

THE BLACK MARKET THERAPIST

Pilot Episode: *The Discovery*

A Naithan Hilaire Story

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR GREENBAUM (42), sits in a puffy leather chair holding a notepad and pen.

He's a pleasant-looking man wearing slacks and a sports coat.

TED OWENS (38, a gangling, rugged man in a white shirt, tie, and black leather jacket reclines in the client chair.

TED OWENS

Hey Doc, I appreciate you seeing me on such short notice.

Doctor Greenbaum offers a polite smile.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

Of course. I'm here to help.

TED OWENS

These panic attacks are debilitating.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

You're not the first patient to tell me that.

Ted's sharp eyes narrow.

TED OWENS

Good to know.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

I normally don't see people without referrals. But you sounded desperate.

Ted motions with his arms.

TED OWENS

I felt like the walls were closing in on me.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

Why do you think you're having these episodes?

Ted leans forward in his chair.

TED OWENS

It's job stress. It's eating me up.

Greenbaum stops writing.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

Let's talk about it for a moment.
Then I can offer you some techniques
for combatting feelings of
apprehension.

TED OWENS

That would be great.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

What do you do for a living?

Ted acquires a stone-cold demeanor.

TED OWENS

Let's just say I'm working for the
local authorities.

Ted watches Greenbaum intently.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

So it's classified then?

TED OWENS

You could say that.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

We can work around it. What are your
symptoms?

TED OWENS

I'm tense, plagued by fear, and
constantly worried about danger at
every turn.

Greenbaum speedily writes some notes.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

Have you manifested other symptoms?

TED OWENS

Headaches, shortness of breath, and
trouble sleeping.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

I can help you with that.

TED OWENS

In my business, I can't afford to be distracted or afraid. So I was hoping you could get me squared away.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

I'll give you the condensed diagnosis.

Ted's face lights up.

TED OWENS

What is it?

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

You've got garden variety anxiety disorder.

Ted frowns.

TED OWENS

Is that bad?

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

No, it's highly treatable.

TED OWENS

Good! Lay it on me.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

First, I'm going to give you some Lorazepam.

Greenbaum smiles.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM (cont'd)

I have some free samples in my desk. That will relax you and help you sleep better.

Ted puts his hand up.

TED OWENS

I'm not a big fan of drugs.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

Lorazepam is very effective and I'll just have you take a one-milligram dose to get you back on track.

Ted nods in agreement.

TED OWENS

I'll try it for a few weeks.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM
Additionally, I want you to take ten minutes, twice a day, and designate that as your worry period.

Ted nods and leans back in his chair.

TED OWENS
Sounds easy enough.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM
During that time, I want you to focus only on negative, anxious thoughts without trying to fix them.

TED OWENS
What else?

DOCTOR GREENBAUM
After your worry period, I want you to do deep breathing exercises for five minutes.

Ted anxiously nods.

TED OWENS
Deep breathing, check. What else?

Greenbaum closes his notebook, looks up at Ted.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM
Life is full of uncertainties. Learn to accept them and you'll be happier. Dwell on them, and you're screwed.

TED OWENS
A credo I can live by. What else?

Greenbaum does a hand gesture.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM
Try not to let your job affect you so much. Try to enjoy life. After all, you don't want your tombstone to say I should have spent more time at work.

TED OWENS
Yeah, that's good, Doc. What do you want your tombstone to say?

DOCTOR GREENBAUM
I've never really thought about it.

Ted unbuttons his jacket.

He removes a compact automatic pistol.

TED OWENS

Well, now may be a good time to consider it.

Ted pulls out a silencer from his coat pocket and puts it on his pistol.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

What on earth do you think you're doing?

Ted smiles politely.

TED OWENS

I'm here to kill you, Doc. It's a shame because you've been very helpful.

Greenbaum squirms in his chair.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

Then why would you want to kill me?

TED OWENS

Did you rape Deanna Mercury?

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

She's sixteen and my patient for God's sake!

Ted grabs his iPad off Doctor Greenbaum's desk, makes a buzzer sound.

TED OWENS

Wrong answer.

While holding his gun, Ted taps his touch screen.

He hands Doctor Greenbaum the iPad.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

What's this?

TED OWENS

I took the liberty of breaking into your home earlier today.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM

You broke into my house?

TED OWENS
Yep, and I downloaded that little
video off your laptop.

Doctor Greenbaum watches the iPad, turns pale.

TED OWENS (cont'd)
That sure looks like you're
schtupping Deanna while she's
unconscious.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM
Who's she to you?

Ted angrily answers.

TED OWENS
My niece, you little prick.

Ted points his pistol at Greenbaum.

DOCTOR GREENBAUM
(terrified)
Now wait a minute, I can explain!

TED OWENS
What drawer did you say the Ativan
was in?

DOCTOR GREENBAUM
It's Lorazepam. It's generic.

Ted waves his pistol at Greenbaum.

TED OWENS
What drawer, numbnuts?

DOCTOR GREENBAUM
Bottom right-hand one.

TED OWENS
Thanks, Doc.

Ted shoots Doctor Greenbaum in the forehead.

The dead man slumps back in his chair.

Ted unscrews his silencer, places it in his pocket, and
holsters his pistol.

He calmly walks to the doctor's desk and rifles through the
large drawer.

He pulls out a giant box of pills, unwraps a few packages, and swallows two tablets.

He picks up the box and exits while talking to himself.

TED OWENS (cont'd)
I'm feeling better already.

END OF TEASER

INT. OFFICE - DAY

NICKY (17), a hard barked, pretty girl with a world-weary quality sits in a guest chair across from...

...EDDIE HILL (37), psychologist. A tall, astute man of color wearing an expensive suit. Underneath, he is sinewy and fit.

NICKY
Why am I here? Where's Doctor Greenbaum? He's the one I've been seeing the past few times.

EDDIE
He met with an unfortunate accident. His office referred you to me.

Eddie raises his eyebrows.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Didn't your mother tell you?

Nicky waves her hands with disgust.

NICKY
That loopy bitch doesn't tell me anything. She just fucks with my life.

EDDIE
Parents tend to obstruct the plans of rebellious adolescents.

Nicky mimics Eddie.

NICKY
"Parents tend to obstruct the plans of rebellious adolescents." Try being more original.

EDDIE
That's a good imitation of me.

Nicky proudly grins.

NICKY
I just did a generic and tedious
academic voice, and voila. So are you
going to fix my problems?

Eddie shakes his head.

EDDIE
I'm not a fixer.

NICKY
Isn't that your gig?

EDDIE
I'm here to listen. But we can talk
about whatever you want, and see what
happens.

NICKY
Can I talk about the guy I banged
last night?

Eddie leans back and smiles.

EDDIE
Like I said, whatever you want.

NICKY
You're not gay, are you?

EDDIE
No, but would it matter if I was?

Nicky raises an eyebrow.

NICKY
If you're straight, I wouldn't want
you trying anything with me.

EDDIE
I think I can restrain myself. So,
who's this guy you're talking about?

NICKY
Living vicariously eh?

Eddie nods approvingly.

EDDIE
I see you have an impressive
vocabulary.

NICKY
Do I look retarded?

EDDIE
(sighs)
Of course not.

NICKY
So, when's the last time someone
rocked your world?

Eddie leans back and tries not to smile.

EDDIE
Is that important to you?

NICKY
I want to know who I'm opening up to.

EDDIE
The last time I had sex was with my
wife...

Eddie calculates in his head.

EDDIE (cont'd)
About two months ago.

NICKY
Damn, Doc! That's a long time.

EDDIE
It's been a stretch.

Nicky acquires a devilish grin.

NICKY
So your wife is getting bored. You
gotta try more than missionary style.

EDDIE
I think I can navigate the nuances of
a woman's boudoir.

NICKY
Listen to you! You sound like Blanche
Dubois.

Eddie gets a quizzical face.

EDDIE
Who's that?

NICKY
She's a character from Street Car
Named Desire. A tightly wound,
frustrated spinster.

Nicky narrows her eyes.

NICKY (cont'd)
Jesus! You sure you went to college?

EDDIE
I don't watch many movies or shows.

NICKY
I like your honesty.

Eddie appears exasperated, folds his arms tightly.

EDDIE
Good. Can we talk about you now?

NICKY
(giggles)
Alright.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Eddie sits at his desk eating a nutrition bar and drinking a can of Red Bull.

He looks at the desk phone for a moment before picking it up and punching in a number.

Eddie hears a brief ringing tone.

A woman with a silky voice answers.

WOMAN (V.O.)
(over phone)
Hello.

Eddie clears his throat.

EDDIE
(into phone)
It's me, honey.

WOMAN (V.O.)
Is everything okay?

EDDIE

Yeah. I just wanted to let you know I have two more patients and then I'm coming home.

There's a pause on the other line.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Don't rush on my account. I just dropped Scott off at his karate class. And I'm taking a bath and reheating leftover meatloaf.

Eddie chuckles and smiles.

EDDIE

Since you'll be all nice and fresh, maybe we can fool around after dinner?

WOMAN (V.O.)

I'm so exhausted. I had my first hot yoga class today.

EDDIE

Hot yoga? It sounds nasty.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Maybe later in the week. Sex, I mean.

Eddie finishes off his drink, sighs.

EDDIE

One of my patients commented that two months without trim is a long time.

The woman sounds irritated.

WOMAN (V.O.)

You discussed our sex life with a patient?

EDDIE

She just asked me how long it's been since I got laid... I mean, making love.

The woman sounds increasingly vexed.

WOMAN (V.O.)

I don't know what you got going on down there at work but I have to run. We can discuss this tonight.

EDDIE
Trust me, it was nothing.

There's another long pause.

WOMAN (V.O.)
I gotta go.

EDDIE
I'll see you in a few hours.

Eddie hears a dial tone.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie exits a high-end sedan in front of a modern house in an upscale neighborhood.

He doesn't notice the unfamiliar Grey SUV parked directly across the street.

He briskly moves up the walkway holding a bottle of wine.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

CAROLE CHARLES (33), a sinewy African-American woman, sits propped up against some decorative pillows while watching...

...ISAIAH KNIGHT (42), an exquisite man of color, put on a pair of slacks and a dark polo shirt.

His well-defined upper torso snugly fills the garment.

Carole hears a beeping sound from her security system indicating the front door has been opened.

Her facial features tense up.

CAROLE
Shit! My hubby's home.

Isaiah puts his hand up, whispers.

ISAIAH
Stay calm.

Isaiah hastily slips into his shoes and grabs his jacket.

He blows Carole a kiss and steps out the open window, onto a small ledge at the front of the master bedroom. Slides the window shut, behind him.

Eddie enters the room just in time to hear the window close.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Isaiah skillfully grabs the rail, climbs partway down, and jumps to the lawn like an urban Don Juan.

He jogs over to his car.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eddie bursts into the room. He paces over to the front window and flashes it open to see,

-the SUV peel out down the street.

Eddie momentarily rests his forehead in his hand.

Carole gets up naked and sheepishly puts on her robe.

Eddie steps over to the foot of the king-sized bed.

CAROLE
You're home early.

Eddie has a look of disgust.

EDDIE
I can see why you didn't want me to rush back.

CAROLE
You told me two hours.

EDDIE
My last appointment was canceled.

Eddie sniffs the air.

EDDIE (cont'd)
It smells like sex in the room, honey. Who is he?

CAROLE
No one you know.

Eddie throws his hands up.

EDDIE
I can't believe you'd betray me like this.

CAROLE

(sardonic)

Grow up, Eddie. Our marriage has been dead for a few years now. We just haven't had the guts to give it a proper burial.

Eddie plops down in a big white chair.

EDDIE

I didn't realize you were that unhappy.

CAROLE

That's because you live in a world with your head firmly implanted up your ass.

EDDIE

(sarcastic)

Don't hold back, honey.

Carole sits on the edge of the bed.

CAROLE

You're completely wrapped up with your work, and taking care of your needs.

EDDIE

My work pays for this house, your spa days, the kid's private schools, and their extracurricular activities.

Carole nods in agreement.

CAROLE

You're excellent at solving other people's problems and paying the tabs. But I bet you can't tell me what grade your daughter is in.

Eddie deliberates for a moment.

EDDIE

Amber is seven and that would put her in...

Eddie pauses to calculate.

EDDIE (cont'd)

The second grade.

Carole rolls her eyes.

CAROLE
She's nearly eight and a half and in
the third grade.

EDDIE
Alright. I'm a little off with my
numbers.

CAROLE
(incensed)
Off with your numbers? You don't even
know your child's age.

Eddie hangs his head.

CAROLE (cont'd)
That's pathetic.

Eddie leans back, regains his righteous indignation.

EDDIE
You're a master at twisting things
around. But I'm not the one cheating
on my spouse.

CAROLE
No, you're not. But you won't have to
worry about it much longer.

EDDIE
What's that supposed to mean?

Carole has a resolute look.

CAROLE
I'm moving back to New Jersey.

Eddie cranes his head.

EDDIE
What?

CAROLE
I'm leaving you. And I'm taking Jamal
and Amber with me.

Eddie walks over to the closet to retrieve a small suitcase.
He sets it down on the bed.

EDDIE
On the phone, you told me you were
too exhausted to have sex with me.

Eddie retrieves some underwear and socks from the dresser.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Yet I came home to find you had
enough energy to bring a stranger to
our bed.

Eddie walks over to the closet to scoop up some shirts,
ties, and slacks.

He stuffs the clothes into the suitcase.

Carole gets up, steps over to the suitcase, zips it up, and
walks it over next to the bedroom door.

She turns to her husband.

CAROLE
You exhaust me. So go find yourself
somewhere to stay tonight. In the
morning, get yourself a divorce
lawyer.

Eddie blankly stares at Carole for several seconds.

He slowly goes to get his suitcase and exits the room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Eddie sits at a small table eating a bowl of Sugar Pops.

He pauses to employ the search engine on his laptop.

He types in the words Divorce Attorneys.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

TOMMY REYES (33), a burly Hispanic man, with slicked-back
hair, wearing a double-breasted suit, sits behind a huge
wooden desk.

Eddie sits across from him.

Tommy rubs his chin and narrows his eyes.

TOMMY
I'll give it to you straight, Mister
Hill.

EDDIE
Please.

TOMMY
California is a community property
state and all wealth accumulated
during your marriage is split evenly.

Eddie nods in acknowledgment.

EDDIE
That's what I've heard.

TOMMY
Unless you have money or property you
inherited before the union and can
prove that.

