

THE THERAPEUTIC DOSE

Written by

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FADE IN:

**INT. DAVID GOLDSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Psychiatry books line David's shelves. In the middle of the office sit various couches, two of which are occupied by --

DAVID GOLDSTEIN, 60s, a man with greying hair who looks in shape for his age and his PATIENT, a skinny man with hollow eyes.

They two men engage in conversation.

**PATIENT**

What's that mean again?

**DAVID**

What's what mean?

**PATIENT**

That shit you called me.

**DAVID**

I didn't call you anything, did I?

**PATIENT**

You called me something. Dual something.

**DAVID**

I didn't mean to offend you if I called you anything.

**PATIENT**

No, I'm talking about the diagnosis, or whatever.

**DAVID**

Dual diagnosis?

**PATIENT**

Yeah, why'd you call me that?

**DAVID**

Well it's just a label. There are terms in psychiatry that are just labels we call people. A dual diagnosis means that you're dealing with some challenging mental health stuff and also struggle with an addiction of some sort.

The patient takes a beat to think.

**PATIENT**

I don't know if I'm ready to do this.

**DAVID**

That's okay. You don't have to be ready.

**PATIENT**

Can we just talk about something else? For now.

**DAVID**

We can talk about anything you want. That's why you're here.

**PATIENT**

Yeah.

A beat.

**DAVID**

I do want to talk about you at at some point. About your feelings. About what's bothering you.

**PATIENT**

We can talk about that.

**DAVID**

Let's talk about your mood.

**PATIENT**

My moods been better, man.

**DAVID**

Have the meds been helping?

**PATIENT**

The Lithium? And the Zyprexa? Yeah. A little.

**DAVID**

So that's progress, right?

**PATIENT**

Yeah, man. Don't get me wrong, i've been making progress here.

**DAVID**

That's good. So your moods been better. How so?

**PATIENT**

Well I was mad depressed yesterday.  
But no, I don't want to talk about  
it.

A beat.

**DAVID**

Let's talk about the Suboxone for a  
second. How's that working?

**PATIENT**

It's good. It works well. You know  
it looks like a stop sign.

A beat.

**DAVID**

Can I ask you something?

**PATIENT**

Yeah.

**DAVID**

Are you high right now?

A beat.

**PATIENT**

No.

**DAVID**

It's okay if you are.

**PATIENT**

No, I ain't.

**DAVID**

What do you mean by that? That it  
looks like a stop sign.

**PATIENT**

Like how it's red and has that  
hexagon shape.

David pauses and tries to take interpret this.

**DAVID**

And this disturbs you?

David takes notes.

**PATIENT**

Well no, see... The pills. They want me to stop. But my body, my mind, my soul. It wants me to continue.

**DAVID**

Well, I think you should continue the Suboxone treatment.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Mh.

**PATIENT**

I want to increase it.

**DAVID**

Increase what?

**PATIENT**

The Suboxone. That shit does nothing at the dose I'm at.

**DAVID**

I thought you said it helped?

**PATIENT**

A little.

**DAVID**

If you mess with your medication you're going to have to go back to the inpatient facility.

A beat.

**PATIENT**

I can't do this.

**DAVID**

You can, man. You have to keep telling yourself that.

**PATIENT**

You don't understand, man. What it's like. To be like me.

**DAVID**

I do understand.

**PATIENT**

How do you understand?

**DAVID**

Do you want to talk about me?

**PATIENT**

Yeah, since you understand.

**DAVID**

Well to be honest with you, I was addicted to cocaine. When I was thirteen. I, like you, was also diagnosed with a mood disorder.

**PATIENT**

Shit, you were?

**DAVID**

I was.

**PATIENT**

No way, man.

**DAVID**

Yeah way.

**PATIENT**

You? Tie wearing looking dude.

**DAVID**

Me.

**PATIENT**

No shit?

**DAVID**

No shit.

A beat.

**PATIENT**

But you're cured now and shit?

**DAVID**

Well I have my demons, I do struggle. But I am in a better place.

**PATIENT**

How'd you do it?

**DAVID**

How'd I do what?

**PATIENT**

How'd you fix yourself.

**DAVID**

Well, can I be honest with you?

**PATIENT**

Yeah.

**DAVID**

First, the medication helped. That was huge. I was on Lithium, too.

**PATIENT**

Do you still take it?

**DAVID**

No, I don't still take it.

**PATIENT**

Okay.

**DAVID**

But the most important thing was I believed in myself. And that might not work for you. I get it. You're in a tough spot right now. But I think that if you can push yourself through this, you can be the person you want to be.

A beat.

**PATIENT**

If you can do it, I can do it.

**DAVID**

That's right. So I'll see you here next week? Same time.

The patient stands up.

**PATIENT**

Next week, same time.

The patient exits. David sees him out

CUT TO:

**INT. DRUG TREATMENT CLINIC - OUTSIDE MATEO'S ROOM - DAY**

At the MED WINDOW, numerous PATIENTS line up for Methadone.

MATEO REED, 30s, a wiry man with tattoos that circumference his body, leans up against the wall. His ROOMMATE, 30s, who is shaking from withdrawal, is next to him.

They're in the midst of a conversation.

**MATEO**

No, so he ran up on my crew.

**ROOMMATE**

So you popped somebody?

**MATEO**

Yeah, I guess I did pop somebody.

**ROOMMATE**

So you were in jail before coming here.

**MATEO**

Yeah, the prison transferred me here. They cut time off my sentence.

**ROOMMATE**

Shit, how much time.

**MATEO**

About a year.

**ROOMMATE**

What'd you do to get in there?

**MATEO**

Drove a car into a motherfucker, shot the motherfucker.

**ROOMMATE**

Shit, but you didn't get 25 to life, though.

**MATEO**

Yeah, the lawyer, bless his soul, got me up on a manslaughter charge cause I was doped up.

**ROOMMATE**

Shit, how fucked up were you?

**MATEO**

I was pretty fucked up.

A beat.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

But I meant to do it, is what I'm saying. I said I was sorry though.



**ROOMMATE**

Shit, I mean I never did any hits.  
Some pushing, though.

**MATEO**

Yeah, I guess I did some pushing  
outside, too.

**ROOMMATE**

You quitting the game, though?

**MATEO**

Probably not. Listen, I'm trying to  
stay positive today. Let's not kill  
the vibe.

**ROOMMATE**

Alright, alright. I'm happy for  
you. Enjoy the outside. Stay outta  
prison.

**MATEO**

I'm about to.

**ROOMMATE**

Send me a postcard...

They shake hands.

**MATEO**

Yeah, will do.

Over the loudspeaker, we hear:

**NURSE (V.O.)**

Mateo Reed to the med window. Mateo  
Reed to the med window.

**ROOMMATE**

Alright, imma talk to you later.

**MATEO**

See you, bro.

Mateo heads over to the --

**INT. DRUG TREATMENT CLINIC - MED WINDOW - DAY**

-- and sticks his head in the window.

A NURSE prepares Mateo's medication. She is behind a  
plexiglass window.

**NURSE**

Ok, so we got Abilify, Lithium and the Methadone.

**MATEO**

Cool, cool.

**NURSE**

Bracelet?

Mateo shows the nurse the bracelet he is wearing on his hand. She scans its barcode.

Mateo takes all of the medication and lifts his tongue for the nurse.

**NURSE (CONT'D)**

Thank you. Hey, congratulations. Today's the big day, huh?

**MATEO**

Yeah, I just gotta pick up some discharge shit and go.

**NURSE**

Good luck out there, hun.

**MATEO**

Thank you, thank you.

CUT TO:

**INT. DRUG TREATMENT CLINIC - OFFICE - LATER**

Mateo sits down with his DOCTOR, who flips through paper work.

In front of Mateo is a bag filled with medication and more paperwork. Beside him is his suitcase.

**DOCTOR**

Okay, so you're meds are in the bag. We're going to have you continue the withdrawal meds for a few more days. Tomorrow at 2pm you have an appointment with your psychiatrist. His name is Dr. Goldstein. He's a great guy, you'll like him. Your PO's going to give you a call in a few days. You still have to participate in urine tests.

**MATEO**

Alright. I'm cool with the urine tests, but I'm not trying to see this doctor, though. I thought I'm done with treatment.

**DOCTOR**

Well, not yet, unfortunately. The judge says you have to see him for at least a year.

