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 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 paperwork.
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 though 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:
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.

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 his stole and opens them one by one.

He reads there 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)
The 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. It’s 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 an 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.

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 next. 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

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.

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 walks 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.

Stop.

MIRANDA
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 the 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 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 lye 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**

**FADE UP ON:**

**TITLE CARD:**
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. RESTAURANT - DAY
David and Alvaro sit at the restaurant 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.