

HOPE

PILOT

by Anyes Van Volkenburgh

1 **EXT. BACKYARD, ANTHONY'S HOUSE, COMPTON -- DAY**

Fenced, grim backyard in the heart of the HOOD. Littered with old tires, random car parts, tools.

The adjacent HOUSE has seen better days.

Along the fence, a row of KENNELS houses several tough PIT BULLS with cut off ears, scars and wounds from recent fights. A nursing female PIT tends to her 8 week old pups.

ANTHONY, 32, sexy baller with street swag, dumps leftovers of a take out container into the pup kennel. The puppies duke it out for the scraps.

Anthony adjusts a dirty RAG WRAPPED AROUND HIS FOREARM and dials a number on his phone. It rings as Anthony disappears into the house.

2 **INT. SMALL PUBLIC "ONER" BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

HOPE HARDY, 30, sharp, intense and topless, leans on the sink counter of the utilitarian bathroom. Her scrub pants hang at her ankles. BARRY GOLDMAN, 50's, charmer, also dressed in scrubs, bangs her ferociously.

Someone KNOCKS on the door.

HOPE

Go away!

Hope and Barry carry on. Hope's cell phone rings. Hope fumbles for her phone in her scrub pant pocket, trying to not interfere with Barry's mission.

She finds the phone and answers, out of breath.

HOPE (CONT'D)

What?

INTERCUT WITH:

3 **INT. KITCHEN, ANTHONY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS**

Grimy, chaotic kitchen cluttered with dirty dishes, overflowing ashtrays, spilled garbage bag in a corner.

At the stove, Anthony stands over a POT OF BOILING WATER. He adds baking soda to the pot. Inspects a prominent GASH on his forearm as he talks.

ANTHONY

I got a situation.

HOPE

I'm busy.

Hope hangs up and gets back to task at hand with Barry.

Female voice booms over the INTERCOM.

INTERCOM (O.S.)

Code blue, all doctors on deck. Code blue.

Hope stops abruptly and pushes Barry away.

HOPE

Your fucking wife makes my life hell.

4 **INT. HALLWAY, ANIMAL HOSPITAL -- MOMENTS LATER**

ROBIN GOLDMAN, 50's, perpetually frazzled, accosts Hope as she exits the bathroom.

HOPE

I can't even take a piss. What?

Robin chooses to ignore Hope's lack of manners.

ROBIN

Have you seen Barry?

HOPE

That's your fucking code blue?

Robin hands Hope a patient record.

ROBIN

Victor Pizarro needs to speak to a doctor.

5 **INT. EXAM ROOM, ANIMAL HOSPITAL -- MOMENTS LATER**

VICTOR PIZARRO, 60's, swarthy bruiser with a thick Columbian accent, waves his arms and paces around the small exam room decorated with sports memorabilia. Hope listens to his explosive antics, unperturbed.

VICTOR

I want a written fucking guarantee.

HOPE

Good luck with that.

VICTOR

Thousands of dollars and you don't know how to fix him?

HOPE
It's medicine, not magic.

VICTOR
Give me the odds.

HOPE
It's not a casino, either.

VICTOR
Educated guess. Something.

HOPE
Your dog's on the roof is my guess.

Victor gets it. His face falls.

VICTOR
How bad?

HOPE
The roof's on fire.

Victor comes to life again, almost attacks Hope.

VICTOR
Get the hell out of here. Where's
Barry?

HOPE
Barry's fabulous, in many ways, but
he's not a miracle worker. I guarantee
THAT.

VICTOR
Whatever it costs, tell Barry --

HOPE
Ain't no money in the world gonna
save your dog. For fucks sakes.

SMASH CUT TO:

6 **INT. HALLWAY, ANIMAL HOSPITAL -- MOMENTS LATER**

Victor tears through the hallway, enraged. Hope follows.

Victor bursts into

TREATMENT AREA

The walls of this basketball-court-sized room are lined with cages housing four-legged patients. Some are hooked up to fluids, EKG's, monitors.

TECHNICIANS scurry around a BOXER splayed out on top of a table. They fill syringes, adjust oxygen flow, place a IV catheter.

VICTOR
Fucking liars, all of you!

Victor charges the crowd of Technicians.

The CONTROLLED DRUG SAFE beside the table is WIDE OPEN.

Hope takes advantage of the commotion and casually swipes TWO KETAMINE BOTTLES from the open safe into her pocket.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Where the fuck is he?

WILLIAM, 26, former Marine, tough as nails, blocks Victor's path and holds him back.

WILLIAM
Sir, you need to calm down.

VICTOR
Gonna kill that motherfucker with my bare hands --

William restrains Victor.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Give me my dog back. Fucking assholes.

WILLIAM
It's okay, sir.

Hope stands to the side. Unruffled. Victor points at her.

VICTOR
You sure you know what you're talking about?

Hope stares back with self assured indifference.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Your delivery's for shit, but you honest. You ever need anything, you call me. Only one with fucking balls around here.

Hope smiles and gives a demure nod --

7 **INT. HALLWAY, ANIMAL HOSPITAL -- MOMENTS LATER**

Robin collides into Barry as they both round the corner from opposite directions.

Robin carries a bunch of files under her arm.

BARRY
What the fuck just happened?

ROBIN
Victor Pizarro lost his shit after
Hardy saw him --

BARRY
He's a fucking moron. Should've had
me handle it --

ROBIN
You were nowhere to be found.

BARRY
He'll be fine, I'll talk to him --

ROBIN
He's not exactly your biggest fan
right now.

BARRY
He's full of shit, I can fix it --

Robin hands Barry a file from her stack.

ROBIN
Jack Foundation is cutting us off.
That's forty thousand dollars a month --

BARRY
What the fuck?

ROBIN
They had an incident with Hardy --

Barry shoves the file back at Robin.

BARRY
Get them back.

ROBIN
She rolled her eyes at their board
member.

BARRY
I don't care if she gave them the
finger, get them back.

Robin leafs through her papers.

ROBIN
They posted this on yelp --
(MORE)

ROBIN (CONT'D)

"She was hands down the rudest, most
FRIGID vet I ever encountered."

Barry barely contains a chuckle. Robin fumes with indignation.

8 **INT. ROBIN'S OFFICE, ANIMAL HOSPITAL -- DAY**

Robin's eyes shoot daggers. She hovers at her desk in a cluttered office. Her deadly stare is aimed at Hope, who sits in a chair across from her with a smug smile.

Hope doesn't even try to conceal her amusement.

HOPE

FRIGID?

ROBIN

This is not the first complaint about your bedside manner, Dr. Hardy.

HOPE

The bitch doesn't know what she's talking about. I may be a lot of things, but FRIGID is not one of them --

ROBIN

We can't tolerate this attitude.

Hope's expression turns contrite.

HOPE

I'm sorry. You're right. I'll work on it.

ROBIN

You've had multiple warnings --

HOPE

You want me to call and apologize, I get it --

ROBIN

There's no fixing this.

It dawns on Hope --

HOPE

What are you saying?

ROBIN

I think it's in everyone's best interest --

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