

MAXIMUM BEAUTY

Written by
Brian Michaels

WGA#2024882
Brianmich@verizon.net

INT. LA COUNTY HOSPITAL - BOARD ROOM - DAY

BOBBIE CRONIN MD, 30s, plain looks, zero makeup, scrubs, gives her best pitch to The Regents, old and stuffy.

BOBBIE

If we were chefs in a five star kitchen. Like maybe in Paris, or Madrid. What ingredients would we blend to create a great surgeon?

EXT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Paramedics scramble into a life-flight helo taking flight.

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobbie continues her pitch to the Regents.

BOBBIE

Ethics, honesty, confidentiality. But more importantly, an abundance of humility and humbleness that allows one to do the right thing. To do the safe thing. We'd grab that bottle of altruism and we'd pour and we'd pour in so much that our bowl would overflow. It would overflow with a commitment to serve this institution and the needs of the community that it provides for.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS

The helo's flightpath reveals the dichotomy of the city with yoga classes at Griffith Park, homeless tenting under the 101, Ferraris on Sunset, and food trucks on Western.

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobbie continues her pitch to the Regents.

BOBBIE

Toss in self-regulation. A will to maintain and improve practice standards. Swirl in artistry with a dollop of science and we've just cooked up a Michelin star deserving meal that defines us as surgeons.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The helo lands. A car sits with a caved in hood. REPORTER listens in as detectives point to a third story window.

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobbie silences her RINGING iPhone, continuing her pitch.

BOBBIE

I have strived my entire life to embody what it takes to become a great surgeon. And if I've earned the confidence of this board and it chooses me as this hospital's next chief of surgery, I swear to honor these qualities and any that might empower me to lead my peers to the highest degree--

Bobbie's iPhone RINGS. The Regents check each other.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Paramedics ambu-bag-mask a child on a stretcher, rapidly lifting the child into the helo. The helo takes flight.

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobbie brandishes her iPhone to the Regents.

BOBBIE

And just like that, duty calls...

Bobbie heads for the door. The Regents follow her out.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS

The helo cuts across the city's skyline.

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Staff respectably clear the way from Bobbie's route.

EXT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Paramedics transfer the child from the helo to a gurney. They rush the child across the rooftop and into an elevator.

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sterile grey room. Anesthesiologist preps his cart, loading syringes with meds. Scrub Tech opens surgical packs onto a table. ERICA, Black, RN, seen it all, orchestrates the team.

ERICA

Head-neck pack. Facial plates.
Check the par on those drill-bits.
We got Doctor Cronin scrubbing..!

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - SCRUB SINK - CONTINUOUS

Bobbie methodically scrubs her hands.

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Regents gather on an observation platform. OR doors burst open. Paramedics transfer the child onto the operating table.

Scrub Tech gowns Bobbie. Anesthesiologist intubates. Erica scrubs the child's broken face with povidone. Scrub drapes. Bobbie bellies up to the OR table. All freeze in attention.

ERICA

Timeout, people!

BOBBIE

*Manuel Enriquez. Four years old.
Blunt force facial fractures.
Father threw him from a three story
window to the roof of a Ford...*

ERICA

Came in with a blood alcohol of
2.8. Police found Manuel's baby
bottle filled with beer. They put
an APB out on his daddy's ass...

Bobbie scans the room, checking the dedication of her staff.

BOBBIE

Concerns? No one leaves this OR
until Manuel's beautiful again.

ERICA

Agreed. Time in, Seven O-one!

Scrub Tech SLAPS a syringe into Bobbie's gloved hand. She injects local into Manuel's face. Then it's game on as Bobbie drills and screws Manuel's face back together.

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES - STRIP MALL - CONTINUOUS

A "Surgery Center" sits next to a Subway sandwich shop.

INT. STRIP MALL - SURGERY CENTER - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

70's furniture. An aging television plays a tape of Reporter interviewing WOLFGANG ANDERSON MD, 30s, brutally handsome.

REPORTER

Fatigue, brain fog, pain. For women with breast implants, these could be signs of BII. "Breast implant illness." We have Wolfgang Anderson. Board certified plastic surgeon. Here to tell us how he cures BII.

WOLFGANG

By removing not only the implants, but also the surrounding scar capsule. Often, it's the capsule that's the root of complications. And I am *the only* US surgeon specializing in BII at this time.

REPORTER

Sounds very impressive, doctor.

WOLFGANG

What's impressive is my social media campaign. But of course, patient satisfaction is listed as my priority number one. Bar none.

REPORTER

But of course...

INT. MALL - SURGERY CENTER - OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peeling wallpaper. 1970's outdated surgical equipment. An aging anesthesiologist stands frozen, his conscience weighing the syringe of propofol in his hand. RUSSIAN BRIDE, 30s, SOBS on the OR table. Wolfgang gets nose to nose with her.

