

Living Donor
By
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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Title: 1987

On a 1980's TV, the final scene of 'The Karate Kid' is showing. Danny LaRusso is on the mat, ready to use 'The Crane'

HARRY, a 9 year old boy is standing, watching the film. He is wearing a white Karate outfit complete with Bandanna, he is sucked into the film.

HARRY - AGED 30 (V/O)

The Karate Kid was an important film for kids of my generation. Most kids I knew were bullied, and so we all knew Danny LaRusso's plight and sympathized with his endeavors. To see that rich blond bastard with a kick to the face was the greatest thrill of my life.

Harry starts to punch the air, kicking it too. He shows no obvious skill.

HARRY(V/O)

I think Mr Myiagi would have frowned upon this paradox, that was anyone I knew who didn't like The Karate Kid, or hadn't seen it, was beaten in the playground.

A 6 year old girl, KATIE, standing in the middle of the living room, eyes closed and nervous, hands by her side, screwing up her face.

HARRY (V/O) (CONT'D)

Of course I had a fantastic opportunity to train.

Katie is punched square in the face. She falls backwards, holding her face.

Harry stands over and waves his hands in a show of dominance and skill.

HARRY (V/O)

While God had ignored by request for my Mom to buy me a dog, he had however, blessed me with a sibling.

(CONTINUED)

Katie gets up, slightly dizzy

HARRY

Katie, for shit's sake will you stop covering your face when I'm trying to hit you

KATIE

I can't help it!

HARRY

How I am supposed to aim right if I can't see your nose?

KATIE

(rubbing eyes)

I can see spots!

HARRY

Katie, come on. I want to show you The Crane

Katie nods happily

HARRY (V/O)

It was pretty great having a younger sister. I guess if you'd asked me at 9 I would have said I preferred a brother, but I don't think I'd have been able to abuse the trust and dedication of a younger sister.

Katie stands up again, and is immediately sent to the floor by a kick to the face.

HARRY (V/O) (CONT'D)

I just had to keep praying that she didn't go and grow a brain to work all of this out.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE. DAY

Title: Present

HARRY, now 30, wearing standard issue teacher/counselor clothing, white shirt and red tie. He has a clipboard in his hand.

He is sitting in a large black leather chair, while a student TIM, 16, skater, is lying on a psychiatrist's couch/chair in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (V/O)

I worked as a High School Counselor. Assisting the adults of tomorrow through their problems. Most of them wouldn't make it, emotionally I mean. The majority, like this guy, didn't have real problems, but it got them out of class, and gave me something to do.

TIM

It's like, not even really cheating. I mean, alright, if I met up with her or whatever, then, like then I could see her point, but like, I didn't. Do you understand what I'm saying Doc?

HARRY

(disinterested)

I'm trying
(looks at clipboard)
Tim, and by the way I'm not a Doctor.

TIM

(Looking around)
You're..you're not?

HARRY

No

TIM

That's messed up dude, I mean, I'm telling you intimate stuff here man. It's like patient-confidential type shit right?

HARRY

It's still covered in the same way, don't worry.

TIM

Sweet

HARRY

Much as I'd love to brag to the rest of the faculty about the fact you're concerned that you're cheating on your girlfriend through Myspace...

(CONTINUED)

TIM
Facebook

HARRY
Right, Face..book.

TIM
I'm not cheating though right.

HARRY
Let's see, now she, the girl you
were caught 'chatting' to online
lives in Churchill, Canada right?

TIM
Yeah

HARRY
And you live here, in Boston.

TIM
Exactly.

HARRY
I don't think it's cheating Tim,
and frankly, if I was going to
cheat I'd make sure it wasn't with
an Eskimo..

TIM
No, she's Scots-Irish.

HARRY
Noted. But still, it's a good 3,000
miles away Tim, so don't worry
about it.

TIM
Oh man, thanks. I mean, now I can
go back to Clarissa and say like
"Shut up, you dick, Doctor Murray..

HARRY
Em, just Mister, Mister Murray

TIM
Oh yeah, Mister. Hey, do you know
you can get like PhD's online for
like a few hundred bucks? It's
crazy man. You know Tug Griffiths?

HARRY

Eh, no

TIM

He's like this guy I know, or whatever. But he bought a PhD online and now he's like a Doctor, dude. A real doctor.

HARRY

Sure. Let me guess, Gynecologist?

TIM

No, Physics!

HARRY

(sarcastic)

Really? What a rebel.

TIM

I know, he thinks he's a real doctor. And he's the dumbest kid I know! This one time...

HARRY

(sighing)

Tim, must as I love chatting I have another appointment. Just run through a few questions ok?

TIM

Fire away.. Hey, what do the call you if you don't have a PhD?

HARRY

Mister.

TIM

Well that sucks.

HARRY

Tim listen.

(reads off clipboard)

Are you sexual active?

TIM

Very much so

HARRY

Do you take any recreational drugs?

(CONTINUED)

TIM
(clearly lying)
Um, no.

HARRY
Tim, come on, it smells like
Amsterdam in here.

TIM
You sure this is confidential?
You're not going to go and tell
Principal Hughes or anything?

HARRY
No. I swear.

TIM
Maybe a little grass, just to take
the edge off.

HARRY
The edge off?

TIM
Yeah, you know. My Mom's Vicodin

HARRY
Vicodin?

TIM
Yeah, man, I got some here if you
want

Passes Harry a bottle of pills. Harry opens the bottle,
shakes a few out looks at them closely.

HARRY
Tim, I your Mom might be on to you,
she's filled these with Tylenol

TIM
What?!

HARRY
Tylenol, you have about much chance
getting stoned off of these as you
would licking a stamp

TIM
Shit man! My Mom did it again.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Listen, I'm required by the school to tell you that smoking marijuana may induce throat cancer and mental illness.

TIM

Sure I know. But High School is tough, Mr Murray, it's like 'The Breakfast Club' sometimes man.

HARRY

Yeah I remember. Just go easy on the grass alright, it does cause some people to mental illness, suicidal thoughts..

TIM

And the munchies! Yeah!!

HARRY

And the munchies. Right, get outta here I got another appointment.

TIM

Right on, Doc. None of this to anyone though right?

HARRY

Cross my heart.

TIM

Cool, can I have those Tylenol back please?

HARRY

You want to get smashed?

TIM

No, man, I'm selling these for five bucks a pop!

HARRY

OK, well it's better than selling real drugs

TIM

Indeed my man, indeed. Peace Doc.

Tim leaves

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
Fucking idiots.

Phone rings

HARRY
This is Harry

RECEPTIONIST (V/O)
Harry, got a call from your Mom.

HARRY
Right

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

BETH, 17, is walking down the hallway. She looks shy and sheepish. Wearing glasses, dressed in boring, dull clothes, and not looking at anyone. Looks uncomfortable in the environment.

A group of 3 Popular girls, cheerleader types. TAMMY, STEPH and JESS are standing by their lockers looking at her.

TAMMY
Hey, Beth, c'mere a sec

BETH
(nervous) What's up?

TAMMY
Just c'mere.

BETH
OK

Beth walks over.

TAMMY
What are you wearing?

Steph and Jess laugh

BETH
Clothes.

TAMMY
Could have fooled me, looks like you switched bodies with a hobo.

BETH

OK, thanks. I've got to go now.

TAMMY

I was going to suggest you did, I don't want that stench near me anymore. Freak.

Steph and Jess laugh again

Beth walks away, the popular girls all crowd round each other and laugh. Beth tries to keep her head held high. But she is clearly upset.

Beth heads straight for the girls bathroom

INT. GIRLS BATHROOM CUBICLE - DAY

Beth is sitting on the toilet, looking for something in her bag. She pulls out a small penknife.

FLASHBACK

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Beth walking up to Tammy, quickly and determined. Plunges the knife into Tammy's neck, Steph and Jess scream, blood everywhere.

INT. GIRLS BATHROOM CUBICLE - DAY

Beth pushes her left sleeve up. Showing an entire left arm with hideous scars. She takes a deep breath and slices the knife deep into her arm.

Beth wincing in pain, but not removing the knife.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Harry is sitting at the bar of a Boston Irish pub, not too busy. He has a bottle of beer and is picking at the peanuts. Enter ROB, 30, Harry's slightly overweight, happy looking friend..

Rob pulls up a stool next to Harry

ROB

How's it going, dude? Look a little depressed. Can I get a beer over here?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Nah, nothing really. Just got a call from Mom, she wants me over for Thanksgiving.

ROB

(sarcastic)

She wants you to go to Thanksgiving? Spend it with your family? Actual family?

HARRY

Hey, it's my family we're talking about here

ROB

What my family doesn't suck? I don't even get invited over anymore anyway. Did you ever see my Dad try to carve a Turkey? Remember when I was 12, the guy nearly decapitated my Great-Aunt Mary's tit for God's sake!

HARRY

Good practice for you

ROB

What? At 12? Yeah, that's when I realized I had to dedicate to life to medicine, having to hold my aging Great Aunt's tit until the ambulance came, yeah, really opened my eyes to helping people!

HARRY

(Laughs)

I remember that!

ROB

Yeah, real funny. She died a broken woman cause of that, literally! You think you can sew a tit back on? Huh?

HARRY

You're the Doctor

ROB

So what Harry, Thanksgiving's supposed to be something to endure and not enjoy anyway. And you get to go back to Martha's Vineyard!

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Yeah, first time in about 6 months.
You been back?

ROB

Hell no. Can't sit in the bars
anymore. I feel embarrassed that
I'm a Doctor when everyone else is
a Lobster fisherman!

HARRY

They're probably earning more money
than you!

ROB

Yeah right. So who's going to be
there, your Mom and sister?

HARRY

Yeah

ROB

How's your niece doing?

HARRY

Skye? Good I think. She's gotta be
8 months now or something. I
haven't seen her since she was
born.

ROB

8 months huh? Should be nice and
annoying by now.

HARRY

Ah well, she's cute.

HARRY

Katie's bringing her new boyfriend
with her.

ROB

Katie got a new boyfriend huh? What
happened to Skye's Dad, the guy,
you know, Serbian guy?

HARRY

He got deported, war crimes.

ROB

Bullshit!

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

It's what she said!

ROB

Oh man! I gotta think of that one next time I want to break up with a chick! Haha! War crimes! So who's the new guy?

HARRY

I don't know, but knowing Katie he sure as hell won't have a job or a house. I guess it's good she's got someone to help out with the baby.

ROB

You playing responsible surrogate Dad again huh?

HARRY

Hey, I stopped worrying about Katie a long time ago. She wanted to have a kid and a string of shitty boyfriends, that's her problem.

ROB

Yeah I know. But you can't stop being her big brother, that's a job for life! You can't switch that off dude!

HARRY

Well, if I can do it 364 days of the year then I can get through one lousy dinner right?

ROB

That's the spirit

Rob slaps Harry on the back

ROB

'Grin and bear it' That's what old Aunty Mary used to say. Hey, did you get that porno?

Harry pulls out a DVD from his inside jacket pocket, hands it to Rob

HARRY

Flesh Hunter 7

ROB

Number 7? So do I have to watched
the other 6 for it to make sense
or..?

HARRY

No

(laughs)

It's a porno, Rob, it's not 'Back
to the Future'.

Pause

Rob looks sombre.

ROB

Think you had a tough day? Some kid
died in the ER today.

HARRY

Don't you kill people everyday?

ROB

Shut up man. No this kid, blew his
chest in with a shotgun.

HARRY

Serious?

ROB

Yeah. Fifteen. Fifteen years old
and he thought the only option was
suicide.

Harry sighs and rubs his face

HARRY

I don't know what to think anymore.
I mean I see these kids come in to
my office every day with stupid
problems and I'm supposed to talk
them out of it those kind of
thoughts, and I'm starting to think
"Fuck em" you know?

ROB

Why do think like that?

HARRY

I don't know. I mean these kids
are, mostly from good, middle class
families, they've got so much more
opportunity that 99% of the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (cont'd)
adolescent population around the world, and then they talk about jumping off a bridge because their Mom won't let them borrow the car! I mean, what can I do? I just don't get it.

ROB
Well, I guess. But you know what's it's like, it happened to your own sister.

HARRY
Katie was different. She was mentally unstable.

ROB
You ever talked to her about it?

HARRY
(reluctant)
No, no we never did. No one did.

ROB
Why not? Wasn't it a cry for help?

Harry bangs his beer on the bar, annoyed

HARRY
Dammit! I'm sick of people calling it that!

ROB
Hey, easy, I'm sorry alright

HARRY
A cry for help is some little bastard who takes a couple of painkillers and then calls 911 because they're boyfriend fucked their best friend or N'Sync split up.

ROB
Take it easy

HARRY
Rob, Katie took two hundred, two hundred Aspirin tablets with a bottle of wine. She wrote individual suicide notes. She wanted to die, alright, she wanted to actually die.

(CONTINUED)

ROB
Alright, man.

HARRY
Sick of people 'crying for fucking help'.

Long uncomfortable pause

Rob attempts to change the subject

ROB
So, this porno, any good?

HARRY
(finishes beer)
Yeah it's great, I gotta go.

ROB
Hey, look I'm sorry about Katie
alright, I didn't mean to say
anything.

HARRY
Forget about it, man. I just had a
rough day. I'll see you later
alright?

INT. HARRY'S CHILDHOOD LIVING ROOM - DAY

Harry, is standing in the living room, with suitcase.

Harry's Mom, FRANCIS, 55, is not seen but is in the kitchen.

FRANCIS (O/S)
How was the boat?

HARRY
Yeah, good.

FRANCIS (O/S)
Not too rough?

HARRY
No.

FRANCIS (O/S)
Because I heard on the scanner
there was a lot of back-up because
of the storm

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
No it was fine Ma.

Francis walks into the living room

FRANCIS
You want a tuna sandwich?

HARRY
No thanks, I don't like fish.

FRANCIS
(looking confused)
It's tuna

Beat

HARRY
Yeah, I don't like fish.

FRANCIS
You don't like tuna?

HARRY
Eh, no

FRANCIS
Why not?

HARRY
Because it's fish.

FRANCIS
This is odd. Since when did you not
like tuna?

HARRY
I don't know, I don't eat..I don't
eat fish

FRANCIS
Even tuna fish?

HARRY
Ma, I'm not hungry don't worry.

Francis rolls her eyes and begins to walk back toward the
kitchen

FRANCIS
Alright. Just looking after you.
Maybe they don't eat fish in
Boston, what do I know.

(CONTINUED)

Harry sits on the couch, coat still on, looking at all of the pictures of him and Katie at various ages.

Francis walks back in.

Francis puts the TV on and heads straight for CNN

HARRY

Still like the news huh?

FRANCIS

Oh Harry, I couldn't live without it, I need to know what's going on. Oh this guy, I love this anchor, Wolf, he's wonderful. I've been watching him for years, he knows his stuff.

HARRY

So, how's Jeannie? Still see her everyday?

FRANCIS

Everyday. I go over at 8 in the morning and we talk. She's doing good. I told her you and Katie were coming over.

HARRY

Oh good.

FRANCIS

Oh wait, I gotta show you something.

Francis grabs two photo frames off of the TV. Hands them to Harry

FRANCIS

That's Skye at the fair, isn't she a doll?

HARRY

She's cute. Who's this?

