

[Untitled Charles Randolph]

By

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Universal Pictures
Stuber/Parent

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EXT. SUBURBAN SOCCER FIELD (1979) - TORONTO - DAY

SLOW-MOTION. SILENCE. Elaborately padded teams of Seven-Year-Old's play in the mud, serious and focused. Parents cheer. One holds an era-appropriate VCR recorder.

It's cold. Steam rises from the kids as they run, kick, cluster. The ball hits someone's hand. A Referee blows her whistle. Coaches wave their teams to the sidelines.

And we hear a FRIENDLY VOICE, a young man's voice.

FRIENDLY VOICE

*At some point in your childhood, your
parents probably said something to you
along the lines of...*

A GOOD MOTHER kneels in front of her muddy YOUNG BOY.

THE GOOD MOTHER

You can do anything you want.

A GOOD FATHER stands behind her.

THE GOOD FATHER

Anything.

Scared, the Boy turns back to the field where the Referee sets the ball down for a penalty kick.

FRIENDLY VOICE

Now, see, that's not exactly true.

The Boy carefully back counts steps from the ball. A Girl Goalie waits, chewing gum, tough.

Behind him, the Boy's teammates watch: skinny, fat, dark, light, a handicapped kid, a girl in a head-scarf.

FRIENDLY VOICE (CONT'D)

*Sure, early on, the system is fixed to
celebrate varying abilities.*

The Boy eyes the ball intensely, bites his bottom lip.

FRIENDLY VOICE (CONT'D)

But the not-so-pleasant reality is...

Whistle. He runs at the ball, hard, determined.

FRIENDLY VOICE (CONT'D)

Most of us do not achieve our dreams.

He kicks too early, over zealous, clipping the ball. It trickles to the Girl Goalie's feet. She smirks.

FRIENDLY VOICE (CONT'D)

Most of us are not destined for greatness.

The Good Mother forces an encouraging smile.

INT. KITCHEN (1972) - DAY

The Good Mother shows the BABY BOY flashcards.

MRS. REIDY

Klimt. Gustav Klimt.

The Baby ignores her. Burps.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY (1979) - DAY

The YOUNG BOY (7) sits outside a principal's office.

A GOOD FATHER (O.S.)

We're academics! How can he hate reading?

INT. STATION WAGON (1984) - DAY

The Good Father waits, impatient. The ADOLESCENT BOY (12) gets in the car wearing a wig/costume from "Godspell".

THE GOOD FATHER

Let's go! We have to pick up cash for the Horn Tutor before Young Entrepreneurs.

(realizing)

Where's your hockey bag?!

EXT. DRIVE-WAY - DAY

The Boy bikes off loaded down with newspapers. His bags are far too full. He wobbles. Wobbles. Falls.

INT. KITCHEN ALCOVE - DAY

The Boy rolls dice. He's playing Monopoly with his parents and IRRITATING BROTHER. He hits a hotel-laden property.

THE IRRITATING BROTHER

I win! I win! Yes! I'm a Monopoly God!

The Brother does a dance. The Boy grows furious, starts throwing Monopoly bills at his Brother. They fight with colored money. It fills the alcove like confetti.

EXT. YARD - DAY

A pile of leaves. A rake. The Boy lies in the grass and listens to a BOOK-ON-TAPE, holds the cassette box...

YOU CAN BE RICH!

The wind scatters a few leaves. He doesn't notice.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

An EARNEST TEACHER stands in front of her Ernest Class.

EARNEST TEACHER
Everybody write down your Life Goal.

The children put pen to paper.

EARNEST TEACHER (CONT'D)
What you want to be. Or what you want to achieve. How you are going to be great.

CLOSE on The Boy. He happily writes out his life goal.

FRIENDLY VOICE
Thing is, for greatness to mean anything, most of us can never know it.

We hold on the class a moment. Young. Hopeful. Doomed.

FRIENDLY VOICE (CONT'D)
Just look around you. Here.

The screen flares to BRIGHT WHITE.

FRIENDLY VOICE (CONT'D)
The biggest movie theaters hold roughly 400 patrons. Even if it's a lot less in your theater, look around. Go on. Look.

Nothing but WHITE to illuminate the theater.

FRIENDLY VOICE (CONT'D)
Statistically speaking, no one in here is going to win a Nobel Prize. Statistically, none of you will win a Super-Bowl ring. Or an Oscar. Pulitzer. Grammy.
(MORE)

FRIENDLY VOICE (CONT'D)

You will not be the CEO. You will not be President. At best, one of you will see enough income to qualify as a high-net-worth individual.

Silence. Still WHITE.

FRIENDLY VOICE (CONT'D)

One. Maybe.

The voice grows whispered, intimate, filtered from some back corner of the theater.

FRIENDLY VOICE (CONT'D)

Now, some you are telling yourself this doesn't matter: you've got Jesus or good looks or a superior library. But one of you is thinking: "I'm gonna be the rich guy." And to that person I say: there's a job for you in pharmaceutical sales.

CUT TO:

[Main Title]

OPENING CREDITS play over PHOTOGRAPHS of attractive young men and women smiling at the camera. Pharmaceutical sales representatives. Good suits. They're all very clean and generic. Each has a big American smile. A bit forced. Too solicitous. Too nice. Too ambitious.

FADE IN:

INT. FIRST CLASS AIRLINE CABIN (1997) - NIGHT

The Boy's become a young corporate guy. His name is JAMIE REIDY (26). Talker. Charmer. Salesman. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT leans past him to close his window shades.

JAMIE

Thank you.

(then)

Listen, I spoke with the other First Class passengers. They said they're cool, if you want to take a break. Keep me company.

She smiles. The cabin's EMPTY. Shades down. He playfully pats the seat beside him. She considers. Sits.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Yes. Now, I'm glad I didn't go economy. I'd be stuck in a middle seat next to a fat guy and a girl with bladder issues.

She titters flirtatiously.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

When did flying become a trailer for Hell?
Angry flight attendants. Idiots who won't
check their bags. Little kids kicking your
seat. Usually a minority. So you feel bad
saying anything. Not that its a race thing

She laughs. Then silence. Eyes meet. A MOMENT. Strangely,
he reaches over and starts to unbutton her blouse. Just
as strangely, she lets him. He reaches into her bra and
fondles her breasts. They don't kiss.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

That was...do the nipple...kinda racist.

JAMIE

What?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Minority children...harder...can't behave?

JAMIE

How can I be racist? I'm Canadian.

They hear the forward plane DOOR OPEN. She jumps up.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Crap!

An MIDDLE-AGED BLACK MAN enters, catches her buttoning
and tucking. He holds a McDonald's bag.

MIDDLE-AGED BLACK MAN

Ms. Blake. Mr. Reidy.

(they don't look at him)

Somebody wanna tell me what the hell's
going on in here?

We realize he's their boss. We realize they've been role
playing. We realize they're in big trouble.

INT. MALL ATRIUM - ATLANTA - NIGHT

An American Airlines DEMO CABIN sits in the middle of the
atrium; it's a section of a 767 jetliner on a stage.

THE GOOD FATHER (O.S.)

You just quit the airline?! Like that?!

INT. AIRPORT GATE - TORONTO - DAY

Depressed, Jamie leafs through BusinessWeek [Dot Boom!].

JAMIE

I was under-challenged.

MR. REIDY, now older, sits beside him, half watching a TV scroll [CBC coverage of Clinton's second inauguration].

MR. REIDY

Without even talking to a head hunter?

MRS. REIDY stands over in a flow of deplaning passengers, happily peering down a jetway.

JAMIE

They had me driving around the country to demo the new first-class cabin. At malls.

MR. REIDY

Don't be a quitter.

JAMIE

The job had like zero mobility, Dad. I was barely making my car payments.

MR. REIDY

Your problem is you focus on success. On the prize, not the process...cultivate a passion for excellence.

Jamie gives his Father a look.

JAMIE

Nobody in the real world is passionate about excellence -- they're passionate about pretending to be passionate...so they can get promoted.

MRS. REIDY (O.S.)

Here they are!

Two Grand-Kids run squealing to her, followed by Jamie's brother, JOSH (28) and his Prada Wife, FARRAH (28). They have ski tans. Jamie waits but his Father goes over.

A happy reunion. Josh is dot-com rich. He's both nebbishy and hedonistic -- tries to affect slacker cool. Jamie can hear his NIECE keep repeating...

JAMIE'S NIECE
Daddy made us fly commercial!

Josh now sees his Brother, who gives him a big what-the-fuck gesture. Jamie waves, sighs, stands.

INT. MR. REIDY'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

Dad drives. Josh and his Son are up front, everyone else is crammed in the back. Josh shows off. Jamie endures.

JOSH
The guy from Forbes who covered the sale loved me. I did this riff he's gonna run. How in the 80's, we made money with greed. And in the 90's, we made money from hype. But in the new millennium, it'll all be about fear. How all profitable economic activity will one day be fear-based. Risk Management. Hedge Funds. The tyranny of share-holder value. I kept saying, "Fear is the new greed. Fear is the new greed!"

Chuckles. The Reidy's delight in Josh's success.

JOSH (CONT'D)
The guy loved me. Loved.

Jamie snorts cynically. Josh covertly flips him off, while scratching his scalp. Mrs. Reidy senses unpleasantness.

MRS. REIDY
Did they ask you to stay on, Josh?

JOSH
Larry knows I don't roll that way. I got his money. I only wanna work with people who think "corporate" is a dirty word.

His Son boos at "corporate". Laughs. Jamie rolls his eyes.

MRS. REIDY
Well, we're very proud of you.
(then)
Both our boys.

JAMIE
Thanks for the token mention, Mom.

MR. REIDY
Jamie left the airline.

Josh lowers his visor and uses its mirror to eye Jamie.

JOSH
What's next, Bro?

JAMIE
I'm weighing some options.

JOSH
Like?

JAMIE
Like pharmaceutical sales. For example.

FARRAH
Oooh, my roommate from college is a drug rep at Pfizer. She makes terrific money. I'm sure she could get you an interview.
(leaning to see him)
Move to Chicago and you guys can date.

Jamie sees Josh shake his head in the mirror. Farrah sees it, too. Reaches up. Pokes Josh.

MRS. REIDY
I don't like the sound of "drug rep"?

JOSH
They're those suits you see in doctors offices. With roller bags. Pfizer gives them a car. They drive around, detail doctors on a couple drugs, leave samples.

JAMIE
It's the only entry-level job in America that pays over a hundred K a year.

JOSH
Nothing says success like a roller bag.

Mr. Reidy shoots Josh a look.

MR. REIDY
Pfizer's a great company. Great new drug pipeline. Great profit profile.

JOSH
If you can get the job. You're not a 3M.

MRS. REIDY
What's a 3M?

JOSH
 Minorities. Military. Mormons. Drug reps
 work in the field alone. No direct over-
 sight. Pfizer wants people who will...
 (covers his son's ears)
 ...do what their told.

The boy pushes his Dad's hands away.

JAMIE'S NIECE
 Pfizer wants you to do what you're told!

Everybody LAUGHS. Everybody but Jamie.

MRS. REIDY
 Well, you can always move back home.

INT. BORDER'S BOOK STORE - DAY

The Business Motivation section. Jamie is looking at "The
 Seven Habits of Highly Effective People".

A Sales Girl passes pushing a cart.

JAMIE
 Do you have this on tape? Abridged?

She shakes her head. Moves away. A contemptuous SNORT.
 Jamie can see Josh through books in the next aisle.

JOSH
 Dude, this Pfizer thing isn't some girly
 marketing gig. It's hard-core sales. You
will have a quota. Pfizer will have some
 office collating your road receipts, just
 to make sure you're out in the field. You
 can't do your usual thing: make everybody
 love you then get bored. Stay focused.

Irritated, Jamie remains quiet and continues browsing.

JOSH (CONT'D)
 Hey...

Jamie has to find Josh's face in a book clearing.

JAMIE
 What?

JOSH
 We're living during the greatest creation
 of legal wealth in human history.
 (MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)

I don't want a Brother who's a five-figure loser.

(then)

Don't embarrass us.

JAMIE

Shut up.

Jamie steps away.

JOSH (O.S.)

Claw your way up to six-figure mediocrity.

JAMIE

Fucktard.

JOSH (O.S.)

Quitter.

JAMIE

Eat me. I'm not a quitter. Jesus.

Josh doesn't say anything else.

CLOSE on Jamie. He pretends to browse on, but we can feel his humiliation; he burns with competitive pique.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL SUITE - CHICAGO - DAY

Jamie sits on a huge sofa. He's across from BRUCE CALLER (39), a suburban dad with a very precise haircut wearing a Polo shirt and sport coat. Bruce always wears Polo.

He's giving Jamie's CV a final read through.

JAMIE

I thought the opening was in Chicago?

BRUCE

South Bend. That's a college town. Great for Zoloft. The heart of Michiana.

JAMIE

What's Michiana?

BRUCE

Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana. We call it Michiana. My girls love it. Bitchin' air quality. Easy mall access. Who needs major-market traffic?

Jamie can feel something hollow in Bruce's protestations.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Everybody's always all, "I want Chicago.
Get me Chicago." And I'm like, "Yo, hold
up, you work out of your car."
(lying)
You couldn't give me Chicago.

Bruce tosses the CV onto the coffee table.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Cool. Okay, Jamie, tell me your flaws?

JAMIE
Like the fact I'm too driven and don't
know when to quit and can be hard on
colleagues who won't share my passion?

A cliché litany of false negatives. Bruce gets it. Grins.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Bruce, here's the thing about me: I want
to make money. My Dad's been teaching
finance for thirty years. A lot of his
students go on to become millionaires.
But, when he retires, his pension will be
worth maybe 40,000 a year. Worse, my
obnoxious Brother started a dot com to
deliver pet food over the internet. Now,
he's got a therapist who specializes in
"wealth adjustment" -- one adjustment, of
course, being her fee. Hire me. I'll make
Pfizer money. So I can make us money.
(dangerously)
All I ask is, when they give you Chicago,
take your best rep with you.

Bruce stares, perfectly still.

Then, slowly, he smiles a big, goofy smile.

CUT TO:

An all-American BLACK GUY (26) speaks directly at us.

BLACK GUY
Hello. I'm Matt Terry.

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - NEW JERSEY - DAY

Jamie shakes Matt's hand.

JAMIE

Hi there, Matt. Jamie Reidy.

Jamie introduces himself through a room of 150 Attractive Young People. Dockers World. Khaki's. Golf shirts. Button-downs. Everyone seems highly invested in social skills.

These are PFIZER TRAINEES. We see a lot of Minorities and Mormons and Military Types.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Hi, there. I'm Jamie...Yo, Jamie Reidy...
God Bless, Jamie...Jamie...Semper Fi....

A microphone TAP. Everyone finds a seat.

TRAINER GINA (32), a bobbed, pixie of a woman with a neck-scarf, waits at a podium with a Pfizer logo. She's joined by a man who looks like a football coach, PHIL (60).

She lets her audience settle, then holds up a white pill.

GINA

This is not a pill. No. This is tens of millions of dollars in research. This is thousands of hours of hard labor. This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is software.

The gravitas in her voice straightens Jamie's posture.

A FEW QUICK SCENES:

1. HOTEL ROOM. Jamie shows off for his new study group.

JAMIE

Off-label uses for Zoloft: alcoholism,
Bulimia, PMS, smoking, social anxiety...

GINA (O.S.)

Your training will last six weeks.

2. PARKING LOT. Half the Trainees hold burning matches -- pretending they're doctors -- and the other half pitch them, trying to finish before their "doc" gets burned.

GINA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Each one of you will leave here a fully-qualified health-care professional.

Jamie doesn't quite make it. Curses. Gina watches.

3. JAMIE'S ROOM. Trainees gather for a party. Jamie holds forth as he spins a beer can on ice piled in his sink -- a trick for cooling warm beer in less than two minutes.

GINA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Your job will be to go fight illness.

JAMIE
 Health care industry is worth two trillion a year. Two trillion. The top ten pharma companies make more money than all 490 of the other Fortune 500 companies combined!
 (tosses a beer to Matt)
 There! Warm to cold in 90 seconds!

Jamie spins another can. Matt opens his beer. Tests it.

MATT
 Unbelievable! I love corporate culture!

4. CONFERENCE ROOM. Phil lectures on "Field Etiquette".

GINA (O.S.)
Your job will be to go share technology.

PHIL
 You will see competitors in the field. Accepted industry etiquette is one drug rep goes in the back office at a time. A word of caution, people,...

Jamie looks up from furious note-taking.

PHIL (CONT'D)
 Competing reps are not your friends.

5. HOTEL BATHROOM. Jamie lights a match, does a practice a pitch in the mirror. Quick. Efficient.

JAMIE
 Hello, Doctor. Did you know prescribing Zithromax for ear infections reduces diarrhea in pre-teens 33%? That's 33% less four AM phone calls to you from...

The floor's covered in matches. He's been at this awhile.

6. JAMIE'S ROOM. Everyone sits around, laughing and drunk. Jamie's the life-of-the-party, loading a CD, integrating a quiet guy in the corner.

GINA (O.S.)
Your job will be to go save lives.

JAMIE

And Jared here, lucky bastard, will be selling Lipitor...in Palm Beach.

The Palm Beach Rep takes a shy bow to general hooting.

