifts. She glares at Eve. Steely now:

HANNAH
Listen, I don't know you, and you don't know me. And I appreciate the gesture, or whatever this is, but if you don't leave, I'm going to have to call security--
(beat)
Thanks.

And she moves down the line, to a GUY IN A SUIT:

HANNAH (CONT'D)
What can I get you, sweetie?

And Eve watches her, shakes her head,

Walks away.

**INT. SUNSET TOWER HOTEL - LATER** *

Rush and Sarah, on the tail end of a bottle of wine. Conversation flows freely:

RUSH
*While it was moving?*

SARAH
Right onto the street. You thought the cab driver was trying to kidnap us--

RUSH
He wasn't?

Sarah shakes her head.

RUSH (CONT'D)
Huh. I don't recall that.

SARAH
Unsurprising. *

RUSH
For what it's worth, I haven't blacked out in 7 years. I haven't lost my car in 6. Haven't been arrested in 5 and a half. And I can't remember the last time I got my ass kicked--

SARAH
The night's still young.

RUSH
Is that a proposition?

SARAH
It's a threat.
(beat) *
You never give up, do you? *

RUSH *
I won't make the same mistake twice.

She looks down. She won't get sucked in:

SARAH
No. You'll make it a hundred times.

RUSH
Can I say something serious--?

SARAH
Sure.

He looks at her, now. Really looks at her:

RUSH
I'm sorry.

We don't know what for, but we know he means it. And we know that she's been waiting for those words for years. And it throws her. She shakes her head:

SARAH
You think that's gonna fix things?

RUSH
No, but it's a start.

A beat. They look at each other...

SARAH
You're a real asshole, Rush.

Stars' "Your Ex-Lover is Dead" rises on the soundtrack...

**INT. SARAH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Rush and Sarah kiss. It's heated, intense. Beneath the music, the rhythm of their soft breathing. As Sarah takes off Rush's tie, unbuttons his shirt. They fall into bed, kissing hard.

Rush unbuttons her shirt, kisses her neck, touches her breasts... Now he pulls back, looks at her:

RUSH
They're different.

SARAH
They're new.

A confused beat:

RUSH
But your tits were spectacular.

Sarah weighs going on, then--slowly, softly:

SARAH
I tested positive for the BRCA-1 mutation--

Rush sits up. He wasn't expecting that. A beat, then:

RUSH
Not everyone with that gets sick.

SARAH
89%. That's enough.

RUSH
So you--

SARAH
Yeah. I Angelina'd them. *

She looks at him, waiting for words of comfort, any words at all. But all Rush can do is stare at the ground. Confused. Hurt. Speechless.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Rush--?
(beat)
Can you say something please?

Rush inhales. A beat:

RUSH
Wow. I'm sorry. That's--just--
(beat)
A lot.

Sarah smiles sadly. A long, lingering beat, until

RUSH'S PHONE RINGS... And he sits, frozen. As it rings again. And again. Finally:

RUSH (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
I told her, no work calls--
(beat)
I'm sorry--

SARAH
Not a problem.

RUSH
It must be important. Just one second.

**INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Rush picks up his cell phone:

RUSH
What.

VOICE (O.S.)
I need your help.

RUSH
Who the hell is this?

**INT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Manny, anxious, stands in the corner, on his cell phone.

MANNY
It's me, Rush. It's Manny.

RUSH
(hushed)
I'm off the clock, Manny.

MANNY
I know, man. I know. But there's been some trouble, Rush. Some business associates of mine--

RUSH
Business associates?

MANNY
You know what I mean.

RUSH
Not my crowd.

MANNY
Please, Rush. Shit is deep, bro. Shit is deep. I need you--

Rush opens the bathroom door a crack. Sees Sarah sitting on the edge of the bed, buttoning her blouse. He considers:

RUSH
It'll cost them--

MANNY
They'll pay whatever--

Ruhs exhales, nods:

RUSH
15 minutes.

