

MURPH

EXT. ATLANTA SKYLINE - DAY

A NEWS HELICOPTER flies over the twisted highways of Atlanta.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (FILTERED)

Atlanta Police believe the recent deaths of two local teenagers are connected with the deaths of as many as fifteen others due to a supply of cocaine laced with Fentanyl, a potent narcotic...

INT./EXT. MURPH'S CAR - DAY

MARLENE "MURPH" MURPHY (late 30s, sarcastic) swerves her beater sedan across two lanes to exit the highway. She's wearing a BEDAZZLED NECK BRACE with a classic Buckhead Betty outfit: big sunglasses, fitted top, pants, high heels.

EXT. ATLANTA PAIN CLINIC - DAY

Murph locks the car. She picks a wedgie, heads toward your average pain clinic nestled in the urban sprawl of Atlanta. She pauses, sizes up the building.

INT. PAIN CLINIC EXAM ROOM - DAY

Nondescript doctor's office. Murph hobbles like she's in pain, eases onto an exam table and talks to a FEMALE DOCTOR.

MURPH

(country club accent)

My mother keeps trying to get me to take her Valium...

FEMALE DOCTOR

Uh, tell me about your injury, Ms. Bower.

BEGIN CHARACTER SERIES:

We see Murph wearing different disguises. Intercut with DOCTORS staring and listening in various phases of disbelief.

Murph now wears a tight t-shirt and jean shorts.

MURPH

(redneck accent)

I had a little pellet in my mouth. Think they said it was my ovary?

We see DOCTOR TWO staring at Murph.

Murph now wears a long cardigan over natural, flowy layers.

MURPH (CONT'D)
 (ethereal hippy voice)
 I tried chamomile oil for the
 inflammation and the fish smell?

DOCTOR THREE
 Did that work?

MURPH
 (country club)
 No. And I told her, look, I'm
 shallow and I'm okay with it.

DOCTOR FOUR nods.

Murph has cornrows like Taryn Manning from "Hustle & Flow"
 and long colorful fingernails.

MURPH (CONT'D)
 (wannabe thug accent)
 He's a world renowned specialist in
 Los Angeles, Dr. Howser? You know
 him?

Female Doctor shakes her head, 'no.'

Murph, dressed as a redneck, hands over a stack of PAPERS.

MURPH (CONT'D)
 (redneck)
 Here. Write down-my eyes are tired
 and my sweat tastes like puddin'.

DOCTOR TWO
 Pudding...

MURPH
 (ethereal hippy)
 Clary sage for my joints?
 Eucalyptus for the rage?

Doctor Three nods.

MURPH (CONT'D)
 (wannabe thug)
 Now I got a rat in my hootiecat,
 keepin' me from doing the natural.

Doctor Two looks up in shock.

MURPH (CONT'D)
 (country club)
 -remember she's the one they caught
 with the science teacher, not the
 glue-sniffer.

Doctor Four nods wide-eyed.

MURPH (CONT'D)
 (redneck)
 And the tip of my tongue has been
 burning for three years. Oh, and if
 I take Tylenol or Advil I swell up
 like a hippo with hives.

Doctor Two SIGHS.

DOCTOR TWO
 I can't prescribe you that many
 Oxycontin, Ms. Benetar.

MURPH
 (wannabe thug)
 Cause I'm white?

Doctor Five quickly writes Murph a prescription.

INT. ATLANTA PAIN CLINIC - MINUTES LATER

Wannabe Thug Murph exits, holding her script, sees a door
 marked FILE ROOM, slips inside.

INT. FILE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Murph rummages through files, taking pictures. She hears
 someone opening the door, dives onto the floor.

Time passes and Murph sits in a hidden corner, stuck.

MURPH (V.O.)
 My name is Marlene Murphy. I'm a
 freelance reporter for several
 Atlanta publications. I write under
 the byline "Julia Sugarbaker."
 Don't ask.

EXT. ATLANTA PAIN CLINIC - HOURS LATER, NIGHT

Exhausted and looking around, Murph exits. She starts undoing
 her cornrows, scratches her head vigorously.

MURPH (V.O.)

Recently, I've been undercover at pain clinics around the city to show how easy it is to get prescriptions for opioids like Oxycontin, Vicodin, Hydrocodone, plenty of others that are highly addictive. It's part of a series I'm doing for the Atlanta Times, but I've got bigger fish to fry.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - NEXT DAY

Murph, dressed as herself in a hoodie, female band T-shirt, jeans and sneakers, pitches a story to newspaper head, KAREN KEANE (40s, African American) and SAM 'SPANKY' SPANKO (20s, female), the office researcher/social media guru/coffee addict, who wears FAKE EYEGLASSES. PAPERS sit on the table.

MURPH

All these pill-peddling doctors attended a summit called 'New Day Pain Management' in Thailand. I bet you money --

Karen holds up a hand.

KAREN

How'd you get these?

MURPH

I spent three hours in their records room.

KAREN

That's illegal.

MURPH

Ish.

KAREN

No.

Karen stands up. Spanky smirks, typing away on her laptop.

MURPH

You haven't heard my angle.

KAREN

Do you have your thirty prescriptions yet?

MURPH

Almost.

(then)

Guess who the summit sponsor was?

KAREN

I said no.

SPANKY

(not looking up)

Corbel Pharmaceuticals.

Beat. Karen sits. Murph pushes a document toward Karen.

MURPH

They're making "new formula"
opioids that are super potent.

KAREN

Stick with the doctors.

MURPH

They're telling docs these pills
are safe and even "prevent
addiction." Sound familiar?

SPANKY

(looking at her laptop)

We ran a similar story on Corbel in
2016 --

Karen gets up again.

KAREN

(to Murph)

We sure did.

MURPH

Not like this --

SPANKY

And six months ago.

KAREN

And both times we lost advertisers.
No way our publisher goes for this.

MURPH

They're doing it again - they never
stopped!

KAREN

They were indicted and paid out --

MURPH
Thirty million's a slap on the
wrist. They're murderers!

KAREN
Then go to law school, file suits
against them all day long. I'm
running a business here --

MURPH
People need to know --

KAREN
-- And we're barely staying afloat.

MURPH
So that's it? They just keep
screwing people over?

KAREN
You are on borrowed time, Murph. We
fight the battles we can win.

Karen starts to exit.

KAREN (CONT'D)
You want some kind of revenge for
what happened to Ben, but I'm here
to tell you - get over it.

MURPH
(to Spanky)
That felt personal.

Karen exits, not looking back.

KAREN
I want my story this week. You
write about Corbel, put it on your
blog. And don't ask me for another
job.

MURPH
(to Spanky)
Got 34 views on my last post. So...

INT. PAIN CLINIC WAITING ROOM - NEW DAY

Murph, still dressed like herself, crosses a packed waiting
room and exits, holding another PRESCRIPTION.

MURPH (V.O.)
 America has about five percent of
 the world's population and
 prescribes eighty percent of the
 opioids.

EXT. PAIN CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

Murph walks outside and joins another pain patient, MARIA
 (20s, hispanic), sitting behind a trashcan, talking to RONNIE
 (20s, Caucasian, scrawny) clearly into Maria.

MURPH (V.O.)
 You go to enough pain clinics, you
 get to know the frequent fliers.

RONNIE
 Man, she didn't give me shit.

Maria shakes her head, she struck out, too.

Murph hands Maria a COFFEE.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
 (to Murph)
 Who you s'pose to be today?

MURPH
 Marla Maples.

RONNIE
 Man bump it, I'mma get some junk.
 (to Maria)
 You comin?

MARIA
 You know I don't do no needles.

RONNIE
 Alright. Peace.

Ronnie exits.

MARIA
 Well?

MURPH
 Got some stuff.

Maria swears in rapid fire Spanish. Murph sits.

MURPH (CONT'D)
 Gazuntight.

MARIA

Your white privilege ass needs to
sell me some.

MURPH

They're all for my Uncle Wilford.
He's got the diabit-is.

Maria pulls out a cigarette, offers one to Murph.

MURPH (CONT'D)

I only smoke dope.

(then)

You about twenty, Maria?

MARIA

Twenty three.

MURPH

You could take a little better care
of yourself.

MARIA

Yeah, well, I not locked in some
hotel turning tricks...Yet.

Maria stands, Murph follows.

MURPH

Good point.

(then)

I'm gonna go check out a meeting in
Avondale next week --

MARIA

You and your Oxys?

MURPH

Mercury must be in Gatorade. You
wanna come?

They part ways, Maria laughs.

MARIA

I'll never understand you. I gotta
get my bus. I heard Dr. Rosen-berg
or Rosen-somethin' in the Chamblee
ER gives out pills like Pez, so
I'mma go see what's up with him.

MURPH

Roseberg. Got it. Call me if you
change your mind.

MARIA

Yeah.

EXT. ATLANTA STREETS - LATER SAME DAY

Murph drives from the burbs into the city. We watch as she passes nice houses with manicured lawns and then cruises into the city past big buildings and BUSINESS TYPES.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - LATER SAME DAY

Murph walks down the hallway with a brown bag of groceries. She peeks around the corner and sees the back of a LARGE MAN. She turns around and bumps into her LANDLORD (40's, brawny).

LANDLORD

Gimme. Now.

Landlord starts backing Murph up toward her apartment.

MURPH

Carl, don't you know stalking a gal's rude? I have rights.

CARL

You got rights, but I got Jimmy. Now give me my twelve hundred twenty five dollars.

MURPH

I paid my half --

CARL

The late fee for last month is a hundred and you were short two hundred.

Murph backs all the way into JIMMY, a large man who looks like the scarier twin version of Carl.

MURPH

We both know my ex owes you that money.

CARL

It's your name on the lease so it's you who's gonna pay me.

Now both men stand uncomfortably close to her.

MURPH

You're in luck. Payday came early.

Murph pulls out a folded CHECK.

MURPH (CONT'D)
(mocking Carl)
Fifteen hund-did.

CARL
Venmo me right now.

MURPH
You know I don't do kinky stuff.

JIMMY
(to Carl)
I'm sick of her mouth.

MURPH
Okay! Simmer down.

Murph pulls out a pen, looks for something to write on.

MURPH (CONT'D)
(to Jimmy)
Can I use your arm there, Drago?

Jimmy extends his arm to Murph.

Murph signs the check.

MURPH (CONT'D)
(to Jimmy)
Those steroids'll shrink your pee
pee. And what would Brigitte
Nielsen think of that?

Murph hands the check to Carl.

MURPH (CONT'D)
Put the rest toward next month.

They leave.

MURPH (CONT'D)
(mocking Carl again)
And take out a ten-er and buy
yourselves some matching bowties
and little hats. Dress for the job
you want, fellas!

EXT. CHAMBLEE HOSPITAL - NEXT DAY

Murph pulls into the large parking lot of a city hospital.

MURPH (V.O.)
 I'd been sticking with the pain
 clinics in the suburbs, but I
 figured a prescription from a city
 hospital couldn't hurt my story.

INT. CHAMBLEE ER WAITING ROOM - LATER SAME DAY

Murph, in a band T-shirt, shorts and sneakers, signs in, sits next to a rough-looking homeless man, FRANK (40s), who drinks from a hospital-issue CUP.

MURPH
 How long you been in?

FRANK
 You a NARC?

MURPH
 That obvious?

Frank closes his eyes.

MURPH (CONT'D)
 Good talk.

Time passes and Murph eventually closes her eyes, too.

NURSE (O.S.)
 Jessica Fletcher?

Murph follows the NURSE.

INT. ER - EXAM ROOM - HOURS LATER

Murph sits in a hospital gown poking HEART MONITOR BUTTONS.

MURPH (V.O.)
 In the ER, you gotta list an
 "emergency," so I went with the
 truth, figured I'd kill two birds
 with one stone.

Just then DR. RAJ PATEL (late 30s, East Indian, Bollywood hot) and a nervous female resident, DR. VANOY (mid 20s), enter. Dr. Patel retrieves HAND SANITIZER and turns to Murph.

DR. PATEL
 Hello Ms. Fletcher, I'm Dr. Patel.
 You met my resident, Dr. Vanoy.