BRASSY TEXAS GIRL

They gave me Zyrtec and Zoloft. Which is a tragedy, cause I don't have allergies and I'm so not ready to give up sex.

A FEW PEOPLE IN UNISON

"Sexual dysfunction is a non-issue with Zoloft, Doctor."

Laughs. It's their stock answer about Zoloft and sex.

MATT

How about you, Reidy?

JAMIE

Zoloft and Zithromax. In Michiana.

Stunned silence. Someone makes a "reject" buzzer sound.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Screw you guys. A smaller market means an easier quota. A bigger bonus. And a quick promotion. I'll beat all your asses.

BRASSY TEXAS GIRL

Oh, Honey. Why wait?

Oohs. Whistles. Jamie starts the CD. Dances.

7. PARKING LOT. The match game. Jamie pitches. Finishes. No one else is even close. Gina's watching. Nods.

GINA

Good job, Reidy.

8. HOTEL ROOM. Jamie on a carpet. Post-coital. Gazing up.

GINA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Your job will be to make a better world.

A FEMALE WHISPER

What are you thinking about?

JAMIE

Money.

Gina laughs. They're nude on the floor.

GINA
 Seriously.

JAMIE
 I am serious.

9. INTERSTATE. A brand new White Chevy Lumina zooms thru the farmland of CENTRAL MICHIANA.

10. CONFERENCE ROOM. Back to the first day of training...

Gina finishes welcoming the new Trainees.

GINA
A better world. That's why we're here.
 (then)
Welcome to Pfizer.

Everyone nods. Inspired. Proud.

CUT TO:

A GOLF BALL is sliced off its tee.

BRUCE (O.S.)
 N-i-i-i-ce.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Bruce and Jamie stand behind DR. KNIGHT (36) in the tee box. Jamie gives Bruce a look; it was a horrible shot.

EXT. NINTH GREEN - DAY

Jamie holds the flag. Dr. Knight putts, successfully.

BRUCE
 Dr. Knight sees a lot of otitis media.

He pulls on his ear to make sure Jamie gets the Latin.

DR. KNIGHT
 Kids are petri dishes. I know, I have two myself. But a kid who doesn't get sick is not building an immune system. I tell my wife: expose them. You want them putting stuff in their mouths. Hell, send them to the office, they can lick sick kids.

BRUCE
(putting)
Just good parenting.

DR. KNIGHT
She babies them.

Bruce's putt stops ten feet from the cup. Dr. Knight gets a page. Furtively, Bruce taps his watch to cue Jamie.

JAMIE
Hey, you know what's great for keeping
Moms' calm? Zithromax. It causes 33% less
diarrhea in pre-teens. That's 33% less
panicked four AM calls for you, Doctor.

Dr. Knight reads his page, not listening, rolls his eyes at it. Bruce nods for Jamie to keep at him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
How are your patients enjoying Zoloft?

DR. KNIGHT
They aren't. I never write it.

JAMIE
Really? Any particular reason why not?

DR. KNIGHT
Yeah, I don't want Trey Hillman beating
the shit out of me.

Jamie looks to Bruce, who shakes his head. "Don't ask."

EXT. PARKING LOT OF COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Changed into their suits, Jamie and Bruce carry golf bags to the Lumina. Bruce keeps his voice low.

BRUCE
Trey Hillman. Lilly's Prozac Rep in this
district. He's top ten. Nationally. Has
been for like twenty years. He's got...
(a quick look around)
...serious anger issues. So, they won't
promote him. No one else will hire him.
He's the reason we never break 95% of
quota on Zoloft. You need to zero in on
his business and take him down.
(then)
Quietly.

INT. JAMIE'S LUMINA - TRAVELING - DAY

Jamie and Bruce wait in traffic. Like a lot of people who work in calm suburbs, Bruce takes traffic personally.

BRUCE

I won't even tell you what Hillman did to your predecessor. Go around.

Jamie looks down the road's shoulder: full of pot holes.

JAMIE

We'll blow the shocks.

BRUCE

Jamie, what's the difference between a company car and a four-wheeler?

(Jamie doesn't know)

A company car can go anywhere.

Jamie pulls out. Rain drops land on the windshield.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Rain. Cool. Rain's a terrific sales tool.

EXT. VA HOSPITAL - DAY

Rain. An old red-brick hospital. Rusting fire escapes.

BRUCE (O.S.)

VA Hospital. They have a No Reps policy.

INT. JAMIE'S LUMINA - DAY

Jamie and Bruce idle in the VA Hospital parking lot.

BRUCE

We're not allowed inside. But...

Bruce pulls out two umbrellas from the backseat.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

There's no rule against giving doctors a dry walk to their car.

EXT. VA HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Rain. Jamie and Bruce chat under massive Zoloft umbrellas at the end of an empty sidewalk up to the hospital.

BRUCE
Always lead with the pen. Gifts establish
a feeling of reciprocity.
(he sees something)
Uh-oh. Nine o'clock.

Bruce gestures to a Distinguished Man with an Abbott Labs
umbrella. He waits at the end of another sidewalk.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Abbott Labs. Their antibiotic used to be
gold standard before Zithro.

They watch the ABBOTT LABS REP, stoic in the rain.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Look at him. Oh, yeah, he can smell it.
VA Hospital like this. Old guys smoking
through Trache holes. Immune systems shot
ten ways to Sunday. Man, that's just sad.

JAMIE
He's only doing what we're doing.

Bruce gives Jamie an indignant look.

BRUCE
You wanna go ask him to lunch, Jamie?
(a beat)
Abbott tells docs that Jim Henson was on
Zithromax when he died of pneumonia.

JAMIE
Is it true?

PHIL
No. Zithro didn't even get FDA approval
til '93. Jim Henson died in like 1990.

A beat.

JAMIE
Maybe he was in a drug trial.

Bruce turns exasperated to the new recruit, but...

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Here comes one.

A Big Doctor With A Shaved Head hurries down the sidewalk
with a metal file poorly sheltering him from rain.

BRUCE

Cool. Relax. Smile. Mentally prepare an
Initial Benefit Statement.

Jamie holds a pen out to the approaching Doctor.

JAMIE

Hi, there. I'm Jamie Reidy from Pfizer.
If you allow me to walk you to your car,
Doctor, I'd like to tell you how--

The Doctor BONKS Jamie on the head with the metal folder,
not hard, but definite enough to hurt. He hurries on.

BRUCE

Thank you for your time, Doctor!

Jamie can see the Abbott Labs Rep shaking his head.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY

CLOSE on Jamie's face, focused, hardened -- he bites his
bottom lip in concentration, just like as a boy. He
carries a stack of Starbucks. Bruce holds the umbrella.

A PERFECT WOMAN walks toward them in the rain. Gorgeous.

BRUCE

Merk. They're usually pretty arrogant.

She gives them a tight smile.

Then, surprisingly,...

JAMIE

Hey, Lisa.

Her smile goes wide and bemused. She gives Jamie's arm a
politician's touch as she passes and struts away.

BRUCE

You know her?

JAMIE

Nope.

INT. ELEVATOR IN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Bruce and Jamie ride up in the huge elevator alone.

JAMIE

No woman wants to be some random Lisa. If every time I see her, I say, "Hey, Lisa", sooner or later, she'll stop me and say, "Look, I'm not Lisa. It's Kennedy." Then I'll do a big apology and admit I wasn't sure but I wasn't risking it -- this Lisa was way too mad at me for not calling.

INT. HALLWAY IN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Bruce and Jamie come off the elevator, go down the hall.

JAMIE

From then on, Kennedy will know I dated someone who looks just like her. Almost like a version of her...who I rejected. She'll start to develop this unconscious fear of me, a need to win my approval.

Bruce stares with awe at his protégé. Laughs.

BRUCE

Yes! That's what I'm talking about! I am so gonna live vicariously through you.

He opens the door into an...

INT. OB/GYN PRACTICE - DAY

Bruce and Jamie enter. The waiting room is in chaos. The Staff is stressed. Bruce nods Jamie back out.

INT. ANOTHER OB/GYN PRACTICE - DAY

Bruce and Jamie enter. The waiting room is less full. But Two Reps already wait. Bruce nods Jamie back out.

INT. YET ANOTHER OB/GYN PRACTICE - DAY

Bruce and Jamie enter. Empty. Except for a Rep, who also brought Starbucks. Bruce nods Jamie back out.

INT. STILL ANOTHER OB/GYN PRACTICE - DAY

Bruce and Jamie sit under a Mother and Child Painting. Jamie picks up a Vogue Magazine [Lady Di/"1961-1997"].

BRUCE
Sick people touch those all day.

JAMIE
What can I catch in a Gyno office?

BRUCE
I don't know. Chlamydia. Yeast.

A HEAVY MAN comes out of the back office. He freezes when he sees Bruce. His old suit is wet; his hair, greasy.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Jerry.

JERRY (50's) looks wounded. His lip almost quivers.

JERRY
You said you'd call.

BRUCE
I will.

The tone says this isn't the place to discuss it. Jerry doesn't move, just stands there for few awkward seconds, then goes out, his detail bag catching on the door.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Neuroscience. Our decent drugs went off-patent. They all want to transfer.

RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE
Next!

Jamie goes the reception desk. A TOUGH RECEPTIONIST hands him printouts and does a quick, rote spiel.

RECEPTIONIST
The doctor only sees new Reps who bring in a lunch. Here's a list of available dates. First one is in five weeks. And a list of approved food vendors. No sushi. No salads. Leave your samples with me.

JAMIE
Should I go back and introduce myself?

The Receptionist gives him a look. Staffers chortle. He turns to Bruce, who winks encouragement.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Look, this is my first day. That's my District Manager. If you could get me sixty seconds with her...

She stares at him, ice cold, immovable.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Stop. Just stop. You're gonna like me. I mean, sooner or later, everybody does. You know why? Cause I'll do whatever it takes to make that happen. I'm very trainable. You will give up some love.

He gives her an impish look. The air has turned sexual; she can't help but turn and grin at the others.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
C'mon. Let me organize the sample closet.

INT. SAMPLE CLOSET - DAY

Jamie organizes a small room full of tiny boxes. Bruce briefly pokes his head in. A huge thumbs up.

BRUCE
Make sure our stuff is at eye level.

Jamie removes the Prozac and puts Zoloft in its place. He looks down at his competitor's boxes. Small. Vulnerable.

Jamie takes a deep breath and makes a bad decision.

He crouches and sticks the Prozac samples way at the back of a bottom shelf, hard to find. We hear DISTANT THUNDER.

EXT. RURAL STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

The Lumina is backed up to an open storage garage full of Jamie's Pfizer boxes (giveaways, brochures, etc.)

Bruce and Jamie stand in the glow of the tail lights.

BRUCE
Prescriber profiles will start coming in from the pharmacies next week. Every week, you'll get a printout telling you every script written by every doc in your area. In a few weeks, we'll have lunch to review your first monthly sales report. Now... Nobody out here breaks 95% of quota on--

JAMIE

I will.

BRUCE

Okay. Cool. Great attitude. I support your success in the organization.

There's something perfunctory in this, as if Bruce can't yet believe Jamie won't disappoint him.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You need Dr. Knight. He's your district's big fish. Get him writing Zoloft. Just do it when Trey Hillman isn't looking.

(a forced chuckle)

Alright. Cool. Good selling, Jamie.

JAMIE

Thanks, Bruce.

Bruce hugs him. Awkwardly. False start. Clashing arms. He walks away. Jamie starts to replenish his trunk.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Hey, Jamie?

Jamie peers into the dark, can't really see much.

JAMIE

Yeah, Bruce?

BRUCE (O.S.)

I want Chicago. Get us Chicago.

There's desperation in his voice.

JAMIE

Done.

A weary beat. Then footsteps walking away.

A FEW QUICK SCENES:

1. JAMIE'S KITCHEN. Push in on a Pfizer wall clock. "6:08 a.m." Jamie sits in his suit. Making a long "To Do" list.

2. BREAK ROOM. Push in on Jamie flirting with Nurses over lunch. Dr. Knight enters. Grabs one of Jamie's sandwiches.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Hey, Dr. Knight. Listen, I was....

The doctor ignores him. Exits.

3. FARMHOUSE. Push in on Jamie, leading with a pen, as he approaches an Older Man chopping wood in a lab coat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Dr. Hancock? Jamie Reidy. From Pfizer.

DR. HANCOCK

Oh. Don't get many drug reps out here.

(then)

Did you bring lunch?

4. VA HOSPITAL. Drizzle. Push in Jamie under an umbrella.

5. APARTMENT COMPLEX MAILBOXES. Push in on Jamie ripping open an envelope. He wears a robe, boxers. He soon finds Dr. Knight's name, tracks to his Zoloft numbers: zero.

JAMIE

Shit!

6. SAMPLE CLOSET. Push in on empty shelf labeled "Zoloft" -- the other anti-depressants are fully stocked.

Jamie considers his empty shelf. This is very strange.

7. ANOTHER SAMPLE CLOSET. Push in on an empty Zoloft bin. Jamie checks his competitor's bins. They're all full.

A BUSY NURSE comes in to get something.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Wow. You guys sure go through the Zoloft.

BUSY NURSE

Dr. Keet isn't big on SSRI's. Another rep is probably stealing it.

Jamie nods casually. She leaves. Furious, he opens his detail bag and dumps all the Prozac into it.

8. JUNKY PARKING LOT. Dollar Store. Dumpster smack in the middle. Push in on Jamie. He reaches in his trunk and takes handfuls of PROZAC SAMPLE BOXES out of his bag. He tosses them in the dumpster. He's taken a lot of Prozac.

OUT TO:

A wind gust SNAPS a banner: "Depression Awareness Day".

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

Student Council Types pass out Zoloft caps and T-shirts.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

Jamie's in front of an assembly of TENTH GRADERS. Guys slouch. Girls try to look burnt out.

JAMIE

High school sucks. Look at any cool rock star or actor or entrepreneur, they all say pretty much the same thing: "Dude, I hated high school". High school's depressing. That's why serious depression affects one in six American teenagers. So, you guys need to know the Depression Warning Signs.

Bullet points appear on a PowerPoint screen behind him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Lack of enthusiasm or motivation.

A Bored Slacker shifts in his seat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Feelings of worthlessness.

A Tracy Flick chews on a pencil, feeling worthless.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Persistent sadness.

A Smiley Cheerleader checks if anyone's looking at her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Daily irritability.

A Teacher in the Back swallows.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Play that involves excessive aggression.

An Oblivious Jock finger thumps the Kid in Front of him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And recurring thoughts of death.

A Goth Girl smirks defensively.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

One in six of you guys.

Jamie sees the room has gone absolutely still; everyone's staring, convinced they have it.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Think about it.

Jamie nods gravely. Tough love, Kids.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Pleased with himself, humming, Jamie hauls a large bag of Zolofit swag and the depression-day banner to his car. He's puzzled to find two identical Luminas parked alone.

He scans the lot. A sea of metal, weirdly free of humans, making the isolated twin cars all the more creepy. He has to remotely open his trunk to make sure which car is his.

He loads the bag and banner.

A MALE VOICE
Hey.

He spins to find a HIP MAN IN A SUIT.

JAMIE
Oh...Hi.

The Hip Man punches him in the stomach, hard. Jamie goes down. The man stands casually over him, as if waiting out a tantrum. This world-weary soul is TREY HILLMAN (41).

Jamie writhes in pain. Trey kneels beside him.

TREY
Damaged cells are releasing arachidonic acid. Your body's converting it into prostaglandin, triggering a jamboree of enzymes necessary for pain. It'll take about a minute for the acid to dissipate and your natural morphine to kick in.

Jamie moans. Trey fingers his wedding ring as he waits.

TREY (CONT'D)
Do you know why I hit you?

Jamie tries to kick back now, flailing. Trey ignores it.

TREY (CONT'D)
Well?

Jamie shakes his head "no".

TREY (CONT'D)

I hate my job. You're making it harder. Don't touch the Prozac. The other reps like to fuck with the new guy. I don't. My interest in you is limited to making sure you leave my drugs where you find them. This job sucks enough without you turning me into a stock boy. We clear?

Jamie doesn't answer the question.

JAMIE

What makes you think it was me?

TREY

The others know me.

Jamie takes his time pulling himself up.

JAMIE

If they "know you", then they knew you'd come after the new guy. If, say,...one of them took your samples?

A tense beat. Trey wonders. Jamie waits.

Finally, Jamie gives him a half smile...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Fine. I did it.

Trey simply turns and goes to his car.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

This was my good suit!

INT. OLIVE GARDEN - DAY

Lunch. Jamie's nervous. Bruce opens his SALES REPORT.

BRUCE

Cool. Your 94% of quota on Zoloft and 106% of quota on Zithromax.

JAMIE

Okay. Okay. That's not bad. Right?

Bruce nods. It's not bad but clearly not great. He picks up Jamie's PRESCRIBER PROFILES.

BRUCE

Doc Knight still a goose egg on Zoloft?

Jamie moans.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Jamie, I'm gonna prove how much I support your success in the organization.

Bruce pulls out a CHECK.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Let's see if \$500 buys you some face time with Dr. Knight.

INT. DR. KNIGHT'S NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Jamie stands near-by as Dr. Knight signs the sample log for a surgically-enhanced female rep in a very sexy Abe Lincoln costume. This is a Bristol-Myers SQUIBB REP.

