

NIP / TUCK

#177602

Season 2 Episode #2

“Christian Troy”

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TRT: 46:52

FADE IN:

1 INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

1

...on Christian's FACE. Eyes half closed...mouth quivering in ecstasy.

CHRISTIAN

Oh, yeah...slow it down...that's right...now use both hands...

A FEMALE HAND crawls up Christian's neck and covers his mouth as if to say "be quiet". Undaunted, Christian takes her index finger, puts it in his mouth, then guides it back down.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Don't be afraid to use that either, sweetheart.

RALYN, a gorgeous model, pops her head up.

RALYN

I don't usually get so many notes during a performance. Am I not --

CHRISTIAN

Amazing? Absolutely.

Christian sends her head back down. She pops up again.

RALYN

It might help more if you paid me a little attention first.

CHRISTIAN

First come, first served? Why didn't you say so.

Christian splays himself on his bed and points to his grin.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Saddle up.

Ralyn smirks, then sits on Christian's face. She grabs a pillow, clutches it and rocks back and forth in ecstasy. Suddenly, she stops and stares at the pillow, eyes wide.

RALYN

Oh, my God.

CHRISTIAN'S VOICE

You like that don'tcha, huh?

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

RALYN

Down?

CHRISTIAN'S VOICE

Sweetheart, I can't go down any further than I already am.

RALYN

No, no. Down. I'm like super allergic to goose fea...

As Ralyn sneezes with incredible force and we hear the distinct CRACK OF BONE, we CUT TO:

2

INT. MCNAMARA/TROY BREAK ROOM -- DAY

2

Liz scans a newspaper article, paraphrasing it aloud for Sean as he makes a pot of coffee.

LIZ

The gall of her lawyer to say "the morphine made her do it." Libby Zucker blew her best friend's head off out of revenge, pure and simple.

SEAN

What's not simple is the week we have to spend in court to clear up her mess.

REVEAL an entering Christian, his nose a swollen purple mess. As he heads for the fridge --

LIZ

What happened to you -- husband come home early from work? ✓

CHRISTIAN

Actually, Liz, the model that was sitting on my face this morning sneezed and jammed her entire puss--

SEAN

Christian.

LIZ

(stands, to Sean)

A mouth like that, she coulda done us all a favor and broke his jaw. ✓

*Liz + Sean's
bit + forth
banter*

Christian pops open an energy drink as --

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Aw, c'mon Liz, I thought we finally had something in common. Isn't that what happened to your nose?

Liz shoots him a "watch it" look and exits. Christian turns to Sean, an uncomfortable beat passes between them. As Christian starts to exit --

SEAN

Where are you headed?

CHRISTIAN

I've got an operation at nine.
(delicately)
See ya after surgery.

Christian exits. Sean wistfully watches him go. In his eyes, we read his poignant feeling of complete uselessness.

3 INT. SCRUB UP -- DAY (MINUTES LATER) 3

Christian scrubs his hands vigorously and is shocked as Sean enters wearing scrubs, takes his place across from him and begins washing up as well. Before Christian can protest --

SEAN

I'm fine. I haven't had a single tremor in ten days.

He scrubs some more, positive and a little cocky.

SEAN (cont'd)

The neurologist verified it was a symptom of psychosis triggered by anxiety. Not surprisingly, now that my mother-in-law's face-lift is over, so is the anxiety.

CHRISTIAN

(wanting to be relieved)
Welcome back, partner.
(re: his broken nose)
Can I get a second opinion?

Sean walks over to Christian and gently tilts his head back. Alone with Sean now, Christian looks vulnerable.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Until now, the worst thing that's ever happened to this face is a rough exfoliate. I never even had a pimple as a kid.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Doesn't look like your orbits are involved, maybe just a deviated septum along with the fractured nasal bone. I'll reset it after surgery, you'll be fine.

CHRISTIAN

Fine? This face? No, you gotta make it what it was before, Sean -- perfect.

SEAN

(playfully confident)
I only do perfect, remember?

SMASH CUT TO:-

4

INT. SURGERY SUITE -- DAY

4

A HUGE PUS-FILLED SEBACEOUS CYST on the neck of CHARLES UNGER, 40. PAN UP to reveal Sean, Christian and Liz looking down at it.

CHRISTIAN

Holy mother of god -- it's the steatoma from hell.

SEAN

...that this patient couldn't afford to have removed, even at this stage. We're doing him pro-bono.

(to Christian)

You ever lance one this big?

CHRISTIAN

In a nightmare once.

Sean is quietly relieved as Christian picks up a scalpel. That relief vanishes as Christian offers it to Sean.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

The quicker we get Elephant Man outta here the quicker you fix my nose.

Sean hesitates, then takes it. CLOSE ON SEAN'S HAND. The first incision is steady. But just as suddenly in SLOW MOTION, Sean's hand palsies. The scalpel slips and digs deep into Unger's neck. BLOOD SHOTS OUT IN A STREAM, covering Sean's face and scrubs.

(CONTINUED)

LIZ
Oh my god --

CHRISTIAN
You hit a pumper.

Sean immediately slams his hand on Unger's neck. More blood sprays onto his goggles and the walls.

SEAN
Vascular clamp --

LIZ
He's tacking --

Linda hands him a stitch kit and Sean quickly goes to work sewing up the cut.

LIZ (cont'd)
He's losing pressure, Sean.

SEAN
I got it.

CHRISTIAN
Got it?

SEAN
Got it. I need a five-oh prolene.

