

**HART OF DIXIE**

PILOT

by

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Studio Draft

12/9/2010

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. GULF COAST HIGHWAY 180 - MORNING

The SUN SHINES over a quiet, exquisite stretch of Alabama coastline. Out on the water, FISHERMEN pull in the morning's catch. A LONE PELICAN takes off from the water. We FOLLOW IT to A GREYHOUND BUS winding down the seaside road.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - SAME

Not quite so exquisite. We're in an UNSEEN PERSON'S POV as we watch TWO 12-YEAR OLDS fight over a Gameboy, AN OLD MAN spit chew into a Dr. Pepper can, and A FAT FISHERMAN sleep with his mouth wide open, as he DROOLS INTO FRAME... and REVERSE TO REVEAL we are in the POV of ZOE HART, 28, an adorable, spoiled New Yorker, who at that moment would rather be anywhere but on this particular bus.

ZOE'S VOICE

*See the girl in the \$2200 Chanel jacket now covered in Mountain Dew and Disease? That's me, Zoe Hart.*

As Zoe pushes her seat-mate off her shoulder, we PUSH TOWARD the BACK OF THE BUS, where A LARGE TEENAGER IN A CRIMSON TIDE SHIRT exits the bathroom, passing an OLD LADY on her way in.

LARGE TEENAGER

Wouldn't go in there for a while if I was you, Ma'am. Had a bucket of Popeyes for breakfast.

The old lady sits back down. Zoe, disgusted, looks out the window, as scenes of Coastal Alabama peak through the trees. A ROADHOUSE advertises GULF'S BEST PO'BOYS AND COLDEST BEER. OLD MEN sit on a front porch, shooting the breeze and shooing flies. A sign out front of a CHURCH reads "SAVING ISN'T JUST FOR WALMART." Over this--

ZOE'S VOICE

*Yesterday I woke up on West 24th street, bought a tall skinny latte, took a cab to my job at the most prestigious hospital in the country.*

A HUNTER hoists a deer carcass into the cab of his PICKUP.

ZOE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

*But I guess I should start at the beginning...*

EXT. JOHNS HOPKINS MEDICAL SCHOOL - FOUR YEARS AGO - DAY

It's graduation day, proud near-doctors, prouder parents.

ZOE'S VOICE

*Four years ago, I graduated from  
Johns Hopkins Medical School at the  
top of my class.*

CLOSE ON a YOUNGER ZOE, poised, supremely confident, clearly a star, making a commencement speech from a podium.

ZOE

The first time I held a scalpel, I was nine. We were hosting a party for some of my mother's celebrity clients. While the chef prepared squab for Calista Flockhart and Bono, my dad and I snuck off and dissected ours. I was enthralled. My mother, as you can imagine, was apoplectic...

As the AUDIENCE CHUCKLES, we FIND Zoe's mom, CANDACE, a high-powered publicist, with her young, vapid, MODEL BOYFRIEND.

MODEL BOYFRIEND

You were worried she'd cut herself?

CANDACE

I was worried about this. That my beautiful daughter would follow in the steps of her withholding, weasel of a father. What kind of life is surgery? Slicing people open a hundred hours a week under florescent lights? And lord knows what it'll do to her skin.

MODEL BOYFRIEND

Good point.

As Candace fixes his collar, AT THE PODIUM, Zoe concludes her speech.

YOUNGER ZOE

It was a big night for me, because I also got to meet my hero, Mets great Dwight Gooden. I was nine, shy, small talk was beyond me. But if Doc Gooden were here today, I'd tell him that being a great surgeon is a lot like being a great pitcher.

(MORE)

## YOUNGER ZOE (CONT'D)

To succeed you need to treat the patient like a batter at the plate - diagnose the conditions, focus on precision... and do your best to shut him out.

As we CUT TO a slightly bewildered crowd.

## ZOE'S VOICE

*Some future pediatricians might have thought my speech was a little callous.*

DISSOLVE TIME as Zoe is congratulated by a group of young surgeons - all slightly better looking, better dressed, and more intimidating than the other graduates - including Zoe's HANDSOME BOYFRIEND, and BEST FRIEND...

## ZOE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

*But the real doctors, the surgeons, totally got my point. And I even got a groupie out of it.*

As the graduates celebrate, a sweet Southern man, HARLEY WILKES, 60, in bow tie and hat, calls out to Zoe.

## HARLEY WILKES

Dr. Hart? That was quite a speech. It showed a lot of... hubris.

## ZOE

Thank you!

## HARLEY WILKES

My name Dr. Harley Wilkes. I come from BlueBell, Alabama.

## ZOE

BlueBell? That's adorable.

## HARLEY WILKES

Have a small general practice there. A great town with great people, and a great place for a young doctor to hone her craft under my mentorship. I'd like to offer you a job.

## ZOE

That's incredibly flattering. And I'm sure your town is lovely. But I have a plan. After I complete my surgical residency, I'll get a fellowship in thoracics go on to become a cardio-thoracic surgeon.

(MORE)

ZOE (CONT'D)

My last name is Hart, it's like predestined. So, though your offer is so sweet, dealing with diarrhea and diaper rash just isn't my thing. But thanks! Really. Glad you liked my speech.

A slightly hurt Harley watches as Zoe runs over to Candace and her model boyfriend. Candace gives her a perfunctory hug as Zoe looks around, hopeful --

ZOE (CONT'D)

So, where's Dad?

CANDACE

Sorry, honey, you know him. Stuck in Germany. Some diplomatic needed a pacemaker put in. His assistant sent you a congratulatory fax, though.

Zoe's disquieted for a moment, but recovers as her BOYFRIEND and BEST FRIEND join the group... She kisses them both as--

ZOE'S VOICE

*I had it all: the most amazing boyfriend and a kick ass BFF who were just as driven as I was. Best part was, the three of us all landed the same residency program.*

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - MORNING

Back on the Alabama bus. Zoe's seat-mate is now feasting on cheese curls, kicking up a tiny cloud of orange dust.

ZOE'S VOICE

*Well, it's four years later and you know I wouldn't be in the middle of nowhere, sitting next to a guy who smells like Cheetos and chum, if it had turned out like I hoped.*

INT. ZOE'S APARTMENT - A YEAR AGO - NIGHT

The LIVING ROOM of her stylish apartment has been taken over by medical stuff -- TEXT BOOKS and ANATOMICAL CHARTS. A CLOSE-UP on a FRUIT BOWL reveals a weird assortment of FRANKENSTEIN FRUIT that Zoe has been using to practice her sutures.

In the DINING ROOM, Zoe and her BOYFRIEND sit at a beautiful CANDLELIT DINNER. He gives her a long MOS SPEECH. As we watch Zoe go from annoyed to surprised to heartbroken--

ZOE'S VOICE

*Last Valentines Day, my boyfriend  
dumped me. And it wasn't just  
because I practiced mattress sutures  
on the Chicken Cordon Bleu he spent  
all day making me. He said that all  
I cared about was being the best.  
That I was too busy, too cutthroat,  
too self-involved for him. Which  
maybe I was, cause it seemed I was  
the last to know he replaced me with...*

INT. MT SINAI HOSPITAL - DAY

Zoe's NOW-EX BOYFRIEND walks through the hospital arm in arm with Zoe's NOW-FORMER BEST FRIEND. ANGLE Zoe, watching--

ZOE'S VOICE

*Sure, it hurt. It more than hurt--*

INT. BARNEY'S - DAY

Zoe SOBS to her mother.

ZOE

*-- it feels like someone pulled out  
my intestines and tied them around my  
throat!*

CANDACE

*Honey, go and compose yourself.*

Candace looks around, hoping no one witnessed Zoe's public spectacle.

INT. BARNEY'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A more composed Zoe blows her nose as Candace enters.

CANDACE

*I'll give you the same advice I gave  
Jennifer Aniston. Even if it feels  
like smiling will take every ounce of  
effort you have, you put on your  
makeup, you show those pearly whites  
and you get through the day.*

ZOE'S VOICE

*So I did.*

INT. MT. SINAI HALLWAY - DAY

Zoe walks purposefully through the hall, reading charts, delegating to interns.

She passes a GROUP SURROUNDING HER EX-BOYFRIEND AND FORMER BEST FRIEND. Wondering what they're seeing, she looks and is blinded by AN ENORMOUS DIAMOND on her ex best friend's finger...

Zoe looks away, determined not to let it get to her.

ZOE'S VOICE

*I kept strong. Held it together. I could, because I was about to leave those lovebird losers in the dust - I was a shoo in for...*

CHIEF OF SURGERY (PRELAP)

...the Reuther fellowship in Cardiothoracic Surgery.

INT. NEW YORK PRESBYTERIAN/CORNELL WEILL HOSPITAL - DAY

A beaming, confident Zoe standing amidst a group of doctors as the chief of Surgery announces...

CHIEF OF SURGERY

We thought long and hard over this decision, but I am proud to say the new fellow is... Eve Coburn!

As Zoe's EX-BEST FRIEND claps with delight, we CLOSE IN ON Zoe's mouth, as she let's out a PRIMAL SCREAM.

INT. NEW YORK/CORNELL HOSPITAL - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

An indignant Zoe pleads with a placid Chief of Surgery.

ZOE

But I'm the best surgical resident in this hospital. I run the fastest whipstitch, already did a solo angioplasty. Plus, I'm legacy, my dad was a Reuther fellow before he went on to be the most renowned heart surgeon in Europe.

