

UNTITLED MINDY KALING SHOW

"Pilot"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. SOME KIND OF CRAMPED OFFICE - MORNING

A 31-year-old woman, MIRA, in smudged makeup and a crumpled cocktail dress, sits in a chair. She speaks to someone off camera who we cannot see.

MIRA

You have an idea of how your life is going to work out. When I was a kid, all I did was watch romantic comedies in our living room while I did my homework.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF A INDIAN-AMERICAN FAMILY'S HOUSE - 1988

A 7-year-old Mira does flashcards while she watches the Meg Ryan diner scene in *When Harry Met Sally*. An old INDIAN GRANDMOTHER sleeps in a chair nearby.

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD MIRA

I'll have what she's having.

INT. SAME LIVING ROOM AS BEFORE - 1995

A 16-year-old Mira studies with piles of textbooks. She's now watching *Four Weddings and a Funeral*.

HUGH GRANT

Would you be interested in, perhaps, spending the rest of your life not married to me?

ANDIE MCDOWELL

I do.

MIRA

I do.

MIRA (V.O.)

In college I had less time to watch movies...

EXT. DORM BUILDING - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT - 2002

We pan up the side of a brick dorm at Princeton University, seeing young couples hooking up in different rooms. We land on the window of a now 20-year-old Mira, sitting on her dorm room bed, with piles of biology textbooks in front of her, studying. She's also watching *You've Got Mail*.

MEG RYAN

I wanted it to be you.

MIRA

I wanted it to be you.

Mira's roommate and best friend GWEN, walks into the room and tosses her a box of Pop Tarts which Mira catches without looking.

GWEN

Have you showered this week?

Mira shakes her head solemnly, transfixed by the movie.

MIRA (V.O.)

And then, eventually, I had no time at all.

INT. MANHATTAN HOSPITAL - NIGHT - 2010

Mira, now 30, an intern at a hospital, in a doctors coat and scrubs, stands with a group of other eager student-doctors.

MIRA (V.O.)

But romantic comedies had done their damage.

One is JEREMY REED, 30, super hot and pretty, and total bad news in a Bradley Cooper kind of way. Another is CLAYTON BROOKS, 30, not too shabby-looking himself, but serious and disdainful. To be honest, he's kind of a dick. These are our guys.

There are few others, led by a distinguished doctor, MARC SHULMAN, who has a yarmulke and a Brooklyn accent. He talks to a PREGNANT PATIENT and her HUSBAND.

DR. SHULMAN

You're eight and a half months pregnant, your husband's gotta keep his schvantz away from you.

JEREMY

Which I can imagine is hard with a wife as beautiful as yours.

The patient enjoys this. Brooks rolls his eyes. Jeremy smiles at them, and then glances at Mira and winks at her. Mira reacts: holy shit, did that happen?

DR. SHULMAN

She's already pregnant, Dr. Reed.

(to the couple)

I'm putting Dr. Brooks in charge of you. He's my best student.

The students grumble while Brooks steps forward with an imperious smile.

BROOKS

(intense)

Clayton Brooks. I am determined to give you and your unborn baby the most focused and unwavering care.

Now it's Jeremy's turn to roll his eyes.

MIRA (V.O.)

That's when I saw him.

We move past Brooks to outside of the room, where we see a MOST APPEALING GUY, a doctor, reading a newspaper. This guy looks like he walked out of a Nora Ephron movie. Floppy hair, dimples, the works.

MIRA

(to herself)

Hello.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Mira is in the elevator. The doors begin to close when--

MOST APPEALING GUY

Hold the door!

It's the guy. He walks into the elevator.

MIRA

It's you.

MOST APPEALING GUY

What?

MIRA

Achoo. Just a cute little sneeze.  
What floor?

MOST APPEALING GUY

Same as yours.

He smiles warmly at her, then accidentally drops his thermos and newspaper. Mira gets down to help him and her folders slip out of her hands. They start picking up all their stuff.

TOM

Klutzes? Party of two.

Mira's hair - tied up in a bun - comes undone. She can't believe it.

MIRA (V.O.)

An elevator? Our stuff fell out of our hands? My hair came undone?

(MORE)

MIRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Holy crap, I'm basically Sandra  
Bullock. But then it happened. The  
omen. Er, omen sounds bad. What's a  
good omen called? Oh, whatever.

The elevator jerks to a stop and the lights flicker.

MOST APPEALING GUY  
Did the elevator just stop?

Mira closes her eyes. It all led up to this. It's happening.

MIRA  
I'm Mira. Obstetrics and  
gynecology.

MOST APPEALING GUY  
Tom. Orthodontist.

They shake hands, both somehow aware of what all this means.

MIRA (V.O.)  
We were stuck in the elevator  
twenty minutes and I moved into his  
apartment two months later.

VOICE (V.O.)  
(thick Caribbean accent)  
Ma'am. What does dis have to do  
with you stealing ja bike, driving  
ja bike while intoxicated, then  
trespassing in ja swimming pool?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - PRESENT DAY

A un-smiling FEMALE POLICE OFFICER sits across from Mira in a precinct room. We see Mira has been telling her story here.

