

"Love and Other Drugs"
an original screenplay by
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rewrite by
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FADE IN:

AN ELECTRONICS STORE -- CHICAGO -- MUSIC BLASTING --

The Cranberries "Let It Linger" lets us know this is 1996.

(Henceforth, all the music cuts will be of this vintage.)

JAMIE REIDY, charmer, talker, salesman -- is doing what he does best -- selling to WOMEN. We SEE but don't HEAR -- it's all body language -- he makes a young WOMAN laugh, flirts with an OLD LADY, kneels and makes a face at a LITTLE GIRL. A pretty SALESGIRL catches his eye and he winks at her.

IN THE TINY STOCKROOM

That same salesgirl is moaning as Jamie does what he also does best...

SALESGIRL

--I can't -- wait -- oh, Jesus --
squeeze the nipple -- harder --

JAMIE

Come here--

SALESGIRL

What are you doing?!

They are awkwardly trying to fuck against a wall of cardboard cartons. He lifts her bodily onto a large vibrating speaker--

JAMIE

Feel this--

SALESGIRL

Oh my God --- we can't do this,
Jerry's right out there--

JAMIE

He can watch...

SALESGIRL

What makes you so damned sexy....?

She grabs his face and he pushes her back, her purse spilling its contents onto the floor. Her cellphone lights up.

OUT IN THE SHOWROOM

The store's manager, JERRY, is talking to a customer as his cellphone starts ringing.

JERRY

--80 watts is more than you'll ever
need for a living room -- excuse me.
(answers the phone)
Hello...?

He HEARS the sound of their lovemaking, looks around --

IN THE SHOWROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

A CROWD has formed outside the door to the stockroom.
Employees and customers look around anxiously.

JERRY (O.S.)

--FUCKED UP SON OF A BITCH THAT'S MY
FIANCÉ!!!! SHUT UP, CHRISTY!!!!

Jamie appears in the doorway, his lip bloody, his shirt torn.
Pulling himself together, he walks through the crowd, his
eye coming upon a college GIRL holding a stereo in its carton.

JAMIE

Fujitsu makes the same unit for 40
bucks less.

GIRL

Really?

JAMIE

Only they don't sell it here.

He dabs at blood dripping from his nose.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I can get it for you.

His mischievous smile shines through the blood.

GIRL

Are you like okay?

JAMIE

What's your number -- I'll let you
know when I have it.

She tilts her head -- more than a little interested. Jerry
emerges from the stockroom, holding his bleeding hand.

JERRY

--AND DON'T YOU EVER FUCKING COME IN
HERE AGAIN!!!

JAMIE
 (turns on him, points)
 You owe me commission on \$54,000
 worth of second-rate knock-off grey-
 market off-brand overpriced equipment.

JERRY
 I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU---

Jamie gathers up his belongings, turns back to Jerry.

JAMIE
 You can send me the check -- Christy
 knows the address.

Jerry lunges for him -- other employees hold him back.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 (to the college girl)
 Nice meeting you.

As he heads to the door:

GIRL
 (calling after him)
434-6603.

A LIVING ROOM IN WINNETKA -- NIGHT

DR. JAMES REIDY, 65, distinguished-looking, is making drinks.
 He hands one to his daughter DR. HELEN REIDY, 35 and
 distinguished-looking, who is in mid-argument with him.

HELEN
 --equipment that didn't even exist
 when you went to medical school--

JAMES, SR.
 --excuse me, I know I've been under
 a rock these past thirty years--

HELEN
 How many trans-dermal intubations
 have you personally done?

JAMES, SR.
 My dear, I teach medicine, I no longer
 sully my hands touching actual
 patients--

HELEN
 Hah!

JOSH

Touch patients -- why would anyone do that?

JOSH REIDY, 28, doughy and pale, intentionally bumps Helen.

HELEN

You are not allowed in this conversation--

JOSH

I've helped more patients than you ever will.

HELEN

Can I pour this drink on your head?

JOSH

What's wrong with getting rich -- you can't do that in medicine anymore!

JAMES, SR.

He's right about that--

Jamie, meanwhile, sits slumped in an over-stuffed chair, half listening, well into his second gin-and-tonic.

HELEN

Don't help him justify his laziness.

JOSH

I already JUSTIFIED my laziness! Thirty-five million dollars on my first IPO!

JAMES, SR.

And we're proud of you, Josh.

HELEN

He's a geek, he always was a geek, he'll always be a GEEKY GEEK!

JOSH

(to James, Sr.)
I'm taking back her shares.

JAMES, SR.

I don't blame you. Profession was ruined when they let women in it.

HELEN

I'm killing both of you.

Their mother NANCY appears from the kitchen, her arm around

FARRAH, Josh's improbably pretty wife.

NANCY
We're killing all of you if you don't
get in here and sit down.

FARRAH
And we get to keep all the shares.

IN THE DINING ROOM -- LATER

They are holding their wine glasses up, toasting.

JAMES, SR.
To Chartscape, long may it compute--

NANCY
--and trade on the New York Stock
Exchange--

JOSH
--to med school dropouts everywhere.

HELEN
You better give some of this money
away, that's all I have to say...

They all drink.

FARRAH
Jamie, what are you up to these days?

NANCY
Jamie's selling high-end sound
equipment.

JOSH
Hah. Not anymore.

Jamie gives Josh a silent "thank you/fuck you" look.

NANCY
What do you mean?

JOSH
He got into a dispute with...
management.

JAMIE
Fuck you.

NANCY
(an old story)
Jamie...

JAMIE

I'm looking at other opportunities.

James, Sr. looks at his son sadly, but says nothing.

HELEN

I don't know why you didn't stay
with real estate.

JOSH

We're living though the greatest
creation of personal wealth in history
and he quits.

JAMIE

I'm thinking about pharmaceutical
sales, actually.

JAMES, SR.

Pharmaceutical sales...?

JOSH

My roommate from Brown is a VP at
Pfizer -- if you suck my cock I'll
get you an interview.

NANCY

Joshua, shut your mouth!

JAMES, SR.

Why would you want to be a
pharmaceutical rep?

JAMIE

Because it's the only entry-level
job in America that pays over a
hundred grand a year.

HELEN

Those people come into our office
with their roller bags and samples,
like door-to-door salesmen.

JAMIE

They ARE door-to-door salesmen, only
what they're selling grosses 87
billion dollars a year.

HELEN

And they've turned complex medical
decisions into Madison Avenue impulse
buying.

JAMIE

Hey, I'm not selling to the patients--

HELEN

No, the patients just see the commercials on TV and demand their name-brand drugs from the doctors, and there you are to supply them.

Nancy sees that her husband is very upset.

NANCY

All right you barbarians, if you won't be still and finish this lamb none of you will get the chocolate cake.

An awkward silence descends on the table.

JAMES, SR. REIDY'S STUDY -- LATER

James, Sr. sits at his desk, reviewing a stack of letters. As Jamie is forced to wait, he paces, randomly fiddling with things. One crucial thing about Jamie -- he is never still.

JAMIE

I'm uh, I'm expecting a call actually.

JAMES, SR.

This is a difficult conversation.

JAMIE

I don't know what conversation we're having.

JAMES, SR.

You know I've tried to help you--

JAMIE

I haven't asked for you to--

JAMES, SR.

--and I'm not sure helping you was the wise thing to have done.

JAMIE

Here we go...

JAMES, SR.

You've tried a lot of things, and I understand that not everything that happened was of your own making. The lawsuit at Shearson--

JAMIE

That had nothing to do with--

JAMES, SR.
That's what I'm saying. But there
have been many things, many things...
You try things, and for whatever
reason they don't turn out.

This is torture for Jamie. He closes his eyes.

JAMES, SR. (CONT'D)
Maybe if I had been more available
when you were younger--

JAMIE
Dad...

JAMES, SR.
You need to understand something,
Jamie. I'm not going to be able to
take care of you.

JAMIE
I haven't asked you to--

JAMES, SR.
You came to me for money last year.

JAMIE
One time.

JAMES, SR.
And in '92 after the accident.

JAMIE
That was after an accident!

JAMES, SR.
There's not going to be any more
money, Jamie--

JAMIE
I get it.

JAMES, SR.
You don't get it. Look at me...
You need to take responsibility for
your life. There's no more your
mother and I can give you.

JAMIE
I said I get it.

JAMES, SR.
I've taken you out of our will, Jamie.
I can't have you waiting for us to
(MORE)

JAMES, SR. (CONT'D)
 die, thinking you'll be taken care
 of then. The cord is cut. I should
 have done it a long time ago.

JAMIE
 (stunned)
 ...Thank you very much.

JAMES, SR.
 Maybe if things change we can revisit
 this, but for now it's the only way.
 I'm sorry. Very sorry.

Jamie gets up.

JAMIE
 And I'm sorry to have been such a
 disappointment to you.

JAMES, SR.
 Jamie!

He'd like to argue, but since Jamie is right there's nothing
 he can say. Jamie walks out.

THE BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Jamie and Josh are smoking a joint.

JOSH
 Fucktard.

JAMIE
 Eunuch.

Jamie's phone rings. He looks at the caller ID but doesn't
 answer. Josh shakes his head, knowing it's a girl.

JOSH
 If you could make money by fucking
 you'd be even richer than me.

Jamie looks out into the night.

JOSH (CONT'D)
 I'll call the Pfizer guy in the
 morning.

LIGHTS -- MILLIONS OF THEM

Strobing, flashing, out of focus, and pounding MUSIC -- New
 Year's Eve in Times Square? A Movie Premiere? The back of
 Jamie's head is silhouetted as a BOOMING VOICE ECHOES--

VOICE

--WHAT IT MEANS TO WIN THE SUPER BOWL, TO LAND ON THE MOON, TO STORM THE DESERT IN 6,000 TANKS TO FREE A COUNTRY FROM THE GRASP OF A TYRANT --

The CAMERA pulls back to reveal that the lights are on the JUMBOTRON in Chicago's UNITED CENTER--

VOICE (CONT'D)

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR GREATNESS, AND THERE IS NO GREATNESS WITHOUT VICTORY. AND THIS YEAR VICTORY IS SPELLED P....F....

As 2,000 VOICES join in a rising crescendo, the lights spell out the word "PFIZER." Fireworks engulf the basketball court.

VOICE (CONT'D)

TWO POINT SEVEN BILLION IN SALES, TWENTY-SIX PERCENT INCREASE IN MARKET SHARE, EIGHT PERCENT GROWTH IN PROFIT -- WE ARE NOW THE FASTEST GROWING COMPANY IN CORPORATE AMERICA.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK further to reveal that the arena has been rented for the sole purpose of this convocation.

VOICE (CONT'D)

AND IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF YOU, THE THIRD YEAR IN A ROW PFIZER REPS HAVE LAPPED THE FIELD OF BIG PHARMA--

Jamie sits surrounded by 150 other EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE YOUNG PEOPLE. Dockers world -- khakies, golf shirts, button-downs.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Today the Class of 1996 Trainees are joining us as they begin their own road to victory. Let's welcome our new brothers and sisters! STAND UP!

Jamie awkwardly stands with his fellow newbies.

VOICE (CONT'D)

NOW EVERYBODY STAND UP AND GET THAT CARDIO GOING AS WE WELCOME THE ROCK AND ROLL LEGEND.....ROD STEWART!!!!

A SPOTLIGHT hits the MAN HIMSELF. As he and his band begin to play "Forever Young" the CROWD GOES WILD, and we BEGIN:

A MONTAGE OF JAMIE'S TRAINING:

IN A HOTEL BANQUET ROOM --

GINA, 34, a Pfizer instructor -- tanned, fit, sexily masculine -- holds up a tiny ORANGE PILL as she reveals the Word.

GINA

This is not a pill. This is tens of millions of dollars in research; this is thousands of hours of hard labor; this, ladies and gentlemen, is....software. Your training --

HOTEL HALLWAY

Half the trainees stand with lit matches, giving The Pitch to the other half, who stand with arms folded playing Doctor.

GINA (V.O.)

-- will last six weeks. Each of you will leave here a fully qualified Health Care Professional.

TRAINEES

Hello, Doctor. Did you know prescribing Zithromax for ear infections reduces diarrhea in pre-teens by 33%? That's 33% less 4 AM phone calls from anxious parents--

Jamie is rushing through the speech as his match burns down -- he doesn't make it in time.

GINA (V.O.)

Your job will be to go fight illness.

FLASH CARDS

They're testing each other. An Ex-MILITARY TYPE, NED, holds up a card for Jamie: "Dose of Zithromax for Chlamydia?"

JAMIE

One gram, one time.

The trainee turns around the card -- Jamie is right. Gina is nearby watching, approvingly.

A HOTEL SUITE

A study group holds Drug Information Packets.

GINA (in the room)

--"off-label" uses are benefits not yet recognized by the FDA. But you can boost sales by hinting at what these uses are. For instance, Zoloft, a drug approved solely for the

(MORE)

GINA (in the room) (CONT'D)
 treatment of depression-- Off-label
uses: alcoholism, bulimia, PMS,
 smoking, social anxiety.

JAMIE
 Zoloft has been associated with
 suicidal ideation in teenagers.

GINA
 Unproven.

JAMIE
 Proven. Unreported.

She stares at him, perturbed.

JAMIE'S ROOM

The trainees are having a party.

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

Jamie is passing around a joint held by a surgical clamp.

JAMIE
 --the THC molecule binds to
 Cannabinoid receptors in the brain,
 causing a cascade of chemical changes
 from blood pressure to engorgement
 of the G-spot in women.

NED
 What's the G-Spot?

A brassy Texas girl, takes the joint from Jamie.

TEXAS
 Well you just lost your chance with
 me, big boy.

NED
 How does he know so much about
 medicine anyway?

TEXAS
 Yeah, where did you learn all that
 great sexy doctor talk, Dr. Reidy...?

JAMIE
 I watch ER.

HOTEL BANQUET ROOM

GINA (V.O.)

Your job will be to go save lives.

Gina instructs them on appearance. She straightens Jamie's tie -- he moves it askew again. She glares at him.

JAMIE IN FRONT OF A MIRROR

Practicing his sales pitch with a lit match, burns himself.

GINA (V.O.)

You will do well by doing good. The health care industry today is worth two trillion a year. Two trillion.

HOTEL RESTAURANT

A farewell party. Trainees are getting their assignments.

GINA (V.O.)

The top ten pharma companies make more money than all 490 of the other Fortune 500 companies combined.

NED

(triumphant)

LIPITOR! In Palm Beach!

A raucous cheer from the group. Texas is downcast.

TEXAS

Zyrtec and Zoloft -- why me?

TRAINEE #1

So what if Prozac has 68% of market share -- it has...ISSUES!

ALL

"Sexual dysfunction is a non-issue with ZOLOFT, Doctor!"

Texas reluctantly smiles.

TEXAS

What about you, Jamie-bamie?

JAMIE

Zoloft and Zithromax in Michiana.

Everyone chimes in..."Where's Michiana?"..."Ugh...Hicksville."

TRAINEE #2
Zithromax! Jamie loves kids with
green infectious snot.

 TRAINEE #1
And those waiting rooms with all the
toys covered with stapholococcus.

 JAMIE
One year from now I will have kicked
all your pathetic asses.

Jamie finds Gina watching him. He holds her look.

JAMIE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

 GINA (V.O.)
A better world -- that's why we're
here. Welcome to Pfizer.

Jamie and Gina nude on the floor. Post-coital.

 GINA (CONT'D)
What are you thinking about?

 JAMIE
Money.

INTERSTATE 70

A brand new white Chevy Lumina zooms through farmland.

IN THE CAR

BRUCE JACKSON in mid-lecture. A forty-ish, didactic believer
in the God of Pharma, opening a roll of Tums as he drives.

 BRUCE
--cause you are not the Avon lady,
you understand what I'm saying?
This is hard-core sales--
 (swallows the pills)
You will have a quota and people in
the home office keeping tabs on your
quota, and your receipts, and your
mileage, and your cold-calls, and
how often you Goddamn masturbate.

 JAMIE
And what exactly is the quota for
masturbation?

 BRUCE
You can make jokes, Mr. Smartass, as
long as you make money.

Jamie looks out at the featureless landscape....

HOSPITAL PARKING LOT IN THE RAIN

In the rain, Bruce pops the trunk revealing mountains of Pfizer giveaways: pads, magnets, calendars. He pulls out a huge umbrella and when it opens, it reads "PFIZER".

BRUCE

Hospitals have a no-reps policy, but
that doesn't mean we can't give
doctors a dry walk to their car.

Sees a DOCTOR getting out of a car.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

No time like the present-- Get your
brain together, prepare an Initial
Benefit Statement -- Pfizer makes
HIS life easier, Pfizer makes his
PATIENTS happier and makes HIM money--
(as Jamie sets off)
Always lead with the pen -- gifts
establish reciprocity--

JAMIE

(approaching the doctor)
Hi, there, Doctor. I'm Jamie Reidy
from Pfizer!

DOCTOR

No thank you--

Jamie tries to hand him a Pfizer pen while holding the umbrella over him.

JAMIE

Don't want you getting wet and
compromising your immune system.
I'd like to tell you how Zithromax
can lower--

DOCTOR

Which part of "No thank you" don't
you understand?

He walks off.

JUMP CUT -- THE SAME PARKING LOT

Jamie is handing the umbrella to another DOCTOR.

JAMIE

--that's 33% fewer calls at 4 AM, if
it's okay, I'd like to give you--

DOCTOR #2

Stop-- Okay? We're throwing antibiotics at people the minute they sneeze when they don't work on viruses anyway-- and all we're doing is creating classes of drug-resistant super-bugs. But that's good for you because then you guys develop stronger antibiotics and ruin people's immune systems altogether.

The doctor walks away, taking the umbrella -- leaving Jamie standing in the rain.

JAMIE

Have a nice day...

A car goes by and splashes him.

JAMIE'S SHITTY APARTMENT

Filled with cartons of Pfizer paraphernalia and little else. He sits at the tiny kitchen table, toweling himself off.

MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY

Bruce and Jamie watch the PHARMACEUTICAL REPS. They are all attractive, well-dressed, and moving fast with their roller-bags.

BRUCE

...accepted etiquette is one rep in an office at a time. Forget etiquette. Competing reps are not your friends.

A hot-looking MERCK REP walks by. Jamie smiles at her.

JAMIE

Hey Lisa...

She looks at him, confused, but doesn't stop.

BRUCE

Her name's not Lisa.

JAMIE

I know. But if every time I see her I say, "Hey Lisa", eventually she'll say, "Look, I'm not Lisa. It's Jennifer." Then I'll do a big apology and say I thought she was the Lisa who was really mad at me for not calling. From then on, Jennifer

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

knows I dated someone who looks just like her -- who I rejected. She'll develop an unconscious need to win my approval. From then on it's easy.

Bruce stares with awe at his protege. Laughs.

BRUCE

Fuck-damn. You make me feel married.

JAMIE

Thought you were.

BRUCE

I am. They're in Chicago. Got to make the money. For the braces and the private schools and the stupid ass tennis lessons.

JAMIE

Why aren't you with 'em?

BRUCE

My man, only the great and near-great get Chicago. I'm working my way there -- and you and your swinging dick are gonna help me.

OUTSIDE A DOCTOR'S OFFICE

The top name on the door is DR. S. KNIGHT.

BRUCE

Knight's the doc you got to close. Largest group in South Bend. Lots of fucked-up college students on Prozac who should be on Zoloft.

Bruce is carrying a box of Krispy Kremes.

JAMIE

You always bring food?

BRUCE

Pharma sales is like dating. They want you to buy dinner and pretend not to expect anything from it.
(opens the door)
Nobody ever got laid by going Dutch.

DR. KNIGHT'S OFFICE

Jamie and Bruce enter. The waiting room is in chaos, the staff is stressed. Jamie picks up an ancient magazine.

BRUCE
Sick people touch those.

Jamie puts it down. DR. KNIGHT appears behind the glass partition, dressing down a PRETTY YOUNG RECEPTIONIST (CINDY).

DR. KNIGHT
--and when I order a second test
it's for a reason! What do I tell
them when I don't have the results!?

Cindy is almost in tears. Bruce nods Jamie back out.

BRUCE
Tomorrow.

ANOTHER DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Bruce and Jamie enter -- two REPS already are waiting. Bruce nods Jamie back out.

YET ANOTHER DOCTOR'S OFFICE

They wait among the patients.

BRUCE
If they don't take us in five minutes
we leave. Only losers wait too long.

A handsome REP -- TREY HILLMAN -- enters. The RECEPTIONIST breaks out in a huge smile. It's as if he's a rock star.

RECEPTIONIST
There he is!

TREY
The most beautiful, the sexiest--

RECEPTIONIST
Get over here--

She gives him a hug. He hands her an envelope.

TREY
Two tickets to La Boheme on the 19th.

RECEPTIONIST
I hate you. I truly hate you. Can't
you go with me instead of my husband?

TREY
Just ask.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm asking!

Bruce leans over and whispers--

BRUCE

Trey Hillman, Lilly's Prozac rep,
top ten nationally. A God. He's
the reason we never make our quota
on Zoloft.

Jamie watches, fascinated, as Trey kisses the receptionist's
cheek, then without hesitation walks into the back.

RECEPTIONIST

He's on the phone with Watson -- and
tell him he has patients waiting...

Behind the glass partition, we see Trey GREET the doctor.
Bruce and Jamie leave, defeated.

BRUCE

You're in the big leagues now--

JAMIE'S APARTMENT

He reads a SALES REPORT. The words "June Quota" loom large...

BRUCE (V.O.)

--Every week you'll get a print-out
telling you every scrip written by
every doc in the area.

Jamie shakes his head, refuses to be intimidated.

MEDICAL BUILDING LOBBY

Jamie enters, alone for the first time.

BRUCE (V.O.)

At the end of the month your
performance will be reviewed by
management.

He spots Trey Hillman -- assured, Apollo-like as he is greeted
by other reps. A Prozac sticker adorns his rolling bag.

DR KNIGHT'S OFFICE

Jamie approaches the middle-aged RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST

The doctor only sees new reps who
bring a lunch. Here is a list of
available dates. First one is in
five weeks. Here is a list of
approved food -- no sushi, no salads.

JAMIE

Hi.

Cindy -- the other receptionist whom we earlier saw Knight berating -- takes particular notice of Jamie.

RECEPTIONIST

Leave your samples with me.

JAMIE

Jamie Reidy.

RECEPTIONIST

(not looking at him)

Five weeks.

JAMIE

(for Cindy's benefit
as well)

You're going to like me.

RECEPTIONIST

I beg your pardon.

JAMIE

Sooner or later everybody does. You know why? 'Cause I'll do whatever it takes to make that happen. I'm very trainable.

RECEPTIONIST

Five weeks...

JAMIE

Now that is so unfair. I'm laying myself bare, revealing my true vulnerability--

(to Cindy as well)

Do you think that's fair?

Cindy tries not to laugh.

RECEPTIONIST

(to Cindy, not mad)

You stay out of this--

JAMIE

Look at you angels of mercy. How do the docs get any work done?

RECEPTIONIST

All right, fine, what do you want?

JAMIE

Just let me leave my samples where
he'll see them 'cause otherwise you'll
just throw them away after I leave.

RECEPTIONIST

Exactly....

Cindy is laughing. The receptionist shakes her head -- then
relents and buzzes Jamie in.

IN THE BACK

Jamie confronts a closet overflowing with samples. He tries
to shoehorn his Zoloft samples next to the Prozac, but there's
just not enough room. He doesn't know what to do.

DR. KNIGHT

Suddenly appears out of an examining room, checking his pager.

JAMIE

(startled)

Dr. Knight -- Jamie Reidy, Pfizer.
Did you know prescribing Zithromax
for ear infections reduces--

DR. KNIGHT

(pushes past him)

Who let you back here? Miranda,
deal with this--

Knight walks away. Jamie is left deflated, humiliated.

He stares at the cabinet of samples for a long moment --what
the fuck -- he looks around, scoops an armload of Prozac off
the shelf and into his bag and replaces it all with Zoloft.

Cindy appears. Jamie covers his larceny just in time.

CINDY

Time's up, Prince Charming.

BEHIND THE MEDICAL BUILDING -- (MUSIC OVER)

Jamie throws the Prozac samples into a dumpster. A HOMELESS
MAN, lying on the ground, watches with interest. When Jamie
leaves, the man gets to his feet and peers into the dumpster.

JAMIE'S APARTMENT -- (MUSIC CONTINUES)

The apartment hardly looks lived-in. Jamie fills in monthly
sales reports. Not much to show yet.

A FLORIST -- (MUSIC CONTINUES)

Jamie is buying six identical bouquets. Fills out six identical cards. The FLORIST looks at him, perplexed.

DR KNIGHT'S OFFICE -- (MUSIC CONTINUES)

THE DOUR RECEPTIONIST can't help but smile as Jamie hands her a bouquet. Cindy tries to hide her disappointment. Then Jamie produces another bouquet from behind his back for her. Now it's her turn to smile.

ANOTHER DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- (MUSIC CONTINUES)

A different RECEPTIONIST clasps her hands as she receives HER bouquet from Jamie...

ANOTHER DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- (MUSIC CONTINUES)

It's Starbuck's this time for the entire STAFF. Jamie has clearly learned the ropes. He heads for the samples closet.

THE DUMPSTER AGAIN -- (MUSIC CONTINUES)

Jamie throwing away more Prozac. The homeless man is there again. This time, however, he's sitting up on a milk crate, reading a discarded newspaper. He waits until Jamie leaves, then reaches into the dumpster and retrieves the samples.

JAMIE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT (MUSIC CONTINUES)

Cindy (the cute receptionist) is curled up beside Jamie, who checks the latest sales reports. His numbers are going up.

A HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

Jamie addresses an assembly of TENTH GRADERS. Student Council types pass out Zolofit caps and T-shirts.

JAMIE

High school sucks. Look at any rock star or entrepreneur, they all say the same things: "Dude, I hated high school." High school's depressing. That's because serious depression affects one in six American teenagers. You guys need to know The Six Warning Signs of Depression:

Bullet Points on a PowerPoint screen behind him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

1. Lack of enthusiasm or motivation.

A bored Slacker shifts in his seat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

2. Feelings of worthlessness.

A pretty girl chews on a pencil, feeling worthless.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

3. Persistent sadness.

A cheerleader checks if anyone's looking at her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

4. Irritability.

A Teacher in the back row swallows hard.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

5. Excessive aggression.

A Jock finger-thumps the kid in front of him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

6. Recurring thoughts of death.

A Goth Girl smirks defensively.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

One in six of you may be in need of
this kind of help. The only thing
wrong with this drug--
(holds up a Zoloft)
--is that it's legal.

A big laugh. He's got them.

IN THE HOSPITAL -- (MUSIC STARTS AGAIN)

Jamie hands a wrapped bottle of wine to a doctor as he gives his spiel. The doctor happily takes his samples, too.

IN A HOSPITAL PARKING LOT (MUSIC OVER)

As Jamie is loading crap back into the trunk of his Lumina, he hears the CHIRP of a car being unlocked. He looks up to discover Trey Hillman getting into a Porsche Turbo.

Firing it up, Trey deigns to acknowledge Jamie with the slightest of nods, then screeches out.

A MEDICAL BUILDING - AN ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS -- (MUSIC ENDS)

Jamie enters and finds "Lisa," the gorgeous Merck rep.

*

JAMIE

Hey, Lisa...

"LISA"

Okay, this may have worked for you in the past, but let me lay it out: attractive women date successful men. Right now you're trying to buy something you can't afford. It's not romantic, but that's the market you're in. I'm a hard equity girl.

JAMIE

You never invest in start-ups...?

"LISA"

You're sweet.

(that's all he gets)

I became a rep for one reason: doctors. To meet doctors, fraternize with doctors, breed with doctors. So when next you see me in the field, don't ask for a hand-out, it's awkward.

She gets out.

JAMIE

Nice meeting you.

A LOCAL FERN BAR -- NIGHT

Filled with the tanned, attractive bodies of REPS --this is where the PHARMACEUTICAL herd congregates, where the Darwinian struggles of dominance and mating play themselves out.

Jamie is at the bar with Bruce, who grimaces.

BRUCE

You're not making it happen.

JAMIE

I went up 28% last month!

BRUCE

20% below your quota for Z, 45% below your quota for Zoloft.

He pops a Tums from the roll he keeps in his pocket.

JAMIE

You should be on Prilosec.

BRUCE

Competitive brand. I want Chicago, Reidy. You are standing between me and Chicago and if you do that I am going to remove you outta my way.

JAMIE

Remove me out of your way...

BRUCE

What?

JAMIE

I think it would be "move" me out of your way, or "brush" me out of your way, or "knock" me out of your way. "Remove" doesn't sound right.

Bruce points across the bar to where Trey Hillman is laughing with Dr. Knight and several female REPS.

BRUCE

That is your problem right there -- Hillman. He's got kids taking Prozac, dogs taking Prozac, he'd have rocks taking Prozac if they let him. You need one doctor to switch to Zoloft, and that's the asshole with him.

JAMIE

Knight?

BRUCE

He's Hillman's golf buddy. You get Knight and we get Chicago.

Jamie stares at Hillman and Knight laughing.

OUTSIDE A MEDICAL BUILDING

Jamie is on his cell phone.

JAMIE

..... Dr. Knight, please..... Jamie Reidy,....I know....I know.....Tell him I have Pacers tickets for him... He does?.... Courtside?.... Thanks.

MEDICAL BUILDING PARKING STRUCTURE

Knight heads for his car. Jamie has been waiting to descend upon him.

JAMIE

Dr. Knight--

DR. KNIGHT

Sorry, I'm late--

JAMIE

One thousand dollars.

DR. KNIGHT

Excuse me?

Jamie hands him a check.

JAMIE

This is a check for one thousand dollars.

DR. KNIGHT

For what?

JAMIE

A special Pfizer grant for me to shadow you and learn your practice and better serve the needs of doctors everywhere.

DR. KNIGHT

You're bribing me?

JAMIE

No, doctor, it's a special Pfizer grant for me to shadow you and--

DR. KNIGHT

Is this a joke?

JAMIE

If you think a thousand dollars is a joke.

INT. DR. KNIGHT'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Self-consciously wearing a white coat, Jamie follows Dr. Knight down the hall.

DR. KNIGHT

If the patient asks, you're an intern.

JAMIE

Can I take notes?

Dr. Knight glares at him.

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

A Twelve-Year-Old Girl coughs. Jamie watches Dr. Knight examine her. Her YUPPIE PARENTS watch, concerned.

DR. KNIGHT

Probably viral.

YUPPIE FATHER

...It's just, she has to sing on Friday. They're doing "Bye Bye Birdie". She's playing Kim. Can't we give her antibiotics?

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

DR. KNIGHT

Sure. Why not?

SAME - LATER

A Huge Teenage Boy lowers his underwear. Jamie winces. The Boy's MOTHER discreetly averts her eyes.

DR. KNIGHT

That's a nice-looking herpes...

An intercom BUZZES.

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Dr. Knight steps out. Jamie's left with the Huge Boy's penis right in front of him. He tries to look doctorly.

HUGE BOY'S TINY MOTHER

We think he got it from the gym pool.

Jamie and The Boy exchange a discreet glance.

JAMIE

Sure. Why not?

DR. KNIGHT'S HALLWAY

They head for the next exam room. Jamie is pitching Knight.

JAMIE

-- reduces diarrhea in pre-teens by 33%. That's 33% less 4 AM phone calls to you from anxious parents--

DR. KNIGHT

I'd write more of your scrip if I was a regularly paid consultant.

JAMIE

You think they authorize me to give out those kinds of funds?

DR. KNIGHT

Big Pharma spends five billion a
(MORE)

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)
 year on marketing. Instead of flying
 me to Cancun and making me sit through
 some bullshit peer-to-peer conference,
 why not just write me a big check?

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

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)
 This can't be right. Janice?!
 (his NURSE appears)
 A 24 year-old needs Parkinson's
 drugs?!

JANICE
 Beth wrote that one up!

IN ANOTHER EXAM ROOM

Dr. Knight and Jamie enter to find a pretty young woman,
 MAGGIE MURDOCK (24) sitting on the exam table. Maggie has
 art-girl hair, a pugnacious manner -- and warm eyes.

She also has Stage One Parkinson's Disease.

DR. KNIGHT
 I'm Dr. Knight.

MAGGIE
 Maggie Murdock.

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

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

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

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

DR. KNIGHT
 Trey's a great guy.

MAGGIE
 I wouldn't say that.

She has a lovely laugh. Jamie is captivated by her but
 careful to maintain a professional air.

DR. KNIGHT
 Monotherapy?

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

JAMIE
 Zoloft has a slower metabolic
 breakdown.

They both look at him.

MAGGIE
 Who is he?

JAMIE
 Jamie Reidy. Hi.

DR. KNIGHT
 Intern.

Dr. Knight bends her elbow, testing for cogwheel rigidity.

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)
 Early-onset Parkinson's is pretty
 rare.

MAGGIE
 Yeah, first they thought it was
 essential tremor, then Wilson's
 Disease, then Huntington's. They
 tested for PSP, MAS, syphilis...I
 was really glad for a negative on
 that one. Sadly, I'd rather have an
 incurable disease than feel like a
 19th-century slut. It's a girl thing.
 Let's see, then there was brain-tumor-
 week, very scary, then six months
 chasing obscure dystonias, but--
 (a "ta-da" gesture)
 --it's good, old-fashioned
 Parkinson's.

DR. KNIGHT
 Don't you have a neurologist?

MAGGIE
 We broke up.

DR. KNIGHT
And you have insurance?

She reaches into her jeans, pulls out a handful of folded twenty-dollar bills.

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)
Sure. Why not?

He takes out his pad and starts writing.

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)
Anything else I can do for you?

MAGGIE
There's a weird blotch on my breast.
I'm trying not to freak about it.

DR. KNIGHT
Okay - let's have a look.

Maggie removes her T-shirt. Jamie has no idea where to look. As she takes off her bra he pretends to look out the window, but he can see her reflection as Knight examines her.

She catches Jamie watching. He looks off.

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)
That...is what we call a spider bite.

EXT. PARKING LOT TO DR. KNIGHTS BUILDING - DAY

As Jamie rolls his bag to his car, he's SMACKED in the head by a purse.

JAMIE
Jesus!

Maggie has come up from behind.

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

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

JAMIE
Wait! Wait. I'm hurt.

It takes her a moment to calm herself.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Your buckle got my eye.

An awkward pause. She's not sure if she believes him.

MAGGIE

You okay?

JAMIE

No.

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

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Who said I was a drug rep?

MAGGIE

Look at your bag! Look at your car!
Pop the trunk -- let's see what's
inside, asshole.

And his silence is damning.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I could sue you.

JAMIE

Your doctor would say you consented.

MAGGIE

Aaagghhh...!

The scream helps her calm down.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I can't sue you, I'd feel...petty.
That's my problem -- the meanness
necessary to get anywhere in life.
I find it embarrassing. My survival
instincts are blunted by a freakish
concern for others. You know, on
planes, the sign that asks you to
wipe the sink for the next passenger?
I actually do that. No one does
that. You don't do that, do you?

JAMIE

Uh. No.

She starts to go, then stops, turns back...

MAGGIE

Apologize. Would you do that? Just
once I want to hear somebody in the
medical community actually apologize.

JAMIE

I apologize on behalf of all the arrogant faceless cold cut-off hurried asshole doctors who treated you like a non-person while peeking at your breasts.

She looks at him, then digs around in her bag, takes out a Polaroid camera. FLASH. She's taken his picture.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What was that for?!

She doesn't answer. Just turns and starts to walk away.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Hey, how about a cup of coffee?

(she keeps walking)

At least give me your number. HEY--

She doesn't turn back. He watches her walk away.

JAMIE'S APARTMENT

Jamie is on his cell phone.

JAMIE

Because I want to know...

INTERCUT: CINDY IN DR. KNIGHT'S OFFICE

CINDY

(looks around, whispers)

The same white tights I wear every day. You're out of your mind..!

JAMIE

And nothing on underneath?

CINDY

You're BAD--!

JAMIE

So I need the number of a patient he saw yesterday, Murdock or something--

CINDY

(darkens)

You want Maggie Murdock's number.

JAMIE

Yes. Because she mentioned six different neurologists and Pfizer's coming out with a new Parkinson's

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
med and I want to contact them and
make a lot of money, Miss None Of
Your Business.

CINDY
We're not supposed to give out
numbers...

JAMIE
You gave me your number...

CINDY
That was different.

JAMIE
Uh, exactly...

He looks up to see his brother JOSH peering through the front
window of his apartment, clearly distressed.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Jesus. Can I call you back?

CINDY
Don't you want the number?

JAMIE
Yeah, I just, uh -- text it to me--

Cindy hangs up, disappointed. Jamie opens the door for Josh.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

JAMIE
What are you doing here?

JOSH
I'm all fucked up. Farrah kicked me
out.

JAMIE
No way.

JOSH
Can you believe that? I think she's
fucking somebody already.

JAMIE
Why'd she kick you out? Jesus!

JOSH
She said I was addicted to Internet
porn.

JAMIE

She kicked you out because you're addicted to Internet porn? Are you?

JOSH

Of course I am. Isn't everybody addicted to Internet porn? Oh, man, I'm having panic attacks... I had one when I got on the plane because I knew there was gonna be turbulence.

JAMIE

Was there?

JOSH

Shut up. You don't have any Ativan, do you?

JAMIE

We're Xanax.

JOSH

Fine, do you have samples?

JAMIE

Only if you say please--

JOSH

Asswipe.

JAMIE

Douchebag.

Jamie can see that Josh is a wreck. He goes to hug him.

JOSH

Dude. We're not huggers.

JAMIE'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Josh is playing a video game on the TV.

JAMIE

Will you turn that down?

JOSH

No.

But he does. Jamie walks away, dialing a number on his phone.

INTERCUT: MAGGIE'S LITTLE BUNGALOW

Maggie picks up her phone.

MAGGIE

Hello...

JAMIE

Why did you take that picture?

Maggie's reaction is mixed, but intense. She looks over at a wall covered with pictures -- faces, moments, situations.

MAGGIE

.....I take pictures.

JAMIE

That clarifies it.

MAGGIE

I'm a clarifying type of person.

Josh has been listening.

JOSH

Is that the one with the great tits?

Jamie "shushes" him violently.

JAMIE

Have coffee with me.

MAGGIE

I don't drink coffee.

JAMIE

I'm a drug rep, not a creep--

MAGGIE

Same thing.

JAMIE

And I'm sorry I don't wipe the sink on airplanes. But I always feel guilty about it, does that count?

She half smiles, but doesn't answer.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

MAGGIE

I'm here.

JAMIE

I thought maybe you hung up or something.

MAGGIE

Should I have?

For perhaps the first time in his life, he's at a loss for words with a woman.

JAMIE

Uh....Okay, I....just...uh...want to...see you. I don't know.

Josh makes an "awwww..." sound. Jamie hits him.

MAGGIE

If I say no will you stop calling me?

JAMIE

No...

MAGGIE

(long pause)

Six-thirty -- the Lulu's on Clark.

She hangs up. Jamie looks at the phone, starting to smile.

JOSH

What kind of nipples did she have?

LULU'S COFFEEHOUSE

Jamie's on a run.

JAMIE

--I can recite the six causes of pernicious anemia and the four stages of terminal cirrhosis. By fourth grade I knew what a distended ilium felt like on palpation, I could spot people on the street with jaundice.

MAGGIE

So why'd you bail on med school?

JAMIE

Bail? I never made it through college. Couldn't sit through a class, couldn't read a book.

MAGGIE

(puts up her hand)

Ritalin at ten.

JAMIE

Eight.

MAGGIE

But you were really smart.

JAMIE

Oh, yes, the Prodigal Son -- with
ADD. The truth is? I just couldn't
give my father the satisfaction.

He looks momentarily sad. She looks at him.

MAGGIE

Does this generally work for you?

JAMIE

What?

MAGGIE

The vulnerable, mis-understood by
dad thing.

JAMIE

Generally.

MAGGIE

It's pretty good.

JAMIE

Thank you.

A long silence -- she is peering at him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

What...?

MAGGIE

I'm trying to decide if I'm going to
sleep with you.

JAMIE

Who asked you?

MAGGIE

The thing is -- I really like sex--
I just can't afford to have any
feelings about it...

JAMIE

What's wrong with that?

MAGGIE

Look, in spite of what must be years
of experience I'm pretty certain you
have no idea that women often attach
emotions to intercourse. Given my

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 situation....that's not really an
 option for me.

JAMIE
 So you're saying you can't sleep
 with me unless it's meaningless...

MAGGIE
 No, just simple.

JAMIE
 I can do that.

MAGGIE
 You do seem like a shithead -- so it
 should be fine. There's just alarms
 going off in my head that you're not
 entirely what you seem.

JAMIE
 No I am. I am a shithead. Trust
 me.

MAGGIE
 Because if you turn out not to be a
 shithead it would be bad.

JAMIE
 No chance of that.

This makes them both smile.

MAGGIE
 Look, I'm just not a regular person,
 okay? You won't be insulted if we
 don't sleep together today?

JAMIE
 It's still early, I can find somebody
 else...

She laughs. He notices her hand shaking.

MAGGIE
 Resting Tremor. Only happens when
 my muscles are completely relaxed.
 Which in my case isn't very often.
 (smiles sweetly)
 Orgasms help.

JAMIE
 Not fair.

MAGGIE

Sorry...

They both laugh. A charged moment. He smiles devilishly.

JAMIE

Complete...Shithead.

MEDICAL BUILDING PARKING LOT - NEXT DAY

Jamie heads toward the dumpster and unzips his case, revealing a new load of pilfered Prozac ready to be tossed. He realizes he's not alone: Trey Hillman is standing there.

TREY

Hey.

JAMIE

Oh...Hey, how ya' doin'?

Trey punches him in the stomach, hard. Jamie goes down, writhing in pain. Trey kneels beside him.

TREY

Damaged cells are releasing arachidonic acid. Your body's converting it into prostaglandin, triggering a fiesta of enzymes necessary for pain. You want to throw up but it wouldn't help. It'll take about a minute for the acid to dissipate and your natural morphine to kick in.

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

TREY (CONT'D)

Know why I hit you?

Jamie rolls on his side, trying to collect himself.

TREY (CONT'D)

Prozac has helped millions of people overcome intractable mood disorders, making miserable lives livable, even helping me with some of my own anger issues. So when someone fucks with my Prozac it upsets me. Do you know what people say about me?

JAMIE

That you're in the top ten nationally.

TREY

Why do you suppose that is?

JAMIE

Fuck you.

Jamie tries to rise, Trey kicks his arm out from under him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna call the cops--

TREY

Why do you suppose that is? Because I'm an ex-marine who destroys anyone who gets in my way.

Jamie pulls himself up -- then PUNCHES Trey in the jaw -- immediately grabbing his hand in pain. Trey is rocked, but stands his ground and smiles.

TREY (CONT'D)

I'd ice that as soon as you can. If it's not better in a few days, get an x-ray.

Trey starts to walk away, then turns.

TREY (CONT'D)

And stay away from Maggie.

Jamie stares after him, furious.

HOMELESS MAN (O.S.)

Excuse me...

Jamie turns to find the homeless man who's been retrieving the Prozac. He's now wearing a white shirt and a tie.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

Are those more samples?

Jamie looks at his bag, then at the homeless man. He pulls out the Prozac and tosses it to him.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

Thanks. Got a job interview today!

He walks away, a bounce in his step.

RIVERWALK

Jamie and Maggie take in the quaint shopping area.

MAGGIE

I just know him. He got me samples -- he's protective of me, and it's none of your business anyway.

JAMIE

Why is a drug rep protective of you?

MAGGIE

Because he is, because I remind him of his little sister, why are you asking me this anyway?

JAMIE

He fucking punched me!

MAGGIE

I'm really sorry about that.

JAMIE

Are you sleeping with him?

MAGGIE

No! He's married -- and he's a straight-arrow marine right wing honor freak. And you sound suspiciously like someone who gives a fuck--

JAMIE

I don't. I don't!
(can't resist...)
--But you sure know a lot about him.

MAGGIE

He's a friend! And he's chivalrous like a doomed knight in some story.

JAMIE

Oh, please...

MAGGIE

No! He comes home on leave, gets his girlfriend pregnant, marries her because it's the right thing to do. Three kids later he's still doing the right thing.

JAMIE

A saint.

MAGGIE

God I wish I had slept with you, then you could have lost interest and not called me already and I could have enjoyed being hurt for three days and gotten over it and started forgetting I ever met you.

He stops her -- and kisses her. A moment.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I was afraid you were going to do that.

JAMIE

Because you wanted me to.

MAGGIE

Beside the point.

JAMIE

For the last hour I've basically been spending all my energy not doing it. It's exhausting.

MAGGIE

That is very un-shithead. If I were you I would shut up immediately.

He is ostentatiously silent. She can't help but smile.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Cut it out!

JAMIE

I didn't say anything!

MAGGIE

You're thinking very loudly.

JAMIE

What am I thinking?

They look at each other -- it's obvious what he's thinking. A charged moment. They're about to kiss again.

MAGGIE

All right, okay -- this has been really nice, too nice actually, and I know it's the second date and will you be really mad if I just say goodbye right now and go home and assume a fetal position?

He shakes his head, at once amused and frustrated.

JAMIE

No.

MAGGIE

No what? You'll be upset or you won't be upset?

JAMIE

I thought we were going to make this simple...

MAGGIE

I'm really sorry -- I'll make it up to you.

JAMIE

I like that.

MAGGIE

You are a shithead. Thank God.

MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING -- MORNING

Jamie enters.

THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE SAMPLES CLOSET

Jamie tries to open it, but it's locked. A NURSE appears.

NURSE

You can just leave those with me.

JAMIE

Why is it locked?

NURSE

Doctor's orders....

Confused, he hands her the samples.

DOCTOR KNIGHT'S OFFICE

Jamie approaches the glass window. Cindy and the dour RECEPTIONIST are behind the counter.

JAMIE

Hello, ladies!

RECEPTIONIST

No samples today.

JAMIE

What do you mean, I have great stuff for you.

RECEPTIONIST

No samples today, thank you.

Jamie looks to Cindy for help, but she looks away.

JAMIE
 (to Cindy)
 She's just a friend.

Cindy doesn't respond.

RECEPTIONIST
 No samples today.

JAMIE
 What's going on around here?
 (looks at them)
 Trey got to you. What did he give
 you?

RECEPTIONIST
 No samples today, thank you, Hawaii.

JAMIE
 He gave you a trip to Hawaii?

RECEPTIONIST
 No samples today doctors' convention
 and we go along. Sand and surf in
 Honolulu.

Jamie cannot believe he's hearing this.

ANOTHER DOCTOR'S OFFICE, ANOTHER SAMPLES CLOSET --

This one has a glass window, behind which Jamie can see row
 after row of PROZAC SAMPLES, and in front of them, a single
 GOLF BALL with a SMILEY FACE drawn on it.

LULU'S COFFEEHOUSE - NIGHT

Maggie and Jamie are in a corner booth, sitting silently,
 staring each other. The silence is pregnant with meaning.

MAGGIE
 ...I feel like I'm in high school.

JAMIE
 I did better than this in high
 school...

MAGGIE
 I'll bet you did... Look, I'm the
 person who usually initiates sex!
 Something is holding me back and I
 don't know what it is, I'm sorry.

JAMIE
 The only way you're going to know if
 (MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

you want to sleep with me is to sleep with me.

(she looks at him)

Tell you what -- let's see if we're compatible.

MAGGIE

You're trying to sell me. I can't believe it.

JAMIE

(grabs a stack of napkins)

Shut up, you have a pen?

MAGGIE

What the hell?

He pulls out a Pfizer pen. She reaches in her purse and pulls out a Lilly pen. They eye each other.

JAMIE

Answer each question with a number from zero to five. You have to be absolutely honest. There are no wrong answers.

(she looks at him suspiciously)

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

MAGGIE

No.

JAMIE

Shut up. Okay... Anything involving handcuffs... Go on. Write a number.

She shakes her head, but starts to write, making a show of not letting him see. She holds up a "1". He reveals a "2".

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Very good. Your turn.

MAGGIE

Kissing.

JAMIE

(exasperated)

Come on!!!

MAGGIE

Fine.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(thinks)

A threesome with another woman...

His face lights up. Maggie reveals a "1"; Jamie, a "5".

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Of course.

JAMIE

What does that mean?

MAGGIE

It means you've never done it. The reality is totally weird and not what it's cracked up to be.

He looks at her with new respect. Tries to top her.

JAMIE

Oral Sex with Whipped Cream.

MAGGIE

Snore.

They both laugh. He has a "0". She has a "0".

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Then why did you suggest it?

JAMIE

Because girls read about it in magazines and think it's sexy.

MAGGIE

So you thought I would think it's sexy because I'm nothing but a cliché.

JAMIE

Exactly...

They smile. She scrutinizes him.

MAGGIE

Videotaping yourself having sex.

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

JAMIE

Wow. Really?

MAGGIE

Oh, yeah.

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

JAMIE
(quietly)
Let's go to your house.

MAGGIE
(looks at him)
I really thought I could do this.

JAMIE
We are doing this.

MAGGIE
I'm going through a difficult period.

JAMIE
I don't care.

MAGGIE
Nice.

JAMIE
Simple.

MAGGIE
I had a thing happen.
(he waits)
I seduced a married man.

JAMIE
So...

MAGGIE
Someone you know.

It hits him immediately.

JAMIE
You slept with Trey Hillman...

MAGGIE
I had an affair with Trey Hillman.
(he is speechless)
A few months ago. It wasn't what you think. He was incredible to me -- that was the problem. I let myself fall in love with him and then...talk about a cliché, I mean he never said he would leave his wife. Duh.

JAMIE
I forgive you for sleeping with Trey Hillman.

MAGGIE

Fuck you -- this has nothing to do with Trey Hillman, it has to do with having opened up my...heart and taking a flying leap off the tallest cliff -- and falling to a thousand deaths. Look, I'm a basket case in the best of circumstances, even without that.

JAMIE

(takes her hand)
Come on.

MAGGIE

I'm telling you this is a bad idea...

JAMIE

I know. Come on.

He stands up -- allows herself to be led.

MAGGIE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

She opens the front door for him.

MAGGIE

This is my house. It's a mess.

He kisses her. While their lips are still entwined:

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Not that you care...

Over her shoulder he sees A COLLAGE OF POLAROIDS on the wall -- including the picture she took of him. A caption reads, "Sleazy Drug Rep #37".

MAGGIE'S BEDROOM

They fall on the bed, still kissing. Her hair gets caught.

MAGGIE

Owww!

JAMIE

Sorry--

MOMENTS LATER

She is now on top of him, unbuttoning her blouse, when the cat jumps on the bed right next to Jamie's face.

MAGGIE

Cory, you can't watch today. Off.

JAMIE

Today....?

MAGGIE

Perverted cat, what can I tell you.

MOMENTS LATER

They are struggling to take off their clothes. He can't unclasp her bra quickly enough.

MAGGIE

I thought you were an expert--

JAMIE

Shut up--

MOMENTS LATER

He has stood up to pull off his pants. She is looking up at him, covering her breasts. He is looking down at her --she's beautiful in her shyness. He lies down on top of her.

MAGGIE

Are you happy now?

JAMIE

Shut up--

He buries his face in her neck and starts moving on top of her. They both moan in ostensible pleasure, but in fact neither is really in the moment. Her hand moves down between them, and she becomes aware of what he already knows: it isn't happening.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Uh.

MAGGIE

Shhh...

She keeps stroking him while kissing his neck and his hair. We watch his face as she slips down out of frame to more directly address the situation. He closes his eyes, trying to will what should be happening unbidden.

Several moments. Her face reappears.

JAMIE

Okay.

MAGGIE

It is okay.

He shakes his head, smiling slightly.

JAMIE

If I say this never happens you won't believe me.

MAGGIE

No.

JAMIE

It never happens.

MAGGIE

I understand.

JAMIE

I don't.

MAGGIE

Trust me, it's not uncommon -- I think I'm a jinx.

JAMIE

That's helpful. Tell me about all the other guys you've slept with who couldn't get it up.

MAGGIE

Shhh....

He sits up.

JAMIE

Give me a minute -- this'll be fine.

MAGGIE

You don't have to worry about it!

JAMIE

I am worried about it. Fuck!

MAGGIE

Why is it so important to you?

JAMIE

Why is it so important to me?!

MAGGIE

I think it's sweet.

He flops back on the bed.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Men are so stupid. You have no idea what's even going on right now--

JAMIE
I need two minutes and I'll be fine.

MAGGIE
You're fine right now. Listen to me. Sit up.

JAMIE
What?

MAGGIE
Sit up.

JAMIE
I don't want to sit up.

MAGGIE
Do as you're told--

Her mock-scolding tone allows him to do just that. He sits up, glaring like a seven year old. She scoots behind him and starts rubbing his shoulders.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Good. Now talk to me.

JAMIE
Excuse me?

MAGGIE
Talk to me.

JAMIE
Do I have to?

MAGGIE
(chastely kisses his ear)
Absolutely....

THE BED -- HOURS LATER

Outside, dawn is approaching. They are sitting cross-legged across from each other, eating cereal while they talk.

JAMIE
(animated, laughing)
-- and I'm sitting there with my knees on his chest and I let the spit start to almost drip down right on his face--

MAGGIE
That's so gross!

JAMIE

--and I say if you ever ride my bike again I will make you drink a gallon of it--

MAGGIE

You are a horrible person.

JAMIE

And that's he's a millionaire who's staying with me and won't even pay for the fucking Chinese food.

MAGGIE

You're lucky he even visits--

JAMIE

(looks at his watch)

Jesus -- I have to get to work!

MAGGIE

Would you be going to work if we were fucking?

JAMIE

Eventually.

MAGGIE

Eventually meaning what? Eleven, twelve, after lunch...?

JAMIE

We're not fucking.

MAGGIE

No. We're making love.

(this stops him)

Guys are so goal-oriented. Jesus. You think I don't know you'd decided you were going to close me last night no matter what?

JAMIE

That is so completely untrue.

MAGGIE

Especially after I told you about Trey...

JAMIE

I give a shit about Trey Hillman.

MAGGIE

Of course not. Only your entire

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
sense of self-esteem depends on
beating him--

JAMIE
Bullshit!

MAGGIE
It's so existential. All men care
about is performance -- unfortunately
they have an appendage that doesn't
work if they're worried about
performance!

JAMIE
You're the expert....

MAGGIE
Then why is your company spending
two billion making a drug so guys
can get it up?

JAMIE
What drug?

MAGGIE
Look at his face. You didn't know
Pfizer was working on a fuck-drug?

JAMIE
What drug?

MAGGIE
A drug so guys like you -- which
means every guy -- never have to
face the terrible specter of Failure
To Get It Up.

JAMIE
What drug?

MAGGIE
They're working on a drug -- ask
your guys, I'm a drug slut, I read
everything -- I don't know where I
saw it.

JAMIE
Pfizer is making a drug so guys can
get it up?

MAGGIE
Praise the Lord -- the Promised Land
stretches before us!

JAMIE

Whoa...

MAGGIE

Hard to believe, isn't it?

He looks at her -- was that a pun?

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Oops -- Hard to believe...Get it?
I'm sorry--- I'm sorry-- It's just
when I think of the size of the
problem, and that it's growing larger --

He can't believe she's making fun of him.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I mean the length of time you guys
have been worrying about this...!
(he grabs her)
I'll bet Pfizer is swelling with
pride to have found a solution to
the stiffest problem ever to afflict--

They are wrestling now, laughing.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

No tickling! Just because you have
a limp sense of humor!

He pins her. They look at each other. As he lies on top of
her, both begin to realize the...circumstances...have changed.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Hello.

He kisses her and they begin to make love.

CLOSE ON HER HAND

As their lovemaking reaches its peak, we WATCH as the TREMOR
slowly abates -- and her hand lies peacefully on the pillow.

HER KITCHEN DOOR -- LATER

He stands in the doorway. They kiss.

JAMIE

I'm going now.

MAGGIE

So go.

JAMIE

I did. I left.

MAGGIE

Good riddance.

JAMIE

I'm already wheeling that piece of shit Goddamn stupid fucking samples case, oops, some receptionist just treated me like dirt, Good morning, how are you this morning! Did you know that Zithromax reduces--

MAGGIE

(kisses him)

Goodbye.

JAMIE

I'll call you.

MAGGIE

Don't.

JAMIE

I will.

MAGGIE

I'm not kidding.

JAMIE

Neither am I.

MAGGIE

We had sex. It was great. We're not in a relationship.

JAMIE

So we can have sex again.

MAGGIE

Don't call us, we'll call you.

He looks at her, for the first time realizing she's serious. Shaking his head, he walks away.

BRUCE'S MERCEDES -- AFTERNOON

Jamie's eyes are half-closed as Bruce lectures him.

BRUCE

Your problem is you don't know how to close. You got to tell the docs what they need--

JAMIE

-- but my numbers are up!

BRUCE

Your Zithromax is up -- big deal.
Stupid kids get one ear infection a
year -- you can't make Chicago on
Zithromax. Depressed people are
depressed every day, Reidy -- you
gotta move Zoloft.

Josh is in the backseat, yelling into his cellphone.

JOSH

(on the phone)
Counseling? Okay, here's some
counseling -- stop being a fucking
bitch. Oh, wait, did I use "you"
language --

Bruce is trying not to eavesdrop. Jamie explains.

JAMIE

Trial separation.

JOSH

(on the phone)
-- I'm so sorry, I need to own my
own feelings and not put them on you --
let me rephrase that -- I feel that
you should stop being a fucking bitch!

JAMIE

I heard we're coming out with a sex
drug.

BRUCE

Where'd you hear that?

JOSH

(on the phone)
-- Because that's money I EARNED!

JAMIE

Is it true?

BRUCE

Sildenafil Citrate. It's a PDE5
Inhibitor, lucked into it during
trials for blood pressure. Damn
guys had boners the whole time.

JAMIE

What's it called?

BRUCE

Viagra.

JOSH
(on the phone)
Then put me in jail, I'd rather be
fucked in the ass three times a day
than have to talk to you!

JAMIE
I want it.

BRUCE
Everybody wants it.

JAMIE
I can sell the shit out of it.

Josh hangs up, seething.

JOSH
Bitch fucks another guy and wants me
to pay for it.

BRUCE
Been there.

JOSH
Only work she ever did in her life
was opening her wallet at
Bloomingdale's.

Bruce reaches into the glove compartment for more Tums.

BRUCE
Damn pepperoni.

JOSH
You should get an endoscopy. They
give you Versed -- great drug.
Hoffman-LaRouche went up ten points
the week it was introduced.

JAMIE
(to Bruce)
I want that account.

BRUCE
Why should I give it to you?

JAMIE
Who can sell a dick drug better than
me?

Bruce looks at him. Good point.

FERN BAR -- NIGHT

Jamie, Josh, and Bruce sit at a table. Josh is mesmerized by the female REPS.

JOSH

It's that little indentation, right at the hip -- tells you they haven't bred, that they're ready, that they want YOU to breed with them.

BRUCE

I'm married, I don't see anything.

Bruce sees Dr. Knight standing with a couple of female REPS.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

There's Knight. Here's your chance -- go over there.

As Jamie looks over, Knight is joined by Trey Hillman, who kisses both the girls. Jamie's jaw clenches in anger.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Shit.

JAMIE

(ready to fight)
Yeah, I'll go over there.

BRUCE

Don't be an idiot -- you want his clients not his ass.

Jamie pulls away from Bruce and goes over.

JOSH

I think this is the part where he gets fired.

BRUCE

Goodbye Chicago.

Jamie comes to stand with Hillman and Knight.

TREY

Pfizer. How's your fist?

JAMIE

Maybe you and I should step outside--

TREY

Reidy, you know Stan Knight, don't you? Stan, this is Jamie Reidy,
(MORE)

TREY (CONT'D)

bright young man from Pfizer. You should do some business with him, I hear Zoloft is a promising SSRI.

DR. KNIGHT

Hey, Jamie, I feel like we've met.

JAMIE

Yes, sir, we have -- briefly.

TREY

Stan likes rep bars. He's a happily married pussy-hound.

DR. KNIGHT

Hillman pretends to be a drug rep but his real calling is pimp.

TREY

Jamie's "friends" with our friend, Maggie Murdock.

DR. KNIGHT

Now that's a great ass. You don't often see that in the neurologically damned.

JAMIE

What do you mean, damned? You don't die from Parkinson's.

DR. KNIGHT

Depends what you mean by death... Ain't much of a life.

JAMIE

Interferon, L-Dopa -- they've slowed the progress in a majority of cases--

TREY

Listen, Dr. Drug Rep, you know less than shit. Just leave the girl alone.

JAMIE

So I fucked her -- so what..?

TREY

She's a great girl, and she deserves better than you're gonna treat her--

JAMIE

As opposed to how you treated her? You think I don't know about that -- what's your wife think about it?

Trey goes for Jamie, but Knight keeps them apart.

DR. KNIGHT
All right, this is fucked up.

TREY
Tell him, tell him what he's buying
into.Interfuckingferon.

JAMIE
This is ridiculous--

He starts to go, but Dr. Knight takes his arm.

DR. KNIGHT
That squirming thing she does--?
(imitates it)
It's a side-effect of your L-Dopa.
Every known med at best gives her a
few normal hours with nasty-ass side
effects. Who knows, maybe they'll
find a cure, and maybe she'll get
tired of being tortured by her own
body and put a gun to her head. If
she can find a way to aim it by then.

JAMIE
Thanks for the heads up.
(to Trey)
Doesn't scare me. Like some people.

TREY
Go fuck yourself -- you have no idea
what happened. She deserves better
than you -- or me.

JAMIE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Jamie sits on the couch, drinking straight vodka, while Josh
rummages through a stash of samples. Jamie is idly playing
with a pen knife. He's been drinking for a while.

JOSH
Celebrex -- useless. What's Aromasin?

JAMIE
For breast cancer.

JOSH
(tosses it aside)
How'm I gonna get high from that?!
Where's the good stuff?

The phone rings. Josh goes to get it--

JAMIE

No.

They wait till the answering machine picks up. It's Maggie.

MAGGIE

(on the machine)

Hi. I know I said not to call, and I wanted to thank you for not calling. I don't want you to take the fact that I'm calling to mean anything, because that would...mean something, which is not allowed under the present regime. So I'm not actually calling you, in fact this is a figment of your imagination --last night never happened. And obviously there's no need to call me back.

JOSH

What was she like in bed?

JAMIE

Try the Vistaril--

JOSH

You gonna call her back?

JAMIE

--it's almost like a Quaalude.

JOSH

Ooh, ooh, where? I wouldn't call her -- Parkinson's, eeewww, it's like fucking an old person.

JAMIE

You are an asshole.

JOSH

Did she shake while she was cumming? Can you cum if you have Parkinson's? Oh, Lomotil, I need that...

Jamie is chipping plaster off the wall. Takes another drink.

JAMIE

I don't think I'm cut out for pharmaceuticals.

JOSH

Dude. You're not cut out for anything.

JAMIE

Thanks.

JOSH

How could you know what you're cut out for, you never finish anything anyway.

(Jamie looks at him)

When are we going to fly that stupid remote control airplane you were supposed to help me with when I was seven? Quitter.

The answering machine resets with a beep -- a red flashing light indicates a message waiting.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Too bad. I like her voice.

(back to the drugs)

What's Halotestin?

JAMIE

For people who never entered puberty. Take six.

EXT. MEGA-CHURCH - DAY

The WILLOWBEND CHURCH. Huge. Hip. Non-denominational. Jamie gets out of his car, stares up at the kitschy edifice.

INT. ATRIUM OF MEGA-CHURCH - DAY

Sixty RETIREES mill about. Each with an overnight bag. Maggie holds a clipboard, helping retirees fill out forms:

MAGGIE

--write down all the drugs you need and don't forget the dosage on each.

RETIREE

Can I pay by check?

MAGGIE

I told you, Sam, we're crossing into Canada -- these pharmacies only take cash.

RETIREE #2

I don't have Canadian money...

MAGGIE

(patiently)

Sophie, remember? I told you--

(sotto voce)

--four times--

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 (normal voice)
 --they take American dollars.

SANDY (28), earring, Christian Music Festival T-shirt ("Rock Against Evolution") claps his hands.

SANDY
 Hey, everybody. Ready for a road trip!!?? Anybody wanna go get healthy??!!

Those that are able give an enthusiastic cheer.

SANDY (CONT'D)
 Now before we load up, you know we lost two regulars this week. Mrs. Korski passed away on Monday; and Anita Jarrett early yesterday.
 (over murmurs)
 Let's remember them in our bus prayers as we ride out. All right, let's mount up! Everybody on the bus.

As the retirees start to move, Maggie sees Jamie coming toward her through the crowd. He approaches.

MAGGIE
 I can't talk now...

JAMIE
 I can wait.

MAGGIE
 I'm getting on a bus to Canada.

Sandy appears, takes her hand.

SANDY
 Come on, gorgeous, let's get this show on the road...

JAMIE
 (to Maggie)
 Can't we just--

MAGGIE
 (reluctant)
 Sandy, Jamie. Jamie, Sandy.

SANDY
 (shakes his hand)
 Hey, Jamie, nice to meet you. You're welcome to come with us--

JAMIE

These people go for two days just to save a few bucks on prescriptions?

MAGGIE

Being sick sucks, Reidy.

Maggie looks at him other pointedly. He's not backing down.

SANDY

Nice meeting you, Jamie. Maggie--

MAGGIE

I'll be...right there.

Sandy smiles at them. When he's gone, she turns to Jamie.

JAMIE

Is he your new boyfriend?

MAGGIE

What are you doing here?

JAMIE

For somebody who's a basket case you sure have a lot of boyfriends.

MAGGIE

Excuse me -- you're jealous?

JAMIE

He's very handsome. In a gay sort of way.

MAGGIE

Sandy's my Moving Guy.

JAMIE

Your what?

MAGGIE

Every woman has a Moving Guy. A friend, with a little unspoken romantic tension. You go to lunch, but not dinner. You invite him to parties, but not dinner parties. If you're honest, you admit you're keeping him in orbit so when you need someone to help you move...or set up a new computer...

Sandy is calling from the bus. She gestures "just-a-second".

JAMIE

That's harsh.

MAGGIE

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

JAMIE

That's so sad.

MAGGIE

Not sad -- smart. Understanding how the world works. I have to go.

JAMIE

When are you getting back?

MAGGIE

Tomorrow night. Late.

JAMIE

How late?

MAGGIE

Forget it, please. I shouldn't have called, and I have to go.

She turns and walks toward the bus. He waits for her to look back. She doesn't.

TIME LAPSE -- THE PARKING LOT

Jamie drives off. The day zooms by, clouds hurtling, night comes and goes, the next day passes. The Lumina returns.

REAL TIME -- THE PARKING LOT

Jamie sits in his car as night falls.

IN THE LUMINA - NIGHT

He's changing stations on the radio. The clock on the dashboard reads 9:50 p.m.

JUMP CUT. He's drumming on the wheel, checking his watch -- 10:30 p.m. -- listening to a self-help CD.

VOCABULARY TAPE

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

JUMP CUT. He's peeing in the bushes. Headlights wash over him -- he turns quickly: it's not the bus.

JUMP CUT. In the glow of the sodium-vapor lights, he's

swinging a golf club, hitting little boxes of samples. He checks his watch -- it's 1:29 a.m. -- where are they?

JUMP CUT. He's back in the car, asleep, his mouth open, the CD continuing. The clock reads 4:17 a.m.

JUMP CUT. Dawn threatens. The car appears empty. The bus RUMBLES past. Jamie pops up in the back seat, yanked awake, groggy. He gives his pits a smell check.

AT THE BUS - DAWN

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

MAGGIE

What?

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

Maggie walks toward Jamie in the morning mist. They look at each other. Neither smiles.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

When you end it, I get to hate you.
And act all cold. And tell
embarrassing stuff to my friends.

JAMIE

Okay.

MAGGIE

And you don't get to move in. Or
become friends with my friends. Or
introduce me to your parents. This
is what it is, whatever that is --

JAMIE

Are you done?

MAGGIE

Have you been here all night?

JAMIE

Yes.

MAGGIE

(loves it)
Christ. Why am I mad at you
already...?

Smiling, he takes her hand and leads her to his car.

HER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

They're making love, intensely, deeply -- his head is buried in her neck. She gently takes his face in her hands and lifts it up so that they can look into each others' eyes.

He can't hold the look for more than a moment, and starts to put his head down again -- but she holds him there, and this time he doesn't look away.

MEDICAL CENTER PARKING LOT -- DAY

Jamie watches as Bruce opens the trunk of his Mercedes.

It is filled with boxes of samples -- all labeled "Viagra."

BRUCE

Let the games begin.

LARGE DOCTORS' OFFICE

Five DOCTORS and eight NURSES listen rapt as Jamie pitches.

JAMIE

--men with diabetes, prostate cancer, massive penile injuries, men without a useful erection in ten years.

ANOTHER DOCTORS' OFFICE

JAMIE (CONT'D)

--Men with performance anxiety, men in their nineties, any and all kinds of erectile dysfunction...

His index finger goes from curled to standing proudly high. Two NURSES giggle.

YET ANOTHER DOCTORS' OFFICE

JAMIE (CONT'D)

--Minimal side effects, no limit on longterm use -- this isn't a pill, it's a revolution.

He looks around at the avid faces.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

So.... Any questions?

NURSE

Do you have samples?

CONAN O'BRIEN ON TELEVISION

He's doing his monologue.

CONAN O'BRIEN

--By now you've all heard about
Viagra. That's what women want to
hear during sex: "who's your
granddaddy?!"

DAN RATHER ON THE CBS EVENING NEWS

DAN RATHER

It's safe to say that Viagra has
swept the country. Over 23 million
prescriptions in the first month
alone --

MEDICAL BUILDING HALLWAY

Jamie is walking down the hallway--

DAN RATHER (V.O.)

-- once a taboo topic, American men
now can't get enough of the stuff--

Jamie attempts to enter a doctor's office, but finds the
door nearly blocked by--

INSIDE THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE

A crowd of MEN in the waiting area. As Jamie appears--

RECEPTIONIST

There he is! This is the Viagra rep--

The men all turn to him eagerly. A DOCTOR rushes out.

DOCTOR

Thank God you're here. Every pharmacy
within ten miles is out of stock --
do you have samples?

JAMIE

Do I have samples....

He opens his case and pulls out a huge box -- holds them
aloft. The entire room breaks into APPLAUSE. Jamie finds
himself pushed from behind as the office door opens:

An OLD MAN using a walker tries to force his way in.

BOB DOLE'S ORIGINAL VIAGRA COMMERCIAL

BOB DOLE

Bob Dole knows a little about Viagra--

Maggie and Jamie are eating Chinese food in bed. He raises his fist in triumph -- she pulls him over, laughing.

HOSPITAL PARKING LOT -- IN THE RAIN

Jamie is getting out of his car when the SAME DOCTOR who once berated him and stole his umbrella, now appears and holds the Pfizer umbrella over Jamie.

DOCTOR

Hey, Jamie, how ya' doin'? Ted Goldstein, Ear Nose and Throat --

JAMIE

Yeah--

DOCTOR

(looks around furtively)
Listen, I've got this friend -- he's a radiologist -- who's been having a little problem--

JAMIE

Say no more--

He slips Goldstein a packet of Viagra samples.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Actually I was thinking about you yesterday -- any way we can increase your numbers on Zithromax?

DOCTOR

You got it.

JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie paces as he examines a new sales report. The numbers have jumped wildly. He's on a roll:

JAMIE

--oncologists are writing it, shrinks are writing it, gastro's, neurologists, pediatricians are fucking writing it for themselves!

Maggie, doing yoga behind him, is only half-listening.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 Pharmacies could stay open 24 hours
 a day and they still couldn't meet
 the demand. At this rate--

She comes over, gently takes his face in her hand, and brushes
 his lips with hers.

MAGGIE
 Breathe.....

JAMIE
 You don't care.

MAGGIE
 I don't.

JAMIE
 How can you be so callous? Men are
 suffering worldwide with shame and
 frustration--

MAGGIE
 Shhh....

She lowers her hand from his face, and begins tracing it
 down his chest...

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 It's time you learned about holistic
 medicine. This is your heart chakra.

She rubs the middle of his chest, then lowers her hand out
 of frame.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 When the chi is stimulated, the energy
 begins to flow. Can you feel it?

We can't see what she's doing, but we get the idea.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 The meridians travel throughout the
 body. Sending the energy everywhere.

He closes his eyes, responding to her ministrations.

JAMIE
 You're my little blue pill...

They kiss.

MEANWHILE IN THE LIVING ROOM

Josh lowers the volume on the TV in order to hear the sounds

of Jamie and Maggie having sex. He JUMPS as the bedroom door opens and Jamie hurries NAKED through the living room.

JOSH
 (shields his eyes)
 Oh, man -- you are grossing me out.

Jamie roots through a cabinet and pulls out a video camera.

JOSH (CONT'D)
 No, no... Too much information!

Jamie disappears back into his bedroom.

LATER - IN JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie and Maggie lie in post-coital stupor, arms and limbs entwined. The video-camera is nearby. Maggie picks it up.

JAMIE
 Again...? Already?

Maggie turns it on. Points it at him. A VIDEO IMAGE.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
 Say something...

JAMIE
 What?

MAGGIE (O.S.)
 Whatever you want...

JAMIE
 You are too weird... Okay. Hi, there,
 Jamie Reidy here-- I'm in bed, having
 just fucked my girlfriend...

MAGGIE (O.S.)
 Don't use that word!

JAMIE
 You say "fuck" all the time!

MAGGIE (O.S.)
 No, "girlfriend"!

JAMIE
 (into the camera)
 Well.....aren't you?

MAGGIE (O.S.)
 (long pause)
I am?

JAMIE

Yes. You are.

He reaches up and turns OFF the camera. The image disappears.
Out of the DARKNESS we hear:

MAGGIE (O.S.)

I guess I am. Jesus.

THE REP BAR

A bunch of giddy, tipsy WOMEN -- NURSES, RECEPTIONISTS, REPS --
surround Jamie--

NURSE #1

Does it make it longer?

JAMIE

Time or inches?

ALL

BOTH!!!! EITHER!!!

Jamie is lapping up the attention. Like a pasha with a harem.

JAMIE

Neither, but it shortens the
refractory period.

RECEPTIONIST #2

What's that?

NURSE #2

How long it takes to get it up again!

OOHS and AHHHS and laughs. Across the room, Jamie sees the
MERCK REP GODDESS watching, amused. They make eye contact.

RECEPTIONIST #3

How come we can't take it?

JAMIE

You can.

NURSE #3

I wanna get HORNY!!!

RECEPTIONIST #3

You're horny enough already!

NURSE #2

You're saying we can get hard??!!!

JAMIE

There is some indication of clitoral engorgement and increased lubrication--

NURSE #3

(raised fist in triumph)
Increased lubrication--!

High-fives all around. More drinking.

RECEPTIONIST #3

Can I sneak it into my husband's beer...?

NURSE #2

Will it make my boyfriend want me?

NURSE #3

If you wore make-up your boyfriend would want you--

RECEPTIONIST #2

Will it make Brad Pitt want me?

NURSE #2

If they cum inside you, does it burn?

JAMIE

No.

Whoops and hollers.

NURSE #1

What if it gets in your eye?

More whoops and hollers.

JAMIE

Nope.

A sultry VOICE whispers in Jamie's ear:

FEMALE VOICE

How about in your mouth?

Jamie turns around -- It's the Merck girl. They lock eyes.

JAMIE

Further research may be necessary...

MERCK GIRL

For which you'll need volunteers.

NURSE #3

We wanna have more SEX!

It becomes a chant: "MORE SEX! MORE SEX!"

Jamie and the Merck Girl are staring at each other. It's the moment he loves the most -- better even than the sex -- when it's obvious the deal is going to close.

Amazingly, most of all to himself, Jamie realizes this time he can't go through with it.

He sees Trey sitting at his regular table with Dr. Knight.

JAMIE
Trey! Get over here!
(Trey doesn't move)
Stan-- some people you should meet...

He smiles, surrounded by pulchritude. Dr. Knight can't resist -- he stands up and approaches.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Ladies, Dr. Stan Knight, king of all
Internists. Stan, have you met --

He turns to the Merck girl -- they never got past calling her "Lisa".

MERCK GIRL
Cassie. But my friends call me Lisa.

She winks at Jamie.

JAMIE
Lisa. Lisa, meet Stan. Lisa wants
to marry a doctor.

As Dr. Knight joins them, Jamie looks over at Trey and smiles.

MAGGIE'S BEDROOM -- LATE THAT NIGHT

Jamie, a little drunk, enters the dark room. Maggie lies in bed. Is she asleep? He sits down and touches her gently.

JAMIE
Hey....

She turns slowly to him -- she's been crying.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
What's wrong...?

MAGGIE
(softly)
Fuck you.

JAMIE

What...? What'd I do? I was just out with the reps -- we got a little drunk -- I'm sorry I'm late.

MAGGIE

I don't care if you're late.

JAMIE

Then what are you mad at?
(she shakes her head)
I don't understand...

MAGGIE

I'm mad at me.
(shakes her head)
I wasn't going to care about you, Reidy, I wasn't going to care what you do, I wasn't going to stare at the goddamned clock from 11:30 until 2:00 in the morning worrying about who you were screwing.

JAMIE

I wasn't screwing anybody!

MAGGIE

I fucking hate that I care now.
(fighting against tears)
I hate you.

She turns away again. He goes to touch her. She pulls away.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Go home.

JAMIE

No.

MAGGIE

I have to deal with this now. I let myself fall into this but now that I have I have to take responsibility and stop right now. This minute. Because it will only get worse. This is addiction, this is dopamine fucking with common sense and judgment and every adult insight I was ever supposed to have. I want you to go home, please. Just go home now.

He sits there, silently, just looking at her, his heart full.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

What...?!

She is so beautiful in her tears and red cheeks and messed up hair.

JAMIE

I love you.

MAGGIE

No, please--

JAMIE

I love you.

MAGGIE

You can't say that.

JAMIE

Shut up.

MAGGIE

I don't want you to say it.

JAMIE

Don't you understand I've never said it before. Never said those words.

This stops her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Never had to -- Always got what I wanted without it. Point of pride, actually.

She is staring at him in a kind of awe -- is it possible he's really just said this?

MAGGIE

You never said "I love you"?

JAMIE

No.

MAGGIE

Not to your parents?

JAMIE

No.

MAGGIE

Not to your brother?

JAMIE

Ugh.

MAGGIE
You're more fucked up than I am...

JAMIE
Thank you.

They are both feeling the awe now.

MAGGIE
You're going to leave me anyway.
It's what I would do.

JAMIE
That's because you're more fucked up
than I am.

MAGGIE
Hardly possible.

They are moving closer to each other.

JAMIE
I won't leave you tonight -- how
about that?

MAGGIE
God, I'm stupid....

They kiss.

THE WALL OF POLAROIDS (MUSIC OVER)

Filled with the PEOPLE in her life, caught in everyday
moments. Including, now, pictures of Jamie and Maggie.

Moving past the wall WE SEE into--

MAGGIE'S BEDROOM -- MORNING (MUSIC OVER)

She wakes up to find him staring at her. After a sublime
moment, she pushes his face away.

HER KITCHEN (MUSIC OVER)

She has made him tea from foul-looking Chinese Herbs. He
sits obediently, grimacing as he drinks the concoction.

THE WALL OF POLAROIDS (MUSIC OVER)

Has grown -- several more pictures of Jamie and Maggie.

HER BEDROOM -- NIGHT (MUSIC OVER)

Trying not to wake her, he gets out of bed and pulls on his
running shorts--

OUTSIDE IN THE DARKNESS (MUSIC OVER)

He runs through the silent neighborhood.

A YOGA CLASS (MUSIC OVER)

Everyone is doing Child's Pose, their heads to the mat, butts in the air. Jamie peeks at the leotard-clad ASS of the hot girl in front of him. Maggie sees this and swats him.

IN MAGGIE'S BEDROOM (MUSIC OVER)

They're making love, she's sweating profusely.

JAMIE

Are you okay?

MAGGIE

Oh, yes...

She grabs the video camera and begins filming his face as they continue to make love.

MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM (MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER)

Jamie's legs are crossed in the classic meditation position. His eyes are closed.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Hands on your thighs.

JAMIE

Yes, ma'am.

He puts his hands on his thighs.

MAGGIE

Just concentrate on your breathing.

JAMIE

Concentrate on my breathing. What's there to concentrate on?

MAGGIE

Think of the "in" and the "out" as a swinging door. There is no you, there is only the door as the breath goes in and out.

(he fidgets)

What?

JAMIE

The me that doesn't exist is hungry.

MAGGIE
Shut up. This is serious. Just
breathe.

He gets quiet and breathes.

JAMIE
I'm thinking.

MAGGIE
Let your thoughts just go away.

JAMIE
They're staying.

MAGGIE
Slowly they'll go away. Shhh.

Another moment. He's very quiet.

JAMIE
Nah, they're staying.

Maggie is silent now. He opens his eyes to see why.

MAGGIE
Just breathe...

He tries again, and he has too much nervous energy:

JAMIE
Aaaagggghhh!

He bursts out of the position, stretching his legs.

MAGGIE
This can help you.

JAMIE
Help me what? What's wrong with me
that it's supposed to help?

MAGGIE
Your stress, your anxiety, your
restlessness--

JAMIE
I don't have anxiety!

MAGGIE
Oh, -- you just like the taste of
Xanax -- who the hell gets up in the
middle of the night and goes running?

JAMIE

I have a lot of energy. I can't do everything your way, okay?

MAGGIE

I'm not asking you to do anything my way--

JAMIE

Hah! You're the bossiest person I've ever met!

MAGGIE

No, you've just never been with someone who actually had a brain instead of just breasts--

JAMIE

Being a pain in the ass is not the same as being smart!

MAGGIE

(stung)

And being in relationship is more than just fucking--

JAMIE

I'm gonna go for a run.

MAGGIE

Look at you, you can't even have an argument. Real people have arguments--

JAMIE

Thank you for being the expert on all things real--

He's about to leave. She's hurt, but also oddly calm. She sees that something much deeper is going on.

MAGGIE

Just tell me one thing. No, don't even tell me, just answer it for yourself: what would happen if you actually just....sat still...for more than fifteen seconds?

He looks at her, unable to answer.

IN THE NIGHT

He runs again -- pushing hard.

AN ACUPUNCTURIST'S OFFICE (MUSIC OVER)

Maggie is lying on a table, needles protruding from all over, as A CHINESE DOCTOR places yet another one into her forehead. She smiles and looks over at Jamie, who grimaces in horror.

BEAUTIFUL COUNTRYSIDE (MUSIC OVER)

Jamie and Maggie ride bicycles down a hill into an idyllic valley. He wobbles around on purpose, doing circles around her, making her laugh.

A HILL -- MOMENTS LATER (MUSIC ENDS)

JAMIE

--if we reach 130% of quota for two more months there's no way they won't give us Chicago -- I just--

As they climb, we can see that she's really struggling. He slows up until she's alongside.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You okay?

MAGGIE

Yes.

JAMIE

Take a rest.

MAGGIE

I'm okay.

She's not. He watches her struggle to catch her breath.

DR. KNIGHT'S OFFICE

Cindy looks coldly into the camera.

CINDY

He's waiting for you.

Jamie follows her as she leads him toward Knight's office.

JAMIE

So how've you been?

CINDY

(wintry)

Fine. How's Maggie?

(before he can answer)

You can go in.

She leaves him at Knight's door. Jamie knocks.

KNIGHT (O.S.)

Come in--

Jamie opens the door to find Knight with his pants down, in the middle of injecting himself in the ass.

Jamie is somewhat non-plussed.

KNIGHT (CONT'D)

(matter of fact)

Testosterone. Getting out of here for a few days -- fucking HMO's are killing me. I see fifty patients a day as it is -- you'd think I could at least break even. With this stress I need all the help I can get.

JAMIE

Speaking of which--

Jamie pulls a few boxes of Viagra samples out of his case.

KNIGHT

My man! These girls and I are going to Mexico -- you want to tag along? It's a big house.

JAMIE

Can't this weekend -- but there is something you could do for me.

KNIGHT

What's that?

JAMIE

Start writing Zoloft instead of Prozac.

A moment of silence as Knight zips up his trousers.

KNIGHT

Trey's my friend.

JAMIE

I know.

Knight looks at him, measuring. Then he starts to laugh.

KNIGHT

You fucking reps. Sure, whatever.

IN HER LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

He's restless, pacing, waiting for her to get dressed.

JAMIE

Hello.....?

MAGGIE (O.S.)

I'll be there in a second....

JAMIE

Which second?

He walks into--

HER BEDROOM

Where he finds her sitting slumped on the bed -- in a pretty black dress, all made up and ready to go -- but clearly too exhausted to move. It takes her a moment to realize he's there. When she does, she jumps up--

MAGGIE

Let's go.

JAMIE

We don't have to go.

MAGGIE

They're your clients --

JAMIE

Look at you--

MAGGIE

I'm fine!

JAMIE

You're not fine.

MAGGIE

We're going.

She walks past him. He doesn't know what to do but follow.

MEDICAL BUILDING ATRIUM -- DAY

Jamie emerges from the elevator, sample case in tow, and is descended upon by three DOCTORS. His new best friends...

DOCTOR #1

Pfizer! Come on, we're gonna raise your cholesterol--

DOCTOR #2

We're gonna buy you lunch before your dick falls off--

As they walk off, we SEE Trey Hillman, standing alone, a

portrait of dejection and defeat.

A PORSCHE BOXSTER

Zooms down the highway.

IN THE BOXSTER

Bruce inhales the wonders of Jamie's new car.

BRUCE

Fuck this shit, even got a cup-holder
now. What're you doing?

JAMIE

93.

BRUCE

Feels like 53. Damn, Reidy. You
done good. Another quarter like
this and you know where we're going...

Jamie smiles, hits the accelerator.

INSIDE JAMIE'S APARTMENT

Jamie enters. Hears SEX SOUNDS coming from the living room.

JAMIE

Josh...?

The sound of scurrying. A DOOR SLAMS. A sex tape is playing
on TV. A Vaseline jar and wads of tissue on the coffee table.

Jamie's video-camera is hooked up to the TV -- playing their
sex tape.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

That is fucking disgusting.

JOSH (O.S.)

I didn't know you were coming home.

Jamie goes into the filthy kitchen. Josh appears, abashed.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Just, chill, okay?

JAMIE

Chill? My brother masturbates while
watching me have sex?!

JOSH

I was focusing on her.

JAMIE

Her?! You mean my girlfriend?

JOSH

Not on her. Her body parts... Does video make everything look bigger? Because I didn't think her tits were that big, and then I saw you and it was like, whoa...

JAMIE

You are so twisted.

He starts doing yoga stretches.

JOSH

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

(no response)

Fine. Sorry. My self-esteem would prefer that you not have a bigger penis than me right now.

AN EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Jamie and Maggie are out for dinner.

MAGGIE

You think you're gonna pull up at a light and some bimbo's gonna take one look at that car and say, "Oooh, fuck me quick before the light changes."

JAMIE

That's just what happened this afternoon.

MAGGIE

(laughs)

So young for a mid-life crisis....

Their laughter is interrupted by--

TREY

Hello, young lovers--

Jamie stiffens. Maggie's smile withers.

MAGGIE

Hello, Trey.

TREY

Hello, Mags. Hello, James.

JAMIE

Hey.

TREY

Don't want to disturb your date.
Just wanted to say hi--

MAGGIE

How's Arlene?

TREY

She's good. Kids are good too.
Damn Clay is almost taller than me,
I'm gonna kill him.

An awkward silence. Maggie tries to hide her shaking hand,
but Trey sees it.

JAMIE

So how's business, Trey?

TREY

Well, your Viagra's about to be
history. We've got an ED drug that
works for 36 hours. Cialis.
Fanfuckingtastic. On the market soon.

JAMIE

Congratulations. In two months we'll
reach 50 million prescriptions.

MAGGIE

I love this -- dick measuring with
impotence drugs. Have fun, boys --
I have to pee anyway.

She gets up and leaves. Trey watches her for a moment.

TREY

She's over-medicating.

JAMIE

What are you talking about?

TREY

She's sweating a lot, isn't she?
Tired.

(no response)

Don't you get it? She doesn't want
you to see how sick she is, so she
tries to suppress it by upping her
meds. But PD drugs have to be
titrated -- you can't just take more
pills.

JAMIE

Knight wrote her this dosage -- he said it was normal.

TREY

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

(Jamie's reeling)

Listen, I care about her okay? And I still don't think you're going to be around for very long, but in the meantime, you're in a position to help.

(he's not asking)

Make her face the disease.

JAMIE

Who are you to talk? You're the one who chickened out--

TREY

I did chicken out, but not on Maggie. I chickened out on my marriage -- I forgot my own commitments, I forgot my honor and responsibility. At the end of the day that's all I have to live by.

JAMIE

--And that makes it okay to have taken advantage of her.

Trey manages to suppress his rage.

TREY

Nothing made it okay to take advantage of her, and I'll live with that the rest of my life. She made me happier than anyone I've ever known.

JAMIE

Well, that warms my heart.

Their eyes lock. This might get ugly. Neither flinches.

TREY

Does she tape the sex?

(Jamie is taken aback)

Ask yourself why she photographs things.

INT. JAMIE'S PORSCHE - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Jamie drives. Maggie's tremor is evident.

JAMIE

Why do you photograph things?

She just takes his hand and kisses it.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Are you taking too many drugs?

MAGGIE

Trey gave you the speech...

JAMIE

Parkinson's is a serous disease --
you can't just throw drugs at it.

MAGGIE

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

They ride in silence.

JAMIE

Were you in love with him?

MAGGIE

What do you think?

JAMIE

Shut up, I'm asking.

MAGGIE

Yes, I was in love with him. I'm
sorry. I didn't know you yet.

JAMIE

(thinks)

That's no excuse...

He can't help but smile. She rubs her hand on his arm.

MAGGIE

There. Now, you have Parkinson's.

JAMIE

I wish it was that easy.

MAGGIE

No, you don't.

They drive on.

JAMIE

I was thinking we might go to Chicago
for the weekend. Room service.
High thread count. How's that sound?

MAGGIE
Positively groovy.

JAMIE
(carefully)
And while we're there, maybe we could
stop by the National Parkinson's
Convention.

Maggie doesn't answer. She stares straight ahead.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Maggie?

Silence.

MAGGIE
Whatever you say.

JAMIE
They have experts from around the
world, state of the art presentations,
experimental treatments--

MAGGIE
Reidy. Don't try to close me.

THE LOBBY OF THE HYATT HOTEL - DAY

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

IN THE MEZZANINE BAR

Maggie watches CNN on the bar TV (Clinton denies sexual
relations with "that woman.") Jamie appears.

JAMIE
All access pass...Rock on! Boring
booklet. Expensively printed program!
(shows it to her)
Oooh, there's a presentation in ten
minutes.

MAGGIE
(rolling her eyes)
"T-L-Me: Caring for Caregivers."

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

She reluctantly scans the program.

MAGGIE
 "Healing with Humor." Perfect.
 (tosses the program)
 Punchlines for Parkinson's. Gaiety
 for Gimps. Titters for Tremors...

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

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

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

The faulty parallelism screws up Jamie's tidy notes.

INT. "HEALING THROUGH HUMOR SESSION - DAY

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

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

NONDESCRIPT WOMAN
 Fuck trying to eat soup.

Shocked titters. The crowd doesn't know how to react.

NONDESCRIPT WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Fuck tying shoelaces. Fuck wearing
 jewelry.... There, I feel better.
 Is it hot in here, or is it just my
 Levodopa?

Maggie is the first one to really laugh -- others follow as they begin to warm to her outrageous routine.

NONDESCRIPT WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Look at you people. Shake and bake.
 You're like one giant Talking Heads
 Tribute Band. Ooh, there's Don Knotts
 in "The Ghost and Mr. Chicken."

Everyone applauds. CLOSE on Maggie: this may just be dark enough to enjoy.

IN THE CONVENTION CENTER

Jamie walks past booths advertising treatments. He passes one proclaiming: "CHELATION: THE ANSWER TO PARKINSON'S"

BACK IN THE AUDITORIUM

Maggie's having a good time.

NONDESCRIPT WOMAN

I always used to say, I hate my body.
 "I hate my body." What, it was
 listening?

IN THE CONVENTION CENTER

Jamie passes another booth with a sign reading, "MOLECULAR
 REGENERATION -- PARKINSON'S BREAKTHROUGH!!!"

A pretty GIRL -- without Parkinson's -- behind the makeshift
 table smiles at him sympathetically. He smiles back.

BACK IN THE AUDITORIUM

Maggie's having a great time.

NONDESCRIPT WOMAN

Why can't this disease make you
 sexier? Like heroin. My friend,
 Rumi, had breast cancer. They gave
 her great tits. She had crap! Now?
 Pamela Anderson Tits! Paid for by
 insurance.

IN THE CONVENTION CENTER

Jamie and the Pretty Girl are laughing. She touches his
 arm. He looks around -- he could close if he wanted to.

BACK IN THE AUDITORIUM

The Comedian cocks an ear and shushes the crowd.

NONDESCRIPT WOMAN

Wait. Wait.

She listens carefully.

NONDESCRIPT WOMAN (CONT'D)

Never mind. Sorry.
 (then)

I thought there was a cure coming.

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

LOBBY REFRESHMENT CENTER

Jamie stands beside the refreshment table. A CALIFORNIA MAN
 with a fancy watch and country-club clothes is getting coffee.

CALIFORNIA MAN

Your wife?

JAMIE

Girlfriend. Stage One. You?

CALIFORNIA MAN

Wife. Since '73.

JAMIE

Any advice?

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

CALIFORNIA MAN

You don't need my advice.

JAMIE

I'm very trainable.

There's something too slick about this kid.

CALIFORNIA MAN

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

His voice is guiltless, flat with heartache.

CALIFORNIA MAN (CONT'D)

The thing nobody tells you: this disease will steal everything you love in her. Her mind. Her body. Her smile. Sooner or later she'll lose motor coordination, eventually she won't even be able to dress herself. Then the fun really begins: Incontinence. Dementia. Immobility.

(lets it sink in)

It's not a disease, it's a Russian novel.

(sighs)

Don't listen to me, I'm a psychiatrist. Some problems you can't analyze away.

He leaves Jamie with a quick, guilty pat.

INT. JAMIE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jamie sits in an arm chair, shell shocked. Maggie's bag is on the bed, its contents strewn about. She has a lot of medicine. He's startled by the DOOR opening.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
 DID YOU KNOW THERE ARE OTHER PEOPLE
 WITH PARKINSON'S? WHAT A REMARKABLE
 NOTION!

Maggie is elated. He gives her his best salesman's smile.

JAMIE
 Hi, there.

INT. JAMIE'S PORSCHE (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Jamie's distant. Maggie's watchful.

MAGGIE
 Your silence is so scintillating.

JAMIE
 We're gonna beat this.

MAGGIE
 Beat what? The traffic?

She knows exactly what he meant.

JAMIE
 You can't believe the amount of money
 they're spending. There's shit going
 on in six different teaching
 hospitals.

She reaches out and gently strokes his hair.

MAGGIE
 Don't.

JAMIE
 They're gonna beat it. And we're
 gonna be the first to know about it.

Maggie shakes her head, sadly yet wanting to believe.

THE CERAMIC TUNNEL OF AN MRI (MUSIC OVER)

As Maggie disappears into its depths. Through a glass window,
 Jamie watches with the technicians.

A COMPUTER SCREEN (MUSIC OVER)

A medical aggregation site lists experimental treatment
 protocols for Parkinson's.

Jamie is taking copious notes. Maggie is sitting behind
 him, overwhelmed.

A SCIENCE-FICTION-TYPE BRAIN MACHINE (MUSIC OVER)

Electrodes are hooked up to Maggie's head as numbers FLASH on the LED read-out.

Jamie and a DOCTOR are deep in conversation, ignoring her.

As the technician removes the electrodes, Maggie sits up like Elsa Lanchester in "Bride of Frankenstein," her eyes wild in mock monster-mode.

A MEDICAL CENTER PARKING LOT (MUSIC OVER)

Maggie sits in the car, watching Jamie talk with Dr. Knight.

JAMIE

You can't tell me these treatments are worthless.

DR. KNIGHT

100,000 doctors in 10,000 institutions doing a million experiments -- all I have is peer-review to tell me which is bullshit.

JAMIE

While she gets worse.

DR. KNIGHT

What do you want from me, Reidy? HMO's won't do these treatments, insurance companies won't pay for them, I don't have time to research them and she can't afford them.

Both of them look at Maggie sitting in the car.

JAMIE

I want you to be upset about it.

DR. KNIGHT

If I let myself do that I wouldn't make it through the day.

MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (MUSIC OVER)

Maggie is asleep. From the living room, the blue glow of the computer screen illuminates Jamie, poring over more sites.

A HOSPITAL WAITING AREA (MUSIC ENDS)

Maggie sits in an uncomfortable plastic chair as Jamie paces while on his cell phone.

JAMIE
 (on the phone; yelling)
 ...EXCUSE ME, WE'RE FLYING 2,000
 MILES ON OUR OWN NICKEL AND YOU DON'T
 HAVE THE COURTESY TO TELL US OUR
 APPOINTMENT HAS BEEN POSTPONED! FOR
TWO WEEKS!

Maggie looks uncomfortable as others are listening. A sign says, "No cell phones."

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 (on the phone; yelling)
GET ME DR. ROSENBLUM....I DON'T
 GIVE A FUCK WHERE HE IS....HE PROMISED
 US AN APPOINTMENT ON THE FOURTEENTH,
 AND WE HAVE ARRANGED OUR ENTIRE
 SCHEDULE AROUND-- ...BECAUSE TWO
 WEEKS MATTER--.....DO YOU WANT ME TO
 CALL THE HEAD OF THE HOSPITAL?!

Maggie can't take another second. She stands up and walks out. He sees her out of the corner of his eye.

OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL

Jamie catches up to her.

JAMIE
 Hey--

Maggie keeps going. He grabs her arm.

MAGGIE
 I want to go home.

JAMIE
 I'm sorry, I just get so fucking fed
 up with these people--

MAGGIE
 Reidy--

JAMIE
 Let's go upstairs and do the treatment
 and then we'll go home--

MAGGIE
 Reidy--

JAMIE
 I know it's a lot, but we're really
 getting somewhere. This new protocol--

He stops. There's something different in her expression.

Something stark and resigned.

MAGGIE

I'm not gonna get better--

JAMIE

That's bullshit.

MAGGIE

This is bullshit. I'm tired. And I'm bored.

JAMIE

You're bored of trying to get better?

MAGGIE

Before I met you, my life wasn't about Parkinson's. I had Parkinson's but I was living my life. Now--- I'm.....just....Aarrghhh...
(shakes her head)
What's ahead for me is bad enough, why ruin what I have....now.

JAMIE

But don't you want to--

MAGGIE

NO. You want to.

This stops him. She walks away. He thinks about that.

JAMIE

Maggie-- Wait...

MAGGIE

You need to get your stuff out of my apartment.

JAMIE

What the hell--

MAGGIE

You're on the fast track, Reidy. Chicago. Then management. Next stop, CEO. You can't do that with a sick person and I don't blame you.

JAMIE

Shut up--

MAGGIE

You don't have to say anything. You're a good person. Better than
(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 you think you are. And nobody wants
 to be the person who runs away.

JAMIE
 I'm not a quitter--

MAGGIE
 Not your choice. I'm saving you
 from that choice.

He looks at her helplessly, uncharacteristically at a loss.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 Let's just go home now. And we can
 even make love. And then you'll
 have to leave.....

What can he say?

OUTSIDE MAGGIE'S APARTMENT

Jamie throws a bunch of his stuff on top of the Pfizer
 paraphernalia in his trunk. Maggie stands, forlorn, next to
 him. He slams the trunk shut.

JAMIE
 This is stupid.

MAGGIE
 Stop.

JAMIE
 I love you. I don't want to do this.

MAGGIE
 And I don't want to see you start to
 hate me, little by little, irritation
 by irritation, when I can't keep up
 with what you need me to be--

JAMIE
 It won't be like that!

MAGGIE
 Idiot, I'll make it like that. I'll
 be waiting for it and I'll test you
 and piss you off and God knows
 whatever irrational female thing
 comes out of my brain.
 (he knows she's right)
 I can't bear to watch it fall apart.
 And it will. Please. Let it be the
 people we both love who say goodbye.
 Can we do that?

His lack of objection makes it final.

HER BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT (MUSIC OVER)

Fully dressed, she sits on the edge of the bathtub, sobbing.

HIS BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT (MUSIC OVER)

He can't sleep, finally sits up. Takes a pill from a bottle next to his bed. Takes another one, swallows them both.

MEGA-CHURCH -- DAYS LATER (MUSIC OVER)

Maggie is calling out Bingo numbers to the RETIREES at the church. Sandy catches her eye and smiles at her.

HER APARTMENT -- NIGHT (MUSIC OVER)

Jamie stands outside, watching a lit window. Turns away.

THE REP BAR (MUSIC OVER)

Jamie enters with Josh. The dirty REP GIRLS and NURSES are there, along with Dr. Knight.

DR. KNIGHT

PFIZER!!!!

Jamie and Knight bump fists. The girls welcome him with hugs. CINDY is there, too. She smiles, raising an eyebrow.

THE POLAROID WALL (MUSIC OVER)

Maggie is putting up new polaroids of the people at the church. One of them covers a corner of a picture of Jamie. She stares at the picture, then allows it to be covered up.

JAMIE IN BED (MUSIC OVER)

He lies awake, disturbed, then glances over at Cindy, lying sweetly curled up beside him. He closes his eyes.

AT THE CHURCH (MUSIC OVER)

Maggie and Sandy are herding the OLD PEOPLE onto the bus. The last OLD LADY lurches up. Unexpectedly, Sandy kisses Maggie. She lets him, doesn't know how to react. He smiles and gets on, leaving her momentarily at a loss.

HIS KITCHEN (MUSIC OVER)

Jamie is rummaging for food when he finds a paper bag filled with Chinese herbs from one of Maggie's doctors. He stares at it. Then picks up the phone.

MAGGIE'S KITCHEN (MUSIC OVER)

Maggie is taking her morning collection of pills when the phone rings. She looks at the phone's LCD screen: "James Reidy". She stands transfixed, doesn't pick up.

BACK IN JAMIE'S KITCHEN (MUSIC OVER)

We hear her outgoing message. When the beep comes he hangs up. Puts the herbs into a Pfizer mug.

MAGGIE

Stares at the phone, at once upset and pleased that he called. And destroyed that he didn't leave a message.

JAMIE

Stares through the window of the microwave, as the mug rotates. "Pfizer"...."Pfizer"....."Pfizer".

The phone RINGS. He jumps, excited -- she called him back! He answers.

DR. KNIGHT
Pfizer, Pfizer, Pfizer.

Jamie attempts to collect himself.

JAMIE
Stan. What's up?

DR. KNIGHT
What's fuckin' up is Lisa's having a pajama party.

JAMIE
Jesus.

DR. KNIGHT
Exactly. Thought maybe you could bring a little Vitamin "V" -- in case we need reinforcements.

Jamie looks at the VIAGRA SAMPLE BOXES on his counter.

JAMIE
...The cavalry is on its way...

EXT. CONDO FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Wearing overcoats, Jamie and Josh stand in the doorway.

JOSH
I've never been to an orgy before.
 Is this really gonna be an orgy?

JAMIE
 For everyone but you.

JOSH
 Do other people have to see me naked?
 I can't even pee in front of other
 people...

JAMIE
 You really have to shut up now...

Party SOUNDS get louder as Lisa opens the door, already drunk.
 She's wearing a midriff baring camisole.

LISA
 Well look who's here...!

INT. LISA'S CONDO - NIGHT

The PAJAMA PARTY is in full swing. Buff bodies. Bad hair.
 Heartland sales types. MUSIC blaring. Lisa pulls off Jamie's
 overcoat to reveal him in a wife-beater T-shirt and boxers.
 He holds a small paper bag.

"LISA"
 How working class -- love it!

Josh is frozen as two HOT FEMALE REPS walk by in revealing
 lingerie, their arms around each other. A huge smile forming
 on his face, he throws off his overcoat -- to reveal an old-
 fashioned pair of pajamas, buttoned at the neck.

TIME CUT--

A GROUP including Dr. Knight is playing TWISTER. OTHERS are
 cheering, passing a bong. One GIRL is already TOPLESS. A
 DRUNK GUY yells out:

DRUNK GUY
 JAMIEEEEE -- I NEEEEEEED A VIAGRAAAAA!

BUT "LISA" HAS JAMIE CORNERED IN THE KITCHEN

"LISA"
 What are you doing here anyway?

JAMIE
 It's a free country.

"LISA"
 Not according to certain people...

JAMIE
 Certain people broke up.

"LISA"
 That's too bad. For certain people.

JAMIE
 So understanding.

"LISA"
 There's little I don't understand.
 Did you bring your little friends?

He looks at her -- she reaches into the paper bag and pulls out a little blue Viagra pill.

"LISA" (CONT'D)
 I'll take one if you take one.

He doesn't answer. She puts it on her tongue and kisses him deeply. He swallows. She takes another and washes it down with a huge swig of Vodka.

JAMIE
 You shouldn't take that with alcohol.

She virtually pours the bottle down his throat.

"LISA"
 Neither should you...

IN THE LIVING ROOM

The Twister game has gotten wild -- Dr. Knight is drunk, wrestling with a NURSE, trying to push her off the board.

Josh is standing next to the TOPLESS GIRL, steadfastly not looking at her breasts.

JOSH
 The thing about the software business is it's very volatile, the financial model changes every six months, and you never know what these hospitals are going to want--

The Topless Girl does her best to look interested.

JOSH (CONT'D)
 --one day it's peer-to-peer connectivity the next day it's top-down integration with their pre-existing infrastructure.

TOPLESS GIRL
You can touch them if you want.

JOSH
Oh. Oh. Thank you.

IT'S MUCH LATER, MUCH DARKER

Deep BASS trance music vibrates the house as people writhe and dance. In the shadows, a few have shed their clothes.

Nearby, however, we discover Jamie and Dr. Knight, fully clothed, fully drunk, sitting on the floor next to the sofa.

DR. KNIGHT
...How the fuck'm I s'posed to do good med'cine on fifty patients a day? An' rounds, an' phone calls with family idiots telling you you're wrong 'cause they look it up on the Internet. Fighting over billing, prescription coverage -- I mean -- where's th' fucking medicine?
(tries to clear his head)
HMO's treating you like a part-timer at Old Navy. 'nsurance companies dedicated to not paying you. Big law firms lying in wait -- betting you'll make that one big mistake.

He looks down for a moment, but then a light comes into his eyes. He looks directly at Jamie and we see a Knight we haven't seen before.

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)
In med school we studied at the feet of...of...of giants..these... brave... giants who...shed light...on human suffering... And made it go away. I came inna this..profession 'cause it was a ...higher...calling. Make people's lives better...

They sit there in existential torpor.

DR. KNIGHT (CONT'D)
And look at me...

"Lisa" suddenly plops down next to them.

"LISA"
HERE THEY ARE FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!
Reidy, get up off the floor and come with me! COME ON.....!

Jamie and Knight look at each other.

DR. KNIGHT
Go forth, my son, be fruitful 'n
multiply.

Jamie allows himself to be pulled to his feet.

A DARK UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

"Lisa" is pulling Jamie by the hand, meanwhile pouring vodka down his throat as they reel--

INTO A BEDROOM

Where A BEAUTIFUL ASIAN GIRL is sitting on the bed.

"LISA"
This is my home girl, Khae. She's
Thai. And I'm Thai-Curious.

"Lisa" fondles Khae's breast, and Khae giggles.

"LISA" (CONT'D)
She's Jamie-Curious. And so am I.

They pull him onto the bed and start kissing various parts of his body. He's many things at once -- amused, drunk, disturbed by Knight's speech, tired, and curious -- but one thing he is not is -- aroused.

"LISA" (CONT'D)
Jamieeeeeeeeeee..... Come on.....

Fuck it. He reaches into his bag and pops another Viagra. Forces a smile.

JAMIE
Allow me to allay your curiosity....

He buries his head between them.

MEANWHILE, JOSH AND THE TOPLESS GIRL

are sitting, side by side, in another bedroom.

JOSH
...So, uh, did I mention I just took
my company public?

She reaches up and takes off his glasses.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Actually I'd prefer to see what
happens next...

JAMIE AND THE TWO GIRLS -- LATER

Naked now -- are intertwined, post-coitally sated and smiling -- almost passed out.

"LISA"

Mmmmm. We like Jamie.

KHAE

We like Jamie very much!

Jamie lies there for a moment, then begins to realize something's wrong. He gets up.

JAMIE

Excuse me...

IN THE BATHROOM

We SEE him from the waist up as he looks down at his groin.

JAMIE

Shit.

He turns on the COLD TAP full blast, splashes water out of frame onto his penis.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(freezing)

Shit. Shit. Shit.

He looks down. No change. Uh-oh.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Shit. Down! Shit.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Jamie comes down the steps in his boxers and T-shirt, trying to cover his massive hard-on with a tiny PINK THROW-PILLOW that's barely up to the job.

JAMIE

Excuse me -- sorry!

He's just stepped on a naked couple on the floor.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You don't know where the coats are, do you?

GIRL

(noting his "condition")

Look at him -- Join us...!

JAMIE
Can't right now, sorry--
(looks around)
Shit.

IN A BEDROOM

Jamie opens the door a crack to find Josh on the bed with the Topless Girl -- *in flagrante*.

JAMIE
Josh---

Josh sits up, startled, embarrassed, tries to cover himself.

JOSH
We were just talking!

JAMIE
(using the door to
hide himself)
We have to go--

JOSH
Now...?

IN JAMIE'S CAR -- DRIVING -- NIGHT

Jamie is hunched over, in some discomfort from his predicament. Josh drives somewhat erratically.

JOSH
I didn't know that could happen--

JAMIE
It's very rare...

JOSH
Will they have to amputate?

JAMIE
Shut the fuck up and drive.

JOSH
This has been the best night of my
life!

JAMIE
Wonderful.

JOSH
Really, I can't thank you enough for
taking me. I never thought I would
ever have an experience like that in
(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)

my life. And you know what--? This is the incredible thing-- this is what makes me SO HAPPY-- because I fucked that girl, I fucked a girl I just met and it was empty. I was doing it and I'm thinking, "Wow, this is empty. I really don't care about this at all." And all those years I was so jealous of you for having empty sex and now I was having empty sex, and I knew at that moment that if I hadn't experienced it, I wouldn't have known I didn't want it -- and now I know I can go back to Farrah and feel REALLY GOOD about myself for the first time in my life and it's all because of you! So thank you, Jamie. Thank you.

JAMIE

(closes his eyes)
You're welcome.

JOSH

Plus, my Pfizer stock is up 40%.

EMERGENCY ROOM -- NIGHT

Jamie and Josh enter a room full of people in various forms of distress. Jamie walks, hunched over, positioning the tiny pillow to hide his problem --only to realize there's a whole other line of chairs on the other side -- the occupants of which are given a front-row view of his condition.

A RECEPTIONIST

Looks up as he approaches.

RECEPTIONIST #4

Can I help you?

JAMIE

I'm, uh, having a drug reaction.

RECEPTIONIST #4

What kind of drug reaction?

He moves the pillow aside. Her eyes widen.

CUT TO:

A TWENTY-FOOT-HIGH ERECT PENIS

Flashing in the bright chasing lights of the JUMBOTRON.

Once again, Jamie sits among his peers in the United Center.

AMPLIFIED VOICE

...the number two salesman, per capita, in THE ENTIRE UNITED STATES, and the new representative for THE CHICAGOLAND AREA -- Jamie Reidy!!

Jamie takes a little bow. Bruce sits nearby, beaming.

THE REIDY DINNER TABLE

As the family gathers for a congratulatory dinner.

HELEN

If Jamie came into my office I'd buy drugs from him, too--

JOSH

Why not? Everybody bought drugs from him in high school--!

Everyone looks to James, Sr., afraid of his disapproval.

JAMES, SR.

You mean to say illicit drug trafficking took place in this house?

JOSH

No, only in the backyard.

JAMES, SR.

Thank heavens...

Everyone laughs. Josh has his arm around Farrah.

NANCY

Well I think it's wonderful Jamie has found the success he so deserves -- and he'll be closer to home!

She holds up her wine glass and everyone toasts.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You even look different, Jamie. So...confident. I'm proud of you. Doesn't he look confident, James?

JAMES, SR.

I understand confidence is one of the most important skills a salesman can have.

Jamie looks at his father. He's managed to depreciate everything Jamie has accomplished.

OUTSIDE IN THE BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Jamie, Helen, and Josh pass a joint.

HELEN

He's proud of you -- he's just
fucking arrogant Doctor Dad.

JOSH

(his arm around Jamie)
I'm proud of you, too. You're my
big brother.

JAMIE

I have to make a call.

JOSH

Need any Viagra?

Helen laughs as Jamie hands her the joint and walks off into
the darkness.

MOMENTS LATER -- ELSEWHERE IN THE BACKYARD

Jamie waits with his cell phone to his ear.

MAGGIE

(a recorded message)
Hi...I'm screening my calls, so if I
don't pick up, it probably means I
don't want to talk to you.....'Bye.

He hangs up.

A PARK ADJACENT TO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY

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

FIRST BASE UMPIRE

Safe!

The annual REP GIRLS VS. DOCS KICKBALL GAME. The bases are
slip-and-slides where Umpires hose down long plastic strips.

Everyone's soaking. It's hard to imagine a more offensive
event. The stands are packed. Jamie is saying goodbye to a
few well-wishers. A figure comes up beside him. Trey.

TREY

Pfizer. Heard you're getting Chicago.
Congratulations.

JAMIE

Yeah -- rising to the level of my
incompetence...

TREY

Well, I'll be glad to get rid of you --
and I've never had to say that before.
Asshole.

JAMIE

Thanks.

They look at each other.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

How's she doing?

TREY

Same.

JAMIE

Take care of her.

TREY

Thought that was your job.

JAMIE

Not according to her.

TREY

She does have opinions... Sorry
about that.

Jamie watches the on-field antics for a moment.

JAMIE

Hillman....Do you ever think about
what we do for a living?

TREY

Some people sell shoes. We sell
drugs.

JAMIE

What about helping people?

TREY

I'm sure some of the stuff we sell
actually helps people. Some even
save lives.

JAMIE

And the rest?

TREY

Give the people what they want.

JAMIE

Like shampoo.

TREY

Hey, your company and mine do more medical research than the entire US government.

JAMIE

And then market only the drugs that make the most money.

TREY

You could've gone to med school but you didn't want to do the homework...

Jamie considers the truth of that.

Suddenly Trey is attacked by two young boys, his sons.

BOYS

Daddy....Hey, Daddy-o!

Behind them, a nice ordinary-looking MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, Trey's wife, comes to join them. She and Trey share a chaste kiss.

Jamie watches the happy domestic scene for a moment, then turns and walks away.

JAMIE'S APARTMENT IS EMPTY

Except for a pile of half-packed boxes in the middle of the living room. Closing a box, he runs out of tape.

INT. HARDWARE STORE

Jamie grabs a roll of gaffer's tape from a shelf.

IN AN ADJACENT AISLE

Maggie and Sandy are buying painting supplies. Sandy taps her shoulder -- points to where Jamie stands. She is shocked, torn, uncertain whether to go or stay. Sandy pulls at her, wanting them to walk away before Jamie sees them.

Too late. Equally shocked, Jamie approaches.

JAMIE

Hi.

MAGGIE

Hi.

A sad pause. Jamie looks at Sandy, who looks back defiantly.

JAMIE

....Do you mind?

SANDY

Yes.

MAGGIE

Sandy--

SANDY

Fine.

He walks off -- but only a little distance away.

JAMIE

I tried to call you.

MAGGIE

I'm seeing someone.

He knows she's lying. And she knows he knows.

JAMIE

How are you doing?

MAGGIE

I'm fine.

JAMIE

Are you really?

MAGGIE

You don't get to ask that.

JAMIE

That's so completely unfair--

They could get into it right now, and even the anger would feel good. But she can't let it happen.

MAGGIE

I've been thinking about you, Reidy. I haven't wanted to, but I did anyway... And I realized this wasn't about me being sick.

JAMIE

What does that mean?

MAGGIE

I mean my being sick certainly didn't help matters, but it was all going to go wrong whether I was sick or not, and I realized I knew it the whole time. From the first minute.

JAMIE

Is this where I hear what a shithead
I am?

MAGGIE

(smiles)
That goes without saying...
(he almost smiles
back)
Don't you understand, all that time
I was ragging on you about not being
able to sit still? That was because
I couldn't help feeling you always
wanted to be someplace else, someplace
other than where you were.

JAMIE

That wasn't true.

MAGGIE

And I could never figure out why...
I mean, I know men are afraid of
intimacy blah blah blah, but then I
realized it's not because you wanted
to be some-where else, it's because
you wanted to be some-one else --
other than who you are, I mean. And
now you are. So congratulations.
You should have a nice life.

She goes to join Sandy and they leave the store.

A FANCY RESTAURANT

Bruce and Jamie are finishing a celebratory dinner -- at
least Bruce is celebrating. Jamie is miserable.

BRUCE

And where to live, oh, man, I didn't
even think about that -- I've had
enough living on the South Side to--
(reaches for some of
Jamie's uneaten entree)
-- you don't mind if I take this --
to last me the rest of my life!

Jamie is silent, still reeling from what happened with Maggie.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

And you, Reidy-Man, Number 2 In
America Man, gonna live at home with
your parents like a nice little boy?

JAMIE

Can't wait.

BRUCE

I know you, an apartment on the lake,
a boat out on the Marina, Michigan
Avenue pussy, damn you!

(touches his chest)

Damn oysters give me heartburn, why
I EVER eat oysters I'll never know--

JAMIE

Because they make you believe you
could use your dick if you had one.

Bruce suddenly pushes back from the table, grabbing his chest.

BRUCE

Shit. SHIT. Oh, shit.

JAMIE

(jumping up)

BRUCE!

Bruce sits down on the floor, dazed, in terrible pain.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

CALL AN AMBULANCE -- NOW! CALL 911!

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

In a curtained cubicle of the ER, Bruce is in bed, conscious
but subdued and in pain. Jamie sits by this bedside.

JAMIE

How ya doing?

BRUCE

Not good. Might...throw up.

JAMIE

I'll be right back--

AT THE NURSE'S STATION

A NURSE is at her computer. Jamie approaches.

JAMIE

The patient in that cubicle is in
distress.

NURSE

A doctor will be here soon.

JAMIE

When?

Jamie looks around. No doctor. The ER is unnaturally quiet.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

He's having massive chest pain,
nausea, he's clearly having some
kind of ischemic attack--

NURSE

Are you his doctor?

JAMIE

I'M LOOKING FOR THE DAMNED DOCTOR!

Frustrated, Jamie races out of the ER.

IN A HALLWAY

He finds a male DOCTOR flirting with a FEMALE DRUG REP.

JAMIE

Excuse me -- Doctor?

The Doc holds up his finger, gesturing "...wait a minute."

FEMALE DRUG REP

--a 27% reduction in lower GI issues
in patients who use Levsin--

JAMIE

I'm sorry, but there's a--

DOCTOR

Hold on there, friend--

The Doctor nods for her to continue.

FEMALE DRUG REP

--and next time I buy you dinner--

JAMIE

EXCUSE ME -- there's a patient down
the hall who's in distress!

DOCTOR

I'm having a conversation here!

JAMIE

NO, YOU'RE DOING BUSINESS!

This gets their attention. The doctor focuses.

DOCTOR

Where is this person?

JAMIE

In the ER.

DOCTOR

Then where are the ER docs?

Shaking his head, the doctor heads off toward the ER. Jamie follows, only to find the female rep walking with him.

FEMALE DRUG REP

Listen, I'm only doing my job.

JAMIE

I know your job. I do your job.
100K a year. B-minus student. It's
a good gig, but you gotta let him do
HIS job.

FEMALE DRUG REP

I'm a good person.

JAMIE

Aren't we all?

She turns away in a huff, her heels clicking on the linoleum, the wheels of her rolling bag making an ignoble squeak.

DOCTOR

Thanks a lot. I haven't gotten laid
in two months.

THE HALLWAY -- MINUTES LATER

As a TEAM wheels Bruce on a gurney toward Cardiology. The Doctor is angry, raising his voice.

DOCTOR

--make sure there's an angio room,
did they call Robinson? And I want
to talk to whoever was supposed to
be on deck in ER tonight, damn it!

Jamie comes up beside him.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

He's definitely having an event, but
the coumedin and the nitro should
prevent any further damage.

JAMIE

Thank you so much. You might have
saved his life.

DOCTOR

Drugs saved his life. I just know
which ones and how much...

JAMIE

How long have you been a cardiologist?

DOCTOR

Cardiologist? I'm an orthopedic surgeon. Haven't seen a heart attack since my second year of med school.

OUTSIDE JAMIE'S APARTMENT -- DAWN

As Jamie drives up and stumbles out of his Boxster.

JAMIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A bare mattress, taped-up boxes. Jamie sits on the floor, exhausted. He lies back, stares at the ceiling. A moment of complete alienation -- even despair. He turns his head.

UNDER THE BED

Is the video camera. He reaches for it. There's a tape inside. He turns it to PLAY.

ON THE MONITOR

A few seconds of black, then Maggie comes into view, naked under the sheet, facing the camera.

MAGGIE

So... I'm about to have delicious reprobate sex with, what's your name? Oh, right. Jamie. Something. And we're taping it, so...he can always remember how totally hot I am. Was.
(a sudden thought)

Kids, if you're watching this, stop right now and put it back in Mommy's hiding place! Or you'll be sorry!

JAMIE (O.S.)

Very funny.... What else?

MAGGIE

Just.....how happy I am. Right now. This moment. The way the light hits that face of yours, the feel of this little breeze coming through the window, what my stomach feels like knowing what we're about to do...

A strange moment on the tape now, as she looks into the camera with a kind of serene glow, lit from within.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

And it doesn't matter if I have 10,000
more like this, or just this one....
Because...it's all the same.

(fights back tears)

Yeah. Just that. This moment, right
now. I have this. Today.

She shakes her head. The tears sliding down her cheeks are
those of simple happiness.

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

Suddenly, the screen goes black.

OUTSIDE JAMIE'S APARTMENT -- STILL DAWN

He races out, gets in the car and peels out.

THE MEGA-CHURCH -- DAY

As the Boxster squeals to a stop--

IN THE MEGA-CHURCH

Jamie finds Sandy.

SANDY

She's not here.

JAMIE

Where is she?

(Sandy doesn't answer)

Where the fuck is she?

SANDY

Halfway to Canada--

Jamie races out.

HIGHWAY 44 -- DAY

The Boxster speeds along, passing cars right and left.

AFTER SEVERAL CHANGES OF SCENERY

The BUS comes into view ahead. Jamie pulls up alongside,
HONKING MADLY. The pensioners point it out to Maggie. She
looks out the window and sees Jamie gesturing. She rolls
her eyes and looks away.

The Boxster stays alongside the bus.

A REST STOP -- LATER

The bus finally pulls off the highway. Jamie is at the door when it opens. He bounds up the steps. The OLD PEOPLE watch as he approaches Maggie, who is undone by his presence.

JAMIE
(out of breath)
....I need you.

MAGGIE
No you don't. You don't need anybody.

JAMIE
That's the point. That's why I need you. No, I'm saying this wrong--

MAGGIE
Yes you are--

JAMIE
Shut up, I drove a long way to say this--

MAGGIE
And I'm supposed to be impressed?

JAMIE
I don't know. Yes.

He looks around. Everyone is staring at him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Will you please get off the bus?

MAGGIE
No.
(off his look)
This is ridiculous. If you have something to say you can say it here.

JAMIE
Okay. You're right...I've always wanted to be different than what I was, because what I was...was so full of shit, so useless, worse than useless. Useless. Ashamed. And I've never known anyone, ever, where somehow what I actually was...was enough. So, yes, I do need you.

She looks at him, as if seeing him for the first time.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
And you need me.

MAGGIE

No, I don't.

JAMIE

Yeah. You do.

She looks him in the eye.

MAGGIE

No. I. Don't.

His eyes go to her shaking hand. She grabs it, as if to still the tremor by anger alone.

JAMIE

(absolute conviction)

Yeah, You do.

MAGGIE

Stop it! Stop saying that! I don't need anybody!

JAMIE

You need me. You need someone to take care of you.

MAGGIE

I don't! I don't!

She's trying not to cry.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Fuck. Fuck! Fuck!

An old hardness starts to melt.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

No one's going to take care of me.

JAMIE

I will.

Her lip trembles. She's fighting it.

MAGGIE

It isn't fair. I had places to go.

JAMIE

And you'll go there.

(then)

I just may have to carry you.

When she can finally look at him...

MAGGIE

Why?

JAMIE

Let's say somewhere in an alternate universe there's a couple just like us. But she's healthy. And he's successful. And their lives are about how much to spend on vacation or who's in a bad mood or whether they should feel guilty cause they have a cleaning lady. I don't want to be those people. I want us. You. This.

He reaches out his hand. Finally, she relents, and reaches out her trembling hand. As he leads her down the aisle of the bus, the rapt RETIREES burst into applause.

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

***I always thought when I was little,
that I would do great things...***

A HANDHELD VIDEO IMAGE

Of Jamie talking to whoever is holding the camera.

JAMIE

***...Make some famous scientific
discovery...***

INT. DR. KNIGHT'S EXAM ROOM

Dr. Knight listens to A Young Mother ramble on.

DR. KNIGHT

Sure. Why not?

JAMIE (V.O.)

Save lives...

INT. CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS

A HEADHUNTER shakes hands with "Lisa" -- welcoming her to her new job. The CAMERA PANS, revealing the logo, "ENRON".

JAMIE (V.O.)

Get really rich...

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Trey Hillman works his wiles on a new receptionist.

JAMIE (V.O.)
*But somehow things don't always turn
 out the way you imagine them...*

INT. JOSH AND FARRAH'S BEDROOM - CHICAGO - DAY

The kids race into the bedroom. Farrah and Josh emerge from the bed linens, disheveled. Josh's face is brightly flushed.

JOSH'S SON
 Why is Daddy's face all red?

JAMIE (V.O.)
*Sometimes the thing you most want...
 doesn't happen...*

BRUCE'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Bruce gratefully accepts the bag of potato chips that Jamie has sneaked into the hospital.

JAMIE (V.O.)
*And sometimes the thing you never
 expect to happen...does.*

INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY

Jamie is studying a science textbook. Nearby, Maggie listens to her walkman.

JAMIE (V.O.)
*Like going back to college and taking
 Organic Chemistry in order to apply
 to med school.*

He looks up and meets Maggie's eye. She smiles.

JAMIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*...Or finding the one person who
 gives your life meaning...*

ON VIDEO

Jamie reaches for the camera and turns it around -- revealing Maggie, who has been filming him. Her face is incandescent.

JAMIE (V.O.)
Nice work if you can get it.

FADE OUT.