The chief offers her some homemade cookies.

CHIEF OF SURGERY

Snickerdoodle?

(off her glare)

Zoe, you've got the best hands I've seen in thirty years. But if you want to be a heart surgeon, you need to work on your own.

ZOE

I do cardio five days a week.

CHIEF OF SURGERY

You know what I'm talking about.  
Last week, you ignored Mrs. Zuker  
when she asked you to sing with her.

ZOE

I was busy checking her vitals and  
preparing her for triple bypass. And  
Josh Groban? C'mon!

CHIEF OF SURGERY

We've received eight complaints about  
your bedside manner in the last  
twelve months.

ZOE

Chief, I *need* to be a cardiothoracic  
surgeon. I've worked my whole  
life... What can I do to get your  
recommendation for next year's  
fellowship? I'll do anything.

CHIEF OF SURGERY

Spend the next year working as a  
general practitioner.

ZOE

Come on. First of all, ew. Second  
of all, in case you haven't noticed,  
there's a job shortage. St.  
Vincent's shut down, the other  
hospitals are broke, I'll never work  
in private practice without a  
specialty. There isn't a single GP  
job in the whole city.

CHIEF OF SURGERY

(looks at her a beat)

That may be true, Dr. Hart, but there  
are other places besides New York.

As furious Zoe storms out...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

As Zoe talks on the phone...a handwritten list of cities sits  
on her lap.

ZOE

So, to clarify, there's no general practice jobs in the entire Baltimore area? Why'd I even go to your stupid med school?!

(then)

Sorry, dean.

Zoe hangs up, scratches off DC and Baltimore, the last cities left on her list. She SIGHS takes out her wallet and looks at a PICTURE of her, maybe 6, in a DOCTOR'S OUTFIT, sitting on her DAD'S lap, in his DOCTOR'S OUTFIT. She makes a call.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Gutan tag. Ich bin ein, Zoe. Kann ich mit mein Vater?

(as he gets on the phone)

Daddy! Hi. No... I didn't get the fellowship. NO, it's okay.

Actually, the chief said I'm a shoo-in for next year... Just need to figure some things out first. I will! Trust me Dad, I'll get it. Then look out - cause you might have a partner!

(then, chastened)

No, right. I know it's not as easy as that... Oh, okay. You go. I lo--

(he hangs up. Dial tone)

--Love you, Daddy.

And off Zoe, looking down at the phone... She begins to walk.

ZOE'S VOICE

*I was 28. Staring down the barrel at 30, the thing I'd worked for my entire life was in danger of never becoming a reality. I had no fiancé, no friends.*

It begins to RAIN. Zoe, runs to the bus stop, SLIPS on the wet sidewalk and FALLS... And, NO ONE OFFERS TO HELP HER UP.

ZOE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

*I was alone in New York City, the loneliest place in the world. Or maybe not exactly... alone.*

INT. ZOE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sleeping Zoe sits bolt upright in her bed, screaming--

ZOE

BED BUGS!!

INT. ZOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATE AT NIGHT

Zoe, in her pajamas, scratching, unable to sleep, looks at her mail...

ZOE'S VOICE

*And then I saw it...*

Zoe picks up a POSTCARD of idyllic BlueBell, Alabama.

ZOE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

*Another postcard from that southern guy Harley, he'd been sending me them for the last four years, ever since graduation - my speech really must've inspired him.*

She turns it over and finds a note which she reads aloud.

ZOE

*Tark twins keep wrestling in poison oak. We're real busy. Could use an extra, extra-talented, hand. Day you show up, the job is yours.*

And with that, she makes a decision, picks up the PHONE.

ZOE (CONT'D)

*Dr. Wilkes, it's Zoe Hart, I know it's the middle of the night... but you win... I'm on my way.*

ZOE'S VOICE

*It wasn't New York, but it was a step to becoming a heart surgeon.*

EXT. BLUEBELL BUS STOP - MORNING

The bus pulls away, leaving Zoe and her Hermes luggage by the side of a cow field. A SIGN points down a narrow road, reading "BlueBell 3 Mi"

ZOE

*And when I say it wasn't New York, it REALLY wasn't New York. Which is probably why there weren't any taxis.*

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - MINUTES LATER

Zoe rolls her suitcase down the road to town in her Prada heels and pencil skirt. It's hot, she sweats and swats at mosquitoes. A car pulls up beside her. Handsome, charming, GEORGE TUCKER, 30, rolls down the window.

GEORGE

Can I offer you a ride, ma'am?

ZOE

Thank you, but I have a strict policy about not letting strangers chop me up into a million pieces.

GEORGE

Sure, I get that. If it helps, I'm an attorney, not an axe murderer.

(off her scowl)

Suit yourself, but it's 96 degrees out, and you have two more miles to go until you hit town.

ZOE

(relenting)

Don't get any ideas.

And as she watches George Tucker gallantly open her door and take her bags--

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

George and Zoe drive.

GEORGE

So, lemme guess? New Yorker? I recognize the accent.

ZOE

I don't have an accent. The Brearley school saw to that... But, yes, I'm from New York.

GEORGE

Where about? I lived in Tribeca for a while when I worked at Cravath.

ZOE

(seeing him in new light)

As in Cravath, Swaine & Moore, the most prestigious law firm in the U.S.? What are you doing in this dead zone? Some sort of white collar crime community service thing?

GEORGE

Take it you're not in town for the crawdads?

ZOE

I'd never have left Manhattan. But I've been exiled. This is my purgatory.

GEORGE

Well, if you consider purgatory to be a place where neighbors take care of each other, every third Tuesday demands a parade, and the people spend their evenings dangling their feet in the water while sipping mint juleps... then call it what you want. But I call it home.

As they park... George helps Zoe out of the car.

EXT. BLUEBELL TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Zoe takes in the QUIANT SMALL TOWN SQUARE. In THE GAZEBO, a GROUP OF WOMEN rehearse a SPANISH WALTZ in actual antebellum SCARLET O'HARA DRESSES.

GEORGE

I'd take a night here over a night at the Pierre any time. I'm George Tucker.

He holds out his hand, as they touch, Zoe's flustered by the clear chemistry. She looks up in his deep blue eyes...

ZOE

Zoe, uh, Dr. Zoe Hart.

George reacts to the name... But decides not to go there...

GEORGE

Good luck, Dr. Zoe Hart. I hope you find what you're looking for.

He smiles and walks away.

EXT. BLUEBELL - MAIN STREET - DAY

As Zoe comes upon an old-fashioned sign that reads, "Doctor's Office" she takes out her phone, a deep breathe.

ZOE

Chief, Zoe Hart here. Day one of my GP job. I'll see you in 365 days....  
365 days.

Zoe shakes her head, can't believe it, and enters-

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

And straight into a Norman Rockwell Painting. A nurse - the no-nonsense MRS EMMELINE HATTENBARGER (aka Mrs. H) sits at the front desk.

ZOE

Hi, is Dr. Wilkes around?

MRS. H

You been under a rock the last four months? Harley passed away.

ZOE

(a beat, dumbstruck)

But... he just sent me a postcard.

Suddenly, Mrs. H comes alive... surprised and skeptical.

MRS. H

Are you Zoe Hart?

(off Zoe's nod)

We been expecting you. Harley left you his practice.

Off Zoe's OMG.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. DOWNTOWN BLUEBELL - DAY

Mrs. Hattenbarger and Zoe walk through what amounts to downtown BlueBell. It's super-cute, oozing with southern charm. Little shops. A town square with a bandstand and a statue of a Confederate hero. A stone's throw from the fishing docks and Mobile Bay.

ZOE

Well, it's beyond weird. Why would he leave *me*, a girl he met once, for like a minute and a half, his medical practice?

Mrs. H considers for a moment, she may know more but--

MRS. H

Harley never explained. His will said to keep sending you those postcards, that eventually you'd show up. Looks like he was right.

They approach the local watering hole, The Rammer Jammer.

ZOE

He may have been right. But clearly the man was one avocado short of a Cobb salad.... And speaking of which, I haven't eaten since JFK. Maybe we can just get something to go?

MRS. HATTENBARGER

Quicker to eat in, Shelley can never figure out how to put together those cardboard takeout boxes.

They enter.

INT. RAMMER JAMMER - DAY

A cross between a road house and clam shack, jutting right out over the water. Picnic tables outside. A bar, pool table and dance floor inside. It's lunchtime, and it's crowded with a mix of upper crust Dixie and working-class South. As Mrs. H and Zoe find a table, they're barraged by a group of extremely friendly locals including SHELLEY NG, crabby Vietnamese waitress, DASH DeWITT, landed gentry, 50s, Capote-esque, and TOM LONG, 23, instantly in love with Zoe.

TOM LONG

Hey, Emmeline, who's your friend?

MRS. HATTENBARGER

This is Zoe Hart. She's just moved to town from New York. Don't pester--

DASH DEWITT

Zoe, I do a theater trip every April. Fela! rocked my world. I have the soundtrack if you'd like to pop by.

SHELLEY

New Yorker, huh? Perhaps you'd like to try our souvee'd lamb shank with a yuzu-mint gellee?

(off Zoe's excitement)

Oh, whoops. We just ran out. We got catfish. It's fried.

TOM LONG

(with pride)

Gutted it myself.