SQUIBB REP

Thanks, doctor. Bye y'all.

They watch her sway off down the hall.

DR. KNIGHT

Man, I love Squibb Girls. They dress up like that every, single holiday. Even Martin Luther King Day. This one has an itty-bitty T-shirt that says: "That's not a dream, that's a fantasy."

(then)

Know what I feel when I watch her walk like that? Incentivized.

Jamie understands, pulls out the CHECK. Hands it over.

JAMIE

What do I do exactly?

DR. KNIGHT

It's a shadow program. You shadow me all afternoon. Silently.

JAMIE

Can I take notes?

Dr. Knight checks Jamie's face for irony.

DR. KNIGHT

Shadow programs aren't really about you learning my practice. It's just a legal way for Pfizer to give me money.

(MORE)

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)
 (patting his back)
 If the patient asks, you're an Intern.

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

A Twelve-Year-Old coughs. Jamie -- now in a white coat -- watches Dr. Knight talk with her Yuppie Parents.

DR. KNIGHT
 It's probably viral.

YUPPIE FATHER
 Really? I see. It's just, the Peterson's said you were very pro antibiotics.

A beat. Dr. Knight forces a smile. Grabs a scripts pad.

DR. KNIGHT
 Sure. Why not?

JUMP CUT:

Dr. Knight and Jamie with a Tired Mother and Hyper Twins.

TIRED MOTHER
 We hear great things about Ritalin.

DR. KNIGHT
 Sure. Why not?

JUMP CUT:

A Huge Teenage Boy lowers his underwear. Dr. Knight and Jamie wince. The Boy's Tiny Mother faces away.

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)
 Looks like Herpes.

An intercom BUZZES. Dr. Knight steps out of the room for a moment. Jamie's left with the Huge Boy's penis right in front of him. He tries to look doctorly. Waits. Forever.

HUGE BOY'S TINY MOTHER
 We think he got it from the gym pool.

JAMIE
 Sure. Why not?

JUMP CUT:

Dr. Knight and Jamie enter to see a bored Hispanic Man and his Pushy Wife. They only speak SPANISH.

DR. KNIGHT
I am Doctor Knight.

He taps his name tag. He's not big on shaking hands. She gives him a Spanish magazine ad for Lipitor and points to her Husband's heart.

The doctor writes the script. And mutters to Jamie...

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)
I'd write a lot more of these as a paid consultant.

JAMIE
They don't give me those kinds of funds.

DR. KNIGHT
Read the papers, Reidy. Big pharma spends five billion a year marketing to doctors. The way I see it, your job is to see how much of that you can stuff in my pockets.

INT. DR. KNIGHT'S HALLWAY - DAY

Dr. Knight and Jamie head for the next exam room.

JAMIE
C'mon, Doc, I can't just give you money.

DR. KNIGHT
Of course not. First, you have to fly me to Cancun some weekend. Then, I have to drop in on some bull shit peer-to-peer conference. Then, you can give me money.

He's scanning a patient file from the door holder.

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)
This can't be right. Janice?!
(he gets her attention)
A 24-year-old needs a Parkinson's drugs?!

JANICE
Beth wrote that one up!

JAMIE
Let me talk to Bruce--

Dr. Knight doesn't listen, just turns into the...

INT. EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Knight and Jamie enter to find a pretty young woman, MAGGIE MURTOCK (24), sitting on the exam table. Maggie has art-girl hair and a tendency to chatty indiscretion.

She also has stage one Parkinson's Disease.

DR. KNIGHT
I'm Dr. Knight.

He taps his name tag.

MAGGIE
Maggie Murtock.

DR. KNIGHT
Your file says "kind of an emergency"?

MAGGIE
I know your Lilly Rep. He asked Janice to squeeze me in. My apartment was burgled yesterday. They took my Parkinson's meds.

She holds out her LEFT HAND so they can see her tremor. It's not a bad tremor, but a noticeable one.

He examines her hand, flexing it to make the tremor stops and counting seconds before it starts again.

DR. KNIGHT
Trey Hillman's a great guy.

MAGGIE
I wouldn't say that.

She laughs an odd laugh. Jamie's careful not to react.

DR. KNIGHT
Monotherapy?

MAGGIE
(hands him a list)
Sinemet CR. Plus Domperidone to cut the nausea. Artane for the tremor. And Prozac so I'm not too bummed about having a major degenerative disorder at 24.

JAMIE
Zoloft has a slower metabolic breakdown.

They both look at him.

MAGGIE

Who is he?

DR. KNIGHT

Intern.

Dr. Knight has Maggie by the elbow, bends her left arm, tests for cogwheel rigidity.

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)

Young-Onset Parkinson's is pretty rare.

MAGGIE

Yeah, they first thought it was just an essential tremor, then Wilson's Disease, then Huntington's. I did tests for PSP, MSA, syphilis...I was really glad for a negative on that one. Sadly, I'd rather have an incurable disease than feel like a 19th-century slut. It's a girl thing. Let's see, then, there was a brain-tumor-week, very scary, then six months chasing obscure dystonias, but...

She does a little "ta-da" gesture.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

It's good, old-fashioned Parkinson's.

DR. KNIGHT

Don't you have a Neurologist?

There is a note of suspicion in his voice.

MAGGIE

We broke up.

DR. KNIGHT

I'm guessing you don't have insurance.

She reaches into her jeans, pulls out folded bills, waves them. He does his best fake smile yet.

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)

Sure. Why not?

He takes out his pad and starts writing.

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)

Anything else I can do for you?

MAGGIE

There's a weird blotch on my breast. I'm getting hypochondriacal about it.

DR. KNIGHT

Okay. Let's have a look.

Maggie takes her T-Shirt off. Jamie gets nervous. He has no idea where to look, feigns interest in seeing exactly what Dr. Knight writes for scripts. He changes her antidepressant to Zoloft. Gives Jamie a covert wink.

The doctor puts the scripts on the table next to Maggie. As she gets her bra off, Jamie turns away.

Jamie wanders over to the window, pretends to be lost in thought as he gazes out into the parking lot. But he can see Maggie in the window's reflection, can't help look as Dr. Knight examines a spot on her breast, touches it.

She turns to see Jamie watching. He looks off.

DR. KNIGHT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

That's a spider bite.

EXT. PARKING LOT TO DR. KNIGHT'S BUILDING - DAY

The Lumina waits beyond a cluster of other cars. As Jamie rolls his bag to it, he's SMACKED in the head by a purse.

JAMIE

Jesus!

Maggie has come up from behind a pick-up.

MAGGIE

You're a drug rep?! You let me take my shirt off, you fucking creep!

He holds one eye, peers out at her with the other. She pulls the bag back for another swat.

JAMIE

Wait! Wait. I'm hurt.

It takes her a moment to calm herself. Since she's angry, the tremor is worse than before.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Your buckle got my eye.

An awkward pause.

She's not sure if she believes him.

MAGGIE

You okay?

JAMIE

Yeah.

He makes a show of gingerly touching the eye's corner.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Who said I was a drug rep?

MAGGIE

You have a detail bag! Drive a Lumina! Look where you parked. That's classic drug rep parking. "See, everybody, I'm leaving the good spaces for patients!"

The car's parking is oddly polite.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Pop the trunk. Go on. Let's see inside.

And his silence is damning.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I could sue you.

JAMIE

Your doctor would say you consented.

MAGGIE

And you?

He shrugs sheepishly.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Augghhh!

She thinks a long moment, and lets herself deflate.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I can't sue you, anyway. You'd just raise drug prices on people like me.

(then)

I couldn't sue anybody. I'd feel...petty. That's my problem. That normal level of mean necessary to get anywhere in life, I don't have it. I find it embarrassing. My survival instincts are blunted by some obviously freakish concern for others.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You know, on planes, that sign asks you to wipe the sink for the next passenger? I do that. You don't, do you? Of course not. No one does. I do. I wipe the sink.

She's ready to leave him, still...

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Apologize. Would you do that? It won't go any further than us. Just once, I want to hear somebody in medicine apologize.

JAMIE

I was only doing my job.

MAGGIE

Of course.

She digs around in her bag, takes something out from the bottom of it. FLASH. She takes his picture.

He watches her walk away. Her arm doesn't swing -- her PD now visible; her vulnerability, obvious and sad.

JAMIE

Shit.

EXT. VA HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Rain. Jamie waits for business under his umbrella. A dark figure appears behind him. With a Prozac umbrella.

We fear violence until we see...Trey carries a plate of home-made cookies, cling-wrapped.

TREY

Pfizer.

He passes Jamie, walks right up the sidewalk.

JAMIE

How's that fist? My vital organs didn't leave a mark, I hope.

Trey stops. Turns. Considers.

He can see something of himself in his young competitor.

TREY

The umbrella thing doesn't work.

(then)

Come on. I'll introduce you.

Jamie's not sure. Trey walks on, a receding opportunity. Jamie looks to the watching Abbott Labs Rep, a man going nowhere, just an old guy stuck out in the rain.

The Zoloft umbrella chases after the Prozac umbrella.

INT. VA HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

Paint peels. Plants die. This facility is much different than the pastel-hued offices of Memorial. This place has one essential function: people come here to die.

Trey's a fast walker. Jamie keeps nervously in step.

JAMIE
You always bring food?

Trey gives him a look.

TREY
Pharma Sales is like dating -- they want you to buy them dinner and they want you to pretend not to expect anything for it.
(then)
Nobody going Dutch gets laid.

They approach security doors and a READING RECEPTIONIST. She waves with her pinky, buzzes the doors open.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM OF VA HOSPITAL - DAY

Clutter suggests a lull in chaos. Trey leaves the cookies in the break area. As they walk, Jamie watches Trey greet everyone. A patient yells in pain behind a curtain.

JAMIE
I met a friend of yours, Maggie.

TREY
Yeah, I heard.

On one wall is a white-board with stick-on letters: "The person meanest to Dr. Clodfelter today was _____. In the blank, a marker has scribbled, "Dr. Emir".

We tilt down to a man sitting at a desk, facing the wall: it's the bald man who bonked Jamie with a file that first day on the job. This is DR. MANLEY CLODFELTER (37).

Jamie realizes this as Trey leads him to the big doctor.

TREY (CONT'D)
Dr. Manley Clodfelter, meet your Pfizer
Rep, Jamie Reidy.

Clodfelter shakes his hand with the warmest of smiles.

DR. CLODFELTER
Nice to meet you, Jamie. Hey, Trey. I'll
be right with you guys.

He turns back to his documents. They wait. Then, his back
still to them, very friendly,...

DR. CLODFELTER (CONT'D)
If I get you to watch my Spatial Comfort
Zone, that would be terrific.

Trey points to the floor. Yellow tape marks a zone around
the doctor's desk. Trey gestures for Jamie to step out of
the zone. They wait some more.

Finally, Dr. Clodfelter strands and turns back to them.

DR. CLODFELTER (CONT'D)
Done. Thank you.
(holds up a box)
Can I offer you a pen, Jamie?

Unsure if this is a joke, Jamie pockets a ballpoint.

TREY
You off yet?

DR. CLODFELTER
Ninety seconds.

They look up to a clock above his sign. And wait again.

INT. ER BACK HALLWAY - DAY

Dr. Clodfelter gives the boys a tour. Jamie reacts to a
pool of blood. They approach an open exam room.

DR. CLODFELTER
This is where we put the ones who are
going to die...

Unfortunately, the room is occupied by an Old Woman who's
heard him and now looks up from her gurney, terrified. He
makes a "gotcha" gesture at her.

DR. CLODFELTER (CONT'D)
Just teasing you, Mrs. Belard.

She forces a grin. He feels for something in the pockets of a smock hanging behind the door, a lighter.

DR. CLODFELTER (CONT'D)
The nurse will be back in a second.

As the guys move again down the hall, he does a knife-across-the-neck gesture to say he wasn't kidding.

Jamie can't help looking back.

EXT. VA LOADING DOCK - DAY

Rain sheets at the edge of the empty dock. Trey hands Dr. Clodfelter a joint. He lights it, inhales, hands it back to Trey. Jamie's now too health conscious to join in.

TREY
Reidy met Maggie Murtock.

The doctor nods knowingly.

DR. CLODFELTER
She's cute. You don't see that much in the neurologically damned.

JAMIE
She's not exactly damned. You don't die from Parkinson's. Right?

Trey and Dr. Clodfelter exchange a look.

As they pass the joint back and forth...

TREY
Parkinson's is a shitty disease. At some point she won't be able to dress herself. She'll be dependent on some minimum-wage hospice worker and Velcro. She'll develop what's called a "Parkinson's Face", this scowl from weakened facial muscles which makes you look pissed off when you think you're smiling. People avoid you. Off her meds, everyday movements get to be hell -- dialing, typing, brushing, wiping. It's almost impossible to work. On the meds, a few normal hours have to be paid for with nasty side effects. That squirming thing we all think of as Parkinson's?

(MORE)

TREY (CONT'D)

That's actually a side-effect of dopamine drugs. Then, just as the life-sucks meter dips to Appalachian, the disease gets ugly. Incontinence. Dementia. Immobility. We constantly come up with new treatments, but the disease always comes back. Who knows? Maybe they'll find a cure. Then, again, maybe she'll get tired of being tortured by her own body and put a gun to her head. If she can find a way to aim it.

(then)

No, she won't die from Parkinson's, but she sure the fuck will die with it.

Quiet. Rain. Some deep anger's been released in Trey.

Finally...

DR. CLODFELTER

Christ, Hillman, that's not a disease, it's a Russian novel.

Jamie watches Trey as the comment punctures his pious fatalism, but Trey's lost in thought.

Dr. Clodfelter tosses the joint away with a distaste.

EXT. VA HOSPITAL - DAY

The rain's stopped. Trey and Jamie walk back to their cars. Jamie reads aloud from his new "branded" pen.

"Working with Dr. Clodfelter has been one of the most rewarding experiences of my life."

Trey chuckles, clearly loves the guy.

JAMIE

Thanks for the introduction.

(a half smile)

What do you want for it?

Trey stops. He doesn't hesitate.

TREY

Stay away from Dr. Knight.

(then)

I'll give you this hospital. You can sell a lot of Zithromax here. You know that.

JAMIE

Wow. You're not big on corporate loyalty.

TREY

We're a number to them. A fraction of a number. In a PowerPoint footnote.

This is just enough to disarm Jamie. He's been trying to convince himself of precisely the opposite.

TREY (CONT'D)

Look, the only way I can stomach this job is keeping my hours down. I need Knight.

A long beat.

JAMIE

Set me up with Maggie.

TREY

No. What are you, some kind of predator?

JAMIE

A dinner. All of us. She won't even know.

Trey grunts indignantly.

TREY

She won't give you the time of day.

JAMIE

Let's find out.

EXT. SUBURBAN PORCH - NIGHT

Jamie holds a bottle of wine and rings a doorbell. MAYA, a flighty woman in granola clothes, answers...

MAYA

Oh. Shit, you must be Jamie. Trey didn't call? He cancelled. He has strep throat.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

Wearing a suit, Trey swings a driver. Huge flood lights illuminate the fairway. Bugs dance. A sea of golf balls. Trey's lands way down by the rusting shell of an old car.

CLOSE on Trey, deeply unhappy despite the perfect shot.

INT. SUBURBAN DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A dinner party. Maya and NEAL, the hosts, sit at the ends of a table flanked by FIVE GUESTS. Two Couples and Jamie, who sits between Maya and an empty chair.

The air is awkward. Maya tries to be entertaining.

MAYA

So. Jamie. Does Canada like us? I always think Canadians are secretly judging us.

JAMIE

We are. Canada is the mousy cousin your Mother makes you take to parties, waving every time you look over. Don't trust the goofy grin, we're counting your drinks.

Chuckles. The kitchen door opens. Maggie enters, surprised to see Jamie. GREETINGS. Maya goes to get food.

NEAL

Mags, you know Trey's friend, Jamie?

MAGGIE

(ignoring Jamie)
Where is Trey?

JUMP CUT:

APPETIZER. Jamie eats. Alone. Maggie's chatting with the Woman beside her. Maya is likewise engaged.

JUMP CUT:

MAIN COURSE. Jamie eats. Still ignored.

NEAL

Jamie, buddy, how you doing down there?

JUMP CUT:

DESSERT. Jamie waits. Maggie's in the kitchen with Maya, who peeks his way. Are they talking about him?

JUMP CUT:

COFFEE. Jamie takes sugar, offers the bowl to Maggie, who pretends not to notice. He passes it on to Maya.

JAMIE

Okay. I apologize. For the other day.

They don't look at each other. Speak under the table talk.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I'm not some lackey for the Man.

MAGGIE
You're a drug rep.

JAMIE
Yes. Correct. Officially, I'm a lackey.
But not a liar. It's a new job. I went a
little corporate. I wanna do well.
(then)
I have some serious ambition issues.

She turns to him; it's an oddly transparent thing to say.

MAGGIE
Apology accepted.

And we hear a WEIRD LAUGH.

EXT. NEAL AND MAYA'S STREET - NIGHT

Maggie's laugh is guttural and indelicate. Real. She and
Jamie come down the street, feeling good from the wine.

She sees a MASSIVE SUV, runs to it, kicks its tires.

MAGGIE
Oooh! I hate these things! Hate! Hate!

