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NIP / TUCK

Episode #3

"Sofia Lopez"

written by

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Directed by

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Pages 2, 2A

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"Sofia Lopez"

Full Blue Draft

6/23/03

NIP/TUCK

"Sofia Lopez"

CAST LIST

Sean McNamara

Christian Troy

Julia McNamara

Matt McNamara

Grace Santiago

Nurse Linda

Ron the Car Salesman

ShyAnne

Wallis Forsythe

Jude Sawyer

Iris

Sofia Lopez

Dr. Merrill Bobolit

Lollipop Girl

Mrs. Kuzman

Marcy

Male Nurse

Sunbather

Dr. Marcus Grayson *

***Change since the last draft**

SET / LOCATION LIST

INTERIORS:

Exotic Sports Cars of Miami Showroom

McNamara/Troy Office

- Hallway
- Christian's Office
- Sean's Office
- Examination Room
- Surgery
- Recovery
- Break Room

McNamara House

- Bedroom
- Bathroom / Shower
- Living Room
- Kitchen
- Matt's Bedroom

University of Miami Lecture Hall

Soundstage

Porn Party

Dade County Memorial Hospital

- Emergency Waiting Room
- Triage Area
- Lobby

Flea Bag Hotel

- Hallway
- Hotel Room

Pensacola Apartment Complex

EXTERIORS:

Bobolit Mansion – Star Island – Day

- Poolside
- Driveway

Matt's School - Day

INTERIOR/EXTERIOR:

Ferrari 575 Maranello

** These locations were removed: Christian's Apartment, Broom Closet, Ext. Miami Backlot – Night

CLOSE ON a Ferrari 575 Maranello. A sexy two-seat lemonade-yellow rocket that could outrun the space shuttle. REVEAL Christian as he runs his hand along the hood as if it were the small of a woman's back. PAN WIDER to reveal he's in --

1 INT. EXOTIC SPORTS CARS OF MIAMI SHOWROOM -- DAY 1

Christian circles the car, flirting with it like a matador.

SALESMAN

Back again, Dr. Troy?

CHRISTIAN

Hello, Ron.

RON THE SALESMAN

You love the car, maybe it's time to make the commitment, huh?

Christian is so close, but --

CHRISTIAN

The economy's in the toilet, how can you be asking a quarter of a million for something without a two bedroom half bath?

RON THE SALESMAN

How? I could tell you --
(holds up a set of keys)
Or you could see for yourself.

As he tosses them to Christian, we...

SMASH CUT TO:

2 INT. FERRARI -- DAY 2

The salesman's head is thrown back as Christian downshifts through an intersection and hits the gas. They slalom through light traffic and make a tight corner before stopping at a stoplight. A HOT BABE in the car next to him is impressed.

RON THE SALESMAN

What do you think, should we head back to the office and do the paperwork?

CHRISTIAN

It's an expensive car.

(pauses)

Listen, maybe we can work something out. Don't you have a girlfriend who needs some work done?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

RON THE SALESMAN

I did. But she got the d-cups put in last week by him.

Ron points out the windshield. Curious, Christian looks up and sees...

a BIKINI CLAD HARDBODY nestling DR. MERRILL BOBOLIT

...who stares down from a billboard across the street. He implores: "Let me bring out the Real You." As we PUSH IN on Christian, suddenly threatened --

SEAN'S VOICE

Tell me what you don't like about yourself.

3 INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

3

SHYANNE

My ass.

SHYANNE SUMMERS, a sexytwentysomething, sits across from Sean and Christian. Next to her is WALLIS FORSYTHE, an ageless beauty in her late 40s with real business savvy.

SEAN

You'd like liposuction?

*

SHYANNE

Don't need it. I'm cellulite free.

*

*

SEAN

(confused)

Then the problem is...?

*

*

*

WALLIS

She has a nasty hematoma on her right cheek we need removed. You do laser work, correct?

*

*

*

*

SHYANNE

(confused)

I thought I had a bruise?

*

*

*

WALLIS

A hematoma is a bruise, sweetie.

*

*

CHRISTIAN

When we met the other night ShyAnne, you mentioned this resulted from a work related injury?

(CONTINUED)

SHYANNE

(nods)

Yeah. I was wearing seven-inch stilettos on set and I slipped on a cheese nip near the craft service table.

*
*
*

SEAN

(excited)

So you make movies? Have I seen any of your work?

*
*
*
*

SHYANNE

Maybe. Did you catch Carnal Librarians Four?

(off Sean's blank look)

Fudging Amy?

*
*
*
*
*

Sean is instantly appalled. He shifts in his chair.

*

CHRISTIAN

Ms. Forsythe's production company does pro-women adult films. Strong female leads, foreplay, actual storytelling. Very classy stuff.

CONTINUED:

3.
3

WALLIS

We're shooting "Deflowering Petal" in six weeks, she'll be sufficiently healed by then, correct?

SEAN

I'm sorry, we're actually booked solid for the next two months.

WALLIS

Two months?
(to Christian)
That's not what we discussed.

SEAN

I'd be happy to give you a referral --

CHRISTIAN

(cutting him off)
Since you have a deadline, I'm sure we can rearrange our schedule a bit.
(all charm)
How does next Thursday sound?

ShyAnne and Wallis smile. Sean smolders.

3A OMIT

3A

5 INT. BREAKROOM -- DAY (SECONDS LATER)

5

Sean is furious as Christian begins to press his daily wheatgrass.

SEAN

Why did you do that? I thought we agreed to set new standards here.

CHRISTIAN

No, you want to live by your standards. If I did that we'd be out of business.

SEAN

Word gets out that we're working on the star of Deflowering Petal, we lose potential patients. You know this business lives and dies by word of mouth.

CHRISTIAN

Maybe if we advertised we wouldn't have that problem. Bobolit has billboards all over Miami.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Boob-a-lot? You're worried about the man who was last in our class? He has to advertise, he's a hack.

CHRISTIAN

And every time we turn someone away, he's getting our business.

SEAN

I don't think he's a threat. We continue to do good work, the clients will come.

CHRISTIAN

News flash, Sean -- we are in a recession. The first thing people cut back on are luxury items like sports cars and plastic surgery.

SEAN

So picking up "actresses" at parties is going to help us?

CHRISTIAN

So hiring Grace is going to help us? Doing pro-bono cases are going to help us? I am so sick of you always shooting me down, we're partners. My opinion matters as much as yours. Stop being such a prude.

SEAN

I'm not a prude.

CHRISTIAN

Yes you are Sean, you were completely rattled by that girl just because she makes erotic films.

SEAN

Erotic films are when you use a feather. Porn films are when you use the whole chicken.

(a beat)

This girl's been through a lot of chickens.

CHRISTIAN

You know what, Sean? A tight ass might make money for her, but not for us.

(emphatic)

We're taking this case.

5

CONTINUED: (2)

5.

5

As Christian exits and Sean silently stands there we CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE.

6

INT. MCNAMARA BEDROOM -- MORNING

6

It's early, almost time to rise. Sean, however, is already up. And restless. He turns to Julia, who's lying on her stomach, lazily runs his hand over her back. She stirs and he's turned on for the first time in months. As he begins to make his move the ALARM goes off and Julia practically leaps out of bed.

SEAN

Where you going?

JULIA

First day of class, I don't want to be late.

She kisses him quickly, disappears into the bathroom. Sean hears the shower come on. Rejected, he lies back, stares at the ceiling. He debates a moment, then reaches under the covers and starts to masturbate. Stops.

We can see what he's thinking: this is old to me.

7

INT. SHOWER -- DAY

7

Sean enters, finds Julia facing him, hurriedly shampooing her hair. She's about to rinse when Sean spins her around, pulls her close to him. She laughs playfully.

JULIA

Honey, I can't be late my first day...

He begins to massage her scalp. Despite her anxiety, Julia likes this. She relaxes. Sean kisses her neck. Julia closes her eyes and Sean brings his hands down, runs them over her body. PUSH IN on Sean...as as idea forms.

JULIA (cont'd)

(startled, a slight laugh)

Ow.

SEAN

Sorry.

Sean repositions himself, tries again.

(CONTINUED)

JULIA

Owww.

(turns around)

Are you lost?

SEAN

I thought it might be fun to try something new. You know, so we don't feel like old prudes.

Julia studies Sean, skeptical.

JULIA

Are you trying to sabotage me? You know how important today is for me Sean, my head is completely somewhere else.

SEAN

(pragmatic)

I'm sorry. You're right. I'll go make the coffee.

Sean exits. TIGHT on Julia, as she wonders if she should have just given in. It's so rare that he's impulsive.

INT. LECTURE HALL/UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI -- DAY

A stream of 20-year-olds flow into a 200-seat theatre. PICK UP Julia, entering with a briefcase, touchingly overdressed. She stops, suddenly paralyzed -- the sight of all these babies suddenly makes her want to bolt.

MALE VOICE

Kinda sucks, doesn't it? Being the oldest person in here.

Mortified, Julia slowly looks to her left to reveal JUDE SAWYER.

JUDE

I mean, look at me -- I'm 26. I'm an old man next to these kids.

JULIA

You're the oldest person in here?

JUDE

(flirting)

You see somebody else?

Julia nervously flips her hair, too flattered to respond.

JUDE (cont'd)

Wait, blue hair at two o'clock.

Jude nods to a WOMAN walking in the door. Julia does a doubletake.

JULIA

Iris?

IRIS

Julia?

It's a ritual of two old friends reuniting after many years. They hug, smile and step back to take each other in.

IRIS (cont'd)

How are you?

JULIA

I'm fine -- what are you doing here?

IRIS

This is my class.

JULIA

You're kidding. Mine too! This is so great, I thought I was going to be the only person my age here. We have to catch up -- do you want to sit?

IRIS

Oh no, I'm here to teach the class.

JULIA

You're...the teacher?

IRIS

Actually, I'm really a doctor. I only adjunct here once a semester.

Julia suddenly feels very very small.

IRIS (cont'd)

The last I saw you was graduation. I thought you applied to medical school.

JULIA

(struggling)

Oh, you know, I got married instead. Started a family. Two kids, the whole thing.

IRIS

My husband and I have one in college already, can you believe it?

This wasn't what Julia needed to hear.

IRIS (cont'd)

Listen, I'd love to get together.
(digs in Coach bag)

Call my office, we'll set up some time.

She hands Julia her business card.

IRIS (cont'd)

You look wonderful, Julia.

Iris turns just as the bell rings and heads to her lectern. When Julia looks up she sees Jude in a chair off the aisle. He smiles sexily, removes his bookbag -- he was holding a chair for her. Flattered yet still reeling from Iris's triumphs, she sits. Jude leans in, voice as smooth as suede.

JUDE

You two went to school together? I thought she was your mother.

Off Julia, staring at Iris's business card, the M.D. after her name, we CUT TO:

9

INT. HALLWAY OF MCNAMARA/TROY -- DAY

9

Sean heads toward the lobby to pick up his afternoon consult. CU the patient's name on the chart: SOFIA LOPEZ.

SEAN

(turning the corner)

Good afternoon, Ms...

He looks up and stops, shocked, as he meets Sofia -- a 30-year-old TRANSSEXUAL in progress. Her hair is done up, she's wearing a knock-off Hermes scarf around her neck and is glamorous but not gaudy. She smiles shyly.

SOFIA

Call me Sofia.

10

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

10

CU on the chart's FACIAL DIAGRAM. Sean makes a red X across the throat. Tilt up to reveal a worried Sofia.

SOFIA

Is a tracheal shave painful?

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Honestly? Yes.

SOFIA

I asked my original doctor about the scar and he said --

SEAN

I'm not concerned with what your original doctor said, Ms. Lopez. Nearly twenty percent of our work here is cleaning up other people's mistakes. I'd like to make my own assessment if you don't mind.

If we deduct that Sean is being colder than usual here, Sofia doesn't. This is the way the world treats her. Sofia takes a deep breath and removes her scarf. A horrible two-inch scar runs along her Adams apple. It's unsettling.

SOFIA

(trying to make a joke)

Ta-da.

As Sean begins to examine the scar with no emotion, we PUSH IN on Sofia. Her humiliation surfaces and she tears up.

SOFIA (cont'd)

Damnit. I told myself I wasn't going to cry today. Those damn hormones.

SEAN

You have some keloids that have formed. We might have to remove cartilage from your ear to correct the contour deformity.

*
*
*
*

SOFIA

My ear?

(pauses, then bravely --)

If that's what it takes to fix this, okay. Can we talk about cost? When I spoke to your partner on the phone, he said your office -- specifically you, Dr. McNamara -- does free work sometimes, on a case-by-case basis.

Sean pauses, suddenly feeling set up by Christian.

SEAN

I'm afraid pro-bono on this type of operation is out of the question. We only do that type of work on people who've suffered accidents or birth defects.

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA

Being one gender on the inside and another on the outside is a birth defect. You think I chose to look like this?

SEAN

Having elective surgery for cosmetic reasons -- regardless of the outcome -- is what I consider a choice, yes.

SOFIA

It's more than that.

SEAN

In that case, we have a psychologist on staff if you'd like to discuss your problem.

SOFIA

I only want to look how I feel, Dr. McNamara. How is that a problem?

SEAN

(back-peddling)

I meant your process. I should have said process.

A beat, then she ties the scarf around her neck.

SOFIA

Look, let's just be real, okay? Do you have a problem with me? That I'm a transgendered individual?

SEAN

(lying)

No.

SOFIA

Then why are you being so uptight?

Again that accusation. Before he can respond --

SOFIA (cont'd)

The truth is, doctor, I don't care if you like me or you don't. What I care about is feeling complete and not having everybody look at me like a freak, like you did when I first walked in here. If I come up with the money, will you do the operation?

Sean stares, noncommittal.

11 INT. HALLWAY -- DAY (LATER) 11

TIGHT ON A THANK YOU CARD...stuck in a gift-basket stuffed with PORN DVD'S. PULL BACK TO reveal an amused Christian, carrying it into --

12 INT. BREAKROOM -- DAY 12

-- where Sean sits eating his lunch. Sean eyes it warily.

CHRISTIAN

(slyly)

Christmas has come early, compliments of Wallis in appreciation of a job well done. Twenty of her best-selling DVDs, and an invitation to her Silver Jubilee -- 25 years in the business and counting.

Christian grins as he heads for the fridge.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

You take the movies my friend, I'm snagging the RSVP. I'm gonna smooze with some cooze and land us an exclusive contract.

SEAN

Okay, enough Christian. Enough with the porn stars and the transsexuals and the non-stop libidinous assault.

CHRISTIAN

Wallis might be a touch handsome, Sean, but I assure you, she's not a transsexual.

SEAN

But Sofia Lopez is.

CHRISTIAN

Who?

SEAN

The consult you purposely set me up with an hour ago to further prove your thesis that I'm an uptight prig.

CHRISTIAN

I didn't know that consult was a transsexual Sean, she didn't give me that information on the phone.

(a beat)

But clearly, she made you uptight.

SEAN
(uptight)
I am not uptight!

CHRISTIAN
Sorry, I stand corrected.
(a beat)

That said, how's it feel to be judged unfairly...which is a daily battle waged by both Wallis' girls and, I'm sure, Sofia Lopez? To be put in a box that doesn't define you?

SEAN
For your information, I break out of that box all time.
(a beat, proud)
In fact, this very morning Julia and I had unconventional sex.

Christian just stares. What in the hell is he talking about? And then, he gets it. Christian breaks into an amused smile.

CHRISTIAN
Is that right. How'd it go, killer?

Sean stares at him. Then looks back down at his food.

SEAN
It didn't. I was clumsy and unconvincing and she was...horrified.

Once again, Sean's vulnerability touches Christian.

SEAN
I was trying to spice things up. Julia and I haven't really been...connecting lately. And now that she's going back to school, I'm afraid we're going to become even more distant.
(picks at food, then --)
How do you seduce women into...loosening up?

CHRISTIAN
It's about charm, Sean. And confidence. And inhibition. Before you throw down, you have to cool down. You wine. You dine. You romance. Julia needs that, she's clearly starved for it.

SEAN
How do you know that?

12 CONTINUED: (2)

Christian pauses, then --

CHRISTIAN
Every woman is.

He exits. Linger on Sean, Christian's advice landing.

13 OMIT 13

14 INT. MCNAMARA KITCHEN -- NIGHT 14

Sean finishes pouring wine for a romantic dinner he's concocted. SFX: The front door opens.

JULIA (O.S.)
Sean?

SEAN
In here...

He double-checks the candles, the flowers, the food --

JULIA (O.S.)
Why are all the lights turned off?

Excited, he turns with two glasses of wine only to see Julia, standing with Jude, a backpack slung over his shoulder.

JULIA (cont'd)
Oh...

JUDE
I knew I smelled cumin. Indian food,
cool.

Sean looks to Julia -- who the hell is this?

JULIA
(a little nervous)
Jude, this is my husband, Sean.

JUDE
The plastic surgeon. It's a pleasure to
meet you Sean, I've heard a lot about
you.

SEAN
Thank you. I've heard absolutely nothing
about you.

JULIA
(quickly)
Jude and I are in biology together.
(MORE)

JULIA (cont'd)

We have a quiz we were going to study for tonight. I thought you were working late.

SEAN

I was, but I...

Sean trails off. It's an awkward moment when you go through this much trouble and it doesn't pay off. Jude senses this.

JUDE

You know, maybe we can meet tomorrow before class, Julia. I should get out of your hair.

JULIA

Is that going to give us enough time to study?

She looks at Sean, then quickly --

JULIA (cont'd)

I'm sure it will, right? Okay, I'll call you.

Sean senses her panic. He pauses then --

SEAN

Jude, wait.

Jude turns. Sean walks up and hands them the wine.

SEAN

I'm not that hungry, you guys dig in and get your studying done.

JULIA

Are you sure, honey?

SEAN

Positive.

He heads out, but not before picking up Wallis' gift-basket.

JULIA

What's that?

SEAN

Research.

And as Sean retires to the bedroom for a lonely evening with ShyAnne, we...

END ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

ACT TWO

15 INT. SURGERY -- DAY

15

Sean, hands and arms scrubbed, puts on his surgical gown. Nurse Linda approaches, concerned.

LINDA

She snuck something in the room underneath her gown.

RACK FOCUS: revealing, behind them, Sofia. She's on the table, holding something to her chest, clearly anxious and scared. Sean approaches.

SEAN

Ms. Lopez, this is a sterile environment. You're risking a bacterial infection by bringing something into this room. Either you hand over what you have or you find another surgeon. Your choice.

The rock and the hard place. Sofia reluctantly hands Sean her secret object -- a small PICTURE. An eight-year-old BOY smiles back at us.

SOFIA

That's my son, Raymond.

SEAN

I don't understand.

SOFIA

Well, when a man and a woman love each other, they have sex and nine months later...

SEAN

You said you always knew you were a woman.

SOFIA

I didn't admit that to the world back in the day. Amazing how far you'll go to live a lie, isn't it?

SEAN

Does he know the truth about who you are?

SOFIA

(nods)

My Ray is the one person who didn't judge me when I wanted to change.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SOFIA (cont'd)

That's why I keep him close to me at all times. A person needs support in order to change into who they're supposed to become.

SEAN

(after a beat)

Does he still call you Dad?

SOFIA

No matter what I look like I'm still his father. Although personally, I think I'm a better father as a mother. Do you have kids?

SEAN

Two.

SOFIA

It's a wonderful thing, isn't it? Having something in this world you love more than yourself.

Sean pauses, silently shocked to find that he and Sofia actually have something in common. Sofia sighs, then --

SOFIA (cont'd)

Take the picture away and give me the gas, I understand. I'll be good.

Sean goes to put on his surgical gloves, calls over Linda. A beat, then handing her the picture --

SEAN

Put this in a plastic baggie and let her hold it if she wants.

A quietly impressed Linda nods as Sean heads back to scrub.

16 INT. MIAMI SOUNDSTAGE -- NIGHT

16

Christian, all in black and looking fantastic, is in line with Matt, who's in jeans and a silver shirt. Music from inside is thumping. As they inch their way toward check-in --

MATT

(a little worried)

Are they gonna card me?

CHRISTIAN

(amused)

Tonight you're "plus one."

(CONTINUED)

MATT

(a beat, then serious)

I just want you to know, I'm thankful for the opportunity. To, you know...be your wingman.

