

TEASER

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - PRESENT DAY

A pair of discontent eyes draw into a slow focus as the words emerge from under the water-like muffling.

DOCTOR
...do you understand what I am
saying Gray?

GRAY SULLIVAN, 30, chiseled and attractive stares without comprehension of the Doctors diagnosis.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Gray?

GRAY
How long.

DOCTOR
This isn't a death sentence. There
are new treatments everyday.

More aggravated.

GRAY
How long?

DOCTOR
Gray, listen to me. This type of
cancer is very difficult to put to
a time line.

At his wits end.

GRAY
HOW LONG!?

DOCTOR
Three months.

Gray looks to his ink stained hands.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You need to start this pill
regiment ASAP. Start taking care of
yourself. No more late-night
parties, 24-hour writing sprees.
This is it Gray, this is our last
battle. You with me?

The Doctor holds a stack of prescriptions.

Gray doesn't look up but takes the heavy stack.