Murph recognizes Dr. Patel.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. EMORY UNIVERSITY DORM STUDY HALL - DAY

YOUNG MURPH sits across a table from YOUNG RAJ PATEL.

YOUNG RAJ PATEL
Okay. When two ionic compounds are
dissolved in water, a double
replacement reaction can...

Young Murph stares with blank eyes.

MURPH
...not occur.

YOUNG RAJ PATEL
No...did you study at all?

MURPH
Why would I? You're my tutor.

YOUNG RAJ PATEL
I can't teach you if you don't read
the material.

MURPH
What am I even paying you for?

Young Murph slides a large open CHIP BAG his way.

YOUNG RAJ PATEL
You haven't paid me for the last
two sessions.

Young Raj pops a chip in his mouth.

YOUNG MURPH
Oh, sorry.

YOUNG RAJ PATEL
Ma'am? Ma'am?

YOUNG MURPH
What?

END FLASHBACK

INT. ER - EXAM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Murph sits covering her face and eyes with one hand. She pulls her hand down, leaving only her eyes uncovered.

DR. PATEL

Are you okay?

(off her nod)

Dr. Vanoy tells me you're having some significant issues with hemorrhoids today and you'd like quite a large amount of Oxycontin to help with the pain.

MURPH

Uh huh.

Beat. Dr. Patel recognizes Murph, continues his exam.

DR. PATEL

And you believe there may be some external swelling or thrombosis?

Dr. Patel sits on a stool in front of Murph's bed.

MURPH

Yeah.

DR. PATEL

How long have you been in pain, *Ms. Fletcher*?

MURPH

Oh... years.

DR. PATEL

I see... I assure you, this is quite common in women your age and nothing to be embarrassed about.

Murph shakes her head, rolls her eyes.

He pulls on GLOVES, SNAPS them and smirks when Murph jumps.

DR. PATEL (CONT'D)

Let's take a peek.

MURPH

Oh, that's okay. I just need something for the pain --

DR. PATEL

If you'll lie on your side.

Beat. Is this happening? *Oh yes it is.* He guides her down.

MURPH

Careful doc, I'm a virgin back there.

DR. PATEL

Just relax. This shouldn't hurt a bit.

Dr. Patel begins his exam - this is karma.

DR. PATEL (CONT'D)

On a scale of one to ten what would you rate your hemorrhoid pain today?

MURPH

A full nine-er.

DR. PATEL

Uh huh. I see the little guy.

(to Dr. Vanoy)

One centimeter hemorrhoid at three o'clock.

(to Murph)

Your hemorrhoid doesn't appear to be thrombosed or even inflamed.

He pulls the sheet back over her, walks around to face her.

MURPH

Yeah, it's like when you take your car to the shop and it stops making that bad sound?

DR. PATEL

It's not usually like that.

MURPH

I requested to see doctor Rosen-sen. Is he in today?

Dr. Patel and Dr. Vanoy glance at each other.

Dr. Patel takes off his gloves, sits back down on the stool.

DR. PATEL

(to Dr. Vanoy)

Mind grabbing a protein bar?

(to Murph)

Doctor *Lindsey* Rosenblatt... is no longer a physician at this hospital.

Dr. Vanoy exits. Dr. Patel smiles, puts down the CHART.

DR. PATEL (CONT'D)
Still causing trouble, huh, Murph?

MURPH
Well my ex gambled our life savings
away, so girl's gotta eat.

DR. PATEL
Wow. Your taste in men hasn't
changed.

MURPH
What about you? Marry one of those
freshmen that used to follow you
around?

DR. PATEL
Yeah.

MURPH
(laughing)
Yeah? That's... great.

He shrugs, checks his WATCH, stands up.

DR. PATEL
We're divorced.
(then)
Uh, why are you trying to get pain
pills?

MURPH
Doing a series on doctor
involvement in the opioid epidemic.
Got any thoughts on the matter?

He smiles.

DR. PATEL
A few.

MURPH
Can you talk to me about that, on
or off the record?

He checks the door, no Dr. Vanoy yet.

DR. PATEL
No, uh, not here.

MURPH
Okay...

DR. PATEL
Meet me at Watershed at five?

Murph nods as Dr. Vanoy enters, hands a bar to Murph.

DR. VANOY
(to Murph)
Here you go.

MURPH
That'll be sixty five dollars,
right?

DR. VANOY
Uh, no --

DR. PATEL
On the house.

MURPH
Thanks, doc, but I'm gonna need
something a little stronger than
this.

DR. PATEL
(to Dr. Vanoy)
I'll finish up here. Let's take
fifteen.

Dr. Vanoy nods, exits, as Patel hands Murph an INFO FLYER.

DR. PATEL (CONT'D)
You need to eat better and probably
take some fiber supplements.

Dr. Patel shakes his head, starts to leave, turns back.

DR. PATEL (CONT'D)
It's good to see you, Murph.

Then, smiling, he exits.

EXT. CHAMBLEE HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER

Murph interviews homeless man, Frank from the waiting room.

FRANK
It's like there's a whole buncha
people keeping this shit going.

He entwines his fingers for dramatic effect.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Like a whole institution... It's like, like a huge jigsaw puzzle, okay? We just gotta take away the key pieces, you know what I mean?

MURPH

Can I quote you on that, Frank?

FRANK

No way, they got files on me thick as your thighs.

MURPH

I don't think that's an expression.

Just then POLICE OFFICER DOYLE (30s, Caucasian) drags Maria around the corner.

MARIA

(Swears in Spanish)

Get your hands off me! I ain't done nothin' wrong. I was just sittin' there --

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE

Save it for the judge.

MURPH

Hey - easy!

Frank slinks away.

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE

(to Murph)

Back up!

MARIA

Oh my god, Murph! I ain't done nothing wrong! I swear --

Just then there is a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM around the corner.

Officer Doyle shoves Maria into the back of his SQUAD CAR as Murph continues to approach.

MURPH

What'd she do?

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE

Stay back unless you want to join her!

Screaming continues and Murph watches as Officer Doyle trots around the corner. We see Maria pleading to Murph behind the glass.

MURPH
(to Maria)
It's okay.

Murph follows Officer Doyle.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

There, Murph sees what happened - Dr. Raj Patel lies face down, dead on the ground in a pool of his own blood. It's clear he fell from very high. NURSE DEANNA CANNON (early 30s, Caucasian, country accent, lots of makeup) stands shrieking for help as OTHER MEDICAL PERSONNEL run toward the body.

Officer Doyle radios for backup.

Murph stands close by, stunned.

MURPH	POLICE OFFICER DOYLE
No... my god... no...	Unit six to dispatch code eight, possible dead body outside the Chamblee ER.

A small CROWD starts to form outside the hospital entrance.

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE (CONT'D)
I repeat: code eight, possible dead body outside Chamblee ER.
(to crowd)
Stay back.
(to Murph)
Move back!
(to Deanna)
Just calm down, ma'am.

Murph continues toward the body in shock.

DISPATCH (ON RADIO)
Copy that unit six, code eight, outside Chamblee ER, calling cars.

Distant sirens sound.

MURPH
(to Officer Doyle)
I just saw him. He was fine...

Murph starts looking at the hospital roof.

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE
(on radio)
Unit six to unit seven, code eight
Chamblee ER, over.

MURPH
(to Deanna)
Did he fall from the top?

OFFICER NISHIMURA (ON RADIO)
Unit seven, copy that, on my way.

Deanna continues to cry in shock.

MURPH
Someone pushed him.

Deanna's shrieking continues.

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE
(to Murph)
Step back!

MURPH
Can you radio someone to get up
there?

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE
(to Murph)
What're you doing here?

MURPH
Turning tricks. What do you think --

Murph sees HOSPITAL PERSONNEL touch the body.

MURPH (CONT'D)
They're tampering with the crime
scene! Jesus Christ!

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE
That's it!

Officer Doyle cuffs Murph as POLICE OFFICER NISHIMURA (30s,
East Asian) arrives.

MURPH
What? Hey -- Ow!

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE
Get her outta here. And start
blocking off the area.

Officer Nishimura complies with his partner's request, takes Murph by the arms and herds her to his cruiser.

MURPH
 (to Officer Doyle)
 What'd I do?

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE
 (without looking her way)
 Prostitution. Book her.

MURPH
 What?!

Nishimura hauls her to his car.

INT. POLICE CAR - LATER SAME DAY

Lights whir as Officer Nishimura gets in the driver seat.

MURPH
 Are you kidding? I couldn't get paid for a blowjob in my twenties.

NISHIMURA
 I believe that.
 (then, almost apologetic)
 Time to head in - you, uh, hungry --

MURPH
 Officer, I know that man. He just examined me.

OFFICER NISHIMURA
 Okay --

MURPH
 He was a friend. I knew him. And nobody's looking for who did this.

OFFICER NISHIMURA
 This isn't our first hoedown, okay? And word to the wise, don't ever talk back to a cop when there's a dead body lying around - that's just the fastest way to get locked up.

(softer)
 I mean, even if I wanted to let you off - and I don't - I won't, cause I gotta back up my partner.

Murph slams her head back on the seat, she's going downtown.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

We see Murph standing on the metal bed in the holding cell, her hair now in two buns like a poor man's Princess Leia, holding an imaginary microphone, singing "Mouse Love Rice" in MANDARIN. TWO ROUGH-LOOKING WOMEN sit by watching.

The jail doors slide open.

Murph jumps off the bed, hunkers down into a defensive squat.

JAILER
Marlene Murphy?

Murph loses the act, stands, looks around.

MURPH
My mom here?

JAILER
Bail got posted.

MURPH
By who?

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Murph passes the office of boss Karen on a landline phone.

Karen spots Murph.

KAREN
Hey!

Murph continues on, greeted ad-lib by several people as she walks through the small, nearly vacant City Room.

OFFICE WORKER 1
Murphy Brown, looking good!

OFFICE WORKER 2
I got a hundy and ten minutes,
what'll that get me, sugar?

MURPH
Best wet willie of your life.
(then)
Hey, Spanky.

Spanky bounds over to Murph.

SPANKY
Yo!

MURPH

Can I borrow you for a minute?

SPANKY

Only if you promise to bust me outta here. The wife's already on break.

MURPH

Deal.

SPANKY

Got you for prostitution, huh?

MURPH

Heroin and handies only. Hey, I need a favor.

SPANKY

Shoot.

KAREN (O.S.)

Murph!

Murph and Spanky continue to walk as Karen follows them.

MURPH

Did you hear something?

SPANKY

Some kind of weird bleating.

MURPH

Like a dying animal.

(then)

I need info on a doctor Raj Patel.

SPANKY

(sarcastic)

I'll just cross reference that with John Smith.

KAREN

(to Murph)

I take your presence here to mean the story's finished.

Murph continues walking.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You don't have an office here anymore. Remember? Or have you been sampling some of those drugs?

SPANKY
That's wrong.

Karen shoots her a butt-out look.

MURPH
(to Spanky)
He's head of the Chamblee ER. Died
yesterday afternoon. From Tampa.

SPANKY
On it.

Spanky exits.

KAREN
No.

Murph ignores Karen without breaking stride.

KAREN (CONT'D)
I'm serious - stay away from
whatever that is. I'm not bailing
you outta jail again.

Murph pauses, checks Karen out.

MURPH
Karen, you go to a funeral today?

KAREN
No, why?

MURPH
When'd you start shopping at J.
Jill? Is this because I left?

Murph continues to the Copy Room.

KAREN
I want my story. Tell me it's
finished.

INT. COPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's a bare room with piles of paper and office accessories lying around. On the walls are a couple blow-ups of Murph's column, written under the byline 'Julia Sugarbaker.'

Murph types on a dilapidated laptop.

KAREN
Murph --

MURPH

Is the snack machine still broken?
I could use some of that vintage
popcorn.

KAREN

Marlene!

Murph looks around.

MURPH

Toit?

(then)

Hey, can you pay me today?

KAREN

When you send me your piece --

Murph hits a send button hard several times for affect.

MURPH

You've got mail, KK.

KAREN

Don't call me that. I need you to
check out another Fentanyl leak,
cut with cocaine - Spanky's working
on the source address.

Murph starts to pack up, putting office supplies in her bag.

MURPH

I will. But first I gotta look into
something.

Karen stops her from taking a STAPLER, slams it down.

KAREN

I know you don't mean some dead guy
you barely knew. I know you don't
because that's not your beat.

MURPH

Crime's not my beat?

KAREN

No, you're on a grant to spotlight
the opioid epidemic. Period.

Murph starts to leave.

MURPH

You know I can't resist a corpse.

KAREN
That leak killed *seventeen* people.

MURPH
I can do two things at once you
know. You've seen me drink gin and
dance.

Murph does a sexy dance toward her that's anything but sexy.

KAREN
Stop that. I'm serious. And here -
I want you to go see Sheila Downs.
She's a therapist who --

Karen hands Murph a card, Murph recoils, doesn't take it.

MURPH
I'm good.

Murph starts to exit.

KAREN
Don't make me regret helping you. I
want progress notes by Tuesday.

MURPH
Right. C U Next Tuesday.

Beat. Karen points a threatening finger at her, she knows
what Murph did there.

EXT. ATLANTA STREET - DAY

Murph parks in a neighborhood street, gets out of her car.

MURPH (V.O.)
You want to know where to get
drugs? Start with the addicts.

EXT. PIEDMONT PARK - DAY

Murph finds Ronnie on his favorite bench, still high.

MURPH
How bout those Hawks?

RONNIE
Breaking my heart.

MURPH
Speaking of, where's Maria?

Ronnie shrugs.

MURPH (CONT'D)
You got something for me?

RONNIE
You got something for *me*?

Murph pulls out a package of TWIZZLERS.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Tsk. Man, get outta here.

Beat. This is some bullshit, but he does love sugar.

Ronnie snatches the Twizzlers.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
People are saying it's coming from
corporate America yo.

MURPH
Okay...

RONNIE
Like Bruce Wayne is dropping it off
his private jet all free and clear.

Ronnie does a hand gesture/mouth sound like a BOMB DROPPING.

MURPH
I don't speak dubstep.

RONNIE
Like it's a pharmaceutical company
or something selling it for a eight
hundred percent mark-up on the
streets.

MURPH
A company's dealing?

RONNIE
I seen their white van, corporate
legit and shit.

MURPH
See a logo?

RONNIE
You need to like hypnotize me or
something for me to remember.

MURPH

Where?

RONNIE

Gurl, I don't know. I was trippin'.

MURPH

There's no way they can make more money on the streets than in a clinic.

RONNIE

World's gone crazy, gurl.

INT. SPANKY'S OFFICE - DAY

INSERT - ONLINE ARTICLE: RAJ PATEL ELECTED PRESIDENT AMERICAN COLLEGE OF EMERGENCY PHYSICIANS

A photo of Dr. Raj Patel; a headshot. Hands pull up another article. Next article: a social page spread on the wedding of Raj and Sarika Patel. ("RAJESH PATEL WED TO SARIKA LEW.")

SPANKY (V.O.)

He and the ex moved here from Chicago when he finished residency. Got two kids... Stop that!

We see Spanky and Murph crammed into Spanky's cubicle, looking at her laptop, Murph eats CHICKEN WINGS while Spanky drinks a BIG GREEN JUICE. A DRONE sits on the desk. Murph flicks the propellers, Spanky swats her.

SPANKY

You doing a story on this guy?

MURPH

(shrugs)

Dig up anything juicy? Chat room transcripts? Dick pics?

SPANKY

They're pretty boring.

MURPH

Can we find out if he was being treated for depression?

SPANKY

(sarcastic)

I'll just order up a toxicology report from the Atlanta PD.

MURPH
So, that's a 'no'?

SPANKY
Here's his obituary. Hey - "Dr. Patel's mother will be receiving mourners Friday afternoon." Think she knows who wanted him dead?

MURPH
Only one way to find out.

INT. KITCHEN OF HETAL PATEL - NEXT DAY

A small gathering of MOURNERS, dressed in typical funeral attire, mill about over dozens of casseroles, jugs of sweet tea and mountains of bread. SARIKA PATEL (Mixed race, 30s) speaks to Raj's Mother, HETAL PATEL (60s, Indian).

MURPH (V.O.)
Maybe Raj had a death wish I didn't know about. While I waited for Spanky to get me the Fentanyl leak address, I figured I'd see what his ex had to say on the matter.

Murph, dressed as a suburban mom with capris and a neat bob, walks into the kitchen, notices a display of photos where we see a framed WEDDING PHOTO of Raj and Sarika among others.

Murph gets a plate and begins loading it with food. TWO TEEN MOURNERS gossip nearby.

MURPH
Where's the beef?

A TEEN MOURNER gives Murph side eye.

Murph walks her plate around the room, eating as she goes.

Murph passes by nurse Deanna Cannon who has clearly been crying and TOM MILFORD (30s, Caucasian, burly) whispering.

TOM MILFORD
Alright. Let's go.

DEANNA
Not yet.

A NOSY MOURNER stops Murph.

NOSY MOURNER
How did you know Raj?

MURPH
(bad Norwegian accent)
Yas! Is good!

Murph smiles at her, bites a biscuit and toddles off.

Murph spots Sarika chatting with a FEMALE FRIEND. Murph plants herself just around the corner and listens to them.

SARIKA
(extremely upset)
If she tries to give me one more thing to eat, I'm gonna...

FEMALE FRIEND
I'll try to keep her away.

SARIKA
His meetings keep popping up on my phone - how the hell do I turn that off?

Sarika starts to cry.

FEMALE FRIEND
Oh, honey.

Sarika laughs/cries fighting back tears. Murph spots a PURSE on a wet bar and walks toward it.

Murph casually fingers through the purse, finds the PHONE, clicks and sees a screensaver of Sarika and her kids. She pockets the phone, eases away, making sure no one saw her.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Murph slides into a guest bedroom and starts scrolling.

Murph opens the phone's CALENDAR and sees "RAJ WORK MEETING" written in a red box on their synced calendar and "DISNEY" highlighted in green underneath.

Murph takes photos of the calendar with her phone.

Hetal Patel walks in on Murph.

Murph hides the phones behind her back.

HETAL PATEL
What are you doing?

MURPH

Oh! So embarrassing. The kids just FaceTimed to ask me where I hid the Thin Mints.

Murph fake laughs.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Can't a mom get a minute alone?

HETAL PATEL

You have Sarika's phone!

Murph holds out the two phones.

MURPH

(sotto)

Oh this? No no no no. I was just using it to call my phone --

HETAL PATEL

No! Someone call the police!

Murph runs, unlocks the bedroom window, and rolls out, but not before Hetal grabs onto her shirt, ripping it.

INT. MURPH'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

Murph drives home through a low-rent area of Atlanta.

INT. MURPH'S APARTMENT - LATER

Murph enters her shabby apartment. There's not much on the walls in the messy studio. It's a post divorce apartment full of takeout boxes and missing furniture. She grabs a nearly empty wine bottle from the fridge and, after a sniff check, pours the contents into a SOLO CUP.

MURPH (V.O.)

I knew I should get out to where the Fentanyl hit the streets, but I needed a new shirt and a drink.

Murph sucks down some of the wine. She finally opens a DRAWER, shuffles through some OLD PHOTOS until she finds one of RAJ and her from college, arms around each other, wearing silly COSTUME GLASSES looking young and happy.

Murph lays the photo on her coffee table.

She slumps down on the couch, plucks a nearby UKULELE to the tune of Queen's "Under Pressure."

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. DARK GRUNGY BAR - NIGHT

Halloween 2002. A karaoke version of "Under Pressure" plays and we see a female silhouette on a dark stage, we see FLASHES of Young Murph, starting with her big shit-kicker BOOTS and moving up her body and then we hear her caterwauling the lyrics.

We see Young Murph's face, looking like Joan Jett with badass black hair, heavy makeup. Murph finishes singing and we see no one in the thin crowd paying much attention.

DJ (O.S.)
Give Joan Jett some love, Emoroids!

A couple people clap halfheartedly.

DJ (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Next up we got Waldo bout to do
some "Rapper's Delight" on y'all!

Murph leaves stage, looking around, searching for someone.

EXT. DARK GRUNGY BAR - CONTINUOUS

She walks outside and sees her BOYFRIEND dressed like Marty McFly, making out with a SEXY WITCH against a brick wall.

MURPH
(sotto)
The hell? Tommy?

Murph spots his WALLET sticking out of his jeans.

Murph bumps Boyfriend hard.

BOYFRIEND
(very drunk)
Oh, hey, hey, what's up --

Murph storms back in the bar, splays open the wallet she stole from him - we see his LICENSE and CASH. Murph orders and slams shots, gets two beers, leaves all the cash.

Murph drops the wallet on the ground as she walks to the dart board, drunker now. She grabs darts off the board when Young Raj Patel, dressed as Wayne from "Wayne's World," walks up.

YOUNG RAJ PATEL
Kiss called - they want their style
back.

Murph sticks her tongue out at him like Gene Simmons.

YOUNG MURPH
Hey, it's the guy who got me a C in
Chemistry.

She leans in for a hug, lingers a beat too long.

YOUNG MURPH (CONT'D)
Where're your little groupies?

YOUNG RAJ PATEL
Going to some club. You good?

YOUNG MURPH
Grrrreat.

Murph hands him one of her beers.

YOUNG RAJ PATEL
Want me to call you a cab?

MURPH
How about...a *bullseye* for a
bullseye?

Murph holds up a dart.

Just then a SEXY BLONDE GARTH runs up, tugs Raj's hand.

SEXY BLONDE GARTH
Everybody's leaving.

YOUNG RAJ PATEL
(to Sexy Blonde)
Okay.

Sexy Blonde Garth trots off.

Murph throws a dart and it hits the bullseye.

YOUNG RAJ PATEL (CONT'D)
Man, your timing sucks.

YOUNG MURPH
It also swallows.

She does a big unsexy WINK, rocking on her feet.

He exits, smiling and shaking his head.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. BUDDY'S CONVENIENCE STORE - NEXT DAY

Wheels screech as Murph pulls into a convenience store parking lot, talking on the PHONE.

MURPH

Spanky, you sure this is the place?
It's just a crappy convenience
store. Okay, hey, you got a hazmat
suit I can borrow?

INT. MURPH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Murph stops the car, spots two POLICE CRUISERS parked by the side of the store. She hunkers down and watches as Police Officers Doyle and Nishimura talk in their cars.

MURPH

Can you look into two cops for me -
license plates Bugle Uncle Groot
thirteen seventy five and Bugle
Uncle Zed thirty three fifty four.

Officer Doyle drives off. Officer Nishimura starts toward the store, checking his notes, as Murph gets out of her car and crosses toward him.

MURPH (CONT'D)

(transatlantic accent)
Of all the smack joints in all the
world, he had to walk into mine.

Beat. He recognizes her, smiles and shakes his head.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

(flirting)
Ingrid Bergman, you like to go
where the trouble is, huh?

MURPH

(flirting back)
Can't blame a girl for looking for
a little action now can you?

Beat. There's chemistry between these two, but he's a pro.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

I'm busy, so if you need a ride
downtown, call a Lyft.

He enters the store, she follows.

INT. BUDDY'S CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

A STORE CLERK works behind the register.

MURPH

Had a friend who got some bad drugs
that came outta here --

OFFICER NISHIMURA

So you're a private dick now?

MURPH

Public Dick. It's also my band
name.

(to clerk)

Two scratchers. Surprise me. And
this.

Murph puts a pack of CERTS on the counter.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

(to clerk)

What's the word on Nasser?

STORE CLERK

Never woke up. Died two days ago.

MURPH

(to Nishimura)

Nasser the owner?

Nishimura exits as Murph pays and scrambles to follow,
pulling out her NOTEBOOK to write Nasser's name down.

EXT. BUDDY'S CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

OFFICER NISHIMURA

No, nose. Just worked the
graveyard shift. He was in a coma,
OD'ed not long after we got a tip
this place was the source.

MURPH

Convenient.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

Yeah.

MURPH

It's hard to get good shit these days.

Nishimura wheels around to face her, this is serious.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

Stay away from this junk. It's ten times as strong as heroin and it's all over the place right now.