WOLFGANG

You want the devils out, don't you?

RUSSIAN BRIDE

I'm afraid that my husband won't love me anymore. I'll be so flat chested...

WOLFGANG

Remember back when you were a sweet sixteen? They were smaller. But like succulent ripened peaches. I can make them even sweeter.

RUSSIAN BRIDE

Do you truly think so?

WOLFGANG

I've worked my life. My career. Just to have finally earned the privilege to perform *your* surgery.

RUSSIAN BRIDE

My angel. Thank God for you.

Wolfgang signals. Anesthesiologist pushes his propofol. Russian Bride drifts to sleep. Wolfgang's affect turns.

WOLFGANG

I could make them sweeter, but your cheap-ass husband refused to pay the extra ten grand for the breast lift. So now, you get deflated balloon tits. *My angel...*

Wolfgang drops Russian Bride's limp body onto the table.

WOLFGANG (CONT'D)

Scrub her down! I've got three more of these train wrecks to follow.

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - LATER

Erica strips the surgical drapes. Bobbie places a protective mask onto Manuel's face. She gives a nod to the Regents. She checks the clock and her face cringes. It's "6 o'clock."

ERICA

It's happy hour somewhere.

BOBBIE

Yeah. At Franks...

INT. COUNTY USC - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bobbie bursts into the hall. Reporter lifts his microphone.

REPORTER

Can you speak to our audience about the status of your patient?

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

The child suffered an awful fall at the hands of his father.

BOBBIE

Rest assured, our little guy's just received the absolute best care that modern surgical techniques can offer. I expect a full recovery.

Bobbie rushes off. Reporter turns to the camera.

REPORTER

And that was doctor Bobbie Cronin. Here, at County USC--

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - FRANK'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

FRANK, 40s, chef coat, paces impatiently. Bobbie rushes up in a pant suit and flats, no makeup. A pissed Frank kicks air.

FRANK

You know what this means to me!

BOBBIE

I could have worn scrubs.

FRANK

With some heels? Great! And where in the hell is your makeup?

BOBBIE

Makeup objectifies women--

FRANK

Leading to an increased potential for dysmorphic syndrome among teens. Fucking barefaced movement. It's not even makeup free Monday!

BOBBIE

Give me a break, okay, Frank? I had to work late. It was a PEDS case.

FRANK

My investors don't give a shit about who you saved today. All they want is to taste the new menu.

BOBBIE

So let them taste...

Bobbie goes in for a kiss. Frank turns and heads inside.

INT. BOBBIE'S WESTSIDE HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Bobbie massages a sulking Frank, sipping brandy in his chair.

BOBBIE

Why don't you just open some small breakfast place without all these pressures? Then we could start a family, like how we said we wanted.

FRANK

You want to talk about this now? With the grand opening tomorrow?!

BOBBIE

We'd have the time to work on us.

FRANK

Right now I just need more money!

BOBBIE

You'll find new investors.

FRANK

It wouldn't hurt if you dressed the part for once. It's Beverly Hills!

BOBBIE

So now I'm the problem..?

Bobbie tromps upstairs. Frank gulps down his brandy.

INT. BOBBIE'S HOME - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bobbie looks herself over in the mirror. She attempts to fix her hair. Building little confidence, she heads to bed alone.

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - SCRUB SINK - THE NEXT DAY

Bobbie scrubs her hands. Erica adjusts Bobbie's mask.

BOBBIE

Boobs and butts today?

ERICA

Oh, we going Beverly Hills, *chief*? According to the hospital's latest Twitter poll, it's yours to lose.

BOBBIE

(sarcastic)
Then it must be true...

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Regents watch from the observation platform. The OR team preps their stations as Bobbie bellies up. Russian Bride lays on the table, intubated, breasts covered by towels.

ERICA

Let's go, people. *Timeout!*

BOBBIE

Forty year old female. Self inflicted breast wounds. Post plastic surgery.

Bobbie exposes the breasts. Aghast, she drops the towel.

ERICA

My Lord. There's nothing left. She removed everything.

BOBBIE

(gathering herself)
Free flaps. We're going full thickness skin grafts. Prep the donor sites. Abdomen. Thighs too.

The team pulls the drapes. Erica rolls up a prep table, pouring povidone onto sponges. She sings to the staff.

ERICA

O-six-ten. We're going late again.

LATER - Bobbie breaks scrub. Erica dresses the breasts.

BOBBIE

Timeout, fifteen O two. Good job, all. Areola fixation in fourteen days. As long as the flaps hold.

The Regents nod approval. Anesthesia extubates. Russian Bride COUGHS. Pills TING across the floor. Bobbie inspects a pill.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

Acetaminophen. She's suicidal. Call hepatology. NG lavage, stat!