JAMIE
They should come with a bumper sticker:
"Just because I have a small dick, doesn't
mean I can't fuck the environment."

Maggie loves this joke. Repeats it.

MAGGIE
Did you make that up?

JAMIE
(hems, haws)
No, it's from my friend Dede.

MAGGIE
Too bad. I'd have so had sex with you.

Her guttural laugh fills the quiet night air.

JAMIE

Can I ask you a question?

MAGGIE

Sure.

JAMIE

Does Trey have emotional problems?

This stops her cold.

MAGGIE

What?!

JAMIE

The rep rumor is he was kicked out of med school because of a breakdown.

Maggie starts walking again.

MAGGIE

Trey got his wife pregnant in high school -- he never went to college. Well, night school. Enough to get in at Lilly. Trey's very...risk avoiding. Risk averse.

JAMIE

Really?

MAGGIE

You can smell the frustrated ambition on the guy from Wisconsin.

They stop at her car, an old Japanese import with primer patches and half-peeled to-be-towed sticker.

JAMIE

So...

MAGGIE

So...

INT. LULU'S COFFEEHOUSE - NIGHT

Later. Maggie and Jamie are in a corner, both hold pens.

MAGGIE

Give it a number between zero and five.

She takes a stack of napkins and divides them up.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Five means it sounds great; zero means you're not into it at all. Ready?

JAMIE

Ready.

MAGGIE

Anything Involving Furry Handcuffs.

She gestures for him to write on a napkin. She writes her number, makes a show of covering up her answer.

She holds up a "1". He reveals he has a "2".

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Nice. The key is to be absolutely honest. There are no wrong answers. You go.

JAMIE

Oral Sex With Whipped Cream.

MAGGIE

Gutsy.

They write. He has a "0". She has a "0". Delighted grins.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I never got the whipped cream thing!

JAMIE

Cause it's rude. What, you can't go there unless you pretend it's pie?

Laughter. She scrutinizes him.

MAGGIE

A Threesome With Another Woman.

He hums appreciatively. Maggie writes "2"; Jamie, a "5".

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Of course.

JAMIE

What does a two mean, exactly?

MAGGIE

It means I'm probably lying.

JAMIE

Spanking. The guy spanking the girl.

They scribble quickly. Maggie has a "3". Jamie a "3". The sameness makes the air too charged for comment.

MAGGIE
Video Taping Yourself Having Sex?

Jamie shows a "2". Sheepishly, Maggie shows a "5". She's underlined it. Twice.

JAMIE
Wow. Really?

MAGGIE
Oh, yeah.

She can't look at him, blushes, holds up a hand to cover his stare. When she brings it down, their eyes hold.

JAMIE
Why does that embarrass you?

MAGGIE
Game over.

She slides the napkins away.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Tell me something you're ashamed of --
something you never tell people.

JAMIE
I was fired from my last job.
(sotto)
There's no sex in "team".

She smiles to say she's intrigued but won't pry. Not now.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I was peeper once. In seventh grade. Went
down the street to Lonna Evans house.
Peeped in her window for an hour. She
didn't take any clothes off but she did
pick her nose and flick it on the carpet.

Maggie's amused. An uneasy SILENCE descends.

MAGGIE
That doesn't tell me much about you.

Jamie thinks a moment, pulls out his wallet. Digs a dirty STRIP OF PAPER from the fold, one we vaguely recognize.

She reads aloud a child's loopy handwriting...

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

"My Life Goal. By Jamie Reidy. I want to make a million dollars. Canadian dollars only! Signed, Jamie Reidy. May 7, 1984."

They consider the strip of paper. Jamie grows ruminative.

JAMIE

My family's pretty money conscious. My Brother got rich. Which just made him more of a dick. My Dad's obsessed with the stock market. Constantly sneaks off to his computer. Not that Mom lets him invest. She's the kind that holds up grocery store lines while she balances her check book.

(then)

All we ever talk about is money. Careers.

This is hard for him. Maggie's empathetic. Then she makes a sly face, holds the paper closer to a candle flame.

MAGGIE

If I burned this...you'd be free. I could change your entire life. Right now.

For a moment he thinks she'll do it. She hands the paper back. He puts it away, embarrassed that it matters.

JAMIE

Okay. Your turn.

MAGGIE

God, I'm a cautionary tale. I've got the impulse control of a ferret. Really. I'm horrible with money. I was late twice with my phone bill, which triggered some sneaky clause in my Visa contract and jacked my MAR up to like 28%. I live for Visa. I'm Visa's bitch. And I have over 12,000 dollars of medical debt. No health insurance. No dental. God, I miss dental. People with dental are glamorous. They're my aspirational group. You have dental?

(he does)

Sexy. What else? I'm a music snob. I like temporary, dead-end jobs. Right now, it's a café. And I help out weekends on this church bus that takes Retirees to Ontario to buy drugs. I love old people. I guess I'm not supposed to say that. You can't love a category. You're not supposed to even see a category. Which is a shame. I miss categories. Where was I?

JAMIE

Old people.

MAGGIE

There's just something about older people that feels really human. Done.

JAMIE

I didn't hear a lot of dark secrets.

MAGGIE

My Mom couldn't remember my father's last name. On my birth certificate it actually says, "Dave Something". Capital S.

JAMIE

Aren't you Miss Something?

She touches herself and makes a sizzling sound.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

That's all you've got?

She thinks. He looks down at her hand, shaking slightly. She moves it under the table, making it a taboo topic.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Nothing?

Maggie stares at him a moment, a decisive moment.

MAGGIE

I seduced a married man. A couple of months ago. Someone you know.

Jamie realizes she means Trey Hillman.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

It was just an ordinary Wednesday night. I was feeling lonely and cynical.

(then)

Those don't mix well with alcohol.

JAMIE

Could it happen again?

She starts to lie, then looks him right in the eye.

MAGGIE

I don't know.

EXT. LULU'S COFFEEHOUSE - NIGHT

Maggie and Jamie walk to their cars without speaking. The romantic tension is gone. At her car, she lingers a beat.

She digs in her purse for keys. Her shaking hand makes it difficult. The vulnerability is painful to watch.

MAGGIE

Well. Good night.

JAMIE

Night.

They go their separate ways. Both a little angry.

EXT. TINY WHITE COTTAGE - DAY

LONG on a cottage facing a slow urban Avenue. A parking lot beside it has one car: a white Chevy Lumina.

A second Lumina crosses frame. Brakes. The second Lumina backs into view again. And enters the lot.

INT. THERAPIST'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Trey emerges from an inner office with DR. BERG, a woman in her fifties. Jamie's pacing, waiting, anxious.

JAMIE

We need to talk.

TREY

Dr. Berg, this is Jamie Reidy. Jamie's your Zoloft Rep.

JAMIE

(a quick hand shake)

Hi. Nice to meet you, Doctor.

DR. BERG

Likewise, Jamie.

TREY

So?

Jamie cuts his eyes to Dr. Berg.

TREY (CONT'D)

Dr. Berg is my therapist.

JAMIE
Oh. Right. Sorry. Okay.
(then)
You cheated on your wife with Maggie?

TREY
(to Dr. Berg)
Excuse us.

He grabs Jamie's arm and throws him into the...

INT. THERAPIST'S KITCHEN - DAY

The door swings close. Trey points menacingly in Jamie's face. Jamie flips him off, shakes it for emphasis.

They argue in furious whispers.

JAMIE
Why didn't you tell me?!

TREY
How is it any of your damn business?!

Trey calms himself. Reeling. Wounded.

TREY (CONT'D)
Frankly, Pfizer, I didn't think you'd get far enough for it to matter.
(then)
You're right. You're right. I should have told you to go fuck yourself.

JAMIE
I'm taking Dr. Knight.

Jamie holds his eyes. The game is on. He yanks the door open. Dr. Berg is on the other side, eavesdropping. She steps aside. Jamie hurries past.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

A golf bag waits. Jamie's on a pay phone.

JAMIE
Dr. Knight? Hi. Jamie Reidy...No, no, not a problem...If I scored Bulls tickets, I'd stand you up, too...[fake laugh]... Say hi for me. Seriously. Hillman's a great guy...Not at all....Sure...Bye...

EXT. PRACTICE GREEN - DAY

Jamie takes a practice putt. Misses.

BRUCE (O.S.)
What the H, Reidy?

Bruce has stopped on his way into the club house.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Aren't you playing a round with Knight?

JAMIE
Someone got him Bulls tickets.

Bruce immediately understands. Hillman. Jamie's being out played. He shakes his head with real contempt.

BRUCE
Do not turn in your green's fee receipt.

INT. CHILI'S BAR - DAY

On his third beer, Jamie sulks. Late Afternoon. The only other patrons are a Cop Couple eating early supper with their Baby. The Bartender is doing some sort of homework.

Jamie can't believe his luck when the beautiful Merk Rep (the Perfect Woman) enters and stands down the bar.

PERFECT WOMAN
Sparkling water, please. With a lime.

She checks her watch, adorably disheveled.

JAMIE
Hello, Lisa.

Jamie waves. She scrutinizes him. Nods perfunctorily.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Oh, God. Sorry. You're not Lisa. Sorry.
Thought you were someone else.

She shrugs. The Bartender serves her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I know you though. Merk, right?

She gives the Bartender a pleading look, which he passes on to Jamie, who raises his beer in apology.

VOICE ON HOSTESS SPEAKER
Kenny! Bree Ann needs you!

The Bartender goes.

An awkward silence. Jamie can't stand it.

JAMIE
Sorry. For bothering you. Before.
(a beat)
It's just...well, women usually like me.
Women find me likable. They sense my need
for universal acceptance. Not liking me
would be cruel. It's Pity Like. You know
what I say to pity? I say, "Thank you."

She finally lets herself CHUCKLE.

PERFECT WOMAN
Fine. I pity you.

JAMIE
I appreciate that.
(he pats a stool)
Come see me some time.

She considers him a moment. Looks back to the door. She
leaves her purse, comes to him. He extends his hand.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Jamie Reidy. Pfizer.

She ignores the hand, but her name is SHAWNA STONE.

SHAWNA
Okay, this is how it works: attractive
woman date successful men. No, it's not
romantic, but that's the market. So,
right now, you're trying to buy something
you can't afford. And all you're offering
is some cute sales talk. Sorry, I don't
do start-ups. I'm a hard equity girl. I
became a rep for one reason: doctors. To
meet doctors. To fraternize with doctors.
To breed with doctors. So, whenever you
see me in the field, just smile politely.
Don't ask for a handout. It's awkward.

She's not done.

SHAWNA (CONT'D)
Another thing. Stop telling the market
our drugs killed Jim Henson.

INT. JAMIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sparse. Pizza boxes. A few Pfizer mugs. The kitchen table is cluttered with reports. Working late -- tired, bored -- Jamie transcribes field notes into a laptop.

JAMIE

Dr. Jupta then suggested we offer frequent-flyer points for scripts--

Jamie jumps at a sudden POUNDING on his front door.

INT. ENTRY FOYER - NIGHT

Jamie peers through the keyhole. Puzzled, he unlocks the door and opens it to reveal...

JOSH

Farrah wants to fuck somebody else.

Jamie's BROTHER enters in a cyclone of angry adrenaline.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Minimal. Feels like a dorm room. Cinder-block bookshelves with a lot of books-on-tape, all business related.

Jamie watches Josh pace in intense circles.

JOSH

She told me she's "sexually obsessed" with some guy from Yoga.

JAMIE

She told you?

JOSH

Her Sister made her, before anything could happen.

JAMIE

Whoa.

Josh's cell rings. He checks the caller ID and holds it up for Jamie to see "HOME". Josh clicks ignore.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

But nothing did happen?

JOSH
She wants to fuck another guy! Bad enough
for sibling intervention!

Josh is clearly in pain. Jamie goes to embrace him.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Dude, we're not huggers.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jamie flosses, listening to Josh's strained and furious
whispers -- he's on the phone in the Living Room.

JOSH (O.S.)
Shut up! Shut up! Listen to me. Listen to
me closely. I will never, ever thank you
for being honest. Ever!...Yes! I'd prefer
you lie! Lie! Lie! Lie!

Jamie has stopped flossing, lost in a sudden thought. He
stays that way, tracking down an idea, until...

He reaches down and wipes the sink.

EXT. MEGA-CHURCH - DAY

The WILLOWBEND CHURCH. Huge. Hip. Non-denominational.

JOSH (O.S.)
This church has a Starbucks?

INT. ATRIUM OF MEGA-CHURCH - DAY

Massive. Fancy. BOOKSTORE. Food-court VENDORS. Tables in
the center surround a STAGE with rock instruments.

Sixty RETIREES mill about. Each with an overnight bag.

JAMIE (O.S.)
Okay. That's her.

We move close on a huge CUT-OUT of the WillowBend Pastor
and his latest book: "My Bad: Sermons on Original Sin".

JOSH (O.S.)
She's hot. Great body.

We move around the cutout to find Jamie and Josh.

JAMIE
Yeah, well, that's not everything.

JOSH
Only fifty-one percent.

Josh pretends to read a brochure as they look to where...

Maggie holds a clipboard, talks with a Woman in a Lady Di sweater she's knitted herself. An EXTREMELY HANDSOME GUY approaches, rests a hand on her back, whispers in an ear.

JAMIE
Who the hell is that?

This is SANDY (28), earring, Christian music festival T-shirt ("Rock Against Evolution). He goes on the stage.

APPLAUSE. Sandy is very popular.

SANDY
Thanks. No. No. Stop. Hey, everybody. I'm Sandy. I'm the New Music Minister here at WillowBend. If this your first time going up with us, please check in with Maggie.

Maggie waves an arm to be visible.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Good. Before we load up, I need to tell you we lost two regulars this week. Mrs. Korski passed away on Monday; and Anita Jarrett, early yesterday morning.
(over murmurs)
Let's be sure to remember them in our bus prayers as we ride out. Thanks. Be safe.

Everyone mutters a return thanks. Another smattering of applause. Sandy is well and truly loved.

The Retirees move to the doors. Maggie turns to see Jamie through the crowd. It takes her a moment to place him.

He waves, embarrassed. She waves, unsure. She seems about to come to him, when Sandy joins her with a problem.

JOSH (O.S.)
She doesn't really shake all that much.

JAMIE (O.S.)
It's a resting tremor. It only happens when her muscles are at rest.

Sandy has his hand on her again as they turn for the door.

JOSH
You can't cock block a minister, Bro. You
could piss off God.

They watch Maggie and Sandy move toward the exit.

JOSH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
If she leaves without looking back, that's
God telling you to stand the fuck down...
Wait for it...Wait for it...Answer is....

Maggie exits. She doesn't look back.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Sorry, Bro. God likes him better than you.

JAMIE
Wait here.

Jamie runs after her.

EXT. FRONT WALK OF MEGA-CHURCH - DAY

Retirees board two large TOUR BUSES. Banners with a happy
type-face announce these are the "Rx Express". Maggie and
Sandy are half way down the sidewalk.

JAMIE (O.C.)
Maggie!

She gestures for Sandy to walk on.

Jamie jogs to her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Hi. Listen. I wanted to get your number.

She tilts her head and gives him a withering look.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
You're right. I was freaked out by the
Trey thing. But it was really brave of you
to tell me. Not smart maybe. But brave.
And moral. And...Does he have to stare?

She cuts her eyes to where Sandy eyeballs them.

MAGGIE
Sandy's my Moving Guy.

JAMIE

What's a Moving Guy?

MAGGIE

You know, a Moving Guy.

(he has no idea)

Every woman has a Moving Guy. A friend. With a little unspoken romantic tension. But you don't really have much in common. You go to lunch with him, but not dinner. You'll invite him to parties, but not dinner parties. If you're honest, you'd admit you're kind of keeping him in orbit, so when you need someone to help you move...or set up a new computer...

She holds up a "just-a-second" finger for Sandy.

JAMIE

Wow. That's harsh.

MAGGIE

No, Moving Guy knows his chances aren't good, but he's smart. He knows women have this internal excitement-versus-stability scale. Sooner or later, the scale tips.

JAMIE

Moving Guy's not smart, he's sad.

MAGGIE

Ah, it's the cloak of pity that makes Moving Guy dangerous. He's waiting for guys like you to screw up.

JAMIE

Guys like me?

MAGGIE

Yep.

JAMIE

What kind of guy is that?

She holds his eyes. Hesitates.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Tell me.

MAGGIE

The kind who doesn't like complications. Smooth. Shiny. A little...retail.

SANDY

Maggie!

The bus is loaded and ready. She shrugs. Leaves.

JAMIE

What does retail mean?

Maggie waves without turning back. A bus honks. She runs. Jamie sees she has a lopsided run, a Parkinson's run.

She boards a bus. The two buses pull away. Josh comes up.

JOSH

You get her digits?

Jamie shakes his head.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Loser. What are you gonna do?

JAMIE

Be here when she gets back.

He takes the brochure from his Brother. Scans it.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Tomorrow night. Midnight.

The buses grow small in the endless parking lot

JOSH

Damn. Those people go for two days just save a few bucks on prescriptions?

JAMIE

Poverty sucks, Josh.

JOSH

Evidently.

CUT TO:

CLOSE on a dashboard CLOCK. It's midnight.

INT. LUMINA - NIGHT

Jamie sits in his car. Drums the wheel. We see a BOX for a CD he's listening to: "Building Business Vocabulary".