After some tense moments, the drama is averted. Christian, Liz and Linda look at Sean who stands there frozen, drenched in blood from the neck up. Christian takes a beat, then to the room --

CHRISTIAN
What the hell just happened, Sean?
Off Sean's quiet terror, we...

SMASH TO TITLES.

5 OMITTED

6 OMITTED

7 INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

ANGLE ON Sean's pen, poised above a patient chart.

(CONTINUED)

Anywhere from 3-5 is fine for end of house!

SEAN

Tell me what you don't like about yourself.

REVEAL Christian in the hot seat, arms folded; he's not playing along. Off his perturbed silence --

SEAN (cont'd)

If I'm going to work on your nose, Christian, I'd like to follow the same procedure we do for all our patients.

CHRISTIAN

We're not here to talk about my nose, Sean. We're here to talk about what just happened in surgery.

SEAN

Nothing happened. There was a minor mishap.

CHRISTIAN

You call that river of blood minor?

SEAN

Unger bucked from a bad anesthesia reaction. It's happened before.

CHRISTIAN

Your hand palsied again, Sean.

SEAN

No it didn't.

CHRISTIAN

Bullshit. Whatever this problem is, it's getting worse.

SEAN

It's not getting worse.

CHRISTIAN

So there is a problem.

SEAN

Surgery is our livelihood, Christian. Do you really think I would hide something from you serious enough to destroy it?

Before Christian can answer, Sean comes around the desk.

(CONTINUED)

7

SEAN (cont'd)
Let me take a look again.

CHRISTIAN
Don't.
(off Sean's shock)
It hurts, that's all.

SEAN
(amazed)
You don't trust me to reset your
nose.

CHRISTIAN
It's just a hairline fracture,
surgery might be unnecessary.

SEAN
What about your burning need for
perfection? You're the one
constantly espousing the philosophy
that plastic surgeons can't look
worse than their patients.

CHRISTIAN
(growing heated)
I don't give a shit what anybody
else thinks, Sean. What I do care
about is what you're going to say
to Unger when he wakes up.

Christian exits. As Sean contemplates his dilemma --

8

EXT. LOCKER COMMONS -- DAY

8

Matt heads to his locker, nodding hello to one or two
students. He suddenly slows. MATT'S POV: two DARK SUITS are
standing in front of his locker. He tentatively approaches.

COLLINS
Matt McNamara?

A beat, he nods.

COLLINS (cont'd)
I'm Detective Collins, this is
Detective Volpe from Miami Dade.
Matt, are you aware that your
friend Henry Shapiro was arrested
last night?

(CONTINUED)

MATT
(thrown, but composed)
Henry? No. Why?

VOLPE
Matt, your name came up relating to
a crime involving Cara Fitzgerald.
We need you to answer some
questions.

A trapped Matt stares at the detectives.

COLLINS
Two days ago, Henry attacked and
sexually assaulted Cara on her way
home from school. She's in the
hospital in serious condition,
Henry's being held pending charges.

MATT
(reeling)
My god. That's terrible. I had no
idea.

COLLINS
So that's your official story,
Matt? You don't know anything about
what happened to Cara Fitzgerald?

Matt shakes his head no. Volpe hands over a card.

VOLPE
Here's our contact information. You
can call us at anytime.

COLLINS
You don't want to lie to the
police, Matt. We find out there's
more to this story, you could wind
up in jail right along with Henry.

They exit. PULL OUT on a confused, frightened Matt.

9 OMITTED 9

11 INT. HIGH-END WAITING ROOM -- DAY 11

Christian flips through a magazine in this elegant setting.
CALVIN -- 20s, handsome but shy -- sits across from him.
When a SUPERMODEL-TYPE glides out from the interior office,
both Christian and Calvin stare hard at her exiting ass.

(CONTINUED)

CALVIN

How do you improve on that, huh?

CHRISTIAN

Oh, there are ways. Believe me.

Calvin looks over at Christian for the first time.

CALVIN

(points to his nose)
Can I ask how you...?

CHRISTIAN

Bedroom acrobatics.

CALVIN

Are you, ahh, here to get it reset?

CHRISTIAN

That's for wimps. I'm here to consult with Dr. Jordan about a surgical technique. She's a colleague of mine.

CALVIN

Consult? She doesn't know how to operate or something?

Christian's radar is up now. He smoothly extends his hand.

CHRISTIAN

Dr. Christian Troy.

— his schtick

CALVIN

Calvin Murray.

CHRISTIAN

What are you here for, Calvin?

CALVIN

It's...kind of embarrassing.

CHRISTIAN

The only thing to be embarrassed about is not taking advantage of a doctor's free advice.

Calvin considers Christian, then lifts up his shirt to reveal a third quarter-sized NIPPLE on his chest.

lol
CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Triple nipple. Very rare. I'm betting you're here because it affects your sex life.

(CONTINUED)

CALVIN

Ahh, if I had one, yeah. I won't even take my shirt off at the beach.

CHRISTIAN

And you're gonna take your shirt off for Dr. Jordan? Let a chick in scrubs poke around your chest?

Christian reaches in his pocket, pulls out a business card.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

I think you'd be more comfortable with someone who understands what you really need.

Christian pulls out a pen, writes on the back of the card.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Come by my office tomorrow at nine.

CALVIN

(re: card)

This says ten.

CHRISTIAN

My waiting room is filled with beautiful women like the one who just strolled out of here. If we're going to really fix your problem, I'd like to make a few introductions beforehand.

CALVIN

(completely psyched now)

Awesome. Well, thanks, thanks Dr. Troy.