Erica runs for the phone. Bobbie performs a jaw thrust. Anesthesiologist thrusts a NG tube down Russian's throat. Bobbie checks the Regents. They head out, unconcerned.

INT. LA COUNTY USC - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Russian Bride's on a vent. Bobbie and Erica stand helplessly.

BOBBIE

Her liver's already shutting down.

ERICA

A mother of three takes her life
just because her boobies look bad?

BOBBIE

Has the primary surgeon been
notified?

ERICA

It's some infomercial doc. A
Wolfgang Anderson. The asshole's
refusing to return our calls. And
where's her husband during this?

Bobbie runs for the door.

INT. BOBBIE'S HOME - BED ROOM - LATER

Bobbie runs in. She frantically digs inside her closet,
pulling out a mini skirt. She reaches under her bed, pulling
out a shoe box. She lifts a pair of high heels from the box.

INT. FRANK'S RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - LATER

Frank's checking the room's drab mood from the kitchen door.
Bobbie, awkward in makeup, mini skirt and heels, steps up to
the hostess MONA, 20s, buxom. Frank runs over.

MONA

Reservation, ma'am--?

FRANK

We broke that table an hour ago.

Bobbie spins for a compliment. Frank drags her to the bar.

BOBBIE

Really? This screams your style.
And when did you hire Miss
Pennzoil? Is she going to be
handing out trophies later?

FRANK

Mona came recommended. And on time.

BOBBIE

I had a hard one today.

FRANK
And when don't you?

Frank heads to the kitchen. Bobbie bellies up. MAXIMILIAN BELLUE MD 70s, grey haired fox, ascot, no filter, looks Bobbie over. Bartender pours Bobbie a glass of ice water.

MAXIMILIAN
 Daddy issues, or down on your luck?

BOBBIE
Excuse me?

MAXIMILIAN
 Daddy issues? Or down on your luck?

BOBBIE
 I'll have you know that my husband is the chef at this establishment.

MAXIMILIAN
 Well that answers *that* question. Even the pâté is less than wowing.

BOBBIE
It's pâté. How bad can it be?

Max hands Bobbie a cracker with pâté. She takes a bite and gags. Max, with a "told you so grin," hands Bobbie a napkin.

MAXIMILIAN
 Cocktail?

BOBBIE
 I don't drink. It makes me forget.

MAXIMILIAN
 Which is exactly why God invented happy hour. Maximilian Bellue. M.D.

BOBBIE
 Beverly Hills?

MAXIMILIAN
 Where else matters?

BOBBIE
 Let me guess. A plastic's guy?

MAXIMILIAN
 At your service.

BOBBIE
 So boobs and butts...

A defensive Max sips his scotch.

MAXIMILIAN

Faces too...

BOBBIE

Whatever affords you that top shelf
booze you're sipping on.

MAXIMILIAN

Who's ex-wives are sadly more
expensive than his scotch...

BOBBIE

Who subsidizes his lifestyle with
monies made via the objectification
of women. Many of whom suffer from,
dysmorphic syndrome...

MAXIMILIAN

Who boosts self-image. Improving
his patient's bodies to fit their
chosen lifestyles. *I am empowering.*

BOBBIE

Now there's the perfect headline
for a well played Instagram page.

MAXIMILIAN

Patients should be earned, my
darling. Not conned into an
operating room by some Madison
Avenue advertisement team.

BOBBIE

Madison Avenue? Wow. You really are
an old fart, aren't you?

MAXIMILIAN

I've turned down Vogue for
interviews. Cosmo and all the rest.
There's an epidemic going on with
these talentless, corner cutting,
social media sucking surgeons.
They're everywhere. Ruining the
good reputations of surgeons like
myself by lowering moral and
surgical standards to the depths of
fucking hell. And I for one have
had enough of it!

BOBBIE

So there is a soul beneath that
ascot after all..?

MAXIMILIAN

I was a top notch burn guy back in the day. Believe me when I say it, I've performed my share of service.

BOBBIE

Well, despite *your* imagination, I am a surgeon too. County, USC...

MAXIMILIAN

Do tell. Any good at sewing up a wound?

BOBBIE

My interns call me Betsy Ross.

MAXIMILIAN

In that skirt, you look more like Diana Ross.

BOBBIE

Double boarded. Plastics and recon.

MAXIMILIAN

A real smarty pants, are we?

BOBBIE

I consider myself to be one of the best in my field. And in the OR, I never settle for second place.

MAXIMILIAN

Now there's something that we both can drink to.

Max cheers Bobbie. They spot Frank close talking with Mona.

MAXIMILIAN (CONT'D)

Looks like chefy's developing an appetite for miss boobs-on-a-stick.

