

"ROYAL PAINS"

"Little Miss Conception"

Written by

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Registered WGAW

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AT THIS POINT IN "ROYAL PAINS"...

(End of Season One)

HANK LAWSON, the idealistic, young doctor, is living with his fun-loving brother, EVAN, in Boris' guest house (called Shadow Pond) in The Hamptons and working as a concierge doctor to the rich and not-so-rich. His company is called HankMed and Evan also functions as his CFO.

His physician's assistant, DIVYA KATDARE (a no-nonsense, East Indian woman), is trying to come to terms with her impending marriage to RAJ, a man she is not in love with. (It is a traditional, arranged marriage by her parents.)

Hank's on-again/off-again relationship with JILL, the administrator at Hamptons Heritage Hospital, is currently on the cooler side, as she is sorting things out with CHARLIE, her ex-husband.

Among Hank's wealthy clients are MRS. NEWBERG (aka "Newparts Newberg"), a kind but somewhat eccentric woman who's had lots of plastic surgery. Her loyal maid is ESPERANZA, who has been with her for years.

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. MRS. NEWBERG'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

HANK and EVAN walk up the long driveway toward Mrs. Newberg's estate.

EVAN

Bro, I have got the greatest girl for you.

HANK

Evan, you know I don't like being set up. Besides, I'm still seeing Jill.

EVAN

Jill? Let me see...oh, you mean the woman you've been dating since we got here who neglected to tell you that she's still married? That Jill?

HANK

Separated. And she's working it out. She just needs a little space.

EVAN

So, while she's taking her space, let me set you up with Svetlana.

HANK

Svetlana?

EVAN

She's this amazing woman I met from Gdansk. She's got a *dupa* on her that just won't quit.

HANK

*Dupa?*

EVAN

It's polish for butt. You could bounce a *peirogi* off it and get...

HANK

And why aren't you going after Svetlana and her *dupa*?

EVAN

She already turned me down.  
Besides, I'm saving myself for Mrs.  
Newberg's granddaughter.

HANK

Don't you think Emma is a little  
young for you?

EVAN

Whaddya mean? She's 22.

HANK

That's exactly what I mean.

EVAN

Geez, they should change the  
initials after your name from MD to  
WB.

HANK

"Winning Brother"?

EVAN

Wet Blanket!

HANK

Call me old-fashioned, but I don't  
think it's good form to date the  
relatives of our clients.

Hank rings the bell. A glowing MRS. NEWBERG answers the  
door, followed by her loyal maid, ESPERANZA.

MRS. NEWBERG

Here he is! My medical Kimosabe and  
his financial Tonto! Wait till you  
hear, the most incredible thing has  
happened. You'll never guess who's  
performing at my annual garden  
*soirée* on Saturday night.

HANK

Who?

MRS. NEWBERG

Billy Joel! Can you believe it?

EVAN

Mrs. N., that's amazing! But I  
thought he sold his house out here.

MRS. NEWBERG

He did. He's in town for a few days establishing some educational foundation and I offered to make a sizeable contribution if he'd sing at my party.

EVAN

Can I ask how sizeable?

MRS. NEWBERG

Let's put it this way. When he cashes the check, Wall Street might need another bailout!

Mrs. Newberg LAUGHS grandly.

HANK

Mrs. Newberg, I didn't even know you had an annual garden *soirée*.

MRS. NEWBERG

I do now! Of course, you both are invited. Now I just have to get every A-lister in the Hamptons here.

HANK

For the Piano Man? How hard can that be?

EVAN

You'll need a first-rate party planner.

MRS. NEWBERG

Do you know one?

EVAN

Know one? I am one! But with all the work I have to do for HankMed and on such short notice...

MRS. NEWBERG

Money is no object.

EVAN

(under his breath to Hank)  
God, I love my life!

EVAN (CONT'D)

Okay Mrs. Newberg, I'm your guy!

MRS. NEWBERG

Splendid! Esperanza, I'll need the silver polished and the Steuben washed and...

ESPERANZA

As soon as I get back.

Mrs. Newberg stares at her blankly.

ESPERANZA (CONT'D)

The bus station?

MRS. NEWBERG

Oh, of course. Esperanza's daughter is coming to visit for a few weeks. Can she help with the party?

EVAN

That depends. How old is she?

ESPERANZA

She just turned twenty.

EVAN

Is she pretty?

MRS. NEWBERG

Very.

EVAN

She can help.

Evan stands in between Mrs. Newberg and Esperanza and puts his arms around their shoulders.

EVAN (CONT'D)

We'll be one big, happy family!

Hank shoots him a "big brother look" that would freeze beer.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Or not.

INT. HALLWAY, HAMPTONS HERITAGE HOSPITAL - DAY

LUIS, a janitor with an industrial floor waxing machine, stands in front of JILL, who is ripping him a new one.

JILL

Luis, why was this done without anyone's consent?

LUIS

I got an order from the county.

JILL

To wax the floors during peak hours? This is a hospital, not a skating rink!

POV Jill as NURSES, DOCTORS and PATIENTS are slipping and sliding down the newly waxed corridor.

JILL (CONT'D)

Luis, I am begging you. Step away from the waxer. Cordon off the corridor and strip the floor. Now!

LUIS

That's gonna be some serious overtime.

JILL

Better that than twenty lawsuits for patients and nurses with hip fractures.

As Jill starts to exit, she SLIPS right into Hanks arms.

HANK

(smiling)

Funny, you don't look like Michelle Kwan.

JILL

I'm sorry.

HANK

Actually, I kinda liked it. Reminded me of old times.

JILL

You've gotten some sun. Did the workaholic Dr. Lawson actually take a day off?

HANK

I was going over billing invoices with Evan by the pool. I'd love to show you my tan line.

JILL

Awkward.

HANK

Right. I keep forgetting we're supposed to be going more slowly.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

Speaking of which, I wondered if I could take you to dinner tonight. It's our quasi-anniversary.

Jill looks confused.

HANK (CONT'D)

It's two months ago tomorrow we met and started doing...whatever it is we're doing.

JILL

(sweetly)

How could I refuse an offer like that?

HANK

Great! How about Gurney's Inn? I could pick you up at eight.

JILL

(impressed)

Fancy.

HANK

Hey, nothing but the best for my sort-of-maybe-kind-of-girlfriend.

JILL

I have to go bite the head off some county bureaucrat about these floors. What if I meet you there?