**MATEO**

A fucking year? Jesus...!

**DOCTOR**

Well next time don't go on heroin and kill anybody.

Mateo laughs.

**MATEO**

Yeah, that's right.

**DOCTOR**

So urine tests, doctor's appointment --

**MATEO**

What if I just don't go to the doctor. What'll happen?

A beat.

**DOCTOR**

You'll go back to jail.

**MATEO**

Yo, I got things to do.

**DOCTOR**

Twice a week, Mateo.

**MATEO**

And I gotta troop all the way to Brookline from Dorchester.

**DOCTOR**

It's not that far. It's the red line, then the green line.

**MATEO**

Yeah, but I got to walk to the train.

**DOCTOR**

Well I can find a doctor in  
Dorchester who's willing to see  
you.

A beat.

**MATEO**

Is that a pain for you?

**DOCTOR**

It's not a huge deal. Here's the  
thing: Dr. Goldstein is at the  
cutting edge of bipolar and  
addiction research. You're lucky to  
have a doctor like him.

**MATEO**

I don't really give a shit about  
what you just said, though.

**DOCTOR**

Well, when you're treated of a  
heroin addiction, you'll thank me  
and him. You're lucky to have him,  
man. Chin up.

CUT TO:

**INT. DRUG TREATMENT CLINIC - DAY**

Mateo sits in a circle with other patients of the facility  
and a SOCIAL WORKER. He is in group therapy.

**MATEO**

Man, jail was so fucked up. But  
what was even more fucked up was  
what heroin did to me. I never  
thought that I would turn into a  
person who'd hurt others. I got  
into some shit that I wasn't proud  
of. But, as I said, imma keep today  
positive. I'm just happy to be out.  
Thank you to all the nurses, staff,  
doctors who were supportive of me  
coming here. Thank you to all the  
patients who also were really cool.

Everybody claps for him.

**SOCIAL WORKER**

We're all so proud of you, Mateo.

People continue to cheer for him. Mateo stands up.

**MATEO**

I just can't wait to be in the  
fresh air.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DRUG TREATMENT CLINIC - DAY**

David walks down the street with his hoodie up he walks  
around the corner to the --

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

He walks over to his car and puts his things in the trunk.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY**

Mateo drives down the street. As he continues down the road,  
we see people selling drugs on the street.

Mateo pulls up to a --

**EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - DAY**

-- and parks his car in the lot.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSING PROJECT - MATEO'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Mateo enters the apartment and walks into his --

**INT. HOUSING PROJECT - MATEO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

-- and goes through his dresser.

Underneath his socks and underwear is a PISTOL.

Mateo takes out his phone and dials a number. He waits for  
the other end to pick up.

He speaks into the phone:

**MATEO**

Yo, what's good, Alvaro?... Yeah,  
I'm out. ...Yeah, yeah.... I'm  
gonna hit it up now ...About to cop  
some. ...Yeah... Alright, i'll talk  
to you.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PHARMACY - DAY**

Mateo walks down the street and heads towards the pharmacy.  
He holds his hands in his pockets.

CUT TO:

**INT. PHARMACY**

Mateo enters the pharmacy.

Mateo paces through the aisles. He scouts the entire building  
out - makes sure there aren't too many people present.

Mateo puts on a ski mask he has inside of his pocket.

Mateo looks around the corner again before taking out the  
pistol lodged between his belt and pants. He hides it under  
his jacket sleeve and proceeds towards the pharmacy.

The PHARMACIST, 30s, a petite woman, dottles around behind  
the counter before she looks up at Mateo. She becomes  
startled by his ski mask.

**MATEO**

Yo, don't make a sound.

Make writes down something on a slip of paper.

The pharmacist looks up at him.

He shows it to her. It reads:

**I'm armed. Get me all the opioids and the benzos. Don't hit  
any alarms.**

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

No alarms.

The pharmacist nods.

The pharmacist turns around and takes 2 packs of pills from the rack of bagged medication behind her.

She puts the 2 bags down in front of Mateo.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

No, this ain't enough.

The pharmacist takes Mateo's pen and writes down.:

**That's all I got.**

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

That ain't all you got.

**PHARMACIST**

I can't give you more.

Mateo points his gun at her.

**MATEO**

Get the fucking meds, homie.

**PHARMACIST**

They're double locked in the back.  
You'll have to wait a second.

**MATEO**

I don't give a fuck how long I got  
to wait. Just no cops.

Mateo hands the pharmacist a small duffel bag. she takes it.

The pharmacist walks to the back of the pharmacy.

Mateo waits for the pharmacist to come back with the medication.

He darts his eyes around the room in a state of paranoia. He then hides his gun in his jacket.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

Fuck, fuck, fuck fuck, fuck.

Mateo hears the faint sound of the pharmacist's voice.

Mateo hops over the pharmacy counter and heads to the back where the pharmacist is.

He grips his gun.

Mateo finds the pharmacist on the phone.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

Oh shit!

**PHARMACIST**

Oh no.

Mateo takes out his gun and aims it at the pharmacist.

**MATEO**

No, no fucking way.

**PHARMACIST**

Please don't hurt me!

**MATEO**

No fucking way, lady. I told you no cops.

**PHARMACIST**

I'm sorry.

The pharmacist starts to break down.

**MATEO**

Get me all the pills.

**PHARMACIST**

The narcotics. They're double locked in the back. It'll take a while to get them.

**MATEO**

Oh, shit. What can you get me?

**PHARMACIST**

Here.

The pharmacist hands Mateo a bag of pills.

**PHARMACIST (CONT'D)**

It's Klonopin.

**MATEO**

Yeah, so I can sell it to eighth graders.

Mateo snatches the bag of pills and pockets them.

He then darts to the front counter of the pharmacy and hops over the counter.

He grabs his pills on the way out.



Mateo carefully walks to the front entrance of the pharmacy.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PHARMACY - DAY**

Mateo walks outside. We hear the sound of police sirens.

Mateo heads to an --

**EXT. ALLEY - DAY**

Which he hides in behind a garbage bin.

**MATEO**

Okay, okay.

Mateo takes out the three bags of pills he stole and opens them one by one.

He reads their labels: Klonopin, Xanax and Cogentin.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

Fuck me.

Mateo throws the pills to the floor.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

Some eighth grade shit.

CUT TO:

**EXT. REHAB FACILITY - DAVID'S CAR - DAY**

David sits in his car and waits outside the facility.

His daughter, MIRANDA GOLDSTEIN, 25, a very skinny woman with practically black eye sockets, enters the backseat of the car.

**DAVID**

You don't want to sit up front?

**MIRANDA**

Nope.

**DAVID**

Was the 11th time there a charm?

**MIRANDA**

Yeah, it was. I think I made some progress.

A beat.

**DAVID**

Why aren't you sitting up front?

**MIRANDA**

I like the back seat. I feel like i'm more free to text and stuff.

David rolls his eyes.

**DAVID**

You know you're acting like you're 12.

**MIRANDA**

I'm not acting like I'm 12. I just like my privacy.

**DAVID**

You can have your privacy when you get home. When you're 25, you sit in the front.

A beat.

**MIRANDA**

Fine.

Miranda gets out of the car. She then enters the front passenger seat of the car and sits down.

A beat.

**MIRANDA (CONT'D)**

How are you?

**DAVID**

I'm fine, Miranda.

**MIRANDA**

Why aren't you driving?

**DAVID**

I don't like to drive and talk. It makes me nervous.

**MIRANDA**

You still want to talk?

**DAVID**

I do, Miranda.

A beat.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

It's been months since I've seen you.

**MIRANDA**

Yeah, well I was busy.

**DAVID**

Miranda --

**MIRANDA**

No, dad. I'm tired of you. I've been in that rehab 11 times. 11! And every time I go back to black.

**DAVID**

Don't say that.

**MIRANDA**

I'm saying it.

**DAVID**

You're not going back.

**MIRANDA**

I'm not going back, but I've gone back maybe 20 times. This times different?

A beat.

**DAVID**

It needs to be different.

**MIRANDA**

I learned the same coping skills. I squeezed the same stress balls. I took the same meds.

**DAVID**

I thought they were different meds.

**MIRANDA**

No, just a higher dose.

**DAVID**

Oh.

A beat.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Also, I wasn't on your visitor's list.

**MIRANDA**

Yeah, I know.