MIRA  
Tom got married last night. To  
someone else. Some Serbian girl who  
sells bagels in the lobby of the  
hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - MORNING

We see a beautiful SERBIAN GIRL handing Tom a bagel and coffee in the lobby of the hospital.

SERBIAN GIRL  
One tall latte vith extra cream no  
sugar.

She smiles. She has horrible teeth. Tom smiles back, enchanted. Off her teeth we dissolve to:

EXT. WEDDING TENT - NIGHT

We now see Serbian girl smiling under a tent at a posh post-wedding dinner reception. She smiles. Perfect teeth.

MIRA (V.O.)

He dumped me, she moved in, he fixed her teeth. They got married last night. I don't think they thought I would actually go, so they invited me. But I did go.

We now see Mira, in her dress, sitting at a table with various old people and foreigners.

MIRA (V.O.)

I was at the worst table - the Randoms. You know, where the old babysitters and childhood pen pals sit?

Mira and an OLD HIPPIE LADY get wasted and are laughing loudly.

MIRA (V.O.)

So, me and Tom's old babysitter Bernice got wasted together.

BERNICE

Why would Tom break up with a thoughtful girl like you?

MIRA

He wanted kids.

BERNICE

You don't want kids?

MIRA

No, he wanted kids. Six of 'em. He thought I was too old for that.

BERNICE

Six kids? What is he, in a cult?  
(confiding)  
He wet the bed until he was 10.

MIRA (V.O.)

And then, I felt like making a speech.

Mira is now at the microphone.

MIRA

Some of you may know Tom and I used to date. So I have some pretty good stories of everyone's favorite glorified dentist.

People laugh with anticipation, including Tom and the bride. We see Clayton, Dr. Shulman and his wife, and Jeremy are there.

MIRA (CONT'D)

Like the time he thought he had Lyme disease but it turned out to be a patch of dry skin on his stomach.

People laugh.

MIRA (CONT'D)

Or how he always says "Oh, Larry" when we watch *Curb Your Enthusiasm*, like he has a personal relationship with Larry David.

People love this. Brooks whispers to Dr. Shulman.

BROOKS

What's *Curb Your Enthusiasm*?

DR. SHULMAN

Oy vey.

MIRA

Or the time he told me during sex that he wanted to marry me and make me pregnant with six babies.

People stop smiling. Brooks covers his eyes. Jeremy loves this.

MIRA (CONT'D)

Which I really wanted too. But, well, that didn't end up happening. Obviously. Cuz here I am, sitting with a bunch of randoms at his wedding to the Serbian bagel girl.

(whispering)

By the way, are we a hundred percent sure she's not a war criminal?

(then, off their reaction)

Oh, get over yourselves. Like the thought didn't cross your mind.

(MORE)

MIRA (CONT'D)

So: to Tom and Bagel Girl. May you never run out of bagels.

Mira throws her wine glass down, shattering it.

MIRA (CONT'D)

L'Chaim! Peace. I'm out. Tom wet the bed until he was ten!

(Mr. T.)

*Huhn!*

Mira leaves the stage, grabs a bottle of champagne from a waiter's tray, walks out of the tent past the caterers, grabs a bike, and begins to pedal and drink at the same time. She bikes off.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mira is biking, wasted, and drinking in a residential area.

MIRA

I'm Kate Hudson. I'm Kate Hudson.

She runs a red light, and narrowly misses a car.

MIRA (CONT'D)

Racist!

Mira careens into the driveway of a house. She looks at it.

MIRA (CONT'D)

Tudor. Nice.

She speeds through the driveway and does not notice the bike is riding straight toward a swimming pool.

MIRA (CONT'D)

Oh shi--

She can't stop and falls into the pool. Underwater, Mira opens her eyes. She notices a Minnie Mouse toy at the bottom of the pool. It is frowning at her.

MINNIE MOUSE

(with contempt)

Loser. Thirty-one year old loser.

MIRA

(subtitled)

Who the hell do you think you are, you little bitch?

MINNIE MOUSE

At least I have a boyfriend.

MIRA (V.O.)

And when Minnie Mouse pointed out  
that even she had a long-term  
boyfriend, I just started to cry.

Mira is now crying underwater somehow. It's pitiful.

MIRA (V.O.)

This is not where I thought I'd be.

**END COLD OPEN**

**ACT ONE**INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Mira continues to be questioned at the police station.

MIRA

I got fished out by the people who own the house, who were actually not that nice. They called you and here I am.

OFFICER #2

We have you down for two counts of public intoxication, theft, and disorderly conduct.

MIRA

I'm getting the third degree because of freaking disorderly conduct? Aren't there rapists and murderers out there?

CARIBBEAN OFFICER #1

When you're disorderly you're a rapist of peace and quiet.

MIRA

Okay, look.  
(demure)  
Did I mention that I'm a doctor? An OBGYN? I bring life into this world.

CARIBBEAN OFFICER #1

So what?

MIRA

Do you guys need free birth control?

\*

They consider this. Another officer enters.

OFFICER #3

She's been bailed out.

OFFICER #2

We're not even finished questioning her.

OFFICER #3

She's being bailed out by the governor's daughter.

Mira smiles.

MIRA

It's been great working with you  
guys and seeing this process from  
the inside.

\*

INT. POLICE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Gwen is there. Gwen is now an impeccably-dressed beauty,  
rocking motherhood Gwyneth Paltrow-style. Mira hugs her.

