"Blizzard"

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"Blizzard"

CAST

GREENE
ROSS
LEWIS
BENTON
CARTER
HATHAWAY

HALEH
GOLDMAN
WRIGHT
OLIGARIO
MALIK
MORGENSTERN
JERRY

ROXANNE
BOB
LINDA FARRELL
TAGLIERI
LINDA FARRELL

MOOKIE
CAMACHO
PICKMAN
TRENT
HECTOR
MATRON
DEON
JOHN KAPLAN
MRS. THUI
MR. THUI
MacNALLY
DEXTER JONES
PATRICK
MR. BOZINSKY
MRS. BOZINSKY
ALBINO
STEVE FLINT
ANGELA HICKS
MAGUERITE
CHARLES WESTON
MR. LAWRENCE
SELINE
ACE
MR. BLINKER
ER
"Blizzard"

SETS

INTERIORS:
HOSPITAL
Ambulance Bay
Doctors' Lounge
Exam Three
Admit Desk
Main Hallway
Doctors'/Nurses' Station
Curtain Area Three
Trauma One
Main ER
Conference Room
Trauma Two
Trauma Hallway
Elevator Lobby
Curtain Area Two
Curtain Area Three
Waiting Room
Curtain Area One
Suture Room
Cast Room

EXTERIORS:
HOSPITAL
Ambulance Bay
FADE IN:

1

EXT. AMBULANCE BAY - 7:00 AM

Snow. That silent, swirling, drifting, impossibly white first snow you loved waking up to as a kid. A hulking figure takes shape in the whiteness. The Abominable Snowman? No... it's JERRY the ER clerk, and he's singing.

JERRY

... sleigh bells ring, are you listening? In the lane, snow is glistening. We'll frolic and play, the Eskimo way, walking in our winter underwear...

He clomps snow off his boots and pushes into --

2

INT. AMBULANCE BAY - 7:00 AM

Jerry shakes the snow off his cossack hat.

JERRY

... and at night, we'll perspire, as we sit by the fire --

He's nearly flattened by a white blur.

JERRY

Whoa!

It's WENDY GOLDMAN, padded like a hockey player, unsteadily skating on a new pair of rollerblades.

GOLDMAN

Sorry, Jerry --

She crashes/lands against the ambulance bay doors and looks mournfully out at the falling snow. She sighs.

GOLDMAN

I should've got cross-country skis.

JERRY

Still 17 shopping days 'til Christmas. Slow day?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GOLDMAN
Not a single patient!

She wobbles off.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

BLACK

LOUD SNORING. A few SPLASHES of WATER. A solo light beam roams the room. LEWIS sneaks in, a shaft of light reveals --

INT. EXAM THREE

The snorer is CARTER, dead to the world. The beam of light belongs to the headlight GREENE is wearing. The door closes.

LEWIS
(giggles)
I feel like I'm in camp.

GREENE
Shhhh!

A second light beam snaps on -- Lewis's headlight. The two beams criss-cross the room. TEARING of PACKAGES. WATER SPLASHING in a pail. GIGGLES.

LEWIS
I love the first big snowstorm. Did Jen get out okay?

GREENE
She left a day early.

LEWIS
Why?

GREENE
She either had to get back to work, or to 'Craig.'

LEWIS
Who's Craig?

GREENE
I don't want to talk about it.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Carter stirs, mumbling. They freeze until he settles.

LEWIS
(teasing)
Then why'd you bring it up?

GREENE
I don't want to talk about it.
(back to fun)
Hey, grab this towel clip.

Giggling, they continue working.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMIT DESK - TV SET - STOCK FOOTAGE

Onscreen, the local weatherman is in his glory describing the blizzard. Thirty inches has already fallen, traffic at a stand-still, roads and schools closed... A janitor lazily mops the floor. A few nurses restock. HALEH sits, feet up, doing a crossword puzzle. OLIGARO unpacks boxes of Christmas ornaments.

HALEH
What's a four letter word for 'possessions'?

Temp clerk ROXANNE, full-figured, forty and fabulous, paints and shapes her inch-long, spangled fingernails.

'Stuff'?

ROXANNE

HALEH
That's five letters.

Roxanne shrugs. The PHONE RINGS.

HALEH
Roxanne, temp clerks do answer the phone.

Roxanne picks it up, extra careful of her nails. WRIGHT enters, flustered.

OLIGARO
I thought you were on nights.

WRIGHT
My car's snowed in. I'm stuck.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ROXANNE
(holding phone)
Nurse call. Lady thinks she
catched the 'Blue Flu' she heard
about at a cop bar.

The nurses exchange a look. Oligario carries a box of
ornaments to --

MAIN HALLWAY

BOB polishes a defibrillator. Oligario walks up with the
box.

OLIGARIO
Want to help put up the Christmas
ornaments?

You could light Warsaw with Bob's smile. As Oligario
leaves, Bob pulls out a confused tangle of lights.

BOB
Ornaments...

As she takes out her pocket Polish-English dictionary --

CUT TO:

EXAM THREE

Lewis and Greene's hands gleam in the crossing light
beams, nearly touching. Carter snores on. Lewis's light
lingers on Carter's angelic face.

LEWIS
He's kinda cute.

GREENE
(jealous)
Really?

LEWIS
Yeah. He's got beautiful eyes,
thick hair...

GREENE
Ohh, that's a low blow.

LEWIS
You're a different cute. You're
a kind-of-guy-women-want-to-marry
cute.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

GREENE
Boring, right?

LEWIS
No... nice, smart, trustworthy.

GREENE
Uh huh... boring.

Carter stirs and groggily props himself on his elbows.

CARTER
What's going on?

GREENE
Nothing. We're taking inventory.
Go back to sleep.

LEWIS
Gurney number A7403.

Carter lies back down. After a beat, they resume.

GREENE
So. How's Div?

LEWIS
I don't know. He said he needed a couple days by himself...
(beat)
It's complicated.

GREENE
What's that supposed to mean?

LEWIS
I wish I knew.

They steal out the door, leaving Carter snoring.

CUT TO:

ADMIT DESK - TV SCREEN - STOCK FOOTAGE

Framed by two giant feet, the morning news details the big storm. PULL BACK to reveal --

ADMIT DESK

The feet are Jerry's. He looks up at an empty bracket above the desk. Greene enters and notices the wires hanging from the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GREENE
What happened to the security camera?

JERRY
Somebody stole it.

Lewis enters.

LEWIS
Ready?

GREENE
Yeah. Call everybody.

Lewis runs off. Greene picks up the intercom mike.

GREENE
How do you turn this up?

Jerry turns a switch, FEEDBACK HOWLS. Lewis gathers the staff in front of the exam room door.

LEWIS
Hit it.

GREENE
(into intercom)
Dr. Carter, stat, to Trauma One!
Dr. Carter, stat, to Trauma One!

Behind the exam room door a CRASH is heard. A beat, then the door flies open and Carter stumbles out, blinking in the light, a walking cast on his leg, over his pant leg and shoe!

CARTER
What the --

Howls and cheers greet him.

CARTER
Oh, very funny.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. AMBULANCE BAY - 9:02 AM

It's still coming down, but the snow is trampled with footprints. Lewis, Greene, MALIK and assorted ER staffers pelt each other with snowballs as HATHAWAY arrives.

MALIK
Carol...

HATHAWAY
(laughing)
Don't you dare.
(beat)
Slow morning?

MALIK
Dead.

TAGLIERI
Never say 'dead' to a charge nurse.

The snowballers unleash a furious barrage as Hathaway ducks into --

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE ENTRANCE

As she tumbles inside, a huge wadded ball of tape bounces past. Jerry rolls up on a stool and kicks it away.

JERRY
Stool soccer!

He rounds the corner into --

MAIN ER

Making a beeline for a linen cart lying on its side.

JERRY
He's on a breakaway. The speed! The agility --

Wright flies out of nowhere, checks Jerry onto his butt and steals the ball.

(CONTINUED)
WRIGHT
What a steal! Long pass to Haleh --

Haleh takes the pass and kicks it home.

WRIGHT
Score!

JERRY
You got off the stool!

WRIGHT
So? The defender can stand up!

HALEH
C'mon, you two. Play ball!

As Hathaway checks her message bin, Malik raps into the intercom.

MALIK
... snow be fallin' from the inkblot sky... brothers in C-town stayin' home to die...

MOOKIE comes in through the employee entrance and hears Malik.

MALIK
911 ain't gonna get you a ride... children be chillin' on the nasty Southside...

MOOKIE
You pretty dope. Could make some serious change, move your bootie out of them sorry peach threads.

HATHAWAY
What?

MALIK
He likes it.

Mookie moves to --

DOCTORS'/NURSES' STATION

Goldman skates unsteadily past Bob, who is attempting to figure out the santa/reindeer thing. Carter clomps up, a wet chunk of cast in hand.
CONTINUED:

CARTER
The reindeer pull the sleigh.

BOB
Sleigh.

Carter rearranges the decoration.

CARTER
See? Like this.

BENTON passes, carrying a laptop and a stack of journals.

BENTON
Stop fooling around, Carter.
(handing him a journal)
'Surgical Approach to Parathyroid Adenoma.' Read it.

As he walks away, we see the hint of a smile. He passes Mookie, and they exchange a silent look we FOLLOW Mookie, who drops his pack on the curtain area two gurney and pulls the curtain closed.

CUT TO:

ADMIT DESK

Roxanne, absorbed in a supermarket tabloid, ignores the RINGING PHONE. As Lewis and Greene enter, shaking off the snow, Carter hobbles up.

CARTER
I can't get it off.

LEWIS
You have to let it dry first...

CARTER
I'm going back to sleep.

He moves off. Greene turns to Roxanne.

GREENE
(to Roxanne)
The phone's ringing.

She grudgingly answers it. Lewis holds out a tin of brownies.

LEWIS
Want one? Chloe made 'em.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GREENE
Oooh, Chloe's brownies! What's in 'em?

LEWIS
Maybe that's why everybody seems so goofy.

Roxanne hangs up the phone.

ROXANNE
(to Greene)
Doctor Lewis, Doctor Cvetic's exchange is still trying to reach him.

LEWIS
Thanks.

Lewis and Greene move off.

GREENE
What's going on?

She shrugs.

GREENE
(re: brownie)
Hmm. Good. Maybe having Ronnie around'll settle Chloe down. It happens.

LEWIS
Yeah... I don't know. Call me old-fashioned... I mean, the guy's got nipple rings.

Greene sits at the --

DOCTORS' / NURSES' STATION

As he starts on his charts, Hathaway's laugh booms over the intercom.

HATHAWAY (V.O.)
No, Lydia! Malik, turn that off!

WRIGHT (V.O.)
(laughing)
ER staff, stat to admit desk!  

CUT TO:
16 ADMIT DESK

Hathaway playfully wrestles the mike from Wright's hand. The staff gathers. Goldman skates up. *

GOLDMAN
Stop me!

Haleh does. Lewis and Greene come up.

WRIGHT
Go on. Show them.

HATHAWAY
Lydia...

The nurses start to chant.

ALL
Show us! Show us! Show us!

HATHAWAY
Okay, okay, okay.

A big diamond ring glitters on her finger. AD LIB reactions all around.

HALEH
Get my shades!

LEWIS
You're finally gonna do it!

HATHAWAY
Yeah.

They all applaud.

MALIK
Party! In the lounge!

They tumble through the --

17 MAIN HALLWAY

Passing Bob, who's on a ladder, hanging the tangled mass of Christmas lights in one large blob in the admit desk window --

18 DOCTORS' LOUNGE

The revelers pile in. Benton looks up from his computer and sighs. Lewis plucks off his headphone.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LEWIS
All work and no play, Peter...

Greene and Haleh raid the fridge amid much laughter. The TV BLARES the snow report. Jerry pours red liquid from a urine collection bottle into styrofoam cups.

GREENE
Hematuria?

JERRY
Cranberry juice.

Wright and Haleh unwrap the plastic from sandwiches which Lewis carefully dissects.

HALEH
Tuna fish and roast beef. I think.

LEWIS
They're kinda green.

Greene sniffs a container of milk.

GREENE
They go with the chunky milk.

LEWIS
Ewww.

She passes the plate around. No takers. Greene hoists a cup.

GREENE
Cheers. I think you guys are great together.

As the staff toasts in general agreement, the door opens. It's ROSS, looking a bit haggard, and LINDA FARRELL, perky in a sexy snow suit. They shake off the snow.

GREENE
Hey, Doug. Hi, Linda.

ROSS
What's the occasion?

WRIGHT
(grins knowingly)
Carol and John are getting married.

A beat. It's a little uncomfortable, but Ross covers.

(CONTINUED)
ROSS
Hey, that's great.

He kisses Hathaway on the cheek.

ROSS
Congratulations.

Everybody's looking at everybody else. Hmmm. A beat. Lewis breaks it up.

LEWIS
How was Jamaica?

ROSS
The Bahamas.

LINDA
It was fabulous!

GREENE
(off, to Ross)
The Bahamas with Linda Farrell. Lucky dog.

ROSS
Woof.

Ross gobbles down a sandwich and quickly reaches for the milk to wash it down. Greene stops him. Linda pulls out snapshots. Boy, this party has sure ground to a halt.

LINDA
We went windsurfing!

ROSS
I got a second degree sunburn.

LINDA
The snorkeling was incredible!

ROSS
Stepped on a jellyfish.

LINDA
(saucily)
You gonna tell them about that groin pull, too?

GREENE
Groin pull?

Ross throws him a look.
ROSS
It's great to be back at work.
So I can get some rest.

Ross realizes this has all gotten very uncomfortable.

ROSS
Well, congratulations again.
I'm sure you'll be very happy.

Ross heads for the door. Linda gives him a big kiss.

LINDA
Call me.

Ross leaves. As Linda pulls her gloves back on, she smiles to Greene.

LINDA
Doug's idea of a perfect vacation
is to lie on a deck chair for a week with one of those parasol drinks in his hand.

The party starts to break up. People offering good wishes as they leave.

HATHAWAY
Sounds good to me.

She goes out into --

OMITTED &

MAIN HALLWAY
It's deserted except for Bob, who, having finished decorating, is on his hands and knees cleaning up the mud. Goldman cruises unsteadily past on her skates.

GOLDMAN
Hi.

HATHAWAY
Bob, why don't you relax. It's just gonna get dirty again.

(CONTINUED)
BOB
All the more reason to keep a foot up on it.

HATHAWAY
Leg. A leg up on it.

Bob beams at Hathaway, scrubs even harder.

CUT TO:

OMITTED


desk

23

ADMIT DESK

Hathaway arrives at the desk and gives a closure status update on the radio.

HATHAWAY
Dispatch, County General is on full open status.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
(filtered)
10-4, General.

Hathaway is emptying her mail bin as the ambulance bay door opens. Linda Farrell enters and walks up to the counter.

LINDA
My Lexux just got snow-plowed in. Could I use a phone?

HATHAWAY
Sure. Dial nine.

As she hands over the receiver and starts off, Linda spies her ring.

LINDA
Wow.

Linda grabs Hathaway's hand to get a closer look at the ring.

LINDA
Marquis cut, two carat, probably a D/flawless, platinum setting --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LINDA (CONT'D)
(beat)
That's a twelve thousand dollar ring.

Hathaway didn't know that. She studies the ring as she walks away.

CUT TO:

CURTAIN AREA TWO

Haleh whips back the curtain, waking Mookie.

HALEH
You're here to work. Get up.

MOOKIE
No patients, no work.

HALEH
Thing about work, there's always some around. Empty the wastebaskets into the hopper and re-line them with plastic bags.

MOOKIE
I ain't no garbageman.

HALEH
Move.

CUT TO:

ADMIT DESK

Greene fills out charts. The PHONE RINGS in the background, ignored by Roxanne. As Wright enters --

ROXANNE
If you had an alien baby, would it show up on the pregnancy test?

GREENE
(off, to Wright)
Good help is hard to get.

He picks up the phone himself.

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
ER... Calm down, Mr. Blinker...
what's the baby's due date?...
how far apart are the contractions?
... Call 911 now.
(to Wright)
Mrs. Blinker's in labor, but she
won't go to the hospital. She
wants to deliver watching the
snow fall.

CUT TO:

TRAUMA ONE

Mookie half-heartedly empties a trash basket as Bob enters.

BOB
I will do that if you would like
to not do that.

MOOKIE
Dope.

Mookie disappears down the hall. Confused, Bob takes
out her pocket Polish-English dictionary.

CUT TO:

ADMIT DESK

Stool soccer. The ball flies over the counter and
Hathaway retrieves it. As the game resumes, she hears
the paramedic RADIO CRACKLE to life.

Dispatcher (V.O.)
County General, how do you read?

Hathaway grabs the phone.

HATHAWAY
Read you 10-2. Go ahead, dispatch.

Dispatcher (V.O.)
General, implement disaster protocol.
Mass casualty alert. Thirty-two
vehicle pile-up on the Kennedy
Expressway.

HATHAWAY
Is this a drill, over?
CONTINUED:  

Dispatcher (V.O.)
Negative, General. This is not a drill --

Greene hears the dispatch and comes around the desk. Wright drifts over.

Dispatcher (V.O.)
Eighteen majors, twenty-nine minors. Fire at scene. Rescue vehicle access and communication limited by weather. We're calling out a Plan One. Over.

Jerry and Malik come over to listen.

Hathaway
Roger, Dispatch. Do you have an estimate on the number coming here? Over.

Dispatcher (V.O.)
(filtered)
Mercy and Paige are on diversion, General. You may get them all.

A ring of concerned faces surround the radio.

Greene
(re: the TV)
Turn it up.

Early live shots of the carnage flicker on the screen.

Announcer (V.O.)
This is the scene on the Kennedy Expressway, where...

Greene
Hoo, boy. Here we go.

Cut to:

Omitted

Main ER
The staff works in concerted, efficient silence. The only sound is the droning of the TV COVERAGE of the unfolding disaster and the overhead page operator.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

PAGE OPERATOR (V.O.)
Dr. Major, go to your station.

Malik lines up gurneys. Oligario hangs IV poles with saline bags.

CUT TO:

ADMIT DESK

Hathaway and Greene open the "disaster kit" and distribute its contents. Walkie-talkies. Red, green, yellow and black triage tags. Sealed assignment envelopes are given to the arriving DOCTORS.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

WAITING ROOM

A large "disaster cart" containing medical supplies is wheeled in. Housekeepers deliver extra linen. Hathaway supervises guards as they push the plastic chairs aside.

CUT TO:

CURTAIN THREE

Extra gurneys and IV stands are readied by Oligario. Wright stacks gauze and bandages on a cart.

CUT TO:

TRAUMA ONE

Extra trauma gowns are stacked. The pharmacist delivers extra saline bags to Goldman. Haleh comes in with blankets, splints and IV bags, rushes back to the --

CUT TO:

MAIN ER

Where Malik stacks O-negative blood into the refrigerator.
TRAUMA TWO

Haleh fills the crash cart.

CUT TO:

AMBULANCE BAY

One by one, the staff completes their preparations and move to the ambulance bay. Malik ties on a mask. Lewis helps Greene tie his gown. Benton puts on his goggles. Oligario and Hathaway their gloves. Haleh readies her stethoscope. It's dead quiet for a long beat.

SIRENS and flashing lights close in...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

AMBULANCE BAY - 9:02 AM

A sea of pain. Jammed with patients on gurneys, paramedics, walking wounded, and staff. SHOUTS, CRIES, and a BABY SCREAMING drown out the TVs tuned to news of the disaster.

Red-tagged criticals move through on their way to the OR or trauma staging areas. Ross, acting as triage chief, evaluates and directs EMT's.

ROSS
(into walkie)
Three O.R. crews in? Got it.
(forgets)
Roger. Out.

He pulls the blanket back to reveal a trucker with multiple injuries and burns. Two IVs are in, he's on an oxygen mask, EKG leads. PARAMEDIC CAMACHO pushes the gurney.

CAMACHO
Trapped in the cab, second and third degree burns, 25 percent body surface. He's hypotensive. He's had five morphine and two liters saline.

ROSS
(to Hathaway)
Red tag him to Trauma Two.
(into walkie)
Mark, send Benton to Two.
Over? Roger? Ten-four? Mark?

GREENE (V.O.)
(filtered)
I heard you, Doug.

Hathaway, moving with the gurney, attaches a red tag.

HATHAWAY
Green room, all the way down.

The paramedics thread their way through the teeming hallway. Hathaway stops at a young executive in a chair, head bandaged.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HATHAWAY
(calls to Ross)
Scalp lac.

ROSS
Green tag him to the waiting room.

CUT TO:

AMBULANCE BAY
Malik and a paramedic team race past, doing CPR on a mailman.

MALIK
We're losing him.

ROSS
Curtain three.

They weave down the hall, past Greene.

GREENE
What've you got?

MALIK
Twenty-five-year-old, truck rolled. No seat belt. He coded in the rig.

He collars Grahek, a surgical resident.

GREENE
Grahek, take him. Do what you can, then move on.

Grahek takes off with the gurney, past Carter, who hobbles through the gurneys with his cast still on, looking confused.

GREENE
Carter! Jump in. Use your head. Stay supervised.

CARTER
Right.

Greene moves off, and Carter hobbles after him.
A gurney with an unconscious crossing guard crashes through the door. Lewis heads the team, which includes Haleh and Wright. As they move to transfer her --

HALEH
ALOC and a step deformity at the T4 vertebra. Legs are flaccid.

LEWIS
We got a cord injury, here. Very gently. On three... One, two, now.

They transfer her, the nurses race to attach IVs, take BP, hook up oxygen and EKG. As Greene rushes in --

GREENE
C.T.'s prepped for her. C.B.C., type and hold two units.

He muscles in, listens quickly to the heart and lungs then moves on to test pin prick sensation.

LEWIS
Who's on neurosurgical back-up?

WRIGHT
(consulting a list)
Armstrong.

GREENE
Flaccid paralysis and areflexia south of T4.

He detects a miniscule movement of a toe.

GREENE
She withdraws to pain!

LEWIS
Bag the C-spine films -- we'll run her spine in C.T. Vitals?

HALEH
90 over 62, pulse 60.

GREENE
(at the door)
Consider spinal shock.

LEWIS
Got it, Mark. Go.

CUT TO:
Malik herds a video news crew toward the lobby area.

MALIK
No shooting in here. Out!

Carter sees TRENT, a 25-year-old college student, releasing himself from cervical restraints.

CARTER
Hey, hey... what are you doing?

TRENT
I've gotta take a leak.

Carter gently, but firmly, puts a hand on his shoulder.

CARTER
Don't move. You could have a broken neck.

TRENT
Nah, it's just whiplash. It's nothing.

CARTER
Or it's something, and you're quadraplegic for life.

The direct approach works on Trent.

TRENT
Hm. I think I'll just lie here.

CARTER
Good idea.

TRENT
Get me a bottle or something, will you?

As Carter hobbles off --

TRENT
What happened to your foot?

CUT TO:

HECTOR, an hysterical Hispanic male, bursts in. He's supported by a fireman and clutches a bloody towel around his hand.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HECTOR
(in Spanish)
Mi mano esta sangrando. Me voy murir!

Snow swirls in through the open door until Ross pulls it closed.

ROSS
Let's see the hand.

HATHAWAY
(pulls the towel)
Where's the cut?

Wiping off the blood, she can barely find it. Ross takes a look.

HATHAWAY
Senor, it's a little puncture wound.
Poquito.

Malik bumps a wheelchair into the back of Hector's legs and sits him down. Hathaway tags him with a green tag.

HATHAWAY
Oh, boy. Head down, senor.
Waiting room, please.

CUT TO:

TRAUMA TWO

The trucker with burns from triage, ready for the OR, slams out of the room, pushed by an OR crew. Benton moves with the gurney, pulling off his trauma gown, into --

MAIN HALLWAY

Where he hands over the patient's chart and x-rays.

BENTON
Got 500 c.c.s out of the right chest. Eighteen percent second degree, nine percent third degree burns, chest, abdomen and left shoulder.

BENTON
(to patient)
You're in good hands, sir.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

He picks up a gurney coming toward him, an elderly woman with multiple injuries. She's crying out in pain.

BENTON
Step lively, people, right this way. Move 'em in, move 'em out --

They fly into --

TRAUMA TWO

Where housekeepers, nurses and Oligario clean up.

BENTON
Just push it aside, we're on a roll. She needs some rays and relief. Morphine five, I.V. push. Lift her and shift her...

On three...

They haul the patient onto the gurney and the nurses and x-ray tech fly into action.

BENTON
Cross table c-spine, chest, right hip and pelvis. Round up a bone crusher, will you?

As Oligario runs for the hall --

BENTON (O.S.)
Your neck hurt, m'eam? Chest? Belly?

HALLWAY OUTSIDE TRAUMA

She picks up the phone and dials.

OLIGARIO
We need ortho, to ER Trauma Two.

Another paramedic gurney flies past, CPR in progress, and she takes off with it into Curtain Area Two.

An overheard PAGE ECHOES her request.

CUT TO:
48  AMBULANCE BAY

Ross and Hathaway evaluate a well-dressed MATRON with an eye injury. Hathaway covers her right eye with her left hand and holds up two fingers.

    MATRON
    Two fingers.

She reverses hands, holds up three fingers of her left hand.

    HATHAWAY
    What do you see now?

    MATRON
    (re: the engagement)
    Such a rock... lucky girl!

Ross and Hathaway lock eyes a beat, but there's no time for it now.

    ROSS
    Double patch her eye and green tag her to the waiting room.

Shaken, he moves off.

    MATRON
    What, did I say something?

    HATHAWAY
    Uh uh.

She tapes on an eye patch.

        CUT TO:

49 thru
OMITTED
51

52  TRAUMA TWO

Where Benton directs the trauma team.

    BENTON
    Carter, where the hell've you been? Grab a scissors.

Carter moves in. Greene sticks his head in the door.

    GREENE
    How long until she can go up?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BENTON
Get her pictures, have the orthopods see her... maybe fifteen minutes.

GREENE
We need the room. O.R.'s opened up. Let them see her upstairs.

BENTON
Okay, people, you heard the boss. Heal 'em and wheel 'em. Let's go.

Greene moves into --

TRAUMA ONE
Lewis changes trauma gowns as the injured crossing guard is wheeled out by an OR team.

GREENE
Need anything?

LEWIS
Nope.

Another gurney wheels in.

OLIGARIO
Complaining of neck, back and abdominal pain. BP's falling, 70/40. Pulse 120. Skin's cool and dry.

JOHN KAPLAN, a 40-ish salesman, is taped down to a backboard and collar, IVs, splints on his right arm and left leg.

LEWIS
What's your name, sir?

KAPLAN
John Kaplan. Call me Johnny. You the doc?

LEWIS
Uh huh. How do you feel?

KAPLAN
Haven't been tied up this tight since last Saturday night!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Lewis and Greene share a look. He exits as the trauma team surrounds the bed.

LEWIS
Thanks for sharing, Mr. Kaplan.

On three... One, two, three.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

ADMIT DESK

Jerry bandages a head laceration on a kid with his nervous parents hovering. Roxanne is useless with her fingernails and IQ. Every PHONE is RINGING.

ROXANNE
Hello, ER... please hold. Hello, ER... please hold. Shoot me if I take this job again.

JERRY
(aside)
You got it.

Linda Farrell comes up and seizes the moment. She picks up a RINGING PHONE.

LINDA
E.R.

She grabs a note pad and pen. Hathaway flies past and hands her a list.

HATHAWAY
Call Fire Station 23. Number's on the phone. See if they can pick up these docs stuck at home.

LINDA
(into phone)
Hold on a sec.

She picks up a second phone to her other ear and dials.

CUT TO:
AMBULANCE BAY

A soot-covered fireman sits up on an arriving gurney, gasping for air. Oxygen mask, IV, EKG monitors are on.

HATHAWAY
Smoke inhalation.

Ross quickly listens to his chest.

ROSS
Yellow tag him. Curtain Two.

Behind the gurney, a black man, DEON, walks in, his hand in a bloody towel.

DEON
(no big deal)
I hurt my hand.

ROSS
Let's have a look.

He unwraps the towel.

ROSS
Whoa! Where's your thumb?

He produces a snow-filled baggy, with a smaller baggy inside containing something wrapped in gauze.

DEON
Here.

ROSS
Malik! Red tag this guy straight to O.R.

Malik starts off. Ross holds out the baggie.

ROSS
Here. Take his thumb.

Malik, non-plussed, takes the baggie and moves off.

CUT TO:

MAIN ER

Carter is trying to keep MRS. THUI, an hysterical Vietnamese woman, still on a gurney. She pulls off an oxygen mask and bats his hands away.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MRS. THUI
Khong, khong, khong! Bo tay ra toi o day vichong cua toi!

CARTER
It's okay, Mrs. Thui, everything's going to be okay. Just lie back.

Carter sticks in an IV.

THUI
Owww!

Greene passes and helps Carter hook it up.

GREENE
You okay here?

CARTER
Oh, yeah. Under control.

Greene moves towards the --

AMBULANCE BAY

Snow swirls in with an exhausted cop, MACNALLY, who carries a SQUALLING TWO-YEAR-OLD Ashley, wrapped in a trauma blanket.

MacNALLY
Found her lying in the snow.
No idea who she belongs to.
Kid's got a healthy set of lungs.

ROSS
I'll check her over.
(to Greene)
Cover me.

He moves off as a gurney pushed by Camacho slams in. The bloody patient, DEXTER JONES, is on a mask, two large bore IVs, cervical collar and backboard, a tourniquet tied around his right leg. His lower leg is gone. He's in excruciating pain.

CAMACHO
Dexter Jones, 25. Van rolled on him. No seat belt. Right below-the-knee amputation. He's shocky -- left a few pints in the snow. Rescue Seven's looking for the rest of his leg.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Greene calls to Oligario.

**GREENE**

Benton done in Two?

**OLIGARIO**

Uh-huh.

**GREENE**

Here's his next patient.

They move toward --

OMITTED

TRIUMA ONE

Lewis moves out with Johnny Kaplan, pushed by an OR team.

**LEWIS**

O.R. Two is prepped for him. When the cross-matched blood's ready, send it up.

As Kaplan passes Dexter --

**KAPLAN**

They come at you with that Foley catheter, run, Jack... don't walk!

The OR crew runs Kaplan toward the --

ELEVATOR LOBBY

The elevator door opens as Mookie comes out. He walks toward the main ER, taking it in. Oligario rushes past.

**OLIGARIO**

Code in seven! Code in seven!

Mookie stares at the dazed patients lining the walls.

CUT TO:

CURTAIN AREA TWO

Ross gently examines SCREAMING ASHLEY. Haleh takes an ear temperature.

(CONTINUED)
HALEH
Ninety-seven point eight. Ninety over fifty, pulse one twenty-five. Pretty darned normal.

Ross finishes his exam. The CHILD continues to SCREAM.

ROSS
Checks out okay.

Hathaway races up.

HATHAWAY
Doug!

He follows her toward the --

OMITTED

MAIN ER

Past Mookie, who looks around, excited by the chaotic scene. Malik rushes past with a wheelchair in which a woman in labor writhes in pain. He hands Mookie a stack of ABD pads.

MALIK
Take these to Benton in Trauma One!

Mookie stands a beat, his bad-ass attitude and his basic humanity at odds. Then he takes off into --

TRAUMA ONE

Where Benton and the trauma team work feverishly around Dexter. Dexter's delirious with pain.

OLIGARIO
B.P.'s real bad -- 60 by palp.

DEXTER
Put me out! Put me out!

Mookie stands wide-eyed in the door.

BENTON
Call for six units O-neg blood. Get lab for a C.B.C., type and cross.

A stream of blood shoots up.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

WRIGHT
Whoa, I've got a pumper!

Benton sees Mookie.

BENTON
Bring in those pads!

Mookie is overwhelmed by the scene.

BENTON
Come on, move it! Let's go.

Mookie hesitantly hands the pads to Wright. Benton tosses him a trauma gown and gloves.

BENTON
It's all hands on deck. Put those on.

Scared, Mookie fumbles with the gown and gloves. Oligario slaps him into shape.

BENTON
Now, hold this tourniquet!

Mookie reaches in and hesitantly takes over.

BENTON
All right. Make a surgeon of you yet.

CUT TO:

AMBULANCE BAY

Three gurneys arrive at once. The first is a form under a blanket. As Ross picks up the blanket --

PICKMAN
Gas tank exploded. Trapped in the car.

Ross shakes his head, covers the man up.

ROSS
D.O.A.

Pickman's partner pushes him away. The second gurney contains MR. RAMOS, an Hispanic man in his late sixties, sitting upright on the gurney.

(continues)
CONTINUED:

PICKMAN
Seatbelted male, vitals normal, contusions, abrasions and abdominal pain.

Ross listens to Mr. Ramos's lungs, heart, pushes on his abdomen.

ROSS
Does this hurt? Le duele?

Ramos shakes his head as a third gurney slams into Ramos's. The EMTs are doing CPR on a cop.

CAMACHO
Auto versus ped. We're losing him.

ROSS
Exam One.
(re: Ramos)
Green tag him to the waiting room.

Ross takes off with the gurney toward Exam One, passing --

CURTAIN AREA TWO

Where Haleh picks up SCREAMING ASHLEY and rocks her. Haleh begins to sing.

HALEH
I sing because I'm happy...

The little girl looks up at her and starts to quiet.

HALEH
I sing because I'm free. For His eyes are on the sparrow...

Ashley STOP CRYING as Haleh sings, oblivious to the chaos around her.

HALEH
And I know He's watching me. Yes, I know, He's watching me...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. AMBULANCE BAY - DAY - 1:30 PM

Flashing red lights cut through the snow. Another figure takes shape, weaving through the parked emergency vehicles. A huge boy-man in a Bears' helmet. It's PATRICK, mentally challenged giant.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE BAY

Morgenstern enters with two firemen, as he takes in the swirling frenetic activity. Residents, nurses, paramedics and patients on gurneys clog the triage area.

MORGENSTERN
to the firemen
Thanks for the lift.
(to Ross)
How're we doing here?

ROSS
One step ahead of the reaper.

MORGENSTERN
All you can ask.

Morgenstern sees Greene and crosses into the --

MAIN ER

As Greene barks into the walkie --

GREENE
I don't care if it's Edward R. Murrow back from the dead, he goes to the media room!

MORGENSTERN
Run it down for me, Mark.

GREENE
Thirty-two car pileup on the Kennedy. We're the major receiving. 18 red tags, 10 have gone up. 19 yellows, 33 greens logged in. Three DOAs and four black tags that didn't make it. Six ORs are operational and Fire's out bring fresh docs in.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Greene hands Morgenstern the walkie.

MORGENSTERN

Go be a doc.

Morgenstern watches him go, impressed.

MORGENSTERN

OR, Morgenstern. Status update.
Staff availability for trauma,
vascular, ortho and
anesthesiology...

CUT TO:

AMBULANCE BAY

Patrick grins at Hathaway.

HATHAWAY

Patrick. How'd you get here?

PATRICK

I walked.

HATHAWAY

Why?

PATRICK

Don't have a driver license.

Ross smiles. Patrick eyes Bob's blob of Christmas lights.

PATRICK

They look better when they're straight.

Oligario runs up.

OLIGARIO

Carol...

Hathaway takes off.

HATHAWAY

Go to it, Patrick.

CUT TO:
Lewis evaluates MR. BOZINSKY, an elderly man who doesn't appear to be too seriously injured.

He has a few facial cuts, an ice pack on his elevated ankle. MRS. BOZINSKY hovers. Goldman, Wright, and the trauma team remove his shirt, hook him up and take vital signs.

MRS. BOZINSKY
Where's the doctor?

LEWIS
I am the doctor, Mrs. Bozinsky.

MRS. BOZINSKY
No, I mean a doctor doctor.

MR. BOZINSKY
Myra, let Doctor Lewis do her job.

LEWIS
Where are you hurt, Mr. Bozinsky?

MRS. BOZINSKY
I want Doctor Harvey Stein called, this minute.

Wright breaks away from the swirling nurse activity.

WRIGHT
Perhaps you'd be more comfortable in the waiting room, Mrs. Bozinsky.

MRS. BOZINSKY
Oh, that's a good one!

MR. BOZINSKY
Myra, go call Harry.

She reluctantly lets Wright show her to the door as Bob comes in, carrying supplies for the crash cart.

WRIGHT
Public phone's past the admit desk.

Lewis listens to his heart and lungs.

MALIK
BP's okay, pulse is a little high; 120.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MR. BOZINSKY
Your pulse'd be high, too, if you were married to Myra fifty-one years.

Bob, filling the crash cart, watches with interest.

LEWIS
This hurt, sir?

MR. BOZINSKY
Nah. I got this cut on my face, my ankle's sore and the arthritis in my back's acting up.

AMBULANCE BAY

A gurney enters with a woman in a cervical collar holding her infant. Behind her walks a very strange ALBINO woman. In the b.g., Patrick strings lights.

ALBINO
(shouts)
Aliens have implanted a detector in my nose!

ROSS
Why today?
(to Hathaway)
Take Regina to a quiet room and give her five of Vitamin H.

ALBINO
Haldol! That's Haldol! See, it detects abbreviations!

As Hathaway leads her away, Roxanne approaches Ross.

ROXANNE
Sign my time card, please.

ROSS
Are you serious?

ROXANNE
It's eight hours.

Ross signs the card and she walks out, past two firemen entering with DR. STEVE FLINT, the radiologist, and a 40ish African-American woman, ANGELA HICKS. She's dressed in scrubs from another hospital and an old bulky coat.
HICKS
(to fireman)
Thanks for bringing us in.

STEVE
(off the chaos)
Wow, what a zoo.

Ross points to a cop sitting in a wheelchair holding an ice pack to his head.

ROSS
Steve, take this guy to the suture room and throw some stitches in his scalp.

STEVE
I haven't stitched since I was an intern.

ROSS
C'mon, Steve, it's like falling off a bike.

STEVE
Riding a bike.

Ross just smiles as Steve moves off.

HICKS
I'm Angela Hicks --

ROSS
Dr. Ross. Why don't you take bedpan detail. Less glamorous, but extremely necessary.

He hands her a stack of bedpans and urine containers.

HICKS
That's Doctor Hicks. I'm the new attending ER physician.

ROSS
Oops.
(takes the bedpans)
Well, you won't be needing these...

CUT TO:
Benton's leg amputation patient, Dexter, is thrashing around in bed as the trauma team tries to restrain him.

DEXTER
Bastards! I don't want this life!
Why'd you give me this life?

HALEH
He's getting hypoxic -- pulse ox is falling.

A respiratory tech runs in with a blood gas report.

OLIGARIO
Bad news. PCO2's 62. PO2 60.

DEXTER
Got any more tubes for me?!

Benton moves to the head of the bed.

BENTON
We're gonna have to crash intubate him. Get the sux, Pavulon and Versed.

The nurses prep the doses, and bring in the intubation tray.

DEXTER
B?

Dexter's frantic eyes focus on Benton.

DEXTER
Dexter. Dexter Jones from King Drive.

Benton grabs a towel and wipes the blood off the patient's face.

BENTON
Hey, I know this guy from the neighborhood!

Dexter is too delirious to stay focused.

DEXTER
Don't do no Indiana Jones on me!

Wright readies the intubation tray, Haleh has the drugs.

HALEH
Versed first?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BENTON
Two milligrams, then the Pavulon.

DEXTER
Just land the plane, B!... put up the net!...

*Mookie, his eyes wide with fear, twists on the tourniquet, just trying to hold on.

DEXTER
Just put me out with the trash!...

The drugs knock him out.

BENTON
Sux 120 milligrams, now!
(to Wright)
Give me cricoid pressure like his life depended on it.

As Benton moves to intubate Dexter's airway --

CUT TO:

EXAM THREE

A CARMELITE NUN, MARGUERITE, in full habit lies on her stomach on the bed.

CARTER
This is Sister Marguerite.

GREENE
Hello.

CARTHER
She's got a, uh, laceration. Which, you know... uh, people have. Uh, on her, um --

MARGUERITE
What the young doctor is trying to say is that I have a cut on my butt.

CARTER
Exactly.

GREENE
How extensive is the laceration?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CARTER
Uhh, I um... I haven't looked at it.

MARGUERITE
God gave you a gift to heal people. Do your work.

GREENE
Let me know if you need me.

As Greene exits, Carter crosses himself. He gingerly lifts the nun's habit.

CARTER
Sunday.

MARGUERITE
All my underwear say 'Sunday' on them.

CARTER
Yes. Well. That makes sense.

Off Carter's embarrassed smile --

CUT TO:

OMITTED

ADMIT DESK

Jerry approaches Ross.

JERRY
Is that old Cuban guy in the waiting room supposed to be dead?

Ross looks at Jerry a beat, then drops his chart and takes off running. He passes Patrick, happily stringing Christmas lights.

WAITING ROOM

Ross runs through the packed room. Hathaway and Oligario have started CPR on Mr. Ramos, an elderly Cuban.

ROSS
Damn! Trauma Two!
They race past the admit desk, where CHARLES WESTON, a 30-ish commodities broker in a cross-country ski outfit, whines to Jerry.

WESTON
I fell cross-country skiing.

JERRY
Here's an ice pack.

He points in the general direction of the plastic chairs.

WESTON
Just how long am I going to have to wait?

JERRY
It's gonna be awhile.

CUT TO:

CURTAIN AREA ONE

Greene and surgical resident Grahek assess fifty-year-old MR. LAWRENCE, who is in pain.

GREENE
Where are you hurt?

MR. LAWRENCE
My chest! My chest!

GREENE
Did you hit the steering wheel?

MR. LAWRENCE
No, I was lighting a cigarette --

Greene rips open Lawrence's shirt. There's a car cigarette lighter imbedded in the skin of his upper chest.

GREENE
Ouch.

Jerry walks past.

JERRY
What is that?

GREENE
A cigarette lighter.
CONTINUED:

The gurney with Ramos flies past, Ross and Hathaway doing CPR.

ROSS
Guy seemed fine -- I green-tagged him to the waiting area.

The gurney disappears into Trauma Two. Greene takes off after it. A lab tech crosses and takes us into --

TRAUMA ONE

Benton has finished intubating the patient and is checking his lungs. An X-ray tech positions the portable X-ray machine.

BENTON
He may have a hemothorax. Move it.

Wright enters.

WRIGHT
Paramedics found his leg in the snow.

BENTON
This may be your lucky day, Dexter.

(to Mookie)
Run up to the blood bank, third floor, blood's ready.

Mookie takes off like a shot.

CUT TO:

SUTURE ROOM

Steve the radiologist is suturing with difficulty as Carter enters with a set of ankle X-rays.

CARTER
Is this a fracture?

STEVE
Yeah. Tri-malleolar. Call Ortho.

Carter looks at Steve's suturing job.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CARTER
If you throw a deep dermal there, and trim that edge, it'll line up better.

STEVE
Yeah? Thanks.

Carter clomps out, a spring in his step.

CURTAIN AREA TWO

The CARDIAC ALARM on Mr. Bozinsky BUZZES. Lewis looks down from the X-ray she's reading, concerned. Mrs. Bozinsky panics.

MRS. BOZINSKY
Oh, my God, what's that?

LEWIS
Mr. Bozinsky?

WRIGHT
He's really taching away. Pulse is 140.

Bob listens intently.

GOLDMAN
(adjusting IV)
I'll give him a fluid-challenge.

LEWIS
(concerned)
Are you having any chest pain, Mr. Bozinsky?

MR. BOZINSKY
My back's really getting sore.

As Lewis holds up the X-ray, Bob looks over her shoulder at it.

LEWIS
(concerned)
Did Dr. Stein ever mention that you have an aortic aneurism?

CUT TO:
Linda has a phone in each ear and writes lab reports on a piece of paper. Behind her, Patrick, unstrung Christmas lights around his neck, plays with Ashley, the lost baby, making her a rooster face from an exam glove.

LINDA
Dietary? There's an ER full of hungry people... Damn.

She dials a number. Another PHONE RINGS.

LINDA
ER... Okay, I'll tell her. 
(shouts)
Carol, Timmy's moved one mile since he last called.
(into phone)
Carlos? Linda from Novell... I need thirty large pizzas to County ER... I know it's snowing... get a move on and charge them to my account.

Patrick peeks his face out from behind the happy rooster balloon.

PATRICK
Peek-a-boo!

The BABY SQUEALS with delight.

Greene and Ross desperately work on Mr. Ramos. CPR. External pacer. Nurses hang blood. Ross finishes a peritoneal lavage, comes up with a syringe full of blood. ALARMS BUZZ. Hathaway shines a light in Ramos's eyes.

HATHAWAY
Pupils are non-reactive.

ROSS
Damn, it's positive. The guy didn't say a word about abdominal pain. He bled out.

Suddenly, incongruously, Mel Torme, singing "WHITE CHRISTMAS," BLARES into the room.

ROSS
Tell them to shut the damned music off!

(CONTINUED)
Oligario runs from the room, past Sister Marguerite, looking in.

    GREENE
    (to nurses)
    Put that blood on a pump. Try high dose epi, three milligrams.

    HATHAWAY
    Another milligram of atropine?

    ROSS
    (sharply)
    Of course another milligram!

Hathaway checks the monitor. It shows no heart activity.

    HATHAWAY
    He's flatline.

Ross pushes next to the bed and takes over CPR.

    ROSS
    Let me in there. Hook up the external pacemaker.

The MUSIC SHUTS OFF. Oligario comes in and picks up a wall phone.

    OLIGARIO
    Patrick got into the Christmas tapes.

Sister Marguerite watches through the suture room window.

    OLIGARIO
    Mr. Blinker? Hang on.

She hands the phone to Greene.

    OLIGARIO
    The guy whose wife's in labor.

    GREENE
    (into phone)
    What are you doing still home?...

    HATHAWAY
    Pacer's not capturing.

    ROSS
    (snaps)
    Turn up the damn gain!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HATHAWAY
It's all the way up!

GREENE
When you broke down the door, what did you find?... You're bigger than her, right?... Then carry her in here yourself.

He hands the phone back to Oligario.

GREENE
His wife locked herself in their bedroom and stuffed a sock in her mouth so she wouldn't scream.
(checking Ramos's pupils)
They're fixed and dilated, Doug.
He's been flatline for forty minutes.

Ross keeps pumping. Greene puts his hand on Ross's.

GREENE
Doug.

Ross gives a few more pumps, then stops. He stands staring at the man's face as the nurses begin to disconnect the resuscitation equipment. Sister Marguerite silently watches.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMBULANCE BAY

Carter comes outside for a breather from the emotional overload. The snowstorm is easing.

HATHAWAY
Carter!

Carter sighs and heads back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE BAY

Hathaway points to a Vietnamese man.

HATHAWAY
Mr. Thui.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CARTER
Mr. Thui! We've taken very good
care of your wife --

They move toward --

CURTAIN AREA ONE

CARTER
She's been sedated and is resting
comfortably.

They come upon Mrs. Thui in bed, passed out. There's an
IV, oxygen by mask, monitor leads.

THUI
I do not understand. She wasn't
in the accident. I called her
to come and pick me up.

Off Carter's shocked face --

CUT TO:

TRAUMA TWO

Ross looks down at the still face of Mr. Ramos. Sister
Marguerite stands in the hallway. Greene enters from the
suture room, pulling off a trauma gown.

ROSS
I missed it.

GREENE
You triaged seventy-odd patients.
You're human, Doug.

Sister Marguerite softly enters the room.

MARGUERITE
Doctors, may I?

Ross and Greene exchange a glance.

GREENE
Yes.

She moves to Ramos's side. Fingers the cross around his
neck. Ross and Greene slip from the room as Marguerite
kneels to pray.

(CONTINUED)
MARGUERITE
My brother in faith, I entrust you
to God, who created you. May you
return to the one who formed you
from the dust of this earth...

Ross lingers at the door.

CUT TO:

TRAUMA ONE

Benton is finishing a left chest tube insertion on
Dexter.

BENTON
Here. Hook this to suction.
(to Haleh)
Can the vascular boys come put
Humpty Dumpty back together again?

HALEH
They're in with that thumb.

Hicks pushes through the door.

HICKS
Hi, kids. I'm Doctor Hicks.
Give me the bullet.

BENTON
(fast)
Right B-K amputation. Estimated
blood loss 40 percent. Bilateral
hemothorax. 750 ccs from left
thoracostomy, right in place as
you see. Rapid sequence
induction, Versed, succinyl choline
and Pavulon. Four liters Ringer's,
six units O-neg in. Cervical
spine cleared. Vitals stabilized.

HICKS
You're Peter Benton, right? I've
heard of you.

BENTON
Is that good or bad?

She's not saying, in a playful way. The CARDIAC ALARM
SCREAMS.

(CONTINUED)
HALEH
He's in fibrillation!

HICKS
Change the defibrillator, 200!

As the nurses start CPR, the door opens and Weston, the cross-country skier, enters, an ice pack on his wrist.

WESTON
(put out)
Excuse me, just how much longer am I going to have to wait?

HICKS
Get him out of here.
(grabs the paddles)
Clear!

CUT TO:

CURTAIN AREA TWO

Mr. Bozinsky's BP alarm erupts. Mrs. Bozinsky is beside herself. Goldman shuts the alarm off.

MRS. BOZINSKY
Morris!

WRIGHT
His BP's falling fast. I get 60 palp. I can't hear it.

Bob puts her trash bin aside and listens as Malik enters, in a hurry, carrying a lab test and two units of blood.

MALIK
His repeat crit's down. He's losing blood.

LEWIS
(to Goldman)
Run those in, fast.

MRS. BOZINSKY
Doctor, do something!

Lewis examines his abdomen. Bozinsky winces. Bob moves near the bed.

LEWIS
Let's get him to the OR.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MALIK

Nobody's available.

LEWIS

No surgeons?

MALIK

There's twenty-two surgeries going on up there.

LEWIS

Great. I'll get Benton. Prep a thoracotomy tray.

She runs out of the room, past Bob, into --

TRAUMA ONE

Benton defibrillates Dexter.

HICKS

Okay, I get a pulse!

BENTON

Put that blood on pressure pumps.

Lewis bursts in.

LEWIS

I need a surgeon in Three, stat. I've got a triple A that's about to blow.

HICKS

Order a laparotomy set-up from OR. Call anesthesia and get Dr. Ashley down here. You ever cross-clamped an aorta?

LEWIS

No.

OFF Lewis's frightened face --

CUT TO:

CURTAIN AREA THREE

Goldman and Wright search for pulses on Mr. Bozinsky.

GOLDMAN

I don't feel a thing.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The CARDIAC ALARM SHRIEKS.

WRIGHT
Call a code! Get some epi!

A nurse dives into the crash cart. Wright starts CPR. Mrs. Bozinsky screams. Bob, standing in the back of the room, takes a hesitant step forward. Stops.

WRIGHT
Open the IVs wide.

Bob can't stand it any longer. She steps up, pulls on a pair of surgical gloves and grabs a scalpel from the thoracotomy tray.

GOLDMAN

Bob!

She makes an expert vertical abdominal incision, grabs a self-retaining retractor and, with one slice, opens the abdomen. She climbs on the gurney, shoves both hands inside Bozinsky's abdominal cavity, clicks a vascular clamp on Bozinsky's aorta.

GOLDMAN

Bob?

CUT TO:

MAIN HALLWAY

Lewis races toward --

CURTAIN AREA THREE

She slams into the room and stops short. The patient lies draped and incised, a retractor and vascular clamp in place. The MONITOR BEEPS a regular heartbeat. Bob stands back, terrified.

LEWIS
What happened? *

She moves to the bedside and looks into the incision. *

WRIGHT

It was Bob.

LEWIS

Bob? (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GOLDMAN

Bob.

Bob bolts from the room.

CUT TO:

ADMIT DESK

A frantic young couple, MARC and SELINE, races in.

SELINE
The police said our baby --
Ashley!

They see the lost baby playing with Patrick at the desk.

SELINE
Ashley!

They fly through the door and madly hug the little girl.

SELINE
Oh, my God, Ashley! Oh, God!
Are you all right?

They dissolve into a tearful family embrace. It's all too
wonderful for Patrick, who wraps the happy family in a
giant bear hug. Bob races past and we FOLLOW her OUT
to --

EXT. AMBULANCE BAY

She stops, gasping for air. Tears stream down her face in
the lightly falling snow.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:
OMMITTED

INT. AMBULANCE BAY - 4:00 PM
Outside the bay doors, Malik grabs the package from the
EMTs and runs it to --

ADMIT DESK
Linda Farrell works the phones.
MALIK
They found a leg.
LINDA
It belongs to the guy in Trauma One.

Morgenstern passes.
LINDA
Mr. Jones's leg is here.
MORGENSTERN
Great.
(to Malik)
Run it down there, will you?

He moves off.
MORGENSTERN
(to Linda)
You're a natural back there. Who
are you?
LINDA
(whipping out her
card)
Linda Farrell, Novell
Pharmaceuticals. You're Doctor
Morgenstern, aren't you?

Off her thousand-watt smile --

CUT TO:

TRAUMA ONE
Grabarsky, Haleh and a wide-eyed Mookie look into the
wrapped package.

(CONTINUED)
HALEH
Limb looks good.

BENTON
Why shouldn't it. It's been on ice.

HICKS
Vitals?

JARVIK
BP 110/70, pulse 112 and strong. Pulse ox is good -- 95 percent.

HICKS
Great. What's he had?

BENTON
Eight units packed cells and four liters Ringer's. We're in a holding pattern for vascular.

HICKS
Why don't we fly this puppy ourselves.
(to nurses)
Send to OR for a vascular tray, a bovie, drapes and gowns.

BENTON
You going to do a re-implantation in the ER?

HICKS
Not me. We. Let's get a start on him. The vascular team'll swoop down when they smell the glory.

BENTON
Now you're talking.

CUT TO:

100 MAIN HALLWAY

An OR team moves down the hall with Mr. Bozinsky. Lewis follows, stripping off her trauma gown.

LEWIS
Here's the abdominal, chest and C-spine films. His BP's come up with the 4 units. Good luck.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Morgenstern passes.

MORGENSTERN
Strong piece of work, Susan. I've seen chief surgical residents do worse.

LEWIS
(uncomfortable)
Thanks. Have you seen Bob?

Morgenstern spots a news crew, trying to shoot into Trauma One, and calls to a cop.

MORGENSTERN
Officer, would you mind escorting that camera crew out of here.

Mookie comes past, breathless, and sees Lewis.

MOOKIE
Yo, you Doctor Lewis?

LEWIS
Yes.

MOOKIE
They need you to scrub in... stat.

Lewis gives up on the Bob search and follows Mookie, passing Hathaway who pushes ACE, an aging biker, in a wheelchair. He's got a fresh scalp laceration covered with a dressing and an old ragged cast on his leg. They move into the --

MAIN HALLWAY
And past the waiting patients into the --

CAST ROOM
Surprising Carter, who is unsuccessfully trying to remove his cast with a cast scissors.

HATHAWAY
Hurry it up. There's a million things for you to do.

She's gone.

(CONTINUED)
CARTER

Hi.

ACE

What the hell're you doing?

CARTER

Oh... ahh... trying to get this cast off.

ACE

(eyes the cast)
How the hell you change your pants?

CARTER

They put it on me as a joke.

Ace barks out a terrifying laugh.

CARTER

It's starting to itch.

Ace hobbles over to the corner and pulls over the cast cutter, which looks like a vacuum cleaner with a blade at the end.

ACE

Tell me about it. Eight casts in six months. Hog sat on me.

(off Carter's blank stare)
Fell off my Harley.

Carter's eyes widen as Ace switches on the cast cutter.

Hey!

ACE

Relax, doc. This won't hurt a bit.

Doctor Ace barks out another laugh, then goes at it. Carter can't bear to look.

CUT TO:

102A MAIN HALLWAY

Hathaway and Ross enter and stop.

(continued)
102A CONTINUED:

HATHAWAY
That's Mrs. Ramos.

Ross looks down the hall, dread etched in his face. Mrs. Ramos waits with her two grown daughters.

HATHAWAY
Want me to come with you?

ROSS
No. Thanks.

Gathering himself, he walks towards the family.

ROSS
I'm Doctor Ross. Your husband sustained serious injuries in the accident. He was brought here, and despite our efforts, we were unable to save him...

(beat)
I'm sorry.

OFF Ross's face --

CUT TO:

103 TRAUMA ONE

Benton and Hicks in OR gear, work on Dexter. We don't want to see what they're working on, but it's a mess. Mookie buzzes in the b.g., bringing in supplies. Haleh and Hathaway assist. Lewis scrubs. Benton looks at the extensive damage.

BENTON
Whoo boy.

HICKS
Divide it into tasks, then work in systematic order.

BENTON
General debridement, bone, neuro, vascular, muscles and tendons.

HICKS
Good. So... first priority?

BENTON
We've got to see what we've got.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HICKS
Right. Debride. Suction!

HALEH
Mookie, get a pack of these. Upper right shelf in the back cabinet in there.

Mookie takes off through the double doors.

CUT TO:

OMITTED
&

EXT. AMBULANCE BAY - NIGHT

Light glints on the fallen snow as Carter comes out for a breath of air. Bob stands in a wash of light, crying.

CARTER
Bob?

BOB
Now I will never be a doctor here.

CARTER
Were you planning to be one?

BOB
In my country, I am surgeon... vasco... vasa...

CARTER
Vascular? You're a vascular surgeon?

BOB
Yes. My family here... I follow... To doctor here... my English bad... I need to flex.

CARTER
The FLEX exam.

BOB
Yes. If I not operate, the man die... But now... when they find out... I never flex.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CARTER
You operated on somebody?

BOB
(nods)
When they find out what I did...

CARTER
Did the patient die?
(as she shakes her head)
Then they'll be grateful.
(a beat)
I'll help you with your English for the flex.

BOB
You would do that for me?


CUT TO:

OMITTED

MAIN HALLWAY

Greene sees Morgenstern.

GREENE
How're we doing?

MORGENSTERN
We're winding down. Scrub in with Benton.

Greene heads for Trauma One, where a few exhausted staff members peer through the windows. He enters --

TRAUMA ONE

Greene enters, scrubbed hands high. Wearing magnifying glasses, Benton works on a delicate suture on Dexter's leg.

MALIK
He's cyanotic as hell.

The OR nurses help Greene into surgical scrubs as Ross enters.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

GREENE

How'd it go?

Ross shakes his head.

MALIK

Pulse ox is really bad here --
sixty.

HICKS

Check his cardiovascular status,
Susan. Doug, assess the
respirator parameters.

Lewis moves to the head of the bed as MEL TORME starts
SINGING again.

GREENE

What is that?

ROSS

Mel Torme. Patrick keeps putting
it on.

JARVIK

His pulse is down to 30!

LEWIS

Give point five of atropine.

As Greene moves to the table, the MUSIC ABRUPTLY ENDS.
Jerry rushes in.

JERRY

Guy on the phone, Mr. Blinker.
He'll only talk to you.

GREENE

Put him on the speaker phone.

BLINKER (V.O.)

(filtered)
Dr. Greene?

GREENE

I'm here, Mr. Blinker.

BLINKER (V.O.)

She wants to push!

Greene grabs a retractor.

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
Look between her legs and tell me what you see.

We hear Mr. Blinker OVER MRS. BLINKER'S SCREAMS.

MR. BLINKER (V.O.)
Baby hair!

GREENE
You ever delivered a baby?

BLINKER (V.O.)
I'm a plumber! It's coming!

As Greene works the suction --

GREENE
Okay, you need to control the head. Once the head's half out, tell her not to push and gently ease the skin over it -- like putting on a sweater.

BLINKER (V.O.)
Head's out! It's turning!

GREENE
It's supposed to. Now, Mr. Blinker, gently pull down towards the floor...

A BABY'S LUSTY CRY is heard.

BLINKER (V.O.)
Oh, my God! It's a boy!

GREENE
Good work! Now put him on her belly, tie the cord with a shoelace, wrap a blanket around them and bring them in.

Jarvik hangs up the phone. Benton finishes a delicate suture.

HICKS
Well, Dr. Benton, your friend has his popliteal artery back.

The team lightly applauds. Benton beams. Morgenstern comes to the door with two vascular surgeons and two OR nurses.

(CONTINUED)
MORGENSTERN
The vascular team's here, they're ready for him upstairs.

The vascular team surrounds the bed.

HICKS
Vitals stable, he's had 10 of Pavulon, 4 of Versed at 15:00.

BENTON
We've debrided, re-anastomosed popliteal artery and vein, confirmed flow by doppler.

MORGENSTERN
Strong preliminary work. Move him.

Morgenstern claps Benton on the back and exits with the team. Greene and Lewis pull off their OR gowns and go into the --

TRAUMA HALLWAY
Lewis checks her watch. Greene looks at her, concerned.

GREENE
Call him.

LEWIS
I'm too exhausted. I'll deal with it tomorrow.

She moves off. OFF his concerned face --

CUT TO:

TRAUMA ONE
Mookie approaches Benton.

MOOKIE
How's he gonna be?

BENTON
I think he'll do okay.

MOOKIE
That's dope, homes.

(CONTINUED)
109B CONTINUED:

BENTON

Yeah. Right.

Mookie beams.

CUT TO:

110 OMITTED
thru 114

A115 MAIN ER

Lewis and Hathaway approach. Lewis sees the empty gurney at curtain area one.

LEWIS

Morpheus beckons.

She lies down. Hathaway continues to the --

115 INT. ADMIT DESK

Hathaway plops down in a chair. Sighs. Linda Farrell turns to her and smiles.

LINDA

You know, Doug's a fabulous guy.

HATHAWAY

Doug.

LINDA

We have lots of fun, he's cute, he's great in bed...

Hathaway's not sure she wants to hear this.

LINDA

Do you think there's one perfect love, you know, like Sleepless In Seattle? Somewhere under the stars, one perfect person for everybody?

HATHAWAY

I don't know, why?

LINDA

Because for Doug, it's you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LINDA (CONT'D)

(hits the intercom)
Pizza's here!

Hathaway sits, stunned as the pizza guys drop thirty
large pies on the counter. The exhausted staff gathers
to dig in. Even Benton grabs a slice.

GREENE

What's this? Doctor Organic eating
pizza?

Benton shrugs and takes a big, cheezy bite, while Carter
carefully eats a slice with a knife and fork.

HICKS

Great job, folks.

Farrell smiles at Ross.

LINDA

They dug my car out. I'll take
you home. I'm exhausted.

ROSS

Promise?

LINDA

Yeah.

Disturbed, Hathaway watches Ross move off with Linda.
Bob gingerly walks up.

JERRY

Hey, it's Doctor Bob!

AD LIBBED CONGRATS all around. Lewis sees her and walks
up. Suddenly the overhead lights go off.

GREENE

Now what?

Patrick, at the wall switch, has turned them off.
Smiling, he plugs in the Christmas lights he's been
working on all day. Warm, beautiful, twinkling light
bathes the ER. Everyone applauds. Patrick leans a
cassette player against the intercom mike and TURNS ON
a Mel Torme CHRISTMAS SONG.

GREENE

All right, Patrick.

(CONTINUED)
115 CONTINUED: (2)

Patrick hands a clumsily-wrapped Christmas gift to Benton, then to the others. In the b.g., Lewis and Bob walk slowly away. As they talk, Lewis puts her arm around Bob's shoulder:

BENTON

Hey, thanks.

He opens it -- a urinal. There's a wrapped roll of tape, scissor, chart reflex hammer... Patrick beams.

The PARAMEDIC RADIO CRACKLES TO LIFE.

PARAMEDIC (V.O.)

(filtered)

County General, this is squad nine en route to your facility with a fifty-two-year-old man with chest pain. How do you read?

Oligario picks up the radio.

OLIGARIO

Read you 10-2 squad nine, go ahead...

"WHITE CHRISTMAS" CONTINUES as we --

CUT TO:

116 EXT. AMBULANCE BAY - NIGHT

As Greene exits, a 4X4 pulls up in the ambulance entrance. A HUSBAND helps his wife out. She's bundled in a blanket, a little face peering out of it.

GREENE

Mr. Blinker?

The wife looks up at the lightly falling snow as two nurses rush her and the baby inside.

BLINKER

Doctor Greene?

GREENE

Yeah.

Blinker gathers Greene in a hug of pure joy.

BLINKER (HUSBAND)

God bless you, Doctor Greene.

(CONTINUED)
Greene watches him hurry inside after his wife. A smile lights his face. As he walks off into the night, an ambulance pulls into the bay with another patient.

The beat goes on.

FADE OUT.

THE END