**DAVID**

And why's that?

**MIRANDA**

Because I didn't want to see you, that's why.

**DAVID**

Don't say that.

**MIRANDA**

Well I'm saying it.

A beat.

**MIRANDA (CONT'D)**

But, no, dad. Why do you keep putting me in there?

**DAVID**

Because I care about you, it's as simple as that.

**MIRANDA**

I know you're a shrink, but you're not my shrink.

**DAVID**

But you're my daughter.

**MIRANDA**

Yeah, I get that.

**DAVID**

And I care about you more than any of my patients.

**MIRANDA**

Yeah, I get that.

A beat.

**DAVID**

No, you don't have a kid.

**MIRANDA**

Yeah, but I get it.

**DAVID**

No, you don't have a kid. You don't get it.

A beat.

**MIRANDA**

Let's just go home.

**DAVID**

Yeah.

David puts the car in drive and heads off.

CUT TO:

**INT. DAVID GOLDSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

David sits on his chair. He looks drawn out and depressed. He pulls himself together and goes out to his --

**INT. OFFICE OF DAVID GOLDSTEIN - WAITING ROOM - DAY**

-- and sees Mateo sitting there on a couch, reading his discharge notes.

**DAVID**

Mateo Reed?

**MATEO**

(rhyming)  
You David Goldstein, MD, addiction  
psychiatry?

**DAVID**

That's me.

**MATEO**

Word.

Mateo shakes David's hand.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

What happening cuz?

**DAVID**

I'm good, how are you?

**INT. DAVID GOLDSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

David and Mateo sit across from each other in silence. David is taking notes.

**MATEO**

I got to be here for how long?

**DAVID**

20 minutes.

**MATEO**

Alright.

A beat.

**DAVID**

So you were in jail, is that correct?

**MATEO**

Yeah. Manslaughter. But since we have confidentiality, it was murder.

**DAVID**

Let's talk about that --

**MATEO**

No, I ain't talking about that.

A beat.

**DAVID**

So, they moved you to the rehab from jail?

**MATEO**

Yeah, cause I used dope. And they told me I'm Bipolar.

**DAVID**

So you sold drugs?

**MATEO**

Yeah.

**DAVID**

Did you sell in prison?

**MATEO**

Nah, man.

**DAVID**

What about in the rehab?

**MATEO**

Nah.

Mateo takes a beat and smiles.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

Nah, well actually in the rehab I slipped a nurse a couple 20s and asked her to raise the Suboxone.

David laughs.

**DAVID**

You get in trouble for that?

**MATEO**

She didn't tell nobody, but she said: (imitating her) Mateo, if you try that shit one more time imma tell you're PO. Don't make me say it again.

David seems slightly amused.

**DAVID**

Yeah, you're not the first one to try that. Typically doesn't go over well.

**MATEO**

Can I ask you something?

**DAVID**

Sure.

**MATEO**

Has anyone ever asked you for Morphines?

**DAVID**

Oh, yeah. About every two days.

**MATEO**

Damn, bro.

**DAVID**

Yeah. So, I had to take a class to get my Suboxone license, and there was a whole unit on how to deal with people who try to hit you up for pain meds.

**MATEO**

So now that you do addiction psychiatry, more people ask you that?

**DAVID**

Well yeah. But there were plenty of people who tried to get medication from me at my last job.

**MATEO**

What'd you work as?

**DAVID**

I was still an adult psychiatrist, but for more mental health issues than drug addiction. I worked in inpatient.

**MATEO**

They still asked you for Morphine?

**DAVID**

No, mostly benzos and stimulants.

**MATEO**

When I was a kid, me and my friends pretended like we were ADHD so that we could get Adderall.

**DAVID**

Did it work?

**MATEO**

Nah, that shrink had us figured out.

David laughs.

**DAVID**

Most people try to be sly about it.

**MATEO**

They don't just ask you for the pills? They try to be slick?

**DAVID**

Oh, no. They sit there and tell me all about how they're anxious and can't concentrate and how they're doing terribly at their work and can't leave the house. And then at the end they ask for about two tons of medication.



**MATEO**

But how do you know they faking?

**DAVID**

I can tell if someone just looked up symptoms on the internet. For example, Panic disorder is defined as recurrent attacks of severe anxiety, which are not restricted to any particular with symptoms including palpitations, choking sensations, dizziness, depersonalization, derealization, fear of dying, losing control, or going mad. So typically a person who actually has this can describe their symptoms in a very detailed manner and has evidence that his or her disorder has caused them severe distress and has impacted his or her life. Whereas someone who's faking the illness just recites the symptoms and asks for the benzos.

**MATEO**

So they just say: Oh shit I'm afraid of elevators, doc. Give me a couple Xanax.

**DAVID**

Exactly.

**MATEO**

You call them out on that bullshit?

**DAVID**

No, I tend to play along.

David laughs.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

At the end I typically prescribe them Prozac and send them on their way.

They both laugh.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

The ones who are faking never come back.

**MATEO**

That's mad funny. When I told the shrink I was ADHD he just told me to exercise more. I was like shit, I'm not going back to this mother fucker, I'm just trying to get that Addy.

A beat.

**DAVID**

Have you ever abused prescription pain medication?

**MATEO**

Oh yeah. Morphine, Oxy, Hydro, Addy, Xan's. The day before I actually robbed a pharmacy to get some.

**DAVID**

You robbed a pharmacy?

**MATEO**

Yeah, but I just got a couple Benzos. Everything I say is confidential?

**DAVID**

Well unless you break the law but it's ok.

Mateo is intrigued.

**MATEO**

You won't tell anybody?

**DAVID**

I won't.

**MATEO**

So, I was just mad, cause I didn't get that much, you know. So I came here and just said fuck it, imma ask the shrink and if that fails maybe I'll just hit another pharmacy.

**DAVID**

What does that mean?

**MATEO**

I was gonna ask you for Morphine,  
man. Like to sell me some. 400 a  
bottle.

David laughs.

**DAVID**

Really?

**MATEO**

Yeah.

**DAVID**

What did you think I was gonna say?

**MATEO**

No.

David smiles sheepishly.

**DAVID**

That's right.

A beat.

**MATEO**

Well shit...

Mateo looks around.

**DAVID**

It's ok. You're not in trouble.

**MATEO**

Yo, I'm sorry.

**DAVID**

Mateo, it's fine.

**MATEO**

Well, it's 3:00 o'clock.

**DAVID**

Oh, we still have 15 minutes.

**MATEO**

Yeah, but I got to go.

Mateo stands up and prepares to leave.

**DAVID**

Okay, that's fine. So next week  
same time?

**MATEO**

Yeah, man.

**DAVID**

Mateo, I'm not mad at you.

**MATEO**

It's cool, man. It's cool.

Mateo leaves.

CUT TO:

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

David lies in his bed and reads his book. He flips through the pages. The book is on psychiatry.

David hears something that sounds like a snorting sound. He perks up.

David gets up and heads to the --

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY**

David walks up the stairs to his house and passes the bathroom to his home office.

CUT TO:

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Miranda is snorting pills in the bathroom. Miranda hears him and starts to hide the medication.

David pauses and hears her.

**DAVID**

Miranda?

David knocks on the door harshly. He tries the handle again.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Miranda, open up!

Miranda hides all of the drugs and opens the door.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Where are they?

**MIRANDA**

Where's what, I was just going to the bathroom.

**DAVID**

Where are the drugs, Miranda?

Miranda looks down at her feet.

David raids the bathroom.

He searches it until he finds her pills in a bag in the cabinet.

David looks at the pills. Next to it are crushed up pills and a rolled up dollar bill.

David brings it over to Miranda and holds it in front of her.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

What the fuck is this?

**MIRANDA**

It's Suboxone.

**DAVID**

It's not Suboxone.

**MIRANDA**

How do you know?

**DAVID**

Because Suboxone is red.

David looks at the pill more carefully.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

It's Fentanyl, Miranda! I'm a fucking doctor, I know what it is!

**MIRANDA**

It's for my withdrawal.

**DAVID**

You're snorting it for your withdrawal?? Your Suboxone is for your withdrawal!

**MIRANDA**

I made my own withdrawal treatment.

**DAVID**

Like fucking hell you did. You relapsed!

**MIRANDA**

I didn't relapse. It's a small setback.

A beat.

**MIRANDA (CONT'D)**

Give me that.

Miranda tries to snatch the pills.

David doesn't let her.

**DAVID**

Not a snow balls chance in hell!

David throws the medication of the ground.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Who gave it to you?

**MIRANDA**

A friend?

**DAVID**

A friend. That boyfriend of yours?

**MIRANDA**

A different friend.

**DAVID**

A different friend, yeah.

A beat.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Jared?

**MIRANDA**

No.

**DAVID**

Mateo?

A beat.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

And how come i've never met this Mateo?

**MIRANDA**

Because you haven't.

**DAVID**

Because I haven't.

David picks up the medication.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

You're going back to rehab.

**MIRANDA**

No! What, it was just a small setback.

**DAVID**

It's not a small setback to snort Fentanyl in the bathroom.

A beat.

**MIRANDA**

Fuck.

**DAVID**

Yeah, fuck is right. And I don't want to here from about anymore drug dealers ever again!

CUT TO:

**EXT. REHAB FACILITY - DAVID'S CAR - DAY**

David drives Miranda to the rehab facility.

He parks out front.

**DAVID**

Okay.

**MIRANDA**

Okay.

**DAVID**

You know that I'm only doing this because I love you.

**MIRANDA**

I know.

**DAVID**

And because I know that you can be cured of this.

**MIRANDA**

I'm not you dad.

**DAVID**

I know you're not --

**MIRANDA**

I'm not the type to be cured of  
this illness and that drug  
addiction --

**DAVID**

You are, Miranda. You are.

A beat.

**MIRANDA**

Shit.

A beat.

**MIRANDA (CONT'D)**

This is the, what, 12th time i've  
been here?

**DAVID**

Yeah.

**MIRANDA**

What are they going to do  
differently?

**DAVID**

They're going to do a better job  
fixing my daughter.

**MIRANDA**

They are? That's great.

**DAVID**

They are Miranda. Just trust me  
when I tell you.

A beat.

Miranda suddenly breaks down crying.

David watches, then thinks of something to say.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

I know it's hard.

**MIRANDA**

It's not that.

**DAVID**

So what is it?



**MIRANDA**

It's your credit card.

**DAVID**

What?

**MIRANDA**

There's money missing from your account, right?

**DAVID**

How do you know about that.

**MIRANDA**

There is, isn't there?

A beat.

**DAVID**

Yeah.

**MIRANDA**

I stole your money, dad.

**DAVID**

What?

**MIRANDA**

I stole your money and bought drugs with it.

**DAVID**

Jesus.

A beat.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

How much did you steal?

A beat.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

How much did you steal?

David takes out his phone and types in his passcode.

He then goes to his banking app.

He looks at in. In shock, he exclaims:

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Holy shit.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

There's got to be 100,000 dollars missing.

**MIRANDA**

I'm sorry.

**DAVID**

How the fuck did you get into my account?

**MIRANDA**

I'm sorry.

**DAVID**

Jesus fucking christ, Miranda.

**MIRANDA**

I'm sorry.

**DAVID**

Do you have the money?

A beat.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Jesus. How many drugs did you buy?

**MIRANDA**

Oh my god.

David points to the rehab building.

**DAVID**

Get in the fucking rehab, Miranda.

**MIRANDA**

I'm sorry.

**DAVID**

Get in the fucking rehab!

Miranda opens the car door and exits. She walks over to the rehab as David watches her.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Holy fucking shit.

David turns his gaze and stares at the steering wheel. He watches to make sure Miranda is inside the rehab facility.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Oh my god. 100,000 fucking dollars.

A beat.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

And a drug addict for a child.

David picks up his phone and dials a number. He waits for the other end to pick up.

The other end picks up. David says into the phone:

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Hi, Mateo?

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSING PROJECT - MATEO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

Mateo sits in bed and answers the phone.

We intercut between their conversation.

**MATEO**

Yo, who is this?

**DAVID**

It's Dr. Goldstein.

**MATEO**

Dr. Goldstein. What's good?

**DAVID**

Um... nothing. Nothing much. I have a scheduling conflict. Would it be possible if you came in earlier for our next appointment.

**MATEO**

Earlier?

**DAVID**

Yeah, earlier that day. That'd be great.

**MATEO**

What time works for you?

**DAVID**

Like 10? Is that good.

**MATEO**

10 o'clock. I'll see you then.

**DAVID**

Listen, I've been thinking.

**MATEO**

Yeah...

A beat.

**DAVID**

I'll sell you whatever you want.  
Whatever pain meds.

Mateo pauses.

**MATEO**

What, you serious?

**DAVID**

I am.

**MATEO**

Oh shit... okay, okay. And imma pay  
that price, you know what I'm  
saying?

**DAVID**

Yeah, I do.

**MATEO**

Like 400 a bottle.

**DAVID**

What do you want?

**MATEO**

Huh?

**DAVID**

Like what kind of medication.

**MATEO**

You ain't bullshitting me, right?

**DAVID**

No, I'm not.

A beat.

**MATEO**

Well Morphine would be straight.

**DAVID**

Perfect. That's excellent, Mateo.

Mateo thinks to himself.

**MATEO**

Yo, you got money problems, man?

**DAVID**

No, no... listen, you have to come in twice a week though. That's the deal.

A beat.

**MATEO**

Yeah, I'm gonna be in whenever you say so. Just send that shit to the pharmacy you send the other meds to.

**DAVID**

Ok, man.

**MATEO**

Word, brother. We business partners now, no what I'm saying?

**DAVID**

Yeah.

**MATEO**

Cool, cool. I'll talk to you later.

**DAVID**

Ok, bye bye.

David hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PHARMACY (A DIFFERENT ONE FROM THE BEGINNING SCENE) - DAY**

A DRUG ADDICT slowly walks down the street and flicks his lighter on and off in paranoia. He quickly turns around when he hears cop sirens.

Mateo walks by the addict.

**ADDICT**

Mateo, you got some?

**MATEO**

I'm about to get a re-up on some Morphine.

**ADDICT**

You got a doctor for that shit?

**MATEO**

Yeah, my eyes hurt.

**ADDICT**

You got fake prescriptions?

**MATEO**

Nah, I got a secret source, man. I just fill them with my brother's health care card.

**ADDICT**

Yo, how he been?

**MATEO**

My brother? He been dead, man. He got shot last year.

**ADDICT**

Ah, I'm sorry to hear that. I really am. I'll let you get on with you're purchase.

**MATEO**

Wait one sec.

**INT. PHARMACY - DAY**

Mateo strolls through the pharmacy like he owns the place. He does down the aisle with the OTC cold and sleeping medication, makes sure no one is looking, and pockets a few pill jars.

He proceeds to the Pharmacy Counter and takes out an insurance card.

**MATEO**

I have a prescription.

**PHARMACIST**

What's the name?

Mateo looks down at the card.

**MATEO**

Louis Reed.

The pharmacist reaches behind her and retrieves the bagged medication.

**PHARMACIST**

Do you have any questions about the medication?

**MATEO**

Nope.

The pharmacist glances at the cash register.

**PHARMACIST**

Cash or credit?

Mateo swipes his card.

**PHARMACIST (CONT'D)**

Would you like a bag?

**MATEO**

No.

A beat.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

I don't need my receipt.

Mateo heads back towards the addict.

**PHARMACIST**

Have a good day.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PHARMACY - DAY**

Mateo looks around for police officers as the addict discreetly pulls out cash him cash. Mateo gets ready to pour a few pills into his hand.

**MATEO**

80 milligram each.

**ADDICT**

Give me 10.

Mateo pours 10 into his hand. The addict pockets them.

The addict gives Mateo the money. He counts it quickly, still looking out for police officers. Mateo nods and they both depart.

Mateo walks down the street.

Mateo's phone rings. He picks up.

**MATEO**

Hello?

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Miranda is on the other end of the line.

**MIRANDA**

Hey, Mateo.

We intercut between their conversation.

**MATEO**

Miranda? What's good?

**MIRANDA**

Nothing much, how about you?

**MATEO**

Nothing much. You out of rehab?

**MIRANDA**

I was in rehab and then I signed myself out.

**MATEO**

Oh shit. I didn't know you could do that.

**MIRANDA**

Well it ain't mandatory since I didn't kill anybody.

Mateo laughs.

**MATEO**

Yeah, that's right. You want some Morphine.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ALLEY - DAY**

Mateo walks over to Miranda and gives her a hug.



**MATEO**

It's been a while.

**MIRANDA**

It has been.

**MATEO**

We should chill soon. I got to run to the doctor's now, but I'll give you that good price for a couple pills.

**MIRANDA**

Like what? 10 a pill?

**MATEO**

10s good. Actually, I'll give you a 7 deal since you buy in bulk.

**MIRANDA**

Shit, you got 30 pills.

**MATEO**

You got a ziplock?

Miranda takes out a ziplock bag.

Mateo pours a bottle of pills into her bag.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

Alright, I got to get to the doctor. But we'll chill soon.

They hug.

**MIRANDA**

By Mateo.

**MATEO**

Adios, Miranda.

**INT. DAVID GOLDSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

David and Mateo sit across from each other.

**DAVID**

...I'd say Oxycontin is more potent than Hydrocodone.

**MATEO**

They about the same. I mean, I've done both, know what I'm saying?

**DAVID**

It's 400 for the Oxy's.

**MATEO**

And the Percocet?

**DAVID**

300. You need benzos?

**MATEO**

No, those are for high school mother fuckers.

**DAVID**

Huh, who knew?

**MATEO**

We into some big shit. Like that Vicodin?

**DAVID**

Vicodin... I'd prescribe a high dose for let's say 300 dollars.

**MATEO**

Word.

**DAVID**

Can I make a suggestion?

**MATEO**

Shoot.

**DAVID**

A lot of these meds. Percocet, hydrocodone. They contain Acetaminophen. I't better to stick with the Oxy and Morphine.

**MATEO**

So popping Percs?

**DAVID**

Frequently? Damages your organs. Though the pain pills aren't exactly safe either.

Mateo smiles.

**MATEO**

Yeah, man.

**DAVID**

Alright, so is there anything else you'd like to take about?

Mateo laughs.

**MATEO**

Nah, bro. I'm all set.

**DAVID**

Ok, so I'll see you next week.

**MATEO**

Word. And you send those pills to the pharmacy.

**DAVID**

Yep. They're available to be picked up.

**MATEO**

Later, bro.

Mateo exits. David watches him leave.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAVID'S CAR - DAY**

David drives down the street. He begins to approach the highway.

He stops at a red light.

David continues to listen to upbeat music.

The light turns green. He still has his foot on the break until someone beeps at him. He drives the car forward.

A homeless man is in the road at the next light. He is asking for money. David's car inches towards him.

When David reaches the man, he doesn't look or make eye contact.

The homeless man knocks on David's window. His name is LAMAR, 40s.

**LAMAR**

Yo, Dr. Goldstein.

David looks up at him.

**DAVID**

I'm sorry...?

**LAMAR**

Hey, man, what's up?!

**DAVID**

I'm sorry, who are you?

**LAMAR**

It's me, Lamar.

**DAVID**

Oh, Lamar! How have you been, man?!

**LAMAR**

Well, I'm struggling out here. I'm struggling out here. Yo, you gotta dollar, gotta dollar?

David pauses.

**DAVID**

Hey, have you had lunch yet? I'm just going to get something to eat.

**LAMAR**

Oh, yeah man. That'd be... that'd be fantastic.

**DAVID**

Hop in.

Lamar gets in David's car.

CUT TO:

**INT. RESTAURANT - DAY**

David and Lamar sit at a table and eat. Lamar is shaking and twitching.

**LAMAR**

Mh. This is great, man. Real, real great.

**DAVID**

Of course. How have you been doing?

Lamar pauses.

**LAMAR**

Well, to be honest I've relapsed since I last saw you.

**DAVID**

Oh, I'm sorry to here that.

**LAMAR**

Yeah, and I thought I made progress...

**DAVID**

We made tremendous progress, Lamar. Tremendous.

**LAMAR**

What's it been, five years or something?

**DAVID**

Just about.

Lamar continues to eat while David is finished with his meal.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Look, man, I remember a time where you were doing great. Just great.

**LAMAR**

Yeah, I was working.

**DAVID**

Yeah, you had that job at the supermarket. And what was it since I last saw you? Three years clean?

**LAMAR**

Three years.

**DAVID**

See? What happened since I last saw you?

Lamar hesitates.

**LAMAR**

Ah... shit, fell off the wagon, as they say.

**DAVID**

Yeah, you did... So you moved back to Boston?

**LAMAR**

Move back? I've been here since second grade.

**DAVID**

You told me you moved to New York.

**LAMAR**

Oh, shit...

**DAVID**

Don't tell me...

**LAMAR**

Nah, man...

**DAVID**

Ah, jeez... really? After all that time?

**LAMAR**

Some people you just can't control. They move where the wind takes them.

**DAVID**

No, you're wrong. You're wrong, Lamar.

**LAMAR**

I ain't wrong.

**DAVID**

You are. Because everybody can change. And "the wind" doesn't have to take you down that road. In fact, it doesn't take you anywhere. You take yourself where ever you want to go.

**LAMAR**

Ah, man. You were always the preacher.

A beat.

**DAVID**

Lamar, I fucked up in life.

**LAMAR**

What?!

**DAVID**

I fucked up because at one point I didn't think people could change. I thought that people just made up their minds and that was it. And that was a week ago.

David thinks.

**LAMAR**

That don't mean you fucked up anything...

**DAVID**

Lamar, a few weeks ago... I began selling Morphine to my patient.

Lamar pauses for a second and then laughs.

**LAMAR**

Mother fucker you what?!

**DAVID**

I have been. To my patient I said: 300 bucks. You can have whatever fucking opiate, I don't care.

**LAMAR**

Jesus... you did that shit?

**DAVID**

I'm still doing it. I sell Morphine to my patient, I admit it.

**LAMAR**

Damn.

**DAVID**

But, Lamar, you're not a patient I would do that with. You know why?

**LAMAR**

I'm not?

**DAVID**

Because you can change. I don't want to profit off of you because you can stop using. You can turn around. I've seen you turn around, I've seen it.

**LAMAR**

But then I went home one day, stuck  
a needle in my arm and turned back  
around. The way the wind took me,  
as they say.

David looks down.

**LAMAR (CONT'D)**

I gotta go to the bathroom.

**DAVID**

Yeah.

Lamar gets up and walks over to the bathroom.

David sits in silence. The WAITER walks over to him.

**WAITER**

Can I get anything else for you?

**DAVID**

No, that'll be all.

**WAITER**

I'll grab the check for you.

**DAVID**

Thank you.

The waiter leaves and then brings back the check.

David checks his watch.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Thank you.

A beat.

Lamar bursts out of the bathroom. He walks over to the table  
and sits down.

**LAMAR**

I would pay, but...

**DAVID**

It's quite alright, I got it.

A beat. Lamar starts to snort a bit.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Where have you been living?



**LAMAR**

Shelter in Roxbury. You?

**DAVID**

Brookline.

Lamar's snorting becomes more aggressive.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

You okay, Lamar?

Lamar starts to breathe heavily.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Lamar?

Lamar falls over onto the floor.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Oh my god...! Help, help!!

People look over at their table.

People rush over. A MAN looks at his carefully.

**MAN**

He's got heroin in his nose?

**ANOTHER MAN**

Does anyone have Narcan?

**MAN**

Call 911, now.

David stares at the scene.

People start asking around to see if there is a doctor in the room. David remains silent.

CUT TO:

**INT. DAVID GOLDSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

David sits in his office with a sad face on. He looks up at his clock.

David hears a knock on his door.

He gets up and answers it to find Mateo and ALVARO, 30s, a man who's just as tattooed and wiry as Mateo is. He wears sunglasses.

**MATEO**

What's good, brother?

**DAVID**

Nothing much. You brought a friend.

**ALVARO**

Alvaro.

Alvaro shakes David's hand.

**ALVARO (CONT'D)**

Nice to meet you.

**DAVID**

Before we talk about business, i'd like to have our session, Mateo, if that's okay.

**MATEO**

What's my business is Alvaro's business. He ain't even got to leave the room.

A beat.

**DAVID**

Okay. So, what's going on?

**MATEO**

I'm all good, man.

They all sit.

**DAVID**

How's the medication going?

**MATEO**

They selling like ice cream man.

**DAVID**

Oh, I meant your other medication. The Lithium and the Abilify.

**MATEO**

Oh, those? Yeah, they good.

**DAVID**

No side effects?

**MATEO**

Make me drowsy, but nothing too bad.

**DAVID**

And you take them?

**MATEO**

Yeah, sometimes.

**DAVID**

Sometimes? You need take them every day.

**MATEO**

Look, I ain't here to talk about that shit. Alvaro ain't here to talk about that shit.

**ALVARO**

I don't give a fuck, bro. Have your session.

**MATEO**

Don't be polite, mother fucker. We got to talk business.

**DAVID**

I mean... at some point we need to talk about you. I mean this is your time to talk. You seem to withdraw a lot during our sessions, if I may say.

**MATEO**

Nah, I'm just not interested in this shit. But I ain't withdrawing nothing.

**DAVID**

Well, for example you didn't tell me about your brother.

Mateo lights up.

**MATEO**

How do you know about him?

**DAVID**

It's in your file. Do you find it hard to talk about?

**MATEO**

Ain't nothing to talk about. Mother fucker got shot. He made his bed.

**DAVID**

Well, I'm always here to talk if you want. That's why I'm here.

**MATEO**

Nah, see, what you give me... making money. That's the best therapy in the world.

David smiles.

**DAVID**

Well, you have a point.

**MATEO**

Listen I gotta talk to you.

**DAVID**

Sure.

**MATEO**

Well, see this thing with the pain meds. It's going well, man. Real well. But, see I'm a business man, know what I'm saying? I'm trying to introduce new products. What's that term... like the board game?

**DAVID**

You mean a monopoly?

**ALVARO**

Yeah, a monopoly is what we saying. And we don't got a monopoly on the pills and with the dope shit. But I'm thinking to the future, I'm a business man. And we've been reading about this shit. Fentanyl.

Mateo smiles.

**MATEO**

In Boston. That shit's gonna be where it's at. I see a future with you and me.

David pauses and smiles sheepishly.

**DAVID**

Fentanyl is a opiate pain medication. It's potent, though. It's actually stronger than Heroin. It's hard to prescribe in an outpatient setting.

**(MORE)**

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

I can pass off Morphine being a withdrawal med to the cops. It's buyable. But Fentanyl? I'm a psychiatrist. I have no excuse for prescribing something like that.

Mateo takes out a wad of cash and tosses it to David.

**MATEO**

600. For the meds.

**DAVID**

I can't prescribe that, Mateo.

**ALVARO**

We ain't asking if you can or can't.

**DAVID**

Mateo, there's no way I can prescribe you Fentanyl.

Mateo stands up.

**MATEO**

Yo! I told you ain't asking.

**DAVID**

Mateo...

**MATEO**

Nah. You and me? We got a future. We got a business, mother fucker. A monopoly. I'm a business man and we making a business deal.

Mateo points to David's computer.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

So let's sign this mother fucking contract.

**DAVID**

Mateo, there isn't a snowball's chance in hell...

Mateo walks over to David and grabs him by the neck. He throws him against the wall. He takes out a knife.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Mateo, I will call the police. 3, 2...

**MATEO**

Yeah, and then you coming down with me. See, I ain't scared of no jail. But this is your setup, not mine. But you scared of jail, doc. Distribution, Trafficking. Felony time.

Mateo smiles.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

We about to be in business.

Mateo let's go of David.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

We partners now, Dr. Goldstein. We in business.

David looks back at him.

**ALVARO**

Yo, I forgot to introduce myself.

**DAVID**

You're Alvaro.

**ALVARO**

Yeah, but I'm mafia. We ain't fucking around, Dr. Goldstein.

**DAVID**

You're forcing me to prescribe you this?

**MATEO**

We are, man. That's the name of the game.

**DAVID**

And what if we get caught by the cops?

**MATEO**

That's the thing, man. We ain't gonna get caught by the cops. People are addicted to this Fentanyl, right.

**DAVID**

Indeed.

**MATEO**

Yeah, indeed. So what I'm saying is you give it out to wean people off.

**ALVARO**

Experimental treatment. Better than Methadone.

**MATEO**

Yeah.

A beat.

**DAVID**

If I do this, you promise me you'll hold your end if the cops come.

They both smile.

**ALVARO**

We professionals when dealing with the cops.

**MATEO**

Yeah, brother.

**DAVID**

Okay. I'll send 400mg Fentanyl tablets to the pharmacy.

**MATEO**

That's what I'm saying, bro. We in business, now.

CUT TO:

**INT. PHARMACY - DAY**

A montage of Mateo picking up Fentanyl prescriptions.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

A montage of Mateo selling Fentanyl to various DRUG ADDICTS. Mateo walks down the street and makes his way to the --

**EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - DAY**

-- and begins selling pills there.

He then makes his way inside and begins to make his way to --

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - MATEO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

-- and stashes his Fentanyl in his dresser underneath his pants.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BOSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT - JAMES' CAR - DAY**

DETECTIVE JAMES HARPE, 40s, a burly man with a buzzcut, sits in the drivers seat with DETECTIVE DIANA SAWYER, 30s, a stockier woman with curly hair.

They both eat lunch.

Diana looks over at James.

**DIANA**

Forgot your gun?

**JAMES**

It's Saturday.

**DIANA**

Crime doesn't stop on Saturday.

**JAMES**

Well, the case I'm on is pretty relaxed, so I figured I didn't need it. Plus it's a pain to carry.

A beat.

**DIANA**

You forgot your service weapon?

**JAMES**

No, I didn't bring it on purpose.

**DIANA**

You know, you could get fired for that.

**JAMES**

I'm just kidding. It in the glove compartment.



Diana smiles.

**DIANA**

Anything interesting your working on?

**JAMES**

Yep. Remember Mateo Reed?

**DIANA**

Yeah, murder but got off on manslaughter. Mateo Reed.

**JAMES**

That's the one. So, Medicaid called us up. He's over at the pharmacy filling prescriptions for Fentanyl.

**DIANA**

So?

**JAMES**

So it's a big fucking deal.

**DIANA**

It's not really. He has the right to medical care.

**JAMES**

Well the case gets more interesting.

**DIANA**

Fake prescriptions?

**JAMES**

Nope. A real doctor. And here's the best part: guess what kind of doctor he is?

**DIANA**

What kind?

**JAMES**

He's a shrink.

**DIANA**

A psychiatrist?

**JAMES**

Yep.

**DIANA**

Jesus. So a psychiatrist selling Fentanyl.

**JAMES**

That's what I'm saying. So here's the thing, I got the pharmacist's take, now I got to get the doctor's.

**DIANA**

That'll be fun.

**JAMES**

It will be. You want to come with?

**DIANA**

My schedule's quiet.

**JAMES**

Alright.

**DIANA**

What's the doc's name?

**JAMES**

Dr. David Goldstein.

**DIANA**

David Goldstein?! My brother went to him.

**JAMES**

Really?

**DIANA**

Yeah, big guy in Bipolar and addiction research.

**JAMES**

Holy shit. Don't mention to him that your brother's a patient.

**DIANA**

Yeah, right. Let's go visit him?

**JAMES**

Let's go.

CUT TO:

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

David sits in his bed.

The doorbell rings.

CUT TO:

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY**

David goes to answer the door. There he finds James and Diana.

He opens the door.

**DAVID**

Hello.

James shows his badge to David.

**JAMES**

Hi, I'm James Harpe and this is Diana Sawyer. We're from the Boston Police Department.

**DIANA**

We'd like to ask you a couple questions about one of your patients.

A beat.

**DAVID**

Please, come in, come in.

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

David walks them to the living room. They all sit down.

**DAVID**

Do you guys want any tea, coffee?

**DIANA**

That's okay. I'm fine.

**JAMES**

I'm okay, thanks, though.

David adjusts his position.

**DAVID**

So, what'd you guys want to talk to me about.

**DIANA**

We're here to talk about your patient, Mateo Reed.

**DAVID**

Yes, Mateo. What about him?

**DIANA**

Well medicaid called us up. He's been filling prescriptions for Fentanyl, which I'm sure you know is a pretty powerful medication.

**DAVID**

Yes, i'm well aware.

**DIANA**

And we were wondering why a psychiatrist is prescribing opioids to his patients.

**JAMES**

We can understand a PCP, just not a shrink.

A beat.

**DAVID**

Well I'm not allowed to talk about patients.

**JAMES**

Yeah, we already got a warrant. Would you like to see it?

**DAVID**

I would.

James takes out a warrant from his pocket and hands it to David.

David looks at it and gives it back to James.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Yes, that's all very well and nice. So what would you like to know again?

**DIANA**

Why you're prescribing him  
Fentanyl.

**DAVID**

Well, I'm sure you're aware, he's a  
heroin addict.

**DIANA**

And Fentanyl is supposedly stronger  
than heroin.

A beat.

**DAVID**

Well, the pill form isn't. You're  
thinking of the injection.

**JAMES**

Excuse our medical knowledge.

**DAVID**

Of course. So as you may know, I'm  
writing a research paper on  
experimental medication for heroin  
addiction.

**DIANA**

Go on.

**DAVID**

And one of the medications happens  
to be low dose Fentanyl.

**JAMES**

For addiction?

**DAVID**

That's correct.

**DIANA**

So instead of Suboxone or  
Methadone, you're using Fentanyl.

**DAVID**

Yes.

**DIANA**

So you're doping him up.

**DAVID**

I'm not doping him up. I'm weaning  
him off. But I'm also enticing him.

A beat.

**DIANA**

Enticing him?

**DAVID**

Well he comes to the appointments now that I give him Fentanyl.

**DIANA**

Well, I'm sure he does. How's it working out in terms of his treatment?

**DAVID**

Well, to be honest, I'm trying out Hydrocodone on my other patients, and that works a bit better for withdrawal. But Suboxone and Methadone are really the best for this kind of stuff.

A beat.

**JAMES**

Mm. Okay.

James turns to Diana.

**JAMES (CONT'D)**

What do you think? We got everything we need.

**DIANA**

I think so. Thank you Dr. Goldstein.

David stands up.

**DAVID**

Of course, my pleasure.

James and Diana stand.

**JAMES**

We'll see our way out.

**DAVID**

Of course.

James and Diana exit. They walk out the front door.

David waits for the door to slam shut.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSING PROJECT - MATEO'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Mateo and Miranda sit on the couch and smoke a blunt. They pass it back and forth throughout their conversation.

**MIRANDA**

I just -- he's always putting me in that facility.

**MATEO**

Maybe it's good for you to be in the rehab again.

**MIRANDA**

Says the guy who just sold me 30 Morphine.

**MATEO**

I'm serious. Maybe there's a way out of all this for you.

Mateo takes a drag of the blunt.

**MIRANDA**

Do you even like weed?

**MATEO**

Doesn't have that same kick as the dope does.

A beat.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

But it's good for you.

**MIRANDA**

Yeah.

A beat.

**MIRANDA (CONT'D)**

Maybe I should quit.

**MATEO**

Quit what?

**MIRANDA**

Quit dope.

A beat.

They both start to laugh.

**MATEO**

Yeah, I bet you gonna quit.

Mateo takes a drag off the blunt.

A beat.

**MIRANDA**

Remember in the rehab... how they told everyone to squeeze ice cubes.

**MATEO**

Shit, yeah.

**MIRANDA**

What was that about?

**MATEO**

I think it was for stress relief.

**MIRANDA**

You ever try it?

**MATEO**

No, never. I didn't do any of that bullshit.

**MIRANDA**

Never?

**MATEO**

Never. Why did you?

**MIRANDA**

I at least tried it out.

**MATEO**

Why would I try it out. I do that dope for stress.

**MIRANDA**

Yeah.

A beat.

**MIRANDA (CONT'D)**

Maybe I should go back to the rehab.



**MATEO**

I was just joking before Miranda.  
What, you can't take a joke?

**MIRANDA**

I just feel bad about stealing from  
my dad is all.

**MATEO**

How much did you steal.

**MIRANDA**

100,000 dollars.

Mateo laughs.

**MATEO**

Oh, shit!

**MIRANDA**

Yeah.

**MATEO**

What you buy?

**MIRANDA**

High end drugs. I spent every last  
dime.

**MATEO**

That sounds like too much.

**MIRANDA**

Yeah?

**MATEO**

Yeah.

**MIRANDA**

Well when you do what I do it's not  
that much.

A beat.

**MIRANDA (CONT'D)**

Well I haven't done all of them,  
but I have a bunch of shit stashed  
at the house.

**MATEO**

It's good to... what's the word?  
Stockpile.

**MIRANDA**

Yeah, exactly.

A beat.

**MATEO**

Here.

Mateo reaches into his bag and takes out a ziplock bag full of pills.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

Guess what I got?

**MIRANDA**

What?

**MATEO**

I got that Fentanyl.

**MIRANDA**

Oh, shit!

Miranda snatches the bag from Mateo.

**MIRANDA (CONT'D)**

How many milligrams?

**MATEO**

400.

Miranda eyes the bag.

**MIRANDA**

How much?

**MATEO**

Just give me a hundred and you can have the whole bag.

**MIRANDA**

Oh yeah?

**MATEO**

Yeah.

A beat.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

You want to do them now?

**MIRANDA**

Yeah.

Mateo snatches the bag from Miranda.

He opens it and puts a pill in his mouth.

**MATEO**

Come and get it.

Miranda laughs.

**MIRANDA**

Stop.

**MATEO**

Come and get it.

**MIRANDA**

Stop.

**MATEO**

Come on.

Miranda kisses Mateo.

They make out for a few seconds and Miranda takes the pill from Mateo's mouth.

She pulls back and swallows.

**MIRANDA**

Do you care about life?

A beat.

**MATEO**

No.

Miranda looks down.

**MIRANDA**

I want another one.

**MATEO**

That shit's strong. You're taking two at a time?

**MIRANDA**

Yeah, I can take it.

Miranda takes another pill from the bag. She puts it in her mouth.

**MATEO**

It's that good shit.

A beat.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**  
Straight from the doctor.

**MIRANDA**  
Let's snort it.

**MATEO**  
3 pills now?

**MIRANDA**  
Let's go.

Mateo takes out a pill cutter and a coin. He inserts the pill into the cutter and cuts the Fentanyl a few times.

He then crushes it with a coin.

**MIRANDA (CONT'D)**  
You want some?

**MATEO**  
I took two already.

A beat.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**  
I'm tripping.

Miranda takes a dollar bill out of her pocket. She rolls it up and snorts the Fentanyl with it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - DAY**

Miranda walks down the street.

She is high as a kite on Fentanyl.

CUT TO:

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY**

Miranda uses her key to get herself into the front door of David's home.

She stumbles into the house.

**MIRANDA**

Hello?

CUT TO:

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY**

Miranda stumbles into the bathroom and sits down on the floor.

She uses the toilet as a headrest.

A beat.

Miranda takes out the bag of Fentanyl and opens it. She takes out another pill and looks at it.

She laughs.

Miranda then takes out a pill cutter and a coin. She inserts the pill into the cutter and cuts the Fentanyl a few times.

She then crushes it with a coin.

**MIRANDA**

Ahhhh...

Miranda takes out a dollar bill and snorts the Fentanyl.

CUT TO:

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY**

David opens the front door of the house and comes in with two bags of groceries. He puts them down on the dining room table.

CUT TO:

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM**

Miranda convulses in the bathroom.

CUT TO:

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

David unpacks the groceries and loads them into the refrigerator.

Once David finishes, he makes his way --

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - DAY**

David walks upstairs and roams the hallway until he reaches the --

**INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY**

David tries to open the door to the bathroom, but finds that it is locked.

**DAVID**

Hello?

A beat.

David tries the knob again.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Is anybody there?

David tries the knob again, this time more forcefully.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Miranda! You're supposed to be at the rehab facility! You better not be taking any drugs!

David finally opens the door.

David finds Miranda passes out on the floor of the bathroom. Her nose is covered in powdered Fentanyl.

Her pills lie near her hands.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Jesus fucking Christ!

David kneels down and touches Miranda's face.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

No, no, no, no, no!

David feels Miranda's pulse.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Oh, fuck!

David tries doing CPR on Miranda.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Come on, come on, come on!

David finds that the CPR is not working.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Fuck!

David pushes Miranda over and sits down on the floor.

David pulls out his phone and dials 911.

He puts the phone to his ear and waits.

**911**

911, what's your emergency?

**DAVID**

Um, my daughter overdosed. She's dead... She's been dead for a few hours... yes I'm a doctor... Thank you.

David hangs up the phone.

He then picks it back up and dials another number.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DAVID GOLDSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAVID'S CAR - DAY**

David pulls up to his office and parks his car.

CUT TO:

**INT. DAVID GOLDSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

David enters the waiting room of the office and finds Mateo there.

**MATEO**

What's good doc?

Mateo stands up.

**DAVID**

Mateo, I needed to talk to you.

**MATEO**

Oh yeah? About what?

David opens the door to his office.

**DAVID**

Let's talk inside.

David and Mateo enter the office.

They sit down.

**MATEO**

So what's good?

**DAVID**

Um, well the cops came.

Mateo becomes startled.

**MATEO**

The cops?!

**DAVID**

Yeah, the cops.

**MATEO**

Oh shit.

**DAVID**

Yeah. Listen, I dealt with them.

**MATEO**

Oh yeah, and how's that?

**DAVID**

Well --

**MATEO**

Well what, mother fucker?

**DAVID**

Well they came --

**MATEO**

Yeah, and what?

**DAVID**

Well, let me finish. I dealt with them.

**MATEO**

How'd you deal with them?

**DAVID**

I told them the Fentanyl was for withdrawal, like we agreed upon.



**MATEO**

Alright, word. Did they seem mad suspicious?

**DAVID**

Suspicious? How so?

**MATEO**

Like did they ask a lot of questions?

**DAVID**

No, they didn't. They asked basic questions.

**MATEO**

Like what?

**DAVID**

Like why was I prescribing you Fentanyl. I told you the cops would come.

**MATEO**

Yeah, but you dealt with them.

**DAVID**

I dealt with them.

**MATEO**

Alright, cool, cool.

A beat.

**DAVID**

I shouldn't have started prescribing you Fentanyl.

**MATEO**

Man, it's cool --

**DAVID**

It's not cool!

A beat.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

My daughter overdosed.

**MATEO**

Oh shit --

**DAVID**

It was Fentanyl, Mateo. Fentanyl.

David breaks down in tears.

**MATEO**

Oh shit. My bad, man.

A beat.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

Is she gonna be good?

**DAVID**

She's dead.

**MATEO**

Oh shit. I'm sorry, bro.

**DAVID**

Don't be sorry. It's okay.

**MATEO**

Well it's not okay, man. To loose a child.

**DAVID**

It's fine, i'll be fine.

**MATEO**

Well you a shrink. I'm sure you can handle it.

**DAVID**

It's not the death. It's that I stooped do low. I sold Fentanyl.

**MATEO**

Yeah, man. But there's always gonna be some dealers.

**DAVID**

But there doesn't have to be.

A beat.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

It's my fault.

**MATEO**

No, man --

**DAVID**

It's my fault, Mateo.

**MATEO**

No, you didn't sell her that shit.

**DAVID**

It's not your fault.

A beat.

**MATEO**

I didn't sell her that shit.

**DAVID**

It's not your fault, Mateo.

**MATEO**

I didn't sell her that shit.

**DAVID**

It's not your fault, Mateo.

**MATEO**

I didn't sell her that shit!

**DAVID**

But what is your fault are the other who died from these pills.

Somebody knocks on the door.

**MATEO**

Who's that?

**DAVID**

And it's my fault to.

On the other side of the door, we here:

**JAMES**

Police, open up!

**MATEO**

No.

**DAVID**

We're going down, Mateo.

**MATEO**

No, no, no, no, no!

**JAMES**

Police, open up!

Mateo stands up.

**MATEO**

You did not do that shit!

Mateo takes out his knife and points it at David.

A beat.

**MATEO (CONT'D)**

Ah, shit...

Mateo puts his knife down.

David goes to the door and opens it. He finds James, Diana and another DETECTIVE waiting.

**JAMES**

David Goldstein? Mateo Reed?

**DAVID**

Yes.

**JAMES**

You understand we have warrants for both of your arrests.

**DAVID**

Yes.

**JAMES**

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you. Do you understand the rights I have just read to you? With these rights in mind, do you wish to speak to me?

**DAVID**

No.

**JAMES**

Turn around. Both of you.

Both Mateo and David turn around. They are both handcuffed by James and Diana.

CUT TO:

**BLACK**

TITLE CARD:

FADE UP ON:

6 MONTHS LATER

CUT TO:

**EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY**

David walks out of the courthouse.

He walks to the parking lot and gets into his car.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

David drives down the street in silence.

CUT TO:

**INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY**

David buys groceries at the supermarket.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY**

David walks to his car and opens the trunk. He loads the groceries into the trunk.

Alvaro walks over to him.

**ALVARO**

Hey, can you help me out with a dollar, man?

David looks at him.

**ALVARO (CONT'D)**

Oh, shit.

**DAVID**

Oh, um...

**ALVARO**

Dr. Goldstein?

**DAVID**

Not a doctor anymore.

**ALVARO**

Yo, that's crazy. I thought you were in jail?

**DAVID**

Nope.

**ALVARO**

Yo, yo, yo, can you help me out with a dollar, man. I really need it.

**DAVID**

Yeah.

David takes out his wallet and hands Alvaro a dollar.

**ALVARO**

Thank you, brother.

A beat.

**ALVARO (CONT'D)**

Oh, and my bad for threatening you a few months ago.

**DAVID**

It's fine, Alvaro. I'm over it.

Alvaro begins to walk away.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Alvaro?

**ALVARO**

Yo?

**DAVID**

You want to have lunch?

CUT TO:

**INT. RESTARUANT - DAY**

David and Alvaro sit at the restaruant and wait for their food.

**DAVID**

How have you been, Alvaro?

**ALVARO**

I've been... Shit I haven't been to good.

**DAVID**

You have a job or anything like that?

**ALVARO**

Well I work over at a cafe in Jp. But it don't pay too good.

A beat.

**ALVARO (CONT'D)**

They pay felons low I guess.

**DAVID**

Were you in jail?

**ALVARO**

I've been there. But not recently.

**DAVID**

I thought you'd be in jail.

**ALVARO**

Why'd you think that?

**DAVID**

Mateo is in jail, am I correct?

**ALVARO**

Yeah. He's doing a couple years.

A beat.

**ALVARO (CONT'D)**

Well, more than a couple. I guess they don't like second time felons.

**DAVID**

Yeah, I bet.

**ALVARO**

You called the cops on him, right?

**DAVID**

Called the cops on myself.

**ALVARO**

Oh yeah?

**DAVID**

Yeah.

A beat.

**ALVARO**

So, what, you got probation?

**DAVID**

Yeah.

**ALVARO**

That's it?

**DAVID**

That's it.

David snorts a bit.

**ALVARO**

Got a cold or something?

**DAVID**

Allergies.

**ALVARO**

Ah.

A beat.

**ALVARO (CONT'D)**

How come Mateo gets so long and you get so little time?

**DAVID**

I guess they don't frown upon doctors at the courthouse.

**ALVARO**

Yeah, but don't you think what you did is worse?

A beat.

**DAVID**

No.

A beat.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

You know why I called the cops on Mateo?

**ALVARO**

Why?

**DAVID**

Because I know he killed my daughter.



**ALVARO**

He what?

**DAVID**

He was selling her those drugs. All these years. I looked at her phone after she died. Mate Reed: in her contacts as "the plug."

**ALVARO**

He killed her?

A beat.

**DAVID**

Maybe I killed her.

**ALVARO**

Shit. I heard she died. I'm sorry, bro.

**DAVID**

It's okay.

A beat.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Well, it's not okay, but yeah...

A beat.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Alvaro, I want you to promise me something.

**ALVARO**

What's that?

**DAVID**

That you'll quit all this.

**ALVARO**

I'm out of the game.

**DAVID**

But that you won't use a single drug ever again.

**ALVARO**

Shit, I can't do that, man.

**DAVID**

I'm sorry. I just have no one else to tell that to.

**ALVARO**

You don't work as a shrink no more?

**DAVID**

Nope. My license was --

**ALVARO**

Yeah.

A beat.

**ALVARO (CONT'D)**

I can't quit, man. I wish I could tell you I could. But that's just the way of the game.

**DAVID**

I understand.

A beat.

**ALVARO**

I got to get going.

**DAVID**

Yeah.

Alvaro gets up.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Good seeing you.

**ALVARO**

Yeah.

Alvaro exits and leaves David in silence.

FADE TO:

BLACK.