**INT. RUSH'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Rush stands over Sarah:

RUSH
It's an emergency. I'll be back soon. I promise--

SARAH
(resigned)
It's OK, Rush.

RUSH
No. We're going to talk about this. Two hours. Tops. I promise. I'm sure this thing, whatever it is, it's...manageable.

**INT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - LATER**

Rush stands, numb, takes in the scene.

2 GANGBANGERS lie opposite each other on a concrete floor. One man, African American, is dead. The other, a YOUNG MEXICAN MAN, has been shot in the stomach. Blood pools at Rush's feet.

YOUNG MEXICAN MAN
My God! Help me! It hurts. It fuckin' hurts so bad. Please! Please, YOU HAVE TO HELP ME!

Rush is horrified. He kneels, looks in the Man's eyes:

RUSH
What's your name?

YOUNG MEXICAN MAN
Julio.

RUSH
Julio, please stop talking.

Rush moves to Julio's bloodstained shirt, unbuttons it, pulls it to the side, revealing The BULLET WOUND. Blood gushes from it. Rush gets up now, walks across the room--

Where a BIGASS MEXICAN DUDE looms large, flanked by drug dealer Manny and 3 other gang members. Rush approaches:

RUSH (CONT'D)
Sir--

GANG LEADER
Raoul.

RUSH
Raoul. This man is in serious condition. He's losing blood. I'm going to need to get him to a hospital.

RAOUL
That's not an option, doc.

RUSH
That's the only option.

Suddenly, Raoul pulls a GLOCK, holds it to Rush's temple:

RAOUL
I'm sure you'll figure something out.

Rush winces. This is not good.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

In a small, dimly lit room, filled with MEDICAL EQUIPMENT, HAROLD WATERS, long hair, rail thin, bangs a GORGEOUS BLONDE against the wall. They both sweat profusely:

GORGEOUS BLONDE
Dickman42! Dickman42!

HAROLD
Oh, Sugarbabe--

GORGEOUS BLONDE
My real name's Debbie--

HAROLD
Oh, Debbie...

And his phone rings. She looks at him:

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Gotta get it. I'm on call.

He checks caller ID, picks up:

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Rush, my man!

**INT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Rush, sweat pouring down his face, on the phone. Raoul stands over him, holding the gun:

RUSH
Listen, I need some help.

HAROLD (O.S.)
What you need, brother?

RUSH
I need blood.

INTERCUTTING

Harold pushes through double doors, revealing

A CITY STREET. He was in the back of an unmarked ambulance. He shakes his head:

HAROLD
Why are you calling me? Call Ivan for that shit.

**SUPER: "5 Minutes Ago..."**

**INT. CHEETAH'S - NIGHT FLASHBACK**

Ivan, a burly, goateed Russian in ORDERLY SCRUBS, gets a LAP DANCE. A STRIPPER grinds up against him:

STRIPPER
You're vibrating.

She reaches into his pocket, hands him the phone. He checks caller ID: *RUSH*

He sends it to voicemail.

RUSH (O.S.)
He didn't pick up.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT**

Harold lights a smoke:

HAROLD
Wish I could help you, brother.
(beat)
You want blood, you gotta go inside.

**INT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Rush hangs up, exhales. Julio's screams echo through the warehouse. Raoul stands over him still, gun held high.

Rush rubs his temples, thinks.

**INT. CEDARS SINAI PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Alex Thomas sits in his station wagon, stares straight ahead. In the distance, the ER entrance glows in the night...

He looks in the mirror, steels himself.

**SUPER: "45 Minutes Ago..."**

**INT. ALEX THOMAS' BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Alex, in bed, on his cell phone, hisses:

ALEX
No way--

His wife stirs next to him. Alex lowers his voice:

ALEX (CONT'D)
(whispering)
No way, Rush.

INTERCUTTING

Rush stands there, sweating, gun to his temple

RUSH
Please, man. Please. Have I ever called you with anything like this?
(no response)
No, I haven't. Trust me, I wouldn't be asking unless it were very, very important...

