

TOMORROW WAITS FOR NO ONE
S01E01, "WHO AM I?"

Written by

Marcello Aurelio Lanfranchi

238 S. Berendo St., Suite 303
Los Angeles, CA 90004
(818) 646-7573
producer@santalorena.com

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA FOOTHILLS - NIGHT

LABOR DAY 2002: SANTA LORENA, CALIFORNIA

A warm moonlit night. A flashy-yet-beat-up '70s MUSCLE CAR winds down desolate highway. Distant suburban lights glimmer.

It ROARS past a SIGN: "JENSEN HILL/SANTA LORENA NEXT EXIT."

INT. FRANK'S CAR

Early-20s FRANK CAIN, lean but muscular, douche. Tee shirt, baggy cargo shorts. Bobs his head to a HEAVY METAL SONG.

Steering with his knee, he SLURPS a milkshake as he reaches over to ratchet up the stereo's volume.

EXT. WOODS

MARCUS LAZANO, slim, early-20s, boy-next-door good looks, khakis and button shirt, dashes through the woods and darts into a clearing, glances over his shoulder, and continues running.

Barreling through the brush, slim 30ish LEO CORELLI and thickset 40ish AL SLEZAK, dark suits and imported wingtips, pursue Marcus. Leo's OLD-SCHOOL GOLD DIGITAL WRISTWATCH gleams in the moonlight.

INT. FRANK'S CAR

Frank bops his head and sings along unintelligibly.

EXT. WOODS

Marcus trips over a fallen tree limb and falls to the ground. He looks back as Leo and Al narrow the gap.

Leo draws a GUN from his jacket. Marcus scrambles to his feet and flees. Leo aims and fires TWO SHOTS.

INT. FRANK'S CAR

Frank fiddles with the stereo's equalizer settings.

EXT. WOODS

Fatigued, Marcus runs toward an embankment. Beyond is the highway. Leo and Al close in.

INT. FRANK'S CAR

Frank leans in, the lid pops off and the shake splatters him.

FRANK

Crap!

Frank grapples with the wheel and struggles to mop up with the hem of his shirt.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Marcus emerges from the woods and lurches onto the roadway.

INT. FRANK'S CAR

FRANK

Could this day possibly get any worse?

Frank looks up to see Marcus stumble into his path. Aghast, Frank slams on the brakes: SCREECH.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Headlights bear down on Marcus as he turns to face the car about to plow into him. He freezes, horrified.

Time seems to all but stop. Frank's car strikes Marcus.

Propelled backward, he lands in the middle of the road, hitting his head on the pavement with a brutal THUD.

END OF TEASER

ACT I

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Dazed, Frank lifts his head from the steering wheel. There's a gash on his right brow.

EXT. EDGE OF WOODS

Leo and Al stop at the road's edge, eye one another, observe.

INT. FRANK'S CAR

Frank sits back, stunned. He adjusts the rearview mirror, gazes at his reflection. Blood trickles down his temple. He wipes it away and winces.

He regains his focus, gasps at the sight in front of his car.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Frank throws the door open, steps out, staggers forward.

EXT. EDGE OF WOODS

Leo aims gun at Frank. Al grabs his arm.

AL
No. Too messy.

Leo glares at Al.

AL (CONT'D)
Boss made it clear. He wants him
alive.

Leo returns his attention to the men in the road. He pauses. Lowers the weapon. Leo and Al monitor the situation.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Frank kneels, leans over Marcus, listens for a breath. He sits back.

FRANK
Oh God. Hang in there, man. Don't
die on me.

Marcus's eyes pop open. Frank shrieks and punches him in the face. Marcus's head lolls to one side, loses consciousness.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Crap!

Frank retrieves his cellphone and dials 911.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Dammit. Don't you die.

Frank places his fingertips on pulse point of Marcus's neck.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I need an ambulance, quick. Yeah, I just-- Uh, somebody was just hit by a car. Yeah, he's still breathing. I'm on Route 7...

He looks around, then ahead and spies the exit sign.

FRANK (CONT'D)

...just before the Jensen Hill exit.

He visually inspects Marcus's body.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Yeah, he's bleeding... a little.

A pool of blood spreads from beneath Marcus's head.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh, God. No, he's bleeding bad. He's bleeding real bad. Uh uh, I haven't moved him. No, I won't. Look, you gotta send someone. Just hurry.

He pockets the phone.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What the hell were you doing, man? Jesus. What, you got a death wish?

Checks pulse again, leans in and listens to labored breath.

FRANK (CONT'D)

If you die, I'm not responsible. Okay? You hear me? You came outta nowhere. Ran right in front of my car. There was no way I coulda stopped in time. No way, dude.

In the distance, a SIREN blares. Frank grasps his own forehead.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You can't die, okay.

He stands and paces but fails to notice Leo and Al.

He returns to car, adjusts side-view mirror and examines his injuries. He retrieves a handkerchief from his pocket and dabs the BLOOD dripping down his cheek.

The siren grows louder. Leo and Al retreat into woods.

Frank looks over each of his shoulders, pauses, enters car.

INT. FRANK'S CAR

Frank starts the engine and puts it in gear. He pauses, clenches, tenses. Exhales. He turns the engine off.

Something catches his eye.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

A wallet hangs from Marcus's pocket. Bills dangle out.

Frank exits car, ambles forward, bends over and snatches it. He turns away, looks over shoulder at Marcus, opens it.

A rainbow flag sticker adorns the center interior. Frank leafs through the billfold, thick with hundreds.

FRANK
What the...?

He returns to Marcus and searches his pockets, discovers an envelope filled with thousands of dollars in cash.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Whoa.

The ambulance comes to a halt. Frank turns toward the vehicle, face illuminated by flashing lights. He pauses, shoves the wallet and envelope into his shorts' side pocket.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Two E.M.T.s join ANTONIO MARTINEZ, DO, early-40s, strapping Latino with chiseled good looks.

They wheel Marcus in on a gurney.

E.M.T. 1

Unidentified white male was unconscious when we arrived. B.P. is 70 over 45. Pupils are unresponsive, breathing is labored, and his abdomen is distended. He's hypotensive and mildly hypoxic. Pulse ox is 89. He's lost at least a liter of blood since we arrived. We administered oxygen and two liters saline en route.

INT. TRAUMA ROOM

They enter, joined by ER personnel, scrubs covered by disposable smocks. SUSAN, 20s, helps Antonio into one.

ANTONIO

Okay, on three.

E.M.T.s grab the edges of the gurney.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

One, two, three.

They lift gurney and transfer Marcus to exam table.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Let's get a cross-table C-spine and head C.T.

E.M.T.s grab their equipment and exit. TUBES and WIRES are attached to Marcus.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Get him four liters O neg.

Susan rushes into action. A symphony of electronic monitors BEEP and CLICK.