MURPH

Why you think?

OFFICER NISHIMURA

(shrugs)

Some cartel smuggles it in? It comes and goes, but lately it's everywhere. Like...

MURPH

Like...

OFFICER NISHIMURA

It's too easy.

Nishimura puts on his sunglasses, crosses to his car.

OFFICER NISHIMURA (CONT'D)

Stay clean, Ingrid.

INT. CHAMBLEE HOSPITAL ER RECEPTION - LATER SAME DAY

Murph, wearing a hard hat, hazmat-type jumpsuit, gloves and a paper mask under her chin, carries a pesticide CANISTER and large WORK BAG as she walks by reception to the back offices.

MURPH (V.O.)

There was something that kept bugging me about Raj's death. Since he was head of the ER, I figured he had an office.

A receptionist, DONNA (60s) stops her.

DONNA

Excuse me, can I help you?

MURPH

Not unless you got a can of ten eighty two or a gas mask on you.

Murph laughs.

DONNA
I'm sorry?

MURPH
Shieldbugs. They're all over the
Southeast.

Donna shakes her head, confused.

MURPH (CONT'D)
Got a call from upper admin saying
the VP requested an immediate back
office fumigation for shieldbugs.

DONNA
Nobody called me--

MURPH
'Parently some staffer travelled to
an exotic such and so recently?

DONNA
Two girls just got back from Cancun
--

Murph continues to the offices.

MURPH
Well, they may have brought back
some nasty little friends with
them. Ei carumba! It'll take me
'bout five minutes per office to
wipe 'em out.

DONNA
I'm sorry but our department head's
at lunch --

MURPH
Look, uh...

DONNA
Donna.

MURPH
Truth is, if I gotta wait ten
minutes, my day's shot. You seen
the traffic out there?

Murph, looks at her clipboard, starts to exit.

MURPH (CONT'D)
Tell 'em I can't be back over this
way for another week.
(MORE)

MURPH (CONT'D)

But make sure you put plastic over everything in the offices they touched, bag up any cloth items, and don't touch anything 'til I get back here. And get those admin on a strict regimen of Selsun Blue scalp lotion to kill the mites and eggs 'til they can get to a tropical disease specialist --

DONNA

Okay, wait, wait, just go ahead and get started. I'll send Dr. Jacobs back to see you when he gets here.

MURPH

Great. Tell him to glove up first... Oh, about when will he be here? He's gotta fill out some paperwork before I can scoot.

DONNA

Just about fifteen minutes or so.

MURPH

Perfect. Thanks, Donna.

INT. CHAMBLEE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Murph heads back into the ER offices walking slowly at first then racing for time. She spots Dr. Patel's placard and enters his office.

INT. DR. PATEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Murph drops her canister and bag, pulls off her mask and quickly searches his desk, picks up loose cords on the desk, but there's no computer.

She rifles through his files, pockets a SMALL NOTEBOOK.

She sits in his chair. Opens his desk drawers, nothing.

Murph pauses, leans back in his chair, looks around like Patel might have. She spots a row of BOOKS on a file cabinet.

Murph crosses, examines the books - they're fake and contain several notebooks, a calendar, etc.

Murph flips in the calendar and sees the date - two days before Patel died.

MURPH
 (reading)
 Ran out of anesthesia during
 cardiac arrest. Consult ordering
 nurse before leaving town. Cross-
 reference pharmacy orders...

Murph takes a picture when a FEMALE ADMIN (60s) enters.

ADMINISTRATOR
 What's going on?

Beat - what will Murph say now?

ADMINISTRATOR (CONT'D)
 No one's supposed to be in here --

Murph holds up a gloved hand for 'stop.'

MURPH
 Don't touch anything! I'm Agent
 Starling from the Georgia Better
 Bureau of Investigations.

Murph snaps the calendar she was reading shut.

ADMINISTRATOR
 GBI?

Murph flashes an insurance card from her wallet, continues
 poking items on Patel's desk during this next part.

MURPH
 GGBI. We're an offshoot of the
 bureau. We investigate medical
 fraud specifically.

ADMINISTRATOR
 Oh --

MURPH
 Are Donna or Dr. Jacobs here yet?

ADMINISTRATOR
 No --

Murph SIGHS, shakes her head, and guides the Administrator
 out into the hallway.

MURPH
 What's taking them so long?! I've
 got to get back to the capital.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Murph looks around as they walk out into the hallway.

MURPH
(conspiratorial)
Look, you didn't touch anything,
right?

Administrator shakes her head 'no.'

MURPH (CONT'D)
So you're fine. This is a highly
sensitive matter. We've just
learned that Dr. Patel may have
been aiding Dr. Lecter in his
investigation of Buffalo Bill --
and I honestly can't say any more.

Murph gives her a knowing look until the woman starts to nod.

Murph nods vigorously in response.

ADMINISTRATOR
Sure...

MURPH
Discretion is of the utmost
importance during this critical
time.

Murph nods again and the Administrator finally nods in
response, completely confused.

MURPH
Oh, where's the hospital pharmacy?

ADMINISTRATOR
Outside Building Two, around the
corner.

Murph salutes in dismissal.

The administrator gives a weak wave and exits down the hall.

INT. DR. PATEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Murph darts back into the office, grabs her canister and bag.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Murph sheds her hazmat suit and gloves, stuffs them and the canister in a LARGE TRASHCAN. Murph puts on a LABCOAT as she hustles down the hallway. She spots a lone CRUTCH propped on a chair and grabs it and then heads into the stairwell.

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Murph opens her WORK BAG and pulls out a WIG CAP and a short RED WIG.

INT. PHARMACY - MINUTES LATER

Murph limps into the pharmacy leaning on her new crutch. A PHARMACIST (late 20s, purple hair) works behind the counter.

MURPH
(German accent)
Hi there. I'm Dr. Kerry Weaver.

Beat.

PHARMACIST
(unimpressed)
Yeah?

MURPH
I'm on furlough doing some
streamlining of ze emergency room
department's ordering.

Beat.

MURPH (CONT'D)
I've got to get zis place
systematized, you know, especially
now zat Dr. Patel is... gone.

Beat.

PHARMACIST
Okay.

MURPH
Yah, so I know he talked to you
about some issues with a shortage?

Beat.

A PATIENT enters.

MURPH (CONT'D)

And I'm going to need you to give me ze same information zat you gave him... About ze... anesthesia?

The Pharmacist walks over to a nearby counter, picks up a package and hands it to the patient.

PATIENT

Thanks.

PHARMACIST

Look, I told him, hey, sorry you ran out. Your nurse ordered the same amount she always does - so talk to her.

MURPH

And she did order more, of course.

Pharmacist clicks away on her computer, looking up the order.

PHARMACIST

Yeah, she put in a couple bigger orders, due same time this week. Looks like - wow - yeah she ordered about four times as much. So you probably won't run out again.

MURPH

Vhen vill zos orders arrive... before or after ze lunch?

The Pharmacist looks at her computer.

PHARMACIST

Wednesday and Friday, two o'clock.

MURPH

Right. So before my lunch. I eat very very late. It's a German thing, intermittent fasting. And ze orders will come here?

PHARMACIST

(annoyed)

No, through the warehouse. We don't touch 'em.

Another PATIENT walks in.

MURPH

Do you guys check on ze amounts of medications used every week by ze ER?

PHARMACIST

(over it)

No. Look, you need to ask her about all this. That's her job.

MURPH

Right. Of course. Thank you for ze help.

(starts to exit)

Oh god! I hate to ask zis because I met her once and it's super awkward now, but I never know how to pronounce her name...Ze ordering nurse... It's uh pronounce... Bbuu--

Murph mimes a woman's body awkwardly.

PHARMACIST

Deanna.

MURPH

Right. It's Dee-anna. Not Die-ana. So close. Okay.

The pharmacist stares, she doesn't give a crap.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Danka!

Murph exits.

EXT. PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

Murph speed walks and makes a phone call.

MURPH

Spank - I need an ID and plates on an ER nurse - Deanna something.

EXT./INT. MURPH'S CAR - LATER SAME DAY

Murph sits in her car, watching a nearby older-model WHITE FORD SEDAN when Deanna Cannon, who we saw by Dr. Patel's dead body, walks toward the car, talking on her CELLPHONE.

DEANNA
 (thick southern accent)
 Naw girl I ain't lying, he was
 swinging from the rafters. Took
 three guys to hold his ass down.

INSERT - NURSING HEADSHOT OF DEANNA CANNON

A picture of Deanna on Murph's phone.

Deanna, in the car now, drives out of the lot.

Murph drives, following her car, talking on speaker phone.

MURPH
 Yup, same woman who was outside by
 Raj's body right after he fell.

SPANKY (V.O.)
 Sus!

MURPH
 She was right there screaming her
 head off.

SPANKY (V.O.)
 It couldn't be her that killed him.

MURPH
 (thinking it though)
 But it's convenient, right? He was
 looking into her anesthesia
 ordering - she made some mistake -
 he scheduled a meeting with her on
 his off day, and then she's right
 there wailing when he dies?
 (then)
 See what else you can find on her.

SPANKY (V.O.)
 K.

INT./EXT. MURPH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

In the car, Murph follows Deanna to a ritzy neighborhood.

Deanna parks her car in front of a townhouse and enters.

MURPH
 Damn - I can't afford gas stations
 around here. I'm gonna sit on her
 for a bit.

(MORE)

MURPH (CONT'D)

See what else you can find. And
bring me a Jimmy Johns and a
Sprite.

SPANKY (V.O.)

Yeah... no.

EXT./INT. MURPH'S CAR - NIGHT

About to doze off, Murph sees the garage of Deanna's
townhouse open and a BRIGHT PINK CONVERTIBLE MASERATI rolls
backward down her driveway, past the faded white sedan she
drove away from the hospital.

Murph starts her car, follows.

EXT. FANCY RESTAURANT - LATER SAME NIGHT

Deanna exits her Maserati, in a short, too-tight, cocktail
dress, and enters an upscale restaurant.

Murph takes pictures with her cell phone.

MURPH

Nurse Barbie got herself a dream
car. What...

Murph watches as Deanna meets Tom Milford.

MURPH (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

...in the H E double hockey
sticks?!

INT. STRIP CLUB/GAME BAR - LATER SAME NIGHT

Murph, on the edge of her stool, eats a huge slice of pizza
as Spanky plays MS PAC-MAN.

MURPH

(mouth full of food)
Go go goooo!

Spanky wins her game, karate chops the air.

SPANKY

Hiiiiii-ya!

She blows the tops of her karate hands as if they're candles.

MURPH

Think you got into the wrong line
of work.

Spanky leans against the game, sips her beer.

SPANKY

She made about forty grand last
year. Files as single.

MURPH

Who's the big guy? Sugar daddy?

Spanky pulls a GIANT CELLPHONE out of her pocket and scrolls.

MURPH (CONT'D)

She doesn't seem like she came from
money.

SPANKY

Nah. She grew up in Immokalee,
Florida.

MURPH

Now you're just making stuff up.

Spanky offers Murph a DART. Murph takes it, doesn't throw.

MURPH (CONT'D)

I'm trying to quit.

We see a CURVY NUN with smeared makeup enter the nearby STAGE
and start burlesque dancing, shedding clothing. We see her
performing from here on.

SPANKY

(off the Nun)

Maybe she's an escort!

MURPH

She's not that cute.

SPANKY

I don't think the looks part gets
you that cheddar.

Spanky points toward her crotch.

MURPH

Snatchly Judd isn't bringing in
that kind of dough.

Spanky clinks Murph's BEER with her own. They take a sip.

SPANKY

I gotta ask - why don't you write under your own byline anymore?

MURPH

You been looking me up?

Spanky shrugs, puts her phone away.

SPANKY

I read some stuff.

MURPH

Right after my ex OD-ed the first time, I went to one of Corbel Pharmaceuticals' conferences. One of those where they tell doctors how great the latest opioid is and ply them full of booze...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Murph dressed upscale with GLASSES and a CONFERENCE BADGE, like a physician, sits drinking liquor, chatting up a PHARMA REP DOCTOR (cheesy fast-talker).

SPANKY (V.O.)

Back when you were doing that exposé on them?