BOBBIE

I'm Bobbie Cronin. May we live to fight another day, Maximilian.

MAXIMILIAN

Call me Max. *And Touché'...*

Bobbie heads to the opposite end of the bar. She watches as Frank adjusts Mona's hair. Bobbie grabs a flute of champagne from the bar. She slams it back. Then she grabs another.

EXT. FRANK'S RESTAURANT / INT. TAXI CAB - LATER

Bobbie, a drunken mess, collapses into the back seat.

BOBBIE
(slurring)
County, USC. And step on it...

EXT. LA COUNTY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - LATER

Bobbie stumbles up. A SECURITY GUARD blocks her path.

SECURITY GUARD
Court order, no family allowed. And
that means no exceptions, ma'am...

BOBBIE
That's the second time I've been
"ma'amed" tonight.

Bobbie clears the mop of hair from her face.

SECURITY GUARD
Doctor Cronin? You okay?

BOBBIE
Never better...

INT. LA COUNTY HOSPITAL - MANUEL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobbie stumbles into the room. Manuel's WAILING, locked
inside a crib. Bobbie lifts him out, cradling him. He QUIETS.

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - MANUEL'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Bobbie's wakes, shoeless, painfully hungover, cradling
Manuel. The Regents glare at her disheveled state in disgust.
A mortified Bobbie searches for an excuse.

BOBBIE
He uh, he wouldn't eat...

The Regents exit "unsold." Bobbie wipes her smeared makeup.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)
What the hell have I done?

Erica lifts Mannie from Bobbie's arms, giving her "the look."

ERICA

Do not give those Regents a reason to deny you what is rightfully yours. It's hard enough with us being women and all.

BOBBIE

I-I guess I was worried about him.

ERICA

If there's something you ain't getting out there, then you best start looking elsewhere. Because you ain't finding it in this place. And you know better, doc. Heroes for the day is all we are...

BOBBIE

What? So we don't get to keep him?

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - LATER

The Regents watch from the viewing station. The OR team stands by. A patient's prone, buttocks exposed from the drapes. A hungover Bobbie steadies herself at the table.

ERICA

(whispering)

You gonna be okay, doc?

BOBBIE

Please, proceed...

ERICA

Timeout, people! Twenty one year old female. Presenting with tunneling fasciatus. One month post-op from her Brazilian Butt Lift.

(whispering to Bobbie)

From that Anderson guy...

Bobbie checks a quarter size sore on a buttock. She's not impressed. Until she inserts the entire length of her yankauer suction catheter into the wound. Bobbie vomits in her mask. The OR team stands by in astonishment.

Erica wipes Bobbie's face. The Regents file out in disgust as Erica changes Bobbie's mask.

BOBBIE

Let's uh, debride the wound. And um, pray we don't have to do a total recon today. Okay? Yeah...

INT. MAXIMUM BEAUTY SURGERY - OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Golden lamé wallpaper. Embossed shades. DR AKBAR, 70s, Indian, stands at his anesthesia cart. JUAN, 20s, scrub nurse, Hispanic, gay, hands Max a needle-driver. Max's hand shakes as he struggles to suture behind a patient's ear. Akbar can barely watch. Juan WHISTLES an empathetic tune.

MAXIMILIAN

Why'd you give me a suture that's so hard to see? Don't you have it in another color?

JERMAINE DAVIS MD, 40s, Black, tailored gold scrubs, own best fan, grows impatient, watching from the foot of the bed. Juan points to Max's glasses.

JUAN

Maybe you should clean your loupes?

MAXIMILIAN

They're clean, smart ass.

JERMAINE

I do have a breast aug to follow.

MAXIMILIAN

Only four hundred ccs, Jermaine?

JERMAINE

Six hundred ccs. Per breast, Max.

Max shakes his head in disgust. Social media coordinator LA LA, 20, flamboyant, know it all, BURSTS in, iPhone ready.

LA LA

Tick tock, tick tock, guys! If we don't get moving, we're going to miss our TikTok livestream.

MAXIMILIAN

Is that one consented to be in here?

JERMAINE

La La is for my patient. You want me to close that up for you? For old time's sake?

MAXIMILIAN

Finally, I get some real help around this place!

Max tears off his surgical gown. The team rolls their eyes.

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - LATER

Bobbie breaks scrub. Erica cleans the patient.

BOBBIE

ICU for observation and antibiotics. If she responds to the IVs, doxycycline PO to follow.

ERICA

The Regents want to see you.

Whatever color is left in Bobbie's face instantly evaporates.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Max's four ex-wives, gaudy earrings, big hair, sit across the aisle. Max's ATTORNEY pleads his case to JUDGE, 70s.

ATTORNEY

Your honor. Doctor Bellue's petition to retire is merited by decades of hard work. He's earned the right to live out his golden-years in peace and relaxation.

MAXIMILIAN

For Christ's sake, I'm seventy.

JUDGE

Justices on the Supreme Court serve terms well through their eighties.

MAXIMILIAN

But they just sit on their asses. *Making judgements.* I have to stand on my feet all day. And, I have to make ugly people look beautiful.

JUDGE

Maybe you should have made better life-choices? Accruing four divorcees was bound to increase one's financial responsibilities.

ATTORNEY

Don't say it, Max--

MAXIMILIAN

And maybe a brow-lift would make you look less angry? What do I look like, a moron? I get it, judge!

JUDGE
Petition denied!

Judge SLAMS his gavel. Max's ex-wives APPLAUD.

MAXIMILIAN
Awe, come on already!

ATTORNEY
Great job, Max. Where you getting
the money for the fucking alimony?

MAXIMILIAN
A bank..?

ATTORNEY
Your credit's been screwed more
times than a Kardashian.

MAXIMILIAN
Then give me some options here.

ATTORNEY
Well, gosh. I guess you could go
ahead and do that one thing...

MAXIMILIAN
Oh yeah? Shoot...

ATTORNEY
Go back to fucking work!

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - BOARD ROOM - HALL - CONTINUOUS

Erica waits. A depleted Bobbie exits the room.

BOBBIE
They went with doctor Stokes.

ERICA
Stokes? Over you? The residents
have better judgement than him.
This is some male chauvinistic
bullshit!

Bobbie keeps walking. Erica runs to keep up.

ERICA (CONT'D)
Doc, wait. Where are you going?

BOBBIE
To regain my self respect.

INT. BOBBIE'S WESTSIDE HOME - FOYER - LATER

A trail of clothes leads up the stairs. Bobbie triggers the burglar ALARM. She sits on a stair, trying on an abandoned stiletto. Mona, in a sparkled thong, stumbles down the steps.

MONA

Is there a fire?!

BOBBIE

No, honey. There is no fire.

A pissed Frank stumbles down the stairs, towel over his nuts.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

You're like a bird, Frank. Sparkly things just do it for you, huh?

FRANK

On my Goddamned opening night. In front of the *whole restaurant*. You screamed out how you knew I was going to fuck Mona. So guess what? That's *exactly* what I did!

BOBBIE

Because you're "cheater Frank."

FRANK

You said you'd forgiven me.

BOBBIE

And who could forget?!

FRANK

Not my wife.

BOBBIE

Awe. Poor baby, Franky. Let's clear the air. Right here and now. Say it. With sparkles as my witness.

MONA

Like, that's not my name...

Frank gives Mona "the hand." He calls Bobbie out.

FRANK

You're still fucking drunk.

BOBBIE

I am a woman who spends her nights sleeping between empty sheets.

(MORE)

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

While her husband surfs the internet for other women. I am not some hot piece of ass. But I have a brain. I do things that actually matter. That heal people, Frank. And I am damned good at it.

FRANK

Everyone fucking gets it already!

BOBBIE

You promised me children!

FRANK

You could have tried. *Made an effort, for God's sake.*

BOBBIE

You never noticed. But oh, I could support you. *Oh, yeah.* You and your failed endeavors. Admit it. The only reason you married me was for my money. Because deep down, you knew you'd never make it as a chef!

FRANK

Last night...

BOBBIE

Shoot, Frank.

FRANK

You said you were leaving me.

BOBBIE

Now is when I'm leaving you.

FRANK

Sure you're not too invested?

BOBBIE

There's nothing left to cash out. Except this house. Which I am still paying for. So rest assured, you will be hearing from my lawyer.

(to Mona)

And you fucked him? Honey, you really could have done better.

MONA

I needed more shifts. And we're good there. Right, Frank?

Bobbie heads for the door. Frank STOMPS upstairs.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS MEDICAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Max exits the elevator. A gurney's loaded with a surgeon. Cops drag his wife out in cuffs. She spits on the corpse.

SURGEON'S WIFE

I warned you not to hire that whore receptionist!

Max slips inside the office across the hall.

INT. MAXIMUM BEAUTY SURGERY - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's Max's retirement party and the champagne is flowing.

ALL

Surprise!!!

MAXIMILIAN

I'm not retiring...

The group freezes, smiles falling. La La takes a pic.

JERMAINE

Uh, you are the one that demanded the buy-out. You cashed my check.

MAXIMILIAN

So? I'll un-cash it.

JERMAINE

I've already leased your office.

Jermaine points to Wolfgang. Wolfgang smiles back.

MAXIMILIAN

So un-lease it. *Cause I'm a coming on back!*

JERMAINE

You're barely an asset anymore...