CHRISTIAN

My pleasure. I'd leave before she comes or you might get charged for the visit.

CALVIN

Right, right. Ahh, cool. Well, I'll see you tomorrow.

CHRISTIAN

Great.

Calvin exits. Christian leans back and smiles to himself as the door to an interior office opens and a thin patrician beauty appears. This is DR. MONICA JORDAN. As he stands --

(CONTINUED)

DR. JORDAN

Dr. Troy -- what a surprise.

CHRISTIAN

Good to see you, Monica.

DR. JORDAN

I couldn't believe it when I saw your name on my appointment sheet. What happened to your nose?

CHRISTIAN

That's why I'm here. I broke it during a game of hoops with the boys, I'm looking to have a rhinoplasty A.S.A.P. How's your schedule?

DR. JORDAN

I don't understand. You're partners with Sean McNamara. Why is he not fixing it for you?

Off Christian, not sure how to answer that --

10

INT. RECOVERY -- DAY

10

Sean and Liz crowd around Unger's bed, peering under his fresh surgical bandages. JESSIE -- Unger's long-suffering, blue-collar wife -- stands nearby and watches intently.

SEAN

The scar is going to feel tight for a while. But otherwise, you're healing nicely.

UNGER

What do you think, Jess?

JESSIE

I kind of miss it.

UNGER

Miss it? It scared people.

JESSIE

It was a part of you. I love you because of your flaws, not despite them.

Unger smiles sweetly and grabs her hand. Then, to Sean --

(CONTINU

UNGER

Can I get dressed now, doc? I
gotta get back to work.

A beat as Sean musters courage. Then professionally --

SEAN

I'm afraid I can't let you leave
just yet, Mr. Unger. There was a
small complication during surgery,
you lost an excess amount of blood.
We need to keep you here for
another day of observation. Liz?

UNGER

Another day?

LIZ

Only as a precaution.

JESSIE

What happened?

SEAN

Your husband spasmed during my
initial incision and a superficial
artery was nicked.

(to Unger)

I suspect it's because you had an
adverse reaction to the anesthesia.

ANGLE ON Liz, shocked and suddenly culpable.

UNGER

I don't understand. I don't feel
weak or anything, I feel fine.

SEAN

That's what we want to hear.

As Sean writes in Unger's chart and Liz stares at him,
sensing a betrayal, Nurse Linda pops her head in.

NURSE LINDA

Sorry to interrupt, but there's a
gentleman in the lobby who insists
on seeing you. It's about Matt.

As we PUSH IN on Sean, immediately concerned, we CUT TO:

INT. MCNAMARA KITCHEN -- EVENING

12

Matt's at the table, arms crossed.

(CONTINUED)

MATT

So what'd I do now?

Sean looks at JULIA, then:

SEAN

Matt, Henry's father came by to see me at the office today. He told me what happened. To Cara.

JULIA

Why didn't you tell us?

MATT

I guess I didn't process it yet.

SEAN

Henry's saying you were involved.

SLOW PUSH IN on Matt. Fighting panic. Then, passionate --

MATT

I didn't rape anybody.

SEAN

That's not what Henry's saying. He told his father you both hit Cara with Henry's car about six months ago and then left the scene.

JULIA

(before Matt can respond)
What a guilty person will do to deflect his crime. To lie like that, so blatantly? His own father doesn't even believe him.

(to Sean)

Isn't that what he told you?

SEAN

In so many words. Henry's father did ask if you would come in and give a statement to his lawyer. Your side of the story. Are you okay with that?

Matt doesn't answer..

JULIA

I have to go get Annie.

Julia kisses his head and exits. Matt turns back to Sean, realizes he's been staring at him intently this whole time.

(CONTINUED)

MATT

What?

SEAN

Did you have anything to do with that hit and run, Matt?

MATT

How could you even ask me that?

SEAN

I did find it slightly odd that you begged me to reconstruct the face of a girl I wasn't aware you knew prior to the accident.

MATT

(heated)

Do you really think that I could hide something from you that could destroy my whole life like that?

Silence from Sean, unnerved by his son parroting a philosophy he espoused earlier to Christian. Matt stands.

MATT (cont'd)

You know what Dad? I'll tell my side of the story to Henry's lawyer. I'm sure he'll believe me.

Matt exits. Off Sean, troubled, we...)

END ACT ONE ←

(No Fade out)

ACT TWO

13 INT. EXAM ROOM -- DAY

13

TIGHT ON CALVIN'S THIRD NIPPLE. Pull out to reveal Sean with a Magic Marker, delicately sketching the line his scalpel will take around Calvin's extra man-teat moments from now.

CALVIN

Where's your partner? I thought he was going to be doing this.

SEAN

(reading him wrong)
I can assure you, you're in very good hands.

CALVIN

Do you know how Dr. Troy's consult with that other surgeon went?

Sean finishes drawing, caps his pen and looks up.

SEAN

What other surgeon?

CALVIN

Dr. Jordan. We met in her office, he was going to show her how to operate or something.

Sean immediately gets it.

CALVIN (cont'd)

Can you believe they let doctors who don't know what they're doing cut into people?

Before Sean can respond, Liz and Nurse Linda appear.

LIZ

We're ready to prep him.

As Linda smiles, perhaps too widely, making shy Calvin extremely nervous --

SEAN

Mr. Murray, the ladies will escort you to surgery. We'll begin momentarily.

As Calvin makes his way out with Linda, Liz elegantly closes the door and leans against it. A beat, then --

(CONTINUED)

LIZ

You sure you don't want to check up
on me, make sure I'm handling
everything all right?