**INT. CEDARS SINAI BLOOD BANK - NIGHT**

Alex, in scrubs, looks over his shoulder as he enters the blood bank. Outside, through a glass partition, light hospital traffic flows.

In front of Alex, BAGS of BLOOD sit in a case, behind frosted glass.

Alex enters a CODE, unlocks the case. He pulls open the door. His eyes settle on the bags of O NEGATIVE.

He scans the room,

Mounted on the ceiling above: A CAMERA.

*CAMERA POV:* Alex positions his body in front of the cooler, shields what he's doing from the camera's view.

He slides something into his jacket.

**EXT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Rush, flanked by two GANG MEMBERS, pops the trunk of his Ferrari:

It's filled with Pelican cases, leather bags, etc.

Rush slings a bag over one shoulder, grabs a case, looks at the other guys:

RUSH
That your friend in there?

They nod.

RUSH (CONT'D)
If you want him to live, you'll grab some heavy shit.

They reach into the trunk.

**EXT. CEDARS SINAI PARKING LOT - DAY**

Alex, wearing a HOODIE over his scrubs now, moves through the ER entrance into the brisk night. Head down. Eyes up. He passes

Tasha, smoking a cigarette. She looks up,

Just in time to see him get into his car.

**EXT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Alex drags a COOLER across a parking lot--empty, save Rush's car and an unmarked van. Far off in the night, a siren passes by.

He approaches a corrugated metal gate, slides it open,

Revealing the CARNAGE.

In the corner, 2 gangsters wrap a dead body in blankets, sheets.

In the center, Julio on a table, shirtless. Rush preps him, DOUSING his stomach with DISINFECTANT. An IV Rack stands next to them, along with a MOBILE vitals monitor. It's the kind of equipment military doctors use in the field.

Raoul walks toward Alex, gun held high. His BOYS follow.

RAOUL
Who the fuck are you?

Rush leaps up.

RUSH
He's with me--

Raoul presses his gun to Alex's head:

RAOUL
Open it.

Alex's hands shake, as he opens the cooler, revealing 2 BAGS of BLOOD atop dry ice.

RAOUL (CONT'D)
Good.

Rush meets him:

ALEX
I took it out of controlled storage 19 minutes ago. You've got 11 to get it into him.

RUSH
Thank you. You can go now.

RAOUL
Hold up. Not so fast.

Rush looks at Raoul:

RAOUL (CONT'D)
Your boy's seen an awful lot to just go and walk away now. Nuh-uh. He stays 'til you're done.

RUSH
He leaves or this man dies.

Raoul looks at him. Rush looks back, eyes steel:

RUSH (CONT'D)
Try me.

Raoul smiles:

RAOUL
Fine.

He waves his gun at Alex:

RAOUL (CONT'D)
Get out.

ALEX
No.

Rush looks at him:

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'm not leaving you like this.

Rush pulls him aside:

RUSH
You have a wife. You have a kid.

Alex looks at Rush, angry, concerned. About to say something:

RUSH (CONT'D)
Leave.

And he nods, walks away.

Rush watches him go. When he reaches the door, Alex checks his watch:

ALEX
Nine minutes, thirty seconds, Rush.

And with that, he's gone.

**EXT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - SOON AFTER**

Rush, in scrubs now, works quickly, hanging ANASTHETIC, FLUIDS, etc. on the IV UNIT.

JULIO
I don't wanna die.

RUSH
No, I would imagine not.

He rubs alcohol on Julio's arms, jams TWO BIG IV's into Julio's elbow joints...

JULIO
I'm a good man, doctor. I have a kid. A little 2 year old kid. I wanna see all the great shit she's gonna do in her life. Don't let me die, please. Don't let me--

RUSH
Go to sleep, Julio.

JULIO
Please. Pleeeease--I'm a...good...man--

And he's out.

RUSH
Good men don't usually wind up in situations like this, ese.

Rush checks his watch:

It reads *2 MINUTES*

RUSH (CONT'D)
I need an outlet.

Raoul, standing by, nods toward the back wall... Rush runs the cord from his RAPID INFUSER (a device that warms the blood prior to any transfusion) to the wall--

Now, he opens Julio's mouth, intubates. It's a tube that runs to what looks like a little scuba tank. A portable VENTILATOR.

Rush drops to his knees, removes the bags of blood from the cooler.

He checks his watch. *1:14:00*

He hangs the bags of blood on the IV Rack, grabs the tube,

VOICE (O.S.)
OH MY GOD!

Rush TURNS to the entrance, sees a MEXICAN WOMAN running toward the OPERATING TABLE.

RUSH
What's the hell is going on here?

The Woman THROWS herself onto Julio:

SONYA
OH MY GOD! OH NO!

Raoul grabs her, pulls her off Julio.

Rush looks at his watch. *00:24:00*

He quickly connects the blood tube to the IV...

RAOUL
It's OK. It's OK--

SONYA
It's not OK, Raoul! This is your fuckin' fault! You promised me! I can't believe you let this happen--

And blood starts running down the tube.

Rush exhales.

As Sonya starts to cry. To WAIL, really. Rush looks to her, flustered.

RUSH
Who is this?

RAOUL
Sonya. My sister.
(beat, to Julio)
His wife.

RUSH
OK. Not a good idea to bring the wife of the victim into the Operating--
(looks around the warehouse)
Place--

Raoul holds his sister in his arms. We hear her muffled sobs. He glares at Rush:

RAOUL
Just fix him.

RUSH
Fine. Keep her away from me.

Rush's tools are laid atop a PIECE OF CLOTH on a steel TABLE behind him. He grabs the SCALPEL,

And CUTS into Julio's stomach. Sonya SCREAMS as though he's cutting her. Rush grabs his head:

RUSH (CONT'D)
Jesus. Listen, I've got a wicked hangover setting in right about now, so can we keep the screaming to a minimum?

Rush grabs a RETRACTOR, proceeds to TEAR Julio's stomach open...

SONYA
Oh my God. What are you doing to him?

RUSH
I believe he's been shot in his spleen. I'm going to take it out. You don't like it, I suggest you look the fuck away.

Rush takes CLOSED SCISSORS, uses them to lift the STOMACH out of the way. Beneath, he sees

The SPLEEN. Blood spurts up from it.

RUSH (CONT'D)
Whoa.

Rush moves in, applies pressure.

The bullet's lodged in there. Rush eyes the artery that feeds into the spleen...

He grabs a clamp, clamps down upon the artery.

He ties the artery off, brandishes his scissors--

Snip. He cuts it, and

THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

RUSH (CONT'D)
What just happened?

RAOUL
What was that?

TOTAL DARKNESS. Save a sodium vapor half-light that streams in from the street.

RUSH (CONT'D)
We blew a fuse.

Raoul's silhouette moves up behind Rush. Sonya cries loudly in the background.

RUSH (CONT'D)
Dammit...

We hear the COCK of a gun.

RAOUL
Fix it.

Rush turns to Raoul:

RUSH
Waving that thing in my face is not going to help.

Raoul looks at him, helpless. Rush looks back.

RUSH (CONT'D)
Please.

Raoul drops the gun. Rush thinks quickly, then:

RUSH (CONT'D)
I need everyone over here! Right now!

Feet shuffle:

RUSH (CONT'D)
OK, I need light: cell phones, lighters, anything you got. Let's go.
(beat)
Faster! Faster!

The gangsters line up around the perimeter, hold up their CELL PHONES, illuminating Julio... Rush drops to his knees, starts sifting through his bag.

RUSH (CONT'D)
Where’s Manny--?

MANNY
Me?

RUSH
You. Here. Now.

Rush grabs something from his bag. Manny approaches. Rush holds up an AMBU BAG,

He places the bag in Julio’s mouth:

RUSH (CONT'D)
I need you to breathe for him. Like this.