EDDIE
What about the kids?

Tommy leans back and smiles.

TOMMY
Your spouse is mistaken if she thinks
she can just take your kids and move
to Jersey. You have parental and
custody rights.

EDDIE
I sure as hell hope so.

TOMMY
Unless she can unequivocally prove
you are an unfit parent, which is
hard to do.

Eddie folds his arms and scowls.

EDDIE
Unless working sixty hours a week is
a crime, she's got nothing.

Tommy leans forward, folds his hands on the desk.

TOMMY
Good. My retainer is five grand and
I'll want to review your financial
records, including valuable personal
items so we can plan an equitable
separation of assets and property.

Eddie nods agreeably.

EDDIE
Whatever you need, Mister Reyes.

Tommy stands and motions Eddie towards his office door.

TOMMY

That's all I need except for a check
or credit card and I'll get the ball
rolling.

Eddie gets up and the two men shake hands.

EDDIE

Is an ATM card okay?

TOMMY

(grins)
Yeah. ATM cards don't bounce.

They laugh.

INT. DOJO - NIGHT

A karate class with a dozen students is paired off and sparring with gloves and torso pads.

MICHAEL (41), a big man of color, walks around observing the training session. He's wearing his fifth-degree black belt.

Eddie is matched against a stocky man named RONNY (30).

The two men throw several punches and defensive blocks.

RONNY delivers an accurate side-kick to Eddie's gut.

Eddie, who is momentarily winded, angrily comes back and punches Ronny in the jaw.

Ronny wobbles from the powerful blow.

Eddie grabs Ronny's arm and takes him down to the mat.

He kneels and rears his arm back to strike him again.

Michael grabs Eddie's wrist.

MICHAEL

Hey! No killing your fellow student.

The other students all stop to watch.

The air is thick with tension.

Eddie meekly turns to his sensei.

EDDIE
Sorry. I had a bad day.

MICHAEL
Don't apologize to me.

Michael points at the mat.

EDDIE
Apologize to him.

Eddie reaches down and helps Ronny off the floor.

Eddie bows to his opponent.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Sorry, man. I lost my shit for a
moment. There's no excuse.

Ronny graciously nods.

RONNY
Apology accepted.

Eddie pats Ronny's arm.

Michael nods at Eddie.

MICHAEL
Can I have a word outside?

EDDIE
(nods)
Of course.

The two men exit the front entrance.

EXT. STOREFRONT - NIGHT

Eddie and his instructor face each other.

Michael frowns and folds his arms.

MICHAEL
You're a senior man in this class.
What the hell's the matter with you?

Eddie blurts out his reply.

EDDIE
I caught my wife cheating last night
and she's leaving me.

Michael's eyes widen.

MICHAEL
Shit, man! Sorry to hear that.

EDDIE
You know me. I'm usually even-tempered.

MICHAEL
Well, You could've fooled me.

Eddie raises his hand.

EDDIE
I know, but I've got it together now.

MICHAEL
Mmm hmm. But if that temper flares again...

Michael lightly pokes Eddie in the chest.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
I'm going to bounce your ass.

EDDIE
(nod)
It won't.

Michael extends his arm to the entrance.

MICHAEL
Let's go back and play nice.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Eddie and Isaiah sit having a therapy session.

Eddie halfheartedly looks down at his notepad while barely listening to his client.

Isaiah does expressive hand gestures while speaking.

ISAIAH
So when they informed me this prick Frank was on his ass with the Oracle ERP system, I told him I wanted a full written report on how he intends to get on a schedule.

Eddie looks up at his client.

EDDIE
(Monotone)
How did he react?

ISAIAH
(exasperated)
The retard sent me a one-sheet
response with bullet points. God damn
non-sequiturs instead of meaningful
actions or a timeline.

Eddie looks down at his pad again.

EDDIE
That must've been aggravating.

Isaiah leans back and raises his eyebrows.

ISAIAH
What the fuck's wrong with you today?

EDDIE
(surprised)
What do you mean?

ISAIAH
Don't bullshit me, man. I've been
unloading on you for two years. Your
head's not in the game.

Eddie looks like a child who broke his favorite toy.

EDDIE
Carole wants out.

ISAIAH
Out of what?

EDDIE
She wants a divorce.

Isaiah gets an odd look of vindication and relief.

ISAIAH
I knew something was wrong with you!

EDDIE
(sighs)
That's just great. I'm supposed to be
the psychologist.

Isaiah looks intently at Eddie.

ISAIAH

Well, you're doing a fucking terrible job of it.

Eddie is momentarily shocked then bursts out laughing.

Isaiah joins in.

EDDIE

I'm sorry to lay my problems on you.

Isaiah waves his hand.

ISAIAH

Let's go have a cocktail.

EDDIE

I'm not sure if that violates the doctor-patient relationship.

Isaiah rolls his eyes.

ISAIAH

Don't worry about that drivel. I know a cool joint where we can talk shit over.

Eddie sits back and smiles.

EDDIE

Okay.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Eddie and Isaiah sit drinking and talking at a booth in a restaurant bar.

EDDIE

I appreciate you taking the time to listen to my troubles. I know you're super busy.

Isaiah pats Eddy's forearm.

ISAIAH

You're my therapist. I wouldn't want you melting down.

They laugh.

Eddie downs a shot and takes a sip of his beer chaser.

EDDIE
I'm not in danger of a nervous
breakdown. Even though I ate Sugar
Pops this morning.

ISAIAH
We all need to vent, man. So why's
your old lady flying the coop?

EDDIE
It's my fault. All work and no play.

Isaiah nods with empathy.

ISAIAH
You've advised me on that subject.

EDDIE
I'm good with the theory but poor at
practicing it.

ISAIAH
Me too.

Eddie leans forward and speaks in a low voice.

EDDIE
Yesterday, I came home and nearly
caught some guy in bed with Carole.

ISAIAH
You didn't get a look at him?

Eddie shakes his head.

EDDIE
He climbed out the window and booked
it before I could catch him.

ISAIAH
(sighs)
Carole wouldn't tell you who it was?

EDDIE
No.

Eddie pulls out a cigar case.

EDDIE (cont'd)
I wonder if I can smoke in here?

Isaiah nods and smiles.

ISAIAH
The owner's okay with it.

EDDIE
How do you know?

ISAIAH
I'm the boss man.

Eddie's eyes widen.

EDDIE
You own Napoleon's Grill?

ISAIAH
Along with a dozen other enterprises.

EDDIE
I knew you had money but...you got
that MONEY, money!

Isaiah waves his hand like it's nothing.

ISAIAH
More money. More problems.

EDDIE
(smiles)
I could do with some of those
problems.

ISAIAH
Then you need to look for
opportunities. You'll never make
millions being a shrink.

Eddie lights up a cigar.

Isaiah nods at him.

ISAIAH (cont'd)
I'll take one of those.

EDDIE
It'll cost you ten grand. Just
looking for an opportunity.

Isaiah looks at Eddie like he's nuts.

EDDIE (cont'd)
I'm kidding!

He slides the case over.

Isaiah takes out a Corona.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

JUDITH (28), a shapely cocktail waitress walks over by two large MALE CUSTOMERS.

She places beers in front of them.

JUDITH
That'll be twenty dollars.

CUSTOMER #1
Twenty bucks? For two bottles of Bud?

Judith rolls her eyes.

JUDITH
I don't set the prices. I serve the drinks.

Customer #2 looks at Judith's butt.

CUSTOMER #2
For that, I should get a hand full of ass.

Customer #2 roughly pats Judith's can.

JUDITH
Hey, asshole!

The two idiots laugh.

Isaiah observes the disturbance from his table.

He looks at Eddie and frowns.

ISAIAH
Excuse me.

Isaiah hastily walks to the bar.

ISAIAH (cont'd)
Gentlemen, you need to leave.

Customer #1 scowls.

CUSTOMER #1
Fuck you, jigaboo!

ISAIAH
Jigaboo?

Isaiah pushes customer #1 against the bar.

Customer #2 grabs Isaiah from behind.

Eddie taps customer #2 on the shoulder.

EDDIE
Hey, white boy!

Customer #2 lets go of Isaiah and turns around.

Eddie grabs him by the hair and slams his face on the bar.

Customer #2 goes down to the tile floor.

Customer #1 rabbit punches Isaiah.

Isaiah stumbles onto a bar stool.

Eddie throws a roundhouse kick and knocks customer #1 over a cocktail table.

Isaiah steps over and kicks customer #1 in the ribs.

Customer #1 yelps with pain.

Four security guards run in and sweep up the unruly patrons.

Customer #1 flips off Isaiah and Eddie as he's being evicted from the bar.

CUSTOMER #1
I'll be back!

Isaiah smiles and waves.

He turns to Judith.

ISAIAH
Are you okay?

JUDITH
(smiles)
I'm fine, boss. Are you alright?

ISAIAH
(nods)
No worse for the wear.

Isaiah smiles at Eddie, pats his arm.

ISAIAH (cont'd)
I may hire you as a bouncer.

EDDIE
I'm too expensive.

They laugh.

ISAIAH
You're learning.

The two men walk back to their booth.

Eddie guzzles the rest of his beer and takes a drag off his smoldering cigarette.

Isaiah looks at him with admiration.

ISAIAH (cont'd)
I didn't expect you to be a barroom brawler.

Eddie shrugs and smiles.

EDDIE
I'm a 1st Dan black belt in karate.
It's my primary outlet.

ISAIAH
Well, you sure as hell put that theory into practice.

EDDIE
(smiles)
You should see my son, Scott. He's eleven and he's already a brown belt.

Isaiah nods approvingly.

ISAIAH
Impressive.

EDDIE
You're not exactly a cupcake. You faced those clowns like a bulldog.

Isaiah extends his hand.

ISAIAH
I appreciate you backing me up.

The two men shake.

He puts his forefinger to his temple.

ISAIAH (cont'd)
And I won't forget it.

EDDIE

(smiles)

My practice can't afford to lose you.
You pay your bills on time.

They laugh.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Isaiah sits at a small table working on a laptop while nursing a latte.

Carole enters, walks over, and sits down.

She's wearing a beret and sunglasses.

Isaiah closes his computer.

CAROLE

What was so important that you wanted
to meet me here?

He stares at his companion for a moment.

ISAIAH

You said your last name was Barnett.
Why didn't you tell me you were Eddie
Charle's wife?

Carole acquires a mischievous expression.

CAROLE

A delicious irony. Don't you agree?

ISAIAH

No, I don't.

CAROLE

We're fuck buddies. I didn't think
you needed to know.

Isaiah narrows his eyes.

ISAIAH

Sleeping with Eddie's client? Was
that an extra thrill for you?

CAROLE

Don't flatter yourself. You're just
average in bed.

Carole retrieves a compact mirror and puts on some lip
gloss.

CAROLE (cont'd)
I read about you in Los Angeles
Magazine.

ISAIAH
So meeting at Gelson's wasn't just
happenstance?

CAROLE
What do you think?

Isaiah rests his chin in his hand, deliberates.

ISAIAH
I think I misjudged you.

CAROLE
A sudden pang of conscience? You knew
you were banging another man's wife.

ISAIAH
It was better when I didn't know the
man.

Carole makes a sour face.

CAROLE
He's just your shrink. You don't owe
him anything.

ISAIAH
He means more to me than that.

Isaiah retrieves his computer and stands.

ISAIAH (cont'd)
In any case, it's over between us.

Carole chuckles and shakes her head.

CAROLE
I hope you and Eddie will be happy
together.

Isaiah ignores the wisecrack and leaves.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

MELANIE (25), a receptionist, sits at a desk doing something
on her computer.

The phone rings and she professionally answers.

MELANIE
 (into phone)
 Doctor Hill's office. How may I
 assist?

Carole loudly responds.

CAROLE (V.O.)
 (over phone)
 Put my husband on the line.

MELANIE
 I think you just caught him between
 appointments.

CAROLE (V.O.)
 Peachy!

Melanie rolls her eyes.

MELANIE
 Just a moment.

She presses the intercom.

MELANIE (cont'd)
 Doctor Hill?

EDDIE (V.O.)
 (over speaker)
 Yes, Melanie.

MELANIE
 Your wife's on the line.

EDDIE (V.O.)
 Okay.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Eddie picks up the phone.

EDDIE
 (into phone)
 What's up?

CAROLE (V.O.)
 (over phone)
 How's your hotel room?

Eddie leans back and puts his feet up on the desk.

EDDIE
Nice and peaceful.

CAROLE (V.O.)
My lawyer got a call from Tommy Reyes today. He says all you want is an equitable separation with joint custody.

EDDIE
I hope we can do this without being bitter and ugly.

INTERCUT TO BATHROOM

Carole reclines in a giant soaker tub having a bubble bath.

Candles are burning and a half-empty wine goblet sits on the edge of the tub.

CAROLE
(into phone)
But I enjoy bitter and ugly.

EDDIE (V.O.)
(over phone)
I know I've been neglectful. But what did I do to deserve such animosity?

CAROLE
You bore me and I can't stand the sight of you anymore. Other than that, you're terrific.

EDDIE (V.O.)
The sarcasm is seeping through the receiver.

CAROLE
Sorry. What I meant to say is my goal is to gain sole custody of the kids and bleed you dry.

Eddie pauses and sighs.

EDDIE (V.O.)
My mother, God rest her soul, was right about you.

Carole has a quizzical expression.

CAROLE
Really? How so?

EDDIE (V.O.)
She once called you a mean-spirited
bitch and she was right.

Carole hears a dial tone.

She sets the phone down.

CAROLE
That bastard hung up on me.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Eddie pokes his head into Melanie's office.

EDDIE
I need to clear my head. I'm taking a
quick walk.

Melanie smiles at him.

MELANIE
You have an appointment in forty-five
minutes.

EDDIE
(nods)
I'll be here.

Eddie leaves.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Eddie is on a walking path drinking a can of soda.

A MYSTERY MAN with dark curly hair and a short beard runs up
to him.

He places a plastic bag into Eddie's coat pocket.

MYSTERY MAN
Take this for me. I'll find you
later.

The man takes off running at a speedy clip.

Moments later, three thugs pass Eddie up and run after the
fleeing man.

Eddie jogs in the other direction.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Eddie sits at his desk, working on his computer, with the lights dimmed.

He gets the bag from his coat pocket.

Inside are three bottles of small white pills.

He reads the generic label aloud.

EDDIE
Clinical trial number two. Medication
name: SAM.

He opens one of the containers to examine a pill.

He talks to himself.

EDDIE (cont'd)
You look harmless enough.

He drops the pill back into the bottle.

EDDIE (cont'd)
So why the hell would those bruisers
want you so badly?

Eddie gets on a computer search engine and types the words SAM Clinical trials.

He reads the top search engine optimized headline.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Merrick Pharmaceuticals abruptly ends
clinical trials for its experimental
anxiety medication.

Eddie nods approvingly.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Interesting.

He clicks on the online article and reads aloud.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Under a cloud of controversy for a
new anxiety medication called
Subconscious Access Memory, AKA SAM,
Merrick Pharmaceuticals has
terminated its clinical trials.

(MORE)

EDDIE (cont'd)

The spokesperson for the company refused to comment on the alleged mind-expanding side effects claimed by several doctors and patients involved in the first two research studies.

Eddie continues reading the second paragraph.

He grabs his Smartphone and looks for a contact name.

Eddie puts the phone to his ear and hears the ringing sound.

A male voice answers.

It's Isaiah.

EDDIE (cont'd)

(into phone)

Hey, it's Eddie.

ISAIAH (V.O.)

(over phone)

What's going on?

EDDIE

Do you have a line on any local laboratories that can analyze the chemical properties of an anxiety medication?

Isaiah chuckles at the cryptic inquiry.

ISAIAH (V.O.)

The answer is yes and you've piqued my interest.

EDDIE

Meaning?

ISAIAH (V.O.)

Why do you want it?

Eddie picks up one of the containers.

EDDIE

I had an interesting encounter at the park and acquired three bottles of an experimental anxiety medication called SAM.

ISAIAH (V.O.)

Subconscious Access Memory.

EDDIE
(astonished)
How'd you know?

Isaiah coolly responds.

ISAIAH (V.O.)
I've heard of it. It supposedly
combines ingredients found in LSD,
Ayahuasca, and Lorazepam.

Eddie's face lights up.

EDDIE
That sounds amazing. Why haven't I
heard of it?

ISAIAH (V.O.)
Merrick, the outfit that came up with
the drug, is out of Switzerland. Some
of the swiped batches have only
recently made it to our shores.

EDDIE
What kind of turnaround could your
lab source do?

ISAIAH (V.O.)
The guy owes me some favors. So I'd
say no more than a week.

Eddie sets the bottle down.

EDDIE
If this stuff is what you say it is,
then the possibilities are endless.

ISAIAH (V.O.)
You may be sitting on a gold mine.

EDDIE
That thought has crossed my mind.
(beat)
So when and where can we meet?

Eddie hears a woman's voice in the background.

It gets louder.

WOMAN (V.O.)
Come back to bed, baby.

EDDIE
It sounds like you're occupied.

ISAIAH (V.O.)
You caught me in the middle of a
business meeting.

EDDIE
(chuckles)
Sorry for the interruption.

ISAIAH (V.O.)
Come by Napoleon's for lunch tomorrow
at noon, and you can bring your
samples.

Eddie puts the Sam into a desk drawer and locks it.

EDDIE
I knew you were the man to talk to.
See you tomorrow.

ISAIAH (V.O.)
You bet. And Eddie...

Isaiah pauses for some reason.

EDDIE
Yes?

ISAIAH
If you're thinking of taking one of
those Sam pills. I'd wait until we
get one analyzed.

EDDIE
I suppose you're right.

ISAIAH
Don't suppose. Just don't take one.

EDDIE
Yes, mother.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

DARYL (36), the mystery man from the park is tied to a
chair.

Three Eastern Bloc HOODS stand in front of him.

HOOD #1
Daryl, you've been a naughty boy.

DARYL
I don't know what you're talking
about?

HOOD #2 rolls his eyes.

HOOD #2
Come on, kucko! We have little
patience for budalos.

Daryl looks befuddled.

DARYL
What's a budalo?

HOOD #3 holds a pair of pliers in his right hand.
He points at Daryl with his other hand.

HOOD #3
You're a budalo.

HOOD #1
(smiles)
It means idiot, asshole.

DARYL
Am I an idiot or an asshole? Make up
your minds.

Hood #2 steps forward to bitch slap Daryl.

HOOD #1
Just tell us who has the SAM,
dickhead.

DARYL
Now, I'm a dickhead?

Hood #1 makes a sour expression.

HOOD #1
Hit him again.

Hood #3 slaps Daryl in the face.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

An unmarked police car is parked across the street from the
warehouse where Daryl's being interrogated.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Detective, DAVID CHO (35), sits in the passenger seat wearing a sport coat and blue jeans.

Detective Ted Owens sits in the passenger seat. He's wearing his usual white shirt, tie, and leather jacket.

DAVID
Shouldn't we get Daryl back from the Ukrainians?

Ted rolls his eyes.

TED OWENS
They're Serbians. And, no. Let them slap him around a little longer.

David looks at Ted like he's crazy.

DAVID
You said he was a good informant.

TED OWENS
He didn't listen to me about the product. He needs to put a higher value on our relationship.

Over the computer speaker, is the sound of Daryl being slapped again.

DAVID
(grim)
What if the Serbians find the wire?

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Daryl's face is bloodied from several forceful blows.

HOOD #1
So far, we've been very gentle with you. Tell us what we want and I might let you walk out of here.

DARYL
I told you I don't know.

Hood #1 nods at his associate.

Hood #2 punches Daryl in the jaw.

Daryl falls backward.

Hood #3 catches the chair before it hits the floor.

HOOD #1
If you don't start talking, my friend
with the pliers is going to start
yanking off your toenails.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Ted turns to his partner and smiles.

TED OWENS
Now, it's time to rescue Daryl.

The two men quickly exit the vehicle.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Hood #2 cracks Daryl in the face.

Daryl yelps with pain.

DARYL
You sons of Russian whores!

HOOD #2
(smirks)
We're Serbians.

HOOD #1
Who has the SAM?

Daryl nods at Hood #1.

DARYL
Alright, I'll tell you.

Hood #1 steps over to lightly pat Daryl's face.

HOOD #1
Good. Who has it?

DARYL
(sighs)
At the park, there was a tall black
guy.

Hood #1 throws his hands up.

HOOD #1
And?

DARYL
I slipped the SAM into his coat
pocket and told him to hold it for
me.

Hood #1 appears exasperated.

HOOD #1
What's his name?

DARYL
I don't know. I think he works near
the park.

HOOD #1
(sardonic)
You think?

Daryl vigorously nods.

DARYL
I've seen him before.

HOOD #1
Zivko, take off his toenail.

Hood #3 stoops down to untie Daryl's tennis shoe.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ted uses a credit card to hastily get in the front door.

David mimes his applause.

The two detectives cautiously enter the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Hood #3 pulls off Daryl's sock and pinches his nose.

HOOD #3
Daryl, your feet smell terrible.

The three hoods crack up.

HOOD #1
Do it already.

Hood #3 grabs hold of Daryl's middle nail.

HOOD #3
Last chance.

HOOD #1
Give us the man's name.

DARYL
(shouts)
I don't know it.

Hood #3 wrenches out Daryl's nail.

Daryl wails in agony.

The detectives enter the room.

Ted's holding a gun behind his back.

The three hoods turn around.

Ted holds up his index finger with a cautioning motion.

TED OWENS
Now, now!

HOOD #1
(angry)
Who the fuck are you guys?

TED OWENS
We're from Western Exterminators. We understand you have a termite infestation.

Hood #2 scowls at Ted.

HOOD #2
What's behind your back?

TED
It's a hammer.

HOOD #3
A hammer?

Ted nods like a lunatic.

TED OWENS
We're Western Exterminators. Haven't you seen our trucks and our logo?

Hood #1 has had enough.

He reaches for his gat.

Ted brings his hand around.

He shoots Hood #1 in the cheek.

Hood #1 reaches up to touch his wound before toppling over.

Hood #2 goes for his gun.

David takes the weaver stance and blasts him in the gut.

Hood #2 falls to his knees, then drops face down.

Hood #3 squats down and puts a knife across Daryl's throat.

HOOD #3
Let's negotiate, my friends.

Ted nods and smiles.

TED OWENS
Sure.

Ted fires around into the hood's exposed elbow.

Hood #3 screams, drops the blade and cradles his arm.

Ted holsters his piece and steps over to retrieve the blade.

He looks down at Hood #3.

TED OWENS (cont'd)
Who do you work for?

Hood #3 points to the body of his fallen comrade.

HOOD #3
Rod, the man you killed.

TED
(nods)
And who was his boss?

HOOD #3
I don't know.

TED OWENS
(sighs)
Then what good are you?

He kneels to stab Hood #3 in his eye.

Hood #3 screams like a banshee and bleeds out.

Ted wipes the blade on the dead goon's shirt.

He steps over and cuts the ropes binding Daryl.

DARYL

Thanks.

Daryl stands up and wobbles.

David helps steady him.

TED OWENS

Are you okay?

DARYL

(whiny)

Do I look okay?

Ted pats him on the shoulder.

TED OWENS

If you weren't so beat-up I'd smack you one.

DARYL

Thanks for saving my ass.

TED OWENS

What did I tell you?

Daryl reticently answers.

DARYL

To gather more info and not touch the product.

TED OWENS

And what did you do?

DARYL

I touched it.

Ted nods and pats Daryl again.

He looks at David and smiles.

TED OWENS

See! This was a teaching moment.

David glances around at the carnage.

DAVID

What about the Serbians?

TED OWENS

Fuck 'em. We'll deal with them later.

DAVID
What are we doing now?

Ted puts his arm around Daryl.

TED OWENS
Taking my boy to the concierge
doctor.

DAVID
Of course.

The two detectives help Daryl walk out of the warehouse.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Eddie knocks on the door of his house.

Carole, dressed in sweats, answers.

She acquires a slight grin.

CAROLE
I haven't changed the locks. You
could've used your key.

EDDIE
Since I'm in exile, I didn't out of
respect for you.

Carole's face softens.

CAROLE
I appreciate that.

She extends her arm.

CAROLE (cont'd)
Come in.

Eddie nods and enters.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eddie sits down on a white sofa.

Carole takes a seat near him.

EDDIE
Where are the kids?

CAROLE
Jen's at ballet and Scottyis at
Karate.

EDDIE
(nods)
He likes Karate. Doesn't he?

CAROLE
He loves it.

Eddie nods approvingly.

EDDIE
A chip off the old block.

CAROLE
(snide)
Yeah. You're so macho.

Eddie rears back.

EDDIE
I took a guy out at Napoleon's a few
nights ago.

CAROLE
You had a date with a man?

Eddie shakes his head.

EDDIE
I slammed some guy's head against the
bar when he attacked my friend.

CAROLE
Really?

EDDIE
I'm deadly serious.

Carole appears both surprised and impressed.

CAROLE
Maybe you're not as tame as I
thought.

Eddie shakes his head.

EDDIE
I fought in Afghanistan. Remember?

CAROLE
That's not what surprises me.

EDDIE
What does?

CAROLE
I didn't know you had any friends.

EDDIE
He's a patient and we're starting to socialize.

Carole offers an encouraging look.

CAROLE
Good for you.

Carole stands.

CAROLE (cont'd)
I'm grabbing some wine. You want some?

EDDIE
I'll have a beer if we're still stocking it.

CAROLE
(nods)
We are.

Carole walks into the kitchen.

Eddie hears the sound of bottles clinking.

CAROLE (O.S.)
So tell me about the bar fight.

EDDIE
Two knuckleheads accosted the waitress and my companion, Isaiah, went to help.

Carole enters and hands Eddie a bottle.

CAROLE
Isaiah? Isn't he the rich guy?

EDDIE
How did you know?

CAROLE
You mentioned him once or twice before.

EDDIE

(shrugs)

Anyway, he went to help the waitress
and then I went to help him.

Carole lifts her glass.

CAROLE

Check you out. A regular Steven
Seagal.

Eddie gets an earnest expression.

EDDIE

Look, Carole.

CAROLE

That's me.

EDDIE

I came over to say I'm to blame for
everything. If anyone screwed up this
marriage, it was me. So, I apologize
for neglecting you and the kids.

Carole finishes her drink, sets her glass down, and sighs.

CAROLE

I thought you just came by to get
more underwear and shaving cream.

They laugh.

EDDIE

I'm all stocked up.

CAROLE

I'm sorry for being nasty on the
phone. I'm not going to bleed you
dry, come at you with garlic and a
cross or put a stake through your
heart.

EDDIE

But I hope you'll consider taking me
back and give me a chance to prove I
can be a good husband and a man
worthy of your affection.

Carole's taken aback.

CAROLE

I don't know. I'm fairly settled
about moving on.

EDDIE
(sighs)
Well, I hope you at least think about
it before you decide.

Eddie downs most of his beer.

CAROLE
(nods)
I will.

Eddie stands.

EDDIE
Thank you.

Carole gets up too.

CAROLE
Today reaffirms what I've always
known about you.

EDDIE
What's that?

CAROLE
That you're a good man.

Eddie heads for the front door.

CAROLE (cont'd)
Eddie...

He turns back around.

EDDIE
Yes?

CAROLE
I'll consider your offer. But don't
hang too much hope on a
reconciliation.

Eddie nods and exits.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Eddie sits with a look of despair.

He reaches down to unlock his drawer and retrieves one of
the bottles of Sam.

He takes out a pill and sets it on the desk.

He puts the bottle back and locks the drawer.

Eddie stares at the drug for several seconds.

EDDIE

Fuck it!

Eddie swallows the pill and washes it down with Red Bull.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

Eddie speedily drives his car up a winding road.

He sees a gorgeous vista and immediately pulls off the road and backs into the scenic spot.

EXT. VISTA - NIGHT

Eddie stands near the edge of the steep hill surveying the beauty of the panoramic view.

He grins like the Cheshire Cat.

He takes his smartphone, sets it on selfie mode, and presses the video record button.

EDDIE

This is Eddie Charles.

Eddie laughs like a crazy person.

He sings in a soulful falsetto voice.

EDDIE (cont'd)

Who else would it be?

Eddie laughs again.

EDDIE (cont'd)

I'm not crazy. I've never been so laser-focused in my life.

He looks up at the full moon and howls.

EDDIE (cont'd)

My wife may be leaving me, but I'm a man who is focused.

Eddie runs a hand over his face as if to clear his mind.

EDDIE (cont'd)

Time to put my therapist hat on.

Eddie glances at his watch.

EDDIE (cont'd)
It's ten-thirty on Friday night and about ninety minutes ago, I ingested a prototype version of SAM, which is an acronym for subconscious access memory.

He forgets he's taping himself and raises his arms in the air like he's in church.

~~EDDIE (cont'd)
Which is what I'm doing.~~

EDDIE (cont'd)
Hello?

Eddie puts the video cam back on his face.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Oh, hello.

Eddie becomes super serious.

EDDIE (cont'd)
I need to articulately chronicle what I'm feeling. First, I feel both euphoric and completely relaxed. Second, I'm experiencing the sights and sounds of the night sky more clearly than ever before. Third, I feel uninhibited and ready to confront my demons.

Eddie's face abruptly goes blank as he stands in a trance-like state.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

SUPER: KABUL AFGHANISTAN, 13 YEARS AGO

A Black Humvee pulls up and three soldiers dressed in dark camouflage uniforms, holding M16 Rifles, exit the vehicle.

One of them is Eddie.

The stealthy trio enters the large complex.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

One soldier walks right and one goes left down the hallway.

Eddie runs up two flights of stairs.

As he arrives at the top floor, Eddie hears multiple bursts of automatic gunfire.

He cautiously walks through the hallway.

MAN#1 runs out of his unit.

He comes at Eddie with a butcher knife.

MAN#1
Allahu Akbar!

Eddie calmly shoots him.

Man#1 grabs his chest and stumbles to the ground.

Three more men exit an apartment and shoot at Eddie.

Eddie squats and returns fire.

Two men are cut down.

Man#4 runs at Eddie growling like a dog.

Eddie swings his rifle butt around and cracks his jaw.

Man#4 goes down.

Eddie turns the rifle towards his attacker's face.

Man#4 lets out a horrifying scream.

Eddie blows his brains out.

He trots down to the last apartment on the left.

Eddie shoots the lock and kicks open the door.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eddie enters the living room to find an OLDER MAN sitting next to a young boy.

The older man nods and smiles.

OLDER MAN
Peace be with you.

EDDIE
Same to you.

Eddie looks at the boy.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Tell the kid to leave us.

The older man pats the boy's knee.

OLDER MAN
Ta didar bad!

The boy quickly leaves the unit.

EDDIE
Are you Fahad Abdul-Ghani?

OLDER MAN
(nods)
You know I am.

Eddie coolly points and shoots.

The older man slumps over.

Eddie hears a rustling noise and turns to his right.

A woman wearing a black burka stands holding a pistol.

Her hand is shaking badly.

EDDIE
Put the gun down!

The woman shoots and misses.

Eddie returns fire and doesn't.

The woman is propelled back against the wall.

She slides down on her rear.

Eddie steps over and kicks the gun away.

He stoops down and removes her face covering.

He's shocked to discover she looks thirteen.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Why'd you make me shoot you?

The teen says something he can't understand.

Eddie takes her hand.

The teen squeezes it tightly.

EDDIE (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

The girl's head dips as she dies.

Eddie lets go of her hand, stands, and glances down.

He turns and exits the apartment.

EXT. VISTA - NIGHT

SUPER: 13 YEARS LATER

Eddie comes out of his trance.

He does a horizontal sweeping motion with his hand.

EDDIE

Though I have blood on my hands, I'm
resolved to let go of any guilt I've
carried over the years.

Eddie looks intently at the video cam.

EDDIE (cont'd)

I've had nothing short of an
epiphany. Despite my years as a
psychologist, none of my experience
and education has revealed what I
understood tonight.

Eddie puts away the phone and returns to his sedan.

He slowly drives away.

INT. ESTATE - DAY

A blue BMW SUV parks in front of a sizable hillside house
overlooking the city.

RATKO (38), a well-built, sharply dressed man with blond
hair, exits the vehicle.

INT. STUDY - DAY

SAVA KOSTIC (61), sits listening to Bach music while reading
in a room decorated with modern furniture and eclectic
paintings and sculptures.

He's a fit man with angular features dressed in slacks and a
polo shirt.

His serenity is interrupted by a knock.

Sava doesn't look up from his reading.

SAVA

Come.

Ratco enters and nods.

RATCO

Zdravo.

SAVA

Zdravo. Kako si?

RATCO

(nods)

Dobro.

Sava looks up at his associate.

SAVA

What did you find out?

Ratco hangs his head.

RATCO

I'm afraid it's bad news.

SAVA

My son is dead?

Ratco looks intently at Sava and sighs.

RATCO

The police found Rad and his men at the warehouse on First Street.

SAVA

(intense)

How did my boy die?

RATCO

He was shot in the face.

Sava closes his book and puts it back on the shelf.

RATCO (cont'd)

I always encouraged Rad to be his own man and let him operate without interference.

Sava sits back down and points to the guest chair.

SAVA
Please sit, my friend.

Ratco takes a seat.

RATCO
I'm very sorry for your loss.

SAVA
Do you have any idea what he was
involved with?

RATCO
When I spoke with him on Tuesday he
said he was looking for a stolen
package.

SAVA
What was he doing at the warehouse?

Ratco shifts in his chair.

RATCO
I assume they were there to work
someone over.

SAVA
This is what I get for my lack of
parental supervision.

Sava leans back and shuts his eyes.

RATCO
I'll make some calls and see what I
can find out.

SAVA
If you have to send people to the
ends of the earth, find out who did
this.

RATCO
I will.

Ratco gets up and leaves.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Daryl sits on a bench near the main street wearing a long
grey coat, sunglasses, and a fedora.

He pretends to read the newspaper while watching people
during the busy lunch hour.

His eyes widen when he sees Eddie step up to a food truck parked on the street.

EXT. FOOD TRUCK - DAY

A CATERING WOMAN working inside the truck hands Eddie his food.

CATERING WOMAN
See you, Eddie.

EDDIE
(grins)
Thanks, Tina.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Eddie briskly walks while sipping his drink.

Daryl walks a half-block behind.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Eddie enters the small office building.

Daryl watches from the street for a moment then also enters.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Daryl walks up to the directory and sees the names of the four therapists listed.

Three of them have women's names.

Daryl smiles and says the fourth name aloud.

DARYL
Hello, Eddie Hill.

Daryl happily exits.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Daryl sits on the park bench eating a hotdog.

Ted walks up and plops down next to him.

TED
You rang?

Daryl appears pleased with himself.

DARYL
I know where the guy works.

TED
(curious)
Who?

DARYL
The guy I gave the Sam to.

Ted turns to Daryl and smiles.

TED
You do?

DARYL
His office is three blocks away.

TED
Good work.

Daryl gets an anxious look.

DARYL
What's our next move?

TED
At the moment, nothing.

DARYL
(shocked)
What?

Ted pats Daryl's leg.

TED
I'll get back to you.

Ted quickly leaves.

Daryl shrugs and finishes his hotdog.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Eddie and Isaiah sit talking.

Isaiah watches Eddie's vista video on a Smartphone.

EDDIE (O.C.)
I've had nothing short of an
epiphany.

(MORE)

EDDIE (O.C.) (cont'd)
Despite my years as a psychologist,
none of my experience and education
has revealed what I understood
tonight.

The video ends.

Isaiah solemnly hands the phone back to Eddie.

ISAIAH
Jesus, man.

EDDIE
(nods)
I know. Pretty intense.

Isaiah has a quizzical expression.