Sean flashes a "very funny" look and tries to blow past her,
but she stops him.

LIZ (cont'd)

Just a minute Sean, we gotta set
the record straight. I re-checked
my numbers on Unger. Even the
B.I.S. showed he was deep.

SEAN

Maybe you read the monitor wrong.

LIZ

Machines don't make mistakes, Sean.
(pointedly)
People do.

Liz has said her peace. She opens the door and exits. Sean
is silent. DISSOLVE from his pensive image to...

4 INT. SCRUB UP -- DAY (MINUTES LATER)

14

Sean standing at the counter, carefully lining up a row of
scalpels on a tray, paying particular attention to the
steadiness in his hand. When Christian enters --

CHRISTIAN

You're here for prep early.

-- Sean doesn't even look up. Christian moves to the sink
and starts to wash up. After a beat, measured:

SEAN

Why didn't you tell me you met our
triple nipple in Dr. Jordan's
office?

(off his silence)

You're going to have her do your
rhinoplasty, aren't you?

Christian considers his answer for a beat. Then, a "fuck it"
look glides across his face.

CHRISTIAN

That's right, I am. You caught me
red-handed, Sean! I'm cheating on
you.

(CONTINUED)

As Sean grabs his tray of instruments and barges out --

SEAN

This partnership is a goddamn joke.

INT. SURGERY -- DAY

Calvin lies on the table monitored by Liz. An entering Sean sets his instruments down, then turns back to Christian as Linda comes up behind him to tie on his smock and gloves.

SEAN

I have one minor mishap after fifteen impeccable years of surgery and suddenly all your trust swirls down the drain. Did you forget who's talent built this business?

CHRISTIAN

Your talent? Let's take a look at your record on talent, shall we Sean? You're the one who left the cautery tip in Mrs. Grubman, not me. You're the one who failed the review boards, not me. And you're the one who almost cut off Unger's head the other day -- NOT ME.

That lands hard and the room freezes. Liz and Linda quickly go back to busying themselves as Sean, mask on now, takes his position by Calvin. As Christian comes around to assist, Liz hits the Bang and Olufsen and Fischerspooner's "Just Let Go" begins. Sean and Christian face each other, staring, waiting for the other to make a move.

LIZ

Is this going to be pistols at twenty paces or is someone going to get to work here?

Sean grabs a scalpel. Christian watches intently as Sean stares down at it, concentrating on his hand. Sean's so focused on not wanting it to shake, he can't move either. Christian looks to Liz, then back to Sean.

CHRISTIAN

What are you waiting for, Sean?

Sean's frozen. He starts to sweat. After a long beat --

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

(with quiet control)

Give me the scalpel.

(CONTINUED)

15

Sean hesitates. They meet eyes.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)
Give me the scalpel, Sean.

Sean hands it over.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)
Now leave.

It's a huge moment. The changing of the guard. Sean turns and makes a quick exit. Christian pauses, takes a breath, then slowly makes an incision around the third nipple and pops it off as if it were nothing but a pesky mole.

16 OMITTED

16

17 INT. MCNAMARA GUEST BEDROOM -- DAY

17

ERICA has propped a mirror on her dinner tray. She stares back at her reflection, slowly peeling off her face-lift bandages. It's an eerie, shocking moment as she pulls her hair back and sees the brutality of her stitches and staples.

Erica quietly gasps, then runs her long fingers over her aristocratic bone structure, gently touching her yellow and purple bruises, as if to comfort them.

RACK FOCUS: Julia silently walks in on the intimate moment. She is shocked at her mother's face. A beat, then bravely --

JULIA
I think you're meant to let a
doctor take off your bandages,
mother.

Erica pauses, then puts on a dazzling smile.

ERICA
I am a doctor, darling.
(preening)
I'm thrilled with the results.
Absolutely thrilled.

Julia sits on the bed. A long beat, then --

JULIA
Is it painful?

Erica is suddenly overcome by vulnerability.

(CONTINUED)

ERICA

Everything just...throbs.

This is a difficult moment for Julia...where the child becomes a parent. She pauses, then brightly --

JULIA

Did you drain your fluid today?
Sean said to make sure you --

ERICA

I was going to do that now, if
you'd give me a chance.

Erica tilts her head, revealing a small drainage JUT along her jawline with a bulb attached. She begins to remove the bulb but winces from pain.

JULIA

Here -- let me help you.

Julia tries to help, but Erica pushes her hand away. Julia stares at her, in shock from the aggressive gesture. Then --

ERICA

Please. Hold up the mirror please.

Julia directs the reflection so Erica is more mobile. As Erica dumps the blood and pus pooling in her jut, Julia looks away -- suddenly both stricken and emotional.

ERICA (cont'd)

What's wrong now? Is this too
disturbing for you?

JULIA

What's disturbing is some news I
got the other day. About Matt's
friend, Henry. He raped a friend of
theirs.

ERICA

(looks up, stunned)
How old?

JULIA

Sixteen. And so sweet. I can't
understand how a boy who is so
young and easygoing could...

ERICA

Lose control like that? Do you
want my professional opinion?

(CONTINUED)

JULIA

Can't we pretend we're having a conversation without dragging your credentials into this?

ERICA

I'll tell you exactly why he did it. Children these days are under the same pressure as adults are. Society is constantly pushing them toward perfection. It's really the parent's fault, really.

INTERCUT WITH:

18 INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

18

Sean, sans scrubs, downs some anti-anxiety pills.

ERICA (V.O.)

All these baby boomers grew up with high expectations of what life should be and they woke up in middle age and became unglued.

