

PATRICK

So then let me in, let me help you.  
Why can't you let anyone help you?

Jo has no good answer, not now, the pathology too deep.

JO

Look, my life's complicated, that's all.

PATRICK

And I have a mother on welfare, a brother who can't stay out of trouble, and college loans I'm still paying off. Guess what. Everyone's life is complicated.

Disappointed, he walks into the bathroom and shuts the door.

INT. BEDROOM - DR. RICHMOND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dr. Richmond lies in bed, enjoying watching Eve get dressed.

EVE

How is it exactly that you've convinced my father that you're the greatest mind since Freud?

DR. RICHMOND

Maybe I am.

EVE

(chuckles)

Well then what do you think he'd do if he ever found out how much money he's blown trying to "get me well."

DR. RICHMOND

Kill me, kill you, then kill himself.

\*

EVE

Sounds about right.

\*

\*

He smirks, watches her. Then, a la Humphrey Bogart --

\*

DR. RICHMOND

Of all the hospitals in all the towns in all the world, you walk into mine...

\*

EVE

Why are you talking like that?

DR. RICHMOND

...Casablanca?

EVE

That one of your old person things?

He throws a pillow at her.

\*

EVE (CONT'D)

I didn't know it was your hospital.

DR. RICHMOND

It's not. It's his.

This stops her a beat.

EVE

What, now you're gonna analyze me?

\*

\*

DR. RICHMOND

Well what was it? Couldn't stay away from me?

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\*

EVE

Yeah, I've just been pining away for you I couldn't take another day.

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\*

DR. RICHMOND

Seriously. Why here?

\*

Eve considers for a long moment. Sits down on the side of the bed.

\*

\*

EVE

I don't know...I guess I realized that if I can't fix things here, if I can't make it work here, then how, or when, am I ever gonna do it anywhere?

\*

\*

DR. RICHMOND

(impressed)

Maybe I really am one of the greatest minds.

EVE

Who said you had anything to do with it?

He smiles. Then, a more serious thought --

DR. RICHMOND

It's not gonna be like some movie ending, you know...where he wakes up tomorrow and accepts the error of his ways, or yours. This is Chief Richard Miller we're talking about, brilliant MD-slash-MBA.

\*

\*

(MORE)

DR. RICHMOND (CONT'D)  
 He's gonna put you through his  
 paces, and it won't stop. You reach  
 the bar, he'll just move it. You  
 really sure you're up for it?

\*  
 \*

Eve swallows hard...no, she's not sure. Off her terrified  
 look...the SOUND of a DOORBELL...

\*  
 \*

INT. BECCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A funky two-bedroom in the Soho of Philly. Becca opens the  
 door, where Eve stands with her suitcase and a box.

\*

BECCA  
 Finally! What took you so long?

She grabs Eve's stuff and throws it inside.

BECCA (CONT'D)  
 Come on, let's get a drink.

INT. NURSES STATION - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - NIGHT

The floor is quiet. Jo sits at the desk with her feet up,  
 staring down at the ADDRESS BOOK in her lap, deliberating.  
 Finally she sits up, dials a number from the book. Chews a  
 pen nervously while it rings before --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Hello?

JO  
 Uh yeah, hi, I was looking for  
 Kevin Rice?

There's a long pause.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Who's calling?

JO  
 Jo Moser, I'm a nurse at Philly  
 General and his mother's a patient  
 of mine. She's not doing very well  
 and I thought, well I just thought  
 he'd like to know.

\*

There's another long pause.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 I'll pass along the message.

\*

And just as quickly, the line goes dead.

INT. TRENDY BAR - NIGHT

Becca and Eve sip drinks at the bar. Eve looks burdened.