FRANCIS

That's me and Pedro.

HARRY

Who's Pedro?

FRANCIS
He's Brazilian.

HARRY
OK. So what, is he your boyfriend
or something?

FRANCIS
Kinda!

Francis walks into the kitchen, she can't sit still

FRANCIS (O/S)
Yeah, he's Brazilian

HARRY
Right.

FRANCIS (O/S)
He's from Brazil

HARRY
No shit

FRANCIS (O/S)
What?

HARRY
I said... which part?

Francis comes back into the living room with another photo.

FRANCIS
Oh. I don't know, somewhere down
there. He came to fix the boiler
and we started sort of dating.

HARRY
He looks nice, way to go Ma.

FRANCIS
Ah! I thought you'd be all
judgmental!

HARRY
Why would you think that? Dad died
25 years ago, I'd have hoped you'd
have moved on! No, way to go Mom,
glad your not alone over here.

FRANCIS
What about you?

HARRY

Me? No I don't have a Brazilian boyfriend!

FRANCIS

Are you gay?

HARRY

Am I what?

FRANCIS

What?! Jeannie's nephew is gay. I love gays.

HARRY

Mom, I'm not gay alright. I just haven't you know, found my 'Pedro'

FRANCIS

(confused)

You want Pedro?

HARRY

Oh, god, Mom. No I don't have anyone at the minute, just enjoying single life.

FRANCIS

Well, I'm so excited by this Thanksgiving. It is so nice to have my two kids in the same place, at the same time, you've no idea Harry.

HARRY

How is Katie?

FRANCIS

Em. She's alright, she's good. She's got a new man, Kevin.

HARRY

What is he like?

FRANCIS

Well, he's like all the others honey. A little bit of a moron.

HARRY

Well, she keeps making her bed, she can sleep in it.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCIS

I know. She can't seem to find a nice guy.

HARRY

Maybe she likes bastards

FRANCIS

Harry! Don't talk like that.

HARRY

Come on Mom, she could have a nice guy if she wanted. Women like bastards.

FRANCIS

I like Pedro, he's a nice guy.

HARRY

Well, good for you.

FRANCIS

She's doing OK, she got some great friends you know. She always asks about you, says you don't call too often.

HARRY

Yeah I'm busy at work right now, you know.

FRANCIS

And how is that big fat Rob doing? You two still friends?

HARRY

Oh yeah, he's good. Saw him last night

FRANCIS

Is he ever coming over? You know Harry, I see his poor mother all alone here and I don't think he even calls her

HARRY

He calls Ma

FRANCIS

Well. I don't think he does, imagine not coming over for Thanksgiving, this is the first one you've come to for I don't know how long.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

I know Ma, I've been busy.

FRANCIS

Luckily I have Pedro to help me
with things. Someone I can rely on.

Francis gets up

Harry shakes his head behind Francis. Looks like he'd rather be anywhere else. Puts his fingers to his head like it was a gun and pulls the 'trigger'

HARRY (V/O)

I wished they were loaded. Some people like going back to the home they grew up in, not me. It's like being a prisoner of war in Vietnam, just because they spent 20 years in a cage there doesn't mean they want to go back.

INT. BETH'S HOUSE - THANKSGIVING DINNER - EVENING

A lavish Thanksgiving dinner in a large house. Beth's family are sitting around the large table with 14 guests of all ages laughing and enjoying the meal.

Beth is not enjoying herself, sitting with her head down, not interacting.

Beth's parents look at each other over the table, they don't say anything but look concerned and helpless towards their daughter.

INT. BETH'S HOUSE KITCHEN - EVENING

Beth is putting some plates into the dishwasher, people at the table are still laughing and talking loudly.

Beth's Mom, JUDY, 40's, soccer Mom type, carrying a couple of used plates walks into the kitchen behind Beth.

JUDY

Did you enjoy the meal.

BETH

Mm hmm

(CONTINUED)

JUDY

It's nice to see Cousin Tom is in remission huh?

BETH

Mm hmm.

Judy stops what she is doing and looks pissed

JUDY

You know what Beth, I'm getting really bored of this depressed teenager shit.

Beth ignores her

JUDY

You know, your cousin Thomas has had major surgery, lost all of his hair and a testicle, and he still manages to laugh at your Dad's jokes, you know? He makes an effort. You? You just sit there and act like some sort of depressed..

BETH

I get it Mom

JUDY

How can you be depressed? We're rich Beth!

BETH

I know.

JUDY

What?! Do you know how I grew up?
(looking around)
In a shack, a tiny shack. And I was never depressed, you know why?

BETH

No

JUDY

Because I made an effort.

BETH

I know

JUDY

Beth, I can't deal with this anymore. If I thought it was some

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDY (cont'd)
stupid teenage bullshit thing then
I would just try and ride it out,
but you have never been happy. What
the hell is wrong with you?

BETH
Mom, I'm fine. I'm just, you know..

JUDY
What?! I don't know! Take some God
damn Prozac

BETH
I'm not taking Prozac

JUDY
Beth, honey, listen to me. Everyone
takes Prozac, why do you think I'm
so happy?

BETH
It's not good for you

Beth's Dad, ED comes into the kitchen with dishes

ED
Hey, what's going on?

JUDY
Nothing honey. Beth's just feeling
a little down

ED
What else is new? Do you know how
much effort your Mom put into
today? Even your Uncle Jim is
having a good time, and he's a
retard!

BETH
I'm going upstairs

Beth exits.

INT. FRANCIS' HOUSE - THANKSGIVING DINNER - EVENING

Small dining room, cluttered beyond reason in miniature
figures, and other tacky collectibles. No space on the walls
from China plates and framed pictures.

(CONTINUED)

A table set for 4 in the center, a Hi-Chair beside it. Harry is the only one sitting there with a can of Heineken. Francis is in the kitchen, which overlooks the dining table, frantically putting pots on stoves and checking the oven.

FRANCIS

I told her 7, what time is it?

HARRY

(looking at the cuckoo clock)
Quarter after

FRANCIS

Damn

HARRY

Pedro not invited?

FRANCIS

Well I invited him but he already had plans in Oak Bluffs with the other Brazilians. You know he wanted to go and shoot a wild turkey for me? Such a romantic.

The front door is heard to open, murmurs of an argument between them can be heard.

KATIE enters, holding her 8 month old baby, SKYE. Her boyfriend is KEVIN, late 20's leather jacket, deadbeat.

KATIE

(to Kevin)

Can we just leave it until we're done here.

KEVIN

Whatever, let's just get this over with.

Katie, Kevin and Skye enter the dining room

FRANCIS

Hello! How are you doing guys?

KATIE

Good!

Francis and Katie hug

Shot of Harry, trying unsuccessfully to hide his obvious smile and happiness of seeing his sister.

She looks the same.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
Hey!

KATIE
Hey!

Harry and Katie hug

KATIE
You going to say hi to Uncle Harry?

Katie hands Skye to Harry

HARRY
Hey, how are you doing. You got all
big!

Harry hands Skye to Francis

FRANCIS
Hello there, little baby.

KATIE
(to Harry)
Good to see you, how you doing?

HARRY
I'm alright, not too bad. This must
be Kevin

KEVIN
Hey

Kevin gives a disinterested handshake.

FRANCIS
Come and sit, Kevin you want a
beer?

KEVIN
Sure

FRANCIS
What about you honey?

KATIE
Got a Cranberry juice?

FRANCIS
Sure, come on sit down, I'll bring
it over.

INT. FRANCIS' HOUSE - THANKSGIVING DINNER - EVENING

Francis, Harry, Katie and Kevin are all finishing dessert. Skye is in the Hi-Chair.

HARRY
So Kevin, you from the Vineyard?

KEVIN
Yeah Oak Bluffs.

HARRY
What's your last name?

KEVIN
Morrison

HARRY
You related to Bobby Morrison?

KEVIN
Yeah he's my cousin

HARRY
Oh yeah? How's he doing? I used to play football with him

KEVIN
He's alright I think. Bit of a douche-bag now, crack head. He lives in Providence now.

HARRY
Ah. So what do you do for work?

KEVIN
Ah, not a lot right now. I was working landscaping for the county but these damn Brazilians taking all our jobs, fucking bastards.

Harry looks toward Francis to see her reaction, she just ignores and takes her sip of her whiskey and soda.

HARRY
Is that right?

KEVIN
Immigration don't do shit. They don't even come over to the island anymore, and when they do these Brazilian shits just hide in their basements. That's the only time I can get work.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE
Some of them are alright.

KEVIN
What?

KATIE
I'm just saying. Some of them are here legally, my friend Carmen, she's Brazilian.

KEVIN
Yeah, she's an illegal too.

KATIE
She is not! She's a teacher, you can't get a teaching job without a Visa.

KEVIN
She's a fucking Brazilian bitch!

Katie slams her knife and fork down

KATIE
Kevin, can you please not swear in front of my family

Francis and Harry say nothing, but look uncomfortable

KEVIN
Hey, listen, I'll say what a I like, you don't like it, then fuck off!

KATIE
I can't believe this. You're drunk, just shut up and stop embarrassing yourself.

Kevin stands up

KEVIN
Right, I'm done, we're going.

KATIE
I haven't finished yet

KEVIN
Yes we damn well are, I can't drive home. Come on.

Kevin grabs Katie's arm

Francis shoots a look over to Harry, the look that only a mother can do, looking for him to intervene, he shrugs his shoulders and takes a drink.

Kevin walks off and out of the door, slamming it.

Katie takes Skye out of the hi-chair, looks embarrassed.

KATIE

Look Mom, I'm going to go, thanks
for dinner, I'm sorry.

FRANCIS

Don't worry

KATIE

See you Harry.

HARRY

Bye.

Katie exits. Harry and Francis sit there quiet.

HARRY

Nice guy(!)

FRANCIS

Call yourself a brother?

HARRY

What? What the hell is that
supposed to mean.

FRANCIS

You let him talk to your sister
like that?

HARRY

Mom, she's a grown woman, I can't
intervene in every goddamn mistake
she makes!

FRANCIS

(shouting)

Grow some fucking balls!!

Harry is shocked.

HARRY

What?!

FRANCIS

Be a man for once in your life!
You're scared!

HARRY

I'm scared?

FRANCIS

Your father would haven't let him
talk to her like that.

HARRY

Dad's not here! I'm not next in
line, it doesn't work like that.

FRANCIS

Well it should

HARRY

Mom, please, listen. I've got
enough in my life to deal with, I
can't be responsible for Katie's
reckless life. Alright?! I'm sick
and tired of you thinking just
because I'm a man I have some
divine duty to protect! She made
her bed, now she can sleep in it!
She wants to be with some racist,
drunk prick then that's her
prerogative, I'm not going to feel
guilty anymore!

FRANCIS

Guilty? What do you mean?

HARRY

Forget it.

FRANCIS

Is this about the pills? Harry that
was not your fault

HARRY

Yeah. I'm sure that's what you
think

FRANCIS

You think I thought it was your
fault. Are you stupid?

HARRY

That's what everybody thinks Mom.

FLASHBACK:

INT. FRANCIS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

11 YEARS EARLIER

Harry aged 19 is lying on the couch, flicking between the TV channels, on the phone.

HARRY

Rob? It's Harry, what are you doing? Wanna come over? Mom's in Manchester visiting my Aunt. Got a free house dude.

The front door opens, Katie aged 16 walks in, looking upset.

HARRY

Rob hold on a sec,
(puts hand over phone)
What are you doing, I thought you were staying at Becca's.

KATIE

Well now I'm staying here, is that alright?

HARRY

Whatever, just stay out of my way

KATIE

Like I want to hang around with you.

Katie walks off and into her bedroom, closing the door.

HARRY

Rob? Yeah, Katie's staying here tonight now. I know, bummer. You coming over later? Sweet.

INT. FRANCIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harry is still lying on the couch, in pretty much the same position as earlier.

Katie's bedroom door opens and she walks through to the kitchen.

Harry just keeps watching TV.

Katie walks back with a bottle of wine, her face bright red, she has obviously been crying a lot.

Harry sits up and looks at Katie

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
What's wrong?

KATIE
(keeps walking)
Nothing.

Katie returns to her room, closing the door again.

Harry gets up, and knocks on Katie's door.

KATIE (O/S)
What?

HARRY
You alright?

KATIE (O/S)
I'm fine.

Harry opens the door

Katie is sitting on the floor opening the bottle of wine.
She looks annoyed at Harry for opening the door.

KATIE
Get out!

HARRY
Alright, Jesus! Just wondering
what's wrong for God's sake.

KATIE
I'm fine!

HARRY
Alright.

Harry closes the door and goes back to the couch. The phone rings

HARRY
Hello? Hey, you coming over? What?
Oh great I got a night of TV and a
sister with a bad case of PMS.
She's in her room getting wasted on
cheap wine, attitude issues.

INT. FRANCIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harry is asleep on the couch, a bag of chips on his chest, the TV still on.

Phone rings

Harry looks confused and sleepy, dropping the chips on the floor.

Harry picks up the phone

HARRY
(groggy)
Hello?

FRANCIS (O/S)
Harry! Listen to me. Call 911!

HARRY
What?

FRANCIS (O/S)
Call 911, I think your sister has taken an overdose.

Harry sits straight up

HARRY
Where is she?

FRANCIS (O/S)
Check in her bedroom she just called me to say 'Sorry' I think she's taken an overdose! Just call 911, I'm coming home.

HARRY
OK

Harry hangs up and runs to Katie's bedroom opening the door.

INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Katie is sitting with her back to her bed, still conscious, with dozens of empty medicine bottles all around her, a few handwritten notes, and the empty bottle of wine.

HARRY
Katie!! What the fuck?!

(CONTINUED)

KATIE
(groggy)
What? I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

HARRY
Holy shit! Katie, how many did you
take?

KATIE
I dunno

HARRY
How many?!!

KATIE
All of em.

HARRY
All of em?! Oh my God,

Harry takes the cordless out of his pocket and dials 911.

HARRY
Hello? Ambulance. My sister has
taken an overdose of pills.

KATIE
I'm sorry!

HARRY
I don't know, a few bottles and a
bottle of wine. 422 Tashmoo Avenue,
Vineyard Haven! Please hurry she
looks like shit! She's still
conscious, I think she's puked.
She's fifteen, no sixteen. Hang on
I'll check, Katie what pills did
you take?

KATIE
I don't know

Harry frantically grabs a bottle.

HARRY
Aspirin, lots of it. Katie, did you
take any other pills?

Katie's eyes roll into her head, looking like she's about to
collapse.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
Katie!! Please fucking hurry!!

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT.

A PARAMEDIC is frantically working on Katie, who has an oxygen mask on, sticking needles in etc.

PARAMEDIC
Katie? Katie? Stay with me

HARRY
Is she gonna be alright?

PARAMEDIC
Katie, you're on the way to the hospital, we'll be there in a minute. Do you have any pains anywhere?

Katie murmurs incoherently

HARRY
Is she going to die?

Katie starts to violently fit, foaming at the mouth, struggling.

The Paramedic struggles to hold her down, Harry looks shocked and scared.

PARAMEDIC
(To driver)
Billy! Are we close? She's in pretty bad shape!

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Harry is sitting in the waiting area. He is the only person there. He just stares looking emotionless.

He starts walking up the corridor.

INT. HOSPITAL TREATMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Harry sheepishly stands at the doorway looking in at Katie who is lying down on the bed, in a hospital gown, lying still. Doctors and Nurses attending to her, but not in a frantic way.

Harry looks closer at his sisters forearms.

(CONTINUED)

Katie has deep and deliberate cuts on her arms, some fresh others just old scars.

A NURSE notices Harry staring.

NURSE

Can I help you, you shouldn't be in here.

HARRY

She's my sister

Nurse walks over to Harry and pulls him gently from the doorway back to the hallway.

NURSE

She's going to be alright.

Harry breaks down in tears.

HARRY

She's not going to die?

NURSE

No, she was pretty close though. Lucky you called when you did.

HARRY

(crying)

Why did she do it? What's wrong with her?

NURSE

I don't know. Just let her rest for a while, OK. It's not your fault.

HARRY

Why would she do it?

NURSE

I can't answer that. You're just going to have to wait. It is probably a cry for help, but at least you might find out one day, some people never get that chance.

HARRY

(crying into his sleeve)

I love her so much.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Harry is sitting in the back of a cab, looking out of the window, still visibly upset.

EXT. OUTSIDE FRANCIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harry slowly walks up the steps towards the front door. Looking exhausted.

INT. FRANCIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harry walks in, dropping his coat on the floor. He walks into Katie's room.

INT. KATIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Harry sits down with his back to his sisters bed, where he found her earlier in the night. He looks around at the empty bottles and sees some handwritten notes.

There are 3. Each has a name in clear capital letters at the top of the page. "MOM", "HARRY" and "BECCA"

Harry picks out the one with his name on it and holds it in front of him

KATIE (V/O)

Harry, I'm sorry I did this. I can't explain why, but I want you to know I'm sorry and that I love you very much. Thanks for being my big brother all these years, you are a great guy and you've changed so much for the better over these years...

Harry throws the note down and starts crying uncontrollably.

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Back to present day.

Harry is asleep in his bed, Francis trying to wake him up.

FRANCIS

Harry! Wake up!

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

What? What's wrong?

FRANCIS

Katie's been rushed to hospital!

Harry sits straight up

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT.

Harry and Francis are running through the main doors of the hospital.

Francis shouts out to the hospital receptionist.

FRANCIS

Katie Murray! Where is she?

INT. HOSPITAL TREATMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Katie is sitting up in a hospital bed, oxygen tube on her nose. Looking relaxed.

Francis runs in and hugs her gently.

Harry stands by the door, looking around the room, realizing it is the same one Katie was in 11 years ago.

FRANCIS

What happened?

KATIE

When we got home after dinner I had just had this amazingly bad pain in my stomach, I think I blacked out. Kevin drove me here.

FRANCIS

Where is Skye?

KATIE

She's at the neighbors, she's fine

FRANCIS

Where's Kevin?

KATIE

Outside having a cigarette I think.

FRANCIS

Well, what's wrong with you?

KATIE

I don't know. Doctors just gave me some painkillers. They're going to do tests tomorrow. Hey Harry, sorry to wake you.

HARRY

Don't worry about it, you feeling alright?

KATIE

Been better.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - NIGHT

A DOCTOR, Francis and Harry are in the waiting area.

DOCTOR

I need to get definitive results back from the lab, but it looks like a case of severe liver damage.

FRANCIS

Oh my God.

HARRY

What like Cirrhosis?

DOCTOR

I won't know until we get the blood work back, but my guess is that Katie's liver is probably at the worse stages of liver damage, similar to an alcoholic's.

FRANCIS

But Katie doesn't drink

DOCTOR

Yeah she mentioned that. Do you know if she abuses any drugs, prescription or otherwise?

Francis looks at Harry

FRANCIS

I..I don't think so, I mean, no I'm pretty sure she doesn't do anything like that.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

You know she took a pretty nasty overdose a few years ago, right?

DOCTOR

Yeah, I saw that in her file.

HARRY

Could that have attributed to what's happening now?

DOCTOR

I guess it's possible. I don't know if this is accurate but according to the records Katie hasn't had a Doctor's appointment since she was discharged from the Emergency Room 11 years ago. Has she been to an appointment off-island or anything?

Harry looks at Francis

FRANCIS

Um, I don't think so. She doesn't have insurance, and she was into that holistic crap for a while, you know, wind chimes and herbal teas? She gave birth to Skye in some hippy birthing pool at her friends house.

HARRY

Wait a sec, she attempted suicide. Wasn't she referred to a psychiatrist or a counselor or something?

FRANCIS

She had appointments but she never went to any of them.

HARRY

What? So she had no therapy, is that what your saying Mom?

FRANCIS

Hey, what did you do to help huh? You took the first boat outta here, you didn't even talk to her for a year!

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

You're her Mother, not my
responsibility Mom!

DOCTOR

Look, let's not start blaming each
other here. Let's wait to get the
lab results back and see what we
can do once those come back,
alright?

EXT. OUTSIDE OF HOSPITAL - DAY

Harry is outside the hospital on a bright crisp Martha's
Vineyard morning, smoking a cigarette. On his cell phone.

HARRY

(on phone)

I'm going to be stuck here another
day, two at most. Can you
reschedule things till I get back?
OK, thanks Greta.

Harry hangs up

A NURSE is pushing a wheelchair outside, Katie is sitting in
it.

Harry sees them and stubs out his cigarette

KATIE

I thought you quit

HARRY

I did. I only smoke when you're in
hospital!

Katie laughs a little

NURSE

OK, just a few minutes alright? I
don't want you getting too cold.

Harry acknowledges the Nurse with a nod. He takes the
wheelchair and pushes it.

EXT. BEACHFRONT. DAY

Harry sits on a bench overlooking the ocean, Katie next to him in the wheelchair.

HARRY

I love it here. Sometimes you forget how beautiful it is.

KATIE

Yeah, it's nice. It's not always like this though. Gets pretty depressing in the winter. The Summer people never see that though.

HARRY

That's why they're called Summer People

KATIE

(laughs)

I guess so.

HARRY

You know I tell people in Boston I'm from Martha's Vineyard, they think I'm a rich Kennedy type, you know. People treat this place like Disneyland, they assume it's all 'colonial' and 'quaint' all year round. I think they forget people actually live here all year round.

KATIE

Yeah.

HARRY

It's like they got blindfolds on, it's just any other place, it's got it's problems.

KATIE

It's still beautiful though. How's the job going?

HARRY

Same shit, different day. Most of the kids are a bunch of punks.

KATIE

(laughs)

Aren't you supposed to like these kids?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
Ah, only to their faces!

Katie laughs

KATIE
What about your girlfriend?

HARRY
What girlfriend?

KATIE
Exactly! What's going on with that?
Can't meet anyone in Boston?

HARRY
I've decided I have issues with
commitment.

KATIE
That a professional opinion?

HARRY
Yeah from me. I've got a diploma
you know?!

KATIE
Wow!!

Pause

KATIE
Harry?

HARRY
Yeah?

KATIE
I'm sorry for what I did.

HARRY
For what?

KATIE
For, you know, what happened 11
years ago.

HARRY
You don't have to apologize Katie.
It was a long time ago

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

We've never talked about it have we?

HARRY

No

KATIE

I know you hated me for it.

HARRY

I didn't.. I didn't hate you. I didn't know what to think

KATIE

It's OK, you can be angry with me, I deserved it.

HARRY

I mean, what did you expect... Ah forget it.

KATIE

No go on, please, just tell me.

HARRY

I guess I was upset that you did it when I was the only one in the house.

KATIE

What?

HARRY

Imagine if you hadn't called Mom, imagine if I'd just woken up the next day and found you dead..

Katie puts her head in her hands

KATIE

I know, I'm sorry.

HARRY

You know, what would people have thought? That I just let you die? Can you imagine what that would have done to me Katie? To find my sister dead in her room 10 yards away from where I was, when all I thought she was just having a bad day.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

I don't know what to say Harry.

HARRY

I have never, ever in my life been as scared as I was when I was in the ER waiting to see if you were going to live. I was angry you put me through that. I felt like I had to get away, I couldn't deal with it if you had done it again. But I never hated you Katie, I never did.

KATIE

I can't remember much about it.

HARRY

Well it's etched in my mind. Scariest moment in my life.

Pause

HARRY

I saw your scars.

KATIE

What?

HARRY

On your arms. Do you still do that?

KATIE

(embarrassed)

No, not for years.

HARRY

A lot of girls do it. Less common in boys.

KATIE

I can't explain why I did it Harry.

HARRY

I'm sorry took off after that. I couldn't deal with it.

KATIE

It's alright. Mom tried her best.

HARRY

I should have been there.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE
I missed you.

HARRY
God I was a shitty brother

KATIE
(laughs)
You were a shitty brother!

HARRY
Remember when I used to practice
Karate on you?

KATIE
'Face up, bow, fight!' Yeah, kind
of etched in memory too you
bastard! You know how you and Rob
would lock me in the basement?

HARRY
Yeah

KATIE
Now I can't go down there unless I
have the key!

HARRY
That was mostly Rob's idea!

KATIE
Oh yeah? Was it Rob's idea to drop
the laundry on me?!

HARRY
Well actually that was my cunning!
I remember your face! Oh my God
that was funny!

KATIE
Your underpants fell on my face! I
can still smell em!

Katie and Harry laugh

Katie starts to look sombre.

KATIE
They came back with the blood work

HARRY
(turning around to look at
Katie)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (cont'd)
Yeah, what they say?

KATIE
That I've got the liver of a
seventy year old wino.

HARRY
Shit. What's the prognosis?

KATIE
Not good. They say I need a
transplant.

HARRY
Transplant?

KATIE
Yeah, which isn't likely given that
I'm not insured.

Harry looks ahead, upset.

KATIE
I didn't think what I did 11 years
ago would affect me now, believe it
or not I actually quite enjoy
living at the minute.

HARRY
Yeah. Fuck!

KATIE
It's alright. Ce la vie right?

HARRY
Ce la shit Katie. I'll give you my
liver.

KATIE
(laughs)
I think you might need it.

HARRY
What are you going to do about
Skye?

KATIE
Becca's her Godmother, but, I don't
know. I need to think about it.

The Nurse walks up to them.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE

Hey, had enough fresh air for one day?

KATIE

Yeah, I think so.

Nurse starts to push Katie back to the hospital.

KATIE

Hey, don't worry. I'm not scared.

Harry nods.

KATIE

I love you.

Harry looks surprised. Like it's the first time she has ever said it.

HARRY

I love you too Katie.

Nurse pushes Katie away in the wheelchair

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

A full classroom of seniors, teacher MRS GRACE at the front.

MRS GRACE

Alright, last week we were talking about how JFK won the Democratic Nomination in 1960. I hope you all remembered that one of you will be chosen to come on up here and read out their essay..

Groans from the students

MRS GRACE

Well, I don't make the rules so who wants to come up?

Camera pans the class to showing no volunteers

MRS GRACE

OK, unpredictable(!) OK, lets see, Colin! Colin you'll come up..

COLIN

Uh, I kind of forgot to do it..

(CONTINUED)

MRS GRACE
(mocking)
Ah, well, you'll kind of have to do
it today after school, dude!

Class laugh

MRS GRACE
Beth!

BETH
(looking startled)
Yes?

MRS GRACE
Did you forget to write the essay?

BETH
Um, no.

MRS GRACE
Well come on up here then!

Beth reluctantly comes up to the front of the class with her paper

Mrs Grace sits behind her desk, Beth stands at the front, shaking.

BETH
(quietly and nervous)
Um. The Primaries and Caucuses of
1960 were of great historical
importance...

OBNOXIOUS KID
Can't hear you!

MRS GRACE
Hey! Shut up. Beth, continue

BETH
Um..

Beth's POV: Looking at the paper, the words go out of focus

Beth's eyes go back into her head.

Beth faints, class erupt in laughter.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Classroom is empty

Beth is sitting on Mrs Grace's chair, coming around.

MRS GRACE
Hey. You alright?

BETH
Yeah I think so.

MRS GRACE
Well you get an A for effort. I'm
trusting the essay is good anyway.

BETH
Hmm.

Beth looks down and notices her left arm is exposed, showing her self-harm scars. Her shirt has been rolled up to the elbow.

She quickly moves the shirt back down.

MRS GRACE
I was checking your pulse.

BETH
(angry)
Well you had no right.

MRS GRACE
No one saw anything, everyone had
left. Nobody saw your scars.

Beth looks embarrassed

MRS GRACE
Hey, it's OK. Is there anything you
want to talk about.

BETH
No thanks.

MRS GRACE
Beth. You need to talk to someone.
You're cutting yourself aren't you?
Either that or just a clumsy
gardener.

(CONTINUED)

BETH

Funny

MRS GRACE

You can't ignore this Beth. Have you seen Mr Murray, the High School Counselor?

BETH

No

MRS GRACE

Well maybe you should make an appointment. It's free, once you're out of school these bastards charge \$100 an hour. Make the most of it.

BETH

Can I go now?

MRS GRACE

Of course.

Beth gets up, grabs her bag from her desk.

Beth walks to the door, stops and turns to Mrs Grace

BETH

I assume I can count on your confidentiality.

MRS GRACE

I'm not going to tell anyone if you don't want me to.

BETH

Thanks I don't.

MRS GRACE

That's your choice. But Beth...

BETH

Yeah

MRS GRACE

Please see someone, anyone. Don't become another statistic OK. You're a great student.

Beth walks out

(CONTINUED)

MRS GRACE
(under breath)
Fucking kids.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

Beth stands outside a door, looking around. There is a notice on the door:

"Mr Murray - School Counsellor"

She turns the handle but it's locked. She looks at the sign underneath:

"Out of the office"

BETH
(under breath)
Fucking teachers.

INT. MASS. GENERAL HOSPITAL ER. DAY

Harry walks into the ER, which is chaotic, Doctors and Nurses rushing about, walking-wounded aimlessly walking around.

Harry is looking around. He sees Rob running through reception.

HARRY
Rob!

ROB
Harry! Be there in a sec OK?

Harry nods

EXT. OUTSIDE ER - DAY

Harry is smoking a cigarette.

Rob enters.

ROB
How you doing?

HARRY
Um, not so good.

ROB
You're smoking

HARRY
Yeah

ROB
They kill you.

HARRY
(laughs)
Seriously?(!

ROB
Yeah, gimme one!

Rob lights up a cigarette.

ROB
How's the Vineyard?

HARRY
Still there

ROB
Bummer. How was your Thanksgiving?
I was working, you know how many
people have accidents on
Thanksgiving? More than got injured
on D-Day I'm telling you.

HARRY
Katie's got a liver problem?

ROB
Liver problem?

HARRY
Yeah. Seems like the overdose she
took 11 years ago screwed up her
liver.

ROB
Jesus Christ Harry. Shit man I'm
sorry. What the Doctor say?

HARRY
He said that she is going to get a
lot yellower. And she's going to
need a transplant. Except Katie
doesn't have insurance.

(CONTINUED)

ROB
She's not insured? Oh my God.

HARRY
How much is a liver transplant?

ROB
(laughing)
About \$300 grand!

HARRY
Mom wants to sell her house. It's only worth \$150,000 and it's not the greatest time to sell.

ROB
Holy crap man. What the hell is she thinking not having insurance?

HARRY
She works in a holistic medicine shop Rob, they barely make enough to pay the rent let alone benefits.

ROB
Damn Harry, that's bad. I'm sorry, man.

HARRY
Got any livers around here?

Rob laughs

Harry looks serious

ROB
You're kidding!

HARRY
What, so some guy comes in, dies on your table his liver goes missing what's the biggie?

Rob laughs again

ROB
Oh God Harry! Even if I had one in my pocket and disregarded and plans to ever practice medicine again, it's not like replacing a spark plug!

Harry takes it in.

ROB

Look, Harry I'm telling you this as a friend and as a Doctor, Katie is not going to get a new liver alright. You know why? Because some rich alcoholic or drug-abusing lawyer or CEO is going to be able to buy the next one because he's insured. Now Katie might have 5, maybe 10, maybe 20 years of living. Alright it's not going to be easy but it's not immediate death alright?

HARRY

Yeah I guess. I just feel like I have to do something you know.

ROB

I know buddy, I know.

A WOMAN with one arm walks past them into the hospital. Harry and Rob stare.

ROB

(quietly)

Hey, seriously, would you ever fuck a woman with one arm?

HARRY

No, I think I'd rather use my cock

Harry walks away

Rob looks puzzled

HARRY

Thanks Rob, I'll see you later

ROB

Oh, cock! I get it! Funny!

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY. DAY

Beth enters the library, it is not busy. Just a LIBRARIAN at her desk.

Beth walks up to the counter

BETH

Hi, can I use the internet?

(CONTINUED)

LIBRARIAN

Sure, computer number 8 is free.

BETH

OK thanks

Beth walks over to the computer, starts typing.

She looks around, and looks ahead and sees Harry sitting at the computer directly opposite her. Harry is engrossed in the computer screen, making notes as he surfs the internet.

Close up of Beth's screen:

She is on a page called "Suicide tips"

Close up of Harry's screen:

He is on a page explaining "Liver transplants"

Beth looks over sheepishly to Harry, he looks straight back at her and smiles. Beth smiles back.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Harry's apartment is small but tidy. Lots of books on his coffee table. Harry is reading one, smoking a cigarette, coffee on the table in front.

Knock at door

Harry gets up to answer

Door opens, Rob is there. Looking tired.

HARRY

Hey, c'mon in.

ROB

I am bushed.

Rob sits down on the sofa on Harry's open book. Takes his shoes off with his feet. Harry disapproves but doesn't say anything.

HARRY

Want a drink?

ROB

Yeah man. Got a beer or something.

Harry goes into the kitchen

(CONTINUED)

Rob removes the book from under his backside, and looks at it.

Close-Up of book "The Science of Liver Transplantation"

Rob gives a little laugh from his nose.

Harry comes in with two beers, gives one to ROB and sits down on an armchair.

ROB
(waving the book around)
What is this? Gonna do it yourself?

HARRY
Just a little research.

ROB
Ah right. Man what a day! I'm sick of having to fix people, it's too hard.

HARRY
I can imagine.

ROB
Got a doobie?

HARRY
A what?

ROB
A smoke, pot. What?

HARRY
How long have you known me Rob? I haven't had a joint since high school, what the hell's the matter with you?

ROB
What man? I just felt like a smoke, what?

HARRY
You work in a hospital for God's sake, you the best drugs in the world in there!

ROB
Under lock and key, my friend, lock and key. Can't get shit these days. In medical school, oh man in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROB (cont'd)
medical school, I was stoned all
the time!

HARRY
Lucky bastard.

ROB
So what we doing we going out or
what?

HARRY
Nah, I'm tired.

ROB
OK. Hmm.

HARRY
So, let me ask you something,
medical.

ROB
No, I would not recommend penis
enlargement surgery

HARRY
Funny

ROB
I'm sorry, what, what free medical
advice can I give you my friend?

HARRY
Alright. What needs to match for
someone to donate a liver?

ROB
Jesus Harry! What I tell you, huh?
Katie is not going to get a new
liver!

HARRY
Just satisfy my curiosity

ROB
(sighs)
Alright. The donor and recipient
would have to be of the same blood
type first of all.

HARRY
OK. That it?

(CONTINUED)

ROB
(shrugs shoulders)
Yeah. I mean, they would have to be similar in size.

HARRY
Whaty'a mean?

ROB
Well you couldn't put a fully grown liver into a baby, or vice versa.

HARRY
Right. So same blood type.

ROB
Yeah. And the donor must have died a natural death, no drug or alcohol abuse, fit and healthy lifestyle. Obviously no hepatitis or HIV.

HARRY
Right, so they would have to die, what in hospital?

ROB
Not necessarily. Just no damage or trauma to the abdomen.

HARRY
Right, so if someone was shot in the head, that'd be alright?

ROB
Yeah, providing the person shot had no liver issues obviously.

Beat

ROB
What are you thinking. You going to shoot someone?!

HARRY
No. Rob listen to me. I need you to keep what I'm going to tell you between us.

ROB
What?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

All students in my school have blood tests right? Part of the medical assessment they take.

ROB

Right

HARRY

I've got access to every single student's medical records. I know the blood type of all the them.

ROB

Don't say it Harry.

HARRY

Look. There are 1600 students at my school. Last year 2 kids committed suicide. The year before, 3, year before 2, year before that 4. This year, not one.

ROB

You're doing your job!

HARRY

What I'm saying is, if a kid is going to commit suicide in the school in the next year, which is statistically likely, what is the harm, given that they don't take an overdose and have the same blood type that we take their liver and give it to Katie?

ROB

What's the harm?

HARRY

Seriously. Think about it? I know it sounds wrong..

ROB

Sounds wrong?!

HARRY

They're going to do it anyway, we can save Katie's life!

ROB

Oh God Harry, you have lost it, you've completely fucking lost it!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROB (cont'd)

Harry, listen, even if you bypass the hundreds of felony offenses, the moral and ethical roadblock's and you manage to get a liver, do you honestly think you could just turn up at the hospital and say "Oh, can you put this into my sister and take out the old one, oh, and by the way, she's not insured so you'd be working for free, and don't ask any questions as to how we got hold of this fresh young liver!" Are you fucking mental man!

HARRY

I don't want my sister to die Rob!

Beat

HARRY

I don't want her to die. She's 27. She's got a life to live. A baby to look after. I love her.

ROB

Harry, you know I love her too, you forget I was over your house so much growing up she was like a sister to me too. But this, this fantasy is just going to make things tougher for you OK, let it go.

HARRY

OK, so this one or maybe two student's this year that decide to take their own life, fill out a donor form then blow their brains out, who gets the liver huh?

ROB

Harry...

HARRY

I'll tell you who, you said it yourself, some rich alcoholic asshole who blew his life and wants another chance.

(CONTINUED)

ROB

That's just the way it is

HARRY

And in this book, right here (holds up the liver transplant book) says that 79% of all cirrhosis patients who have a transplant go back to drinking and fuck up their new one too! Is that right? Is that the way it should be?! She's a Mom, Rob, she's got an 8 month old baby, that kid is going to be without a Mother, is that right?

ROB

(sighing and sitting back)
Do you know who Marcel Dean is?

HARRY

No. I do not know who Marcel Dean is. Who is Marcel Dean?

ROB

He's an 11 year old Black kid from South Boston. Born with a hole in the heart, huge baseball fan, former patient. He needs a heart transplant or he's never going to live to be a teenager. But guess what? His Mother is on welfare and his Dad left town when he was 12 weeks old, no medical insurance. And do you know how me, and thousands of other Doctors manage to live with that and go on driving our Porsche's and betting thousands of dollars on a round of golf?

Harry stays silent

ROB

I'll tell you. Because you learn that that. Is. The. Way. It. Is. You can't save everyone Harry. You can't, that's life. You take what you can get, and you're Goddamn thankful you got at least something.

HARRY

Bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

ROB

What, so you'd idly sit by while someone else's sister, someone's daughter goes and kills them self, when you're the one person who is supposed to stop them from doing exactly that, huh?

HARRY

That's the way it is. You can't save everybody.

ROB

(shakes head)

You know Katie did exactly that. She blew what she had.

HARRY

So, what, she doesn't deserve another chance?

ROB

Why should someone else have to die for her? Can you guarantee she wouldn't try to kill herself again? No you can't.

HARRY

Come on Rob! She was 16, she's changed since then.

ROB

This is fucked up Harry, you need to take some of your own advice and see someone about this, you're not right in the head.

Beat

ROB

Wait a minute. You want me to do it don't you? That's why you're telling me this. You would want me to do the surgery wouldn't you?

HARRY

Well, I mean yeah you're a Doctor right?

ROB

Holy shit Harry. I'm an ER Doctor! I take bullets out of people, fix broken legs, I don't perform transplant surgery you idiot!

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
You could do it.

ROB
What makes you think I would do it?
Even if I could I wouldn't do it.
You know I love Katie and I'd do
anything for her, but I'm not going
to even entertain the thought of
what you're talking about.

HARRY
Oh just get the fuck out!

Rob gets up to leave

ROB
Whatever. You got some issues
Harry, I'm always going to be your
friend, but this train of thought
you got going, it's fucked up man.

Rob exits.

INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT. DAY

Harry is asleep in the sofa, still in the same clothes from
the last scene.

Knock at door.

Harry slowly comes round, and walks toward the door, opens
it.

Katie stands in the doorway. Holding Skye. Katie looks
pretty sick, covered in thick clothing but still looking
cold.

HARRY
Katie! What you doing here?

KATIE
Good to see you too(!) Can we come
in?

HARRY
Sure c'mon in

Katie and Skye enter the apartment. Harry hugs Katie and
kisses Skye on her forehead.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Good to see you. How did you get here?

KATIE

Took the Bonanza Bus.

HARRY

Jesus Katie, are you even allowed out of the hospital?

KATIE

Well, they weren't too thrilled I was in there as long as I was anyway, those beds aren't free you know.

HARRY

Right.

Katie moves over to sit on the sofa

Harry sits next to her, he is now holding Skye.

HARRY

You want a coffee or something?

KATIE

No I'm good thanks. I haven't been to Boston for years, nice place.

HARRY

Thanks, haven't done much decorating yet.

KATIE

So, you want to go to Fenway Park?

HARRY

What?

Katie pulls out 2 tickets. Harry grabs them

HARRY

How the hell did you afford these?

KATIE

Me and Kevin's Vacation fund.

HARRY

Ah. So you guys split up?

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

Yeah, it's amazing how much perspective you get when you're sick. Took a shitty liver to realize what a prick he was.

HARRY

Well, I guess your right. So how's Mom doing?

KATIE

Not so good really. She worries a lot. I hear her crying at night.

HARRY

You staying over with her?

KATIE

Yeah we don't have anywhere else to go. I had to get out of there for a while though, she's driving me nuts! So I thought I'd come over and surprise you.

HARRY

Well thanks. I wish I'd seen more of you in the last few years.

KATIE

Well lets go and do all the tourist crap today right? Fenway Park, Cheers, Boston Tea Party, riding the 'T' I want to see it all before I... well know. While I still can.

HARRY

Sure, let's do it

EXT. FENWAY PARK. DAY

Katie, Harry and Skye are in the stadium watching a Red Sox game. Cheering on every point.

INT. CHEER'S BAR. DAY

Katie and Harry sitting at the bar, Skye in a Hi-Chair, next to them. Laughing and joking around.

INT. RESTAURANT. EVENING.

Harry and Katie are eating dinner in a restaurant. Skye in a Hi-Chair next to them.

KATIE

Thanks for a great day Harry, had a lot of fun.

HARRY

Me too, should really get out more and see some of this stuff.

KATIE

Well do it while you can.

Beat

KATIE

Harry listen, I didn't want to tell you this today, I don't want to ruin everything

HARRY

What is it?

KATIE

It's not that bad, I mean. Mom said I shouldn't tell you. I don't want to worry you

HARRY

Tell me, what is it?

KATIE

The Doctors said the liver damage might be worse than they thought. I might not be around as long as I'd hoped.

HARRY

Katie, how long?

KATIE

30 days.

Harry looks stunned

HARRY

30 days?!

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

Yeah but that's worse-case scenario, I could still be here in 6 months.

HARRY

Wait, so what, this is like a swansong, spending some quality time with me for the last time?

KATIE

Don't get upset, please.

HARRY

I'm sorry, Katie. It's a little hard to take alright. I can't help thinking if I'd paid more attention to you, you wouldn't have tried to kill yourself all those years ago.

KATIE

I told you it wasn't your fault.

HARRY

I still feel responsible. No matter what you say alright, I'm always going to think that. Nothing you can say or do is ever going to change that.

KATIE

Well, maybe you should talk to someone.

HARRY

I'm a counselor myself Katie, I know how much bullshit we talk. Maybe I just kill myself and give you my liver.

KATIE

Just so you know, if you ever did that, I wouldn't take it. I'd refuse it, OK? So don't even think it. It's better one of us lives.

Beat

HARRY

Listen to me Katie. If there was a way I could get you a new liver and get it transplanted into you, but you couldn't ask any questions

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (cont'd)
about how I got it or how I got it,
would you take it?

KATIE
What? What do you mean?

HARRY
If I could get you a liver, would
you take it?

Katie sits back and looks puzzled

KATIE
What are you asking me exactly?

HARRY
Alright. You know Rob.

KATIE
Yeah

HARRY
You know he works at the ER?

KATIE
Yeah, so?

HARRY
So, people die there every day.
People with O positive blood. You
see what I'm saying

KATIE
Wait. So people die there, and he
would take out their liver and
transplant into me? Is that what
you're saying.

HARRY
Well, it's a little more
complicated than that but, yeah,
essentially. What would you think?

KATIE
Christ Harry, I don't know. Is that
even legal?

HARRY
Not technically.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

What about the person who'd died's family, what if they didn't sign away their organs?

HARRY

They wouldn't know about it. They might not even have a family, who knows?

KATIE

You talked to Rob about this?

HARRY

Yeah, I mean it was his idea.

KATIE

I don't know...

HARRY

I'm talking about someone who doesn't have a family, you know, if they aren't registered their liver is going to go to waste anyway, right?

KATIE

What if they are registered? Someone waiting for one legitimately isn't going to get it.

HARRY

Legitimately? What you mean they have insurance?

KATIE

Well yeah

HARRY

So what? They deserve one more than you? You're a mother Katie, Skye needs you.

KATIE

(sighs)

I guess. Sounds pretty messed up though Harry.

HARRY

It's not as bad as you think.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

What if my body rejects it, what if I die on the operating table?

HARRY

Well, at least we gave it a shot, right? I mean you're going to die anyway.

KATIE

Where would I get it done? I mean the surgery? Rob's living room?!

HARRY

That's the one part I haven't figured out yet. Can't do it at Rob's hospital.

KATIE

Can Rob even do that kind of surgery?

HARRY

Sure, I've read a couple of books on it and I think I could even do it! He's got a PhD, he's smart.

Katie looks pensive

HARRY

(holds Katie's hand)

I'm not going to lose you. It's not fair. It's not fair on Skye.

KATIE

You know Pedro?

HARRY

I've seen his pictures, Mom's boyfriend right?

KATIE

Yeah. He cut his thumb off doing some gardening.

HARRY

What? When?

KATIE

Couple of months ago.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Shit

KATIE

He's OK. Anyway, it turns out, that the Brazilians have got like a fully working hospital in the basement of some house in Oak Bluffs.

HARRY

What? Are you kidding?

KATIE

No serious, Mom said she's seen it. None of them have insurance and they don't trust the hospital on the island, they're scared of getting deported.

HARRY

Have they got Doctors?

KATIE

Sorta, the guy that owns it, em, I think it's Eduardo something, he was this plastic surgeon in Brazil, he lost his license.

HARRY

How come?

KATIE

Apparently he botched some sex change a couple of times.

HARRY

Right

KATIE

He's lived on the Vineyard for years. He does deliveries now.

HARRY

What babies?

KATIE

Well, I mean yeah, he deliveries all the babies, but he works as a delivery driver for Romano's Pizza.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Holy crap, Katie! You gotta be kidding me.

KATIE

I'm serious! Mom says it's amazing, they've got thousands of dollars worth of equipment. It's a fully functioning operating theater.

HARRY

How do they afford all that?

KATIE

They don't pay any taxes, they're rolling in money.

Harry thinks

HARRY

You think you they could do the transplant there?

KATIE

That's what I'm thinking.

HARRY

We wouldn't need Rob at all.

KATIE

What? I thought you said this was his idea

HARRY

It is, but why put him in jeopardy anymore than he has to be. All he has to do is take out the liver from the donor. This, Eduardo guy, he can do the operation, he's a surgeon..sort of. Then Rob can cover his tracks at the hospital.

KATIE

Jeez Harry, it still sounds like a lot of risk. I don't even know how much they'd want, I mean it's a big operation right. I know it cost Pedro \$600 for a thumb, how much is a liver transplant going to cost?

HARRY

We can get the money, I've got some, Mom's got some, don't worry about it.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

Look. I don't care about me, but I don't want Skye to have to grow up without a mother. We grew up without a Dad, and there were times when I really could have done with one. I don't want Skye to be alone, or worse being brought up by Mom!

HARRY

I won't let it happen. Look, I know it's nut's but there's a chance it'll work, right?

KATIE

Yeah.

HARRY

All we need is a chance. We're good people, Katie. We don't deserve this.

KATIE

Yeah we do. You're right. And the liver is going to go to waste anyway, right? I mean, instead of rotting in some coffin it's going to let someone live, someone's mother.

HARRY

Someone's sister.

KATIE

Life for a life.

HARRY

Exactly, life for a life.

KATIE

Oh God if I had another chance at life I'd do so much more. This past week, Harry, I'm telling you, I've never felt so determined that if I got another chance I'd live life to the fullest. I want to see my baby grow up.

HARRY

You will. I promise.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

Alright.

INT. SCHOOL MEETING ROOM. DAY

A meeting of teachers is taking place, about 20. All the seats around the table are taken, and some are standing. HARRY is standing.

The meeting is chaired by the Principal, 50 year old MR HUGHES

MR HUGHES

OK, item 8, issues with the staff car park. Pat I think you brought this one up, what seems to be the issue.

PAT, a 60 year old male teacher stands up to address the meeting.

PAT

Thank you, John. OK, my issue is with to parking allocation at this school. I think everyone here drives into work, and frankly there isn't enough spaces anyway, it doesn't help when some people, who shall remain nameless, either park at an awkward angle or across two spaces. Can we all just be aware that some people are having issues with the parking. Uh, that's all John.

MR HUGHES

OK, thank you Pat. OK, so everyone in agreement? We all park better?

Laughs from the teachers.

MR HUGHES

OK, Pat, I think that's a yes, OK any other business?

Harry raises his hand

MR HUGHES

Harry, yes

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Thanks John. OK, just a quick one. I just wanted to ask the teachers here if they could please let me know, by email, if they are concerned about any student that may need to see me, that ordinarily wouldn't of their own accord. I'm a little concerned about the numbers coming in to see me recently, and as you know we have had no suicides this year, and I'd like to keep it that way. With that in mind, if you have or know of a student that you may think is a danger to themselves or even others, noticed any strange or disturbing behavior please, please let me know as soon as possible and I'll approach them directly.

A teacher, MR EVANS, from the back looks to Harry

MR EVANS

Well Harry, most of my students are strange and/or disturbing

Laughs from teachers

MR EVANS

Anything specific we should be weary of?

HARRY

Sure. Any student that may show signs of disinterest in a class or project where previously they showed enthusiasm, if you know of any family problems they have, relationships anything like that. And, obviously any student mentioning or even joking about death or feelings of hopelessness. If in doubt just mail me and I'll see if I can help. Remember we can treat depression, but we can't treat suicide.

Harry motions to Mr Hughes that he is finished

MR HUGHES

OK, thank you Harry. We're all appreciative of the work you do, so

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR HUGHES (cont'd)
people please send Harry an email
of any kids that you may have
concerns with.

Mrs Grace - Beth's teacher enters the room, looking out of
breath.

MRS GRACE
Hi, so sorry I'm late, that car
park John, honestly!

Shot of Pat, nodding deliberately.

MR HUGHES
Ah, Mrs Grace. Well that's the
meeting over

MRS GRACE
Damn, sorry guys.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE. DAY

Harry is sitting at his computer, checking his emails.

CLOSE-UP of screen - Showing 6 new emails, subject heading
is "Re: Concern of Student" Or variations thereof.

Harry opens the first email

"Harry, Further to your request to have details of any
student's that may benefit from counseling, can you please
look into Helen Keating.."

Harry moves his chair over to a filing cabinet, looks
through the files.

Harry moves his chair back to his desk, opens the file.

CLOSE-up of file. Details of Helen Keating - Aged 16. Photo,
notes etc.

Harry scans the information.

CLOSE-UP of file: Blood Type: A-

Harry puts the file on the floor.

CLOSE-UP of computer screen. Focuses on the next email.
Focus on the name, Anna Hyde.

Harry moves the chair to the cabinet again, takes out Anna
Hyde's file, opens it and looks for the blood type

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE-UP of file: 'Blood Type: B+'

HARRY
(throwing the file on the
floor)
Shit!

Harry goes back to the computer

HARRY
Come on, someone be O+

CLOSE-UP of next email, focus on the name, Greg Innis

Harry moves his chair to the filing cabinet, looking for
Greg Innis' file.

Harry finds it, opens it up, frantically looking for the
right page.

CLOSE-UP of file Blood Type: O+

HARRY
(quietly, and to himself)
Thank God! Greg Innis. Greggy boy!
What seems to be your problem?

INT. BOY'S LOCKER ROOM. DAY

The locker room is steamy and a few jocks are walking around
with towels on.

GREG, a 17 year old, mixed race kid is getting changed by
his locker. Tall and good looking.

Harry approaches him.

HARRY
Greg?

GREG
Yeah?

HARRY
How's it going?

GREG
Alright

HARRY
You know who I am?

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Yeah, you're the Student Welfare guy, Murphy right?

HARRY

Murray, you can call me Harry

GREG

What can I do for you, Harry?

Harry sits on the bench behind Greg, picks up a basketball and starts trying to spin it on his finger.

HARRY

Me and coach were just talking about you

GREG

Oh yeah?

HARRY

Yeah. He says you're the star player of the team

GREG

Right

HARRY

That's what he said. Said you might benefit from a little chat with me.

GREG

You got tips on how to score a three-pointer?

HARRY

No

GREG

Then I don't think you can help me out.

HARRY

Come on, you never know. Why don't you come to my office and we can talk.

GREG

No thanks Harry. If people see me going into your office they're going to write me off even more than they are now.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

OK, you don't want to come to my office, let's go to yours

GREG

What?

INT. BASKETBALL COURT. DAY

Harry and Greg are playing one on one on the empty basketball court.

Greg is back in his playing clothes, Harry has his tie off and sleeves pulled up to his elbows, looking tired.

HARRY

So, you guys got a shot at state this year?

Greg shoots a hoop

GREG

Yeah, that's what they say.

HARRY

What do you you think?

GREG

Maybe. I don't want to brag but it's kind of a one-man team right now. I'm the only one over 6'1.

HARRY

That's a lot of pressure

GREG

You're telling me

HARRY

Your file said you've suffered from depression, that right?

GREG

(embarrassed)

Yeah, so?

HARRY

It's nothing to be ashamed of. It's not a weakness Greg.

(CONTINUED)

GREG
I know that.

HARRY
It's a lot of pressure on you isn't it?

GREG
Yeah.

HARRY
You going to college next year?

GREG
Depends

HARRY
On what?

GREG
On whether I can get a scholarship. My Mom can't afford college, I'm the oldest of 4, I gotta go though.

HARRY
Any college's interested in you

GREG
They were

HARRY
What happened?

GREG
I didn't have a good season, had a lot on my mind. My Doctor put me on Prozac.

HARRY
Prozac, yeesh!

GREG
What?

HARRY
Nothing, forget about it.

GREG
No, what is it? What's wrong with Prozac.

Harry grabs the ball

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Prozac has a few side effects

GREG

I know that.

HARRY

Did you know it stops your body
creating new muscle?

GREG

What?!

HARRY

Yeah, you can train as hard as you
want but the chemicals it releases
stops any muscle growth. Think of
it as the opposite of a steroid.

GREG

Holy shit

HARRY

What's he prescribed you, 10,
20mg's.

GREG

40

HARRY

40?! Oh right. Forget I mentioned
it. You're better off taking it if
he thinks you're that depressed.
Though you keep taking it and
you'll end up with the muscle mass
of an 8 year old girl. But you
gotta keep taking it.

GREG

I never heard about that.

HARRY

Not a great selling point is it?
Think about it, why would the
pharmaceutical company tell people
about that?

GREG

Why didn't my Doctor tell me about
it?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Listen Greg, Doctor's are like anybody else, they can't resist money.

GREG

Wait, so he gets a bonus for prescribing Prozac?

HARRY

That a surprise?

GREG

(sighs)

Jesus.

HARRY

Listen Greg, between you and me, I'd suggest you stop taking them.

GREG

Yeah, but he told me to slowly cut down if I wanted to come off them

Harry rubs his fingers together in the 'money' fashion

GREG

Son of a bitch!

HARRY

Greg, stop taking them and come and see me, we can talk about what's at the heart of your problems alright, taking a pill is easier. But in the end it's just going to put blinkers on the real problems right?

GREG

Right.

HARRY

Gimme a chance and I'll help you see the right path OK? Get your head sorted and the rest will follow, I promise.

GREG

OK.

INT. BETH'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Beth is sitting beside her bed, holding a scalpel. She is reading off of a piece of paper on the floor next to her.

Beth holds up her left forearm, looking at her wrist.

Beth looks at the paper

BETH
 (quietly, to herself)
 Cut into the wrist and slice from
 left to write. OK.

Beth cuts her wrist, immediately starts bleeding profusely. She looks a bit shocked.

Beth puts her arm down and relaxes into the side of the bed.

INT. BETH'S HOUSE - STAIRS. NIGHT

Beth's Mom, Judy is walking up the stairs carrying a laundry basket.

She walks up to Beth's door.

JUDY
 Beth! I'm doing a white wash, you
 got anything need doing?

No answer

JUDY
 Beth! Did you hear me?

Off-screen a faint groan from Beth is heard.

JUDY
 Beth? What are you doing in there?
 Beth? Are you masturbating?

The groan is heard again

JUDY
 Just stop what you're doing, OK,
 I'm coming in. In 5, 4, 3, 2, 1,
 seriously Beth I don't want to see
 anything, I'm not mad I just don't
 need that kind of memory...

INT. BETH'S ROOM. NIGHT

Judy enters the bedroom.

Beth is lying a pool of blood, unconscious.

Judy screams

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Beth is lying on a hospital trolley, being rushed through the hospital. Doctors and nurses pushing her, Judy is also running beside her, as is Beth's Dad, Ed, both looking upset and anxious.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM. NIGHT

Ed and Judy are sitting opposite each other, the only people in the waiting area.

JUDY
(visibly upset and shaking)
I can't do this Ed.

Beat

JUDY (CONT'D)
I can't, I can't keep feeling
afraid.

ED
I know

JUDY
I can't do it, I can't keep on
hating her when I need to love her
more than ever

ED
You don't hate her.

JUDY
I do. I hate that she thinks the
way she does, I hate that she would
do that, and what she does to her
arms. Oh my God

Judy breaks down. Ed comes over to hug her.

(CONTINUED)

ED

Hey, we're going to deal with this, OK?

JUDY

She wants to die. How can she want to die? What did I do wrong?

ED

Nothing, honey, it's not your fault.

JUDY

Oh get real Ed. How can it not be my fault? Our fault. We did something wrong, it's always the parents who screw up their kids, they don't just behave like this for no reason.

ED

She's alive, alright, and we're going to deal with the situation.

JUDY

I can't let her be alone any more, I'm never going to stop worrying about her. You know what she's done? She's given us a lifetime of worry. She's nearly an adult and now, now she needs me to watch her every minute of the day.

ED

We're going to get help, alright? There are people that can help her.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry and Greg are in the Harry's office.

HARRY

So, it's been a week, how is it going without the pills?

GREG

Alright, I don't feel much different. Little dizzy.

HARRY

That's the brain muscle repairing itself.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Yeah?

HARRY

Oh yeah, you'll be benching 250 in another week!

GREG

Well, good.

HARRY

So I wanted to talk to you about your options, after school.

GREG

OK

HARRY

Now, let's say, for argument's sake, that you don't get the scholarship and you can't get into college alright?

GREG

Right

HARRY

OK, so what "options" do you have

Harry pulls out a folder, flips the first page over and shows an Airport Baggage worker, with fluorescent vest and ear muffs.

HARRY

Airport Baggage worker

GREG

Em...

HARRY

Salary, around \$23,000 at entry level..

GREG

23?

HARRY

Yeah, but within 5 years you'd be looking at around \$30,000, so, you know, lots of career progression there.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

I don't want to work at no airport

HARRY

Hey, people are always going to fly, job for life Greg.

GREG

My Uncle works at Logan, he hates it.

HARRY

OK, not hearing a lot of support for baggage handler.

Harry pulls over a new page of the folder. It shows a picture of a School Janitor, in blue overalls, with a mop and bucket

HARRY

School Janitor

GREG

Oh my God

HARRY

School Janitors can earn up to \$10 an hour, and some even come with accommodation attached, so you can live in school, which sounds kinda fun if you ask me!

GREG

Harry, I don't want to be a janitor

HARRY

I can get Mr Eccles to come in and try and change your mind

GREG

He's a nut job! The guy keeps dead squirrels in his closet!

HARRY

Really? Well the world's a twisted place Greg. Best to get used to it.

GREG

I'm not going to be a Janitor, I promise you, no matter how desperate things get. What else you got?

(CONTINUED)

Harry flips over the next page, shows an army soldier in desert clothing.

HARRY
Soldiers earn around \$4,000 a month, plus bonuses...

Greg throws his head back in disgust

GREG
(shouting)
Harry! I want to be an NBA player!

HARRY
(shouting back, mocking)
Greg! You're not going to be an NBA player!

Beat

HARRY
Look, Greg. I'm trying to be honest with you. Your coach is blowing smoke up your ass if he thinks you're going to make it as a pro. It's hard to take I know, but you got to be real.

GREG
Well at least maybe I can get a scholarship to a good school and get a degree in something.

HARRY
Only if you impress the scouts, right? Look I'm not blowing your dreams out of the water...

GREG
Well it feels like it! I thought you were going to make me happy, now I feel like killing myself!

Harry says nothing. But looks pleased.

HARRY
What kind of talk is that? Look, it's best to be prepared, is all I'm saying, have a plan B, you know?

GREG

I guess.

HARRY

Cos you're not too smart are you?

GREG

What do you mean?

HARRY

Well, I had a look at your grade average...

GREG

Yeah, so? I've kind of had to stop studying cos I'm training so much.

HARRY

The only thing you're not flunking is gym, obviously, and um, Home ec?

GREG

So what, I like cooking, that a problem?

HARRY

(overly happy)

Absolutely not!

Harry flips the next page of his folder. It's shows a picture of a smiling McDonald's employee, with hat and uniform

HARRY

(salesman like enthusiasm)

Do you know how much McDonald's restaurant managers earn? It's criminal!

Greg throws his head back again, clearly not impressed.

INT. HARRY'S CAR - DAY

Harry has parked his car with Greg in the passenger seat. They are both looking out of the right hand side of the car.

We look outside and see that they are in a very affluent Boston suburb, tree lined streets, big houses etc. They are parked outside a particularly lavish house.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
So, what do you think of that?

GREG
It's nice. Yeah.

HARRY
You know who lives there?

GREG
No

HARRY
Kevin Garnett

GREG
Kevin Garnett?

HARRY
Correct! The Celtics Power Forward,
arguable the best player in the
game

GREG
Excellent, think he's in?

HARRY
Probably not.

GREG
Ah shit. What a house!

HARRY
It's great ain't it? Lucky son of a
bitch

GREG
No man, luck's got nothing to do
with it, hard work, dog.

HARRY
(slightly irritated)
What is with the dog thing?

GREG
That's how I talk.

HARRY
I don't mind 'dude', but, look
never mind, I got something else to
show you

INT HARRY'S CAR - DAY

Harry and Greg are now parked in what appears to be a very bad Boston inner city/Project area.

Police sirens are heard, it looks gray, depressing and grim. People aimlessly walking around with shopping carts full of cans, some old guy with no shoes shouting.

HARRY

Well, Greg, time for a reality check.

GREG

What the hell are we doing here?

HARRY

It's not so bad you know? People living this close together? I bet there's a real community spirit here

A woman is heard shouting

WOMAN

Fuck you! You sunofabitch, I'm gonna slash your Momma and kill your dog!

Greg looks tentative

GREG

OK, so what's the story, why you showing me this.

HARRY

Well look. This is America, right? You work hard you get ahead, but there's no time for slackers. This is where they end up.

GREG

Right, point taken. Can we go now.

HARRY

Hey look!

GREG

What

Shot of a 30-something bearded homeless guy, sitting on the sidewalk, playing boxes like drums, using his hands. Looks mentally unstable.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
You know who that is?

GREG
Ringo Starr?

HARRY
No. That's Mitch Neville. I went to school with him.

GREG
You went to school with him?

HARRY
Yeah.

GREG
Thought you said you grew up on Martha's Vineyard.

HARRY
(thinking)
I did. But my Dad lived over here, I did a semester or two over here.

GREG
Oh right.

HARRY
I guess Mitch ain't playing football any more.

GREG
He played football.

HARRY
You never heard of Mitch, um 'The Snitch' Neville?

GREG
No.

HARRY
Oh man, this guy was the next Joe Montana, he was the greatest high school footballer in Massachusetts.

GREG
Well, something happened.

HARRY
Lost his focus. He was all ready for a move into the big time and
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (cont'd)
then, boom! Forgot what it was that
was important. He didn't enjoy
football anymore, it was more like
a chore.

GREG
Hang on a sec. Are you trying to
draw a parallel between me and,
Mitch 'The Snitch'?

HARRY
Look how happy he is.

Shot of 'Mitch' laughing as he plays his 'drums'

HARRY
(sickly mock-sympathetic)
He's happy. You could be happy too.

GREG
I don't want to play boxes. I'd
rather be a clinically depressed
basketball player or lawyer than a
happy box drummer, Harry. You know,
you really suck at counseling.
Anyone ever told you that?

HARRY
All the time. But I'm not here to
win friends, Greg, I'm here to make
sure you see what life has to
offer.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

Harry and Greg are seated, Harry is eating a burger, Greg
only has a drink.

HARRY
(looking around)
Oh yeah, these guys are earning
good money here. It's not
glamorous, it's not good for your
'street cred' but it's honest hard
work.

Greg looks unimpressed.

GREG
Do you like your job?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
Yeah, it's alright.

GREG
Did you want to be a High School
Counselor when you were a kid?

HARRY
(thinking)
No, porn star.

Greg laughs

HARRY
It's varied, you know, which is
something. Every day brings a new
challenge, a new student with
problems

GREG
Aren't the same bullshit, you know,
family sucks, can't fit in, too
much pressure

HARRY
Sometimes.

GREG
You don't get sick of teenagers?

HARRY
(thinking)
Sometimes it's the same shit. There
have been teenager's since the
first human turned 13, and to be
honest with you, it's a stage
everyone goes through, you like to
think you're individual, but you're
just the same as everyone else.

GREG
What do you mean?

HARRY
I mean. You know, humans go through
stages of their lives, and when
you're a teenager you think you
know it all.

GREG
I don't

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

No I mean most teenagers honestly think, in their heads they actually think, that they know it all. But you know what?

GREG

What?

HARRY

Have you been an adult?

GREG

No, not yet

HARRY

Well I've been a teenager, every teacher or coach you disrespect with your ideals and criticisms has been a teenager, and they were exactly the same as you were. And let me tell you something for your own good Greg. Things aren't as important as you think.

GREG

Meaning what?

HARRY

Basketball team, who gives a damn? Fitting in with your friends, being popular, worrying about some shitty quiz on History. When you get to my age you realize that all of that worry was worth dick!

GREG

So what are you saying, I shouldn't worry about basketball, blow my chance of going to college?

HARRY

Just saying that life is what you make it, it doesn't all end with one game of basketball.

GREG

I told you, I have to go to college

HARRY

Why, so your Mom will be proud? So you can get into some Frat house?

(CONTINUED)

GREG

No, so I can have a decent life

HARRY

I've got a decent life. I didn't go to college.

GREG

You didn't?

HARRY

That surprise you? I got my degree in night school.

GREG

Yeah, look. It's not up for discussion, I want to go to college, that's what I want. Now are you going to help me or not?

HARRY

Of course I'll help you, that's my job.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Beth is sitting up in a hospital bed, dead pan look, staring straight ahead. She has a intravenous drip in one arm, and a pack of blood dripping into her other arm.

CLOSE-UP of pack of blood - Shows that it is O+

Judy and Ed gingerly walk into the room. They sit by her bed. A few awkward seconds pass before:

BETH

(emotionless)

Sorry.

ED

Don't apologize honey.

Beth keeps her head forward, but moves her eyes towards her Judy

BETH

I'm sorry Mom.

JUDY

Baby what's wrong? Why did you do it?

(CONTINUED)

BETH

Sad.

JUDY

Just sad? Nothing else.

BETH

I was just sad

JUDY

You're not being abused or...

BETH

No, I'm just sad Mom. I didn't feel like living anymore.

JUDY

You've got so much to look forward too Beth, I know it's hard to see right now but life gets better.

BETH

I know.

ED

Honey we want you to start seeing someone, you need to talk to someone, someone else, not family.

BETH

I tried to see the school counselor

JUDY

You did, what did she say?

BETH

It's a guy. Mr Murray. I went to office, he wasn't there

JUDY

What do you mean he wasn't there?

BETH

They said he was off for the day.

JUDY

OK, well. We're going to have a word with him, and make sure he starts taking his job seriously

ED

Bet your ass we will

(CONTINUED)

BETH

Dad

JUDY

And then you're going to talk
through your problems with him.
That OK with you?

BETH

I guess. They're not going to lock
me up are they?

JUDY

We convinced them not to.

BETH

Thanks

JUDY

We're going to get through this,
together. Alright?

BETH

Yeah.

INT. KATIE'S ROOM - DAY

Katie is sitting up in her bed, looking gravely ill. Skye is
in a carriage next to the bed.

Katie suddenly looks like she's going to vomit.

KATIE

(urgently)

Mom! Mom! I'm going to be sick

Francis runs into the room with a bowl. But before she gets
there Katie projectile vomits pure bright red blood all over
the bed, an unbelievable large amount.

Francis screams, Skye starts wailing in the worst kind of
baby scream

KATIE

Mom! Help me!

FRANCIS

(panicking and crying)

Oh baby!

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry is in his office on the phone, putting his jacket on quickly as he is talking.

HARRY

OK, I'm on my way over, sit tight.

INT. KATIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

All is now calm in Katie's room. Sheets have been changed, Skye is asleep in a cot next to the bed.

Harry is sitting by Katie's side. Francis stands in the doorway.

HARRY

Did you tell her?

FRANCIS

Tell me what? About the transplant you mean?

HARRY

(guarded)

Yeah

FRANCIS

Yeah she told me. You going to do it?

HARRY

If that's what everybody agrees.

FRANCIS

I don't feel right about involving Pedro though.

HARRY

(mocking)

You know of any other hospitals that can transplant a stolen liver Ma?

FRANCIS

Don't get smart Harry Murray. I just don't like it.

HARRY

Well, nobody likes it. But that's the way it is. Can he set up a meeting with this surgeon guy?

(CONTINUED)

FRANCIS

I asked him. He said he'd do anything for Katie.

HARRY

OK, good.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Harry is walking with PEDRO, a 60-something short, bald, fat and friendly Brazilian guy.

PEDRO

I love Katie, you know, I think of her like my daughter.

HARRY

That's nice, thanks Pedro.

PEDRO

Even though I have many daughters, she is the best.

Harry laughs politely

HARRY

So who is this Eduardo guy, I heard he was a sex change surgeon.

PEDRO

Yes, he was sex change doctor, not very good.

HARRY

Right.

PEDRO

But he is a Doctor, surgeon, he knows his shit.

HARRY

Do you think he's going to go for it?

PEDRO

Maybe yes, maybe no, who knows?

INT. EDUARDO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harry, Pedro, and EDUARDO, a 40-something Brazilian.

Note: For conversations between Pedro and Eduardo should be spoken in Portuguese and subtitled in English.

The three are sitting around a kitchen table, the kitchen is small and cramped, pictures of the Madonna and crucifixes all over the place.

EDUARDO

(to Pedro)

Fucking hell Pedro. A liver? I don't know

HARRY

(to Pedro)

What'd he say?

PEDRO

He say it is going to be complicated.

PEDRO

(to Eduardo)

How difficult can it be?

EDUARDO

Very difficult my friend, it's not like changing a sparkplug

PEDRO

This girl, she is just a girl, she has a baby, a beautiful little baby, you're these people's only hope Eduardo.

EDUARDO

I don't know..

PEDRO

Christ man, you can do it, look what you did to my thumb!

Pedro waggles his thumb, still showing stitches, in front of Eduardo

EDUARDO

The liver transplant, Pedro, it's very intricate

(CONTINUED)

PEDRO

So is turning a penis into a
vagina, and you did that for years
before you fucked up!

EDUARDO

Anyway, the hospital is for
Brazilians, I can't start selling
health care to Americans, questions
get asked. I screw up and we're all
in the shit

PEDRO

I can guarantee they won't hold you
responsible

PEDRO

(to Harry)

He wants to know if you can
guarantee not to sue, prosecute or
anything if she dies.

HARRY

(to Eduardo, in
over-simplified English)

No, no problemo. You do us favour.
We not blame you

PEDRO

(to Eduardo)

See? He's not going to get you
kicked out. He's the one stealing
the liver for God's sake!

EDUARDO

Where is he getting it from?

PEDRO

A friend at a Boston Hospital, from
a homeless nobody.

EDUARDO

It's going to be expensive

PEDRO

How much?

EDUARDO

(Thinking)

\$15,000

Pedro raises his arm up in disbelief

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

What?

PEDRO

(to Harry)

He wants \$15,000

HARRY

Tell him OK

PEDRO

You got \$15,000?

HARRY

Mom's got \$10k, I can get the rest.

PEDRO

(to Eduardo)

OK, this guy says OK. I still think it's too much.

EDUARDO

It's intricate Pedro. The price includes all the medication she'll need to take after to avoid rejection. It's a bargain.

PEDRO

OK, so we got a deal?

EDUARDO

Tell him he needs to screen the liver, I can't do that. Needs to check for any problems with the donor. It needs to come fresh, within 2 hours of death, packed in ice. And tell him to pray a lot, because 20% of liver transplant patients die on the operating table, and that's in a proper hospital.

INT. PRINCIPALS OFFICE - DAY

Ed and Judy are sitting opposite Principle Hughes. Beth is sitting between his parents, looking down, almost embarrassed to be in the situation.

ED

What kind of school lets a kid attempt suicide because the goddamn counselor is having a goddamn day off?

(CONTINUED)

MR HUGHES

Ed, Judy, ordinarily our counselor Mr Murray is here every single day of the semester.

JUDY

Well he wasn't there when my daughter went to ask him for help and look what happened

BETH

It wasn't his fault

JUDY

Beth, honey, Mommy and Daddy are talking

MR HUGHES

Folks, look, I'm very sorry that this has happened, no one won in this situation. But what we can do is make sure Beth gets an appointment with Mr Murray ASAP.

ED

Well good. Can I see him now?

MR HUGHES

Um..

JUDY

What is it?

MR HUGHES

This is going to sound bad, but Mr Murray had to leave the school earlier yesterday because of an urgent family emergency, now..

ED

(looking at Judy)

You see the kind of school this is? Family emergency! What about our goddamn family emergency?!

JUDY

You've only got one High School Counselor?

MR HUGHES

It's all our budget allows

(CONTINUED)

JUDY

This is ridiculous, when is he back?

MR HUGHES

Should be later this afternoon, I'll be delighted to make Beth here his top priority the second he gets back, I assure you.

INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Greg is sitting on a bench that sits in-between the lockers. He is in his Basketball kit. He had his head down and looks nervous.

In the background we hear a humdrum of a sports hall full of noisy supporters, cheerleaders etc.

Running into shot is Harry, he sits down beside Greg, puffing and panting.

HARRY

Hey, just made it. How you doing?

GREG

Nervous

HARRY

Don't worry.

GREG

Don't worry?(!) There are 3 scouts out there, waiting for me.

HARRY

3 huh? That's good though, right? All you gotta do is impress one

GREG

I don't know if I can do it.

HARRY

Lot of pressure huh?

GREG

(sarcastic)
Just a little.

HARRY

Well, look at this way, play well and you'll go to college, play bad and you don't.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Thanks for spelling it out, and there was me wondering!

HARRY

What are you going to do if you don't get picked up?

GREG

I don't know

HARRY

No, come on think about it. Imagine you play badly and these guys think you're worthless, then what? Think about how you're going to go home and tell Mom, think about it. Think about how disappointed she'll be knowing that her son is going to live in the projects and work as a baggage handler for the rest of his life, imagine the look on her face...

GREG

Alright, jeez! What book did you take that advice from?

HARRY

Gotta be prepared Greg. Think about your future.

GREG

Man, if I play bad, I've got no future.

Harry stays silent

GREG

Seriously Harry, if I don't get into college there's point carrying on.

HARRY

What do you mean?

GREG

I mean I don't think I'd trust myself

HARRY

Come on, spell it out Greg

(CONTINUED)

GREG
(shouting, angry)
I think I'll kill myself, alright!

HARRY
(patronisingly laughing)
Yeah right!

GREG
What, you don't think I'd do it?
You think I wouldn't go home and
blow my brains out with my Mom's
gun?

HARRY
You wouldn't do that.

GREG
Bet your ass I would

HARRY
You don't have the guts to do that

GREG
(standing up)
What is your fucking issue?

HARRY
Greg I hear it everyday. "Oh, I got
an F in Math I'm going to kill
myself" "Ooh, my girlfriend ditched
me" Get a grip! You kids are all
talk.

GREG
We'll see, we'll fucking see. You
watch what I do, and guess what
you'll have blood on your damn
hands too.

HARRY
Don't threaten me Greg. I hear it
from punks like you every day,
you're all full of shit.

Greg walks off, disgusted.

GREG
(walking off/waving the
finger)
Fuck you and fuck your counseling!

Harry smiles.

INT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Greg's game is in full swing, 10 minutes on the clock. Harry is clambering over the crowd of over-zealous high school kids, cheering their team's every move.

Harry sits down and looks watches the game with a pained look of desperation that the team, and Greg in particular play badly.

As each basket finds it's way home by Greg and his team-mates, people to the left, right, below and above Harry jump to their feet in joy.

Harry sits absolutely still, he has gone beyond the point of even keeping up the charade now.

Greg is having an awesome game, shooting hoops from every angle, audacious dunks, and looking more and more confident with every second.

However, the team are not working hard enough at defense and are losing as many baskets as they are scoring.

With every basket scored by the opposing team, Harry clenches his fist in triumph, quietly.

2 seconds to play - The score is 88 - 88. And Greg's opponents win a penalty.

The opposing player stands and bounces the ball, ready to take the first penalty. Harry sits forward in his seat, anticipating.

Everyone else around him can't bear to look, pained expressions on their faces.

He shoots - he misses

Partisan crowd erupt in cheering. Harry throws himself back into his seat, then straight forward again to wait for the next one.

Again, silence in the court as the opposing kid bounces the ball again.

HARRY
(whispering)
Come on, come on

The kid throws the ball, it looks good. It flies in the air, then bounces high of the rim, the sound of it bouncing goes right through Harry like a sword

(CONTINUED)

The crowd scream in delight, drowning out Harry, but it's obvious what he is saying

HARRY

Fuck!!!!

The ball, on it's way down to earth after being thrown at the rim is aiming at Greg, who being the tallest, it's easy for him to grab.

Without thinking he turns, outmaneuvering his marker, and throws it toward the defenseless basket at the other end of the court, the buzzer sounds.

Taking an age to get there. Harry watches it, almost expecting what is about to happen, the crowd are open-mouthed, willing it into the basket

Then, woosh! The ball slips through the basket unmolested by the rim, the perfect shot.

Crowd can't control itself, they go into hysteria. Greg is jumped on by his team-mates, the coach, and team-mate's on the bench.

Euphoria explodes on the stands, people jumping and hugging. Harry sits still. He can't believe it.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

Harry walks, dejected and heartbroken. Realizing now, he is going to lose his sister.

In the background at door is violently swung open, Greg can be seen looking around, he sees Harry.

GREG

Harry!

HARRY

(putting on his 'counsellor
face' through gritted teeth)

Hey!

GREG

(out of breath)

Did you see that? Huh? Oh my God!
I've tried that shot everyday of
High School and the one day it
works, the one day! Right in front
of the scouts! Oh man!

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

It's great Greg, well done.

GREG

Hey, I'm sorry about what I said before the match alright?

HARRY

Don't worry about it.

GREG

Yeah but, now I get it, I get what you were trying to do?

Harry looks concerned

HARRY

What do you mean?

GREG

You know, like the 'tough love' method, making me feel like shit so I'd come back on top, right?

HARRY

Well it's a new method, but I guess it works

GREG

Hell yeah man! Baggage handler! That was funny!

HARRY

Yeah. Looks like you're going to college

GREG

Man I hope so, if I do it's all down to you.

HARRY

Don't say that

GREG

No, I mean it is. I feel great, I really owe you man, thanks for everything.

HARRY

(looks like he wants to hit him)
Welcome

(CONTINUED)

GREG

OK, well I got to go shower then I
got some meetings with some scouts
dog!

Greg gives Harry a friendly punch on the arm, Harry puts on
a smile again, in reality he wants to head butt him.

HARRY

Get out of here you winner!

GREG

Ok, I'll see you later

Greg runs off.

Harry turns around and looks dejected again.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry is sitting at his desk, elbows on the desk, hands over
his eye's in an exhausted but emotional manner.

Knock at door

HARRY

(not looking up)
Fuck off

Door opens, it's Mr Hughes, looking a little pissed.

Harry immediately sits up

HARRY

John! Sorry, I thought it was this
punk who keeps knocking on my door
and running off

MR HUGHES

Maybe he's just shy

HARRY

What can I do for you, John?

MR HUGHES

How's the family?

HARRY

Alright, my sister's a little sick,
that's all.

(CONTINUED)

MR HUGHES

OK. You ever heard of Beth Harvey?
Senior?

HARRY

Um, no. Should I?

MR HUGHES

Probably. She attempted suicide a
couple of days ago?

HARRY

Oh yeah? Let me get her file

Harry walks to the cabinet, looks through the files

HARRY

What did she do?

MR HUGHES

Slit her wrists. She said she came
to see you last week, you weren't
here.

HARRY

No I was on the Vineyard. Shit. Are
the parents pissed?

MR HUGHES

Slightly, I managed to smooth
things over. They want to you to
talk to her.

HARRY

(opening Beth's file)

Wait a sec, let me check something

Close up on the file, focus in on the page with Beth's
medical info. It shows blood type O+

HARRY

(immediately)

Where is she?

INT. KATIE'S ROOM - DAY

Katie is sitting up in her bed, she looks terrible, yellow
skin, sweats, thin and gaunt. Also in the room are Francis,
sitting in a chair with baby Skye on her lap. Pedro is
standing in the doorway. Eduardo is taking Katie's blood
pressure using the old fashioned 'pump' blood pressure
monitor.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

Has Harry called?

FRANCIS

No honey. He says it's taking more time than they thought. You've got a very rare blood type

KATIE

O positive is rare? Pedro, ask him if O positive is rare, I thought it was common

PEDRO

(in Portuguese)

Eduardo, is O positive blood rare or common

EDUARDO

As common you can get, 1 in 3 Americans have it.

PEDRO

(to Katie)

He say no.

KATIE

I knew it. There's got to be a problem, people die every day in Boston.

FRANCIS

Maybe they died of liver disease, you don't know Katie

KATIE

Mom, I'm dying! I know I am, I need a new liver, soon, very soon.

EDUARDO

(to Pedro)

Not good. Her liver is fucked.

KATIE

What he say?

PEDRO

You don't have long, baby.

KATIE

What the hell is taking him so long?

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry is sitting in his chair, Beth sits opposite, very shy.

HARRY
So, tell me about what happened.

BETH
I dunno. I just thought I'd kill myself.

HARRY
Why?

BETH
Because I'm depressed I guess.

HARRY
60% of Americans suffer from depression, did you know that?

Beth shrugs her shoulders.

HARRY
Not everyone who is depressed tries to kill themselves, otherwise 60% of the Americans would be dead.

Silence.

HARRY
Which might be a good thing, less traffic

Beth looks at him

HARRY
That was a joke.

BETH
I get it

HARRY
Not a very good one. You want to talk about your problems?

BETH
I don't...

HARRY
You don't have to. Just tell me what you want. How's life at home?

(CONTINUED)

BETH

Sucks

HARRY

You not get on with your parents?

BETH

No. They're on another planet.

HARRY

They don't get you do they?

BETH

Nope, they don't understand what I'm going through.

HARRY

Well, you can tell me, I can help you. Are you being bullied?

BETH

Not really.

HARRY

You have any friends

BETH

No. I like being on my own

HARRY

You don't like the other kids? I don't either

Beth laughs a little

HARRY

I'm serious. They suck.

BETH

Some of them. I just don't fit in, you know? There are tons of groups and little gangs and stuff, and I just don't want to be like them.

HARRY

You know my sister tried to kill herself when she was about your age?

BETH

Really?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Yeah

BETH

How, I mean, what did she do?

HARRY

You looking for tips?

BETH

No

HARRY

She took on overdose

BETH

Guess it didn't work

HARRY

No. We managed to get her to the hospital in time. It was close though. And, she used to cut herself.

Beth looks at the floor

HARRY

You cut yourself too, don't you Beth

BETH

No

HARRY

Come on. You do don't you? You can tell me, all of this is 100% confidential.

BETH

(quietly, embarrassed)

Yes

HARRY

Why do you do it?

BETH

Why did your sister do it?

HARRY

I don't know. I never understood it, I can't see the point of it.

(CONTINUED)

BETH

It's a release

HARRY

A release? Release from what?

BETH

It's like. It's like you do it, just to feel something, because you feel so numb inside. I feel hurt all the time, pain all the time. But I can't see it, I can't see the pain. At least when I cut myself, I feel something. And when the blood is dripping from your arm, it's like all of your pain and suffering is going away with the blood, like, out of your body.

HARRY

Blood-letting

BETH

What?

HARRY

Blood letting. It's something Doctors used to do to patients a couple hundred years ago.

BETH

Really?

HARRY

Yeah, I mean they thought it was fantastic, got a problem, take some blood away.

BETH

Did it work?

HARRY

Not really. They stopped doing it because it didn't work. It's stupid. Cutting yourself is stupid too.

BETH

Maybe you should ask your sister if it's stupid.

Harry looks slightly offended. But carries on.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Well, that's up to me and her.
She's fine now, she got a baby

BETH

Is she married?

HARRY

No. She only goes in for testing
relationships

BETH

What do you mean?

HARRY

She likes bastards. You know, bad
boys, people that treat her like
shit. I think she enjoys it.

BETH

Maybe you should talk to her about
it.

HARRY

Maybe we should talk about you. Do
you still feel like you want to
die?

BETH

I don't want to die. I never did.

HARRY

Then why did you slit your wrists?

BETH

(sighing)

I don't want to die, I just want to
stop the pain. I don't feel like I
want to be here anymore.

HARRY

What, in the meeting

BETH

No! In the world. I feel worthless,
I'm not good at anything, I don't
think anyone will notice if I
disappear what have I ever done
that's worthwhile?

HARRY

You're 17! Most people haven't done
anything by 17.

(CONTINUED)

BETH

But I'm never going to be anything,
or anybody. I suck at life.

HARRY

I feel like that too.

BETH

No you don't

HARRY

I do. I'm 30 years old, I work in a
High School, I hate it.

BETH

You do?

HARRY

I hate having to be nice all the
time.

BETH

Are you serious, you don't like
your job?

HARRY

I don't like my job, I don't like
my life, I don't feel anything
anymore. Just pain.

Long pause

BETH

Maybe you should cut yourself?

HARRY

I'm not going to cut myself Beth.
It's not going to solve my
problems.

BETH

How do you know?

HARRY

Has it solved yours?

BETH

Touché.

HARRY

How do you feel, when you've done
it?

(CONTINUED)

BETH

Like a new person.

Harry acts like he is interested in the 'cutting concept' but puts his 'counselor face' back on quickly.

HARRY

Look, this line of conversation isn't going to do you any good Beth, now let's get back to reality.

BETH

I'm not going to stop cutting myself, Harry. I'm not going to stop thinking about killing myself just because I'm seeing you. The only reason I'm coming here is to keep my dumb-ass parents off my back while I come up with a new strategy.

Harry sits back in his chair. Ponders.

HARRY

So what do I get out of this situation? You said it yourself, you are just using me as a block to stop your parents hassling you for a few weeks, then you kill yourself, then afterwards I get pissed on for not 'hearing your concerns' and allowing you to commit suicide. What's in it for me?

BETH

Are you propositioning me?

HARRY

Don't flatter yourself, Beth.

BETH

Maybe I could convince you to see my point, let me do it. Just let me do it, what do you care if some messed up teenager becomes another statistic?

HARRY

Let you commit suicide, what kind of counselor would that make me?

(CONTINUED)

BETH

A good one?

HARRY

(laughing)

A good one?

BETH

Yeah! It's what I want to do

HARRY

Beth, if a student comes to me and says "I want to smoke crack" Am I going to let them? No, of course not.

BETH

What are you going to do? You can't tell anybody about our conversations, it's confidential remember.

Harry admits 'defeat' by sitting back in his chair, exhaling.

BETH

Look, you know what it's like. It's the way I want it. It's my body, it's my life and I'm going to do what I want to do. And if I want to cut it up or take my life then that's exactly what I'm going to do. Irrespective of what you have said or are going to say. Period.

Beth sits back with her arms folded. She's not going to be 'convinced'

HARRY

(leaning forward)

Can you keep a secret?

EXT. PARK. DAY

Harry is sitting on a park bench, Beth is sitting on the other side.

BETH

Do you think you'll regret it?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

What?

BETH

Killing yourself.

HARRY

I think that's the whole point of suicide, Beth, there's no consequences. Once you're gone, you're gone.

BETH

I guess.

HARRY

How are you feeling about it?

BETH

Alright. It's weird, it's kinda the first thing I've looked forward to in a while, ironic huh?

HARRY

Yeah. At least we won't be alone. I never wanted to die alone. My Dad died alone.

BETH

Really?

HARRY

Yeah. He died in his sleep, they say he had a heart attack but he wouldn't have felt anything. That's ideal huh?

BETH

Yup.

HARRY

So I guess we're really going to do this

BETH

Guess so. I'd love to be around to see what the newspapers say. 'High School Counselor and patient in suicide pact'!

HARRY

(mildly laughing)

I can imagine it.

(CONTINUED)

Long pause

BETH

So, how do you want to do it?

HARRY

Um, I don't want to slit my wrists

BETH

No, it didn't feel good, plus if your blood clot's like mine did, it doesn't work.

HARRY

Do you know that females are 3 times as likely to attempt suicide than males, but males are 5 times more likely to be successful at it?

BETH

No way

HARRY

I know. Alarming huh? You know why?

BETH

Why?

HARRY

Because men are more likely to use a gun. Women tend to try and overdose or slit their wrists. But 80% of the time, a gun shot does the trick.

BETH

You got a gun?

HARRY

I've got two.

Silence

Harry looks at Beth, moving closer.

HARRY

It's not going to hurt, Beth. By the time your brain has worked out what's going on, you're already dead.

(CONTINUED)

BETH

Where?

HARRY

Where what? Where'd you want to do it?

BETH

Yeah

HARRY

You ever been to Martha's Vineyard?

BETH

Couple of times, on vacation.

HARRY

OK, well I grew up there. There's a place called Aquinnah Beach, it's on the west side of the island, it's beautiful. There's a wooden shack on the beach, pretty rustic, but nice. I used to go there when I was a kid, watch the sunset. I want to see it one more time, will you come with me?

Beth looks unsure

Beth stays silent, Harry doesn't take his eyes off of her, willing her on.

BETH

(softly smiling)

OK

INT. MASS GENERAL ER - DAY

Rob is standing at the reception desk, writing on someone's medical report.

GRETA, a 50-something fat receptionist is sitting at the reception desk on the phone, having a heated debate, something about kidney stones and a mixed up schedule.

A UPS GUY comes into shot, putting a few packages on the desk next to Rob. He also has a basket of muffins, with an overly large pink ribbon and plastic wrapping.

Greta signs the UPS guy's clipboard without even looking or acknowledging him or losing track on the conversation.

(CONTINUED)

GRETA
(on phone)
Ok, whatever, just send him to New York then, I don't know what to suggest.

Greta hangs up.

GRETA
(to Rob)
These Junior Doctors, bunch of shitbags, Rob. Think they run the joint.

ROB
Was I shitbag?

GRETA
(without missing a beat)
The biggest

ROB
I know you love me really.

Greta starts looking at the packages on the desk, she grabs the muffin basket and looks at the card.

GRETA
(surprised)
Hey, these are for you

ROB
Yeah? Let me see

Rob looks puzzled, but pleased, reads the card.

GRETA
Who they from, one of your patients? The one you didn't kill?

ROB
No. Francis? Who the hell is Francis?

GRETA
What's it say

ROB
"To Dr Rob, thanks for helping us out, Francis"

GRETA

Must be another Dr Rob, you don't help anyone but yourself.

ROB

(sudden realization)

Francis Murray.

GRETA

Who?

ROB

Francis Murray, she's my friend's Mom, from Martha's Vineyard. "Helping us out"? What the hell is she talking about? I haven't seen her in years... Oh shit!

GRETA

What is it?

ROB

I gotta go, um, tell Jerry I had to leave on an emergency alright?

Rob runs toward the exit

GRETA

(shouting)

What about the muffins?!

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Rob runs through the school hall, passing kids as they walk to their next class, he is still wearing his white Doctor's coat.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Rob runs into Harry's office, looking around and seeing no one.

ROB

Harry?!

A school receptionist, NESSA, puts her head around the doorway, looking confused at seeing a Doctor in Harry's office.

(CONTINUED)

NESSA
Can I help you?

ROB
Yeah, you seen Harry Murray?

NESSA
Who are you?

ROB
I'm his Doctor, you seen him?

NESSA
(still confused)
His Doctor?

ROB
Look it's urgent! You seen him or not?

NESSA
He's gone to Martha's Vineyard

ROB
Fuck!

NESSA
He took some student with him,
field trip he said, I think
something else is going on if you
ask me

ROB
Who did he take?

NESSA
(guarded)
A girl called Beth Harvey.

ROB
Was she one of his patients?

NESSA
I think so. Apparently she tried to
kill herself the other day

Rob doesn't say goodbye, he just bolts out the door, running
back up the hallway faster than he did before.

Nessa looks bemused

INT. HARRY'S CAR - DAY

Harry is driving, Beth in the passenger seat. They are on the freeway

BETH
Can I see the guns?

HARRY
Best not, I don't want to get
busted out here

BETH
OK

Long silent pause

HARRY
So, Beth, let me ask you something

BETH
What?

HARRY
Are you like, you know, are you OK
about, you know, dying a virgin?

BETH
(stern)
Yes fine

Harry acts innocent

HARRY
No, cool that's cool I was just
checking, making sure you weren't
going to freak out when we did...
never mind.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

Rob runs into Logan. He runs up to a check in desk, 'Martha's Vineyard' showing as the destination on the monitor above the CHECK-IN PERSON

CHECK-IN PERSON
Hi, can I help you sir?

ROB
When is the next flight?

(CONTINUED)

CHECK-IN PERSON

17:35

Rob checks his watch, 5 o'clock

ROB

OK, can I get a ticket, one way

CHECK-IN PERSON

Sure, that's going to be \$120

Rob goes to check his wallet, not there.

ROB

Shit! I don't have my wallet

CHECK-IN PERSON

OK, I would you to pay, sir

ROB

Damn!, look I'm a Doctor, OK

Rob shows the Check-in Person his stethoscope, he wildly waves it in her face

ROB

See? I need to get to Martha's Vineyard asap. Is there anything you can do?

CHECK-IN PERSON

I'm sorry sir, you would need some ID to go through security anyway.

ROB

Crap! When is the next flight?

CHECK-IN PERSON

The 17:35 is our last service today, tomorrow it's going to be the 10:35am

Rob bangs the desk in frustration, defeated, he walks out of the airport.

Rob pulls out his cell phone, he hear it ring then click

HARRY

(voicemail)

Hi this is Harry Murray, I can't answer your call right now...

Rob hangs up

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

HARRY (V/O)

Later, people question why I didn't just kill Beth instead of coercing her into suicide. My answer would have been that I'm not a murderer. As far as I'm aware I wasn't breaking the law. I'd have felt really uncomfortable shooting her, if she did it herself, I figured I left myself a pretty good get-out clause if I ever ended up in court.

Harry is sitting on a single bed, Beth is lying down on the other bed.

HARRY

Can't believe we missed the boat

BETH

Yeah. Maybe it's a sign it's a sign we shouldn't do it.

HARRY

Nah

Harry gets up

HARRY

Just going to see if they have any pizza places round here, you want something, you hungry?

BETH

No

HARRY

OK, be back soon

BETH

'K

INT. MOTEL BALCONY - DAY

Harry is punching a number into his cell phone

HARRY

(quietly)

Pedro, it's Harry. Not so bad. Listen I need you to tell Eduardo there's been a change of plan.

(CONTINUED)

PEDRO (O/S)

What happen?

HARRY

I've got a liver. But, well it's still in the body

PEDRO (O/S)

What you mean?

HARRY

I mean I'm having to bring a body, Eduardo's going to have to remove it.

PEDRO (O/S)

Why can't you take it out?

HARRY

Because, my Doctor friend, Rob, he's going to smuggle a body out of the hospital, but he can't take the liver out, he doesn't know how.

PEDRO (O/S)

Eduardo not going to be happy

HARRY

Just tell him I'll give him another \$5k

PEDRO

We have to be quick, when did the person die

HARRY

She isn't dead yet

PEDRO

What?

HARRY

She came into the hospital with a gun shot to the head, she's on life support, but they're switching it off tomorrow.

PEDRO

Then what happen to the body when we finish?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

I don't know, I'll figure it out.
I'll burn it or something, drop it
at sea.

PEDRO

Holy crap Harry, this is sounding
more and more dangerous...

HARRY

You want Katie to die? Do you
Pedro?

PEDRO

No

HARRY

OK, well suck it in, and we'll get
it done.

PEDRO

OK, when you coming?

HARRY

Tomorrow.

PEDRO

I meet you at the boat

HARRY

No! Don't worry, I'll meet up with
you at Eduardo's.

PEDRO

OK

HARRY

Don't tell Mom or Katie about the
body thing, OK, just tell them I'm
bringing a liver, got it?

PEDRO

OK, I got it

HARRY

Tell Eduardo I'll bring the body in
by around 11, he cuts it out, you
and me go over to Mom's. Eduardo
puts the body in a freezer, then we
bring Katie over for the
transplant, Katie gets the
transplant, we take her home, you
and me go out in a boat and drop
the body in the sea, right?

(CONTINUED)

PEDRO

Easy.

INT. HARRY'S CAR - DAY

Harry is driving his car onto the ferry at Wood's Hole, destined for Martha's Vineyard. Beth is writing something on a notepad.

HARRY

OK, read it back to me

BETH

'To whom it may concern. We are sorry that you have had to find us in what is sure to be something of a mess. My name is Beth Harvey and the body next to me is Harry Murray, a High School Counselor. We both reside in Boston, Mass. Please inform the authorities immediately...'

Beth looks to Harry

BETH

You don't think they would have done that anyway?

HARRY

Maybe, maybe not, best to be safe though.

BETH

'We had both decided, impartially and under no duress from either party, that we wished no longer to live in this cruel world...' You don't think 'cruel world' is a little clichéd?

HARRY

OK, put 'cunt world'

BETH

Original, I like it. OK, cunt world.

HARRY

That'll make the papers.

(CONTINUED)

BETH

..'Cunt world any longer. We would both like to tell our respective families that although we are not sorry or apologetic for our decision, we do offer our sympathies to any feelings of guilt, anger and frustration you may be having. In the spirit of this, we do not blame anyone...'

HARRY

Except everyone

BETH

'and ask you to please accept our decision and move on. If it makes you sleep better at night, please note that there was nothing you could have done to prevent it.' And then we just sign our names.

HARRY

Excellent work.

Long pause

BETH

How are you feeling?

BETH

A little nauseous

HARRY

Me too.

INT. AIRPLANE JETWAY - DAY

Rob walks down a jet way

EXT. LOGAN - DAY

Shot of a small passenger plane leaving the ground

INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Katie is sitting up in the bed. Looking terrible, close to death. Skye is on the bed with her.

Francis walks in with a tray, soup, juice and a flower.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCIS
Big day today

KATIE
Sure is.

FRANCIS
Don't be frightened honey. Every
thing's going to be alright. You'll
feel like a new person this time
tomorrow.

KATIE
Mom, why is Harry doing this? Does
he feel he has to make up for
something?

FRANCIS
I don't know, maybe

KATIE
Because he doesn't. What I did, all
the years ago, was just some idiot
16 year old who didn't know what to
do.

FRANCIS
I know baby. He loves you so much,
you know that?

KATIE
Yeah. I love him too.

EXT. AQUINNAH BEACH - DAY

Harry and Beth are standing on the viewing point, lighthouse
in the background.

It's a beautiful day.

HARRY
Hey, isn't it stunning here

BETH
Yeah it really is.

HARRY
There's a building over there, it's
not used outside the summer. That's
where I thought, you know...

(CONTINUED)

BETH

OK.

HARRY

Beth, are you sure?

BETH

I think so. What about you?

HARRY

I think so too.

INT. FRANCIS' HOUSE - DAY

A loud repeated, urgent knock at the front door. Francis walks over, looks surprised to see Rob.

FRANCIS

Rob! What are you doing here?

ROB

It's about Harry, can I talk to you outside for a sec?

Francis walks outside with Rob.

FRANCIS

Sure honey. What's wrong?

ROB

Did Harry tell you he was going to get a liver for Katie?

FRANCIS

Yes, he said you were helping him

ROB

OK, I'm not. Harry asked me and I said I wouldn't do it. I think he's trying to get one of his patients to commit suicide so he can take their liver and give it to Katie.

FRANCIS

What the hell are you talking about?

ROB

How was he going to get the transplant done?

(CONTINUED)

FRANCIS

One of my boyfriend's friends is a surgeon, he's got a clinic on the island

ROB

Christ Francis

FRANCIS

What the hell would you do Rob? My daughter's dying, you think I have a choice?

ROB

We can't let him do this. Some girl is going to think she has to kill herself

FRANCIS

I can't let him do that. We've got to stop him.

ROB

I know he's on the island somewhere, do you know where he could be?

FRANCIS

I think I do

INT. ABANDONED SHACK - DAY

A decrepit shack, wooden, cobwebs etc.

Harry is sitting on the floor, legs crossed, facing Beth.

HARRY

OK, lets put the note in the middle.

BETH

OK.

Harry hands Beth a handgun. He has a similar one.

BETH

How do I? I mean where?

HARRY

Don't put it in your mouth, common misconception. Put it right about your ear, aim slightly up

(CONTINUED)

BETH
OK

HARRY
You ready?

BETH
Yeah

A loud crash, door breaks in, Rob and Francis enter.

FRANCIS
Harry! What are you doing?

Harry and Beth stand up

Harry puts his gun to his head. Beth follows his action.

HARRY
Stay back, I'll do it, I'll shoot.

BETH
Who the hell are these people?

ROB
You're Beth right?

BETH
Yeah

ROB
Listen to me Beth. Harry is a
little fucked in the head..

HARRY
Don't listen to him Beth, he's full
of shit

ROB
This is Harry's Mom, Francis. OK,
Harry's sister is dying from liver
failure, he's trying to get you to
kill yourself so that he can take
your liver.

HARRY
He's lying Beth

FRANCIS
Harry! Put the gun down

(CONTINUED)

ROB
Don't worry, it's not loaded

BETH
What?

HARRY
It is loaded you Judas prick!

ROB
Beth, his gun's not loaded. He talked you into a suicide pact, didn't he?

HARRY
Fuck you Rob, it was a joint decision, wasn't it Beth?

BETH
Is your sister dying?

FRANCIS
She is dying

BETH
And you told me you wanted to die

HARRY
I do, I do, I'm going to blow my brains out.

ROB
It's not loaded Harry, drop the gun, come on.

BETH
You convinced me, you told me we were in this together. Were you just using me for my liver?

HARRY
No. He's bullshitting you Beth.

BETH
Do it.

HARRY
What?

BETH
Shoot!

HARRY
I thought we were going to go
together.

BETH
OK, lets do it together.

Francis and Rob scream

HARRY
On three?

BETH
One

HARRY
Two

BETH
Three

Beth pulls the trigger, but she has put the safety on.
Harry's gun makes a loud, empty click

BETH
You disgusting, rotten, lying,
cock-sucking...!

HARRY
My gun jammed!

BETH
What's wrong with your fucking
liver?

HARRY
Nothing

Beth flicks the safety off, aims the gun at Harry, and
shoots him in the head. Harry flies back, he's dead.

Beth looks at Rob and Francis, smiles and shoots herself.
She drops to the floor.

Francis runs over to Harry's body. Hugging him and wailing
uncontrollably.

Rob drops to the floor. Distraught.

HARRY (V/O)
Hey, what do you know, there is an
afterlife. I was wrong about it not
hurting. It does, really bad. Not
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (V/O) (cont'd)
even sure how I'm even talking. I
can't move any part of my body, no
matter how hard I try. I'm trying
to move my mouth, I just want to
say just one word, just one. Liver.
Take my liver. Rob, you son of a
bitch. Take my liver!

INT. SHACK - DAY

10 minutes have passed. Francis is still cradling her son.
Rob is crying, sitting down on the floor.

FRANCIS
Rob! You could have helped, this is
all your fault!

Rob gets up and walks toward Francis. He goes to hug her.

FRANCIS
No! Get away! You bastard!

Rob perseveres though the hitting and shouting and finally
Francis hugs Rob, they are both still crying.

ROB
There's still time

FRANCIS
For what?

Rob just looks at Francis.

FRANCIS
Take it from that bitch over there!

ROB
What would Harry have wanted?

Francis takes it in.

INT. EDUARDO'S SURGERY - DAY

Eduardo and Rob are in OR scrubs, masks, working on the
unconscious Katie. Life support machines beeping. It is
surprisingly well equipped.

INT. KATIES BEDROOM - NIGHT

Katie is lying on the bed. Hooked up to a heart rate monitor, tubes out of her nose and mouth.

Francis, Rob and Pedro sit around the bed.

Suddenly, Katie sits up and takes a breath for air, like she's just come up from diving.

FADE OUT: