THE DOCTOR

Written by

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OVER BLACK we hear the sound of running, panting.

WOMAN’S VOICE
Stay with me, Kathryn. Stay with me.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER – EMERGENCY ROOM – DAY

The ER is moderately busy when EMILY CAMPBELL (late 40s – early 50s) rushes in. Beautiful and strong, Emily commands attention whenever she enters a room. The fact that she’s currently carrying an UNCONSCIOUS WOMAN makes her even more intriguing.

EMILY
I need help here!

The situation is immediately intense. A NURSE rushes over with a gurney and Emily lowers the woman onto it. A DOCTOR arrives to assess the patient while Emily answers questions, keeping one eye on the woman at all times.

NURSE #1
What’s her name?

EMILY
Kathryn Gordon.

NURSE #1
Can you tell me what happened?

EMILY (CONT’D)
We were on the phone, and she passed out --

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
No gag reflex. We’re going to need to intubate --

A second NURSE brings over a tray of intubation supplies and readies the medication. Emily wants to be with Kathryn, but is being held back for more questions.

NURSE #1
And what is your relationship?

NURSE #2
Sux is in --

EMILY
She’s an old friend of mine, but --
DOCTOR BILLAWALA
Push the Etomidate.

EMILY
Wait, no! Don’t!

Emily rushes over to the gurney, but it’s too late.

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
I’m sorry, you’re going to need to step back, ma’am.

EMILY
Listen to me. She needs dexamethasone. Her pressure’s gonna crash --

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
Nurse? Can you deal with this?

The nurse tries to move Emily away as the ALARM goes off. Kathryn’s blood pressure plummets. The doctor gets nervous.

NURSE #2
BP’s down to 40 systolic.

EMILY
It’s the Etomidate.

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
Get me pressors --

EMILY
They won’t work! She’s in adrenal crisis. She needs steroids. NOW!

The nurse looks at the doctor, who nods his assent, but:

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
Page the chief! I have no idea what the hell is going on here. Who are you, lady?

Without answering, Emily grabs the needle from the nurse and deftly PLUNGEs it into the patient’s arm, leaving us to wonder the exact same thing -- WHO IS THIS WOMAN?

FADE TO BLACK.

SIX MONTHS EARLIER

INT. EMILY’S KITCHEN - MORNING

A very different type of needle being plunged into a slab of beef by a very different Emily. She’s happy and content as she prepares a feast in her well-appointed kitchen.
Lots of framed family photos add warmth to the already lovely Connecticut home. With the precision of a surgeon, Emily slices mushrooms, garlic, onions. Her cookbook is stained with a thousand dinners just like this. She’s so focused on her work she doesn’t notice her husband, BEN, walk into the room until his arms are wrapped around her waist. She melts into his body as he kisses her neck.

BEN
Mmmm. I love a woman who smells like meat at 5:30 in the morning.

EMILY
What are you doing up so early?

BEN
Gotta check on a patient who lives out in Blue Hills.

EMILY
You realize doctors don’t make house calls anymore, right?

BEN
Some do.

He grabs his keys out of the drawer. Starts to go.

EMILY
Wanna hear the menu for tonight?

BEN
Does it include your creamy potatoes?

EMILY
Naturally.

BEN
That’s all I need to know.

She smiles. He kisses her again and heads out the door.

EMILY
Don’t forget, the Windsors are coming over with pictures from their Italy trip, so don’t be late.

BEN
Promise.

INT. EMILY’S FAMILY ROOM / KITCHEN- NIGHT

The dinner party in full swing. THE WINDSORS and AYANNA (Emily’s best friend) are enjoying wine and cheese.
Ben still hasn’t shown up, which is odd. Emily’s concerned, but trying not to show it. She checks her watch again.

EMILY
I don’t know where he could be. Maybe we should start without him..?

The phone RINGS and Emily’s stomach drops. Something is wrong. She SLOWLY makes her way towards the land line.

EMILY (CONT’D)
Hello?

Just then, Ben walks in the door. Emily exhales.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER – SCRUB ROOM – SAME TIME

It’s their son, DAVID (30s), dressed in surgical scrubs. He’s cocky, but he has the goods to back it up. A NURSE holds the phone to his ear as he washes his hands raw.

DAVID
Hi, Mom. Pulmonary embolism just rolled in. Don’t think I’m gonna make it to dinner. But save me some of those potatoes, okay? Love you.

EMILY
Love you, too, honey. Good luck.

She hangs up and turns around to a guilty-looking Ben.

BEN
Sorry I’m late...

She shakes her head, but kisses him hello. No grudge held.

AYANNA
Hey, was that David on the phone? How’s his fellowship going?

MR. WINDSOR
What fellowship?

EMILY
My son the genius wasn’t satisfied with general surgery, so he decided to specialize.

BEN
Cardio-thoracic. He wants to be a God.

AYANNA
I thought he already was a God.
EMILY
Only to me. Now the rest of the world will finally catch on.

MR. WINDSOR
Does that mean he’s leaving your practice, Ben?

EMILY
He’s doing both. I’m telling you, the kid is Superman.

The friends laugh and refill their glasses, giving Ben the opportunity to pull Emily aside for a second.

BEN
Where’s Natasha?

Before Emily can answer, Natasha makes her entrance. 26 and with a flair for drama, she immediately overtakes a room.

NATASHA
Wasn’t invited. Hey, Pops.

Natasha kisses Ben on the cheek. A Daddy’s girl.

EMILY
That’s not true. I asked you if you were going to be home for dinner --

NATASHA
It’s cool. I have a meeting anyway.
(to the friends)
AA.

The friends smile, awkwardly holding their glasses of wine.

EMILY
They know, sweetheart. We all know.

NATASHA
She doesn’t like me talking about it. Poor woman stayed home to raise me, and look what happened. Thank God for Dave or it would’ve been a total waste.

Emily sighs, embarrassed. But this happens a lot. Ben puts a loving arm around Natasha, trying to steady her. Calm her.

BEN
Hey. Is that one of yours?

He gestures to an artful floral centerpiece on the table. Natasha nods, blushing a bit. Praise is hard for her.
NATASHA
I was just messing around.

AYANNA
It’s beautiful. So unique.

NATASHA
Wanna buy it? I’m low on cash.

EMILY
Natasha!

NATASHA
It was a joke, Mom. Relax.

Natasha grabs a handful of cheese and starts to go.

BEN
Wait. I’ll walk you out.

Natasha puts her head on her dad’s shoulder as he leads her out the door. Emily turns back to the group, relieved her daughter is gone and happy to be the hostess again.

EMILY
Who’s hungry?

INT. EMILY’S BEDROOM – MORNING

Ben is changing into his jogging clothes. Emily stirs from under their comfy duvet.

BEN
Sure you don’t want to join me?

EMILY
Not even a little bit.

He smiles, gives her a quick kiss on the forehead.

BEN
I’ll make pancakes when I get back.

Emily yums in appreciation and sinks back into her pillow.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS – MORNING

It’s bitter cold and the snow on the ground is quickly turning to ice. Ben keeps a comfortable pace on the side of the road. It’s so quiet, we can hear his breath. Suddenly, a CAR we didn’t see coming SPINS OFF THE ICE and SLAMS into Ben’s body. Violent. He never saw it coming.
EXT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER – MORNING

The quiet morning is now replaced with AMBULANCE SIRENS screaming as they approach the ER. David is one of the doctors waiting. The ambulance doors open and David GASPS when he sees his father on the gurney. Unconscious.

DAVID
Oh my God...

The other doctors immediately jump into the fray, but David is momentarily paralyzed by the sight of his father.

INT. EMILY’S BEDROOM – MORNING

Emily wakes up with a start. Something is wrong.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER – EMERGENCY – MORNING

A group of DOCTORS working frantically on Ben’s failing body.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER – FRONT DESK – MORNING

David picks up the phone. Hangs up. Breathes. Picks up again and dials.

DAVID
Mom?

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER – EMERGENCY – MORNING

The doctors continue to work until there is nothing left to do. The dull moan of the EKG tells us what we already know.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER – MORNING

A pajama-clad Emily rushes in to find David waiting for her. He doesn’t need to say anything. His face says it all. She drops to her knees and screams. And screams.

EXT. CEMETERY – DAY

The funeral. A large group of people have come to pay their respects including Ayanna, and JASON WALDEN (Ben’s partner and best friend.) Emily stands between a stoic David and a hysterical Natasha. Emily’s tears are quiet but visible as the PRIEST eulogizes.

INT. EMILY’S FAMILY ROOM – DAY

The wake. David greets each visitor as CAMERA drifts towards Emily and Ayanna, sitting away from the crowd. Emily is focused on something we don’t yet see.
Ayanna follows Emily’s gaze towards Natasha, who is sobbing on the shoulder of an ODDLY SKINNY WOMAN (early 40s).

AYANNA
Who is that woman she’s with?

EMILY
Her sponsor. I don’t know what to do. I can’t handle a scene right now...

AYANNA
Do you want me to talk to her?

No need. Natasha can feel Emily’s eyes and quickly leads her sponsor into another room. Emily exhales, shakily, as Jason approaches.

JASON
There you are...

EMILY
Jason...

He engulfs her a hug, tears springing into both their eyes.

JASON
I just... I can’t believe it.

EMILY
I know.

JASON
Whatever you need, if there’s anything I can do --

David appears, slipping in between Jason and his mom.

DAVID
Actually, I was gonna ask if you could manage things at the practice for awhile. Doctor Gershman offered to cover my post-op patients at the hospital, and I’ve canceled all my non-urgent office appointments. But if you wouldn’t mind --

JASON
I’ll cover your dad’s patients. It’s been awhile since I’ve treated anyone over the age of 13, but I think I remember how to do it.
Emily smiles, appreciating his attempt at levity. But David is all business.

DAVID
Great. Thanks.
(then, turning to Emily)
Mom, you gotta eat something.

Just like that, Jason has just been boxed out of the conversation. We sense these two men don’t love each other, but now isn’t the time. Jason walks away.

EMILY
I’m not hungry.

DAVID
Just a little. For me.

Emily takes a small bite of food from David’s plate and does her best to swallow it.

DAVID (CONT’D)
Better, right?

Emily gives her son a smile and kisses his forehead. Then:

EMILY
I’ll be down in a minute.

She starts to walk upstairs. David tries to follow, but Ayanna holds him back.

AYANNA
Let her be, David.

INT. EMILY’S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emily looks out the window, the snow on the trees so heavy the branches can barely hold the weight. After a moment, she lies down on her bed, buries her face in Ben’s pillow and allows herself to sob. As if to offer her privacy, the CAMERA PANS towards the window, the snow, the silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMILY’S KITCHEN - MORNING - SIX MONTHS LATER

Outside a different window, the snow is gone, replaced by spring leaves. Emily is in pajamas, even though the clock reads 11:30 am. She’s flipping through her cookbook, nursing a cup of coffee when Natasha walks in. The tension between them has dissipated into a mutual tolerating of one another.
NATASHA
Wow. The cookbook. Haven’t seen that in a while.

EMILY
I thought I might make dinner tonight. Maybe that Asian flank steak you used to like?

NATASHA
You’re thinking of David. That’s his favorite.

EMILY
Oh, right. Maybe I should invite him.

Natasha doesn’t bother answering. It’s not really a question.

EMILY (CONT’D)
How’s the painting going?

NATASHA
Fine.

EMILY
That’s good. If you need me to pick up more supplies --

NATASHA
That’s okay. I can do it.

Emily nods. They fall into silence.

INT. CAMPBELL, WALDEN & CAMPBELL – DAVID’S OFFICE – MORNING

David is in his office, going over test results with his patient DIEGO RODAS, 17, and his father, CHRISTOPHER.

DAVID
Your blood tests and EKG came back normal, Diego, which is good.

DIEGO
If everything is normal, then why do I feel like I’m running out of breath all the time?

DAVID
Unfortunately, shortness of breath is a common symptom to a wide range of illnesses. There’s also the chance these episodes are anxiety related. You’re starting college soon, right?
CHRISTOPHER
(proudly)
Stanford. Full scholarship.

DIEGO
Dad --

DAVID
Congratulations. That’s a great school. First time away from home?

DIEGO
I guess so, yeah.

DAVID
And the last time you experienced this shortness of breath was when you were packing up your bedroom, right?

DIEGO
You think this is all in my head? Like I’m scared to go to school?

DAVID
Anxiety is very real and can manifest physically. Shortness of breath, heart palpitations. It doesn’t mean you’re scared to go to school, but leaving home for the first time can be overwhelming.

David pulls out his prescription pad and scribbles something.

DAVID (CONT’D)
I’m going to prescribe you some low dose anti-anxiety medication and we can see how it works. Okay?

Before Diego can answer, David’s cell phone rings. He checks the ID.

DAVID (CONT’D)
If you’ll excuse me, I have to take this.

CHRISTOPHER
Thank you, Doctor Campbell.

As Christopher and Diego head out, David answers his cell:

DAVID
You okay, Mom?

INTERCUT WITH:
INT. EMILY’S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Emily is making her shopping list at the table. Natasha is scarfing down a bowl of cereal, half-listening.

EMILY
I’m sorry. Are you with a patient?

DAVID
I have two minutes. What’s up?

EMILY
I was just wondering if you wanted to come over for dinner tonight. I’m making flank steak.

DAVID
Sounds great. I’ll be there.

(then, cautious)
And not to bug you again, but if you want me to bring home some of Dad’s stuff from the office, I can.

EMILY
Actually, I’m gonna come by today and start cleaning it out myself.

Both Natasha and David react, surprised.

DAVID
Really? Because I’m happy to do it for you --

EMILY
I know you are. I’ll see you later, honey. Love you.

She hangs up. Natasha looks at her, clearly wanting to join Emily at her father’s office. Before she can figure out a way to ask, Emily walks out of the room. We hold a beat on Natasha, alone.

INT. CAMPBELL, WALDEN & CAMPBELL - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Emily walks into the cheerful outer office of Ben’s practice, just as KATHRYN GORDON is walking out. (The audience should recognize Kathryn as the UNCONSCIOUS WOMAN Emily was carrying in the show’s opening). Kathryn’s 3-year-old daughter TILLY walks closely behind her, followed by Jason. (NOTE: Tilly has a princess Band-Aid on her arm. Kathryn has a mild pigmentation around her cheeks, and a slight cold.)
Most likely, it’s a virus, but the blood test will rule out the possibility of a bacterial infection.

He grabs a bowl of lollipops, hands it to Tilly.

And you, my dear, get a lollipop for being so brave.

Thank you!

How long until the results come back?

Couple days. I’ll call you as soon as they come in, but I wouldn’t worry.

Kathryn turns around which is when Emily realizes --

Kathryn. I thought that was you.

Oh my God. Emily!

They share a friendly hug.

I take it you two know each other?

Kathryn and I took Mommy & Me classes a million years ago. Speaking of which, how is Eli?

Engaged, if you can believe. He lives in Arizona now. And this is my little miracle, Tilly.

Tilly gives a distracted wave, still busy with the lollipops.

You went for the second.

Took me twenty years, but yeah. I had to try for the girl.

Kathryn laughs, which quickly turns into a coughing fit.
EMILY
That’s a bad cough. Maybe you should schedule an appointment for yourself.

KATHRYN
Nah, I’m always sick. Fallout from having a kid in preschool. I saw Dr. Campbell awhile ago and he --

Kathryn’s face suddenly pales, embarrassed.

KATHRYN (CONT’D)
Oh, Emily. I forgot. I’m so sorry --

EMILY
It’s okay...

KATHRYN
He was a wonderful man.

EMILY
Thank you. It was good seeing you again, Kathryn.

KATHRYN
You, too. Thanks, Doctor Walden.

Kathryn grabs Tilly’s hand and walks out. Emily stands there for a moment, a bit shaken. Jason notices.

JASON
You okay?
   (off her silence)
If you want to do this another time --

EMILY
No, no. I’m good.

Jason puts a hand on her shoulder. She smiles, grateful.

INT. CAMPBELL, WALDEN & CAMPBELL - BEN’S OFFICE - DAY

Emily stands in the doorway, shocked by how everything looks exactly the same, but never will be again. Jason walks in with some boxes.

JASON
I have some more boxes in the closet if you need.

EMILY
Thanks, Jason. I can manage the packing. I’ll grab David if --
JASON
Dave’s not here. Said he had to go to the hospital, but I’m happy to help.

They start to pack. After a beat, Emily breaks the silence.

EMILY
Did you notice Kathryn’s cheeks?

JASON
Her cheeks?

EMILY
(as she packs)
There was some hyper-pigmentation around the mouth. It could just be melasma, I guess. Happens a lot with pregnancy. But the fact that she’s always sick? Might mean Addison’s.

Jason is momentarily caught off guard, then chuckles a bit.

EMILY (CONT’D)
What? You think that’s crazy?

JASON
Not at all. It’s just that sometimes I forget you’re a doctor.

EMILY
I’m not a doctor.

JASON
Could’ve fooled me.

She smiles. They go back to packing in silence, then --

JASON (CONT’D)
So how has it been going?

EMILY
You don’t want to know.

JASON
I do, actually.

Emily stops packing. Sits on a box. Confessional.

EMILY
Let’s see. I wake up every morning, and the first thing I do is remember. That pretty much stops me from doing anything else for an hour or two. At some point I drag myself out of bed and make coffee.

(MORE)
Then I sit down and try to find one thing to do that day. Laundry. Pharmacy. Haircut. I can usually find one thing. I center my day around that, and then I wait until a reasonable hour when I can crawl back into bed and go to sleep again.

Jason wishes he could hold her. Take the pain away.

JASON
Well. At least you’re sleeping.

A beat, and then Emily laughs. A good, long laugh. It makes them both feel better.

EMILY
I’ll figure something out eventually. Maybe I’ll take another cooking class. I don’t know...

JASON
Have you ever thought about coming back to medicine?

Emily laughs again. But Jason doesn’t this time.

JASON (CONT’D)
I’m serious.

EMILY
It’s been almost 30 years since I graduated med school, Jason. I think I’ve missed my window.

JASON
Why? You take a test, brush up on a few techniques. It’s never too late to start over.

EMILY
There absolutely is a point when it’s too late, and I passed it awhile ago. Somewhere around the time they started putting cameras in phones. Besides, what makes you so sure I’m still licensed?

JASON
I know you are, because Ben used to talk about you joining the practice someday.

Emily reacts, surprised. Exposed.
EMILY
He talked about that with you?

JASON
All the time. I assumed that was why you kept up with your CME’s. Not that attending seminars on “trends in antibiotics” isn’t good, clean fun.

Emily digests this information.

EMILY
I thought it was something he just said... because he felt guilty, or --

JASON
He wanted you here because he knew you belonged here, Emily.
(then, without thinking)
You still don’t get how amazing you are, do you?

She looks at him. The way he’s looking at her... it goes beyond friendship and she knows it. But she chooses kindly to pretend that she doesn’t.

EMILY
I think I’d like to do this by myself for a while. If that’s okay.

JASON
Of course.

He starts to go, but before he does he opens one of Ben’s filing cabinets and hands her a chart.

JASON (CONT’D)
Kathryn’s chart. In case you get curious.

He walks out. We hold on Emily, surrounded by her past, holding her possible future in her hands.

END TEASER
ACT ONE

EXT. BRICCO’S RESTAURANT – DAY

An AMBULANCE whizzes by, reminding us of the hospital where David is supposedly working right now. Except he’s not. He’s having cocktails with a sexy businesswoman named JENNA. We see them through the window...

INT. BRICCO’S RESTAURANT – SAME TIME

David is skimming through a fairly hefty business proposal. A brochure for TRI-STATE MEDICAL GROUP sits on the table.

JENNA
Frankly, we were surprised to hear from you, Doctor Campbell. My associates looked into obtaining your father’s practice a few years ago, but there didn’t seem to be any interest.

DAVID
Well, things have changed.

JENNA
Really? How so?

DAVID
My father died.

Jenna reacts, surprised. Then embarrassed.

JENNA
I’m so sorry. I didn’t realize --

David smiles, letting her off the hook.

JENNA
That much I do know. Your office has a solid reputation, hefty client base. It’s why we want you.

DAVID
Yes, but why do I want you, Jenna?
It’s a little flirty, but he’s attractive so it works.

DAVID (CONT’D)
I could name 20 doctors who want to buy my Dad’s share, unless you can make this worth my while.

JENNA
Oh, I’m sure I can do that.

The flirting goes both ways. This just got more interesting. She writes down a number on a napkin. From the look on David’s face, we can tell it’s a good one.

JENNA (CONT’D)
That’s just our starting offer. We’d also encourage you to join our group and stay on in your current position at a substantial salary increase.

DAVID
I prefer being my own boss. And once I finish my cardio fellowship, I’ll probably go off on my own anyway. But you can talk to Jason about it when the time comes.

JENNA
How does Doctor Walden feel about the buyout? I presume he’s on board?

At the mention of Jason, David gets defensive.

DAVID
Assuming my father’s share, I control two thirds of the practice, which means my vote outweighs his.

JENNA
Does he even know you’re doing this?

DAVID
No. Will your board have a problem with that?

JENNA
Not at all.

DAVID
Good. Then let’s make a deal.

She smiles, turned on by his whole alpha male thing. David smiles back, turned on by her whole slutty thing. Oh boy...
INT. EMILY’S KITCHEN – DUSK

Natasha is in the middle of making another floral arrangement when the phone rings. She picks up.

NATASHA
Hello?

INT. BRICCO’S BATHROOM – SAME TIME

Jenna and David are in a bathroom stall, halfway to sex.

DAVID
Hey, Nat. Would you tell Mom I can’t make dinner tonight? Emergency surgery. Just came up.

Jenna smiles, takes off her sweater. Natasha is furious.

NATASHA
No way. Don’t do this to me! I cannot be alone with that woman for an entire meal.

DAVID
What’s the problem? I thought you guys were getting along better lately.

NATASHA
We’re better as long as we have a buffer. Which is why you’re coming.

As Jenna moves down, out of frame --

DAVID
Sorry. No can do.
(then, hearing her sigh)
It’s not a big deal. Just sit down, eat some food, and talk to her.

NATASHA
Talk to her about what? Soufflé? It’s like making conversation with a Stepford wife.

At which point, David’s pager goes off. It’s the hospital.

DAVID
Okay, now I really have to go --

NATASHA
Please. Dave, wait --

But he’s gone. She throws the phone, pissed. Anxious.
INT. BRICCO’S BATHROOM – CONTINUOUS

Jenna is kissing her way back up David’s body as David dials another number on his cell.

DAVID
Last call. I swear.
(then, into phone)
This is Doctor Campbell.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER – EMERGENCY – SAME TIME

NURSE #1
Sorry to bother you, but one of your patients was just admitted to the ER.

DAVID
Which patient?

REVEAL DIEGO, fighting to breathe and frothing at the mouth.

INT. EMILY’S KITCHEN – EVENING

Emily walks in, arms full of grocery bags.

EMILY
Natasha? Wanna help me make dinner?

No response. She’s about to put away the groceries when she sees a note on the fridge: “David can’t come. I went to meet a friend. Don’t wait up.”

Angry and hurt, Emily RIPS the note off the fridge and THROWS it in the trash, along with the bags of groceries. Fuck it. Just fuck it all.

INT. EMILY’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Emily carries a bottle of wine, an empty wine glass, and Kathryn’s chart. She nestles into bed, pours herself a hefty glass and opens the chart, with purpose.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER – PATIENT ROOM – NIGHT

Diego is in bed, shivering in his hospital gown. His long, lean frame is even more pronounced. Christopher is with him, confused, as David tries to explain what’s happening.

DAVID
The echocardiogram showed some moderate aortic insufficiency, or leaking, which is unusual in a person your age, Diego. It’s why I didn’t order the test initially.
DIEGO
So it’s not anxiety. I knew it. I
told you, man, I’m hardcore.

DAVID
(reading his chart)
I’m going over your medical history
and I want to make sure everything
here is accurate. You don’t smoke.

DIEGO
No.

DAVID
And you’ve never done any drugs?

Christopher looks at his son. Diego blushes a bit.

DIEGO
I smoke a little weed every once in a
while. But that’s it. I swear.

DAVID
That wouldn’t have caused this.

David looks away from the chart and looks at Diego instead.
He suddenly notices how skinny he is. He moves to the gown.

DAVID (CONT’D)
Do you mind --?

He opens the gown a bit, revealing Diego’s sunken chest.

DAVID (CONT’D)
Do you have any history of heart
disease in your family?

DIEGO
I don’t know. Do we, Dad?

CHRISTOPHER
His mother’s brother had a heart
attack. Pretty young, I think. No
one ever looked into what caused it,
but he drank a lot, so we figured it
could be that.

His wheels turning, David addresses the nurse in the room.

DAVID
Deb, draw a cardiac panel and add a
test for Marfan’s.
(them, to Diego)
I’m gonna need to keep you overnight.
EXT. EMILY’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Natasha pulls up in her truck, and gets out. She sees her mother’s bedroom light on through the window. She’s not ready to face her yet. So she walks into --

INT. ATTACHED GARAGE - NIGHT

-- Except it’s not just a garage. It’s Ben’s man-cave. The walls are lined with normal junk, boxes assigned to different family members, etc. There’s also a lazy chair, an old TV, more family pictures, and several of Natasha’s paintings; haunting and beautiful. Natasha curls up in her father’s chair, pulls his blanket over her tiny frame and tries to take in his scent. This is how she stays with him.

INT. EMILY’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Going through the chart, Emily is struck by Ben’s handwriting. She touches the ink as if she were holding his hand. It takes her a moment to snap out of the reverie. When she does, she notices that her husband was on the same track as she was. Addison’s Disease. She smiles.

EMILY
Addison’s. Great minds think alike.

She turns the page, which indicates that ACTH testing ruled out adrenal insufficiency, causing Ben to abandon the theory. Then, in big, block letters: Run Genetic Panel for PKD.

EMILY (CONT’D)
Polycystic kidney disease?

Emily looks for the results, but that’s the last page of the chart. There’s nothing else inside. Weird.

INT. CAMPBELL, WALDEN & CAMPBELL - OUTER OFFICE

NURSE BARBARA is leaving for the night when the phone RINGS. She checks the caller ID, and is compelled to answer.

NURSE BARBARA
Campbell, Walden & Campbell.

INT. EMILY’S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

EMILY
Barb? You’re still there?

NURSE BARBARA
Just finishing up. How are you, Mrs. Campbell?
EMILY
I’m fine. Just getting Ben’s files in order and I noticed he’s missing some lab results for one of his patients. Her name is Kathryn Gordon? It’s for a PKD test he ran about 18 months ago.

NURSE BARBARA
Let me look it up for you.

Emily sits on hold, feeling foolish but somehow unable to stop herself. After a beat --

NURSE BARBARA (O.C.) (CONT’D)
I’m going through the computer and there’s no results here, either. It looks like the patient never came in to do the bloodwork.

EMILY
Oh. Well, thanks for checking. You have a good night.

We hold on Emily who can’t seem to let go of that chart. Curiouser and curiouser...

INT. GARAGE – NIGHT

Still in her father’s chair, Natasha starts to get restless. She moves to the boxes, drawn to the one that says EMILY, and opens it up. Old photos of Emily and Ben on vacation, celebrating birthdays, doing rounds together. She pauses on the last one, unused to seeing her mom in a lab coat. Next, she pulls out an AWARD with Emily’s name engraved on it.

NATASHA
(reading the plaque)
The Henry Asbury Christian Award for notable scholarship in research.

Natasha reacts, impressed. Digging further, she pulls out a medical journal from the 1980s. A group of 10 doctors are on the cover. Natasha looks closer and notices that the only woman in the picture is her mother.

NATASHA (CONT’D)
What the..?

As Natasha settles in for a long night ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. EMILY’S KITCHEN – MORNING

Emily is making coffee and a phone call. She is noticeably NOT wearing her pajamas, and seems to have a little more intent to her actions this morning.

EMILY
Yes, hi, I’d like to place a lunch order? One large chicken soup.

Suddenly, the back door flings open causing Emily to jump. It’s Natasha, carrying the box.

EMILY (CONT’D)
Great, I’ll pick it up this afternoon.

Emily hangs up and notices Natasha’s unkempt-ness.

EMILY (CONT’D)
What happened to you last night?

NATASHA
I have a better question.

She DROPS the box onto the table; the journal sits on top.

NATASHA (CONT’D)
Who the hell are you?

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER – PATIENT ROOM – DAY

Diego is watching TV. His father is asleep in the chair. David knocks gently, causing Christopher to stir.

DIEGO
Lemme guess. More blood tests?

DAVID
Not right now. Your lab results came back positive for Marfan Syndrome, Diego, which is a genetic disorder of the connective tissue caused by defects in a gene called fibrillin-1.

DIEGO
Genetic. You mean, like, I’ve had it my whole life?

DAVID
Exactly. There’s a good chance your uncle had it, too, and just didn’t know. Was he tall like you?

CHRISTOPHER
Taller.
DAVID
Makes sense. The gene defect can cause too much growth of the long bones which accounts for your height and unusually long limbs.

DIEGO
(with a smile)
My girlfriend calls them monkey arms.

DAVID
It also leads to changes in elastic tissues. In your case, it’s affecting your heart valves.

CHRISTOPHER
So what do we do? How do we cure it?

DAVID
Unfortunately, there’s no cure for Marfan’s, but that doesn’t mean your son can’t lead a long, healthy life. Our goal is to slow the progression of aortic dilation and damage to the valves. We’ll start by putting you on pills to minimize your blood pressure.

DIEGO
So I can still go to school?

DAVID
We need to operate to repair the valve, so you may have to defer a semester, but that’s all.

Diego takes that in, clearly unhappy about that. Christopher is still focused on the first part.

CHRISTOPHER
Operate. You mean, heart surgery?

DAVID
Yes. And the sooner the better.

INT. EMILY’S FAMILY ROOM - A LITTLE LATER
Natasha sits across from her mother, the box on her lap.

EMILY
Why exactly were you in the garage going through my old things?
NATASHA
I was bored.
(then, pulls out a letter)
You turned down a fellowship at the
Mayo Clinic? What was up with that?

EMILY
The timing wasn’t right, and maybe you
wouldn’t have been bored if you hadn’t
flaked on our dinner.

Natasha ignores that comment, pulls out another letter.

NATASHA
And this article says you “spearheaded
the first effective treatment for
breast cancer to prevent needless
oophorectomies.” I have no idea what
that means but it sounds important.

EMILY
An oophorectomy? That’s when --

NATASHA
And this says you graduated Harvard
Medical School at the top of your
class. TOP OF YOUR HARVARD CLASS?

EMILY
I don’t understand what you’re so
upset about. You knew I was a doctor.

NATASHA
No. I knew you QUIT being a doctor.
Which made me think you sucked at it.
But clearly, you were the opposite of
sucking at it. I just don’t get why
you would keep all this a secret.

EMILY
I didn’t keep it a secret on purpose.
It just didn’t seem relevant.

NATASHA
Maybe it’s not relevant, but finding
out that your mother is some kind of
genius who threw her life away just to
make the perfect pound cake --

EMILY
-- Hey! I did not throw my life away.
NATASHA
Well, it sounds pretty crazy. And if you’re crazy, I have the right to know. It could be genetic.

Emily can’t help but smile. Okay, then. Here we go.

EMILY
I did love being a doctor. I loved figuring out what was wrong with people and then figuring out how to make them better. And I was pretty good at it.

(off Natasha’s look)
Okay, I was great at it. But when I met your Dad it was a whole different kind of love. It felt more important than anything else. And then I got pregnant with your brother --

NATASHA
-- And you had to quit. God, that sucks. Being a woman is such crap.

A flash of annoyance flickers across Emily’s face.

EMILY
I didn’t have to quit. I chose to leave. I chose my family over my career and it’s a choice I will never regret. Maybe the reason I didn’t bother sharing all this was because I knew people wouldn’t understand. I didn’t want everyone looking at me like I was some blight on the feminist cause. God forbid a woman with a medical degree from Harvard should choose to be a stay-at-home mom.

Natasha can sense she’s touched a nerve. She chooses her next question more carefully.

NATASHA
Did you ever think about going back?

EMILY
Your dad and I used to talk about it. But the truth is, I was happy the way things were. I didn’t want anything to change and then... everything did.

Natasha takes that in. For the first time, they’re talking about their loss. (But still not sharing it. Not yet.)
NATASHA
It’s scary, right? Waking up every day, all these hours stretched ahead of you and having no idea what to do with them.

EMILY
Yes. That’s exactly it.

NATASHA
I know. I feel like that all the time. It’s why I did drugs. It’s why I still want to do them. But instead I work with flowers. Or paint. Or write. Whatever it takes to get through the day. You know those people who think time flies? They’re idiots. Time takes forever.

Emily looks at her daughter, as if suddenly realizing she’s more than a drug addict. She’s a thoughtful human being.

EMILY
I never knew you felt that way.

NATASHA
You never asked.

She says it simply. Without judgement. And then --

NATASHA (CONT’D)
But you don’t have to feel like this, Mom. You have a gift. This whole other life just sitting in a box in the garage waiting for you.

EMILY
It’s not that easy.

NATASHA
Sure it is. You get up and you go. That’s what Dad used to say to me. I just never figured out what I was supposed to go do. Now he’s gone, and I have to live with the fact that I failed him. That he’ll never see me accomplish anything.

EMILY
Natasha--

But Natasha is already up on her feet. Not wanting to cry but also not ready to be helped by her mom.
NATASHA
I’m fine.
(then, supportive)
Here’s the thing. If you can’t figure out a reason to do this for yourself, then do it for me. Do it for Dad.

With that, Natasha walks up to her room. Off Emily...

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER – FRONT DESK

Emily walks into the hospital, clutching a briefcase. She can’t help but notice that most of the residents are literally half her age and texting at insane speeds. She approaches the front desk, plants a smile on her face.

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you?

EMILY
I’m Emily Campbell. I’m here to see the Chief about a position.

END ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER – DOCTOR BRODY’S OFFICE – DAY

Emily and Chief-of-staff, DR. ROBERT BRODY are mid-meeting. She’s nervous, speaking fast, but he doesn’t seem to notice.

EMILY

... The Connecticut State Medical Society offers an online lecture series with exams at the end. So not only is my medical license still valid, but I’m also pretty amazing at online Scrabble.

She laughs. He doesn’t. She stops laughing. He smiles.

DOCTOR BRODY

You don’t remember me, do you?

EMILY

I’m sorry?

DOCTOR BRODY

I was an intern at Mt. Sinai when you were a resident. It’s okay if you don’t. It’s just funny because I remember you so clearly. Of course, you were a rock star --

EMILY

Oh, I wouldn’t say that.

DOCTOR BRODY

Those tamoxifen trials you started? You literally changed the way breast cancer is treated today.

EMILY

I was part of a team.

DOCTOR BRODY

You spearheaded the trials. The team worked for you. I know because I was desperate to get on the team. I’ll admit, I had a bit of a crush on you in those days.

Emily blushes; this is getting awkward.

DOCTOR BRODY (CONT’D)

So how soon were you looking to start?
EMILY
Actually, I’m still not 100% sure if I’m ready to jump back into all this. I just wanted to find out what it might entail. If I did decide.

DOCTOR BRODY
(going over her papers)
Let’s see. You’d have to retake the third part of your Medical Board exam, after which you’d need to complete the Family Medicine residency you started at Mt. Sinai. You had about a year and half left, is that right?

EMILY
Something like that.

DOCTOR BRODY
So you could do that here. You’ll also be required to log clinic hours. We could arrange for you to do that at your husband's practice, under Dr. Walden's supervision, if you prefer. Of course, all surgeries will need to be supervised at first --

Emily takes a deep breath, already feeling overwhelmed. He senses her trepidation.

DOCTOR BRODY (CONT’D)
I know it sounds like a lot, but once you’re in the routine --

She stands up suddenly, ready to end this conversation.

EMILY
I remember. Thank you for taking the time to sit down with me, Doctor Brody. I don’t think I’m ready to make the commitment yet, but if anything changes, I’ll call you.

She’s almost out the door when he finds the nerve to ask:

DOCTOR BRODY
Can I ask what’s stopping you?

Emily thinks about this for a moment, before responding.

EMILY
No. You can’t.

He walks out and he watches her go, still crushing a little.
Diego is getting dressed, despite David’s attempt to stop him.

DIEGO
I just want to try the pills for awhile and see how they work. I can always do the surgery later, right?

DAVID
That’s not what I’m recommending --

Suddenly, David notices Emily walking down the halls.

DAVID (CONT’D)
Mom?

Emily smiles upon seeing her son and walks over to him.

DAVID (CONT’D)
What are you doing here? Is everything okay?

EMILY
Everything’s fine. I just had a meeting with Doctor Brody --

DAVID
Why? About what?

Before Emily can respond, Christopher walks in.

CHRISTOPHER
I got the discharge papers...

DAVID
No. Diego, wait.

DIEGO
I promise I’ll schedule the surgery in a couple months. But if I don’t start school with everyone else, I’ll have to defer a whole semester which means I could lose my scholarship, my housing assignment... everything.

DAVID
So this isn’t about having surgery. You’re just worried about the recovery time. Is that it?

DIEGO
You said it would take like, six to eight weeks at least. That’s too long, man.
David thinks fast, desperate to keep Diego from leaving.

DAVID
What if I could cut that in half? If I could get you back on your feet in two weeks, would that work?

CHRISTOPHER
Can you do that?

DAVID
We could do a TAVI. Transcatheter aortic valve implantation. It’s less invasive than open heart surgery, so the recovery time is shorter. It’s also a newer procedure, which means there’s less data available, but the results so far have been positive.

Diego takes all of two seconds before responding:

DIEGO
That sounds cool. Let’s do that.

DAVID
Great. I’ll run it by my attending.

EMILY
(blurting it out)
Or maybe you want to think about it some more.

All eyes are suddenly on Emily who still in the doorway. She blushes, embarrassed.

CHRISTOPHER
Who are you?

DAVID
This is my mother, Emily Campbell --

EMILY
I didn’t mean to interrupt. I was just thinking that newer procedures inevitably come with greater risks and since there is a safer alternative, you might consider the long term advantages.

David is shocked by both Emily’s interruption and the fact that she’s talking like a doctor. Emily realizes she’s making it worse and tries to fix it.
EMILY (CONT'D)
That’s what I was thinking. And then I said it out loud. Which I shouldn’t have done. I’m sorry.

David tries to regain control of the room.

DAVID
Of course, there are risks involved in any surgery, but there’s no statistical evidence to suggest that the TAVI would expose you to any more than a standard open heart procedure.

EMILY
That’s because the sample size isn’t large enough for the statistics to be meaningful.
(off David’s look)
I’ll stop talking now.

DIEGO
If it means I start school on time, I say we go for it. Right, Dad?

CHRISTOPHER
It’s your decision, son.

DAVID
Okay then. I’ll get you on the schedule right away.
(quietly, to Emily)
Can I talk to you outside?

She doesn’t notice the edge in his voice, too distracted by what she has to do next. She checks her watch.

EMILY
Actually, I have to go pick something up right now. But we’ll talk tonight, okay, sweetie?

Without thinking, she gives him a kiss on the cheek. Off David, horrified...

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Emily, now carrying a takeout deli bag, KNOCKS on the front door of a modest home. Kathryn opens it, looking much worse than she did before.

EMILY
I come bearing soup.
INT. KATHRYN’S KITCHEN – A LITTLE LATER

It’s a Tilly tornado. Toys everywhere, playdate schedules taped to the fridge, etc. Kathryn eats the soup as Emily listens to her story. Tilly plays in the background.

KATHRYN
... Our marriage had basically stopped moving forward. And I was so young when I had Eli, I thought it would help to have another baby in the house. But then I couldn’t get pregnant, and the sex that was supposed to be fun became horrible. It was just adding more stress to an already stressful situation. So after a few months, I decided to bite the bullet and try IVF.

EMILY
How was that?

KATHRYN
Expensive. But it worked. 9 months later, I had Tilly.

EMILY
And Greg?

KATHRYN
Turns out, having a baby doesn’t save a marriage after all.

EMILY
I’m sorry, Kathryn.

Emily notices the patches on Kathryn’s cheeks are darker. Kathryn notices Emily noticing, and covers her cheeks.

KATHRYN
My face. It’s awful, right?

EMILY
I didn’t mean to stare --

KATHRYN
My dermatologist calls it a “pregnancy mask.” I found a cream online, some homemade concoction from a lady in Brazil. Works great, but I ran out a few days ago, and it takes 6 weeks to ship, so every few months I’m stuck looking like Peppermint Patty.
EMILY
(laughing)
It’s not that bad --

KATHRYN
Yeah, it is. It’s a good thing we love our kids, because nothing else ruins our bodies in quite the same, magical way.

EMILY
Tell me about it. I still have the Thighmaster I bought after I had Natasha. Unfortunately, I also still have the thighs.

Kathryn laughs which turns into a coughing fit.

EMILY (CONT’D)
That sounds like it’s getting worse.

KATHRYN
It’s probably another flu. Whenever Tilly gets sick, I always get it ten times worse.

EMILY
You really should get it checked out.

KATHRYN
No time. Between my job and Tilly’s schedule I can’t even book a haircut, let alone a physical. Besides, your husband ran a bunch of tests on me awhile back. Nothing came up.

EMILY
But you didn’t take all the tests.

Kathryn’s smile fades.

KATHRYN
Excuse me?

EMILY
I was cleaning up Ben’s files and noticed that yours seemed to be missing some information. You were supposed to come in for blood work awhile back, but you never did.

KATHRYN
Because I got better. And he said that kidney thing was a long shot anyway, so --
EMILY
PKD. It probably is. But the fact that you’re presenting with the same symptoms almost two years later could suggest otherwise. You have a history of kidney stones in your family, and since PKD is a genetic disease --

KATHRYN
Whoa. Why do I suddenly feel like I’m being ambushed?

EMILY
I’m just trying to help.

KATHRYN
I appreciate the concern, but I don’t need help. And actually, I’m late for Tilly’s piano lesson, so...

As Kathryn leads Emily towards the door --

EMILY
Come in for a blood test. It will take five minutes --

EXT. KATHRYN’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

KATHRYN
Thanks for the soup, Emily.

She closes the door. Now what? Emily thinks as she walks to her car. She gets an idea, grabs her cell and dials.

EMILY
Jason? It’s Emily. I need you to run a PKD test on Tilly Gordon’s blood. I’ll explain everything...

INT. EMILY’S KITCHEN - NIGHT

David and Natasha are in the middle of a fight.

NATASHA
I don’t get what you’re so pissed off about. Don’t you think it’s cool that Mom’s a genius?

DAVID
I don’t care if Mom cured cancer. It’s completely beside the point!

NATASHA
What point? God, you’re obnoxious.
DAVID
And you’re naive. You don’t even see what you’ve done here.

EMILY (O.S.)
She didn’t do anything.

They both turn to discover Emily standing the doorway.

EMILY (CONT’D)
Your sister may have prompted me to take that meeting with the Chief, but ultimately it’s my choice. If I decide to rejoin the work force --

DAVID
What do you mean, rejoin? You’ve never been in the work force, Mom. No offense, but two years of residency in the early 80s doesn’t count, even if you were a genius. Which Natasha tells me you were. Which is cool, I guess --

EMILY
Honey, listen to me --

DAVID
If you’re worried about money, you don’t have to be. I wasn’t gonna tell you until the details were finalized, but I found a group who wants to buy the practice.

This stops Emily for a moment.

EMILY
You what?

DAVID
Tri-State Medical. It’s a good offer.

EMILY
Who told you to do that? Did Jason --?

DAVID
This has nothing to do with Jason.

EMILY
What are you talking about? Jason owns one third of the practice.

DAVID
Yeah, and we own two thirds.
Emily’s head is spinning. This is beyond her imagination.

EMILY
I don’t understand. Why would you want to sell? Your father spent his life building that practice. Doesn’t that mean anything to you?

DAVID
I was trying to take care of you.

EMILY
Who said I needed to be taken care of?

DAVID
Oh, come on.

Emily reacts, hurt. David looks to Natasha for help, but she shakes her head. He’s on his own. Emily walks into the--

INT. EMILY’S FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- still processing all of this.

EMILY
Is that how you see me? Like I’m some kind of incompetent --

DAVID
You’re blowing this way out of proportion. This is about money, which is obviously something you’re stressing about, otherwise why would you even consider going to work?

NATASHA
Because she’s a genius!

DAVID
I’m seriously gonna kill you --

EMILY
Okay, everybody calm down --

DAVID
You have no idea what it’s like, Natasha. She’ll be on her feet 16, 17 hours a day. Doing grunt work for people half her age. Catching sleep in a room the size of our hall closet. Not to mention the fact that she’ll be going to a place where people die every day. Is that how you want Mom to spend her golden years?
EMILY  
(can’t help but smile)  
So now I’m in my golden years?

David sighs, frustrated.

DAVID  
Forget it. If you wanna be insane --

EMILY  
I’m not insane. I’m just trying to figure out my next step. That’s all.

DAVID  
Well, this isn’t it. This won’t help you move on. It’s just gonna keep you clinging to Dad. What, are you gonna wear his lab coat? Sit in his office and talk to his ghost every day?

