

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. Bhouriya 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 TWOINT. 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 HAIRRED 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 FOURINT. BED THREE - DAY

Tracy wipes he 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

Puta! Come on. You can do it.  
Puta!

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 stops 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  
deterring 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

(muttering)

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