

INHUMAN FACES

A 1-hour Sci-Fi Drama TV Series

Pilot Episode: "Send in the Clones"

Written by

Tom Stohlgren

Writer:
Email: tjstohlgren@gmail.com
(970) 217-4498
Representation:
Eleni Larchanidou, LLM
Literary & Talent Manager
GREECE: +30-690-902-0698
(WhatsApp, Viber)
USA: +1-714-702-5507
email: managerelenilllm@gmail.com
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Episode 1: Send in the Clones

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Doctor (DOC) LUPE MARTINEZ (35), a young, cute, highly successful dermatologist in a white lab coat smiles as she examines a Young Blonde Woman's (25) face with a light-up magnifying scope (dermatoscope).

We SEE diplomas and certificates from the wall behind her, including a picture of her handsome husband, EUGENE (30), in a tuxedo.

She steals glances at the man's photo.

DOC

No scaring. Another perfect facelift. Tell my receptionist, to send in the next patient.

The Young Woman stands, smiles, and hands Doc a prescription pill bottle, and kisses her on the cheek.

Doc slips the pills in her pocket, and watches the Young Woman walk out with a sexy sway.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER "THREE MONTHS LATER"

Doc, wearing scrubs and a soiled lab coat, trudges through the empty waiting room, and flips the sign on the door from "Open" to "Closed." The phone rings on the receptionist's desk behind him.

She passes a cute Latina receptionist, MARIANA REYES (25), in a short colorful dress, who answers the phone in a tearful voice. Mariana always turns her face away from Doc, as if she is pathologically shy. She wears heavy makeup on her face.

DOC

Tell 'em I've gone home.

MARIANA

Dermatologist of the Stars, Doctor Martinez's office, where your skin becomes alive again. How may I help you?

She pauses and wipes tears from her eyes, as Doc stops at the open door to her office.

MARIANA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, the Doctor isn't
accepting new patients.

Mariana listens for a second then hangs up.

Doc enters her private office and slams the door. Mariana walks slowly to Doc's door, and KNOCKS.

DOC (O.S.)
You can go home. I'll be fine.

Mariana knocks again.

MARIANA
It's just me. Mariana? Can I speak
to you?

DOC (O.S.)
No use.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mariana opens the door, but stays outside and hides her face. Doc is removing diplomas and certificates from the wall behind her big desk. She stares at a photo of a handsome man with Botox cheeks.

MARIANA
You gonna be okay?

DOC
He took everything when my license
to practice was suspended: my home,
my car -- he even took my dog,
Botox.

Doc turns to her. Mariana turns away to hide her face.

DOC (CONT'D)
Not easy to lose a job at the
holidays.

MARIANA
I'll find something. I worry about
you. Your...

DOC
(interrupting)
Husband.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doc guides Mariana to the front door. Mariana hides her face as much as possible.

MARIANA

And the AMA and Derm Society, all
on the same day. I'm so sorry.

DOC

I had it coming. I'll be okay.
Three-month suspension. I'm sorry I
didn't get a chance to take a look
at that rash of yours.

Doc opens the front door, and Botox (a Husky-wolf mix) greets them both.

DOC (CONT'D)

Botox? How did you get here?

Doc and Mariana look out to see a suitcase, dog bowl, leash, and a bag of dog food. Doc falls to one knee, greeting Botox, while tearing up.

Mariana pulls the suitcase and dog supplies inside.

MARIANA

I'd best be going. I'll stop by
tomorrow, Doctor Martinez.

DOC

Thanks... Mariana.

Mariana sneaks out. Doc shuts and locks the door. She leads Botox back to her private office.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Doc sits at her desk and mopes.

DOC

What am I gonna do, Botox? What am
I gonna do?

Doc ambles over to a small refrigerator, opens the door, pulls out a bottle of water, and shuts the door.

She puts half the bottle of water in the dog's bowl, returns to her desk, and sits down.

She reaches under the seat of her chair, and rips off a pill bottle taped to the underside of the chair.

She stares at the bottle which reads, "Oxycodone."

DOC (CONT'D)

Haven't used in sixty-two days. How could such big problems come from such a small Persian poppy?

The phone RINGS at the Receptionist's Desk. It won't stop. Doc trudges to the phone and picks it up. Doc's angry husband, Eugene, waits impatiently.

DOC (CONT'D)

Dermatologist to the...

EUGENE (O.S.)

You aren't a doctor, pill-freak!
Where's my money?

DOC

I'll pay you when I can,
Sweetheart. Thanks for dropping off
Botox, but what's with the
suitcase? Thought we had an
agreement 'til I got a research
job.

EUGENE (O.S.)

When they canceled your credit
cards, they canceled my credit
cards. Nobody's gonna hire you.
You're like a leper in Hollywood.
You're out of the house. I sold
your cars, and I want my alimony!
You took the Hippocratic Oath to
help people. Look at you now!

Doc is puzzled and sad.

DOC

I'll find a job...

CLICK.

Doc trudges back to her office. She picks up the pill bottle.

Doc HEARS the front door being unlocked. She hurriedly returns the pills to their hiding place, before yelling.

DOC (CONT'D)

Who's there? I have a gun, and I'm
calling 9-1-1.

We see an African American janitor, HERB JACKSON (50), strolling into the reception area with Earbuds in his ears, oblivious to the Doc.

DOC (CONT'D)

I said, who's there? We don't carry any money, and our prescription drugs require two keys.

Herb makes his way down a hallway to a closet next to the restroom. Doc tip-toes out of her office holding scissors ready to strike.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Herb turns to see Doc and they both scream, as Herb knocks the scissors from Doc's hand.

HERB

It's me, Doc! Herb Jackson! You hired me to clean up.

Doc's hands are shaking.

DOC

I did?

HERB

Three months ago. Other fella quit.

Botox sniffs Herb's legs for an uncomfortably long time.

Doc reprimands her dog, as Herb pets him.

DOC

Some watchdog you are!

HERB

Who's this? And what are you doing here?

DOC

They shut me down temporarily. That's Botox, my only friend. Lawyer-husband took everything else. Bo was a cancer-smelling dog 'til he failed his last three tests. I adopted him and changed his name from Bo to Botox.

Herb nods like he knows the story.

HERB

Your license to practice was suspended.

DOC

You knew?

