

UNTITLED

The Pilot

by
Susannah Grant

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TEASER/ACT ONE

EXT. ABOVE MULHOLLAND DRIVE - DAY

HELICOPTERS circle and hover. The telltale sign of something gone horribly wrong.

BELOW: a MANGLED MAYBACH in a canyon. Smoke billows out of it. RESCUERS scramble to it from AMBULANCES and FIRE TRUCKS.

AUDIO MAYHEM: A DEAFENING CACOPHONY of HELICOPTERS, SIRENS, and the OVERLAPPING JUMBLE of LA's excitable TV BROADCASTERS:

OVERLAPPING TV BROADCASTERS

*That's the car of billionaire Ron
Balthus you're looking at ... local
real estate tycoon ... colorful
fixture in LA's social scene ...*

CUT BETWEEN RESCUE FOOTAGE and NEWS CLIPS of RON BALTHUS (50, best looks money can buy): with Arnold, Geffen, Elton; on yachts, at parties, in black tie, boozey.

A STRETCHER with a BODY on it, hoisted up into a HELICOPTER.

EYEWITNESS AT THE SCENE

*I saw them take him out. Dude
looked dead to me ...*

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - O.R. - DAY

ABSOLUTE SILENCE - broken only by the pings and beeps of the respirator and monitors. The opposite of outside.

A NURSE, ANESTHESIOLOGIST, SURGICAL TECH, ASSISTANT SURGEON, all with eyes glued to THE CHIEF SURGEON -- MICHAEL HALSTEAD - - operating through a microscope. Focused. Intense.

ON A SCREEN: INSIDE BALTHUS'S HEAD. Microdissectors lift and separate TISSUE and NERVES ... revealing a FRACTURE in the cribriform plate (BONE). SPINAL FLUID pours through it.

MICHAEL

There.

EXT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - DAY

The FRENZY has moved here. CUT between VANS, REPORTERS, CAMERAS swarming the building, and MORE NEWS FOOTAGE.

OVERLAPPING TV BROADCASTERS

*Brought to this surgical center ...
presumably in the care of renowned
neurosurgeon Michael Halstead ...*

IMAGES of MICHAEL with recognizable pro athletes

OVERLAPPING TV BROADCASTERS (CONT'D)
*Interestingly, Halstead and
 Balthus, known to be friends ...*

Then a SHOT of Balthus and Michael, on the floor of the Laker's game. Two men who have never lost. At anything.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - O.R. - DAY

ON THE MONITOR: the force of the leaking fluid pushes the OPTIC NERVE onto the sharp edge of the fracture. The microdissectors lift the nerve off the sharp edge of bone.

MICHAEL
 Where's my patch?

The SURGICAL TECH is removing the PATCH TISSUE from its STERILE WRAPPING as fast as he can. Not fast enough.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 That's his optic nerve. Where's my patch?

ON THE MONITOR: the leaking fluid pulls the optic nerve off the microdissector again -- onto the sharp edge of bone.

ON MICHAEL as he again uses the microdissector to lift it to safety. Incredibly delicate and dangerous.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 That fluid keeps leaking, he dies.
 The nerve gets cut, he goes blind.
 Where's my patch?

The Tech hands him the patch tissue. Michael takes it with a second microdissector.

ON BALTHUS'S EXPOSED, OPEN HEAD: the instruments going in.

ON THE MONITOR: The second microdissector enters frame, holding the patch tissue.

Michael sets the patch into the fracture. Presses it in place. The fluid stops leaking. The optic nerve settles into place. No more movement. It's over.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - OUTSIDE THE O.R. - DAY

Michael comes out of the O.R. He's the only one out here. He takes off his mask. He takes a deep breath -- exhausted.

His CHIEF NURSE comes out, obviously impressed.

CHIEF NURSE
 Doctor, that was an honor to--

MICHAEL
 Fire the tech.

He heads down the hall, alone.

INT. DREAMSCAPE - DAY

Drifting through blurred gray shapes ... a RED BOUNCY BALL with a SMILEY FACE floats eerily into frame and it BOUNCES up, past the shapes (now readable as CAR BUMPERS) into open space ... where it is met by a CHILLING SCREECH OF TIRES.

INT. MICHAEL'S BEL AIR HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael bolts awake, unnerved. He moves the wine glass and Percocet on his nightstand to see the time: 4:12. Sits up.

EXT. BEL AIR HILLS - NIGHT

Moon above. City lights below. Michael pounds up and down the hills in a fast-paced pre-dawn run.

EXT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - MORNING

A Lamborghini Murcielago rumbles into Michael's reserved spot in the cool, jacaranda-shaded parking lot.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - RITA'S AREA - DAY

Michael's assistant, RITA (50's; don't cross her) doesn't look up from her computer when she hears Michael coming.

RITA
 I need signatures.

MICHAEL
 How's Balthus?

RITA
 Stable and a pain in the ass.

He heads into his office. She follows with a PILE OF PAPERS.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Huge. Swanky. On three walls: tons of SPORTS MEMORABILIA, all SIGNED WITH THANKS. On the fourth: a TROPHY CASE full of SAILING TROPHIES. PHOTOS of Michael on his own sleek boat.

RITA

You've got an 8AM staff meeting,
then the two back-to-back gliomas.

Michael opens the closet for his lab coat. Rita blocks his way with the papers and a pen. He signs where she points.

RITA (CONT'D)

Madeline needs fifteen minutes --

MICHAEL

Put her in at lunch --

RITA

Can't. You'll be in Agoura, doing
a consult with Lacey Sandreski.

He knows the name. He's done signing. She hands him a file.

RITA (CONT'D)

Her father wouldn't say why. Just
that they need to see you asap.

He opens the file. Clippings. An SI COVER of a pony-tailed teenager kissing the Wimbledon Trophy: "AMAZING LACE!"

MICHAEL

She's perky.

She hands him his lab coat. He heads out. Rita follows.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - RITA'S AREA - DAY

He heads down the hall, checking his BlackBerry. Rita follows. OTHER DOCTORS are heading the same direction.

RITA

One more thing. It's my birthday.

MICHAEL

Again?

RITA

Once a year, like everyone else.
Len's taking me to Spago. I'm
leaving at six.

MICHAEL

Spago's overrated.

Michael sees STEVE LIONETTI, (professional psychiatrist, amateur triathlete) entering the Conference Room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Oh, hey -- recurring dreams.

STEVE
Yeah?

MICHAEL
I'm having one. The same thing every god damn night, this red ball. What do red balls mean?

STEVE
Seriously? You're handing me that?

MADELINE RESNICK -- late 30's, dark and stylish (not in a medical jacket), heads for the Conference Room too.

MADELINE
I need fifteen minutes.

RITA
I told him.

They head into the conference room, leaving Rita in the hall.

RITA (CONT'D)
"Happy Birthday, Rita." "Why, thank you, Michael."

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - RECOVERY AREA - DAY

CLOSE ON A SCREEN: Michael, giving a press conference.

MICHAEL (ON THE SCREEN)
He's up, he's talking. It'll take longer for the arm and shoulder to heal than the cranial fracture.

RON BALTHUS, in SILK PAJAMAS, is watching it on his iPad. An arm and shoulder are in a cast, a BANDAGE at his hairline. His assistant RANDY (30's), is making coffee in a French press. Michael enters.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Making yourself at home, huh?
Morning, Randy.

RANDY
Good morning, Dr. Halstead.

RON
Your sheets are dreadful. Where have you been? I've been calling for you for hours.

MICHAEL

Believe it or not, Ronny, you are not my only patient. Look at me.

RON

For what I'm paying, I should own you for the day.

MICHAEL

(checking Ron's eyes)

You're confusing me with one of your hookers. Any flashes of light in the eyes?

RON

No.

MICHAEL

Salty taste in your mouth? Fluid in the back of your nose?

RON

No and no. When can I go home?

MICHAEL

That depends. What are you going to do when you get there?

RANDY

What can he do?

MICHAEL

Nothing. No driving, no drinking, no drugs, no sex, no work. Nothing.

RANDY

For how long?

MICHAEL

Two weeks.

RON

Jesus Christ.

MICHAEL

Listen. You were minutes away from losing your life, seconds from losing your sight. I know you like to think you're the cat with nine lives -- but you're not. You get one. And if you knock that patch loose before the bone is healed, you'll lose it. Plain and simple. Got it?

Balthus looks at him, scared a little straight.

RANDY
We've got it.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY - DAY

From above: Michael's Lamborghini weaves through the traffic.

MICHAEL (O.C.)
*I didn't get to read the file.
Give me the bullet points.*

EXT. VALLEY STREETS - DAY

Michael's car winds around leafy streets.

RITA (O.S.)
*She's 19. Ranked number one. So
far this year, she's won the
French, Australian and Wimbledon.*

He turns into a GATED COMMUNITY, hands his ID to a GUARD.

RITA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*If she takes the US Open, which
starts next week, she'll be the
youngest woman to win a calendar-
year Grand Slam.*

The Guard hands back the license, waves Michael through.

EXT. SANDRESKI ESTATE - TENNIS COURT - DAY

10 STARBUCKS CUPS are lined up along the service line. LACEY SANDRESKI, adorable, ponytailed, delivers a blistering serve from the other side. The first cup goes flying into the air.

RITA (O.C.)
*She also earns more in endorsements
than anyone else on the tour.*

MICHAEL
People like perky.

Lacey's Terminator-fit father, MILT (42, sunglasses, Nike cap) watches, arms crossed, as Lacey crushes cup after cup.

EXT. SANDRESKI ESTATE - DAY

Milt opens the door and smiles, doing an almost-convincing impression of an easy-going guy.

MILT

Dr. Halstead, a pleasure, Milt Sandreski. Come on in.

INT. THE SANDRESKI ESTATE - KITCHEN - DAY

ON A COMPUTER SCREEN: images of a CT SCAN with a CLOUDY AREA.

IN THE B.G.: the SOUND of GROUND STROKES being hit in a steady rhythm, with simultaneous HIGH-PITCHED GRUNTS.

MICHAEL (O.C.)

When was the accident?

WIDEN to see the windows look out on a TENNIS COURT, where Lacey is slugging it out. Around the room: mock-ups for Nike posters of Lacey. Nike outfit prototypes. Shoe boxes.

Michael is checking the CT images on the laptop of ARNOLD LOBELL (MD, a older than Michael, less well-dressed). Milt and JILL SANDRESKI (40's blonde, skittish) are there too.

JILL

Yesterday. I was driving --

MILT

Jill was driving, Lacey was in the passenger seat, some numb-nuts in front of them slams on the brakes --

MICHAEL

And Lacey hit her forehead?

JILL

She might have, I couldn't tell --

MILT

She wasn't paying attention.

MICHAEL

What did Lacey say?

DR. LOBELL

She said no, but I've been her doctor since she was 11. She wouldn't admit it if she had. I ran a CT, to rule out concussion.

MICHAEL

Which you have. But --

Michael scans the images again, enlarging the shady area.

MILT

Lobell says it might be an aneurysm. What do you think?

MICHAEL

I agree. It might be.

MILT

But you can't tell?

MICHAEL

Not without running a CTA.

JILL

I'm sorry, I think I know what an aneurysm, is, but can you --

MILT

What's a CTA?

Michael does an instant calculation on whom to answer first.

MICHAEL

(to Milt)

More images, with a contrast agent.

(then, to Jill)

An aneurysm is when the wall of an artery expands out like a balloon.

JILL

And the danger with that is --

MILT

How long's it take? We're training.

MICHAEL

45 minutes. I'll work around your schedule. I can meet you any time.

(Jill)

The bulge weakens the wall, which makes it vulnerable to rupture.

JILL

You mean -- like a stroke, or --

MILT

Jillian. We're trying to work something out here.

The barely-perceptible smackdown shuts Jill up. Michael takes out a card. Writes on it.

MICHAEL

Rita's my secretary. Tell her what works for you, and that's what we'll do. This my cell.

(hands it over)

Tell Lacey I look forward to meeting her.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - NIGHT

Late. Michael is working at his desk. Quiet. Then he HEARS a BOUNCING NOISE out in the hallway, and sees, out of the corner of his eye: something RED fly by the door. Strange.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - RITA'S AREA - NIGHT

Michael comes out of his office, a little tentatively --

MICHAEL

Hello?

No one. Just Rita's SILVER BIRTHDAY BALLOONS, waving back and forth, as if by a breeze. Very, very strange.

ITALIAN VOICE (O.S.)

Buona sera, Giorgio Baldi.

EXT. PCH - NIGHT

Michael's Lamborghini shoots through the McClure tunnel.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Hi, it's Michael Halstead. I'll be there in ten minutes, can you have that thing I get ready for me?

INT. GIORGIO BALDI - NIGHT

Michael grabs his dinner, gives the Hostess a kiss that hints at past intimacy. Greets a few diners, then heads out.

EXT. GIORGIO BALDI - NIGHT

Michael heads to his car -- then stops short. Thunderstruck.

Walking his way is ANNA LINDBERG: confident, wildly attractive, despite the lack of fuss she spends on her appearance. Or maybe because of it.

She breezes toward the restaurant, until she sees him. She stops too. They both stare. Then erupt in awkward laughter.

MICHAEL

What the Hell are you doing here?

ANNA

I live here.

MICHAEL

Hang on -- you move to my city, and you don't even tell me?

ANNA

Your city? Michael, four million people live here.

MICHAEL

I can't get over this -- what are you doing, you meeting someone?

ANNA

I'm getting take-out.

MICHAEL

Go grab your food and follow me in your car. We'll eat together.
(sees her mulling)
Don't think, just go.

She capitulates and heads in. Michael watches her go.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

My my my ...

EXT. MICHAEL'S SAILBOAT - NIGHT

It's a sleek vessel. Top-of-the-line. Michael and Anna are on the deck, eating dinner. He's opened a bottle of wine.

MICHAEL

When I left Alaska, I figured you'd spend your whole life up there in that dismal Inuit clinic.

ANNA

It wasn't dismal --

MICHAEL

But no, you're here, in Gomorrah, eating at 5-star restaurants.

ANNA

Is that place fancy? I didn't know. I had a coupon.

MICHAEL

Of course you did. God.

ANNA

Anyway -- I got recruited by a clinic down here -- Para Todos, have you heard of it?

MICHAEL

No, but it sounds very commie.

ANNA

It's like the Inuit place, minus the snow. That cold was pretty relentless.

MICHAEL

No kidding. Why do you think I left?

ANNA

(amused)

Not because of the cold, Michael.

MICHAEL

No?

ANNA

Hon. You left because you didn't want to be married. Possibly not to anyone. Definitely not to me.

He meets her eyes for a beat, then pours himself more wine.

MICHAEL

So you got here, when?

ANNA

About eight years ago.

MICHAEL

Christ, Anna, eight years you're living in the same city, and you can't pick up the phone?

ANNA

To say what?

MICHAEL

I don't know. Hello? How are you?

ANNA

I knew how you were. Brilliant, successful, rich, famous.

MICHAEL

How do you manage to make all those things sound like character flaws?

She smiles, enjoying teasing him. Takes a sip of her wine.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

For what it's worth, when I got back, I realized I didn't want to not be married to you either.

ANNA

So what'd you do? Marry someone else?

A beat. Trying to stay light:

MICHAEL

I did not. You?

ANNA

No. I try not to fail at things more than once.

(then, wrapping up:)

Moral of the story: don't drag an ambitious surgeon to a dingy clinic with one crappy O.R. thinking love will be enough to keep him there. It won't.

MICHAEL

There were things I wanted to do that were never gonna happen up there.

ANNA

So you came home and did them. And here you are. The man you always wanted to be. The top dog.

MICHAEL

See, there you go, making it sound like something shameful. Yes, I'm successful. Yes, I'm very, very good at what I do. Those are not things I need to apologize for.

He sees her smirking, enjoying having gotten under his skin --

ANNA

"... very, very good ..."

He fights a smile. This is a familiar dynamic.

MICHAEL

Hey, I bring you here, I open a very nice Chateaunef-de-Pape, and this is your thanks -- teasing me --

ANNA

Muscle memory. Some things you can't unlearn.

She smiles warmly at him in the soft light. He takes her in.

MICHAEL

You're even more beautiful than you were a decade ago. You know that?

She laughs a little, knowingly.

ANNA

And you are just as predictable.

She closes up her take-out container, stands.

MICHAEL

Where are you going? Don't leave.

ANNA

It's great to see you, Michael, but I'm not going to sleep with you.

MICHAEL

Why not?

ANNA

How many women have you seduced on this boat?

He doesn't answer. She kisses him on the cheek, lovingly.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Thank you for the wine. And the company. I'm happy you're happy.

She jumps onto the dock, saunters up the slip, into the dark.

MICHAEL

Who said I was happy?

EXT. DREAMSCAPE - DAY

The same indistinct gray shapes ... the RED BOUNCY BALL with a SMILEY FACE floats into frame ... FOLLOW IT as before, but this time it's interrupted by A RINGING PHONE.

EXT. MICHAEL'S SAILBOAT - NIGHT

Michael wakes up in a sleeping bag, on the deck. He digs his ringing phone out of his pocket: 3:22. He answers.

MICHAEL

This is Dr. Halstead.

RECORDED VOICE (OVER PHONE)

THIS IS A COLLECT CALL FROM THE LOS ANGELES COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION.

INT. LOS ANGELES SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Michael is waiting, pissed off, in a room full of PEOPLE who are much more used to arrests than he is. Not his crowd.

A BUZZ as a door opens and an OFFICER escorts MILO CANTONI out: 17, droopy skinny jeans, hoodie. Milo waves ironically.

INT. MICHAEL'S LAMBORGHINI - NIGHT

Michael (irritated as hell) drives Milo up the 101.

MILO

It's total police abuse. All I do is meet some kid at the skate park. And he says, hey, we're rolling to our neighborhood, you want to come?

MICHAEL

So you follow a gang kid to his neighborhood, at night? Christ, Milo, what are you thinking?

MILO

Oh, I don't know, that I'm not prejudiced about where people live? And then the cops come in like the Gestapo: "On the ground!" Nazis.

MICHAEL

It's a gang sweep, and you're lucky it's all that happened to you.

MILO

What are you, on their payroll?

MICHAEL

If you didn't want my opinion, you should've called your mother.

MILO

I needed a ride. Her car's busted.

MICHAEL

Again?

INT. DIDI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shabby, minus the chic. Lots of crystals and candles. DIDI HALSTEAD (37, huge heart, unfocused, overwhelmed), in pajamas. She and Michael watch Milo scuff to his bedroom.

MICHAEL

You and I had a curfew growing up.
Remember?

He takes out his wallet, starts counting out money.

DIDI

He's got forty pounds on me. What
am I supposed to do, handcuff him
to the radiator?

(sees the money)
What's that?

MICHAEL

He said your car's messed up.

DIDI

I didn't ask you to fix it.

MICHAEL

How much do you need?

DIDI

(after a beat)
Nine hundred.

He hands it to her. She takes it.

DIDI (CONT'D)

Thank you, Michael.

MICHAEL

You're welcome, Didi.
(starts to leave, then:)
Oh, hey -- guess who I had dinner
with tonight.

DIDI

Obama?

MICHAEL

Anna.

DIDI

Lindberg?

MICHAEL

Yup.

DIDI

No way. How is she?

MICHAEL

She's great. Beautiful, funny.

DIDI

Remarried?

MICHAEL

Nope.

DIDI

Interesting. You know -- the only time you weren't a jerk was when you were with her.

MICHAEL

Nice. Thanks.

(leaving for real now)

Work it out with your son. He's going off the rails.

EXT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - PARKING LOT - PRE-DAWN

A big, black Cadillac Escalade parks next to the Lamborghini.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - RECEPTION - PRE-DAWN

Michael is waiting when Milt, Jill and Lacey show up. Lacey shakes Michael's hand and gives him the million-dollar smile.

LACEY

Dr. Halstead, I'm Lacey Sandreski.

MICHAEL

Nice to meet you. Come on back.

Michael leads Lacey in. Milt starts follow.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Just Lacey. Radiation.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - CT ROOM - PRE-DAWN

Lacey is lying on the CT scan table. ELENA, the RADIOLOGY TECH preps her arm for the IV. Michael is standing nearby.

MICHAEL

You cold? Need anything?

LACEY
Nope, totally fine.

She flashes her PR smile while Elena inserts the IV port.

MICHAEL
Lacey? Do me a favor, will you?
Don't smile so much.

LACEY
I beg your pardon?

He sits in a chair, so he can talk to her at eye level.

MICHAEL
Here's what nobody knows about you:
You're not perky at all. You can
be -- and why not, there's good
money there -- but that's who you
pretend to be, not who you are.

She doesn't deny it. A steeliness appears in her eyes.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Here, in my office, no pretending.
Bullshit takes energy. And to do
what you're trying to do -- what no
woman has done before -- you're
going to need every ounce of energy
your body can muster. So save it.
Do not waste it on me.

Michael takes the solution from Elena. Connects it to
Lacey's IV port himself.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
People have no idea what it takes.
They want to turn on SportsCenter
and see greatness there, day after
day -- but they don't want to know
what that costs. In time. In
energy. In will. The human toll.
I know the cost. I know that being
the best isn't part of your life.
It's instead of it.
(starts the drip)
And that -- is fine -- with me.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael working at his computer. Rita is cleaning his lunch
dishes from his desk. As she picks them up and heads out:

MICHAEL

Hey -- there's a clinic, in East
L.A., I think, called Para Todos.
Get them on the line, okay?

She continues out. Michael leans back in his chair,
ruminating -- remembering ... The phone BEEPS. Michael
picks it up. It's RINGING. Then a WOMAN picks up.

PARA TODOS PERSON (OVER PHONE)

Para Todos.

MICHAEL

Dr. Anna Lindberg, please.

PARA TODOS PERSON (OVER PHONE)

May I ask who's calling?

MICHAEL

This is Dr. Michael Halstead.

A pause. Then:

PARA TODOS PERSON (OVER PHONE)

*I'm sorry to tell you this, Dr.
Halstead, but Dr. Lindberg passed
away two weeks ago.*

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. HALSTEAD SURGICAL CENTER - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael is at his desk, phone in hand, trying to digest what he just heard. Baffled. He doesn't notice CTA RESULTS pop up on his screen.

RITA (O.S.)

That's Lacey Sandreski's CTA.

He doesn't even look. His mind is reeling. Rita comes in.

RITA (CONT'D)

Want me to get them on the line?

He looks at the screen. The images focus him. He clicks through them. Doesn't like what he sees.

MICHAEL

No.

He gets up. She hands him his keys and laptop. He heads out, then stops, turns to her. Confusion swimming in his head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Look up a doctor for me. Anna
Lindberg. Would be local. L.A.

INT. SANDRESKI ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ON MICHAEL'S LAPTOP, where Lacey's CTA shows an ANEURYSM.

MICHAEL

It's 18 millimeters, in your middle
cerebral artery distribution.

(to Lacey)

Have you been having any vision
problems lately? Eye pain?

LACEY

Nope.

MICHAEL

Headaches?

MILT

She said no.

Actually she didn't, but Michael isn't going to take Milt on.

MICHAEL

Okay. You have two options. One: we bring you in today, I coil the aneurysm, and we're done. No way this thing will ever harm you. The downside: no tennis for 3 months.

Lacey scoffs -- what?

MILT

Option two?

MICHAEL

We do it after the Open. It is a risk, a small one: an asymptomatic aneurysm has a 1.3 percent chance of rupture per year.

JILL

What if you're in that 1.3 percent?

MICHAEL

25 percent survival rate, mostly depending on how quickly you're treated. So obviously, if you get any symptoms of a leak: headache, eye pain, vision impairment -- you would call me immediately.

Jill inhales, to ask another question, but Lacey is quicker.

LACEY

Tell you what. I'll go to New York and make history. Afterwards, we can all celebrate by having you cut my head open. How's that sound?

Milt clamps his hands on Lacey's shoulders, rubs them hard.

MILT

Sounds like a plan.

INT. HALSTEAD SURGICAL CENTER - RITA'S DESK - DAY

Michael swoops back through, scrolling the BlackBerry.

RITA

Balthus went home with a nurse.

MICHAEL

Good.

RITA
Madeline still needs fifteen
minutes.

MICHAEL
Right.

RITA
Here's what I got on that doctor.

She hands him some PRINT-OUTS. He stops, looks at them.

The first one: An L.A. TIMES OBITUARY: ANNA LINDBERG, BROUGHT
MEDICINE TO HARD-HIT BOYLE HEIGHTS. With a picture of Anna.

Michael stares at it, frozen.

RITA (CONT'D)
Oh, and your sister's in there.

MICHAEL
What?

INT. HALSTEAD SURGICAL CENTER - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael enters, holding the print-out. Didi is there,
relaxing on his sofa in her Whole Foods uniform: slacks, logo
shirt, name tag. Her Whole Foods apron is on the sofa beside
her.

DIDI
I just need a couple minutes.

He goes behind his desk, kicks his computer to life.

DIDI (CONT'D)
I've been thinking about what you
said, about Milo --

MICHAEL
Good.

DIDI
I know this woman, she's a family
therapist -- she said she'd work
with us for free.

MICHAEL
I'm sure Milo will love that.

DIDI
And she said the sessions would
probably go better if the primary
male in his life was there, too.

Michael looks up at her. Sees where this is going.

MICHAEL

Didi, there is no way I am going to therapy with you and your messed-up son. No.

DIDI

Come on, Michael, please?

MICHAEL

No. He's not my problem. He's your problem. You deal with it.

He goes back to work.

DIDI

You're a jerk.

She grabs her bag off the desk, intending to huff out. But then she spots the OBITUARY on his desk. Picks it up.

DIDI (CONT'D)

What is this?

He sees, tries to grab it from her -- but not fast enough.

MICHAEL

Nothing.

She reads the headline. Tears spring to her eyes (as they do, often and easily).

DIDI

Oh my God. Anna.

Michael snatches the print-out from her.

MICHAEL

You need to leave.

DIDI

But wait -- I don't get it. You said you had dinner with her.

MICHAEL

I didn't have dinner with anyone.

DIDI

You just told me, just last night --

MICHAEL

(how he's worked it out)
Last night, I took a Percocet for
my shoulder, plus wine --

DIDI

Wait, hang on --

MICHAEL

And then your idiot son wakes me
out of a dream I'm having about my
ex-wife --

DIDI

That was not a dream you were
talking about --

MICHAEL

-- such a vivid dream that I --
mistakenly -- thought it was real.

DIDI

Michael, you said you saw her. You
talked to her.

MICHAEL

No -- you're -- no.

He's never been so inarticulate. He sits down to work. Didi
stares at him -- then realizes:

DIDI

Maybe her spirit came to you.

MICHAEL

Rita!

DIDI

People do that when they die. You
read about it all the time. It's
called ... oh, what's it called?
It's called something.

Rita pops her head in the door.

MICHAEL

My sister needs to stack some
produce. Help her find the door.

Didi makes her own way out.

DIDI

This is a cosmic gift, Michael.

He grabs a SIGNED LUC ROBATAILLE HOCKEY STICK and uses it to shut the door in her face.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Michael is talking on speakerphone, massaging his shoulder.

MICHAEL
You're taking it easy? None of
your bear parties?

BALTHUS (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
Darling, I'm the dumbest man in LA.

A KNOCK. He looks: Madeline is there. He waves her in.

MICHAEL
Good. Let's keep it that way.

Michael shuts the call off. Madeline enters.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You need fifteen minutes.

MADELINE
I got the bids for upgrading our
Physical Therapy facility.

MICHAEL
And?

MADELINE
Bottom line, we can't afford it.

MICHAEL
What do we do, take out a loan?

MADELINE
We could. But I'd rather wait till
we can pay for it outright. Why
take on debt if we don't need to?

MICHAEL
Because I want to be able to say,
not only are we the best surgical
center, we're also the best rehab
facility. And I want to say it
now.

She moves toward him.

MADELINE
Your impatience is very alluring.

She straddles him in the chair. He runs a hand up her back.

MICHAEL

What do we do? Put off deciding?

MADELINE

At least a few minutes.

She kisses him. He starts undoing her blouse.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - LATER

Michael's in his chair, in post-coital relaxation. Pants back on, shirt undone, holding Madeline's blouse. He's peering into his bathroom, where she's tidying up.

MICHAEL

We need better sheets in post-op.

MADELINE

Done.

She comes out, fully dressed except for her shirt. She goes to take it from him. Slips it on. Buttons it up.

MICHAEL

You in a rush?

MADELINE

My mother's in town.

She bends down and kisses him.

MICHAEL

Hang on, I'll walk you out.

EXT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - NIGHT

Michael watches Madeline drive away. Heads back inside.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Michael wanders back into his office ... then leaps out of his skin when he sees ANNA, in the chair he was just in.

ANNA

Sorry. Did I scare you?

Michael takes a step back.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Don't freak out. Okay?

Then he notices, at her feet: THE RED BOUNCY BALL WITH THE SMILEY FACE FROM HIS RECURRING DREAM.

MICHAEL

What -- the --

ANNA

(explaining carefully)

Two weeks ago, I went for a run. It was dusk. Some kids were playing. Their ball bounced into the street.

MICHAEL

Stop.

ANNA

I tried to get it for them. I thought I looked, but I guess --

MICHAEL

I mean it. Stop. Talking.

ANNA

I didn't see the car at all. My head hit the pavement. It all happened really fast. I don't remember if it was painful.

(the ball)

The ball came with me. Why, I have no idea.

He looks again at the ball from his dreams, shakes his head, wanting no part of this. Backs out of the room.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - RITA'S DESK - NIGHT

Michael leans against Rita's desk, hyperventilating. After some forced deep breaths, he looks back into his office. The door is blocking his view of the chair. He kicks it open so he can see in. Anna's still there, standing now.

ANNA

I won't hurt you, Michael. I don't even think I can.

He doesn't go in. So she takes a step toward him.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I know, it's weird. That's why I didn't tell you last night. Are you okay?

A weird panicky laugh comes out of him. No, he's not okay.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 I need your help. Are you
 listening? Can you pay attention?

He's not answering, but not leaving. Good enough for her.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 People counted on me. I was
 stupid, I didn't anticipate this --
 I did everything myself, I didn't
 train anyone. I'm sure the staff
 is completely derailed. Are you
 with me?

He's still staring. So he's not not with her.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 If they can get into my computer
 files, they'll be able to figure it
 out. I need you to go down there
 and unlock them. My password is
 the same as it's always been. You
 remember it?
 (a beat)
 MYMIKE. M-Y. M-I-K-E.

At that, tears inexplicably spring to his eyes. She sees.
 Can't handle the deep well of regret and sadness right now.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Don't. Please.
 (then)
 I didn't have a family. I didn't
 have kids. I didn't have hobbies.
 I had this. Do this for me.

And then, the whole thing overwhelms his system -- he doubles
 over and vomits into the trash can.

When he's done heaving, he stands. She's gone.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - ELEVATOR BANK - NIGHT

A CUSTODIAN is mopping. Michael comes out, looking around.
 Sweaty. A mess. Shirt still undone.

MICHAEL
 Where'd she go?

CUSTODIAN
 Who?

The guy clearly hasn't seen anyone.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT/DAY

ON THE COMPUTER, as Michael scans resources for "hallucinations": MEDICAL JOURNALS, WEBMD, JAMA ... Michael's hands shake on the keyboard and scrawl notes on a pad: "BLEEDING BR. TUMOR ... SCHIZOPH. ... SUBDURAL HEM. ... INFECTION???" ... WITHDRAWAL?? ... RX SIDE FX??"

RITA (O.S.)

Michael?

MORNING. Michael is at his desk, in last night's clothes, unstrung. Rita is in his doorway, staring at him.

RITA (CONT'D)

Dr. Sujishi wants you in on his 8AM consult .

(Michael doesn't move)

That's in 20 minutes. You might want to --

She points at his clothes. Right. Michael gets up.

MICHAEL

Book me for an MRI this morning.

RITA

Why? Is something wrong?

MICHAEL

It's my own god damn machine, Rita, if I want to use it, I don't need your permission.

He goes into his bathroom, starts the shower.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - MICHAEL'S BATHROOM - DAY

Post-shower, towel around his waist. Michael looks hard in the mirror. Trying to get a grip. Then he steps out into:

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

There's Didi again, this time with ANTON LITTLE CREEK: 30's, 100% Anglo, in full Traditional Healer, poncho-moccasin garb.

MICHAEL

Jesus Christ!

DIDI

Michael, remember Anton Little Creek? We dated a few years ago?

Anton steps forward, hand out to shake.

ANTON

Peace.

Michael stares -- you've got to be kidding me -- and tightens the towel around his waist.

DIDI

Anton's a shaman. I told him about the Anna thing, and he immediately knew what it was all about.

ANTON

Yeah, attachments like the one Didi described aren't at all unusual.

MICHAEL

Get out.

ANTON

For whatever reason, the person feels safer holding onto someone in this world than moving on to the next.

MICHAEL

Out.

ANTON

I can extract her if you want. It's not a big deal.

MICHAEL

Why is he still talking? Rita!

DIDI

Okay, he's getting mad.
(to Michael)
Don't worry, we're leaving.

She pushes Anton out the door.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - MRI ROOM - DAY

ON ELENA, a nervous wreck, looking at Michael's legs sticking out of the MRI machine.

ELENA

A reminder, Doctor, not to move or -

MICHAEL (O.C.)

I know how the machine works.

ELENA

Yes, doctor.

She leaves the room.

IN THE MACHINE:

Michael is on his back, head in the immobilizer. The CLICKING NOISES start. Michael closes his eyes during the test. CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK. When it finally stops:

ANNA (O.C.)
You didn't go.

Michael's eyes pop open. He can't move his head, but he can move his eyes enough to see Anna lying beside him, propped on an elbow. Angry.

ANNA (CONT'D)
I ask you to do one simple thing.
The one thing that matters to me --

He detaches the immobilizing device. Turns to look at Anna.

MICHAEL
Go -- away --

IN THE ROOM, the DOOR opens, and Elena rushes in (she can only see one set of legs coming out of the machine).

ELENA
Dr. Halstead? Are you all right?

IN THE MACHINE, Michael has his wits about him enough to realize how this looks. Calls to Elena:

MICHAEL
I'm fine!

ELENA (O.C.)
Um -- would you like to wait in there while I check the images?

Anna is giving Michael a hard, unforgiving glare.

ANNA
You were the one person I thought I could count on.

Shit. Michael can't believe he's saying it, but:

MICHAEL
(to Elena)
No. Get me out.

INT. MICHAEL'S LAMBORGHINI - DAY

Michael, driving through East L.A., simmering.

MICHAEL
(to himself)
What the hell are you doing ...

EXT. PARA TODOS FAMILY CLINIC - DAY

A renovated storefront on a shitty block in the Very-Other part of town. There are 10 PEOPLE out in front -- all ages, mostly Latino, low- or no-income. Speaking Spanish.

Michael pulls up, gets out, locks his car, heads inside...

INT. PARA TODOS FAMILY CLINIC - MAIN ROOM - DAY

... and steps into another world. The floors are dirty; the trash hasn't been dumped; and the clinic is PACKED WITH PATIENTS. There are few chairs, so the sickest are on the floor. The rest are standing, in a swarm of illness.

Michael stands at the door, staring. In disbelief.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. PARA TODOS FAMILY CLINIC - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Michael takes it in. Then he sees the MAIN DESK, where an overwhelmed volunteer, TAVO, is fielding a million questions. More Spanish. Michael makes his way over. Still not 100 percent sure what he's doing here. He addresses Tavo.

MICHAEL

(how to put this?)

Hey. Um ... I think I might need to get on your computers.

TAVO

Finally, man. I called you guys days ago. I thought Geek Squad was supposed to be fast. It's in here.

What? Tavo heads back to the office. Michael follows.

INT. PARA TODOS FAMILY CLINIC - BACK ROOM - DAY

Michael follows Tavo in. Tavo points to the computer.

TAVO

There you go.

Michael sits at it. It's open to the ACCOUNTS page. There's only one: ANNA L. And a space for PASSWORD.

TAVO (CONT'D)

We just lost our director. Totally sucked. Plus she ran everything here -- booked docs, got funding, paid bills -- everything. We've been trying to keep it going, but without her ...

(hopeless)

I don't know, I figured if I could maybe get at her files ...

ON MICHAEL'S HANDS, as he types: M-Y-M-I-K ... E.

ON THE COMPUTER, as the page opens. So it really is real.

MICHAEL

Oh ... Christ.

TAVO

What? No luck?

(then, seeing it worked)

Oh, no, man, we're good! You got it! Geek Squad to the rescue.

Michael stands. Tavo sits in the chair and starts typing.

INT. PARA TODOS FAMILY CLINIC - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Michael comes into the room and stops -- trying to process.

Nearby, a scared mother, INES (30's, panicky, surrounded by FIVE KIDS), is talking to AUTUMN (late 20's, tough as jerky, clipboard in her hand and COUNTY ID around her neck).

INES

Please, you need to see my son --

She's holding one of the kids close to her -- ERNESTO, 7, in a soccer uniform. He looks exhausted and disoriented.

AUTUMN

Ma'am, I'm just a social worker.
There are no doctors here today.

Ines gets more distressed at that news. Overwhelmed.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

Don't panic. Just tell me what
happened, and I'll help you figure
out what to do.

INES

He was playing soccer, he was fine,
then he was on the ground, and he
start to shake, and his eyes went --
(rolled back)
-- like this --

Autumn, competent but out of her depth, checks her clipboard.

AUTUMN

Okay, what I'm gonna do is find you
the nearest emergency room.

ON MICHAEL, hearing all this. It's not the right call. He ponders leaving it, but can't quite. Steps over.

MICHAEL

Don't send her to an E.R. The kid
had a seizure. He needs a CT. An
E.R.'s gonna make her wait ten
hours, then won't end up doing it
because you don't have insurance.
(to Ines)
Go to an imaging center and ask for
a CT Scan. C.T.

There. Done. He heads back toward the door.

INES
 (bewildered, to Autumn)
 What is the imaging center?

Fuck if Autumn knows. She follows Michael.

AUTUMN
 Whoa. Hang on. Who are you?

MICHAEL
 I'm a neurosurgeon, I don't work here.

AUTUMN
 So where's an imaging center?

MICHAEL
 I don't know. Google it.

AUTUMN
 What place do you use?

MICHAEL
 That wouldn't work. I'm sure there's one closer. Look it up.

AUTUMN
 Why wouldn't yours work?

MICHAEL
 Because.

AUTUMN
 "Because"? What are you, twelve?

Told you she was tough. Michael looks from Autumn (calling him out) to Ines (terrified).

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
 Man, I've got 100 sick people here. I'm asking for help with one.

Capitulation is clearly the path of least resistance here.

MICHAEL
 Fine. Come by. I'll run the test.

He hands Ines his card. She looks at it.

INES
 Excuse me, which bus goes to here?

Oh, for Christ's sake.

INT. MICHAEL'S LAMBORGHINI - DAY

Ines is in the passenger seat, with Ernesto in her lap. The other kids are in back, laughing, giddy. Best field trip of their lives. Michael is at the wheel, furious.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - WAITING ROOM - DAY

PATIENTS waiting: some fancy older people; a very tall, expensively-dressed PRO BASKETBALL PLAYER, with TRAINER.

Michael enters, with Ines and the five rambunctious kids. He pauses to say hi to the Basketball Player (he clearly knows him), then ushers Ines and the kids into the offices.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - RITA'S DESK - DAY

Michael gets to Rita's desk just ahead of the brood.

RITA

You missed three patients, I've had more people yell at me in --

Then she spots the pack of kids. She looks at Michael: ?????

MICHAEL

(points to Ernesto)
Needs a CT. The rest, hide somewhere.

He heads into his office, but Ines follows him in, taking full advantage of the first doctor she's seen in years.

INES

Doctor --

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael picks up the phone to dial, but Ines is in his face.

INES

The little one, my niece, she has a nose it's running, did you see?

MICHAEL

Get her some tissues.

He dials his phone. But Ines isn't finished.

INES

And my other son, the big boy, Robert, his says his feet tingle --

MICHAEL
Try shoes that fit. Rita!

INES
Also my nephew, he goes like this -
(squints)
-- at the TV all the time.

MICHAEL
I'm not an optometrist. Rita!

Rita pops in, takes Ines by the arm and escorts her out.

EXT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - RECEPTION - LATER

Rita guides Ines and the five kids out of the office, into reception. The kids all have SURGICAL HATS on.

RITA
Okay, we'll call with the results.

They leave. Rita sees Jill Sandreski standing at the desk.

RITA (CONT'D)
Hi. Can I help you?

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Jill, now in Michael's office, with him.

JILL
I want you to make her do the surgery.

Unused to asserting herself, she's almost apologetic.

MICHAEL
Lacey's an adult, Jill. I can't make her do anything.

JILL
But she respects you. If you tell her she has to do it --

MICHAEL
She doesn't.

JILL
(icing up)
Fine. If you won't insist on it, I'll find a doctor who will.

MICHAEL

That's fine. But I'd bet my last dime there isn't a doctor out there who can make her change her mind. She wants this too much.

JILL

She doesn't want it. Her father does. He's brainwashed her into thinking this is her dream when it's not. It's his.

MICHAEL

I don't think that's the case.

JILL

You don't know. You just met her.

MICHAEL

I know athletes. The ones doing it for someone else win the school tournament. Maybe get their picture in the local paper. That's it. To do what Lacey's done -- to put yourself through that level of pain and sacrifice -- the only way you do that is if you can't not.

Jill sees she's not going to get what she wants. Gets teary.

JILL

You said it yourself. That thing could kill her. She could lose her life before it's even started.

MICHAEL

I'd say Lacey's living a very full -

JILL

She's not living life, she's living tennis. She doesn't have friends, she's never had a sleep-over or kissed a boy. She's hit a ball over a net. That's it.

She starts to crumble. Years of unexpressed disappointment.

MICHAEL

This feels like a conversation you should be having with Milt.

JILL

You don't talk with Milt. You listen. You pretend to listen.

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)
 You close your ears and your eyes
 and pray to God that he doesn't
 destroy her completely.

More tears. Michael doesn't comfort her.

JILL (CONT'D)
 I thought you would help me.

MICHAEL
 I'm sorry.

JILL
 No, you're not.

She leaves. A beat. Then Rita comes in, eyebrows raised -- she heard -- and hands him a computer disk.

RITA
 Your MRI.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Michael, looking at the MRI on his computer, massaging his shoulder. He pulls the Percocet out of his pocket. But he pauses before taking one -- reconsidering.

Then he feels HANDS ON HIS SHOULDERS. He spins around -- but it's only Madeline.

MADELINE
 Jumpy.

She starts massaging his shoulder.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
 Guess who I heard from today.

MICHAEL
 Who?

MADELINE
 Balthus's foundation director.
 Ron's feeling grateful. Wants to
 give us half a million dollars.

MICHAEL
 No kidding.

MADELINE
 Nope. There's your rehab facility.

She abandons the shoulder and starts unbuttoning his shirt.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
 Good things come to those who
 operate on billionaires.

She has a couple of buttons undone. But the way he's
 feeling, there is no way. He closes a hand around her hands,
 stopping her. From her reaction: this never happens.

She stands there a moment. Then takes her arms off of him.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
 All right then.

She steps away. Bruised.

MICHAEL
 Rain check -- okay?

Whatever. Madeline heads out of his office, miffed.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Madeline, hang on --

But she leaves. Excellent.

INT. MICHAEL'S LAMBORGHINI - NIGHT

Michael, driving up Stone Canyon, heading home, exhausted.

ANNA
 How'd it go?

She's there, in his passenger seat. He jumps, swerves --

MICHAEL
 Jesus Christ!

-- then regains control and stares at her beside him -- ????

ANNA
 Did you open the files?

MICHAEL
 You can't -- we can't just -- chat.

ANNA
 Why not?

MICHAEL
Because I don't know what you are.
 A hallucination, okay, but from
what? Not a brain tumor, my MRI is
 clear. Maybe schizophrenia, but --

ANNA
You know you're not schizophrenic.
Watch the road.

MICHAEL
Then what? What are you?

ANNA
I told you.

He looks at her -- just starting to let himself accept this.

MICHAEL
So that's -- it's -- you're --

She nods, shrugs. He continues to look at her -- in shock.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
So -- so, what? How does it --
what does it --

ANNA
I don't know. I'm not in control
of things -- where I am, when.
Watch the road --
(he does)
I'm with you -- then I don't know
where I am -- then I'm with you
again --

He looks at her, unable to process all this --

MICHAEL
Anna -- I'm a doctor. People trust
me, they put their lives in my
hands, I can't be --

ANNA
Michael, watch out!

He looks up . HEADLIGHTS are coming at him. He yanks the
wheel -- bouncing off the road -- and swipes a TREE, hard
enough to stop the car and explode the air bag into his face.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. STONE CANYON DRIVE - DAY

Michael is standing by his car, ribs aching, looking at the mangled grill. His AIRBAG is inflated. He walks over to the passenger side. No air bag. Just an empty seat.

INT. DIDI'S APARTMENT DOORWAY - NIGHT

Didi opens the door to find Michael there.

DIDI
Michael. Hi.

She lets him in.

INT. DIDI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dinner's on the table. Didi is the only one there. She watches, curious, as Michael goes to her fridge, grabs himself a beer.

DIDI
How are you?

He nods, good, as he opens the beer and takes a slug. Then he leans against her counter, and, trying to sound off-hand:

MICHAEL
So -- that Anton guy. Is he a total flake, or what?

There's a FLUSH somewhere.

DIDI
I don't know. Ask him yourself.

The BATHROOM DOOR OPENS. Anton comes out. Not what Michael had in mind. Anton brightens when he sees Michael.

ANTON
Brother Mike. What's going down?

He grabs one of the dinner plates and eats, standing up.

MICHAEL
Nothing. I just -- dropped by.

ANTON
Visitor came back, huh?

DIDI
Oh my God, she did?

Okay -- really not how Michael wanted this to play out. He doesn't answer. Anton reads his silence as a yes.

ANTON

Yeah, that's what they do. They get in, and they do not like to get out. You're like her own personal Roach Motel.

MICHAEL

That's a ... lovely image. Thanks.

Anton plops on the sofa, still eating while he consults.

ANTON

Do you just feel her, or can you see her too?

Milo scuffs in, iPod on, goes to the fridge. He can't hear, but it makes Michael more self-conscious. He doesn't answer.

DIDI

He sees her.

ANTON

Huh. So she's really dug in. What do you feel physically? Any pain?

MICHAEL

A shoulder thing, but that's from surgery.

ANTON

Worse lately?

MICHAEL

Yes. But --

Anton's eyes search the space above Michael's shoulders.

ANTON

Yeah, so that's how she got in.

MICHAEL

Through my shoulder?

ANTON

No, the shoulder's just a symptom. The problem is the tear in your energetic body --

Anton gets up, waves his hand above Michael's sore shoulder --

ANTON (CONT'D)
Right around here.

DIDI
He can see it. Isn't that cool?

Michael pulls away. From where he's scooping ice cream, Milo sees the dance between the men. He takes off his headphones.

ANTON
Like I said, I can extract her if you want.

MILO
Extract who?

Enough. Michael's had it.

MICHAEL
Nothing. I gotta go.

Michael chucks the beer bottle (which he's drained) into Didi's trash. He opens the door and heads out. To his back:

ANTON
Just come by my place whenever.
I'm always around.

EXT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - EARLY MORNING

The Lamborghini is parked. HEAR loud, repetitive GRUNTING.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - REHAB CENTER - DAY

Michael is in workout clothes, gutting it out on a machine, lifting as much weight as he can manage. Rita comes in.

RITA
There you are. Balthus was rushed to the Cedars ER this morning.

Michael stops lifting. Sits up. Alert.

MICHAEL
Why?

RITA
When Randy got to work, Balthus was hung over and groggy --

MICHAEL
God damn it. Call his primary-care guy, Neil Desai.

Rita dials on her phone.

RITA

We got the results back on the boy.
The CT is clear. Blood sugar is
normal, but sodium was at 116.

(into phone)

Dr. Michael Halsted for Dr. Desai.

MICHAEL

Call the mom. Tell her he's fine,
just an electrolyte imbalance, and
she should have salty snacks and
Gatorade at his the games.

She hands the phone to Michael. Michael takes it.

NEIL DESAI (OVER PHONE)

Mike, hi -- calling about Balthus?

MICHAEL

Yeah, what's up?

NEIL DESAI

*Not good. When they brought him
in, he was lethargic, pulse was
100, temperature 101, stiff neck --*

Michael grimaces. Shit. Takes a beat. Then:

MICHAEL

Thanks. Keep me posted.

He hangs up. Shit. Hands Rita's her phone, avoiding her eyes. His own phone rings. Saved by the bell. He answers.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This is Dr. Halstead.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LACEY SANDRESKI'S PRIVATE PLANE - DAY

Jill Sandreski is on her phone, panicked. Milt is trying to take it from her. Lacey is in a seat, eyes closed, in pain. Her hands are shielding her eyes from the light.

JILL

Dr. Halstead, it's Jill Sandreski.

MILT

Jill -- hang up the phone.

He reaches for it. She SLAPS his hand away, hard.

JILL
She has a headache, a really bad
headache.

MILT
It's nothing, she gets one every
time she flies.

MICHAEL
Where are you?

JILL
In the plane. We took off 45
minutes ago.

MICHAEL
Turn around. Come back.

JILL
(fears confirmed)
Oh my God -- okay. Okay.
(to Milt)
Tell him we have to go back.

MILT
We're not going back. She's fine.

MICHAEL
Tell the pilot to fly as fast as he
can and land at Santa Monica.

Jill talks to the FLIGHT ATTENDANT.

JILL
We need to go back, fast. He has to
land at Santa Monica.

MICHAEL
Tell him to tell the tower he has a
medical emergency on board.

JILL
Okay. Okay.

Milt gets between Jill and the Flight Attendant.

MILT
God damn it, we are not turning
around. We are going to New York.

LACEY
Turn around.

Her voice sounds strange. Childlike. Her eyes are closed. There are tears on her cheeks. Milt freezes, freaked.

JILL
Oh my God. TURN AROUND! TURN THE
PLANE AROUND!

The Flight Attendant runs up to the cockpit.

Phone line still open, Jill kneels in front of Lacey.

JILL (CONT'D)
It's okay, baby, we're going back.

Lacey keeps her eyes closed, trying to control the headache.

LACEY
Tell him I wasn't asymptomatic.

JILL
What?

LACEY
I lied. I was having eye trouble.
(silent tears)
I just wanted to win.

The PLANE BANKS as they turn around.

MICHAEL
I got that. Don't let her move.
Keep her head elevated. I'll meet
you at the airport.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - HALLWAYS - DAY

Michael, hurrying through the halls. Rita right behind him.

MICHAEL
Send an ICU ambulance to Santa
Monica Airport.

Rita starts dialing. He heads into:

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - RECEPTION - DAY

When he gets there, Ines and Robert and Ernesto are there, with a HUGE BASKET of homemade goods.

INES
Doctor! This is for you.

Rita takes it from her.

RITA
 (into her phone)
 Dr. Halstead needs an ICU ambulance
 at Santa Monica Airport, stat.

MICHAEL
 Call downstairs. I need an amp of
 Mannitol, and 10 mg of Decadron.

Rita dials again. He heads toward:

INT. HALSTEAD SURGICAL CENTER - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael comes in, grabs his keys and wallet, and heads back
 out (still in his workout clothes).

INT. HALSTEAD SURGICAL CENTER - RECEPTION - DAY

When he comes out, Rita is there with Ines, the kids, and the
 gift basket, talking on her phone, holding the elevator.

RITA
 ... an amp of Mannitol and 10 mg.
 of Decadron.

INES
 Doctor, I want to thank you for all
 you do for my family.

Michael steps onto the elevator.

MICHAEL
 Also some Labetalol. I'll grab it
 on my way out.

RITA
 (into phone)
 Also some Lebatolol. He'll be
 right down.

As the elevator doors start to close, he notices Robert, in
 NEW SNEAKERS, wincing. Michael wants to ignore it -- but
 can't quite. He sticks his foot in the door, stopping it.

MICHAEL
 Hey. Your feet still hurt?

Robert nods. Michael kneels, waves him over.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 What else? Any other pain?

Robert goes to him. As Michael taps his Achilles:

ROBERT

My back.

MICHAEL

Show me where.

Robert points to his lower back/buttocks area.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Anything else? Bed-wetting? You
been peeing in your bed at night?

Robert nods again, embarrassed. Michael turns to Rita ...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Lumbar MRI, and a gadolinium-
enhanced study of the conus.

He takes his foot out of the elevator, and the doors close.

INES

What --?

Rita comes up with the bedside manner Michael lacks.

RITA

Dr. Halstead would like to give
your other boy a couple of tests,
too ...

EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - JETWAY - DAY

The ROAR OF AN APPROACHING JET. LACEY'S PLANE, in descent.

ON THE JETWAY: AN AMBULANCE is waiting. TWO EMT's are on
hand with a stretcher. Michael is checking to make sure his
meds are all in order. As soon as the plane touches down,
everything moves with military-like precision and speed.

- * The jet door, flying open.
- * The IV, going into Lacey's arm.
- * Lacey's body, lifted onto a stretcher.
- * The AMBULANCE, screaming through the Santa Monica streets.
- * In the O.R, the surgical team, waiting. Tense and silent.
The doors fly open and the stretcher is wheeled in. Michael
enters right behind, scrubbed.
- * FROM OUTSIDE THE O.R., as the doors slowly close:

O.R. NURSE
Lacey Sandreski, 19 years old,
ruptured cranial aneurysm ...

Then the doors close and there's TOTAL SILENCE.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Jill, on the couch, barely breathing. Milt, staring into the fish tank. HEAR the BUBBLES of the filter, CONTINUING OVER:

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - O.R. - DAY

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN: FOUR FLUOROSCOPIC IMAGE of LACEY'S BRAIN, each a different angle and magnification. The bleed is visible, spilling into the surrounding brain tissue.

As the BUBBLING continues, see the ENDOVASCULAR COIL moves into the frame, heading for the bleed through a blood vessel.

ON MICHAEL, deep in unwavering concentration as he negotiates the coil toward the aneurysm.

ON THE SCREEN: the coil reaches the aneurysm. Goes past it. Backs up. Goes past it again. Backs up again. Then, as it passes the aneurysm a third time, it catches. The end slips into the aneurysm. The rest of the metal coil follows, knotting up inside the bleeding aneurysm. Filling it, like a cork. Cutting off the blood flow out of the vein.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Michael, from above, lying on the floor. Drained. Eyes closed.

ANNA
You weren't kidding. You are very,
very good.

He looks. She's lying beside him.

MICHAEL
Do you ever knock?

Before he can answer, there's a KNOCK. His door opens and Rita comes in, papers in hand. Michael sits up --

RITA
I've got the other boy's test
results. You want to see them?

Michael looks from her to Anna -- but Rita doesn't seem to see her.

MICHAEL

Um ...

RITA

(checks her notes)

Tumor of the distal spinal cord at
the conus. Do you want to remove
it, or do you want Oscar to?

Michael stands. Anna stays on the floor. As Rita moves
around the room -- putting things away, cleaning up -- she
miraculously manages to just miss Anna with every pass.

ANNA

You do it.

Michael looks Rita. Rita isn't hearing her, either.

MICHAEL

Um ...

RITA

You or Oscar?

MICHAEL

Oscar.

ANNA

Why?

RITA

I'll call the mom and fill her in.

ANNA

She's not going to want to hear
that from a secretary, Michael.
Call her yourself.

RITA

You know she doesn't have
insurance, right?

ANNA

Oh, please.

MICHAEL

I ... figured.

RITA

So who's covering it?

ANNA

You are.

Beat.

MICHAEL

We are.

Rita stops cleaning. Looks at Michael, suspicious.

RITA

Are those your children, Michael?

MICHAEL

What? No.

RITA

Just trying to figure out why we're suddenly running the place like a free clinic.

She takes the trash she's gathered and leaves.

RITA (CONT'D)

Open or closed?

MICHAEL

Closed.

She shuts the door behind her. Michael bends over, collapsing under the stress of this double-reality.

ANNA

I don't like her.

MICHAEL

Yeah? Well, my life would fall apart without her, so --

ANNA

If that's true, there's something wrong with your life.

MICHAEL

Anna. Don't start.

Anna stands, ramping up. She's saying it nicely, but still.

ANNA

Seriously -- if you can't make your own phone calls -- can't meet your own human obligations --

MICHAEL

No. No no, you're not doing this --

ANNA
-- you're probably off-base in some
very fundamental --

MICHAEL
Stop. Stop.
(she does)
I can't do this, Anna. I can't --

ANNA
What?

A beat. He looks at her. Realizing:

MICHAEL
I can't.

He grabs his keys, and leaves.

INT. MICHAEL'S LAMBORGHINI - NIGHT

Michael, now behind the wheel of his car. He turns to look
at the Venice bungalow he's parked in front of.

INT. ANTON'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

The door is opened by Anton, bare-chested, in Thai farmer
pants, eating Ramen noodles.

ANTON
Mikey Mike! Hey! Come on in.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. ANTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Anton has laid out a circle of STONES around his NAVAJO RUG. Michael watches, highly skeptical, as Anton gathers his tools: rattle, spirit water, crystal ...

ANTON

Go ahead and lie down.

Michael lies down -- reluctantly. Anton raises his arms and shakes his rattle (festooned with eagle feathers) to the sky.

ANTON (CONT'D)

To the Winds of the East, Father
Eagle, come to us --

(Michael chuckles)

Hey, man, you sterilize your way, I
sterilize mine.

(arms back up, rattle)

-- come to us from the land of the
rising sun, teach us to fly wing-to-
wing with the Great Spirit. AH-HO!

Michael startles at the yell.

INT. ANTON'S APARTMENT - LATER

Anton kneels at Michael's shoulders and takes Michael's head in his hands, feeling it with his fingertips.

MICHAEL

Do you have to do that with my
head?

ANTON

Brother, I don't have to do any of
this, but if you want her gone ...

MICHAEL

Fine.

ANTON

Okay. So I want you to close your
eyes and feel her.

Michael closes his eyes.

EXT. DREAMSCAPE - SAME TIME

The same dreamscape from Michael's recurring dream. Blurred shapes moving too fast and too slow at the same time.

ANTON (O.S.)
*Her whole deal. Her looks, her
smell.*

In the deep distance, ANNA starts to emerge. She's far away, but walking toward us, red ball under her arm...

ANTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Well, hello, there.

Then just like that, she disappears.

INT. ANTON'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Michael's eyes pop open: how the hell did Anton know? Anton is still holding his head, eyes closed.

ANTON
Don't freak out. Keep breathing.

Michael closes his eyes again. Takes a deep breath.

EXT. DREAMSCAPE - SAME TIME

She reappears, coming at us, with that same confident strut.

INT. ANTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Anton puts a rock in Michael's hand, then picks up a pendulum with a crystal on the end.

ANTON
Now take all your feelings about
her, and blow them into that rock.

MICHAEL
What?

ANTON
Whatever feelings come up. Any and
all. Put them in here. Big blow.

Oh-kay. Michael blows hard on the rock. Anton takes it from him, then moves the pendulum over Michael's various chakras.

INT. DREAMSCAPE - SAME TIME

Anna, closer now. Looking intrigued -- curious about why she's been summoned -- and a little suspicious.

And MICHAEL appears in the dreamscape too. We're looking over his shoulder at Anna approaching. She sees him.

ANNA

Michael?
(looks around)
What are we doing?

INT. ANTON'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Anton sets the rock on a chakra. Shakes the rattle over it.

ANTON

So now you wanna thank her for
being in this life with you. For
whatever she brought to you, or
helped you with. Express that
gratitude. Then let her know
you'll be okay without her.

EXT. DREAMSCAPE - SAME TIME

Anna's still looking at him sideways -- what's going on here?
Michael takes her hand. Tries to do what Anton tells him:

MICHAEL

Anna. I want to thank you for
being in my life --

He sounds like a bad greeting card. She cracks up.

ANNA

What is that, what are you doing --
an Oprah Winfrey impression?

INT. ANTON'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Michael opens his eyes, looks at Anton.

MICHAEL

I don't think this is working.

ANTON

Stick with it.

Fine. Closes his eyes again.

INT. DREAMSCAPE - SAME TIME

Anna is bouncing the ball, bored.

ANNA

Cut to the chase, hon, what are we
doing here?
(he doesn't answer)
Hello? Michael?

MICHAEL
We're sending you away.

She stops bouncing the ball. Looks at him. A beat.

ANNA
I don't want to go.

MICHAEL
Anna --

Her fear starts to break through her tough exterior.

ANNA
No. You can't. I'm not ready.

MICHAEL
Anna --

ANNA
There are things I didn't finish --
all these doors I left open --

She reaches out, takes his hands, almost begging.

MICHAEL
Anna, come on --

ANNA
I need you to help me close them.
There's no one else I can ask --
Michael, please -- please --

He shakes her off of him.

MICHAEL
I can't have you in my life!

ANNA
(arguing now)
Why not? Why not?

MICHAEL
You don't fit. My life -- who I am
-- I can't be crazy --

ANNA
You're not crazy --

MICHAEL
You're not real. I don't even know
what you are --

ANNA

So? Why can't I be the one thing
in life you don't understand?

He laughs.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What?

MICHAEL

Anna. You have always been the one
thing in life I don't understand.

Something in the way he says it -- the beginning of
resignation -- tells her he's weakening.

ANNA

If I go, we never see each other
again. Is that what you want?

MICHAEL

(resolve crumbling)
That's not the point.

ANNA

Then what is?

She looks at him with an intimacy he feels nowhere else in
his life. He tries to come up with an answer. But can't.

INT. ANTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Michael sits bolt up, surprising Anton, knocking him back.

ANTON

What happened? What are we doing?

MICHAEL

Nothing. I'm good. She's gone.

He stands, goes to get his watch.

ANTON

She's not gone.

MICHAEL

Yeah, she left.

He puts on his watch, grabs his wallet.

ANTON

Friend, what I do? It's just like
you, taking out a tumor.

(MORE)

ANTON (CONT'D)
 You know when it's out, and you
 know when it's still there.

Michael laughs.

MICHAEL
 What you do -- friend -- is nothing
 like what I do. Thanks for ...
 (whatever it was)
 Good night.

He leaves.

EXT. MICHAEL'S SAILBOAT - NIGHT

Michael, lying on the deck in his sleeping bag, eyes closed.
 A BREEZE picks up, ruffling the burgee at the top of the
 mast. Michael feels the wind, opens his eyes. Quietly:

MICHAEL
 You there?

No answer.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - PRE-OP/RECOVERY - DAY

Lacey, lying in bed, staring out the window. Michael knocks,
 enters. She swings her head toward him. Blank eyes.

MICHAEL
 How are you feeling?

Lacey can't answer. Shrugs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Physically?

LACEY
 Fine.

MICHAEL
 Headache?

LACEY
 Gone.

MICHAEL
 Good.

He sits on her bed.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 There's next year.

LACEY

No. I'll be 20. Steffi was 19 and 3 months. It's over.

(then)

How long till I can play again?

MICHAEL

Three months completely off. Six before you can play full-on.

That hits her like a fist in the gut.

LACEY

What am I supposed to do? Pick up a hobby? Go on vacation?

MICHAEL

Yup, and you'll hate it, because nothing can come close to how you feel when you play.

Then he hears what he's saying. Realizes there's a small part of him -- a new part -- that doesn't 100% agree.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Or, I don't know, maybe not. Maybe something will happen that makes it okay. You never know. Life's full of surprises.

ACROSS THE HALL, Ines, sitting with Robert, sees Michael giving Lacey his attention. Then Jill walks by the door.

IN LACEY'S ROOM,

Jill enters, arms laden with magazines, snacks, beverages. Embarrassingly excited to have this time with Lacey.

JILL

I got everything on the magazine shelf. What should we start with?

Lacey looks up at Michael. He nods -- I get it -- then stands, to leave them alone together.

IN ROBERT'S ROOM,

Ines sees Michael leave Lacey's room. She goes into the hall to meet him.

INES

Dr. Halstead, can you tell me when you do the surgery on Robert?

MICHAEL

I'm not doing it. Dr. Sujishi is.

INES

But -- you are the best. That's what everybody say.

MICHAEL

Dr. Sujishi is excellent as well. You have nothing to worry about.

INES

If he was your son, who would you want for the surgery?

His phone buzzes.

MICHAEL

Me. But he's not my son, he's yours, so Dr. Sujishi will do it.
(walks away, answering the phone)
This is Dr. Halstead.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CEDARS SINAI I.C.U. - DAY

Randy is calling from the hallway. Doing a damn good job of keeping it together.

RANDY

Dr. Halstead, it's Randy, Mr. Balthus's assistant. I didn't know if they were keeping you informed --

MICHAEL

Pretty much. Yes.

RANDY

So you know they confirmed spinal meningitis --

Yeah, Michael figured.

RANDY (CONT'D)

They tell me it's very bad. They just -- um -- they said they aren't sure he'll make it through the day.

MICHAEL

I see.

RANDY

I know you're busy. But if you could come by, I'm sure he'd like that.

MICHAEL

Right. I'll try.

Hang up. Michael clamps his eyes shut -- struggling. Not a man who enjoys struggling. He opens his eyes. Spots Ines.

Without pausing to question what he's doing, he goes to her.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'll do it.

INES

Excuse me?

MICHAEL

Your boy's surgery. I'll do it.

Ines is instantly grateful -- a flood of relief.

INES

Oh, doctor, thank you so much.

Thank you thank you thank you.

She hugs him. He lets it happen.

EXT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - PARKING LOT - DUSK

Michael, in scrubs, on a bench outside, stewing. Rita comes out with a file, searching. Spots him.

RITA

There you are. I need to microchip you. You didn't sign the surgical report.

She hands him the file. He takes it, signs.

RITA (CONT'D)

Sounds like it went well.

MICHAEL

Yup, came out clean. Most likely benign. He'll be fine.

RITA

No wonder you look so pleased.

She takes back the file and pen. Heads inside.

RITA (CONT'D)

Luckily, I have a feeling there's a gift basket coming to cheer you up.

Michael hangs his head in his hands, hating himself. He hears footsteps. It's Anna. She stops in front of him.

ANNA

Ah, the age-old dilemma. Doing the right thing for the wrong reason -- is it still virtuous? What matters more? The intention or the act?

There are people around (GARDENER, PARKING LOT ATTENDANT), so he doesn't respond.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You operated on the boy to get out of visiting your dying friend. And I'm sure you did a very good job.

(sits beside him)

I used to think it was strange, how uncomfortable you were with death. Then I realized -- you like to believe you know everything and can fix anything. Death proves you wrong.

(then)

Go see him. It won't be easy. But it won't be as hard as avoiding it.

(then)

I'll go with you if you want.

INT. CEDARS SINAI I.C.U. - NIGHT

The elevator opens. Michael steps out, followed by Anna. They head down the hall, find the room -- then Michael stops:

INSIDE THE ROOM, Randy is packing the special sheets, the French Press, the lamp. The bed is empty. Randy sees Michael in the hall. Randy is devastated.

EXT. CEDARS SINAI PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Michael's Lamborghini, in the parking lot.

INT. MICHAEL'S LAMBORGHINI - NIGHT

Michael in the car, staring ahead. Anna is next to him. After a quiet moment, he SLAMS HIS HAND ON THE STEERING wheel repeatedly. Furious. Anna doesn't say anything.

Once his impotent rage dies down, he slumps in his seat, head back, eyes closed. Finally:

MICHAEL
What's it like?

ANNA
Dying?

Yes. She thinks about how to describe it.

ANNA (CONT'D)
In the moment, it's like knowing
absolutely everything, and
absolutely nothing, all at once.
Everything and nothing, rushing
through you like a torrent.
(then, less sure)
But then, that part's over -- and
there you are, and ...
(beat)
I don't know. I don't know.

She falters. Then, the best analogy she has:

ANNA (CONT'D)
You know -- when we were together,
I'd go out in the world and see
other married couples -- walking
around hand-in-hand, protecting
each other -- and I'd think, Wow,
I'm not doing this right.
(then:)
That's how I feel now. Like
whatever this is, I'm not doing it
right.
(beat)
Nobody gives you a manual. There's
no concierge. Who knows, maybe one
will show up and say, right this
way, Ma'am, your table is ready,
but until they do ...

She looks at him. He sees how lost and confused she is.

MICHAEL
-- you'll stick with me.

INT. HALSTEAD NEUROSURGICAL CENTER - RECOVERY AREA - NIGHT

Lacey is in bed, alone. She glances into Robert's room.
Robert and COUSINS are piled on the bed, playing a PSP.
Having a grand old time. Ines is there. She looks out into
the hall -- sees Lacey watching. She puts some cake on a
paper plate and brings it to Lacey.

INES
Tres leches. It's very good.

LACEY
Thank you.
(takes a bite)
It's delicious.

INES
The kids are watching Spiderman.
You want to come, watch with them?

Lacey's first instinct is to say no. But then -- why not?

LACEY
Okay.

She gets up. Ines takes her arm and supports her as she walks over to the party room.

INES
I am Ines.

LACEY
(without any PR falseness)
I'm Lacey.

INT. DIDI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Michael goes to Didi's door, holding Didi's Whole Foods apron (which she left in his office). Knocks. Milo opens. The TV is on in the background.

MICHAEL
Hey. Is your Mom here?

MILO
No.

MICHAEL
Oh. Well, this is hers. Give it to her, okay?

He hands Milo the apron, planning to leave. Then he sees the TV. Milo. An opportunity. He pauses. Then:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Is that the Lakers?

EXT. DIDI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

THROUGH THE WINDOW: Michael and Milo are watching TV together. Milo says something.

Michael laughs -- hard and genuine. Milo smiles to himself, obviously pleased that he cracked up his hotshit uncle.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BAY - DAY

A beautiful day. Michael's boat on the water, under sail.

EXT. MICHAEL'S SAILBOAT - DAY

Michael, at the helm, sailing it himself.

MICHAEL

So listen, I've been thinking ...

And now we see Anna, lying on the deck. She props up on a shoulder, shades her eyes, so she can see him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We're gonna need some ground rules.

ANNA

Like what?

MICHAEL

Like, no bossing me around. I'm in charge, I do what I want. And: no meddling with my real life -- my work, my social life, my sex life -- all off limits. Also: no trying to change me into the man you wish I were. It didn't work before, and it won't work now. Agreed?

She smiles a little knowingly. Salutes him.

ANNA

Aye-aye, Captain.

MICHAEL

That lacked sincerity.

ANNA

You're very mistrustful, Michael.

She lowers herself back down on the deck. Closes her eyes again.

ANNA (CONT'D)

We'll have to work on that.

END OF ACT FOUR