

MD/DA

One hour pilot

by

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1/17/05

TEASER

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - USC MEDICAL CENTER - EARLY MORNING

KURTIS JOHNSON, 19, African American, lies in a coma, eyes open but totally unresponsive. His head is bandaged and he's hooked to EEG and EKG machines. His mother, LORAINNE, late-40s, hums a church hymn as she puts a slice of pizza under his nose...

LORAINNE

Hawaiian. Your favorite... Just blink if you love your mama...

She stares in his dead eyes... Nothing. She starts humming again and puts the pizza away to try something else when...

BLIP.

She freezes. Then peeks at the monitor. Something's happening. Before she dares look...

KURTIS

Mom.

She looks in his eyes, tears up, rests a hand on his cheek, and gives thanks silently.

KURTIS (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

LORAINNE

Yes, baby. I'm fine. Just fine.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - HOURS LATER

LAWRENCE, Kurtis' father, and BARRY, his older brother, mid-20s, are there now too. Kurtis, fully conscious and seemingly fine, listens to his father's story...

LAWRENCE

...So your grandmother puts the sign up, right on the front doors. It says, "The Ladies of the church have cast off all types of clothing for the fund raiser. They can be seen in the church basement on Friday afternoon."

They all bust up.

KURTIS

So what else I miss? Hey, who won the game!?

BARRY

I don't even know. We've been here the whole time, sleeping on those nasty little couches. Waiting for you to wake up, Superman.

LORAIN

You should rest now, Kurtis.

KURTIS

No thanks. Had enough sleep.

They laugh.

LAWRENCE

Kurtis, there's a woman lawyer from the District Attorney's office who's been by. She's gonna want to talk to you. They have some suspects they're trying to identify.

EXT. LOS ANGELES DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Floors 18-21 of the Criminal Justice Center downtown.

INT. MADISON'S OFFICE - SAME

MADISON KELLY, a Deputy District Attorney, 31, whip-smart, passionate crime-fighter, feminine, but with steel resolve when it comes to pursuing bad guys, sleeps in her smart clothes on a comfy couch. There are case files and boxes spread out around her in an office that looks more like a living room. The door opens and her secretary, JASON DUNLAP, 28, neat, efficient, breezes in carrying several items.

JASON

Okay, Snow White, rise and shine.

Madison stirs and sits up.

MADISON

I'm not quite ready for sarcasm yet. Gentle kidding maybe.

JASON

Whatever you say, Sleeping Beauty.
(setting down each item)

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

Vanilla Latte, extra shots, a lovely Diane von Furstenberg wrap dress from your last sleep-over, and Detectives Harding and Zampanos' report with Elton Seals' statement.

Madison grabs the latte and the report.

MADISON

Thank you. Thank you. And thank you.

She's flips open the file and begins reading while Jason opens the curtains to a view of the downtown skyscrapers. We FLASHBACK and see what happened according to the witness, Seals...

EXT. JODI'S DELI & BAKERY - NIGHT

TITLE: Three Days Earlier...

A neighborhood shop in the racially mixed So. Bay area of Los Angeles. Rush hour traffic zips by.

INT. JODI'S - SAME

ELTON SEALS, late-20s, African American, weary from a long day installing telephones, inspects the salads in the deli case. Kurtis works the counter and waits on Seals, a regular who enjoys their banter.

KURTIS

Figure it out brotha, I got homework, a girlfriend, and the rest of my life waiting for my ass to get outta here.

SEALS

Just do your job and tell me how's the bean salad with the nuts or whatever.

KURTIS

Man, I don't know. I'm a meat-eater. You know, a hunter not a gatherer.

SEALS

Yeah, you real hardcore, Kurtis. You and all the other "Economics Majors" at SC.

Kurtis chuckles as he gives Seals a fork of salad and goes to help another customer, a black nurse, MARY, mid-30s.

The manager, a Mexican woman, JUANITA, flips a sign in the window to "Closed" and locks the front door. She heads to a side door to wait when she hears someone come in the back. She sees who it is and screams!

LEAD ROBBER
EVERYONE DOWN ON THE FLOOR! NOW!

Everyone turns to the LEAD ROBBER who's wearing a red devil Halloween mask, gloves, and wields a nasty Glock .45. He twitches with pumped-up, manic energy as two more ROBBERS with identical masks, gloves, enter. The SECOND ROBBER has a sawed-off shot gun, the THIRD ROBBER, a .38 revolver.

LEAD ROBBER (CONT'D)
(to Kurtis)
Hands on the counter, young blood!

Kurtis complies as the Second Robber shoves his gun at Seals.

SECOND ROBBER
Face down, bitch!

MARY
Don't shoot! Please don't shoot!

JUANITA
It's okay. Stay calm. You'll be fine.

The Third Robber levels his gun in Mary's face.

THIRD ROBBER
Shut up!

SECOND ROBBER
Wallets and cell phones in the sack!

Seals, on the floor, gets his wallet and cell phone and drops them in a pillow case held by the Second Robber.

INT. WALK-IN FREEZER - MOMENTS LATER

Juanita, Mary, and Seals are shoved in by the Second Robber.

THIRD ROBBER
On the floor and stay there!