HANK

Great. Oh, and watch out for that triple salchow. I hear the Romanian judge is brutal.

Jill tries not to laugh as she exits carefully.

INT. WEDDING PLANNER'S OFFICE - DAY

DIVYA sits across from BONNIE DAY, the perky wedding planner, who is showing her a BINDER with FABRIC SWATCHES.

BONNIE

You see how well the burgundy and cream go together?

DIVYA

Have you got anything a little less...funeral?



Bonnie flips a few pages in the binder.

BONNIE

Well, we could always go into the realm of pinks...

DIVYA

Good God, no! Who do I look like, Malibu Barbie?

BONNIE

We've exhausted just about all of our options. Why don't you take the book over the weekend? Maybe in the privacy of your own home, your head will be clearer.

Divya takes the binder unenthusiastically.

INT. MRS. NEWBERG'S STUDY - DAY

Mrs. Newberg holds up a computer printout of 20 pages.

MRS. NEWBERG

Here are the private numbers for anybody who's anybody in the Hamptons. Guard it with your life.

She hands the list to Evan, who kneels as if he were receiving The Holy Grail.

EVAN

With more than my life.

Mrs. Newberg exits.

EVAN (CONT'D)

(reading)

Calvin Klein, Jimmy Buffet, Maria Shriver, George Stephanopoulos...  
God DOES exist!

Evan throws the loose pages up in the air and they rain down on him as celestial music plays.

INT. HANK'S CAR - DAY

As Hank drives along Montauk Highway, he calls Evan on his speaker phone.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

INT. MRS. NEWBERG'S STUDY

Evan sits on the sofa pouring over his list.

EVAN

Hankmeister! Hankariffic!  
Hank-o-rama!

HANK

Either you're drunk or you've been watching a *Porky's* marathon.

EVAN

Neither, *mon frère*. I have been given the keys to the kingdom by Newparts Newberg. How would you like Heidi Klum's home number, Email address and cup size?

HANK

Tempting, but I'll pass. I was wondering if you could make yourself scarce tonight. I have a date with Jill and...

EVAN

Anything for you, Hankalicious! And while you and Jill are doing the horizontal mambo, I'll be dialing for divas.

HANK

I wish you'd stopped at Hank-o-rama.

His phone BEEPS.

HANK (CONT'D)

I have to go. I'll talk to you later.

EVAN

If I'm not going over the repertoire with my pal Billy.

(sings)

*"Only the good die young..."*

Hank hangs up on Evan and takes the other call.

HANK

Divya?

DIVYA (V.O.)

Hank, how close are you to the public beach?

HANK  
A few blocks. What's wrong?

DIVYA (V.O.)  
There's been an accident.

HANK  
Have you called 911?

DIVYA  
They're on their way, but I think  
you might be closer.

HANK  
I'll be there in five.

EXT. EASTHAMPTON PUBLIC BEACH, PARKING LOT - DAY

As Hank pulls up to the beach, Divya races out to meet  
him.

DIVYA  
Over here!

EXT. EASTHAMPTON PUBLIC BEACH, PICNIC AREA

As Hank approaches the picnic area, there are a number of  
people standing around MARCO, a man in his late 20's,  
trying not to look too distressed. Marco is sitting on a  
picnic table with THIRD DEGREE BURNS, BLISTERS and GRILL  
MARKS all over his feet.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. EASTHAMPTON PUBLIC BEACH, PICNIC AREA - CONTINUOUS

Hank is examining Marco.

HANK

Just keep breathing. You're going to be okay. What's your name?

MARCO

Marco. The pain is incredible.

Hank sees a nearby COOLER of ice.

HANK

Take the sodas out that cooler, please?

One of the ONLOOKERS does so and hands it to Hank, who plunges Marco's feet into it. Marco SCREAMS in pain.

HANK (CONT'D)

I'm going to give you an injection for the pain. The ambulance will be here soon. Your body has lost a lot of fluids. You might need an IV when the paramedics arrive. Can you wiggle your toes at all?

Marco wiggles his toes in the ice. Divya prepares an injection.

HANK (CONT'D)

Okay, that's a good sign. Now Marco, can you tell me what happened?

MARCO

I tried to walk on the barbecue grill.

HANK

Excuse me?

MARCO

I know. It sounds nuts. I did this seminar last night where I walked across eight feet of red-hot coals without getting burned. My friends didn't believe me, so...

Divya gives him the injection as she speaks.

DIVYA  
I've heard of those seminars. Isn't it called NLP? Neuro-linguistic programming?

MARCO  
That's right.

DIVYA  
I read an article about it. They spend about three hours conditioning you physically, verbally and emotionally so you can trick the neurons in your brain long enough that you don't feel the heat as you walk on the coals.

HANK  
But it only lasts a few minutes.

MARCO  
Guess I know that now.

An AMBULANCE SIREN is heard.

HANK  
You're lucky you didn't go into shock. The ER doctors will take over from here. And no more party tricks, okay?

MARCO  
Thanks, doc.

The AMBULANCE WORKERS enter and start putting Marco onto a stretcher.

INT. SHADOW POND, GUEST HOUSE - EVENING

Hank enters the living room of their guest house. Evan is on the phone.

EVAN  
Would you please tell Sarah Jessica and Matthew to call me? It's Evan R. Lawson, Mrs. Newberg's party planner and financial consultant. Thank you.

HANK  
"Party planner and financial consultant?"

EVAN

So, I took a little poetic license.  
Do you have any idea what this  
celebrity list will do for HankMed?

HANK

Absolutely not. That is Mrs.  
Newberg's private information.

EVAN

But what if...

HANK

No.

EVAN

Suppose I...

HANK

No! In fact, I want you to promise  
me you will shred that list after  
the event.

EVAN

You're killing me!

HANK

Then let me put it to you another  
way. As the CFO of HankMed, isn't  
Mrs. Newberg one of the few clients  
who keeps me on a hefty, monthly  
retainer?

EVAN

(reluctantly)

Yeah.

HANK

And if we were to violate her  
trust, we'd lose a substantial  
amount of income, wouldn't we?

EVAN

Why do you always have to be so  
damned responsible?!

HANK

Sorry. It's part of the job  
description.

EVAN

Okay, but that's not until  
Saturday. As of tonight at 8:15 pm,  
I'm still the king of the world.

Hank grabs his phone speed dials Jill.

HANK  
Oh my God! I had a dinner date with  
Jill!