ZOE

You know? I'm good. I'll sample the local delicacies later.

(stands, an announcement)

But if any of you people need medical care, you can come see me in Harley Wilkes old office.

And now, the crowd SILENCES. Finally, Tom bravely speaks up.

TOM

That's okay. We all got a doctor.

And, as everyone moves away from their table.

ZOE

What's he talking about?

MRS. HATTENBARGER

Technically, Harley left you *half* the practice. He shared it with Dr. Breeland. And Brick waited a long time to have BlueBell to himself...

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

Zoe pulls a power bar out of her bag as she purposefully strides back through town. An annoyed Mrs. H follows.

ZOE

So, I'll just find this Brick... is that a name?!

(MORE)

ZOE (CONT'D)

Explain that I'm just going to be here for a year, and then he's free to be the big fish in the world's smallest pond.

MRS. HATTENBARGER

Brick's hunting. And this ain't the sorta news you tell an Alabama man when he's got his hog rifle locked and loaded.

As they walk past THE GAZEBO, where the GROUP OF WOMEN IN HOOP SKIRTS just finished rehearsing and sit, gossiping.

ZOE

Well maybe someone should tell the people of this town that it's 2010! Hunting's inhumane, immoral and.. stupid! And dancing in celebration of the confederacy? Really?

Mrs. Hattenbarger doesn't think much of the Blue Belle's either, but she won't tolerate disrespect, whispering.

MRS. HATTENBARGER

Dr. Hart, the Blue Belles are an institution here. Elite young ladies chosen to keep our history alive. For better or worse, they're the closest thing we have to royalty.

ZOE

The Blue *Belles*? Emmeline, come on.

MRS. HATTENBARGER

You can call me Mrs. Hattenbarger. And mock all you want, but my husband got the satellite last year, we've seen every episode of *The Sopranos*. And believe me, that family's got nothing on these girls.

Just then, one of the Blue Belles, a beautiful young woman in a floofy yellow dress, LEMON BREELAND, waves and comes over... overly effusive.

LEMON

When I heard there was a new lady doctor in town, I painted myself quite a different picture. You're pretty!

Zoe gives Mrs. H a look, 'See? They're nice.' Mrs. H smirks.

MRS. HATTENBARGER  
 Zoe. This is Lemon Breeland.

ZOE  
 Brick's daughter? Nice to meet you.  
 I'm dying to talk to your dad, I know  
 he's hunting or whatever, but you  
 must have a way to contact him.

LEMON  
 Oh, there's no need for that. He  
 knows you're here. And if I were  
 you, I'd be gone by the time he  
 returns. Daddy can be quite...  
 imposing.

Zoe's stunned, then angered, by the sweetly delivered threat.

ZOE  
 Well, you tell *daddy* that if my  
 medical career hasn't been killed by  
 my mother - the second most powerful  
 publicist on the East Coast, or the  
 chief of surgery at New York/Cornell  
 hospital, it most certainly won't be  
 by some Southern xenophobe dressed up  
 like a stick of butter.

Zoe looks at Mrs. Hattenbarger, triumphant.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
 Now, let's go see some patients.

HARD CUT TO: ZOE SITTING, BORED. As no patients come.

INT. HARLEY'S OLD OFFICE/WAITING ROOM - DAY

We SEE A QUICK MONTAGE of Zoe killing time

- giving herself the eye test
- constructing a house with Q-tips
- testing her reflexes.

Finally, she calls for Mrs. H.

ZOE  
 Mrs H! I'm starting to fatigue.  
 Usually, at this time of day, a nurse  
 brings me a vente soy latte.

MRS. HATTENBARGER  
 Nearest Starbucks is 11 miles away.

ZOE  
 (oblivious)  
 Thanks! That's so nice of you!

Annoyed, Mrs. H leaves.

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE. DAY

Mrs. H, muttering to herself, gets in her old Dodge and DRIVES OFF as sweet OLD MAN JACKSON, 80s in an oversized sweater and glasses, enters the building.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE. DAY

Zoe's PHONE RINGS, she looks at the Caller ID, takes a deep breath, braces herself.

ZOE  
 Mom? Hey. Hi! I know I haven't  
 been answering. Actually, there's  
 something I need to tell you...  
 (no good way to say it)  
 I moved to Alabama.  
 (then)  
 Mom? Mom? Are you there?

As Old Man Jackson enters. Zoe HANGS UP.

OLD MAN JACKSON  
 Is Dr. Breeland around?

ZOE  
 He's hunting.  
 (her PHONE RINGS again)  
 My mother. Just told her I moved  
 here, she's kind of freaking out.  
 (then)  
 Anyway, what's up? You sick?

OLD MAN JACKSON  
 Oh I'm feeling as good as anyone my  
 age would. Just, there's been a  
 little mix-up at the DMV. Don't  
 s'pose you'd just sign this form for  
 me?

ZOE  
 Yeah, lemme give you an eye test  
 first.

OLD MAN JACKSON  
 Don't blame you...

She covers his eye as her PHONE RINGS again. She looks at it, torn, finally gives Old Man Jackson the 'one second' sign.

ZOE OLD MAN JACKSON  
 Mom, no, I am not having a E. F.P.TOZ.LPED.PECFD. EDFZP.  
 nervous breakdown!

Zoe distractedly gives him a THUMBS UP and SIGNS HIS FORM, we can hear her mother SCREAMING over the phone.

OLD MAN JACKSON (CONT'D)  
 Thank you very much.

And he walks out...

INT. HARLEY'S OLD OFFICE - LATER

Zoe is asleep on the exam table as --

MRS. HATTENBARGER (O.S.)  
 Sorry to wake you. Perhaps a latte  
 would've perked you up, too bad I  
 drank it. But, we have a patient.

Zoe's eyes pop open to see Mrs. H escort in COLLEEN, a forty-five year old shrimper with a HUGE HOOK in her arm and her obese daughter, MABEL, 25, in tow. Zoe hops into gear.

CLOSE ON Zoe's hand, EXPERTLY REMOVING THE HOOK.

INT. HARLEY'S OLD OFFICE - A BIT LATER

Colleen sits on the exam table. Zoe stitches her up, boasts--.

ZOE  
 I'm using subcuticular sutures.  
 There will barely be a scar.

COLLEEN  
 Lady, I'm a shrimper, that's my sixth  
 hook this year. Not like I'm gonna  
 catch a fella now. Bet someone like  
 you has to fight 'em off, you're so  
 thin. Maybe you could give some tips  
 to my daughter? You know that thing  
 about the potato chips, can't eat  
 just one? Big Mabel feels that way  
 about lunch.

Big Mabel sits there in pained silence, Colleen continues, as an uncomfortable Zoe stitches her up--

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

She was always chubby but she's put on another half ton ever since her boyfriend dumped her. Maybe she thinks the Oreos will fix the hole in her heart.

Zoe notices a DARK SKIN DISCOLORATION on Mabel's face...

ZOE

Mabel, the dark patches on your cheek? How long have you had those?

Mabel blushes as--

COLLEEN

Told her to wear sunblock.

Zoe's decides not to press, it's none of her business, and cuts off the thread as--

ZOE

Sound advice. Nice to meet you both.

COLLEEN

No offense, but we'll be seeing Dr. Breeland from now on, you understand.

Off Zoe, as she SIGHS.

ZOE (PRELAP)

Guess no one else is gonna show.

INT. WAITING ROOM - EVENING

It's dark, an exhausted Zoe approaches Mrs. H.

ZOE

So, where's the nearest hotel? I'm so tired I'd even take a Hyatt.

MRS. HATTENBARGER

I'd just as soon you slept on the first bus out of town, but that's not how my mother raised me. So, I spoke with the mayor. You can stay in his carriage house.

ZOE(PRELAP)

No way!!

EXT. THE MAYOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A huge ANTEBELLUM PLANTATION HOUSE. Zoe is met at the door by the mayor, LAVON HAYES, 42.

ZOE

Lavon Hayes? The linebacker? Two Super Bowls! Five pro bowls!

LAVON

Four, actually.

ZOE

Rounded up. You got robbed in '06.

LAVON

Lavon Hayes likes your math. C'mon in.

INT. THE MAYOR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lavon takes Zoe on a tour of his amazing home: he's tricked out the old mansion, MTV Cribs-style. A GIANT FLAT SCREEN pops out of a CIVIL WAR ERA ARMOIRE at the push of a button.

LAVON

And, I gutted the East Wing and put up a basketball court. Old south meets dirty south.

ZOE

Tara meets T-Pain.

LAVON

Exactly! Bought this place cause my mama told me the original owners once owned my great great-grandparents. The records are currently in dispute.

ZOE

Well, you being the mayor here is like the first thing about BlueBell I actually like. How'd that happen?

LAVON

After ten years in the NFL, I was a little lost. Who wouldn't be after spending all that time being fawned over and making more money than I knew what do with? So Lavon Hayes moved back home. And having played for the Crimson Tide made me very popular around here. I ran, I won.

(shows her a bathroom)

(MORE)

LAVON (CONT'D)

This one's got one of those Japanese Robot Toilets. But it's late, I should show you to your quarters.

ZOE

Does the carriage house have a flat screen and remote control sauna too?

Lavon makes a "well...." look and we CUT TO:

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - LATER

It's tiny and a little run down. But it's super-charming, with a porch right on the water. Zoe looks around as Lavon fixes a light bulb.