MAXIMILIAN

Oh, because I don't buy into all the insta-twitter-this and the face-a-gram-that shit? I get my patients the old fashioned way. By being a good fucking surgeon.

LA LA

Someone's not Instagram worthy...

JERMAINE

That's not how it works these days.

MAXIMILIAN

Says the new reigning *king* of
Beverly Hills plastic surgery.

JERMAINE

Max, *please*...

MAXIMILIAN

Tell me you don't think it's true.

JERMAINE

I give my patients what they want.

LA LA

Gramable...

MAXIMILIAN

Real doctors don't give patients
what they want. They give them
what's medically proven safe!

LA LA

That's soo nineties...

JERMAINE

I take the standard precautions.

MAXIMILIAN

You push the limits of sanity. How
many Ferrari's does one truly need?

JERMAINE

How many ex-wives?

MAXIMILIAN

So this is us? After everything I
taught you? My *student* eats my
heart out like some amuse-bouche?

JERMAINE

You can't even suture anymore.

MAXIMILIAN

Oh yeah? Okay. Well guess what? The
office across the hall just opened
up. What if I took *your* check, and
my staff, and we started anew? We'd
put *you* out of business.

The staff looks anywhere but at Max.

MAXIMILIAN (CONT'D)

What..?

JERMAINE

You're the only one that's leaving.
And don't forget I bought the name.

MAXIMILIAN

You want Maximum Beauty? Keep it.
In fact, I'll come up with a better
name. A name that you'll wish you
had actually come up with on your
own. *You ungrateful scoundrel, you!*

LA LA

Okay. Bye, bye. Time to go now.

La La shows Max to the door. She SLAMS the door in Max's pitiful face. Juan sets down his Corona.

JUAN

Max helped pay my nursing tuition.

SHERRY, 40s, intelligent, naturally beautiful, dressed as Ginger from Gilligan's Island, sets down her champagne flute.

SHERRY

And he never insisted on injecting
poison into *this face*.

A guilty Jermaine looks anywhere but at Sherry.

DR. AKBAR

But Max is such the asshole!
Albeit, he is my kind of asshole.

Dr. Akbar grabs a bottle of champagne as the trio head out.

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - MANUEL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Erica enters. Bobbie's sleeping, cradling Mannie. She wraps them in a blanket.

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - MANUEL'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Erica watches as Bobbie removes Manuel's mask, revealing a beautiful but bruised face. Guard salutes them "goodbye."

BOBBIE

Where in the hell is he going?

ERICA

The hospital called off security.
Looks like Manuel's going home.

BOBBIE

Momma will keep you safe. Right,
Mannie?

ERICA

She's not in the picture. He's
going back to his father.

BOBBIE

*They're handing Mannie back to the
guy who nearly killed him?!*

ERICA

The cops beat the shit out of him.
A pedestrian posted the whole thing
on YouTube. He's about to get off.

BOBBIE

He needs to rot in hell.

ERICA

And you should go tell him that...

Bobbie stands confused. Erica realizes Bobbie's confusion.

ERICA (CONT'D)

You haven't checked your OR
schedule today, have you?

Bobbie nods an apprehensive "no."

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The OR team stands ready. Bobbie stands conflicted. A crushed
cheek's exposed from the drapes. Erica waits in anticipation.

BOBBIE

Nurse, please perform the time-out.

ERICA

Uh, okay. Timeout, people. We have
Roberto Enriquez. Concentric
radiating fractures of the left
ocular orbit and left maxilla.
Plates and screws, doctor..?

Bobbie half-heartedly confirms with a nod.

ERICA (CONT'D)
Concerns..?

Bobbie gives a "maybe" shrug. Erica watches with concern.

ERICA (CONT'D)
Time in is 0 seven fifteen...

Scrub Tech SLAPS a syringe into Bobbie's gloved hand. She retracts the lower eyelid, inserting her needle below the eyeball, injecting the entire syringe. The HEART-RATE speeds.

BOBBIE
We bringing that rate down?

Anesthesiologist pushes meds into the IV. The BEEPS slow. Bobbie moves in with a scalpel. The BEEPS continue to slow. ALARMS BLARE. A panicked Anesthesiologist ransacks his cart.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)
Give him some epi, please.

Anesthesiologist fumbles a med vial. He frantically grabs for it under his cart. The monitor BEEPS turn agonal.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)
Code blue! *Code Blue!*

Bobbie performs chest compressions. Erica drags a crash cart.

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - BOARD ROOM - LATER

A devastated Bobbie sits at the mercy of the Regents.

BOBBIE
Harvard Medical. Yale for recon. I am adequately educated with the knowledge of how to correctly perform a retrobulbar block. I checked my needle placement prior to injecting the local. I-I just don't know how this happened.