INT. GURNEY'S INN - EVENING

Jill sits at an elegant table with an ocean view.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

JILL  
This had better be a good one.

HANK  
I am so sorry! There was this guy  
who had walked barefoot across a  
barbecue grill and...

JILL  
(sarcastically)  
Oh, please. You can't come up with  
a more original line than that?

HANK  
But, I...

JILL  
It's okay. I heard from the guys in  
the ER when I called in.

HANK  
I keep forgetting how fast word  
travels in the Hamptons. Can we  
reschedule for tomorrow?

JILL  
It'll have to be after my staff  
meeting.

HANK  
Of course. Jill, I am so --

JILL  
Just for the record...I think a man  
whose biggest organ is his heart is  
pretty hot.

INT. MRS. NEWBERG'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Mrs. Newberg greets Hank and Evan with a big hug.

EVAN

We are going to have an amazing party, Mrs. Newberg.

MRS. NEWBERG

I haven't been this excited since my second divorce! Billy's manager sent over the contract as well as the list of songs.

She hands it to Evan.

EVAN

This is awesome.

MRS. NEWBERG

Hank, I am so glad you came, too. There's someone I want you to meet. Esperanza! Angelina!

Esperanza enters followed by ANGELINA, her 20 year old daughter, who is very pregnant.

MRS. NEWBERG (CONT'D)

Evan, Hank. I'd like you to meet Angelina, Esperanza's daughter. This is the miracle man I told you about.

HANK

Hello. When are you due?

ANGELINA

About five weeks.

HANK

You look pretty distended for five weeks out. When was your last checkup?

ANGELINA

Last month.

HANK

You shouldn't go that long between visits at this stage.

ANGELINA

I've been studying for finals.

ESPERANZA

(proudly)

She's graduating next year from Rutgers.



EVAN

I think pregnant women - especially smart pregnant women - are so beautiful...

Hanks shoots Evan a withering look.

HANK

(to Angelina)

You still have to take care of yourself. I know a good OB-gyn over at Hamptons Heritage. I'll get you an appointment for tomorrow. Would you mind if I took a quick look at you?

Angelina sits. Hank checks her eyes, feels her abdomen and takes her blood pressure.

HANK (CONT'D)

Your blood pressure is 134 over 92. Would you take off your shoes, please?

She does. Her feet are red and enlarged.

HANK (CONT'D)

How long have your feet been swollen?

ANGELINA

A week or two.

HANK

And the puffiness around the eyes?

ANGELINA

The same.

HANK

It would be wise to stay in bed for the next few days.

ANGELINA

But, my mother needs my help for the party.

HANK

I'm sure Esperanza will agree that the health of your baby is more important than Billy Joel.

EVAN

That would depend on how big a fan she is.

Hanks glares at Evan. Strike two.

HANK

You need to go right to bed. Are you taking any extra vitamins? Supplements?

ANGELINA

Not really.

HANK

I'm going to prescribe some prenatal vitamins with folic acid until we can get you to the OB-gyn.

INT. DIVYA'S PARENT'S HOUSE - EVENING

Divya sits with her mother, RUBINA, going over the book of swatches.

DIVYA

I really can't decide.

RUBINA

You must make a choice. After all, it is the most important day of your life.

DIVYA

Mother, it's just a tablecloth.

RUBINA

Which you will see over again in your mind for the rest of your life! How can you be so casual about this?

DIVYA

Since you've planned this entire event since the day I was born, including the man I'm supposed to love, why stop now?

Divya storms out. Rubina's face registers shock and disappointment.

EXT. MRS. NEWBERG'S GARDEN - DAY

The next day, Evan is mapping out the grounds with EMMA, Mrs. Newberg's gorgeous, 22-year-old granddaughter, as tents are being erected.

EVAN

The band will go over there and Billy will stand right here. He'll be so close, you could touch him.

EMMA

What's his name, again?

EVAN

You've never heard of Billy Joel? One of the hottest rock and roll musicians of the last century?

Emma stares at him and shrugs.

EVAN (CONT'D)

That's okay. I keep forgetting you're 22. And a stunning 22 at that.

EMMA

(suspiciously)

You're not hitting on me, are you?!

EVAN

Are you kidding? I'm old enough to be your... uncle. Okay, wait till you hear who else is coming. Kathleen Turner.

No response.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Guess you never saw *Body Heat*. Jerry Seinfeld? Matthew Broderick? *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*?

EMMA

Oh!

EVAN

See! I knew I'd...

EMMA

My parents went to see that movie when my mom was pregnant with me.

Ouch. Evan feels really old.

INT. GURNEY'S INN - EVENING

The next night, Hank and Jill sit at a romantic, candlelit table with a bottle of champagne.

JILL

This is really good champagne. We should celebrate two month anniversaries more often.

HANK

Hopefully, it won't stop here.

They CLINK glasses.

JILL

So, who was that girl you sent over to the OB-gyn today?

HANK

Oh, that's the daughter of Mrs. Newberg's housekeeper. She's in her last trimester and I think she might have preeclampsia. Did the doctor tell you anything?

JILL

She never showed for her appointment.

HANK

I can't believe it. Isn't it funny that the people who want kids don't have them and the people who don't want them...

JILL

You'll be an amazing father someday.

HANK

Thanks. How about you? Are you feeling the proverbial biological clock ticking?

JILL

I don't know. Charlie never wanted them and now that he's out of the picture, I'm just not sure. Maybe if I met the right guy...

HANK

Yeah. Maybe.

His CELL PHONE RINGS.

HANK (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I have to...

JILL  
It's okay.

HANK  
This is Dr. Lawson. Okay. Stay still and keep pressure on it. Text me the address. I'm on my way.

HANK (CONT'D)  
(to Jill)  
It's an emergency. She sounded pretty hysterical.

JILL  
Of course. You have to go.

HANK  
Happy two-month anniversary.

Hank plants a huge kiss on her.

HANK (CONT'D)  
We'll finish this celebration another time, I promise.

JILL  
(coyly)  
I don't know. You can't re-cork good champagne.

Hank exits reluctantly.

INT. HANK'S CAR - EVENING

A few minutes later, Hank speed dials Divya.

HANK  
Divya, I need you to meet me at 43 Hamptons Lane right away. The home of a Mr. and Mrs. Richard Loomis.

DIVYA (V.O.)  
Richard Loomis? The Olympic swimmer?

HANK  
If the upscale address is any indication, probably so.

INT. UPSCALE HAMPTONS HOME - EVENING

A few minutes later, Hanks rings the doorbell of an elegant, Hamptons home. He is greeted by SANDRA, an attractive woman in her 30's, holding a BLOODY WASHCLOTH to the side of her head.

HANK

Mrs. Loomis? I'm Dr. Lawson

SANDRA

Thank God you're here. It's my husband. He's been...

Before Sandra can finish, she passes out in Hank's arms. He drags her inside and places her on the sofa. As he examines her, he discovers five or six bloody PUNCTURE WOUNDS on the side of her head. What the...? A VOICE calls to him from the other room.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Doc?

HANK

Mr. Loomis?

RICHARD

In here!

Hank quickly enters the other room, where RICHARD LOOMIS, an attractive athlete in his mid 20's, is laid out on the bed with a bloody tablecloth covering his crotch. As Hank takes in the scene, Divya enters.

DIVYA

What have we here?

HANK

Looks like an Olympic gold medalist who's been dealt a serious blow to his manhood.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. LOOMIS HOME, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Divya applies ointment and bandages to Sandra's head.

DIVYA

You say you walked into a gate?

SANDRA

That's what my husband said. I blacked out. We were running away from an attack dog and I flew head first into a wrought iron gate.

DIVYA

Were there spikes on this gate? These are puncture wounds.

SANDRA

I honestly can't remember a thing.

INT. LOOMIS HOME, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hank gingerly lifts up the tablecloth and examines Richard's groin. Richard is groaning in pain.

HANK

How did this happen?

RICHARD

The neighbor's dog. That bastard, old man Stapleton. We were just coming home from an anniversary dinner and she got loose and attacked us. Her name is Stealth. She's a killer.

HANK

I'd always heard that dogs go for a vulnerable area, but...wow. We need to get you to the hospital.

RICHARD

No, Doc. No hospital. Can't you take care of it here?

HANK

You need a proper, sterile environment. Not to mention somewhere where they can take Ex-rays and monitor your...

RICHARD

Doc, please. I'm a public figure. Do you know what the press would do over something like this? I'd be the laughing stock of the sports world.

Hank prepares an injection.

HANK

I'll give you something to ease the pain and get my assistant in here to shave you and prep you. We'll have to insert a catheter to determine if the urethra is patent. If there's no blood in the bladder, some stitches should take care of it.

RICHARD

Stitches? In Mister Happy?

HANK

He's not going to be very "happy" for awhile. And we need to make sure Stealth has all her rabies shots.

RICHARD

Old man Stapleton next door is crazy. You'll just make things worse.

HANK

If that dog is really vicious, it should be put down.

RICHARD

Doc, it'd be best to stay out of it.

Hank is hesitant, but presses on.

HANK

We can discuss this later. We need to get an IV going and take care of...Mister Happy.

INT. SHADOW POND, GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Evan is once again on the phone as Hank enters and starts sorting through the mail.



EVAN

(into phone)

Dude, what part of "Billy Joel" don't you understand? No, I need four DVX speakers plus the subwoofers. I don't care what the rental cost is, just find them, okay?

(to Hank)

Geez, it's so hard to get good help these days.

HANK

Yeah, even with someone else's money. Speaking of which, I hope you're keeping on top of the billing for HankMed while you're planning the *soirée* of the century.

EVAN

I've always got your back, bro.

HANK

Then why was this invoice to Mrs. Walker returned with no postage and an address that reads, "Mrs. Hannah Walker, 63 Montauk Highway, Good Luck Movin' up, Cause I'm Movin' Out"?

Evan snatches the envelope, embarrassed.

HANK (CONT'D)

Last time I checked, Montauk Highway is nowhere near the Billy Joel songbook.

Unseen by Evan, Divya enters.

EVAN

Well, I'm not the only one who's been distracted lately. Divya's been so moody, I thought she was going to bite off my...

DIVYA

Anything would be an improvement.

EVAN

So, when did this become national Beat-Up-on-Evan-Lawson-Day?

DIVYA  
 (a little too nasty)  
 Can we make that a federal holiday?  
 I'll lead the parade!

EVAN  
 Look, it's not my fault you're  
 marrying someone you're not in love  
 with just to please your parents.

DIVYA  
 That's none of your business!

EVAN  
 (matching her anger)  
 Last time I checked, you were still  
 an employee of HankMed. You're  
 about to get carted off to London  
 by your knight in a Paisley Nehru  
 jacket and leave us high and dry.  
 How is that not my business?

Hank steps in between them.

HANK  
 Evan, you're not helping! We've  
 been through this and I've told  
 Divya we will find a replacement if  
 necessary.

EVAN  
 So, when is she going to make a  
 decision?

DIVYA  
 (exploding)  
 It's not that simple!

Divya is fighting back the tears as hard as she can. She  
 takes a deep breath and regains her composure.

DIVYA (CONT'D)  
 I've always done what my parents  
 wanted. If I walked out on Raj now,  
 it would destroy them.

HANK  
 (gently)  
 What do you want, Divya?

DIVYA  
 You know what I want. But I come  
 from a culture where women are  
 secondary to men.

(MORE)

DIVYA (CONT'D)

I try to tell them, then I picture the joy on my mother's face as I'm walking down the aisle...and the words choke in my throat.

Hank embraces Divya tenderly. Evan looks on, speechless...and deeply moved.

INT. MRS. NEWBERG'S KITCHEN - DAY

As Hank enters, Esperanza and Angelina are chopping vegetables for the party. They are also arguing in Spanish. They stop quickly when they see Hank.

HANK

Sorry to interrupt. Could I speak to Angelina in private?

ESPERANZA

Anything you can say to her you can say in front of me.

ANGELINA

Mama, please?

Esperanza exits reluctantly.

HANK

You're supposed to be resting.

ANGELINA

This isn't strenuous.

HANK

No, but arguing with your mother is. Why didn't you show up for your doctor's appointment yesterday?

ANGELINA

I got busy with things here.

HANK

Angelina, nothing should be more important right now than your baby.

ANGELINA

What does it matter? I'm not going to keep it.

Hank looks confused.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)

Why do you think my mother brought me out here?

(MORE)

ANGELINA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Newberg has arranged for some rich family to raise my baby.

HANK

I take it this isn't your choice.

ANGELINA

My mother wants me to finish business school and become an accountant. She says if I have a baby, it will ruin everything.

HANK

What about the father?

