

**R<sub>x</sub>**

"Pilot"

Written by

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**FADE IN:**

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - 1970

A bleary, pudgy **LITTLE CAROLYN (6)** sits on a stool as her **MOTHER (30)** forces a horse pill down her throat.

CAROLYN (V.O.)  
*Penicillin.*

MOTHER  
Open up, honey.

CAROLYN (V.O.)  
Since I can remember, there was a  
pill for my problem.

Carolyn kicks and SQUEALS. Her mother squeezes her cheeks.

MOTHER  
For chrissake, just take it!

CAROLYN (V.O.)  
Some were easier to swallow than  
others.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY - 1980

**TEENAGE CAROLYN (16)** chubby and awkward, sits in a paper gown, as her **DOCTOR (50)** scribbles on a pad.

CAROLYN (V.O.)  
*Micronor.*

DOCTOR  
The Pill will regulate your cycle.  
(then, looking up)  
And hopefully clear up that acne.

CAROLYN (V.O.)  
A synthetic path to something that  
wasn't coming naturally.

INT. BRIDAL SUITE - BATHROOM - NIGHT - 1989

**MARRIED CAROLYN (25)** sits on the floor in a white camisole, her wedding dress crumpled in a heap beside her. She stares at it, stone-faced. A **KNOCK** at the door.

MAN (O.S.)  
Everything okay in there?

CAROLYN

Mmm hmm.

Carolyn dumps two VALIUM out of a bottle into her hand.

CAROLYN (V.O.)

*Valium.*

She looks in the mirror, steeling herself and swallows.

CAROLYN

Coming!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - 1995

**CAROLYN (31)** weary, stands in front of the mirror again. This time she holds a bottle of PROZAC.

CAROLYN (V.O.)

And then they finally did it. A  
pill that made everything okay.  
*Prozac.*

(dumping out a pill)

But then that was the problem.  
Everything was just okay.

She looks at the pill in her palm.

CAROLYN (V.O.)

I was done swallowing.

Carolyn stares at her reflection, defeated. She puts the pill on her tongue and swallows.

CAROLYN (V.O.)

I just didn't know it yet.

END OF TEASER

EXT. SUBURBIA - MORNING - 1995 (PRESENT DAY)

Dewy green grass. Shiny luxury cars. Enormous beige homes. The economy is on the upswing and this neighborhood is proof.

INT. CAROLYN'S HOUSE - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

Cheek deep in carpet, Carolyn lies in the fetal position. She stares at a line of five RUSSIAN NESTING DOLLS in front of her. The nursery is decorated, but uninhabited.

Carolyn knocks the dolls over one by one, flicking them with her index finger. Hard. The larger ones topple noiselessly, but when she gets to the smallest one - THE BABY - she flicks it across the room where it hits the crib with a *THWACK!*

Carolyn pushes herself to her feet and pads to the bathroom.

INT. STAIRWAY - MORNING

Carolyn passes FRAMED PHOTOS. Wedding. Mexico. Skiing. Disneyland. Bucket list checked off.

Dressed for her day in forgiving fabrics and muted pastels, eternally struggling to lose those last ten pounds, Carolyn is convinced her prettiest years are behind her.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

**DOUG (33)** the man from the pictures, mustached and well-meaning, sits in the breakfast nook intently watching a SMALL PORTABLE TV. He shovels down eggs and hash browns, tie over his shoulder to avoid spills.

*Live! with Regis and Kathie Lee* interviews Dolly Parton.

Doug **CHORTLES**. Carolyn joins him, sprinkling her grapefruit generously with Sweet n' Low and reaching for her **PILLS**.

**CLOMID**. **LORAZEPAM**. **PROZAC**. Gulp. Gulp. Gulp. Realizing she is down to her last Prozac, Carolyn takes a deep breath and reaches for her **VALIUM**.

KATHIE LEE (O.S.)  
Are all your rings real?

DOLLY (O.S.)  
They're real gaudy!

Doug **LAUGHS**. Carolyn puts the Valium down, reconsidering.

DOUG

Are you watching this?

CAROLYN

I don't think it's that funny.

Doug wipes his mouth. Drains his coffee.

DOUG

Too bad they don't make a pill for  
a sense of humor.

CAROLYN

Doug-

DOUG

I'm joking! Christ, that's what I'm  
talking about.

Carolyn pokes her grapefruit.

CAROLYN

What if I'm not?

Doug gets up, flips his tie back into position.

DOUG

Today's your day. I can feel it.  
(re: his pager)  
Buzz me after the doctor, okay?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATER

Carolyn sits at a red light in her new Volvo wagon. Two  
TEENAGE GIRLS cross the street. They share the headphones of  
a discman, excited and carefree. Carolyn watches, blankly.

Green light. *HONK!*

CAROLYN

Geez, guy. Okay, I'm going.

INT. WEIGHT WATCHERS MEETING - LATER

Carolyn shifts in a hard plastic chair. Women mill around,  
murmuring and cackling. **JANET (30)** plump and apologetic,  
makes her way down the row, and plops down next to Carolyn.

JANET

It was Jason's birthday. That  
goddamn grocery store sheet cake.

(MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)

I ate half of it standing over the kitchen sink.

Carolyn pats Janet's leg, sympathetically.

VALERIE

Let's find our seats, ladies!

**VALERIE (45)**, a rake-thin woman who is naturally a size 12, stands behind A LECTERN, sucking back a GIANT DIET COLA, like it's her direct line to a benevolent God.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

Gals, I have a confession to make. I didn't want to get up this morning. That's right. I wanted to stay in bed and eat a short stack. But I didn't, did I? I put on lipstick, ate a dry english muffin, and came here. Why? Because I want something else more. Something that tastes better than anything I can eat.

Valerie pauses for effect.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

Being *thin*. We sacrifice today for a...

VALERIE AND GROUP

... *thinner* tomorrow.

VALERIE

Now let's start our weigh ins. Who's first?

INT. WEIGHT WATCHERS MEETING - MOMENTS LATER

Carolyn stands on the scale, bracing herself.

VALERIE

You gained. Three pounds.

CAROLYN

I think I have a thyroid problem.

VALERIE

(sotto)

No one had a thyroid problem in Auschwitz. You can sit down.

Carolyn makes her way back as **MELISSA (35)** frumpy, takes her place. Valerie's eyes light up.

VALERIE (CONT'D)  
Drumroll please, ladies! Drumroll!

A conservative THRUMMING from the group.

VALERIE (CONT'D)  
One-fifty-six! She's down six whole pounds in just one week!

Melissa beams.

JANET  
Fuck me.

VALERIE  
Let's give Melissa a big round of applause.

Valerie looks at Melissa as if she's just won Miss America.

MELISSA  
I wish you could all feel how I do right now. I mean, I did it. I'm finally in control.

Loud APPLAUSE from the ladies.

CAROLYN  
(sotto, to Janet)  
She's gotta be on something.

INT. WEIGHT WATCHERS MEETING - LATER

Women stand around sipping weak coffee from styrofoam cups. Carolyn and Janet corner Melissa.

CAROLYN  
Laxatives?

MELISSA  
It's discipline. Calories in, calories out.

JANET  
Cut the shit.

MELISSA  
Okay, but you can't tell Val or anyone else.

Carolyn nods, solemnly. Melissa pulls out a pill bottle from her purse marked OBETROL.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

My doctor prescribed these for my Kevin because his grades dropped. He lost ten pounds in a month. I don't let him take them anymore.

(leaning in)

Just tell the doctor Jason can't concentrate at school.

Janet looks at Carolyn, hopeful. Is this the answer?

CAROLYN

But they weren't prescribed for you.

MELISSA

Oh Carolyn, who cares? I'm finally going to be thin.

Carolyn considers this. Janet takes out a pen and paper.

JANET

How do you spell that? Obe-what?

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - LATER

Carolyn flips through a dog-eared "Reader's Digest" as she sips from a conical paper cup that slowly dribbles water on her blouse.

CAROLYN

Oh! Oh, darn it all.

Carolyn approaches the receptionist, **DOLORES (35)**, suffers no fools.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, but could I trouble you for a tissue?

DOLORES

Don't have any.

Carolyn eyes a box of tissues marked in sharpie "DOLORES'S".

CAROLYN

But there's a... I can see a...

Dolores stares Carolyn down, until she backs away.

As Carolyn resorts to blotting the wet spot between her breasts with her sleeve, a STUNNING WOMAN enters. Her charisma is palpable, it's impossible not to stare.

**RONNIE CALHOUN (32)** glides to reception as Carolyn watches. She didn't know women like this existed in real life.

Ronnie pulls a small roller suitcase with one hand and holds a BOX OF DANISH in the other. She slides the box toward Dolores who immediately opens and examines it.

DOLORES

He's got a window in fifteen.

RONNIE

Exam room three?

DOLORES

You got it.

Ronnie discreetly slips Dolores a plastic baggy of pills.

RONNIE

Your favorites plus something new.

Dolores looks up with a smirk.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Did you try the *thing*?

Dolores presents her left hand with a diamond ring on it.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

You closed.

DOLORES

Won't have to do this much longer.

RONNIE

Sure you'll find a way to repay me.

Ronnie strolls down the hallway. Carolyn watches, mesmerized.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - LATER

Carolyn is still waiting. Screwing up her courage, she approaches Dolores again, who is tucking into a Danish.

CAROLYN

Excuse me, I don't mean to be a pain, but my appointment was for 11:15...

Dolores glances at the clock: 11:47.

DOLORES

You got somewhere else to be?

CAROLYN

Uh... no I- I do, actually. I have... something.

DOLORES

You can wait in Room Two if you want. But it won't make him come any faster.

Dolores licks cream filling off her finger.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Carolyn makes her way to the EXAM ROOM. She pushes the door open to reveal **DR. PHILLIPS (40)**, his back to her, who sits on the exam table. Ronnie stands and vigorously jerks him off with her RIGHT HAND.

Frozen, Carolyn can't look away. Ronnie makes eye contact, unabashed. And continues.

RONNIE

Wanna know a secret?

Dr. Phillips MUMBLES.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Big boy words.

DR. PHILLIPS

(breathing heavily)

Yes.

RONNIE

I'm not right-handed.

Ronnie dextrously SWITCHES HANDS without missing a stroke. Dr. Phillips COMES.

Ronnie holds Carolyn's gaze. Carolyn closes the door.

INT. EXAM ROOM 2 - LATER

Carolyn waits, in a hospital gown. She picks at a band-aid on her arm, where blood was taken.

She lies back, cheek-down again, this time on the sanitary paper cover and stares at a POSTER on the wall.

ANGLE ON THE POSTER: THE PROZAC PROMISE. *Depressed?*

*You don't have to be. Our new breakthrough drug Prozac delivers the "therapeutic triad": confidence, compliance and convenience. Ask your doctor today!*

IMAGE of A SMILING WOMAN standing on a beach, arms in the air, winning!

A flushed Dr. Phillips steps into the room and smooths his white coat. Carolyn bolts upright. What little bedside manner he had has vanished in the name of expediency.

DR. PHILLIPS

You're pregnant.

Carolyn looks up at him, unbelieving.

CAROLYN

Okay.

DR. PHILLIPS

I thought you'd be more excited.

CAROLYN

I am. Wow, I just- you said it was impossible, that our chances were-

DR. PHILLIPS

It's a miracle, Carolyn, with Doug's sperm count and your spotty ovulation. The Clomid worked.

CAROLYN

Wow.

DR. PHILLIPS

(on his way out)

Still a few test results we're waiting on, but nothing to worry about now. I'll follow up with you.

CAROLYN

I need Prozac.

Dr. Phillips stops and scribbles on his prescription pad.

DR. PHILLIPS

I've been having great success with a new anti-depressant. Zoloft. Here's enough for ten months.

(MORE)

DR. PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
Should take you clear through the  
birth.

CAROLYN  
(panicked)  
But I've been on Prozac for five  
years. It doesn't interact with my  
other meds. It took us three years  
to find the right dosage. Why would  
you switch it?

DR. PHILLIPS  
I told you. I've been having better  
results with it. Fewer side  
effects.  
(then)  
It's safer for your baby.

CAROLYN  
It is?

DR. PHILLIPS  
Absolutely.

He hands her the prescription.

DR. PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
Oh, you may experience what we call  
'brain zaps' with the switch. It'll  
feel like a small electrocution  
every time you turn your head, but  
should subside in a few days.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Carolyn sobs uncontrollably at a pay phone. She fumbles in  
her purse for a quarter to page Doug.

She looks up to see Ronnie, watching her.

RONNIE  
You okay?

CAROLYN  
I can't find a quarter.

RONNIE  
I've got one if you-

CAROLYN  
I'm pregnant.  
(then)  
I don't know why I told you that.  
(MORE)

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

I just- I don't feel like I thought I would.

RONNIE

How did you think you'd feel?

CAROLYN

Different. Than I did before.

Ronnie lights a cigarette.

RONNIE

There's still time.

CAROLYN

I'm sorry. I shouldn't be-

RONNIE

Why not?

CAROLYN

I don't even know you.

RONNIE

Sure you do.

Ronnie offers Carolyn a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Thank you, by the way.

CAROLYN

For what?

RONNIE

Not screaming. There's no boner killer quite like a blood-curdling scream.

CAROLYN

Oh, I can't take that.

RONNIE

Someone will.

Ronnie sets the bill on top of the pay phone.

Her pager VIBRATES.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Cocksucker. My next meeting is now. At least take one of these.

Ronnie tosses Carolyn a TOTE BAG with PFIZER on the side.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

The golf visor for "Yeast-Eze" is  
my personal fave.

Ronnie gets in her RED BMW CONVERTIBLE. She makes a call on  
her brick-like CAR PHONE.

INT. RONNIE'S CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

RONNIE

(into car phone)

Bert, I'm such an a-hole. Is it too  
late to change my ticket? I'm just  
feeling like 6 days in Cordova  
isn't enough. Am I wrong?

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Carolyn watches her speed off. Ronnie's BUMPER STICKER reads:  
DREAM BIGGER, BITCH.

Carolyn holds the tote bag, lamely.

She looks around, then puts the hundred in her purse.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE PHARMACY - LATER

Carolyn makes her way over to the "pick-up" counter where  
**GARY (35)** fastidious and friendly, meets her.

GARY

Hello Mrs. Roberts. New  
prescription for you today.

CAROLYN

Yeah, we're trying something  
different.

GARY

Seeing more prescriptions for this  
lately.

Carolyn smiles politely.

CAROLYN

You refill my Valium too?

GARY

(patting the bag)

Yes, Mrs. Roberts. Right here.  
Gift with purchase?

CAROLYN

Huh?

GARY

Your bag. It says Pfizer. That's who makes Zoloft.

Gary points at the TOTE from Ronnie on Carolyn's shoulder.

CAROLYN

This woman gave it to me.

GARY

You met a Pfizer rep. Lucky you. When they come around here, it's like Christmas!

Carolyn connects the dots.

CAROLYN

Cocksucker.

GARY

What?

CAROLYN

Gosh, I'm so sorry. That was rude. Forgive me, Gary.

Carolyn awkwardly empties her change purse into the Shriner's collection as penance, grabs her prescription and backs out.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

INT. STEAKHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Ronnie sits across from **DR. BOB DOWLER (60)** distinguished, genteel, full head of shiny grey hair. It could be romantic.

BOB

You seem like a very nice young woman-

RONNIE

No, I don't.

Dr. Bob butters his bread. Ronnie takes him in as she sips her wine.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

My ex-husband was bald by twenty-seven. How do you do it?

BOB

"Genetics will play its part, at once beautiful and cruel, yet nature's mercy lies in its deference, not to beauty but to adaptability."

RONNIE

See, now that's what I should've said instead of "can I rub your head for luck?" I'd still be married.

Bob sips on his wine, amused.

BOB

Here's my issue, Miss Calhoun. You charge an arm and a leg for these pills, yet they cost pennies to manufacture.

RONNIE

You are correct, Bob. They do cost pennies. But the first pill-

BOB

-costs ten million. That the best you got? To be frank, I find Amoxicillin works just as well as this Zithromax you're pushing.

Ronnie touches Bob's hand. He bristles.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm married thirty-five years next month.

RONNIE

And I'm allergic to cats. Are we stating facts?

BOB

I've heard the stories.

RONNIE

Tell me one.

BOB

You seem like a smart woman, so I'll cut to the chase.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm not going to sleep with you, I don't prescribe anything unless I know it works and I took this meeting because I would never pay thirty-five dollars for a steak myself.

Ronnie takes a sip, regroups.

RONNIE

Zithromax is a superior pharmaceutical. The dosage of a "Z-pak" is just once daily for three days. As you well know, Amoxicillin is taken three times daily for fourteen days. Furthermore, our studies show it is more effective long-term, as patients are more likely to complete the dosage thereby avoiding the immune resistant bacterial strains that crop up when a course of antibiotics is interrupted.

(then)

Oh and the more prescriptions you write, the more money I make.

Dr. Bob chews his bread and thinks, intrigued.

BOB

The more money we make.

Ronnie takes out a notebook and makes a note.

BOB (CONT'D)

What are you writing?

RONNIE

Profits not pussy. To remind me you're after my money not my puss-

BOB

Miss *Calhoun*.

RONNIE

Sorry, cunt. I need a guarantee. Can you move sixty "Z-paks" a month? We've found it's an effective off-label treatment for acne.

BOB

Is it safe?

Their food arrives. Two STEAKS.

RONNIE

Safe enough.

Ronnie slices into the meat and takes a big bloody bite.

INT. CAROLYN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

CLOSE ON overcooked ground beef burning in the skillet. Carolyn stirs it, lost in thought.

DOUG (O.S.)

Care bear?

Carolyn jolts out of it.

DOUG (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Where are you?

CAROLYN

In here.

Doug enters the kitchen.

DOUG

I've been trying you all day. I figured you-

CAROLYN

I'm not pregnant. I didn't want to ruin your day so-

DOUG

You just didn't page me?

CAROLYN

Sorry.

Carolyn turns back to stir.

DOUG

What did the doctor say?

CAROLYN

We just have to keep trying. You know the drill.

DOUG

(violent)

Man!

Doug slams his fists down on the counter. Carolyn jumps.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
I'm so effing fed up with this  
B.S.! Why is this so hard for us?  
Why can't I just have this?

CAROLYN  
Maybe it's a sign.

DOUG  
A sign of what?

The meat starts smoking.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
It's burning!

Doug grabs the skillet off the burner.

A BEAT as Doug holds the smoking skillet. He inspects it.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
You making tacos?

CAROLYN  
It's Tuesday.

INT. CAROLYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tucked under a flowery duvet, Doug reads European Car Magazine. Carolyn reads Good Housekeeping.

CAROLYN  
Why do I sleep on this side?

DOUG  
Huh?

CAROLYN  
Did we pick these sides for a  
reason?

Doug doesn't look up from his magazine.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)  
Because I'm right handed.

DOUG  
Uh huh.

CAROLYN  
I sleep on the right side of the  
bed and I'm right-handed.

DOUG

Yup.

CAROLYN

That means in order to give you a hand job I have to roll over and reach.

Carolyn mimes a demonstration. Doug puts down his magazine.

DOUG

What now?

CAROLYN

I'm saying I think if we switched sides, I'd give you more hand jobs.

DOUG

You never give me hand jobs. You said you found it overwhelming.

CAROLYN

Did I?

DOUG

More than once.

CAROLYN

I don't know if this is your fault or my fault. I can't tell.

DOUG

It's no one's fault that we can't-

CAROLYN

No, who I've become. I'm just this-this beige blob that walks around trying not to eat cake.

(then)

Do you even like me?

DOUG

Well, right now you're acting...  
But yeah, sure I...

(then)

You're my wife. I love you. Let's get some sleep, okay?

Doug turns out the lights and rolls over. Carolyn makes the "hand job" motion in the air next to him, in the dark.

INT. CAROLYN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY - MORNING

Carolyn sits at the kitchen table with the OPENED BAG of Pfizer swag spread out before her. She stares at a FRISBEE with ZOLOFT printed on it. She launches it into the living room, where it lands softly.

The TV LAUGHS in the background.

Carolyn reaches for her PILL BOTTLES as she did the day before, but today, as she reaches for the ZOLOFT, she stops.

Instead, she takes Ronnie's business card, walks over to the phone and dials the number. It's a pager. She punches in her own number, presses pound and hangs up. She waits, nervous, like she's calling a crush.

*RING! RING!*

CAROLYN

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RONNIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Ronnie is in bed, smoking. Her place is sparse, undecorated. She reviews a medical FILE FOLDER.

RONNIE

You paged me.

CAROLYN

Yeah. Hi. This is, uh, Carolyn.

RONNIE

Who?

CAROLYN

We met at the doctor's office.

RONNIE

You're going to have to be more specific.

CAROLYN

Oh, right! Ha. Of course. I was the one, who, well, I saw you, you were...

RONNIE

I was what?

CAROLYN

You were, in the exam room, you were...

RONNIE

What was I doing, Carolyn?

Beat.

CAROLYN

You were jerking the doctor off.

RONNIE

You're going to have be more specific. I kid. How are you, Carolyn?

CAROLYN

I'm- I need to see you.

RONNIE

Let's meet at Sizzler in an hour, just wrapping something up. The one on Clover.

Ronnie hangs up and reaches for the folder, the label reads PATIENT: ROBERTS, CAROLYN ELIZABETH. Ronnie licks her finger and turns the page.

INT. SIZZLER RESTAURANT - DAY

Ronnie sits at the empty bar, sipping a Jack Daniels on the rocks. Carolyn sidles up to her, nervous.

RONNIE

What are you drinking?

CAROLYN

Diet coke?

(off Ronnie's look)

Okay, fine. A regular Coke.

Carolyn sits on a bar stool. She takes her Zoloft bottle out of her purse and places it on the bar.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Is Zoloft safer for my baby?

RONNIE

As compared to?

CAROLYN

Prozac.

RONNIE

Early trials are showing-  
(catching herself)  
No. Not really.

CAROLYN

My doctor lied to me. You gave him  
a hand job and he changed my  
prescription and lied to me.

RONNIE

For the record, Zoloft is the  
superior pharmaceutical. But yeah,  
I'd be pissed too.  
(then)  
I was like you once. Married,  
medicated and miserable.

CAROLYN

(faintly)  
I'm not miserable.

RONNIE

Happily married women don't want go  
into pharmaceutical sales.

CAROLYN

Who said I wanted to go into  
pharmaceutical sales?

RONNIE

Isn't that why we're here?

LAUGHTER from a table of BUSINESS MEN across the bar.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Look, I can show you what I do,  
it's not hard. The hard part is  
once you see them for what they  
are, you can't go back.

A **BUSINESS MAN (30)**, stocky and sweating, approaches them,  
stands next to Ronnie, nervous.

BUSINESS MAN

I don't usually do this...

RONNIE

You don't?

BUSINESS MAN

We have a little wager going on as  
to whether you're married.

Ronnie flashes her naked ring finger, flirting.

BUSINESS MAN (CONT'D)  
Well now geez, I just lost twenty  
bucks. Make it up to me?

RONNIE  
Now how would I do that?

The man looks back at his friends for encouragement.

BUSINESS MAN  
Sit on my face.

Carolyn blushes. Ronnie sizes him up.

RONNIE  
What's your name?

BUSINESS MAN  
Tim.

RONNIE  
Timmy. How's your health?

TIM  
Excuse me?

RONNIE  
Are you on any prescriptions?

TIM  
That's a little personal.

RONNIE  
Telling me to sit on your face  
isn't?

TIM  
Well, uh, okay. I have high  
cholesterol. My doctor says I have  
to lose weight and exercise. Blah,  
blah-

RONNIE  
Has he ever mentioned Lipitor?

TIM  
I don't think so?

RONNIE

If you give me the name of your physician, I will kiss you on the mouth for five seconds. In front of your friends.

Ronnie hands Tim a pen and a cocktail napkin. He quickly writes down a name. Ronnie inspects it.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

If this is bogus, your cholesterol won't be what kills you. Ready?

Tim nods eagerly. Ronnie grabs his head and plants a passionate kiss on him, finishing with a double-handed ass grab. The men at the table hoot and holler.

Ronnie releases him, then folds the napkin carefully and puts it in her purse. Tim stands there, stunned.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

You can go.

Ronnie swishes bourbon in her mouth, like mouthwash.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Let's get outta here.

Carolyn nods, slurping up the last of her Coke.

EXT. SIZZLER PARKING LOT - DAY

Glaring daylight, Carolyn blinks. Ronnie lights a cigarette.

RONNIE

Look, this isn't for everyone. And it's certainly not all hand jobs and day drinking-

CAROLYN

I want in.

RONNIE

Why?

CAROLYN

You get what you want all the time.

RONNIE

Is that what it looks like to you?

CAROLYN

Yeah.

RONNIE

Meet me at The Hilton at seven.  
Wear something... no horsies.

Carolyn looks down at her frumpy sweatshirt with a scene of horses drinking from a stream.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

After blood-curdling screams,  
that's number two for boner  
killers.

INT. SOPHIE ANN'S MAISON DE FASHION - LATER

A small town boutique run by **SOPHIE ANN (40)** angular, spent one summer in Paris, always finds a way to bring it up. She stands in front of the changing room door, arms crossed.

SOPHIE ANN

Are you coming out, *mon chéri*?

Carolyn emerges wearing a peacock blue power suit that hugs every curve. Sophie Ann tugs on the hem.

SOPHIE ANN (CONT'D)

*C'est parfait!* Is this for work?

Carolyn nods, smiling at her reflection in the mirror.

CAROLYN

I'll pay cash.

INT. CAROLYN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Carolyn is dressed in her new power suit, high heels, red lipstick. She sticks a note on the fridge. NOTE: At Melissa's for girls' night. Chicken in fridge. Might be late? Love, C.

INT. LOBBY BATHROOM - HILTON HOTEL - LATER

Ronnie and Carolyn are in the stalls.

RONNIE

This guy is the head of the biggest  
ENT clinic in our district.  
Apparently, he prefers blondes,  
which, I can *fix* but always good to  
have one in reserve. And you've got  
that deer-in-headlights quality  
some men love, also not me.

CAROLYN

What do I have to do?

RONNIE

(wiping)

In the space of a few hours, we have to create an intimacy he isn't getting anywhere else. Make him believe the interaction is as meaningful to us as it is to him. That he's special.

Ronnie exits the stall to wash her hands.

CAROLYN

How?

Carolyn follows her, talks to her in the mirror.

RONNIE

It could be as simple as a back-rub or a two-hour conversation about his fuck-up of a son. But whatever it is he needs, we provide.

CAROLYN

Mostly they want sex, though, right?

Ronnie takes Carolyn's hand and twists off her WEDDING RINGS.

RONNIE

You'd be surprised. I once had a doctor ask me to tuck him in, turn out the lights and leave. For your sake, let's hope this guy has mommy issues.

She hands Carolyn her rings. Carolyn touches her bare finger.

CAROLYN

I feel naked.

RONNIE

As the day you were born.

INT. SUITE 739 - LATER

Deflated, Ronnie and Carolyn stand beside the king bed, which has Pfizer PAMPHLETS and DRUG SAMPLES spread out neatly.

RONNIE

Two chicks in a hotel room and this  
joker wants to talk about drugs?

Toilet FLUSHES.

**DR. CUMMINGS (35)** balding and spry, enters from the bathroom.

DR. CUMMINGS

Where did you say you went to  
school, Carolyn?

CAROLYN

Penn State.

DR. CUMMINGS

Go Nittany Lions! Raaaawr!

Dr. Cummings paws at the air.

DR. CUMMINGS (CONT'D)

(composing himself)

So yeah, let's do this. Walk me  
through the new patents. Carolyn?

RONNIE

Carolyn is still in training so I  
would be happy to take you through  
the features and benefits of-

Dr. Cummings pats the bed next to him, motioning to Carolyn.

DR. CUMMINGS

Let's start with this new anti-  
depressant you were talking about  
Zo...

RONNIE

-loft. Zoloft is of the SSRI class  
of anti-depressants, generic is  
Setraline. Pfizer introduced it  
last year to treat major depressive  
disorders, OCD and social anxiety  
disorders.

Dr. Cummings stares at Carolyn, but talks to Ronnie.

DR. CUMMINGS

Why is it better than the Prozac  
I'm already prescribing?

RONNIE

Early trials lead us to believe Zoloft is actually more effective in treating certain subtypes of depression.

DR. CUMMINGS

What about the considerable side effects associated with SSRIs like Prozac?

RONNIE

Zoloft has less side effects than Prozac. In fact, the weight gain, dry mouth and rashes Prozac can cause, Zoloft does not.

DR. CUMMINGS

Sexual dysfunction?

RONNIE

Nope, Zoloft can actually be prescribed off-label as a treatment for premature ejaculation. Our findings show it does not typically cause erectile dysfunction, as we know is the case with Prozac.

DR. CUMMINGS

(looking at Carolyn)

So it helps to prolong pleasure but does not prevent orgasm.

RONNIE

Exactly.

Carolyn and Dr. Cummings stare intensely at one another.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Ronnie goes to the bathroom. Dr. Cummings sits beside Carolyn, touches her leg. Carolyn JUMPS at the contact.

DR. CUMMINGS

(baby voice)

Jumpy wittle wabbit.

He moves in closer. Carolyn shifts back, nervous.

CAROLYN

Any more questions?

DR. CUMMINGS

Do you feel the electricity or is it just me?

CAROLYN

About the drug. I can answer them. I am very familiar with the side effects of Prozac as compared to-

DR. CUMMINGS

I'll start prescribing Zoloft if you want me to.

CAROLYN

What about your patients who are already on Prozac?

DR. CUMMINGS

Most of them are bored housewives who take pills to get through the day. They've given up. Nothing I prescribe can fix that. I could give them a tic-tac.

Carolyn takes this in.

CAROLYN

Am I boring?

DR. CUMMINGS

Oh no. You're a wonder.

CAROLYN

I'm a wonder.

Dr. Cummings leans in for a kiss. Carolyn looks at his expectant face, closes her eyes and leans forward-

*CRASH!* A LOUD CLATTER from the bathroom. Carolyn and Dr. Cummings run to the door.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Ronnie? Are you okay?

No answer.

Dr. Cummings swings open the door to reveal Ronnie, lying on the floor, in the middle of what appears to be a SEIZURE. She CONVULSES wildly, back arched and FROTHS at the mouth.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Oh my god! Ronnie! What's wrong with her? What's happening?

DR. CUMMINGS

She's having a seizure. We need to cushion her head.

Dr. Cummings snaps into doctor mode, rolls up A TOWEL and places it under Ronnie's head. She VOMITS.

CAROLYN

Oh god!

DR. CUMMINGS

Help me roll her on her side.

Carolyn and Dr. Cummings gently roll Ronnie onto her right side. Ronnie still convulses violently.

CAROLYN

What do we do now?

DR. CUMMINGS

Call an ambulance. You have to get her to a hospital.

CAROLYN

You're not coming?

DR. CUMMINGS

My wife doesn't know I'm here.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM - LATER

Carolyn, worse for wear, sits staring at but not watching a small television. A QVC INFOMERCIAL plays.

PERKY SPOKESWOMAN (O.S.)

What I love about it is how it makes me feel! When I wear these limited edition Diamonique Rose Quartz earrings, I feel like a queen. And at only three easy payments of \$49.99-

A voice jolts Carolyn out of her daze.

NURSE

Ronnie Calhoun?

CAROLYN

That's me- my friend.

NURSE

She's conscious, if you'd like to see her.

INT. HOSPITAL - RONNIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ronnie lies in bed, sipping water from a straw.

RONNIE  
You look like shit.

CAROLYN  
Do they know what caused it?

RONNIE  
(amused)  
I'm epileptic.

CAROLYN  
Oh!

RONNIE  
And I only dance that jig once a  
year so you should consider  
yourself lucky.

CAROLYN  
Isn't there something you could  
take to stop them?

RONNIE  
Phenobarbital is the drug of  
choice. Depresses the central  
nervous system to prevent  
triggering the seizure. Problem is,  
you feel half-dead inside. I'd  
rather have the seizures.

CAROLYN  
Me too.

RONNIE  
How's that?

CAROLYN  
I'd rather feel it all. It's better  
than feeling nothing.

RONNIE  
What are you on?

CAROLYN  
Well, you know, Prozac. Lorazepam.  
Valium. Clomid.

RONNIE  
Everything can change for you.

CAROLYN

I don't know about-

RONNIE

Sometimes you have to get what you thought you wanted to realize you don't.

CAROLYN

It's a little late to opt out.

RONNIE

Not according to Big Pharma.

Ronnie gestures to her rolling suitcase. Carolyn brings it to the bed. Ronnie takes out a PILL PACKET with RU486 marked on it and hands it to Carolyn.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Pharmaceutical abortion. Take one today. And the second one in 48 hours. There will be bleeding and cramps. Tell hubby you have the flu. You'll be in the clear in 3 days. Then we can start training.

Carolyn looks at the pill pack, uneasy.

CAROLYN

I should get back.

RONNIE

Hey, thanks for saving my life.

CAROLYN

(quoting Ronnie)

Sure you'll find a way to repay me.

INT. HOSPITAL - RONNIE'S ROOM - LATER

Alone, Ronnie tries to untie on the back of her gown but can't reach. Her bravado is gone.

The nurse from earlier, **JILL (30)**, cute but tough, enters and goes to help Ronnie.

RONNIE

I got it.

Jill unties them for her.

JILL

How's the numbness?

RONNIE

I'm gonna go with numb.

Jill removes Ronnie's gown and helps her with her shirt.

JILL

You know you should stay the night.

RONNIE

Can't. Got work to do.

JILL

You can't ignore what's happening.

RONNIE

(fingers in ears)

Na na na na.

JILL

You need someone who can help you  
when things get worse.

RONNIE

Yeah, I know. Workin' on it.

(beat)

God, you're a bitch. I love that  
about you.

Jill LAUGHS and hands Ronnie her shoes.

INT. CAROLYN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Carolyn sneaks into the kitchen and opens the fridge. A half-eaten casserole of nachos sits there. She pulls it out and stands over the counter shovelling it into her mouth.

*Fuck it.*

INT. CAROLYN'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Satiated, high heels in hand, Carolyn sneaks upstairs past the framed photos, on her tippy toes.

INT. CAROLYN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carolyn peeks into the bedroom, surprised to find Doug, sleeping soundly. Relieved, she peels off her clothes and gingerly climbs into bed. He snorts and throws his leg over her. Carolyn GIGGLES.

INT. CAROLYN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Carolyn is in the shower. She lathers up her body, soaps between her legs. She lingers there, rubbing.

CLOSE ON her face, eyes closed. Remembering... until-

*RING! RING! RING!*

CAROLYN

(irritated)

Doug, can you get that?

*RING! RING! RING!*

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Doug?! I'm in the shower. Can you please answer the phone?

*RING! RING! RI-*

*Finally.* But the moment's gone. She rinses off.

INT. CAROLYN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

Carolyn stands in front of the mirror, wrapped in a towel. Her face is scrubbed clean. She wipes the steamy mirror so she can see her reflection.

She opens her medicine cabinet and removes all the pill bottles. She dumps them in the toilet. FLUSHES.

Only one pharmaceutical remains. She reaches for the PILL PACKET RU-486 containing TWO PILLS. She pops the first one out of the packet into her hand. She puts the PILL ON HER TONGUE and looks in the mirror.

CAROLYN (V.O.)

I could swallow this whole life away. *RU-486.*

Doug bursts in. Carolyn quickly palms the pill packet.

DOUG

You're pregnant!?!

They stare at each other, in shock.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Your sugar is high? That was the doctor calling to schedule your follow-up blood tests? Why did you lie to me?

Doug embraces her, hard.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
I forgive you. All that matters is  
that we're pregnant.

CLOSE ON Carolyn's face over Doug's shoulder as they embrace.  
The pressure of his hug makes her SWALLOW the pill. *GULP*.

Doug takes her face in his hands.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
We've got it all now.

Carolyn forces a smile, nodding. He embraces her again.

CLOSE ON Carolyn, awake, maybe for the first time, as we...

**FADE OUT.**