They lie down on the cold, sticky floor and the Robber slams the door. They can barely hear what's happening...

LEAD ROBBER'S VOICE

You don't think I'll splatter your nappy melon right here and now!?

KURTIS' VOICE

The owner is the only one with a key. Straight up. She won't be in until morning. Please!

MARY

Oh my God! What should we do?

SEALS

Shhh, I'm trying to hear!

THIRD ROBBER'S VOICE

Yo, let it go, man.

SECOND ROBBER'S VOICE

Yeah, they done the drop, Homes.

A muffled argument breaks out between the robbers until... POP! A GUNSHOT! Mary screams and they all flinch.

SECOND ROBBER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Christ, he's shootin, man! Crazy G's shootin!

Another POP! Mary covers her mouth, shaking with fear. Seals grabs a bottle, waits... He hears robbers run out of the shop--

EXT. PARKING LOT - JODI'S DELI & BAKERY - LATER THAT NIGHT

It's a crime scene now. Gawkers gawk on the sidewalk behind yellow tape. Cops everywhere. Ambulance in the parking lot.

UNIFORM COP

Come on, kids don't need to see this, ma'am. Keep moving.

In the parking lot, Seals stares anxiously at the deli's side door. PARAMEDICS rush out carrying Kurtis on a stretcher and load him into the ambulance. Seals has seen enough.

SEALS

Detectives!

A pair of Robbery/Homicide vets, HARDING, African American, and, ZAMPANOS, from Brooklyn, look over and walk up. They move Seals out of earshot from the other witnesses.

DETECTIVE ZAMPANOS

What is it?

Seals notices a YOUNG GANGBANGER on a bike eyeing him... The ambulance pulls out, sirens blaring.

INT. MADISON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Madison puts down the file she's been reading and looks at an alert on her computer. She grabs the phone.

MADISON

Put him through.

She picks up the dress from the dry cleaners to inspect it, always multi-tasking when working with deadlines.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Good morning, Mr. Johnson, how are things there?

She steels herself for any bad news...

MADISON (CONT'D)

(tearing up)

That's fantastic. I am so happy for you and your whole family.

She grabs a tissue, dabs her eyes, and looks up at a bulletin board with a picture of Kurtis taken at an SC football game with his brother. She then looks at pictures of THE SUSPECTS - 2 African American males, and 1 Mexican, all gangbangers, late-twenties. She goes over the gruesome crime scene photos, the abandoned getaway car, and a map marked with several dozen armed robberies in the So. Bay Area.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Yes, absolutely, we're on our way.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Madison is bedside with Kurtis. Behind her are two DA Investigators who, together, play Watson to her Holmes. The first is DONNIE "CRACH" CRACHIOLO - half-black, half-Italian, ex-homicide detective, late 30s, snappy dresser (don't call him a metrosexual) who videotapes Kurtis' statement. The other is LEE WOO-JIN, Korean American, single mother, late 20s, wry and funky.

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MADISON
How are you feeling?

KURTIS
Okay. So how'd ya get these guys so fast?

MADISON
We don't have them yet. But a customer recognized their voices. Says he went to high school with them.

KURTIS
Black guy? Late twenties?

MADISON
Yes.

KURTIS
That be my man, Elton. Yeah, he went to....Gardena...High.

Madison is suddenly concerned. Kurtis is losing focus. She trains her eye on his EKG, checks his neck artery for pulse.

MADISON
Kurtis, before we start, I want you to do something for me. Just follow my finger with your eyes.

She holds up a finger and moves it back and forth.

KURTIS
What is this, you a doctor or something?

MADISON
Yes.

KURTIS
You're...kidding, right?

MADISON
Long story. Kurtis we're gonna do your statement later. Your doctor is Venu, right?

KURTIS
Yeah. I feel dizzy.

LORAINÉ
What is it?

KURTIS
 (slurring his words)
 Ms. Kelly, there's one
 thing.....one thing...the guy who
 shot... He was...

Madison hits a red button on the wall, pops her head into the hall and yells--

MADISON
 He's v-fibbing! Call a code! Need
 a crash cart now!

A team of 3 HOUSE STAFF come running, all talking at once, as they enter. The Monitor alarm sound.

An intern grabs a needle from a crash cart and injects some Epi into the IV, but Kurtis is fading... Madison grabs the ambu bag off the wall, hands it to another doctor.

MADISON (CONT'D)
 Where's Venu?!!

The CODE TEAM races in, grabs the De-fib paddles.

MADISON (CONT'D)
 He's seizing, see that.

KURTIS'S POV - he sees his mother lean in, terrified, as the outside world slows...goes dark...then...black...

FLASH TO - A hazy image appears, like a dream - the LEAD ROBBER points his gun at us. He's making an odd motion with his free hand - as if playing a piano scale - while he yells to the other robbers then turns to us and FIRES!

We fall to the ground and find ourself staring up the wall at an odd angle...

The Devil leans in and points the black barrel right at us... We see his eyes through the holes of the mask! BLAM!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. USC MEDICAL CENTER - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

The Johnsons sit in silence as first light appears outside. Madison is with them, deep in thought. Other families, each with their own story, are scattered around on stiff chairs and sofas, some sleeping uncomfortably.

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