

FILTER

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. INTERSECTION DOWNTOWN - DAY

PHIL, in his 60's, tries to read from a paper as it flaps in the wind. He desperately searches nearby street signs, growing increasingly agitated. Standing nearby in a lab coat, DEBRA, late 30's, notices and steps forth, but then hesitates, stares, and eventually looks away.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE SHOP - DAY

A disheveled STREET PERFORMER with oily skin is playing the guitar so beautifully, lost in his world. David Wycraft, 40, dressed in a black suit and blue tie, listens, surreptitiously glancing over with admiration. He looks at the open guitar case, then checks his wallet, finding only twenties. The performer finishes his song with gusto. David remains silent.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

MICHAEL, a formally dressed, slick-haired man lifts his attaché on the table and opens it. Next to him is EILEEN, an older stern-faced woman in a wheel chair. Settling down on the other side of the table is SAMUEL, a stocky man with five o'clock shadow and a suit one size too small, and Debra.

MICHAEL

My client has gone on disability and will be unable to work for at least the next six months to a year. She also asks for compensation for the agonizing, life-altering pain she has suffered as a result of Dr. Debra Green's reckless malpractice.

Debra's head pivots to Samuel, who only takes notes, then to Eileen, and then back to Michael.

DEBRA

I performed the procedure by the book. There is no chance I could have caused this. She was fine after the procedure, and went home the same day.

Debra stares at Samuel in disbelief.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
I don't deserve this. You know that.
Why are you letting this happen?

Samuel leans in to Debra.

SAMUEL
Don't worry. We'll discuss this
later.

Debra finally meets the eyes of Eileen, who looks away as
Michael starts laying evidence on the table.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

RHIANNE, 60, and FRANK, 40's, both dressed formally, sit
across from David Wycraft, who shifts anxiously.

FRANK
We've decided we're letting you go.
Immediately.

David goes white.

RHIANNE
Your belongings will be sent home to
your address, and you'll be escorted
to your car by our security.

DAVID
But, why? I thought I was doing such
great work at this firm. You gave me
a raise last month!

Rhianne swallows, but sees Frank stoic and remains silent as
well.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Rhianne? I'm still fairly new to the
healthcare insurance industry. Can I
at least use you as a reference?

Rhianne lowers her eyes. David stares in disbelief between
her and Frank.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY

Debra, in lab coat and stethoscope, stands next to the bed
occupied by her teenage patient AMANDA, with a beautiful face
and bald scalp.

AMANDA

It's not that bad, right? I still want to go scuba-diving in Belize, and, would you believe I've been studying archaeology for this long and I haven't seen the pyramids in Egypt yet? Have you been there?

Debra grimaces, holding emotion back.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I'd definitely want to take my little brother with me.

Debra sheds a tear, and looks away to wipe it, then turns back with her weakly forced smile.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Debra and David sit across from each other, relaxing over a pair of sandwiches in a café.

DEBRA

What jerks. How could they do that to you?

DAVID

From what you told me, I'm not sure who's day has been worse.

Debra gathers her belongings and tray, then David follows suit.

DEBRA

Okay, let's get through the rest of the day, shall we?

DAVID

Umm, my day's already over, remember?

Debra conspiratorially grins.

DEBRA

Maybe not. Interested in dinner and drinks tonight?

David fixates on the door, hesitating for a long pause.

DAVID

Hey, I'll try to help you how I can with that lawsuit. I'll see you tomorrow, okay?

Debra's face drops as she then follows David's lead out the door.

EXT. INTERSECTION DOWNTOWN - DAY

Thoughts linger in David's eyes as he gets distracted by the appearance of the same flustered man, Phil, with the same paper in his hands, once again trying to make sense of the street signs. People flow past, and eventually David leans to approach, but a groan of anger stops him. Phil crumples up his paper and tosses it into the trash bin, then sulks.

Phil suddenly loses his balance and catches himself on the trash bin, his eyes wide. He hears a voice.

KATIE (O.S.)
Your pants are smelly!

David laughs at the random insult, briefly drawing Phil's attention, but then he looks down. A six year old child, cute as a button, challenges him.

A woman rushes up and grabs her hand, glancing apologetically at the man.

KATIE'S MOTHER
I'm so sorry.

She steals the girl away and a jovial David takes her place.

DAVID
Kids can just say anything.

PHIL
Where'd she come from? All I need is
another knee replacement.

DAVID
You'll be fine, stinky pants. Hey,
do you need help finding something?

FADE OUT.