INT. TRAUMA ROOM - NIGHT

Two E.M.T.s, ANTONIO MARTINEZ, DO, early-40s, strapping Latino, chiseled good looks and several nurses scurry about.

Antonio's demeanor is calm, stoic.

DR. MARTINEZ

On three.

E.M.T.s grab the edges of the gurney.

ANTONIO
One, two, three.

They transfer Marcus from the gurney to the exam table.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM

The chaotic ER BUSTLES outside as a stern-looking FEMALE INTERN stands in front of Frank and visually checks his injuries.

INTERN
I have to go get a suture kit. I'll be right back.

Frank nods as she exits.

He takes from his pocket the envelope and thumbs through the wad of hundred-dollar bills. He returns envelope to his pocket and retrieves Marcus's wallet.

Frank thoroughly examines the contents of each segment and pulls out a VIRGINIA DRIVER'S LICENSE for "Marcus A. Lazano" of "Twin Creeks."

Intern returns, startles Frank who drops I.D. onto exam table step. He covers it with his foot to keep her from seeing it.

She pulls up a SMALL ROLLING TABLE, stands in front of Frank, and assembles SUNDRY MEDICAL ITEMS.

INTERN (CONT'D)
Here, lie back. Let me take that.

She points to the wallet in Frank's hand.

FRANK
Uh...

She snatches it, lays it on the counter, and nudges Frank to recline. She dons rubber gloves and sutures Frank's eyebrow.

He jerks his head away.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Ow. Think you can be a little rougher on me?

She issues a cold, blank stare.

INTERN

Yes. I can.

She resumes stitching as Frank sneers.

FRANK

You know anything about the other guy they brought in here?

INTERN

They rushed him to Trauma Room One to assess his condition. That's all I know.

FRANK

Was he still breathing? Did he look like he was gonna make it?

INTERN

I really can't say. They're doing everything they can for him.

She dabs the wound with gauze.

INTERN (CONT'D)

Friend of yours?

FRANK

Huh? No. No, I don't have a clue. Never seen him before.

She finishes stitching, bandages wound, removes her gloves.

INTERN

The good news is, your injuries are only superficial. As soon as we finish your paperwork, you can be on your way.

She turns her back to him and cleans up.

Frank looks over his shoulder at her, jumps off the table, quickly retrieves the I.D. from under his foot.

She turns to face him. Frank stands, nervous, concealing I.D., trying to act nonchalant.

INTERN (CONT'D)

Don't forget your wallet.

FRANK

Yeah.

Frank picks it up keeping the I.D. hidden. He faces away from her and starts toward the door.

INTERN
You'll want to change that dressing
in the morning.

FRANK
I'll change the dressing.

He struggles to open the door.

INTERN
Make sure to thoroughly but gently
clean it with hydrogen peroxide.

He continues to fiddle with the knob.

FRANK
I'll clean it.

INTERN
Keep it dry.

FRANK
I'll keep it dry.

She sighs, rolls her eyes.

INTERN
Pull the door open.

Frank gnashes his teeth.

FRANK
I'll pull the door open.

He does and steps into hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Frank grumbles an obscenity under his breath, places the I.D. into Marcus's wallet and returns it to his front-right pocket.

INT. TRAUMA ROOM

NURSE GAIL RENWICK, RN, late-20s, wholesome looking, plump, pretty, takes Marcus's vitals.

GAIL
B.P. has dropped to 65 over 40.
Pulse is still weak and thready.

She listens to his breath with a STETHOSCOPE.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Poor respiratory effort. Sats are
falling. He's now at 83.

ANTONIO
Get him intubated.

GAIL
I'm on it.

She grabs LARYNGOSCOPE and inserts a TUBE down Marcus's
throat. Antonio analyzes the MONITOR.

ANTONIO
He's tachy at 120.

GAIL
Lost a lot of blood.

ANTONIO
Type and cross match. He's going to
need type-specific.

GAIL
(to Susan)
Page the blood bank.

Susan rushes to the phone on the wall and dials. Antonio
listens to Marcus's belly with a stethoscope.

ANTONIO
He's bleeding internally. Prep the
O.R. He needs immediate surgery.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Frank stands in front of exam room door and witnesses the
medical team wheel Marcus on a gurney to the elevator.

Frank turns, startled by uniformed Santa Lorena Police
Officer LEE BOLLINGER, tall, stocky, who stands inches away.

Frank squeals. Bollinger conducts himself like Dragnet's Sgt.
Friday.

BOLLINGER

Mr. Cain, I'm Officer Bollinger of the Santa Lorena P.D. I'd like to have a few moments with you to go over the details of the accident.

Frank takes a large step back.

FRANK

I wasn't speeding, I swear.

Bollinger leads Frank to a quieter corner.

BOLLINGER

I'll need to see your license please.

Frank gets Marcus's wallet halfway out of his front-right pocket. He pauses. His eyes widen. Slides the wallet back into his pocket and takes his own from his back pocket. He fishes out his license and presents it.

Bollinger takes the I.D. and scribbles on a report pad.

BOLLINGER (CONT'D)

This your current address?

FRANK

Uh, yeah.

BOLLINGER

Phone number?

FRANK

Huh?

BOLLINGER

I need your phone number, please.

FRANK

Oh. Yeah. 650-203-5375.

Bollinger jots it down.

BOLLINGER

It doesn't appear the victim had any identification on him at the time of the crash. Have you ever seen him before?

FRANK

No.

Squirms.

FRANK (CONT'D)

No I.D., huh?

BOLLINGER

None whatsoever. Can you tell me what you recall happening immediately before your vehicle struck the victim?

FRANK

I was driving down Route 7, near Jensen Hill, and this guy just runs right into the road. I slammed on my brakes, but it all happened so quick.

BOLLINGER

Do you recall how fast you were going at the time?

FRANK

Do you know how fast you were going on your way over here?

Bollinger raises eyebrow. Frank shrinks.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I know I wasn't speeding. I know it.

Frank puffs out his chest.

FRANK (CONT'D)

In fact, I looked at the speedometer right before dude-face ran out in front of me. I was going 32 miles an hour. Exactly.

Bollinger glares, nostrils flare. He returns Frank's I.D. and includes a business card.

BOLLINGER

Here's my card. You're free to go. We'll be in touch with you when the investigation is complete. If you have any questions or think of anything that may be of importance, please give me a call.

FRANK

Yeah. Sure.

Bollinger exits. Another obscenity escapes Frank's breath.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. PATIENT ROOM - MORNING

Marcus lies in bed, head and chest bandaged. An I.V., tubes and wires attached connecting him to various monitors. But he looks quite different than when lying on the pavement hours before.

NARRATOR

And now playing the role of Marcus
is {new actor's name}.

INT. NURSES' STATION

Frank approaches. Gail barely makes eye contact.

GAIL

May I help you?

FRANK

I'm here to see the guy who got run
over last night.

She moves to a computer terminal.

GAIL

Name please?

FRANK

Uh, he didn't have one.

She looks up, surprised.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I mean, he didn't have any I.D.

GAIL

Oh right. Him. He hasn't regained
consciousness yet. I'm afraid he's
not allowed visitors. Do you know
who he is?

FRANK

No, I'm just... an interested
party. How's he doing?

GAIL

I'm sorry. I can only give that
information to family members. And,
since we don't know who he is...

FRANK
Yeah, I get it. Thanks.

He turns around and walks away.

FRANK (CONT'D)
For nothing.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - MORNING

NARRATOR
And now playing the role of Marcus
Lazano is {new actor's name}.

Marcus regains consciousness. Groggy, he scans the room and notices a remote control. He ponders it and hits the button.

INT. NURSES' STATION

A TONE alerts the nurses.

NURSE GAIL RENWICK, RN, late-20s, wholesome looking, plump,
pretty, reacts.

GAIL
(to Susan)
Looks like 712 has regained
consciousness. I'll take him.

Gail picks up CHART and leaves.

INT. PATIENT ROOM

Gail enters.

GAIL
You're awake.

Moves to bedside.

GAIL (CONT'D)
I'm Nurse Renwick. You're at Santa
Lorena Community College Hospital.

She straps a sphygmometer around his bicep to read his blood pressure.

GAIL (CONT'D)
You had a nasty scuffle with a
speeding car last night.

She jots down the readings and removes the cuff.

GAIL (CONT'D)
The car won, by the way.

Marcus stares at her, confused.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Can you tell me your name?

He pauses, shakes his head.

GAIL (CONT'D)
You've been through a lot since
last night. You just rest. I'll get
the doctor.

She steps to night stand, faces away, picks up phone, dials.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Yes, I--

Pauses, sighs, rolls her eyes. She forces a smile, looks back
and puts up one finger, as if to say "one moment."

Another sigh. Plays with phone cord, yawns, twists her
earring, looks at her fingernails.

Marcus fades in and out of consciousness.

She notices schmutz on night stand, licks her thumb, wipes,
scrapes at it.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Yes, please page Dr. Martinez, and
let him know that John Doe has
regained consciousness. Thank you.

Marcus awakens. She hangs up and faces Marcus.

GAIL (CONT'D)
The doctor will be here in just a
moment. You're probably a little
thirsty. Let me get you some water.

Grabs a PLASTIC PITCHER and leaves. Marcus watches her exit.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - LATER

Antonio enters.

ANTONIO

It's good to see you awake this morning. I'm Dr. Martinez.

He reviews the chart.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

I was the physician on duty when they brought you in last night after the accident. You had surgery to stop some internal bleeding.

No verbal response. He flashes penlight into Marcus's eyes.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Do you remember getting hit by Mr. Cain's car?

Marcus shakes his head.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

What is your name, son? Rescue workers didn't find a wallet or I.D. at the scene of the accident.

MARCUS

I...

Clears his throat.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I can't remember anything.

ANTONIO

Let's just start with the basics. How about your name?

Marcus's brow furrows.

MARCUS

I can't... I'm not sure.

He loses consciousness. Antonio grabs Marcus's hand and checks his pulse then picks up phone and dials.

ANTONIO

Yes, this is--

Pauses, sighs, rolls eyes. Looks back at Marcus, puts up one finger and begins to speak, but Marcus is out. Another sigh.

He plays with phone cord, yawns, looks at his fingernails, bites off a hangnail and spits it out.

Marcus fades in and out of consciousness.

Antonio notices schmutz on night stand, licks his thumb, wipes, scrapes it off.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

This is Dr. Martinez. Our John Doe is now conscious, but I'm concerned about possible brain damage. I need a neuro consult.

Marcus passes out again. Gail enters with pitcher.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Yes, room 712.

He hangs up.

GAIL

Dr. Martinez, Officer Bollinger would like to question the patient.

She eyes Marcus.

GAIL (CONT'D)

But I guess he won't get very far now.

ANTONIO

No, it doesn't look like it. I just ordered a neuro consult. Do me a favor, and keep an eye on him till the neurologist arrives.

GAIL

Yes, Doctor.

She pours water into plastic cup. Antonio exits.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Antonio emerges from room, startled to find Bollinger immediately outside. They stand face to face.

ANTONIO

(flustered)

Oh... good morning.

Antonio takes one large step away. They shake hands.

Both speak dryly, like actors in a film noire movie.

BOLLINGER
How's the patient doing?

ANTONIO
I'm afraid not so good. He's suffered a severe trauma. He has no recollection of the events that brought him here.

BOLLINGER
Are you telling me he has amnesia?

ANTONIO
Yes. He doesn't seem to remember a thing. Not even his name.

BOLLINGER
What's his prognosis?

Antonio walks toward nurses' station. Bollinger follows.

ANTONIO
Amnesia rarely lasts more than a few hours. I'd expect his memory to return in time.

INT. NURSES' STATION

Antonio hands chart to a nurse.

ANTONIO
But I'm afraid the events of last night could be lost forever.

BOLLINGER
You're saying he won't be able to tell me anything about what happened? Why he was in the middle of the road last night?

ANTONIO
It's too early to even go there. The fact is, he's not awake at the moment. During the brief period he was lucid this morning, he was confused. He could barely speak.

BOLLINGER
How long do you estimate it will be before he can make a statement?

ANTONIO

I can't say. I've called in a neurologist to rule out any nerve damage. We'll have a better sense of the situation once the patient is awake and communicative.

BOLLINGER

Alright. I'll check back with you tomorrow.

He hands Antonio his card.

BOLLINGER (CONT'D)

Call me if he comes to before then?

ANTONIO

I'll keep you posted.

Bollinger and Antonio exit in opposite directions as Gail returns. She begins thumbing through charts.

District Attorney PHILIP BENTON, late-30s, man from old money, distinguished, WASP, graying at temples, conservative tailored suit, approaches. Gail looks up at him and smiles.

GAIL

Mr. Benton.

PHILIP

Gail, we're about to become family. I think you can start calling me Philip.

GAIL

Of course... Philip. I'll have to get used to having the District Attorney as my cousin-in-law.

PHILIP

Oh, I'm sure you'll adjust.

GAIL

What brings you here this morning?

PHILIP

I'm actually here to see you.

She swoons.

GAIL

Really?

PHILIP

Yes. I wanted to talk to you about the wedding.

Gail's eyes glaze.

BEGIN DREAM
SEQUENCE

EXT. WEDDING CHAPEL YARD - DAY

A MINISTER stands between Gail and Philip. All wear formal wedding attire. Her gown is over-the-top, something out of a 1980s primetime soap. Decor is lavish.

MINISTER

I now pronounce you husband and wife.

Phillip and Gail turn toward each other, smile. He lifts her veil. She shoves him back, clasps the back of his neck, grinds herself against him, plants a huge kiss on his mouth.

He steps back and stares at her in disbelief. She lunges at him, knocking him into a pillar, and humps him.

END OF DREAM
SEQUENCE

INT. NURSES' STATION - SAME

She stands, eyes closed, lewdly caressing her body and gyrating. Philip's brow is askew.

PHILIP

The wedding? Annie and Roger. My sister? Your cousin?

Gail freezes, eyes snap open.

GAIL

Uh, yes. Yes, of course. The wedding. What about it?

PHILIP

Roger mentioned that you were coordinating the reception at the Valley Towers Hotel, and I'd like to get in touch with your caterer.
(MORE)

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I just got roped into sitting on the planning committee for a fundraiser, and I agreed to find someone to handle the affair.

GAIL

Oh, sure. I have her card right here.

She crouches down, her face out of Philip's view. She pulls her purse from underneath the counter, sifts through pockets.

GAIL (CONT'D)

How are things going with you and Ms. Lin?

PHILIP

Ronda? You know her?

GAIL

I know of her.

Philip fidgets.

PHILIP

Uh, you know. We're doing just fine. She's... a lovely lady.

Gail grits her teeth.

GAIL

Yes. She is, isn't she.

She retrieves card, forces a smile, stands, hands it to him.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Here it is.

PHILIP

Thank you.

GAIL

I guess you and Ms. Lin will be coming to the wedding together?

PHILIP

Actually, I don't believe Ronda will be joining me. She's made other plans that she can't get out of.

Gail suppresses a broadening grin.

GAIL

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

She leans forward, almost imperceptibly.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Philip.

PHILIP

Well I got what I came for. Thank you, Gail. Back to the office.

He exits. Gail beams.

INT. SANTA LORENA CREDIT UNION LOBBY - LATER

Frank enters and gets into the teller's line.

A woman leaves one window and Frank steps forward. Behind the counter is MARTIN NGUYEN, late-20s, slim, Asian-American, business-casual wear with hipster flair.

MARTIN

Welcome back to work.

Frank scratches a pen to a deposit slip, shoves it forward.

FRANK

Don't rush it kid. Not back for a couple of days yet.

Martin's fingertips tap-dance on the computer keyboard.

MARTIN

How was your trip? Reno, right?

FRANK

Yeah, it was great.

MARTIN

You get into a fight or something?

Frank dabs at the bandaged bruise above his eye.

FRANK

Nah. Just a little accident. I'm fine.

He takes the envelope he stole from Marcus out of his pocket, empties the contents -- a mound of 100s -- onto the counter.

MARTIN

Whoa. Looks like you had a real good time down south.

FRANK

Yeah. You know what they say, "unlucky in love..."

MARTIN

Man, you must be lucky in cards. Didn't know you gambled.

Martin counts the bills.

FRANK

I like taking risks sometimes. If I keep playing my cards right, there might be a lot more money where that came from.

MARTIN

Keep depositing wads like this, and you'll be retiring from this place any day now.

FRANK

Not just yet. But yeah. One of these days, it won't be me upstairs pushing paperwork around. I'll have someone else keeping tabs on my money.

A crooked grin.

FRANK (CONT'D)

If I just play my cards right.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. PATIENT ROOM - MORNING

Antonio enters. Marcus, in bed, sits up.

ANTONIO
Good morning. You seem more alert today.

MARCUS
Yes. I'm feeling a little better.

Antonio flashes a penlight into each of Marcus's eyes.

ANTONIO
But you still have no recollection of who you are?

Marcus shakes his head, frustrated.

MARCUS
No.

Antonio scrutinizes the chart.

ANTONIO
Your CT scan and MRI show no abnormalities, your brain function is fine, and your blood work came back normal. The neurologist believes that the amnesia is psychological in nature and not the result of physical injury. I'm going to call for a psychiatric consult.

MARCUS
You think I'm crazy?

Antonio sets chart down on bed, looks Marcus in the eye.

ANTONIO
I didn't say that. But you've endured a serious shock, both physically and emotionally.

MARCUS
That's for sure. I feel... discombobulated.

ANTONIO

It's no wonder. You've been through quite an ordeal. You just had major surgery. It'll take time for you to heal.

MARCUS

I just wish I could remember something. Anything.

Antonio picks up the chart.

ANTONIO

Don't worry. We'll get to the bottom of your memory loss.

He steps toward the door.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Now rest up, and I'll check in with you after the psychiatrist is finished questioning you.

He exits.

MARCUS

We'll see what we come up with. Won't we, Doctor.

INT. NURSES' STATION - MORNING

Using his desk phone, Antonio makes a call.

INT. DETECTIVES' SQUAD ROOM

Bollinger, seated at his workstation, answers.

BOLLINGER

Bollinger.

INTERCUT: INT. NURSES' STATION / INT. DETECTIVES' SQUAD ROOM

ANTONIO

This is Dr. Martinez.

BOLLINGER

What have you got for me?

ANTONIO

We've run a battery of tests on John Doe. All results are normal.

BOLLINGER
Sounds good so far. Is he
conscious?

ANTONIO
Yes. He's able to communicate
today.

BOLLINGER
Good. I'd like to question him.

ANTONIO
You're welcome to. However, you
should know, the patient has
experienced a complete loss of
memory.

BOLLINGER
Come again?

ANTONIO
He still can't recall any details
of his past.

BOLLINGER
Of anything? Even his name?

ANTONIO
I'm sorry to say, no.

BOLLINGER
I guess this has gone from a simple
traffic incident to a... a missing
persons investigation. Only in
reverse.

ANTONIO
I suppose you could say that, yes.

BOLLINGER
Question is, where do we go from
here?

ANTONIO
I've summoned a psychiatric
specialist to further assess the
situation. **In the meantime, the
patient is awake and alert.** You're
free to question him at this time,
if you feel it will do any good. I
don't imagine he'll be able to tell
you much, though.

BOLLINGER

We'll see. But I'm afraid this case is out of my league now. I'll arrange for a detective to stop by soon.

They each hang up and continue processing paperwork.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - LATER

Gail enters with Detectives COLE WASHINGTON, African-American, mid-30s, and GINNY RILEY, tall blonde, early-30s. Her long hair pulled into a pony tail, simple dark suit, makeup understated. Washington wears a fashionable dark suit, accentuated by bright dress shirt, tie, and handkerchief.

Marcus, in bed, reads a magazine.

GAIL

John? This is Detective Washington and Detective Riley. They're investigating the accident that brought you here and would like to ask you a few questions.

COLE

Thank you, nurse.

Gail exits. Cole smiles: the "good cop."

COLE (CONT'D)

John, eh?

MARCUS

Well, they had to refer to me somehow. I guess I'm officially John Doe.

Cole pulls up a chair and sits. Ginny stands.

COLE

You really have no memories, whatsoever?

MARCUS

It's... like... someone tried to force an unmatched pair of ten-sixty-six-megahertz two hundred-pin DIMMS into an old four hundred-megahertz one sixty-eight-pin memory slot.

Cole and Ginny look at him askew.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
My memory is a blue screen of
death.

Cole and Ginny continue to stare at him, dumbfounded.

Marcus blushes.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
I mean... everything's a blank.

COLE
So, what is the first thing you
remember?

MARCUS
It was waking up here. In this bed,
yesterday morning.

Ginny takes on the "bad cop" role and grills Marcus.

GINNY
No memories of a car hitting you?
Nothing about why you may have been
in the middle of nowhere the other
night?

Marcus shrugs his shoulders.

COLE
I hear your tests show that you're
in good physical health. They think
your injuries aren't responsible
for the memory loss.

MARCUS
No. They think it's all in my head.

COLE
What do you think?

Marcus pauses.

MARCUS
I don't know. It's all I've been
able to think about for the past 24
hours. I can't come up with
anything.

GINNY
Nothing? No names, no places? No
memory of being out in the middle
of the road in the foothills
without a car?

MARCUS

No. I can't remember a thing.

Marcus's eyes meet Cole's, gauging his reaction.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Do you think I'm lying, Detective?

COLE

We're just gathering facts now. I'm not thinking anything in particular.

Marcus stares at Cole for a moment, then looks away.

COLE (CONT'D)

Alright John. We'll be on our way.

Cole gets up.

COLE (CONT'D)

I can tell you one thing. Looks like this investigation will be a lot more interesting than your average traffic incident report.

He places a business card on night stand.

COLE (CONT'D)

Thank you for talking to us. If you remember anything, you call me.

Cole and Ginny begin to leave, Ginny first. Cole stops short of the door and turns back to face Marcus.

COLE (CONT'D)

Officially, your name is John Doe. But you look Italian to me. Mind if I call you Gian?

Holds up one hand, gesticulates with fingers and thumb together pointing upward, a stereotypical Italian gesture.

Marcus blushes, can't quite make eye contact.

MARCUS

Sure.

INT. PHILIP'S OFFICE - LATER

Philip, speaking on his desk phone, paces, perturbed.

PHILIP

I simply don't understand, Ronda.
It's a wedding. All women love
weddings.

He winces, then an unintelligible SCREECH emanates from
phone.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

No, I know you're not all women. I
just don't get you, Ronda. You're
the one who thinks we should become
more committed, right? You support
me in my career as a public
official. Well, attending my
sister's wedding will go a long way
toward advancing both goals.

He sits and heaves a sigh.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Alright. I give up. I'll go stag to
my sister's nuptials. Goodbye,
Ronda.

He hangs up and opens a file folder, thumbs through
documents, pauses, makes a call.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Fahmoud, what's the latest on the
Santa Lorena Credit Union case? Is
the police investigation almost
complete? I see. No, never mind.
I'll talk to the detectives myself.

He slams the phone down.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

If you want anything done right...

RING. His lips purse as he yanks the handset to his ear.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

What?

(softens)

Oh, I'm sorry, Gail. I didn't mean
to be rude.

INT. NURSES' STATION

GAIL

That's okay, Philip. I guess I
called at a bad time?

INTERCUT: INT. PHILIP'S OFFICE / INT. NURSES' STATION

PHILIP

No. Not particularly. I mean, it's rarely a good time in the D.A.'s Office. What may I do for you this morning?

GAIL

I was wondering if you might like to have lunch with me today?

Philip rifles through paperwork, distracted.

PHILIP

Lunch...

Gail shrinks.

GAIL

Uh, yes. I... have some ideas for the banquet that you're planning, and I thought maybe we could discuss them over a meal.

PHILIP

Banquet?

GAIL

The fundraiser you mentioned?

PHILIP

Oh, yes. That banquet. That's not for a few months now, and I'm rather busy today.

She slumps, deflated.

GAIL

I understand.

Philip loosens up. He stands and approaches potted plant.

PHILIP

Maybe we could discuss it at the wedding.

He picks up a spray bottle and mists the foliage.

GAIL

Yes. Well, since there's no hurry.

PHILIP

Right. I should go now. I have a pile of work on my desk.

A bud is beginning to open.

GAIL

Of course, Philip. I'm sorry to have bothered you.

PHILIP

No. It's been no bother at all. In fact, you're like the first bloom after the long, cold winter my day's been so far.

Gail melts.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Gail.

GAIL

Goodbye, Philip.

Each hang up. Gail sighs.

INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

A typical bachelor pad, secondhand furniture, messy.

Frank, in boxer shorts with a Pepe Le Pew patch on the seat and snug wife-beater tee, sits down at the dining table. On a chair next to him is MARBLEHEAD, a taxidermed skunk.

Frank brushes aside clutter, boots up the desktop computer.

FRANK

Marblehead, let's see where Mr. Moneybags lives.

Frank goes to the microwave and retrieves Marcus's wallet from inside. He returns to the table and scrutinizes the I.D.

EXT. FRANK'S APARTMENT WINDOW

Leo, dressed as a golfer, peers through the window. A flash from his wristwatch as he shields his eyes to get a view.

INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM

Frank enters Marcus's address into a search engine.

FRANK
195 Colonial Drive, Twin Creeks,
Virginia.

A map pops onto the screen. Frank studies it.

EXT. FRANK'S APARTMENT WINDOW

A MALE NEIGHBOR approaches Leo.

NEIGHBOR
What are you doing?

Leo jumps, squawks.

LEO
I'm, ah... looking for my golf
ball.

NEIGHBOR
There's no golf course anywhere
near here.

Leo glares at him.

LEO
That's how powerful my stroke is.

Neighbor tenses, gulps.

LEO (CONT'D)
Scram.

The man backs down and walks away.

INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM

FRANK
Hoo. Nice 'hood. Country club a
block away. Oh yeah, this guy's
loaded. Looks like I found me a new
best friend.

Franks's eyes widen. He looks over to Marblehead.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I mean... nobody'll ever take your
place, Marbs. You're my BFF.

Returns focus to computer screen and grins.

FRANK (CONT'D)
But you can't pay my bills.

He snickers as Leo peers through window.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

INT. DETECTIVES' SQUAD ROOM - AFTERNOON

COMMOTION. Bollinger escorts an ELDERLY PROSTITUTE across room, her arm firmly grasped. She struggles and thrashes.

PROSTITUTE

That soldier's a liar! I know every
big-shot in town!

Officer **SHERMAN HARDWICK, tall, broad-built, resembles
linebacker,** in uniform, aids Bollinger. They lead her away.

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

I know Benton! I'll have you kicked
off the force!

Cole approaches Ginny. He places a chair next to her desk and straddles it.

COLE

You know, Ginny, I got a knack for
identifying liars, and I think our
John Doe may be sincere.

GINNY

You think his amnesia is on the up-
and-up?

COLE

Yeah. My gut's telling me this kid
is for real.

GINNY

I don't think so.

COLE

Why not?

GINNY

Kid was looking up and to the
right. That means he was making it
up.

COLE

No, that's when someone looks up
and to the left.

GINNY

Wrong.

COLE
Am not.

GINNY
Are too.

COLE
No, you are.

GINNY
Am not.

COLE
Are too.

GINNY
You're wrong, and I'll prove it.

She bangs away at the keyboard and points to the screen.

GINNY (CONT'D)
There. Told you.

COLE
Heh. You're right.

She sits back, triumphant, arrogant.

COLE (CONT'D)
But he was looking up and to the
left.

She rolls her eyes.

GAIL
Just look for a match on his
prints.

COLE
That's next on my list.

Philip approaches.

PHILIP
Washington. Do you have the file
for the Santa Lorena Credit Union
embezzlement case?

Cole rises. Tension fills the air.

COLE

Not to be difficult or anything, but A, it remains to be seen whether or not it is a case of embezzlement or just a bookkeeping mistake and B, our investigation is ongoing, so our files are incomplete.

PHILIP

I understand. I'm not trying to do your job, Detective. But this case will be coming my way soon enough. I just want my office to be prepared.

Cole suppresses antipathy, walks to his desk, hands over manila folder.

COLE

Get this back to me by the end of the day. Please.

PHILIP

Sure thing. Detective.

Takes file, exits.

GINNY

You don't like him much, do you.

COLE

Let's just say I'm looking forward to next year's election. Could be an opportunity for some needed changes around here.

INT. RONDA'S OFFICE - LATER

In an immaculate office sits Ronda Lin, mid-30s, Chinese-American, stern. No-nonsense business suit, hair tightly bunned -- a suitable style for this tightly wound woman.

CLASSICAL MUSIC plays. Her desk is carpeted with neat stacks of files. She busies herself at her computer.

RONDA

(to herself)

This is intolerable!

Her fingertips spar with the keyboard.

RONDA (CONT'D)
I shouldn't have to involve myself
with this menial--

Grabs phone handset and intercoms her assistant.

RONDA (CONT'D)
Jennifer?

No response.

RONDA (CONT'D)
Jennifer?!

Silence. She slams down the handset.

RONDA (CONT'D)
Oh, this is absolutely absurd! How
can I possibly get any of my work
done when I'm surrounded by
incompetent peons!

The phone's intercom sounds. Ronda inhales deeply and slowly releases. She picks up the handset.

RONDA (CONT'D)
Jennifer? This is ridiculous. We
must fill this clerical position
immediately.

Her face contorts.

RONDA (CONT'D)
Yes, I know you're doing the best
you can, but the candidates we've
seen so far have been... worthless.

She bites her knuckle.

RONDA (CONT'D)
Alright. Clear my schedule for the
next round of interviews next week.

She shakes her head in dismay.

RONDA (CONT'D)
Yes, of course I remember that I
have an appointment with Dr. Riley
tomorrow, though I can't imagine
how I'll find the time to leave my
desk.

She slams phone down and clenches her fists.

RONDA (CONT'D)

Blast!

PAIGE TURNER (V.O.)

That was Vivaldi's The Four Seasons, performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

KNOCK KNOCK. Philip pops his head in through the doorway. Ronda regains her composure and steels herself.

RONDA

Philip...

PAIGE TURNER (V.O.)

You're listening to KSMO. I'm Paige Turner.

Philip enters and shuts the door.

PHILIP

Did I catch you at a good time?

PAIGE TURNER (V.O.)

In the national headlines...

Ronda, tense, rises and walks toward Philip.

RONDA

Of course, darling. Any time is a good time for you.

PAIGE TURNER

President Bush addressed the United Nations yesterday, calling for a regime change in Iraq.

A cursory kiss to his lips. She tries to pull away. He grabs her waist, pulls her into him, kisses her. She yields to him.

BEGIN DREAM
SEQUENCE

EXT. WEST FRONT, U.S. CAPITOL - DAY

Philip and Ronda stand behind a podium, He to the left, she to the right. She wears a Jackie O style two-piece dress, complete with pillbox hat. He in a typical conservative suit.

A man wearing the Chief Justice of the United States' robe stands facing them, only the back of his head visible.

Ronda holds the book on which Philip's left hand rests. His right hand held up, palm forward.

PHILIP

I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.

She shoves him back, clasps the back of his neck, grinds herself against him, plants a huge kiss on his mouth.

Philip steps back and stares at her in disbelief. Ronda lunges at him, knocking him backward, and humps him.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF begins, then slowly fades.

END OF DREAM
SEQUENCE

INT. RONDA'S OFFICE - SAME

PAIGE TURNER (V.O.)

In other news, the priceless Van der Griff jewels are still missing more than two weeks after the brazen burglary at the Van der Griff museum in Twin Creeks, Virginia.

Ronda grinds on Philip, her eyes closed.

PAIGE TURNER (V.O.)

Arguably one of the most significant in the United States, the Van der Griff collection includes the Earl of Lancashire Sapphire, the Centurion Dream, and the 156-carat Magenta Fire, which dates back to the Ottoman Empire.

Philip's grip releases. Ronda's eyes pop open. She steps back.

PAIGE TURNER (V.O.)

Twin Creeks law enforcement officials are baffled by the break-in and, as of yet, have no leads.

PHILIP

I wanted to apologize--

PAIGE TURNER (V.O.)
In local news, police continue to search for evidence pertaining to irregularities at the Santa Lorena Credit Union.

He glances at the radio and glowers, then refocuses on Ronda.

PHILIP
I wanted to apologize for pressuring you about my sister's wedding.

PAIGE TURNER
Credit union representatives have not concluded whether funds have been misappropriated or if accounting errors are to blame...

Ronda looks at radio and utters an almost silent gasp. The news continues in the background. She turns back to Philip.

RONDA
Philip, I'd really love to go, you understand. I simply can't. I must be there for my grandmother's gender reassignment surgery.

PHILIP
I do understand. I won't mention another word about it.

PAIGE TURNER
And now, it's time for "Love In The Afternoon," on KSMO.

MARVIN GAYE'S LET'S GET IT ON begins. He leers at her.

PHILIP
It's almost lunchtime and I'm rather ravenous. How about you?

She gives him a knowing smile.

RONDA
Let me get my purse.

She grabs her handbag, and they exit together.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - MORNING

Antonio enters with Dr. MARGARET PACA, late-30s, Filipina with an accent. Her oversized white coat covers her suit.

ANTONIO

Gian--

Makes the same gesture Cole did earlier, calling attention to pronunciation of "Gian."

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

I'd like you to meet Dr. Paca.
She's a psychiatrist who
specializes in amnesia.

Margaret approaches the bedside. She shakes Marcus's hand.

MARCUS

Hi.

Silent, a blank smile appears on her face. She continues to shake his hand. Awkward moments pass. He pulls his hand away.

ANTONIO

I'll leave you two alone.

Antonio exits. She sits on a chair next to the bed. They both smile. Neither says a word.

They continue to look at each other and smile. Marcus nods. She grins and dips her head.

Marcus looks away, fidgets, looks back at her. She nods and renews her smile.

MARCUS

So... you're a psychiatrist.

MARGARET

Yes.

Silence.

MARCUS

I guess that's an interesting
profession?

MARGARET

Oh, it keeps me very busy.

More silence.

MARCUS

And... why are you here?

MARGARET

To see you.

He heaves a sigh of exasperation.

MARCUS

Dr. Martinez says you specialize in amnesia?

MARGARET

Yes. It's a fascinating field.

He tightens his jaw.

MARCUS

I imagine. Hey, what a coincidence, I have amnesia.

MARGARET

Yes, Dr. Martinez mentioned that.

Silence.

MARCUS

Do you think you could help me?

MARGARET

Oh, yes.

His lips purse.

MARCUS

Do you have any ideas how to proceed?

MARGARET

I'd like to begin working with you to help you recover your memories.

She sees night stand schmutz, licks thumb, wipes, scrapes it.

MARCUS

That's a good idea. What will you do?

She stands and wanders, eyeing his I.V. Marcus is perplexed.

MARGARET

Since there appears to be no physical neurological trauma, and your toxicology report came back negative, I want to work with you to find possible psychological triggers for your amnesia.

She adjusts the blinds.

MARCUS

That would be good. Everyone seems to think I'm crazy.

She looks at him and cocks her head, confused.

MARGARET

Crazy is not a medical concept, Gian.

She makes the "Gian" gesture. He squints at her, mouth agape. She continues to meander.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

For whatever reasons, I believe that you are suffering from global post-traumatic retrograde amnesia, the inability to remember all events before a traumatic incident.

MARCUS

Do you mean, I've lost everything? All my memories from before the accident?

She opens the bed curtain a couple inches, back an inch.

MARGARET

Not lost exactly. Just... misplaced.

Marcus relaxes. She sits, takes a TO-GO MENU from her pocket.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I must point out though, recollections of events that occurred around the time of the accident may never be recovered.

MARCUS

I just want to know who I am.

MARGARET

I'm sure this is frustrating for you. Just have patience.

She scans the menu.

MARCUS

I'll try. How long should it take before I begin to remember my past?

MARGARET

That's hard to say.

She looks up. They stare at each other. Silence.

MARCUS
Okay. What next?

MARGARET
I think I'll try the falafel.

She smiles at a mystified Marcus.

MARCUS
I mean, how will you help me get my memories back?

MARGARET
We'll start with traditional psychotherapy. If need be, I may try hypnosis to help you unlock whatever it is you are suppressing. And, only if all else fails, pharmaceuticals.

MARCUS
Drugs.

MARGARET
Only as a last resort. I'm not a typical psychiatrist, prescribe first and ask questions later.

MARCUS
I appreciate that you're not typical. At all. But I'm willing to try anything.

She spies the WALL CLOCK, stands, returns menu to her pocket.

MARGARET
No time for lunch. I have to go. I'll be back soon.

MARCUS
Uh, thank you?

She steps toward the door.

MARGARET
I look forward to working with you.

She opens the door, startled to find Cole about to knock. With him is Ginny.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Oh, excuse me.

COLE
Pardon me.

Margaret exits as detectives enter. Ginny stands in doorway.

COLE (CONT'D)
We're back.

MARCUS
Hi.

GINNY
(to Cole)
I'm gonna go get a snack. Want anything?

COLE
No, I'm good.
(to Marcus)
Would you like anything?

MARCUS
What? No. Thank you.

Ginny exits, and the door slowly closes.

COLE
I'm here to take your fingerprints.

Marcus tenses.

COLE (CONT'D)
Oh, don't worry. You're not under arrest or anything. I'll use your prints to see if there's a match in IAFIS.

Marcus raises an eyebrow.

COLE (CONT'D)
Oh, the national fingerprint database.

MARCUS
Oh. Sure.

COLE
It's worth a shot, right?

Cole places a case on the bed table, then removes an ink pad and fingerprint card.

He takes Marcus's hand. Marcus gazes up at him. Their eyes meet.

BEGIN DREAM
SEQUENCE

EXT. WEDDING CHAPEL YARD - DAY

A minister stands between Marcus and Cole, both in tuxes.

MINISTER
I now pronounce you husband and
husband.

Marcus and Cole turn toward each other, smile. Marcus shoves Cole back a few feet, clasps the back of his neck, grinds himself against him, and plants a huge kiss on his mouth.

Cole steps back and stares at Marcus in disbelief then leans forward for another kiss. They close their eyes.

END OF DREAM
SEQUENCE

INT. PATIENT ROOM - SAME

They both heave. Marcus gulps. Cole fidgets with his tools.

MARVIN GAYE'S LET'S GET IT ON begins in the background.

Cole takes Marcus's hand. Tension builds.

Cole dabs a fingertip into the ink and onto the page.

Electricity fills the air. Another fingertip into the ink, onto the page.

They each become flushed. The next fingertip is printed.

Marcus looks away as Cole glimpses Marcus.

Another fingertip.

Marcus peers up at Cole who shies away.

Cole takes the last fingerprint. He fumbles with the implements and stows them in the case.

COLE
Well, there we go. All finished
here.

He retrieves a spray bottle and cloth from the case and sprays Marcus's hand. The mist wafts, seemingly in slow motion. He cleans the ink from Marcus's palm... and lingers.

Marcus looks up. Cole looks away. He swabs a fingertip. The next one, next, next. Cole looks back. Marcus looks away. Cole strokes Marcus's thumb. They seem to hold their breaths.

Ginny, holding a to-go cup and a mass of vending machine snacks, throws the door open. Cole shoves everything into his case and slams it shut.

COLE (CONT'D)

Um, okay. I'll run these through, and I'll let you know if I come up with anything.

Cole picks up the case. Marcus grabs his arm.

MARCUS

Do you have any idea how terrifying it is not to remember a single thing about your life? I feel like there's this dark cloud hanging over me, and any moment, all hell is going to come raining down on me.

Cole clasps Marcus's hand.

COLE

Hey, I don't mean to brag, but I'm a damned good detective. I'm going to find out who you are. Just give me some time.

Marcus let's go. Glances are exchanged. Cole and Ginny exit.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

They emerge from Marcus's room.

GINNY

Here.

She offers him a package of chips.

COLE

I said I didn't want anything.

GINNY

You haven't eaten a bite all day.

COLE
I told you I was good.

GINNY
It's not healthy you know.

COLE
I'm not hungry.

GINNY
You should still eat something.

COLE
No.

GINNY
I got nuts.

COLE
I don't want your damn nuts.

They continue to argue as they disappear down the hallway.

Leo dressed as a janitor, observes as he mops the busy corridor. His wristwatch gleams in the light.

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

INT. NURSES' STATION - EVENING

Gail and Susan sit at a counter, blank stares on their faces.

SUSAN

I really need to stop working the night shift. I hate it. My existence is so boring. I have no social life whatsoever.

GAIL

You're taking classes during the day. It won't be long until you get into medical school.

SUSAN

Right. Then I'll have no life at all.

They chuckle.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I have tuition to worry about. That explains why I'm such a slave to this place. Why are you working all these doubles lately?

GAIL

I'm trying to save up to do something I've always wanted to do.

SUSAN

What's that?

GAIL

Oh, I don't really want to talk about it.

SUSAN

Oh, come on.

GAIL

It's personal.

SUSAN

Please. You have dirt on me.

GAIL

Alright. I'm saving money to hire a private detective.

Susan leans in.

SUSAN

For what?

GAIL

I want to find my biological
parents.

INT. DETECTIVES' SQUAD ROOM - EVENING

Hardwick and Bollinger another officer walk by Cole's desk.

HARDWICK

I finally get why sushi's such a
big deal. Like that cab driver told
Madonna in Desperately Seeking
Susan, it's really good when you
cook it up at home. Tastes like
fish.

Cole's desk. A file folder overflows. He hunts and pecks at the keyboard. He finishes, closes the file, and drops it into a large pile. Sits back, satisfied.

A passing coworker drops off another tall stack of reports into the in-box. Cole scowls.

COLE

Thanks.

He rummages through the pile, pulls out a particular folder, and peruses it. Ginny sits in an adjacent cubicle.

COLE (CONT'D)

Riley. According to CSI's report,
the incident between Frank Cain and
John Doe was ruled an accident.
Quote: skid marks at the scene
indicate driver braked before
impact, and measurements suggest
vehicle was traveling within posted
speed limit.

GINNY

I'm sure Mr. Cain will be relieved
to hear that he's no longer a
figure in the investigation.

COLE

Yeah. Now comes the hard part. Our
vic doesn't have a police record.
Poor kid. I feel for him.

GINNY
No, you're hot for him.

COLE
Am not.

GINNY
Are too.

COLE
I'm not doing this with you.

GINNY
Then start distributing his photo
to other police departments.

COLE
Yep. Next on my list.

GINNY
(under her breath)
Are too.

COLE
I'll get on it. Right after I
inform Mr. Cain.

Cole stands and picks up his jacket.

COLE (CONT'D)
But first? I'm gonna grab a bite.
I'm in the mood for something
nutty.

Ginny gives him a scowl. Cole suppresses a laugh.

COLE (CONT'D)
Want anything?

GINNY
No. I'm good.

COLE
You sure?

GINNY
Positive. Thanks.

COLE
It's getting late. You really
should eat something.

GINNY
I'm telling you, I don't want
anything.

COLE
It's not healthy.

Ginny issues chilling glare. Coles raises his hands in
surrender and exits as he dials his cell phone.

FRANK (V.O.)
Hello?

INT. PATIENT ROOM - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Leo, obscured by a bouquet of balloons, enters.

COLE (V.O.)
Mr. Cain, this is Det. Washington
of the Santa Lorena Police
Department.

FRANK (V.O.)
Who?

Leo scans the room.

COLE (V.O.)
Det. Washington. I'm calling about
the traffic incident you were
involved in. As this has now become
a missing person's investigation,
I've been assigned to the case.

FRANK (V.O.)
Yeah?

Leo proceeds to Marcus's bedside. Marcus lies asleep.

COLE (V.O.)
Sorry to call so late, Mr. Cain,
but I wanted to let you know that
investigators at the scene of the
incident have determined that you
were driving at a safe speed and
that you did brake appropriately.

Leo releases the balloons, making a racket.

FRANK (V.O.)
So, what does that mean for me?

COLE

It means that you're no longer a figure in the investigation.

Leo untangles himself from the streamers and checks Marcus, who's still motionless.

COLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I thought you'd want to know before you retired for the evening.

Leo peers down at Marcus, snarls, utter contempt on his face.

INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM

Frank sits on his ratty old couch, holding his cell phone.

FRANK

Yeah. Yeah, thanks.

Frank hangs up. Marblehead gazes into Frank's eyes.

BEGIN DREAM
SEQUENCE

EXT. WEDDING CHAPEL YARD - DAY

A minister stands between Frank and Marblehead. Marblehead, wearing a tux, Frank in Gail's gown.

MINISTER

I now pronounce you skunk and wife.

Frank and Marblehead turn toward each other and smile. They lean into each other to kiss and close their eyes.

END OF DREAM
SEQUENCE

INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Marblehead stares forward. Frank stares at him, perplexed.

FRANK

Why are you looking at me like that?

Marblehead continues to gaze into Frank's eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Anyways... That should keep the cops from poking into my business. Now I just have to figure out if this Marcus character has any more money I can get my hands on.

INT. PATIENT ROOM

Leo looks over each shoulder then back at Marcus.

LEO

(bad Spanish accent)

My name is Leo Corelli. You keel my father.

His wristwatch sparkles as he dons surgical gloves.

Marcus stirs.

LEO (CONT'D)

Prepare to die.

He retrieves a syringe from his coat pocket and injects the I.V.

Marcus's eyes flicker. He comes to and ponders Leo's face.

MARCUS

You.

The two men stare at each other. Marcus struggles to sit up but loses consciousness. Leo dashes out the door.

INT. NURSES' STATION

SUSAN

Oh, this is why I can't stand working this shift. The silence is driving me crazy.

GAIL

Why don't you take a break and go study for your exam.

SUSAN

No way. If I try to cram one more factoid into my brain, my head will explode.

Gail giggles.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
How about you? Why don't you do
some research on private
detectives.

GAIL
No, I can't leave you here alone.

SUSAN
Gail, nothing ever happens in this
place.

They sigh. An ALARM sounds.

GAIL
Room 712!

They spring from their seats and dart off.

INT. PATIENT ROOM

Marcus fights to inhale, then... stops breathing.

INT. NURSES' STATION

An ALARM sounds.

GAIL
Room 712!

She and Susan another nurse spring from their seats and dart
off.

THE END

FADE TO BLACK.