

LEAP 229

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD, SAN DIEGO - DAY

ESTABLISHING. WIDE. OVER the tree-lined streets and traveling vehicles on a sunny day. Birds are chirping. Another calm, beautiful morning basking in the glow of a beautiful skyline.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM, UTOPIA COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

It's dark. Blackout curtains cover four large windows, only the silhouette of a king-size bed and two bodies. One of them is MARK COOK (30s). At 6'2" and 170 pounds, he's athletic and toned. Mark's charm and good looks have never done him wrong.

The sound of FAINT SNORING makes Mark turn to look at a gorgeous, young, blonde in his bed. This is MISTY (early-20s) and her effortless beauty resonates even when she's asleep.

FLASHBACK - SERIES OF SHOTS

- Mark catching Misty's eye across a bar.
- Mark and Misty drinking Jack and Coke.
- Mark and Misty laughing in his convertible Tesla.
- Misty pushing Mark up against the elevator wall.
- Mark looking up at Misty riding him in bed.

BACK

Mark suddenly clutches his chest.

MARK

I can't breathe. I can't breathe!

Mark puts his feet on the tiled floor, pulls his head back to allow his chest to stretch out. Misty sits up behind him.

MISTY

(panicked)

Mark? Are you okay?!

She leans over him from behind.

MARK

I am having chest pains.

Mark's hyperventilating, clutching his chest so tightly that the tips of his fingers are leaving an imprint.

MISTY

What's wrong? Are you having a heart attack? Please don't die on me now. I'm too hungover.

MARK

I'm not dying. Not today!

MISTY

I have seen this before, I think. You might be having an anxiety or panic attack.

Misty runs out...

MARK

Goddamn it.

Mark moves his head looking for someone or something to help him. Something catches his eye on the bedside table. Sees...

THE TIME ON THE CLOCK IS BLINKING "2:29 A.M."

Misty returns with a glass of cold water. She hands it to Mark... It looks as though he has less chest pain now.

MARK (CONT'D)

Did the electricity go out?

Mark tries to drink the water.

MISTY

It must have.

Misty walks over to the curtains to take a peek outside, wincing as the daylight smacks her in the face.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Yep. It's morning. Still too early after the night we had.

She returns to Mark and rests her head on his shoulder. He has calmed down, looking more confused now than in pain.

MARK

(refuting)

Anxiety attack? Really? I was asleep, Misty.

She looks taken aback by his condescending tone.

MARK (CONT'D)

How could I have been anxious while I was sleeping?

MISTY
 (fires back)
 I don't know.

MARK
 Well, you don't strike me as
 someone who knows much of anything.
 So that's not surprising.

Misty rises from Mark's shoulder. Turns to him --

MISTY
 I'm a first-year medical
 student...though you were clearly too
 interested in my short skirt to ask
 probing questions about my life.

Off Mark's shocked look.

MISTY (CONT'D)
 I'm not a fool. I see guys like you
 all the time.

MARK
 (grimacing)
 I am really not interested in a
 lecture right now.

MISTY
 Anyway, I know it can't be a heart
 attack; you're sitting here talking
 to me, right? Did you have a bad
 dream? Those can get you worked up.
 Or...maybe all that sex was too much
 for the old ticker?

Mark chuckles, closes his eyes, and continues breathing...

MISTY (CONT'D)
 You okay now?

MARK
 I am fine, babe. It may be morning,
 but it's still way too early for
 this crap. You can go back to
 sleep. I'll be fine.

He opens his eyes and gives her a quick kiss.

MISTY
 I'll take that as an apology.

Misty offers a few rubs on his back.

MARK
I mean, look at me.

Mark wrinkles his forehead, moves his head around, and throws his arms out to the side.

MARK (CONT'D)
I am in great shape.

MISTY
Sure are.

Misty lies back down and nestles into the pillow.

MISTY (CONT'D)
6:02...by the way.

MARK
Huh?

MISTY
The real time. The electricity went out, remember?

As Mark glances at "2:29" still on his clock we move to...

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mark drinks another glass of water. Looks at the clocks...the refrigerator, the microwave, the new oven...all blinking the same time: "2:29 a.m." He takes another sip and walks out.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Mark inhales fresh air. Looks over the rail at the Olympic-sized pool where someone is doing laps. Then, he glances back at his penthouse in the luxury high-rise -- a sleek, custom-designed open floor plan. Gratitude washes over his face.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mark returns to find Misty lying face down with the blankets covering half her body. She's back to sleep and purring... He continues to stand there in amazement at Misty's toned body.

Then, Misty stirs, and more of her body is exposed... Mark gets back in the bed and slowly starts to caress her curves.

Off Misty turning toward him for another round.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY, UTOPIA COMPLEX - DAY

Mark exits the elevator dressed in a casual suit. He smiles at the heavy breathing, overweight doorman. RANDY (40s) knows all the residents quite well, especially players like Mark...

RANDY
Late night, sir?

MARK
(grins)
You could say that, Randy. But when you see the girl, you'll wish the night had been longer.

RANDY
That gorgeous, huh?

MARK
You'll see soon enough.

Mark hands Randy a \$50 bill.

MARK (CONT'D)
Her name is Misty; I remembered this time. See to it that she gets wherever she needs to go.

RANDY
Yes, sir. You're a good man, sir. Don't let anyone tell ya different.

MARK
Ha! Well, you're in the minority there, Randy. But I appreciate it.

EXT. VALET, UTOPIA COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Mark exits to find his white and black Tesla sports car, looks a lot like the Batmobile with its low-to-the-ground frame, wind-resistant features, and dark tinted windows.

VALET
Have a good day, Mr. Cook.

Mark hops in the driver's seat and the Valet shuts the door.

INT. MARK'S TESLA - DAY

Mark obnoxiously swerves between cars during the traffic-infested drive. Comes to a halt at the stoplight. Sees...

A COUPLE CANOODLING OUTSIDE AT A COFFEE SHOP

Mark wrinkles his nose before peeling out when the light turns green. Speeds into the parking garage of a high-rise.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Tesla parks in a private spot labeled: "Cook Winery."

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Mark exits the elevator where the RECEPTIONIST and a handful of girls occupy several desks. He winks as he walks past --

MARK
Morning, ladies.

RECEPTIONIST
The agency is ready for you in the boardroom.

Then, he catches one woman's eye. She's RACHEL (30s). Sweet girl, dresses well. Her smile back to Mark is loaded...

MARK
Rachel.

RACHEL
Morning, Mr. Cook.

The gaggle, excluding Rachel, admire Mark's butt before he vanishes down the hall.

GIRL #1
Damn. I never get tired of watching him walk by each morning.

GIRL #2
He's your boss. Be careful.

GIRL #1
Eh. I see how he is. Being his employee wouldn't stop him from ripping my--

RECEPTIONIST
(laughs)
Sharon!

And as the others join in the laughter we move to...

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

It's a marketing presentation. The creative head is speaking at the front. This is SANDRA. Dressed well and aware of her sex appeal, beauty and brains. Clicks through a slideshow --

SANDRA

Cook Winery has been in the family for three generations. The new campaign that we propose would highlight this bond and commitment to quality, featuring images of Mr. Cook's late grandparents...

Mark smiles at the projected image of his sweet grandparents.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

...and the children at the winery.

The next slide shows Mark as a teenager, his older brother MASON, and younger sister LORI, playing in the grapevines.

MARK

(laughs aloud)

You'll destroy my street cred.

Some team members laugh. Others look moved by the pictures.

MARK (CONT'D)

Look, Amanda.

SANDRA

Sandra.

MARK

I appreciate the effort that your team has made. But since I took over the marketing and sales 11 years ago when my grandfather passed away, the brand has become a global sensation. Why change now?

This gives Sandra pause. Her teammates exchange a look.

SANDRA

We think it's a way to expand...to an older audience.

Mark cocks his head. Then, his cell RINGS on the table. He looks down at the screen: "LORI CALLING." Mark gets up...

MARK

If you'll excuse me.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mark closes the door and heads toward the corner office.

MARK
(on the phone)
Thanks for calling me back.

INT. MARK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Where he enters and shuts the door. Mark passes framed photographs on the wall, similar to the ones we just saw.

MARK
How's my Lu?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LORI'S OFFICE - SAME

Meet LORI (30s) standing at her desk, looking for something in the mess. She's slender with hair that curls perfectly below her ears and has a lot of sass for someone who's 5'5".

LORI
It's Dr. Lu to you, mister.

Up close we see Lori resembles Mark.

MARK
Yes, of course, doctor. Ease up on your big bro.

Mark leans back into his chair and gets comfortable. He looks through the floor-to-ceiling glass walls to the boardroom...

MARK (CONT'D)
Say, how much longer do you have of residency and those long hours?

Sandra looks back noting the disrespect of making her wait.

LORI (O.C.)
1 year, 2 months, and 3 days.

Mark laughs while swiveling his chair to face the skyline.

MARK
Oh, okay. Wow.

Lori takes a deep breath. Can't find the thing on her desk...

MARK (CONT'D)

And are you sure you want to be in the ER? It looks batshit crazy on TV.

LORI

Yeah, I love the ER. Plus, all those hot doctors, right?

Mark's laugh resounds over Lori's phone.

LORI (CONT'D)

So, what do you want? You usually want something.

MARK

Hey, come on... Okay, you're right. So, I was with this chick last night and woke up having chest pains. My entire chest felt like it was being crunched together, and I couldn't catch my breath. I mean...I could barely even talk.

LORI

Oh my God, are you okay now?

MARK

That's the thing. It came and went so fast that I'm not really sure. If I was having a heart attack, wouldn't that mean I'd be dead or passed out? If it wasn't a heart attack, what was it? I've been wracking my brain all morning, and the only thing I can come up with is that it was an anxiety attack.

The girl from the front office enters for a signature.

MARK (CONT'D)

(sharply)

Can't you see I'm on the phone? Come back later.

The girl turns quickly to get out of dodge.

MARK (CONT'D)

You were saying, Dr. Lu?

LORI

Geez. Ease up on whomever you are talking to there, champ. Anyway, most likely, that is what it was.

(MORE)

LORI (CONT'D)

Did you have a nightmare? Were you scared? Someone was there, right?

MARK

Misty was beside me, and no, no nightmare. She's a total daydream.

Mark gets up from his chair and starts pacing.

LORI

I think you're right. It couldn't have been a heart attack. At least, that's what it sounds like to me. Did you lose consciousness at all?

MARK

Nope.

LORI

Things like that can happen once or continue over years. I recommend that you make an appointment with your primary doctor for a full physical along with a blood test and a cardiac workup.

MARK

Whoah. You are getting way too technical on me, Lu.

LORI

Mark?

MARK

Fine.

LORI

Who's the chick?

MARK

Misty? No one special. She's like a med student or something. I don't know; I wasn't really listening.

LORI

But she was at your place, right? All night?

MARK

Yeah...I mean...a lot of girls are at my place.

LORI

Just...I don't know...you can do whatever you want.

MARK

That's right, Lori - always have and always will. Look, I know it bothers you that I have so many females bouncing in and out of my life. But it's what I choose to do.

LORI

I know. But there's Rachel...and what about Lisa?

MARK

That girl was not right for me.

LORI

Lisa? Because she was educated? When are you going to care about anyone else except yourself?

MARK

Hey, I do care about people...at arm's length.

LORI

Ugh. You're such an ass. And none of what you said makes sense. Mom and dad didn't raise you to be this way. I just don't get it.

Mark laughs out loud.

MARK

Quit getting so bent out of shape.

LORI

Yeah, yeah. Someday, someone's gonna finally steal that heart.

MARK

Assuming it still works then, right?

LORI

Ha. Well, don't joke about that. And get yourself checked out.

MARK

Okay. Will keep you posted.

She hangs up and spots the paper she was looking for...

LORI
Son of a bitch.

MARK
(hits intercom)
Rachel, can I see you a sec?

A beat. Rachel enters the office. This time Mark doesn't snap...instead he's all smiles and completely calm.

RACHEL
Yes, Mr. Cook?

MARK
Hey, I was wondering if you could pick up a birthday gift for my nephew for this weekend?

RACHEL
Oh, yes, that's right. Tony's big day. Are they going to give your brother a leave or something?

MARK
I don't know, Rachel. I hope.

RACHEL
I think he'll love some VR goggles.

Mark nods his approval. Rachel turns to head out...

MARK
Um, Rachel... Would you like to come with me? The party is at my parents' house, and I know how much they would love seeing you.

Rachel pauses with her back to Mark, closes her eyes with empathy, and turns around --

RACHEL
You know that I have a boyfriend.

Mark gets up and walks over to Rachel. Places both his arms on each of her shoulders.

MARK
I just miss you, Rachel. You know me so well. Please, can we give it another chance? It was 14 months of bliss, you said so yourself--

RACHEL
Until you--

MARK

I know. And I'll always regret what I did. But I'm better around you...

Mark looks down, somewhat sincere.

RACHEL

Mark, you're a great guy, and we had a great time. But we are just in different places right now.

Rachel makes her way to the door.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You will find someone.

MARK

I am really sorry, Rachel. You're right. You deserve better. I promise I will leave you alone. You are a great secretary, and I don't want to screw that up. Thank you.

RACHEL

All good, and I'll get on that gift.

Off Mark regretfully watching her leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. COOK WINERY GROUNDS - DAY

Mark's Tesla parks in the driveway behind other cars on the 6-acre property. He exits and approaches the large house that shares the land with the winery. There's also a guest house.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

It's a birthday party. The guest of honor is TONY (8), has a bald head from chemo, but is pretty upbeat considering what he's been through... He's playing with friends in the rented bounce house when Mark catches his eye. He leaps right out --

TONY

Uncle Mark!

Tony runs to Mark and gives him a big hug.

MARK

Happy birthday, buddy.

TONY

We need to play some basketball
before you leave today, okay?

MARK

Of course, man. I wouldn't miss a
chance for a beatdown.

They high five before Tony runs back to his friends. Mark
turns to look over the event. The Cooks have gone to town.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mark enters to find his parents DARRELL and PEGGY COOK (late-
50s) perusing the buffet table. They both look healthy and
are still very much in love. Peggy's holding a glass of wine.

PEGGY

You know you have always been
Tony's favorite. He doesn't really
say it, but we all know.

MARK

How are you doing, mom?

He towers over her when he gives her a hug and a kiss.

PEGGY

I am good, son. It's nice to see
you every now and then.

MARK

I know, I know. But someone has to
run the business, right?

PEGGY

You are a businessman, aren't you?

MARK

You say it like it's a bad thing.

They share a laugh.

PEGGY

I love having you run our company,
and you do a great job.

Peggy touches Mark's arms, looks right at him.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

It's just that I thought you would
want more than that?

MARK

What do you mean?

Mark glances at his sister-in-law in the kitchen. Tony's mom MELISSA (30s) is usually put together but lately she's tired and sad. She gestures to him that Peggy's been drinking...

PEGGY

We always thought you would do something special.

Mark looks from Peggy to his dad. He jokingly shrugs --

DARRELL

Your mother is superstitious. She thinks because you were born at 2:29 p.m. on February 29th in a Leap Year that it means something.

This gives Mark pause, his face turns ashen.

PEGGY

What is it, Mark?

MARK

Did you say I was born at 2:29?

PEGGY

That's right. You were only four pounds...a preemie.

MARK

I knew that I was smaller. But is there anything else to my birth?

Darrell and Peggy exchange a look.

MARK (CONT'D)

What, mom? (then to Darrell) Dad?

DARRELL

There was a storm that day, and the electricity went out. The hospital was on backup generators. Your mom had problems with the delivery, and they had to perform an emergency c-section. You almost didn't make it.

Off Mark's incredulous look.

PEGGY

But you pulled through with no health issues. The nursing staff named you the Unicorn.

Mark paces a few steps in front of his mother.

MARK

You never mentioned any of that.

PEGGY

There was no need, and you grew up so fast. You weren't the prettiest baby, but you sure were feisty. And look at you now, so tall and strong and such a handsome man.

MARK

Thanks, mom, but somehow I get the feeling you don't approve of me.

Mark looks at her with puppy dog eyes.

PEGGY

You have been a bit of an ass.

Off Mark's shocked look.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

But I love you to death.

Darrell looks to Peggy. She's on a roll --

PEGGY (CONT'D)

I mean, you barely talk to any of us anymore. Besides your relationship with Tony, you hide behind the winery business, and only come out to play if there's a girl in a tight dress.

Darrell almost spits out his wine.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

What? It's true.

Peggy turns to see Mark is getting frustrated.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Isn't it, darling?

MARK

Tell me what you really think, mom.

Peggy picks up the wine bottle and refills her glass.

PEGGY

Alright.

Mark looks to her -- *that was rhetorical.*

PEGGY (CONT'D)

You are 32 and single. Maybe you want it that way, I don't know. But the way you treated Rachel and anyone who gets close isn't right. You're narcissistic. And on top of that, you are too wrapped up in the company. You know that you didn't have to take it over. You could have done anything. Your father and I wouldn't have thought any less of you.

Peggy takes a long sip. Waits for the repercussions...

MARK

Some party.

Mark rubs his hair and just stands there looking surprised.

PEGGY

It is. I am sorry. I just...I just don't see you enough. And what I do see, it's just heart breaking. You need companionship and to wise up.

MARK

And you're the one to wise me up?

DARRELL

Well, she is your mother. She does know everything.

Mark lets out a chuckle. Darrell looks relieved --

DARRELL (CONT'D)

I think what your mother is trying to say is that you are not that way around Tony. He always has all your attention and you never let him down. You would be a great dad, Mark; you just need a great wife. Hopefully one that will keep up with you and this crazy family.

Mark rolls his eyes. He reaches for a beer from the silver ice bucket on the table just as Lori walks into the room.

LORI

Are you lecturing Mark on women, dad?

MARK

Yes! Geez! Get off my back, guys.

LORI

Well, whatever they're saying...they're probably right.

Lori hugs Mark. She sneaks in a whisper -- *you alright?* They release from the hug and he nods. She knows how to divert...

LORI (CONT'D)

What's up, bro? You know, Tony is going to want us to play basketball. Are you ready for me?

MARK

I can handle you with both eyes closed.

Peggy rolls her eyes. Grabs her husband by the arm...

PEGGY

Help me in the kitchen, will you?

DARRELL

Of course, dear.

After they depart Lori looks right at Mark.

LORI

(quietly)

Did you call your doctor to make an appointment?

MARK

No, not yet. I will, though, sis.

Off her scolding look.

MARK (CONT'D)

Come on... I'm a former collegiate soccer player in great shape, I'm sure it's nothing to worry about.

Lori holds her look, intense. Mark looks out the window at the kids playing on the basketball court.

MARK (CONT'D)

Do you think I would be a good dad?

LORI

Wow, really? I thought a bachelor like yourself would never settle down.

MARK

Yeah, well...

LORI

Yeah, well Rachel would have been a great wife and mom, but you messed that up.

Lori takes a jab at Mark's arm.

MARK

Ouch. I know, I know.

LORI

Just promise not to sleep with anyone else that works for you.

A beat. Lori stares at Mark with a serious look.

LORI (CONT'D)

I know what you are thinking. I wish Mason were here, too. You are great with him, you know. During his cancer years and chemotherapy and everything, you were right there. He loves you, Mark.

MARK

Well, I love him, too. And you.

Off Lori's moved look.

MARK (CONT'D)

But I'm still gonna beat you.

Mark places his arm over Lori's shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

A fun game with the adults and the kids. We see snippets of Mark and Tony working perfectly as a team. Lori isn't bad and rises to the occasion to wipe the grin off Mark's face...

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Everyone is leaving the Cook compound. Tony is saying his goodbyes to his friends when Mark appears looking exhausted.

MARK

Alright, Tony, I am out. It was awesome today, but get some rest, man. You seemed sluggish out there and you're looking too skinny.

They do a fist bump. Something catches Mark's eye. Sees...

Melissa in the doorway watching them looking very gloomy.

MARK (CONT'D)

Goodnight.

Tony shuts the door after Mark. Turns to see his pale mom --

TONY

Are you okay, Mom?

She hugs Tony.

MELISSA

Yes, I am fine.

TONY

Okay, okay, ugh... Why so tight?

MELISSA

I love you so much.

Melissa releases her hold and watches, teary-eyed, as her birthday boy walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM, UTOPIA COMPLEX - DAY

Mark's on the elliptical when he's approached by a lovely, young lady. This is JANE (28). Friendly, flirty, and direct.

JANE

Hi, I'm Jane. I just moved into the complex... I was wondering if you wanted to grab a smoothie sometime?

MARK

Welcome, Jane. I appreciate the interest, but I have none for you.

Mark turns back to the machine. He's drenched in sweat but barely looks like he's being tested. Jane snarls and leaves.

A portly man on the treadmill near Mark does a double take.

MAN

I wish I could just flippantly pass
on a hot babe like that.

MARK

Well, keep working at it, pal.
Maybe someday you won't think it's
as hard.

Off the man's shocked look we move to...

INT. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark's at work reading an email when his CELL RINGS:
"MELISSA." His face flushes with anxiety as he answers --

MELISSA (ON PHONE)

(crying)

Mark...

MARK

Melissa? What is it?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MELISSA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Melissa cowers behind the wheel, on her cell. Her eyes pour
tears as she sits in her car in the HOSPITAL CARPARK.

MELISSA

Tony's cancer is back. It's now
terminal. The best-case scenario is
that he makes it another 3 weeks.

Mark stands and begins a slow pace. Lost for words. He
listens for a long beat not believing what he's hearing...

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Are you still there?

MARK

Yes. Umm, sorry. I'm here.

Mark sits back down and presses his hand against his face.

MARK (CONT'D)

Can we get a second opinion?

MELISSA

The CT scan was definitive, Mark. I can get a second opinion, but I doubt anything will change in this instance. This is so awful--

Melissa breaks down and covers her mouth with her hand.

MARK

Melissa, I'm sorry. Just give me a minute to think. I will be in touch. I gotta go.

Mark ends the call. Sits there. Wheels turning in his head.

RACHEL (O.C.)

I have your messages and schedule for today.

Mark looks up to see Rachel standing there. She immediately sees something is wrong.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Mr. Cook?

MARK

Yeah. I'm sorry, thanks...

Mark reaches out and takes the notes from Rachel.

RACHEL

Are you okay?

MARK

Tony's cancer has metastasized to his lungs, liver, and brain. His oncologist is giving him three weeks without treatment and possibly eight to 16 weeks with some form of treatment. I...I just don't know what to think.

RACHEL

Oh my God, Mark. I am so sorry.

Rachel walks over to hug Mark. He's holding back tears... Then, she's brushed back as his body starts shaking. He grabs his chest and gasps for air, knocking a glass paperweight off the corner of the desk and onto the hardwood floor -- it SMASHES!

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Mark! What's going on? I'm calling 911.

As she reaches for the office phone it starts RINGING... Mark glances at the caller ID: "229." Rachel quickly answers --

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Hello?

There's no dial tone...just complete silence. She hangs up.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
It was dead.

Rachel quickly dials 911. Mark placing his hand over hers.

MARK
It's okay, Rachel. I am fine now.

RACHEL
Mark! What the hell?

MARK
I think I am having anxiety attacks.

RACHEL
This has happened before?!

Off Mark's drained look.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You really need to see someone. It didn't look good.

MARK
I know. I will.

Mark looks out the window for guidance.

MARK (CONT'D)
I promise that I feel better. Just give me a minute.

Rachel nods, staying by his side. A beat. Then --

MARK (CONT'D)
(gruffly)
You know what? I think I'm just going to call it a day, I need to clear my head. There's just too much going on right now.

INT. MARK'S CAR - DAY

Mark's driving -- thinking --

The PHONE RINGS on Bluetooth. Mark answers on speaker --

MARK

(flat)

Hey, Lu. Better be good news...

LORI (V.O.)

(over speaker)

Two different oncologists have said the same thing about Tony's prognosis. The only thing left is to make him feel as comfortable as possible.

Off Mark's devastated look we move to...

INT. TONY'S BEDROOM, COOK HOUSE - DAY

Melissa enters with Mark to find Tony sitting on his bed.

MARK

Hey, buddy. How you feeling?

TONY

Fine.

Melissa and Mark exchange a look.

MARK

We're confident that another round of treatment will do the trick.

TONY

I don't want treatment. I just want to enjoy the time I have left.

Mark looks choked.

MELISSA

I know how awful it's made you feel in the past but--

TONY

(defiantly)

I don't want to do it, mommy.

MELISSA

But you're still just a boy. You're too little to make such decisions.

TONY

It's not going to matter what we do.

Melissa and Mark exchange a concerned look. Mark gestures for her to give him a minute alone with Tony. She gets up --

MELISSA

You'll stay for lunch won't you,
Mark? I'm making Tony's favorite.

MARK

Which happens to be my favorite
too, so that's a hard yesssss.

Tony smiles. Melissa leaves the room and Mark takes a seat.

MARK (CONT'D)

How are you really feeling?

TONY

(now solemn)
Some days are good, but mostly bad
lately.

MARK

Is today good?

TONY

Yep. It also helps that you're
here.

MARK

Yeah...I should probably come around
more often, huh?

TONY

Yeah... Quit hanging out with all
those girls!

MARK

Hey!

Mark tries to hold back a laugh.

MARK (CONT'D)

Who told you that?

TONY

Lori.

MARK

She's got a big mouth.

TONY

Maybe.

MARK

Girls like me. What can I say?

TONY

You have a tough life.

Mark lets out a huge laugh.

MARK

You're pretty clever. So, listen...
Umm...why are you so against the
medicine and doctor stuff?

TONY

I guess it just makes me sad. I
feel horrible when I do all that
stuff, and it doesn't work. So,
what's the point?

MARK

The point is we love you...I love
you.

Off Tony's touched look.

MARK (CONT'D)

I can't...we can't...imagine a world
without you. You should try again.

TONY

Maybe. But I just don't want to.
All those tube things and IVs...it
just doesn't feel good.

MARK

I know. I'm so sorry. You're so
young. You're not supposed to be so
sick.

TONY

You're a great guy, Mark. I know
you want to help me, but nothing is
going to help me. When I was in the
hospital all those times, there are
so many kids with problems just
like me. Maybe you can help them.

MARK

(choked)

You're so brave. I will do better.

Mark rubs Tony's head. Then, a voice rings out --

MELISSA (O.C.)
Lunch is almost ready!

MARK
Okay...let's go eat. Enough of this
sad talk.

They both exchange a smile and head out...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Tony excitedly find Melissa has made grilled cheese sandwiches. They sit at the table overlooking the view.

TONY
Thanks, mom!

Tony inhales a quarter in one fell swoop.

MARK
Take it easy, buddy.

Mark and Melissa laugh. Then, in between bites --

TONY
Can we go get ice cream later, and
then make a long list of things we
can do together before I go to
sleep?

MARK
Go to sleep?

TONY
Yeah...you know...when I close my eyes
and go to heaven.

Melissa shudders inside. Mark can't take another bite --

MARK
Whatever you want, buddy. We will
do it all. I promise.

TONY
Okay. So, the first thing is that
we need to go to a Padres game. But
I want seats right behind the
dugout. Can we do that? Please! I
want to meet Jake Stillwell.

MARK
(smirks)
We can definitely try.

TONY
It's no problem if we can't. I know
how tough it is to meet those guys.

MARK
Leave it with me.

Off Tony giving Mark a fist bump.

CUT TO:

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY

Mark and Tony exit with super scoops on cones and sit down.

MARK
Let's start making this list?

TONY
Cool.

But then Tony looks down embarrassed.

MARK
Ha! You want to kiss a girl?

TONY
Shut up. I don't even have a
girlfriend.

As Mark playfully pokes him we move to...

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Mark and Lori perched on stools with beers in their hands.

LORI
I can't hear anymore.

MARK
I know. Such grown-up talk from
such a little boy completely
freaked me out.

LORI
So you'll figure out the game?

MARK
Yeah, but Tony just wants it to be
us. I mean, I feel bad for Melissa.

Off Lori avoiding a reply by chugging her beer.

MARK (CONT'D)
I can't stop thinking about all
this. I just feel so...helpless.

Off Mark finishing the beer.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE -- MARK'S ESCAPADES

EXT. VALET, UTOPIA COMPLEX - NIGHT

Mark's Tesla SCREECHES to a halt. The Valet Guy opens the passenger side door and a NEW WOMAN steps out... Mark exits the car and scoots around to escort her into the building.

INT. LOBBY, UTOPIA COMPLEX - NIGHT

Mark enters with ANOTHER WOMAN that looks five years his junior, arm in arm. Randy smiles at him as they enter the elevator. Mark winks back at Randy as the doors close.

INT. HALLWAY, UTOPIA COMPLEX - NIGHT

The elevator doors open and Mark appears with a DIFFERENT WOMAN even younger than the last. They exit and head down the hall toward the doors at the end. The plaque: "PENTHOUSE."

INT. FOYER, MARK'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The door flies open and Mark and a NEW BLONDE stumble through the entry hall kissing, fumbling, and removing their clothes.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark lowering a BRUNETTE onto the bed and climbing on top...

END MONTAGE

EXT. DONOVAN STATE PRISON, SAN DIEGO - DAY

ESTABLISHING. OVER the looming property surrounded by barbed fencing. Mark's Tesla drives through the gate to the lot.

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

Mark stands at a vending machine with a plastic bag that contains coins. Takes two sodas and two packets of crisps over to a table. His brother MASON (late-30s) is sitting there, more rugged looking than Mark but has kind eyes.

MARK

Hey...

Mason stands and hugs Mark tightly. A glare from the female guard prompts them to end the embrace. Mark sits down.

MARK (CONT'D)

Snacks. You're getting gaunt.

MASON

Have you talked to Tony?

Mark nods. He composes himself and leans closer to Mason.

MARK

He's not budging on treatment.

Mason breaks eye contact.

MASON

Alright. I'm sure you tried your best.

Off Mason's obvious passive aggressiveness...

MARK

Yes. We all are.

This gives Mason pause.

MASON

How's Melissa?

Mark glances away... Mason palpitates inside.

MASON (CONT'D)

Mark?

Mark looks back into his brother's eyes. Suddenly choked.

MASON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I'm here.

Mason fights hard to hold back tears.

MARK

Hey...you're doing great and we're working on an early release.

Tears push through and cascade down Mason's cheeks.

MASON

You keep Melissa strong, you hear?

Mark nods without looking away this time.

CUT TO:

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Tony entering with Mark and seeing the crowd in awe.
- Tony and Mark cheering in their seats behind the dugout.
- Tony getting two baseballs and one from Jake Stillwell.
- The Padres beating the Chicago Cubs, 6-4.
- Tony in Mark's car beaming over his game souvenirs.

INT. TONY'S BEDROOM, COOK HOUSE - DAY

Melissa enters to find Tony staging his souvenirs with others for a photo. She's put on a happy face but is distraught.

TONY

Look, mom. I got two baseballs and one from Jake Stillwell after they made a double play!

MELISSA

That's amazing.

TONY

I felt like the teams were playing just for me.

Melissa smiles and strokes his head.

MELISSA

Are you hungry?

TONY

Nah. Mark and I had hot dogs.

Tony turns to his mom and hands her the camera.

TONY (CONT'D)
Will you take a picture of me?

Melissa frames Tony as he poses in his Padres jersey.

POV - THROUGH CAMERA LENS

Tony beams a smile. His eyes sparkle, his is posture strong, and there's a glow around him that resonates positivity.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

THE SAME PICTURE. We pull back to REVEAL it's been enlarged and sits on an easel in a church at Tony's funeral service.

Mark and his parents, Melissa, Lori and FAMILY in the pews.

MARK
(to himself)
This isn't real.

Lori turns to Mark. Puts her arm over his to offer comfort.

LORI
We're gonna get through this.

Off Mark's unconvinced look

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Crashing waves and silver light emanating from the water.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM, UTOPIA COMPLEX - NIGHT

Mark wakes up from his ocean dream short of breath. He quickly gets up to be able to breathe better and heads out...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

...to get some water. After the cold water rushes down his throat and soothes him, Mark looks calm and more at ease.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mark lays in bed staring at the ceiling. He gets up again...

INT. GYM, UTOPIA COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

Mark's going for it on the treadmill, processing everything that's been happening over the month. Turns up the speed --

INT. TONY'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Mark sitting on Tony's bed after the news of the prognosis.

TONY

You're a great guy, Mark. I know you want to help me, but nothing is going to help me. When I was in the hospital all those times, there are so many kids with problems just like me. Maybe you can help them.

MARK

(choked)

You're so brave. I will do better.

BACK TO SCENE

The level is 10 now. Sweat is drenching the entire machine.

MARK (CONT'D)

(to himself)

I'll do better, Tony.

Off Mark's determined look.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION, COOK WINERY - DAY

Rachel enters and finds a note on her desk: "Please see me."

INT. MARK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The door is open and Rachel timidly enters.

RACHEL

Good morning, Mark, what can I do for you?

MARK

I need you to look into something
for me...

Off Rachel's curious look.

MARK (CONT'D)

I can't stop thinking about Tony's
decision to die, and his bucket
list.

RACHEL

I'm sure doing all those things for
him made him so happy.

MARK

It did, and his death seemed easier
to handle. It made me feel good
that I was able and had the means
to help him fulfill these wishes.
Rachel, I have always been a dick,
and I know you think so as well.
But I want to do better and help
people just like I did with Tony.

Rachel cocks her head to the side.

RACHEL

Do you want to be a wish granter?

MARK

Yes. Sort of. But maybe a bucket
list master. I don't know. I just
feel I need to do something good,
and I have the money to do it.

Rachel smiles as Mark gathers his thoughts. Then --

MARK (CONT'D)

I've been having dreams of dying
and feeling alone. I want people to
know that they are not alone and
for them to be able to do one last
thing that has been their dream. I
don't mean just helping kids. I
want to be able to help adults and
people from all over.

RACHEL

Wow, that really sounds great, I
love it. What are you going to do?

MARK

I'm not sure exactly, but I imagine hiring someone that knows about these things. I would accept applications from people who are really sick and don't have the family or resources to enjoy their last days. Maybe we create a database? Dunno...what do you think?

RACHEL

I think you're onto something.

MARK

I also realize that I'm limited in feelings toward people. The person we hire should have medical experience...someone who can take the reins to find and interview people who would be appreciative of such a gesture and could handle the wish event. I don't want to mess up. I have the money but that's about it.

RACHEL

You're pretty savvy. But I get what you're saying. This is a big deal.

MARK

I just want people to be happy and satisfied. So, will you help me interview the job applicants?

RACHEL

I sure will. I think this is great and believe that we should record as much of the event as possible. This could really boost our wine sales if people see that you are doing these wonderful things.

MARK

What? No! I am not doing this as a marketing stunt.

Mark gets up from his chair.

RACHEL

I didn't mean it that way. I just meant it would help you.

Off Mark's determined look.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDROOM, COOK WINERY - DAY

Mark and Rachel sit side by side. It's the first round of interviews, neither look impressed. This one's KATHERYN (26).

MARK

Hello, Katheryn. So, tell us about yourself?

Katheryn is in a grandma dress and clutching a briefcase.

KATHERYN

Well, I'm 5'4," 145 pounds, and a vegetarian. I'm allergic to nuts, trees, and anything yellow. I am afraid of the dark and I live with my parents to manage my anxiety.

MARK

Thank you. An interesting intro.

Rachel nudges Mark with her foot under the table. Above, Mark shifts as Rachel tries to stop herself from laughing aloud.

RACHEL

So...um... With all that being said, why should we choose you?

KATHERYN

For this position?

MARK

Yes...this position.

RACHEL

Yes...this position.

KATHERYN

I'm good at following directions. And I like working with people, even though I don't trust them.

MARK

Well, I think we have enough. I appreciate you applying. Rachel will be in contact, thank you.

Mark stands up cordially to shake Katheryn's hand. She walks out... Then, Mark and Rachel look at each other and laugh.

RACHEL

Wow.

Mark shakes his head as he sits down. Rachel peruses the clipboard on the table where several names are crossed out.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 Too young. Too gothic. Too weird.
 Not enough teeth. Is it me, or are
 they getting weirder by the hour?

Girl #1 front the front desk appears in the doorway with a young lady wearing a tight, short outfit, and red lipstick.

GIRL #1
 Your next interviewee. Chloe.

Mark's eyes are frozen on her, his mouth wide open.

RACHEL
 You must be Chloe?

CHLOE (26) smiles and nods. Rachel feigns a smile back.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 (under her breath)
 This ought to be interesting.

MARK
 (leans over to Rachel)
 Easy. We need to at least hear her
 out.

Girl #1 and Rachel exchange a look before she exits. Chloe sits down and leans back to let her hair flow freely. Her voluptuous breasts are nearly popping out of her blouse.

CHLOE
 So, what does this job entail,
 because I will do whatever you want
 me to do. I'm in a lot of debt.

Off Mark's and Rachel's look.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Various employees watch Chloe walk back to reception. Mark's also staring through the glass windows of the boardroom.

INT. BOARDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rachel looks down at the clipboard. Strikes out Chloe's name.

RACHEL
 Too hot.

MARK
Save her application. I can call
her later.

RACHEL
Mark!

MARK
I'm teasing...maybe.

Off Rachel's look.

MARK (CONT'D)
Today was fun. But I'm just going
to trust you to find the person.

Mark stands and buttons his jacket.

MARK (CONT'D)
Thanks for all your help.

Rachel nods and Mark exits. She watches through the glass as
he glances into the foyer to see if Chloe has left yet...

EXT. MARK'S BALCONY, UTOPIA COMPLEX - NIGHT

Mark inhales the air. Sadness over washes over his face.

INT. HALLWAY, COOK WINERY - DAY

Rachel walks with MICHELLE GREEN (30) past the boardroom
toward Mark's office. She's friendly and dressed in a suit.

RACHEL
Here we are...

Rachel motions for Michelle to enter Mark's office.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Good luck, Michelle.

MICHELLE
Thanks?

Rachel smiles and shuts the door. Takes a deep breath...

INT. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

Michelle enters to find Mark on the phone pacing back and
forth in front of the window, the stunning skyline beyond.

MARK
(on the phone)
Look, I don't have time for that.

Mark listens for a beat and grows more annoyed...

MARK (CONT'D)
I'm not interested.

He turns to see Michelle in one of the guest chairs.

MARK (CONT'D)
Listen...I have to go.

Mark slams down the phone causing Michelle to startle.

MARK (CONT'D)
Man, I don't know why I hired you.
I am too busy to be doing this and
don't really care anymore.

MICHELLE
Well then, I should just leave.

Michelle rises, smooths her skirt, and heads to the door.

MARK
Don't...umm...Michelle, right? Look,
I'm sorry. I'm not usually this
rude. Well, that's not entirely
true. Either way, I'm sure Rachel
filled you in on my family's loss
and my intentions for this project.
She spoke very highly of you.

Michelle stops and begrudgingly returns to the chair.

MICHELLE
How can I help, sir?

MARK
Mark. You can call me Mark. So,
Rachel told me that you're
currently a hospital social worker?

MICHELLE
I hope that's okay; she said this
is a part-time project whereby I
would help locate individuals who
will meet the qualifications you
are looking for to fulfill two
wishes a month. Is that right?

MARK

Yes. Absolutely. Thank you.

MICHELLE

I already have a few hardship candidates in mind. I'll figure out the details and be in touch to schedule meetings in the evenings.

Mark's excitement for the idea is restored. Michelle exhales a sigh of relief... Michelle rises and they shake hands.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Mark and Lori are having their usual beer together.

MARK

So whaddya think, Dr. Lu?

Lori looks equally shocked and impressed.

LORI

I think it's great, Mark. But I wonder if you have the stomach for it...these are real life tragedies.

MARK

Well, I'm doing it for Tony.

LORI

And that's very noble. But make sure you look after you, too. I am still concerned about your heart.

MARK

Why? I got the all clear. I'm fine.

LORI

Right. But this kind of venture isn't going to do any favors for your anxiety and stress levels.

Mark smiles wide and lifts his glass for a toast.

MARK

I got this, sis.

Finally, Lori smiles back. Off their toast...

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION, COOK WINERY - NIGHT

The elevator opens and Michelle exits with an African American woman named AMBER SHAW (30s) and her timid 5-year-old daughter LILY.

MICHELLE

Are you ready?

Amber nods as she looks around the nicely designed office.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Alright, then let's go.

INT. BOARDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michelle finds Rachel and Mark seated behind the table. Mark sees the patient and takes a gulp. Amber extends her hand --

AMBER

Mr. Cook. It is nice to meet you.

Mark shakes her hand and stares blankly.

MARK

Yes. Ummm, likewise, have a seat.

Michelle gestures to Rachel.

MICHELLE

This is Rachel. She is assisting Mark with his special project.

Rachel smiles and winks at Lily.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Mark, Rachel... This is Amber Shaw, who is a single mom, and her 5-year-old daughter, Lily. This brave little girl has a stage 4 neuroblastoma. Many of her systems are affected, and the cancer is now taking over her bodily functions.

Mark is already choked. Rachel gives him a reassuring look.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Lily and Amber have been fighting her cancer for two years.

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

The medical bills have piled up, and Amber is only working part-time to cover some bills and stay with Lily. The prognosis is poor, and her doctors cannot do much more.

MARK

Thank you for the introduction and the details of the Amber's situation. (turns to Amber) Amber and Miss Lily, I have a proposal for you. I want to take care of all your bills and grant Lily a wish.

AMBER

What! Oh my God.

Lily doesn't say anything but smiles and begins to cry.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I had no idea....

Michelle places her hand on Amber's back for support. She also shows a surprised look to Mark for taking on the bills.

LILY

A wish? So, are you a genie?

MARK

Maybe, Lily. You can call me whatever you want, but I am not magical. I am just rich.

Mark laughs and gives Lily a friendly wink.

AMBER

Well, you are magical to us, sir.

MARK

(to Lily)

So, any idea what you want?

Lily smiles and puts her hand under her chin. Then, her eyes get big, and her mouth opens wide as the thought arrives --

LILY

Disney World. I want to see the princesses and ride every single ride. Is that a good one, Mister?

MARK

Yes! I have been there, and I think it is a great place to go.

Mark looks to Amber for her approval.

AMBER

She will need help, but I think we can do that if Lily is up for it.

LILY

Are you going with us? I would like you to go with us.

MARK

No. Sorry, Lily. I will be working, but Michelle will go with you.

RACHEL

It was such a pleasure meeting you both. We'll be in touch with Michelle regarding the medical bills and the Disney World trip.

Michelle walks Amber and Lily out and closes the door.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

That was a surprise. Medical bills?

MARK

I know. I folded. I won't be able to do that with the rest of them in the future. Thanks for sitting in on this first one with me.

RACHEL

(smiles)

It was a really nice thing to do.

Rachel rises from her chair and puts on her jacket.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Goodnight, Mark.

MARK

Night.

Then, just as Rachel reaches the door --

MARK (CONT'D)

Actually, maybe it would be best if I just converse with Michelle about the candidates, and then she takes care of everything. I can't handle seeing them. It's kinda depressing.

RACHEL
 Sure, I'll let her know. But for
 what it's worth, you did a great
 job.

MARK
 (sheepishly)
 Thanks.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Rachel exits the elevator to find Michelle about to get into
 her car. Michelle hears the PING and turns around --

MICHELLE
 Well, that went well.

Rachel shrugs and beams a smile.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 Why is Mr. Cook doing all of this?

Off Rachel puzzled look.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 I mean, you told me about the young
 boy. But this all seems like so
 much for just one person.

RACHEL
 I agree... But Mark's not the brash
 guy he makes himself out to be.
 Deep down, he has a good heart;
 Tony dying really hurt him.

Off Michelle's moved look.

CUT TO:

THE SUN

Shining through a blue sky filled with capering clouds.

PANNING DOWN

Passing the DISNEY WORLD SIGN perched in the sky --
 gloriously bright in all its whiteness.

PANNING FURTHER DOWN UNTIL

We stop at the front of a climbing roller coaster where Lily
 sits excitedly between Amber and Michelle.

Then, the DROP --

THE TRIO SCREAMING AND LAUGHING WITH THEIR HANDS UP

We FREEZE FRAME on the fun snapshot that becomes a polaroid.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BOARDROOM, COOK WINERY - DAY

THE POLAROID. In Mark's hand. He smiles as he sits with Michelle looking through her phone pictures and video clips.

MICHELLE

We had so much fun. I rode every ride, and the look on Lily's face was priceless. I've never seen a more beautiful girl—even in the face of such a horrible disease. She never lost her smile. She saw so many princesses. And the food--

MARK

Wow. You really got into this.

Mark watches her soft lips as she gets increasingly excited.

MICHELLE

I did! Did they have the Star Wars display when you went? My gosh...I mean, I'm not a sci-fi girl normally, but that was impressive.

Off Mark, a little crush forming.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Mark? Sir?

MARK

Oh no, sorry.

Mark gets up and starts pacing.

MARK (CONT'D)

Sounds like a great time was had.

MICHELLE

Yes, sir, and everyone at Disney catered to Lily the entire time.

Off Mark's humbled look.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 (giggles)
 Lily kept calling you the genie!

MARK
 Good! And Rachel told me she took care of the payments. So, I guess we're done. Good for them.

MICHELLE
 Yes. But...I didn't want to say anything but she's in the hospital.

Mark just stands there.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 The doctor suspects Lily caught a virus on the trip or on the plane.

MARK
 I knew it. I didn't want this to happen.

And just like a switch was flipped, from to zero to pissed--

MARK (CONT'D)
 I don't want to be involved. This was a bad, bad, bad idea!

Mark suddenly places one hand on the table. He's grabbing his shirt and chest with the other, trying to catch his breath.

MICHELLE
 Mark! Are you okay? Do I need to call an ambulance?

Mark doesn't respond. She reaches for the office phone...

MARK
 Michelle...wait, I think it's another panic attack. This has happened before. I guess the news of Lily got me anxious.

MICHELLE
 I don't like this. Can I still take you to the hospital for some tests?

A beat. Finally, Mark nods. Michelle looks at her watch --

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 It's 2:29 now, so I'll beg my colleague to squeeze you in around 3:00 p.m.

Mark looks up. Eyes Wide.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
What is it?

As Mark looks at the wall clock: 2:29., we move to...

INT. TREATMENT ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

Mark's sitting upright when DR. JEFFRIES enters with a chart.

DR. JEFFRIES
Mark Cook. Nice to meet you.

MARK
Likewise. Thanks for seeing me.

The doctor exchanges a look with Michelle.

DR. JEFFRIES
Now, you're a young guy who
exercises, so besides the EKG,
blood, and chest x-rays, I don't
believe any other tests are
required. The results should be
available in a couple of hours so
just sit tight.

MICHELLE
Thanks, doc.

DR. JEFFRIES
Of course.

Dr. Jeffries exits the room. Mark turns to Michelle.

MARK
I really appreciate you driving me
here. You don't have to stay.

MICHELLE
It's okay. I have to protect my
boss, the genie.

MARK
You can call me Mark. Genie isn't
my style. Either way, I really
appreciate it.

Off Michelle's smile.

MARK (CONT'D)

Look, why don't you just send me an email and pictures from now on of the candidates? I can approve them and let you take care of the rest.

MICHELLE

So, does this mean you are okay with continuing?

MARK

I guess. I mean, I'm the one who asked you to do this.

MICHELLE

Well, thank you. You are an amazing person. I've never imagined being a part of something like this.

Mark's lost for words as Michelle wipes away a tear.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Mark's relaxing on the sofa when the door pushes open -- it's Lori. She's holding a keycard and not looking happy at all.

MARK

Hey, how'd you--

LORI

You gave it to me for emergencies, remember?

MARK

But--

LORI

You lied to me.

MARK

What?

A beat as Mark realizes --

LORI

Puppy eyes work with mommies not sisters. You were at the hospital today. I saw you talking to Dr. Jeffries in the hallway.

Mark looks like a deer caught in headlights.

LORI (CONT'D)
You had another attack, didn't you?

Mark looks down, nods hid head.

LORI (CONT'D)
And I bet you never even saw your
GP last week, am I right?

MARK
Well, no. But my lab tests came
back normal, along with the EKG and
chest x-ray. Dr. Jeffries said the
episodes are probably due to
anxiety and gave me a prescription
for Xanax. As needed.

Lori looks relieved albeit irritated. She beelines to Mark's
bar and pours a neat Jack. Mark gestures for her to pour "2."

LORI
I'm just glad you finally went but
there are more tests to do, Mark.
Those ER tests are only a picture
of what is going on right then. Our
grandpa had a heart condition.

MARK
I have a referral for a
cardiologist follow-up. I'm on it.

Lori walks over and hands Mark the drink. Looks at him --

LORI
I'm proud of you.

Off his puzzled look.

LORI (CONT'D)
For the bucket list venture! Did
you tell mom? That will shut her up
about you and your moral compass.

MARK
I'm not ready yet.

Off Lori's surprised look.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S OFFICE, COOK WINERY - DAY

Mark opens an email from Michelle. There's a picture of a 67-year-old male named DAVID JONES. He reads the wish request...

INSERT - The email, which reads:

"David wants to forego cancer treatment for a week at the nicest hotel in Las Vegas, play poker, and go fishing at Lake Mead in the Grand Canyon."

Mark smiles at the request. Types: "ABSOLUTELY!" Hits send...

A moment later, Michelle replies: "Do you want to join us?"

Mark thinks for a beat and then replies, "Nope. Too busy."

MARK
(picks up phone)
Hey, do I have anything this
afternoon? I gotta get out of here.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RECEPTION - SAME

Rachel looks concerned as she holds the phone to her ear.

RACHEL
What's wrong?

MARK
Nothing, I just need to go for a
run or something.

Mark catches himself twirling on his chair and stops.

RACHEL
Okay, well, you are clear.

MARK
Cool.

A moment later Mark passes Rachel with his coat and case.

MARK (CONT'D)
Have a good evening.

As Rachel curiously watches him vanish in the elevator.

RACHEL
You too, Mark.

EXT. STREET, SAN DIEGO - DAY

Mark drives his Tesla with the roof down enjoying the wind.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mark runs in his workout clothes listening to music.

EXT. LOCAL BAR - DAY

Mark runs past the bar. Then, he runs back and walks inside.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Mark sits at the bar drinking water and watching SportsCenter on the TV. He makes eye contact with one young lady sitting amongst friends. Then, he gestures for the BARTENDER and takes a pen from the bar. He writes a note on the napkin...

MARK

Send that lady a margarita will you please and give her this note.

The bartender nods and takes the napkin.

The lady is mid-sentence when the bartender places down the margarita and note... She giggles along with her friends.

INSERT - The note, which reads:

"Will you join me?"

The lady looks up to find Mark smiling right at her. She takes the free drink and sits on the stool beside Mark.

YOUNG LADY

Why, thank you.

Off Mark's mischievous smile.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM, UTOPIA COMPLEX - NIGHT

Mark rolls onto his back trying to catch his breath... The young lady from the bar smiles and adjusts her ruffled hair.

INT. BOARDROOM, COOK WINERY - DAY

Michelle bursts through the door to find Mark sitting there.

MICHELLE

You are doing a wonderful thing for these people! Mr. Jones was suicidal before we reached out. His family and friends had deserted him because he was just too mean and toxic to be around. But now he's really happy!

MARK

I wonder why! Could it be the trip to Vegas with a beautiful girl...

Michelle sits and gets her phone ready for the slideshow.

MICHELLE

Aww. That's sweet. Well, it's all because of you. He had a fantastic time and then said he felt bad about the way he has been treating his family. He wants to make amends. For spending so much time with an old guy, he wasn't that bad. He only hit on me once.

Michelle brushes it off like it's no biggie.

MARK

What? If this is dangerous for you we need to really think about--

Mark stops himself. Looks down at his shoes...

MICHELLE

Aww, Mark! Are you worried about me? I can handle myself, alright?

MARK

Alright.

MICHELLE

Mr. Jones taught me how to play poker and craps, and we went side-by-side on a zip line downtown!

Michelle plays the clip and they're SCREAMING all the way.

MARK

(laughing)

Amazing! Did you do the canyon?

Michelle looks sideways at Mark -- *hello?* She hits play on a clip and Mark sees they took a helicopter and went fishing.

MARK (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

Michelle grins as Mark sees her holding up a huge fish.

MICHELLE

He caught the most. We hauled in a combo of bass and catfish, and then he cooked for us by the fire pit.

Mark marvels at her sincere reactions to the trip.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I think it's a shame that you're disconnected from the recipients. You don't see what I see, and I really think you are missing out.

MARK

I'm sure. But I am just too busy.

MICHELLE

Understood. Is there anything else?

This gives Mark pause. So Michelle gathers her things...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Okay, well, goodnight.

Mark leans forward and pretty much blurts aloud.

MARK

Would you like to have dinner tonight...or any night?

A beat. Michelle looks flattered. But --

MICHELLE

(smiles)

I think you're a great guy, but I don't date bosses.

Mark nods his head. Michelle leaves and he just sits there for a moment with a bruised ego. Then, a voice rings out --

RACHEL (O.C.)

Hey, Mark.

He looks up to see her lovely smile. Feels even worse now.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Is now a good time for you to sign off on a few of these invoices?

MARK

Yes! Work...let's get some work done.

Off Rachel's baffled look.

INT. DINING ROOM, COOK HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark is having dinner with his parents, Lori, and Melissa.

LORI

He's granted four more wishes now.

Peggy and Darrell look impressed. She wipes away a tear.

MARK

Unfortunately, not all the news is good news. Lily and Mr. Jones have both passed away.

Melissa looks down. Lori grabs her hand...

LORI

Tony would be proud of Mark.

Melissa nods and manages a smile.

MELISSA

I miss him so much.

MARK

I know.

Peggy fills her wine glass. Holds it up --

PEGGY

A toast to Mark.

Mark is humbled. Holds up his glass --

MARK

Thank you, mother.

Lori catches Mark's eye. Gives him a wink.

LORI

Also, a NOW rep wants to write a blog on Mark and his bucket list candidates. NOW is similar to Yahoo! News. It's a big deal.

(MORE)

LORI (CONT'D)
And good press for the winery.
(then to Mark) I know you don't
like that stuff. So be nice!

Off the family's laughter. Except Peggy --

PEGGY
I trust your intentions are pure
and selfless, Mark?

Off Mark's surprised look.

PEGGY (CONT'D)
I would hate to believe that you
are using dying individuals and
their wishes to boost the business
and increase sales?

MARK
I am not that person anymore. I
have these patients and Michelle to
thank for that.

Lori looks to Mark. Intrigued...

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S OFFICE, COOK WINERY - DAY

Rachel appears in the doorway to find Mark at his desk.

RACHEL
The NOW representative is ready for
you when you are...

MARK
Oh, yes. That's today.

Rachel is incredulous. Walks out shaking her head...

NOW REP (PRE-LAP)
We have been bombarded with people
who have been keeping track of your
support for these dying patients...

INT. MARK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The NOW REP is dressed in a suit sitting opposite Mark.

NOW REP

...and we wanted to jump on this quickly. You are a great man, if you don't mind me saying.

MARK

Oh, thank you.

NOW REP

Your Facebook post is getting thousands of hits. How do you choose the candidates, Mark?

MARK

It's taken off a lot quicker than I anticipated. It's all so overwhelming because...well...you want to help everyone. Michelle, my assistant, is the one who chooses.

NOW REP

Why do you want to help people so much? What brought this on?

MARK

I have been struggling with a death in my family. I spent a lot of time making sure that his wishes were granted before he passed, and I figured others deserve the same.

NOW REP

What was it like when you first met all these patients in person?

This gives Mark Pause. Damn. Now he needs to lie...

MARK

There's nothing like it.

Off the NOW rep's moved look we move to...

INT. MARK'S OFFICE - LATER

Mark stands at the window looking out. Deflated. Then, there's a KNOCK at the door. Michelle enters excitedly...

Mark looks down, ashamed.

MICHELLE

Hi.

MARK

I clammed up. I probably sounded like a stammering idiot. Thank God it wasn't a live video shoot.

MICHELLE

I'm sure you did great. In the meantime, I have another candidate.

MARK

I should meet them this time.

Off Michelle's surprised look.

MARK (CONT'D)

And maybe join in the wish.

MICHELLE

(thrilled)

Pretty please! I feel bad about vacationing at your expense and you not being there.

MARK

Nah... As long as everyone is having a good time, I am happy. I've never been comfortable being around that sort of stuff. And me being uncomfortable is only going to make them feel uncomfortable.

MICHELLE

But you're trying to change, right?

MARK

Yes, but these things don't happen overnight, you know!

MICHELLE

Well in case you haven't realized these candidates are pressed for time. If you're going to make a change, you need to go all in.

She's holding his look, intense. A beat.

MARK

Okay, I will do it. Who is next?

Off Michelle's ecstatic look.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY, SAN DIEGO - DAY

A black town car travels toward the sign: "AIRPORT."

INT. TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Michelle sit with a space between them in the back.

MICHELLE

(reading from a file)

Nolan is a 60-year-old Hispanic male with end-stage liver disease. He was in the army when he was 29 years old and sustained a gunshot wound to his chest. During surgery, he needed a blood transfusion and was infected with Hep C. He'll die unless he gets a liver transplant.

MARK

Tough. What did he do in the army?

MICHELLE

Nolan was a U.S. Army paratrooper during the Vietnam War.

MARK

No shit. That's pretty cool. And where are we going for his wish?

Michelle closes the file and smiles...

MICHELLE

It's hard to pinpoint exactly.

Off Mark's confused look.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY

White nebula in a perfect blue sky. Then, the sound of an ENGINE grows louder as an AIRPLANE BURSTS through a cloud.

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Michelle sitting on the bench looking nervous.

NOLAN

How you guys doing?

NOLAN
Wooooohooooooooo bitches!

Nolan JUMPS followed by his videographer... Mark and Michelle are standing back-to-back. Mark takes Michelle's hand...

MARK
Good luck!

They both fall out of the plane right after Nolan... He's taking it all in and enjoying the beautiful air...

NOLAN
(screaming to Mark)
I feel like a young kid again!

MARK
(screaming back)
You're doing it!

Michelle is just SCREAMING period.

Mark keeps his arms wide and is enjoying the free fall.

MICHELLE
I can't believe this!

Mark gently raises her arms wide out.

MARK
This is amazing with you!

MICHELLE
What did you say?

It's hard to hear and they're approaching the ground so Mark doesn't repeat... They all make a safe landing together.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Thank you. That was awesome. It was scary, and definitely worth it.

Michelle hugs Mark tightly.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
But I will never do that again.

They laugh. Then, they spot Nolan doing a snow angel in the sand on the beach. They catch his eye and exchange a smile.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The town car drives past a burger drive-thru place.

INT. TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Michelle's head snaps around. Mark follows her gaze...

MICHELLE

Oooh. I loved their cheeseburgers
and fries as a kid!

Michelle turns to see Mark smiling right at her.

MARK

Shall we?

INT. DRIVE-THRU - MOMENTS LATER

Mark and Michelle wait for their order at the window.

MARK

So, I finally got you to have
dinner with me.

MICHELLE

I guess so, maybe we could do it
again sometime.

Mark quickly turns his head to look at Michelle but --

CASHIER

Here's your order, thanks guys.

And hands the two paper bags to a speechless Mark.

MICHELLE

This is one of the best days ever.

As Michelle eagerly zeros in on her fries we move to...

EXT. COOK WINERY - DAY

Mark visits his parents for a small cookout with chicken,
asparagus and, of course, wine. Lori and Melissa are there.

MARK

I was just trying to do a good
thing, Dad. I didn't mean for this
to get so big.

DARRELL

Well, you somehow got the attention
of the internet, and now you are a
sensation.

MARK

I know, but Michelle and I are just helping others and having fun.

LORI (O.C.)

Michelle, Michelle, Michelle...

Mark and Darrell turn to see Lori topping their wine.

LORI (CONT'D)

Heard that name a few times now.

DARRELL

Who is Michelle, Mark?

MARK

She is my personal assistant.

LORI

Hmmm. Assistant, eh?

Mark shoots her a look.

LORI (CONT'D)

Hey, mom!

Peggy looks up from her wine glass.

LORI (CONT'D)

(uses air quotes)

Mark has a personal assistant.

PEGGY

(to Mark)

Okay. Are you treating her right?

MARK

What's that supposed to mean? Of course. She's an employee.

Darrell raises his eyebrows as he finishes the grilling.

MARK (CONT'D)

Geez.

Melissa prods Mark as she helps Darrell deliver the food.

DARRELL

Lunch is ready.

The family sits at the table. Mark discreetly retrieves his phone and sends a text underneath. Contact: "Michelle."

INSERT - The text, which reads:

"Dinner tomorrow night?"

Mark wipes his sweaty forehead with his shirt sleeve.

LORI

What are you doing there, Mark? You look like a teenager at the dinner table trying to hide his phone.

But before he can retort the sound of a TEXT BEEP makes him jump. Mark immediately looks down and then right up again --

MARK

She said yes!

LORI

Who? Michelle??

Mark catches himself. Gets his shit together --

MARK

What? No. So not her. Geez, give me a break. We are just friends.

LORI

(grinning)
Yeah, yeah, we'll see.

Off everyone laughing at Mark's expense.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, DOWNTOWN SD - NIGHT

Mark's Tesla pulls up outside. He waits a beat. Realizes there's no valet... Then, he pulls into the busy street.

INT. MARK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mark grows frustrated as he drives past cars and no empty parking spots. He does a u-turn and tries the other side.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Michelle looks at her watch and frowns. Opens the fridge and takes out a half empty wine bottle and pours a glass...

MICHELLE

Whatever.

She looks beautiful in a summer dress, shawl, and low heels.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Are you that surprised, Michelle?

Takes a gulp. Then, the DOORBELL makes her light up again.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Michelle opens the door to find Mark in jeans, a t-shirt, and a hat. And he looks red and flustered...

MARK
Sorry!

MICHELLE
Oh- I'm a bit overdressed.

MARK
You look great.

Michelle steps back for him to enter and shuts the door.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Michelle waits expectantly for Mark to explain.

MARK
I got this for you...

He hands her a gift bag with a San Diego Padres t-shirt.

MARK (CONT'D)
(grins)
Maybe you could put on something
more casual.

MICHELLE
Alright. Give me a minute.

Michelle exits. Mark sits patiently on the couch. Sees...

FRAMED PICTURES OF MICHELLE'S "MEDICAL" FAMILY

Michelle returns dressed in jeans, sneakers, and the shirt.

MARK
(jokes)
Wow, even better. Let's go.

Mark takes her hand in his and walks her out the door.

EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT

Mark leads Michelle to his season ticket seats, her mouth is wide open. She can't get over the impressive, iconic stadium.

MICHELLE
First date, huh.

MARK
Yep, season ticket owner.

MICHELLE
(looking around)
I love it.

MARK
I know. So did Tony.

Michelle turns quickly to see Mark's face. Now lifeless.

MICHELLE
I am so sorry, Mark.

MARK
It's okay. I appreciate it... This is where the bucket list started. I wanted to bring you here because it's a special place for me.

MICHELLE
Well, these are great seats...

She means the view directly behind the Padres' dugout.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Now, how about nachos and beer?

MARK
Now that's my kind of woman.

MICHELLE
Nice, well, I hope Machado hits one out tonight. He needs to get his stroke going because our pitcher is going to shut down the Mets.

As Mark cocks his head at Michelle, beyond impressed...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, DOWNTOWN SD - NIGHT

Mark drives Michelle home and stops at the curb.

MARK

I really had a great time tonight.

MICHELLE

Me, too. It was a nice surprise; I figured you'd pick somewhere fancy.

MARK

I like you. I want to see you again.

Mark goes in... Michelle responds with a quick but soft kiss.

MARK (CONT'D)

And I would definitely like to do that again.

MICHELLE

Goodnight, Mark.

While stepping out of the car.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I will see you soon.

Mark watches her enter the building before he drives off.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Michelle closes the door and leans her back against it. With a sigh and radiant smile, she kicks off her sneakers...

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM, UTOPIA COMPLEX - DAY

Mark wakes up to a TEXT BEEP. Grabs his phone. Sees...

INSERT - The text, which reads:

"Good morning! Special request from a wisher for you, can I come by around 10 a.m.?"

Off Mark's giddy smile.

INT. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

Michelle enters and Mark greets her with a kiss on the cheek.

MARK

Missed me, huh?

MICHELLE
(chuckles)
I'm here on business.

Mark goes to sit behind his desk as Michelle takes a seat.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
This one's a bit tricky...

Off Mark's intrigued look.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Marcus Moore is a 56-year-old black male who has HIV/AIDS. His wish is to reunite with his family that he left when he was 32. Marcus discovered he was gay and didn't want his wife and two kids to know and left without an explanation. He's been mostly healthy with treatment but after a battle with flu-induced pneumonia and sepsis, the long-term prognosis isn't good.

MARK
How can I help?

MICHELLE
All Marcus wants is to make amends but the family has moved, and obviously, the kids are grown up. With your blessing, I want to do whatever it takes to find his family?

MARK
I'm okay with that. I would love to help. You can access the account.

Michelle stands excitedly.

MICHELLE
Great, I'll text you later.

Off Mark's smile.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, HOSPITAL - DAY

Mark and Michelle stand side by side looking through the glass partition of a private room. They're both choked.

POV -- THROUGH WINDOW

A lovely woman and two college age kids sit and stand around the bed that holds MARCUS MOORE (56). He's crying as he speaks... The girl looks sympathetic while the son looks resentful. The wife takes Marcus' hand. He looks as though a weight has lifted... Then, he hands her the legal envelope.

BACK

Michelle wipes away a tear as Mark watches the son soften.

MICHELLE

With your help Marcus will be able to leave his family the deed to his house and over \$2 million in money and assets. He is also leaving them what his late partner left him...

MARK

Looks like everything is going to work out for the Moore family.

MICHELLE

And they will have some closure.

MARK

How about we celebrate over dinner at my place? Pizza from Johnny's?

MICHELLE

Fine, as long as I don't drink as much as last time.

MARK

But you are so funny when you drink. You talk your head off.

The Moore family exit and stop to talk to Mark and Michelle.

SON

I don't know much about you and your vision, sir. But what you did today was special. I hated my dad for so long. Finally seeing his face and his remorse made me forget all about that. I'm thankful.

Mark nods, moved. The Moores leave and Mark turns back to look at Marcus through the glass. They exchange a salute.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Pizza and beer clutters the coffee table. Mark leans forward to grab another piece. Michelle is in a reflective mood...

MICHELLE

I don't know how he lived all those years without his kids. I couldn't leave my kids like that. Do you want kids? In general, I mean.

Michelle sits back into the couch and shakes her head like she said something wrong. Mark looks at Michelle and smiles.

MARK

Maybe one or two. I don't want to die alone and scared.

Off Michelle's look.

MARK (CONT'D)

I know. It's just being around these sick people is getting to me.

Michelle turns her body to face Mark and grabs his hands.

MICHELLE

Mark, you have the means and are doing something great for these people. I feel honored to be a part of your wish list experience.

They begin kissing and do some light caressing of their faces and bodies. Mark gets up and reaches for Michelle's hand...

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mark hovers on top of Michelle kissing her softly, and after removing their clothes he begins to make love to Michelle.

FADE OUT.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mark and Michelle lay in bed, her head on his chest. Without seeing that her eyes are open, Mark starts talking to her --

MARK

What are you thinking about?

MICHELLE

I'm not sure. I'm just living in this moment. It's wonderful. But sadly I have to go to work...

Michelle looks up and gives Mark a long, convincing kiss before she gets up... Mark watches her enter the bathroom.

INT. ER, HOSPITAL - DAY

Michelle is at the nurse's station when ASHLEY (36) is rolled in by EMS. Seizing. Michelle overhears the parents JACKIE and JOE BARNES (50s) talking to each other...

JACKIE

This is her fourth today. I can't stand to see her like this.

JOE

I know.

Ashley vanishes into the ER room... Then, a hard nurse, KAMI (30s), approaches the parents to show them the waiting area.

NURSE KAMI

I'll come find you in here soon as the doctor says you can go in.

They take a seat and Kami returns to the nurse's station.

MICHELLE

Hey, Kami. What's going on with that girl? Her poor parents...

Kami follows her gaze. Sees... Jackie now crying, spent.

NURSE KAMI

Grade 4 glioblastoma brain tumor. The chemo and radiation didn't do shit. Girl, imagine the headaches.

Kami starts typing on the computer. Without looking up --

NURSE KAMI (CONT'D)

Obv because of its location it's inoperable. Folks must be on their last nerve with all the seizures, memory loss, and mood outbursts.

Off Michelle's heartbroken look.

NURSE KAMI (CONT'D)
Might be a good candidate for your
boyfriend's God complex project?

Michelle looks offended, wants to retort, but she has bigger fish to fry. Kami smirks as Michelle leaves the station...

INT. ASHLEY'S ROOM - DAY

The door is open... Jackie and Joe are sitting beside Ashley's bed. She's teary-eyed holding her daughter's hand.

ASHLEY
I feel like crap. How do I look?

JACKIE
Just fine, darling. Is there
anything we can do, hon?

And just like a switch was flipped--

ASHLEY
There is nothing anyone can do!

Ashley pulls her hand out of her mother's grip.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
You know what I want.

She turns away from her parents. They exchange a sad look.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
I'm tired. Just leave me alone.

Jackie cups her mouth and walks out crying, Joe in tow.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Where Michelle is standing having watched their despair unfold. A beat. Michelle enters the room and shuts the door.

INT. ASHLEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ashley's head snaps around at the sound of the door.

ASHLEY
Who the hell are you?!

MICHELLE
A friend. I know about your
condition.

ASHLEY

Oh, yeah. What do you want?

MICHELLE

To know what you want.

Off her incredulous look.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I work for a man that grants wishes
to people who don't have much time.

Ashley rolls her eyes, thinks Michelle is a loony tune.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Tell me...

ASHLEY

(matter-of-fact)

I was diagnosed three years ago. I
was married and have a 7-year-old
daughter. My symptoms caused me to
lose my teaching job, and my
husband. My kid, Jessica, and I
moved in with my parents. Money has
been a problem. When I learned my
fate, I put in for a \$1 million
dollar life insurance policy. My
beneficiary would receive the full
amount if I've stayed alive for two
years. It's been three years now.

Off Michelle's shocked look.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark stands at the window riled up like the old days.

MARK

Are you kidding me, Michelle?!

Michelle winces in her seat. Watches Mark as he paces --

MARK (CONT'D)

I can't believe you would ask me to
do this or even go along with this.

MICHELLE

Mark, you will not be killing her.
She is already dead to herself and
daughter.

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

She is not the same person. She doesn't want to burden anyone anymore. The family is broke, and are having to deal with her seizures and issues every day.

She gets up to follow Mark around.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You are only paying for her wish. It is her wish.

Michelle touches his back but he quickly shrugs her off.

MARK

Please leave for now.

He sits on his desk chair and turns away to the window.

MARK (CONT'D)

I will give you my answer tonight.

Michelle grabs her purse and leaves without a word. A beat.

MARK (CONT'D)

DAMMIT.

As Mark stands and grabs his jacket we move to...

EXT. COOK WINERY - DAY

Mark strolls through the glorious vineyard with Peggy.

MARK

The patient wants her family to go to Hawaii, where assisted suicide is legal with a licensed doctor.

Off Peggy's pained look.

MARK (CONT'D)

Michelle wants me to pay for the trip and expensive medical costs so that Ashley can have her wish. If I do this, then I am killing someone.

Peggy takes a moment to process the dilemma.

PEGGY

Michelle wouldn't have suggested it if she didn't believe it was right.

This gives Mark pause.

PEGGY (CONT'D)
Do you trust her?

MARK
More than you know.

Off Peggy's surprised look.

MARK (CONT'D)
I hope I didn't screw this up.

Off Mark's anxious look.

INT. MARK'S CAR, COOK WINERY - DAY

Mark hops into the car and sends a text to Michelle.

INSERT - The text, which reads:

"I'm really sorry how I responded. I'll be more open to the conversation tonight. Dinner at mine?"

A beat. Mark reads Michelle's reply: "Ok, we can talk later."

Mark reverses out of the driveway looking ill at ease.

EXT. BUSY STREET, SAN DIEGO - AFTERNOON

Mark is out for a run -- alone -- thinking --

He gets short of breath. Slows down and then bends over, clutching his chest. Mark looks up for help. Sees...

A BUS WITH THE NUMBERS 229 SCROLLING ON THE SIDE

A bystander helps Mark over to a bench on the sidewalk.

MAN
Are you okay, sir?

Mark sees the bus leaving and begins to catch his breath.

MARK
Yeah, yeah, fine. Thanks, man.

MAN
Okay, man. Take it easy.

Mark sees the back of the man's shirt as he walks away. It says: "What's your dream?" Mark just sits there for a beat.

INT. ASHLEY'S ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

Mark appears in the doorway wearing a fresh shirt, jeans, and nice shoes. He KNOCKS gently and waits for Ashley to look --

ASHLEY
You're the wish guy, right?

MARK
Hey, Ashley. I'm Mark. Can I sit?

Ashley nods and Mark sits close to the bed.

MARK (CONT'D)
I guess I am just having a hard time getting my head around it...

ASHLEY
I stopped asking questions long ago. The, 'why me?,' and 'what did I do to deserve this?,' and 'is quitting the right thing to do?'

Off Mark's sympathetic look.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
I have been fighting for three years. I'm not quitting, I'm changing the game. I'm suffering, Mark. I have to be so sedated that I can't even speak. What quality of life is that? For Jessica? My parents? I'm not viable anymore.

Mark looks at his shoes, quiet. A beat. Then --

MARK
We'll go to Hawaii.

He looks up. Ashley looks at him in disbelief.

MARK (CONT'D)
But I will stay with Jessica while you go with Michelle and your family to see the doctor. She doesn't need to know the truth. You had a seizure and died, and that is all little Jessica needs to know.

Off Ashley's nod as tears run down her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH RESORT, HAWAII - DAY

Two chauffeur driven cars pull up to the entrance. Several BELLBOYS clamor around, opening the doors, and retrieving luggage... The Barnes family, along with Mark and Michelle, step out and take in the scenery of the tropical paradise.

MONTAGE -- HAWAII TIME

- Michelle and Mark on a caravan boat trip with the family.
- Ashley and Jessica learning how to surf under supervision.
- Mark and Michelle in loungers looking at the sunset.
- Jessica and Ashley having fun snorkeling in shallow water.
- Everyone dining under the stars at a beach restaurant.
- Michelle and Mark making love in their beachfront suite.

END MONTAGE

INT. MARK & MICHELLE'S SUITE - DAY

Michelle wakes up to find Mark sitting upright wide awake.

MARK

Today's the day.

She puts her arm across his chest and moves in close.

MARK (CONT'D)

Ashley is telling Jessica she's sick and that I'll take her sightseeing today... I feel sick.

MICHELLE

This is going to be hard on me, too. I will need you by me.

Mark leans down to kiss her head.

MARK

I will be right here for you, babe.

Off Michelle's nervous look.

INT. JEEP - TRAVELING - DAY

Mark drives along the BEACHFRONT with JESSICA (7) in the passenger seat. She's staring out at the clear blue sky.

JESSICA

My mom must be bad this time if they didn't want me to go to the hospital.

She closes her eyes and lets the breeze hit her face.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I know she doesn't have much time left, Mr. Cook; she has told me.

Mark looks right at Jessica, speechless. He turns back to face the road. Jessica opens her eyes, looks right at him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I really thank you for bringing us here. She has had a good time. You are the wish-lister, right? My mom told me that, too.

MARK

Yeah, I'm the wish lister.

Mark looks away from Jessica's satisfied face, his mind in a whirl of guilt and recrimination as he continues driving.

CUT TO:

EXT. COOK WINERY - DAY

ESTABLISHING. WIDE. Over the property and the pristine plantation of grapevines, the main and guest house beyond.

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

A family cookout event on the front lawn. Lori and Melissa are setting the table when something catches their eye...

MARK AWKWARDLY APPROACHING HAND-IN-HAND WITH MICHELLE

Darrell and Peggy watch from the porch, exchanging a look of approval and excitement. They get up from their chairs and make their way over to welcome them both with open arms.

PEGGY

It's lovely to meet you, Michelle.

MICHELLE

Oh, Mrs. Cook, you too. What an amazing place you have here...

PEGGY

Call me Peggy, please! And thank you! You're not allowed to leave until you've tried each variety.

Darrell and Mark exchange an amused look.

DARRELL

Welcome, Michelle.

MICHELLE

Thank you. I'm so happy to be here.

Peggy nudges Mark out of his daze over Michelle.

PEGGY

Let's start with champagne?

Off Michelle and Mark exchanging a big smile.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN - A BIT LATER

Lori's holding someone's hand on the table that we've never seen before....her silver fox boyfriend named JACK (40s).

JACK

Lori told me what you've been doing these past few months, Mark. When she kept saying you were too busy for an introduction I started thinking maybe I was on my way out!

The family share a laugh. Lori sweetly squeezes Jack's hand.

LORI

Really, Michelle, you and Mark are making quite the splash.

DARRELL

And Cook wineries is getting fine press. It's a win-win, right, Mark?

Darrell smiles and toasts with his wine.

MARK

Yeah. I mean, it's been tough at times but rewarding of course.

He takes Michelle's hand. She looks down, preoccupied.

MARK (CONT'D)

What is it? Is there a new case?

Michelle looks up, hesitant to say...

MICHELLE

I am receiving bogus requests for money donations from individuals and organizations. We are getting more unwanted attention than we expected. I think you need to stop.

MARK

Maybe you're right. That last one was tough. Anyway, more about you Jack...

The family look around at each other with a confused look.

DARRELL

Well, for what it's worth, you're both doing a great job.

MARK

Thanks, dad.

EXT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Mark and Michelle arrive at her building with the roof down.

MICHELLE

I really had a good time today, Mark. Your family is great.

MARK

Yeah, I will keep them.

Michelle laughs and gives him a goodbye kiss. Then --

MICHELLE

About what I said earlier...it's getting kinda scary with people calling, emailing, and Facebooking me. But I do have one person left that I would like us to help. I found her; she did not contact me.

MARK

Okay. If you want to help her, then so do I. Talk about it tomorrow?

Michelle nods and steals one more goodbye kiss. She exits and Mark watches her enter the building before he drives away.

INT. LOBBY, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Michelle turns the corner to find the mailbox area. She unlocks her box and takes out some letters. Shuts the door --

THERE'S A MAN STANDING RIGHT THERE

Michelle startles but tries to remain calm.

MAN

Are you Michelle...the wish-lister?

MICHELLE

Yes, I am. Is there something I can help you with?

Without warning or wasted motion he PUNCHES her face and she SLAMS back into the mailboxes before falling to the ground.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Oh my God. Help! Somebody help!

The man takes her wallet from her purse and bolts out of the front door as a RESIDENT is entering... He sees Michelle and runs over to find her unconscious. He takes out his cell --

OPERATOR (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)
9-1-1 what's your emergency?

RESIDENT

(on his cell)
I think my neighbor was knocked unconscious by a man I saw leaving just as I arrived...

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Is she responsive?

He calls out to Michelle while gently tapping her face.

RESIDENT

Ma'am... Ma'am... Can you hear me?

Michelle opens her eyes. A beat. Then, she freaks out --

MICHELLE

GET AWAY FROM ME! HELP...HELP!

RESIDENT

It's okay, ma'am. I am here to help you. The man who hit you got away. Just relax, I've called 9-1-1...

Off Michelle's terrified look.

CUT TO:

INT. ER, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The ER staff look Michelle over...her hands are still shaky.

ER NURSE

We will need a urine sample before you go for an X-ray and a CT. Can you go now, or do you need to wait?

MICHELLE

I can go now.

Michelle leaves the room to enter the bathroom. Mark appears in the doorway, out of breath, and white-faced...

MARK

I'm looking for Michelle Green?

The nurse's exchange a skeptical look. He holds up his phone.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm her boyfriend. She text me what happened and that she was here.

Michelle exits the bathroom with the sample.

MICHELLE

Mark!

He shudders at the sight of her injuries as they embrace.

MARK

I am so sorry. I...I...should have got you inside your apartment...

MICHELLE

It's okay, I am fine, but they are running some tests to be sure.

The second nurse has a wheelchair ready.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I will be right back.

Mark watches as she gently sits... He has a clearer view of the bruises on her face and head. Off Mark's guilty look.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is packed both inside and out. Through the window we see Michelle and Mark sitting in the corner booth.

INT. BOOTH, RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Michelle's done a bad job covering the bruises with makeup.

MARK

How are you doing? You look pretty pitiful with all those bruises. You sure you want to be here?

MICHELLE

Yes. We need to discuss my test results.

MARK

But the radiology exams came back normal?

MICHELLE

Yes...and the pregnancy test positive.

MARK

Pregnancy test?

MICHELLE

Yes...

MARK

We're having a baby?

MICHELLE

I didn't expect this either. Don't get me wrong. I'm happy. Are you?

MARK

Yes! This is amazing!

A few people turn from their tables at the commotion.

MARK (CONT'D)
(quietens down)
Holy shit! Thank God nothing
happened to the baby.

He scoots closer to her in the booth and they hug.

MICHELLE
I'm so happy...for the three of us.

Mark is lost for words. A beat. Then, he remembers --

MARK
Who was that last candidate that
you wanted us to help. Or do you
think we should leave it for now?

MICHELLE
No, let's do it one last time.

MARK
You sure?

MICHELLE
Yes, now listen.

Mark reaches for his red wine and sits back.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Annie is a 35-year-old female with
stage 4 pancreatic cancer, which
has metastasized to her liver. She
is a lesbian and is married to her
partner Jody that she met in
college. Annie was diagnosed five
months ago, and at that time was
told she had six months to live, so
she only has about one month left.

Mark shakes his head. There's no getting used to this...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
The couple have tried every
treatment and in turn have
exhausted all their insurance
benefits and savings. Jody is a
full-time bank teller, but her
salary is not enough to fulfill
Annie's wish to take a two-week
Alaskan trip where she dreams of
going fishing and whale watching...

MARK

Sounds good to me. If you think
it's safe for you and the baby?

MICHELLE

Thank you. This will be a good one.

EXT. SKY - DAY

An ALASKAN AIRLINES airplane travels through fluffy clouds.

MONTAGE -- ALASKA TIME

- Mark driving Michelle and the hot girl couple in a HUMMER.
- The group taking a boat out and seeing DOLPHINS jump up.
- Jody smiling with Annie in her arms while they're fishing.
- The group making a toast with beer except for Michelle.
- Jody reeling in a 6-pound pink salmon.
- The boat captain taking the group through glaciers.
- A whale jumping by the boat and splashing Mark.
- Jody comforting Annie getting sick overboard.

INT. ANNIE'S SUITE, HOTEL - NIGHT

A stunning room with a view of glaciers and the brightest
stars in the sky. Jody and Annie are locked in an embrace.

JODY

I've loved you for 16 years.

ANNIE

I've loved you for more.

Off Jody's puzzled look.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I wish I hadn't wasted all that
time working up the nerve to ask
you out since I first saw you...

JODY

In high school?

Annie nods and Jody smiles...but their tears are inevitable.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S SUITE, HOTEL - NIGHT

Same suite but it's Mark and Michelle locked in an embrace.

MARK
(softly in her ear)
I love you.

Michelle slowly turns her head to face Mark.

MICHELLE
I love you, too.

Mark smiles as she grabs his face with her hands to kiss him.

EXT. SKY - DAY

An ALASKAN AIRLINES airplane travels through fluffy clouds.

MICHELLE (PRE-LAP)
Oh my God, Mark- your feet!!!

INT. ER, HOSPITAL - DAY

Dr. Jeffries stands looking down at Mark's SWOLLEN FEET that dangle from the bed where he's seated calmly. Michelle looks like a train-wreck as she waits nervously on a nearby chair.

MARK
I had an evaluation, and it was
negative, remember Dr. Jeffries?

DR. JEFFRIES
Yes, but you were supposed to
follow up with the cardiologist?

Mark avoids Michelle's glare.

DR. JEFFRIES (CONT'D)
And this is the second time this
has happened?

MARK
(quietly, mortified)
Probably the fourth or fifth time.

MICHELLE

What?!

Michelle looks to the doctor to scold Mark but he's a pro.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You know what...I'm just gonna go
grab some fresh air.

She shoots Mark a look on her way out. Off his guilty look.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING AREA, HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Michelle jams COINS into the vending machine. She hits the
button for a Mars Bar a bit too hard. Then takes a huge bite!

INT. ER, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Mark and Michelle wait quietly until Dr. Jeffries enters.

DR. JEFFRIES

(holding papers)

The test results show some
abnormalities.

Michelle stands and moves to Mark's side. Hold his hand...

DR. JEFFRIES (CONT'D (CONT'D)

The chest x-ray revealed an
enlarged heart and the blood test
shows your BNP is elevated.

MARK

Layman's terms, please?

MICHELLE

Congestive heart failure.

Michelle's face turns ashen as she looks to Dr. Jeffries.

DR. JEFFRIES

We will need to admit Mark
overnight and run additional tests,
including an echocardiogram.

MARK

Well, that sounds awful.

DR. JEFFRIES

Don't worry, Mr. Cook. We will figure this out.

He reaches out to shake Mark's hand. Then, he gives Michelle a friendly nod on his way out. Michelle is white as a ghost.

MARK

I guess I need to call Lori.

Off Mark trying to put on a brave face.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Mark is being monitored on the cardiac telemetry unit. At his bedside is Michelle, while Lori paces by the window. The middle-aged cardiologist DR. NAVARRO enters holding a file.

DR. NAVARRO

Mr. Cook, everyone... I am Dr. Navarro, cardiologist. I've looked at the echo images and I hate to say, but you have cardiomyopathy.

Mark looks at Michelle and then Lori. She hangs her head.

DR. NAVARRO (CONT'D)

It's a disease of the heart muscle and can include symptoms like shortness of breath, chest pain, and sudden cardiac death.

MARK

(loudly)

What? How did I get this?! And how can something so serious have been overlooked or come on so suddenly.

DR. NAVARRO

The cause is unknown, but it is usually inherited. I see in your medical file that your grandfather died from a heart condition.

LORI

Yes, but no autopsy was done to confirm cardiomyopathy.

A beat passes as the doc gathers the strength to say this.

DR. NAVARRO

Mark, people with 50% ejection fraction have an average life expectancy of fewer than five years. For you being at 35%, you may only have one year. You will need to have a heart transplant because the heart meds will not reverse the damage to your heart.

Lori puts her hands on her face. Mark looks stunned as he looks over to Michelle, tears streaming down her face...

DR. JEFFRIES

I'll have the transplant consultant come in and speak with you to get this going. I am sorry, Mr. Cook.

MARK

Thank you, doctor.

Off Mark's devastated look.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. UTOPIA COMPLEX - SUNSET

We're looking over the high-rise to Mark's penthouse balcony.

SUPERIMPOSE: "SEVEN MONTHS LATER."

INT. LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mark is in the open-plan kitchen overlooking the spacious lounge area. He's cooking a chicken spaghetti casserole...

MARK

I hope I've made enough...

Mark looks up to see Michelle, nine months pregnant and absolutely glowing. She walks up, kisses Mark on the lips --

MICHELLE

It smells delicious.

The DOORBELL RINGS as Michelle puts candles on the table.

MARK

I'll get it...

Mark opens the door to find Lori and Jody there. A beat.

JODY
(laughs)
We just met in the elevator!

Lori rolls her eyes as she makes her way inside... Jody hugs Mark and gives him a bottle of champagne while Lori showers Michelle with hugs and kisses and a few rubs of the belly.

LORI
When is this thing coming out?!

MICHELLE
Any day now.

It's Jody's turn to greet and hug Michelle.

JODY
Look at these hot curves.

She lifts Michelle's arms out to get a better look.

MARK
I know, right?

Mark gives Jody a high five on his way back to the kitchen.

MARK (CONT'D)
Have I told you how much I've missed you, Jody?

JODY
(to Michelle)
He's such a flirt...but not my type.

MARK (O.C.)
(calling out)
I'm everybody's type!

The DOORBELL again... Mark gestures to Lori from the kitchen and she opens the door. It's her brother Mason and Melissa.

LORI
Oh my God.

Lori grabs Mason and pulls him in for a big hug. She turns to Mark with an incredulous look on her face --

MARK
Surprise!

Lori hugs Melissa as Mason beelines to Michelle and Jody.

MASON

You must be Michelle...duh...and
Jody, right? Mark keeps me posted.

Michelle offers the best hug that she can over her belly.

JODY

Great to meet you, Mason.

Mason and Mark embrace each other in an emotional reunion.

MASON

I am so sorry, man. You are too
young for this heart issue shit.

Mark wipes away his tears and grabs the wine bottle.

MARK

Yeah, well, I'm still here.

Melissa kisses Lori's cheeks. Glances around --

MELISSA

What happened to Jack?

LORI

Too high maintenance.

Michelle sees Lori catch Jody's attentive eye, then shyly
looks down. Mark grins as he brings over the casserole.

MARK

Dinner is served!

As the group excitedly make their way over and take their
seats, we STAY on Mark exchanging a warm smile with Mason.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The "That's What She Said" card game on the coffee table. We
pull back to REVEAL the "family" are huddled on the chairs
and sofa waiting for Michelle to draw a card from the box --

SHE PULLS OUT A RING

Lori clasps her hands in excitement.

MARK

Michelle?

Michelle turns around to find Mark on one knee.

MICHELLE

Oh my God, Mark.

She places her hands over her mouth.

MARK

Michelle Green, will you marry me?

Michelle lunges to wrap her arms around him.

MICHELLE

Yes! Yes, I will marry you. I am so proud to be your future wife!

Everyone crowds them with hugs. But Mark suddenly pushes away, clutching his chest and gasping for air...he's holding his throat with one hand and his chest with the other.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Oh my God...Mark!

Lori grabs her cell phone from the table to call 9-1-1.

LORI

Stay with us, Mark. We're going to get through this.

Mark looks like he's in agony. Can barely get the words out --

MARK

I can't breathe.

Mason comes over to his brother.

MASON

We're right here, Mark. You're going to be okay.

They can see the tears forming in Mark's eyes. He looks like he's in incredible pain, and seriously terrified.

CUT TO:

EXT. UTOPIA COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

The paramedics carry Mark out on a stretcher with oxygen tubing in his nose to help him breathe. They load and go...

Michelle gets in Jody's car with Lori and Mason and Melissa jump in their car... The AMBULANCE and both cars take off.

INT. FAMILY ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The ER doctor and Dr. Navarro enter to update the family.

DR. NAVARRO

Miss Cook and Miss Green, we will need to place Mark on advanced life support and push him to the top of the donor list.

Michelle's shaking her head and crying uncontrollably.

ER DOCTOR

We have spoken to Mark, and he is awake enough to agree, but we would also like your consent as well. He asked us to consult with you both.

Lori's pacing...knows exactly what the doctors are saying.

DR. NAVARRO

We believe this is the best treatment. Mark will not be able to be on ECMO more than five days, and that is why he will need a donor.

Michelle and Lori exchange a look, then Michelle nods.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN TRAUMA ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A nurse escorts the family into the room that is a disaster area with supplies everywhere. They're shocked to see...

Mark has his eyes closed, breathing deep and fast through a mask. His chest is wired and his arms sport several IV drips.

Michelle acknowledges the respiratory therapist at his side with a half smile as she touches Mark's arm to alert him...

Mark opens his eyes slowly and grabs Michelle's hand.

MARK

(mumbles)

I am so sorry.

Michelle leans in and kisses his cheek.

MICHELLE

You have some visitors...

Mark winces as he turns his head but smiles at seeing them all at the side of his bed. Lori switches to big sis mode --

LORI

I will contact the rest of the family and our lawyer as well.

Mark nods as Mason moves forward to touch his forearm.

MASON

Hang in there, buddy.

MARK

You bet.

LORI

We're going to leave and take care of the important stuff but we'll see you when you're in the ICU.

Melissa and Jody smile warmly at Mark before they leave with Mason and Lori... Michelle gently sits on the end of his bed.

MICHELLE

I think the baby knows something is goin on... She's moving all over.

Michelle starts crying again while holding onto Mark.

MARK

We haven't decided on a name yet. I like Erin the best. What about you?

MICHELLE

Love it! And how about Erin Michelle Cook? She has your last name, so can she have my first.

MARK

Yes!

He starts crying while staring at Michelle.

MICHELLE

What is it? Do I get the nurse?

MARK

No! I am just too young to die. I haven't done anything. I haven't lived my life. I am so scared.

MICHELLE

Mark, you are going to be fine.
Things will work out for you. I
have a good feeling about this.

She takes his hands and holds them tight.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You have done so much, Mark. You
helped all those people. It was
both our bucket lists. Look at what
we did.

Mark begins to calm down and stop crying.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Mark, you fell in love, and you're
going to be a dad. You are not
dying. You just need to get better,
and Dr. Navarro will help you.

Mark is looking more optimistic now.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

And, you saw the way Lori was
gazing at Jody tonight, right? I
did not see that one coming.

He manages to laugh. Michelle flashes her RING finger --

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

We need you alive to pay for the
double wedding.

Now he's cracking up albeit wincing at the same time.

MARK

I am starting to feel better. Maybe
the drugs will work, and all of
this will go away. Tony would never
believe that I am getting married;
I just wish he was alive to see it.

MICHELLE

I want a traditional wedding in a
big church with lots of family.

MARK

I would love that too.

Mark watches Michelle grin from ear to ear.

MARK (CONT'D)

You are perfect, Michelle, and definitely perfect for me. I really don't deserve someone like you.

Michelle leans over to kiss Mark.

MICHELLE

I love you.

MARK

I love you too, sweetheart.

She hugs Mark and rests her head on his shoulder. Only we can see that Michelle is terrified, dreading what might happen...

INT. WAITING ROOM, ICU - DAY

Dr. Navarro enters and glances around for Michelle. He finds her sitting back in a chair rubbing her big belly...

DR. NAVARRO

Miss Green, it seems Mark is improving; his oxygen is up, and his vitals are stable so I'm going to hold off placing him on ECMO until it is medically necessary.

Off Michelle's hopeful look.

DR. NAVARRO (CONT'D)

But this is not over with yet. We will need to keep Mark here at least two to four days to drain some fluid and make sure he is improving enough to go home...okay?

MICHELLE

Yes, okay!

DR. NAVARRO

We'll let you know when we've settled him into a private room.

MICHELLE

Thank you, Dr. Navarro. Really. For everything. I'll pop home to pack a few things and come right back.

DR. NAVARRO

(smiles)

Sounds like a plan. Plus, if you go into labor, you'll already be here.

Michelle glances at her watch.

MICHELLE
It's 2:29 so I should be back by 4.

INT. ICU ROOM, HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Mark stirs in the bed. Something catches his eye. Sees...

THE WALL CLOCK THAT READS 2:29

Mark's eyes grow wide. He suddenly gets shortness of breath, clenches his fists, and panics.

Mark scrambles for the nurse call-light. Hits the button --

MARK
Nurse! Nurse! I can't breathe!

Two nurses enter to find Mark having an anxiety attack. They give him a dose of a light sedative to help him calm down...

NURSE
Everything's alright, Mr. Cook.

Mark lays back in the bed and finally closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michelle stands under the shower with her eyes closed.

INT. BEDROOM, MARK'S PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Michelle zips up a packed duffel bag on the bed. She's in fresh clothes with her hair pulled back. Stops. Sees...

HER PHONE ON THE BED SHOWS: "THREE MISSED CALLS."

Michelle's face flushes with angst.

MICHELLE
Oh my God...no, no, no, no, no...

Michelle returns the call. The phone number is a personal spec phone of the ICU nurse, and she's not answering...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Goddammit!

She grabs her keys and the duffle bag and runs out.

INT. ICU ROOM, HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Mark opens and closes his eyes as he tries in vain to fight the sedative. He looks at the wall clock: "3:30 p.m." Mark takes a deep breath and sighs. Sees.... The ICU nurse.

MARK

I am so sorry. I guess I got
anxious again.

ICU NURSE

(smiles)

It's okay, Mr. Cook. We have meds
for everything.

MARK

Is Michelle back?

ICU NURSE

Not yet, sir, but I sure saw that
ring! You did a good job.

She continues charting on the computer.

ICU NURSE (CONT'D)

If you tie the knot before the year
is out, then it'll be a leap year
marriage.

MARK

Oh my God. Is today February 29th?

ICU NURSE

Yes, sir. Why the face?

But now Mark's eyes close and the sound of MULTIPLE ALARMS startles the nurse. She pushes the CODE BUTTON for help.

ICU NURSE (CONT'D)

Mark? Mr. Cook? Stay with me!

The room quickly fills with staff and a critical care doctor.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Michelle's white-knuckled at the wheel. She approaches the intersection and stops at the TRAFFIC LIGHT... Checks her phone-but sees nothing. The sound of a SIREN in the distance makes her shudder. The light TURNS GREEN and she proceeds --

A TRUCK RUNS A RED LIGHT IN A COP CHASE AND SLAMS HER DOOR

Michelle's car goes spinning across the intersection before hitting a pole. The police cars swing around to the scene...

An officer runs over to Michelle's smashed window. She's unconscious and is leaning forward over the steering wheel.

OFFICER

Ma'am? Are you okay?

Michelle's not responding. The officer looks over to the truck that flipped onto it's side. Sees...

THE BLOODIED FEMALE DRIVER IS COMPLETELY STILL

INT. ICU ROOM, HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Mark struggles for his life while Dr. Navarro and his team rush to connect him to ECMO. On the bedside, is Mark's cell phone. The screen reads: "8 MISSED CALLS."

DR. NAVARRO

(yells)

Let's go, people, we must get him on ECMO before his heart gives out.

INT. WAITING AREA, HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

An attendant enters to find Lori, Jody, and the rest of Mark's family that have returned and are waiting...

ATTENDANT

Hi. Would one of you mind contacting Ms. Michelle Green? She isn't responding to our messages.

Off Lori's panicked look.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The ambulance and firetruck SIRENS stop as they pull up, teams of uniformed men and women leap out with urgency...

The officer is still at Michelle's window as medics approach.

MICHELLE

(waking up)

What happened?

OFFICER

You were in an accident, ma'am. The medics are here to look you over.

MICHELLE

I am 9 months pregnant.

The medics look in the window and see Michelle's dress is drenched, her water broke. Off their looks of concern...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(starts to cry)

Is my baby going to be okay?

MEDIC #1

We're gonna get you out of here as quickly as we can.

MICHELLE

My fiancé...he's in the hospital. I need to get to the hospital.

MEDIC #1

Ma'am. You are in a lot of danger right now. We need to focus on you.

Off Michelle's look.

INT. WAITING AREA, HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Lori looks distraught as she pulls her phone from her ear.

LORI

Still no answer--

She stops when she sees Dr. Navarro approaching... The family follow her gaze. Darrell rises from his seat in a panic --

DARRELL

What is it, doctor?

DR. NAVARRO

Mark is on the emergency ECMO. He is critical right now, and it's the only thing keeping him alive.

Lori grabs Peggy's hand.

DR. NAVARRO (CONT'D)

He is still first on the transplant list, but it's now just a wait and see situation. I am sorry.

(MORE)

DR. NAVARRO (CONT'D)

I will continue to monitor his progress to see if we could wean him off of ECMO. If he wakes up, then we will extubate him. But at this time, I don't feel he is stable enough...

Off the family's traumatized look.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Michelle's car looks like a ripped open tin can. She's been packaged on a backboard with a c-collar and is loaded onto the ambulance. It leaves with SIRENS BLARING down the street.

INT. ICU ROOM, HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Mark lays sedated while connected to the device. The staff surrounding him are monitoring the myriad of tubes and wires.

INT. ROOM, ANGEL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The OB DOCTOR and ER DOCTOR are evaluating Michelle who looks ghost white. Hearing them is getting her even more stressed.

OB DOCTOR

She's going into labor we might need to do an emergency C-section.

ER DOCTOR

She was just in a major accident and still needs tests done. The officer stated that she said she had a headache and back pain.

MICHELLE

Doctor? Please, take the baby. I hear you talking. If the baby is in distress, then take her out. I am fine. I think I just hit my head on the steering wheel or the door.

The OB doctor reacts to the BABY MONITOR going off and turns expectantly to the ER doctor. A beat. Then he nods 'okay.'

OB DOCTOR

(to the team)

Epidural.

The OB team goes into action while Michelle is conscious.

NURSE
(to Michelle)
Can I call someone for you?

MICHELLE
Oh my God. Yes. Can you call--

Michelle stops talking and closes her eyes.

NURSE
Ms. Green? Doctor!

The team does everything to wake her up.

ER DOCTOR
(to OB doctor)
Dr. Woods, get that baby out of
there and close her up. We need to
go to CT now!

INT. NICU, HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The nurses put the BABY in an incubator. She looks perfect.

INT. CT ROOM, HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The ER doctor puts on a lead apron and stays with Michelle during CT. The crew sees the brain image come on the screen.

ER DOCTOR
She has an epidural bleed. Get her
out now and page the neurosurgeon.

The crew transfers Michelle onto the stretcher...

INT. ER, HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Michelle is brought in on the stretcher. The ER doctor follows and frustratedly watches as they prepare everything.

ER DOCTOR
Come on. Come on. It's been too
long! Where is he?!

The same nurse from earlier reacts to the vitals.

NURSE
She's posturing, doctor. And her
vitals are changing.
(MORE)

NURSE (CONT'D)
 She's bradycardic, hypertensive,
 and barely breathing. We are losing
 her.

Off the ER doctor's look.

INT. ICU WAITING AREA, HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The Cooks look helpless waiting until Dr. Navarro returns --

DR. NAVARRO
 We have a heart. A female donor.

The family look equally relieved and frightened.

DR. NAVARRO (CONT'D)
 It's a long transplant surgery but
 I believe it should run smoothly.

CUT TO:

INT. ICU ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

ON A WHITE LIGHT

Sporadically flickering as we start pulling back to reveal
 FLUORESCENT TUBES, while we HEAR an even CHAOS --

PANNING DOWN

Passing the lights -- gloriously bright in all its whiteness.

PANNING FURTHER DOWN UNTIL

The light illuminates Mark, restless. He can barely open his
 eyes. As Mark hears VOICES around him, we push into --

HIS FACE AND SEE

Mark looks scared, his eyes now darting around.

LORI
 Mark...

Mark looks at her for a beat, searching.

MARK
 Lori?

Lori quickly reaches over to grab his hand.

LORI
Yeah, Mark, I'm here.

MARK
What's going on? What happened?

He has a broken smoker's voice.

LORI
You were intubated and have been in
a chemical coma for three days.

Off Mark's disoriented look.

LORI (CONT'D)
You got a heart. You are brand new..

Lori fights back emotional tears.

MARK
Where is Michelle?

Mark can tell something isn't right.

MARK (CONT'D)
What? Why is no one talking? Where
is Michelle...and...and our baby?

LORI
Your heart was from a donor that
was killed in a car accident.
Someone was fleeing from the police
when they crashed into Michelle's
car while she was on her way back
here --

Lori cups her mouth like the words are too painful.

MARK
What? No, no, no, no--

Stops because someone catches his eye in the doorway. Sees...

MICHELLE IN A WHEELCHAIR HOLDING THEIR BEAUTIFUL BABY GIRL

Her head is bandaged but she's still beaming.

MICHELLE
Here we are.

Darrell and Peggy push Michelle's chair inside the room.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
This is your daughter, honey.

Michelle shows baby Erin to Mark. He starts to cry when he sees her beautiful face. She resembles both of them....

PEGGY

She looks like the both of you.

Mark can't stop crying at the sight of Michelle and Erin.

MARK

She's so pretty. Is she...is she alright?

MICHELLE

Erin is fine, Mark...and in perfect health. She was born on your birthday. Happy birthday, Mark.

The family cheer and hover around Mark. Peggy turns to Mark --

PEGGY

I guess the unicorn came through after all.

Mark shares a smile with Peggy. Then, she lifts Erin from Michelle's arms and the family take a close look. Meanwhile --

Mark and Michelle share an embrace on the bed alone. She has a tiny broken blood vessel in her eye, but otherwise seems just fine. Off Mark and Michelle's flowing, happy tears...

THE END