ANGELINA

He stopped speaking to me the minute I told him I was pregnant.

HANK

I'm sorry. But if you don't get a proper exam, you could be putting yourself at risk as well. You could hemorrhage, have a seizure, any number of complications could arise. I don't have privileges at Hamptons Heritage, but I can make another appointment with the OB-gyn first thing Monday morning. Do I have your word that you'll show up this time?

ANGELINA

Yes. Thank you, Doctor Hank.

EXT. LOOMIS HOME - DAY

Evan and Hank approach the Loomis' house.

EVAN

This has got to be the most incredible week of my life! This morning, I was on the phone with Gwyneth Paltrow and now I'm meeting an Olympic gold medalist!

HANK

Just be cool with Loomis. And please, no jokes about his condition, okay?

EVAN

Why? You never told me what's wrong with him.

Before Hank can speak, Sandra opens the door.

SANDRA

Hi, Hank.

HANK

Hi Sandra. This is my brother, Evan Lawson.

SANDRA

Come on in.

INT. LOOMIS HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Evan takes Sandra's hand reverently.

EVAN

It is such an honor. I remember how you cried when your husband won his third gold medal for the 200 meter race. I cannot tell you how much I admire you both.

Sandra smiles politely.

HANK

How's the head today, Sandra?

She sits in a chair. Hank removes the bandage and examines her.

SANDRA

It's stopped throbbing. But I still have no memory of what happened.

HANK

No dizziness? Fainting? Nausea?

SANDRA

Sorry to disappoint you.

HANK

This seems to be healing just fine. But I'm concerned about the memory loss. We'll continue to monitor you and I'm going to want to run a few more tests. Can I see your husband?

SANDRA

Sure. Go on in.

INT. LOOMIS HOME, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Richard lies in bed.

RICHARD

Hey doc.

HANK

How are you feeling today?

RICHARD

Thank God for Vicodin.

HANK

Richard, this is my brother, Evan.  
Also the CFO of HankMed.

EVAN

I am your biggest fan on the entire  
planet.

RICHARD

Thanks, man.

Hank lifts up the blanket and starts examining him. Evan stands nearby.

EVAN

I'll never forget when you...whoa!  
That must really hurt!

RICHARD

Only when I pee, cough or move.

HANK

If you're able to urinate, that's a  
good sign. Thank God there was no  
damage to the urethra. Once the  
stitches heal, you'll be fine.  
No blood in the urine?

RICHARD

Nope.

HANK

The tests came back negative for  
rabies, but I'd still like to speak  
with your neighbor.

RICHARD

My wife's already spoken to him.  
Best if you just let us handle that  
part of it. How long before I'm  
back in action?

HANK

I'd give it about a month. I'll put  
you on Zithromycin to prevent  
infection. Take two today then one  
a day after that. I'll check on you  
the day after tomorrow.

RICHARD

Thanks, doc.

EVAN

It was so great meeting you, Dick.

Awkward pause.

RICHARD

It's Richard.

EVAN

Right.

INT. MRS. NEWBERG'S GUEST ROOM - EVENING

Mrs. Newberg takes a tray up to Angelina, who is lying in  
bed.

MRS. NEWBERG

I brought you some vegetable soup.

ANGELINA

You didn't have to do that, Mrs.  
Newberg.

Mrs. Newberg put the tray in front of her and sits on the  
side of the bed.

MRS. NEWBERG

Nonsense. We have to take care of  
both of you. Esperanza says you're  
feeling pretty anxious about all of  
this.

ANGELINA

Yes.

MRS. NEWBERG

The Littlefields are a lovely  
couple.

(MORE)

MRS. NEWBERG (CONT'D)

They can't have children, so this means everything to them. If you'd feel better meeting them, I could arrange to --

ANGELINA

(sharply)

I'd rather not.

MRS. NEWBERG

I understand. They'll pay for everything from here on out. Your mother has been like family to me, so I want to help in any way I can.

ANGELINA

I appreciate that.

Mrs. Newberg touches Angelina's cheek.

EXT. MR. STAPLETON'S DRIVEWAY - EVENING

As Evan and Hank stand in the driveway, Evan is terrified.

EVAN

Why didn't you tell me I'd have to subject myself to an attack dog to meet Richard Loomis?

HANK

Their story just doesn't add up. I have to check this out for myself.

Hank examines the gate in front of the house.

HANK (CONT'D)

There are no sharp points on this gate. How could she have gotten puncture wounds from this?

EVAN

Can we please just get out of here before Stealth has us for a bedtime snack?

HANK

Calm down. If this dog is really vicious, I'll have to report it to the police.



EVAN

You heard what they said. The owner is some mean, old man who sends his Stealth bomber dog in for the kill and asks questions later.

They are walking towards the house. Evan takes a small SPRAY BOTTLE out of his pocket.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Okay, I've got my doggie mace right here. If she so much as looks at me...

HANK

That's breath spray.

EVAN

Well...maybe she can't read.

HANK

(calling)

Mr. Stapleton?

A LARGE DOG barks. Terrified, Evan practically jumps into Hank's arms. A gate opens and six, Old English Sheepdog PUPPIES come scampering down the driveway and start nuzzling up to Hank and Evan, followed by their MOTHER, a big, friendly sheepdog who jumps up on Evan and starts licking his face playfully. MR. STAPLETON, a kindly elderly gentleman, follows.

STAPLETON

Okay, Stealth, that's enough. I'm sorry, she doesn't have very good manners. I'm George Stapleton.

HANK

How do you do? I'm Dr. Hank Lawson and this is my brother, Evan.

Evan doesn't respond, as he is laughing from all the dog licks.

HANK (CONT'D)

This is Stealth?

STAPLETON

Sure is. Named for my two ex-wives, Stella and Ruth. That got too complicated, so I shortened it to Stealth. Just had her puppies two weeks ago.

HANK

So, why did she attack Mr.  
and Mrs. Loomis last night?

Stapleton LAUGHS.

STAPLETON

What? My Stella's never hurt a fly.  
Besides, she's been too busy taking  
care of her pups to care about much  
of anything else.

HANK

Thanks, Mr. Stapleton. Sorry to  
have bothered you.

STAPLETON

Hey, if you know anyone looking for  
a little bundle of love, send 'em  
my way, huh?

HANK

Will do.

Evan and Hank start down the driveway.

EVAN

Oh, Hank! Can we get one? Please?  
Pleeeeeease?

HANK

Evan! Stop. I've got more important  
issues right now.

EVAN

Like what?

HANK

Like why one of my patients is  
lying to me.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. MRS. NEWBERG'S GARDEN - DAY

Evan and Mrs. Newberg are arranging place cards on the elegantly set tables for that night.

MRS. NEWBERG

Now, with two celebrities at each table, if we've got Maria Shriver and Richard Gere ringside, are you sure Jerry Seinfeld and George Stephanopolous won't feel slighted over here?

EVAN

If they do, that's their problem.

MRS. NEWBERG

What about Sara Jessica Parker and Matthew Broderick? If they're here, then where does that leave these two?

She hands the remaining place cards to Evan.

EVAN

Kathleen Turner and Jimmy Buffet are so last season. They can sit in the back and like it!

Hank and Divya enter.

HANK

Evan, can we speak to you for a moment, please?

EVAN

Dude, I am putting you and Jill at the table with the Clintons. It's okay, you thank me later. And the Divster will be --

HANK

I opened a box I thought contained my new order of syringes and clamps, but I found these instead.

Hank holds up a box containing a large pile of COCKTAIL NAPKINS with his face on it, which say "HankMed - The Best in the Hamptons".

EVAN

Aren't those cool? They've got your face on one side and Divya on the other...depending on whose being served.

HANK

Evan, I thought we agreed.

EVAN

That I shred the list afterward. You didn't say anything about during the party.

DIVYA

You are astounding! You'll stop at nothing, will you? I'm only surprised you didn't print some up with your picture on them.

Hank holds up a larger stack of DINNER NAPKINS with Evan's picture on them.

DIVYA (CONT'D)

Perhaps toilet paper might have been more appropriate.

EVAN

Hey, I'm just trying to help promote our business.

DIVYA

As usual, in the most inappropriate way.

EVAN

But don't you want all these famous people to...

HANK

No, Evan. That's final.

EVAN

I guess that means the swizzle sticks are out, too?

INT. LOOMIS HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hank and Divya sit across from Richard and Sandra.

HANK

So, when are you going to tell me what really happened?

RICHARD

We told you.

HANK

I went to see mean, Old Man Stapleton and his attack dog...with her six cuddly puppies.

Richard looks at Sandra. He knows he's busted.

HANK (CONT'D)

Look, I know you don't want to deal with another doctor at this stage of the game. If you don't tell me the truth, I'm withdrawing from the case.

SANDRA

But you can't do that now! We need you...

Sandra starts twitching and convulsing. Hank massages her and forces her to breathe deeply. She stops.

HANK

For one thing, when were you going to tell us that Sandra is an epileptic?

SANDRA

I didn't think it mattered.

HANK

There's a distinct possibility you had a *grand mal* seizure the other night.

DIVYA

Mrs. Loomis, if we had prescribed Xanax for your head wound in conjunction with the meds you take for your epilepsy, you could have gotten extremely ill.

SANDRA

But you didn't, did you?

HANK

It's not a good idea to play Russian Roulette with your doctor. Now, what are you hiding?

RICHARD

It's pretty embarrassing.

HANK

You have total doctor/patient confidentiality here.

Richard looks at Sandra questioningly. She nods for him to proceed.

RICHARD

Okay. Here's the deal. The other night was our anniversary. We were in a private, corner booth at The Palms Steakhouse. We'd had a little too much champagne and I was feeling frisky, so I asked the missus here to help me out.

HANK

Go on.

SANDRA

The last thing I remember was getting under the table. I felt a little light-headed, but I thought it was the champagne.

RICHARD

She started taking care of Mr. Happy and...

HANK

She had a Tonic-clonic seizure... and bit down?

RICHARD

I couldn't get her to stop. I panicked. I grabbed my salad fork and started jabbing her in the side of the head. I didn't want to hurt her, but the pain was so...

DIVYA

That explains the puncture wounds.

RICHARD

We got the waiter to call us a cab. He wanted to take us to the hospital, but I insisted he bring us straight home. He helped us into the house. I tipped him so much to keep his mouth shut, I probably put his kids through college.

Awkward pause. Hank crosses his legs. Divya is dumbfounded.

HANK

Sandra, what are you taking for your seizures?

SANDRA

I take Keppra twice a day.

HANK

If you're having that level of seizures and blackouts, you should switch to Tegretol.

SANDRA

Okay.

HANK

And you always need to be up-front with your doctor. No matter how embarrassing the situation, you can't mess around with your life.

SANDRA

It won't happen again.

HANK

I hope not.

RICHARD

I don't think Mister Happy could take it.

INT. MRS. NEWBERG'S KITCHEN - EVENING

As party preparations are in full swing, Hank walks into the kitchen to see Esperanza.

ESPERANZA

Hello, Dr. Hank.

HANK

Hello, Esperanza. I wanted to check on how Angelina is doing.

ESPERANZA

She's changing. I told her if she stayed in bed all day, I'd let her come down to hear Billy Joel.

HANK

Esperanza, can I ask you something?

ESPERANZA

Yes?

HANK

What are you so adamant about your daughter giving up this baby?

ESPERANZA

Doctor Hank, I had Angelina just before my twentieth birthday. You think you're an adult at that age. You're not. A baby changes everything.

HANK

But if she wants to keep it...

ESPERANZA

And wind up like me? A college dropout with no husband and no choices in life but to wash and cook for rich people? I've worked too hard to give her options. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go help the caterers with the salad.

EXT. MRS. NEWBERG'S GARDEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Hank exits into the garden as other guests are starting to arrive. He runs into a crazed Evan.

EVAN

Hank! You have to help me!

HANK

What's wrong?

EVAN

Billy Joel has the flu. He's bailing and so are all the celebrities!

HANK

What can I do?

EVAN

You're a doctor! Can't you pump him full of drugs? Give him one of those Dr. Feelgood shots so that he's numb until tomorrow?

HANK

Evan, it's got to run its course. I'm sure he has his own doctor and if he's sick, there's nothing I can do.



EVAN

Well then take a gun and shoot me,  
because this is the biggest  
nightmare of my life!

Mrs. Newberg enters, dressed to the nines.

MRS. NEWBERG

Well Hank, I suppose Evan told you?

HANK

He did, Mrs. Newberg, and I am so  
sorry...

MRS. NEWBERG

Nonsense. We'll turn this into a  
win-win. I know an extra special  
performer who can step in at the  
last minute.

EVAN

Who?