Rush pumps the bag, in rhythm. Manny nods, freaked out. He grabs the bag, takes over. Pumps in rhythm. Rush checks Julio’s pulse:

RAOUL
Is he OK?

Rush looks at Raoul, shakes his head:

RUSH
I don’t know.
(beat)
I’m going in--

Raoul watches, holding his breath, gripping Sonya’s hand tight,

As Rush starts to separate Julio’s spleen from the surrounding organs,

Now Rush reaches in with both HANDS,

Grabs the spleen. Pulls it out,

Places it on the rusty steel table...

RUSH (CONT'D)
A little more light please...

Raoul steps closer, holding his cell phone above Julio’s chest, as Rush goes back in, REMOVES THE CLAMP--

RUSH (CONT'D)
Keep pumping, Manny.

SONYA
What's going on? Please--
(beat)
Is he OK--?

Rush doesn't answer. Manny still pumps the ambu bag, in rhythm. As Rush manually checks Julio's vitals: heartbeat, blood pressure, etc...

RAOUL
IS HE OK?

Raoul looks at him...

And Rush nods. Exhausted.

**INT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - DAWN**

The pink light of dawn streams in now. Rush finishes SEWING UP Julio. A quiet has taken over... Sonya sleeps sitting up, atop a bunch of PALLETS.

RUSH
(prelap)
Get him somewhere comfortable, cool.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER**

Raoul nods, hands Rush a BRIEFCASE full of cash. The Gangsters carry his equipment. Rush's face is worn. He won't forget this night. His hands shake as he hands over two prescription notes:

RUSH
--And fill these immediately. If his condition changes at all, call my assistant right away...

RAOUL
Doc--
(beat)
Thank you.

Rush nods.

RAOUL (CONT'D)
You ever need anything, you don't hesitate to ask, aiiight?

RUSH
I won't need anything.

RAOUL
Well, if you do... I owe you.

RUSH
You and me, we're cool--

Raoul extends his hand. Rush looks at it. A beat. Shakes it. He looks at Manny:

RUSH (CONT'D)
*You* owe me.

**EXT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - DAWN**

The warehouse doors slide open. Rush squints into a bright and brilliant LA morning.

*RUSH POV:* his convertible, parked next to a PASS VAN. Otherwise, emptiness... Rush walks. Just the sound of the breeze, the birds, a few passing cars,

And the BEEP-BEEP of his keychain, as the Ferrari unlocks.

**INT. RUSH'S CONVERTIBLE - MOMENTS LATER**

Rush slumps into the driver's seat, looks in the rear-view mirror: bloodshot eyes, blood-flecked face, wild hair... He reaches into the center console of his car, slides open his secret panel,

TOSSES A HANDFUL OF PILLS INTO HIS MOUTH.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

**INT. SUNSET TOWER - RESTAURANT - DAY** *

Euros, celebs, fashion editors eat a poolside breakfast in bright LA sunshine.

And Rush enters, weaving past all of them. We hear silverware drop as he moves by... He's a total mess, zonked out on pills, bloody shirt, etc.

Sarah sits, newspaper and a coffee in front of her. She looks up to see Rush... He sits down, puts his napkin in his lap, looks at her.

RUSH
They make a great Bellini here. The secret is cherry juice--

SARAH
I was just leaving.

She's about to get up, when:

RUSH
Why didn't you tell me?

She just looks at him:

RUSH (CONT'D)
I could have handled it--

SARAH
Like you handled last night?

Rush looks down.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I'm not one of your patients, Will. With them, you're a tourist. Not with me. I couldn't have you be that way with me. You never wanted any of that. The real stuff. You could never stomach it--
(beat)
It's OK. I get it now. I can't count on you like that. It's just not who you are.

Rush looks at her, nods in quiet agreement. Nothing left to say but:

RUSH
So it's gone? You're gonna be OK?