ZOE

Well, it's only for a year. I'll order some stuff at Barney's online to make it homey.

LAVON HAYES

Just don't order anything perishable. The reptiles can smell it. Mail's delivered by boat, postman almost lost a foot to a gator when a fan sent me Steak of the Month Club.

ZOE

(horrified)  
Noted. Thanks.

LAVON HAYES

Now, you share a generator with the guy in the gatehouse who takes care of the place. Wade Kinsella. If you run your curling iron while his AC is on, could be trouble.

ZOE

No need to worry, I'm not curling anything tonight, I'm exhausted.

LAVON HAYES

Night, then. If you do wander, keep your eyes peeled for Don Johnson.

And before Zoe can ask what he means, he's gone.

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

As Zoe relaxes in her small claw foot bath, the POWER GOES OUT. Quickly, she hops out and puts on a ROBE.

EXT. GATEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Zoe KNOCKS as LOUD MUSIC comes from inside. Her knocks are ignored, so she opens the door.

INT. GATEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She finds WADE KINSELLA, gorgeous bad-boy fisherman, using a hot pot, blasting a fan and playing ROCK BAND with TWO SCANTILY CLAD GIRLS. He SMILES when he sees her, amused by her anger and outfit. They YELL over the MUSIC.

ZOE

You overheated the generator!

WADE

Nice robe.

ZOE

I was taking a bath!

WADE

I'm Wade. Sorry about the power.  
I'll get on that right away.

(then, flirty)

Take it you're the new neighbor. Let me know if you ever need a cup of sugar... anything.

ZOE

I'm sure that smile makes all the girls at the church social swoon, but it's not gonna work on me. And I haven't eaten refined sugar in six years.

WADE

Well if you're not gonna be polite, I'm not gonna tell you where the fuse box is.

As she STORMS OUT, we hear the MUSIC get LOUDER inside.

EXT. PLANTATION PROPERTY - MOMENTS LATER

Furious, Zoe stalks back to her carriage house. And finds herself face to face with... AN ALLIGATOR!

Zoe SCREAMS. And walks backward. And SCREAMS... and falls in the water!

Suddenly, someone races to her rescue. He's in the water with a splash and in one smooth motion swoops her up in his arms and deposits her on dry land.

In the moonlight, we realize it's GEORGE TUCKER. Zoe GASPS. Then, speaking through her teeth, so as not to provoke it.

ZOE  
Wasn't drowning. There's. An.  
Alligator.

GEORGE  
Excuse me, a what? Sorry, must have  
gotten some water in the ear there.

ZOE  
(pointing at it)  
An alligator!

GEORGE  
An alligator! Why didn't you say so?  
This IS an emergency.

He positions himself between it and Zoe. Zoe clings to him, scared. As George speaks to the gator, friendly--

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Beat it, Don.  
(off Zoe's expression)  
Don Johnson. Mayor's pet alligator.  
Lavon's a big Miami Vice fan.

Don starts to walk away, as furious Zoe SHOVES GEORGE.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Oh, c'mon Brearley. Just having a  
little fun.  
(with a grin)  
And I know you're a New Yorker, but  
in Alabama, when someone interrupts  
their nightly jog to jump into the  
gulf to save our well-toned ass, we  
say 'thank you.'

ZOE  
(can't help being charmed)  
Fine. Thank you.

They stare at each other for a loaded beat. Then, George seems conflicted...

GEORGE TUCKER  
Well, I should...

ZOE  
Sure.

Zoe turns to walk away, George hesitates, then, catches up.

GEORGE TUCKER

Then, again, I am a Southern gentleman, wouldn't be right if I didn't offer to walk you home, protect you from any other friendly reptiles you might encounter?

Zoe nods, and they head towards the carriage house, walking in silence for a moment on this perfect starry night. Then,

ZOE

Listen, uh... I'm not looking to make friends. I'm gonna work, sleep, maybe read a book. Hopefully, before I know it, a year will have passed and I'll be happily on my way back to New York. I don't want distractions.

They arrive at Zoe's front porch they have a long loaded moment. George smiles, perhaps a little sadly.

GEORGE TUCKER

Got it. Work, sleep, possible book.

And, he leaves. Off Zoe, swooning a little.

ZOE (PRELAP)

Bluebell isn't that bad.

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Zoe, now in pjs, lies in bed, leaves her dad a message. She's vulnerable with him in a way we haven't seen.

ZOE

...And if being here is what it takes for me to be a cardiothoracic surgeon, Daddy, I'll stay. The people are kinda, well, one in particular is kinda... great. And I think I can make a real difference here. Oh, gotta go, the call waiting's ringing. Call me! Bye!

Zoe switches over to find an irate Mrs. H on the other line.

MRS. HATTENBARGER

Did you sign Old Man Jackson's eye test for the DMV today?!

ZOE

Yes. Why?

MRS. HATTENBARGER  
Cause he just ran someone over!

Off Zoe, oh no...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. DOWNTOWN BLUEBELL - NIGHT

Zoe, a sweater over her pajamas, runs to the doctor's office.

INT. HARLEY'S OLD OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Zoe enters and finds Mrs. H, who's apoplectic-

MRS. HATTENBARGER

Can't you tell a blind man when he's  
right in front of your face?  
Everyone knows Old Man Jackson has  
memorized the eye chart!

ZOE

Oh my God, I feel so bad.

MRS. HATTENBARGER

You should! He nearly killed George  
Tucker!

George?!?! Zoe races into--

INT. EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And finds a very battered looking George. Black eye, huge  
cuts on his face and arms. He GROANS, in tremendous pain.  
Zoe examines him, trying to make light--

ZOE

If you wanted to see me again, you  
could've just asked.

GEORGE

(then, with a groan)  
My shoulder...

ZOE

It's dislocated. I need to put it  
back in place. No big deal.

Zoe prepares a morphine shot as she guiltily explains--

ZOE (CONT'D)

So, George, look, eventually you're  
gonna find out that this whole  
getting run over by a car thing, was  
kinda -

She INJECTS him with the shot.

GEORGE  
WHAT THE HELL?!

ZOE  
(awww cute)  
Baby. The morphine should take  
effect any minute.  
(rolls him on his side as)  
Anyway, see Old Man Jackson came in  
and I gave him a test. I didn't  
realize that -

Then, without warning, Zoe pops George's shoulder back in.  
He SCREAMS LOUDLY-

GEORGE  
OWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW. You just did it  
again! Have you ever heard of  
bedside manner?

That stings, coming from George. Trying not show it:

ZOE  
Why is everyone so obsessed with  
that?

GEORGE  
Because sometimes it's nice to have a  
little warning before intense,  
excruciating PAIN!

And, then he PASSES OUT. Zoe looks down at him, upset.

ZOE  
George? George?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
OMG! It's true!

Zoe turns to see Mrs H's daughter, ROSE (14, cute, glasses)  
standing in her pajamas. Mrs. H follows her in.

MRS. H  
Rose! You should be in bed.

ROSE  
Mama, this is breaking news.

She whips out a digital recorder and holds it up to Zoe.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Rose Hattenbarger, BlueBell Beat  
Blogger for the otherwise torpid  
official town website.  
(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)  
 So, how does it feel to be  
 responsible for maiming George  
 Tucker, town golden boy?

ZOE  
 He's not maimed!

ROSE  
 O-kaaaaay. So, how does it feel to  
 move to a town, and instantly become  
 its most unpopular citizen?  
 (off Zoe's look)  
 Yeah, well, I'm unpopular too, and it  
 sucks.

MRS. H  
 I'll go find a sling for  
 George.

ZOE  
 Listen, kid, I'm not talking  
 to you about this...

Mrs. H crosses off as--

ROSE (CONT'D)  
 But now, the real question - why  
 would anyone ever leave New York!?  
 New York is everything! And I know.  
 Read the DailyIntel, own all the SATC  
 DVD's. I bet you're a Carrie. I'm a  
 Charlotte, but I wish I was a Carrie.

A beat, Zoe looks at Rose, warming to her.

ZOE  
 You people really like your classic  
 HBO, huh? But... I'm a Miranda.  
 Who also wishes she was a Carrie.

ROSE  
 Knew you and I were gonna be friends!

ZOE  
 (with a grin)  
 What are you, like twelve?

ROSE  
 I'm fourteen. But a lifetime as an  
 outsider has given me an ancient  
 soul.

ZOE  
 (beat, then a grin)  
 Well, I could use a friend.

As Mrs. H reenters, a "you're in trouble now" look to Zoe.

MRS. HATTENBARGER  
Yea, and a lawyer. Sheriff's here.

ROSE  
(oh shit, to Zoe)  
I'll see you later.

Rose leaves. Off Zoe, also oh shit.

INT. WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Zoe, Mrs. H and the SHERIFF (50s, bald, quiet, closet knitter) sit. Outside, we can see Old Man Jackson in the backseat of a squad car.

MRS. HATTENBARGER  
Merle Jackson has dementia, Lucas, he didn't know what he was doing! If you need to arrest someone, arrest her.

The sheriff looks at Zoe.

ZOE  
She's right. It is my fault. I never should've signed his form. Please, don't arrest him. You know, or me.

SHERIFF  
Y'all, come on, Jackson came when he saw the new doc was alone. That's not dementia. That's pre-meditation. I'm taking him in.

MRS. HATTENBARGER  
Then we'll just see who's getting any of my chicken fried steak tomorrow. Or ever, Lucas Hattenbarger!

ZOE  
You're married?!  
(then, back to business)  
Look, officer...sheriff, please...  
There must be something we can do...

SHERIFF  
That's up to the judge now...

As he gets up to leave, BRICK BREELAND, 56, a Big Daddy type, walks in. Every bit as imposing as advertised.

MRS. H  
Dr. Breeland! Thank God. You heard?

Brick nods to Mrs. H, and pats the sheriff on the back.

BRICK

Lucas, Old Man Jackson comes in every day looking to get me to sign that form. I always say no. Had no idea this little New York doctorette would come here and break my rules.

SHERIFF

Brick, he's a danger.

BRICK

Not if he's not gonna drive again. You have my word. You can release him to my custody till I get his daughter down here from Tuscaloosa.

(then)

We on for fishing Sunday?

The Sheriff can't say no to this powerful man. He nods and leaves... Mrs. H follows him out.

Zoe turns to Brick, trying to make a good first impression.

ZOE

Wow, that was impressive. We haven't met. I'm Dr. Zoe Hart.

And now he begins to unleash his full bear-like temper.

BRICK

Far as I'm concerned, you're just the girl who nearly killed two of my patients and ruined my hunting trip. How dare you see my patients?

ZOE

Well, technically, Harley left his half of the practice to me. So half were mine.

(selling it)

But... the good news is, I'm only staying for a year!

BRICK

Miss Hart, I'm not going to share this office for one minute.

He walks into Harley's exam room, Zoe follows.

INT. EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brick gestures to the unconscious George.

BRICK

I see you've met my lawyer. When he's conscious, the man doesn't lose. We'll be contesting the will. Harley wasn't in his right mind. We figured Dr. Zoe Hart was his imaginary friend, that's how nuts he was.

ZOE

I don't think George will agree, he knows me.

BRICK

He'll probably throw in a malpractice suit when he comes to!

ZOE

I made an honest mistake. But I graduated Johns Hopkins top of my class, did my surgical residency at New York/Cornell. I could do some good here.

BRICK

Things have been running just fine in BlueBell without any patronizing New Yorkers coming to do "Good." We survived Katrina, we survived BP - you know how? We boarded up the windows, we piled up the sandbags and we kept the rot from coming in from outside and fouling our community.

(in a fierce glare)

It may take an hour, it may take a week, but believe me, Zoe Hart, we are gonna chase you away from our waters.

Zoe, humiliated, retreats out the door.

EXT. BLUEBELL - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Zoe walks down the street... it's deserted.

ZOE'S VOICE

*Well, that sucked. BlueBell was my one last shot to be a heart surgeon, Brick was hellbent on driving me out. And who could blame him - I'd just gotten someone run over. In times like this, I find one thing really helps me through...*

ZOE (PRELAP)  
Chardonnay!

INT. THE PIGGLY WIGGLY - NIGHT

Zoe rushes into an old school grocery store.

ZOE  
Please tell me you have a nice dry  
white!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Bad day?

Zoe turns and sees Wade Kinsella walking out with his girlfriends and a case of beer. She ignores him.

WADE  
Everyone knows Old Man Jackson  
memorized the eye chart.

ZOE  
Why don't you go back to the rodeo or  
wherever you came from?

WADE  
I see. Southern boy? Must be out  
ropin' steer. Doc, seems you're the  
one up on a high horse. But maybe if  
you came down, get to know people,  
listen a bit, you might keep yourself  
outta the kind of trouble you had  
tonight. You might find there's more  
to this place than you think.

With that Wade and his girls leave. His words sting as Zoe grabs her wine, in a box, and marches up to the REGISTER, surprised to find the girl behind the counter is Big Mabel. She smiles shyly at Zoe, looks at the wine.

BIG MABEL  
I'm having a bad day myself.  
Actually, most of my days are.

Zoe looks at Mabel, feels guilty for not sticking up for her earlier. Wade's words in her ear...

ZOE  
Listen, um, Mabel, it's not really my  
business, but... you have Melasma,  
darkened patches on your forehead and  
face... It's a classic sign of...  
(just coming out with it)  
Are you pregnant?

Mabel, blushes, humiliated, then, after a long pause...

BIG MABEL

Don't know. Never took a test.

ZOE

Bet you can buy one, right here.  
Over by the slim-jims and duck calls.  
(then, hearing her tone)  
Bad day. Sorry. It's okay...

Big Mabel hesitates. Then tears up, relieved she can unload.

MABEL

I didn't think.... We only had sex  
once. He told me he wouldn't do it  
with me if he had to use a condom.  
And I didn't want to lose him. And  
then, well, he left anyway...

And Zoe's heart melts just a little bit.

ZOE

I recently had my heart broken too.  
It's hard to believe there are good  
guys out there after that. But you  
know what? Sometimes they turn up  
where you least expect them.  
(scribbling her number)  
You need a doctor. Apparently, I  
have terrible bedside manner, but if  
you want, you can give me a call.  
Any time. I'm here for you, okay?

And, as Mabel nods, thankful, Zoe exits the Piggly Wiggly --

EXT. THE PIGGLY WIGGLY - CONTINUOUS

As Zoe steps onto the sidewalk -- a car SCREECHES to a halt  
next to her. An apoplectic Lemon gets out.

LEMON

How dare you show your face in this  
town after what you did? Do you  
realize my engagement party is  
tomorrow?! And what am I supposed to  
do? The photographs! The whole  
thing will be ruined!

ZOE

Seriously, Lemon, what are you  
blabbering about?

LEMON

Thanks to you my fiance was in a car accident!!

Zoe looks at her, *no, it can't be.* Then, hopeful--

ZOE

You're engaged to Old Man Jackson?

LEMON

Gross! I'm engaged to George Tucker.

CLOSE ON: Zoe's shocked face.

ZOE'S VOICE

*Once again, I'd been disgraced as a doctor... once again, the guy I... liked was with someone else.*

EXT. BLUEBELL ROAD - NIGHT

Walking back home, she sees a CAR, WAVES to get a ride, but as it approaches she realizes it's WADE AND HIS TWO GIRLFRIENDS, he winks at her and she waves away.

ZOE'S VOICE

*Things were just as bad in Bluebell as they were in New York. Luckily, they couldn't get worse.*

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - LATER

Zoe enters her carriage house to find...

CANDACE

What the hell are you thinking?

Off Zoe, *they just did...*

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. RAMMER JAMMER - LATE MORNING

Candace and Zoe are mid-conversation at the Rammer Jammer.

ZOE

...And then I saw one of Harley's postcards. And it felt like a sign. So I came to BlueBell.

CANDACE

No offense, honey, your speech was great, but *really* why would this Harley try so hard to get you down here?

ZOE

I'm not sure. It's possible he was nutballs. That's what everyone else seems to think. Anyway, when I got here, I found out he died. So, I guess I'll never know.

Candace blanches, clearly rattled.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Mom? You alright? You look pale.

CANDACE

Of course I'm not okay. I won't be until you're out of this place. The town smells like fishsticks drenched in Tween perfume. I don't care what the chief said, nothing is worth you spending a year here..

(then, trump card)

And your father agrees.

ZOE

Wait, what? You talked to Dad?

CANDACE

He called as soon as he heard that message you left last night. How do you think I found you?

ZOE

(hurt)

He called you instead of me?

CANDACE

You know him, he can't deal with complications. But, honey...

Candace hands her A FIRST CLASS PLANE TICKET.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Sarah Jessica and Matthew are loaning you their Paris pied a' terre for a year! You'll go, you'll meet someone rich, French and... ooh la la.

(then, sweetly)

In a year or so, if you still want to do something in medicine, we'll buy a table at the Sloan Kettering gala.

JUST THEN, THREE OF THE BLUE BELLES, dressed up for Lemon and George's engagement soiree enter LOUDLY--

BLUE BELLE #1

Y'all, Lemon wants us at the party early to work the door...

(spying Zoe)

Look, it's Dr. NewYorkian.

As they notice her notice them, they smile fakely and wave.

BLUE BELLE #3

I love your haircut, it's so brave. You see so few non-lesbians with it.

They cross off, giggling. Zoe confesses to her mother.

ZOE

So, you know how after I didn't get the fellowship I thought things couldn't get worse? Wrong. I'm the joke of this town, I've lost my ability to make witty retorts, and that belle's right about my hair! The humidity makes me look like 1999 Melissa Etheridge.

CANDACE

Hence, Paris. You can regroup among Dior and Degas. I'll have Odile Gilbert to give you a blowout.

ZOE

(convincing herself)

Maybe you're right...

Candace gives Zoe an uncharacteristic hug...

CANDACE

I knew you'd come to your senses. We can leave immediately.

ZOE

Just need to take care of a couple of things first. Give me a few hours.

Candace is conflicted, clearly wants her out of here right away, but she'll take what she can get.

CANDACE

I'll go give Rihanna some face time, she's in Mobile. Why don't we meet there at 5? I have Sir Elton's jet.

Zoe nods. Candace smiles, happy. CLOSE ON Zoe's hand tentatively knocking on--

INT. GEORGE TUCKER'S OFFICE - DAY

-- George's door. He's still pretty banged up. As he lets her in, the conversation is stilted, though Zoe's hurt, she tries to be upbeat, professional and cool.

ZOE

Thanks for seeing me on a Saturday. I know you're... busy, but this is time sensitive. Um, I'm moving to Paris. This afternoon.

GEORGE TUCKER

Paris? Wow. That's one way of handling things...

ZOE

Can you please just give me whatever papers I need to sign over my half of the practice to Brick?

GEORGE TUCKER

Of course. So... I heard about your run in with Lemon last night. I'm sorry. I should've told you...

ZOE

(a tad overly casual)  
What? That you're engaged? Between the alligator and getting hit by a car, you had a lot going on last night. Besides, you don't owe me any explanations.

GEORGE TUCKER

Still. I feel like...

And for reasons he can't really understand, George opens up.

GEORGE TUCKER (CONT'D)

You should've known Lemon when we were younger. She was amazing. Funny, irreverent... Everyone wanted her light to shine on them, I was so honored when she chose me.  
 (then, with a sigh)  
 But after law school, I needed... change. I decided to go to New York.

George walks over to the window, looks out on the water.

GEORGE

I loved it in the city. The excitement, the electricity. I nearly stayed. But a few months ago, I woke up dreaming of the sunset, the sand beneath my feet, and I realized - BlueBell, Lemon are... who I am. I can't be my best self without them...

Zoe just wants out of this room as quickly as possible.

ZOE

Wow, you're a lucky guy.  
 (then, a light dig)  
 A girl you feel the same way about as a town. Anyway, the papers?

Formal, George opens a file cabinet and produces a file. He points to a dotted line. Zoe SIGNS.

GEORGE TUCKER

I cant file til Monday. But I'll let Brick know.

Zoe nods, terse, and heads out the door.

EXT. MRS. HATTENBARGER'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Mrs. H opens her door (which is just upstairs from the Doctor's Office) to find Candace, holding a cobbler.

MRS. HATTENBARGER

Can I help you?

CANDACE

I'm Candace Hart, Zoe's mother. I bought you a cobbler. Figured it was the Southern thing to do. Can I come in for a moment?

Mrs. H is confused, but obliges.

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE - DAY

Zoe is packing up the carriage house when Rose barges in.

ROSE

Traitor! Hope you know you're condemning me to a life playing with weird glass animals.

ZOE

I'm sorry, Rose, I was about to come say goodbye--

ROSE

Without you, I'll be the sole outsider. You realize you and I are like the only people in town not invited to Lemon and George's engagement party!?

ZOE

Why on earth would you want to go to that? You're fourteen, you should be renting Twilight and cyber-bullying or something.

ROSE

It's the event of the year! Lemon's sister Magnolia invited nearly everyone in our class. Except me. And I know it's just cause she's after Frederick.

(dreamy-eyed)

Frederick Dean. He's amazing. He likes comic books and history podcasts. And he and Magnolia have nothing in common, except she'll let him get to third base.

ZOE

Ooof, that's rough. And I'd love to help you take those mean girls down. But I'm sorry, Rose. I can't stay here. I'm moving to Paris-

ROSE

Paris? Shut up! You are so lucky.

ZOE

(knows Rose'll like this)

Actually, I'll be staying at Sarah Jessica's place.

And now, Rose changes her tune. Flops on the bed.

ROSE

No!!! If I forgive you for  
abandoning me will you send me a  
Twitpic of SJP's loft? Please!

Zoe laughs as her PHONE RINGS. We INTERCUT with:

INT. BREELAND ESTATE - KITCHEN - INTERCUT

MABEL, in a catering outfit in the very busy kitchen of the Breeland estate, where the engagement party's underway. She speaks in HUSHED TONES...

BIG MABEL

Dr. Hart? It's Mabel, I don't feel..  
well. But I'm working at the  
Breelands, and my mama's here, I  
can't leave. Can you come? Please?

Zoe looks at her watch, oy, as Rose opens her closet and tries on some of her clothes.

ZOE

Look, Mabel, I have to meet my mother  
in Mobile in an hour. If you're at  
the Breelands, talk to --

BIG MABEL

Brick the dick? No way! He's more  
judgemental than my mother.  
(then, pleading)  
You said you'd be my doctor if I  
needed you. Didn't you sign an oath  
or something?

Zoe SIGHS, what choice does she have?

ZOE

Crap. I'll be there as soon as I  
can.

She hangs up her phone and looks at Rose, who's wearing one of her cocktail dresses.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Good, you're dressed. We have a  
party to crash.

And we, HARD CUT to:

EXT. BREELAND ESTATE - AFTERNOON

The Blue Belles at the door, won't let Rose and Zoe in.

ZOE  
But I'm a doctor. This is a medical  
emergency!

BLUE BELLE #1  
Silly, this is Brick Breeland's  
house. He's *the* Doctor.

ZOE	ROSE
What is wrong with you people?	You don't understand the situation --

BLUE BELLE #2  
Rose Hattenbarger, we know the  
situation. You're fixin' to steal  
Magnolia's date. You two are not  
getting in this door.

Zoe and Rose slump, defeated, when a voice --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Actually, they're here with me.

Zoe and Rose turn to find Lavon Hayes, their savior.

LAVON HAYES  
Lavon Hayes. Mayor. Think that  
entitles me to a plus two.

Off the stunned Blue Belles, who reluctantly open the door.

EXT. BREELAND ESTATE - HUGE BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

If Tennessee Williams were alive in 2010, he'd write about  
this. A huge fancy daytime engagement party. Mint juleps,  
croquet, outfits in differing pastels.

ANGLE the BACK DOOR as Zoe and Rose enter the party with  
Lavon. Everyone STARES and WHISPERS - the mayor has just  
entered with Public Enemies numbers 1 and 2. But Rose is  
used to it-

ROSE  
Gonna look around for Frederick and  
try not to get pelted with anything.

She goes off to find him, while Zoe kisses Lavon's cheek.

ZOE  
You're the best, I'll go find  
Mabel...

LAVON

(looks around, loaded)  
 No need to thank me. I abhor  
 discrimination. Besides, this party  
 could use some shaking up. Lavon  
 Hayes needs a cocktail.

As Lavon heads toward the bar, stopping to shake hands with various constituents, Zoe looks for Mabel... ANGLE ON Colleen, Mabel's mother, who's also working the event, obliviously serving hors d'oeuvres.

UNDER A MAGNOLIA TREE decorated in colorful lanterns, Lemon and George talk privately.

GEORGE

I'm sorry about the photographs. I know how hard you planned today.

LEMON

Sweetheart, I don't care about the pictures... That much.  
 (then, with a laugh)  
 I don't know what's become of me. All the stress from the wedding has turned me into a Bama beeotch. But... I love you. Nearly losing you last night reminded me just how much. So, I'm gonna try real hard to be the same old Lemon you fell in love with.

And if George is having second thoughts, he doesn't show them here as Lemon KISSES him, LONG AND HARD.

Zoe, searching for Mabel, NEARLY CRASHES INTO THEM.

GEORGE TUCKER

Zoe? I thought--

LEMON

What are you doing here?!

ZOE

(cold)  
 Oh, I came with the mayor.

LEMON

(weirdly upset)  
 What do you mean? Lavon?

George, so uncomfortable, tries to be friendly.

GEORGE TUCKER

Well, welcome. Bar's by the pool.

Zoe nods with strained politeness and walks away.

LEMON

Thought you said she was leaving town.

GEORGE TUCKER

I thought she was...

ANGLE ON Zoe, as she spots Mabel, sitting on a chair in a private area looking pale. Zoe pushes her way towards her.

EXT. BREELAND ESTATE - BAR AREA - SAME

Rose has a soda, and nearly bumps into Frederick who stands with big-busted Magnolia Breeland. Teen angst city.

ROSE

Oh. Hey, Frederick.

FREDERICK

Oh, hi Rose! What're you doing here?

MAGNOLIA

Yes, what ARE you doing here? I sent the invitations myself.

ROSE

Nothing. Just came with the mayor. Lavon Hayes. No big thing.

FREDERICK

He's pretty cool, isn't he.

Rose stares at him, tongue-tied, awkward.

ROSE

Yup... so Frederick, what'd you think of that final Scott Pilgrim book?

FREDERICK

I don't know. I was pretty bummed. Kinda thought it'd set up a sequel.

ROSE

Yeah, me too!

MAGNOLIA

Who's Scott Pilgrim?

As Rose and Frederick GIGGLE, off Magnolia Breeland, totally frozen out of the conversation.

INT. MRS. HATTENBARGER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A modest, lived-in apartment cluttered with mementos. Mrs. H and Candace sip tea uncomfortably. Mrs. H slices the last of the cobbler.

CANDACE

No more for me or I'll need an extra plane seat for my thighs!  
(Mrs. H doesn't laugh)  
... But I wanted to thank you for all you've done for my daughter.

MRS. HATTENBARGER

Wasn't me. Was Harley.

CANDACE

Yes. Harley. Tell me about him. What's your take on the whole 'leave my practice to a girl I only met once thing.' Don't you find it... odd?

MRS. HATTENBARGER

(inscrutable)  
Harley did what Harley wanted. I gave up trying to figure that man out a long time ago.

CANDACE

It's just surprising that he didn't leave it to a child, a relative.

MRS. HATTENBARGER

(a beat, pointed)  
Harley never married.

CANDACE

Never?

MRS. HATTENBARGER

(pointed)  
Guess he never met anyone worthy.

A long strange moment between them, Candace rises-

CANDACE

Of course. So, I guess we'll chalk up the gesture to my daughter's astounding gift at first impressions? So sorry to pull her away from your little town. But... Ta ta.

And as Candace leaves this mysterious conversation...

INT. BREELAND ESTATE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Zoe has found Mabel, who's now sweating, in terrible pain.

BIG MABEL

Thank you so much for coming. I'm having these bad pains. Oh my God, there's another one... They're getting worse.

Mabel GROANS... Zoe seems confused. This can't be happening.

ZOE

Mabel, exactly how long has it been since you had your period?

MABEL

Not sure. Awhile...

And suddenly SPLATT... Mabel's water breaks.

ZOE

Your water just broke. You're not just pregnant. You're in labor. We need to get you to the hospital.

And as Mabel doubles over in pain, Zoe realizes--

ZOE (CONT'D)

Another contraction? Oh my God. We're not gonna make it to the hospital. You're having this baby NOW!

And OFF Zoe, realizing she's about to deliver a baby.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. BREELAND ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

As the party continues, Dash DeWitt runs out of the house, hysterical.

DASH

Brick! Someone get Brick! That Yankee doc's about to deliver a baby in his trophy room!!

On Lemon Breeland, utterly horrified. She turns to one of her Blue Belles.

LEMON

Can she find more ways to ruin my party?

(covering, to guests)

But the soiree must go on! More champagne!

INT. BREELAND ESTATE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Zoe has moved Mabel to a huge guest room covered floor to ceiling in taxidermic animals... She examines her under a sheet as Brick Breeland rushes in...

BRICK

What's going on here?

ZOE

Brick, thank God. She's ten cms, ready to push... We have to deliver this baby!

BRICK

You mean *I* have to deliver this baby. Go get some towels. And have Emmeline bring my medical kit.

As Zoe gets up, Brick heads toward Mabel--

BIG MABEL

Oh no! Don't come near me! Dr. Hart is my doctor.

Brick stops, confused as Zoe shrugs, the tables turned.

ZOE

You can tell Mrs. H *my* medical kit's in the carriage house.

(off Brick's ire)

(MORE)

ZOE (CONT'D)

Oh, and nice room. Are those elk horns Jonathan Adler?

As Brick leaves, Zoe kneels down in front of Mabel.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Alright, Mabel, are you ready? I'm gonna need you to start pushing...

And as Mabel nods, and grunts--

INT. BREELAND ESTATE - SAME

Lemon finds Lavon regaling some GUESTS with a story.

LEMON

Mr. and Mrs. Grayson, how lovely of you to come. May I just grab the mayor a moment? Obligated.

Lemon hooks her arm around Lavon's and they step away. As Lemon SMILES around at her guests, she casually asks-

LEMON (CONT'D)

So, Mr. Mayor? Is it true? Are you here on a date with that... Dr Hart?

Lavon stops, hurt, annoyed--

LAVON HAYES

How is that any of your business? As I recall this is your engagement party, is it not?

Suddenly, Lemon seems vulnerable for the first time. She busies herself at the buffet, so no one can see her face, or the serious nature of this conversation.

LEMON

Lavon, come on... you know how difficult this is.

LAVON HAYES

Difficult never stopped me.

Lavon walks away. And off Lemon Breeland's face, hurt and confused, we realize that these two used to be in love.

INT. BREELAND ESTATE - BEDROOM - LATER

Mrs. H has arrived, and dabs Mabel with a damp towel. On the couch, Brick reads a magazine, annoyed. As Zoe prepares to deliver a baby...

ZOE

I don't see anything yet, but you're doing great. Another contraction. Let's push again. Count of three. 1, 2, 3--

Mabel PUSHES WITH ALL HER MIGHT, but Zoe notices --

ZOE (CONT'D)

Wait, stop!  
(tries to keep calm)  
Dr. Breeland. I see... feet.

And Brick leaps into action.

BRICK

Breach? At this stage? My God. Can you turn it...?

ZOE

I don't know. Mabel, I need you to stop pushing, take a breathe as-- .

As Mrs. H puts her hands on Mabel's shoulders to steady her, Zoe's hands disappear underneath the sheet. They wait, until... Mabel SCREAMS. In pain. Zoe turns to Brick, ashen.

ZOE (CONT'D)

The head's stuck in the pelvis.

BRICK

(also ashen)  
Ambulance is on the way, they'll have to do a c-section in Mobile.

ZOE

Isn't that 20 miles?

BRICK

Yes.

Zoe and Brick exchange a look, Mabel and the baby aren't going to make it. And Zoe makes a decision.

ZOE

Mabel, it's going to be okay. Mrs. H, hand me my scalpel...

BRICK

What are you doing?

ZOE

An emergency symphysiotomy.

BRICK

What?! I can't let you slice open her pelvis. It's too dangerous.

ZOE

What choice do we have?  
(sotto, to Brick) )  
This fetus comes out now or we lose both of them.

Brick is reeling as Zoe turns back to Mabel.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Mabel, this is going to hurt like hell. But it'll be quick. If you stay still.

(to Mrs. H and Brick)

You two need to hold her steady until the whole thing's over, no matter what else happens or we'll rupture the Sacroiliac joint. Then, I'm going to have to close her up as soon as possible, so Brick, the baby's all you. Are you with me?

Brick, snaps back. Sweating, but all business.

BRICK

I am.

As Mrs. H and Brick hold Mabel's legs down, as Zoe begins to bravely cut -

Mrs. H and Brick are sweaty, nervous messes, looking at each other, holding Mabel's legs down. But Zoe is all steely focus. Mabel cries, in unbearable pain, but fighting to stay still...

MABEL

I can't. Please. It hurts. It hurts too much...

ZOE

I know. Hang on. Please. I need you to be still for one more second...

ANGLE ON Mrs. H and Brick exchanging a worried look.... as Zoe finishes the cut and we see BLOOD HITTING THE FLOOR. And now Mabel's too weak to scream.

BRICK

(sotto, Zoe)

There's too much blood!

ZOE

Mrs. H, clamp. Brick, I can do the fastest whipstitch in the tri-state area. Calm down. The incision's done. Now we just need to deliver...

MRS. HATTENBARGER

Look at her, she can't.

Zoe looks down at Mabel. She's pale, done fighting. Too much pain and blood loss.

MABEL

Just... save my baby. Okay?

ZOE

Mabel, no! Don't you pass out on me! Do you hear me? I need you to push. I know you're tired, I know you're in pain. But I need you to be strong. Stronger than you've ever been in your life. For me, for your baby, for yourself, okay? You can do this.

And, as Mabel weakly nods.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Okay, push....

(Mabel can't)

Did you hear me? You CAN DO THIS!

Push, Mabel. Push. PUSH...

Mabel does... She's weak... but suddenly Zoe pulls the baby all the way out and up and we hear the sound of an INFANT CRYING. Zoe's stunned and, just as quickly, CRYING herself...

ZOE (CONT'D)

Oh my God. She's... here. You did it! Oh my God...

She hands the baby to Brick, who's all sweat and emotion. Mrs. H openly bawls. Zoe, wiping away a tear, clamps the umbilical cord and starts to sew Mabel up.

EXT. BREELAND ESTATE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colleen serves some cranky guests hors d'oeuvres.

COLLEEN

Mabel should be right up with your drinks. Lord knows where she ran off-

Just then Dash comes over, he pulls her aside, whispers in her ear... as we see Colleen turns ashen, worried.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)  
My God. Where is she?

And as Colleen takes off for the house, dropping her hors d'oeuvres tray.

INT. BREELAND ESTATE - TROPHY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Breeland checks over the baby...

MABEL  
Is she... okay?

BRICK  
Ten fingers, ten toes, lungs to make  
Carrie Underwood jealous. You've got  
yourself a healthy baby girl.

He hands the baby over to her weak but beaming mother. As  
Zoe smiles, happy. Brick approaches her.

BRICK (CONT'D)  
Nice job. Maybe Harley wasn't as  
daft as I thought. Too bad you won't  
be staying. George told me you  
signed the papers...  
(with a hint of triumph)  
I'll go tell the paramedics where to  
find us.

Brick exits. Zoe moves over to Mabel, looks at the baby...

ZOE  
She's beautiful. What you did for  
your daughter... You were amazing...  
Don't ever forget how much strength  
you have.

Just then, Colleen rushes into the bedroom.

COLLEEN  
Mabel! Where's my daughter...?

ZOE  
(blocking her)  
I've got a patient recovering here.

MABEL  
Dr. Hart, it's okay.

Zoe lets Colleen through, Mabel speaks, strong.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Mama. Look. I've created a beautiful, perfect person. How she grows up, how she looks at herself... that's on me now. I've tried so hard to please you. But it was never enough. And I'm not gonna expose my baby to that. So, please, get out.

Colleen staggers back, just as PARAMEDICS rush in to Mabel's side. Zoe watches, HEARS HER WORDS...

EXT. BREELAND ESTATE - LATER

As the paramedics and Zoe load Mabel and the baby into an ambulance. ANGLE On Rose and Frederick, hitting it off--

ROSE

Oh, yeah, Dr. Hart? She's like my best friend.

ANGLE On Magnolia scowling at them in the distance, surrounded by 14 YEAR-OLD MINI BLUE BELLES, determined to take her down..

EXT. BREELAND ESTATE/INT. AMBULANCE - LATER

Mabel and baby are all strapped in as--

ZOE

You call me anytime, okay? I've got an international plan.

Mabel waves goodbye, and the AMBULANCE DOOR CLOSES. As it drives away, Mrs. H comes up behind Zoe..

MRS. HATTENBARGER

I've been around doctors thirty years, don't know if I've ever seen any of them do that... You can't leave now.

ZOE

That's surgery. Adrenaline, skill, power, it's what I excel at. And I came here because I'd do anything to not have to stop being one. The question is *why*.

(finally vulnerable)

I called my dad last night, opened my heart to him... he didn't even respond. I've spent my life trying to impress a man who could care less about me.

(MORE)

ZOE (CONT'D)

But maybe I can learn something from Mabel, maybe... the cycle can end. It's time to admit, I've wanted this for the wrong reasons... I don't belong here.

As Zoe walks away, Off Mrs. H, struggling with something.

ANGLE ON GEORGE, standing with Lemon, as he spies Zoe leaving, clearly conflicted, wondering...

EXT. LAVON'S PLANTATION/GATEHOUSE - NIGHT

A worn down cab has arrived... As the driver helps load Zoe's stuff, Zoe looks at the gatehouse, makes a decision. She walks over, KNOCKS on the door. Wade opens it, surprised.

ZOE

So, I'm leaving. So, feel free to use every outlet in the place.

Wade smiles a rueful, sexy smile.

WADE

Shame. Heard what you just did for Big Mabel. She's my second cousin once removed.

ZOE

You're lucky. She's... incredible.  
(then)  
Look, I'm sorry if I was rude earlier. I'm sure you don't work in a rodeo. And, well, your rendition of Love Me Two Times was actually kinda good.

WADE

Thanks. Good luck, Doc.  
(with a sexy smile)  
Gotta admit I was looking forward to sharing electricity with you.

Zoe blushes and smiles, and gets in her cab.

INT. CAB/EXT. BLUEBELL MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Zoe rides through town, looking out the window, clearly torn about leaving. Suddenly, the driver SLAMS on the brakes. And we see Mrs. H standing on the road, blocking it. Zoe rolls down her window.

ZOE

Mrs. H? What are you doing?

MRS. H  
There's something you need to see.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Zoe sits as Mrs. Hattenbarger gathers herself for a difficult speech.

MRS. HATTENBARGER  
What you did with Mabel, that was more than surgery. That was being a doc. You asked me before why Harley left you this practice, well I didn't tell you the whole truth.

Mrs. H opens her desk and hands Zoe a LARGE FILE.

MRS. HATTENBARGER (CONT'D)  
I found this in Harley's stuff.

Zoe flips through the file. It's filled with her REPORT CARDS, RECITAL PROGRAMS, and PICTURES.

ZOE  
(confused and freaked)  
I don't get it. Harley was stalking me?

And then, she flips to a PICTURE at the back of the pile. Standing on the deck of a CRUISE SHIP is a YOUNG HARLEY with his arm around a woman who appears to be ZOE'S MOTHER, CANDACE. There's a scribbled date, April, 1982.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
That's my... mother.  
(as it dawns on her)  
Are you saying... that the reason Harley sent me all those postcards, came to my graduation...?

MRS. H  
Yes, Zoe. I believe Harley Wilkes was your father.

Off Zoe, stunned.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. MOBILE PRIVATE AIRPORT - TARMAC - GOLDEN HOUR

Candace looks at her watch, annoyed. She spots Zoe walking toward her. Candace is overly relieved.

CANDACE

You're here! Ready? There's a great Sancerre chilling on board.

But instead of walking to the plane, Zoe whips out the picture of Candace and Harley.

ZOE

We need to talk.

CANDACE

Oh. Oh my God. Zoe, I can explain.

ZOE

What's there to explain? That my entire life is a lie?!

(Candace is silent)

This is the answer to everything, isn't it?! Why Harley left me the practice, why dad... stopped loving me...

(as it dawns on her)

Because I wasn't his to love, and he knew, didn't he?

Candace looks away, can't bear to have this talk.

ZOE (CONT'D)

When?! When did he find out? TALK DAMMIT!

CANDACE

You were ten. You fell off the swings, they thought you might need a transfusion. But.. When he donated blood... He tried to stay in your life. But I guess, it hurt too much.

ZOE

That's why he left?

Candace nods once. Zoe takes a moment to try and untangle everything going through her mind.

ZOE (CONT'D)

And why not tell me about Harley? Was he a psycho? A pedophile?

CANDACE

He was a... mistake. We met on a cruise.

(as she remembers)

It was Greece, he was gorgeous, smart, a gentleman. A fantasy. But I was engaged. To someone real.

ZOE

Did you... love him?

CANDACE

(yes, but)

That doesn't matter. Because I didn't belong with him anymore than my child belongs in a place like this. I gave you a father from our world. I was protecting you.

ZOE

That should've been my choice. My real father is dead - I'll never know him now. I'll never know what it would've been like to hold him, or have him read me a bedtime story. I'll never know what it would've been like to have a father who... loved me no matter what.

CANDACE

Zoe, I'm sorry. Okay? I am deeply, truly sorry. But, please, let's get on the plane. We can go home, or go to Paris, and discuss this in therapy like normal people.

But Zoe walks away.

ZOE (PRELAP)

So, I decided to stay in BlueBell.

INT. LAVON'S FERRARI - NIGHT

Lavon gives Zoe a ride to town.

ZOE

Not because I'm having a nervous breakdown. But because I've gotten off track. And maybe following in the footsteps of my real father for a while will help me find my way.

LAVON HAYES

Well I'm glad to hear it. As a matter of fact, Don Johnson has something going on with his tail that I'm hoping you could take a look at.

ZOE

(laughs)

Are you TRYING to get me to change my mind.

LAVON HAYES

Well, if you're staying, you should probably get a car. And a license. And maybe learn to appreciate some of BlueBell's customs. It just so happens it's a full moon, which means a moon jam at the Rammer Jammer. You up for it?

ZOE

(a beat, then)

Sure. But can you drop me somewhere first?

LAVON HAYES

Long as we don't miss the crab shelling contest.

ZOE (PRELAP)

And that's how I ended up in Bluebell.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

There are generations of Breelands and Wilkes all around, as Zoe sits at Harley's grave. We realize the voice over we've been hearing the whole time is her, sitting here, talking to her dead father.

ZOE

Where all the food is fried, the whole town smells like mold, and clearly the sex education system is lacking. They could use a good doctor around here. I may not be one yet, but, maybe, even though you're gone, there are still some things you can teach me...

(choking up)

So, thanks. For the postcards. For... the faith. No one ever believed in me like you did.

Startled by FOOTSTEPS, Zoe turns to see Mrs. H, carrying flowers for Harley... She's quiet, kind as--

MRS. HATTENBARGER

Harley was a great man, he would've loved to have known you.

Zoe turns her head away, embarrassed for Mrs. H to see her cry.

MRS. HATTENBARGER (CONT'D)

Honey, there's no shame in tears.

Zoe can no longer help herself, she collapses into Mrs. H, crying like she never could with her own mother.

INT. RAMMER JAMMER - NIGHT

The RJ's in full party mode for the moon jammer celebration. Twinkle lights are on. People dance, drink and play darts.

Zoe enters with Mrs. H. As Mrs. H finds some friends, Zoe spots Brick having a drink with George and Lemon. George nearly chokes on his drink when he sees her...

LEMON

Um...? This departure has lasted longer than our last hurricane.

ZOE

(with attitude)

I'm staying. Turns out, I'm Harley's daughter. Think that's the reason he left me his half of the practice. Probably, the judge will agree. Good luck contesting his will now.

BRICK

You already signed the papers!

There's a long silence, as Zoe absorbs that, then..

GEORGE TUCKER

Actually, I didn't notarize them. Must have been all those drugs she had me on. I can't file.

As Zoe gives George a look of confused thanks. Lemon and Brick turn to him, wtf?!

INT. RAMMER JAMMER - LATER

Zoe sips a mint julep at the bar as Rose comes up to her.

ROSE

OMGMD. My mom told me you're staying. This is the greatest news, like ever. I need your advice on a million things. Like Frederick - what does it mean that he said, "See you later?" WWCBD?

(off Zoe's look)

What would Carrie Bradshaw do?

ZOE

Rose, believe me, I'm the last person in this town to give you advice on guys. As a matter of fact, all I know for sure right now is that everything I thought I knew about everything... is probably wrong.

She gets up... winks at Rose, points to some boys wrestling in the bushes.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Besides, should probably get some sleep. The Tark twins are wrestling in some poison oak, tomorrow's gonna be a long day.

JUST THEN, Wade's band takes the stage. He looks into the audience, sees Zoe, SMILES - surprised.

WADE

Well, we got a special guest here tonight. A girl, I hope, is staying.  
(he nods to the band)  
This one's for the doc.

And as he begins to play the PERFECT, HAPPY, MAGICAL SOUTHERN SONG, (possibly "If Heaven Ain't A Lot like Dixie...") Zoe SMILES at him, moved, intrigued.

ANGLE on George, who isn't thrilled by this exchange. Lemon comes to his side and pulls him to the dance floor by his good arm. ANGLE on Lavon as he watches them. Mrs. H pulls him to the dance floor. And Rose grabs Zoe.

And as our whole little community moves onto the dance floor. Dancing, and singing along. Zoe, at long last, home. We --

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW