

# RUSH

PILOT

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**FROM BLACK TO**

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

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

YOUNG HOTTIE

I'm no one.

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

THE MAN

Excuse me?

YOUNG HOTTIE

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

(he tries to speak, but--)

And I just did this video. Kanye featuring T Pain?

THE MAN

That must be it.

YOUNG HOTTIE

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

THE MAN

Congratulations.

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

YOUNG HOTTIE

Yeah, Yeezy was *supercool* to work with.

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

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

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

YOUNG HOTTIE  
So, who are you? I mean, like, what  
do you do, or whatever?

THE MAN  
Guess.

YOUNG HOTTIE  
You're an agent.

THE MAN  
Christ, no.

YOUNG HOTTIE  
A lawyer.

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

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

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

**SUPER: "2 Hours Ago..."**

**INT. SOHO HOUSE - NIGHT**

The same Man sits at the bar, shirt buttoned all the way up. He sips scotch. The Hottie stands close, pressed even closer by the encroaching crowd. Conversation in medias res--

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

THE MAN  
It's sort of a specialty of mine.

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

MATCH CUT TO:

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

To the couch, where a LEATHER BAG, something between a briefcase and a duffel, rests. One song ends. A new one begins. Hip hop. Bass pumps as the Man casually sifts through his bag. His eyes dart to the chaise lounge. She's turning blue.

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

AND SLAMS THE NEEDLE INTO HER NECK. Her eyes shoot open with a start of adrenaline.

YOUNG HOTTIE (CONT'D)

Damn.

(beat)

That is some really good shit.

THE MAN

Sure is.

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

YOUNG HOTTIE

I got it. You're a doctor!

THE MAN

Something like that.

Meet DR. WILLIAM RUSH.

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

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

RUSH

We're here.

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

YOUNG HOTTIE

What club did you say this was again?

RUSH  
It's very exclusive. Just opened.

YOUNG HOTTIE  
What's it called?

RUSH  
Emergency.

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

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

**INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Rush and the confused Hottie enter through sliding doors.

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

RUSH  
Ugh.

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

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

RUSH (O.S.)  
Yo McDreamy.

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

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

ER DOCTOR  
And how would you know that?  
(off his look)  
OK. We'll check her in.

RUSH  
Good. See you tomorrow.

ER DOCTOR  
Tomorrow?

RUSH  
Elliot's birthday. Remember--?

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

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

RUSH  
He's my godson. How could I forget?  
(beat)  
Plus, Eve puts all that stuff on my  
calendar. Then she reminds me the  
day before. And calls me the day  
of.

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

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

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

TASHA  
(smiles)  
He did not.

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

She takes it. Charmed.

ALEX

A lot of good it did you.

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

RUSH

I don't think you can smoke in here, sweetheart.

Now, Alex pulls Rush aside. Hushed voices:

ALEX

You are completely jacked up right now--

RUSH

(re: Tasha)  
Is she new?

ALEX

Yeah.

RUSH

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

ALEX

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

RUSH

Spare me the moralizing, Doctor. I just saved this girl's life. Now, if you'll excuse me--  
(to the Hottie, making "hand phone" gesture)  
Call me.

He looks at Alex, then to the Hottie:

RUSH (CONT'D)

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

And with that, he's gone.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**EXT. CEDARS SINAI - DAWN**

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

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

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

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

**EXT. 101 FWY - MORNING**

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

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

His CELL PHONE RINGS. He picks up:

RUSH  
My car's making a strange noise--

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

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

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

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

**INT. MAISON CRESSON HOTEL - DAY**

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



EVE  
Martin Hanover called--

RUSH  
How's he doing?

EVE  
Finally breathing on his own.

INTERCUTTING

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

RUSH  
And his wife?

EVE  
She checked back into rehab.

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

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

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

**INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY**

Eve passes the CONCIERGE, gives him a nod:

EVE  
Can you turn that music down,  
please?

**EXT 101 FWY - CONTINUOUS**

RUSH  
You got something against Debbie  
Gibson?

The CD starts to skip.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
My CD's are skipping.

EVE  
You're living in the aughts, Rush.  
No one listens to CDs anymore.  
(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)  
There's this new thing called an  
iPod. I can install one in your  
car--

RUSH  
I thought you weren't a mechanic.

Rush turns into a West Hollywood parking lot, lined with tall  
plants, well manicured grass. This is the exterior of the  
Maison Cresson. A VALET moves quickly to the Ferrari, as Rush  
puts it in park. The Valet opens the door for him.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

As Eve approaches. They both hang up their phones:

RUSH (CONT'D)  
Did you order my breakfast?

Eve just looks at him.

**INT. HOTEL - DAY**

Rush strides through the hotel lobby. Eve tries to keep up:

EVE  
You look like shit.

RUSH  
And you look very pretty.

EVE  
You didn't sleep again, did you?

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

EVE  
But you're still human, Will.

RUSH  
It's so cute that you think that.

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

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

RUSH

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

EVE

You're prescribing marijuana to a junkie?

RUSH

Yes I am. It works, trust me.

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

RUSH (CONT'D)

That it--?

EVE

Red Cummings called.

RUSH

When?

EVE

A few hours ago.

RUSH

And you tell me now? What did he want?

EVE

What do you think he wanted?

RUSH

(sharply)

You have to tell me as soon as Cummings calls. You know that.

EVE

You shouldn't enable an asshole like that--

RUSH

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

EVE

You're not like him, Rush.

RUSH

It's all degrees, baby.

(beat)

You know the policy: we don't screen, we don't discriminate, we don't judge. I'm not a shrink, I'm not a lawyer, I'm not a priest, I'm not a cop.

(beat)

We treat people who pay. And Red Cummings pays.

**EXT. STUDIO CITY MCMANSION - DAY**

Rush rings the doorbell of a palatial Studio City home. The door SWINGS OPEN, and on the other side--RED CUMMINGS, tall, thick, Midwestern, and American as apple pie. Cleanup hitter for the Los Angeles Dodgers.

RED CUMMINGS

Took a while.

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

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

RED CUMMINGS (CONT'D)

She drank my juice.

RUSH

(incredulous)

She drank your juice.

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

RED CUMMINGS

Doc, that juice is hand-squeezed by a Tibetan monk and imported daily from Nagchu. It keeps me centered.

(off his look)

...And I've been in this goddamned slump for weeks. I'm sorry, but that stuff gets to a ballplayer. They all say it don't, but it does--

Rush kneels by Hannah, gets a closer look:

RUSH

Well, that's gonna cost you 15 grand.

Red looks at him, nods, disappears into the other room. Rush begins to attend to Hannah, removing items from his kit. She's dazed, numb. Red returns, stands over Rush, several stacks of cash in his hand:

RUSH (CONT'D)

Next time, could you at least take off your rings before you hit her?

RED CUMMINGS

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

(beat)

But there ain't gonna be no next time, Doc. I'm gon' get this thing under control--

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

RUSH

It's all there?

RED CUMMINGS

Count it.

RUSH

You count it. I'll take care of your lady.

**INT. STUDIO CITY MCMANSION - LATER**

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

RED CUMMINGS

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

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

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

RUSH

Can I give you some advice?

She nods.

RUSH (CONT'D)

Don't drink his juice.

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

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

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

MANNY

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

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

MANNY (CONT'D)

What you want today, Bro? Same shit?

RUSH

Same shit.

MANNY

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

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

MANNY (CONT'D)

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

RUSH

Homeostasis.

MANNY

Homey, what?

RUSH

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

(taking the paper bag)

Some systems just need a little more help than others.

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

RUSH (CONT'D)

Remember, never fill more than 2 of these at a time.

(beat)

Can I ask you a question, Manny?

Manny nods warily:

RUSH (CONT'D)

You still giving Red Cummings steroids?

MANNY

Hell no. That shit's way too hot right now, Rush. You think I need to be testifyin' in front of a grand jury and shit?

(beat)

Why you think he's having such a shitty season?

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

A grimy bathroom. Flies buzz, as Rush stares into the graffiti-covered mirror.

He puts a little coke between his thumb and forefinger, SNORTS. His phone vibrates now. He reaches into his pocket--

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

Rush checks his watch. Shit.

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

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

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

EVE

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

RUSH

What would I do without you?

EVE

It wouldn't be pretty.

(beat)

Uh, Rush?

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

RUSH

Keep up the good work.

(beat)

You sure you don't want to come in?

Could be some cute guys in there--

EVE

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

RUSH

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

EVE

As enticing as that sounds, I can't. I have plans this evening.

Rush's ears prick up:

RUSH

Really?



EVE

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

RUSH

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

EVE

Coming from the expert on health.

RUSH

I am a doctor.

(beat)

So, who is it? The bartender from Harvard and Stone? The one who's doing Blue Steel in all his Facebook pics?

EVE

Bye, Rush.

RUSH

No way. Not Hairplugs Guy from Tender Greens?

She walks away. Rush calls after her:

RUSH (CONT'D)

Don't go down on him! He'll never call you again!

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

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

ALEX

You made it.

RUSH

Sure did. Brought a gift too.

LAUREL

(forced smile)

How sweet. Thank you. I'll give it to Elliot.

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

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

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

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

ALEX  
I didn't think he'd remember. He  
never remembers.

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

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

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

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

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

OLDER WOMAN  
I'm not sure there is one.

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

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

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

RUSH (CONT'D)

Sarah--?

Sarah turns. When she spots Rush, her face drops:

SARAH

I didn't think you'd be here.

RUSH

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

SARAH

Lucky me.

RUSH

What are you doing here?

SARAH

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

RUSH

Wait--you're moving back?

SARAH

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

RUSH

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

SARAH

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

RUSH

You look beautiful.

SARAH

You look the same.

RUSH

You're all grown up.

SARAH

Some people do that.

An awkward beat:

RUSH

I quit smoking.

SARAH  
That's great, Will.

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

RUSH  
Will you excuse me for a second?

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

Rush inhales deeply off a joint. He exhales out the window, flips through *PARENTING* magazine. There's a KNOCK at the door. Rush leaps up, starts wafting the smoke out the window:

RUSH  
One second.

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

Rush opens the door, Alex sneaks in:

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

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

Alex looks at him, busted.

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

RUSH  
*I always show up.*  
(beat)  
*Sarah Peterson.*  
(beat)  
Why did we break up again?

ALEX  
You were terrible to her.

RUSH  
I was a kid.

ALEX  
You were 30.

RUSH

Barely.

Rush thinks. A beat.

RUSH (CONT'D)

No. Nuh-uh, She was stubborn.

(beat)

She would never shave it, you know that? Not even a trim--

ALEX

(heard this before)

Yes. I know.

RUSH

I need to sober up.

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

ALEX

Easy, easy.

(snatches the joint)

Just one hit.

(beat)

Birthday parties stress me out.

RUSH

You're an ER Doctor--

ALEX

I know. I'm talking to my therapist about it.

RUSH

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

ALEX

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

RUSH

(nodding)

I know. I know. You're right.

They sit there, a beat:

RUSH (CONT'D)

Give me one more hit.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. ALEX THOMAS' HOUSE - AFTERNOON

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

ANGLE ON ELLIOT THOMAS, 6, adorable. Eyeing the bathroom with skepticism. After a beat, Rush opens the door...

ELLIOT

Rush!

RUSH

Hey, kid.

Elliot runs up to Rush, gives him a hug:

ELLIOT

Thanks for the Lego!

Rush pulls Elliot aside. Hushed voices:

RUSH

You know it's a cover, right?

(off his look)

I deposited another 5k in the money market account I opened for you.

Legos are nice, but they're no substitute for cash.

Elliot nods, taking this in:

RUSH (CONT'D)

Don't forget, you only use it--

ELLIOT

For emergencies.

RUSH

...Or really pretty women.

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

RUSH (CONT'D)

*"And he's good with kids? Is this guy perfect or what?"*

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

RUSH (CONT'D)

Have dinner with me tonight.

SARAH

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

RUSH

Please. It's been so long. Don't go back to San Francisco without seeing me again--

(to Elliot)

Don't you think Sarah should have dinner with Uncle Rush tonight?

Elliot nods.

SARAH

That's a dirty trick.

RUSH

He's got really good judgment.

SARAH

I just saw him eat dirt.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Look, Will, you and I--

(beat)

You're like Paxil; I'm like thioridazineare. Each one functions fine on its own. Once or twice, you can take them together. You might even catch a pretty good buzz--

Rush raises his eyebrow, smiles:

SARAH (CONT'D)

But repeated usage becomes toxic and results in death.

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

*"Happy Birthday to you..."*

RUSH

It's just dinner--

She shakes her head.

RUSH (CONT'D)

Just sex then?

*"Happy Birthday to you..."*

RUSH (CONT'D)

I'm different. I'm better.

*"Happy Birthday, dear Elliot..."*

RUSH (CONT'D)

I promise.

(beat)

Please. I really missed you, Sarah.

*"Happy Birthday to you!"*

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

SARAH

Fine.

(beat)

To dinner. Not sex.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREETS - AFTERNOON**

Rush drives, grinning wide. An 80's power ballad blasts from his stereo. His phone rings. He grabs it:

RUSH

This is Rush.

EVE (O.S.)

We received an emergency call from Brentwood.

RUSH

What is it?

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

Eve sits at a DESK, on the phone:

EVE

It's a first.

**EXT. BRENTWOOD MANSION - AFTERNOON**

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

RUSH

I'm here to see Billy Bloom.

She nods. Behind her, remnants of a party that's been going on all night and into today. She turns, leading Rush past young hipster girls, older musicians, a few androgynous youngsters, upstairs and into the

**INT. BRENTWOOD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A giant room, tastefully decorated. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN sits on a large canopy bed, bathrobe covering black underwear.



She smokes a cigarette, taps at her phone. Film posters line the walls. Dailies play on a flatscreen TV.

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

RUSH  
Mr. Bloom--?

He nods.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
Big fan.

BILLY  
Thank you. Thank you. Very kind.  
Listen, I think I broke my cock.

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

RUSH  
Excuse me?

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

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
It wasn't 45 minutes.

RUSH  
May I see?

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

RUSH (CONT'D)  
20 grand. Cash.

Billy furrows his brow:

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

RUSH

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

BILLY

Buddy--bro--you ok? My assistant offer you something to drink?

RUSH

I'm fine.

BILLY

OK. Good. Look around this room--

He points to a decanter that rests on the night stand:

BILLY (CONT'D)

That's Baccarat crystal.

(he points to a painting  
on the wall)

That's a Rothko...

(beat)

Tell you what, Google how much I'm worth when you're done fixing my cock. Now, please...this is killing me!

RUSH

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

BILLY

Bro, you kidding? I'm a public figure. And this girl here, she's a semi-famous actress--

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Hey!

BILLY

...Who was on her way to becoming a more famous actress until she decided to treat my cock like a fucking rental car.

(beat)

*GODDAMMIT! THIS HURTS.* The point is, I don't want to read about my broken dick when I'm checking out at Whole Foods, OK? We are talking *Us Weekly* cover story material here. Please. This is an emergency.

RUSH  
I only handle emergencies. This is  
standard.

BILLY  
*THIS IS STANDARD?*

Rush starts to walk out.

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

Rush stops, turns around:

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Forty grand--

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

BILLY  
Yes, yes. Please. Just fix it.

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

RUSH  
Did you hear a pop?

BILLY  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
Is that bad?

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

Rush looks to the naked girl on the bed:

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

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
I was a sexy nurse for Halloween  
once.

RUSH  
Perfect. Little help over here?

She drops her cigarette into a champagne glass, gets up. Rush  
removes a LARGE SYRINGE. CU on Billy, sweating, terrified.

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

An immaculate West Hollywood studio. Sparse, Ikea-furnished. Sportscenter plays on TV. A phone rings in the background. Eve exits the bathroom, freshly showered, throwing on her blouse. She grabs her Blackberry:

EVE

Hello--

RUSH (O.S.)

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

Eve opens her laptop, logs into the bank website.

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

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

EVE (O.S.)

No recent activity.

RUSH

You're kidding me.

EVE

I am not.

(beat)

What happened to "cash up front"? I thought that was our policy?

RUSH

We made an arrangement. I doubled my fee.

EVE

Only if he pays.

RUSH

It's under control, Eve.

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

RUSH (CONT'D)

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

EVE

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

RUSH

My first love. My only love, unless you count that night in Belize. But I'm fairly certain that was the vicodin talking--

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

EVE

Poor girl.

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

RUSH

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

EVE

You're reformed?

RUSH

Yes, I'm reformed.

EVE

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

RUSH

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

EVE

Goodbye, Rush. Enjoy your date.

RUSH

Yeah. You too.

And Eve hangs up the phone, turns her attention to, THE TV. The Dodgers pregame show. Vin Scully interviews Red Cummings.

VIN SCULLY

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

RED CUMMINGS

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

She grabs the remote, flips it off.

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

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

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

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

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

SARAH

You all right?

RUSH

Me? Sure, I'm fine.

The glass SHATTERS in his hand. Red wine spatters his face.

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

Rush puts the pills back. Not tonight.

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

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

RUSH

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

SARAH

Hello, Will.

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

SARAH (CONT'D)

You all right?

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

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

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

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

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

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

DOORMAN  
 ...And you.

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

Eve walks past gorgeous girls and gawking guys. She feels  
 their eyes on her, as she moves to the bar. She looks around,  
 nervous. A HANDSOME GUY approaches:

HANDSOME GUY  
 You here alone?

EVE  
 I'm waiting for someone.

He nods, contemplating his next move. Then:

HANDSOME GUY  
 Nice skirt.

She doesn't answer, scans the bar:

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

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

He looks at her, thrown:

EVE (CONT'D)

It's supposed to make me feel just a little insecure? Supposed to make me long for your approval?

(off his look)

I don't want your approval.

(beat)

I would try the crowd at the end of the bar. They seem a bit more your speed. Not as well-read.

He stares, dumbfounded. Then turns and walks away. A FEMALE BARTENDER approaches:

FEMALE BARTENDER

You make it look easy.

EVE

I have a real knack for repelling men.

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

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

HANNAH

What can I get you?

EVE

Glass of Shiraz, please.

Hannah pours the drink, and Eve looks at her,

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

EVE (CONT'D)

I think you need a little more cover-up--

Hannah instinctively touches her bruise. She looks at Eve:

EVE (CONT'D)

He's not going to stop, you know.

HANNAH

I'm sorry?



EVE

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

HANNAH

(taken aback)

You don't know anything about me.

EVE

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

(off her look)

Actress?

HANNAH

Musician.

EVE

...You meet a guy. He's handsome. He's famous. He's rich. He takes you to nice places. Maybe you're in love with him. Probably not...

(beat)

...And then he starts hitting you. And before you know it, you've never felt so stuck in your whole life, and you can't imagine any way out--

HANNAH

Who are you?

EVE

I work for Will Rush.

(beat)

Red Cummings is a bad guy. Bad guys don't change. Trust me on this.

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

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

HANNAH

Listen, I appreciate the gesture, or whatever this is--

(beat)

But if you don't leave right now, I'm going to have to call security--

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

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

And Eve watches her, shakes her head. Walks away.

**INT. SUNSET TOWER HOTEL - LATER**

Rush and Sarah, on the tail end of a bottle of wine:

RUSH  
*While it was moving?*

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

RUSH  
He wasn't?

Sarah shakes her head.

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

SARAH  
Unsurprising.

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

SARAH  
The night's still young.

RUSH  
Is that a proposition?

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

RUSH  
I won't make the same mistake  
twice.

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

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

RUSH  
Can I say something serious--?

SARAH  
Sure.

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

RUSH  
I'm sorry.

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

SARAH  
You think that's gonna fix things?

RUSH  
No, but it's a start.

A beat. They look at each other...

SARAH  
You're a real asshole, Rush.

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

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

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

RUSH  
They're different.

SARAH  
They're new.

RUSH  
(confused)  
But your tits were spectacular.

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

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

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

RUSH  
Not everyone with that gets sick.

SARAH  
89%. That's enough.

RUSH  
So you--

SARAH  
Yeah. I Angelina'd them.

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

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

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

Sarah smiles sadly. A long, lingering beat, until

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

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

SARAH  
Not a problem.

RUSH  
It must be important. Just one second.

**INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Rush picks up his cell phone:

RUSH  
What.

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

RUSH  
Who the hell is this?

**INT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

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

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

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

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

RUSH  
Business associates?

MANNY  
You know what I mean.

RUSH  
Not my crowd.

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

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

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

Rush stands over Sarah:

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

SARAH  
(resigned)  
It's OK, Rush.

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

INT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - LATER

Rush stands, numb, takes in the scene:

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

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

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

RUSH  
What's your name?

YOUNG MEXICAN MAN  
Julio.

RUSH  
Julio, please stop talking.

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

Where a BIGASS MEXICAN DUDE looms large, flanked by drug dealer Manny and 3 other gang members. This is Raoul.

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

RAOUL  
That's not an option, doc.

RUSH  
That's the only option.

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

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

Rush winces. This is not good.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

In a small, dimly lit room, filled with MEDICAL EQUIPMENT, HAROLD WATERS, long hair, rail thin, bangs a GORGEOUS BLONDE against the wall. They both sweat profusely. Now, his PHONE RINGS. She looks at him:

HAROLD  
Gotta get it. I'm on call.

He checks caller ID, picks up:

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
Rush, my man!

INT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

RUSH  
Listen, I need some help.

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

RUSH  
I need blood.

INTERCUTTING

Harold pushes through double doors, revealing

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

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

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

INT. CHEETAH'S - NIGHT FLASHBACK

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

STRIPPER  
You're vibrating.

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

He sends it to voicemail.

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

**EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT**

Harold lights a smoke:

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

**INT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

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

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

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

He looks in the mirror, steels himself.

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

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

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

ALEX  
No way--

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

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

INTERCUTTING

Rush stands there, sweating, gun to his temple

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



**INT. CEDARS SINAI BLOOD BANK - NIGHT (PRESENT)**

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

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

Alex enters a CODE, unlocks the case. He pulls open the door. His eyes settle on the bags of O NEGATIVE. He scans the room. Mounted on the ceiling above: A CAMERA.

CAMERA POV: Alex positions his body in front of the cooler, shields what he's doing from the camera's view. He slides something into his jacket.

**EXT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Rush, flanked by two GANG MEMBERS, pops the trunk of his Ferrari. It's filled with Pelican cases, leather bags, etc. Rush slings a bag over one shoulder, grabs a case, looks at the other guys:

RUSH

That your friend in there?

They nod.

RUSH (CONT'D)

If you want him to live, you'll grab some heavy shit.

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

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

Just in time to see him get into his car.

**EXT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Alex drags a COOLER across a parking lot--empty, save Rush's car and an unmarked van. Far off in the night, a siren passes. He approaches a corrugated metal gate, slides it open, revealing the CARNAGE.

In the corner, 2 gangsters wrap a dead body in blankets, sheets. In the center, Julio on a table, shirtless. Rush preps him, DOUSING his stomach with DISINFECTANT. An IV Rack stands next to them, along with a MOBILE vitals monitor. It's the kind of equipment military doctors use in the field. Raoul walks toward Alex, gun held high. His BOYS follow.

RAOUL  
Who the fuck are you?

RUSH  
He's with me--

Raoul presses his gun to Alex's head:

RAOUL  
Open it.

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

RAOUL (CONT'D)  
Good.

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

RUSH  
Thank you. You can go now.

RAOUL  
Hold up. Not so fast.

Rush looks at Raoul:

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

RUSH  
He leaves or this man dies.

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

RUSH (CONT'D)  
Try me.

Raoul smiles:

RAOUL  
Fine.  
(to Alex)  
Get out.

ALEX  
No.

Rush looks at him:

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

Rush pulls him aside:

RUSH  
You have a wife. You have a kid.

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

RUSH (CONT'D)  
Leave.

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

ALEX  
Nine minutes, thirty seconds, Rush.

And with that, he's gone.

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

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

JULIO  
I don't wanna die.

RUSH  
No, I would imagine not.

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

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

RUSH  
Go to sleep, Julio.

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

And he's out.

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

Rush checks his watch. It reads 2 *MINUTES*

RUSH (CONT'D)  
I need an outlet.

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

Now, he opens Julio's mouth, intubates. It's a tube that runs to what looks like a little scuba tank. A portable VENTILATOR. Rush drops to his knees, removes the bags of blood from the cooler.

He checks his watch. 1:14:00

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

VOICE (O.S.)  
OH MY GOD!

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

RUSH  
What's the hell is going on here?

The Woman THROWS herself onto Julio, copiously WEEPING.

SONYA  
OH MY GOD! OH NO!

Rush looks at his watch. 00:24:00. He quickly connects the blood tube to the IV...

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

SONYA  
It's not OK, Raoul! This is your fuckin' fault!

Blood starts running down the tube. Raoul pulls Sonya off. Rush looks to her, flustered.

RUSH  
Who is this?

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

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

Raoul holds his sister in his arms. He glares at Rush:

RAOUL  
 Just fix him.

RUSH  
 Fine. Keep her away from me.

Rush's tools are laid atop a PIECE OF CLOTH on a steel TABLE behind him. He grabs the SCALPEL, CUTS into Julio's stomach. Sonya SCREAMS. Rush grabs his head:

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

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

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

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

Rush takes CLOSED SCISSORS, uses them to lift the STOMACH out of the way. Beneath, he sees the SPLEEN. Blood spurts up:

RUSH (CONT'D)  
 Whoa.

Rush moves in, applies pressure.

The bullet's lodged in there. Rush eyes the artery that feeds into the spleen. He grabs a clamp, clamps down upon the artery. He ties the artery off, brandishes his scissors--

Snip. He cuts it, and

THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
 What just happened?

RAOUL  
 What was that?

TOTAL DARKNESS. Save a whisper of sodium vapor street light.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
 We blew a fuse.

Raoul's silhouette moves up behind Rush. We hear the COCK of a gun.

RAOUL  
 Fix it.

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

Raoul looks at him, helpless. Rush looks back.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
 Please.

Raoul drops the gun. Rush thinks quickly, then:

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

Feet shuffle:

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

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

RUSH (CONT'D)  
 Where's Manny--?

MANNY  
 Me?

RUSH  
 You. Here. Now.

Rush grabs something from his bag. Manny approaches. Rush holds up an AMBU BAG. He places the bag in Julio's mouth:

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

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

RAOUL  
Is he OK?

RUSH  
I don't know. I'm going in--

Raoul watches, holding his breath, gripping Sonya's hand  
tight. As Rush starts to separate Julio's spleen from the  
surrounding organs,

Now Rush reaches in with both HANDS,

Grabs the spleen. Pulls it out, places it on the rusty steel  
table...

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

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

RUSH (CONT'D)  
Keep pumping, Manny.

SONYA  
What's going on? Is he OK--?

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

RAOUL  
IS HE OK?

Raoul looks at him...

And Rush nods. Exhausted.

**INT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - DAWN**

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

**INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER**

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

RUSH

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

RAOUL

Doc-- you ever need anything, you don't hesitate to ask, aiiight?

RUSH

I won't need anything.

RAOUL

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

RUSH

You and me, we're cool--  
(to Manny)  
You owe me.

**EXT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - DAWN**

The warehouse doors slide open. Rush squints into a bright and brilliant LA morning. Rush walks. Just the sound of the breeze, the birds, a few passing cars,

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

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

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

TOSSES A HANDFUL OF PILLS INTO HIS MOUTH.

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOURINT. SUNSET TOWER - RESTAURANT - DAY

Euros, celebs, fashion editors eat a poolside breakfast in bright LA sunshine. And Rush enters, weaving past all of them. We hear silverware drop as he moves by. He's a total mess, zonked out on pills, bloody shirt, etc.

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

RUSH

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

SARAH

I was just leaving.

She's about to get up, when:

RUSH

Why didn't you tell me?  
(off her look)  
I could have handled it--

SARAH

Like you handled last night?

Rush looks down.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm not one of your patients, Will. With them, you're a tourist. Not with me. I can't have you be that way with me. You never wanted any of the real stuff. You could never stomach it--

(beat)

It's OK. I get it now. I can't count on you like that. It's just not who you are.

Rush looks at her, nods in quiet agreement. A beat.

RUSH

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

SARAH

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

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

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

RUSH  
You too.

...She gets up, looks back at him:

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

Rush nods, stares straight ahead. A beat.

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

SARAH  
Will--

RUSH  
(beat)  
I'll try not to bump into you.

And she leaves him there, alone.

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

**EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY**

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

Skip. Skip. Skip. He ejects it,

And his phone rings. He picks up:

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

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

RUSH  
What I need is a shower--

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

She drives, phone to her ear:

EVE  
Now, Rush.

**EXT. STUDIO CITY MCMANSION - DAY**

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

RUSH  
What are you doing here?

EVE  
He said she was unconscious--

Rush looks at her, moves to Red Cummings door, knocks. The  
door swings open, revealing Red. Shaken, flustered. Rush  
moves right past him, through the house. Red follows:

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

RUSH POV: Past the KITCHEN, down the HALLWAY, into the

**BEDROOM**

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

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

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

RED (CONT'D)  
She dead?

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

EVE  
You want me to call?

Red shoots a look at Eve:

RED  
Who the hell are you anyway? You  
the one talking to my girl?  
(beat)  
She told me someone came to her. At  
work. That you? You the one who did  
that?

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

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

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

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

Red stops, really thinking now:

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

Eve eyes Hannah's prone body, anxious:

EVE  
Will--

RUSH

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

Red thinks, then:

RED

Fine.

(beat)

Fine. OK.

Eve picks up her phone, dials:

RED (CONT'D)

Just so long as you keep my name out of it.

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

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

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

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

EVE

I was just trying to help.

The ambulance door closes. Rush looks down.

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

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

RED

Gave you an extra 10k, Doc.

Red forces a laugh:

RED (CONT'D)

You got me out of some deep shit this time, man...

Rush nods. His eyes dart around the room. Avoids eye contact:

RUSH

Just give me the money, Red.

He does. Rush pockets it.

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

Rush speaks through clenched teeth, anger building:

RUSH  
 I'm leaving now, Red.

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

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

Rush freezes.

RUSH  
 What?

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

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

RED (CONT'D)  
 Doc?

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

SLAMS THE BAT INTO RED'S FACE.

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

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

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

**INT. CEDARS SINAI - DAY**

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

**EXT. CEDARS SINAI - DAY**

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

RED CUMMINGS lying on a stretcher, wincing in pain. The EMTs grab the stretcher, take it down the ramp. Where

RED'S EYES MEET EVE'S...

He looks at her. His eyes widen with recognition. And we PUSH IN ON Eve, as she puts it all together. A look of satisfaction crosses her face...

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER**

Alex Thomas walks down the hallway, holding a coffee, consulting a clipboard. Tasha, the nurse from earlier, walks by him:

TASHA

Dr. Thomas?

He stops, they move to the side:

TASHA (CONT'D)

Dr. Rothstein was asking to talk to you--

(beat)

Some blood went missing from the blood bank yesterday. Guess they thought you might know something about it--

Alex nods through gritted teeth, says nothing.

TASHA (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I covered for you.

He exhales.

TASHA (CONT'D)

I know you wouldn't do something like that.

(beat)

Not unless you had a good reason.

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

She smiles:

TASHA  
 Anytime, Doctor.

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

Eve sits in traffic, staring miles into the distance. Her PHONE RINGS. She picks up...

INTERCUTTING

Rush, in his car:

EVE (O.S.)  
 Hey.

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

EVE  
 I know, Rush. I know.

RUSH  
 We don't give a shit.

EVE  
 I got it.

RUSH  
 Good. It's important.

A beat. And Eve smiles:

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



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

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

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

EVE  
You know, Rush, if we followed your  
rules, we never would have met.

RUSH  
You were an exception.

A silent beat of understanding, followed by:

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

Rush's face turns red. Through gritted teeth:

RUSH  
It's under control.

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

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

Suddenly, 4 pairs of Timberlands step into foreground, 4  
pairs of baggy jeans...

Raoul and his men.

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

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

**INT. BRENTWOOD MANSION - DAY**

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

RAOUL  
Yo, you directed "Dead Bolt 3"?

Billy looks at him, proud:

BILLY

Sure did.

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

RAOUL

That movie sucked. I want my money back.

BILLY

Everybody's a critic.

RAOUL

No, really. I want my money back.

And Raoul scans the room. He settles upon the Rothko.

**EXT. BRENTWOOD MANSION - DAY**

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

RAOUL

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

**INT. POST-OP - DAY**

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

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

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

Until Rush gets up, turns, walks away--

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

**EXT. CEDARS SINAI HOSPITAL - DAY**

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

RUSH

Here.

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

RAGGED MAN

I'm not homeless.

Rush freezes, turns around,

Snatches the \$20 back.

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

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

1 TEXT MESSAGE. From RAOUL.

TOOK CARE OF IT. NOW YOU OWE ME.

Rush lingers on that message for an extended beat. Finally, he exhales, tosses the phone onto the passenger seat, fires up the Ferrari's V-12. And Crosby, Stills and Nash's "Helplessly Hoping" rises on the soundtrack.

**EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - DAY**

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

Skip--skip--skip--

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

RUSH

Fuck it.

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

Over and over again. Rush shifts gears, accelerates

As we go

BLACK.