SARAH
I'm going to live a long and healthy life--

But not with him. They look at each other. Both wishing it could be different; both wishing he could be different. Until Sarah closes her eyes,

SARAH (CONT'D)
Take care of yourself, Rush.

RUSH
You too.

Gets up, looks back at him:

SARAH
I got the job, by the way.
(beat)
I think your email to the head of Pediatrics helped.

Rush nods, stares straight ahead. A beat. *

RUSH
I think you'd like Los Feliz. I can put you in touch with a realtor, if you'd like. She owes me a favor. They've got a great Farmer's Market on Saturdays. I remember you always used to like to get up early on weekends, and do stuff like that-- *
(beat) *
Oh, and parking rules have changed a lot since you were here. So, you know, just make sure you read the signs carefully-- *

SARAH *
Will... *

RUSH *
I'm sure you'll be fine. *
(beat) *
I'll try not to bump into you. *

And she leaves him there, *

Alone.

Justin Timberlake's "Mirrors" rises on the soundtrack. *

**EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY**

As in the beginning: Rush in the car, on the freeway, music blasting, sunglasses on. Only this time, his face is covered in dried blood and stubble.

And the CD starts to skip.

Skip. Skip. Skip.

He ejects it,

And his phone rings. He picks up:

RUSH
Can you install a fuckin' iPod in this car, please?

EVE (O.S.)
You need to get to Red Cummings' house--

RUSH
What I need is a shower--

**INT. EVE'S CAR - DAY**

She drives, phone to her ear:

EVE
Now, Rush.

**EXT. STUDIO CITY MCMANSION - DAY**

Rush puts his car in park, gets out. Eve's already there, leaning against her car. When she sees Rush, she goes to him:

RUSH
What are you doing here?

EVE
He said she was unconscious--

Rush looks at her, moves to Red Cummings door,

KNOCKS.

And the door swings open:

Revealing Red, shaken, flustered.

RUSH
Where is she?

Rush moves right past him, through the house. Red follows:

RED
She wouldn't even look at me, Doc. She can't never look at me after I have a bad game.
(beat)
Damn, why'd she have to be like that, Doc?

*RUSH POV:* Sweeping past the KITCHEN, down the HALLWAY, into the

**BEDROOM**

Where, Hannah lies on the ground, unconscious. Blood streams from her head; her lip hangs off her face. Rush runs to her:

RED
I'm telling you, Doc. She was saying all this crazy stuff--

Rush opens Hannah's eyes, peers in. Red stands over, concerned.

RED (CONT'D)
She dead?

RUSH
Close.
(beat)
She needs to go to a hospital.

EVE
You want me to call?

Red shoots a look at Eve:

RED
Who the hell are you anyway? You the one talking to my girl?

He takes a step to Eve:

RED (CONT'D)
She told me someone came to her. At work.
(to Eve)
That you? You the one who did that?

Eve looks down, doesn't answer. Rush looks at her. What the fuck? His head is spinning. He tries to focus:

RUSH
Red, I said she needs to get to a hospital. Immediately.

Red thinks for a second, then:

RED
I can't have my business in the papers like that. I mean, can't you just see the front page of the *LA Times* tomorrow?

RUSH
Listen, I know a guy--
(beat)
He's got his own ambulance service. Unmarked. He can be here in 20 minutes. No one would know--

Red stops, really thinking now:

RED
And it can't touch me? You sure about that?

Eve eyes Hannah's prone body, anxious:

EVE
Will--

RUSH
No one would know, Red. You have my word.

Red thinks, then:

RED
Fine.
(beat)
Fine. OK.

Eve picks up her phone, dials:

RED (CONT'D)
Just so long as you keep my name out of it.

**EXT. RED CUMMINGS' HOUSE - DAY**

Eve sits in the back of the unmarked ambulance, next to an unconscious Hannah.

Harold, from earlier, long hair in a net, wearing an EMT uniform, straps her in.

*EVE POV:* Rush, standing on the street. He peers in. They look at each other.

EVE
I was just trying to help.

The ambulance door closes. Rush looks down.

**INT. RED CUMMINGS' LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Red counts out some money, on the coffee table. He's trying to breathe slow now, calming himself. Rush stands over him, trying to focus. His face blank.

RED
Gave you an extra 10k, Doc.

Red forces a laugh:

RED (CONT'D)
You got me out of some deep shit this time, man...

Rush nods. His eyes dart around the room. Anything to avoid eye contact:

RUSH
Just give me the money, Red.

He does. Rush pockets it.

RED
She'll be OK, though, right? And none of this, none of this is gonna come back to me, right?

Rush speaks through clenched teeth, anger building within him:

RUSH
I'm leaving now, Red.

And he turns, starts to walk. Red nods, jittery:

RED
Right. Right. You should go. Thanks again-- *
(beat)
I can always count on you, Doc. *

Rush freezes. *

RUSH
What?

RED
I said, I can always count on you. *
Thank you.

Next to the front door, Red's SOUVENIR BAT hangs on the wall. Rush eyes it.

RED (CONT'D)
Doc?

Rush grabs the bat, turns around. He moves to Red,

SLAMS THE BAT INTO RED'S FACE.

Red collapses to the ground. Rush HITS him in the stomach... On TV, a commercial for CAT FOOD. Rush CRACKS the bat into Red's rib cage. He slams it into Red's knee. It's quick, brutal.

On the ground, Red bleeds, clutches his leg, crying. Rush looks down at him:

RUSH
I'll call you an ambulance--
(beat)
Just keep my name out of it.

**INT. CEDARS SINAI - DAY**

Eve watches as Hannah's stretcher is PULLED INTO THE ER. Her battered face recedes from view. And Eve looks after her, desperate, lost...

**EXT. CEDARS SINAI - DAY**

Eve walks through the sliding double doors of the ER, just as an AMBULANCE pulls up. EMTs and Triage Nurses hurry to it. Eve turns, as the back door opens. And, there,

RED CUMMINGS lying on a stretcher, wincing in pain...

The EMTs grab the stretcher, take it down the ramp. Where

RED'S EYES MEET EVE'S...

He looks at her. His eyes widen with a flicker of recognition.

PUSH IN ON

Eve, as she puts it all together. A look of satisfaction crosses her face...

And Red's stretcher is whisked into the ER...

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER**

Alex Thomas walks down the hallway, holding a coffee, consulting a clipboard.

Tasha, the nurse from earlier, walks by him:

TASHA
Dr. Thomas?

He stops, they move to the side:

TASHA (CONT'D)
Dr. Rothstein was asking to talk to you--
(beat)
Some blood went missing from the blood bank yesterday. Guess they thought you might know something about it--

Alex nods through gritted teeth, says nothing.

TASHA (CONT'D)
Don’t worry, I covered for you.

He exhales.

TASHA (CONT'D)
I know you wouldn’t do something like that.
(beat)
Not unless you had a good reason.

ALEX
No. No, I wouldn’t.
(beat)
Thank you, Tasha.

She smiles:

TASHA
Anytime, Doctor.

**INT. EVE’S PRIUS - DAY**

Eve sits in traffic, staring miles into the distance...

Her PHONE RINGS. She picks up...

INTERCUTTING

Rush, in his car:

EVE (O.S.)
Hey.

RUSH
Hey.

A beat:

RUSH (CONT'D)
Look, if we're going to continue this, you have to understand something:
(beat)
What I do is complicated. It's not about feelings. It's not about wrong or right or good or bad. I'm not Patch Adams, Eve. We cannot care, OK?

EVE
I know, Rush. I know.

RUSH
We don't give a shit.

EVE
I got it.

RUSH
Good. It's important.

A beat. And Eve smiles:

EVE
By the way, I just heard on the radio, Red Cummings is out for the season--

**INT. RUSH'S CONVERTIBLE - PRESENT**

Rush pulls to a stop in the CEDARS SINAI PARKING LOT.

RUSH
Probably for the best. He was having a shitty year.

EVE
You know, Rush--
(beat)
If we followed your rules, we never would have met.

RUSH
You were an exception.

A silent beat of understanding, followed by:

EVE
Rush, this may not be the time, but--
(beat)
Billy Bloom never paid. *

Rush's face turns red. Through gritted teeth:

RUSH
It's under control.

He hangs up, looks at his phone, considers...

**EXT. BILLY BLOOM'S POOL - DAY** *

Billy, in swimming cap and goggles, swims laps in his pool. *

Suddenly, 4 pairs of Timberlands step into foreground.

4 pairs of baggy jeans.

Raoul and his men.

*BILLY POV:* Rising up from beneath the water to see these 4 big badasses. He looks at them, knows he's fucked. *

He gets out of the pool, saying nothing, just indicating with his eyes, *follow me*.

**INT. BRENTWOOD MANSION - DAY** *

Raoul and his men follow Billy into his bedroom. Behind his bed, Billy reveals a HIDDEN SAFE. He locks in the combination. Raoul scans the posters on the wall: * * *

RAOUL *
Yo, you directed "Dead Bolt 3"? *

Billy looks at him, proud: *

BILLY *
Sure did. *

He pulls out several stacks of money, hands them to one of Raoul's men. Raoul smiles. * *

RAOUL
That movie sucked. I want my money back. *

BILLY *
Everybody's a critic.

RAOUL
No, really. I want my money back.

And Raoul scans the room, eyes wide. His settles upon the Rothko.

**EXT. BRENTWOOD MANSION - DAY** *

Raoul and his men walk to their Escalade. One of his boys holds the Rothko. Raoul gives it a sideways glance, as he stuffs some bills into his pocket:

RAOUL
My sister's gon' flip. She loves art. *

**INT. POST-OP - DAY**

Hannah lies in a bed, bandaged, unconscious. A shell.

And, next to her, Will Rush slumps in a straight-backed chair. He stares at Hannah. He breathes heavy. This isn't easy. We move in on him. His heaving breaths mingle with the rhythmic beep of the heart monitor. We move closer, closer-- right into his eyes. Something new flickers there. Sympathy perhaps.

Now, Hannah's eyes flutter. They turn slowly to Rush, who sits up straight, as though he's been caught. Their eyes meet there, for a moment--

Until Rush gets up, turns, walks away--

Past ROW AFTER ROW OF PATIENTS, their families. The CORONER rolls a BODY BAG right past him... And Rush strides forward, pushing himself, forcing himself, opening himself to their pain. A hint of a bittersweet smile on his face.

**EXT. CEDARS SINAI HOSPITAL - DAY**

Rush strides through the sliding double doors. He spots a RAGGED MAN sitting on the curb. He walks to him, holds out his hand. In it, a $20.

RUSH
Here.

The RAGGED MAN takes the money, looks at Rush, who's moved on into the parking lot:

RAGGED MAN
I'm not homeless.

Rush freezes, turns around,

Snatches the $20 back.

BEEP-BEEP. The car unlocks.

**INT. RUSH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Rush drops into the front seat of his car, as his phone VIBRATES. He reaches into his pocket, checks it.

1 TEXT MESSAGE. From RAOUL.

TOOK CARE OF IT. NOW YOU OWE ME.

Rush lingers on that message for an extended beat. Finally, he exhales, tosses the phone onto the passenger seat, fires up the Ferrari's V-12.

And Crosby, Stills and Nash's "Helplessly Hoping" rises on the soundtrack. *

**EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - DAY**

Rush's Ferrari crests a hill. Los Angeles looms below him. The smog hangs low, an orange-blue haze in the air.

And his CD starts to skip.

Skip--skip--skip--

Rush, furious, turns to the passenger seat, starts flipping through CDs. All of them, scratched. Until, finally,

RUSH
Fuck it.

He turns the music up. The same line, over and over again.

Over and over again.

Rush shifts gears, accelerates

As we go

BLACK.