"Days Like This"

Written by
Lydia Woodward

Directed by
Mimi Leder

Producer
Paul Manning

Produced by
Christopher Chulack

Co-Executive Producers
Carol Flint
Mimi Leder
Lydia Woodward

Executive Producers
Michael Crichton
John Wells

A CONSTANT g/AMBLIN PRODUCTION
in association with
WARNER BROS. TELEVISION
4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, California 91522

REVISED FIRST DRAFT

September 16, 1995
© 1995
WARNER BROS.
All Rights Reserved
"Days Like This"

CAST

GREENE
ROSS
LEWIS
BENTON
CARTER
HATHAWAY
JEANIE

AL GRABARSKY
JORGE
HARMON LAKE
DR. NEAL BERNSTEIN
DR. CARL VUCELICH
PICKMAN
JANIE
MR. STUBEY
PRESTON
SHEPHERD
SUZIE
RICO FIGUEROA
JOSEPH
MRS. O'CONNOR
OLBES

GOLDMAN
WRIGHT
MALIK
MORGENSTERN
JERRY
MARQUEZ
RANDI
WEAVER
HARPER

MR. ZIMBLE
MRS. VALDEZ
"Days Like This"

SETS

INTERIORS:

HOSPITAL
Admissions Area
Trauma One
Trauma Two
Main Hallway
Trauma Hallway
Curtain Area Two
Lobby/Elevators
Curtain Area Three
Drug Lock-up-
Exam Room Two
Suture Room
Exam Room Four
Conference Room
Hallways Outside Exam*
Room One
Doctors'/Nurses' Station

ROSS'S APARTMENT HALLWAY

ROSS'S APARTMENT

EXTERIORS:

CHICAGO STREET/PHONE Booth

HOSPITAL
Ambulance Bay
Roof (Chicago)

HATHAWAY'S HOUSE
Front Porch

BASKETBALL COURT

EL PLATFORM
FADE IN:

EXT. CHICAGO STREET/PHONE BOOTH - 8:30 AM (CHICAGO)

GREENE pushes through the crowd emerging from Union Station, beats another commuter into a phone booth, drops in some change, dials Doug Ross, gets the answering machine.

GREENE
Doug, it’s Mark. Are you there?
I left that Sub-I Review on your kitchen table. If you’re there, pick up, okay... Doug? Doug?

As he hangs up, moves out...

CUT TO:

ER/ADMISSIONS AREA

GOLDMAN, carrying charts, steers her way through a sea of chaos.


RANDI’s on the phone at the desk.

RANDI
Dr. Weaver wants those films now and she’s not someone you want to mess with. (listens a beat) Hey, watch your mouth.

She slams the phone down, glances at a bald man, MR. ZIMBLE, standing opposite, stack of papers in hand. He looks more frightened of her than of the gang types.

ZIMBLE
I hope you’re not Carol Hathaway.

RANDI
Do I look like a nurse?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He shakes his head as Randi now glances over at JERRY who's trying to calm an hysterical MRS. VALDEZ.

MRS. VALDEZ
Donde esta mi hijo? Mi dijeron que lo trajeron aqui, casi cuatro horas. Nadie no me quiere decir nada...

JERRY
Ma'am, I'm very sorry but you'll have to wait in the waiting room. I don't have any information about your son.

JERRY
Wendy, can you help me with Mrs. Valdez? They took her kid up to surgery an hour ago.

Goldman leads Mrs. Valdez off, trying to calm her.

GOLDMAN
Senora Valdez, soy Wendy Goldman. Llevaron tu hijo a cirugia. Possible no vamos a saber nada por algunas horas mas. Por favor, usted tiene que esperar...

HATHAWAY enters for the day through the Employees' Entrance, pushes through the confusion and on up to the desk.

HATHAWAY
Hey, Jerry, what happened?

JERRY
Some serious gang banging in the wee hours; cops did a sweep... right under our carpet.

Hathaway stashes her purse and sweater, starts off.

HATHAWAY
Trauma One or Two?

JERRY
Take your pick.

Randi nods to Zimble.

RANDI
That's your girl.

Zimble catches up with Hathaway moving down the...
TRAUMA HALLWAY

ZIMBLE
Miss Hathaway?

HATHAWAY
Yes?

ZIMBLE
I'm Abraham Zimble, the mobile notary.
(re: papers)
Your escrow papers.

HATHAWAY
Yes, yes, thank you for coming.
(size of stack)
I have to sign all those?

ZIMBLE
(so serious)
By five o'clock or they won't give you the house.

HATHAWAY
Right. I'm going to be kind of busy. Do you mind waiting?

ZIMBLE
Twenty dollars an hour, no problem.

HATHAWAY
Great.

Zimble turns back as Hathaway hurries on into...

TRAUMA ONE

WEAVER, WRIGHT and MARQUEZ work on a multiple stab wound.

WRIGHT
BP's dropping, 80/40. Pulse 150.

MARQUEZ
Cap refill is slow.

WRIGHT
Resps 36, labored.

HATHAWAY
Need anything?

(CONTINUED)
WEAVER
I don’t suppose you brought coffee.

HATHAWAY
Sorry.

WEAVER
Susan done with that portable yet?

Marquez looks through to Trauma Two where LEWIS, MALIK and other nurses wait while a technician shoots another x-ray.

MARQUEZ
Doesn’t look like it.

WEAVER
(to Wright)
Call the OR; let them do the films up there.
(to Hathaway)
We got this one; see if Susan needs some help.

As Hathaway heads over, Weaver calls out...

WEAVER
And tell her to stop hoggin’ that x-ray...

TRIUMFA TWO

Hathaway moves in. They’re working a gunshot wound.

HATHAWAY
You’re supposed to stop hogging x-ray.

LEWIS
She’s all theirs.

The technician starts out as Hathaway pulls on a gown, gloves, glasses -- glances towards the gurney.

HATHAWAY
Too late, they’re going to the OR. What’s he got?

LEWIS
GSW to the abdomen and face.

(continued)
MALIK
Only it’s a she, not a he.
Couldn’t tell until we cut off
the pants.

Moving in closer now, Hathaway looks down -- the face is
a bloody, unrecognizable mess.

LEWIS
Abdomen’s distended, no bowel
sounds.

HATHAWAY
I’ll prep for a lavage... You and
Kerry the only ones on?

LEWIS
Benton and Carter are up in
surgery. We paged Ross but he
didn’t answer and Mark’s on the
train from Milwaukee... just us
women folk.

MALIK
What’s up with that?

LEWIS
Oh, yeah, Malik, see what’s
keeping that O-neg, will you?

As Malik moves to the phone and they continue working...

CUT TO:

INT. ROSS’S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Greene approaches, picks the morning paper up off the
mat, knocks on the front door. There’s no answer so
he takes out his key, lets himself in.

INT. ROSS’S APARTMENT - DAY

Greene passes the closed bathroom door, hears the SHOWER
RUNNING, bams his fist against it.

GREENE
Doug? Doug?

A beat and the SHOWER GOES OFF. Greene tosses the
newspaper on the breakfast table, looks around for his
paperwork.

(CONTINUED)
He spots it on the counter just as ROSS opens the bathroom door, holding a towel around his waist, looking very surprised to see Greene. Unpleasantly so. There's more than a little edge between them; both try and act like there isn't.

ROSS
What're you doing here?

GREENE
Didn't you get my message?

ROSS
What message?

GREENE
Left that Sub-I paperwork here; Morgenstern wants to review it today... Hurry up and get dressed; I'll ride in with you.

ROSS
No, you go on ahead. I don't want to make you late.

GREENE
I'm already late. Just throw on some clothes and we'll --

ROSS
No, really. I've got to run a couple of errands so why don't you just --

And now the bedroom door opens and Ross and Greene both turn to see HARPER hurrying out, hastily pulling on Ross's bathrobe. She stops cold in her tracks at the sight of Greene. She's holding Ross's BEEPING PAGER in her hand.

HARPER
Your beeper's going off.

She steps forward, hands the pager to Ross, says a quick, embarrassed hello to Greene as she retreats into the bedroom.

HARPER
Morning.

The door shuts behind her and an angry Greene grabs his paperwork, heads for the front door.

(CONTINUED)
ROSS
Mark, it's not what you think.

GREENE
But it's what I've seen, isn't it? What I'm seeing a lot of these days.

Ross goes after him.

ROSS
What the hell's that supposed to mean?

GREENE
I've overlooked a lot of your behavior, Doug. I shouldn't have, but I did. Now a medical student?

7A
HALLWAY

ROSS
Mark, wait.

GREENE
There are rules, Doug. You can't keep breaking them and expect me to do nothing about it.

ROSS
Oh, come on...

GREENE
You don't get it, do you? You could be cut on your butt for this and so could I if I don't report it.

Greene moves quickly on down the hallway.

ROSS
Mark, wait a minute... Mark.

But he's gone. A beat and a now-angry Ross goes back in his apartment. As he slams the door...

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
FADE IN:

ER/MAIN HALLWAY - 9:45 AM

A fight’s broken out at the far end of the hall, several gang members going at it. Malik and three uniformed cops jump in, struggle to break it up, subdue them.

It’s a mess. And from behind this mess — trying to steer clear of this mess — comes JEANIE BOULET. She hugs the wall, moves around and on down the hall... past the gurneys and wheelchairs. The scalp lacs, contusions, abrasions.

This human gridlock.

ADMISSIONS DESK

Randi’s alone, juggling phones, patients, etc. She’s blowing off some persistent family member as Jeanie approaches.

RANDI
I told you you’re going to have to wait. Don’t make me say it again.

JEANIE
Have you see Dr. Greene?

RANDI
He’s busy... forever.

JEANIE
My name’s Jeanie Boulet, we haven’t met. I’m a new Physician Assistant. I start my ER rotation today.

RANDI
Jeez, who died and gave you their bad luck?

Randi tosses over a trauma gown as Jerry approaches carrying an envelope of x-rays.

RANDI
You’re going to need this. It’s a lousy fit, but it’s all we’ve got.

(to Jerry)
Next time you stay; I’ll go for the x-rays.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JERRY
Sorry... Hey, Jeanie. You starting this morning?

JEANIE
Yeah, hi, Jerry.

Weaver cruises by, barely slowing.

WEAVER
Jerry, I need those films on Benieto some time before the end of the millennium.

JERRY
(hands her envelope)
Just came in... Jeanie Boulet, new Physician Assistant.

Without missing a step, Weaver takes Jeanie by the arm, pulls her along down the...

TRAUMA HALLWAY
... through the maze of gurneys, wheelchairs, etc.

WEAVER
Kerry Weaver, Chief Resident.
First day?

JEANIE
Yes.

Weaver pulls out the x-rays, holds them up to the light, examining on the move. She thrusts the envelope to Jeanie.

WEAVER
I think you'll find it's a vaguely friendly crowd down here. My first day was certainly a bundle of open arms.
(re: x-ray)
What do you think?

Jeanie strains to get a better look.

JEANIE
Looks like a comminuted fracture of the distal femur and a mid-shaft humerus, 50% opposition, 30 degrees of angulation.

(CONTINUED)
CONTD:

WEAVER
You know your way around an x-ray.
Good start.

JEANIE
I'm a physical therapist... was a
physical therapist.

They blow on into...

TRAUMA TWO

... just as BENTON, Wright and Malik transfer a fresh
victim onto the table -- a 16-year-old Latino male.

BENTON
On a count... one, two, three.

Wright and Malik hook up IV's, monitors, etc. as Benton
begins to examine and the paramedic pulls his gurney back
out.

WEAVER
What've we got, Peter?

Benton looks up, slightly stunned to see Jeanie with
Weaver. He hesitates. Jeanie avoids eye contact.

WEAVER
Peter?

As Benton examines...

BENTON
Gunshot wounds to the posterior
neck. Multiple facial abrasions,
scalp laceration.

WRIGHT

MALIK
Cap refill's poor.

BENTON
Let's tube him.

WEAVER
I'll do it.
(to Jeanie)
ET tray's on the counter. 7.0.

(CONTINUED)
Jeanie turns, grabs an ET tube and hands it to Weaver who begins intubation.

WEAVER
Peter, this is Jeanie Boulet, Physician Assistant.

Benton palpates the patient's abdomen, ignores the introduction. Weaver notes it.

WEAVER
It's her first day and I know we all want to make her feel welcome.

Weaver finishes intubating, again notes Benton not responding, turns to Jeanie.

WEAVER
He's a surgeon -- know what I mean?

Jeanie doesn't respond.

BENTON
No guarding or rebound tenderness. Normal bowel sounds.

WEAVER
Let's find radiology. What do we want for x-rays?

Benton starts to answer.

BENTON
Cross-table --

JEANIE
Cross-table, c-spine, chest and pelvis.

She and Benton avoid eye contact, then Benton turns to Haleh.

BENTON
Give him a gram of ancef.

WEAVER
Good choice, Peter. Everyone is so on their toes today.
Goldman flies in carrying a set of x-rays.

GOLDMAN
Film's back on Trujillo.

BENTON
Next door.

As Goldman hurries through the double doors...

WEAVER
Except for Wendy.

TRAUMA ONE

Greene, Lewis, CARTER, Hathaway and Marquez work on 14-year-old RICO FIGUEROA, multiple stab wounds.

RICO
Mi pecho, mi estomago. I mi espalda.

MARQUEZ
(translating)
Chest, stomach, back.

GOLDMAN
X-rays are in on Trujillo.

GREENE
He's already up in the OR.

LEWIS
This is Rico Figueroa.

GREENE
But if you could track down his films we'd appreciate it.

A frustrated Goldman moves back out.

RICO
Por favor, me duele. Ayuda me.

MARQUEZ
Is he going to live?

GREENE
Yeah.

Marquez turns back to Rico; not a lot of sympathy here.
MARQUEZ
(scolding him)
Si de verda tu tienes suerte I
nos portamos bien, a lomejor te
puedes mejorar. En todo caso no
debes estar en la calle, pero en
tu casa donde tu perteneces,
travieso.

Greene's laughing, sensing what she said.

GREENE
Trying a little rehabilitation
there, Chuny?

CARTER
Decreased breath sounds on the
left; tracheal shift to the right.

LEWIS
Normal heart sounds.

CARTER
Tension pneumo.

LEWIS
Set up for a chest tube, 32
French.

Hathaway preps the chest tube tray.

GREENE
(to Marquez)
Ask him to squeeze my fingers.

MARQUEZ
Apretar su dedos.

Rico squeezes Greene's fingers.

LEWIS
Okay, Carter, let's dive in.

Ross blows in. Having just arrived, he pulls off his
overcoat, stands across the table from Greene.

ROSS
I want to talk to you.

GREENE
This is not the time, or the
place.

(continued)
ROSS
Come on, Mark.

Greene snaps, raises his voice.

GREENE
I said no, Doug. We'll talk later.
Now get the hell out of here.

Greene's outbursts gets everyone's attention for a beat,
then Lewis gets Carter back to work.

LEWIS
Come on, Carter. Sixth intercostal
space at mid-axillary line...
Dissect with the curved Kelly...
Okay, now puncture the pleura.

Hathaway watches an angry Ross move back out as Jerry
blows in.

JERRY
We've got a cop hurt, pulling up
to the back door.

How badly?

GREENE
His hand.

JERRY
Carol, check it out.

GREENE
Okay.

Hathaway follows Jerry back out and down the...

TRAUMA HALLWAY

... where they literally crash into Mrs. Valdez, the
hysterical Latino mother questioning Jerry earlier.

MRS. VALDEZ
Por favor, no me puedes ayudar?
Nadia me puede decir nada de
mi hijo. Yo no se donde esta
el cuarto de cirugia. A donde
voy?

Mrs. Valdez keeps rambling, following them.
JERRY
Her son's in the OR. She's been hysterical all morning.

HATHAWAY
Why don't you take her up to the Surgery Waiting Room?

JERRY
And leave Randi alone again? She'll kill me.

HATHAWAY
Jerry...

JERRY
Okay, okay... come on, Mrs. Valdez, follow me. This way.

Jerry peels off with Mrs. Valdez still rambling.

ADMISSIONS DESK

Hathaway approaches, keeps moving right on around the Desk as Randi again slams the phone down on someone. The wounded and waiting are starting to slow down.

HATHAWAY
Finally calming down out here.

RANDI
Sort of.

HATHAWAY
Where's Mr. Zimble?

RANDI
Who?

HATHAWAY
Bald guy, stack of papers.

RANDI
Oh, right. Cafeteria. Where's Jerry?

HATHAWAY
Upstairs.

RANDI
I'll kill him.

(Continued)
HATHAWAY
Whatever, but give me a hand first.

AMBULANCE BAY/MAIN HALLWAY

Hathaway and Randi approach as Police Officer AL
GRABARSKY pushes in dragging 18-year-old JORGE with one
hand and a snarling police dog with the other.

Jorge has dog bites on his arms, hands, face. Grabarsky
has a big gnarly human bite on his left hand. Both men
are bleeding.

HATHAWAY
Grabarsky, what happened?

GRABARSKY
Dumb son-of-a-bitch bit me.

Hathaway leads them down the Main Hallway.

JORGE
Your stupid dog bit me first.

GRABARSKY
That's what she's supposed to do, you idiot.
(to Hathaway)
Where do you want him?

RANDI
Nowhere near me.

JORGE
Yeah, well you can piss off, culera.

And with that insult Randi wastes no time in trying to
clobber him, slamming him up against the wall...

MAIN HALLWAY

Hathaway and Grabarsky struggle to separate them,
Grabarsky also trying to keep the dog out of it.

HATHAWAY
Hey, hey, come on, break it up.

GRABARSKY
Move off, move off. Get back.

Grabarsky shoves Jorge onto a gurney, handcuffs one hand
to the rail.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GRABARSKY
Now lie down and shut up.

HATHAWAY
(Grabarsky's hand)
Let's take a look at this.

Grabarsky hands Randi the dog's leash.

GRABARSKY
Hold onto Peggy for me.

RANDI
(unhappily)
Gee, love to.

Ross flies by.

ROSS
Randi, page Neal Bernstein for me.

RANDI
(unhappily)
Gee, love to.

An unhappy Randi reluctantly drags Peggy back towards the desk as Hathaway and Grabarsky move across to the...

OMITTED

TRAUMA HALLWAY/OUTSIDE TRAUMA ONE

The doors bang open with Greene, Lewis, Carter, Wright and Marquez moving out with an orderly taking Rico's gurney into the hall, on his way up to surgery. Marquez moves off.

GREENE
You want to take him up?

CARTER
I should probably check in with Dr. Benton.

He heads down the hall towards Trauma Two. Wright spots Hathaway and Grabarsky.

LEWIS
I'll do it.

WRIGHT
Al, are you all right?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GRABARSKY
Some moron bit me.

WRIGHT
I’ll take him.

HATHAWAY
Okay.

Wright and Grabarsky head towards the Suture Room.
Greene, Lewis, and Hathaway continue with the gurney
toward the...

ELEVATORS/LOBBY

Harper moves up to Greene.

HARPER
Dr. Greene, I need to talk to you.

GREENE
(coldly)
Lounge. Twenty minutes.

LEWIS
How’s it look out there?

HATHAWAY
I’d say the worst is over.

LEWIS
Don’t ever say the worst is over.

The doors open and Jerry’s pushing a wheelchair out
carrying a slumped-over Mr. Zimble, white mush smeared
all over his chin, escrow papers in his lap.

HATHAWAY
Oh, my God.

JERRY
I stopped for a doughnut and the
cashiers are picking him up off
the floor.

HATHAWAY
Mr. Zimble?

LEWIS
I’ll take Rico.

Lewis moves with the gurney on into the elevators.
Greene, Hathaway, and Jerry move Zimble into...
HATHAWAY's scooping up her house papers along the way.

JERRY
He passed out, right into his Cream of Wheat.

GREENE
Who's Mr. Zimble?

HATHAWAY
He's my mobile notary.

GREENE
What?

HATHAWAY
My escrow closes today. I have to sign the papers by five o'clock.

As they hoist him out of the wheelchair, onto a bed...

GREENE
You bought a house?

HATHAWAY
I got a great deal.

(then)
Mr. Zimble?

JERRY
I could never buy a house. Too scary.

HATHAWAY
Mr. Zimble?

GREENE
(to Jerry)
It's not that bad really. You get over it.

JERRY
I didn't know you'd ever bought a house.

GREENE
Well, I haven't, but --

HATHAWAY
Mark, will you please shut up and save this guy?

She's so anxious she's got Zimble by the lapels, ready to shake him. Greene steps in, pulls her back.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GREENE
Yes, thank you, Carol, I think I will.

CUT TO:

TRAUMA HALLWAY
Carter emerges from Trauma Two, bolts into the...

DRUG LOCK-UP
...where he slams into Harper who's there getting supplies.

CARTER
Ooops, sorry, sort of... good morning.

HARPER
Hi.

CARTER
What a day, huh?

HARPER
(if only he knew)
Yeah.

She's not her usual jovial self, that's for sure. But Carter doesn't notice, he's looking through the shelves.

CARTER
Benton is in the foulest mood I've ever seen -- which is saying quite a lot. And Greene yelled at Ross in the middle of a trauma, right in front of everyone.

HARPER
(her concern)
About what?

CARTER
No clue.

A moment of relief for Harper.

CARTER
You're off tonight, right?

HARPER
Uh, yeah.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CARTER
I’ve got two tickets to Blues Traveler. Good idea?

HARPER
No, actually.

CARTER
It’ll be great.

HARPER
No, it won’t... I mean, I don’t think... I need to talk to you. Privately.

CARTER
What?

She stares at him a beat, loses her nerve, moves out.

HARPER
Later.

TRAUMA HALLWAY

CARTER
Harper, wait. What is it?

HARPER
Nothing.

CARTER
Come on, it’s something. What’s going on? Tell me. (as she stalls)

Tell me.

She’s still stalling, doesn’t want to come out with it. And wants to keep it private.

CARTER
Harper, will you just --

HARPER
I slept with Doug Ross.

Now he knows. And he’s stunned; can’t respond.

HARPER
Last night.

He still says nothing, can’t get a single word out.

(Continued)
HARPER
I hope you won't discuss it with anyone else.

The doors to Trauma Two fly open and Benton, Weaver, Jeanie and Malik move out with the gurney carrying the 16-year-old Latino male.

BENTON
Carter, let's go.

A beat and Carter turns, goes. ON Harper.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

ER/ADMISSIONS DESK - 1:15 PM


JORGE
Hey, yo, señoritas... Could I get a little medical attention please?

WEAVER
What’s his problem?

RANDI
Peggy here had a little snack.

Jeanie and Weaver peer over the desk. Peggy’s sound asleep at Randi’s feet.

JORGE
This is brutality and neglect. I’m gonna sue this whole damn building.

WEAVER
Give him to Benton.

JEANIE
Just went up to surgery.

WEAVER
Let Mark take him.

RANDI
Curtain Three. Some heart attack thing.

JORGE
Olle, vamanos, putas, que’es tu problema?

WEAVER
(to Jeanie)
I think he’s young enough for a pediatrician, don’t you?

Before Jeanie can respond...

RANDI
Ross is doing a consult with Bernstein.

A beat, Weaver nods for Jeanie to follow her. Randi hands them Jorge’s chart. They both head down the...
MAIN HALLWAY

JORGE
Thank you so much. 'Cause I'd hate to bleed to death all over your pretty floor.

Weaver looks at the bite on his face.

WEAVER
Going to add another scar to your collection here, Jorge.

JEANIE
I have to clean the bites with peroxide. It's going to hurt.

Jeanie pours peroxide on his hand.

JORGE
Damn. Stop that.

He tries to pull his hand back as Jeanie hands the peroxide to Weaver who starts to apply some to his face.

WEAVER
Come on, you're a big boy.

He's resisting, fighting them now, grabbing the peroxide bottle, causing it to spill on his face.

JORGE
Stop it, I said. Stop it. Get away from me.

They try and settle him but he erupts, big time.

Jams a foot into Jeanie's stomach, kicks her across to the other bed.

JEANIE
Aah... Jeez!

Reaches up, rips one of Weaver's hoop earrings. She screams as he shoves her to the ground, her crutch flying across the floor.

WEAVER
Call security!

He's on his feet now, half dragging the bed with him when he turns and there's Randi -- from out of nowhere -- metal crutch in hand. WHAP! right into his face and he goes down cold.

(CONTINUED)
Jeanie and Weaver are stunned... as much by Randi as Jorge. Weaver can only think to compliment her.

WEAVER
Nice work.

RANDI
Thanks.
(then)
Just don't tell my parole officer.

ON Jeanie and Weaver.

CUT TO:

CURTAIN AREA #2

Ross watches while DR. NEAL BERNSTEIN examines ten-year-old JOSEPH, possible concussion. Joseph's mother, MRS. O'CONNOR (29), is nervous, distraught.

BERNSTEIN
What kind of bicycle do you have?

JOSEPH
Mountain bike. Except now it's trashed.

MRS. O'CONNOR
(out of concern)
And he's not getting another one, that's for sure.

BERNSTEIN
Just flipped out from under you?

JOSEPH
I hit the curb.

MRS. O'CONNOR
He was unconscious for four or five minutes.

BERNSTEIN
Yes, Dr. Ross told me.

Bernstein extends his finger to Joseph.

BERNSTEIN
Here, touch my finger.

(as Joseph does)
Okay, now touch your finger to your nose.

(Continued)
Joseph does that as well. Bernstein gets up.

BERNSTEIN
Joseph looks in pretty good shape, Mrs. O’Connor. I don’t think you have anything to worry about...
Dr. Ross.

Bernstein leads them outside. Ross calls back to Mrs. O’Connor.

ROSS
I’ll be right back.

HALLWAY/LOBBY/ELEVATORS

BERNSTEIN
The boy’s fine, doesn’t need to be admitted.

ROSS
Only five minutes ago he was still disoriented.

BERNSTEIN
He’s alert and oriented now. Head CT’s negative.

ROSS
He could go squirrelly again within ten minutes. He should have frequent neuro checks for twenty-four hours.

BERNSTEIN
His mother can wake him up.

ROSS
The family situation is questionable. Mr. O’Connor just left his wife and child, she’s extremely distraught, I don’t know that she’ll do it.

BERNSTEIN
There is no medical reason for this kid to spend a full day in the ICU.

Bernstein starts into the elevator.

(CONTINUED)
BERNSTEIN
Send him home. End of consult.

ON an angry Ross as the elevator doors close.

CUT TO:

ADMISSIONS DESK

Jerry eats a burger and fries. Wright and Goldman are there.

WRIGHT
Where's Randi?

JERRY
She's on a break. I say it was assault with a deadly weapon.

WRIGHT
She's obviously good at it.

GOLDMAN
I bet she's good at murder, too.

JERRY
Murder? They wouldn't have let her out, would they?

WRIGHT
My money's on grand theft auto.

Jerry grabs a five dollar bill, shoves it in a cup.

JERRY
Assault.

WRIGHT
Theft.

Wright tosses in a five. Goldman thinks a beat, adds hers.

GOLDMAN
Kidnapping.

Jerry and Wright look at her like she's crazy. She moves off as Weaver approaches, a small bandage on her earlobe.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She's reading a chart, never even looks up. Jerry quickly stashes his burger and fries under the desk.

**WEAVER**

Have you seen Dr. Benton?

**JERRY**

With a patient in two.

She starts off, still not looking up, then turns back.

**WEAVER**

Oh, and Jerry, with all the commotion today you probably missed lunch. You should just order in a burger and fries or something, eat here at the desk.

How did she know? No time to figure that out as Ross storms up, chart in hand.

**ROSS**

(signing chart)
Jerry... Ten year-old Joseph O'Connor over at Curtain Two. Admit him up to Pedes ICU, twenty-four hour observation.

CUT TO:

**EXAM ROOM TWO**

Benton and Malik are with HARMON LAKE, 43. He's on an IV, nipride drip, a nitro patch in his skin, EKG leads, oxygen mask. Malik takes his BP, heart rate.

**BENTON**

The chest x-ray suggests you might have an aortic aneurism. We need to do an arteriogram to rule it out.

**LAKE**

But I don't feel the chest pain anymore.

**BENTON**

You've been medicated. That can be deceiving.

Lewis breaks in quickly, takes control from Benton. She's calm, polite, completely professional.

(CONTINUED)
LEWIS
How are you feeling, Mr. Lake?

LAKE
Much better.

MALIK
BP’s 150/90, heart rate’s 96.

LEWIS
That’s very good. We’re going to keep you on the nipride drip while we study your aortic arch.

LAKE
What about this surgery he’s talking about? This Dr. Vuce...

BENTON
Vucelich.

LAKE
(to Lewis)
Do you know him?

BENTON
Dr. Lewis is not on the surgical team.

Lewis is annoyed, defends herself... inadvertently helping Benton’s position.

LEWIS
Dr. Vucelich is an excellent cardiovascular surgeon, one of the best in the country. He’s doing very advanced work in aortic aneurisms.

LAKE
So he’s the best one to help me?

LEWIS
We’re not even sure you need his help, Mr. Lake.

BENTON
Which is why I’ve called Dr. Vucelich for a consult.

Lewis is terse now.

(continued)
LEWIS
You'll be going to x-ray in a few minutes. It's premature to discuss your condition before we've seen your films.
Dr. Benton, could I speak to you for a moment?

Benton gets the point, time to clear out. Malik remains with Lake as Lewis and Benton move out into...

LEWIS
What are you doing stepping in on my patient? He's a medical case.

BENTON
Could be surgical.

LEWIS
A chance to cut is a chance to cure, right?
(then)
We'll look at the arteriogram and let cardiology decide.

BENTON
And Vucelich. He's agreed to consult.

LEWIS
What're you doing, trying to use my patient to get involved in his research study?

BENTON
He's doing clamp and run surgery on aortic aneurisms.

LEWIS
So the big chess has you jumping through hoops to find him one.

BENTON
I've never even met him.

Weaver interrupts. She has a small bandage on her earlobe.

(CONTINUED)
WEAVER
Peter, Susan, is there a problem?

LEWIS
(after a beat)
No.

WEAVER
Good, then Peter, if you don’t mind, I think I’m going to need a few stitches.

BENTON
I’m going to radiology; meet you in the suture room.

He blows off, leaving Weaver standing there alone.

WEAVER
Anytime... it’s just my ear.

CUT TO:

26C  EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - DAY (CHICAGO)

Ross is leaning against the ledge as a still-angry Greene approaches.

GREENE
You wanted to talk?

ROSS
(his edge)
Is this the time and place?

More angered by Ross’s attitude, Greene heads back to the door.

GREENE
Fine, forget it.

ROSS
(calling after him)
You don’t have to worry about what you saw this morning.

GREENE
(turning back)
I’m worried about every morning. You fight with Kerry Weaver over half your cases, call in docs for curbside consults, fast-track patients... what the hell are you doing?

(Continued)
ROSS
The job.

GREENE
Not according to Bernstein.

ROSS
Bernstein doesn't know squat about working the ER.

GREENE
He knows about your cases.

ROSS
Why, because you're telling him?

GREENE
He reads the charts, Doug. He's the head of Pediatrics.

Ross sticks to his agenda.

ROSS
I didn't seduce her, Mark.

GREENE
I don't care how it happened. She's third-year. There are rules.

ROSS
Stupid rules and you know it.

GREENE
What difference does that make? You get caught breaking them and you're out of here. I get caught not reporting them and I'm out of here.

Ross starts off.

ROSS
Then go ahead and report me. I don't care.

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
You don't care about anyone, do you?

ROSS
(stops)
I didn't do this alone. She's over twenty-one.

GREENE
And what about Carter? You care about him?
(and) He and Harper have been going out, or didn't you know?

Ross says nothing, looks off. Greene's hit the weak point in his defense. He does care about Carter. After a beat...

ROSS
This had nothing to do with Carter.

GREENE
No, it's all about you, isn't it? It's always all about you.

ON Ross now as Greene blows on by him, back across the roof.

CUT TO:

CURTAIN AREA THREE

Hathaway's with Zimble who's in bed, now wearing a hospital gown. IV and EKG leads. He's handing her papers to sign.

(Continued)
ZIMBLE
Maybe this job is too stressful.

HATHAWAY
Being a notary?

ZIMBLE
If it's causing this heart attack.

HATHAWAY
You might have just fainted.

ZIMBLE
I don't know, this business can be rough. 98% of my clients are homebuyers like you. So many papers to sign -- they never stop to read them. I tell them to, but they don't.

Hathaway pauses a beat -- she's not reading them either.

ZIMBLE
It's so hard to watch. They get nervous, frightened, tense... thinking about the mortgage every month, the down payment which just wiped out their entire life savings... Little beads of sweat break out, their cheeks get flush, their fingers clammy...