MRS. NEWBERG

Me! I can't let everyone down.  
Evan, you go greet the guests and  
tell them. I have to go have a  
confab with my peeps in the band.

She exits.

EVAN

(to Hank)

Make that two of the biggest  
nightmares of my life.

Divya enters quickly.

DIVYA

Hank, you'd better come with me.

HANK

Why?

DIVYA

Angelina's water just broke.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. MRS. NEWBERG'S GARDEN, STAGE AREA - EVENING -  
CONTINUOUS

Angelina is standing by the side of the GRAND PIANO as Hank and Divya approach her. Esperanza and Jill are nearby.

HANK

I thought you said you weren't due  
for five weeks.

ANGELINA

I'm not! I think I feel the baby  
coming already.

JILL

We've got to get her to the  
hospital.

DIVYA

There may not be time.

Hank sees a nearby box of TABLE LINENS and quickly grabs a tablecloth. He drapes it over the piano.

HANK

(to Divya)

Lift her up on three. One, two...

They lift Angelina up and lay her down on top of the grand piano. Hank begins examining her.

HANK (CONT'D)

She's got a prolapse of the  
umbilical cord.

ANGELINA

What does that mean?

HANK

It means the cord is hanging down.  
That's what you were feeling  
between your legs. It's cutting off  
the flow of oxygen to the baby.

DIVYA

Hank, can you feel a pulse in the  
cord?

HANK

Yes, but it's extremely irregular.  
If we don't do something right  
away, she'll lose the baby.

ANGELINA

Please, help me!

HANK

Divya, prepare for an emergency  
C-section.

JILL

Right here? On top of the grand  
piano?

HANK

We don't have any choice. Jill,  
unplug that speaker, cover it with  
a tablecloth and put it under her  
hips. Esperanza, get me some  
blankets and towels. Divya, I need  
a Number 15 scalpel, hemostats and  
some Betadine solution. Then  
prepare an injection of Lidocaine.

Everyone springs into action.

EXT. MRS. NEWBERG'S DRIVEWAY - EVENING

While some GUESTS are having cocktails, several other  
WELL-DRESSED PEOPLE are walking away as Evan tries to  
stop them.

EVAN

But, Gwyneth! Sara Jessica! Please  
stay! It's still gonna be a kick-  
ass party, even without Billy. And  
wait till you hear Mrs. Newberg  
sing his arrangements. I bet you  
won't even be able to tell the  
difference! (under his breath) If  
you happen to be deaf.

Mrs. Newberg enters.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Mrs. Newberg, I'm afraid some of  
our VIP guests are leaving.

MRS. NEWBERG

Which ones?

EVAN

Oh, just about...all of 'em.

MRS. NEWBERG

Well, it's their loss. Besides, it's looking like we might have to delay the musical interlude until after dinner. There's a little problem with the grand piano.

EVAN

But, I had it tuned this morning.

MRS. NEWBERG

No dear, it's not that. Angelina's giving birth on it. You may want to keep people away from the stage area for now.

She floats away.

EVAN

Right. What?!

EXT. MRS. NEWBERG'S GARDEN, STAGE AREA - EVENING

As Hank and Divya are prepping Angelina, Evan enters.

HANK

Evan, thank God you're here. I need you to refocus some of the lights.

EVAN

But it took us two hours to get those lights just right...

HANK

(a warning)

Evan!

EVAN

Got it.

Once Evan turns the lights, the area by the grand piano is as bright as an operating room.

HANK

Jill, will you help Evan move those flats in front of the piano? I think our patient deserves a little privacy.

Jill and Evan do so.

HANK (CONT'D)

Okay, here we go. Number 15  
scalpel entering.

Hank SLICES into Angelina's abdomen.

DIVYA

Are you making a Pfannenstiel  
incision?

HANK

I need to leave more room. I'll  
have to do a midline. Angelina,  
I'm afraid I'm going to leave you  
with bit of a scar.

ANGELINA

I don't care. Just save my baby.

Mrs. Newberg enters in a flurry.

MRS. NEWBERG

Hank, I don't suppose the musicians  
could start playing on the other  
side of the stage?

HANK

Actually, the music might help to  
relax her. (to Angelina) What do  
you say?

ANGELINA

Fine. Just not the piano.

EXT. MRS. NEWBERG'S GARDEN - EVENING

A little while later, the BAND has started playing  
cocktail party music. The PIANIST has set up an electric  
keyboard in front of the screen. TATE RUPERT, a well-  
dressed man in his forties, approaches Evan with RACHEL,  
his teenage daughter.

TATE

Hey, Evan!

EVAN

Hiya, Mr. Rupert.

TATE

I think you know my daughter,  
Rachel?

EVAN

Sure. Hi.

TATE

So, when do Billy Joel and the rest of the big shots get here?

EVAN

Well...

RACHEL

I am so excited! We saw him at Radio City. And when my dad told me about some of the other cool people who are coming, my girlfriends were way jealous.

At that moment, the band reaches the end of a song. In the lull, Angelina GROANS LOUDLY. Tate and Rachel look at the stage area, then back at Evan.

EVAN

Must be my stomach. I haven't eaten today. Excuse me.

EXT. MRS. NEWBERG'S GARDEN, STAGE AREA - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Hank and Divya are delivering the baby. Esperanza clutches Angelina's hand tightly while Jill stands by.

HANK

You're doing great, Angelina. Okay, I've cut a hole in the peritoneum. Entering the uterine wall. I'm reaching in now.

Hank pulls the baby's head out with both hands and wiggles it to get the shoulders out.

HANK (CONT'D)

Divya, I need another clamp for the umbilical cord.

DIVYA

I...I don't have any more clamps!

HANK

It's okay. Esperanza, take off your shoes.

JILL

Her shoes?!

HANK

Yes!

Esperanza removes her shoes.

HANK (CONT'D)

Now, give me the laces. Quickly.

Esperanza hands the shoelaces to Hank. He wraps them around the umbilical cord in two places.

HANK (CONT'D)

I'm tying these onto the placental side of the cord and cutting in between them.

Hank holds up the BABY, who CRIES.

HANK (CONT'D)

(to Angelina)

Congratulations. You have healthy, little boy.

Esperanza kisses Angelina's hand. Hank hands the baby to Divya as he prepares to sew up Angelina. Jill watches Hank in awe.

EXT. MRS. NEWBERG'S SWIMMING POOL - EVENING

Away from the party, Evan is sitting alone on the diving board, chugging imported beer. He has three more lined up next to him. He takes his list and tears it into little pieces and tosses it into the pool. As he takes another pull on his beer, his CELL PHONE rings.

EVAN

(sounding like Eeyore)

HankMed. How can we help you feel better than I do today?

RICHARD (V.O.)

Hey, Evan. It's Richard Loomis.

EVAN

Hi Dick...I mean Richard.

RICHARD (V.O.)

Listen, I wanted to tell Hank that my wife and I are sorry for all the trouble we caused. We really should have been straight with Hank from the beginning.

EVAN

No problem. I'm just glad Stealth was a big, ball of fluff rather than a pit bull with an attitude.

RICHARD (V.O.)

Well, let me know if there's ever  
any way I can make it up to you  
guys.

Evan's eyes widen.

EVAN

I don't suppose you'd like to be  
the guest of honor at a party  
tonight...?

RICHARD

Dude, with these stitches you-know-  
where, I can barely walk.

Evan is bummed, but he understands.

EVAN

I'll tell Hank you called.

EXT. MRS. NEWBERG'S GARDEN, STAGE AREA - EVENING -  
CONTINUOUS

Hank continues to suture up Angelina as Divya examines  
the baby.

DIVYA

The Apgar rating is between 7 and  
8. It should be a full 10 as soon  
as the airway is suctioned and the  
baby is stimulated more. He's going  
to be fine.

HANK

I'm out of sponges. Esperanza, hand  
me that box.

Esperanza hands Hank the napkins with Evan's face on  
them, which he proceeds to use to soak up the excess  
fluid.

DIVYA

I can't think of a better use for  
those.

JILL

The ambulance is here.



HANK

Great. Let's get her on some Pitocin to help her uterus contract. Then send both of them to the hospital.

ANGELINA

Thank you, Doctor Hank.

EXT. MRS. NEWBERG'S GARDEN - EVENING

Heading back from the ambulance, Hank approaches Mrs. Newberg.

MRS. NEWBERG

Well, this wasn't exactly the evening I had in mind.

HANK

That makes two of us.

MRS. NEWBERG

How are you?

HANK

To tell you the truth, I could use a hot shower and a tall scotch.

MRS. NEWBERG

Come with me first.

EXT. MRS. NEWBERG'S GARDEN, STAGE AREA - EVENING

A moment later, Hank and Mrs. Newberg are in the middle of the stage area. Evan stands at the edge of the crowd.

MRS. NEWBERG

Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your attention, please? I know you were expecting to see some celebrities tonight, but as far as I am concerned, the real star of the evening is our own doctor Hank Lawson.

The crowd APPLAUDS.

MRS. NEWBERG (CONT'D)

For those of you who are looking for something a little more flashy, it is my great pleasure to introduce five time Olympic gold medalist, Richard Loomis!

The flats are removed from in front of the piano and Richard is seated in a WHEELCHAIR. The crowd cheers.

RICHARD

Hey folks! Sorry about the wheelchair. I tweaked my back in a little diving accident the other day and Hank told me I need to stay put for a few days. But when I heard that my buddy Evan Lawson needed a favor, wheelchair or not, I had to come see you. These guys are the best in the Hamptons! Evan, come up here and join us, pal!

Shocked and delighted, Evan joins them onstage.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Mrs. Newberg?

MRS. NEWBERG

Hit it, fellas.

Mrs. Newberg sings to Hank and Evan.

MRS. NEWBERG (CONT'D)

*"Don't go changin' to try and please me, I never want to work that hard. I couldn't love you any better. I love you just the way you are."*

While she's not Billy Joel, she's surprisingly good. Hank, Evan and Richard are beaming.

INT. SOUTHAMPTON YACHT CLUB - DAY

Divya and Rubina are having lunch.

DIVYA

And if we use the burgundy and cream accents throughout the room, we can have large pots of white lilacs and deep, red azaleas in the center of each of the tables.

RUBINA

Oh, it sounds lovely.

DIVYA

I know how important this is to you, mother.

RUBINA

Divya, I only want what is best for you.

DIVYA

I know.

RUBINA

I'm aware that you don't love Raj. I didn't love your father at first.

Divya looks at her with surprise.

RUBINA (CONT'D)

Sometimes love blooms all at once. And sometimes it unfolds slowly, like a lotus flower. Give it some time, darling.

Divya forces a smile for her mother. She takes this in and makes peace with it...for now.

INT. HAMPTONS HERITAGE HOSPITAL, MATERNITY WARD - DAY

Angelina holds her newborn baby triumphantly as Esperanza looks on with maternal pride. Hank enters.

HANK

How are we all doing today?

ANGELINA

Wonderfully. Thanks to you. Would you like to hold him?

Hank picks up the baby delicately.

HANK

(to baby)

Hey slugger. We weren't sure you were going to make it.

ANGELINA

None of us were. I've decided to keep him and go to school part time at Hamptons Community College to finish my degree.

ESPERANZA

I realize now this is as it should be.

HANK

That's wonderful. But what about Mrs. Newberg's adoptive parents?

ESPERANZA

She spoke to the Littlefields. They understood and went back on the waiting list at the foster home.

HANK

Perfect. Have you come up with a name yet?

ANGELINA

Actually, I thought I'd call him Enrique.

HANK

Enrique? Isn't that Spanish for...

ANGELINA

Henry.

HANK

I couldn't think of a better name myself.

Hank COOS over the baby as Angelina and Esperanza look on joyfully.

INT. HAMPTONS HERITAGE HOSPITAL, CAFETERIA - DAY

Jill and Hank sit at a table over cups of coffee.

HANK

What do you think they put in hospital coffee to make it taste like this? Do they start with soapy water?

JILL

I just put in so much powdered creamer and Sucralose that you can't taste it.

HANK

Don't even get me started on those chemical studies. You're better off with the soap suds.

JILL

You know, seeing you with that baby really got me thinking.

HANK

Yeah?

JILL

I've been so focused on my career and the breakup of my lousy marriage, I've completely lost track of my biological clock. But I think it might be time to re-visit that.

HANK

Really?

JILL

When my only potential for fatherhood was Charlie, no wonder I had second thoughts. But it might be time to explore some other options.

Hank leans in very close to Jill.

HANK

You know, I'm awfully good at winding clocks.

JILL

(playfully)

Are you, now?

HANK

Uh huh. Especially biological ones.

Hank gives her a long, passionate kiss as we

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE