

CONNECTED

"Pilot"
GETTING THROUGH

Written by

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While the characters represented herein are fictitious these are
actual medical cases as documented by doctors Lesslie, Brown &
Morse.

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TITLE: GETTING THROUGH

PILOT

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Half resembles a post-party Fraternity crash pad.

Dozens of boxes stacked without care. Tacked up sheets serve as curtains.

Empty bottles of Jack Daniels line a shelf; the only attempt at some type of 'display'.

A KNOCK at the door.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

ERIC BELL (42) lies passed out in the bathtub.

He wears jeans and an old shirt. Bloodshot eyes, emaciated, unshaven. He looks like a plane fell on him. Twice.

His green eyes roam around. He's seemingly forgotten not only how he ended up in the bathtub, but also how he got to this apartment, and maybe how he came into being.

Then recollection sets in and his face grows grim.

He pulls himself out of the tub, as the KNOCK grows in urgency.

Warily he exits.

EXT. APARTMENT LANDING - DAY

MR. SUGIYAMA (67) has managed this particular complex for more than twenty years and has modeled himself after Mrs. Roper since spending the past two decades watching *Three's Company*. He's developed an irritating predilection for quoting television shows. Badly.

Eric opens the door to find Sugiyama beaming at him. Sugiyama holds a bag of beef jerky.

MR. SUGIYAMA
Hey Kid. What's happening?

ERIC

I paid you four months in advance.

He starts to close the door.

ERIC

That was so I could have privacy.

Sugiyama stops the door by wedging the jerky inside.

MR. SUGIYAMA

My wife is happy to have such a good man in our building. She wanted that I bring you this.

Eric studies Sugiyama for a beat.

ERIC

I'm not a good man. And I want to be left alone.

As Eric starts to shut the door again, Sugiyama makes certain the jerky goes with him.

MR. SUGIYAMA

Tastes great, but less filling!

MARINA VITALE (36), a curvy, heavily accented Hispanic woman steps onto the landing holding her son, DIEGO'S (8), hand.

Diego is small for his age but his eyes flit about so quickly that you just have to look at him to know he's more astute than many grown-ups.

MARINA

You finally got it rented?

Mr. Sugiyama nods enthusiastically.

MR. SUGIYAMA

Yes. And to a doctor!

MARINA

A doctor? You mean like a graduate student?

MR. SUGIYAMA

No. A pediatrician.

DIEGO

Is that like a foot doctor?

MARINA
No, it's a children's doctor.

DIEGO
(sheer sarcasm)
Oh. Goodie!

Marina looks around the well kept but poorly constructed complex as Diego moves to get a better view of the television inside a neighbor's apartment.

MARINA
He lose his license or something?

MR. SUGIYAMA
No, my pahdnah work with his nurse.
He's a good doctor.

DIEGO
Price is right is on!

MARINA
Diego! Stop looking in people's windows. It's rude.

MR. SUGIYAMA
Oh, you must excuse me!

Sugiyama races back to his own apartment before he can miss more of DREW CAREY'S words of wisdom.

Through the curtain AN ELDERLY COUPLE wave at Diego as though his presence outside the window is part of their daily routine.

Actually, it is.

Marina, however, is too distracted to scold him immediately. After a moment's hesitation, she walks to Eric's door and KNOCKS.

DIEGO
Ma? What are you doing.

The door flies open, Eric's now furious. He stops on Marina, surprised.

MARINA
So sorry to bother you but my little boy's got some sort of ear infection.

DIEGO
Hello? I'm like, eight, and I'm
standing right here.

MARINA
It's been worrying me because it's
lasted so long. Can't keep him out
of the pool and I think he may...

ERIC
(bored)
Maybe you should take him to a
doctor.

MARINA
But, Mr. Sugiyama said--

ERIC
--Mr. Sugiyama's wrong.

Eric closes the door.

Marina stares at the closed door as Diego grins and goes back
to watching television.

DIEGO
(talks through the window)
You tivo'd it like I showed you,
right? So fast forward through the
commercials.

The ELDERLY MAN inside the apartment obliges as Marina grabs
Diego by the arm and drags him toward their own apartment.

DIEGO
What?

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Eric holds up the jerky, examines it, then drops it in the
trash.

He sits on the couch and pours himself a glass of whiskey.

A thin sliver of light falls on him as he stares at nothing
and drinks.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eric hasn't moved. He's like a corpse. Only his eyes show sign of life.

He watches the door knob slowly turn back and forth.

He's immobile. Indifferent. Almost welcoming a break-in.

Finally the door opens and a tall man, DR. ANTHONY KINGSBURY (53), steps inside.

Kingsbury is heavy set and worn. Without his white coat one would guess him to be a mechanic before an ER doc. He carries an old duffle with papers half falling out.

KINGSBURY

Knocked ten times. Didn't think to check the damn thing.

ERIC

Forgot to lock it.

Kingsbury chuckles.

KINGSBURY

Or I wouldn't be standing here.

His voice trails as he takes in Eric's new living quarters and he emits a low whistle.

ERIC

Not exactly Briarwood Estates?

KINGSBURY

Compared to where I just came from it's the Ritz Carlton.

ERIC

How'd you find me?

Kingsbury sits in the lawn chair next to the couch. Pours himself a glass of whiskey. Takes a good long look at Eric.

KINGSBURY

You look like shit.

ERIC

I'm not doing it.

KINGSBURY
Haven't asked you to do anything yet.

ERIC
Why are you here?

Eric eyes the papers in the duffle.

KINGSBURY
See private practice didn't help your bedside manner any.

Eric crosses his arms. Waits.

KINGSBURY
Bellevue's hanging on like a loose tooth in a junkie. What little staff we have wouldn't know an intubation from a catheter--

ERIC
I just told you, I'm not interested.

KINGSBURY
Remember what it was like at Memorial? How we couldn't even get the goddamned plastic surgeon on call to come in if it meant saving some kid's face. How angry you used to get?

ERIC
I left ER for a reason.

KINGSBURY
To spend time with your family.

Eric falls silent.

KINGSBURY
Thought it might be something to take your mind off things and we could really use the help.

He looks at Eric hopefully.

KINGSBURY
You talking to anyone about any of this? When we lost Jack both Kathleen and I went to Dr. Bhuiya until we could...

Stonehenge.

KINGSBURY

I'll go. Mind if I use your can?

Eric waves him in the direction of the bathroom.

Kingsbury deliberately leaves the forms on the coffee table, ignoring Eric's glare. He downs his drink and heads for the bathroom.

THE FORMS

Eric uses them as a coaster. Some people just don't understand the meaning of the word, 'No.' Most people, in fact.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kingsbury washes his face and hands. He's pale, clammy and with shaky hands, he takes several pills from a BOTTLE.

He towels off and notices a FRAMED PHOTO face down.

He picks it up and looks at the young, happy family in front of him.

It's Eric, his red haired wife and a little girl.

He sets it back up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kingsbury's regained composure and takes a last look at Eric from the door.

KINGSBURY

You have a gift Dr. Bell, and
you're pissing it away. Victoria
wouldn't have liked that.

Kingsbury exits and Eric locks the door behind him.

He promptly crumples the forms and tosses them in the trash before pouring himself another glass.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BREATHING IS HEARD throughout the room. At first we think it's Eric...

But,

Eric lies asleep on the couch, glass still in hand.

As Eric breathes HIS BREATH condenses as though the room has suddenly become cold.

However, we can't HEAR his. The BREATHING comes from elsewhere, like a fine mist, and it's moving closer to Eric, until it stops just over him.

His eyes open.

ERIC'S POV:

Everything's blurry at first. The BREATHING SOUND is nearby and the mist remains. Then it grows distant.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eric sits up suddenly. Looks around.

A FEMALE CHILD with long curls flits past the kitchen door. Giggles resonate from nowhere in particular.

He stumbles off the couch.

ERIC

Hey! What are you doing in here?

He scrambles to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eric looks around the spartan room.

He flips open the blinds. Nothing. Checks the windows; it's locked. Then he sees...

THE HOSPITAL FORMS on the kitchen table.

He picks them up, angrily. Frantically searches the apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Empty. Door locked.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Also Empty. Window Locked. He sees the PHOTO of his family now upright.

He looks at the forms in his hands. What the hell?

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. BELLEVUE TRIAGE - NIGHT**

Dr. Anthony Kingsbury sits with his feet up on the desk. He's playing cards with INTERN THANIEL KARYOTAKIS (31).

Thaniel's obviously a guppy, but this is also his general attitude; focus on anything other than the task at hand.

Eric comes tearing through and slaps the forms on the desk between Thaniel and Kingsbury.

NURSE TRACY FAIRBANKS (32), follows on Eric's heels.

Tracy is blond, tan, athletic. Looks like she'd fit in better at a country club than here at Bellevue; trying to 'make a difference'.

Kingsbury lays down his cards, unruffled.

KINGSBURY

Thought you might come 'round.

ERIC

How did you get back in?

TRACY

I tried to stop him, but he barged straight through like a freight train.

Kingsbury looks up with mild interest.

KINGSBURY

Get back in where?

THE DOUBLE DOORS SWISH OPEN, surprising everyone.

A drenched mother, Marina (from Eric's complex), carries her son, Diego. He's drenched and unconscious.

She looks around wildly.

MARINA

Someone, help me! I found him in the pool.

Kingsbury takes the child and places him on a gurney. Tracy helps undress him and begins hooking him to the monitor.

Eric stands a few feet away.

KINGSBURY
Could use an extra hand.

ERIC
You think I don't know what you're
up to?

Marina is hysterical but she finally looks from her son to
Eric.

MARINA
I know you! He's the doctor who
wouldn't help us today.

Tracy now has the monitor hooked to Diego. Flatline.

Eric freezes on the screen. Time seems to stand still in the
room. Something clicks. He pounces into action.

He takes the other side of the gurney and begins chest
compressions as Tracy flashes Kingsbury a 'what in the hell
is this?' look.

Marina's hysterical. Kingsbury nods in her direction.

KINGSBURY
Thaniel, can you escort her to the
family room?

That's when Kingsbury sees Thaniel is no longer with them.

Eric's back though, he's moved onto shocks. Sweat forming on
his brow from the intensity.

Not even a blip on the screen.

Tracy escorts the mother out.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Marina starts to sob.

TRACY
We'll alert you the second we know
anything.

MARINA
He didn't have a pulse when I found him.

TRACY
Do you know how long he'd been in the water?

Marina shakes her head. Actually, her whole body is shaking so it's hard to distinguish.

MARINA
I performed CPR, some water came out, but I couldn't make him breathe.

TRACY
We'll do what we can.

INT. BED ONE - NIGHT

Everyone is focused on...

THE MONITOR

Flatter than Nebraska. Pull back revealing...

Tracy looks at the CLOCK on the wall: 1:33.

TRACY
He was already a code pink when she found him. She has no idea how long he's been like this. It could have been hours.

But Eric doesn't care about these facts. His focus is solely on bringing the kid back.

He applies the gel, getting ready to re-apply the paddles.

A faint blip starts on the heart monitor.

Relieved, Eric delivers another shock and it begins to stabilize.

Eric returns to delivering CPR and the monitor flatlines again.

ERIC
C'mon!

Shocks. Faint heartbeat. CPR. Flatline. Repeat.

INT. BED ONE - NIGHT - LATER

The clock now reads 2:07.

Sweat pours down Eric's face as he gets ready to reapply the shocks.

A stunned and exhausted Kingsbury watches him.

KINGSBURY

Eric.

Medical Director DR. STELLA JENKINS (44), appears in the doorway with NURSE ANITA ROLLINS (33). Stella is no-nonsense, almost militant in manner.

Anita is hefty, though she would say "well developed". She spent part of her childhood in Rwanda and thought she'd seen everything ER could possibly serve up...until tonight.

ANITA

I know we're in desperate need of staff, but the pizza delivery guy?

Kingsbury sees Stella looking at Eric with the same shocked curiosity.

KINGSBURY

This is the doctor I was telling you about.

ANITA

He's the one from Memorial?

Kingsbury nods as Anita looks on in skepticism.

STELLA

The mother's hysterical. She wandered into my office pleading with me to check on her son.

Tracy sends her an apologetic look.

TRACY

I haven't had a chance to check on her.

STELLA

How long have you been at it?

Eric ignores her, performing intermittent compressions and shocks.

They look at the red marks on the boy's chest and require no answer.

ANITA

I guess I get to tell the mother?

Eric returns to pumping his chest. Again the faint beat followed by the flatline.

STELLA

Stop. It's not doing any good.

Eric ignores her. His desperation obvious. He seems like a madman. Could be at this point.

STELLA

(shouts)

I said stop, it's not doing any good.

Anita looks at Kingsbury like there's about to be two dead bodies in the room if he doesn't get Eric to stop.

KINGSBURY

He's gone, man.

Stella tries to stop him but he pushes her aside.

She's stunned.

STELLA

(to Kingsbury)

Get him out of here.

Then...

A gasp. The boy inhales, coughs. The heart monitor grows stronger.

Kingsbury looks at his watch and then at Eric as though he's just performed a miracle.

Tracy's expression reveals the same.

TRACY

No heartbeat for possibly hours.

KINGSBURY

Certainly not for the past forty eight minutes.

Stella is less impressed.

STELLA
Wonderful. You have any idea the
cost of maintaining a vegetable?

All three look at her as though she might have actually
sprouted horns. But attention quickly turns to...

THE BOY'S FACE.

Diego heaves breaths. Opens his eyes. Looks around wildly.
Focuses on Eric. Smiles.

DIEGO
(weakly)
Hello Dr. Bell. She told me to
follow your voice.

Then we see...

Eric Bell. Sweat still dripping off his brow. Stunned.

KINGSBURY
You know this kid?

ERIC
He lives in my building.

TRACY
Now you get to tell the mother.

But there's no time for anything else.

The ER doors hiss and the place swarms with activity.

TWO MEDICS begin unloading stretchers.

MEDIC
Traffic accident on 90, we've got
four level two P.I.s.

Tracy pushes Diego's gurney into OBS (observation).

Eric remains in place, unsure of what to do.

Kingsbury looks at him over his shoulder.

KINGSBURY
We need you man, this is too big
for our staff tonight.

Eric follows the adrenaline through the double doors.

Stella's too occupied to protest.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Stella is exhausted. Scrubs splattered with blood.

She sees the missing intern; Dr. Thaniel Karyotakis duck into the small staff kitchen. Too late.

She doubles back.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Thaniel looks up surprised as Stella sticks her head in.

She's furious.

STELLA

Where the hell have you been?

THANIEL

I uh...I was in Triage all night.
It was dead. Anthony told me to
take a break and I nodded off
downstairs.

STELLA

I don't give a damn what Anthony
said. You don't have the luxury of
breaks when it's your shift. It
happens again, you're out on your
ass.

Thaniel nods and Stella starts to exit. Stops.

STELLA

Since you're now well rested you
can work the day shift.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Thaniel watches Stella as she power walks down the hall.

Eric, Tracy and Anita come through the double doors; they're
equally exhausted.

TRACY
I'm sorry I didn't recognize you at first.

Eric picks up the pace.

TRACY
I was here the night your family came in.

ERIC
(terse)
I'm sure you did everything you could.

TRACY
She was a D.O.A. There was nothing anyone could do.

ERIC
So was the boy who came in last night.

Eric stops at the kitchen.

TRACY
I just wanted to say that I'm sorry.

Anita pulls Tracy on down the corridor.

ANITA
(tries to talk low but has a boomin' voice)
What the hell was that? Hi, nice to meet you, I've already met your dead family?

TRACY
I just wanted him to know that someone was with her that night.

ANITA
Why do you think he had them brought here?

Tracy shrugs.

ANITA
Anthony. He's the only reason they were brought to this dump. He wanted him with them.

Thaniel steps out of the kitchen behind Anita and Tracy.

THANIEL
(shouts at Tracy)
Not many people could pull off the
blood and sweat look like you do.

She looks over her shoulder. Not amused.

TRACY
You're an asshole. We could have
used you in there.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Thaniel turns to Eric.

THANIEL
She has a thing for me.

Pause.

THANIEL
You a doctor?

ERIC
Not anymore.

Thaniel looks over Eric's attire; he's wearing scrubs on top,
jeans on bottom.

Eric stares him down.

ERIC
How long you been here?

Thaniel shrugs.

THANIEL
A few days.

Eric starts down the hall; he can't hold him accountable.

INT. DR. STELLA JENKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Stella sits at an old desk filling out paperwork.

She doesn't look up as Eric enters.

STELLA
Have a seat.

Eric ignores her and looks at her degrees. One is from Rutgers, the MD from Columbia.

Medical books cover the majority of the office.

A family photo is lost amongst the paperwork. Eric picks it up.

It's Stella with her husband and two daughters. Looks like a Christmas photo. Stella looks younger; not yet a zombie.

ERIC

You spend Christmas at home this year?

STELLA

(all business)

Anthony says you worked at Memorial together?

Eric sets the photo down and nods.

STELLA

Says your batting average is the highest he's seen.

ERIC

Apart from his.

STELLA

Even with Anthony, we're worse off than even Memorial. No one besides Anthony has stayed on longer than two years.

ERIC

And you.

STELLA

Funding keeps getting cut and we get the bottom of the barrel when it comes to new hires.

ERIC

You're a real spokes model.

Her cell rings.

STELLA

Excuse me.

STELLA

(into receiver)

There was an accident and I had to stay. Yeah, well, you just can't drop a transfusion for a recital. She's mature, she understands that. Hold on. Rebecca's on the other line.

Stella covers the receiver, pushes paperwork in his direction.

STELLA

I have to take this. If you're interested, leave the paperwork with H.R.

Eric familiar with her dilemma. Too familiar.

He walks out.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Eric crumples the paperwork and throws it away.

He stands outside a glass window and watches Diego laugh and talk with his mother.

Tracy and Anita approach. Tracy hands him a cup of coffee.

TRACY

Listen, I'm sorry I shouldn't have said anything.

ANITA

(under her breath)

And now you've got to go and keep bringing it up.

ERIC

It's fine.

ANITA

How'd your meeting with Nurse Ratched go?

TRACY

Don't let her hear you call her that, the nurse part would piss her off.

ERIC
You have nicknames for everyone
here?

Diego sees Eric. His face lights up.

Diego and his mother motion for him to come into the room.

TRACY
Better go, he's been asking for you
for hours.

ANITA
You planning on staying with us?

ERIC
No.

ANITA
Too bad, we could really use a
messiah around here.

Eric grimaces at the moniker and enters the room.

INT. DIEGO'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Marina immediately goes to greet him.

The room is covered in Drawings. Many swimming pools, a lot of bull's eyes, a lot of them seem to repeat from different angles.

ERIC
I apologize for the other morning.
I should have examined him.

MARINA
No, I'm the one who should be
sorry. The nurse told us you're
retired. That you're not even
normally here. It was a miracle.

Eric squats down so he's eye level with Diego.

ERIC
No more nighttime swimming, okay?

DIEGO
I wasn't.

MARINA
He doesn't remember it.

ERIC
You don't remember being in the
pool?

Diego shakes his head.

DIEGO
No. Dude, who goes swimming in
their pajamas?

ERIC
(to Marina)
Notice any other memory loss?

MARINA
No. He's perfect.

Eric shines a light into Diego's eyes.

ERIC
Do you remember what you said when
you first woke up?

DIEGO
I said 'Hi'.

ERIC
Anything else?

DIEGO
I told you the lady had me follow
your voice.

ERIC
What lady?

Diego points to the drawing on the wall.

DIEGO
Her.

CLOSE ON:

-A CHILD'S DRAWING OF A RED HAired WOMAN HOLDING A LITTLE
BOY'S HAND.

MARINA
He asked for crayons and paper a
few hours ago.

Eric looks at the covered wall for the first time.

A GIRL WITH LONG BLOND HAIR FLOATS FACE DOWN IN WHAT LOOKS
LIKE A POOL. THERE ARE SEVERAL OF THESE FROM DIFFERENT
ANGLES.

THERE ARE DOZENS OF DRAWINGS OF A BULL'S EYE.

SEVERAL DRAWINGS SHOW MEN WITH GUNS.

ERIC
What is all this?

DIEGO
She asked me to show you what I saw
when I was with her.

Eric looks Diego over carefully, and sees Marina's hands
playing with a cross pendant.

MARINA
It was truly a miracle.

She believes it, and this irritates him.

ERIC
His brain was deprived of oxygen.
Often induces vivid dreams in
patients.

DIEGO
It wasn't a dream! She said you'd
know what to do if I drew the
pictures because you're Terco.

Eric stares at the kid. *This* succeeds at surprising him.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. HOSPITAL TRIAGE - DAY**

Thaniel reads the NEWSPAPER behind the desk. Tracy files paperwork. Anita approaches.

TRACY

Just put our frequent flyer in bed two. Drunk off his ass, as usual.

Thaniel follows her to BED TWO.

THANIEL

Frequent flyer?

TRACY

Been coming in several months now. He'll be on his way to detox and he'll find one complaint or another to get a detour here.

THANIEL

Don't they catch on?

TRACY

Welcome to ER, Dr. Karyotakis. You don't have the luxury of refusing service.

Tracy stops at the entrance of BED TWO.

LOUD MOANING emanates from inside the room.

THANIEL

Someone should deal with him who knows how to handle him. Where's Anthony?

TRACY

He told me to give you this one.

THANIEL

(sardonic)

But I didn't get him anything?

Thaniel enters the room and the MOANING grows louder.

INT. BED TWO - DAY

Thaniel's confidence wavers as he enters.

Tracy follows him in, notices his hesitation.

TRACY
(whispers)
Name's Gus Porter.

GUS
I can hear you!

He eyes Thaniel suspiciously.

GUS
Who's he? Where's Dr. Kingsbury?

TRACY
This is Dr. Karyotakis. He's going
to look after you tonight.

GUS
I'm dying of a heart attack and you
send me a goddamn intern?

Thaniel glances at the heart monitor. It's steady.

TRACY
Dr. Karyotakis is a great doctor.

Thaniel's lost his color. Doesn't seem so sure.

Anita enters, starts to clear Gus' things out of the way; he
has a LARGE BAG and a VIOLIN CASE.

GUS
Don't touch that!

Anita puts her hands up and back away.

GUS
Been stolen three times already.

Beat.

GUS
(to no one in particular)
Played for the Philharmonic.

Anita passes a dubious glance in Gus' direction.

ANITA
And I moonlight as an exotic
dancer.

GUS
I could see that.

Anita winks at him as she exits.

GUS
Maybe one of these days, I'll play
for you.

TRACY
You've been saying that for awhile,
Mr. Porter.

THANIEL
BP is 140 over 90. High.

TRACY
Yes. But he's been drinking.

THANIEL
(quickly)
Right.

TRACY
(guiding him)
Do you want me to get his BA
levels?

THANIEL
Of course. Heart rate is regular.

TRACY
(under her breath)
Always is.

Tracy draws blood as Thaniel flips through Gus' extensive
chart.

GUS
Gotta pee, and need a blanket.

TRACY
Here.

Tracy hands him a blanket from under the gurney.

GUS
It's cold. Got any from the
warmer?

Tracy looks at Thaniel with apprehension as she exits, his
back to Gus as he pores over the medical chart.

Thaniel opens several drawers as Gus watches, amused.

GUS
Gloves are in third drawer down.
Thermometers in top. Stethoscope
around your neck.

Beet red, Thaniel mumbles something incoherent.

CUT TO:

INT. TRIAGE - DAY

Tracy writes up the label for the blood sample as Kingsbury exits bed one.

She looks at the PATIENT in the room he just came out of.

He sits on a gurney, wears an expensive suit, talks loudly on his CELL PHONE.

PATIENT
I'm leaving for Hawaii in the
morning and I need those files.
I'm in ER for Chrissake, just do me
one Goddamn favor and meet me at
the airport...

Kingsbury gently closes the door as Tracy is now blatantly staring.

TRACY
Attorney?

KINGSBURY
Litigation.

TRACY
Heart attack?

KINGSBURY
Heartburn.

Gus MOANS loudly in BED TWO. They exchange grins.

KINGSBURY
How's he doing with him?

TRACY
Scared.

KINGSBURY
(surprised)
Of Gus?

TRACY
Of medicine.

KINGSBURY
Aren't we all.

GUS MOANS again.

KINGSBURY
Maybe, you should get in there.

Kingsbury returns to his patient, who remains on the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Eric stands outside a room and watches as a NURSING ASSISTANT washes a COMATOSE PATIENT in ROOM 133.

CLASSICAL MUSIC drifts out of the room.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Classical music drifts out of a partially open door.

Eric opens the door and sees his wife, VICTORIA BELL (34), sponging her long limbs. Candles lit.

VICTORIA
I waited up for you.

ERIC
H1N1. Kid coughs, parents are convinced he has it. How's Emily?

VICTORIA
Asleep. How's the boy with the mystery illness?

ERIC
Derek? Still a mystery.

VICTORIA
You'll figure it out, por que eres
un terco.

ERIC
I love it when you call me names in
Spanish.

Her tone changes.

VICTORIA
I need to talk to you about
something.

ERIC
It's been a long day, Vick. I just
need some sleep. Talk in the
morning?

Victoria nods. Pulls her feet to her chest, whatever it was,
it was important to her.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

THE ASSISTANT looks up, a bit appalled at his voyeurism and
hurries to close the door.

Eric moves away.

He continues down the corridor, sees Diego and his mother
checking out.

Eric quickly moves behind a pillar.

Anita walks by, flipping through a stack of papers, stops,
circles back.

ANITA
If this is how you act when you
save somebody, I don't even want to
know what you do when one gets
away.

ERIC
They leave yet?

ANITA
Yeah, Diego asked me to give you
these.

She hands Eric a stack of drawings.

ANITA
I'm not claiming to be a child
psychologist or anything, but those
don't look healthy.

Eric sifts through the drawings from Diego's wall.

ANITA
Someone saves your life, you could
draw them a flower, a smiley face.

Anita holds up one.

ANITA
But this kid draws dead people and
dart boards.

ERIC
I think they're trying to con me.

Anita looks at Eric, partly amused.

ANITA
You save his life and they run a
con? Damn, that's cold. Even for
this place.

ERIC
The kid's pretending to have met my
wife.

ANITA
How do you know he didn't?

ERIC
Because he says he met her when he
was unconscious.

Anita stares at him for a beat. Finally she shrugs.

ANITA
Had stranger than that happen to me
in this place.

Eric's interested.

ERIC
Like what?

ANITA

Two weeks ago I held a boy's hand while he was passing on. He told me he was with this old woman who was holding his hand. Thought he was talking about me but later on, in the lounge, I heard a doctor say he was with an elderly woman when she died and she told him she had was leading a little boy away with her.

Anita holds out her arm.

ANITA

See: goosebumps. Just have to think about it.

ERIC

My wife's not dead.

Anita looks up in surprise.

ANITA

Oh. Well then. That sounds like a con.

She walks away and Eric drops the pictures in the trash.

THE HOSPITAL DOORS FLY OPEN

TWO YOUNG PARENTS carry in a SEIZING GIRL.

Dr. Kingsbury meets them and heads for the double doors.

DR. KINGSBURY

Eric? Could really use you with this?

ERIC

Actually, I was on my way out.

DR. KINGSBURY

Just one more? This one is something of a mystery and your expertise in pediatrics could be our saving grace.

The parents look at Eric pleadingly; he's trapped.

INT. BED TWO - DAY

Thaniel is sweating balls in there now.

There's AN IRREGULAR SOUND from the monitor.

He quickly turns and studies it. A few blips and it returns to normal.

THANIEL
How do you feel?

GUS
I've tol' you five times already.
My chest hurts and I gotta pee.

THANIEL
Okay, give us a second and we'll
take care of both.

He returns to the file.

THANIEL
I need you to rate the pain on a
scale of one to ten, with ten being
the worst.

Gus moans loudly and...

THE MONITOR

Completely irregular.

Thaniel looks like he's the one having the heart attack. He watches it closely as it slowly destabilizes.

THANIEL
We need some help in here! Stat!

Tracy comes face to face with him. She was purposely hanging close.

TRACY
What's going on?

THANIEL
Heart rate's irregular, get Anthony
in here.

Tracy walks over to Gus and stares him down.

TRACY
Wiggle for me, Mr. Porter.

GUS
What? I've got one foot in the
grave and now you want to dance?

Tracy grabs both electrodes and gives them a good, painful
shake.

Monitor shows same IRREGULAR PATTERN as Thaniel was
witnessing.

TRACY
This what you saw?

Gus looks Sheepish as Thaniel turns beet red.

GUS
I ain't--

Tracy stands with her hands on her hips, as though she's
scolding a school child.

TRACY
--You know he's new and you took
advantage. Just like you take
advantage of those medics every
time you don't want to go to detox.

GUS
I gotta pee.

TRACY
You should be ashamed of yourself,
isn't that right Dr. Karyo...

Tracy realizes Thaniel's no longer in the room.

INT. HOSPITAL TRIAGE - DAY

Tracy looks around for Thaniel.

Dr. Stella Jenkins comes tearing through.

STELLA
We've got a woman about to give
birth in the backseat of her car.
Where's Anthony?

TRACY
He's with a patient in 3.

STELLA
Thaniel?

TRACY
He's um...he just dealt with Mr.
Porter.

STELLA
Is he still with him?

Tracy hesitates, shakes her head. Stella gets it.

STELLA
You're going to have to come with
me then.

Stella presses the buttons and they head through the double
doors.

CUT TO:

INT. BED THREE - DAY

Eric stands next to KATE (4), the child is now conscious,
seems alert but she's emaciated and has dark purple circles
under her eyes.

A drip running into her veins, and a heart monitor.

He holds up her CT-scan as HER MOTHER, FIONA, (27), watches.

ERIC
Scan shows nothing.

Dr. Kingsbury steps inside the room, holding her medical
file.

KATE'S MOTHER
She was complaining of a headache
all day, but she didn't have a
fever so I didn't think to bring
her to you.

ERIC
(to Kingsbury)
No recent illnesses, no history of
seizures, EEG is back to normal.
Totally isolated.

KINGSBURY
Lead.

KATE'S MOTHER

What?

KINGSBURY

Blood work showed high levels of lead. Likely ingested.

He looks at Kate's Mother.

KINGSBURY

Paint chips are the most common source.

KATE'S MOTHER

We'll have to ask my husband, she's with him after school.

KINGSBURY

You recently move?

KATE'S MOTHER

Yes, we moved last May.

KINGSBURY

An older house?

KATE'S MOTHER

No. We just built...

KATE'S STEP-FATHER FATHER steps inside the room holding two coffees.

KINGSBURY

Ahh, we were just talking about where Kate could have gotten four times the normal amount of lead in her blood.

Kate's Father looks a little startled, as he hands his wife her coffee.

KINGSBURY

Do you know if she could have eaten paint chips, a toy, anything unusual?

Eric's attention is immediately caught by Kate's Father's arm.

CLOSE ON:

KATE'S FATHER'S ARM DISPLAYS A TATTOO OF A BULL'S EYE,
EXACTLY LIKE THE ONES DIEGO WAS DRAWING.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. BED THREE - DAY**

Tracy wipes the sweat from her brow as she kneels next to Stella.

A HISPANIC MAN, the husband, hurries around the gurney.

HIS WIFE, drenched in sweat, breathes and screams as Stella sits at the foot of the gurney.

STELLA

When did the contractions start?

They stare at her blankly.

STELLA

¿Cuándo las contracciones
comenzaron?

HUSBAND

Hace dos horas.

TRACY

OB on his way.

STELLA

She's crowning.

Stella moves into position.

STELLA

Help her push, we're going to have
to do it now.

Tracy takes the pregnant woman's hand.

TRACY

Put a! Come on. You can do it.
Put a!

The woman quickly pulls her hand away and the husband yells at Tracy in Spanish.

Stella stands up quickly.

STELLA

(whispers)

It's empuja! You're calling her a
whore. Never mind. Stick to
English.

The woman continues SCREAMING during contractions.

CUT TO:

INT. TRIAGE - DAY

Dr. Kingsbury fills out forms at the desk when a MALE SCREAM comes from bed one.

He races in and pulls back the curtains to see Gus peeing all over the attorney with heartburn, his cell phone now held high above his head.

Gus' eyes are closed, pelvis thrust forward, he's whistling as he works.

The attorney SCREAMS again. Makes sort of an unusual chorus with that of the woman giving birth.

Kingsbury is momentarily frozen, seems torn between laughter and suicide.

CUT TO:

INT. STAFF LOUNGE - DAY

Dr. Thaniel Karyotakis hides under the break room table beside the sofa.

The SCREAMS of the patients echo in the distance. He covers his ears with his hands.

He's losing it and hasn't even been there a week.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Eric shuffles through the trash, finding nothing, his frustration grows.

He runs down the hallway and nearly collides with A JANITOR.

He eyes his giant trash cart. It's empty.

ERIC
Where's the trash?

JANITOR
What, man?

ERIC

There were some papers in that can
over that shouldn't have been
tossed.

JANITOR

Should have caught me five minutes
ago. Already emptied it in the
basement.

Eric takes off running for the stairwell. The Janitor
watches him over one shoulder. Scowls as he turns his cart
around.

JANITOR

Psycho-ass doctors.

INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT - DAY

The concrete area is dark, and poorly lit. Eric turns on as
many switches as he can and fluorescent lights reluctantly
highlight the area.

It's used for storage. A lot of old, broken gurneys,
wheelchairs and other equipment now rest here.

Eric looks at an industrial sized paper shredder,
incredulous.

He sees a LARGE PAPER BIN next to it.

He digs through the bin and finds the drawings. He pulls
them out and flips through them.

CLOSE ON:

THE BLOND CHILD FLOATING FACE DOWN IN THE WATER

THE BULL'S EYE MATCHING Kate's Fathers' TATTOO

THE MEN WITH GUNS

THE LADY WITH RED HAIR HOLDING A BOY'S HAND

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. ERIC'S HOME - DAY

Eric hurriedly puts a tie around his neck and Victoria comes
up behind him and ties it correctly.

VICTORIA
You didn't tell me you had a
conference tonight.

ERIC
You've been so busy with grading
midterms...

Victoria takes a step back and admires her handy work.

ERIC
Besides, I know how much they bore
you.

VICTORIA
(feigned shock)
What?

ERIC
You can't even hide it.

VICTORIA
How could anyone find studies on
lipoproteins boring? I find myself
thinking about mine every day.

ERIC
(laughs)
You should.

VICTORIA
I thought we were finally going to
talk tonight?

He gives her a quick kiss on the forehead.

ERIC
The second the conference is over.

VICTORIA
Can't you be a little late? Once?

A HORN sounds. Eric winces.

ERIC
If I weren't carpooling.

Eric stop on her worried expression and flashes a reassuring
grin.

ERIC
Tonight.

EXT. ERIC'S HOME - DAY

Eric exits the house and runs through the rain to an SUV with tinted windows parked across the street.

Eric gets in. A BEAUTIFUL BLOND is in the driver's seat.

TWO MALE COLLEAGUES argue in the back.

Eric glances back at the house. Victoria watches from the window.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT - DAY

Eric continues flipping through the repetitive drawings until he gets to the last page. One that wasn't originally with the drawings in Diego's room.

The last page has writing across it: LISTEN TO HER.

A CHILD FLITS across the back of the room. LAUGHTER RESOUNDS.

Shocked, Eric lets drawings slip and they drift under the trash bin.

The fluorescent lights flicker and go out.

A DOOR OPENS behind Eric. He sees a shadow on the wall and hesitantly turns.

The lights come back on and the Janitor stands in the doorway.

JANITOR

Helps if you use some light, man.

Eric kneels and begins grabbing the papers.

JANITOR

Came to let you in, this room is supposed to be locked.

Eric flips through the stack. Only the drawings are amongst them; the one with the writing has vanished. He practically crawls under the trash bin looking for it.

ERIC

There's one more.

The janitor shines a FLASHLIGHT under the bin. Nothing.

JANITOR
Sure about that?

The janitor looks at the child-like drawing of a girl floating face down in a pool in his hand and looks at Eric like maybe he's paddling with one oar.

JANITOR
You look like you could use some sleep, doc.

Eric heads for the door as he flips through the drawings again. He stops on the drawing of the man with the gun.

CLOSE ON:

A BULL'S EYE TATTOO ON HIS ARM.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL TRIAGE - DAY

Eric has Kate's Father pinned to the wall, the drawings clutched in one fist.

Kate's Mother runs down the hall to get help.

KATE'S FATHER
I'm telling you man, I love that girl like she's my own. I didn't give her nothing.

Stella, Anita and Kingsbury come running ahead of Kate's Mother.

Kingsbury pulls Eric off of him.

KINGSBURY
Eric. EHS is on it. If anything's wrong, they'll find it.

As soon as Kate's Father is certain of Eric's distance he explodes.

KATE'S FATHER
I'm gonna sue you, asshole!

He takes Fiona's hand and yanks her out the door.

STELLA

Cut and dry case once they find out
he hasn't even gone through the
paperwork. Go home Dr. Bell. You
need to get some help.

She walks around the now gaping STAFF and then turns back to
Kingsbury.

STELLA

He can't work here.

Eric desperately turns to Kingsbury.

ERIC

I'm not crazy.

ANITA

Oh, really? You just went all Chuck
Norris on a patient's father.

KINGSBURY

Anita, can I talk to Eric?

Anita puts her hands on her hips and waits.

KINGSBURY

Alone?

She reluctantly leaves them.

ERIC

Anthony, the kid knew and was
trying to tell me.

Eric holds up the drawings and flips to the drawing of the
bull's eye and then to the drawing of the gunman with the
tattoo.

ERIC

Her father has this tattoo on his
arm. That kid, Diego, drew it.

Kingsbury is completely at a loss for what he's talking
about.

KINGSBURY

What do you mean he drew it?

ERIC

He said he met Vick and she told
him to warn me.

Kingsbury's face resembles something between pity and regret.

KINGSBURY

I need you to get it together, man.
I don't know how much longer I'm
going to be here and this place is
going to need you more than ever.

ERIC

What do you mean?

Kingsbury puts his arms on Eric's shoulders.

KINGSBURY

Eric? You should see her. When
you don't confront things, it's
easy to kind of lose touch.

Eric starts to back away.

ERIC

See whom?

KINGSBURY

Victoria.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. STAFF LOUNGE - DAY**

Tracy enters and heads straight for the vending machine, gets out a coke.

She jumps at seeing Dr. Thaniel Karyotakis crouched down under the table by the couch.

If he sees her, he shows no signs. If he sees anything, he shows no signs. Catatonic.

TRACY

May I?

She crouches under the table next to him, leans her head against the wall.

TRACY

Should administer caffeine via I.V.
Drip. Would save so much time.

THANIEL

I'm surprised Stella hasn't thought
of that yet.

TRACY

You've almost survived five days at
Bellevue. That's four days longer
than our last intern.

Thaniel still hasn't looked at her. Hasn't looked up from
his protective crouch.

TRACY

I think you're gonna make it.

THANIEL

Yeah, as long as I can stay here, I
should make it just fine.

TRACY

What's the worst thing that can
happen?

THANIEL

I can reveal myself for the total
fraud that I actually am and have
been for most of my life.

TRACY

They gave you a medical degree.

THANIEL

They *barely* gave me the degree.

TRACY

Doesn't matter. Look, when I first started nursing, I just knew I was going to kill somebody. Refused to do more than paperwork because I figured that was safe.

THANIEL

How did you get over it?

TRACY

(pensive)

I haven't really.

THANIEL

You should have been a motivational speaker.

Pause.

THANIEL

Did you? Did you ever kill somebody?

TRACY

First week I worked here a man came in with cuts on his arms, acting crazy. He scared me. But he was my assignment. So, I dealt with him, sent him to psychiatric care. Checked up on him a few times. Twenty four hours later he was released. Know what he did?

Thaniel finally looks at her, shakes his head.

TRACY

Went up to the tenth floor and jumped. Came right back through ER only this time he was already dead. I knew the procedure. Followed every routine they'd taught me for situations like these in nursing school. But I didn't connect with him.

THANIEL

Can't blame yourself for a patient
who didn't want to live.

TRACY

A lot of these patients don't want
to live.

Thaniel looks at her quickly.

TRACY

Kingsbury had a forty-two year old
male under cardiac arrest. He was
healthy. His heart should have
been healthy. We could resuscitate
him with shocks, he'd look at us
and when we stopped shocks he'd
slip away again.

THANIEL

What happened?

TRACY

He died. We found out his wife had
died of cancer two months earlier.
Didn't matter that we knew the
medicine that could bring him back.
He didn't want to come back.

Beat.

THANIEL

Then, what's the point?

TRACY

These people that come in here,
many are just barely surviving out
there, and when they come close to
death: it's tempting. Only thing we
can do is try and establish a human
connection, try and make them want
to hold on. That's the tough part.
The procedures are easy.

She looks at Thaniel.

TRACY

Go home. Come back tonight. Make
yourself learn the easy part.

She pushes him away, out from under the table.

He scoots out. Turns and looks at her. She smiles reassuringly.

THANIEL

Great. I'm probably going to kill
someone who *actually* wants to live.

Her smile fades as he exits.

After a few seconds Stella appears in front of the vending machines.

Tracy quickly pulls her feet in and tries to be still.

Too late.

STELLA

What the hell are you doing under
the table?

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Eric sits on the couch pours himself a glass of whiskey.

Diego's pictures lay in disarray in front of him.

He downs it and pours another. His phone rings. He doesn't budge. Answering machine eventually picks up.

ANTHONY KINGSBURY (O.S.)

Eric, the results came back.
Haven's Pond near the house is
practically solid with lead.
Kate's been swimming in it. Stella
explained what you're going through
and they're letting it drop. I
hope you're considering what I
said...

The answering machine cuts him off and Eric downs another glass.

He balls up the drawings on the table.

There is a light knock on Eric's door. He tries to ignore it but can't ignore Marina peering through the window.

He motions for her to wait and opens the door.

EXT. ERIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Marina and Diego stand outside. Marina holds a casserole dish, wine and Diego holds a dessert.

It's raining and they're both getting drenched.

MARINA

We've been cooking all afternoon.
Diego wanted to thank you.

ERIC

Thanks, but no need.

DIEGO

It's really wet out here.

Diego ducks under Eric's arm and moves past him, inside.

MARINA

You're being rude, Diego!

Marina goes in after him as Eric watches in disbelief.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Marina looks around the barren place as she sets the wine next to the whiskey and food on the coffee table.

MARINA

Oh, thought you could use something
to help you relax after today but
see you...

Diego sits down and sees the balled up artwork.

DIEGO

Hey?

Marina shakes out her wet hair.

MARINA

Mind if I grab some towels from
your bathroom?

Eric waves her in the direction of the restroom and seizes the opportunity to grill Diego. Alone.

ERIC

Why'd you draw these?

DIEGO
I already told you, like five
katrillion times. She told me to.

Marina comes out of bathroom.

She holds up the family photo.

MARINA
Pretty. (then, hopeful) You
divorced?

Eric glances at the photo and Diego gets up for a closer
look.

DIEGO
That's her.

MARINA
That's who, sweetheart?

DIEGO
The lady who called him Terco.

Eric glares at him.

DIEGO
Don't get mad at me, I'm not the
one who called you *stubborn*.

ERIC
She taught a Spanish class I took.
How we met.

Beat.

ERIC
I asked her out once a week. Every
week she said no, but it never
deterred me.

DIEGO
(skeptical)
And she eventually said 'yes'?

ERIC
Yeah, after the class was finished.

MARINA
Obviously, Diego.

ERIC
(to Diego)
Where'd you meet Victoria?

DIEGO
(growing frustration)
Last night!

ERIC
The truth. How'd you meet Vick?

DIEGO
I'm telling the truth!

Eric jumps up and Marina immediately stands in front of her son.

MARINA
Diego's a lot of things but he's not a liar. He really believes the things he says he's seen. This Victoria? She's your wife?

ERIC
Don't play me. I saved your son. That's not how you treat someone who does that.

MARINA
I don't know what you're talking about.

ERIC
The results came back with lead in the pond. How'd you two know about that? You put it there?

DIEGO
Man, I don't even know what you're talking about.

ERIC
You're lying.

DIEGO
I'm not lying!

ERIC
How many times have you done this? Who even told you about Victoria? Mr. Sugiyama? That when you decided to scam me?

MARINA

What's wrong with you? Why would I put my only son through that and how could we even know you would be there, eh?

Diego takes a deep breath, like he's trying to remember something.

DIEGO

She said you wouldn't believe me. But she said I needed to go back and help you save Kate no matter what.

ERIC

You said Kate.

DIEGO

Yeah. Did you save her?

ERIC

How'd you know her name?

DIEGO

She said the men with guns would hurt her and many others but you would stop them. Did you?

ERIC

There weren't any men with guns.

Diego slumps.

DIEGO

Then you didn't save her.

Eric grabs Diego by the shoulders.

ERIC

If you're lying to me...

Diego stares him back.

DIEGO

I ain't lying.

Eric grabs his keys and exits the apartment.

Marina quickly pours a glass of whiskey.

MARINA

He might be a good doctor, but he's
also a bit loco too, eh?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Eric drives past many upscale homes.

A SIGN READS 'BRIARWOOD ESTATES'.

The relic of his past; he purposely looks away, grips the steering wheel. Speeds past.

Houses become sparse, less luxurious, built for the country.

He slows in front of a large LOG HOME and sees 'The Newtons' inscribed on a roadside mailbox.

He sees Kate's Mother carrying a sack of groceries into the house.

He accelerates, before he can be spotted.

Around a bend he finds a small pond where he parks and exits the car.

The water is murky, the rain spotting it. It's peaceful.

ERIC

(mutters)

What? What were you trying to tell
me?

Eric paces along the edge of the water. GUN SHOTS ring in the background. He stops.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Rain pelts a fountain outside a large hotel in the city.

The DOORMAN opens the double doors revealing swanky party behind.

Eric steps out with his hand on THE BLONDE'S back.

GUNFIRE rings out between two cars involved in a chase across the street.

As PEOPLE scurry back inside Eric just sees...

Victoria watching him from their Camry. Their daughter, EMILY (6), is in the seat next to her.

Victoria looks as shocked as Eric at this meeting.

As soon as he spots her, Victoria reflexively hits the gas as the TWO CARS speed around the corner. Her car is hit in the crossfire and veers towards the hotel.

The Camry spirals into the fountain wall, flipping over before finally coming to a halt not ten feet from Eric.

The upside down silhouettes of his wife and daughter can be seen inside. They aren't moving.

Eric stands in the middle of the sidewalk, drenched and frozen.

The only sound is that of the rain spotting the water in the fountain.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. POND - DAY

Eric is now drenched. GUNSHOTS continue in the distance.

He climbs the edge of the incline surrounding the pond and can see a RIFLE RANGE in the distance.

A SIGN is marked with a BULL'S EYE and it reads: NEWTON'S RANGE.

CUT TO:

INT. BELLEVUE TRIAGE - NIGHT

Eric, still drenched, and looking like a patient from the psych ward splashes in.

Anita looks up from behind the desk and nudges Dr. Kingsbury.

ANITA

Uh-oh. Our 5150 is back. You can have this.

Anita shuffles off as Kingsbury moves around the desk to stop Eric.

ERIC

Anthony, just hear me out. There's an old rifle range near that girl's house. It drains directly into the pond.

Eric holds up an empty casing

ERIC

It's where the lead's been coming from.

KINGSBURY

Just what in the hell are you doing?

ERIC

Promise me you'll have EHS check it out.

KINGSBURY

They'll take care of it. That's *their* job.

ERIC

I want to come back.

KINGSBURY

What?

ERIC

Bellevue. I'll do whatever, but I need back in here.

KINGSBURY

I don't think that's a good decision right now.

ERIC

Look, it's all I've got. It's the only thing keeping me alive right now.

KINGSBURY

Eric, you attacked a patient. Accused him of poisoning his step-daughter based on drawings done by a kid you brought back from the dead?!

ERIC

Kid I brought back. Remember that.
You said you're leaving and they'll
need someone.

Kingsbury stops on this.

ERIC

I can do it. You know I'm the best
shot this hospital has at
surviving.

KINGSBURY

Only if you get some help.

ERIC

I'll even see that shrink you were
talking about. What was his name?
Boo-yah?

KINGSBURY

Bhuiya. You get it together, I'll
try with Stella. Litigation is a
constant nightmare and today left
her with an impression that won't
easily be undone.

ERIC

She'll be desperate when she finds
out you're leaving. You finally
taking the position at Mayo?

Kingsbury hesitates. Gives a reluctant nod.

ERIC

Good. Should've done that years
ago.

KINGSBURY

Couldn't until I found a worthy
replacement.

ERIC

I'm going to get it together.

KINGSBURY

I know you will, man.

Eric exits and Kingsbury watches him leave. Smiles. Certain
of it.

INT. TRIAGE - NIGHT

Gus walks in carrying his violin case. A HOMELESS MAN AND WOMAN are beside him; also carrying instruments.

With rooms overflowing, Tracy stitches a KID'S NOSE right in the middle of Triage.

She looks at Gus and his crew and flinches. He had to bypass Detox on the busiest of nights.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW:

Anita and several AMBULANCE WORKERS hurry in and out of rooms around patients.

Patients are crying, complaining or are beyond immediate reach.

Dr. Thaniel Karyotakis works several rooms, and although he's awkward, he's making effort.

Anita stops in her tracks and watches Gus take out his violin.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kingsbury shakily pops two pills.

THE BOTTLE'S LABEL READS: NITROGLYCERIN

He splashes water on his face and tries to pull it together.

INT. TRIAGE - NIGHT

Gus pulls up a chair and takes out his violin. THE WOMAN removes a bass. The man another violin.

Pressing the instrument to one ear he slowly begins to play and the bass and violin follow.

Pachelbel's Canon cuts through the stench...

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kingsbury reacts of the music permeating the walls.

He looks quickly at the bottle and then smiles. He's really hearing it.

CUT TO:

INT. TRIAGE - NIGHT

As music drifts throughout, everyone pauses, relaxes a little, exchanges smiles.

Terrified PATIENTS loosen up. Cries and protests cease and Gus turns his chin up to the ceiling, eyes closed, playing like the Philharmonic.

Tracy flashes Gus a big grin, but he's oblivious. Lost in his own music. Anita closes her eyes, floating off with him.

Dr. Karyotakis steps out of a room and watches the musicians.

The musicians change to many on a stage as we...

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CONCERT - NIGHT

Stella quietly enters a concert playing a more amateur Pachelbel's Canon.

The music from the two scenes intertwine.

A GIRL on stage lights up as she follows Stella with her eyes from behind her flute.

Stella slides in next to her HUSBAND; he's visibly relieved that she made it.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM 133 - NIGHT

Pachelbel plays softly in here as well.

Eric sits next to a PATIENT connected to dozens of tubes and life sustaining devices.

He has a hard time looking at her and he talks low.

ERIC
Everyday that I wake up, I think
for a minute that maybe it was all
a bad dream and then when I
remember, I wish it had been me.

He finally looks: it's VICTORIA (34).

Victoria's heart rate is steady but her coma is deep. Her
fingers don't even twitch.

ERIC
I remember all the times you tried
to talk to me, and I was too busy
or too tired. I would give anything
to make those choices again. I am
listening now.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Eric pours himself a drink. Rolls it around in the tumbler
and after a moment's hesitation, he washes it down the drain.

He empties several bottles down the sink.

Picks up the photo of his family and carries it with him
to...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He sets the PHOTO upright on the coffee table.

He's still sleeping on the couch, but he's made it into a
makeshift bed.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT - STILL LATER

Eric wakes up suddenly. There's a RUSTLING outside his front
door.

He hears: A CHILD'S LAUGH behind it.

He's immediately on his feet. Throws open the door and
sees...

EMILY (6), his daughter, recognizable from the photo.

He takes a step back.

ERIC
Emily?

EMILY
It wasn't an accident, daddy.

He kneels, cups her face in disbelief.

ERIC
What do you mean it wasn't an
accident? There wasn't an
accident?

He squeezes her shoulders, trying to convince himself that
she's real.

ERIC
You're okay?

EMILY
She needs to talk to you before
more people die.

ERIC
But you're fine. You're fine.

He turns her around, and sees she's untouched by anything as
awful as what he'd remembered. He's desperate to see that
she's fine.

MARINA (O.S.)
Diego?

Eric sees Marina come around the corner, she's in a
nightgown.

MARINA
You have to stop with this. You're
going to be the death of me.

Eric looks down and sees...

Diego.

Looking like he just woke up.

He shakes him.

ERIC
What do you mean more people die?

DIEGO
Dr. Bell?

Marina takes Diego's hand. Wraps him in her robe and starts to move him away.

Eric's not letting go.

MARINA

I let him sleep in my room. I
don't know how he...Dr. Bell?

Eric releases him.

Marina hurries away with Diego, but gives Dr. Bell a worried glance over her shoulder.

MARINA

I'm so sorry.

ERIC

(to no one in particular)
So am I.

THE END