JULIA (V.O.)

What do you mean?

Sean turns, grabs his coat off the chair.

ERICA (V.O.)

It's called transference. The parents never learned how to deal with their own failures, so they passed their unrealistic expectations onto their kids.

Sean turns off his desk light, casually makes his way out to:

19 INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

19

Sean heads for the exit, in a daze.

ERICA (V.O.)

They put pressure on them to excel in school, in relationships...and it's too much.

20 INT. GUEST BEDROOM -- DAY

20

JULIA

Do you think Matt feels that way?
I don't think I try to pressure
him.

ERICA

All this is unconscious, Julia.
But yes, I think you do. That's
why he's so quiet. He wants to
appear in control even when he's
not.

21 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE -- DAY

21

Sean pulls out his keys, chirps open his car door. As he
nears he sees a a BMW blocking him in -- he's trapped. Sean
calmly gets in his car and starts it up.

JULIA (V.O.)

You make him sound like he's some
sort of ticking time bomb.

ERICA (V.O.)

Simple psychology, really. If
you're in an environment where you
feel you can't fail, sooner or
later...

Sean peels out in reverse, SMASHING into the BMW.

ERICA (V.O.) (cont'd)

...you'll explode.

Sean pulls forward, backs into the BMW again. And again.
Until finally he smashes his way out of the parking space.
As Sean roars off, unhinged, we...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

22

INT. DR. JORDAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

22

Christian is sitting in an exam chair as Dr. Jordan leans in close, examining his nose from every possible angle. Christian's losing patience.

CHRISTIAN

I never do two consultations for a rhinoplasty. Why can't we schedule and get it over with?

DR. JORDAN

Because that's not the way I work, Dr. Troy.

CHRISTIAN

Another perfectionist, huh?
(leans forward, sexy)
I thought you might be looking for a little more than a consult.

He reads her amused smile as a flirtation. Then --

DR. JORDAN

No. Just like to take my time and be thorough.

Dr. Jordan pushes the tip of Christian's nose a few times.

CHRISTIAN

What is the big deal? All you do is administer a local, reset the fracture and stabilize it.

DR. JORDAN

Maybe you'd rather do the procedure yourself. You could save an awful lot of money.

Christian pauses, realizing he's not earning points here.

CHRISTIAN

I'm sorry -- rough day at the office.
(switching gears)
Don't you find working hard all day can build up stress?
(sexy)
I know how I like to release that tension. What do you do?

She turns and grabs a chart.

(CONTINUED)

DR. JORDAN

Umm, how's Thursday for you?

CHRISTIAN

That's it? We're done?

DR. JORDAN

Unless there's something else you'd like to tell me how to do, yes.

Christian considers the good doctor for a beat, then smiles.

CHRISTIAN

Now that you mention it...

Christian stands, starts to take off his shirt.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

I haven't had an all-over body mole check in a while. Perhaps you could take a look. Seeing as you're so thorough.

INT. DR. JORDAN'S OFFICE -- MINUTES LATER

A hand-held ULTRA VIOLET LIGHT casts an eerie, yet somehow sexual glow in the now darkened office. Dr. Jordan, wearing goggles, turns and faces Christian in his underwear.

DR. JORDAN

Would you like a gown?

CHRISTIAN

Actually, doctor, on occasion I sunbathe in the buff.

Christian slides off his Versaces and is completely nude now -- and proud of it. Slyly --

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

A scrotal melanoma is a stain I don't want on this birthday suit.

Dr. Jordan doesn't flinch. As she sinks below his waist --

DR. JORDAN

Looks like you've got more than your share down here.

CHRISTIAN

Wait another minute and it'll get even -- OWWW, Jesus!

(CONTINUED)

Christian looks down, revealing Dr. Jordan pinching his mid-section.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

What the hell are you doing?

DR. JORDAN

No moles, but I'd recommend some lipo for those hips.

CHRISTIAN

Are you saying I have love handles?
(checking himself)
I do not have love handles.

Dr. Jordan stands back up and stares at Christian like he's a YSL cocktail dress she's window shopping for.

DR. JORDAN

Not that they are noticeable to the untrained eye, but to a professional --

CHRISTIAN

Hey, I am a professional, sweetheart. Don't try and sell me something I don't need.

DR. JORDAN

(turning on the lights)
You're forty-years-old, Dr. Troy. A few preventative measures now could help you hold onto your current look for another five years.

(brightening)

I'd recommend scheduling the lipo and some Restalyne to soften those puppet lines around your mouth during the same appointment.

As he pulls on his pants, beyond insulted --

CHRISTIAN

Men half my age want to look as good as this, okay? You're the one who needs work done, doctor.
(dramatically)

Lasik.

Christian grabs the rest of his clothes and exits.

25

INT. MCNAMARA KITCHEN -- DAY

25

Julia is at the table studying. Sean enters, throws his briefcase down and heads for the fridge.

JULIA

Hey.

SEAN

I need the number of our insurance adjustor.

JULIA

Did you just have an accident?

SEAN

(pulling out a beer)

There was a car blocking my parking space at work. I backed into it so I could get out.

JULIA

You ran into another car on purpose?

SEAN

I think four times qualifies as on purpose, yes.

JULIA

Sean, what is going on? Why are you so angry?

SEAN

Because it was my parking space, Julia. I work seventy goddamn hours a week for it. You don't block a man in when he's worked his ass off all day to provide for his family...

And just like that, Sean goes from anger to being completely choked up, on the verge of tears. He slowly sinks to a chair. Julia is alarmed. She sits down next to him.