HERB

I was here when they raided the place. Midnight. Three months ago. Cops, drug-sniffing dogs, detectives, AMA, everybody.

DOC

Took my main computer, files, everything.

HERB

Pills. A shitload of pills.

Doc follows Herb to the waiting room, and they take a seat.

Botox goes to lie down in the corner.

DOC

I won't be able to pay you.

Doc looks away.

HERB

I know. That's okay.

Doc isn't listening.

HERB (CONT'D)

I have money, and nobody sees me.

DOC

Nobody sees you?

HERB

Funny, huh. It's the things you don't see that matter most. And nobody sees me.

Doc looks bewildered at what Herb is saying.

DOC

The things you don't see that matter most! Huh? That was the theme of my Ph.D. defense.

HERB

You're what?

DOC

Before med school, I got a Ph.D. in microbiology. Youngest ever. Nineteen. I studied microscopic mites that live on our faces.

HERB

Sounds like a horror movie.

DOC

They don't hurt us. Our skin provides them a home, is all.

HERB

What are you going to do now?

Doc ponders the horrifying question.

DOC

Don't know. Sleep here, I guess. Lease is paid a year in advance. Try to find work in a research lab. That's when I was happiest.

HERB

Not gonna practice medicine? Dermatology? Plastic surgery?

Doc is upset.

DOC

Maybe in three months. Impossible without a license!

Herb is upset. He whips out a smartphone and sends a text message to someone. The text reads, "Never mind. She won't do it." Doc sees the message before it's sent.

Herb jams in his Earbuds, and begins to stomp away.

HERB

Gotta clean the restroom.

Doc gets in Herb's face.

HERB (CONT'D)

What?

DOC

What did you mean, "Never mind. She won't do it" in your text message?

HERB

My people need you.

DOC
Your people?

HERB
The poor, homeless, vets. They
could never afford your services.

DOC
I could go to jail for practicing
without a license.

Herb turns on the vacuum.

HERB
You took some kind of oath to heal
the sick! My people need you now!
Tonight!

Doc paces then she pulls the plug on the vacuum.

DOC
One. I'll see one patient. As a
favor to you.

HERB
Good thing. She's waiting outside.

DOC
She is?

HERB
Her son has a skin condition she
needs you to look at.

Herb goes and unlocks the front door, and waves in the
mother, EVE WEATHERS (32), a smiling, poor woman in a long,
tattered coat; and her son, CASEY (12) a scrawny lad with
bright RED RASH on his face. They are both nervous and
embarrassed.

HERB (CONT'D)
Doc will see you now.

Doc shakes their hands and introduces herself warmly, while
staring at the boy's facial rash.

DOC
I'm Doctor Martinez. Everybody
calls me Doc, until today that is.

EVE
Thanks for seeing my son.

Casey is excited and obnoxious.

CASEY

I'm Casey, Doc. Do you know anything about ligors: a cross between a lion and a tiger?

DOC

I'm not that kind of doctor.

CASEY

They grow bigger than lions or tigers, they eat more, and one got to almost one-thousand pounds.

EVE

Now, Casey, don't bother the kind doctor.

DOC

I don't know much about ligors, but I do know my rashes! This is all off the record, but come in, and let me take a look at you.

Doc leads them to her examining room.

End of Teaser

ACT ONE

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Casey is hesitant to sit on the examining bench.

DOC

Not gonna hurt you, Casey. I'm just gonna look and see what we have.

EVE

Maybe we should go.

DOC

Please, let me have a look. It's probably nothing.

Doc grabs her light-up magnifying dermatoscope and examines the boy's rash.

DOC (CONT'D)

The skin is our largest organ, ya know. It guards our underlying muscles, bones, ligaments, and internal organs.

CASEY

Duh.

DOC

Really. It helps you stay warm when it's cold, and cool when it's hot. There are about nineteen million skin cells that cover your body.

CASEY

Duh.

EVE

Well, I didn't know that.

DOC

Is your son allergic to any foods?

EVE

None.

DOC

Taking and medications or using new soaps? Allergic to pets or dust?

EVE

No, no, and no.

DOC
Come in contact with noxious
plants? Poison oak? Nettles?

CASEY
I mostly stay inside and read about
science.

DOC
Kids tease you at school?

CASEY
Homeschooled.

Doc pauses.

DOC
How long have you had this rash?

Eve looks away.

EVE
One year.

DOC
And it's the first time...

EVE
No insurance.

Casey drops his head in shame.

DOC
It's probably rosacea. Common rash.
Mostly in people over thirty.

EVE
But he's only twelve. What caused
it?

DOC
Sun and wind exposure, stress,
spicy foods, sometimes hot baths.
Rare in kids Casey's age, but it's
not harmful. Relax, Casey.

CASEY
When will it go away?

DOC
Hard to say. I can give you a
moisturizing cream that might help
a little. Like for pimples.

Doc turns and goes to a cabinet. She hesitates to grab a jar of moisturizer.

DOC (CONT'D)

Can't tell anyone I gave this to you.

Eve grabs it from her hands, as Herb walks by the door and glances in. He makes eye contact with Doc, and smiles.

EVE

Anything that might help my son.

Casey jumps off the table.

CASEY

Can we go now, Ma?

EVE

Why don't you sit out in the waiting room for a moment, and let me talk to the doctor for a minute?

Casey leaves the examining with a smile as he sees Botox wagging his tail and waiting for him.

CASEY

Cool. A dog that looks like a wolf!

DOC

That's Botox. He's part wolf, so I'm not supposed to own him. Maybe you can keep him company, while I talk to your mom.

As Doc shuts the door, he sees Herb standing by, listening, watching everything.

Eve pulls out a small vile, with a small pile of flaky skin cells in the vile. She hands it to Doc.

DOC (CONT'D)

What's this?

EVE

It's getting worse. All year, and every night. His pillow is covered with flakes of skin.

DOC

We have about twenty layers of dead skin cells outside our new ones, made every day.

Doc looks worried.

DOC (CONT'D)
That's a lot of dead skin! On his
pillow? Every morning?

EVE
And his face gets worse at night.
Little better in the day. Not much.

Doc leaps out of the examining room, into the waiting room,
where he pulls Botox from Casey's arms.

DOC
I'd better put Botox in my office
for now.

HERB
What's going on?

Doc pockets the vile of skin cells, and weakly smiles.