MURPH (V.O.)

Yeah. I shouldn't have gone.

PHARMA REP DOCTOR

Just what the doctor ordered.

Pharma Rep Doctor laughs, hands Murph a SHOT, they down them.

MURPH

So Laprocet is *less* addictive because --

PHARMA REP DOCTOR

Oh no, it's *not* addictive because our slow release coating prevents addiction and allows for pain management that's unparalleled.

Murph hiccups, seems visibly drunk by now. The Pharma Rep Doctor signs the check and looks at his watch.

MURPH

What if the patient scratches the coating off the pill? Then they have a hundred twenty milligrams of an opioid, right?

PHARMA REP DOCTOR

(laughs this off)

Great question - come to my talk, see what our researchers found. Blow your mind. Starts in five.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

We see Murph stumble alongside the Pharma Rep Doctor.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Murph sits in a small conference room full of PHYSICIANS.

The Pharma Rep Doctor from the bar speaks as charts and graphs on his new opioid LAPROCET run on a screen behind him.

Murph sits sweating, looking around the room, angry.

She stands in a haze, starts toward the front of the room.

It's clear she's had too much to drink at this point.

Murph grabs the mic and begins to rant at the physicians in the room until we see her VOMIT in SLOW MOTION toward the front row.

END FLASHBACK

Spanky stares at Murph a beat.

MURPH

After I got out of jail, we'd lost a couple advertisers so Karen and I agreed a pen name was probably for the best.

SPANKY

Why does she put up with all your... I mean if I pulled any of your crap I'd be jobless and the wife would kill me.

MURPH

I think we've done enough sharing.

Murph puts her nearly full beer glass down, lays some cash on the wooden table, sticks the dart into the money.

SPANKY

Hey - maybe the dealership lets Deanna lease?

MURPH

Maybe they'll give me a deal.

SPANKY

If you ask *real* nice.

MURPH

How do really rich people act?

Spanky picks up a GIANT SLICE OF PIZZA, brings up it toward her mouth.

SPANKY

They never let people finish their--

MURPH

Food. Got it.

INT. MASERATI DEALER - NEXT DAY

A CAR SALESMAN opens his mouth to bite a GIANT HOAGIE when we hear a loud, obnoxious woman.

MURPH (O.S.)

(Jersey accent)

Oh my god! You don't have any?

Where are they?!

We see Murph, dressed to the nines, big earrings and a headscarf, stomping around the showroom in high heels like Fran, The Nanny, inspecting the cars from this point on.

CAR SALESMAN

Well, miss --

MURPH

Litman, Janice.

CAR SALESMAN

Ms. Litman. What are you looking --

MURPH

Where are the pink ones?

CAR SALESMAN

Pink?

MURPH
Hot pink SS niner three series?

CAR SALESMAN
What was that --

MURPH
My girl, Deanna Cannon - she got one - so-hot hot pink and now I gotta get one just like her. But better.

CAR SALESMAN
Deanna --

MURPH
Cannon. Cutest thing I ever saw. My father said I could get one just like her. And I want mine with gold everything accents.

CAR SALESMAN
Gold --

MURPH
Everything accents.

Beat.

MURPH (CONT'D)
Like Deanna's. But better.

CAR SALESMAN
Uh, okay. Will you be paying in cash as well?

MURPH
Yeah. Of course. My dad's a VP at Coke so it's whatever.
(beat)
But I mean not today. I probably didn't bring enough? Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Of course she paid cash. Was her boyfriend with her too, tall, looks like Hulk Hogan?

CAR SALESMAN
Oh, I --

MURPH
I'll take this one for a spin, hon.

INT. MASERATI - MINUTES LATER

Murph starts the car, puts her sunglasses on, checking her makeup in the rearview, begins driving terribly and pokes various buttons from here on.

CAR SALESMAN

Have you driven a --

MURPH

Oh yeah, like all the time, once a month or so I drive my Benz, but mostly I take a car if I'm bein' honest 'cause ew.

CAR SALESMAN

You can take Dekalb Industrial to eighty five --

MURPH

Oh no, I prefer the lot.

We REVEAL Murph driving fast and jerky around the car lot.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Is a Mazzy more impressive than a Lambo though? I'm just not sure...

CAR SALESMAN

Absolutely it is, if you look --

Murph nearly whacks a nearby car.

CAR SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Whoa!

Murph slams brakes and begins backing up.

MURPH

So, anyway, you were saying Deanna was here with her boyfriend. And he like approved of *this* model.

CAR SALESMAN

Uh, yes, Mr. Milford was a huge fan of the --

MURPH

Mister? Eww.

Murph nearly sideswipes a car.

CAR SALESMAN

Watch out!

MURPH

Oh girl, no, mistake! I only date
doctors 'cause job security.

Murph's gotten the info she needs, acts like she got a text.

CAR SALESMAN

Miss, you can't be --

Murph speeds back to the dealership building with the stealth
of a race car driver now. Car salesman grips the dash.

MURPH

Oh my god! I gotta get my poor
doggie from daycare. Hercules -
hang on, mommy's coming!

(then)

I'll be back for my car next week
like Friday. And I want pink like
Deanna's!

Murph starts to exit the car.

CAR SALESMAN

But better.

MURPH

I like you. And I want you to like
rush order it overnight or whatever
for me. K? Byeee!

Murph runs off in her heels, nearly falling over.

EXT. LAUGHING SKULL LOUNGE - SAME DAY

The Laughing Skull Comedy Club sits in the heart of Atlanta
with a giant red and white skull door. Murph enters.

MURPH (V.O.)

I wanted to keep looking into Raj's
death, but I needed to get back on
the Fentanyl. In 2017, seventy two
thousand people died in the US from
opioid overdoses. This stuff
doesn't care what color you are or
what your daddy does. And it hits
the whit-ies particularly hard. I
should know, my ex OD-ed twice.

INT. LAUGHING SKULL COMEDY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Murph walks into a dark club. Black cocktail tables and chairs fill the room. One of the owners, TAD, a sassy gay man (50s) and the other owner, Murph's handsome-but-rode-hard ex, BEN (late 30s) sit at a table drinking. ALLIE (late 20s), dressed in skimpy shorts and tank top, stands nearby.

TAD
Look what the cat dragged in.

MURPH
(re: Allie)
Think she already hacked up a
hairball in here.

Tad paws the air.

TAD
Ew! Hissss.

ALLIE
I'll cut you, bitch!

Allie starts toward Murph, Ben jumps up to stop her.

Ben WHISPERS in Allie's ear, squeezes her arm gently.

Allie doesn't want to hear it, stares daggers at Murph.

ALLIE (CONT'D)
(to Ben)
Fine.

Allie plants a kiss on Ben and storms out, bumping Murph's shoulder hard on the way.

MURPH
She looks fat, she retaining water?

Tad laughs, Ben takes a puff on his e-cigarette.

BEN
(amused)
No, pregnant.

This stuns Murph. For the first time, she doesn't speak.

BEN (CONT'D)
I'm kidding. Lay off her.

MURPH
As I recall, we were man and wife
when you starting laying on her.

Tad stands up.

TAD
And with that, he excused himself
from the awkward conversation...

BEN
Grab us two jack and cokes?

MURPH
I'm not staying.

Tad checks his watch.

TAD
Ten minutes til doors.
(then)
Oh! I need to go put my wig hat on!

Tad kisses Murph's cheek, starts to exit. Murph squeezes his
butt before he gets away. Tad SQUEALS with delight.

MURPH
Still got it.

TAD
Oh stop that! No - keep going, you
bad girl!

Tad waves at Murph and saunters out.

Murph sits by Ben. The attraction between them palpable.

MURPH
Pregnant?

Ben finishes his drink.

BEN
I got the snip so...

MURPH
How'd you pay for that?

He takes another puff on his e-cig, stands up and starts
toward the sound booth. She's hit a nerve.

BEN
What do you want, Marlene?

Murph sips Tad's leftover drink, gets up to follow Ben.

MURPH
I'm looking for information on the
latest Fentanyl leak. Cut with coke
this time.

BEN

And...

MURPH

Thought you mighta heard something.

Ben runs a test on the sound booth, avoiding Murph.

BEN

It's good to see you're working
hard as ever.

Now he's hit a nerve.

MURPH

I always know when you're using.
Those late night texts... pervy
stuff.

Then he steps toward her, up close and personal.

BEN

Say the word and I'm back.

(then)

And I'm done with all that. Been on
methadone maintenance five months.

Murph backs up, slow CLAPPING.

MURPH

I'm convinced.

BEN

You should go before Allie gets
back. I enjoy a good cat fight, but
this is still my club.

MURPH

Right, and you owe me. But I'll
take a name for now.

Beat. Ben shrugs.

BEN

Guy comes here saying he's getting
junk regular, easy money. Sometimes
they throw in hard stuff.

MURPH

Where?

BEN

I don't know. Name's... uh,
Masters. No. Um, Nasser. I think.

MURPH
(remembering)
Nasser --

Murph pulls out her notepad, thumbs through.

MURPH (CONT'D)
Works at a mini mart?

BEN
(shrugs)
He just pushes the stuff. But he's
a talker, sometimes he brings
leftovers...

Ben avoids her look, she knows he means he's used some.

MURPH
Anything else?

BEN
He said there's a doctor involved --

MURPH
Patel? Raj Patel?

BEN
No, uh, Rose-something. Jewish.

MURPH
A woman?

Ben nods.

Murph finds her name in her notepad.

MURPH (CONT'D)
Lindsey Rosenblatt?

BEN
Yeah maybe. Somehow she gets the
stuff clean. He was bragging about
how it was almost legal.

Murph closes her notebook.

MURPH
Too bad he's dead now.

BEN
What?

MURPH
OD-ed a few days ago.
(then)
Keep, uh, doing what you're doing.
I mean it. I'm... happy for you.

Murph touches Ben's cheek and exits.

EXT. FANCY HOUSE - NIGHT

A large fancy house sits completely dark.

MURPH (V.O.)
Spanky got me Dr. Lindsey
Rosenblatt's address. So, I decided
to make a house call and invested
in twelve dollars worth of silicon
that would make Octomom proud.

Murph gets out of her car wearing a dress over a large
PREGNANT BELLY, carrying a BABY GIFT BAG.

Murph knocks on the door, waits, rings the doorbell
repeatedly. She listens at the door, no one answers.

Murph looks around, sees no one, walks around the house.

Murph walks to the back door, tries the handle. Locked.

She pulls out a LOCK KIT, pops the lock, slips inside.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Murph snoops around, opens the fridge, it's empty. She bumps
into a lamp at one point and steps on a CAT TOY that SQUEAKS.

MURPH
Here kitty kitty kitty.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Murph enters the bedroom, she sees boxes packed up and
labelled. She peeks in her bathroom and sees a similar scene -
it looks like someone's moving in or moving out.

INT. HOME OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Murph finds her home office and starts rummaging in her desk.

Murph opens a drawer and sees photos of Lindsey Rosenblatt with various OLDER MEN, one standing by a small plane.

Murph finds a manilla envelope and opens it. There she finds long-range shots of Raj Patel. Murph takes pictures of them with her phone when she hears a NOISE.

Murph puts the photos back and searches for a way out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Murph hears a DOOR CREAK and slides into a bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Murph splashes water on her face then grabs a wad of toilet paper.

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Murph descends, blowing her nose and sees an OLDER MAN (60s) carrying a FLASHLIGHT.

OLDER MAN
(thick southern accent)
Stop right there - I already called
the cops.

Murph stops in her tracks and SHRIEKS when she sees he's holding a GUN. She slides down so she's sitting on her bottom and boohoos loudly while rubbing her belly.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)
What the -- uh, what are you doin'
in here?

MURPH
They're having an affair!

Murph boohoos some more.

OLDER MAN
You shouldn't be in here!

Murph lumbers to get up, hands in the air. Murph sees the man stands near an open LINEN CLOSET.

MURPH
He said he was just going to work
conferences, but I know he's been
coming here to see her!

OLDER MAN
What in the heck --

 MURPH
I'll kill her! I will!

Beat.

 OLDER MAN
Doubt that.

 MURPH
What?

 OLDER MAN
Lady who owned this place is dead.
 (then)
And I know all about you gypsies
making up a bunch a bull, trying to
rob folks blind.

Closer to the man, Murph takes the chance to slam the linen closet door, shutting him inside. She locks the door just before a GUNSHOT blasts by the knob.

EXT. FANCY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Murph hauls ass to her car, baby belly bouncing.

INT. MURPH'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Murph talks to Spanky on speaker phone. Struggles to pull her prop belly out from under her dress as she drives.

 MURPH
See if you can find her death
certificate --

Murph hears a GUNSHOT and her REAR WINDSHIELD shatters.

 SPANKY (V.O.)
What was that?

 MURPH
UH...FLASH MOB!?!

Murph floors it.

INT. MURPH'S CAR - LATER SAME NIGHT

Murph finds Patel's notebook.

MURPH (READING)
 Okay - LR meeting, another LR
 meeting... LR meeting, her place
 re: ACEP trip.

SPANKY (V.O.)
 What's that mean?

MURPH
 I'll call you back.

EXT. DOCTOR PATEL'S EX-WIFE'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY

Sarika Patel gardening. We see Murph wearing a business suit
 and Clark Kent glasses. Sarika stops what she's doing.

MURPH
 Mrs. Patel --

SARIKA
 It's Leon now.

MURPH
 (nods)
 I'm Betty Friedan.

SARIKA
 Like the activist?

MURPH
 Freedan with an "ee" but yeah, my
 mom was a big fan of The Feminine
 Mystique...
 (then)
 I work for the hospital and I just
 need to ask you few questions.

SARIKA
 You a doctor?

MURPH
 Internal Affairs.

Sarika pulls her gloves off, leads Murph to the porch.

SARIKA
 Somebody came by a couple days ago.

MURPH
 Oh yeah? Was it, uh, Johnson?

SARIKA

No, Sean from security? He was looking for Raj's laptop and phone. I told him, his mother got all that, so...

Murph jots this down.

MURPH

(thinking it through)
He was collecting anything that might have sensitive hospital information... and we noticed Raj's phone is still connected to yours.

SARIKA

We're on the same plan. It's just easier with the kids.

MURPH

Has anyone else been by?

SARIKA

Police. They closed the case.

Sarika throws her gloves down on a small table.

SARIKA (CONT'D)

Said it was suicide, which is just great for our insurance.

Sarika chokes up, Murph awkwardly pats her.

MURPH

Ms. Leon, you and Raj got along...

SARIKA

Yes.

MURPH

Was he seeing anyone, romantically?

SARIKA

A friend of mine said he was on some dating sites.

MURPH

Did he ever date Dr. Lindsey Rosenblatt? Former head of the ER?

SARIKA

Oh God no. I mean I doubt it. They didn't really get along.

MURPH

Why not?

SARIKA

He said she was cutthroat, you know, all about the bottom line.

MURPH

Did Raj ever mention Deanna Cannon to you? That's who he was supposed to meet with last Friday.

SARIKA

That name's not familiar.

Murph gets up to leave.

SARIKA (CONT'D)

So what's next?

MURPH

Can you get Raj's text transcripts from your phone company? It will take our department much longer --

SARIKA

Sure.

Murph crosses to leave.

MURPH

Sean from the hospital - he's a big burly blonde guy, right?

SARIKA

No, uh, brown hair, pretty lean guy, average height.

MURPH

Oh! That Sean. Right.

EXT. SARIKA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Murph exits Sarika's porch and hustles to her car, texting.

INSERT - HEADSHOT OF SEAN LEVITT

SEAN LEVITT (30s, Caucasian) wears his Python Security uniform on Murph's phone.

EXT. HOSPITAL LOADING DOCK - DAY

Sean Levitt stands on the back dock of the hospital, surveying the area when a large WHITE VAN arrives, driven by Tom Milford, the same burly blonde guy Deanna was with at the funeral visitation and the restaurant.

Murph sits on top of her car with her BACKPACK open beside her, eating an APPLE, watching the dock.

Tom unloads boxes onto the dock.

MURPH

(to Spanky on phone)

Yup - same big-ass white guy I saw with Deanna is driving an Apati supply van.

SPANKY (SPEAKER)

License?

MURPH

Hang on...

Murph tosses the apple in her backpack, takes pictures with her phone.

Murph jumps in the driver's seat of her car and follows when the van exits the hospital loading dock.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Okay, he's leaving.

INT./EXT. MURPH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

SPANKY (SPEAKER)

Where's he headed?

MURPH

Don't know yet. We're going toward West Midtown --

Murph looks around.

MURPH (CONT'D)

It's the same place! I gotta go.

SPANKY (SPEAKER)

Where?

Murph hangs up on Spanky, pulls into the convenience store parking lot.

She watches as the driver gets out, opens the back of the WHITE VAN, starts unloading a large box.

Murph hunkers down in her seat, takes pictures as low as she can while still getting the shot.

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE (O.S.)
You a parking lot attendant now?

Murph looks up to see Officer Doyle standing by her window, his walkie crackling with POLICE CHATTER, big friendly smile.

MURPH
Don't worry, no more hookin' for me. Just selfies on Instagram. Got three followers.

She holds up her phone for emphasis.

Officer Doyle takes her phone.

MURPH (CONT'D)
Hey!

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE
You'll get it back. I deal with junkies all day long.

He opens her door, motions for her to get out.

MURPH
I'm not on drugs --

EXT. MURPH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE
Come on out. It's illegal to loiter on private property --

MURPH
I wasn't loitering.

She gets out.

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE
License.

She hands him her license.

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna have to run this, Miss Murphy, five-oh-eight North Avenue.

He pockets the license.

MURPH

Go for it Officer *Doyle*, badge
number one one two nine eight.

He gets up in her face.

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE

You should be real careful you
don't OD, you know that?

MURPH

I'm not on anything!

Just then he slams her arm with a needle and injects a drug
into her as Murph struggles to pull away.

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE

Wow. That's strong stuff. Could put
an elephant down.

Officer Doyle shoves her on the ground, reaches in her car
and grabs her keys from the ignition.

He hurls her keys far away and exits toward his cruiser.

Looking around, he trots to his car and drives off.

Murph sees the white van driving away.

INT. MURPH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Murph searches through trash in her car and finds a pen.

She writes the license plate number on her leg.

Starting to sweat, Murph looks at the place where the cop
injected her, rubs it.

Now Murph, having trouble focusing, dashes out of her car.

EXT. MURPH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Murph runs across the parking lot to a WOMAN pumping gas.

Murph drops to her knees.

MURPH

Drugs --

Murph hits the ground.

The Woman calls 911.

WOMAN

Help! There's a woman here... I
think she's overdosing --

We see a hand shove a NARCAN NASAL SPRAY into Murph's nose.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - LATER SAME DAY

Murph, with tubes in her nose, wakes up suddenly on a gurney and sees an ER DOCTOR and an ER NURSE standing over her. Murph wears a gown and a wire runs into her arm.

ER DOCTOR

Ma'am - you're okay. You're at the
hospital. You overdosed.

MURPH

What?

ER DOCTOR

EMTs had to give you multiple
Narcan doses to reverse the
overdose.

It all starts coming back to Murph.

MURPH

My arm.

ER DOCTOR

Yes, you injected Fentanyl in your
arm. Your heart stopped for a short
time. Can you tell me your name?

MURPH

Rose... Nylund.

ER DOCTOR

You're very lucky, Rose.

MURPH

That's what they used to tell me in
St. Olaf.

ER DOCTOR

What?

MURPH

(shakes her head)
Can I leave now?

ER DOCTOR

Afraid not. We need to monitor you for several hours and then we can sign you out.

ER NURSE

Just relax, you have a friend waiting to check on you. And I'll bring you some water, okay?

When the ER Doctor and Nurse exit, Murph sees the homeless man, Frank from earlier, slip into the room.

MURPH

I've got some rough looking friends.

FRANK

(like he didn't hear her)
You came in here with your clothes cut off. Wires running into your arms... Just like Maria.

MURPH

Maria?

FRANK

She OD-ed last week.

Beat.

MURPH

Shit.

FRANK

System got her, you know what I mean?

MURPH

I need to get outta here.

FRANK

I'd pull out that IV first. And watch your six. There's eyes everywhere.

Frank nods to a security camera before exiting.

Murph pulls out her IV, finds her BACKPACK in a CLEAR BAG.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAYS - MINUTES LATER

Murph creeps down the hallway in her gown and socks.

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She grabs a BAG OF CLOTHING while a PATIENT sleeps.

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Murph looks in the bag at the clothes she's found and holds up a tiny DRESS. It looks like something a hooker would wear and it STINKS. She then finds a black bob WIG and a bag of makeup, a BALL GAG, and some ridiculously high spiked HEELS.

Murph stares at her haggard face in the mirror.

MURPH

Damnit.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Now wearing the wig, tiny dress and hot pink lipstick, Murph awkwardly waddles through the hospital in the too-big-for-her-feet heels, looking for the morgue. She grabs a SHORT LAB COAT off a chair along the way and covers up.

INT. MORGUE - MINUTES LATER

Murph slips into the small morgue, checking the files as she goes, looking for Maria's drawer.

AUTOPSY ATTENDANT(O.S.)

(British accent)

You lost?

Murph spins around, caught.

MURPH

(matching his British
accent with a bad one)

No...

The Autopsy Attendant (30s, slovenly) eats pasta takeout.

He smiles, drops his food on his file-covered desk.

AUTOPSY ATTENDANT

That dildo sent you?

Murph spots BALLOONS, a BIRTHDAY CARD and plate of CUPCAKES.

MURPH

'Course he did. Who's a good
birfday boy?

He sits on a stool, smiles.

AUTOPSY ATTENDANT
 Alright. Let's do this. What you
 got for me?

He does the "come here" motion with his fingertips.

MURPH
 What have you got for *me*?

He's intrigued - where is she going with this?

AUTOPSY ATTENDANT
 Alright. Turning forty, but I can
 still shake my bon bon.

The Autopsy Attendant gets up, begins to dance slowly,
 erotically, it's gag-worthy and Murph nearly laughs out loud.

MURPH
 Yeah - that's what I like to see.
 Put your back into it. Now, show me
 your... work.

AUTOPSY ATTENDANT
 What?

MURPH
 Where's my whip when I need it? I
 swear to God, I'm going to put my
 heel in your neck if you don't open
 one of these goddamn drawers and
 show me your work, piggy!

Murph picks up a file and slams it down for effect.

He's off guard but excited by this turn of events.

AUTOPSY ATTENDANT
 Uh, alright...
 (reading from a CHART)
 Here's uh, a forty-five-year-old
 black male, uh, car wreck...

He starts to open the drawer, she pushes it back closed.

MURPH
 Next! Not into it.

AUTOPSY ATTENDANT
 Okay, twelve-year-old Caucasian
 female --

Murph stops him again.

MURPH

Jeez!

AUTOPSY ATTENDANT

Uh, alright, twenty-three-year-old female --

MURPH

There we are. Bring her out.

Murph walks her fingers up his arm seductively.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Yeah...

He pulls open the drawer.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Details, darling. Details.

AUTOPSY ATTENDANT

Maria Ruiz, died of a... Fentanyl overdose.

Murph gets right up in his face, bites at his mouth.

MURPH

How much?

AUTOPSY ATTENDANT

Nine milligrams.

MURPH

That's hot. Where'd she inject?

(then)

Uh, what's your name again lovey?

AUTOPSY ATTENDANT

Mark.

MURPH

(mouthing the word)

Mark.

Murph slowly unzips the toe bag without looking at the body, her nose almost touching his now.

He looks down nervously, scanning the CHART.

MARK

Her upper arm. Umm, right here.

He points to the spot. It's the same spot Murph was injected.

MURPH

That where they all do it, then?
The druggies?

She pushes a finger against his upper arm in the same spot.

MARK

Uh, no. Usually right into a vein.
Here.

He touches Murph's inner elbow, she swats him away.

She runs her pointer finger around his chest.

MURPH

Why?

She grabs his chart, spins him around, takes him by the hair and points his face at the body.

MARK

It's, uh, not the best way to, uh,
get drugs in the system. You'd
ingest much slower. Addicts don't
want that.

She pulls his pants down, leaving his tighty whities on.

MURPH

What else do you see?!

She spanks him hard with the chart.

He stares at the body, totally aroused by this odd experience. Murph grunts/coos, urging him on as he speaks this next bit.

MARK

Looks like she was a first time
user. No other needle marks in her
arms. Maybe she just dosed the
bajeesus out of herself... Or...

Murph spanks him again hard.

MURPH

Or...

MARK

Well you know the old saying... You
wanna get away with murder, kill a
junkie.

Mark chuckles, proud of his deductions.

She whacks him one last time and drops away from him, losing her intensity, she's gotten the information she needed.

MURPH

(amused)

Where's that an old saying? Camden?

He laughs, tries to move toward her, impress her again, but his pants are down.

MARK

Should be. Kurt Cobain. El Duce --
uh, where you going? What about my
birthday song?

She steps back toward him, runs her finger back up his torso.

MURPH

Dildo didn't pay for a song or
any... particulars. Pity...

MARK

Wait, wait, I can pay.

He digs for his wallet in his pants on the floor.

Murph grimaces, this is hard for her to say.

MURPH

Not really on call for any
appetizers at the moment. Got a bit
of an outbreak of herpes. So...

(breathy bad Marilyn
Monroe voice)

Hap-py Bir-th-day, Maa-aark.

Then she pushes him back onto a chair, slips out the door.

Mark sits in his tighty whities, dumbfounded, what a day!

INT. SEEDY MOTEL - DAY

Murph, back in her own clothes, sitting on a bed.

MURPH (V.O.)

I couldn't go home - Officer Doyle
knew my address - and I needed to
rest. I also needed to take a dump,
but one side effect of opioids is
severe constipation.

Murph drinks an anti-constipation drink from the BOTTLE.
She opens her new BURNER PHONE and makes a call.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Karen talks to Murph on a landline SPEAKER PHONE. KENT (40s)
sits by.

MURPH
I'll get notes over to you in a
second.

KAREN
Uh huh.

MURPH
(sarcasm)
Just don't tell the fuzz where I'm
hidin' out.

KAREN
Right.

MURPH
Oh, will you shoot me Spanky's
number? I need her to run a
background --

KAREN
Spanky works for me, not you. And
you're officially off the series.

MURPH
What, why?

KAREN
Kent's gonna work on it.

MURPH
Kent couldn't write his way out of
a paper bag. They're connected -
the drugs are coming from a Pharma
company --

KAREN
No. I'm done. We're even. I'm sorry
but you need to take some time and
see a damn therapist --

MURPH

I don't need freakin' therapy --
They killed him and Maria saw it!

KAREN

(extreme sarcasm)
Maybe they got Biggie, too.

MURPH

I'm serious right now. This is life
or death.

KAREN

Then tell it to the police.

MURPH

A po-lice-man is after me! I can't
even drive my car, what do you want
me to do?

KAREN

I want you to check into a rehab.
Work on your past trauma and I
don't know, start a lifestyle blog,
something low stress --

Murph hangs up the phone, tosses it on the bed.

Murph digs into a paper bag of supplies - a tall boy GUINNESS
and barbecue corn CHIPS.

She looks out the dingy motel window and hears SCREAMS and
SIRENS in the distance.

She tries the TV REMOTE, but the TV doesn't work.

She flops down on the bed.

Frustrated, she rifles through her bag and finds her AUDIO
RECORDER, starts playing.

FRANK (RECORDING)

It's like there's a whole buncha
people keeping this shit going man.
Like a whole institution --

She fast forwards.

MARIA (RECORDING)

(Swears)
Get ya hands off me! I ain't done
nothin' wrong. I was just sittin'
there --

Murph throws the recorder, looks at the empty side of the bed.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Ben lies on that side of the bed, a bandaged foot propped up.

Murph holds out a glass of water and two pills.

MURPH

Take two of these and don't call me
in the morning.

BEN

I'm good.

MURPH

Any more bellyaching and I'm going
to Sound of Music your ass.

(off Ben's look)

So long! Farewell! auf Wiedersehen,
goodbye! Doot doo doo doot doot--

BEN

I have my drug of choice.

He shakes a highball glass of liquor.

MURPH

Just take 'em.

Beat. Ben sits up, takes the pills, Murph the Nurse pleased.

END FLASHBACK

Murph sits, replaying her role in Ben's addiction. Suddenly, she gets an idea! She searches through her bag and finds a scrap of paper with Sarika's number.

MURPH

Sarika. This is, uh Betty. Did you
get those phone transcripts yet?
Great. I'll be there in a minute.

Murph hangs up, flips through a disgustingly old PHONE BOOK.

MURPH (CONT'D)

This is police detective.... DJ
Tanner, I need to know the
whereabouts of Evelyn Spanko. Yes,
it's a matter of great urgency
concerning her wife...

(MORE)

MURPH (CONT'D)

She fainted after crash dieting for
Kimmy Gibbler's birthday party...
Never mind, go ahead with that
address.

INSERT - TEXT TRANSCRIPT

We see a text chain between Raj Patel and ANOTHER DOCTOR.

INT. SPANKY'S APARTMENT - LATER SAME DAY

Murph holds the printed TEXT TRANSCRIPTS she got from Sarika Patel with HIGHLIGHTED TEXTS when Spanky opens the door.

MURPH

He was onto them!

SPANKY

(furious)

Why on Earth would you call
Evelyn's school?

MURPH

I lost your address.

Spanky stomps around her living room as her wife, EVELYN (late 20s) enters, perches on a nearby chair.

SPANKY

They're a small private school,
they could dismiss her for
basically nothing.

MURPH

I'm sorry, Ev.

EVELYN

I could use some time off.

MURPH

Hoboken's nice this time of year.

SPANKY

Our insurance is through her job!

Murph shakes the TRANSCRIPTS.

MURPH

The ER ran out of Fentanyl, which
is a common *anesthesia* used during
cardiac arrest.

SPANKY

So...

MURPH

Nurse Deanna's ordering more than she's supposed to, right? Selling part of it on the street. No one oversees her - not the pharmacy or anyone else in the ER.

(then)

And Rosenblatt was in on it - as long as she was around, they could get away with it. But Patel was already suspicious - so she had a detective tailing him, getting pics. Then she dies and Patel becomes the head of the ER so when they run out of Fentanyl during a routine cardiac arrest, he starts asking questions and they kill him, which is why Doyle had Fentanyl to use on me and Maria.

SPANKY

Okay - check this out.

MURPH

Hit me.

Murph sits by Spanky.

Spanky pops her on the back of the head.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Ow.

INSERT WEBSITE

On Spanky's laptop we see the Python Security banner.

Spanky scrolls down and we see headshots of Sean Levitt and OTHER PYTHON EMPLOYEES. At the bottom we see a headshot of Police Officer Doyle wearing a Python Security Shirt.

SPANKY

Recognize anyone?

MURPH (READING)

"Decorated Atlanta police officer, Randall Doyle, has worked part-time for Python Security for three years..." I don't see officer hot-pants on here.

SPANKY
Name?

MURPH
Nishimura.

SPANKY
First name?

MURPH
Officer.

Spanky rolls her eyes, types on the computer.

SPANKY
Not on here.

MURPH
Can you find out where he lives?
Use some facial or gait recognition
software, toggle into the city
cameras like on The Punisher?

Spanky doesn't glance up, whizzes away on the computer.

SPANKY
(sarcastic)
I make almost minimum wage and this
computer used to be my mom's.

MURPH
I'm sensing that's a 'no.'

Murph paces, picks up Spanky's video gaming GUITAR, plucks it
to the beat of "Smoke on the Water."

MURPH (CONT'D)
We know it's Deanna, her boyfriend
that drives the van, Officer Doyle,
security guy Sean. Maybe that's it--

SPANKY
Or there's tons more people
involved.

MURPH
I don't think so.

SPANKY
You need to stay in your lane on
this.

MURPH
What?

SPANKY
There's a trail of dead people --

EVELYN
The ones we know about.

SPANKY
Thanks, Bae.

MURPH
Those drugs are going out right
now. I gotta do something --

SPANKY
Why? This isn't you getting Big Bad
Corbel Pharma.

Beat.

MURPH
Why?

SPANKY
Why?!

MURPH
Because screw them! Screw every one
of them that takes advantage of
people - good people - who were
lost or down on their luck, or
hurting after a flag football
injury and then their dumbass wife
gave them her old pain pills and
they got hooked. And it ruined
their lives!

Beat.

MURPH (CONT'D)
We fight the battles we can win.

SPANKY
Okay. Okay. Screw them.

Spanky looks back at her computer, starts working again.

MURPH
Thanks, Spank.

SPANKY
Home address for Officer Takahiro
Nishimura.
(then to Evelyn)
(MORE)

SPANKY (CONT'D)

See - you never allow your geolocation to be used when you post on forums.

MURPH

Okay, I need a bungee cord, a hairpin and a box of wine.

SPANKY

This can't be good.

EVELYN

What's the wine for?

MURPH

Haven't had any fruit today.

INT. OFFICER NISHIMURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Murph, holds a HANDGUN, paces in the bedroom, wearing a bluetooth EARPIECE. A small TRIPOD with a PHONE aimed at the door rests on the bedside table. She pauses to admire a framed VINTAGE MOVIE POSTER on the wall.

Murph hears a DOOR CREAK.

MURPH

(sotto)

Spanky - he's here. You ready?

SPANKY (O.S.)

Okay, start the video.

Murph presses something on the PHONE. Then holds her gun up, pointing it at the door, confident like Dick Tracy. From here on, her body seems unsure at times, but her face is certain.

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

Wait, Murph...

Officer Nishimura enters, unbuttoning his shirt. He doesn't notice Murph at first.

MURPH

Freeze!

Officer Nishimura backs into the wall of the apartment, scrambling for his own gun.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

Jee-sus!

MURPH

I'm not going hurt you! I'm a
writer for the Atlanta Times and
some other papers, a couple blogs --

OFFICER NISHIMURA

Are you high?!

He draws his gun.

MURPH

No! Nooo!

SPANKY (O.S.)

I knew this was a terrible idea!

MURPH

(back in control)

Shut up, Spanky!

Nishimura totally confused by what's happening, wants the gun
out of his face pronto.

He advances, she retreats, occasionally bumping into things
and tripping, stepping onto his bed at one point.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

Put the gun down, now!

MURPH

I'm recording this and broad
banding it and if I die the
world'll know you killed me just
for trying to have a conversation.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

You're holding a gun on me in my
own house!

SPANKY (O.S.)

Uh, Murph --

MURPH

(to Spanky)

Not now!

(to Nishimura)

I'm gonna tell you something you
won't like.

NISHIMURA

Put the gun down!

SPANKY (O.S.)

Murph!

MURPH

Do you know Officer Doyle has another job at Python Security?

OFFICER NISHIMURA

Yeah!

Beat.

MURPH

So you ARE in on it!

OFFICER NISHIMURA

In on what?

MURPH

Do you know the woman Doyle pulled away from the hospital the other week, Maria Ruiz, she died of a drug overdose to the arm?

OFFICER NISHIMURA

So!

MURPH

And yesterday he hit me in the arm with the same dose of the same drug. See?

She struggles to pull up her sleeve and point at the bruising while holding the gun on him.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

(feigning agreement)

Okay...

MURPH

Where did that convenience store worker - Nasser - get hit with that overdose? Do you know?

OFFICER NISHIMURA

Upper arm.

Murph super casual with the gun now.

MURPH

See?! I was watching a supply shipment drop at the hospital.

Nishimura disarms her, pushes her onto the bed, cuffs her.

MURPH (CONT'D)

And I followed the van and saw the driver drop another shipment off at the same convenience store you were scoping last week. That's when your buddy Doyle got me.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

There's no way --

MURPH

There's gonna be another Fentanyl leak on the streets tonight.

Nishimura stops in his tracks. Lets her sit up on the bed.

MURPH (CONT'D)

People are going to die!

Nishimura holsters his gun.

MURPH (CONT'D)

What?

OFFICER NISHIMURA

Four dead so far.

MURPH

God damnit! Patel was onto them. That's why they killed him.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

You can prove this?

MURPH

I... almost. I just need proof.

He uncuffs her.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

Yeah - that usually helps.

SPANKY (O.S.)

Uh, Murph?

MURPH

Yeah?

SPANKY (O.S.)

You never hit the start button on the phone, I didn't get a video of any of this. So --

MURPH

Copy that.

SPANKY (O.S.)

He could whack you right now.

MURPH

Ten four. Place is surrounded. Got it.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

I can hear her. The volume's really loud.

MURPH

(still faking)

Uh huh. Yeah, I'll tell him we won't hurt him if he stays calm.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

What else you got?

MURPH

The supply van company name, tag number.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

They've all gotta be thinking about skipping town.

MURPH

The pharmacist said Deanna put in two more big orders. So there's one more coming tomorrow.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

Okay...

MURPH

One piece of the puzzle goes missing, they're all screwed.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

So?

SPANKY (O.S.)

Whatever you're thinking, I don't like it.

MURPH

So we take away the weakest piece.

SPANKY (O.S.)

Let's just call the feds.

Deanna arrives, talks to Sean privately, then approaches Murph.

DEANNA
Where's Tom?

MURPH
Gone to Rio. You believe that?

Deanna starts furiously texting on her phone.

Murph continues to move boxes.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Just inside the loading dock. Boxes abound but no other people. Murph rolls the shipment inside here including a LARGE BOX. Sean and Deanna confer inside the warehouse now.

SEAN
(to Deanna)
When's the last time you talked to him?

DEANNA
Early this morning.

SEAN
You haven't checked in since then?

DEANNA
I'm working.

SEAN
Why didn't you tell me?

DEANNA
I saw him this morning, everything was fine --

Murph finishes unloading the shipment.

MURPH
Alright then, there we are.
(to Sean)
Sign here.

Murph hands Sean a CLIPBOARD.

MURPH (CONT'D)

(to Sean)

I got some extra boxes that aren't marked for drop off. You know anything about that?

They stop in their tracks. Murph said too much too soon.

Sean grabs Murph, feels up her back, spikes her Bluetooth.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Hey! You're gonna pay for that --

SEAN

(to Deanna)

Clean.

DEANNA

Where's Tom?

MURPH

Quit today like there was heat on him. But, uh, he said if I wanted to make a quick buck, I could drop these off over in west midtown --

Sean gets extremely close to Murph.

SEAN

You better tell us where the hell he is --

Just then Officer Doyle enters the warehouse.

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE

What's going on?

SEAN

This guy showed up driving the van.

DEANNA

Tom told him we was sellin' --

SEAN

Shut up! Might have a tail.

Officer Doyle looks around then gets in Murph's face.

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE

What do you want?

MURPH

Deal me in, I don't say nothin'.

(to Deanna)

(MORE)

MURPH (CONT'D)

Big guy said it's the easiest coin
he ever made.

Officer Doyle grabs Murph by the arm, hauls her into the warehouse office. The three look around for witnesses as they go.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Whoa whoa - watch it!

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

With a partial glass wall and door, the office is cramped and cluttered and can easily be seen into from the warehouse.

Officer Doyle shoves Murph into a seat. They need to act quick.

SEAN

Nobody saw him.

DEANNA

You don't know that.

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE

(to Sean)

You check his truck?

Sean shakes his head 'no.'

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE (CONT'D)

Go!

Sean runs to check the van.

DEANNA

There're security cameras
everywhere outside.

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE

Except the roof.

Deanna nods.

MURPH

Hey, I'm good, man. Just ask --

Officer Doyle punches Murph in the face.

Sean returns.

SEAN

Nothing.

Taking cover behind other BOXES, Officer Nishimura draws his weapon, shoots out the glass wall.

OFFICER NISHIMURA
Drop it, Doyle! It's over!

Sean pulls his weapon. It's a stand off.

SEAN
Put the gun down!

OFFICER NISHIMURA
Uh oh.

MURPH
Uh oh? What's uh oh?! Where's Spanky?

POLICE OFFICER DOYLE
(to Nishimura)
Don't make me do this, man!

Murph spots SYRINGE outlines in Officer Doyle's pocket.

OFFICER NISHIMURA
It's over. Place is surrounded. We got you all on tape and your boy Tom turned states.

SEAN
He's lying. It's just him out there. She was clean.

SPANKY (O.S.)
As if!

MURPH
Spanky?

They turn and see Spanky, inside the warehouse, wearing a helmet, goggles, a bullet-proof vest, holding a small drone pointed at them.

MURPH (CONT'D)
Wha--?

SPANKY
Technical difficulty, babes.

Officer Doyle turns his gun toward Spanky, advances towards her.

MURPH
Get outta here!

SPANKY

Smile for the camera, bruh.

Deanna throws her hands in the air.

DEANNA

They threatened me - I'm innocent!

Officer Doyle turns his gun on Deanna.

Murph, who has swiped the syringes by now, takes the chance, throws one syringe at Sean and the other at Officer Doyle, hits them both in the neck, bullseye!

SEAN

What the--

In a moment of confusion, Sean and Officer Doyle fire on each other.

Deanna runs out of the office toward Nishimura.

DEANNA

I'll tell you everything!

Murph runs and tackles her from behind.

MURPH

You have the right to remain silent! You have the right to an attorney. You have the right to rot in a jail cell next to a woman named Big Martha who smells like corn chips and despair.

THREE SWAT COPS run past them into the office.

OFFICER NISHIMURA

(to Murph)

What're you doing?

MURPH

(singing)

Bustin' makes me feel good!

(then)

Uh, bucket list.

Murph stands as Nishimura cuffs Deanna.

Murph pulls her WIG CAP and mustache off. It's just her standing in front of him, no disguise, no sarcasm. She looks rough but at peace. She smiles.

MURPH (CONT'D)
Thank you, officer.

OFFICER NISHIMURA
Here's looking at you, kid.

He brushes her chin with his knuckles like Bogey might have,
but she's just taken two punches to the face.

MURPH
Ow.

OFFICER NISHIMURA
Sorry!

MURPH
It's okay. I'm good.
(flirting)
Hey, you like Ani DiFranco?

OFFICER NISHIMURA
Not really into Italian Food.

They start to exit.

MURPH
What kind of cop are you? Do you
even like pants with elastic
waistbands?

INSERT ARTICLE ONLINE

TITLE: CHAMBLEE NURSE, COP, DRIVER AND SECURITY GUARD SELL
DEADLY DRUGS ON STREET, MURDER DOCTOR

Byline: Julia Sugarbaker

Photo: Deanna Cannon getting pushed into the back of a police
cruiser.

We see Murph's article running on the homepage.

SPANKY (PRE-LAP)
Four thousand shares already.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Karen, Spanky and Murph admire her article. Murph has a big
SHINER now from the punches she took.

KAREN

Chief of Police said he'll do a full interview for your next installment.

SPANKY

They said I could come video. I've never been in a police station!

MURPH

It's not as exciting as you'd think. The donut thing's a myth.

(then, to Karen)

You wanted Kent to finish out my series though right, KK?

KAREN

(playful)

Don't call me that. And don't be so sensitive. You love working for me.

Murph starts toward the door, Karen follows.

MURPH

I don't know, this drug business is pretty depressing. Might start blogging about something fun like sadomasochism.

Karen stops begging - she's had it.

KAREN

You couldn't quit if you tried.

MURPH

But I can take a break, right?

KAREN

Next piece is due in two weeks.

MURPH

Ten days paid leave sounds good.

KAREN

You're not on salary anymore.

MURPH

Ten days of pay like I'm still on salary sounds good.

KAREN

Five.

MURPH
And two for Spanky.

KAREN
You're kidding me?

MURPH
Have Kent tell the Chief I said
'hi.'

KAREN
Fine.

Spanky fist bumps Murph.

SPANKY
(sotto)
Yas!!
(then to Murph)
What do you have on her?

Karen gives Spanky a death stare as Spanky darts away.

MURPH
And you agree to let me do that
piece on Corbel Pharmaceuticals.

Beat. This is too big an ask for Karen.

KAREN
Publishers won't agree to it.

Beat. Murph nods, rubs her shiner.

MURPH
Alright, give me the damn card for
that headshrinker.

Beat.

KAREN
Really?

MURPH
If therapy's good enough for Thomas
Crown...

Karen pulls out the card and gives it to Murph. Murph looks
at the card, pockets it.

Karen SIGHS.

KAREN
 Alright, but I'll only run the
 facts on Corbel.

MURPH
 Of course --

KAREN
 Don't try to slide in some
 cockamamy conspiracy theory BS --

MURPH
 Me?

KAREN
 And no crazy expenses - I'm not
 paying for any damn plane tickets
 to Thailand.

MURPH
 Pshh.

KAREN
 Where you going anyway?

MURPH
 Just gonna... staycation.

KAREN
 (condescending)
 Fun.

Murph smiles, starts to exits.

KAREN (CONT'D)
 Hey, Murph... Good job.

Karen turns and walks away during the middle of this next
 spiel by Murph.

MURPH
 I know. You love me, you don't know
 what you'd do without me, you wish
 we were conjoined twins. See you
 for G&Ts on Saturday? Your place?
 Can I bring a date? No? Okay, girls
 night then!

EXT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Murph exits and spots Officer Nishimura, propped against the
 same pink convertible Maserati Deanna owned.

He wears plain clothes for the first time and looks damn good, kind of like Jake waiting for Sam at the end of "Sixteen Candles."

MURPH

Pour moi?

OFFICER NISHIMURA

No way, Ingrid. I had to spend my pension to get this sucker outta impound.

Murph kisses him. Comes away with his MINT in her mouth.

MURPH

Certs. Classy.

Nishimura walks around to the driver's seat.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Hey - you ever been to Thailand?

OFFICER NISHIMURA

What? Cause I'm Asian?

He gets in the car.

Murph smiles, sits beside him.

MURPH

Play it, Sam.

Nishimura hits the radio. Rock music blares.

MURPH (V.O.)

Turns out you can teach a law dog new tricks. We'd won a little battle here in the A, and I finally had a shot at getting laid in this decade - handcuffs included - but the war itself was all around us. Luckily, in Atlanta, there's a Waffle House and a wig shop at every exit.

Sly smile on her face, Murph puts on BIG-ASS SUNGLASSES just like the ones we saw in her opening shot.

CREDITS

POST ROLL SCENE

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. DARK GRUNGY BAR - NIGHT

Halloween 2002. We see Murph where we left her before in her Joan Jett costume just after Young Raj walked away.

Murph throws another dart, misses by a lot.

Murph looks sick, stumbles to the bathroom, throws the door open. We hear a CRUNCH, SCREAM and a THUD.

INT. DARK GRUNGY BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Murph enters the bathroom, sees Karen, dressed as CHERIE CURRIE, with a blonde mullet wig. Her lip bloody, she's crouched in a karate stance, facing off against a BIG DUDE that Murph just rammed in the back with the door. While he's off kilter, Karen sucker punches him and kicks him in the face like a ninja warrior. He flops down onto the ground.

MURPH

What the --

KAREN

I thought he just wanted to make out.

MURPH

In the bathroom?

KAREN

I don't know! Okay?

Murph runs to vomit in the sink. Karen eases around Big Dude.

MURPH

You missed our song.

KAREN

K k k, look, I'm sorry. I'm just--

MURPH

A bad picker. I know, KK, me too.

(then)

I was really good though.

(then)

Get his wallet.

KAREN

I'm not touching his ass.

Murph gets his wallet.

MURPH
(reading his license)
Brock Stanford.
(then)
He's not donating his organs!

Murph kicks him, nearly falls over.

MURPH (CONT'D)
(realization)
Let me get this straight, I saved
your life. I'm your hero!

KAREN
No. I was about to handle him.

They exit down the hallway, arm in arm.

MURPH
You were in trouble and I saved
you.

KAREN
No - you just saved my hymen.

MURPH
You don't have a hymen.

KAREN
Girl, you don't know!

MURPH
Show me.

KAREN
One day - I swear - I'm gonna make
you pay for your smart ass mouth.

They continue stupid banter as we fade out.

THE END