ISAIAH
When you zoned out, what was going on
in your head?

EDDIE
I was back in Kabul in 2006.

ISAIAH
Doing what?

EDDIE
I was an Army Ranger doing a job.

Isaiah appears dumbfounded.

ISAIAH
You have many layers, Eddie. Is that
what you meant by a lot of blood?

EDDIE
Yes.

ISAIAH
What happened?

Eddie folds his arms tightly.

EDDIE
Something that left a bad taste in my
mouth.

Isaiah puts his hands up.

ISAIAH
I'll respect your boundaries.
Besides, I don't want to piss you
off.

Eddie waves his hand.

EDDIE
I didn't show you that to scare or
impress you.

ISAIAH
Why did you show it to me?

EDDIE
Nothing like that has ever happened
to me before. I've shoved that shit
in the back of my mind.

Isaiah knowingly nods.

ISAIAH
And you attribute SAM to helping
access those repressed memories?

EDDIE
You're damn right I do.

ISAIAH
Then I have something that will
interest you.

Isaiah reaches down to his briefcase, pulls out a manila
envelop, and hands it to Eddie.

Eddie anxiously opens it and pulls out a report.

ISAIAH (cont'd)
That's a complete breakdown of what's
in SAM, including the chemist's
opinions of possible side effects.

Eddie quickly scans the pages.

He looks up at Isaiah.

EDDIE
At first glance, it looks like enough
information for some savvy
entrepreneurs to manufacture it.

ISAIAH
That same thought crossed my mind.

Eddie grins at his companion.

EDDIE
My first experience with it was
nothing short of spectacular.

ISAIAH
Though I advised you against taking
it blindly, which you ignored.

Eddie chuckles and nods.

EDDIE
My low state of mind positioned me
for rolling the dice.

ISAIAH
Did something happen with Carole?

EDDIE
I went over to the house before I
took it.

ISAIAH
And she was upset?

Eddie shakes his head.

EDDIE
She was very congenial. However,
reconciliation looks like a
challenge.

Isaiah narrows his eyes.

ISAIAH
How much of a challenge?

EDDIE
Like a salmon swimming up Niagara
Falls.

They laugh.

EDDIE (cont'd)
But out of the sadness, something
beautiful happened.

ISAIAH
(inquisitive)
Which was?

Eddie leans forward with intensity.

EDDIE

I discovered a path to removing human inhibitions and probing deep into the subconscious mind. Deeper than Freud ever dreamed of doing.

ISAIAH

(sardonic)

With the help of a little white pill.

EDDIE

You're God damn right.

Isaiah leans his face on folded hands.

ISAIAH

What is it you want?

EDDIE

With your connections and financial acumen, along with my psychology education and experience, we could knock the mental health industry on its fat, complacent ass.

ISAIAH

We'll need a little more of a detailed business plan.

EDDIE

That shouldn't be too difficult.

Isaiah stares at Eddie for several seconds.

Eddie shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

ISAIAH

Give me one.

EDDIE

A pill?

ISAIAH

Yes, the lab used the ones I had.

Eddie fumbles for his keys, opens a bottle of SAM, and slides a pill across his desk.

Isaiah picks it up.

ISAIAH (cont'd)

Do you have any water?

Eddie gets up, and retrieves some bottled water from a cabinet behind his desk.

He hands it to Isaiah.

EDDIE

I've treated you for two years and we've never delved deep into your past, let alone your subconscious mind. Are you ready to open that door?

Isaiah pops the SAM and downs a half bottle of water.

ISAIAH

Let's find out.

Isaiah gets up to leave.

EDDIE

You don't want me to watch you for while?

ISAIAH

This is my journey of self-discovery.

Isaiah grins as he departs.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Isaiah parks his Grey Range Rover Sport on the street.

INT/EXT. SUV - NIGHT

There's a bag of McDonald's food on the passenger seat.

Isaiah has a blank expression on his face, as his subconscious mind accesses a repressed memory.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: EAST TEXAS, 28 YEARS AGO

Isaiah (14), rides up the driveway on his mountain bike and parks it in the garage.

He hears a commotion going on inside the house and hastily runs inside.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Isaiah enters the living room to find his muscular drunken father, NATHAN (39), beating his mother, MELBA (35), a pretty, rail-thin woman.

Isaiah grabs Nathan by the shirt collar.

ISAIAH

Dad, stop!

Nathan turns around and backhands his son in the face.

Isaiah falls back over the coffee table.

Nathan steps forward to punch Melba.

Melba screams and falls to the floor.

Nathan sits on Melba, grabs her throat, and chokes her.

Isaiah gets up to run down the hall.

BEDROOM

Isaiah goes to the closet to get a baseball bat.

He runs out of the room.

LIVING ROOM

Isaiah steps behind his father. His face is full of rage.

He swings the bat with all his might and bashes Nathan directly in his temple.

Nathan topples over on the floor.

His nose and ears are oozing blood.

Isaiah helps his mother off the floor.

ISAIAH

Are you alright?

MELBA

Yes.

Melba looks down at Nathan with both relief and shock.

She puts her arm around her son.

MELBA (cont'd)
Baby, what have you done?

Isaiah looks at his dead father with contempt.

ISAIAH
(scowls)
What someone should've done a long
time ago.

INT/EXT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

SUPER: 28 YEARS LATER

Isaiah shakes for a moment.

He looks in his rearview mirror and notices a dark sedan
pull behind him with the headlights turned off.

He opens his console, puts brass knuckles on his right hand,
and grips a blackjack in his left hand.

Isaiah speedily exits his car.

The streetlight above illuminates his silhouette.

EXT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Two men exit their sedan.

It's the two unruly customers from the bar at Napoleon's.

CUSTOMER #1
Remember me? I told you I'd be back.

Customer#2 chimes in.

CUSTOMER #2
The other coon isn't here to protect
you.

They laugh.

CUSTOMER #1
You're a dead spook walking. Get it?

Isaiah gets a creepy smile.

ISAIAH
Yeah, I get it.

He steps forward to forcefully crack customer#2 in the skull with the blackjack.

Customer #2 falls like he's a wobbly Jengastack.

Customer #1 takes a wild swing at Isaiah that misses.

Isaiah breaks the man's jaw with a powerful right cross.

Customer #1 goes down to the pavement.

Isaiah kneels over him and pounds his face repeatedly with the brass knuckles.

Isaiah stands and spits on the guy.

Customer #2 moves slightly.

Isaiah steps over to kick him in the head.

Blood begins pooling under the man's head.

Isaiah puts the weapons in his coat pocket as he steps over to the SUV.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Isaiah uses the blue tooth to make a call.

A man's voice comes over the radio speaker.

MAN (V.O.)
Hello, Isaiah.

ISAIAH
I need your help with a little cleanup.

MAN (V.O.)
Where are you?

Isaiah takes a deep breath.

ISAIAH
At the house.

MAN (V.O.)
I'll be there in twenty minutes.

Isaiah ends the call.

He exits the SUV, walks over to the sedan, and pops the trunk.

He whistles, as he steps over to grab customer #1 by his ankles.

He drags the guy over, lifts him like a baby, and throws him inside the trunk.

Isaiah repeats the same procedure with customer #2 and puts next to his friend.

He closes the trunk and walks back to his vehicle.

Isaiah gets in the driver's side, turns on some jazz, and reclines back in his seat.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END