VOCABULARY TAPE

Value Driver. Core Competencies. Wow Factor. Thought Leader.

Suddenly, he's washed by HEADLIGHTS, peers into them. But it's just another car coming to pick someone up.

JUMP CUT:

Jamie checks the clock. It's "1:29". Where are they?

VOCABULARY TAPE (CONT'D)
Best Practices. Attitude-of-Gratitude.

JUMP CUT:

Later. Jamie now mouths the vocabulary phrases by heart.

VOCABULARY TAPE (CONT'D)
Sweat Equity. Counter Intuitive. USP.

JUMP CUT:

Jamie's fallen asleep. Drools.

The clock reads: "4:17".

JUMP CUT:

Dawn threatens. The car appears empty.

Buses RUMBLE past. Close. Jamie pops up in the back seat, yanked awake, groggy. He gives his pits a smell check.

EXT. BUSES - DAWN

Tired, Maggie waves good-bye to the last of the Retirees, takes her clipboard to Sandy, who's quietly petulant.

MAGGIE

What?

He nods across the lot...Jamie can be seen sitting on the hood of her car, tucking in his shirt.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF MEGA-CHURCH - DAWN

Maggie walks toward Jamie in the morning mist. Neither smiles. She comes to the car. Drops her bag. She looks off a second to gather her thoughts.

Then...

MAGGIE

Go slow. Guys always want to fall in love right away. Before you build trust -- or fight -- or pee with the door open. And talk. I'm a girl: I like details. You can tell me anything. Anything. Except your favorite bands, don't want to know. And if you dump me, I won't support you through it. That's fucked up. If you end it, I get to hate you. And act all cold. And tell embarrassing stuff to mutual friends.

JAMIE

That it?

MAGGIE

Yes. Thank you.

A beat. She rubs her arms.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Why am I mad at you already?!

A FEW QUICK SCENES:

1. MAGGIE'S TRIPLEX. Maggie and Jamie fall against her front door, kissing passionately. She manages to get out her keys, opens the door, flips on the light...SHRIEKS.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Did you see that?! Was that a mouse?!

2. HOME DEPOT. Later. Jamie scans a diverse wall of mouse traps. Maggie finds a CUTE COTTAGE, a catch-and-release trap, "Humane House". Jamie smirks, but takes it to check out anyway. She bounces happily after him.

3. JAMIE'S LIVING ROOM. That night. Maggie plays CD's for Jamie, educating him. She holds one reverently.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I think you're ready for...Uncle Tupelo.

3. DENNY'S. Breakfast. Maggie's book ("Infinite Jest") and Jamie's book-on-tape ("Who Moved My Cheese") are on the table. They're hoarse from a long night of talking.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

My BA's in Cultural Studies. We learned how to be unemployable. And how to resent it. Wait...Don't you have to go to work?

JAMIE

Nope. They let me set my own hours.

4. JAMIE'S BEDROOM. Afternoon. Great sex. Maggie's near orgasm. Her tremor hand shutters wildly.

5. APPLEBEE'S. Wearing a suit, Josh chats in the take-out line with a SQUIBB REP in sexy Halloween costume.

JOSH

My Brother's a Pfizer Rep. He's got a new girl so I'm helping him out. Delivering lunches. Getting gas receipts. His DM has no idea. I'm glad to do it. I'm staying at his place for awhile. Separated. You?

6. GAS STATION. A credit card -- "Jamie Reidy" -- slides in and out of the pump. Turning from blowing leaves, Josh tanks the Lumina. He's talking loud on his cell phone.

JOSH (CONT'D)

No, not a "little crush". Obsession. You called it an obsession.

7. ANOTHER GAS STATION. Light snow. Again, Josh tanks the Lumina. Again, he's on his cell phone.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Counseling? Okay, here's some counseling: stop being be a bitch! Oh, wait, did I use "you language"? I'm so sorry, let me re-phrase. I feel...stop being a bitch!

8. STILL ANOTHER GAS STATION. Deep snow. Josh tanks the Lumina. He's on his cell phone per usual.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I know I'll win custody! I'm rich!

A FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me?! Sir?!

It's a WOMAN WITH A STATION WAGON at the adjacent pump.

STATION WAGON WOMAN

Sorry, but it's really dangerous to use a cell phone while pumping gas.

She points to a "Baby on Board" sticker. Her eyes widen in horror. She ducks. A gas cap sails over her.

9. JAMIE'S LIVING ROOM. Josh watches TV. Jamie sneaks in wearing a towel, gets a VIDEO CAMERA from the TV cabinet.

JOSH

Oh, Man...Yuck! Use her place already!

10. GOLF COURSE. Closed for Winter. Pristine snow. Quiet. Laughter. Yells. Jamie chases Maggie over the fairway.

11. NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL GAME. Dr. Knight blows his hands to keep warm. Someone hands him a steaming coffee.

DR. KNIGHT

Fourth and goal. What do you say we up our wager to 300?

Trey sits beside him -- his grin says, "Sure. Why not?"

OUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM IN OLIVE GARDEN - DAY

Furious, Bruce splashes water on his face. Jamie stands behind him. Christmas Muzak plays.

BRUCE

You're 81% off quota on Zolofit! Eight.
One. Twelve points down, Jamie?!

JAMIE

Bad. Yes. But my Zithro's up four--

BRUCE

So?!

Bruce realizes he's being indiscreet. Lowers his voice.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Average patient will need 20 antibiotic scripts in a lifetime. He'll take Zolofit every single day. Until he dies!

(venomous)

Which one should be your priority?! Which one justifies all the gas you burn?!

Jamie goes silent. Bruce dries his face.

A hard beat.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Chicago's opening up. Phil said all four of his other DM's want the job. There's a list. I'm the third name on it. Third!

(turning to him)

How are you going to support me on this?

JAMIE

Dr. Knight. Help me land Knight. Give him
an unrestricted educational grant.

Bruce considers. This is a big ask. Somewhere out in the
restaurant, a waiter chorus of Happy Birthday starts.

INT. DR. KNIGHT'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Knight purses his lips.

DR. KNIGHT

There's no paper work?

Jamie shakes his head -- he sits across a chaotic desk.

JAMIE

We give you a check. You write Zoloft.
We're paying you to educate yourself.

DR. KNIGHT

On what?

JAMIE

On how to get paid to educate yourself.

Dr. Knight laughs. Thinks. Makes a unsure clicking sound.

DR. KNIGHT

I really want to take your money.
(fishing)
Hillman says he can't guarantee his drug
won't effect sexual desire. Can you?

The good doctor is seeking absolution.

CLOSE on Jamie. Wheels spin.

JAMIE

Sexual dysfunction is a non-issue with
Zoloft, Doctor.

Dr. Knight nods. DEAL.

We hold on Jamie's big, forced, false smile.

EXT. SKETCHY SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A SMILEY FACE on a water-tower. Shadowed. Ominous.

The tower stands at the end of a row of 50's TRIPLEXES. A silhouette stands an upper window of the last building.

INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie turns from the window, feeling dirty. Dinner dishes are still on the table. Maggie's fallen asleep on the sofa and lights from a Christmas tree play over her face.

Jamie wanders the room, aimlessly examining her things...

A PAINTING. Two crudely-painted circles. One labeled "Her Fantasy"; the other "His Fantasy". The thin section where the circles overlap is marked "Love". A shelf of foreign travel GUIDES. PHOTO BOXES, each dated. He takes the most recent box down. Carefully lifts the lid...

SNAPSHOTS of Maggie's everyday life. Friends. Signs. Cars. Meals. Service People. (Think early Stephen Shore.)

He finds a shot of himself, the one taken the first day they meet outside Dr. Knight's office. He turns it over; on the back is scribbled: "Sleazy Drug Rep -- 5/20/97".

Jamie considers the photo; its label clearly bothers him.

He puts the box away and goes to sit beside Maggie. She's so still. Beautiful. Vulnerable. Real.

He wakes her, gently, watches her tremor hand start to shimmer. Happy to find Jamie in her dreams, Maggie holds her hand up to his face. He starts to kiss it.

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie and Maggie have slow sex. Long gazes. Timid love.

Suddenly, out in the living area, they hear a loud CLACK, followed by chaotic series of scary SCRAPING SOUNDS.

INT. MAGGIE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jamie and Maggie warily open the bedroom door, listen as the noise gets closer...moving in fits and starts...

A MASSIVE RAT turns the corner, dragging the Humane House after it, tail caught in the trap door. Maggie GASPS.

JAMIE

Jesus!

The House was designed for mice, the rat drags it easily.
It scampers into the bathroom. Disappears.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Shit!

Jamie tip-toes to the bathroom and quickly pulls the door shut. Nerves give way to laughter.

MAGGIE

We have to help it...

JUMP CUT:

We hear the shower curtain collapse. Maggie winces at the closed bathroom door. Jamie yells from within...

JAMIE

Fuck, I'm bit! Fuck!

JUMP CUT:

Maggie has the door cracked, peeking inside, jumping up and down. We hear a pot slamming tile.

MAGGIE

Kill it! Kill it!

JUMP CUT:

Jamie collapses at the door. Rips off kitchen gloves. One of his middle fingers has a ripped gash. Serious blood.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Oh my God! Oh my God!

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM OF VA HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Dr. Clodfelter examines Jamie's wound. Maggie and Trey watch. Clodfelter and Trey wear Santa outfits from some interrupted Christmas event. Trey still holds a beer.

TREY

Rat bite. That's gross.

Maggie gives him a warning look.

DR. CLODFELTER

Careful. Don't bleed on me.

JAMIE

Will I need rabies shots?

TREY

I'd be more worried about Rat Fever,
Murine Typhus, Hepatitis E.

MAGGIE

He's making those up. There's no such
thing as Hepatitis E.

Dr. Clodfelter yells to a RESIDENT across the ER.

DR. CLODFELTER

Dr. Takwah! Main source of Hepatitis E in
this country is...?!

RESIDENT

Rodents!

Maggie shrugs for Jamie. He mouths a "thank you". Maggie
sweats. Trey notices. Jamie notices him noticing.

An SQUEAMISH NURSE walks by...

SQUEAMISH NURSE

That the rat bite?

They all "yeah" in unison.

EXT. VA HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Jamie and Maggie come through rattling automatic doors. He
has a thickly bandaged finger. She yawns, exhausted.

As they go down the sidewalk, Trey emerges behind them.

TREY

Pfizer! Got a second?!

They share a weary glance.

MAGGIE

At least you'll already be in the ER.

INT. ENTRY AREA OF VA HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Trey's waiting as Jamie re-enters. They stand just inside
the doors -- which occasionally creak open, apparently of
their own mysterious accord.

TREY

You need to be more responsible.

JAMIE

What are you talking about?

TREY

Maggie's over medicating.

(no response)

The sweats. The drowsiness.

(no response)

Have you bothered to learn anything about this disease?

They can see Maggie outside, down at the walk, hugging herself against the cold wind. Tiny. Exposed.

TREY (CONT'D)

The tremor's there every second of every day, reminding her she's fucked. So she tries to suppress it. But PD drugs have to be properly titrated. You don't get to take a lot of pills and hope it goes away -- it's not going anywhere.

Jamie hates getting this from Trey, both the exaggerated concern of it and the possibility he may be right.

JAMIE

I was there when Knight wrote her scripts; he seemed to think the dosage was normal.

TREY

He's a family practitioner, Pfizer. I sent her to him because he's a drug whore.

Jamie reels.

TREY (CONT'D)

Maggie's future is a fucking terrifying place. Personally, I don't think you'll be around for much of it. But, for right now, you're in a position to help.

(he's not asking)

Make her face this disease.

Jamie says nothing.

TREY (CONT'D)

You hear me knocking?

JAMIE

Yeah. Here's what I think...I think you like it that Maggie's sick. I think it makes going home to your wife tolerable.

Their eyes lock. This might get ugly. Neither flinches.
Finally, Jamie turns, goes out the rattling doors.

TREY
Does she tape the sex?

Jamie doesn't stop.

TREY (CONT'D)
Ask yourself why she photographs things!

INT. JAMIE'S LUMINA - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Jamie drives, letting his eyes worry over to Maggie. She appears to sleep but her tremor hand shakes.

JAMIE
Maybe you should reduce your drug load.

She hums a non-committal hum.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Parkinson's is a serious disease.

MAGGIE
I'll put that on my tombstone. "Fine. So,
Parkinson's is a serious disease."

They ride a silent moment. She keeps her eyes closed.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Trey's one of those people who everything
he says is really smart -- you just never
know if it's really true.

He can't help smile. She peeks. Pretends to sleep again.
Jamie rubs his bandaged hand on her face.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

JAMIE
Giving you rat cooties.

She rubs the back of her left hand on his arm, up, down.

MAGGIE
There. Now, you have Parkinson's.

JAMIE
I wish it was that easy.

MAGGIE
No, you don't.

Maggie doesn't say anything else, just retreats back into her thoughts. And Jamie drives on.

EXT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Jamie and Maggie stop at his front door, puzzled. They hear SEX SOUNDS coming from inside.

INT. JAMIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie and Maggie enter from the Foyer. A door down the hallway SLAMS SHUT. A sex tape is playing on TV. There's a Vaseline jar and wads of tissue on the coffee table.

Then they see the worst of it: Jamie's video recorder is hooked up to the TV -- playing their sex tape.

INT. ECONOMY CLASS AIRLINE CABIN - TRAVELING - DAY

Josh is on the aisle. Jamie reads a book on Parkinson's.

JOSH
You said she was "thinking" about coming for Christmas. So, just, chill.

JAMIE
Chill?! My brother was masturbating while watching me have sex?!

JOSH
Who looks at the guy? I was focusing her!

JAMIE
Her?! Oh, you mean my girlfriend?!

JOSH
Not her her! Her body parts!

A Woman in Front of them turns around.

JAMIE
Hi, there. Thanks for contributing.

She turns away.

A few amazingly weird seconds.

JOSH

Does video make everything look bigger?

Jamie drops the book.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Seriously, cause at first I was thinking you should get to the gym. But at one point there I was like...whoa.

Jamie waits. Nothing else. As he goes back to the book...

JOSH (CONT'D)

You think Dad is big? He was we when were kids, but everything is big to kids.

(no response)

Fine. Sorry. Okay? I'm freaking out about seeing Farrah. My self-esteem is down. I need you not to have a big penis right now.

INT. MR. REIDY'S CAR - TORONTO - DAY

Tense silence. Mr. Reidy drives. The seating arrangement is the same as last year: Josh and his son in the front, and Jamie, Mom, Jamie's Niece and Farrah in the back.

Only Jamie is not depressed, speaks more-or-less to Dad.

JAMIE

I've pretty consistently busted quota.

MRS. REIDY

Burst, Honey.

MR. REIDY

Good. Your quota is everything. It lets them see that you eat, sleep, and breath for Pfizer Pharmaceuticals.

(then)

You won't be just a drug rep for long.

Jamie's a bit wounded by the implied contempt.

MR. REIDY (CONT'D)

Takes a big man to start at the bottom.

JAMIE

Yeah.

Jamie goes completely silent. A long, miserable beat.

Mrs. Reidy can feel the disappointment.

MRS. REIDY
 We're real proud of you.
 (then)
 Both our boys.
 (then)
 And Farrah, too.

INT. REIDY DINING ROOM - DAY

The Reidy Christmas Dinner. Horrible. Josh and Farrah are ready to kill each other. Mrs. Reidy is fake smiling.

Jamie's Nephew starts to cry. Farrah rubs his back as she glares at Josh. Jamie's Niece is next -- her Father pulls her close. Then Farrah starts to sniffle.

As Josh fights a tear, we realize the family will soon be under the same roof again. Still, no one dares speak.

EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - LANSING - DAY

A bundled FLIP-FLOP WOMAN waters plants. She sees someone down below, leans around a broken satellite dish.

FLIP-FLOP WOMAN (O.S.)
 Darryl! Wasssuuuup?! Christmassss!

She woo-hoo's in that sad, random, party-girl way.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
 They were all crying?

JAMIE (O.S.)
 Yeah.

INT. MAGGIE'S MOM'S KITCHEN - DAY

On the wall phone behind a messy bar, Maggie watches her MOTHER (45) through a sliding glass door.

JAMIE (O.S.)
 How was Christmas in Lansing?

MAGGIE
 We sat around drinking Fanta Vodkas and listening to classic rock radio. Now, my Mom's on the balcony watering her pot.

JAMIE (O.S.)
 Festive.

INT. REIDY UTILITY ROOM - DAY

Laundry. Jamie's on the house phone. He's holding the Parkinson's book; it's full of post-it notes.

JAMIE

Pfizer's got some guy going around the country, doing field interviews for a new division. He sent me an e-mail. Wants to meet. He's coming to South Bend in a couple weeks. He's gotta be in Chicago.
(carefully)
For the National Parkinson's Convention.

INTERCUT AS THEY SPEAK:

Jamie's very tentative.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I thought we could maybe go up for it. The Convention. For the weekend.
(no response)
If it wouldn't, you know, freak you out.

Maggie stares straight ahead.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Maggie?

Silence.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Maggie?

MAGGIE

Yeah.

JAMIE

You okay?

MAGGIE

Yeah.

JAMIE

Say you'll come.

MAGGIE

Don't try to close me.

Silence.

She takes a deep breath.

INT. HYATT LOBBY - CHICAGO - DAY

The National Parkinson's Convention. AVERAGE AMERICANS. A few with tremors, various kineses, shuffling gaits.

Moving through the crowd, Jamie scans a program.

JERRY'S VOICE

Reidy!

Jamie passes Jerry, the unpleasant Neuroscience Rep.

JAMIE

Hey, Jerry.

JERRY

The Urology Guy's coming to South Bend. I heard you got an interview.

Jamie plays dumb and keeps moving.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Mention me!

INT. HYATT MEZZANINE BAR - DAY

Maggie sits alone with the bags. She watches CNN on a bar TV [Clinton denies sexual relations with "that woman"].

She's feeling jittery, out-of-place. She's relieved when Jamie hurries up the stairs. He hands her THINGS.

JAMIE

Room card. We're in 3241. All access pass
...Rock on! Boring booklet. Program.

He shows her the program; he's going to make this fun.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Okay. Next series starts in ten minutes.
I'm going to the caregivers session.

MAGGIE

"T-L-Me: Caring for Caregivers".

JAMIE

I'm hearing good buzz on "Young Onset Med
Management" and "Nutrition Matters".

She grabs the program with a pained grunt.

MAGGIE
I'll do "Healing with Humor."

INT. "CARING FOR CARE-GIVERS" SESSION - DAY

Mostly spouses. Jamie has a pad out. The CHEERY SEMINAR LEADER writes letters on a white board...H-O-P-E.

CHEERY SEMINAR LEADER
This is our care-givers mantra. H is for honesty. O is for optimism. P is for patience. And E...is for the E in hope.

The faulty parallelism screws up Jamie's neat notes.

INT. "HEALING THROUGH HUMOR" SESSION - DAY

Maggie sits alone in a back row, anxious, taking in every single twitch, tic and tremor in the room.

A NONDESCRIPT WOMAN with dyskinesia -- bobbing, squirming -- steps to the mic. She looks the audience over.

NONDESCRIPT WOMAN
Fuck soup.

Shocked titters. It takes a couple of jokes for the crowd to warm, as if everyone needs permission.

NONDESCRIPT WOMAN (CONT'D)
Fuck shoelaces. Fuck jewelry.
(then)
I feel better. Is it hot in here, or is it just my Levodopa? God. Shake and Bake. Look at you people. You're like one giant Talking Heads Tribute Band.

Maggie cackles her weird laugh. She's the only one.

NONDESCRIPT WOMAN (CONT'D)
Let's try again. You're like a choir from a crystal meth detox.

A smattering of chuckles.

NONDESCRIPT WOMAN (CONT'D)
Fine. You're Don Knotts in "The Ghost and Mr. Chicken."

Everyone laughs, applauds. The Comedian shakes her head.

CLOSE on Maggie: this may just be camp enough to enjoy.

JUMP CUT:

Maggie's having a good time.

NONDESCRIPT WOMAN (CONT'D)
I always used to say, I hate my body. "I
hate my body." What, it was listening?

JUMP CUT:

Maggie's having a great time.

NONDESCRIPT WOMAN (CONT'D)
Why can't this disease make you sexier?
Like heroin. My friend, Rumi, had breast
cancer. Man, they gave her great tits.
She had crap! Now, Pam Tits! For free!

JUMP CUT:

The Comedian cocks an ear and shushes the crowd.

NONDESCRIPT WOMAN (CONT'D)
Wait. Wait.

She listens carefully.

NONDESCRIPT WOMAN (CONT'D)
Never mind. Sorry.
(then)
I thought there was a cure coming.

This resonates. The room EXPLODES. Maggie's on her feet.

INT. "CARING FOR CARE-GIVERS" SESSION - DAY

Jamie's at the coffee table. Nodding at everybody. Trying too hard. He waits on non-dairy creamer from a CALIFORNIA MAN with a fancy watch and country-club clothes.

CALIFORNIA MAN
Your wife?

JAMIE
Girlfriend. Stage One. You?

CALIFORNIA MAN
Wife. Since '73.

JAMIE

Any advice?

The Man glances at him, goes back to fixing his coffee.

CALIFORNIA MAN

You don't need my advice.

JAMIE

I'm very trainable.

There's something too slick about this kid.

CALIFORNIA MAN

My advice is to go upstairs, pack your bags and leave a nice note. Go find yourself a healthy woman. I love my wife. I do. But I wouldn't do it over again.

His voice is guileless, flat with heartache.

CALIFORNIA MAN (CONT'D)

The thing nobody tells you: this disease will steal everything you love in her. Her mind. Her body. Her smile.

(a beat)

Don't listen to me. I'm a grumpy bastard.

He leaves Jamie with a quick, guilty pat.

INT. JAMIE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jamie sits in an arm chair, shell-shocked.

Maggie's filthy bag is on the bed, messy, its contents strewn. She has a lot of medicine. On the luggage rack, his own bag is still neatly packed, ready to go....

He's startled by the sound of the DOOR opening.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

What a great fucking idea!

Maggie enters, elated. He gives her a salesman's smile.

JAMIE

Hi, there.

EXT. MAGGIE'S TRIPLEX - SOUTH BEND - NIGHT

The Lumina rolls to stop out front. The doors don't open.

INT. JAMIE'S LUMINA - NIGHT

Jamie's distant. Maggie's watchful.

MAGGIE

What's wrong? You haven't said two words
since we left the hotel.

JAMIE

I just need more prep for this meeting.

She reaches out and gently strokes his hair.

MAGGIE

It's okay. I'm not mad. Look at me.

He shows her his eyes; there's a flash of angry guilt in
them. She withdraws her hand. Her defenses go up.

JAMIE

I've slacked off a lot. At work. Since we
started. I need to focus. Drill down.

They both know he's lying. An ugly beat.

Everything changes.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

It's a lot, Maggie.

Stillness.

Maggie's fighting tears now. She opens the door and gets
out. Slams it shut.

Jamie waits. The back door opens. She grabs her bag. And
he flinches as she slams it, too.

INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Maggie hasn't slept. Red-eyed, she gets a box from a high
shelf, rummages, finds a dirty CASSETTE and old WALKMAN.

EXT. MAGGIE'S TRIPLEX - DAWN

Maggie comes out in sweat pants, wearing headphones. She
starts the tape. MUSIC. Warbled. Tinny. It's Cindi Lauper
-- recorded off the radio years ago, a guilty pleasure.

THE TINNY SONG
Lying in my bed I hear the clock tick...

Maggie jogs off down her street, lined with dirty snow.

EXT. MAGGIE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN

A junky avenue. Light poles. Wires. Signs for the usual loans, lubes, liquor. Maggie runs.

AND THE SONG GOES
Sometimes you picture me. I'm walking too far ahead. You're calling to me, I can't hear what you've said. You say, "Go slow, I fall behind." The second hand unwinds.

She runs down a FRONTAGE ROAD. Cars whizz pass.

AND THE SONG GOES (CONT'D)
If you're lost, you can look and you will find me. Time after time.

She moves in front of an abandoned STRIP MALL.

AND THE SONG GOES (CONT'D)
If you fall, I will catch you. I will be waiting. Time after time.

The jogs through the DOLLAR STORE PARKING LOT with the large dumpster in center of it.

AND THE SONG GOES (CONT'D)
If you're lost, you can look and you will find me. Time after time.

She slows. Stops. Stares at nothing; her face, blank.

AND THE SONG GOES (CONT'D)
If you fall, I will catch you. I will be waiting. Time after time.

She's hardening her heart.

AND THE SONG GOES (CONT'D)
Time after--

Maggie clicks the song abruptly OFF.

INT. COURTYARD BY MARRIOTT ROOM - SOUTH BEND - DAY

We push in SLOWLY on Jamie being interviewed, not really listening, lost in an unexpected misery.

SOME MAN (O.S.)
We got early third-stage approval for the
new PDE5 inhibitor, sildenafil citrate.

Closer. Jamie barely seems to breathe.

SOME MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm out on the road talking to reps. The
best. For a new Urology division.

Closer. Jamie looks down at his left hand. Still.

SOME MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Set up just to market our ED drug. Local
man will answer to Bruce -- until we can
hire a Urology DM out here. Reidy?

This gets Jamie's attention.

JAMIE
Yes. Brian. ED.

Sitting across a table from Jamie is a corporate player
named BRIAN (33). This guy is no mere suit.

BRIAN
Erectile Dysfunction. Huge market. Not to
mention the off-label potential for a pill
that gives men rock-hard erections. And
cuts the refractory period in half -- like
when a second girl crawls into bed.

JAMIE
An pill? For erections?

Brian considers the local talent. He went to Wharton for
this? He leans in and gestures Jamie closer.

BRIAN
It's not just a pill. It's a revolution.
(then)
We're calling it "Viagra".

A FEW QUICK SCENES:

1. OB/GYN'S OFFICE. Packed. The door fly opens. Jamie. A
changed man. The Tough Receptionist jumps to her feet.

TOUGH RECEPTIONIST

He's here!

Other Reps watch stunned as Jamie goes straight on back.

2. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL ATRIUM. Jamie flirts with a Nurse.
Two Young Doctors nervously approach him.

YOUNG DOCTOR

Mr. Reidy? Can we buy you lunch?

3. GOLF COURSE. Jamie laughs with Three Moneyed Doctors.
Dr. Knight runs up. Winded. Uninvited.

DR. KNIGHT

Reidy. Hey. Viagra samples come in yet?

4. VA HOSPITAL. Jamie leans against Dr. Clodfelter's desk;
the MD ignores the violation of his personal space zone.

DR. CLODFELTER

How soon?

JAMIE

Soon.

5. RUBY TUESDAYS. Packed. Jamie's talking to three COEDS.

COED ONE

Okay, let's say a guy takes it and then,
you know, "releases" inside of you. Will
it burn? Down there?

COED TWO

Or in your throat?

COED THREE

Or in your eye?

6. UROLOGIST'S RECEPTION AREA. Empty. A stunned DR. ELMER
(67) scans Jamie's Viagra literature.

DR. ELMER

So patients can have sex until...?

JAMIE

They die.

7. VA HOSPITAL SAMPLE CLOSET. Jamie stocks it with brand
new Viagra packets. Veterans watch, ogling, reverent.
Someone hacks a cough, the others shush him with glowers.

8. DR. ELMER'S HALLWAY. Jamie stocks his sample closet -- there's whole shelf for Viagra. Jamie can hear...

DR. ELMER IN HIS OFFICE
And you think you need Viagra?

MAN'S VOICE	WOMAN'S VOICE
No.	Yes.
(then)	(then)
No!	Yes!

A strained silence. Then...

WOMAN'S VOICE
Yes.

9. LIVING ROOM. Jamie irons with spray starch. Watches "Conan". His apartment is now beautifully furnished.

CONAN O'BRIEN
By now, you've all heard about Viagra.
(knowing chuckles)
That's what women want to hear during
sex: "Who's your Grand-Daddy?!"

The phone's been ringing. The machine records a message.

JOSH (O.S.)
Bro! Where are my samples?! Saaaamples! I
got you that job!

10. APARTMENT COMPLEX PARKING LOT. Early. Jamie comes out of his apartment. Rural Dr. Hancock (the wood chopper) is waiting for him. The doctor smiles a sheepish smile.

11. BMW DEALERSHIP. Jamie eyes the brand new SILVER X5. A SALES WOMAN appears over his shoulder.

BMW SALES WOMAN
That one's still available.

JAMIE
Not any more.

12. DR. ELMER'S RECEPTION. The Doc escorts Jamie from the back, laughing. His waiting room is now full of Men.

DR. ELMER
Gentlemen! This is our Viagra Rep!

The Men applaud. Jamie Riedy beams. He's made it.

OUT TO:

INT. OLIVE GARDEN - DAY

Bruce is stone-faced. Jamie sits, wary. Bruce tosses the monthly Sales Report down in front of him.

Then...he explodes with enthusiasm.

BRUCE

You're the number five Viagra Rep! In the country! Ka-ching! Woo! Money Train!

It's better than Jamie had hoped. Bruce is so excited he can't speak in adult sentences.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

And I told Phil, I said, I'll get him to number one. And he said, casual, "Do that and I'll give you Chicago." Chicago!

Bruce holds up his hand for a high five.

JAMIE

Number one, Bruce?

BRUCE

Hey. Hey. No stinkin' thinkin'! You've got rapport my friend! Docs love you!

(lowers his voice)

Get them all to write it. Oncology. Derma. Gastro. Anybody with a scripts pad.

Bruce burns with missionary zeal.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You can do this, Jamie.

(then)

You can do anything you want.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BAR - DAY

Jamie nurses a beer and entertains a crowd of Doctors.

FRAT-ISH DOCTOR

Okay...Okay...How rigid?

Jamie thumps his bottle with a finger. Ooohs. Laughs.

He sees Shawna across the club, watching him entertain. She shakes her head at him, playfully. He does a little shuck and jive for her. She laughs. Their eyes hold. She could well be the most alluring creature on the planet.

Shawna pats the seat beside her.

INT. JAMIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The phone RINGS. Jamie enters in SILK PAJAMAS, gargling mouthwash. He checks the caller ID. Spits in the sink.

Answers the phone...

JAMIE (ON THE PHONE)
I bought the silk ones...Oh. Sure...

His eyes go to VIAGRA SAMPLE BOXES on his counter.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
...Not a problem...I bet you will...Bye.

He hangs up, smiling. He takes two Viagra packets out of their tiny boxes and puts them in his pocket.

EXT. CONDO FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Party sounds. Jamie rings the doorbell. Shawna opens her door with the mock surprise of all tipsy hostesses.

SHAWNA
Jamie! You came! Yea!

Her robe's open to reveal pajamas somehow both corporate and provocative.

INT. SHAWNA'S CONDO - NIGHT

A PAJAMA PARTY of heartland sales types. Buff bodies. Bad hair. And beer. MUSIC blaring on a stereo is dated Top 40 pop ["Everybody (Backstreet's Back)"].

Jamie fields questions from a handful of inquisitors.

WOMAN ADULT-SIZED FOOTIES
Does Viagra work on women?

JAMIE
Some. About twenty percent see increased lubrication and clitoral engorgement.

Hoots. Snickers. Somebody yells, "Clitoral engorgement!"

Shawna comes up, pulls Jamie off to a corner. She reaches deep in his pajamas and fishes out the Viagra packet.

SHAWNA

Okay. I'll take one if you take one.

Without waiting for an answer, she puts a blue tab on her tongue and kisses him. She swallows her own with beer.

JAMIE

You shouldn't take that with alcohol.

She giggles like he's being droll. Grabs his hand.

SHAWNA

Come. Stay close to me.

JUMP CUT:

Shawna and Jamie sip beers with a NICE PROFESSIONAL GUY.

NICE PROFESSIONAL GUY

The company out there gave him stock options. He said they're already worth two million. That's Fuck-You Money.

SHAWNA

Two million is not Fuck-You Money. Fuck-You Money doesn't start till like ten or fifteen. Two million. Please.

Her beer is empty. She takes Jamie's.

SHAWNA (CONT'D)

Who isn't worth two million these days?

She does a cartoon smirk for Jamie. He nods awkwardly.

JUMP CUT:

Shawna introduces Jamie to a busty ASIAN-AMERICAN WOMAN.

SHAWNA (CONT'D)

This is my home girl, Khae. She's Thai.
(grabs a fake boob)
And I'm Thai-Curious.

KHAE & SHAWNA

(in unison)
"You can't rape the willing!"

They drunk laugh. Loud. Jamie forces a chuckle. He's not having a great time. A Wasted Guy comes up.

WASTED GUY

Jaaamieeee! I neeeeed Viaaaggggaaaa!

SHAWNA

God, Kyle! Give it a rest!

Her fury is instantaneous and vehement. A strained beat. Jamie realizes that Shawna's a deeply unpleasant person, and very mean drunk.

JUMP CUT:

Jamie and Shawna hang at the bar. All across the room, people in PJ's stare at the Viagra Guy.

Shawna dances [Puff Daddy's "Been Around the World"] with more-or-less herself. He has to yell over the music...

JAMIE

You don't have to baby-sit me! If you need to talk to your friends!

SHAWNA

These aren't my friends!

She dances on. He considers her. Of course, Shawna has NO friends. She's a nightmare. Jamie's had enough of her and the pajama party. He checks his watch.

JAMIE

Listen, I should really--

She senses what's coming and stops dancing.

SHAWNA

What?!

Stares. A bass beat.

The MUSIC STOPS COLD. Khae holds up a weathered GAME BOX.

KHAE

Okay, everybody! Time for Twister!

JUMP CUT:

Irritated, Jamie is on all fours with contorted humans in strange positions above him. A PETITE WOMAN squirms under him, they're very close, both a bit embarrassed.

Suddenly, a look of HORROR comes over Jamie's face. He's getting an erection. Closer. He tries to wish it away. He is actually starting to sweat a little when...

THE PETITE WOMAN

What...Oh, my God! What's wrong with you!

EXT. CONDO FRONT PORCH - DAY

The door opens.

Jamie comes out, embarrassed. Shawna's angry. Cold.

JAMIE

Thanks.

She does her tight, dismissive smile, and shuts the door.

INT. JAMIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

A closed shower curtain.

JAMIE (O.S.)

(freezing)

Shit. Shit. Shit.

The water stops. The curtain flies open. Jamie's just had a very cold shower. Shivering, he towels himself dry.

But, inevitably, as he looks down,...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(puzzled)

Shit.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jamie reads the fine print on the Viagra Package Insert.

JAMIE

(worried)

Shit.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Jamie's awake in bed. A pup tent in the sheets.

JAMIE

(irritated)

Shit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie quickly goes through his small collection of video boxes: "Goodfellas", "Wall Street", "Rudy". He takes a second to consider "The English Patient" but tosses it.

He's holding the Vaseline jar.

He stands and goes to the TV cabinet, opens it to reveal the infamous VIDEO CAMERA, the one he used with Maggie.

He hooks the camera up to his TV. He goes and sits on the couch. Presses PLAY on the camera's tiny remote.

ON THE TV: A few seconds of black, then Maggie comes into view, naked under a sheet, facing the camera.

JAMIE (O.S.)

Say something. This is your idea.

MAGGIE

Hello. My name's Maggie Murtock. And I'm about to have reprobate sex with, what's your name? Oh, right. Jamie. Reidy. And we're taping it. So...so, if I don't dump him, he can always remember how totally hot I am. Was. Kids, if you're watching this, stop right now and put it back in Mommy's hiding place! Or you'll be sorry!

JAMIE (O.S)

That's for sure.

MAGGIE

Yeah, just that. So, we can remember. So, I'll have this. Me. Today.

She can't go further.

Jamie watches himself enter the frame. He watches himself lie beside Maggie. Kiss her. Touch her.

Suddenly, the screen goes BLACK. Jamie lowers the remote.

JAMIE

(self-hating)

Shit.

He sits a moment. And -- maybe for the first time in his life -- Jamie Reidy's forgotten about his penis.

INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Empty. Dark. Maggie's phone rings. And rings.

JUMP CUT:

A rainy day. The phone rings.

JUMP CUT:

A sunny day. The phone rings.

JUMP CUT:

Dawn. Maggie crosses in jogging clothes. She's in good shape, break-up shape.

She ignores the ringing phone.

EXT. MEGA-CHURCH - NIGHT

Jamie leans against his new BMW, watching the last of the Retirees leave the buses for their cars. He straightens.

A figure approaches. Sandy.

SANDY

She's not working this weekend.

Skeptical, Jamie looks past him. Is he lying? Sandy won't budge. Jamie gives him a hard look. Leaves.

EXT. KICKBALL FIELD ADJACENT TO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY

A Woman in a Wet T-Shirt slides in water...to first base.

FIRST BASE UMPIRE (O.S.)

Safe!

The annual SQUIBB GIRLS VS. MEMORIAL DOCS KICKBALL GAME. All the bases are slip-and-slides. Umpires at each base hose down the long yellow strips of plastic.

Everyone's soaking. The maroon rubber ball, so evocative of childhood, slaps wet skin. It's hard to imagine a more offensive event. Naturally, the stands are packed.

We find Trey watching, way down the right field baseline. A figure comes up beside him. Jamie. Their distance from the action suggests the meeting was pre-arranged.

TREY

I'm sure some of the drugs we all sell do actually save lives. Problem is...who the hell would you ask?

They watch the spectacle, then get down to business.

TREY (CONT'D)

What can I do for you, Pfizer?

JAMIE

Maggie won't talk to me.

TREY

Yeah. I heard.

JAMIE

Help me. Get her to call me. Please.

This is hard for Jamie, and Trey knows it.

TREY

You have a penis, Pfizer. Penises always want what they can't have.

(simply)

Let's not make a telenovela out of it.

A tense beat.

TREY (CONT'D)

Go. Live your corporate life. Maggie's a whole other career you don't want.

JAMIE

You're a coward, Trey. You want everybody else to be a coward, too.

(then)

You don't know what I want.

TREY

Do you? Really?

The question's a good one -- and it hits its mark.

TREY (CONT'D)

She's moving. Back to Lansing. At the end of the Summer. She wants to live with her Mother, pay off her cards. Let her go.

(direct)

If not, I'll do whatever it takes to keep you away from her.

He looks back toward the game.

TREY (CONT'D)
 She deserves better than a drug rep.

Trey leaves Jamie at the fence, leaves him with a field full of doctors chasing a woman with a rubber ball.

INT. UNITED CENTER - CHICAGO - DAY

A big erect penis on the JUMBOTRON. A medical drawing. On the Bulls floor, far below, a Paid Speaker does a Viagra presentation for Doctors, happily standing on the court.

Jamie's in the back, gossiping with a few DERMATOLOGISTS.

DERMATOLOGIST
 The CEO's 73. Last year, he celebrated his golden wedding anniversary, started preparing for retirement, sat around all day reading yacht brochures. Then...he starts on Viagra. Today, he's divorced, married to the Corporate Giving Director and suing his kids for share control!

Then, to Jamie, blissfully free of any moral qualms,...

DERMATOLOGIST (CONT'D)
 Your drug's terrific!

Jamie nods politely, really uncomfortable.

CUT TO:

Through a microwave window: a PFIZER MUG rotates on the dolly...Pfizer...Pfizer...Pfizer....

INT. JAMIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Saturday. We can hear the TV in the Living Room [Clinton admits an "inappropriate relationship" with Lewinsky].

Jamie holds a tea bag and microwaves water. Looks around. He's surrounded by Pfizer give-aways. Wall clock. Plates. Magnets. Note pads. Pens. Pencils. Coasters.

This is his pathetic life. He's living for Pfizer.

When the microwave beeps, he's lost in unhappy thoughts. He looks down at the tea bag. Drops it. Gets a beer.

EXT. JAMIE'S BALCONY - DAY

Windy. A row of five empty beer bottles rattles.

Wrapped in a blanket on a patio chair, Jamie sips another beer and holds a flapping STRIP OF PAPER -- we see faded words: "...Life Goal...Canadian dollars...1984...."

CLOSE on the old strip of paper. Shuttering angrily.

Jamie releases it. The wind takes it. Jamie watches his old identity blow away, watches the strip rise off until he loses it against the landscape suburban Michiana.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PARKING LOT - DAY

Hot. Muggy.

Jamie pulls a big box of lunches out of the Lumina. He sets them on the hood a minute, so he can scratch some caked food off his sleeve.

Something catches his eye. He turns to see a...

A MASSIVE APPLE COMPUTERS AD. It covers the side of a building. It's a b/w picture of Jim Henson and Kermit, with the famous slogan: "Think Different."

Jamie smirks cynically and picks up the lunches. STOPS. He puts the food down again. Walks closer to the ad.

A tiny figure below a giant bearded man and frog puppet.

CLOSE on Jamie. His mind is spinning. Plotting. He bites his bottom lip in a way we haven't seen in awhile.

CUT TO:

We see COLLEGE CHEERLEADERS through BINOCULARS.

BRUCE (O.S.)
The redhead has very authentic pep.

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM STANDS - WEST LAFAYETTE - DAY

Bruce lowers binoculars. He and his ASSISTANT DM (39) -- his female dopplegänger -- scout Purdue Cheerleaders.

BRUCE
See if she's talked to a headhunter yet.

ASSISTANT DM

Who's that?

A young man in a suit runs up the steps toward them.

BRUCE

Jamie Reidy. Urology Rep in South Bend.

(standing)

Reidy?! What the....Did somebody die?!

JAMIE

Oh...No!

BRUCE

You scared us! What are you doing here?!

Jamie stops down the steps. He holds up a finger as he catches his breath.

Then...

JAMIE

I don't want Chicago!

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Jamie sits on the bench. Bruce paces on the field.

BRUCE

You wanna move to East Lansing, Michigan?

JAMIE

No. Just regular Lansing.

BRUCE

Lansing? Why?

Jamie decides to be honest.

JAMIE

I met somebody.

Bruce explodes.

BRUCE

You met somebody?! You met somebody?! I don't wanna know your personal life! We had a deal! Chicago. Remember. I hired you to get me Chicago! So, get me Chicago!

(clear and cold)

You make number one on Viagra, then I'll transfer you wherever the fuck you want.

He marches off. Jamie stays seated, sincerely stunned.

EXT. VA HOSPITAL - DAY

The Abbott Labs Rep stands in pouring rain.

He watches an exposed Jamie carry a stack of SMOOTHIES up the other sidewalk, quick, determined.

INT. SAMPLE ROOM IN VA HOSPITAL - DAY

Jamie passes. Stops cold.

CLOSE on Jamie's stunned face. REVERSE on a full shelf of Viagra samples; they've barely been touched.

INT. ER EXAM ROOM IN VA HOSPITAL - DAY

Jamie finds Dr. Clodfelter sniff testing a thermometer.

JAMIE

You guys aren't giving out the Viagra?

DR. CLODFELTER

Oh, hey. Yeah, well, it's a new drug. We all need to see more side-effects data. Did you see that scary priapism study?

JAMIE

What study? Where did you see it?

Dr. Clodfelter grows nervous. A beat. He simply leaves.

INT. DR. ELMER'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Elmer, the Urologist, pulls Jamie in to complain.

DR. UROLOGY

Why do you make the damn Viagra diamond-shaped? My patients are having a heck of time splitting their tabs.

Jamie's not sure he's serious.

JAMIE

That's why it's diamond shaped. That way patients don't order the higher dose and make two pills out of one.

DR. ELMER
I was told you wanted them to split it.
(exasperated)
To reduce the over-heated demand?

JAMIE
Who told you that?

The doctor realizes he's been duped.

Then,...

DR. ELMER
Why would Mr. Hillman care about Viagra?

INT. BRUCE'S GARAGE - DUSK

Saturday. Bruce packs away old Barbie stuff. A lot of it. Loud rap plays from a boom box on the dryer. He raps out a verse, does the gestures, Barbie's hair flying.

He FREEZES. Jamie's standing his open garage doorway.

JAMIE
Did you tell Hillman I wanted Lansing?

Bruce hesitates.

BRUCE
I've been interviewing.

Jamie leaves.

Bruce calls after him...

BRUCE (CONT'D)
The best way to poach a competing rep is
with a blockbuster drug!

EXT. RED LOBSTER - NIGHT

Trey waves good-night to a couple of Doctors and walks to his car, starts the vehicle, backs up, brakes.

He gets out of the car to find he has a FLAT TIRE.

Trey suspiciously scans the parking lot.

INT. PIZZA HUT - NIGHT

Doctors cluster for free family pizzas. Jamie watches Dr. Knight make fake conversation with a small group.

DR. KNIGHT
I always say if they split their Viagra,
it's film coating is compromised. So the
absorption rate is gonna be compromised.

Other Doctors concur, anxious to seem in the know. Across the room, Jamie gives Dr. Knight a covert thumbs up.

Jamie's handed a couple of pies.

JAMIE
Okay...Dr. Morris? Pepperoni mushroom.

A LANKY DOCTOR steps forward for the pizzas.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Compliments of Pfizer Pharmaceuticals.

The LIGHTS GO OUT. Near Black.

MANAGER'S VOICE
It's okay! Nobody move!

Murmurs. Occasional car lights strobe the restaurant.

SOMEBODY'S VOICE
Must be a black out.

DR. KNIGHT'S VOICE
Lights are on across the street.

Indeed, the businesses across street are brightly lit. In passing headlights, we see Jamie's eyes narrow.

SOMEBODY'S VOICE
Well, that's weird.

EXT. ABANDONED AVENUE - NIGHT

Green light. Jamie idles in his Lumina, not moving. It's the middle of the night. He wears a cap and sunglasses.

When the light turns red, he drives carefully across the Avenue. As he does so, a remote TRAFFIC CAMERA flashes -- the car's photo is taken for a moving violation.

JUMP CUT:

Jamie again waits for a green light. It turns red, and he crosses the Avenue. Again, he is caught by a photo FLASH.

JUMP CUT:

FLASH. Jamie carefully runs another red light.

JUMP CUT:

FLASH. And another.

JUMP CUT:

Again. FLASH.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

CLOSE on a minivan's bumper sticker: "Big Pharma Sucks".

We move over to find Jamie screwing license plates back onto Trey's identical Lumina.

EXT. OVERFLOW PARKING LOT AT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY

A shimmering, empty expanse of asphalt.

Jamie drags his bag to the car, scared. He parked way out here to feel safe, but now just feels exposed.

A subtle, sudden whizz and a GOLF BALL slams the pavement a few yards from him, bouncing high and away.

Jamie spins. Freezes. Listens. Surely, this was a freak accident. Sun glare off the hospital's facade blinds him to its many roofs. The ball pings on peacefully.

As he remembers to breathe, he hears a second whizz and GRUNTS as the second golf ball lands TERRIFYINGLY CLOSE.

Jamie drops his detail bag and runs.

He's almost to the Lumina when the third golf ball lands ahead, hits a pebble, jags across his path.

I/E JAMIE'S LUMINA - DAY

Jamie fumbles with his keys as the fourth golf ball bounces ten feet from the hood and sails safely over. He can see the fifth fall...and land off to his left.

He guns the engine, then he remembers the roller bag.

He zigzags through the empty lot to recover it; he pulls up too close and runs over the handle. He opens his door, grabs the bag, fights to get its bulk into the car.

A ball hits the back of the Lumina with a loud THUMP.

JAMIE

Fuck!

As Jamie races for the lot's far exit, a final golf ball bounces beside him like a music dot looking to play.

EXT. PARKING LOT TO DR. KNIGHT'S BUILDING - DAY

The Lumina's trunk pops wearily open.

Jamie looks terrible. His usually neat trunk is in chaos. His bag is beat to hell; he opens it and dumps give-aways to force a box of Viagra inside (payment for Dr. Knight).

Closing his trunk, Jamie sees Trey across the lot, headed the same place. Eyes lock. Then distance to the door is quickly calculated. Both start walking, calm, nonchalant.

They pick up speed. Faster.

Power walks. Faster. Bags bounce wildly. Faster.

Two handsome men in suits start SPRINTING.

EXT. DR. KNIGHT'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Packed. Moms chat. Sick Kids play with toys on the floor. A couple of nervous men have come in for Viagra.

The door flies open. Trey and (then) Jamie enter, winded from the run, trying to cover. Everyone's a bit startled. The air is suddenly flush with testosterone.

A Small Boy looks up at them with x-ray specs.

They smile salesmen smiles. Trey leads Jamie to the front desk, where Janice hovers over the RECEPTIONIST.

TREY
Ladies.

JAMIE
Ladies.

TREY
We're double teaming you today.

Trey makes Jamie wait as he signs in, slowly.

TREY (CONT'D)
Hey, Janice? Quick question. I can let Jamie here use my kids' Lindane shampoo, right? That should work for him?

She immediately reacts.

JANICE
(to Jamie)
You can't bring head lice in here!

Mothers instinctively reach for children.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Out. Out! Seriously! Stand outside. I'll come get the samples. Go!

Jamie stares blankly at Trey.

TREY
I'll tell the doc you'll see him Monday.

Trey turns back to the desk.

TREY (CONT'D)
Let's hope it's for his head.

Jamie punches Trey in the back of his skull. The blow is violent enough to throw him off balance, he crashes into a planter on his way down. Children scream.

RECEPTIONIST
Oh my God!

Jamie tries to assume a fighting crouch but his hand is in too much pain. Trey gets up and comes after him.

They tumble to the floor, a blur of awkward blows, their suits restricting them. Over-large plastic toys fly at terrified children. Mothers scream. Shield their young.

JANICE

Rep Fight! We gotta a Rep Fight!

Trey gets Jamie beneath him, rabbit punches his stomach. Jamie's trying to punch above, blindly. It's a strange sight. The Prozac and Zoloft detail men squirming and punching and kicking among panicked sick kids. Janice and Dr. Knight and a Big Father run out to separate them.

DR. KNIGHT

Stop this! Stop it! Now! Hillman! Stop!

The Big Father gets Trey in a police hold. Dr. Knight head locks Jamie. Janice bear hugs a flailing arm.

JANICE

Careful! He's got head lice!

DR. KNIGHT

Well, what do you want me to do?!

They get them separated. Only a few rhetorical kicks.

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)

We cool?! Reidy?! We cool?!

Trey nods. Jamie nods. The Father lets Trey go. Jamie's also freed. Everyone stands.

Skittish seconds. We don't know if the truce will hold.

Trey -- sick of the fight, sick of his life -- grabs his bag and leaves.

EXT. DR. KNIGHT'S BUILDING - DUSK

Jamie sits on the curb, suit torn, face scratched, a few major bruises but nothing he'll brag about.

A rumpled and stressed Dr. Knight stands over him.

DR. KNIGHT

What the hell were you thinking?! This is a doctor's office! People come through the door looking to litigate! Good God, Reidy! My portfolio is 40% Pfizer! Four. Zero. What the hell?! What the hell?

A jittery beat.

Finally,...

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)

Tell you one thing, I'm gonna diversify.

INT. JAMIE'S FOYER - NIGHT

Dark. Late. Someone's POUNDING on the front door.

Jamie enters in his underwear, wielding a tennis racket.
He checks the peep hole, can't believe it.

He cracks the door open. Josh pushes through, unhappy.

JAMIE

No, I wasn't asleep.

INT. JAMIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Josh has his face angled to a light as Jamie enters.

JAMIE

What?

JOSH

Look! I took your fucking drug.

Josh's neck and face are bright red.

JAMIE

Flushing. It's a common side effect.
Temporary. Not a big deal.

JOSH

It will be if Farrah sees it!

JAMIE

Then...why are you on Viagra?

Josh hesitates. Jamie moans.

JOSH

It's not what you think. Fine. There's
this web site: Bad Cheerleader.

JAMIE

You're such an asshole.

JOSH

What?

JAMIE

I get up early! And you're married!

JOSH

So?!

JAMIE

Look at your face!

A beat.

JOSH

What happened to yours?

Jamie throws his hands up. "Don't ask!"

JOSH (CONT'D)

Dad wants you to send more samples.

JAMIE

I just sent him a whole package. What, he's fucking around, too?

Josh slaps Jamie's head. Jamie slaps him back. A brief shoving match ensues. Brotherly. Rhetorical.

Josh goes into the Kitchen. Jamie sits on the sofa.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Great. Now, I'm stuck with a visual of Dad whacking off at his computer.

(then)

Samples are supposed to be a sales tool!

Josh re-enters sipping a beer.

JOSH

You're acting like a suit.

JAMIE

I am a suit!

Josh considers his Brother's dejected form.

JOSH

Dad promised the guys in his department you'd get them all samples.

JAMIE

Why?

JOSH
 To show off. To show his son's a big deal.
 (then)
 He's proud of you. Quitter.

Josh raises his beer to Jamie and heads for the door. It opens and closes. Jamie remains seated. Unmoved.

Then,...

JAMIE
 I'm not a quitter.

INT. AISLE IN WALMART - NIGHT

Jamie has a new haircut. A new suit. But he's miserable. He indifferently tosses groceries into a cart.

Suddenly, he hears a weird, guttural LAUGH.

INT. ADJACENT AISLE IN WALMART - NIGHT

Maggie and Sandy hang around in the Magazine Area. She's leafing through an Elle Magazine.

MAGGIE
 Models always look like angry deer.

Sandy taps her shoulder. Points down the aisle to where Jamie stands. He offers a weak wave.

Jamie watches Sandy and Maggie exchange inaudible words. She seems to want to leave. Finally, Sandy gestures to Jamie, some insider rap gesture, and goes the other way.

Maggie makes Jamie come to her, both extremely nervous.

JAMIE
 Hi.

MAGGIE
 Hi.

A long, sad pause.

JAMIE (CONT'D)	MAGGIE
So you're moving?	I'm seeing someone.

She picks at the corner of rack label. He knows she's probably lying. And she knows he knows.

JAMIE
I tried to call you.

She shrugs.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I fucked up. I got scared. It is a lot. I was honest. You wanted that. I'm sorry if I hurt you. No, Maggie...I'm just sorry.
(then)
I'm a good guy. Almost. Basically.

MAGGIE
Good guys don't wanna hurt you in big ways so they torture in small ones.

JAMIE
Wow. Alright. Okay.
(then)
Do you have to do the glass-half-empty thing right now?

MAGGIE
Yes.

She's almost angry.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I don't trust you. I don't trust I'm not just some goal for you. I don't trust your ambition. I don't trust your music. I don't trust how you floss three times a day. I don't trust how you remind me of this kid back home whose Mom sent him to social skills summer camp. I don't trust that haircut! I don't trust that suit!
(a beat)
I don't trust you'd stay with me.
(a beat)
In fact, I know you wouldn't.

JAMIE
How can you know--

MAGGIE
I wouldn't. I know you wouldn't, because I wouldn't. I wouldn't.
(then)
Not once you understand what it means.

A Shopper passes.

They wait for her to move away.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Trey said you wanted to transfer. Don't.

She holds his eyes to show she's absolutely serious. And he can nothing but nod, sad, reluctant.

We hear HONKING TRAFFIC.

FADE TO:

INT. CHAOTIC AVENUE - DAY

Traffic jam. Cars on the FOUR-LANE AVENUE creep forward a few feet at a time. Back in the pack, a white Lumina.

INT. LUMINA - DAY

Jamie in traffic. His misery has hardened into boredom.

Up ahead, Jamie sees a RED LUMINA in the opposing lanes, stopped, trying cross traffic in front of him.

Bruce is being driven by a young guy with a crew cut. An ex-Marine. The new ZOLOFT REP, Jamie's replacement. Bruce seems to be arguing for him force his way across.

Jamie snickers to himself -- this was him 18 months ago.

As he gets closer, Bruce spots him. Waves. The Zoloft Rep waves, too, gestures that they want to cross.

CLOSE on Jamie. This would be a very satisfying time NOT to be a team player. He simply stares at them.

Jamie creeps forward. Bruce joins in the signaling. Jamie keeps on staring without expression.

Bruce smells defiance. Yells. Gestures angrily.

Jamie just creeps slowly forward until...he's parallel to them. Jamie STOPS. Gestures grandly for the red Lumina to cross. They do. Gunning it. Screeching.

Bruce eyes Jamie angrily as they pass, his face close in passenger side window.

JAMIE

You're wel--

SMASH!

A MASSIVE SUV slams the Red Lumina. No one saw it coming up the far lane, hurrying to close the gap. It slams the much smaller vehicle at Bruce's door, pushing the Lumina a good fifteen feet, crumbling the side like paper.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Shit!

EXT. CHAOTIC AVENUE - DAY

The T-boned Red Lumina smokes and hisses. Jamie runs from his car toward it. Bruce's window is shattered. The SUV's alarm is going off. *Waaa-Waaa. Ook-Ook. Eeenoooo.*

JAMIE

Bruce!

Jamie tries to climb past the trunk but the car's right door is blocked. All he sees is a bloody head inside.

The Zoloft Rep staggers out cradling a wrist. Jamie dives in the car from that side. The whole side of Bruce's head and face is cut from the window. He holds a slippery cell phone, weak, dazed, barely conscious. He can't dial.

Jamie grabs the phone. And calls for help

INT. CURTAINED CUBICLE - DAY

Bruce lies in the bed, conscious but subdued by shock and pain. His head is wrapped in a fresh bandage. His face is cleaned but full of cuts from shards of glass.

Jamie worries at his bedside, feeling horribly guilty.

BRUCE

...I'm gonna...throw up....

Blood trickles gently out of Bruce's ear. Panicked, Jamie yanks up a sheet corner to blot it away.

JAMIE

Bruce, I'll be right back. Okay?

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM OF MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY

The STATION NURSE is at her computer, transposing medical records from a doctor's bad handwriting. Jamie approaches with poorly disguised fear.

JAMIE

He's bleeding a little from his ear.

NURSE

Ummm. I'll mention it to the doctor.

She's painfully polite, but keeps working. Jamie looks around. No doctor. The ER is unnaturally quiet.

JAMIE

It could mean a skull fracture.

She nods, oh-so-empathetic.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Jesus, where the hell is he?

NURSE

I'm sure he'll be right back.

Frustrated, Jamie hurries down the ER to find the doctor himself. He peeks into cubicle curtains. A Cardio. A Leg Cast. The Zoloft Rep, left wrist bandaged and elevated.

NEW ZOLOFT REP

Jamie! How's Bruce?!

Jamie keeps moving.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Jamie hurries from the ER. There's only a Man Reading a book, facing away. A giggle. Around the corner.

By the vending machines, a male ER DOCTOR flirts with a female DRUG REP. Jamie forces himself to wait just out of ear shot. Giggles. This could so easily be him.

When he can't stand it any longer, he steps closer.

JAMIE

Excuse me? Doctor?

The Doctor holds up his palm. The Rep turns professional.

DRUG REP

Okay. I won't keep you. But I did want to offer you a 27% reduction in patients with GI issues related to antibiotic use.

JAMIE

I'm sorry, Doctor, but the--

ER DOCTOR
Hold on, Buddy.

The Doctor nods for her to continue.

DRUG REP
That means, next time I buy you dinner, a third less chance we'll be interrupt--

JAMIE
It's your patient...

ER DOCTOR
I'm having a conversation here!

JAMIE
No, you're doing business!

Jamie's said this VERY LOUDLY. Shocked quiet. The Reading Man cocks his head, listening.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Look. I get it. Twelve years of school. Three-hundred thousand in debt. An HMO that treats you like a part-timer at Old Navy. Not to mention insurance companies with huge departments dedicated to not paying you. Big law firms betting you'll make that one mistake...You're angry, and if you're not you should be. You're ready for somebody to finally kiss your ass.

DRUG REP
Hey! I'm only doing my job!

JAMIE
I know your job! I do your job! Twenty-something. A B-minus student. This drug rep thing is a good gig. But just cause the company you work for is famous and rich and everybody is soooo fucking nice that doesn't make them moral or wise. So stop! Let him do his job! It's important!
(then)
And before us it used to be pretty noble.

Jamie's breathing heavily. Exhilarated. Released. The Drug Rep is near tears.

DRUG REP
I'm a good person.

JAMIE
 Nobody said you're a bad person.
 (then)
 Just...retail.

Jamie emanates pure power. Confidence. Surety. He's dirty and bloody and doesn't give a shit.

DRUG REP
 Freak.

She walks to the exterior doors. Proud. The wheels of her detail bag making an ignoble squeak.

The Doctor now just wants to be rid of him.

ER DOCTOR
 What the hell do you want?

JAMIE
 The car wreck. He's my boss. There's blood coming out of his ear.

The Doctor watches Jamie a beat, haunted by professional duty. He nods remotely and goes into the ER.

Alone, deflating, Jamie blows air through pursed lips.

Sensing someone, he sees the Reading Man has turned to watch him. It's Trey Hillman. He's been there the whole time, waiting for the other Rep to finish.

TREY
 Nice speech, Pfizer.

Suddenly, a Middle-Aged Woman in and Two Small Girls rush past. Bruce's family. They hurry into the ER in tears.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Jamie sits, wary, exhausted. Trey brings him a coffee. Sugar. Cream. Sits quietly across the table.

As Jamie finishes stirring...

JAMIE
 What did you do to my predecessor?

TREY
 Urinated in his coffee.

Jamie was just about to sip. Does so anyway.

JAMIE
He saw you do it?

TREY
Everybody else in the restaurant did.

Trey breaks into a slow smile. He's putting Jamie on.

TREY (CONT'D)
I can't even remember. Probably yelled.

A long beat.

JAMIE
(softly)
I'm going to quit.

Jamie Reidy has exhausted his ambition. Trey considers his dejected competitor. Makes a decision.

TREY
It's not what you do, it's why you do it.
(casual)
You can't quit. Maggie needs your health care. You could transfer to Neuroscience. Work with doctors who can help her.
(then)
You might find some patients in Lansing who are actually sick.

It takes a moment for Trey's comments to register.

JAMIE
What, you want to help me now?

TREY
Nope. I want to help her.

Looks. Trey breeches some internal beachhead. He pushes his coffee away. Leans closer.

TREY (CONT'D)
We had sex precisely once. Whatever Maggie feels for me isn't complicated. I see her the way she sees herself. I see a sick girl. I couldn't get past the Parkinson's. You were right. I'd read the literature. I'd pitch movement disorder clinics. Bug Neurologists to track drug trials. I'd do anything to manage her condition. Anything to make it okay...okay to love her.

His face tells Jamie that it was never okay.

TREY (CONT'D)

I knew you'd run. I didn't think you'd run back. I didn't think you'd fight.

(a small test)

Do you even see a sick girl?

JAMIE

Sometimes. I also see a girl full of life. I see a funny girl. I see a weird girl. A smart girl. A dumb girl. Brave. Weak. Strong. Scared. But...yeah, I see a sick girl sometimes.

The simple honesty of this is bittersweet for Trey.

TREY

Well, Pfizer, that's a big fucking thing.

(intense)

To see a woman whole.

They sit a moment. Both understanding the truth of this and how it will change their lives in different ways.

We stay with them. Lost in thought.

They sip at their coffee and say nothing more.

The ER Doctor enters...

ER DOCTOR

Wasn't a basilar fracture. He had some glass in his ear canal. I removed it.

He holds out his hands to Jamie. "You happy, Jerk?"

JAMIE

Thank you.

The ER Doctor shrugs. "Whatever."

ER DOCTOR

What are you doing here, Hillman?

TREY

Me? I'm here to kiss your ass.

The doctor moans and waves for Trey to come. Trey stands, he considers Jamie, extends his hand.

Since they never did so, they shake hands.

TREY (CONT'D)
You don't need my help. My guess is
you're pretty good at what you do.

Trey leaves Jamie.

Jamie sits with this after Trey's gone. Sips his coffee.
The idea works at him. He bites his lip.

EXT. MAGGIE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Feet hit the pavement. Maggie jogs.

Out of nowhere, Jamie falls in behind her. He's still in
his dress slacks, black shoes, dirty shirt.

She hears his footsteps, turns, shakes her head.

MAGGIE
I'm not stopping!

He stays about twenty paces back.

When it's clear he'll be there awhile...

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!

JAMIE
My job!

MAGGIE
Go home!

Jamie keeps following. She tries to ignore him.

JAMIE
I'll always be back here! Like those
riders in "Butch Cassidy"! You run! You
turn back! I'll be here! You'll be all,
"Who is this guy?"

She's not stopping.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Take as long as you need! Here! Lansing!
I'll be back here! I'm very ambitious!

They run awhile without talking. He starts to fall back.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Okay, stop! You know I'm in lousy shape!
 C'mon! There's blood on my shirt!

Maggie stops. Jamie stops.

They catch their breath. She paces with her hands behind her head. He rests his hands his knees. She comes closer, peers to see the blood and make it isn't his own.

Finally, she walks off toward home.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 You need me, Maggie.

MAGGIE
 No, I don't.

JAMIE
 Yeah, you do.

She comes back and looks him in the eye.

MAGGIE
No. I. Don't.

His eyes go to her shaking hand. She grabs it, as if to stop the tremor by shame and anger.

JAMIE
 Yeah. You do.

There's absolute conviction in his voice.

MAGGIE
 Stop it! Stop saying that! I don't need you! I don't need anybody!

JAMIE
 You need me.

MAGGIE
 I don't! I don't.

She's suddenly trying not to cry.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 Fuck. Fuck! Fuck!
 (then)
 ...fuck...

And old hardness in her starts to melt.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I don't...I don't deserve this...

JAMIE
Take a risk, Maggie. I will.

She lip trembles. She's fighting it.

MAGGIE
I had places to go.

JAMIE
You'll get there.
(then)
I just may have to carry you.

She winces, holding, holding.

When she can finally look at him,...

MAGGIE
Why me?

JAMIE
Let's say somewhere in an alternative universe there's a couple just like us. But she's healthy. And he's successful. And their lives are about how much to spend on vacation or who's in a bad mood or whether they should feel guilty cause they have a cleaning lady. I don't want to be those people. I want us. You. This.

He means her tremor hand -- he takes it.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
This will take you places. It'll take us places. C'mon, Maggie.
(a half smile)
This is our shot at greatness.

She nods as if this were nothing -- and then lets go.

FADE TO BLACK:

JAMIE V.O.
I won't win a Nobel Prize.

INT. OB/GYN'S OFFICE - DAY

Another new Zolof Rep works the Tough Receptionist. And Bruce is behind him in an arm sling, monitoring.

JAMIE V.O.
I won't win an Oscar.

INT. MEGA-CHURCH AUDITORIUM - DAY

Sandy's band rocks the Sunday service. He's not a half-bad front man. Church Members sway.

JAMIE V.O.
I won't win a Grammy.

INT. JOSH AND FARRAH'S HALLWAY - DAY

Jamie's Niece and Nephew run down the hall, yelling.

INT. JOSH AND FARRAH'S BEDROOM - CHICAGO - DAY

The kids explode through the door. Farrah emerges from linens, disheveled, surprised.

JAMIE'S NEPHEW (O.S.)
 Why is Daddy's face all red?

JAMIE V.O.
I will never wear a Super-Bowl ring.

INT. OPULENT CONFERENCE ROOM - HOUSTON - DAY

Shawna sits at an oak table, all of Houston behind her.

SHAWNA
 Let me be honest, Gentlemen, you won't meet a more ideal broker trainee?

JAMIE V.O.
I will not be CEO.

Two Executives exchange a look. Above their heads we see an infamous cube -- she's interviewing at ENRON.

INT. DR. KNIGHT'S EXAM ROOM - SOUTH BEND - DAY

A Young Mother rambles about antibiotics. Dr. Knight's not even looking her.

JAMIE V.O.
I will not be President.

DR. KNIGHT
Sure. Why not?

INT. DANCE STUDIO - DAY

Dr. Clodfelter takes a private Waltz class. The big man moves with natural grace.

JAMIE V.O.
What I'll have in life is this...

CLOSE on MAGGIE'S FACE. Happy. Her tremor hand comes into frame as she wipes her forehead.

EXT. MAGGIE'S TRIPLEX - DAY

Moving Day. Jamie loads boxes in a U-Haul truck. Maggie has a new Moving Guy. He's a very neat packer.

JAMIE V.O.
A reason to get out of bed every morning.

She's on the porch step, looking out at her street, ready to say good-bye to it. Jamie stops to look at her.

JAMIE V.O. (CONT'D)
It's good work if you can get it.

They don't see, far down the block, a white Lumina slowly turn the corner, hesitate a moment, then pull away.

The screen goes WHITE.

Nothing but the people around us.

White. We wait. And wait. Until we're not sure if the we should leave. And at some point the CREDITS start.

END.