

TEASER

EXT. BROWN FAMILY RANCH - WOODED AREA - DAY

BODHI BROWN (2), in Bermuda shorts and a tee, stands in a tree clearing with both hands across his mouth. His bulging eyes fixate on something several feet in front of him.

SUPERIMPOSE: Brown Family Ranch, 1980

BODHI

Where's your mommy?

Bodhi shuffles up to a metal cage trap, crouches in front of it, pulls on the door - it's latched. The distant, sharp voice of GRANDPA BROWN (60s) pierces the air.

GRANDPA (O.S.)

Bodhi, where are you? Call out!

Bodhi freezes, looks back, then presses his face up to the cage. A BABY MINK stares at him. Bodhi shakes his head side to side.

BODHI

I don't let Grandpa hurt you.

EXT. BROWN FAMILY RANCH - FRONT GATE - DAY

A Cadillac pulls up to a closed black iron gate with a giant engraved BROWN FAMILY RANCH EMBLEM soldered onto it. Behind it sits forty acres of sprawling ranch land.

DR. WALLACE EVANS, (32), Irish, messy hair, pristine lab coat, rolls down his window, presses numbers on a pad - gate doesn't open. He tries two more times - gate doesn't open.

Dr. Evans opens the glove box, grabs a gun, shoots the pad three times - gate opens.

EXT. BROWN FAMILY RANCH - WOODED AREA - DAY

Bodhi looks in the direction of the gunshots, then fiddles harder with the cage door latch. Grandpa breaks through the tree thicket with his rifle cocked, then un-cocks it.

GRANDPA

Don't you ever run ahead of me like that, Boy.

Grandpa pushes up his bandanna-wrapped cowboy hat with the barrel of his rifle, reveals a forlorn, leathered face.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

Alright. What you got hiding in that there cage, Bodhi?

Eyes locked on Grandpa, Bodhi fiddles with the latch more.

BODHI

Nothing, Grandpa.

GRANDPA

Don't lie to me, Boy. My senses don't. I know something's in there.

Grandpa plops his rifle butt on the ground, barrel up.

EXT. BROWN FAMILY RANCH - FRONT GATE - DAY

Dr. Evans drives through the now fully open gates, cruises down a long dirt road, looks at the open gates in his mirror.

EXT. BROWN FAMILY RANCH - WOODED AREA - DAY

Bodhi stares at his Grandpa as he yanks on the door latch.

GRANDPA

Move over, Bodhi. I want a glimpse at our kill before I skin it.

Bodhi pushes and pulls the latch in all directions.

BODHI

When do my mommy and daddy come back?

GRANDPA

Stop you're stalling, Kid. We've got two summer months to turn you into a trapper yet. Now, move it.

A small smile takes over Bodhi's face. He crawls like a crab to the side, reveals an empty cage trap with its door open.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

God damn it. Your bleeding heart is no good for my fur business.

Bodhi looks down at his heart, rubs it. Grandpa steps forward, leans down, picks up fur in front of the cage, massages it between his fingers.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
Feels like mink to me.

Grandpa releases the fur, extends his hand across the gun barrel, pulls himself up, loses his balance. KABOOM!

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
Sweet Mother of Jesus!

Grandpa falls on his ass. Blood spews from the nub of a missing middle finger. THUMP - the finger lands in the distance. Bodhi runs, picks it up, raises it in the air.

BODHI
Found it, Grandpa!

Grandpa mumbles in shock, yanks off his hat handkerchief, tourniquets his hand. Bodhi gallops back with the finger.

BODHI (CONT'D)
I fix it, Grandpa.

GRANDPA
Yeah, you do that.

Bodhi places the severed finger on his Grandpa's middle finger nub, cups his tiny hand around both for ten seconds.

BODHI
Grandpa all better now.

Grandpa wiggles his middle finger, stares at its forward and backward movement with bulging eyes, leaps to his feet.

GRANDPA
Where'd you learn such sorcery,
Boy?

BODHI
What's sauce or we?

GRANDPA
Did you summon the devil so I'd cut
short your parent's vacation?

Bodhi stares at his grandpa, steps back, hyperventilates. Grandpa grabs Bodhi's arm, drags him into the woods.

BODHI
Stop Grandpa! You hurting me.

GRANDPA
Your dad said you were odd but he
failed to tell me you're evil too.

EXT. BROWN FAMILY RANCH - FRONT OF HOME - DAY

Dr. Evans drives past a large ranch home with horse corrals and a barn in the distance. He continues down the windy road.

EXT. BROWN FAMILY RANCH - FRONT OF BARN - DAY

Grandpa drags Bodhi out of the woods, ties his wrists to a corral post with his bloody handkerchief, yanks out his belt.

GRANDPA

I'm going to whip that demon out of you if it's the last thing I do.

Grandpa gives a sobbing Bodhi a brutal lashing. Dr. Evans pulls up, turns off his car, watches. He exits the car, holds papers up in the air. Grandpa grabs his rifle, aims it.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

You're on private property. I suggest you leave, now.

DR. EVANS

I've got custodianship papers for the lad. His parents signed them just before they died.

Grandpa lowers his rifle.

GRANDPA

Died? My son and daughter-in-law are on vacation.

DR. EVANS

I guess the news hasn't traveled here yet. They died this morning in a tragic accident.

GRANDPA

What tragic accident?

DR. EVANS

Same one you encountered.

Dr. Evans shoots Grandpa three times. Bodhi hyperventilates.

DR. EVANS (CONT'D)

It's okay lad. I'm not going to shoot you. I'm a doctor, Dr. Evans. You've got something I want.

END TEASER

ACT 1

INT. COURTHOUSE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

BODHI BROWN (now 45), in Bermuda shorts, dress shirt, blazer - lies passed out on the floor. Five faces lean over him.

JEROME WASHINGTON (41), a black businessman, REYNA WASHINGTON (38), a demure Filipino woman and AURORA WASHINGTON (17), a Goth girl, lean over one side of Bodhi.

TAI LEE (23), tatted, in prison jumpsuit, GANDHI (64), white prison guard, carnelian blue eyes, lean over Bodhi's other side. Bodhi opens his eyes into Gandhi's blue pools.

GANDHI

You okay, Mr. Brown?

BODHI

Fainting seems to be the only way I can catch up on my sleep.

Jerome extends Bodhi his left hand with a missing middle finger, helps Bodhi stand. The rest stand fully upright.

GANDHI

Then what might seizures do for you, Sir?

BODHI

A seizure was it? Hmmm. Well, I'd say it gave us all a much needed intermission from reviewing restorative justice ground rules. Wouldn't you?

Bodhi smiles, then blurrily focuses on the conference table, a water bottle, a chair, a restorative justice wall poster.

GANDHI

I mean it, Mr. Brown. You okay?

Bodhi waves away Gandhi's concern, leads everyone back to the table. Washington family sits on one side of the table, Tai and Bodhi sit on the other side. Gandhi stands behind Tai.

AURORA

Dad, this convict ruined your music career. How do you forgive that?

JEROME

Aurora, the forgiveness we give is as much for us, as it is him. Plus, music was my hobby, not my career.

BODHI

Give restorative justice a chance,
Aurora. You'll see how effective it
can be when properly navigated.

AURORA

Not if I have to ignore my
feelings, it won't be.

BODHI

Your feelings aren't precluded from
today's opportunity to heal. It's
quite the opposite. It's just that
negative attitudes and name calling
are simply unproductive.

AURORA

But he is a convict. That's not
name calling, it's the truth.

Gandhi watches Bodhi tilt a bit in his seat.

GANDHI

Mr. Brown, could you use a break?

BODHI

I'm fine, Gandhi, thank you.

Aurora shifts her eyes from Bodhi to Gandhi.

AURORA

Is your name really Gandhi?

GANDHI

Nickname, compliments of Mr. Brown.

AURORA

Why does he call you Gandhi?

BODHI

Mr. Washington, is there anything
you'd like to say to Mr. Lee?

TAI

Call me Tai. That's what I go by.

Aurora rolls her eyes. Mr. Washington takes a deep breath.

JEROME

Okay, Tai. I've reflected on our
incident from two years ago a lot.
The day you cut off my finger was
the second worse day of my life.

TAI

The second? What was the first?

JEROME

I was leading a troop through Afghanistan when my infantry came across a small group of Taliban. We outnumbered them, so I thought. I got cocky, spouted off some derogatory statement and a larger group of Taliban arose out of hiding, shot up my whole infantry.

AURORA

You never told me that story, Dad.

JEROME

While we were faced with an untenable situation, had I kept my mouth shut, the Taliban's execution style bullet spray may not have been their first course of action. My men might still be alive.

TAI

How is it you survived?

JEROME

I dropped to the ground, hurled three grenades from my pocket.

TAI

Respect. Why didn't you take me out the day we met? Seems you could've.

JEROME

I've seen enough war, enough death. In retrospect, I should've taken the high road with you when you moved into the fast lane. While I certainly didn't start our fight, I easily could've circumvented it.

Jerome looks down at his left hand with his missing middle finger, clenches his hand into a tight fist.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Jerome drives his SUV 65 mph in the fast lane. A strung out Tai, in a sapped up Honda, comes in fast behind him. Jerome spots his tailgater, mutters to himself.

INT. JEROME'S CAR - DAY

JEROME

In a hurry are you, punk?

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Jerome decreases his speed, smirks in his rearview mirror. Tai down shifts, rides Jerome's bumper. Jerome pumps his breaks. Tai swerves into the next lane, yells out his window.

INT. TAI'S CAR - DAY

TAI

Mother fucker!

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Tai zips past Jerome's car, then swerves in front of it. Tai reduces his speed. Jerome shakes his head in disgust, rolls down his window and flips Tai the bird.

INT. JEROME'S CAR - DAY

JEROME

Sit on that and spin!

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Tai immediately slams on his breaks, Jerome's car smashes into the back of it. Airbags deploy in both cars.

INT. TAI'S CAR - DAY

Tai pinned behind an air bag, grabs a machete from his back seat, slices into the inflated air bag, it deflates. He maneuvers out of his car, heads towards Jerome's car.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Tai passes Jerome's smashed front end. Jerome is stuck behind his inflated air bag. Tai yanks Jerome's left arm out the window, rolls his hand into a fist, extends his middle digit.

JEROME

Are you fucking crazy?

TAI
Crazy to the bone.

Tai raises his machete, swings it down, lops off Jerome's middle finger. It plops on the ground.

END FLASHBACK

JEROME
I was having a bad day before our altercation. I think deep down I wanted to piss someone off. Once again, I didn't think about possible outcomes, hence another painful life lesson.

BODHI
Mr. Washington, clearly you did the deep reflective work that makes healing possible. Well done.

Jerome glances at a restorative justice poster on the wall that outlines the five principles of restorative justice: relationship, respect, responsibility, repair, reintegration.

BODHI (CONT'D)
Tai, are you ready to accept responsibility for your injury?

TAI
It's why I'm here. Can I stand?

BODHI
Certainly.

Tai stands, grabs a piece of paper out of his jumpsuit with a trembly hand, reads from it.

TAI
My life started out rough, and only got rougher. When I was just two, my parents would get high for days. All their money was spent on drugs, mostly.

Tai takes a sip of water, clears his throat. The Washington family focuses all eyes on Tai.

TAI (CONT'D)
I didn't have any clothes that fit me beyond one year so my parents left me in diapers most of the time. Often I'd run around naked.

Aurora yawns loudly. Her mom and dad look at her sternly.

AURORA

Sorry.

TAI

My parents rarely remembered to feed me. I ate leftover fast food scraps when I could find some. Old crumpled up fast food bags would sit around the floor for weeks.

Tai takes another sip of water.

TAI (CONT'D)

When I turned three, my mom went to prison for drug dealing. Then it was just me and my dad. One day my dad unwrapped a burger just before he passed out. When he woke up from his heroin high, I was eating it. He hit me so hard, I flew across the room. Then he threw me out on the front porch in my diapers. It was snowing that day.

Tai inhales deeply, then exhales. Pauses.

TAI (CONT'D)

Day turned into night and my dad forgot about me. In the morning, when he let his drug dealer in the door, he saw me lying frostbitten on the porch. I wasn't dead yet but he begged his drug dealer to help him bury my body. The drug dealer had already called nine-one-one.

Aurora's eyes fill with water. She presses on them both.

TAI (CONT'D)

I never saw my dad again.

AURORA

Is he still alive?

TAI

He was shanked in prison.

AURORA

You can remember all that from when you were only two?

TAI

Hell no. I mean, no Miss. I revisited all of that during my restorative justice counseling sessions. They let me read some of the criminal court transcripts that had detailed testimonies from neighbors, friends, acquaintances.

AURORA

What happened to you after that?

TAI

I defrosted from my hypothermia, then spent a month in the hospital. After that, I lived in a bunch of foster homes. Once I turned sixteen, I opted for street life. For the last seven years, I've pretty much been gang banging.

Reyna clears her throat, talks quietly, her head angled down.

REYNA

I very sorry you endured harmful childhood, Mr. Lee.

Tai nods his head at Reyna.

TAI

When I met you, Mr. Washington, I didn't care if I lived or died. I justified every one of my crimes as a way to elevate my gang status.

Tai puts his paper down, looks over at Mr. Washington.

TAI (CONT'D)

My life story is tragic, I know. I've suffered greatly, and I've caused great suffering. But it's no excuse for what I did to you.

Tai pauses, looks down. He raises his eyes back to Jerome.

TAI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Mr. Washington, for what I did to you.

BODHI

Tai, be specific about the harm.

TAI

Huh?

BODHI

In other words, name the harm,
claim the harm, release the harm.

TAI

Right. Mr. Washington, I'm sorry I
cut off your finger. It was savage-
like. It's not right you can't play
the guitar anymore. I plan to no
longer be a monster. Rather I want
to become a protector.

JEROME

Mr. Brown, may I shake Tai's hand?

BODHI

Tai?

TAI

Yeah, I'm good with it.

Jerome and Tai shake hands. Tai turns, shyly faces Reyna.

TAI (CONT'D)

Mrs. Washington, I'm sorry that I,
like, cut off your husband's
finger. I understand you've been
very depressed. I do know what that
feels like. I hope this meeting
can, does, make you feel better.

REYNA

I do still cry, but I do forgive.

Reyna nods to Tai. He nods at Reyna, then faces Aurora.

TAI

Miss Washington, I'm sorry I hurt
your dad, you know, cut off his
finger. I heard you went ballistic
at the news, then were arrested for
graffitiing a jail cell around my
name under the freeway overpass.
Though the up and down cuss words
you painted for the jail cell bars?
They were rip. But none of this is
good. It's all on me and I'm sorry.

AURORA

Do you get time knocked off your
sentence for being here?

TAI

I'm carrying out my full ten years.

BODHI

Aurora, restorative justice opens the door to healing, but you have to choose to walk through it.

Bodhi's watch beeps.

BODHI (CONT'D)

That's it for today. Well done, everyone.

Bodhi stands, mutters indistinctly as he shakes Jerome's, Reyna's, and Aurora's hands, then Tai's and Gandhi's hands. Aurora walks over to Tai, extends her hand. Tai smiles.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DA'S OFFICE - DAY

Bodhi turns off his beeping watch as he steps into the DA's Office. DA MALBEC (68), the incumbent District Attorney, who looks equally handsome as he does smarmy, shuts the door.

BODHI

What's with the urgent meeting?

DA MALBEC

Have a seat, please.

BODHI

You caught me just as I was leaving for the prison.

DA MALBEC

Please, have a seat. Spend a couple minutes with me.

Bodhi sits down, DA Malbec sits next to him.

DA MALBEC (CONT'D)

First, I want to congratulate you on the inaugural year of your restorative justice program. Letters of gratitude still stream in monthly from victims and their loved ones.

BODHI

The prisoners have benefited too, Sir. Not one ex-con on parole who participated in the program has reoffended.

DA MALBEC

Do you know some of the court staff members have even cried upon hearing the healing stories of the families you've helped?

Bodhi leans his head side-to-side to get a crick out of his neck. DA Malbec stands, moves behind Bodhi.

DA MALBEC (CONT'D)

Let me help you with that.

BODHI

No, I'm good, thanks.

DA MALBEC

No, you're not. Here, let me help.

DA Malbec rubs Bodhi's shoulder and neck. Bodhi minces.

BODHI

Will that be it, Sir?

DA MALBEC

You're all hunched over. You need to relax.

BODHI

I mean with the meeting.

Bodhi rises out of his seat, squares off with DA Malbec.

DA MALBEC

I guess it's time for me to deliver the real rub. As you know, your restorative justice program started as an experiment and it's been a grand one. But now, I must terminate it.

BODHI

Is this an April Fool's joke?

DA MALBEC

You know it's not April, Bodhi.

BODHI

It's the only explanation for your news.

DA MALBEC

If you were privy to the politics of the DA's Office, you'd understand my decision.

BODHI

What I don't understand is why you're throwing away a perfectly good program proven to decrease crime in the community.

DA MALBEC

Your restorative justice program decreases crime on the back end by reducing recidivism. I'm restoring my original pledge to the People to decrease crime on the front end, and that means going hard on criminals at the time of their crimes.

BODHI

Then why haven't you? Crime rates have been climbing faster than rabbits reproduce.

DA MALBEC

I was at the mercy of the Special Council to the DA's Office. They're the ones who persuaded me to go soft on crime in exchange for keeping my personal misdeeds out of the public eye.

BODHI

Special Counsel to the DA's Office? There's no formal body given that power. That sounds illegal.

DA MALBEC

Bodhi, I haven't been the most honorable District Attorney during my last decade of service and I'm tired of being exploited.

BODHI

This last year you did really good, Malbec. You authorized restorative justice to help in the healing of both crime victims and their families, as well as their perpetrators.

DA MALBEC

The People want criminals punished and removed from society. They don't care about a criminal's positive state of mind.

BODHI

With all due respect, I think you're out of touch with what the People truly want.

DA MALBEC

Are you aware that the county's incidences of smash and grabs have risen four hundred percent this year? Businesses are moving out of county in droves. The People are screaming for us to take action.

BODHI

The increase in petty theft is an issue of law, not criminal justice. Change the law to reduce the monetary value of stolen merchandise to be a felony rather than a misdemeanor. I promise you, your smash and grabs will drop.

DA MALBEC

I do see why you're the most highly requested public defender, Bodhi.

BODHI

Are you aware of how high the county's recidivism rates have climbed?

DA MALBEC

Of course I am. Ummm, uh...um...

DA Malbec walks to his desk, flips through papers with charts of county statistics, looking for one in particular.

BODHI

The county recidivism rate is at a whopping sixty-four percent. Three-quarters of parolees are re-incarcerated within six months of release. In just one year, restorative justice has reduced recidivism by five percent. Five percent, Malbec.

DA MALBEC

Sorry Bodhi, the decision is made. I'm finishing my last two years in office on my terms, no one else's.

BODHI

Please, give restorative justice another year to make a wider and deeper impact. You know it takes time to turn a ship.

DA MALBEC

Look, when I retire, I suggest you run for DA so you can gain a full understanding of how difficult it is to manage political pressure.

Bodhi's watch alarm dings, he silences it. He walks to the door, opens it.

BODHI

When I'm sitting in the DA's seat, not only will restorative justice be a mainstay in Superior Court, you'll see how quickly the county's crime rates drop and remain the lowest in the state.

Bodhi closes the door as DA Malbec elicits departing words.

DA MALBEC

I'll be rooting for you, Bodhi.

INT. PRISON - SECURITY ENTRANCE - DAY

Bodhi enters the prison where a massive security system stops him. He pulls a pill bottle from his briefcase, sends the briefcase through the scanner. He pops six pills, no water.

GANDHI

You might want to lighten up on the chemicals, Brown.

Gandhi extends a bowl. Bodhi drops his pill bottle into the bowl, smiles.

BODHI

I see your advice is now bleeding over into the medical field. Shall I change your name to Dr. Gandhi?

GANDHI

Instead of pill taking, why don't you do a deep dive into your inner world where all ailments truly begin.

Bodhi walks through a human scanner, grabs his briefcase. Gandhi extends the bowl with the pill bottle to Bodhi.

GANDHI (CONT'D)

I'm just saying, all problems in the outside world are really inside jobs.

BODHI

I'm not following, my friend.

Bodhi sticks the pill bottle in his inside blazer pocket.

GANDHI

You can never solve outer world problems until you address their inner world causes which always stem from your own conflicting thoughts, feelings and reactions.

BODHI

Outside worlds, inside worlds. One world is enough for me, Gandhi. I've got to tend to that single world right now.

Bodhi grabs a VISITOR BADGE from a bowl, puts it on.

BODHI (CONT'D)

What I do appreciate though, is that you always have my back, Gandhi, even if most of the time I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

Bodhi laughs, heads towards the prison yard.

GANDHI

You will one day.

EXT. PRISON - YARD

Two hundred and fifty PRISONERS stand in a large circle. PRISON GUARDS visibly stand positioned outside the circle.

Bodhi stands in the middle of the circle holding a microphone. Prisoners range from all ages, races, health conditions, gang affiliations and other group associations.

BODHI

Today is the day you get to face your trauma. Is everyone ready to face their past with compassion? Do I hear a yes?

PRISONERS

Yes!

Some prisoners fidget, look down, scuffle their feet while others stand strong, stare straight ahead with no emotion.

BODHI

While you were growing up during your first 18 years of life, if a parent or other adult in the household often swore at you, insulted you, put you down or humiliated you, step inside the circle.

Ninety percent of the inmates step forward.

BODHI (CONT'D)

If a parent or other adult in the household often pushed, grabbed, slapped or threw something at you, step inside the circle.

Eighty percent of the inmates step forward.

BODHI (CONT'D)

If a parent or other adult in the household ever hit you so hard that you had marks or were injured, step inside the circle.

Seventy-five percent of the inmates step forward.

BODHI (CONT'D)

If you often felt that no one in your family loved you, or thought that you were important or special, step inside the circle.

Eighty-five percent of the inmates step forward.

BODHI (CONT'D)

If your family lived in extreme poverty, step inside the circle.

Ninety percent of the inmates step forward. Bodhi yells out.

BODHI (CONT'D)

Your true nature is not violent.
Your true nature is not unlovable.
Your true nature is magnificent.
There is no shame. Say it with me now. There is no shame.

PRISONERS
There is no shame!

BODHI
(louder)
There is no shame.

PRISONERS
(louder)
There is no shame!

A prisoner, ESTEBAN (35), escorted by PRISON GUARD 1 from one building to the front building, passes by the yard, yells.

ESTEBAN
Mr. Brown! I'm going home a whole man!

Bodhi looks over, speaks into the microphone.

BODHI
Yes! You're remembering your magnificent nature, Esteban!

Prisoners cheer. Some rush Esteban, high-five him. PRISON GUARD 2 AND 3 herd prisoners rushing toward Esteban. Prison Guard 4 near Bodhi, sees Bodhi convulsing on the ground.

PRISON GUARD 4
(on his walkie talkie)
Code 60, plain clothes man down. I repeat, code 60, man down. Put the yard on lockdown, now.

Bodhi continues convulsing on the ground. Prison Guard 4 runs over to him, turns him on his side, checks for wounds. He looks around, yells out to everyone in the vicinity.

PRISON GUARD 4 (CONT'D)
Did anyone see someone shank Mr. Brown or poison him, or do something?

No one responds. Prisoners run around in chaos. Prison Guards systematically herd Prisoners into pods, lead them to cells.

END ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE - DAY

PARAMEDIC JOE (38) tall, and PARAMEDIC KATIE (22), athletic, roll Bodhi into the ER on a gurney. NURSE DONNA HORN (55), worn, greets them, walks with them down the hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

NURSE HORN

What have we got?

PARAMEDIC JOE

White male, forty-five, collapsed in a prison yard. No external injuries detectable.

NURSE HORN

What's a prisoner doing dressed in street clothes?

PARAMEDIC KATIE

He's no prisoner. He's a public defender doing some kind of community building, or something.

NURSE HORN

Prison Community building? What's next? A prison latte bar?

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM PATIENT ROOM - DAY

The Paramedics roll Bodhi into a patient room. TRAUMA SURGEON BLAKE JONES (65), Black, English, dreadlocks, enters. He knuckle rubs Bodhi's chest.

DR. JONES

Mr. Brown? Can you hear me? Mr. Brown? Hang two liters of saline, will you please, Donna?

Nurse Horn injects an IV into Bodhi, hangs saline. Dr. Jones reads the paramedic chart, checks Bodhi's pupils.

DR. JONES (CONT'D)

When was his last seizure?

PARAMEDIC JOE

Ten minutes ago.

DR. JONES

Mr. Brown, you promised we'd stop meeting like this.

Dr. Jones examines Bodhi's exterior, turns him side to side.

DR. JONES (CONT'D)

Note, no external puncture wounds.

Nurse Horn types into a tablet.

PARAMEDIC KATIE

Do you know him?

DR. JONES

Bodhi was admitted into my ER the first day of my residency. He was maybe five? He had no idea who he was or what had happened to him. Neither did we, poor lad.

Nurse Horn moves the x-ray machine towards Bodhi. Dr. Jones positions the x-ray over Bodhi's head, snaps a photo.

DR. JONES (CONT'D)

I was hoping the authorities would find Bodhi's family. Never did. He was placed into foster care after his three month-long stay here.

Dr. Jones studies the x-ray monitor as he talks.

DR. JONES (CONT'D)

Though, there was one fellow who took a particular interest in him. He'd visit Bodhi at the hospital. I think he might've even tried to adopt Bodhi at one point. Clear.

Nurse Horn moves the x-ray. Dr. Jones checks Bodhi's pulse.

DR. JONES (CONT'D)

On top of whatever childhood trauma Bodhi endured, he's been in and out of the ER over the last forty years with a record number of medical anomalies.

The two Paramedics look at each other with intrigue.

DR. JONES (CONT'D)

Your early life is still a mystery, isn't it, Mr. Brown?

Bodhi codes. The heart monitor shows a flattened heart rate. Dr. Jones does CPR for several minutes. The heart monitor shows regular heartbeats again. Dr. Jones checks his eyes.

DR. JONES (CONT'D)

Donna, note severe swelling and bleeding into his retinas. I'll confirm with a CT but I think we're looking at a ruptured aneurysm, maybe two.

NURSE HORN

Want me to schedule him for surgery? That new top neurosurgeon is on shift today.

TRAUMA SURGEON

Dr. Pho? Yes, stat. Put me on as assist, will you?

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Bodhi lies on the operating table. Dr. Jones, DR. NYO PHO (35), Asian neuro surgeon in perfectly pressed scrubs, NURSE BRITT (38), hippyish, NURSE MO, (26), conservative, hover.

Dr. Pho drills a small hole in Bodhi's skull.

DR. PHO

Dr. Jones, grab Mr. Brown's skull bone plate. Lift it up very slowly.

Dr. Jones removes a piece of bone from Bodhi's skull, reveals part of Bodhi's brain. Dr. Pho inserts a lighted scope with camera into his brain. The visual shows on a monitor.

DR. PHO (CONT'D)

See here? This aneurysm already ruptured.

Nurse Britt grooves her body to the operating room music, sucks up hemorrhaging blood.

DR. PHO (CONT'D)

Now here's a second aneurysm bulging out of a weakened artery just behind the first, then another two over there that look moments away from rupturing.

DR. JONES

Microvascular clipping?

Nyo doesn't answer. He moves the light scope to the far left.

DR. PHO

What on earth is this? See this
blackened area at the top of Mr.
Brown's temporal lobe?

Dr. Pho wiggles the light scope over the blackened area which is visible on the monitor. He then moves the light scope to the far right temporal lobe, the same blackened area visible.

DR. PHO (CONT'D)

Is Mr. Brown military?

DR. JONES

Not according to his law school
degree.

DR. PHO

I've only seen this kind of brain
damage in tortured Seals, Marines,
and the like.

An apparition of Bodhi in his hospital gown stands at the foot of his bed. Nurse Britt looks at him, extends her hand back and forth in his direction testing her vision.

DR. PHO (CONT'D)

Oh well. Fodder for another day.
Right now we need to endovascularly
embolize these four aneurysms.

DR. JONES

You're not going to clip them?

Bodhi moseys around the surgical table, walks right through Mo. She scratches her head, arms, shakes them. Britt's gaze follows Bodhi's steps. Bodhi stands next to his own head.

DR. PHO

With this temporal lobe damage,
he's a high-risk patient. I think
clipping may be too surgically
invasive. Coiling is safer.

DR. JONES

I'm all for minimizing risk of
anymore brain damage.

DR. PHO

Let's get started. These multiple
intracranial aneurysms need to be
repaired now.

Bodhi's apparition shoots up to the ceiling and out of the room, where he's no longer visible. The machines beep loudly.

DR. PHO (CONT'D)

He's coding. Nurse, paddles, now.

Nurse Mo grabs the paddles, gives them to Dr. Pho. He rubs them together.

DR. PHO (CONT'D)

Clear.

Dr. Pho shocks Bodhi's body, it convulses. The heart monitor still flatlines.

DR. PHO (CONT'D)

Again, this time 100 more joules.

EXT. SPIRITUAL WAY STATION - DAY

Bodhi in a hospital gown looks around a misty space with no walls and sees a distant circle of five HIGH COUNCIL MEMBERS dressed in white, shimmery robes.

BODHI

Excuse me. Am I dead?

HIGH COUNCIL MEMBER 1 turns, waves Bodhi into the circle. In a split second, Bodhi stands in the middle of the circle.

TYSHIRA (28), an African American nurse in a 1980s nurse uniform with a Tyshira name tag, stands next to Bodhi. She looks at him, her mouth falls agape, she stays animated.

TYSHIRA

Oh my gosh, Tigger, is that you? I can't believe it. You're so...old. Well, you're not five anymore.

Bodhi studies Tyshira's face, then her name tag. He steps back, eyeballs her up and down. Tyshira addresses the High Council.

TYSHIRA (CONT'D)

Bodhi is my mission? This is the best news ever. I don't need six months. I can restore him back on his life path in half that time. Just watch me.

BODHI

Do I know you?

TYSHIRA

Come on, Tig, we were a team, well,
until I got shot, that is. I'm so
sorry. The thought of leaving you
behind with that man disgusts me.

Spirit Council Member 1 puts his finger to his lips. Tyshira
can't lose her smile or her wiggles. Spirit Council Members
close in around them, whisper indistinctly.

BODHI

I don't understand. Am I in a
dream? None of this makes sense.

SPIRIT COUNCIL MEMBER 1

It will. Eventually.

TYSHIRA

See you soon, Tig.

Bodhi abruptly drops below the space, out of sight.

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Dr. Pho takes a step back, paddles in-hand. Dr. Jones and
Nurse Britt and Nurse Mo stare at the normal rhythm on the
heart monitor, clap their hands.

DR. JONES

I've seen more medical miracles in
Bodhi than I've witnessed in all my
patients combined.

DR. PHO

Let's get these aneurysms repaired
before we lose him for good. Alexa,
play "Break on Through to the Other
Side" by the Doors, volume - eight.

The music plays loudly. The surgeons, nurses work in tandem.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Bodhi lays unconscious, hooked up to machines. His wife
MELINDA (40), solemn, pretty, sits bedside, prays with her
eyes closed as she massages the gold cross on her sternum.

MELINDA

God, please forgive me for thinking
of leaving Bodhi. Now he's thinking
of leaving me. Isn't life ironic.

CEDAR (17) dressed in jeans, a tee, a black leather vest, barrels in the door chomping on a bag of chips. Melinda opens her eyes, grasps Bodhi's one hand with both of hers.

CEDAR

The fucking machine dropped out these shitty-ass chips instead of cookies.

MELINDA

What happened to the healthy cafeteria snack I gave you money for?

Cedar rolls his eyes, plops into a chair, inserts one earbud. ASPEN (14) dressed in a tie-dye shirt and shorts, waltzes in with two cranberry juices, hands one to Melinda.

MELINDA (CONT'D)

That's very thoughtful of you, Aspen, thank you.

CEDAR

Give it up dude. You'll never trump Teak for the title of Golden Child.

Aspen sticks his tongue at Cedar. Cedar flips off Aspen.

MELINDA

Cedar, knock it off.

Aspen sits down in a chair across the room from Cedar, pulls out a poetry book from his pocket, reads it. OAK (12) wearing a Minecraft t-shirt and shorts, strolls in with a Gameboy.

MELINDA (CONT'D)

Where's Teak?

CEDAR

Who cares?

MELINDA

Drop the attitude, now, Cedar.

OAK

He was right behind me.

Oak looks out into the hallway. Dr. Jones whizzes into the room, pats Oak on the shoulder on his way to Bodhi's bedside.

DR. JONES

Any sign of life from our patient?

MELINDA

None. Shouldn't he be awake by now?

Oak sits next to Aspen, toggles his attention between his Gameboy and the doc. Aspen pops up, stands next to Melinda.

DR. JONES

The next twenty-four hours are vital. They'll likely determine Bodhi's quality of life.

MELINDA

Quality of life? The craniotomy was successful though, right?

DR. JONES

We were able to stop the hemorrhaging and successfully embolize all four aneurysms. But based on how Bodhi's brain looks, his future as a public defender is over. You know, Melinda, you can always come back to the ER and practice emergency medicine again.

MELINDA

If Bodhi can't defend those he deems unable defend themselves, he'll be lost. He's dedicated his life to public service.

Dr. Wallace Evans (now 72), with messy grey hair and a crumpled lab coat, parlays in with a bottle of Chivas Regal.

DR. EVANS

Shall we toast to Bodhi?

MELINDA

Get out of here!

DR. EVANS

Melinda, I'm not here for trouble. I'm only here to pay my respects.

MELINDA

Bodhi's not dead. But you are, as far as I'm concerned.

DR. EVANS

He didn't tell you? I see. We made amends, a couple years back.

MELINDA

You're lying. He would've told me.

Dr. Jones approaches Dr. Evans, squares off with him.

DR. JONES
You've been asked to leave.

DR. EVANS
Alright, I'll catch up with Bodhi
later. I hope he survives all this.

Dr. Evans places the scotch on a nearby table, leaves.
Melinda marches over to the table, grabs the bottle, marches
into the bathroom, empties the scotch into the sink.

DR. JONES
Ouch. You didn't need to that.

CEDAR
That was awesome, Mom.

ASPEN
Dr. Jones, what's going to happen
with my dad?

Oak stands, walks next to Aspen.

OAK
He is going to be okay, right?

DR. JONES
I'll be candid, boys. There is a
possibility your dad may sustain
permanent brain damage.

CEDAR
Like we'd notice.

ASPEN/OAK
Cedar!

Melinda points at Cedar.

MELINDA
You, to the car, now.

Cedar saunters to the door where TEAK (10) now stands. The
sun shining through the window highlights Teak's lumpy face -
a result of leprosy. Cedar body slams Teak as he exits.

CEDAR
Out of my way, loser.

Dr. Jones looks at Cedar flabbergasted.

DR. JONES
Is Cedar under a doctor's care?

MELINDA
We're trying.

Dr. Jones signals Teak to come to Bodhi's side.

DR. JONES
I think your dad would benefit from
you holding his other hand.

Teak approaches Bodhi's bedside, grabs his dad's free hand.

MELINDA
Where have you been, Teak?

TEAK
Talking to the lady next door.

Teak points to a neighboring wall. Dr. Jones mirrors him.

DR. JONES
In that room?

TEAK
Mmhummm.

DR. JONES
That woman passed away this
morning.

TEAK
I know.

Dr. Jones and Melinda look at each other perplexed.

MELINDA
So what's next?

DR. JONES
Best case scenario? Bodhi retires
early. Worst case scenario? Bodhi
lives in a long-term care facility
with twenty-four hour nursing.

Bodhi's hand in Teak's twitches. His eyes flutter, slowly
open. He looks up at Teak, his voice raspy, speech slurred.

BODHI
Hey, Spark.

END ACT 2

ACT 3

EXT. TACO TRUCK - DAY

A long line of PATRONS serpentines from a taco truck parked in the barrio. MARA GOMEZ (32), hispanic, dressed in court clerk attire, slithers into the back of the truck.

JULIO SUAREZ (50s), dressed as a Mexican mafia underboss, pulls a gun on Mara, then withdraws.

SUAREZ

I told you, never interrupt my pickup route.

Suarez counts money while BOBBY (17), a pimply cook, grills.

MARA

Hey Bobby. Uncle Suarez, you're a hard man to track down. The cooks in the other two trucks I visited wouldn't tell me where you were. I've got something for you.

SUAREZ

It'll have to wait, Mara.

Mara places a thick envelope down in front of him.

SUAREZ (CONT'D)

Whatever this is, it's not enough.

MARA

Ten thousand is all I've got.

SUAREZ

It'll cost you 100 times that.

Mara does some calculations in her head.

MARA

A million bucks? That's ludicrous.

BOBBY

That does sound crazy, Sir.

Suarez puts down the money, walks over to Bobby, slams his hand down on the hot grill, holds it there until his skin sizzles. Bobby squirms but says nothing.

MARA

Stop!

Suarez releases Bobby's hand with laughter. Bobby runs to the sink, runs cold water over his first degree burn. The first few Patrons in line leave.

SUAREZ

What is it with you kids. No respect at all.

Mara picks up the envelope, tries to hand it over again.

MARA

Come on Uncle Suarez, we're family.

Suarez grabs the tip of Mara's chin.

SUAREZ

Listen to me young lady, no million, no deal. Now get out of here. Tell your mother to have dinner ready for me on Friday.

Mara rolls her eyes, exits the truck, slams the door.

EXT. PUBLIC BUS - DAY

Mara sits on a moving bus full of passengers, stares at a long list of attempted calls to her daughter, ESMERELDA PENA (16) on her phone. She dials again, leaves a message.

MARA

What the hell, baby. The high school just called, said you missed first period again. Call me, Esme.

Mara searches for Esme's phone location but it's off. Mara stares out the window. The bus rolls down the street.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DA'S OFFICE - DAY

District Attorney Malbec drinks whiskey at his desk as he shreds papers. Both folded and unfolded boxes sit in the corner of his office. Mara whirls in like a tornado.

MARA

What's the fastest way to make a million bucks?

DA MALBEC

You're asking the wrong person, Mara. I'm on the same limited government salary you are.

MARA

Our salary is nowhere in the neighborhood of same. I'm talking outside government salaries.

Mara takes a swig of DA Malbec's whiskey.

DA MALBEC

Those doors have long been closed.

MARA

Reopen them, then. Get those power players revolving through here like the good old days. Can't you?

DA Malbec stops shredding, grabs his whiskey back, swigs it.

MARA (CONT'D)

At least make some introductions. Come on Malbec, you owe me.

DA MALBEC

Not a good idea, Mara. Trust me.

MARA

The people you know couldn't be worse than the people I know.

DA MALBEC

Want to make a bet?

MARA

How about a million dollars?

The two chuckle. DA Malbec pours Mara a drink as she eyeballs his resignation letter on his desk, looks over at the boxes.

EXT. BROWN FAMILY HOME - FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

Cedar, Aspen and Oak wait impatiently at the front door. Melinda pushes Bodhi in a wheelchair up the brick path. Teak leaps from brick to brick behind them, avoids all cracks.

CEDAR

How about this century, maybe?

Oak runs to Melinda, grabs the key, unlocks the front door. Oak lets Aspen in first, then maneuvers inside in front of Cedar. Cedar kicks the door, it barely misses Oak.

MELINDA

Hey, will one of you kids grab your dad's wheelchair ramp?

Cedar slams the door shut.

BODHI
(crooked, slurred speech)
We've spoiled them.

MELINDA
Give them a break, honey. They're
very overwhelmed. I'll get the
ramp. Teak, you stay with your dad.

Melinda enters the house, shuts the door. Teak walks up next to Bodhi, gives him a big hug.

TEAK
Dad, can I stay home with you from
now on? You can homeschool me.

BODHI
(crooked, slurred speech)
Are the kids at school bullying you
again?

TEAK
No, not when adults are around. But
no one wants to play with me. They
say I'm contagious.

BODHI
(crooked, slurred speech)
You wear your mask, right?

TEAK
Yeah, but who wants to play with
the ugly kid with the mask.

BODHI
(crooked, slurred speech)
You're not ugly.

TEAK
I am, Dad. I'm a freak.

BODHI
(crooked, slurred speech)
You're a gift to this world, Teak.
Don't you ever forget that.

Teak gives his dad a kiss on the cheek, another huge squeeze.

TEAK
Can you still homeschool me?

Melinda comes out on the front porch with the ramp.

MELINDA

Found it.

Teak helps Melinda unfold and place the ramp on the steps.

BODHI

(crooked, slurred speech)

Before we move your schooling home
Spark, first finish your multi drug
therapy.

TEAK

It's not helping.

BODHI

(crooked, slurred speech)

Give it more time. The doc says
your bumps will get smaller as the
antibiotic cocktail kills off more
of the bacteria. Your leprosy will
be gone before long.

Teak breathes in deeply, sighs loudly. Melinda pushes Bodhi
up the ramp, into the house. Teak follows, shuts the door.

INT. BROWN FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Dressed in Bermuda shorts, button-down shirt and blazer,
Bodhi emphatically grooves to music as he packs four school
lunches. Melinda shuffles in half asleep dressed in pjs.

MELINDA

Either rehab has a new dress code
or someone tapped you to audition
for, "So You Think You Can Dance".

Melinda plops down at the kitchen table, opens her laptop,
stares at an empty coffee mug. Bodhi grabs a full coffee pot,
sashays to the table, fills her mug. Bodhi speaks normally.

BODHI

You're not going to like this but I
cancelled this morning's
appointment - at the rehab center,
not my dance audition.

Bodhi smiles. Melinda abruptly grabs his arm with the coffee
pot in-hand.

MELINDA

How are you able to speak so
clearly? This isn't possible, not
on Day 1 of recovery.

BODHI

Incredible, isn't it? I feel like rocket fuel is pumping through my veins. And my mind? It feels as sharp as a Samurai sword.

Bodhi moonwalks back to the counter, returns the coffee pot. Melinda follows him, examines Bodhi's face like a specimen.

MELINDA

It looks like your seizure's post-ictal phase symptoms have subsided but you've got to take it easy. Your brain has undergone serious trauma. It needs time to heal.

BODHI

Which makes what I'm experiencing that much more extraordinary, doesn't it?

Melinda returns to the table, eyeballs Bodhi as she sips her coffee. He puts all four bag lunches in a box.

BODHI (CONT'D)

Guess what I'm doing today?

MELINDA

Oh God, what?

BODHI

I'm pitching my one hundred point "restore" restorative justice plan to District Attorney Malbec.

MELINDA

That's what you were up doing in the middle of the night?

BODHI

It outlines how we can reduce crime levels together on both the front and back ends.

MELINDA

And I'm guessing there are one hundred ways to do that? It's time to take off your Superman cape, Bodhi, and focus on your own healing.

Bodhi's enthusiasm wanes. He walks the box of lunches to the door to the garage, places it on the floor. Melinda waits for Bodhi to turn around, face her.

MELINDA (CONT'D)

As long as I've known you, you've been trying to save criminals from themselves in your role as public defender and have ignored your own traumatic past that still haunts you.

BODHI

So my life's work as a public servant can be chalked up to some avoidance tactic for me to stay far away from my childhood wounds?

MELINDA

If I'm being totally honest here, I think your compulsion with your restorative justice program is your next attempt at self-redemption. You help others heal from their early injustices to keep you from unearthing and facing your own.

BODHI

Melinda, you're an ER doc, not a shrink.

MELINDA

It doesn't take a psychiatrist to discern that whatever trauma you endured in your formative years drives you to save the drowntrodden.

BODHI

Why are you always so cynical? I'm in a better place now than I've been in a long time. My brain is firing on all cylinders.

MELINDA

Your brain is firing on something. I think you're in the middle of some type of hypermanic episode. I'm calling Dr. Jones.

Melinda picks up her cell phone, dials. Bodhi calmly walks over to her, gently puts his hand on hers.

BODHI

Melinda, please, trust me?

Melinda inhales, exhales deeply. She looks into Bodhi's eyes.

MELINDA

If you don't stop saving everyone else and start saving yourself, there will be no you to trust.

Melinda's eyes tear up. Bodhi looks down at the laptop.

BODHI

That's a nice choice of colors.

MELINDA

Yeah, I just finished my new tele-health website.

BODHI

Your logo looks very professional too. You been at this for awhile?

MELINDA

I've been wanting to go back to work for some time, Bodhi. Your current health crisis couldn't have come at a better juncture.

BODHI

You can still go back to work. We both can. I'll take care of the kids in the morning like we planned so you can work without interruption until the kids get home at three. Then I'll be home by six for family time.

MELINDA

Since when have you been home in time for dinner?

Bodhi wraps his arms around Melinda, kisses her cheek.

BODHI

I know things have been tough, especially these past few years with Teak's leprosy diagnosis and Cedar's anger issues. But, I feel a huge change is afoot. If we embrace it, we can turn our lives around for the better.

MELINDA

Please, God, make it so. But you have to reschedule your rehab and go to all your doctor appointments.

BODHI

Agreed.

Bodhi kisses Melinda passionately on the lips. He walks to the counter, grabs the coffee pot, refills her mug.

MELINDA

Will you be able to handle the boys in the morning and get to work on time? You've got to make sure they're fed and in Cedar's car so they can get to school by eight. Then of course, you've got to be at court not thirty minutes later.

Bodhi unlatches, then unfolds the kitchen shutters for a clear view of Cedar, Aspen, Oak and Teak in the middle of a football scrimmage on the front lawn.

EXT. BROWN FAMILY HOME - FRONT LAWN

Teak lines up on the scrimmage line, football in-hand. He closes his eyes. The sun highlights his lumpy face. Aspen and Oak, Teak's wing men, whisper to one another.

ASPEN

Rocket sweep?

OAK

Power wing beast - guaranteed touchdown.

Bodhi backs out his camper van from the garage, parks it next to a Mustang with a CEDAR license plate. He gets out, puts the box of lunches next to Cedar's car, walks to the lawn.

Teak looks at Oak, who holds up four fingers. Cedar, on defense, growls at Teak.

BODHI

Teak! Don't let Cedar intimidate you. Use that fancy foot work.

Teak looks down at his feet, bends over into a snap position.

BODHI (CONT'D)

Come on Spark! You've got this.

Teak runs back with the ball. Cedar charges through Aspen and Oak, tackles Teak with unnecessary roughness. Teak gets up.

TEAK

I'm okay, Dad.

Bodhi extends a thumbs up. Bodhi's phone rings. He turns around, answers it. The four boys get back into formation.

CEDAR

Hurry up Lep, you're boring me.

Teak tightens his gnarled fingers around the ball, winces - another symptom of leprosy. He bends over into snap position.

CEDAR (CONT'D)

Can you be more retarded?

OAK

Back off him or I'll pummel you.

CEDAR

Is Lep getting his feelings hurt?

ASPEN

Why are you always so mean to Teak?

Teak stands upright, eyes watery.

CEDAR

Don't forget to wipe that teardrop under that big mound.

Teak wipes under one of his face lumps.

CEDAR (CONT'D)

Not that mound, the other one - Mount Everest.

Oak lunges at Cedar, gets up in his face.

OAK

Leave him the fuck alone.

Oak turns, walks back into position when Cedar head-butts Teak across the scrimmage line, then silences Aspen with a death stare. Bodhi ends his call, turns back around.

BODHI

Aspen, Oak, strengthen your block formation.

Bodhi takes off his jacket, drapes it over his arm. Sweat is visible through Bodhi's shirt. Teak bends over, fake snaps the ball, falls back. Cedar rushes in. Aspen, Oak block.

BODHI (CONT'D)

Teak, run to the outside!

Cedar breaks through Aspen and Oak, then full body lunges at Teak, who pivots, runs to the outside.

BODHI (CONT'D)

Yes!

Cedar smacks his face on the ground. Bodhi untucks his shirt. Teak runs the football down field into the end zone.

BODHI (CONT'D)

That's how it's done!

Teak slams the ball into the ground, it bounces towards Cedar who snatches it up. Aspen, Oak, and Teak huddle, celebrate.

CEDAR

Celebrate this.

Cedar launches the football at Teak. It smacks him in the nose, breaks it. Blood spurts everywhere, tears cascade.

BODHI

What the hell?

Bodhi drops his jacket, bounds towards Teak. He removes his shirt mid-stride on his way to Teak, wearing only his shorts.

ASPEN

I'll grab the first aid kit.

Aspen runs to the camper van. Oak charges Cedar, pummels him.

OAK

You douche bag.

Teak holds his nose, wails. Bodhi embraces Teak, peeks at his crooked nose, replaces Teak's hand with his own hand on top of his shirt.

BODHI

Aspen, check the kit for a splint!

Bodhi lifts his shirt off Teak's nose, gasps at its straightness, then quickly covers it again with his shirt.

TEAK

It doesn't even hurt anymore, Dad.

Teak pushes his dad's hand and shirt off his face. Aspen runs over, sees Teak's straight nose, drops the first aid kit. Oak and Cedar run over, join the shock party.

BODHI

It wasn't as bad as it looked.

ASPEN

Dad, I heard it break.

TEAK

Now that my nose is fixed, can you
heal my leprosy too?

BODHI

Stop with the nonsense, Boys.
Aspen, Oak, Teak - get into my car.
I'll drive you to school today.

ASPEN

Cedar isn't going to school?

OAK

Maybe I should be a dick wad so I
don't have to go to school.

Aspen grabs Teak's hand, Oak's t-shirt, leads them to their
backpacks. They grab lunches from the box, get into the van.

BODHI

Cedar, enough of your relentless,
cruel bullshit. It stops - now.
You're grounded. You're spending
the day in your room.

CEDAR

You going to spank me too?

Cedar runs into the house, slams the door. Melinda stares out
the window, shakes her head, closes the kitchen shutters.
Aspen holds a fresh laundered shirt out of the open van door.

ASPEN

Come on Dad, get dressed. We've got
to get to school.

Bodhi picks up his bloody shirt, jacket, jogs to the camper
van. Bodhi puts on his clean shirt, jumps into the driver's
seat next to Oak. Aspen shuts the garage with the remote.

TEAK

You do know how to get to school,
right Dad?

END ACT 3

ACT 4

EXT. COURTHOUSE - METERED STREET PARKING - MORNING

It's early, courthouse foot traffic increases speed. Bodhi's van pulls into a metered parking spot near a shady oak tree.

Tyshira, dressed in her 1980s nurse uniform, stands under the shady oak tree whispering into the ear of MAN WITH JAUNDICE (66), yellow-faced, trembling with nervousness.

TYSHIRA

Okay, see this guy in the van? He's your last hope. If he doesn't heal you, no one can. Now, go get him.

Bodhi steps out of his van in Bermuda shorts, collared shirt, and blazer. He grabs his brief case, circles around the van, feeds the meter with coins. SAM, a hurried attorney, stops.

SAM

Brown, it's the 21st century. Ever heard of a credit card?

BODHI

I'm not one to leave much of a footprint, digital or otherwise.

SAM

Says the founder of the state's leading restorative justice program? Now that's some footprint.

BODHI

Since when does Tennessee rank its public service programs?

SAM

Since the State Bar announced its list of award recipients. You won Most Innovative Lawyer of the Year.

BODHI

Sam my man. You just gave me the leverage I need for today.

Bodhi inserts the next quarter, the meter time increases rapidly. He steps back, the meter stops. He steps forward, the meter time rapidly increases again. He steps back.

SAM

People don't call me Midas for nothing.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

What are you doing here anyways?
Didn't you faint at the prison?

BODHI

Occupational hazard. Clearly, no
rest for the weary.

SAM

I think the correct expression is,
"no rest for the wicked."

BODHI

That's the biblical version. That's
not me. Did my wife send you?

SAM

Take it easy, Brown. Don't do
anything else stupid today.

BODHI

Okay, now I know my wife sent you.

Bodhi smiles, Sam salutes Bodhi, rushes on to the courthouse.
Bodhi steps away from the meter, turns, bumps into Man with
Jaundice, whose yellow face stares him square in his own.

MAN WITH JAUNDICE

My brain is mush. My liver's like
Swiss cheese. The jaundice, it's
killing me. Please, heal me.

BODHI

Sir, I'm no doctor, but I can call
you one.

MAN WITH JAUNDICE

I don't need a doctor, I need a
miracle healer.

Man with Jaundice kneels, pulls Bodhi's hands towards his
face. Bodhi resists.

BODHI

Sir, you're confusing me with
someone I'm not. Let go, now.

Man with Jaundice stands, struggles to pull Bodhi's hands to
his face. Bodhi yanks his wrists free, shoves Man with
Jaundice back, he stumbles into the shady tree - he's out.

BODHI (CONT'D)

Buddy. Hey Buddy!

Bodhi runs to Man with Jaundice, checks his airway, does CPR.

BODHI (CONT'D)
Come on, man, breathe.

Bodhi compresses Man with Jaundice's chest.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - METERED STREET PARKING SIDEWALK - DAY

Tyshira paces the sidewalk, uses her hand as a phone.

TYSHIRA
There's a man, I'd say in his
sixties, unconscious on the ground.
Just north of the courthouse. Yes,
a good samaritan is administering
CPR to him right now. Less than one
minute? Fantastic.

Bodhi hears Tyshira, looks around, sees no one. An ambulance
rolls up. Paramedic Joe, Paramedic Katie run over, take over.

Bodhi steps onto the sidewalk, walks through Tyshira, stands
behind her. BYSTANDERS gather. Paramedic Katie rolls Man with
Jaundice on a gurney to the ambulance. Paramedic Joe points.

PARAMEDIC JOE
Mr. Brown, you're a true hero.

Bystanders cheer. Bodhi stands frozen, nods. He pivots, walks
to the courthouse. Tyshira watches, shakes her head.

TYSHIRA
Really, Tig? I'm sorely
disappointed. Time to step it up.

INT. BURN VICTIM BATHROOM - DAY

A female BURN VICTIM (40s), blonde wig, stares at a blackened
reflection, applies ointment to her third degree face burns.

She leans in, examines an erupted cheek blister, leans back
out. Tyshira now stands behind her, but is not seen by the
Burn Victim, only somewhat heard by her.

TYSHIRA
Come on, finish up. Time to go.

The Burn Victim pauses, leans back, looks into the bedroom,
her wig slips, she straightens it. She returns to the mirror.

TYSHIRA (CONT'D)
Do you want to get healed or not?
Put the shit down, let's go.

The Burn Victim puts down the ointment, walks out of the bathroom into her bedroom, stops halfway out the door.

BURN VICTIM

What am I doing?

The Burn Victim returns to her mirror, grabs her ointment and continues to apply it to her face. Tyshira now yells.

TYSHIRA

No courthouse, no healing!

The Burn Victim tosses the ointment and lid into the sink, bolts out of the bathroom, the bedroom and the front door.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - COFFEE TRUCK - DAY

Bodhi walks by a line of patrons whose phones make strange noises as he passes. At the end of the line, Bodhi runs into a staunch SENIOR (90s) in a USO Cap, gives way to her.

SENIOR

It's nice to know chivalry isn't dead, unlike most of humanity's conscience.

BODHI

What can I say? You're wearing a USO cap. Vietnam War?

The Senior touches her cap nostalgically.

SENIOR

Bless your heart, Korean War. Are you flirting with me?

Bodhi holds up his banded ring finger. The Senior holds up her empty ring finger but dons an expensive watch.

SENIOR (CONT'D)

I didn't get so lucky.

Bodhi sees the minute and hour hands on the Senior's watch twirl in opposite directions. He takes a step back, the watch hands stop. He steps forward, they twirl. Bodhi steps back.

SENIOR (CONT'D)

While I did enjoy entertaining the troops, army nurse became my career. I bet military is engraved all over my face, isn't it?

FRONT OF LINE

JODI (20s), a heavily tattooed, bubbly barista, fuels a microclimate of friendliness as she towers above the patrons.

JODI

Good morning, Candace. Hand over that little firecracker, will you?

At the front of the line, CANDACE WELLINGTON (40s), bedazzled from head to toe, gently lifts her Toy Fox Terrier, wearing a diamond collar, out of her beaded purse, hands her to Jodi.

CANDACE

Careful, Milly is not feeling well.

Jodi puts Milly's over-frothing mouth up to her own.

JODI

(in baby talk)

You're just the cutest, yes you are. Why aren't you feeling good?

CANDACE

I'll take a mocha, extra whip.

Milly jumps to the ground, bolts to the back of the line.

BACK OF LINE

The Senior checks her face in a pocket mirror, puts it away. Milly sits at Bodhi's feet, pants rapidly, barks loudly.

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

Get back here you little munchkin!

Bodhi smiles at the dog. Candace runs to the back, waves apologetically, scoops up Milly, then returns to the front of the line. She screams.

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

Oh my God! Please, somebody, help!

FRONT OF LINE

The Senior barges out of line, darts up to Milly, cups her hands around Milly's head. Other Patrons step out of line, observe. Bodhi moves to the front of the line.

BODHI

Good morning Jodi. Two Americanos, please. Crazy day, huh?

SENIOR

Looks like your Milly's having a grand Mal. Has she seized before?

CANDACE

Never, but she's been panting and drooling like crazy.

The Senior checks Milly's pulse—none. She shakes her head.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

No, no! Milly, you can't be dead!

Candace wails. The Senior sits next to Candace, calms her. All patrons step back in line, some pat Candace as they pass.

BODHI

Thanks for the coffees, Jodi.

Bodhi turns to leave but his path is blocked by Candace, Milly and the Senior. He puts down his drinks.

BODHI (CONT'D)

May I?

CANDACE

Careful. Put her right next to me.

Bodhi picks up a stiff Milly, struggles to angle her next to Candace. Milly moves a paw, whimpers, wriggles up, licks him.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Oh my God! Oh my God! I thought you said she was dead.

SENIOR

She was dead, very dead. Uh Sir, you must be one of those, um....

CANDACE

Faith healers?

SENIOR

Yes, faith healers. Are you?

BODHI

No, ma'am. Your dog, she just fainted, is all. You two ladies have a fine day.

Bodhi picks up his two coffees, bolts up the stairs.

SENIOR

That man is clueless to who he is.

END ACT 4

ACT 5

EXT. COURTHOUSE STAIRS - DAY

CANNON DUPONT (45), a Black Assistant District Attorney dressed to the Nines, dashes up the stairs, greets Bodhi.

CANNON
Hell, you look like you just had a
lobotomy. Anything in my teeth?

Cannon flashes a horse grin. Bodhi shakes his head, gives Cannon one of the two coffees in his hand. Cannon positions his coffee next to his pearly whites, takes selfies.

BODHI
More Instagram photos, Cannon?
You're more movie star than you are
public servant.

CANNON
One of these days you'll have to
step into the world of click
politics, my friend.

Mara sprints up the stairs, photobombs Cannon's next selfie.

CANNON (CONT'D)
Damn you, Mara.

MARA
Guess where I'm headed?

CANNON
To finagle the release of another
jailed family member?

MARA
How is it the top performing ADA
can be such a...

GAURI REDDY (50), Cannon's Indian fiancée, who looks more like a mystic than a state employee, bolts up the stairs with a laundered judge's robe. She stops short, leans on Cannon.

GAURI
Sensational fiancée? Check out the
new artifact.

Gauri extends her ring finger, flashes a 5 carat diamond.

BODHI
Stunning, Gauri.

MARA

You can do much better. Not the ring, him.

Gauri's phone alarm dings.

GAURI

Whoops, I'm late. See you all at the engagement party, yes?

Bodhi and Mara look at each other confused, then at Cannon.

CANNON

I'll get your invitations to you.

Gauri smiles, kisses Cannon, sprints up the stairs.

BODHI

Where did you say you were headed, Mara?

MARA

It's not where, but why.

CANNON

You certainly missed your calling. You should be an actress.

MARA

I am a SAG member.

BODHI

Mara, come on. What's your news?

MARA

(whispering)
District Attorney Malbec is retiring.

BODHI

This day keeps getting better.

CANNON

He can't do that.

MARA

Malbec and his cronies are deciding who the DA's Office will endorse to run as the next District Attorney.

CANNON

That's not fair. He never notified me or any of the ADAs.

BODHI

It's about time I put the meaning
of politeia back into politics.

CANNON

Hate to break it to you, man.
Public defender's don't get
endorsed by the DA's Office, not
even you.

MARA

Would you two listen up?

BODHI

After today's win, Torin will have
no choice but to endorse me.

CANNON

You're not winning today's case.

BODHI

Not only am I winning, I'm
surpassing your winning streak.

MARA

Boys, enough. Hear me out.

CANNON

But I'm next in line to become DA.

BODHI

There is no line, Cannon.

MARA

Shut up already, the both of you.

CANNON

I'm out of here. I've got
progressive campaign ideas to pitch
Torin before his meeting.

Cannon chugs his coffee, litters his cup, darts upstairs.

MARA

Stop whining like a four year-old
girl and get back here. This is
where the rubber meets the road.

Cannon returns, ignores Bodhi's nudge to pick up his cup.

MARA (CONT'D)

Whichever one of you ponies up the best deal will get my full endorsement for DA. I'm headed into that elite pool of minds right now.

CANNON

You're a court clerk. You don't have the credentials to endorse a piece of cheese to a mouse.

BODHI

I think the mouse is hustling us to the cheese.

MARA

Do you not know me at all?

Mara delivers them a dead pan stare.

CANNON

Fine. Five thousand dollars, two tickets to your favorite concert and a week at my beach house.

MARA

Fifty thousand dollars, cash. Eight Bad Bunny concert tickets, front row. And a month at your beach house, this summer. Bodhi?

CANNON

Fifty thousand bills? When did you start smoking your uncle's crack?

MARA

Don't be a man child. You paid ten million for a seat on Elon Musk's Starship without flinching. Plus you're sitting on a trust fund worth billions. Bodhi?

BODHI

Pass. I'm confident in my qualifications.

MARA

You're going to leave your legal future to fate?

BODHI

My fate is met on the road I pave to meet it.

MARA

So be it. Cannon, I'll deliver you
a promissory note within the hour.
You want my endorsement, sign it.

Mara sprints up the stairs.

CANNON

What if District Attorney Malbec
doesn't heed your advice?

MARA

Every dog must have his day!

Mara high-fives a judge as she enters the courthouse.

CANNON

Am I the dog?

BODHI

No, you're the sucker.

A WOMAN kicks Cannon's cup, it rolls down the steps further.
Bodhi pushes Cannon to pick it up. He does so reluctantly.

INT. COURTHOUSE - LOBBY - DAY

The clickety-clack of hard-soled shoes, cell phone rings and
voices fill the atrium. The Burn Victim surveys the crowd.

BURN VICTIM

Now which one of you souls will be
kind enough to help me?

Tyshira walks up behind the Burn Victim, whispers in her ear.

TYSHIRA

You're looking for a public
defender...

RHONDA MALBEC (58), the wife of District Attorney Malbec,
walks with eyes glued to her phone. The Burn Victim stands in
her path.

BURN VICTIM

Pardon me. Can you point me towards
the public defender's offices?

TYSHIRA

Not their offices, the courtrooms.

RHONDA

Do I look like Google Maps?

Rhonda bumps into the Burn Victim, looks up, jumps back.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

I think what you need is a
prosecutor, not a public defender.
But their offices are over there.

Rhonda points at a distant PUBLIC DEFENDER OFFICES SIGN and the Burn Victim's eyes follow. She looks back, Rhonda's gone.

TYSHIRA

Go to the courtrooms, not the
public defenders' offices.

The Burn Victim walks towards the public defenders' offices sign under which FOUR ATTORNEYS (30s) gab. Tyshira rolls her eyes, follows.

BURN VICTIM

Excuse me, Gentlemen?

The Four Attorneys look over, scatter like cockroaches.

TYSHIRA

I told you to go to the courtrooms,
not the stinking offices.

BURN VICTIM

Okay, have a blessed day.

A COURTHOUSE OFFICER (50s), who looks like an MMA fighter but exhibits the demeanor of Mr. Rogers, offers her a cold water.

COURTHOUSE OFFICER

Nothing like a cold water to
accompany a cold shoulder.

BURN VICTIM

You have no idea, thank you.

The Burn Victim chugs down the bottle of water.

TYSHIRA

Ask him where Bodhi Brown is.

BURN VICTIM

Do you know where I can find a
Bodhi Brown?

COURTHOUSE OFFICER

First I must ask, is Bodhi Brown a
paint color?

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM

The JUDGE, BAILIFF, and COURT REPORTER sit in front of the bar in the well. The JURY sit in the jury box.

Bodhi sits at the Defendant's Table with his SEX CRIME DEFENDANT (18), a female store clerk. Cannon stands up at the Prosecution table, approaches the JURY with command.

CANNON

Today I will present to you facts that can't be ignored. Facts that are irrefutable by the nature that they're facts. Facts that are so egregious yet are backed by incriminating video evidence.

Bodhi makes notes, pushes the pad in front of his Defendant.

CANNON (CONT'D)

Once you see this factual evidence for yourself, you'll have no choice but to find the defendant guilty of sexual misconduct with a minor.

Cannon looks over at Bodhi, smirks at him.

CANNON (CONT'D)

Be forewarned. The defense counsel will present a loving tale of two friends who are nothing more than friends. But when an adult woman...

Cannon points an accusatory finger at the Defendant.

CANNON (CONT'D)

Performs cunilingus on an underaged girl...

Cannon points to the DEFENDANT'S GIRLFRIEND (17). She sits in the gallery front row, defendant-side, next to her RELIGIOUS MOM (40s), who wears a huge cross and white knuckles a Bible.

CANNON (CONT'D)

Not only has a boundary between friends been crossed but a law has been broken. Wouldn't you agree?

The Defendant's Girlfriend and Religious Mom whisper argue.

CANNON (CONT'D)

By the end of this trial, you'll have no choice but to render a guilty verdict for the Defendant.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DA'S OFFICE - DAY

DA Malbec sits at a conference table, swipes through male images on an app. He closes the app when his door opens.

DA MALBEC

Welcome Senator, gentlemen.

SENATOR ORTIZ (44), a hispanic female agenda driver, POLICE DEPUTY CHIEF JOHNSON (66), a black male political strategist, CORPORATE FINANCIER YEE (36), an Asian male analyst, ASSEMBLYMAN TUB (41), a white male misanthrope, flank Torin.

SENATOR ORTIZ

Ready to enjoy life as a retiree?

Corporate Financier Yee drops resignation papers in front of DA Malbec, a check made out for one quarter million dollars.

DA MALBEC

Not so fast. I'm having second thoughts.

FINANCIER YEE

I don't need to tell you how binding a verbal contract is.

DA MALBEC

My wife hasn't visited my office much during my 40-year prosecutorial career but today she came to see me.

Torin's phone rings, Rhonda's image appears. He silences it.

CHIEF JOHNSON

She's a private practice attorney. She has no business advising you in DA Office affairs.

DA MALBEC

What she does have is a right to remind me of my campaign pledges.

CHIEF JOHNSON

Torin, your commitment to fulfill our goals has waned significantly.

SENATOR ORTIZ

We certainly appreciate all you've accomplished for us in office.

DA MALBEC

Legally, I still have two years on my term.

ASSEMBLYMAN TUB

Come on. Look at yourself. You're at the end of your DA road.

The Assemblyman drops pictures on the table of DA Malbec engaged in sexual acts with men.

ASSEMBLYMAN TUB (CONT'D)

Leave now before you totally embarrass yourself.

SENATOR ORTIZ

We've assembled a short list of DA candidates based on merit. We need to know who on this list would be amenable to spearhead our agenda.

DA MALBEC

Candidates who are able to do what you want and willing to do it aren't lying around like gum wrappers.

CHIEF JOHNSON

Senator, it's time to review those candidate bios.

FINANCIER YEE

How long does it take a court clerk to make copies, anyways?

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM

Bodhi poises himself before the Jury.

BODHI

Fine members of the jury. Courtrooms are meant for criminal prosecution, not religious persecution.

Cannon texts Bodhi, he looks down at his pocket at the light.

BODHI (CONT'D)

You'll soon come to discover that the prosecution's case is one based on morality, not criminality.

Cannon texts Bodhi two more times, Bodhi looks down at his phone light up again, then back at the jury.

BODHI (CONT'D)

The prosecutor insists that you follow the letter of the law and find my client guilty of sexual misconduct with a minor.

Three more phone light ups. Bodhi subtly pulls his phone out of his pocket, peeks at it, sees images of assholes from Cannon. He sends him the finger emoji, turns off his phone.

BODHI (CONT'D)

I too ask you to follow the letter of the law. Only I ask you to apply it accurately and render my client not guilty.

Cannon texts Bodhi several more times - no pocket light ups.

BODHI (CONT'D)

The alleged victim? She's no minor, not in the eyes of the law. She emancipated herself six months ago when she turned 17.

The Religious Mom stands up, slaps her daughter in the face, storms out of the courtroom as she mumbles to Jesus.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DA'S OFFICE

Mara rushes in, hands the Senator a folder and DA Malbec a note. Senator Ortiz reads the folder papers, DA Malbec reads the note.

DA MALBEC

Senator, please, endorse Cannon Dupont to run for District Attorney and I'll resign quietly.

Mara waltzes out the door, shuts it. Senator Ortiz pulls out Cannon's curriculum vitae, reads it.

SENATOR ORTIZ

By the looks of it, Cannon may be willing to do what we want, but can he accomplish what we need?

CHIEF JOHNSON

We need someone smart, malleable and likable this time around.

Mara's note to DA Malbec drops on the ground. It visibly reads, "Now or never. Cannon just got engaged."

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURT CLERK COUNTER - DAY

The Courthouse Officer leads the Burn Victim to the court clerk counter area, Tyshira follows. He points at Mara.

COURTHOUSE OFFICER
Mara is who you want. She knows
everything going on around here.

TYSHIRA
Oh God, not that swindler. I
remember her from a couple
lifetimes ago.

BURN VICTIM
Thanks for the water and the
respite.

The Burn Victim extends her hand, but then leans in, hugs the Courthouse Officer. She rushes to the only open window where Mara scrolls on her phone. Tyshira hurries to keep up.

BURN VICTIM (CONT'D)
Excuse me. Can you tell me which
courtroom Bodhi Brown is in today?

Mara angles her eyes down, puts up her CLOSED WINDOW SIGN.

MARA
I'm on lunch break. Come back in an
hour.

TYSHIRA
Figures. Offer her twenty bucks.

BURN VICTIM
Please, a quick answer for a quick
buck. How about a hundred of them?

The Burn Victim places a \$100 bill down, Mara looks up.

TYSHIRA
That's aggressive, but okay.

MARA
Even if I knew that information, I
couldn't give it to you.

The Burn Victim places a second \$100 bill down.

TYSHIRA

You really have a knack with this.

MARA

Bodhi Brown did you say? That's weird, his calendar's blacked out.

The Burn Victim places down a third \$100 bill.

MARA (CONT'D)

I could reference his personal calendar. But, I see no updates.

TYSHIRA

Wow, that woman is relentless.

The Burn Victim drops down a fourth \$100 bill.

MARA

I believe Mr. Brown gets out of court about now. I'd walk you over but I've got to reopen my window.

TYSHIRA

Geez, I'd recruit that wench for my mission if only I could trust her.

The Burn Victim lowers a fifth \$100 bill onto the counter. Mara scoops up all five bills, tucks them into her bra.

TYSHIRA (CONT'D)

That's right, she's got a clear absence of conscience. Forget that.

MARA

Come on, follow me.

Mara leads the Burn Victim towards the courtrooms, Tyshira trails behind.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Bodhi waltzes out of the courtroom alongside his Defendant. They walk down the hall towards the atrium lobby.

SEX CRIME DEFENDANT

I didn't even know she was emancipated. How did you?

BODHI

It's my job to know.

Mara, Burn Victim and Tyshira peer into an almost empty courtroom. Mara looks down the hallway, sees Bodhi turn towards the lobby. She points in Bodhi's direction.

MARA

There he is. Come on, let's go.

INT. COURTHOUSE - LOBBY - DAY

Bodhi and his Defendent walk to the center of the bustling atrium lobby. Bodhi pulls out some business cards, grabs one.

BODHI

Here's the number of a skilled therapist. She's good with teens.

SEX CRIME DEFENDANT

Nah, I'm good. Thanks though.
Thanks for keeping me out of jail.

The Defendant waves to Bodhi, then zips towards the lobby exit. DA Malbec taps Bodhi on the shoulder from behind.

DA MALBEC

Brown, you're it.

BODHI

As in tag?

DA MALBEC

In a manner of speaking. The DA's Office is tagging you to run for District Attorney in lieu of my early retirement. You're our newly endorsed candidate, Bodhi.

A speechless Bodhi noticeably sweats.

DA MALBEC (CONT'D)

Hurry up and say something. Your silence is making me nervous, though your sweat speaks volumes.

BODHI

What took you so long, Malbec?

DA MALBEC

That's better. When the political team weighed in, I told them you've got vision backed by gumption.

BODHI

This certainly is a turn-around.

DA MALBEC

Did I hear right that you had some kind of health scare? It's not going to get in the way, is it?

BODHI

Never felt better, Sir. I'm thrilled to be tapped for such an honor. Thank you.

DA MALBEC

Swing by my office next week. We can discuss campaign slogans.

They shake hands. DA Malbec walks on, waves his arm high.

DA MALBEC (CONT'D)

Go home, celebrate. Take a shower.

Bodhi clenches his fist, thrusts his elbow back with a huge smile, turns, comes face to face with the Burn Victim. She kneels, presses Bodhi's hands on her charred cheeks.

BODHI

No-no-no, not here. Please, get up. You've got to stand up.

The Burn Victim holds Bodhi's hands in place. Mara takes out her phone, videos. A frozen Bodhi looks around frantic. In ten seconds, Burn Victim's scars vanish.

Two POLICEMEN barrel past the front entrance security into the atrium lobby towards Bodhi.

Burn Victim removes her hands from Bodhi's hands, which are still frozen in place on her face. The Burn Victim pulls out a mirror.

BURN VICTIM

Oh my God, she was right. You are a miracle healer.

BODHI

Who was right?

POLICEMAN #1 slaps a cuff on the wrist of one of Bodhi's hands pressed on the Burn Victim's face, pulls it behind him, grabs and pulls Bodhi's other hand behind him, cuffs them.

POLICE OFFICER #1

You have the right to remain silent.

BODHI

Whoa whoa wait a minute. I didn't do anything here. This woman, she's running some kind of scam.

The Burn Victim glides, leaps and twirls across the lobby.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Can't blame this one on a woman.

The Burn Victim glides, leaps between Bodhi and the Officers.

POLICE OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)

Ma'am, please, can you leap somewhere else? I don't want to have to arrest you.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Mr. Brown, anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.

BODHI

I don't understand. This makes no sense at all. What's going on?

POLICE OFFICER #2

Let's see if this rings any bells, Mr. Brown. Elderly gentleman? Jaundice? Assault? Hospital? Hear any bells now?

Bodhi cocks his head back in disbelief.

POLICE OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)

Your sickly friend just woke up from his coma. Boy did he have an interesting tale to share with us.

Tyshira looks up, throws her arms up in the air. Mara stops recording, replays her video, smiles. She makes a phone call.

MARA

Uncle Suarez, you still have the vacant warehouse for rent? I know how I'm going to make that million dollars now to pay you.

The two Police Officers escort Bodhi out of the courthouse.

END ACT 5