

THE THERAPEUTIC DOSE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. DAVID GOLDSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Psychiatry books line David's shelves. In the middle of the office sit various couches, two of which are occupied by --

DAVID GOLDSTEIN, 60s, a man with greying hair who looks in shape for his age and his PATIENT, a skinny man with hollow eyes.

They two men engage in conversation.

PATIENT

What's that mean again?

DAVID

What's what mean?

PATIENT

That shit you called me.

DAVID

I didn't call you anything, did I?

PATIENT

You called me something. Dual something.

DAVID

I didn't mean to offend you if I called you anything.

PATIENT

No, I'm talking about the diagnosis, or whatever.

DAVID

Dual diagnosis?

PATIENT

Yeah, why'd you call me that?

DAVID

Well it's just a label. There are terms in psychiatry that are just labels we call people. A dual diagnosis means that you're dealing with some challenging mental health stuff and also struggle with an addiction of some sort.

The patient takes a beat to think.

PATIENT

I don't know if I'm ready to do this.

DAVID

That's okay. You don't have to be ready.

PATIENT

Can we just talk about something else? For now.

DAVID

We can talk about anything you want. That's why you're here.

PATIENT

Yeah.

A beat.

DAVID

I do want to talk about you at at some point. About your feelings. About what's bothering you.

PATIENT

We can talk about that.

DAVID

Let's talk about your mood.

PATIENT

My moods been better, man.

DAVID

Have the meds been helping?

PATIENT

The Lithium? And the Zyprexa? Yeah. A little.

DAVID

So that's progress, right?

PATIENT

Yeah, man. Don't get me wrong, i've been making progress here.

DAVID

That's good. So your moods been better. How so?

PATIENT

Well I was mad depressed yesterday.
But no, I don't want to talk about
it.

A beat.

DAVID

Let's talk about the Suboxone for a
second. How's that working?

PATIENT

It's good. It works well. You know
it looks like a stop sign.

A beat.

DAVID

Can I ask you something?

PATIENT

Yeah.

DAVID

Are you high right now?

A beat.

PATIENT

No.

DAVID

It's okay if you are.

PATIENT

No, I ain't.

DAVID

What do you mean by that? That it
looks like a stop sign.

PATIENT

Like how it's red and has that
hexagon shape.

David pauses and tries to take interpret this.

DAVID

And this disturbs you?

David takes notes.

PATIENT

Well no, see... The pills. They want me to stop. But my body, my mind, my soul. It wants me to continue.

DAVID

Well, I think you should continue the Suboxone treatment.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Mh.

PATIENT

I want to increase it.

DAVID

Increase what?

PATIENT

The Suboxone. That shit does nothing at the dose I'm at.

DAVID

I thought you said it helped?

PATIENT

A little.

DAVID

If you mess with your medication you're going to have to go back to the inpatient facility.

A beat.

PATIENT

I can't do this.

DAVID

You can, man. You have to keep telling yourself that.

PATIENT

You don't understand, man. What it's like. To be like me.

DAVID

I do understand.

PATIENT

How do you understand?

DAVID

Do you want to talk about me?

PATIENT

Yeah, since you understand.

DAVID

Well to be honest with you, I was addicted to cocaine. When I was thirteen. I, like you, was also diagnosed with a mood disorder.

PATIENT

Shit, you were?

DAVID

I was.

PATIENT

No way, man.

DAVID

Yeah way.

PATIENT

You? Tie wearing looking dude.

DAVID

Me.

PATIENT

No shit?

DAVID

No shit.

A beat.

PATIENT

But you're cured now and shit?

DAVID

Well I have my demons, I do struggle. But I am in a better place.

PATIENT

How'd you do it?

DAVID

How'd I do what?

PATIENT

How'd you fix yourself.

DAVID

Well, can I be honest with you?

PATIENT

Yeah.

DAVID

First, the medication helped. That was huge. I was on Lithium, too.

PATIENT

Do you still take it?

DAVID

No, I don't still take it.

PATIENT

Okay.

DAVID

But the most important thing was I believed in myself. And that might not work for you. I get it. You're in a tough spot right now. But I think that if you can push yourself through this, you can be the person you want to be.

A beat.

PATIENT

If you can do it, I can do it.

DAVID

That's right. So I'll see you here next week? Same time.

The patient stands up.

PATIENT

Next week, same time.

The patient exits. David sees him out

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG TREATMENT CLINIC - OUTSIDE MATEO'S ROOM - DAY

At the MED WINDOW, numerous PATIENTS line up for Methadone.

MATEO REED, 30s, a wiry man with tattoos that circumference his body, leans up against the wall. His ROOMMATE, 30s, who is shaking from withdrawal, is next to him.

They're in the midst of a conversation.

MATEO

No, so he ran up on my crew.

ROOMMATE

So you popped somebody?

MATEO

Yeah, I guess I did pop somebody.

ROOMMATE

So you were in jail before coming here.

MATEO

Yeah, the prison transferred me here. They cut time off my sentence.

ROOMMATE

Shit, how much time.

MATEO

About a year.

ROOMMATE

What'd you do to get in there?

MATEO

Drove a car into a motherfucker, shot the motherfucker.

ROOMMATE

Shit, but you didn't get 25 to life, though.

MATEO

Yeah, the lawyer, bless his soul, got me up on a manslaughter charge cause I was doped up.

ROOMMATE

Shit, how fucked up were you?

MATEO

I was pretty fucked up.

A beat.

MATEO (CONT'D)

But I meant to do it, is what I'm saying. I said I was sorry though.

ROOMMATE

Shit, I mean I never did any hits.
Some pushing, though.

MATEO

Yeah, I guess I did some pushing
outside, too.

ROOMMATE

You quitting the game, though?

MATEO

Probably not. Listen, I'm trying to
stay positive today. Let's not kill
the vibe.

ROOMMATE

Alright, alright. I'm happy for
you. Enjoy the outside. Stay outta
prison.

MATEO

I'm about to.

ROOMMATE

Send me a postcard...

They shake hands.

MATEO

Yeah, will do.

Over the loudspeaker, we hear:

NURSE (V.O.)

Mateo Reed to the med window. Mateo
Reed to the med window.

ROOMMATE

Alright, imma talk to you later.

MATEO

See you, bro.

Mateo heads over to the --

INT. DRUG TREATMENT CLINIC - MED WINDOW - DAY

-- and sticks his head in the window.

A NURSE prepares Mateo's medication. She is behind a
plexiglass window.

NURSE

Ok, so we got Abilify, Lithium and the Methadone.

MATEO

Cool, cool.

NURSE

Bracelet?

Mateo shows the nurse the bracelet he is wearing on his hand. She scans its barcode.

Mateo takes all of the medication and lifts his tongue for the nurse.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Thank you. Hey, congratulations. Today's the big day, huh?

MATEO

Yeah, I just gotta pick up some discharge shit and go.

NURSE

Good luck out there, hun.

MATEO

Thank you, thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG TREATMENT CLINIC - OFFICE - LATER

Mateo sits down with his DOCTOR, who flips through paper work.

In front of Mateo is a bag filled with medication and more paperwork. Beside him is his suitcase.

DOCTOR

Okay, so you're meds are in the bag. We're going to have you continue the withdrawal meds for a few more days. Tomorrow at 2pm you have an appointment with your psychiatrist. His name is Dr. Goldstein. He's a great guy, you'll like him. Your PO's going to give you a call in a few days. You still have to participate in urine tests.

MATEO

Alright. I'm cool with the urine tests, but I'm not trying to see this doctor, though. I thought I'm done with treatment.

DOCTOR

Well, not yet, unfortunately. The judge says you have to see him for at least a year.

MATEO

A fucking year? Jesus...!

DOCTOR

Well next time don't go on heroin and kill anybody.

Mateo laughs.

MATEO

Yeah, that's right.

DOCTOR

So urine tests, doctor's appointment --

MATEO

What if I just don't go to the doctor. What'll happen?

A beat.

DOCTOR

You'll go back to jail.

MATEO

Yo, I got things to do.

DOCTOR

Twice a week, Mateo.

MATEO

And I gotta troop all the way to Brookline from Dorchester.

DOCTOR

It's not that far. It's the red line, then the green line.

MATEO

Yeah, but I got to walk to the train.

DOCTOR

Well I can find a doctor in
Dorchester who's willing to see
you.

A beat.

MATEO

Is that a pain for you?

DOCTOR

It's not a huge deal. Here's the
thing: Dr. Goldstein is at the
cutting edge of bipolar and
addiction research. You're lucky to
have a doctor like him.

MATEO

I don't really give a shit about
what you just said, though.

DOCTOR

Well, when you're treated of a
heroin addiction, you'll thank me
and him. You're lucky to have him,
man. Chin up.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG TREATMENT CLINIC - DAY

Mateo sits in a circle with other patients of the facility
and a SOCIAL WORKER. He is in group therapy.

MATEO

Man, jail was so fucked up. But
what was even more fucked up was
what heroin did to me. I never
thought that I would turn into a
person who'd hurt others. I got
into some shit that I wasn't proud
of. But, as I said, imma keep today
positive. I'm just happy to be out.
Thank you to all the nurses, staff,
doctors who were supportive of me
coming here. Thank you to all the
patients who also were really cool.

Everybody claps for him.

SOCIAL WORKER

We're all so proud of you, Mateo.

People continue to cheer for him. Mateo stands up.

MATEO

I just can't wait to be in the
fresh air.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRUG TREATMENT CLINIC - DAY

David walks down the street with his hoodie up he walks
around the corner to the --

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

He walks over to his car and puts his things in the trunk.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

Mateo drives down the street. As he continues down the road,
we see people selling drugs on the street.

Mateo pulls up to a --

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - DAY

-- and parks his car in the lot.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - MATEO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mateo enters the apartment and walks into his --

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - MATEO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

-- and goes through his dresser.

Underneath his socks and underwear is a PISTOL.

Mateo takes out his phone and dials a number. He waits for
the other end to pick up.

He speaks into the phone:

MATEO

Yo, what's good, Alvaro?... Yeah,
I'm out. ...Yeah, yeah.... I'm
gonna hit it up now ...About to cop
some. ...Yeah... Alright, i'll talk
to you.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHARMACY - DAY

Mateo walks down the street and heads towards the pharmacy.
He holds his hands in his pockets.

CUT TO:

INT. PHARMACY

Mateo enters the pharmacy.

Mateo paces through the aisles. He scouts the entire building
out - makes sure there aren't too many people present.

Mateo puts on a ski mask he has inside of his pocket.

Mateo looks around the corner again before taking out the
pistol lodged between his belt and pants. He hides it under
his jacket sleeve and proceeds towards the pharmacy.

The PHARMACIST, 30s, a petite woman, dottles around behind
the counter before she looks up at Mateo. She becomes
startled by his ski mask.

MATEO

Yo, don't make a sound.

Make writes down something on a slip of paper.

The pharmacist looks up at him.

He shows it to her. It reads:

**I'm armed. Get me all the opioids and the benzos. Don't hit
any alarms.**

MATEO (CONT'D)

No alarms.

The pharmacist nods.

The pharmacist turns around and takes 2 packs of pills from the rack of bagged medication behind her.

She puts the 2 bags down in front of Mateo.

MATEO (CONT'D)

No, this ain't enough.

The pharmacist takes Mateo's pen and writes down.:

That's all I got.

MATEO (CONT'D)

That ain't all you got.

PHARMACIST

I can't give you more.

Mateo points his gun at her.

MATEO

Get the fucking meds, homie.

PHARMACIST

They're double locked in the back.
You'll have to wait a second.

MATEO

I don't give a fuck how long I got
to wait. Just no cops.

Mateo hands the pharmacist a small duffel bag. she takes it.

The pharmacist walks to the back of the pharmacy.

Mateo waits for the pharmacist to come back with the medication.

He darts his eyes around the room in a state of paranoia. He then hides his gun in his jacket.

MATEO (CONT'D)

Fuck, fuck, fuck fuck, fuck.

Mateo hears the faint sound of the pharmacist's voice.

Mateo hops over the pharmacy counter and heads to the back where the pharmacist is.

He grips his gun.

Mateo finds the pharmacist on the phone.

MATEO (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

PHARMACIST

Oh no.

Mateo takes out his gun and aims it at the pharmacist.

MATEO

No, no fucking way.

PHARMACIST

Please don't hurt me!

MATEO

No fucking way, lady. I told you no cops.

PHARMACIST

I'm sorry.

The pharmacist starts to break down.

MATEO

Get me all the pills.

PHARMACIST

The narcotics. They're double locked in the back. It'll take a while to get them.

MATEO

Oh, shit. What can you get me?

PHARMACIST

Here.

The pharmacist hands Mateo a bag of pills.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

It's Klonopin.

MATEO

Yeah, so I can sell it to eighth graders.

Mateo snatches the bag of pills and pockets them.

He then darts to the front counter of the pharmacy and hops over the counter.

He grabs his pills on the way out.

Mateo carefully walks to the front entrance of the pharmacy.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHARMACY - DAY

Mateo walks outside. We hear the sound of police sirens.

Mateo heads to an --

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Which he hides in behind a garbage bin.

MATEO

Okay, okay.

Mateo takes out the three bags of pills he stole and opens them one by one.

He reads their labels: Klonopin, Xanax and Cogentin.

MATEO (CONT'D)

Fuck me.

Mateo throws the pills to the floor.

MATEO (CONT'D)

Some eighth grade shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. REHAB FACILITY - DAVID'S CAR - DAY

David sits in his car and waits outside the facility.

His daughter, MIRANDA GOLDSTEIN, 25, a very skinny woman with practically black eye sockets, enters the backseat of the car.

DAVID

You don't want to sit up front?

MIRANDA

Nope.

DAVID

Was the 11th time there a charm?

MIRANDA

Yeah, it was. I think I made some progress.

A beat.

DAVID

Why aren't you sitting up front?

MIRANDA

I like the back seat. I feel like i'm more free to text and stuff.

David rolls his eyes.

DAVID

You know you're acting like you're 12.

MIRANDA

I'm not acting like I'm 12. I just like my privacy.

DAVID

You can have your privacy when you get home. When you're 25, you sit in the front.

A beat.

MIRANDA

Fine.

Miranda gets out of the car. She then enters the front passenger seat of the car and sits down.

A beat.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

How are you?

DAVID

I'm fine, Miranda.

MIRANDA

Why aren't you driving?

DAVID

I don't like to drive and talk. It makes me nervous.

MIRANDA

You still want to talk?

DAVID

I do, Miranda.

A beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's been months since I've seen you.

MIRANDA

Yeah, well I was busy.

DAVID

Miranda --

MIRANDA

No, dad. I'm tired of you. I've been in that rehab 11 times. 11! And every time I go back to black.

DAVID

Don't say that.

MIRANDA

I'm saying it.

DAVID

You're not going back.

MIRANDA

I'm not going back, but I've gone back maybe 20 times. This times different?

A beat.

DAVID

It needs to be different.

MIRANDA

I learned the same coping skills. I squeezed the same stress balls. I took the same meds.

DAVID

I thought they were different meds.

MIRANDA

No, just a higher dose.

DAVID

Oh.

A beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Also, I wasn't on your visitor's list.

MIRANDA

Yeah, I know.

DAVID

And why's that?

MIRANDA

Because I didn't want to see you, that's why.

DAVID

Don't say that.

MIRANDA

Well I'm saying it.

A beat.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

But, no, dad. Why do you keep putting me in there?

DAVID

Because I care about you, it's as simple as that.

MIRANDA

I know you're a shrink, but you're not my shrink.

DAVID

But you're my daughter.

MIRANDA

Yeah, I get that.

DAVID

And I care about you more than any of my patients.

MIRANDA

Yeah, I get that.

A beat.

DAVID

No, you don't have a kid.

MIRANDA

Yeah, but I get it.

DAVID

No, you don't have a kid. You don't get it.

A beat.

MIRANDA

Let's just go home.

DAVID

Yeah.

David puts the car in drive and heads off.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID GOLDSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

David sits on his chair. He looks drawn out and depressed. He pulls himself together and goes out to his --

INT. OFFICE OF DAVID GOLDSTEIN - WAITING ROOM - DAY

-- and sees Mateo sitting there on a couch, reading his discharge notes.

DAVID

Mateo Reed?

MATEO

(rhyming)
You David Goldstein, MD, addiction
psychiatry?

DAVID

That's me.

MATEO

Word.

Mateo shakes David's hand.

MATEO (CONT'D)

What happening cuz?

DAVID

I'm good, how are you?

INT. DAVID GOLDSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

David and Mateo sit across from each other in silence. David is taking notes.

MATEO

I got to be here for how long?

DAVID

20 minutes.

MATEO

Alright.

A beat.

DAVID

So you were in jail, is that correct?

MATEO

Yeah. Manslaughter. But since we have confidentiality, it was murder.

DAVID

Let's talk about that --

MATEO

No, I ain't talking about that.

A beat.

DAVID

So, they moved you to the rehab from jail?

MATEO

Yeah, cause I used dope. And they told me I'm Bipolar.

DAVID

So you sold drugs?

MATEO

Yeah.

DAVID

Did you sell in prison?

MATEO

Nah, man.

DAVID

What about in the rehab?

MATEO

Nah.

Mateo takes a beat and smiles.

MATEO (CONT'D)

Nah, well actually in the rehab I slipped a nurse a couple 20s and asked her to raise the Suboxone.

David laughs.

DAVID

You get in trouble for that?

MATEO

She didn't tell nobody, but she said: (imitating her) Mateo, if you try that shit one more time imma tell you're PO. Don't make me say it again.

David seems slightly amused.

DAVID

Yeah, you're not the first one to try that. Typically doesn't go over well.

MATEO

Can I ask you something?

DAVID

Sure.

MATEO

Has anyone ever asked you for Morphines?

DAVID

Oh, yeah. About every two days.

MATEO

Damn, bro.

DAVID

Yeah. So, I had to take a class to get my Suboxone license, and there was a whole unit on how to deal with people who try to hit you up for pain meds.

MATEO

So now that you do addiction psychiatry, more people ask you that?

DAVID

Well yeah. But there were plenty of people who tried to get medication from me at my last job.

MATEO

What'd you work as?

DAVID

I was still an adult psychiatrist, but for more mental health issues than drug addiction. I worked in inpatient.

MATEO

They still asked you for Morphine?

DAVID

No, mostly benzos and stimulants.

MATEO

When I was a kid, me and my friends pretended like we were ADHD so that we could get Adderall.

DAVID

Did it work?

MATEO

Nah, that shrink had us figured out.

David laughs.

DAVID

Most people try to be sly about it.

MATEO

They don't just ask you for the pills? They try to be slick?

DAVID

Oh, no. They sit there and tell me all about how they're anxious and can't concentrate and how they're doing terribly at their work and can't leave the house. And then at the end they ask for about two tons of medication.

MATEO

But how do you know they faking?

DAVID

I can tell if someone just looked up symptoms on the internet. For example, Panic disorder is defined as recurrent attacks of severe anxiety, which are not restricted to any particular with symptoms including palpitations, choking sensations, dizziness, depersonalization, derealization, fear of dying, losing control, or going mad. So typically a person who actually has this can describe their symptoms in a very detailed manner and has evidence that his or her disorder has caused them severe distress and has impacted his or her life. Whereas someone who's faking the illness just recites the symptoms and asks for the benzos.

MATEO

So they just say: Oh shit I'm afraid of elevators, doc. Give me a couple Xanax.

DAVID

Exactly.

MATEO

You call them out on that bullshit?

DAVID

No, I tend to play along.

David laughs.

DAVID (CONT'D)

At the end I typically prescribe them Prozac and send them on their way.

They both laugh.

DAVID (CONT'D)

The ones who are faking never come back.

MATEO

That's mad funny. When I told the shrink I was ADHD he just told me to exercise more. I was like shit, I'm not going back to this mother fucker, I'm just trying to get that Addy.

A beat.

DAVID

Have you ever abused prescription pain medication?

MATEO

Oh yeah. Morphine, Oxy, Hydro, Addy, Xan's. The day before I actually robbed a pharmacy to get some.

DAVID

You robbed a pharmacy?

MATEO

Yeah, but I just got a couple Benzos. Everything I say is confidential?

DAVID

Well unless you break the law but it's ok.

Mateo is intrigued.

MATEO

You won't tell anybody?

DAVID

I won't.

MATEO

So, I was just mad, cause I didn't get that much, you know. So I came here and just said fuck it, imma ask the shrink and if that fails maybe I'll just hit another pharmacy.

DAVID

What does that mean?

MATEO

I was gonna ask you for Morphine,
man. Like to sell me some. 400 a
bottle.

David laughs.

DAVID

Really?

MATEO

Yeah.

DAVID

What did you think I was gonna say?

MATEO

No.

David smiles sheepishly.

DAVID

That's right.

A beat.

MATEO

Well shit...

Mateo looks around.

DAVID

It's ok. You're not in trouble.

MATEO

Yo, I'm sorry.

DAVID

Mateo, it's fine.

MATEO

Well, it's 3:00 o'clock.

DAVID

Oh, we still have 15 minutes.

MATEO

Yeah, but I got to go.

Mateo stands up and prepares to leave.

DAVID

Okay, that's fine. So next week
same time?

MATEO

Yeah, man.

DAVID

Mateo, I'm not mad at you.

MATEO

It's cool, man. It's cool.

Mateo leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

David lies in his bed and reads his book. He flips through the pages. The book is on psychiatry.

David hears something that sounds like a snorting sound. He perks up.

David gets up and heads to the --

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

David walks up the stairs to his house and passes the bathroom to his home office.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Miranda is snorting pills in the bathroom. Miranda hears him and starts to hide the medication.

David pauses and hears her.

DAVID

Miranda?

David knocks on the door harshly. He tries the handle again.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Miranda, open up!

Miranda hides all of the drugs and opens the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Where are they?

MIRANDA

Where's what, I was just going to the bathroom.

DAVID

Where are the drugs, Miranda?

Miranda looks down at her feet.

David raids the bathroom.

He searches it until he finds her pills in a bag in the cabinet.

David looks at the pills. Next to it are crushed up pills and a rolled up dollar bill.

David brings it over to Miranda and holds it in front of her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?

MIRANDA

It's Suboxone.

DAVID

It's not Suboxone.

MIRANDA

How do you know?

DAVID

Because Suboxone is red.

David looks at the pill more carefully.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's Fentanyl, Miranda! I'm a fucking doctor, I know what it is!

MIRANDA

It's for my withdrawal.

DAVID

You're snorting it for your withdrawal?? Your Suboxone is for your withdrawal!

MIRANDA

I made my own withdrawal treatment.

DAVID

Like fucking hell you did. You relapsed!

MIRANDA

I didn't relapse. It's a small setback.

A beat.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Give me that.

Miranda tries to snatch the pills.

David doesn't let her.

DAVID

Not a snow balls chance in hell!

David throws the medication of the ground.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Who gave it to you?

MIRANDA

A friend?

DAVID

A friend. That boyfriend of yours?

MIRANDA

A different friend.

DAVID

A different friend, yeah.

A beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Jared?

MIRANDA

No.

DAVID

Mateo?

A beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And how come i've never met this Mateo?

MIRANDA

Because you haven't.

DAVID

Because I haven't.

David picks up the medication.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You're going back to rehab.

MIRANDA

No! What, it was just a small setback.

DAVID

It's not a small setback to snort Fentanyl in the bathroom.

A beat.

MIRANDA

Fuck.

DAVID

Yeah, fuck is right. And I don't want to here from about anymore drug dealers ever again!

CUT TO:

EXT. REHAB FACILITY - DAVID'S CAR - DAY

David drives Miranda to the rehab facility.

He parks out front.

DAVID

Okay.

MIRANDA

Okay.

DAVID

You know that I'm only doing this because I love you.

MIRANDA

I know.

DAVID

And because I know that you can be cured of this.

MIRANDA

I'm not you dad.

DAVID

I know you're not --

MIRANDA

I'm not the type to be cured of
this illness and that drug
addiction --

DAVID

You are, Miranda. You are.

A beat.

MIRANDA

Shit.

A beat.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

This is the, what, 12th time i've
been here?

DAVID

Yeah.

MIRANDA

What are they going to do
differently?

DAVID

They're going to do a better job
fixing my daughter.

MIRANDA

They are? That's great.

DAVID

They are Miranda. Just trust me
when I tell you.

A beat.

Miranda suddenly breaks down crying.

David watches, then thinks of something to say.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I know it's hard.

MIRANDA

It's not that.

DAVID

So what is it?

MIRANDA

It's your credit card.

DAVID

What?

MIRANDA

There's money missing from your account, right?

DAVID

How do you know about that.

MIRANDA

There is, isn't there?

A beat.

DAVID

Yeah.

MIRANDA

I stole your money, dad.

DAVID

What?

MIRANDA

I stole your money and bought drugs with it.

DAVID

Jesus.

A beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

How much did you steal?

A beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

How much did you steal?

David takes out his phone and types in his passcode.

He then goes to his banking app.

He looks at in. In shock, he exclaims:

DAVID (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

DAVID (CONT'D)

There's got to be 100,000 dollars missing.

MIRANDA

I'm sorry.

DAVID

How the fuck did you get into my account?

MIRANDA

I'm sorry.

DAVID

Jesus fucking christ, Miranda.

MIRANDA

I'm sorry.

DAVID

Do you have the money?

A beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Jesus. How many drugs did you buy?

MIRANDA

Oh my god.

David points to the rehab building.

DAVID

Get in the fucking rehab, Miranda.

MIRANDA

I'm sorry.

DAVID

Get in the fucking rehab!

Miranda opens the car door and exits. She walks over to the rehab as David watches her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Holy fucking shit.

David turns his gaze and stares at the steering wheel. He watches to make sure Miranda is inside the rehab facility.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh my god. 100,000 fucking dollars.

A beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And a drug addict for a child.

David picks up his phone and dials a number. He waits for the other end to pick up.

The other end picks up. David says into the phone:

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hi, Mateo?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - MATEO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Mateo sits in bed and answers the phone.

We intercut between their conversation.

MATEO

Yo, who is this?

DAVID

It's Dr. Goldstein.

MATEO

Dr. Goldstein. What's good?

DAVID

Um... nothing. Nothing much. I have a scheduling conflict. Would it be possible if you came in earlier for our next appointment.

MATEO

Earlier?

DAVID

Yeah, earlier that day. That'd be great.

MATEO

What time works for you?

DAVID

Like 10? Is that good.

MATEO

10 o'clock. I'll see you then.

DAVID

Listen, I've been thinking.

MATEO

Yeah...

A beat.

DAVID

I'll sell you whatever you want.
Whatever pain meds.

Mateo pauses.

MATEO

What, you serious?

DAVID

I am.

MATEO

Oh shit... okay, okay. And imma pay
that price, you know what I'm
saying?

DAVID

Yeah, I do.

MATEO

Like 400 a bottle.

DAVID

What do you want?

MATEO

Huh?

DAVID

Like what kind of medication.

MATEO

You ain't bullshitting me, right?

DAVID

No, I'm not.

A beat.

MATEO

Well Morphine would be straight.

DAVID

Perfect. That's excellent, Mateo.

Mateo thinks to himself.

MATEO

Yo, you got money problems, man?

DAVID

No, no... listen, you have to come in twice a week though. That's the deal.

A beat.

MATEO

Yeah, I'm gonna be in whenever you say so. Just send that shit to the pharmacy you send the other meds to.

DAVID

Ok, man.

MATEO

Word, brother. We business partners now, no what I'm saying?

DAVID

Yeah.

MATEO

Cool, cool. I'll talk to you later.

DAVID

Ok, bye bye.

David hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHARMACY (A DIFFERENT ONE FROM THE BEGINNING SCENE) - DAY

A DRUG ADDICT slowly walks down the street and flicks his lighter on and off in paranoia. He quickly turns around when he hears cop sirens.

Mateo walks by the addict.

ADDICT

Mateo, you got some?

MATEO

I'm about to get a re-up on some Morphine.

ADDICT

You got a doctor for that shit?

MATEO

Yeah, my eyes hurt.

ADDICT

You got fake prescriptions?

MATEO

Nah, I got a secret source, man. I just fill them with my brother's health care card.

ADDICT

Yo, how he been?

MATEO

My brother? He been dead, man. He got shot last year.

ADDICT

Ah, I'm sorry to hear that. I really am. I'll let you get on with you're purchase.

MATEO

Wait one sec.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Mateo strolls through the pharmacy like he owns the place. He does down the aisle with the OTC cold and sleeping medication, makes sure no one is looking, and pockets a few pill jars.

He proceeds to the Pharmacy Counter and takes out an insurance card.

MATEO

I have a prescription.

PHARMACIST

What's the name?

Mateo looks down at the card.

MATEO

Louis Reed.

The pharmacist reaches behind her and retrieves the bagged medication.

PHARMACIST

Do you have any questions about the medication?

MATEO

Nope.

The pharmacist glances at the cash register.

PHARMACIST

Cash or credit?

Mateo swipes his card.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

Would you like a bag?

MATEO

No.

A beat.

MATEO (CONT'D)

I don't need my receipt.

Mateo heads back towards the addict.

PHARMACIST

Have a good day.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHARMACY - DAY

Mateo looks around for police officers as the addict discreetly pulls out cash him cash. Mateo gets ready to pour a few pills into his hand.

MATEO

80 milligram each.

ADDICT

Give me 10.

Mateo pours 10 into his hand. The addict pockets them.

The addict gives Mateo the money. He counts it quickly, still looking out for police officers. Mateo nods and they both depart.

Mateo walks down the street.

Mateo's phone rings. He picks up.

MATEO

Hello?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Miranda is on the other end of the line.

MIRANDA

Hey, Mateo.

We intercut between their conversation.

MATEO

Miranda? What's good?

MIRANDA

Nothing much, how about you?

MATEO

Nothing much. You out of rehab?

MIRANDA

I was in rehab and then I signed myself out.

MATEO

Oh shit. I didn't know you could do that.

MIRANDA

Well it ain't mandatory since I didn't kill anybody.

Mateo laughs.

MATEO

Yeah, that's right. You want some Morphine.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Mateo walks over to Miranda and gives her a hug.

MATEO

It's been a while.

MIRANDA

It has been.

MATEO

We should chill soon. I got to run to the doctor's now, but I'll give you that good price for a couple pills.

MIRANDA

Like what? 10 a pill?

MATEO

10s good. Actually, I'll give you a 7 deal since you buy in bulk.

MIRANDA

Shit, you got 30 pills.

MATEO

You got a ziplock?

Miranda takes out a ziplock bag.

Mateo pours a bottle of pills into her bag.

MATEO (CONT'D)

Alright, I got to get to the doctor. But we'll chill soon.

They hug.

MIRANDA

By Mateo.

MATEO

Adios, Miranda.

INT. DAVID GOLDSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

David and Mateo sit across from each other.

DAVID

...I'd say Oxycontin is more potent than Hydrocodone.

MATEO

They about the same. I mean, I've done both, know what I'm saying?

DAVID

It's 400 for the Oxy's.

MATEO

And the Percocet?

DAVID

300. You need benzos?

MATEO

No, those are for high school mother fuckers.

DAVID

Huh, who knew?

MATEO

We into some big shit. Like that Vicodin?

DAVID

Vicodin... I'd prescribe a high dose for let's say 300 dollars.

MATEO

Word.

DAVID

Can I make a suggestion?

MATEO

Shoot.

DAVID

A lot of these meds. Percocet, hydrocodone. They contain Acetaminophen. I't better to stick with the Oxy and Morphine.

MATEO

So popping Percs?

DAVID

Frequently? Damages your organs. Though the pain pills aren't exactly safe either.

Mateo smiles.

MATEO

Yeah, man.

DAVID

Alright, so is there anything else you'd like to take about?

Mateo laughs.

MATEO

Nah, bro. I'm all set.

DAVID

Ok, so I'll see you next week.

MATEO

Word. And you send those pills to the pharmacy.

DAVID

Yep. They're available to be picked up.

MATEO

Later, bro.

Mateo exits. David watches him leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAVID'S CAR - DAY

David drives down the street. He begins to approach the highway.

He stops at a red light.

David continues to listen to upbeat music.

The light turns green. He still has his foot on the break until someone beeps at him. He drives the car forward.

A homeless man is in the road at the next light. He is asking for money. David's car inches towards him.

When David reaches the man, he doesn't look or make eye contact.

The homeless man knocks on David's window. His name is LAMAR, 40s.

LAMAR

Yo, Dr. Goldstein.

David looks up at him.

DAVID

I'm sorry...?

LAMAR

Hey, man, what's up?!

DAVID

I'm sorry, who are you?

LAMAR

It's me, Lamar.

DAVID

Oh, Lamar! How have you been, man?!

LAMAR

Well, I'm struggling out here. I'm struggling out here. Yo, you gotta dollar, gotta dollar?

David pauses.

DAVID

Hey, have you had lunch yet? I'm just going to get something to eat.

LAMAR

Oh, yeah man. That'd be... that'd be fantastic.

DAVID

Hop in.

Lamar gets in David's car.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

David and Lamar sit at a table and eat. Lamar is shaking and twitching.

LAMAR

Mh. This is great, man. Real, real great.

DAVID

Of course. How have you been doing?

Lamar pauses.

LAMAR

Well, to be honest I've relapsed since I last saw you.

DAVID

Oh, I'm sorry to here that.

LAMAR

Yeah, and I thought I made progress...

DAVID

We made tremendous progress, Lamar. Tremendous.

LAMAR

What's it been, five years or something?

DAVID

Just about.

Lamar continues to eat while David is finished with his meal.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Look, man, I remember a time where you were doing great. Just great.

LAMAR

Yeah, I was working.

DAVID

Yeah, you had that job at the supermarket. And what was it since I last saw you? Three years clean?

LAMAR

Three years.

DAVID

See? What happened since I last saw you?

Lamar hesitates.

LAMAR

Ah... shit, fell off the wagon, as they say.

DAVID

Yeah, you did... So you moved back to Boston?

LAMAR

Move back? I've been here since second grade.

DAVID

You told me you moved to New York.

LAMAR

Oh, shit...

DAVID

Don't tell me...

LAMAR

Nah, man...

DAVID

Ah, jeez... really? After all that time?

LAMAR

Some people you just can't control. They move where the wind takes them.

DAVID

No, you're wrong. You're wrong, Lamar.

LAMAR

I ain't wrong.

DAVID

You are. Because everybody can change. And "the wind" doesn't have to take you down that road. In fact, it doesn't take you anywhere. You take yourself where ever you want to go.

LAMAR

Ah, man. You were always the preacher.

A beat.

DAVID

Lamar, I fucked up in life.

LAMAR

What?!

DAVID

I fucked up because at one point I didn't think people could change. I thought that people just made up their minds and that was it. And that was a week ago.

David thinks.

LAMAR

That don't mean you fucked up anything...

DAVID

Lamar, a few weeks ago... I began selling Morphine to my patient.

Lamar pauses for a second and then laughs.

LAMAR

Mother fucker you what?!

DAVID

I have been. To my patient I said: 300 bucks. You can have whatever fucking opiate, I don't care.

LAMAR

Jesus... you did that shit?

DAVID

I'm still doing it. I sell Morphine to my patient, I admit it.

LAMAR

Damn.

DAVID

But, Lamar, you're not a patient I would do that with. You know why?

LAMAR

I'm not?

DAVID

Because you can change. I don't want to profit off of you because you can stop using. You can turn around. I've seen you turn around, I've seen it.

LAMAR

But then I went home one day, stuck
a needle in my arm and turned back
around. The way the wind took me,
as they say.

David looks down.

LAMAR (CONT'D)

I gotta go to the bathroom.

DAVID

Yeah.

Lamar gets up and walks over to the bathroom.

David sits in silence. The WAITER walks over to him.

WAITER

Can I get anything else for you?

DAVID

No, that'll be all.

WAITER

I'll grab the check for you.

DAVID

Thank you.

The waiter leaves and then brings back the check.

David checks his watch.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Thank you.

A beat.

Lamar bursts out of the bathroom. He walks over to the table
and sits down.

LAMAR

I would pay, but...

DAVID

It's quite alright, I got it.

A beat. Lamar starts to snort a bit.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Where have you been living?

LAMAR

Shelter in Roxbury. You?

DAVID

Brookline.

Lamar's snorting becomes more aggressive.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You okay, Lamar?

Lamar starts to breathe heavily.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Lamar?

Lamar falls over onto the floor.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh my god...! Help, help!!

People look over at their table.

People rush over. A MAN looks at his carefully.

MAN

He's got heroin in his nose?

ANOTHER MAN

Does anyone have Narcan?

MAN

Call 911, now.

David stares at the scene.

People start asking around to see if there is a doctor in the room. David remains silent.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID GOLDSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

David sits in his office with a sad face on. He looks up at his clock.

David hears a knock on his door.

He gets up and answers it to find Mateo and ALVARO, 30s, a man who's just as tattooed and wiry as Mateo is. He wears sunglasses.

MATEO

What's good, brother?

DAVID

Nothing much. You brought a friend.

ALVARO

Alvaro.

Alvaro shakes David's hand.

ALVARO (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you.

DAVID

Before we talk about business, i'd like to have our session, Mateo, if that's okay.

MATEO

What's my business is Alvaro's business. He ain't even got to leave the room.

A beat.

DAVID

Okay. So, what's going on?

MATEO

I'm all good, man.

They all sit.

DAVID

How's the medication going?

MATEO

They selling like ice cream man.

DAVID

Oh, I meant your other medication. The Lithium and the Abilify.

MATEO

Oh, those? Yeah, they good.

DAVID

No side effects?

MATEO

Make me drowsy, but nothing too bad.

DAVID

And you take them?

MATEO

Yeah, sometimes.

DAVID

Sometimes? You need take them every day.

MATEO

Look, I ain't here to talk about that shit. Alvaro ain't here to talk about that shit.

ALVARO

I don't give a fuck, bro. Have your session.

MATEO

Don't be polite, mother fucker. We got to talk business.

DAVID

I mean... at some point we need to talk about you. I mean this is your time to talk. You seem to withdraw a lot during our sessions, if I may say.

MATEO

Nah, I'm just not interested in this shit. But I ain't withdrawing nothing.

DAVID

Well, for example you didn't tell me about your brother.

Mateo lights up.

MATEO

How do you know about him?

DAVID

It's in your file. Do you find it hard to talk about?

MATEO

Ain't nothing to talk about. Mother fucker got shot. He made his bed.

DAVID

Well, I'm always here to talk if you want. That's why I'm here.

MATEO

Nah, see, what you give me... making money. That's the best therapy in the world.

David smiles.

DAVID

Well, you have a point.

MATEO

Listen I gotta talk to you.

DAVID

Sure.

MATEO

Well, see this thing with the pain meds. It's going well, man. Real well. But, see I'm a business man, know what I'm saying? I'm trying to introduce new products. What's that term... like the board game?

DAVID

You mean a monopoly?

ALVARO

Yeah, a monopoly is what we saying. And we don't got a monopoly on the pills and with the dope shit. But I'm thinking to the future, I'm a business man. And we've been reading about this shit. Fentanyl.

Mateo smiles.

MATEO

In Boston. That shit's gonna be where it's at. I see a future with you and me.

David pauses and smiles sheepishly.

DAVID

Fentanyl is a opiate pain medication. It's potent, though. It's actually stronger than Heroin. It's hard to prescribe in an outpatient setting.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

I can pass off Morphine being a withdrawal med to the cops. It's buyable. But Fentanyl? I'm a psychiatrist. I have no excuse for prescribing something like that.

Mateo takes out a wad of cash and tosses it to David.

MATEO

600. For the meds.

DAVID

I can't prescribe that, Mateo.

ALVARO

We ain't asking if you can or can't.

DAVID

Mateo, there's no way I can prescribe you Fentanyl.

Mateo stands up.

MATEO

Yo! I told you ain't asking.

DAVID

Mateo...

MATEO

Nah. You and me? We got a future. We got a business, mother fucker. A monopoly. I'm a business man and we making a business deal.

Mateo points to David's computer.

MATEO (CONT'D)

So let's sign this mother fucking contract.

DAVID

Mateo, there isn't a snowball's chance in hell...

Mateo walks over to David and grabs him by the neck. He throws him against the wall. He takes out a knife.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Mateo, I will call the police. 3, 2...

MATEO

Yeah, and then you coming down with me. See, I ain't scared of no jail. But this is your setup, not mine. But you scared of jail, doc. Distribution, Trafficking. Felony time.

Mateo smiles.

MATEO (CONT'D)

We about to be in business.

Mateo let's go of David.

MATEO (CONT'D)

We partners now, Dr. Goldstein. We in business.

David looks back at him.

ALVARO

Yo, I forgot to introduce myself.

DAVID

You're Alvaro.

ALVARO

Yeah, but I'm mafia. We ain't fucking around, Dr. Goldstein.

DAVID

You're forcing me to prescribe you this?

MATEO

We are, man. That's the name of the game.

DAVID

And what if we get caught by the cops?

MATEO

That's the thing, man. We ain't gonna get caught by the cops. People are addicted to this Fentanyl, right.

DAVID

Indeed.

MATEO

Yeah, indeed. So what I'm saying is you give it out to wean people off.

ALVARO

Experimental treatment. Better than Methadone.

MATEO

Yeah.

A beat.

DAVID

If I do this, you promise me you'll hold your end if the cops come.

They both smile.

ALVARO

We professionals when dealing with the cops.

MATEO

Yeah, brother.

DAVID

Okay. I'll send 400mg Fentanyl tablets to the pharmacy.

MATEO

That's what I'm saying, bro. We in business, now.

CUT TO:

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

A montage of Mateo picking up Fentanyl prescriptions.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A montage of Mateo selling Fentanyl to various DRUG ADDICTS. Mateo walks down the street and makes his way to the --

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - DAY

-- and begins selling pills there.

He then makes his way inside and begins to make his way to --

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - MATEO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

-- and stashes his Fentanyl in his dresser underneath his pants.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT - JAMES' CAR - DAY

DETECTIVE JAMES HARPE, 40s, a burly man with a buzzcut, sits in the drivers seat with DETECTIVE DIANA SAWYER, 30s, a stockier woman with curly hair.

They both eat lunch.

Diana looks over at James.

DIANA

Forgot your gun?

JAMES

It's Saturday.

DIANA

Crime doesn't stop on Saturday.

JAMES

Well, the case I'm on is pretty relaxed, so I figured I didn't need it. Plus it's a pain to carry.

A beat.

DIANA

You forgot your service weapon?

JAMES

No, I didn't bring it on purpose.

DIANA

You know, you could get fired for that.

JAMES

I'm just kidding. It in the glove compartment.

Diana smiles.

DIANA

Anything interesting your working on?

JAMES

Yep. Remember Mateo Reed?

DIANA

Yeah, murder but got off on manslaughter. Mateo Reed.

JAMES

That's the one. So, Medicaid called us up. He's over at the pharmacy filling prescriptions for Fentanyl.

DIANA

So?

JAMES

So it's a big fucking deal.

DIANA

It's not really. He has the right to medical care.

JAMES

Well the case gets more interesting.

DIANA

Fake prescriptions?

JAMES

Nope. A real doctor. And here's the best part: guess what kind of doctor he is?

DIANA

What kind?

JAMES

He's a shrink.

DIANA

A psychiatrist?

JAMES

Yep.

DIANA

Jesus. So a psychiatrist selling Fentanyl.

JAMES

That's what I'm saying. So here's the thing, I got the pharmacist's take, now I got to get the doctor's.

DIANA

That'll be fun.

JAMES

It will be. You want to come with?

DIANA

My schedule's quiet.

JAMES

Alright.

DIANA

What's the doc's name?

JAMES

Dr. David Goldstein.

DIANA

David Goldstein?! My brother went to him.

JAMES

Really?

DIANA

Yeah, big guy in Bipolar and addiction research.

JAMES

Holy shit. Don't mention to him that your brother's a patient.

DIANA

Yeah, right. Let's go visit him?

JAMES

Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

David sits in his bed.

The doorbell rings.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

David goes to answer the door. There he finds James and Diana.

He opens the door.

DAVID

Hello.

James shows his badge to David.

JAMES

Hi, I'm James Harpe and this is Diana Sawyer. We're from the Boston Police Department.

DIANA

We'd like to ask you a couple questions about one of your patients.

A beat.

DAVID

Please, come in, come in.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

David walks them to the living room. They all sit down.

DAVID

Do you guys want any tea, coffee?

DIANA

That's okay. I'm fine.

JAMES

I'm okay, thanks, though.

David adjusts his position.

DAVID

So, what'd you guys want to talk to me about.

DIANA

We're here to talk about your patient, Mateo Reed.

DAVID

Yes, Mateo. What about him?

DIANA

Well medicaid called us up. He's been filling prescriptions for Fentanyl, which I'm sure you know is a pretty powerful medication.

DAVID

Yes, i'm well aware.

DIANA

And we were wondering why a psychiatrist is prescribing opioids to his patients.

JAMES

We can understand a PCP, just not a shrink.

A beat.

DAVID

Well I'm not allowed to talk about patients.

JAMES

Yeah, we already got a warrant. Would you like to see it?

DAVID

I would.

James takes out a warrant from his pocket and hands it to David.

David looks at it and gives it back to James.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Yes, that's all very well and nice. So what would you like to know again?

DIANA

Why you're prescribing him
Fentanyl.

DAVID

Well, I'm sure you're aware, he's a
heroin addict.

DIANA

And Fentanyl is supposedly stronger
than heroin.

A beat.

DAVID

Well, the pill form isn't. You're
thinking of the injection.

JAMES

Excuse our medical knowledge.

DAVID

Of course. So as you may know, I'm
writing a research paper on
experimental medication for heroin
addiction.

DIANA

Go on.

DAVID

And one of the medications happens
to be low dose Fentanyl.

JAMES

For addiction?

DAVID

That's correct.

DIANA

So instead of Suboxone or
Methadone, you're using Fentanyl.

DAVID

Yes.

DIANA

So you're doping him up.

DAVID

I'm not doping him up. I'm weaning
him off. But I'm also enticing him.

A beat.

DIANA

Enticing him?

DAVID

Well he comes to the appointments now that I give him Fentanyl.

DIANA

Well, I'm sure he does. How's it working out in terms of his treatment?

DAVID

Well, to be honest, I'm trying out Hydrocodone on my other patients, and that works a bit better for withdrawal. But Suboxone and Methadone are really the best for this kind of stuff.

A beat.

JAMES

Mm. Okay.

James turns to Diana.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What do you think? We got everything we need.

DIANA

I think so. Thank you Dr. Goldstein.

David stands up.

DAVID

Of course, my pleasure.

James and Diana stand.

JAMES

We'll see our way out.

DAVID

Of course.

James and Diana exit. They walk out the front door.

David waits for the door to slam shut.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - MATEO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mateo and Miranda sit on the couch and smoke a blunt. They pass it back and forth throughout their conversation.

MIRANDA

I just -- he's always putting me in that facility.

MATEO

Maybe it's good for you to be in the rehab again.

MIRANDA

Says the guy who just sold me 30 Morphine.

MATEO

I'm serious. Maybe there's a way out of all this for you.

Mateo takes a drag of the blunt.

MIRANDA

Do you even like weed?

MATEO

Doesn't have that same kick as the dope does.

A beat.

MATEO (CONT'D)

But it's good for you.

MIRANDA

Yeah.

A beat.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Maybe I should quit.

MATEO

Quit what?

MIRANDA

Quit dope.

A beat.

They both start to laugh.

MATEO

Yeah, I bet you gonna quit.

Mateo takes a drag off the blunt.

A beat.

MIRANDA

Remember in the rehab... how they told everyone to squeeze ice cubes.

MATEO

Shit, yeah.

MIRANDA

What was that about?

MATEO

I think it was for stress relief.

MIRANDA

You ever try it?

MATEO

No, never. I didn't do any of that bullshit.

MIRANDA

Never?

MATEO

Never. Why did you?

MIRANDA

I at least tried it out.

MATEO

Why would I try it out. I do that dope for stress.

MIRANDA

Yeah.

A beat.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Maybe I should go back to the rehab.

MATEO

I was just joking before Miranda.
What, you can't take a joke?

MIRANDA

I just feel bad about stealing from
my dad is all.

MATEO

How much did you steal.

MIRANDA

100,000 dollars.

Mateo laughs.

MATEO

Oh, shit!

MIRANDA

Yeah.

MATEO

What you buy?

MIRANDA

High end drugs. I spent every last
dime.

MATEO

That sounds like too much.

MIRANDA

Yeah?

MATEO

Yeah.

MIRANDA

Well when you do what I do it's not
that much.

A beat.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Well I haven't done all of them,
but I have a bunch of shit stashed
at the house.

MATEO

It's good to... what's the word?
Stockpile.

MIRANDA

Yeah, exactly.

A beat.

MATEO

Here.

Mateo reaches into his bag and takes out a ziplock bag full of pills.

MATEO (CONT'D)

Guess what I got?

MIRANDA

What?

MATEO

I got that Fentanyl.

MIRANDA

Oh, shit!

Miranda snatches the bag from Mateo.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

How many milligrams?

MATEO

400.

Miranda eyes the bag.

MIRANDA

How much?

MATEO

Just give me a hundred and you can have the whole bag.

MIRANDA

Oh yeah?

MATEO

Yeah.

A beat.

MATEO (CONT'D)

You want to do them now?

MIRANDA

Yeah.

Mateo snatches the bag from Miranda.

He opens it and puts a pill in his mouth.

MATEO

Come and get it.

Miranda laughs.

MIRANDA

Stop.

MATEO

Come and get it.

MIRANDA

Stop.

MATEO

Come on.

Miranda kisses Mateo.

They make out for a few seconds and Miranda takes the pill from Mateo's mouth.

She pulls back and swallows.

MIRANDA

Do you care about life?

A beat.

MATEO

No.

Miranda looks down.

MIRANDA

I want another one.

MATEO

That shit's strong. You're taking two at a time?

MIRANDA

Yeah, I can take it.

Miranda takes another pill from the bag. She puts it in her mouth.

MATEO

It's that good shit.

A beat.

MATEO (CONT'D)
Straight from the doctor.

MIRANDA
Let's snort it.

MATEO
3 pills now?

MIRANDA
Let's go.

Mateo takes out a pill cutter and a coin. He inserts the pill into the cutter and cuts the Fentanyl a few times.

He then crushes it with a coin.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
You want some?

MATEO
I took two already.

A beat.

MATEO (CONT'D)
I'm tripping.

Miranda takes a dollar bill out of her pocket. She rolls it up and snorts the Fentanyl with it.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - DAY

Miranda walks down the street.

She is high as a kite on Fentanyl.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY

Miranda uses her key to get herself into the front door of David's home.

She stumbles into the house.

MIRANDA

Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Miranda stumbles into the bathroom and sits down on the floor.

She uses the toilet as a headrest.

A beat.

Miranda takes out the bag of Fentanyl and opens it. She takes out another pill and looks at it.

She laughs.

Miranda then takes out a pill cutter and a coin. She inserts the pill into the cutter and cuts the Fentanyl a few times.

She then crushes it with a coin.

MIRANDA

Ahhhh...

Miranda takes out a dollar bill and snorts the Fentanyl.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY

David opens the front door of the house and comes in with two bags of groceries. He puts them down on the dining room table.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

Miranda convulses in the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

David unpacks the groceries and loads them into the refrigerator.

Once David finishes, he makes his way --

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - DAY

David walks upstairs and roams the hallway until he reaches the --

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

David tries to open the door to the bathroom, but finds that it is locked.

DAVID

Hello?

A beat.

David tries the knob again.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Is anybody there?

David tries the knob again, this time more forcefully.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Miranda! You're supposed to be at the rehab facility! You better not be taking any drugs!

David finally opens the door.

David finds Miranda passes out on the floor of the bathroom. Her nose is covered in powdered Fentanyl.

Her pills lie near her hands.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Jesus fucking Christ!

David kneels down and touches Miranda's face.

DAVID (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no, no!

David feels Miranda's pulse.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck!

David tries doing CPR on Miranda.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Come on, come on, come on!

David finds that the CPR is not working.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Fuck!

David pushes Miranda over and sits down on the floor.

David pulls out his phone and dials 911.

He puts the phone to his ear and waits.

911

911, what's your emergency?

DAVID

Um, my daughter overdosed. She's dead... She's been dead for a few hours... yes I'm a doctor... Thank you.

David hangs up the phone.

He then picks it back up and dials another number.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVID GOLDSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAVID'S CAR - DAY

David pulls up to his office and parks his car.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID GOLDSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

David enters the waiting room of the office and finds Mateo there.

MATEO

What's good doc?

Mateo stands up.

DAVID

Mateo, I needed to talk to you.

MATEO

Oh yeah? About what?

David opens the door to his office.

DAVID

Let's talk inside.

David and Mateo enter the office.

They sit down.

MATEO

So what's good?

DAVID

Um, well the cops came.

Mateo becomes startled.

MATEO

The cops?!

DAVID

Yeah, the cops.

MATEO

Oh shit.

DAVID

Yeah. Listen, I dealt with them.

MATEO

Oh yeah, and how's that?

DAVID

Well --

MATEO

Well what, mother fucker?

DAVID

Well they came --

MATEO

Yeah, and what?

DAVID

Well, let me finish. I dealt with them.

MATEO

How'd you deal with them?

DAVID

I told them the Fentanyl was for withdrawal, like we agreed upon.

MATEO

Alright, word. Did they seem mad suspicious?

DAVID

Suspicious? How so?

MATEO

Like did they ask a lot of questions?

DAVID

No, they didn't. They asked basic questions.

MATEO

Like what?

DAVID

Like why was I prescribing you Fentanyl. I told you the cops would come.

MATEO

Yeah, but you dealt with them.

DAVID

I dealt with them.

MATEO

Alright, cool, cool.

A beat.

DAVID

I shouldn't have started prescribing you Fentanyl.

MATEO

Man, it's cool --

DAVID

It's not cool!

A beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

My daughter overdosed.

MATEO

Oh shit --

DAVID

It was Fentanyl, Mateo. Fentanyl.

David breaks down in tears.

MATEO

Oh shit. My bad, man.

A beat.

MATEO (CONT'D)

Is she gonna be good?

DAVID

She's dead.

MATEO

Oh shit. I'm sorry, bro.

DAVID

Don't be sorry. It's okay.

MATEO

Well it's not okay, man. To loose a child.

DAVID

It's fine, i'll be fine.

MATEO

Well you a shrink. I'm sure you can handle it.

DAVID

It's not the death. It's that I stooped do low. I sold Fentanyl.

MATEO

Yeah, man. But there's always gonna be some dealers.

DAVID

But there doesn't have to be.

A beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's my fault.

MATEO

No, man --

DAVID

It's my fault, Mateo.

MATEO

No, you didn't sell her that shit.

DAVID

It's not your fault.

A beat.

MATEO

I didn't sell her that shit.

DAVID

It's not your fault, Mateo.

MATEO

I didn't sell her that shit.

DAVID

It's not your fault, Mateo.

MATEO

I didn't sell her that shit!

DAVID

But what is your fault are the other who died from these pills.

Somebody knocks on the door.

MATEO

Who's that?

DAVID

And it's my fault to.

On the other side of the door, we here:

JAMES

Police, open up!

MATEO

No.

DAVID

We're going down, Mateo.

MATEO

No, no, no, no, no!

JAMES

Police, open up!

Mateo stands up.

MATEO

You did not do that shit!

Mateo takes out his knife and points it at David.

A beat.

MATEO (CONT'D)

Ah, shit...

Mateo puts his knife down.

David goes to the door and opens it. He finds James, Diana and another DETECTIVE waiting.

JAMES

David Goldstein? Mateo Reed?

DAVID

Yes.

JAMES

You understand we have warrants for both of your arrests.

DAVID

Yes.

JAMES

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you. Do you understand the rights I have just read to you? With these rights in mind, do you wish to speak to me?

DAVID

No.

JAMES

Turn around. Both of you.

Both Mateo and David turn around. They are both handcuffed by James and Diana.

CUT TO:

BLACK

TITLE CARD:

FADE UP ON:

6 MONTHS LATER

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

David walks out of the courthouse.

He walks to the parking lot and gets into his car.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

David drives down the street in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

David buys groceries at the supermarket.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

David walks to his car and opens the trunk. He loads the groceries into the trunk.

Alvaro walks over to him.

ALVARO

Hey, can you help me out with a dollar, man?

David looks at him.

ALVARO (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

DAVID

Oh, um...

ALVARO

Dr. Goldstein?

DAVID

Not a doctor anymore.

ALVARO

Yo, that's crazy. I thought you were in jail?

DAVID

Nope.

ALVARO

Yo, yo, yo, can you help me out with a dollar, man. I really need it.

DAVID

Yeah.

David takes out his wallet and hands Alvaro a dollar.

ALVARO

Thank you, brother.

A beat.

ALVARO (CONT'D)

Oh, and my bad for threatening you a few months ago.

DAVID

It's fine, Alvaro. I'm over it.

Alvaro begins to walk away.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Alvaro?

ALVARO

Yo?

DAVID

You want to have lunch?

CUT TO:

INT. RESTARUANT - DAY

David and Alvaro sit at the restaruant and wait for their food.

DAVID

How have you been, Alvaro?

ALVARO

I've been... Shit I haven't been to good.

DAVID

You have a job or anything like that?

ALVARO

Well I work over at a cafe in Jp. But it don't pay too good.

A beat.

ALVARO (CONT'D)

They pay felons low I guess.

DAVID

Were you in jail?

ALVARO

I've been there. But not recently.

DAVID

I thought you'd be in jail.

ALVARO

Why'd you think that?

DAVID

Mateo is in jail, am I correct?

ALVARO

Yeah. He's doing a couple years.

A beat.

ALVARO (CONT'D)

Well, more than a couple. I guess they don't like second time felons.

DAVID

Yeah, I bet.

ALVARO

You called the cops on him, right?

DAVID

Called the cops on myself.

ALVARO

Oh yeah?

DAVID

Yeah.

A beat.

ALVARO

So, what, you got probation?

DAVID

Yeah.

ALVARO

That's it?

DAVID

That's it.

David snorts a bit.

ALVARO

Got a cold or something?

DAVID

Allergies.

ALVARO

Ah.

A beat.

ALVARO (CONT'D)

How come Mateo gets so long and you get so little time?

DAVID

I guess they don't frown upon doctors at the courthouse.

ALVARO

Yeah, but don't you think what you did is worse?

A beat.

DAVID

No.

A beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You know why I called the cops on Mateo?

ALVARO

Why?

DAVID

Because I know he killed my daughter.

ALVARO

He what?

DAVID

He was selling her those drugs. All these years. I looked at her phone after she died. Mate Reed: in her contacts as "the plug."

ALVARO

He killed her?

A beat.

DAVID

Maybe I killed her.

ALVARO

Shit. I heard she died. I'm sorry, bro.

DAVID

It's okay.

A beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Well, it's not okay, but yeah...

A beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Alvaro, I want you to promise me something.

ALVARO

What's that?

DAVID

That you'll quit all this.

ALVARO

I'm out of the game.

DAVID

But that you won't use a single drug ever again.

ALVARO

Shit, I can't do that, man.

DAVID

I'm sorry. I just have no one else to tell that to.

ALVARO

You don't work as a shrink no more?

DAVID

Nope. My license was --

ALVARO

Yeah.

A beat.

ALVARO (CONT'D)

I can't quit, man. I wish I could tell you I could. But that's just the way of the game.

DAVID

I understand.

A beat.

ALVARO

I got to get going.

DAVID

Yeah.

Alvaro gets up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Good seeing you.

ALVARO

Yeah.

Alvaro exits and leaves David in silence.

FADE TO:

BLACK.