DOC
I want to check a few things out,
with a powerful microscope. Just
for fun. Relax. Would you mind
waiting here for a few minutes?

Herb, Casey, and Eve quiver, as Doc returns to her office.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Inside the office, the Doc puts the skin cells under a
powerful microscope.

She's very puzzled. She looks again. And again.

She ambles out of the office with a perplexed look.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DOC
I'm going to be straight with you.

Eve holds Casey's hand, and Herb looks on curiously.

EVE
What is it, Doc? What did you see?

DOC
First, relax.

Herb and Eve sigh with relief.

DOC (CONT'D)

Dead flakes of skin and mites.
Dermodex mites. We all have them.
Microscopic, eight-legged creatures
that live on our faces. I did my
Ph.D. research on them, as I told
Herb earlier. That's what makes
your visit so strange.

Herb looks away.

EVE

Strange? In what way?

DOC

I was trained as a scientist first,
and a doctor second.

HERB

So?

DOC

So, I don't believe in
coincidences.

EVE

You saw mites?

DOC

The two species common to every
human face. We usually have two to
three mites per square inch of
skin. People with rosacea can have
twenty to thirty per square inch of
skin.

EVE

Why?

DOC

We don't know why. We don't know a
lot about them. We've shared them
with domesticated dogs for twenty-
thousand years. That's why I put
Botox in the office.

EVE

And they're more active at night?
The mites?

Doc is surprised.

DOC

They are more active at night. How did you know?

EVE

Casey's pillow in the morning.

CASEY

Why did Botox sniff me for so long?

Doc turns away. Eve turns angry.

EVE

My son asked you a question, Doctor.

Doc gets down on one knee to talk to Casey and Eve.

DOC

I don't know. Or more accurately, I can't be sure, but people with immune deficiencies often have higher counts of mites.

Herb is anxious and annoyed.

HERB

I have to use the restroom.

Herb secretly takes out his phone and races to the restroom.

EVE

An immune deficiency?

DOC

I told you, I don't know. I can tell you that the skin I examined under the microscope was loaded with mites.

EVE

How loaded?

Doc turns away, then back to Casey's rash.

Doc pulls Eve away and whispers to her.

DOC

Hundreds. More than usual. Never seen that many. Not sure why. I need more time to think about it. Maybe run some more tests.

Doc's hands shake. Casey and Eve see this.

Herb races out of the restroom.

HERB

What are you going to do, Doc? That
pimple cream isn't gonna do
bullshit!

The Doc glares at Herb.

DOC

You knew!

Herb looks away.

DOC (CONT'D)

You knew! There are no
coincidences. You knew this boy had
a problem. You arranged for him to
see me.

HERB

I... I...

DOC

You knew!

They HEAR a loud knock on the front door.

Herb goes to answer the door.

Doc is furious.

DOC (CONT'D)

Don't you dare open that door!

Herb ignores Doc and unlocks the door.

Doc races to prevent the person from entering, but a woman's
shapely leg is already in the doorway.

Mariana forces her way in with three pizza boxes hiding her
face, and a lunch bag (three bottles of a *Probiotic drink*).

MARIANA

I brought you dinner!

DOC

That wasn't necessary, Mariana.
Three pizzas? Wait! I have some
money in my desk.

Casey's eyes light up, as Doc races to her office.

CASEY
Cheese? Pepperoni?

MARIANA
(to Casey)
Both.
(whispers to Herb)
Does he know?

Herb shakes his head 'no,' as Doc returns with two twenty-dollar bills.

DOC
Here you go, Mariana. Thanks.
What's in the lunch bag?

MARIANA
Probiotics. Helps digest this lousy
pizza!

Mariana takes the money, laughs, and turns her face away.

MARIANA (CONT'D)
Thanks, Doc.

Casey, Eve, and Herb bust into the pizzas, eating like wild dogs. Casey, Herb, and Mariana each has a bottle of a Probiotic drink.

DOC
Herb called you?

MARIANA
Thought you might be hungry. I live
just two blocks from here, with the
pizza place in between.

Mariana sees them eating, and giggles.

MARIANA (CONT'D)
Good thing, huh. I ate, so I'll
take Botox for a walk and feed him,
while you grab a slice. Looks like
you'd better hurry.

Mariana leaps into Doc's office, and retrieves Botox on a leash.

DOC
Thanks, Mariana. How will I ever
repay you for your kindness?

Mariana sneaks out the door with Botox. She speaks without turning around.

MARIANA

I'll think of something.

She shuts the door.

Doc grabs a slice of pizza. She chews and thinks.

DOC

Herb, something still puzzles me.

Herb goes to grab another slice.

HERB

What is it, Doc?

DOC

How do you know Eve and Casey?

HERB

Same church.

Doc seems satisfied.

DOC

What church is that, Eve?

HERB

Evangelical. New one in town.

Doc ponders the answer.

DOC

And Mariana? From work here, when she worked late?

HERB

Yep. When she worked late doing billing, I'd come in and clean.

DOC

Yes, she's been wonderful. How long's she worked here?

HERB

Little more than three months. Like me. It's the people you don't see that matter.

Doc turns to Eve.

DOC

Right. Right. How long have you known Herb?

Eve begins to speak, but Herb interrupts her.

HERB
'Bout a year.

DOC
Huh?

Herb and Eve look away.

HERB
Something wrong?

DOC
I had some personal issues about
three months ago, and several
office staff quit.

HERB
Created openings for Mariana and
me, I guess.

EVE
Sure is good pizza!

CASEY
The best!

HERB
Damn good pizza.

Doc laughs and toasts her pizza.

DOC
Yes, it is. Here's to unemployment!

Herb pulls Doc into her private office.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Herb takes a huge wad of money from his pocket and counts out
four one-hundred-dollar bills, and drops them on the table.

HERB
More where that came from.

Doc's eyes open widely in shock.

DOC
Where'd you get that kind of money?

End Act One

ACT TWO

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Herb turns to leave.

HERB

Thanks for seeing my friends.

DOC

Can't take it. I can go to jail for practicing without a license.

HERB

I won't tell anyone if you don't.

Doc looks away. She sees her husband's photo.

HERB (CONT'D)

There's another four-hundred in it for you if you see Mariana.

DOC

I can't. You understand.

HERB

I understand.

Herb starts to walk out, but he turns.

HERB (CONT'D)

Does your husband understand?

Doc pauses. She takes the money and shoves it in her pocket, as they hear Mariana returning with Botox.

Herb goes out to meet them, blocking Doc's view of Mariana.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HERB

I'll take Botox. The doctor will see you now, Mariana.

Mariana smiles and bounds into the examination room. Doc greets her at the door. Doc speaks to her back.

DOC

Change into a gown if you wouldn't mind.

Mariana giggles, but doesn't turn around.

MARIANA

Been waiting for you to say that
for three months!

Doc is embarrassed. She looks away.

Herb eyes everyone around him like a general in command.

Doc slips into the Examination Room.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doc enters the room to see Mariana on the examining table
naked, and clinging to the hospital gown, but not wearing it.

DOC

Need more time to get dressed?

MARIANA

No.

DOC

We can't report that I'm seeing you
as a patient. Do you understand?

Mariana drops the gown, exposing her small but beautiful
breasts, except for a slight red rash on both breasts.

MARIANA

They're too small, aren't they?

Mariana looks away, and Doc avoids eye contact too.

DOC

No. No. They're perfectly shaped.
Have you had children?

MARIANA

No.

DOC

Are you on the pill or taking
hormones?

MARIANA

No.

DOC

Mind if I examine your rash?

MARIANA

No, but it's not why I'm here.

Doc grabs her light-up magnifying dermatoscope, and examines one breast.

DOC
May be nothing but a heat rash.

Doc examines the other breast.

MARIANA
It's not why I'm here!

DOC
How long have you had this rash?

MARIANA
I want a boob job.

DOC
I'm not a plastic surgeon.

MARIANA
Big ones, like a movie star. I could get any job I wanted if I had the surgery.

DOC
Your breasts are fine. How long have you had the rash?

MARIANA
A while. I don't know.

DOC
Change your diet lately?

MARIANA
No.

DOC
Have any pets?

MARIANA
A cat.

DOC
How long have you owned the cat?

MARIANA
A year.

Doc pauses. She looks at Mariana's face up close for the first time. She sees the thick makeup, a solid cake of foundation to match her brown skin tone.

DOC
You wear a lot of makeup.

MARIANA
I have acne. Pimples everywhere.

DOC
Why don't you wash it off and let
me have a look?

MARIANA
That's okay.

DOC
Please. Maybe I can help. We have
marvelous new cleansers, medicated
pads, and ointments.

MARIANA
No. I'm uncomfortable.

DOC
Come on! You showed me your
breasts. I need to see your skin.
I'm a dermatologist!

Mariana jumps off the table and begins to dress quickly, with
her back to Doc.

MARIANA
I'll be fine. I like my makeup. I
want to be beautiful. Is that so
hard to understand?

Doc is bewildered, as Mariana races out.

Herb steps in the examining room and shuts the door.

HERB
May I have a word with you, Doc?

DOC
Maybe you can tell me what's going
on around here!

Herb pulls out a giant wad of bills, and counts off four one-
hundred-dollar bills. She plops them on the examining table.

Doc stares at the money, but doesn't pick it up.

HERB
Take it! It's yours.

DOC
Eight hundred bucks in a half-hour.
My husband would love you. Still,
something bothers me.

Doc paces.

HERB
What?

DOC
Why here? Why now? Casey's rash,
the mites? Mariana's rash. Why
here? Why now?

Herb looks away and mumbles.

HERB
Coincidence.

DOC
I don't believe in them.

HERB
Maybe you should!

Doc stops and examines Herb's face.

DOC
Your face also shows Rosacea. Rare
in African Americans and people of
color, but it does happen!

Doc paces again.

HERB
Maybe it's an outbreak of something
at our church?

DOC
Mariana's Catholic.

HERB
Maybe it's something local?

Doc stops and stares at Herb.

DOC
And where does a janitor come up
with thousands of dollars in cash
to find out?

HERB
These people are friends of mine.

Doc shakes her head in disbelief.

DOC
Sure, Herb. Sure.

HERB
I know of nine more cases within a few blocks of here.

DOC
I'm done. Count me out. Call the Center for Disease Control and report an outbreak of rosacea, common heat rash. I'm taking Botox, and we're getting out of here.

HERB
You got nowhere to go.

Doc swings open the door and yells.

DOC
I'm leaving this place! That's for sure!

Eve, Casey, and Mariana huddle in their chairs, looking frightened, as Doc takes off her white lab coat, flings it in her office, pulls off her scrubs and tosses them, and puts a leash on Botox and stomps toward the front door.

The phone RINGS, as Doc passes Mariana's desk. She picks it up.

EUGENE (O.S.)
Where's my money!

Doc hangs up and storms out of the office.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Doc trudges in with Botox.

Casey jumps up to hug Doc, as Eve and Mariana smile.

Herb has his back turned in the corner of the waiting room. He is texting messages. He turns, unsurprised.

Doc stops, squats down, and speaks to Casey in a solemnly.

DOC
I've abandoned my principles, my husband and colleagues abandoned me, but I won't abandon you.

Casey tears up, and Eve looks Doc in the eyes.

EVE
Thank you, Doc.

DOC
I need to take some photos, and
test a new cream or two, Casey. You
gonna be okay with that?

Herb looks uneasy behind Doc, but doesn't say a word.

Doc leads Botox to her office and shuts the door. She steps
into the examination room, and emerges with a second tube of
lotion, and walks slowly over to Casey under the watchful
eyes of Herb.

DOC (CONT'D)
Have you applied any of the other
cream I gave you?

Casey glances at Herb before answering.

CASEY
No, Ma'am.

DOC
Good, and call me Doc.

CASEY
Not yet, Doc. Hey, Doc, know
anything about killer bees? Cross
between an Italian honey bee and an
African honey bee?

DOC
They're becoming a huge problem in
the southern United States. A
patient of mine came in a couple of
days after she got over four-
hundred stings. Bumps all over, but
she lived.

CASEY
That's a hybrid, too. Like the
ligor. The hybrid bee is much more
aggressive than either parent.

EVE
Casey, Doc has work to do.

DOC
Great. I know, let's do some
science together, shall we?

Casey smiles, but Herb looks suspicious.

CASEY

What do I gotta do?

DOC

We'll use the scientific method.
Let's take some before photos of
each cheek before we get started.

Casey turns his cheeks to Doc's camera.

CASEY

How's this?

DOC

Perfect. Now, we'll apply a small
amount of one cream on one cheek,
and a small amount of the other
cream on the other cheek, while we
make a guess, or a hypothesis, of
which cream will work the best.

CASEY

How are the creams different?

DOC

Good question. The one on your
right side contains moisturizer and
an anti-bacterial.

CASEY

And the left side?

DOC

Has only moisturizer, not an anti-
bacterial.

CASEY

Are bacteria good?

DOC

Most are good. We rely on bacteria!
We have ten times more bacteria in
us than human cells. They help keep
our skin, nose, and mouth clean,
and help us digest food.

Herb is typing notes into his smartphone.

CASEY

How long before the creams work?

DOC

Good news takes a while, but bad news travels fast. We'll learn soon if you have an allergic reaction, but the rosacea may heal slowly?

CASEY

Days?

DOC

Or weeks. Sometimes longer.

Casey looks disappointed.

CASEY

Science is slow.

EVE

Mustn't be overly optimistic, Dear.

Doc turns to Eve with a smile.

DOC

Hope is a powerful tool.

Casey hugs his Ma.

CASEY

Yeah, Ma! Hope is a powerful tool.

DOC

Mariana, would you like to participate in our little experiment?

Mariana glances at Herb who gives her the okay.

MARIANA

Sure, Doc.

Mariana starts to remove her top. Casey's, Eve's, and Doc's eyes open widely.

Doc shields Casey from Mariana's bare chest, as she guides her to the examination room.

DOC

In the examination room!

End Act Two

ACT THREE

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Doc guides Mariana out of the examination room under Herb's watchful eyes.

HERB

Not sure this will do any good.

DOC

I'll see what else I have on hand,
and I'll check with a colleague of
mine who is much more experienced
with rosacea.

Herb leaps over to get in Doc's face.

HERB

Let's keep it in-house. Don't want
you getting arrested for practicing
medicine without a license.

Doc nods in agreement.

DOC

You're right. I've got to be
careful.

Herb slowly walks away, while talking.

HERB

We find out what works on Casey and
Mariana, then you can sell me the
best medicine for the others.

Doc is alarmed by what she hears.

DOC

That's not the way it works, Herb.
Science, that is.

Herb turns, and is back in Doc's face.

HERB

It has to.

DOC

What works on one patient may not
work on another.

HERB

What?

DOC
We're each a little different.

HERB
What do you mean?

DOC
African-Americans, for example,
rarely get rosacea, but some do.
Get it?

HERB
Then what happens?

DOC
Sometimes their skin gets darker.
Rosacea can be harder to see.

MARIANA
And brown people, Doc?

Doc turns to Mariana.

DOC
They get rosacea, but it's often
less severe than on white people.

HERB
That isn't right.

DOC
Lucretius said, "What is food for
one man may be bitter poison to
others."

Herb pauses.

HERB
What do I tell the others?

DOC
What others do you keep talking
about?

HERB
Others, that's all!

DOC
And I suppose they all have rashes?

Herb turns.

HERB
Or indigestion. Or both.

Casey races to the bathroom. Doc watches him run off.

DOC

What's going on around here?

Herb has trouble answering.

HERB

Well, I... I... We...

DOC

What is it?

HERB

Might be something going around our church.

Doc sees Eve and Mariana look away. Casey comes back, and Mariana races to the bathroom.

DOC

Everyone at your church has digestion problems and rashes?

CASEY

Just twelve of us.

Herb turns, and pushes Casey down in his chair. Casey looks down.

DOC

Herb, that was uncalled for!

HERB

Member of my Congregation. I'll do as I please.

Doc gets in Herb's face.

DOC

No, you won't! That's child abuse!
And it won't be tolerated here or
anywhere! Got it?

Herb looks around for support, but gets none.

CASEY

Sorry, Mr. Jackson. Won't happen
again.

DOC

What won't happen again?

EVE
We don't discuss church business
with outsiders.

DOC
That what this is about? I'm an
outsider?

Herb looks away.

HERB
We relocated here as a group.

Mariana comes out of the bathroom holding her stomach.

MARIANA
Maybe it's the flu?

The Doc begins to pace.

DOC
Very puzzling. Rashes, the flu, but
not everyone. Herb, do you have a
rash or indigestion?

HERB
Indigestion.

DOC
Eve?

EVE
No. I mean, yes.

DOC
And Casey's rash began a year ago?
Doesn't sound like the flu.

EVE
It's probably nothing.

HERB
Doc, I'd like to pay you five-
hundred extra to find a cream that
works on Casey and Mariana.

Doc is suspicious.

DOC
Where do you keep coming up with
this money, Herb?

HERB
Charitable donations. Rich members
of my congregation.

DOC
While you moonlight as a janitor?

HERB
The Lord works in mysterious ways.

They all HEAR several loud KNOCKS on the door. It's Doc's
angry husband, Eugene. He yells.

EUGENE (O.S.)
I know you're in there! If you
don't hand me one-thousand dollars
right now, I'll tell the cops
you're selling drugs and you'll do
two years in jail starting tonight!

DOC
(whispers)
Shhhh! He'll go away.

Herb dashes around with a worried look. They whisper.

HERB
We need to hide!

DOC
There's no place to hide. It's a
doctor's office, not a mobster's
mansion with secret passageways.

MARIANA
We can't let him in. He'll call the
police!

DOC
He has a temper...

HERB
Police would be bad!

Eugene yells.

EUGENE (O.S.)
One grand! I'm calling now!

Herb pulls out his wad of cash, and counts out \$1000.

HERB
Pay the man.

DOC
I can't. He'll be back tomorrow for
more.

HERB
Pay him! No cops!

Doc sees that Herb's hands are shaking. Herb wobbles around, unstable. Eve, Mariana, and Casey hide behind the chairs in the waiting room.

DOC
Okay, okay.

Doc takes the money from Herb. Herb hides behind a chair.

Doc opens the door wide enough for his hand, and Eugene grabs the money out of Doc's hand.

Doc shuts and locks the door, as Casey falls back and has an epileptic seizure.

Eve panics standing next to her son.

EVE
What do I do? What do I do?

Doc races to Casey's side, as he convulses.

DOC
Stay calm. Looks like a seizure.

Doc bends down, and gently turns Casey on his side.

HERB
What's the matter with him?

MARIANA
Is he dying?

DOC
Seizure. Has he had them before.

EVE
No.

DOC
No?

EVE
Maybe in his room alone. I don't
know.

The seizure stops. Casey is exhausted and sleepy, but okay.

DOC

You're gonna be okay, Casey. Your
mom's here.

Eve bends down to comfort her son.

HERB

Why now? Was it the creams and
lotions for his face?

DOC

No.

HERB

How can you be sure?

DOC

The brain controls how the body
moves. It sends out tiny electrical
signals through the nerves to the
muscles. Seizures occur when the
electronic signals from the brain
are abnormal.

EVE

Can he have more?

DOC

It's possible. When was the last
time Casey had a medical exam?

Doc sees Eve glance quickly at Herb. Doc controls her temper,
as she stands to pace.

DOC (CONT'D)

Somebody better tell me what's
going on around here. Why does
everyone look at Herb before
answering a goddamn question?

Everyone is silent.

DOC (CONT'D)

And don't give me this same church
crap! Nobody started praying when
the seizure came.

Doc and Eve help Casey to a chair. Everybody sits.

DOC (CONT'D)

I'm waiting for answers.

Herb covers his face with his hands and speaks slowly.

HERB

We're like second-class citizens. We're a group with terrible skin ailments. Don't know why. But we can't get good jobs, or promotions when we get jobs, because L.A. is for pretty people.

Doc looks away, then at Mariana.

DOC

You feel your personal appearance defines you?

MARIANA

Doesn't it? Used to be just skin color! Whites got the jobs before browns, who go the jobs before blacks.

HERB

Now it's pretty people over ugly people, and God forbid you should be fat!

EVE

I just wanted my son to have the same chance as any other boy; to have friends; get a job, have a girlfriend someday, go to college.

Doc stands and paces. She stares at each of them, then at Herb. She speaks quietly.

DOC

There's something else here. There might be a hierarchy in society like you suggest. Prejudice comes in many forms. But there is a hierarchy in your group that I don't understand.

Silence.

HERB

Don't know what you're talking about.

DOC

Yes, you do, Herb. You're the leader. The one with all with the answers. The one with the cash. The head of some kind of congregation.

Doc races to Mariana's desk. She grabs yellow-sticky notes and pens from the desk. She hands paper and a pen to each person.

HERB

What's this for?

DOC

Without looking at Herb, or each other's answers, I want you each to write down the address of your church? What street is it on?

HERB

This is ridiculous.

DOC

Go on. Then write down the month and year you met each other.

Herb tosses down the paper and pen. Doc goes to check the others' answers, and all the notes are blanks.

DOC (CONT'D)

Are you legal U.S. citizens?

Everyone's head drops.

DOC (CONT'D)

I thought so.

MARIANA

You can't turn us in.

EVE

Herb is trying to protect us.

Doc seems satisfied with the answers, and goes to comfort Casey in a calming voice.

DOC

Casey, you had a seizure. Probably brought on by stress. Hasn't been an easy evening. Nothing big, but I'll want to monitor your vital signs while you're here. And I suggest you get a full checkup as soon as possible. Okay?

Casey nods his head 'yes.' Eve hugs Doc.

EVE

Thanks, Doc.

DOC

Come on, Casey. Let's check your blood pressure, temperature, and pulse.

Herb watches suspiciously as Doc leads Casey to the examining room.

Herb glares at Mariana and Eve.

LATER

Casey reenters the waiting room with a weak smile. Doc follows him partway.

DOC (CONT'D)

Perfectly normal. I'll be in my office on my computer doing a little reading on rashes.

(smiles)

Gotta keep up with the latest medical findings. Back in a few minutes.

Doc enters her office.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Doc shuts the door, and sits at her desk with a laptop computer.

She searches for "rosacea and seizures." She reads for a few seconds, until she SEES the vile of dead skin cells. Doc hears Eve's voice in her head.

EVE (V.O.)

It's getting worse. All year, and every night.

Doc stares at the vile.

She prepares another slide to examine under her powerful microscope.

Doc stares into the microscope. She looks away, worried. She looks back into the lens.

Doc moves back to her laptop computer and pulls up "scary" PHOTOS OF THE DEMODEX MITES.

We SEE close-ups of the mites.

DOC
Eight legs. Yep. Two species. But I
can't believe the number of them
I'm seeing...astronomical!

There is a loud KNOCK on Doc's office door.

HERB (O.S.)
May I come in, Doc?

DOC
Just a minute.

Doc shuts off the light on the microscope, and closes her
laptop.

DOC (CONT'D)
Come in.

Doc is reading a medical journal when Herb enters and sits.

HERB
Is he going to be okay?

DOC
I think so. A full check-up and
some blood work would help.

HERB
No medical insurance.

DOC
There's always the emergency room
at the hospital, but don't tell 'em
I sent you.

HERB
The seizure? Think it's related to
the rash?

DOC
I doubt it. Very slight chance.
Sometimes seen in women with
thyroid disease. Casey is neither.

HERB
Eve's worried. Says the rash is
getting worse.

DOC
Lots of teens have acne.

Herb stands.

HERB

This isn't acne, Doc. I think you know that.

DOC

The money, Herb. Where did you get all that money, and why are you doing this?

HERB

Told you. Personal savings. All my life. Helping my people, that's all.

Doc isn't convinced.

DOC

Uh-huh. First, they're contributions. Now, they're savings.

Herb sees the slide under the microscope.

HERB

Can I have a look?

DOC

Why don't you leave the doctoring to me?

Mariana calls out from the waiting room.

MARIANA (O.S.)

Doc, come quick!

End of Act Three

ACT FOUR

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Herb and the Doc race out to see Casey's rash is redder and larger on the right side of his cheek. The left side looks a little better.

Doc examines the two sides of Casey's face.

DOC

Redder on the right side, where we applied the moisturizer containing the anti-bacterial.

(beat)

Better on the left. Fascinating.

CASEY

Why?

DOC

I hypothesized that the anti-bacterial cleanser would have had a positive effect. I thought the rash would decrease there, compared to the moisturizer-only side.

MARIANA

He looks worse.

DOC

Skin issues are often worse at night.

MARIANA

Why?

DOC

Facial mites and skin micro-organisms are more active at night. I mentioned that before.

EVE

But what does it mean, Doc?

DOC

The moisturizer cream helped a little, but neither is working as well as I'd like. I don't mind telling you, I'm puzzled by the anti-bacterial results.

HERB

I'd like to get a dozen or so samples of the cream that worked right now, if you don't mind. Personal use.

DOC

Sure. I guess so. They're free samples.

Doc wanders to the Examining Room and returns with twelve small sample tubes of facial moisturizer cream.

Herb takes them and puts them in his pocket.

DOC (CONT'D)

(mumbles)

Wonder if the same result is true for Mariana?

Mariana starts to take off her top.

DOC (CONT'D)

In the examining room, this time.

Mariana puts down her top. Casey sighs.

Doc leads Mariana to the Examining Room.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mariana sits topless on the table, sticking her breasts out and wiggling seductively. Doc puts on plastic gloves and her light-up magnifying dermatoscope to examine Mariana's breasts. Her right breast is noticeably redder.

MARIANA

You see, if they were bigger, people wouldn't judge me on my brown skin.

DOC

Your breasts are fine. The problem is with others, not you.

MARIANA

How's my little rash?

DOC

Is it always redder at night?

MARIANA

I suppose so. Like you said.

DOC

Hmmm.

MARIANA

What?

DOC

Would you mind if I scraped a little skin sample? We don't have to tell anyone.

MARIANA

You mean, Herb?

DOC

Exactly. Our secret.

Mariana is hesitant.

MARIANA

I guess so? Will it hurt?

Doc smiles, seductively.

DOC

I'll be gentle.

Mariana smiles back.

MARIANA

Okay. Our secret.

Doc takes a scalpel and two small glass slides from a drawer in the examining room.

She scrapes a tiny amount of skin from each of Mariana's breasts.

DOC

Must be our secret. I could go straight to jail for any procedures.

Mariana flirts with Doc.

MARIANA

Your secret is safe with me. Maybe sealed with a kiss?

DOC

Totally inappropriate.

MARIANA

You're not a doctor anymore.

Doc puts the two glass slides and the scalpel on the counter.

She looks away, then back. She sets down her magnifying dermatoscope, and hugs her.

DOC

Learn to feel good about yourself.

Mariana reaches behind Doc, grabs her butt, and pulls her closer. Mariana moans in happiness.

Doc's eyes open widely, and she pulls away.

DOC (CONT'D)

Totally inappropriate! That's got to be our secret, too.

Mariana smiles as she puts on her top.

MARIANA

Whatever you say, Lupe.

She bounds out of the Examining Room with a smile on her face, as Doc yells to her.

DOC

It's Doc or Doctor.

Doc slips the two slides into her left and right lab coat pockets.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mariana is giggling when Doc enters. Herb, Eve, and Casey notice the change in Mariana's behavior.

DOC

(clearing her throat)

Everything checked out fine. The rashes are a bit more active at night, is all. Nothing to worry about.

HERB

Nothing?

DOC

I have a bit more reading to catch up on if I'll be applying for research jobs soon, so, if you'll excuse me.

Doc turns toward her office.

EVE
I could make us coffee or tea?

DOC
I'd love some coffee.

MARIANA
I'll get it.

Eve and Mariana race to the tea and coffee table in the corner of the waiting room, competing for the task.

Herb and Casey look on as Doc disappears into her office, and Eve and Mariana battle each other to make coffee.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Doc locks the door, and quickly examines the two slides from Mariana.

She looks at one then the other. She repeats the process.

Doc doesn't believe her eyes. She grabs her head, stands, and paces around the room. Doc mumbles.

DOC
Patient history? Co-habitation?
Chance?
(beat)
Others? Epidemic?

Doc hops to her laptop computer. She begins to type furiously.

Doc hears and sees the doorknob turn.

Herb bursts in the door, breaking the lock.

DOC (CONT'D)
What's the meaning of this?

Herb grabs Doc's laptop, rips out the landline phone cord, puts out a hand, and glares at Doc.

HERB
Cellphone, now!

Doc stands defiantly.

DOC
I want you all out of here right now!

Mariana, Eve, and Casey are at the door looking in. They look helpless and powerless.

HERB
Afraid we can't do that.

DOC
I said now! You're trespassing! I will call the police.

HERB
Is that a threat?

Doc marches out of the office. The others follow.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doc unlocks the front door.

DOC
I'm sorry.

HERB
I paid out \$800 to you, and \$1000 to your husband. After I get our money back, we'll go.

DOC
That's impossible. My husband...

HERB
That's your problem.

DOC
But...

HERB
And practicing without a license?

DOC
You said...

HERB
We want answers.

Doc shuts and locks the door.

DOC
Why did you tear out my phone line?

HERB
To make a point.

MARIANA

I'm sorry, Doc.

EVE

We need you. Casey needs you.

DOC

I need my laptop to do my research.

Herb hands it over.

HERB

Fine.

DOC

I need my mobile phone for emergencies.

HERB

Nope. And all doors stay open. It's all going to be transparent from here on out.

DOC

From here on out?

HERB

We leave right before dawn.

DOC

Promise?

HERB

Promise.

Doc trudges back to her office in defeat.

DOC

I don't know what to do!

EVE

Do you have different medicines to try on Casey and Mariana?

DOC

Maybe. I'll have to check.

(beat)

And test them. Casey, will you be a brave little soldier and let me shave a few skin cells from your face?

Casey looks nervous.

MARIANA
It doesn't hurt.

Herb gets right in Mariana's face. He's angry.

HERB
Did she touch you?

MARIANA
No?

HERB
She'd better not have touched you!

Herb spins and yells at Doc.

HERB (CONT'D)
Did you touch her?

DOC
Don't be ridiculous.

HERB
I asked you a question.

DOC
No.

Doc and Mariana glance at each other without Herb seeing, but Eve sees the glances.

HERB
Better not! And no skin samples
from Casey! Got it?

DOC
How am I supposed to do my work?

CASEY
It's okay, Herb. I don't mind.

Herb races up to Casey, and pushes him to the ground.

DOC
Hey, hey.

HERB
I said no!

Eve turns away. Mariana turns away. Casey turns away. Doc turns around and throws her arms up.

DOC
Don't know how to proceed without
research!

HERB
Figure it out.

DOC
I could use that coffee.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Doc is staring at an article on the computer, when Eve comes in carrying a cup of coffee. Doc looks up.

DOC
Thanks, Eve. How is Casey doing?

Herb leans toward the door to listen in on their conversation. Casey and Mariana do the same. Doc sees Casey get up to use the restroom.

As Eve sets the coffee down, she secretly places a small folded note down beside it.

EVE
He's doing much better. I think
you've given him hope. You've given
us hope.

Doc sees the note, and palms it. Herb looks through the open door, but sees nothing suspicious then backs away.

Doc smiles briefly at Eve, then looks back at her laptop. Mariana peeks into Doc's office satisfied then backs away.

Doc reads Eve's note behind the laptop. It reads, "I adopted Casey one year ago. I love Casey, but I'm not with them! Only trust me."

Doc speaks calmly to Eve as she secretly motions for Eve to lean closer so she can scrape Eve's with a scalpel onto a microscope slide.

DOC
Casey's going to be alright. Trust
me. I'll take good care of him.

Eve exits as Doc looks up with a worried look, leaps to the door, slams it shut. We hear the loud lock of the door.

End of Act Four

TAG

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Doc nervously stares into her powerful microscope switching between slides marked "Casey," "Eve," and "Mariana."

Herb knocks lightly on the office door.

HERB (O.C.)

No need to lock your door, Doc.

DOC

I need time, peace, and quiet to do my research, Mr. Jackson.

HERB (O.C.)

Call me Herb.

DOC

Herb.

Silence.

HERB (O.C.)

I'm afraid I must insist that you keep the door open to maintain Casey's trust in you.

Doc stands and steps to the door.

She pauses.

She unlocks the door and peeks into the waiting room.

Herb steps aside to show Casey and Eve huddling together in adjacent chairs. Their eyes look compassionately toward Doc.

Mariana sits across from them reading a fashion magazine.

Doc steps into the waiting room, but Botox remains behind, protecting the office.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doc begins to stroll over to Casey and Eve to console them.

Mariana pops out of her seat and stands between Doc and Casey.

MARIANA

Doc, you offered to take a few measurements and photographs, and use your fancy software to show me what I'd look like with breast enhancement.

Doc tries to sidestep Mariana, but she forcibly stops Doc with her powerful arms.

DOC

I have access to the software, but I'm not that kind of doctor. I'm a bit busy with the rashes...

HERB

Now!

Doc is stunned by Herb's insistence.

DOC

What?

HERB

If she wants to see what she looks like with big tits, do it now!

Mariana turns to smile at Herb.

MARIANA

Please, please, please. You promised!

Herb stands and uses his most forceful tone.

HERB

Now!

DOC

Will I be allowed to shut the door?

HERB

Yes, of course. We're not twisted!

No one, but Doc sees Eve roll her eyes.

Behind Eve, we SEE a small lens like the other spy-wear.

MARIANA

Just a little bigger. I promise.

DOC
I'm quite busy, but I'll quickly
demonstrate the software if you all
let me get back to my research!

Doc leaps around Mariana to Casey and squats to whisper to Casey and Eve.

DOC (CONT'D)
I'm working on your case. You'll be
all right.

Doc pats them each on the hand and they sigh in relief as Herb glares at them.

Doc reluctantly guides Mariana to the Examining Room.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mariana quickly disrobes, as Doc shuts the door and picks up her iPad on the counter.

DOC
I don't suppose I can dissuade you?

MARIANA
Lupe? Really? After all we've been
through?

DOC
It's Doc or Doctor. I'm just
saying...

MARIANA
I'm curious. That's all. I know you
have that fancy software that lets
you see the future.

DOC
Possible scenarios.

MARIANA
My future.

Mariana looks away, not listening.

DOC
It's expensive, and sometimes
dangerous.

Mariana turns back as Doc takes a photo of Mariana from the waist up.

MARIANA
Maybe, our future.

DOC
Get dressed, please.

Doc presses a few buttons on her iPad, as Mariana leans in to look at the software. Mariana has not buttoned her shirt.

The first image on the iPad causes anger in Mariana.

MARIANA
I said bigger!

Doc snarls but presses a few more buttons on the iPad.

The next image displeases Mariana more.

DOC
I don't have time for this right now! I've got important matters...

MARIANA
(interrupts)
I said bigger!

Doc angrily presses a few more buttons and finally Mariana smiles as she rips the iPad from Doc's hands.

DOC
Now, if you'll excuse me. I have lives to save.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doc storms out of the examination room and marches straight to her office with Herb watching her every step.

Casey and Eve look on with worried faces.

Doc storms into her office and slams the door.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Doc very slowly and quietly locks the office door.

She motions to Botox to lay down and be quiet.

Doc reexamines the three slides under the microscope, pausing and counting to herself for each one.

Doc takes notes on a small pad next to the computer.

She writes, "Casey = 200-300, Mariana = 400-500, Eve = 5

Doc scrolls through several medical reports on facial mites, getting more anxious and upset with every report.

Her next note reads: "Nothing like this reported -- EVER!"

Doc stands and paces. Her hands shake with the jitters.

Moments later, she scribbles a second note under the first that reads, "Must notify CDC."

Doc hears footsteps SHUFFLING outside her door.

She tiptoes to the locked door and listens to the shuffling with her ear to the door.

The shuffling stops.

Doc leaps to her notes and tears them up into tiny pieces.

She quickly tapes the three microscope slides under her desk drawer.

She pressed "shut down" button on her computer just as Herb bursts through her locked door looking like a madman.

HERB

I told you not to lock the door!

Botox stands and growls at Herb like a rabid dog.

Doc picks up a scalpel like a weapon.

DOC

Who are you, Herb Jackson?

Doc and Herb glare at each other.

Doc looks behind Herb into the waiting room.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see Casey laying in the corner of the room using Eve's coat as a pillow.

We turn to look into the open door of the examination room to see Mariana clutching the iPad to her breasts, fast asleep on the examination bench.

Mariana and Casey appear sleeping or unconscious, but they aren't reacting to the yelling in Doc's office.

DOC (O.C.)
And, where's Eve?

We look around the waiting room and don't see Eve.

At the base of the "Cleaning Supplies" closet, we see a tiny trickle of blood under the door.

END OF PILOT

FADE OUT.