CHRISTIAN

(laughs, charmed)

I'm here to work, not play Mattie. And you're here to learn a vital lesson -- so what if your girlfriend turned out to be a vag-a-terian? She's not the only tuna in the tank.

Matt laughs as they arrive at check-in.

CHRISTIAN

Troy, Christian.

The bouncer crosses him off the list, they turn the corner to reveal...

17 INT. SOUNDSTAGE -- WALLIS' PARTY -- NIGHT

17

Matt is amazed. The place is jammed with nearly naked HOT WOMEN and amazingly attractive MEN. "Peg" by Steely Dan plays. Everyone but Christian is wearing silver.

MATT

(beaming)

Niiiiice.

CHRISTIAN

Mingle and tingle, Mattie. Shall we review the rules?

MATT

No drinking. No drugs.

CHRISTIAN

Good boy.

Across the room, Christian suddenly spies DR. MERRILL BOBOLIT -- his big competition. He is pissed and his eyes narrow.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Stay here. I'll be right back.

Christian saunters up to Bobolit, who is wearing a white and silver ensemble. Christian grabs a drink, then --

CHRISTIAN

Merrill, you look like a Q-Tip.

(CONTINUED)

A beat, then --

BOBOLIT

Yeah, that's what I thought. But my personal shopper talked me into it, she said it was "retro."

(bitter, finishes drink)

That dumb bitch gets the boot on Monday.

CHRISTIAN

Smooth operator, that Wallis. I take it she invited both of us so we could put in competitive bids. Or are you a partycrasher like you were in college?

BOBOLIT

Christian, I am pleased to announce that these days I walk through the front door.

CHRISTIAN

Guess the bouncers around town take pity on those hair plugs. Or have you sunk to palming hundreds?

BOBOLIT

Actually Christian, since my billboards went up all the bouncers know me on a first name basis.

CHRISTIAN

(quietly bothered)

Is that right.

BOBOLIT

Fame is power my friend. Free entry, comped drinks, the hottest available poonanie...I am living the life.

He pauses, then leans in, pretending to be concerned.

BOBOLIT (cont'd)

How are you guys doing?

CHRISTIAN

Great. Business is booming.

BOBOLIT

Is that right. That's not what I hear.

CHRISTIAN

Has cheap fame made you omnipotent, Merrill?

BOBOLIT

You can make fun all you want, slick. But because of those billboards my business has tripled in the past month. I have to work 18-hour-days just to keep up.

CHRISTIAN

Sounds exhausting.

BOBOLIT

Sounds like I need a partner.

And the room stops. Christian finishes off his drink, then --

CHRISTIAN

Is that an offer, Merrill?

BOBOLIT

Maybe you and I can have lunch sometime.

Bobolit takes out his business card and sticks it in Christian's shirt pocket. A beat, then to preserve ego --

CHRISTIAN

Guess it'll be a conciliatory meal. Because I'm gonna kick your ass and win this contract.

BOBOLIT

You're a better surgeon than me, Christian, I'll give you that. But you're no longer a better salesman. I'm betting Wallis throws her ladies my way, you know why? Cause we're both show people.

He struts away. Christian looks after him concerned, until Wallis shows up in a sexy slinky black gown. Christian plays her like a fiddle. He gestures to his black suit, then --

CHRISTIAN

I see great minds think alike. Tell me you're not going into business with him.

WALLIS

He did give me a free sample, Christian.

Wallis gestures to a PORN STAR nearby...her DOUBLE D's are practically falling out of her bikini top.

CHRISTIAN

Sweetheart, do you realize the problems that girl is going to have later on?

(CONTINUED)

WALLIS

What would you have done differently?

CHRISTIAN

Well, to begin with, I would have given her some tasteful killer b's.

(a beat, quietly pained)

And I would have charged you half.

WALLIS

Then we should talk.

As Wallis listens to Christian's pitch, we MOVE TO --

18 INT. PORN PARTY -- NIGHT (SIMULTANEOUS)

18

-- MATT, at the buffet table, kinda bored. Until a HOT 19-YEAR-OLD in a Catholic schoolgirl outfit approaches, her hair in pigtails. She sucks sexily on a red lollipop. Matt looks at her, trying to build courage. Finally, nervously --

MATT

I like the outfit.

LOLLIPOP GIRL

Really? Thanks. You need to stand out in this business if you're going to make it. You know, have, like, a gimmick? That's why I'm always sucking on something.

Matt stares. Then she laughs nervously and covers her mouth. She's not the brightest bulb in the lamp, but what she lacks in intelligence she makes up for in breathy vulnerability.

LOLLIPOP GIRL (cont'd)

OhmyGod, that sounded awful! I meant, that's why I'm always sucking on suckers. Did you ever see "Boogie Nights"? You know how Heather Graham always rollerskated and was called Rollergirl? Well guess what I want to be called?

MATT

If I was a betting man, I'd say...
Lollipop Girl.

LOLLIPOP GIRL

Hey, you're pretty smart.

(a beat, licks)

And cute, are you in the business too?

He can't say "No, I'm a sophomore" so --

(CONTINUED)

MATT

I'm an agent.
(quickly moving on)
So you want to be...an actress?

LOLLIPOP GIRL

Trying to be. Wallis has a real strict star system, you have to start off on the bottom and work your way up. So right now, I'm a fluffer.

Matt doesn't know what this is. A beat, then covering --

MATT

So tell me, what exactly does a fluffer of your caliber do?

LOLLIPOP GIRL

Um, give head to the guys to keep 'em hard and stuff between the shots.

What does one say to this, other than --

MATT

Cool. Did you always want to be in, um, porn?

LOLLIPOP GIRL

Not really. I'm from Vero Beach, I used to lifeguard there. All day long I'd get guys coming up and saying "you are so pretty, you could be a movie star." So I moved to Miami three months ago.

(suddenly vulnerable)

I guess I've made compromises, but doesn't everybody?

MATT

Absolutely.

Lollipop Girl is really licking that sucker. Matt blushes.

MATT

So fluffing all day. That's got to be a real turn off after a while...right?

LOLLIPOP GIRL

Actually, it gets me really horny. That's why I have to keep sucking on these --

She shows Matt the lollipop -- it's all gone now.

18 CONTINUED: (2)

LOLLIPOP GIRL (cont'd)

Oops.

MATT

What happens now?

Lollipop Girl smiles sexily, grabs Matt's hand and leads him away. FADE TO BLACK.

19 OMIT 19

20 OMIT 20

21 INT. HALLWAY OF MCNAMARA/TROY -- DAY (ONE WEEK LATER) 21

Sean and Grace hurriedly head for the recovery room.

GRACE

I tried to stop her from packing, there was no reasoning with her.

Right before they get to the door they are nearly run over by MRS. KUZMAN, a Coconut Grove soccer mom with a splint on her nose and two black eyes -- yet another cashcow nosejob.

SEAN

Mrs. Kuzman, where are you going?

MRS. KUZMAN

Home! What kind of a brothel are you running here?!

Confused, Sean peers into --

22 INT. RECOVERY -- DAY 22

-- where DOUBLE D porn star lies in bed surrounded by two of her closest PORN-STAR FRIENDS. Cleavage and skin abound.

GRACE

(deadpan)

She's got a point.

The porn stars wave. Sean smiles. Tightly.

23 INT. CHRISTIAN'S OFFICE -- DAY 23

Christian is on the phone with Ron, the Ferrari salesman.

CHRISTIAN

Look Ronny, I want the car, I just signed a big contract. But you need to work with me, it's still obscenely pricey.

(CONTINUED)

Sean enters, upset, and motions for Christian to hang up. Grace settles quietly in the doorway.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)
Let me call you back. Thanks.

Before the phone hits the cradle --

SEAN
Mrs. Kuzman just stormed out of here and I don't blame her.

CHRISTIAN
Why'd she leave?

SEAN
Go look in our recovery room, Christian -- it looks like we're running a casting call for Messy Mouths Part Two.
(to Grace)
Excuse me.

CHRISTIAN
You're overreacting. Wallis has guaranteed us ten of her girls a month, Sean -- that's implants, lipo, reductions ...who gives a shit if Kuzman bolted?

SEAN
(measured)
It's one thing to bring business in. It's another to drive it away.

CHRISTIAN
Take off your judgmental blinders, Sean. The line that divides the porn and plastic surgery industries is a thin one -- we're both selling fantasy, aren't we?

GRACE
Excuse me...can I say something? From a patient's perspective, it's very important to feel comfortable in your surroundings post surgery.

SEAN
See? It's a psychological issue as well.

Christian eye-fucks Grace.

SEAN

That settles it, we can't provide proper medical care for the majority of our patients by taking on a contract that offends them.

CHRISTIAN

Then they'll go to Bobolit.

SEAN

Fine.

Sean exits. Christian lasers in on Grace.

CHRISTIAN

You haven't been here long enough to put in your two cents. Let me explain something to you, Dr. Santiago. Without Wallis, we are losing money. And that means cutting back on gratuitous expenses. Like excess employees.

He walks up and shuts the door on her.

24 INT. SEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

24

Just as Sean sits down to collect his thoughts --

LINDA ON INTERCOM

Dr. McNamara, your wife's on line two...

25 INT. MCNAMARA HOME -- DAY

25

Julia sits on the couch, holding a cordless phone, surrounded by highlighters and text books. WE INTERCUT:

JULIA

Honey, what time are you coming home?

SEAN

I don't know...why?

JULIA

I have to study tonight. I know you made dinner last night, but if you could whip something up again tonight and watch the kids, it would really help me out.

LINDA ON INTERCOM

Dr. McNamara, Sofia Lopez on line three.

SEAN

Hold on a second, Jules.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

Sean punches the other line. WE INTERCUT:

SEAN (cont'd)

Hello?

*

26 INT. DADE COUNTY MEMORIAL -- DAY

26

Sofia sits in the emergency waiting room, cell phone to her ear, nearly hysterical.

SOFIA

Dr. McNamara? I'm at Dade County, something terrible has happened.

SEAN

Hold on.

(clicks over)

Julia, I have to go, I'll call you back.

JULIA

(a dial tone)

Sean?

Julia hangs up, pissed.

27 INT. CHRISTIAN OFFICE -- DAY (SECONDS LATER)

27

Sean rushes by, pokes his head in. Christian's on the phone.

SEAN

Sofia Lopez just called from emergency, some sort of problem. Can you keep an eye on things?

CHRISTIAN

(smiles)

Sure. Absolutely.

As Sean races out, we stay with Christian and see that he's dialing a number from a business card in the palm of his hand. CLOSE ON THE CARD: it's Bobolit's.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Merrill, Christian Troy. I'd like to take you up on that lunch offer...

28 INT. SOUNDSTAGE -- DAY

28

Empty now. Matt enters the dimness, unsteady.

MATT

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

LOLLIPOP GIRL'S VOICE
Over here. Hit the switch to your right.

Matt does. *THWOMP*. The aftereffects of the party are illuminated...deflated mylar balloons, etc. Lollipop Girl sits on a bed, withdrawn. Matt approaches.

MATT
I got your message.

Silence. Then racked with guilt --

MATT
Look, I know why you wanted to meet today. It's because I told you I'm an agent. The truth is...I'm not.

LOLLIPOP GIRL
(slowly looks over at him)
You...lied to me?

MATT
I know you want help with your career, and that's why you called me, but I don't have any connections.
(trying to be cheerful for her)
But you know what? Like you said, you've got a really good gimmick, so...

He suddenly notices something.

MATT (cont'd)
Hey...where's your lollipop?

LOLLIPOP GIRL
I'll never suck again.

And suddenly she begins to cry. Matt is stunned.

MATT (cont'd)
Hey, it's okay. What's wrong?

LOLLIPOP GIRL
I went to the doctor.
(a beat)
I'm sick. I caught NGU.

PUSH IN ON Matt...terrified. He can barely speak.

MATT
NGU?

LOLLIPOP GIRL

Non-gonococcal urethritis.

(he's still blank)

Some guy I was fluffing must've given it to me. That means I gave it to you.

MATT

But...I don't have any symptoms.

LOLLIPOP GIRL

Yet.

She looks at him, her eyes red and pleading.

LOLLIPOP GIRL (cont'd)

I'm not that kind of girl! I'm not!

MATT

But...you do porn.

LOLLIPOP GIRL

Maybe this was a sign. That I'm not supposed to.

(sniffles)

My boyfriend called last night. He really misses me, so I'm gonna go home. He said Waffle House is hiring.

MATT

Boyfriend?

LOLLIPOP GIRL

Yeah. So I guess we both lied.

She stands to go, a duffel bag slung over her shoulder.

LOLLIPOP GIRL (cont'd)

I just wanted to be somebody else...you know? Somebody special.

She sticks out her hand.

LOLLIPOP GIRL (cont'd)

By the way...I'm Judy.

She kisses his cheek, exits. Off Matt, never more scared or alone, we...

END ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (3)

28

ACT THREE

29 INT. WAITING ROOM -- DADE COUNTY EMERGENCY -- DAY 29

Sean rushes in, fearing the worst. Sofia rushes toward him, panicked.

SOFIA

I need your help. It's Marcy.

SEAN

Who?

Sofia grabs Sean by the arm, starts pulling him toward the triage area.

SOFIA

Marcy. My best friend. She's in trouble.

30 INT. TRIAGE AREA -- DAY (SECONDS LATER) 30

Sofia whips open a bedside curtain to reveal Marcy, a 30ish transsexual in a housedress who lies in a hospital bed. Her face is ashen and she's sweating.

SOFIA

Two days ago, she had her reassignment surgery by the same doctor who did my neck. She's been bleeding.

*
*

Sean looks at Marcy, then Sofia, not quite sure why he's been summoned to help a patient who's surrounded by medical help.

SEAN

What's the opinion of the doctor who examined her?

SOFIA

The nurse stuck us in here two hours ago, no one wants to touch her.

MARCY

(terrified, weak)

I think I'm dying.

Sean reads the urgency of the situation and walks over to her.

SEAN

I'd like to take a look, if that's okay.

Marcy nods and Sean pulls back the covers. Sean is instantly alarmed.

(CONTINUED)

He pulls out a penlight from his pocket and lowers the sheet. Sofia holds Marcy's hand as she is examined. Sean is calm, gentle, focused.

SEAN (cont'd)
Have you been dilated today?

MARCY
No.

A MALE NURSE appears.

NURSE
What's going on here?

SEAN
This woman's hemorrhaging. You need to get her into surgery right now.

NURSE
What are you, a doctor?

SEAN
Apparently the only one on this floor. Why hasn't this patient been cared for?

The nurse looks at Marcy. On his face -- a quick flicker of judgement. Sean recognizes this look -- it's the same one he gave to Sofia when he met her. A beat, then --

SEAN (cont'd)
Do you have a problem with her being a transsexual?

NURSE
(covering)
We're really backed up right now. I'll see what I can do.

The nurse exits. Sean is outraged, but knows better than to waste his energy on this clear discrimination. He scans the emergency room, sees a tray full of instruments.

SEAN
(gently)
Sofia, go wait in the lobby.

He whips the curtain closed, shutting her out.

A decadent modern estate with a showcase Italianate pool and landscaping to match.

A SUNBATHING BEAUTY oils up on a lounge chair as we PICK UP Christian, drink in hand, strolling out of the mansion with Bobolit, who is in a Sean John-style tracksuit that is way too hip for him.

BOBOLIT
(finishing the tour)
...and here's where I get my freak on
when the parties move outside.

Bobolit does a seizure-like move that would clear any dance floor.

CHRISTIAN
(off his move)
Good thing you're rich, Merrill.
(then, scanning --)
Nice place.

BOBOLIT
My problem is I'm never around to enjoy
it. I'm working seven days a week. That's
where you come in.

CHRISTIAN
I'm listening.

BOBOLIT
By myself, I've managed to become the
biggest plastic surgeon in South Florida.
But with your skills, we could be the
surgical destination for half the globe.
I'm talking Hollywood elite, European
royalty -- the best of the best. We
charge twice the price and get all the
time off we need. All you gotta do is
bring your talent.

Christian is quietly flattered -- Sean's never lauded him for his surgical skills before. He looks out on the horizon.

CHRISTIAN
What am I worth to you, Merrill?

BOBOLIT
You want numbers, I can have my lawyers
draft an agreement.

CHRISTIAN
(deadly focused)
I want parity. I want a guarantee that
all decisions are arrived at by both
partners and I want it in writing.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

31

BOBOLIT

No problem. It's a good move for you, Christian. Those cleft palates Sean's bringing in ain't helping you retire early.

Christian nods, surprised by the rising tide of resentment he's feeling against his partner.

CHRISTIAN

Did you know Sean was the last surgeon in Miami to accept a Botox contract?

BOBOLIT

You're kidding me.

CHRISTIAN

I told him, we get in on the ground floor, we can make a fortune. Nope. Didn't see the opportunity.

Bobolit wisely senses an in here. He pauses, then --

BOBOLIT

You sign up for Cymera yet?

CHRISTIAN

The wrinkle filler? That stuff's made from cadaver epidermis, it's not FDA approved.

BOBOLIT

Yet. But when it is, I'm getting the exclusive. They'll be lining up.

And Bobolit's got him.

BOBOLIT (cont'd)

Don't get me wrong, I like Sean. He's a conservative family man, and that's great. But you and I are more alike.

(puts his arm around him)

We're ambitious. Single. *Good-looking.* And we understand that in business, the only standard is success.

As Christian considers the future, the SUNBATHER slithers up.

SUNBATHER

(dumb as a box of hair)

Merrill, my friend Heidi wants to come swimming, can we go over and pick her up?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

BOBOLIT

She'll have to sit on your lap. Screw
that, you drive -- she'll sit on my lap.

(to Christian, grinning)

You gotta see the car.

32 EXT. DRIVEWAY/BOBOLIT MANSION -- DAY

32

Christian watches on the sidelines as Bobolit and the
sunbather sit in a Lamborghini. *

BOBOLIT

A quarter million and no back seat. Who
would want one of these?

CHRISTIAN
(so jealous)
Not me.

BOBOLIT
(revving the engine)
Call me this week. I want an answer.

And the Lamborghini peels out. Off Christian, watching the man who's living his life speed off, we...

*

CUT TO:

33 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM LOBBY -- DAY

33

Sofia sits alone. Sean enters, quietly sits next to her.

SOFIA
Is she going to be okay?

SEAN
(nods, then --)
She's in surgery now. Another twenty-four hours, an infection could have set in. That would have been a problem.
(firm)
I want the name of the doctor who did this, Sofia.

SOFIA
(uncomfortable)
He does a lot of work on transgendered individuals. He's known in the community.

SEAN
Sofia, you have to file a malpractice suit. Why would you protect this butcher?

SOFIA
I'm not protecting him, I'm protecting us. You saw how the doctors here treated us? How you treated me when I first came to see you? If we go to court, we'll be judged and paraded like freaks and deviants. I won't do that.

SEAN
What if the next time he kills someone? Do you want that on your conscience?
(then, gently)
What if that person were you, Sofia?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

SEAN (cont'd)

Think about your son, think about
Raymond. He loves you. He needs you
around.

Sofia pauses, then fights crying.

SEAN

I'll help you. I'll make all the calls.
I'll testify in court so you don't have
to. Just give me this doctor's name.

Sofia considers this for a long beat. Then finally --

SOFIA

Doctor Grayson. Doctor Marcus Grayson.

PUSH IN on Sean. He recognizes this name.

34 INT. MATT'S ROOM -- DAY

34

ANGLE: a MEDICAL DIAGRAM of a penis. As we survey the image
we see some text about non-gonococcal urethritis running
along the side. PULL BACK to reveal Matt on his bed,
headphones on, reading this textbook. He looks worried --
even more so when Julia suddenly looms above the book and
yanks it away.

JULIA

Matt, what are you doing?

He pulls off his headphones.

JULIA (cont'd)

I've been looking for this book all
afternoon. I have a test coming up
tomorrow.

Julia reads the look on Matt's face. Her intuition kicks in.

JULIA (cont'd)

Why were you reading this?

35 INT. CHRISTIAN'S OFFICE -- DAY (LATER)

35

TIGHT ON a needle being inserted into Matt's arm. Julia
watches as a troubled Christian does a blood draw.

MATT

You can't tell dad. Promise me. We've
been getting along so much better and...
(softly)
...he'd be so disappointed in me.

CHRISTIAN

I'm disappointed in you too, Matt. How could you have sex with some girl without a rubber? You're smarter than that.

MATT

She practically dragged me into a closet. What was I supposed to do?

JULIA

You say no, Matt.
(furious, at Christian)
What in the hell were you thinking bringing him to a porn party?

CHRISTIAN

Julia, she's a client. I was there on business. Okay, I've got enough.

He pulls out the needle, begins to fill out a medical form.

JULIA

(scared, but covering)
He needs to be tested for HIV, too.

MATT

Why would you say that?
(to Christian, afraid)
Do you think she gave that to me too?

Christian pauses. The gravity of what he's done just hit him.

CHRISTIAN

You're gonna be fine. At worst you just have a bacterial infection. We'll start you on Cipro today, as a precaution. If you do have it, it'll clear up in a week.

JULIA

(to Matt)
You want to go wait in the car for me please?

Matt exits. Before Julia can say anything --

CHRISTIAN

I'm sorry. You're right. I never should have brought him there --

JULIA

What you do with your life and where you stick your dick is your business.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JULIA (cont'd)

What you do with Matt is mine. From now on, stay away from him.

CHRISTIAN

You're being way too dramatic. Julia, c'mon -- you can't lay down that law. Matt's like a son to me.

JULIA

Well, he is a son to me. And a real father would never do what you did.

He's stung.

JULIA (cont'd)

You'll never be capable of being a real father, Christian, you know why? Because a real father would never turn someone they love into a filth-loving bottom-feeder. Real fathers want their sons to be more than they are...not carbon copies.

Julia exits. Christian is devastated.

36 INT. FLEA BAG HOTEL -- DAY

36

Sean makes his way down this creepy dark hall. Up ahead, a WOMAN (or so we think) wobbles out of a room, face covered in loose bandages. She sees Sean, lowers her head and quickly moves past. It's a haunting moment and Sean is unsettled. Sean stops at the door she came out of and reads the plaque: "The Aphrodite Institute." He takes a breath, knocks. After a beat, the door opens to reveal a 60ish MAN in a lab coat.

SEAN

Hello, Marcus. It's been a while.

As Dr. Grayson registers the shock of seeing Sean, we...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

37 INT. HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

37

A two-room suite turned doctor's office/operating room. Sean stands across from Grayson in the dim eerie light, trying to focus on him but distracted by the appalling conditions.

GRAYSON

You know how delicate GRS is, Sean. Fistulas are pretty common when you get into vaginal construction. I'm sure um...

SEAN

Marcy.

GRAYSON

Right, I'm sure she'll be fine. I hope you didn't come find me after all this time to tell me that. Usually my former students want to at least go for coffee.

Sean offers Grayson a thin smile, inching his way into this.

SEAN

You know I still have all my notes from your class? Why aren't you teaching anymore?

GRAYSON

When the university denied me tenure, I went back to private practice. 'Bout five years ago I had to deal with some malpractice bullshit. Killed me.

SEAN

Didn't you have insurance?

GRAYSON

I did. Can't afford it now.

SEAN

Marcus...that's illegal.

GRAYSON

So's half of what they do in Mexico -- which is where these transsexuals go because it's so damn expensive up here. At least I offer an alternative.

SEAN

But if you can't do the job right, what kind of alternative is that?

(CONTINUED)

GRAYSON
(taken off guard)
Excuse me?

SEAN
Look at this place. I can see why you're
having problems with these surgeries.

Grayson holds up a hand, and suddenly we see a young arrogant
man popping through the fog of age and desperation.

GRAYSON
Don't talk to me like that, I've been a
doctor since before you were born. I
almost invented these damn procedures,
remember? It may not be Johns Hopkins in
here, but I do what a lot of doctors
can't. You always had the skill, Sean,
but never the bravado. You need that
combination to become a brilliant
surgeon, not merely a good one.

SEAN
I'd rather be a good surgeon who helps
people than a brilliant surgeon who hurts
them.

Grayson studies Sean, a realization dawning.

GRAYSON
Is this about what I'm doing? Or do you
have a problem with who I'm doing it to?
(pauses)
I think you're the one with the problem,
Sean.

Sean is suddenly incensed.

SEAN
What I have a problem with is you
destroying people's lives. I don't care
who they are, you need to stop.

GRAYSON
Oh, and you're the one who's going to
make me close my doors now?

SEAN
Look at you. Can you even hold your hand
steady? You reek of alcohol. Don't
confuse yourself into thinking you're
some kind of hero working on the
disenfranchised.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (cont'd)

You're just a sad old drunk who can't retire because he doesn't have anything else to hold onto.

Grayson pauses, his eyes watering with emotion at this unexpected slap. Sean suddenly feels terrible. A beat, he sinks to a chair. Softly, in shock, more for himself --

SEAN

You're the one who inspired me to be a surgeon. I wanted to be you.

Grayson pours himself a drink. He does the same for Sean who pauses, then doesn't take it. Silence, then --

GRAYSON

You will be me, Sean. You're on my path, you're a success now.

(a beat)

Forty is around when it starts. The dutiful wife gets tired of your hours and your lack of emotional intelligence.

Sean looks up, stunned he knows this.

GRAYSON (cont'd)

She might stay for another five years if you're lucky, mine stayed until I was 50. But they leave you. The kids, too.

He pauses, finishes his drink. Then --

GRAYSON (cont'd)

And so there you are...on Christmases and Father's Day with nothing but your diplomas and the thoughts of the lives you've saved except for your own. So yes, I drink.

SEAN

You either shut yourself down or I will.

A stare-down. Then, suddenly emotional --

GRAYSON

I didn't mean to hurt them. God help me, I didn't.

We PULL out as Sean and his cautionary tale sit in silence.

The BELL RINGS as STUDENTS settle in their chairs and turn their attention to Iris as she walks up to her lectern.

IRIS

Alright everybody, time to hand back your quizzes. Read 'em and weep.

ANGLE: the door. Julia rushes in, late, flustered. She spies Jude waving to her in the corner. She heads over and sits.

JUDE

Oversleep?

JULIA

Been a rough week at home.

JUDE

What...did you run out of merlot?
(off Julia, stung)
Kidding, geez.

Iris approaches and hands Jude his test. Julia is eager to get hers...until she sees her grade: a 73. She catches the eye of Iris, who is clearly disappointed in her...maybe even a little ashamed. It's a devastating moment for Julia.

JUDE (cont'd)

(re: his test, genuine)

Shit. We studied hard, I thought we did better than that.

Jude shows Julia his grade -- a 93.

JUDE (cont'd)

How'd you do?

Julia pauses, shows Jude. She's devastated. He takes it in, senses her pain, then with a sexy smile --

JUDE (cont'd)

I see we're going to have to study harder. The commons...six o'clock?

Julia pauses, breaks into a shy smile and nods. Suddenly, the 73 seems like a blessing, instead of a curse.

39 EXT. MATT'S SCHOOL -- DAY

39

Matt steps outside, cell phone pressed to his ear. As he scans the area --

MATT

Where are you?

CHRISTIAN'S VOICE

Look to your left.

(CONTINUED)

Matt does and sees Christian in cool shades waving from across the street -- and standing next to his new Ferrari 575 Maranello. Matt hangs up, makes his way over.

MATT
Is this your car?

CHRISTIAN
(sly, the proud papa)
I landed an exclusive contract, thought I'd treat myself. I'm leaving it to you in my will.
(pauses, smiles)
And that's not the only thing you have to celebrate, Mattie. Your test came back from the lab. You're as clean as the day you were born.

MATT
(relieved)
Seriously?

Christian puts his arm around Matt.

CHRISTIAN
I'm proud of you, kid. You cheated your first STD. Way to go.
(pauses, then --)
Your mom's probably calmed down by now, I thought we could go tell her the good news together. You drive.

Christian THROWS the set of car keys to Matt -- their ritual. As Christian walks around to the passenger seat --

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)
You're gonna love this car. Swear to God, you drive down the street in this thing, the girls will follow you home.

Matt looks at the keys, then the car. And throws them back to Christian.

MATT
No thanks.

Christian catches the keys, thrown off guard.

MATT (cont'd)
I don't want to meet girls because of the car I drive. Or pick them up in a strip club, or a porn party. I'm not you. I don't want to be you.

(CONTINUED)

Christian flinches from Matt's honesty, tries to recover.

CHRISTIAN

I was only trying to cheer you up.

The school BELL RINGS, Matt starts inching backwards.

MATT

I got last period, so...

CHRISTIAN

Wait --

(desperate)

Maybe we can go see a movie or something.

You gotta at least go for a ride with me.

MATT

I'll see ya.

Matt heads back into school. Christian watches him go, his heart breaking. He turns back to his dream car. He hates the sight of it now.

40 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM -- DAY

40

Sofia sits on an examination table as Sean checks her tracheal shave; it's healed nicely.

SEAN

Keep out of the sun for at least three weeks and remember to put the ointment on. But otherwise, it's very...feminine.

SOFIA

You think so?

She's touched. Sean nods. A beat, then nervously --

SOFIA (cont'd)

What happened to Dr. Grayson?

SEAN

He's retired.

As Sean applies some antibiotic ointment, Sofia begins to softly cry. This time, Sean knows it's not just the hormones.

SEAN

It's okay. He won't hurt anybody again.

SOFIA

I talked to one girl, he did a good job on her. Maybe he doesn't always drink.

(CONTINUED)

Sean suddenly realizes something shocking -- she would go back to him.

SEAN

Sofia, his office was unsanitary, his practices were --

SOFIA

I know! I know that.

(a beat)

But I also know I'm a bank teller who makes no money who hasn't become yet who she's supposed to become.

Sean pauses, overwhelmed with compassion for her. Then --

SEAN

I'll help you find that person.
Free of charge.

SOFIA

You'll be my doctor? You're serious?

Sean nods. Sofia dries her eyes, hops off the table, ties her scarf on. She takes a deep breath for dignity, then softly --

SOFIA

You're very progressive, Dr. Sean
McNamara.

She hugs him, exits. Sean is moved at her...and himself.

41 INT. CHRISTIAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

41

Christian sits behind his desk, dials a number as Sean enters. As the other end picks up --

CHRISTIAN

It's Christian, can you hold on a second?
(puts call on hold)
What's up?

SEAN

I'm ready to revisit the Wallis Forsythe issue.

CHRISTIAN

Why?

SEAN

I've come to the conclusion that with guaranteed money flowing in, we're free to take on more pro-bono. Additionally...

(CONTINUED)

A beat, this is difficult for him.

SEAN

I think you're right. I need to loosen up. So what if these women are in porn? They aren't hurting anybody and --

CHRISTIAN

(adamant)

Yes they are.

A pause, then --

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

I terminated the contract this afternoon.

SEAN

(thrown)

What are you talking about?

CHRISTIAN

We have standards here Sean that are more important than money.

Sean can't really argue with this. But still --

SEAN

What made you change your mind?

CHRISTIAN

You.

Sean is silently impressed with his partner's evolution. Maybe the gravity of what happened at the Everglades that night is finally sinking in with him.

CHRISTIAN

(re: the phone)

I'm sort of in the middle of something, could you...?

SEAN

Sure.

Sean exits. Christian pauses to make sure the coast is clear, then into the phone --

CHRISTIAN

Sorry about that.

WE INTERCUT:

2 EXT. POOL -- BOBOLIT MANSION -- DAY 42

Bobolit (on his cell) lounges with two HOT SUNBATHERS who rub oil on his back.

BOBOLIT

So Wallis Forsythe calls me this morning and says she's bringing me her business. Does that mean you're coming with her?

43 INT. CHRISTIAN'S OFFICE -- DAY 43

CHRISTIAN

(torn, but --)
Not today, Merrill.

BOBOLIT

You're kidding me. I'm up to my ass in tit jobs, I need you.

CHRISTIAN

The timing's not right.

A pause as Bobolit connives. Then subtly, but cleverly --

BOBOLIT

I understand. My door's always open to you, Christian. You let me know when you're ready to walk through it.

He hangs up. Christian just sits there.

44 INT. EXOTIC SPORTS CARS OF MIAMI SHOWROOM -- DAY 44

TIGHT ON the Ferrari. PAN UP to reveal Ron the salesman, finishing an inspection.

RON THE SALESMAN

Okay, not a ding and only fifty miles on it. But I think you're making a mistake, Christian. This car tells the world who you've become.

CHRISTIAN

(softly)
Which is why I'm returning it.

He tosses Ron the keys and exits.

INT. SEAN AND JULIA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

45

Julia and Sean are in bed reading. Julia highlights passages in a textbook; Sean's head is buried in "Updated Gender Reassignment." Julia closes her book and turns to Sean.

JULIA

Thanks again for making dinner.

SEAN

(without looking up)

We'll make sure you ace that next test Jules, don't worry. I don't care how much pasta I have to boil.

Julia studies Sean for a moment; maybe she should extend herself, too. A beat, then playfully --

JULIA

So guess what I found under the bed this morning?

She slyly pulls out one of Wallis' porno movies. Sexily --

JULIA (cont'd)

Wanna watch?

Sean considers this. Then gently --

SEAN

(re: his book)

We have a new client and I need to brush up on these procedures. Maybe this weekend?

JULIA

(deflated, but covering)

Sure.

Julia pauses, then opens her book again. We SLOWLY PULL BACK as they both study, close but so very far away.

46

INT. PENSACOLA APARTMENT COMPLEX -- DAY

46

TIGHT on HIGH-HEELS, walking down a dim hallway. We PAN UP to reveal DESTINY, a TRANSSEXUAL. Destiny pauses outside a doorway. A plaque on the door reads REFINEMENTS INC. A beat, she gently, nervously, knocks. A rheumy-eyed Dr. Grayson opens the door. He smiles and ushers her in as we...

END EPISODE

(CONTINUED)