JULIA

It's okay --

He looks up at her, trying not to lose it.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Could you still love me if I wasn't
a surgeon, Julia? If we had to
move out of this house?

He's heartbreaking. Julia gently takes his hand.

JULIA

Of course I'd still love you.

SEAN

I can't operate anymore.
(off her confused look)
I'm having a problem with my hand.
It shakes every time I pick up a
scalpel.

JULIA

A neurological problem?

SEAN

I had Marty Fine check me out last
week. It's nothing physical. It's
all up here.

JULIA

You mean it's all psychological.

SEAN

What difference does it make? I
can't keep my hand steady.

JULIA

The difference is is that if it's
psychological it doesn't have to be
permanent. You put yourself under
so much pressure all the time Sean,
to be perfect, I'm surprised
something like this hasn't happened
sooner.

SEAN

There's nothing wrong with wanting
to be perfect.

JULIA

Only if you're willing to fail.

Matt sits alone at a table, glancing at various rough-looking
INMATES who sit at other tables with visiting FAMILY MEMBERS.

(CONTINUED)

To his left, a tattooed GANGBANGER enjoys a discreet blow-job from his GIRLFRIEND. When Matt meets his eyes, the gangbanger makes a salacious kissy face. Matt quickly looks away in fear just as HENRY (in an orange jumpsuit) is led over by a GUARD. When he sees Matt --

HENRY

I knew you'd finally come --

Henry grabs Matt in a bear hug and the guard quickly yanks them apart and sits Henry down hard.

GUARD

No contact or the visit's over, got me?

The guard exits. Matt takes a beat and looks at Henry, who is spookily jumpy and has ringed wild eyes.

HENRY

This place is crazy, Matt. I'm not gonna make it much longer in here --

Matt leans in and cuts him off with a controlled hiss.

MATT

Henry, what are you doing telling people about the accident?

HENRY

I had to. It's the only way I can get out of this place.

MATT

Henry, you're in here for raping Cara. Admitting you were involved in a hit and run against her isn't going to set you free.

HENRY

But it'll get me into a hospital.

Henry leans in, unblinking and scarily focused.

HENRY (cont'd)

My lawyer says he can plead temporary insanity for the rape if he can prove I was under emotional duress at the time. Which I was. Because of what we did.

MATT

So now you wanna drag me into this just because you snapped? Everything was fine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MATT (cont'd)

All you had to do was play cool and stay away from her and none of this would have happened.

(a beat, then --)

You disgust me. How could you rape a girl who was so fragile and naive?

HENRY

How could you do what you did, Matt?

MATT

(forceful)

I didn't do anything.

HENRY

You pretended what we did was okay!

Henry's loud enough that the guard turns and looks. Henry takes a beat to compose himself, then --

HENRY (cont'd)

Doesn't the pressure get to you sometimes, Matt? Aren't you at all haunted by what we did?

Matt doesn't answer. Henry softens.

HENRY (cont'd)

See, that's what was so beautiful about Cara. She was, she was so pure. She could never do what we did, leave someone dying in a ditch. I guess I just thought if I could get someone like that to love me, maybe I wouldn't be such a bad person any more. And God could forgive me for what I did.

He pauses, remembering. He seems far away now.

HENRY (cont'd)

When she finally said she'd never go out with me, I knew I'd lost my chance for absolution. You take away someone's chance to be saved, Matt, you take away their soul. I know...

Henry trails off. Matt looks disgusted. He stands.

MATT

You're on your own in this, Henry.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

No, don't go.

MATT

I'm sorry.

HENRY

No, don't go. Please.

Henry reaches for Matt, completely panicked again. Matt tries to pull away, but Henry holds on tighter.

HENRY (cont'd)

You can't leave me in here they're gonna rape me, Matt. You gotta --

The guard instantly appears and yanks Henry off.

GUARD

I warned you once, asshole.

Henry is dragged back into the prison, kicking and screaming.

HENRY

Matt, please help me. Please...you have to help me. Please...please...

Matt watches, horrified and suddenly overwhelmed with guilt.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Pants around his ankles, sweating, Christian holds Gina's arms down as he bangs away on top of her, hard and fast in what looks like a rape in progress.

CHRISTIAN

Tell me how sexy I am. I want to hear you say it.

GINA

You're sexy...

CHRISTIAN

You love my body, don't you?

GINA

Yes, I want to touch you.

Gina manages to get a hand free and reaches up to touch Christian's face.

CHRISTIAN

No -- here.

He takes her hand and slaps it on his --

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

You like my ass, right? Tell me
how much you like my rockhard ass.

Gina is silent. She looks like she's going to cry and turns
her face away. Christian turns her face back to him.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Say it. Say it!

GINA

Who the hell do you think I am all
of a sudden? Huh?

CHRISTIAN

Right now I was imagining you as a
brunette plastic surgeon.

GINA

Is that all I am to you? Just a
hole to fill?

He silently keeps plugging away. A beat, then emotional --

GINA (cont'd)

Get off of me. Get off me you
asshole!

She roughly pushes him off, stands and puts on her clothes.

CHRISTIAN

Christ! When are you ever going to
get it through your head, Gina?
Sex between us is just that. Sex.
No strings attached. You want to
connect with someone, pay a shrink.
I thought I was doing you a favor.

GINA

Screw you, Christian! I've gone
nine months with no sexual
interaction, I haven't even
masturbated! And then you...you bat
your eyes and talk so nice to me...
(softly, with shame)
I thought this time was different.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Oh, why would tonight be any different?

GINA

You're hideous, you know that?

The ugly words pack the wallop of a slap in the face.

GINA (cont'd)

And now, in a fit of karma, you're as ugly on the outside as you are on the inside.

She exits. Christian stands there, upset. He doesn't need her. He doesn't need anyone. Off Christian, mad, frustrated and denied his release we CUT TO:

28

INT. CHRISTIAN'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

28

A still shirtless Christian stands in front of the mirror, peels off his nose bandage and leans forward. He takes a good long look at himself and hates what he sees.

He opens his medical bag, pulls out some surgical tools. A long three-inch needle. A scalpel. A chisel.

He fills the needle from a tranquilizer bottle and sinks THE ENTIRE THREE INCHES into his nose. It's a slow painful process that takes nerves of steel and makes his eyes water and burn. Shaky, trying not to faint, he finally touches his nose for feeling -- there is none.

After a beat for courage, Christian pulls out an 11 blade, a barbaric-looking carving tool. Carefully, he SLITS HIS LEFT NOSTRIL, in effect making more room for what's to come. A thin stream of blood pours over his lips and down his chin.

Christian wipes himself clean. Now is the moment of truth. Christian's hand reaches out of frame and pulls up --

The chisel. Now that his nostril is enlarged, the blunt end can fit, but just barely. Slowly, Christian PUSHES THE CHISEL up into his septum, slowly, inch by agonizing inch until we fear it will reach his brain.

Chisel inserted as far as it will go, Christian raises the hammer. One...he slowly brings the hammer to the bottom of the chisel, making sure he's on point. Two...he does it again, faster but not making hard impact.

(CONTINUED)

Christian looks at himself in the mirror again. And with no warning as the hammer jerks up toward his face we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

29	OMITTED	29
30	OMITTED	30
31	OMITTED	31
32	OMITTED	32
32A	OMITTED	32A
33	OMITTED	33
34	OMITTED	34
35	OMITTED	35

36 INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT -- LATER THAT NIGHT 36

The lights burn low. The unlocked door slowly opens.

SEAN (O.S.)
Christian?

CHRISTIAN'S VOICE
In here.

Sean enters the living room to see Christian, stoic in a chair in the inky darkness, backlit by the city lights. Sean nervously approaches the silhouette.

SEAN
How bad is it?

CHRISTIAN
See for yourself.

Sean turns on a SWIVEL LAMP next to the chair and aims the light to REVEAL Christian, his nose a swollen bloody mess.

SEAN
(softly)
Jesus. You need to clean this up.

(CONTINUED)

Sean sees Christian's medical bag nearby, pulls it over and digs for something inside.

SEAN (cont'd)
What in the hell did you do?

CHRISTIAN
I managed to make the cut with the
11 blade, but when I reached for
the osteotome and set up to break
the bridge -- guess what happened?

SEAN
You realized how completely
ridiculous you were being?

CHRISTIAN
My hand started to shake.

Sean looks up and registers the connection.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)
I was staring at myself in the
mirror and I realized...I'm all
alone. My nose was bleeding, and
the only person I trusted was
myself -- I couldn't handle the
pressure. I choked.

Sean pulls out some medical tape and gauze. As he delicately
trims a piece and fits it over Christian's nose --

SEAN
At least you had the sense to stop
yourself before you did more harm.

CHRISTIAN
Now I understand what you're going
through, Sean.

Sean looks up at him. An emotional moment for both men.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)
That anxiety? If I treated every
patient the way I do my face, I
couldn't manage. But that's what
you do every day.

Sean leans back to inspect his work; Christian's nose has
stopped bleeding and looks neatly bandaged.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

I scheduled myself for surgery tomorrow at 8 am. You're gonna fix this properly.

SEAN

Me? No, I'm not ready for that, Christian. What about your need for a perfect --

CHRISTIAN

This surgery is about more than my face, Sean. This is about our future. We need to let go and trust each other again if we're going to have one.

As Sean stares, still riddled with self-doubt, we CUT TO:

37 OMITTED 37

38 INT. SCRUB ROOM -- DAY 38

Liz enters.

LIZ

Sean? Sean? Sean.

Sean stands at the scrub sink, hands dripping, lost in his waking nightmare. Sean snaps out of his fear and turns.

LIZ (cont'd)

He's prepped and ready for twilight.

39 INT. SURGERY SUITE -- DAY 39

Christian sits upright on the operating table in a surgical gown, legs dangling. Sean enters, radiating confidence.

LIZ

Put your fat noggin on the pillow, Sleeping Beauty.

Christian lies down, then looks back at Liz.

CHRISTIAN

You look fantastic. Have you lost weight?

(CONTINUED)

LIZ

If you think one lousy compliment
is gonna stop me from killing you
after all the shit you've put me
through, think again.

Liz sees the fear in his eyes and smiles softly.

LIZ (cont'd)

You're gonna be fine.

CHRISTIAN

(directly, to Sean)

I know I am.

In place now, Sean takes a second, then nods to Liz.

LIZ

Count backwards from ten for me.

CHRISTIAN

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six...

PUSH IN on Sean. Suddenly panicked. A beat, then --

SEAN

Stop the anesthesia, Liz.

Sean considers his partner for a beat.

SEAN (cont'd)

I can't do it, Christian. Call Dr.
Jordan. I'm sorry.

Liz removes the mask. Then:

CHRISTIAN

Tell you what. If I think you're
not doing a good job, I'll stop you
myself. Fair enough?

SEAN

What are you talking about?

CHRISTIAN

(turns to Liz)

Let's pack my nose, numb it with
ten CCs of lidocaine. And I'll
need you to hold a mirror in front
of my face so I can see what's
going on.

Liz and Linda share a look as Christian takes a moment. Sean
look to Christian -- what's he getting at?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

I don't want Dr. Jordan, Sean. I trust you. I'll stay awake the whole time. We'll do the operation together.

SEAN

Are you crazy? I'm not performing a rhinoplasty on an unanesthetized patient.

CHRISTIAN

Not alone, you not. I'll assist. Hey, I tried it alone myself, didn't work for me either. I think we both work better as a team. Liz?

Liz shakes her head and prepares the packing. Sean stares down at his softly smiling partner with a newfound sense of respect. It's truly the most heroic gesture he's ever witnessed. Off Sean, we DISSOLVE TO:

40

INT. SURGERY SUITE -- LATER

40

Christian, flat on the table, looking up into a mirror Liz is holding so he can co-assist his own surgery.

SEAN

15 blade.

Nurse Linda hands it over and Sean re-opens the stitches along Christian's nostril. He then wipes away the blood and feels the bridge of Christian's nose.

SEAN (cont'd)

I need to reset the septum before I can properly set it straight.

LIZ

Even with a local, you're gonna feel the bone break. Let me give you some Versed, just to relax you.

CHRISTIAN

And miss all the fun? No way.

Sean takes the hammer and chisel from Linda and places it along the bridge of Christian's nose -- the same place he envisioned in his nightmare.

SEAN

Chisel. Liz? You want to hold his head?

(CONTINUED)

She sets the mirror down and grabs Christian's skull.

SEAN (cont'd)

Hammer.

Sean subtly stares at his hands, waiting for them to shake.

CHRISTIAN

You're doing great. Don't think about it. You've done a thousand nose jobs in your career and you are gonna do a thousand more.

Sean pauses, nods. PUSH IN on Sean and his moment of truth.

ANGLE: the chisel comes down on the hammer, shattering Christian's septal bone with a sickening CRUNCH. Christian winces in pain that would make most men black out.

SEAN

(setting the bone)

Breathe...breathe...

Another crunch, the sound of the bone being properly set with Sean's tactile fingers. Sean slowly removes his hands and just stands there, amazed he did it. There is nothing but the sound of beeps for a second, until --

SEAN (cont'd)

(emotional)

All right ladies, let's stitch him up and wheel him off to recovery.

Sean looks down at Christian, eyes brimming with gratitude.

SEAN (cont'd)

(softly)

Thank you.

CHRISTIAN

Thank you.

Sean grabs Christian's hand. WE SLOW PAN OUT as Sean continues to quietly comfort his partner and Liz and Nurse Linda apply the proper bandages.

CUT TO:

INT. LAW OFFICE HALLWAY -- DAY

Sean leans against a wall outside an office door and looks up at Matt, who is pacing.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

You wanna go over what you're going to say?

Matt shakes his head, but Sean can see his son is wavering.

SEAN (cont'd)

Henry's father's already in there. I talked to his attorney again. He told me if this story about the hit and run was true, since no one died, the whole case could probably be plea bargained down --

MATT

Jesus dad, who do you care about more, me or Henry?

SEAN

That's silly -- you're my son, Matt.

MATT

Right. And Henry was the one who raped Cara. So why are you so interested in having me help him get off?

SEAN

That's not what I'm saying.

MATT

Then what is it, Dad? Because you obviously don't trust me.

SEAN

I'm saying I want you to trust me when I tell you that admitting you've made a mistake is okay.

MATT

Driving into someone and running away is just a mistake to you?

SEAN

Yes.

(off Matt)

As a matter of fact, I did the same thing the other day.

Matt looks at his father -- he's got his attention now.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (cont'd)

I used some bad judgment during a time of crisis and I overreacted. But I took responsibility for it.

Matt contemplates his father for a beat.

SEAN (cont'd)

Relying on another person's faith when you don't have faith in yourself is not easy. But you've got to trust me.

Sean grabs his son gently by the shoulders.

SEAN (cont'd)

What I am trying to say is...

(a beat)

I love you, Matt.

MATT

And if...if I actually admitted I ran over someone and left the scene of the crime, you'd still feel that way, you'd still stand by me?

Sean is rocked for a moment, but was prepared for this.

SEAN

No matter what.

Door opens and Henry's ATTORNEY pokes his head out --

ATTORNEY

We're ready.

Sean puts his arm around his son on the back as the walk into...

42

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE -- DAY

42

Matt, sitting in a chair next to Sean. Henry's father, RICHARD, sits next to the attorney, quiet and pale. POV: a whirring video camera that documents Matt's nervousness.

ATTORNEY

Present today are Richard Shapiro, Henry's father, Sean McNamara and his son, Matt McNamara. Matt is here of his own free will and has agreed to give a deposition relating to a purported crime that occurred some nine months ago.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATTORNEY (cont'd)

(leans forward)

Matt, at this time I need to remind you this is a very serious matter and will be going on record as part of this investigation. Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but?

MATT

Yes, sir.

ATTORNEY

Very well then. First question...

Richard catches Matt's eye. On his face is a quietly pleading look that Matt instantly reads as "please help my son."

ATTORNEY (cont'd)

Matt, were you in any way as Henry Shapiro has stated involved in a hit and run accident against Cara Fitzgerald?

The CAMERA slowly PUSHES IN ON Matt, waiting for his answer until finally --

MATT

No.

As Matt stares straight ahead, completely committed to his lie, we SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE

*Great dramatic
Ending beat!
Subverts expectation.*