

OFF THE MAP - MANNY

INT. SMALL VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY

Manny tends to the KIDS, one of them barely conscious now, woozy and feverish. He's doing what he can medically for them, while he argues through Charlie with the Father.

MANNY

Tell him his daughter doesn't have much time - a couple days at most.

CHARLIE

(quietly)

He says no.

MANNY

And this kid, his son - tell him I can barely feel his pulse now -

CHARLIE

No.

MANNY

His blood pressure's dropping, he needs fluids, he can't take them by mouth anymore, he's barely conscious -

CHARLIE

No.

MANNY

GODAMMIT, STOP SAYING NO!

That was to the Father. Manny takes a beat, trying to get control of himself, sweaty and incredibly frustrated.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Look, I know what this is. I'm from Queens. And in Queens, a guy from Astoria can't just walk into another guy's shop in Flushing and start telling him all how to run things. I'm not from your neighborhood. I don't get to just come in here and tell you what to do, ask you to take drugs you have no good reason to believe in.

Manny glances up, the man's face is still unreadable, impassable. Charlie has stopped translating and is just listening - cause now it seems like Manny's just babbling.

MANNY (CONT'D)

My Dad died of mesothelioma - it's a nasty cancer, one of the worst. Kills you slowly and painfully, one organ at a time. They didn't have a clue how to treat it back then, we still don't. Me, I'm a little smart-ass kid, and I tell myself these clowns are jerkoffs - when I'm a doctor someday, I'll know how to help people. I'll know how to fight.

Manny shakes his head.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Now I suck fat out of people's asses and put it in their boobs. I rearrange people's fat. So I'm here. In your neighborhood, to do... something. To do better.

(beat)

Also the New York medical board just pulled my license. "Ethical misconduct" - or so they claim.

(beat, then admits)

Okay, so I pushed a few unnecessary procedures here and there...slept with a few too many patients... maybe I'm a bad guy. But I'm not a bad doctor.

Manny crouches next to the Father, looks him in the eye.

MANNY (CONT'D)

And I don't want you to have to watch your family die. C'mon, man. Just let me help you.

A long pause. Charlie translates only this last part, quietly, emotionally. Then Manny gets up, feeling stupid ---

MANNY (CONT'D)

Now I'm the ass talking to myself.

-- When suddenly the Father holds out his hand to Manny. Manny looks to Charlie, confused. The Father says something in Spanish.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
What is he doing?

CHARLIE  
He's trying to shake your hand. He says okay.

As a stunned Manny shakes the Father's hand...

EXT. SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

Charlie and Manny get back into the truck, on their way out. Manny's feeling great, proud of what he accomplished.

MANNY  
I just saved the lives of an entire family. No, y'know what - make that a village, cause that crap's contagious, yo -

Manny holds his fist out for a dap, then SEES SOMETHING.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
Hey - stop --

And we SEE what he sees - the shallow grave they put the body in yesterday is now nicely shoveled in. At the top there is a cross made out of wildflowers. Manny eyes Charlie.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
Thought you were just a "translator".

Charlie doesn't answer. Doesn't want to discuss it. Manny knows not to tease him further. It sits there a beat, then --

MANNY (CONT'D)  
Thanks. For everything. You're good. Maybe someday you'll translate for the W.H.O. or the U.N...

CHARLIE  
I don't think so.

MANNY  
Why not, dream big. Your parents must be really proud of you.

CHARLIE  
I left home when I was nine. And someday I'm not going to be a translator, I'm going to be a doctor.

That shuts Manny up. Charlie guns the engine.