The unfazed Regents stare her down. One YAWNS.

INT. USC COUNTY - HALL WAY - LATER

Bobbie exits the room with Erica at her heels.

ERICA

This isn't right. Shooting you would have been better than transferring you to the ER.

BOBBIE

I'm lucky they only demoted me. The man awful but he was a human being.

ERICA

Those Regents know the risks that you surgeons take every single day.

BOBBIE

They do. If I had any other job, I'd be heading to prison for this.

Reporter sticks a mic in Bobbie's face.

REPORTER

Doctor Cronin, can you speak to the fact that the deceased was the father of your prior patient?

BOBBIE

Any day is a sad day when we lose a patient. And today is no exception.

INT. LA COUNTY USC HOSPITAL - MANUEL'S ROOM - LATER

Bobbie enters. SOCIAL WORKER is carrying Manuel out.

BOBBIE

What's going to happen to him?

SOCIAL WORKER

He's going into Children and Family Services. If his family doesn't show, hopefully he'll be fostered.

BOBBIE

And if I wanted to take him?

SOCIAL WORKER

You'd have to adopt through RFA processing. Often in situations like these, we do need resource parents to provide a permanent home. You do have a home don't you?

BOBBIE

You bet I do...

EXT. BOBBIE'S HOME - DRIVEWAY - LATER

A speechless Bobbie runs up. An apathetic Frank is watching as movers empty the house of it's furnishings.

FRANK

I put her up for collateral against the restaurant.

BOBBIE

I'm the one who's still making the mortgage payments, Frank!

FRANK

Which is why I did this before you could file for a divorce. I'd go grab a few things if I was you.

INT. BOBBIE'S HOLLYWOOD HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bobbie, carrying a box of her things, opens the door. She takes in her new, minimalist, low income surroundings.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS MEDICAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Max opens the door to "Natural Surgery". Juan, Sherry as Marilyn Monroe and Dr. Akbar, take in the new office decor.

INT. USC EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT - HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY

Bobbie's frozen, taking in the chaos. The ER's over flowing with patients in gurneys. Nurses scurry in all directions.

OVERHEAD (O.S.)

Doctor Cronin to room one. Doctor Cronin, room two. Doctor Cronin--

INT. NATURAL BEAUTY SURGERY - OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Max is suturing a tummy tuck, hands shaking. Juan and Dr. Akbar watch with concern as Max fights to tie a suture. Unsatisfied, Max cuts the suture, throwing it in disgust.

INT. FRANK'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Max drinks at the bar. Bobbie steps up, legal papers in hand.

MAXIMILIAN

How's tricks, doc?

BOBBIE
I've been re-assigned. ER...

MAXIMILIAN
Lucky for you, I saved you a seat.
Ice water?

BOBBIE
Maybe some other time...

Bobbie hands Frank the legal papers. Max knows the look.

MAXIMILIAN
Divorce, huh? Welcome to the forty
four point six percent...

BOBBIE
Not the club *I* was hoping to join.

FRANK
Mona's pregnant...

Frank heads for the kitchen. Bobbie heads out the door.

EXT. FRANK'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Bobbie collapses in a puddle of tears.

INT. NATURAL BEAUTY SURGERY - OPERATING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Juan and Akbar stare with fear as Max fights to steady a loaded needle driver over a patient's open eyelid. Max adjusts his loupes, then fights on. Juan and Akbar turn away.

INT. JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM - BAR - NIGHT

Dive bar strip club for past their prime dancers. A defeated Max is pounding scotch. He's also admiring a grey-haired DANCER, 50s, working a pole. Max signals. A bartender pours Max another scotch and he slams it. He slurs at the dancer.

MAXIMILIAN
Daddy issues or down on your luck?!

Dancer ignores Max. A Diana Ross song PLAYS. Max has a light-bulb moment. He waves a pill vial at Dancer. She struts down the bar-top in her stilettos, squatting in front of Max.

DANCER
What do you got there, good-lookin?
Percocet? Valium?

MAXIMILIAN

Antibiotics. Unless you're hiding a slice of cheese in that G-string of yours?

Dancer kicks Max in the face. He collapses to the floor.

INT. USC EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT - WAITING ROOM - LATER

The place is packed with transients. Max waits, ice on his cheek. An addict dances, flicking a lighter in Max's face.

INT. EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT - EXAM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A somber Bobbie enters, finding Max drinking from a flask. She checks Max's facial wound.

BOBBIE

You shouldn't be drinking in here.

MAXIMILIAN

I've met the clientele.

BOBBIE

Suit yourself then...

Bobbie opens a surgical pack. Max takes another swig.

LATER - Bobbie sutures Max's cheek. Max watches in a mirror.

MAXIMILIAN

Betsy fucking Ross. Not everyone can suture like you. And you're working in a dump like this?

BOBBIE

I actually get to help people here.

MAXIMILIAN

I'm a fan of charity too. But this job here will murder you.

BOBBIE

So I'm supposed to just sell out?

MAXIMILIAN

Who ever told you that making money is selling out is a fucking loon. Life is about what you make it. And I can spot talent. Work with me, I'll teach you everything I know.

BOBBIE
You're crazy. This, this is crazy.

MAXIMILIAN
Not half as crazy as this place.

BOBBIE
And Beverly Hills isn't crazy?

MAXIMILIAN
Maybe we can create some sanity?
Maybe together, you and I can
actually make a difference?

BOBBIE
Or maybe I can lose everything I've
worked my entire life for?

MAXIMILIAN
Or maybe that's already happened?

Bobbie turns from the truth. Max gets honest.

MAXIMILIAN (CONT'D)
Yeah. My brain. The nuts and bolts
get screwed on a bit too tight
sometimes. But look. The real
reason I'm here are these hands.
They tremble. They shake. They're
just not connected to the noggin
like they used to be. Simply
throwing in a suture is next to
impossible. And you for one can
appreciate the value of a surgeon's
hands. Without them, we're
worthless.

BOBBIE
You're more than worthless.

MAXIMILIAN
I am in trouble here.

BOBBIE
And I am not your answer. May we
live to fight another day, Max.

Max gives his best smile as he heads out.

LATER - Bobbie fights to feed an NG tube up a patient's nose.
The patient projectile vomits blood onto Bobbie's lab coat.

LATER - Cops hold down a SHRIEKING man, femur jutting from
his jeans. Bobbie fights to put in an IV as he shoves her.

LATER - Mrs. Rodrigues GASPS for her breath in a gurney.
Bobbie's assessing her when Erica preps her for transport.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

She's not going anywhere. Her BP is
one ninety over one twenty. I'm
still working on stabilizing her.

ERICA

Mrs. Rodriguez was due in GI for
her scope. Stokes ordered it.

BOBBIE

Does the chief want her to stroke?

Bobbie watches helplessly as Erica rolls out Mrs. Rodriguez.

LATER - Bobbie washes her face. She looks up into a mirror,
freezing from the look of exhaustion beaten into her face.

OVERHEAD (O.C.)

Crash team to the GI lab. I repeat,
crash team to GI lab. Code blue.

Bobbie tosses her hospital ID into the trash and heads out.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF FAMILY SERVICES - LATER

Bobbie, holding an application, watches as Manuel rocks
himself inside a crib. Social Worker spots Bobbie's concern.

SOCIAL WORKER

"Body rock." Self soothing due to a
lack of attention. You cannot leave
a child of Manuel's age unattended.
And believe me, affording daycare
is no joke.

Bobbie nods, understanding what she needs to do.

INT. NATURAL SURGERY - WAITING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Sherry's at her desk, dressed as Marilyn Monroe, spraying her
wig with Aquanet. She frowns at a wedding pic where her
beautiful face is looking painfully at the camera. She draws
a "happy face" on a Post-It, covering her face in the pic.

Bobbie enters. PHARMACEUTICAL REP, pushes past her with a bag
of swag. Sherry points to the "No Soliciting" sign.

PHARMACEUTICAL REP

I'm a representative of *J&J pharma*.

SHERRY

Read the sign...

PHARMACEUTICAL REP

In this bag are samples of what our scientific data calls *the* greatest anti-aging facial cream the industry has ever seen. If you'd bring your doctor out here, he'll be so grateful, he may even buy you a new wig. I mean, sweetie. That's obviously not your real hair.

Sherry stares blankly at Rep. Rep leans over the counter.

PHARMACEUTICAL REP (CONT'D)

And those lines between your eyes. They could truly benefit from our--

Sherry flicks a paperclip. It bounces off Rep's forehead.

PHARMACEUTICAL REP (CONT'D)

Give my product a chance. As our literature states, it'll literally wipe those lines out in a mere few--

Sherry brushes a stripe of Wite-Out down Rep's nose.

PHARMACEUTICAL REP (CONT'D)

They're only going to get worse if you don't treat them. They're most certainly becoming permanent!

Sherry lights a lighter, spraying her Aquanet over the flame, creating a flame-thrower. The rep backpaddles out the door.

PHARMACEUTICAL REP (CONT'D)

You're fucking crazy!!!

Sherry turns to a terrified Bobbie.

BOBBIE

I-I'm not selling anything.

SHERRY

Then you must be Doctor Cronin. For the new surgeon's position? Doctor Bellue will see you now.

Sherry heads to the back hall. Bobbie hesitates then follows.

THE END