MIRA

I love you so much.

GWEN

I don't love you at all.

\*

MIRA

I have enough love for the both of  
us, you political royalty, you.

\*

\*

\*

GWEN

I can't keep using my mom for this  
stuff. I'm already using her to get  
Sophie into private school. Get in  
the car, I'm late to drop Sophie  
off to hip-hop and get filler  
injected in my nasolabial folds.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Mira stops Gwen.

\*

MIRA

Tell me the truth. How bad is it?

GWEN

It's on Facebook, but it hasn't  
been re-mixed into a song yet.

Gwen hands Mira her phone. Mira watches a recording of her  
toast.

MIRA (O.C.)

"Are we a hundred percent sure  
she's not a war criminal?"

MIRA (CONT'D)

Wow. I went to genocide.

GWEN

You looked pretty, though.

MIRA

Yeah, my hair's not bad. Who shot  
this? Why did they leave all this  
space to the left of me? Know how  
to center, much?

GWEN

You're right. That's the takeaway.

INT. GWEN'S MERCEDES SUV - CONTINUOUS

SOPHIE, Gwen's 6-year-old daughter, is in the back seat.

MIRA

I'll never give you crap for being a housewife again. I don't know how to repay you.

GWEN

I'm not a housewife. I'm an attorney that has taken an indefinite amount of time off to raise my daughter. Everyone put your seat belts on.

SOPHIE

Mine was on the whole time.

GWEN

Good girl.

(to Mira)

I know how you can repay me. You could hit me up with some wink-wink in my nasolabial folds.

MIRA

I don't do wink-wink. I do pap smears. You need a plastic surgeon.

Gwen pulls out of the parking lot.

GWEN

I just feel like our relationship isn't reciprocal.

MIRA

Uh, I protect you from yourself. You'd look like Bruce Jenner if it wasn't for me.

SOPHIE

What's a pap smear? What's wink-wink?

GWEN

Nothing sweetheart. It's adult stuff, like taxes.

(then, to Mira)

(MORE)

GWEN (CONT'D)

I want to tell you this, because I am picking you up from a police precinct and I think it's timely. You need to pull it together.

MIRA

I know.

(gesturing to self)

This person? This drunk, crime-committing person? She's history. There is no reason for me to live my life like this. I went to a good college. I'm a successful doctor. My body mass index could be better but I'm not like, Precious or anything. This is my year.

(then, empowered)

Do you have a multi-vitamin? I feel like taking one.

GWEN

You have that date tonight with Dennis. Carl worked really hard to sell you at his firm.

MIRA

I am so psyched for this date. A real date. Not hooking up with a guy at the end of a party. Not sleeping with Jeremy because he has that insane, Biblical-quality hair, and then the next day I'm all:

(cool detached voice)

"By the way, what's our deal, anyway?"

GWEN

You do that? That's horrifying.

SOPHIE

This is boring.

MIRA

You're boring. Contribute something.

Mira rummages through a small cooler and begins to eat.

SOPHIE

That's my lunch!

MIRA

You seriously get a bento box for lunch?

SOPHIE  
(freaking out)  
Don't eat it! It's mine! Its mine!

\*

MIRA  
You're spoiled! I'm helping you  
build character!

Mira gets a loud page on her pager.

SOPHIE  
What's that?

\*

MIRA  
My pager. Oh my god. My patient's  
in labor.

SOPHIE  
(with disdain)  
Who has pagers?

\*

MIRA  
Uh, important people like drug  
dealers and big shot doctors like  
me.  
(to Gwen)  
We gotta haul ass to St. E's. I  
have four patients and three don't  
speak English or have any health  
insurance. But this one does:  
Alison Silverman. White. From Glen  
Ridge, New Jersey. Cha-ching.

GWEN  
Can you go there looking like this?

MIRA  
I work hard, I play hard.

GWEN  
You look like Carrie.

MIRA  
Bradshaw?

GWEN  
Stephen King.

MIRA  
Dammit. Left here!

Gwen takes a hard left. Mira's beeper goes off again.

\*

MIRA (CONT'D)

Why aren't we moving? Gwen, I specifically told you to haul ass.

There is bumper to bumper traffic for blocks.

MIRA (CONT'D)

I can't lose this delivery. See you guys!

GWEN

Where are you--?

Too late. Mira is off.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - MORNING

Mira is booking it down the street in her cocktail dress and heels. She stops, yanks off her heels, and continues to run.

EXT. ST. ELIZABETH'S MEDICAL CENTER - MORNING

Mira runs in past people. They stare at her.

MIRA

Excuse me! I'm saving a life! Get out of my way!

INT. ELEVATOR BAY - CONTINUOUS

Mira's in the elevator. The doors are closing.

MIRA

(impatient)

Come on, come on!

The doors are closing when an extremely ancient DIALYSIS PATIENT sticks his cane in the elevator. He's in wheelchair and has a bored TEENAGE ATTENDANT listening to headphones.

OLD MAN

Dialysis, please.

MIRA

Sure.

She pushes the button, hiding a sigh.

OLD MAN

I was stationed in India in the 50's. Beautiful country.

MIRA

So I hear. Never been.