Hathaway's stopped signing, her senses starting to dull as she sits there, listening. He's turned into a run-on sentence.

ZIMBLE
My God, they know they could lose their job at any minute or become disabled in some horrifying industrial accident and then, within five years, bam! there's that balloon payment and suddenly husbands and wives are screaming at each other, women are crying, grown men throwing up...

(beat)
Very stressful.

(beat)
Could I have a glass of water?
Another beat and Hathaway reaches for the glass of water, drinks it down herself.

CUT TO:
TRAUMA HALLWAY

Benton moves down and on into the...

SUTURE ROOM

... where Weaver's waiting. With Jeanie Boulet. Jeanie's prepping a dose of xylocaine.

WEAVER
Thanks for dropping by, Peter. I was going to go ahead and have Jeanie do it.

Benton turns, starts out.

WEAVER
But seeing as you're here, why, don't you talk her through it?

Neither Jeanie nor Benton are too pleased. He reluctantly moves back in, preps. All rapid fire.

BENTON
Do a local block of the auricle by depositing a line of 1% xylocaine in the sulcus behind the auricle from the inferior to the superior pole, knocking out the greater auricular and lesser occipital nerve.

Weaver's just taking in this performance.

BENTON
Irrigate with normal saline, close with interrupted 6-0 nylon sutures, dress with antibiotic cream. Wound check two days, suture removal four days.

(and)
Update the tetanus.

Benton leaves. Weaver turns to Jeanie.

WEAVER
He's nothing if not thorough.

CUT TO:
Hathaway's there. Lewis signs charts. Jerry, Marquez and Malik are all oh so busy until Randi picks up some charts, starts off.

RANDI
Got to drop these off at Radiology.

JERRY
Oh, sure, okay. Thanks.

The second she's out of sight, Marquez and Malik pull out their five dollar bills.

MALIK
Breaking and entering.

JERRY
Give her more credit than that.

MARQUEZ
I think she took a hammer and bashed in the windshield on her boyfriend's car then found a knife and carved him up.

MALIK
Do we have to be that specific?

JERRY
Carol, you want to take a guess on why Randi was in prison?

HATHAWAY
(her own mocking)
Jerry, do you really think you should be mocking what must have been a demoralizing, dehumanizing, debilitating experience?

Lewis laughs but before Jerry can answer, DR. CARL VUCELICH comes up, envelope of x-rays in hand.

VUCELICH
Can you direct me to a Dr Benton?

Jerry strains to get a look at the nametag.

VUCELICH
Carl Vucelich. I was supposed to consult on one of his patients -- Harmop Lake.

Lewis moves in.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LEWIS
Dr. Vucelich, I'm Susan Lewis and
Harmon Lake is actually my
patient.

VUCELICH
Excellent, Dr. Lewis. Then
perhaps you'll let me show you
what's on these films.

He disappears around the corner and Lewis follows him
into the...

HALLWAY

... where he's popped the x-rays up onto the lightboard.
Benton, with Carter, approaches from down the hall.
Carter's still in a bad mood, drags behind.

VUCELICH
You can see right here the
aneurism is clearly four
centimeters.

LEWIS
Which is borderline. It should be
managed medically.

BENTON

Dr. Vucelich?

Vucelich doesn't look at him, keeps his eyes on the
x-ray.

VUCELICH
Are you Benton?

BENTON
Yes, I don't think we've had a
chance to meet.

VUCELICH
Why the hell did you cancel my
consult on Harmon Lake?

BENTON
(taken aback)
Dr. Lewis and I looked at the
arteriogram it -- showed the
aneurism at only four centimeters.

Yes?

VUCELICH

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BENTON
Which is within the limits of when you manage medically. I didn’t want to waste your time.

Benton couldn’t be more miserable -- having to defend Lewis’ position.

VUCELICH
Third year resident?

BENTON
Yes.

VUCELICH
I think you’d better learn to push those limits if you want to remain invested in surgery.

Carter tries to act like he isn’t there. Benton’s very aware that he is. Lewis sees two orderlies wheeling Lake towards them. She turns back to Vucelich.

LEWIS
Dr. Vucelich, Mr. Lake is still my responsibility and I feel he should be admitted to the ICU and started on oral antihypertensives.

VUCELICH
I’ve talked with Mr. Lake and he’s agreed that surgery is the better option -- which relieves you of your responsibility.

The gurney moves by them now, Vucelich following it. He yells back.

VUCELICH
Benton! You’re coming up; time to learn something.

Benton, Carter and Lewis follow.

LOBBY/ELEVATORS

CARTER
Should I come?

Vucelich notices him for the first time. Who the hell is this?

(CONTINUED)
BENTON
John Carter, fourth year, surgical
Sub-I... my student.

VUCELICH
(amused by it all)
Sure, why not? I like a crowd.

The elevator doors open and they all disappear inside.
ON Lewis, staying behind.

CUT TO:

A36A LOUNGE

Harper’s working on paperwork when Greene blows in.
His anger is more at the situation than her.

GREENE
I’ve got M&M’s in ten minutes.

HARPER
This won’t take that long.

Greene’s surprised by her forthrightness, assertiveness.

HARPER
No one should’ve seen what you saw this morning.

GREENE
Believe me, I wish I hadn’t.

HARPER
But you did. And I’m concerned with what that means.

Greene’s paying attention, Harper’s attitude a refreshing change from Ross’s.

HARPER
I know this is the ’90s and there are issues and rules now in medicine.

GREENE
And everywhere else.

HARPER
This was private -- as much my decision as his.

(Continued)
GREENE
The 'rules' are supposed to protect you in case it wasn't.

HARPER
I don't want my career defined by having gone to bed with someone. Especially when no one will care about the reason... You don't care about the reason, do you?

She's got him there; he doesn't.

GREENE
No. But my job demands that I care about the ramifications.

HARPER
My future depends on the ramifications. If this gets out it will more than likely be misinterpreted, affect my recommendations, possibly even my residency. So I have no intention of discussing it... either now or in the future.

(and)
I hope no one else will either.

A beat, then Harper takes her paperwork and leaves. ON Greene.

CUT TO:

36A HALLWAYS OUTSIDE EXAM ROOM ONE

Ross and Hathaway emerge from Exam Room One.

HATHAWAY
Here a croup, there a croup.

ROSS
You got it.

A furious Bernstein yells from down the hall.

BERNSTEIN
Ross... Ross...

Ross stays with Hathaway a beat.
ROSS
Let's get her started on a
vaponephrine nebulizer.

Hathaway moves on down the hall towards the Drug Lock-Up as Bernstein reaches Ross.

BERNSTEIN
What the hell are you doing
admitting Joseph O'Connor when I
expressly told you not to?

Ross moves off, controls the situation, doesn’t engage.

ROSS
I feel he needs observation.

BERNSTEIN
I don’t care what you feel. He’s
not at risk for intracranial
hemorrhage.

(CONTINUED)
ROSS
We'll know for sure after twenty-four hours.

BERNSTEIN
I've sent them home.

Now Ross blows.

ROSS
You have no right to do that.

They've stopped now by the Drug Lock-Up. Hathaway's inside, hearing it all, seeing it all.

BERNSTEIN
I have every right. I'm the chief of Pediatrics.

ROSS
The boy is my patient. I'll take responsibility.

BERNSTEIN
No you won't. And I'm no longer taking responsibility for you. You harass my residents, harass my clinic, deliberately defy my orders... Your Pediatric Fellowship is up as of December 31st. Let this serve as notice that it will not be renewed.

You are out of here.

Bernstein storms off. ON Ross glancing at Hathaway who's heard it all.

37 OMITTED

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
Nearing the end of surgery on Harmon Lake. Morgenstern and Vucelich. Several hotshot surgical residents whipping around.

VUCELICH
How long since we clamped him?

MORGENSTERN
(checks clock)
59 minutes.

VUCELICH
Hurry it up here, boys. Under an hour and I’ve got a new record.
(then)
And why are we in a hurry, Dr. Benton?

He looks over at Benton who’s standing next to Carter. Being treated like Carter. Both of them relegated to observing.

BENTON
Prolonged lack of blood supply to the spinal cord can lead to paraplegia.

CARTER
Is that where the Lazerol comes in?

Now Vucelich looks over at Carter. So does Benton -- and now Carter regrets opening his mouth.

VUCELICH
Okay, suture in the distal anastomosis.

MORGENSTERN
2-0 prolene.

The nurse hands him the needle holder.

MORGENSTERN
(re: suture thread)
Caught a couple of trout on this one.

(CONTINUED)
VUCELICH
So you've been reading my research study, Mr. Carter?

CARTER
About the 21-aminosteroids, yes.

VUCELICH
Then you can tell Dr. Benton about it.

Carter glances over; Benton's going to kill him.

CARTER
I'm sure Dr. Benton already knows about it.

MORGENSTERN
Can't hurt to hear it again. Repetition -- big part of learning...

VUCELICH
Release the distal statinsky and backfill the graft... Dr. Carter?

CARTER
Uh. Lazerol helps prevent transverse myelopathy from lack of oxygen to the spinal cord as well as preventing edema of the neuro tissue post op.

BENTON
Assuming the drug proves to be effective.

Benton no sooner says it when he realizes he shouldn't have. Vucelich looks at him.

VUCELICH
Hopefully that's what my study's going to do, isn't it? (then to Morgenstern) We have perfusion! Time!

MORGENSTERN
60 minutes, 28 seconds.

VUCELICH
Damn.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

MORGENSTERN
Who do you think comes up with those drug names? Some guy in Jersey walking around saying, 'Prolxin, Zoloft, Lazerol.'

VUCELICH
I came up with that last one.

MORGENSTERN
(after a beat)
And a darn fine one it is, Carl.

ON Benton, dying.

. CUT TO:

OMITTED

thru
42

MAIN HALLWAY

Hathaway moves down with Jerry, handing him charts.

HATHAWAY
These two go up to Cardiology and this one to Ortho.

JERRY
No problem.

Jerry moves off. Hathaway continues on when Zimble calls out to her from...

CURTAIN AREA #3

ZIMBLE
Miss Hathaway, Miss Hathaway.

She moves on up beside his bed. Jeanie's at the far bed with a puky-looking little boy.

HATHAWAY
How're you doing, Mr. Zimble?

ZIMBLE
(holds papers and stamp)
You should not put this off forever, I may have to leave.

(CONTINUED)
HATHAWAY
I'm not trying to put it off.
We've been pretty busy.

ZIMBLE
Perhaps you don't really want this house.

HATHAWAY
Of course I want this house.

Just then the sound of WRETChING and Hathaway looks as Jeanie takes a direct hit; the kid throwing up all over her blouse and the blanket on the bed.

HATHAWAY
Need some help?

JEANIE
Too late.

HATHAWAY
Here, let me get that.

Hathaway grabs the blanket.

JEANIE
Stay put, Junior. I'll be right back.

HATHAWAY
(to Zimble)
Me, too.

MAIN HALLWAY

They move down the hall towards Admissions.

HATHAWAY
I bet you're missing rehab right about now.

JEANIE
I've been missing it since the first minute I got here.

Ross approaches.

HATHAWAY
There should be extra scrubs in the Lounge.

(CONTINUED)
JEANIE
It's okay. I've still got stuff in my locker upstairs.

Hathaway dumps the blanket in a hamper as Jeanie moves off, then joins Ross moving down.

HATHAWAY
Doug, everything okay?

ROSS
(all smiles)
Sure, why?

She just looks at him, knowing he's trying to cover.

HATHAWAY
You want to talk?

ROSS
Love to but I've got sniffles with a cough in Seven and a bed-wetting rash in Six.

Hathaway lets it go, watches him as he moves on down the hall.

CUT TO:

AMBULANCE BAY

Carter drops off paperwork at the Desk, turns to head outside as Harper calls to him.

HARPER
Do you have a minute?

CARTER
Sorry, I'm on a break.

EXT. AMBULANCE ENTRANCE - DAY

He comes on out. Harper follows.

HARPER
Can we at least talk about this?

CARTER
If you need to.

Not exactly a welcoming note, but she continues.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HARPER
I'm sorry, John. It was an exceptionally bad day and it just happened.

Carter says nothing.

HARPER
But it's not something that's going to happen again.

CARTER
You don't owe me an explanation. We've only gone out a couple of times. Never even kissed.

HARPER
Once.

She knows he's masking. Knows he's hurt. Knows there's not that much she can do about it.

CARTER
You really didn't even have to tell me. It's not that big of a deal.

After several beats...

HARPER
That little boy with AIDS yesterday... so small, helpless. Yet I held him down, listening to him cry, squeezing out every ounce of life he might have had left...

Carter listens but doesn't look at her.

HARPER
It was the worst day of my life and I didn't know where to go with it. Where I ended up -- where I needed to be -- was with someone who'd been through it with me.

(then)
I hope you can understand that.

Carter still says nothing. Another beat and Harper moves back inside the ER. ON Carter, not watching her go.

CUT TO:
MAIN HALLWAY

Ross, Lewis, Hathaway and paramedic PICKMAN push a gurney carrying a comatose ten year-old girl (JANIE), with IV.

PICKMAN
Picked her up at the Delany Mall.
A 'witnessed' grand mal seizure
lasting about two minutes.

ROSS
Any ID?

PICKMAN
No and couldn't find anyone with her. Normal saline IV, TKO, two of narcan and an amp of glucose on board.

Wright meets up with them as they move on into...

TRAUMA TWO

LEWIS
On a count... one, two, three.

They transfer her over, Pickman shoves her gurney back, then hangs near the table.

(CONTINUED)
PICKMAN
Vitals are stable, BP 100/70, pulse 110, resps 18. On our arrival she was comatose, GCS 5.

Hathaway and Wright hook up IV's, Ross and Lewis examine.

ROSS
Let's get a CBC and a chem 7.

LEWIS
She's got gingival hypertrophy.

HATHAWAY
Dilantin level?

ROSS
Yeah; she's probably epileptic.

Wright checks for a Babinski.

WRIGHT
Babinski's downgoing.

PICKMAN
I'm out of here. Carpe diem.

ROSS
See ya, Doris.

Pickman moves out.

LEWIS
Pupils equal round reactive, corneal reflex normal.

HATHAWAY
DTR's are one plus equal bilaterally.

Ross examines the back of her head.

ROSS
Small occipital contusion.

WRIGHT
You want a CT?

They've slowed down, having done all they can do for the moment.

(CONTINUED)
ROSS
No, let's wait and see how she responds. But get a cross-table C-spine.

LEWIS
We should check with the police, see if they've come up with any ID.

HATHAWAY
I'm going to call Children and Family Services, too, just in case.

ROSS
Lydia, let's clear Curtain Two; put her there.

Wright moves on out. Ross looks at Lewis and Hathaway, then...

ROSS
Busy day.

And now he moves on out as Hathaway and Lewis trade a look.

CUT TO:

SURGICAL HALLWAY

Benton moves down. Jeanie calls from behind him.

JEANIE
Peter... Peter...

He glances back, slows, but keeps walking. She catches up, having now changed into a clean blouse.

JEANIE
I want you to know that I didn't try to come to County. I applied to practically every other hospital in the County. This was the only ER Rotation that was open.

BENTON
Okay. Fine.

She stops, he keeps going.
JEANIE

Peter... stop.

He walks a few more feet, then does stop, looks back at her.

JEANIE

Are you going to be like this the whole time I'm here? Can't we at least pretend to be civil, professional?

BENTON

(after a beat)

Okay. Fine.

(then)

I've got to check on some post-op notes.

ON Jeanie as Benton turns, moves on down the hall.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

CONFERENCE ROOM

Greene's there with Morgenstern and Bernstein. Their conversation's already at a fairly fevered pitch, Greene attempting to defend Ross.

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
You're cutting him off just like that?

BERNSTEIN
It's hardly 'just like that.'

MORGENSTERN
Neal's right, Mark. We've been discussing the Ross situation since last summer.

GREENE
He's a little bit more than a situation.

MORGENSTERN
Of course he is.

BERNSTEIN
Not to me.

MORGENSTERN
Neal...

BERNSTEIN
Ross runs roughshod all over that ER... takes over the care of an outpatient, never even shows up in the Pediatric Clinic where at least I could supervise him.

MORGENSTERN
He is assigned to the ER, Neal.

BERNSTEIN
Where obviously no one is supervising him.

GREENE
That's not true.

BERNSTEIN
And Pediatrics is not going to pay for him so much as one day into the new year. You guys deal with his behavior. He's off my service.

Bernstein moves out. Greene calms down with Morgenstern.
CONTINUED: (2)

GREENE
He's a good doctor.

MORGENSTERN
But he is a loose cannon. Not sure I could handle him any better than Neal.

GREENE
He's a good doctor.

Morgenstern looks at him, realizing how serious he is. Then he gets up, starts gathering papers.

MORGENSTERN
I understand this is personal for you. I know you're good friends.

There's a long beat.

GREENE
I'll supervise him.

Morgenstern's trying to end this gracefully.

MORGENSTERN
His fellowship runs through December; gives him another month or so.

GREENE
We need him in the ER.

MORGENSTERN
We need a lot of things in the ER, Mark. But be realistic. Have you looked at your budget? (then) I've got another surgery.

ON Greene as Morgenstern moves out.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

ER/ADMISSIONS DESK - 6:30 PM

Jerry and Randi are there as Ross moves by.

ROSS
Jerry, will you please scream at Radiology for me. I need those films on --

JERRY
(hands envelope)
Robert Potter Bradley, ten years old, broken finger?

ROSS
Thank you, Jerry.

Ross moves off, notices Weaver having trouble with a patient at Curtain Two. It's Janie, the ten year-old seizure case.

CURTAIN AREA #2

The girl's partially awake and extremely agitated, flailing about, trying to knock down the siderails, rips out her IVs. Weaver attempts to restrain her, calm her.

WEAVER
There, there, you're okay. Just settle back down. We're right here with you. You're okay.

Janie continues moving around. Ross helps Weaver.

ROSS
What happened?

WEAVER
She woke up. Agitated, disoriented. Trying to boot the siderails and doesn't seem to like the IV too much.

Ross begins strapping soft restraints around Janie's wrists and ankles as Weaver continues to hold her, comfort her. Janie slowly calms back down.

(CONTINUED)
ROSS
Can't say as I blame her.

WEAVER
Can't say as I do either. Who
would've thought we'd ever agree
on something?

Ross gives her that one, smiles. Marquez approaches
carrying paperwork, takes over the restraints.

MARQUEZ
Her labs just came back.

WEAVER
(still soothing)
That's right, just settle back
down. We're going to take care
of you...

ROSS
(reading report)
CBC and lytes are normal. But
her Dilantin level is only 5.

WEAVER
Sub-therapeutic.

ROSS
It was an epileptic seizure caused
by her not taking her medication.
Chuny, let's give her Dilantin,
5 mgs. per kg. at 50 mgs. a
minute, IV.

MARQUEZ
Coming up.

Marquez moves off. Ross watches Weaver now as she
continues to hold her, soothe her.

WEAVER
That's it, you're okay now.

ROSS
Could've gone into Pediatrics.

Weaver accepts it as the compliment it is.

WEAVER
Thank you.

CUT TO:
Jeanie’s in a gingerly struggle with the elderly and very befuddled MR. STUBEY who doesn’t want to go in the room with her. It’s push-pull.

JEANIE
Come on, Mr. Stubey. Let’s go.

STUBEY
Don’t want a nurse.

JEANIE
I’m not a nurse.

STUBEY
I want a doctor.

JEANIE
I work with doctors. Now move along.

STUBEY
(as if he caught her)
You’re a nurse.

JEANIE
I’m a Physician’s Assistant.

STUBEY
Is that better than a nurse?

JEANIE
Just different.

STUBEY
I don’t want a nurse.

JEANIE
Mr. Stubey, I need to examine you, take your history. Let’s march.

Jeanie almost has to take a step back as he bursts into song.

STUBEY
‘Onward Christian soldiers,
marching as to war.
With the cross of Jesus,
going on before...’

Malik pops his head in.

(CONTINUED)
MALIK
Everything okay?

Jeanie turns to face Malik, Stubey behind her.

STUBEY
Who's that? Is he a doctor?

JEANIE
(with resignation)
No, he's a nurse.

Stubey starts singing again.

JEANIE
I got him, but thanks, Malik.

Malik moves on as Jeanie hears the sound of PEEING, feels something hitting the back of her legs. She pivots around, looks down, looks back up at the singing Stubey.

CUT TO:

MAIN HALLWAY

Greene, Benton and Carter follow with Paramedic OLBES bringing in PRESTON (50) on a gurney. Behind them comes a second paramedic and a cop accompanying the second patient, Frank, in a wheelchair. No critical cases here; they move at a normal pace.

OLBES
This is Mr. Preston, gunshot wound to the left shoulder. Good distal pulses and sensation in the left arm. BP 100/60, pulse 120, resps 24.

GREENE
And the wheelchair?

OLBES
Frank Davelle, nasty scalp lac.

They're joined by Goldman and Malik.

BENTON
Thought this was a double MVA.

OLBES
It is. Frank shot Mr. Preston when he changed lanes right in front of him. Both of them crashed into the center divider.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

GREENE
Let's put Preston in Trauma One. Malik, take Davelle down to the Suture Room and I think he can wait.

Malik moves down with the other paramedic, cop and Davelle towards the Suture Room. Benton notices Harper at the lightboard.

BENTON
Harper, get in here.

She and Carter see each other, neither too pleased about her joining them as they all move into...

TRAUMA ONE

BENTON
Let's move him... one, two, three.

They hoist him over, Goldman hooking him up.

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
How're you doing there, Mr. Preston?

PRESTON
He shot me. I cannot believe that son-of-a-bitch shot me.

Harper seems to do nothing but get in Carter's way. And Carter's outdoing himself in her presence. Malik moves back in.

CARTER
Dr. Benton, should we be ordering a CBC, type and cross four units packed cells?

BENTON
Yes.

CARTER
Cross-table c-spine, chest and left shoulder x-rays?

BENTON
Yes again.

Greene can't help noticing Carter's enthusiasm. Carter moves around the table now, again criss-crossing with Harper.

GREENE
Does it hurt anywhere else?

PRESTON
My neck, of course. Gonna sue his ass.

GREENE
That's very American of you, Mr. Preston.

Carter examines under Preston's arms.

PRESTON
What's that?

BENTON
Your arm pit.

HARPER
Pressure dressing?

GREENE
Thank you, Harper.

(Continued)

BENTON
Can you feel this?

PRESTON
Yeah.

BENTON
Squeeze my hand.

He does, just fine.

BENTON
Carter, you and Harper go take care of the bad guy next door.

CARTER
I can handle that on my own.

BENTON
Whatever.

Greene looks at Carter, then glances at Harper who's looking away. Carter moves next door. Harper stays behind, looking pretty lost. After another beat...

GREENE
Harper, I could use your help log-rolling him. Need to get a look underneath.

As Harper moves in to help Greene...

CUT TO:
Ross is staring at an empty lightboard when Hathaway comes in.

HATHAWAY

Doug?

He tries to cover, shoves an X-ray up.

ROSS

Hey, Carol, what's going on?

She moves over to him.

HATHAWAY

Nice try, but the film's upside down. You okay?

ROSS

(still joking)

Generally, this has not been a good day... specifically, this has not been a good day.

(then)

Although it felt so good to yell at Bernstein that for about five minutes I felt truly liberated.

HATHAWAY

And now?

Her question gives him pause; he's almost serious.

ROSS

Been here a few years; longest commitment I've made to anything.

Or anyone...

Then, breaking out of any seriousness...

ROSS

Guess it's time to move on.

Jerry sticks his head in.

JERRY

Carol, Shep's on the phone.

Jerry flies back out.

ROSS

And speaking of moving on...

HATHAWAY

(after a beat)

Call me if you want to talk.

(CONTINUED)
ROSS

Sure.

They both know he won't. ON Ross, as Hathaway moves out.

CUT TO:

ADMISSIONS DESK

Randi's at one end of the desk, stacking charts, chewing gum. Jerry, Marquez, Goldman and Malik are huddled at the other end. Weaver's nearby.

GOLDMAN

The pool was your idea, you should ask her.

JERRY

She'd kill me.

MARQUEZ

I think Wendy should ask her.

MALIK

Yeah, she'd never kill Wendy.

GOLDMAN

What?

WEAVER

What is wrong with all of you? Can't put your mouth where your money is?

(then)

Hey, Randi, what did you do time for?

They're all staring at her. After a beat...

RANDI

Malicious mischief. Assault. Battery. Carrying a concealed weapon and...

(and)

Aggravated mayhem.

She's kidding, right? Yet there's something about the deliberate way she comes out with those words that sends them all scattering.
CONTINUED:

MARQUEZ
Lab.

JERRY
Supplies.

MALIK
X-ray.

GOLDMAN
Iso.

They take off as Jeanie approaches with Mr. Stubey singing "Onward Christian Soldiers."

STUBEY
'Onward Christian soldiers,
marching as to war.
with the cross of Jesus,
going on before...'

JEANIE
I don't suppose psych has shown up yet?

Randi shakes her head, chews her gum.

JEANIE
Geriatrics?

Randi shakes her head again. ON Jeanie.

CUT TO:

DOCTORS'/NURSES' STATION

Hathaway's on the phone, laughing with Shep, when Wright comes flying by.

HATHAWAY
Shep, no, I'm telling you...

WRIGHT
Carol, quick, some guy just crashed in Three.

A beat on Hathaway... did she say Three? She drops the phone, takes off after Wright, the two of them blowing into...

CURTAIN AREA THREE

... where Lewis is pumping hard, doing CPR on Zimble's chest. Wright takes over while Hathaway hooks him up to monitors. Lewis examines.

HATHAWAY
Oh, my God.

(CONTINUED)
LEWIS
I was examining Mrs. Kerns when
this guy went south.

Wright glances over at Mrs. Kerns watchi. from the far bed.

HATHAWAY
I can't believe this; my mobile notary.

LEWIS
Her what?

WRIGHT
Notary. She's buying a house.

HATHAWAY
He could see I was putting it off; said I shouldn't wait forever.

WRIGHT
Don't beat yourself up. I'm a big procrastinator myself.

HATHAWAY
Thanks, Lydia... Maybe he knew he was going to die.

LEWIS
He's not going to die. Another amp of epi.

Hathaway gives the injection. Wright keeps pumping.

HATHAWAY
We were so close. Two pages left.

Hathaway glances around, picks up some pages.

HATHAWAY
These two.

LEWIS
Get the paddles ready. 200.

She glances over, Hathaway's rooting around on the floor, finds the seal.

LEWIS
Carol.

WRIGHT
Carol.

(CONTINUED)
Lewis starts prepping the paddles herself.

LEWIS

Charging, 200.

Hathaway uses her hand to hold Zimble's hand around the seal and in one fell swoop, both pages are stamped. Then...

HATHAWAY

I can't believe I did that.

WRIGHT

Neither can I.

LEWIS

Clear.

Hathaway and Wright throw their hands up and Lewis zaps him. A long beat as they watch the monitor -- it stays flatline.

HATHAWAY

Good thing I did.

As Lewis applies the paddles once more...

CUT TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

Carter's alone, shooting baskets, as Ross comes up, on his way home for the night.

ROSS

Carter, can we talk?

Carter ignores him, dribbling around.

ROSS

I didn't know about you and Harper.

Carter still doesn't respond until Ross suddenly lunges, gets the ball away, holds it still in his hands, forcing Carter to stop, look at him.

ROSS

I'm sorry.

Carter doesn't acknowledge the apology. But he steals the ball away, dodges around, goes in for a basket. Ross throws off his coat, goes after him. Hard.
CONTINUED:

ROSS
No one meant to hurt you.
Carter ignores him... until Ross slams him, steals the ball, dribbles back.

ROSS
It happened because she was hurt.
He goes in, Carter practically trips him stealing the ball back, going in for the basket. Ross grabs the rebound.

ROSS
And I probably was, too.
He circles around, tries to stall. Carter comes at him. The two of them jabbing in circles.

ROSS
We made a mistake. And if you’re smart...
Carter’s pressing him hard. Ross pivots left, right -- Carter’s in his face at every turn.

ROSS
... you damn little piece of medical student...
Ross manages to break away, gets back ten feet.

ROSS
... you’ll give her a chance. Listen to her.
Ross bounces the ball to him. Hard. And now the two of them just stand there.

CARVER
I have. And now I’m having to listen to you. I’m really glad both of you have made your peace with this. But I’m going to need a little more time if that’s okay with everybody.
Ross says nothing. Carter lets the ball drop to the asphalt, walks away. ON Ross.

CUT TO:

CURTAIN AREA TWO
Weaver moves by, stops to check on Janie.

(CONTINUED)
Marquez is still with her and the girl's awake but still very drowsy.

WEAVER
How's she doing?

MARQUEZ
Pretty well. She's coming around.

Weaver looks her over, keeps looking at her hands. Her fingers are making controlled movements. Weaver leans over, gently wakes her, then signs as well as speaks.

WEAVER
Are you deaf?

The girl nods her head.

WEAVER
Chuny, get these restraints off now. And call for a sign language interpreter.

As they remove the restraints...

MARQUEZ
You know how to sign?

WEAVER
Poorly.

(signing and speaking to Janie)
You're going to be okay.

JANIE
(signing)
Did I have another seizure?

WEAVER
(signing and speaking)
Yes, you had a seizure. But you're fine now. I want to call your family. What's your name?

JANIE
(signing)
Janie Mayhew.

WEAVER
(signing and speaking)
Hi, Janie. I'm Kerry.

CUT TO:
EXT. HATHAWAY'S HOUSE (CHICAGO) - NIGHT

SHEPHERD stares at the house. An excited Hathaway stares at him, waiting for his reaction.

HATHAWAY
Well? Isn't it incredible?

Shingles missing, shutters falling down. A full third of the porch altogether gone.

SHEPHERD
Yes, it is.

HATHAWAY
I mean, I know it needs work.

SHEPHERD
Yes, it does.

She's bursting with enthusiasm. He's in shock.

HATHAWAY
I'm going to want to paint it. I thought maybe grey with green trim.
Or else a light yellow.

They both move slowly up towards the house. Then up onto the porch. Her excitement's starting to wear through that shock.

He starts watching her, listening to her ramble. Pure joy.

HATHAWAY
I know the porch looks bad,
but the rest of it's in the back yard so I figure I can just nail it back on. Same with the shutters.

He keeps watching as she opens the front door.

HATHAWAY
Inside is even better. The bedroom is the biggest bedroom I've ever had in my life --
which is not saying a lot,
but still... maybe I'll paint it yellow.

She stops, realizes he's just been staring at her.

HATHAWAY
What?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SHEPHERD
you look so beautiful when
you're happy.

His comment takes her back. Not the beautiful part.
The happy. After several beats...

HATHAWAY
I am happy, aren't I?

SHEPHERD
Now, I don't want you to worry
that I'm moving too fast, but
this is your first house; I
think someone should carry you
over the threshold.

He starts moving towards her and she sees it coming.

HATHAWAY
Shep, no... come on now, I
said no.

SHEPHERD
I knew you'd agree.

And with that he swoops in and hoists her up over his
shoulder, starts moving through the front door.

HATHAWAY
Shep, come on, please; you're
gonna drop me.

SHEPHERD
What're you talking about?
I'm a fireman.

ON the two of them as Hathaway ducks her head.

CUT TO:

EXT. EL PLATFORM (CHICAGO) - NIGHT

Greene moves up the steps onto the platform, turns, sees
Ross waiting.

ROSS
(re: his train)
They must've changed the schedule;
missed mine by five.
(then)
You didn't tell Morgenstern?

(CONTINUED)
GREENE

No, I didn't.

There's only a handful of commuters waiting. Greene and Ross hang back by the rail, an awkwardness between them. The night around them is quiet. And so are they.

GREENE

Why are you doing this, Doug? You're a good doctor.

ROSS

Bernstein does not agree.

GREENE

I looked at that boy's chart. Joseph O'Connor. No signs of concussion. You knew he didn't need to be admitted.

Ross knows there's truth in that. Doesn't acknowledge it. The quiet's broken now as a train pulls in. Greene sees that it's his, moves a few steps closer as it slows.

GREENE

You were pushing Bernstein the same way you've been pushing me.

Ross looks at him on that one but still doesn't respond. The train's stopped, the other passengers getting on.

GREENE

Why are you doing this, Doug?

ROSS (q. etly)
I don't know... I...

He's started something else, but doesn't finish it. After another beat...

(CONTINUED)
ROSS
You're going to miss your train.

Greene just looks at him, then turns, moves in. Ross watches as the train pulls all the way down the track and out of the station.

ON Ross as he turns back to the rail, stares down at the city lights below.

FADE OUT.

THE END