OLD MAN

And such beautiful women. Are you married?

MIRA

I'm sorry, I have to ask, just for my own feeling of self-worth. Are you asking because you're thinking "I'm a really old man, I might as well reach for the stars and ask this girl out?" or because you think it is plausible, based on our appearances, that we could be a viable couple?

OLD MAN

The latter.

MIRA

I am going to kill myself.

The door opens. Mira runs out to Labor & Delivery.

INT. HOSPITAL - LABOR AND DELIVERY

Mira runs in, feet dirty, still in her cocktail dress, looking wretched, panting. An O.R. Nurse, MARILYN, sees her.

MIRA

Tell me good news, Marilyn.

MARILYN

Her contractions were too close. I had to call the doctor on call.

Mira runs by a delivery room, and sees Brooks handing Mrs. Silverman her baby. Brooks walks out, taking off his gloves and mask.

MIRA

(crestfallen)

You delivered my patient.

BROOKS

You're welcome.

Brooks looks Mira up and down with disdain.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

What prom did you just give birth at?

MIRA

I was right here.

BROOKS

I promise, I tried reasoning with the baby, telling him that the real doctor was sobering up on the floor of a jail cell, but he just didn't seem to care.

MIRA

You did not go there. \*

BROOKS

It's impossible not to go there. \*  
Also, Mrs. Silverman asked if I \*  
would be her doctor from now on and  
I said yes.

Mira reacts. Brooks ducks into the doctors' lounge. \*

INT. DOCTORS' LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

MIRA

You're stealing my patient? \*

BROOKS

It's not stealing if she wanted to go.

(then, surprised and  
revolted)

Jesus! What are you doing?

Mira holds a large clump of her hair in her hand.

MIRA

I'm taking out my hair extensions. \*  
God, you are so sheltered. \*

BROOKS

We are not two members of the same \*  
R&B girls group. That is \*  
disturbing. Pull yourself together. \*  
I can see your undergarment.

Mira looks down. Her strapless bra is peeking out a good two inches of her dress. She shoves it down, mortified.

JEREMY (O.C.)

It's called a bra, Brooks. Or, have you never seen one before?

Jeremy is lounging on the sofa, reading a magazine. \*

JEREMY (CONT'D)

It hooks around a woman's back, and kind of lifts and supports the breasts--

Jeremy mimes a woman's breasts with his hands.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

--And they're very fun to take off. I recommend it someday. Come here, Mira. Keep me company.

\*

Jeremy pats the space next to him on the sofa. Mira sits next to him. Brooks gets an apple from the vending machine.

BROOKS

What a beautiful picture: the alcoholic and the sex addict.

JEREMY

(hurt)

That is not fair. Yes, I love sex. And I do it a lot. But I'm not addicted to it. I'm addicted to attention, which manifests itself in frequent sexual encounters.

MIRA

That's really interesting.

BROOKS

(disgusted)  
Oh, God.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Is it so wrong that I became an OBGYN because woman's sexuality is the thing I love the most in the world?

MIRA

Not at all. That's noble.

BROOKS

Yes, of course it is.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I don't need to explain myself to you.

BROOKS

But one day you might, to a judge.

\*

Brooks turns to leave.

\*

BROOKS (CONT'D)

I also want to add it's extremely  
annoying I can't read the newspaper  
in here because Dr. Reed has turned  
the doctor's lounge into a place of  
tawdry sexuality.

He leaves in a huff. Jeremy gets up.

JEREMY

I have no idea what he is talking  
about.

Jeremy dims the lights to exactly doing-it level. He comes  
back to the sofa.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

(turned on)

You look so trashy right now. Wanna  
hang out?

MIRA

We are hanging out.

JEREMY

Like hang out, deep?

MIRA

Thanks for the offer, but...I  
actually should be heading back to  
the office.

Mira hops up.

MIRA (CONT'D)

See you there?

JEREMY

(slightly shocked)

Sure. Cool.

MIRA

Cool.

Mira leaves, super impressed with herself.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

We see the door of a medical office, it says: Shulman Womens Health Associates: Shulman, Brooks, Reed & Kaviraya, OBGYNs

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

There is a central reception area, and four doors around it with individual doctor's offices. By each office are chairs and chic, well-dressed patients. Except Mira's.

Mira's area is messy and trying to do too much, kind of like Mira. It's mismatched chairs, a Bob Marley poster on the wall, and ethnic tapestries. There are two patients there - an ancient sleeping lady and a Mexican woman in a poncho knitting. At the central reception desk, a girl, BETSY, built like a linebacker (female Chris Farley), reads the newspaper and sits next to a delicate looking young man, ERIC (Chris Colfer with no singing ability). These are Shulman Associates receptionists.

Betsy shrieks.

ERIC

What? What is it?

BETSY

I'm sorry. I thought that raisin was a bug.

We see a single stray raisin on the desk between them. She reaches over and pops it in her mouth. Eric is disgusted.

BETSY (CONT'D)

What? I know it's not a bug.

ERIC

But were you sure it was a raisin?

Mira enters, takes a deep breath, and walks up to the main reception desk.

MIRA

Guys, I don't know how else to put this: I spent the night in jail.

ERIC

Yeah, we saw it on youtube.

BETSY

They did a mash-up of it with Ke\$ha song. It was hilarious.

MIRA

That was fast. Okay, well, I'm glad it happened, in a way. Because now: fresh start. New me. Guys, it has come to my attention that my part of the office looks more like a marijuana dispensary than a successful doctor's office. Who is in charge of decorating?

ERIC

That wasn't a job you really designated to anyone.

MIRA

I need my section of this office to not look like Port Authority.

BETSY

I'm so sorry we let you down, Mira.

MIRA

Just, let's try to fix this.

BETSY

And to do this on the day of your big date? It's unforgivable.

Betsy hurls her magazine in anger.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Betsy, how could you be so stupid?!

MIRA

Well, don't get over-upset.

BETSY

Stupid! Stupid!

MIRA

Okay. Stop. Stop. I forgive you.

BETSY

You're so merciful.

MIRA

Let's change subjects. Tonight. Hot Date. Real date. I am not available. Even if Taylor Swift herself is delivering triplets. No interruptions.

BETSY

We should definitely talk about this, but you have a new patient and she's waiting in your office.

MIRA

(excited)

Oh hell yes.

\*

Mira goes to enter her office.

ERIC

May I suggest you put on your lab coat? You look like your own mug shot.

MIRA

Yikes. Hit me up.

Mira throws on her lab coat, Eric and Betsy spruce her up by running a comb through her hair and removing lint - they do this a lot. Mira goes in.

INT. MIRA'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

We see NASREEN, a very pregnant woman in a hijab, accompanied by her 10-year-old son, MAX. Mira looks through her chart, disappointed.

MIRA

So Nasreen, you are eight and a half months pregnant with your second child. Your husband died six months ago and you was covered under his health insurance, leaving you... with no coverage.

Max translates. Nasreen says: "That is correct."

MIRA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, we have a policy.

Mira points to a sign on the wall with an illustration of Hagar the Horrible saying: "No health insurance, no care." Max translates back.

MAX

Do you think you could make an exception?

MIRA

It's just that if I treat you, then others will use this as a precedent.

Max translates.

MAX  
We won't tell anyone.

MIRA  
Still, they could find out.

MAX  
How?

MIRA  
I might say something. It might slip out by the watercooler. In my sleep. I can't control it.

A confused Max begins to translate this. He's miming a water cooler.

MIRA (CONT'D)  
Okay, fine. I'll take you on as a patient. But I am really not psyched about this. You need to promise me you'll get insurance. And don't mention this to anyone.

Max translates and Nasreen is excited.

MAX  
Thank you so much.

MIRA  
You're welcome. I better be the godmother to this freaking kid. Nasreen, come with me.

Max gets up.

MIRA (CONT'D)  
Max, you can stay here.

MAX  
What if she needs me?

MIRA  
We'll be fine.  
(off his worried look)  
Here, play with my phone. But don't download anything.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Nasreen and Max leave. Mira stands at the door.

MIRA

Bye guys! Hope you find the bus  
stop okay!

\*

They leave. Mira turns to Betsy and Eric.

MIRA (CONT'D)

What the hell, you guys? A non-  
English-speaking, 8 months pregnant  
widow with no health insurance?!

\*

BETSY

I couldn't turn her away.

\*

MIRA

Yes, you could've. I admire that  
you guys want to help the needy,  
but this office is not an  
inflatable raft. I give plenty to  
charity, I'm doing a noble  
profession, and frankly, I have my  
own problems, okay? I am hooked on  
expensive hair products the way a  
heroin addict is hooked on drugs. I  
just can't take any more patients  
who can't pay or don't have health  
insurance. I want patients like  
those guys.

\*

\*

\*

Mira gestures to the white patients sitting in the other  
doctor's areas. Betsy takes notes on a pad.

\*

\*

BETSY

More white patients. Done.

\*

\*

MIRA

Well, don't write that.

(whispers)

But yes.

(then, to Eric)

Give me my date outfit. I want to  
try it on.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

Eric hands her a bag of clothes.

\*

ERIC

I resent that you made me buy your  
clothes. Just because I'm gay  
doesn't mean I like shopping for  
womens clothes.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Brooks is now there, picking up some paperwork. Mira steps out, wearing wedge boots, leggings, an over-sized and a chic over-sized sweater, chunky necklace.

MIRA

Well?

BETSY

You look amazing.

MIRA

Thanks. I wanted to wear sequins but Gwen says it looks like I'm going to a quinceañera.

Brooks makes a noise of disapproval.

MIRA (CONT'D)

I can hear you, making little sounds. What?

BROOKS

That is not a good date outfit.

MIRA

What do you mean? It's fashion-y and fabulous.

BROOKS

Bag lady sweater? Those boots that look like hooves? Chunky necklace? Girls like that stuff but guys hate it.

MIRA

Uhh, I'm pretty sure guys like this.

BROOKS

I repeat: Unless your date is with an middle-aged lesbian, that is not a good date outfit.

ERIC

(smitten)

That's hilarious.

MIRA

No, it's not hilarious, Eric. It's offensive. I'm offended on behalf of gay people.

ERIC \*  
I'm gay and I loved it. \*

MIRA \*  
Shut up, Eric. Other, smarter, gay \*  
people. \*

BROOKS \*  
Just my two cents. But what do I \*  
know? I'm just a wealthy, single, \*  
heterosexual white male. \*

ERIC \*  
(into it) \*  
Yeah, you are. \*

BETSY \*  
Well, what do you think she should \*  
wear? \*

BROOKS \*  
Easy. Tight dress. High heels. \*

MIRA \*  
Great. Clayton Brooks, everyone, \*  
the most boring, predictable man on \*  
the planet. \*

BROOKS \*  
Okay, fine. You know what would \*  
really look best? If you lost \*  
fifteen pounds. \*

Mira's mouth drops open. \*

MIRA \*  
You want to get smacked, son? \*

A few patients look up, concerned. \*

BROOKS \*  
(loudly) \*  
No, Dr. Kaviraya, I don't want to \*  
get smacked in my place of work. I \*  
want to peacefully go about my day. \*

The patients shoot Mira dirty looks. \*

BROOKS (CONT'D) \*  
(whispering) \*  
And maybe invest in a padded bra. \*

Brooks walks away, triumphant. Mira is speechless. We hear a \*  
beep. It's her phone. \*

It says: "I think you look hot." She looks up. Jeremy is in his doorway, smiling at her. She smiles back.

\*  
\*

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mira and Jeremy make out on the floor of his exam room.

\*

MIRA  
You smell like peaches.

JEREMY  
You smell like chlorine and vomit.

MIRA  
I'm so sorry.

JEREMY  
No, it makes it more wrong. I love it.

Mira runs her fingers through Jeremy's hair.

MIRA  
God, your hair is so thick. It's like a tar pit.

\*

Jeremy starts to push up her skirt.

MIRA (CONT'D)  
No wait. Stop. We can't. I told myself I wouldn't.

\*  
\*

JEREMY  
Let's just worry about that later.

\*  
\*

MIRA  
We wouldn't worry about it. Only I would.

\*

Mira dis-entangles herself.

\*

MIRA (CONT'D)  
I should be using my thirties to try to find a real boyfriend. Because someday I'd like to have a real husband. And some actual kids. My friends all got married in their 20s when I was becoming a doctor. So I can't spend the next ten years fooling around with colleagues even if they look like a mannequin that came to life.

\*  
\*  
\*

JEREMY

That would make a great blog entry.  
I kind of just want to get naked  
right now.

MIRA

Look, I can still be your hook-up  
buddy in my forties, fifties, and  
sixties.

JEREMY

I won't want to have sex with you  
in your forties, fifties, and  
sixties.

MIRA

Sorry. I want to, but I can't.

Mira turns to leave. She then impulsively kisses him.

MIRA (CONT'D)

I think that's a good compromise.  
Addicts can't go cold turkey. It  
doesn't work.

She kisses him again.

MIRA (CONT'D)

Okay, that was too much.

Mira leaves. Jeremy is a little impressed at her restraint.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Mira walks, now on the phone. She's in tight dress and high  
heels and her coat, on her way out.

GWEN (O.C.)

You're lying.

MIRA

I didn't! Mostly because I'm  
wearing Spanx. But no, I didn't.

GWEN (O.C.)

That's my girl. He's ridiculous  
looking, though. I don't think I  
would've been able to stop.

(to someone off-camera)

Sophie don't use that kid's  
inhaler. You don't have asthma.

(then, to Mira)

You're not wearing sequins, right?  
Sequins are for earnest sluts.

MIRA

I disagree with that, but no, I'm not.

(quietly)

Tight dress, high heels.

GWEN

That's perfect, Mir!

Mira hits the elevator button.

MIRA

I think it's lateral, but whatever. I'm so excited to meet Dennis. Eric printed out a picture of him from Facebook. It's super tiny because all Eric's friends are gay tweakers and have no degrees of friends close to him. But he looks good.

Mira squints at a print out of a tiny pixillated picture.

MIRA (CONT'D)

I think I love Dennis. Is that possible?

GWEN

No. That's weird. You have not met or spoken to him.

MIRA

It seriously feels like love though.

GWEN (O.C.)

Mira, I didn't want to tell you this to freak you out, but Dennis is an analyst... for Beyonce Knowles.

The elevator opens.

MIRA

You think you have to use her last name?! Oh. My. God.

(to the people in the elevator)

Go. Go! I'm obviously not getting on.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT TIME

Mira sits inside the backseat of a running cab. She is praying aloud. \*

MIRA \*

Dear Lord, please let this date be good. May he have the wealth of Mayor Bloomberg. The personality of Jon Stewart. The face of Michael Fassbender. \*

(beat, sure, why not?) \*

The penis of Michael Fassbender. \*

The cab driver clicks the meter back on, impatiently. \*

MIRA (CONT'D) \*

I'm going, I'm going. \*

INT. RESTAURANT - A LITTLE LATER

Mira enters the restaurant, tentatively. She approaches a hostess.

MIRA

Hi. I'm here to meet a man I've never met before on a blind date. He's in finance, so I'm assuming he's in a suit. Probably a fancy one. He's Caucasian.

HOSTESS

(annoyed)

Does this Caucasian man have a first or last name?

MIRA

Oh! Yes. Dennis.

The hostess gestures to a HANDSOME GUY IN A CORNER BOOTH.

MIRA (CONT'D)

(psyched, to herself)

Whoa. Dennis. Way to look. \*

INT. RESTAURANT - SOON AFTER

Mira sits with Dennis at a table.

MIRA

Hi. I'm Mira. Sorry I'm late. Just came from a delivery. Threw this on and raced over.

DENNIS

You look very pretty for having raced over. \*

MIRA

That is so sweet. But yeah, like I said, I'm so not prepared in any way for this date. Or is it even a date? I don't care - I just like to meet interesting people. \*

DENNIS

It's a date. \*

Mira opens the menu, happily. \*

MIRA

What should I get? I'm basically a vegetarian. I eat chicken and fish and hamburgers. Never steak.

INT. RESTAURANT - A LITTLE LATER

MIRA

Wall Street, huh? So you guys must have access to a lot of drugs. That must be cool.

Dennis laughs.

DENNIS

I don't have access to drugs, actually. Do you?

MIRA

No, I hate drugs. I don't even know how to do them. I didn't know pot and marijuana were the same thing until college.

We see Mira discreetly cross off "Drugs" with a golf pencil on a small list that is sitting on her lap. Her beeper goes off. She silences it.

MIRA (CONT'D)

Sorry about that.

(then)

(MORE)

MIRA (CONT'D)

But the stress of your job, finance  
is an emotional rollercoaster, I  
bet. Good thing there's so many  
therapists in the city.

\*

DENNIS

I wouldn't know. I go running when  
I'm stressed.

Mira smiles, crosses off "Depression" on her list.

MIRA

Me too. Well, slow jogging. And I  
mean slow. Like elderly people have  
passed me, before.

DENNIS

That sounds really cute, actually.

\*

Dennis places his hand on Mira's.

\*

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Carl said you were kind of crazy  
and dramatic. But you're not that  
way at all.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Mira smiles. YES. YES. SEE? I CAN CHANGE!

\*

MIRA

I hate drama. I'm like Mary J.  
Blige.

\*

\*

Mira's phone starts vibrating.

DENNIS

Boy, you're blowing up.

MIRA

It's stupid. I hate it.

Mira takes the battery out of her phone and drops it in her  
water.

MIRA (CONT'D)

Battery destroyed. My calm, adult  
self is all yours.

\*

\*

DENNIS

I love it.

MIRA

(then, glancing at card)  
Say, what are your feelings  
on...um...huh.

She glances at her card. It says: "Married"

\*

MIRA (CONT'D)

How do I put this...umm, are you married?

\*

DENNIS

What? No. Why would I be on a date with you if I was married?

MIRA

(psyched)

Yeah, you're right. My question made no sense. I think maybe I'm a little tipsy, because I barely ate, because my appetite is so small.

The hostess comes over:

\*

HOSTESS

Miss? You have an emergency phone call.

DENNIS

If you need to take it, go.

MIRA

One second, please. And please don't disappear or go anywhere or I won't be sure I didn't dream this entire date.

Dennis smiles warmly.

INT. BY THE WOMEN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mira's on the phone, very angry.

MIRA

Are you seriously calling me on my date? How did you even know I was here?

MAX (O.S.)

The large woman at your office told me.

MIRA

I'm going to kill Betsy. Are you happy now, Max? You are responsible for that large woman's imminent termination.

MAX (O.S.)

I'm really scared, Dr. Mira.  
Please come see my mom.

MIRA

I'm on a date, Max. Do you even understand the difficulty of a chubby 31-year-old woman going on a legit date with a professional white male who is not bald?

MAX (O.S.)

Huh?

MIRA

Fine. Fine. Dammit.

INT. RESTAURANT TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Mira stands by a bewildered Dennis, holding her coat.

DENNIS

You're leaving? Can't someone else cover for you?

\*  
\*

MIRA

Technically yes, but I really need to go.

He looks puzzled.

MIRA (CONT'D)

I don't have many patients. But the ones I do have chose me when they have literally dozens of other better options in my own building. So if they're willing to take that chance on me, I feel like the least I can do is be there when they're having a baby.

\*

DENNIS

So, I'll just finish dinner by myself.

MIRA

I had a great time. You're incredibly cute, and from what I can tell, you have no imperfections. I'm sorry I'm not able to stay. I hope we can go out again sometime.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DENNIS  
(no way)  
Sure. I'll call you.

MIRA  
(sad, goodbye) \*  
Looking forward to it. \*

Mira exits. She kicks the wall on the way out. \*

MIRA (CONT'D) \*  
Dammit! Dammit! Dammit! \*

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mira runs out in her cocktail dress.

MIRA  
Taxi!  
There are no taxis.

MIRA (CONT'D) \*  
Dammit! \*

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mira books it down the street. She stops and takes off her heels, sprinting.

MIRA \*  
Dammit! \*

EXT. ST. ELIZABETH'S MEDICAL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Mira races in. She slides into the elevator. She hits her shoes against the wall, annoyed. \*

INT. LABOR & DELIVERY - CONTINUOUS

Mira bursts in.

MIRA  
Marilyn! Prep the patient. I'm  
scrubbin' in!

INT. HOSPITAL - DOCTORS' LOCKER ROOM

Mira hurls her purse on the floor and opens her locker. Close- \*  
up as she presses play on the iPod dock. We hear Beyonce's \*  
"Countdown" play. Listening to this song, she closes her eyes \*  
for a moment, centering herself. She opens her eyes with a \*  
new-found focus. \*

We now see why Mira is our hero: alone in the doctors' locker room, she has a confidence and energy we have not seen before. To the beat of this awesome song, Mira looks in the mirror. She is ready and psyched. She takes off her earrings, puts her hair in a bun, takes out her contacts, puts on her glasses, washes her hands, and gets ready for the delivery. She is all business. She's calm, confident. \*

We see her walk in slow-mo out of the doctors' locker room in her scrubs to the operating room like Danny Ocean. Who wouldn't want this woman to be her doctor?

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Nasreen and Max are there. They look terrified.

MIRA

Max, your baby sister is upside down, so I need to do an emergency c-section on your mom. Will you tell her?

Max translates.

MIRA (CONT'D)

To do that, we're going to have to put you under.

Max translates. Nasreen nods. \*

MAX

I don't want to leave her.

MIRA

It's going to be okay. I do these all the time, and I know what I'm doing.

Max translates. Nasreen nods.

MIRA (CONT'D)

(to Max)

Hey. You're going to be okay, too. I promise. Sit right outside. Take my phone.

Mira gestures to the phone. Max takes it and leaves.

EXT. OPERATING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Mira is operating. We see Brooks watching from the window of the operation room.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - TWO HOURS LATER

Nasreen holds her baby girl with Max next to her. They look to Mira gratefully. Mira smiles back, going over details of the surgery.

INT. HOSPITAL - DOCTORS' LOUNGE - AN HOUR LATER

Mira sits in the doctors' lounge playing Connect Four by herself on a table. On the TV we see *When Harry Met Sally* is playing. Billy Crystal is running through the Manhattan streets.

BILLY CRYSTAL (V.O.)

...When you realize you want to spend the rest of your life with somebody, you want the rest of your life to start as soon as possible.

Mira watches, a little sad. Brooks stands watching it in the doorway.

BROOKS

Who would actually do that? You don't need to run. You can just see her the next day.

MIRA

What? Who wouldn't run?

They look at each other.

MIRA (CONT'D)

How are we the same species?

Brooks sits down at the same table.

BROOKS

I'm assuming, date is cancelled?

Mira nods, a little miserable.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Who was the guy?

MIRA

An analyst.

BROOKS

What did he analyze?

MIRA

I don't know. Stocks or something?  
Files? But he made a lot of money  
and he wasn't clinically depressed.

\*

BROOKS

Whoa. Book a church.

\*

MIRA

Maybe I won't get married. Maybe  
I'll travel and take lovers and be  
friends with Gail and Oprah.

\*

\*

\*

\*

BROOKS

Plenty of unmarried women have  
fulfilling lives. They adopt  
animals, volunteer.

\*

\*

\*

\*

MIRA

You know what? This pizza sucks.  
The food was better in jail.

\*

BROOKS

Then why are you eating all of it?  
It's to share.

\*

MIRA

This is not an individual pizza?  
God, pizzas are getting so small  
these days.

BROOKS

Well, if he's not depressed, he's  
probably a murderer, or in love  
with his mom or something. Or both.  
(then)  
You know, you actually didn't do a  
terrible job with that breach.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

MIRA

I knew it, stalker! You were  
lurking like a vulture!

\*

BROOKS

Yeah, my master plan was that you'd  
get distracted and make a rambling,  
offensive speech, and then, I'd  
pounce.

\*

\*

MIRA

(amazed)  
That was kind of funny, Brooks.

\*

BROOKS

I supposed we're both capable of  
impressing each other, once a  
decade or so.

They sit in not-unfriendly silence.

MIRA

You know what? This morning, I woke  
up in jail because I was broken up  
over a guy who fixes teeth for a  
living. Now, I'm watching one of my  
favorite movies, I have a new  
patient, I just delivered a baby  
into this world, and-  
(extra proudly)  
I barely ate anything today. This  
is working. This is progress.

BROOKS

Connect four.

MIRA

You had to mess it up, didn't you.

Mira knocks over the game and leaves the room. Brooks looks  
off a her: what a weirdo.

INT. MIRA'S APARTMENT - LATE THAT SAME NIGHT

Mira's in pajamas, talking on the phone in her living room.

GWEN (O.S.)

So you stood up your rich, not  
bald, not-fat, not-depressed, not-  
married blind date I set you up  
with.

MIRA

I did not stand him up. I just had  
to leave before dinner came.

We hear Mira's buzzer.

GWEN (O.S.)

Who is that? It's 2am.

MIRA

Delivery.  
(then)  
Besides, I'm not even sure he  
really does do Beyonce's finances.  
Wouldn't he have led with that? I  
feel like maybe he was a murderer.

GWEN (O.S.)  
I'm never setting you up again.

MIRA  
(with love)  
Yes you are, Gwenny. Because I'm  
changing, I can really feel it.  
Tomorrow will be different.

The door opens. It's Jeremy. He smiles and comes inside and  
starts taking off his clothes.

MIRA (CONT'D)  
(a little guilty)  
And if not tomorrow, the day after.  
I swear.

She hangs up the phone. She smiles.

**END OF SHOW**

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