EMILY  
That’s enough, David.

Emily is finally starting to get annoyed, and ready to change the subject.

EMILY (CONT’D)  
I think I know what’s going on here. If you’re upset about what happened with your patient today, I apologize. I didn’t mean to overstep --

DAVID  
This has nothing to do with that, although you did more than overstep.

EMILY  
Offering a new procedure to a boy that age was reckless. When you’re dealing with teenagers, you don’t give them a choice between a motorcycle or a Honda Civic. You buy them the Honda Civic.

DAVID  
I’m not his Mom. I’m his doctor. It’s my job to tell him all his options, and his job to decide what he wants. Why am I even discussing this with you? I don’t need your input on how to handle my patient.

NATASHA  
You never used to mind when all she did was praise your ass.
DAVID
Shut up, Natasha!

EMILY
Actually, your sister has a point.

David reacts, surprised that Emily is taking Natasha’s side. Natasha seems a little stunned by it, too.

EMILY (CONT’D)
Your dad used to say that your biggest shortcoming was that you never listened to other doctor’s opinions if they conflicted with your own.

DAVID
That’s bullshit. I just never bothered consulting with Dad because he was always too scared to try anything new. Which explains why he was stuck here, running a family practice that was on the verge of becoming obsolete until I came along and saved it --

Without thinking, Emily SLAPS David in the face. Hard. All three of them are dumbstruck. After a moment --

DAVID (CONT’D)
Mom, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean --

But Emily can’t hear anymore. Shaking, she walks upstairs, her world officially turning upside down.

INT. CAMPBELL, WALDEN & CAMPBELL – DAVID’S OFFICE – NIGHT

David is sipping some scotch, watching a surgical video of the TAVI procedure on his flat screen when Jason appears.

JASON
Heard about your TAVI. Pretty fancy surgery. Congratulations.

DAVID
It’s not that big a deal.

JASON
Oh, I forgot. You’re so cool. Can’t get too excited, right?

David doesn’t respond. Takes another sip of his drink.

JASON (CONT’D)
Or maybe you just inherited some of your mom’s talent.

(MORE)
JASON (CONT’D)
God knows she has plenty to spare.
But you’ll find that out soon enough.

Jason starts to walk out, but David stops him with his words:

DAVID
Just so you know, you and my mom?
Never gonna happen.

Jason doesn’t even flinch. He moves further into the office.

JASON
What’s the matter, Dave? You afraid she’s going to outshine you? I wouldn’t worry. That woman loves you so much she wouldn’t beat you in a game of checkers. But if your ego can’t handle it --

Suddenly, David is on his feet, his fist centimeters from Jason’s face. But he doesn’t connect. Jason stands his ground, unafraid. His twenty years on David shows.

JASON (CONT’D)
Good luck tomorrow, kid. Oh, and if you ever try to sell this place out from under me again, I’ll bury you.

David reacts, how did he find out? Jason smiles.

JASON (CONT’D)
Jenna’s a nice girl. Next time, buy her dinner first.

Jason walks out. David falls into his chair, beat. The stress of everything is finally taking its toll. He picks up a picture from his desk. A framed photo of David and Ben, on David’s graduation day. Off David, blinking back tears...

INT. EMILY’S BEDROOM – MORNING

Emily is cleaning out her closet, folding Ben’s clothes neatly into boxes. Ayanna is there for moral support.

AYANNA
Can I help?

EMILY
You being here is helping. I’ve been meaning to donate this stuff for awhile now.

After a beat, awkwardly:
AYANNA
So Natasha told me you guys had a fight the other day...

Ayanna’s pathetic attempt to be blasé is so awful, Emily bursts out laughing.

EMILY
You are the worst liar on the planet.

AYANNA
What’s your IQ? Give it to me straight. I can handle it.

EMILY
You’re insane...

AYANNA
I’ve never hung out with a genius before! What if it’s weird?

EMILY
You’re weird. Nothing is going to be different between us. I’m the same, old, boring person I’ve always been.

Emily notices her THIGHMASTER gathering dust in the back of the closet. As she reaches for it:

EMILY (CONT’D)
With the same thighs...

Which triggers a realization. She just had this conversation. Only then, she was also talking about --

EMILY (CONT’D)
Brazilian face cream.

She races to her...

INT. EMILY’S BATHROOM – CONTINUOUS

She quickly opens her medicine cabinet, pulls out a jar of face cream and reads the ingredients. Ayanna watches her, confused.

EMILY
Oh my God. That’s it!

AYANNA
See? Only geniuses say ‘That’s it!’ when they read the ingredients on their face cream. The old, boring you never even bothered to read your face cream ingredients.
But Emily is too busy connecting the mental dots to respond. She quickly picks up the phone and dials.

**INT. KATHRYN’S KITCHEN - SAME TIME**

Kathryn, looking horribly ill, picks up. She wheezes into the phone.

    KATHRYN
    Hello?

    EMILY
    Kathryn? It’s Emily. What’s wrong?

    KATHRYN
    Emily? I... I can’t breathe.

    EMILY
    Sit down. Can you sit down?

As Kathryn moves piles of Tilly’s stuff off the chair --

    KATHRYN
    I think my flu is getting worse...

    EMILY
    It’s not a flu. Listen to me. I want you to meet me at the hospital right now. Can you do that?

    KATHRYN
    I don’t know. I don’t think I can drive like this...

Before Kathryn makes it into her chair, she passes out.

    EMILY
    Just stay put, okay? I’m on my way. Kathryn?

But Kathryn doesn’t answer. Because she’s out cold.

**INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY**

Which brings us BACK TO THE TEASER. Emily rushes in, carrying Kathryn in her arms.

    EMILY
    I need help here!

**END ACT TWO**
ACT THREE

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We pick up with Emily plunging the needle into Kathryn’s arm. Within seconds, her vitals are stable.

   NURSE #2
   Pressure’s up to 85.

   DOCTOR BILLAWALA
   How did you know --?

But Emily is focused on Kathryn who is regaining consciousness and clearly terrified. Having a tube in her mouth makes it impossible for her to speak.

   EMILY
   It’s okay. You’re in the hospital.

Kathryn tries to speak, but Emily stops her.

   EMILY (CONT’D)
   Tilly is fine. I want you to try to stay calm, okay?

Doctor Brody appears on the scene, having been paged.

   DOCTOR BRODY
   What’s going on here?

   DOCTOR BILLAWALA
   That’s exactly what I’m trying to find out, sir.
   (gesturing to Emily)
   This woman just barged in here, and--

   DOCTOR BRODY
   I wasn’t talking to you, Eric.

Brody turns to Emily who reacts, instinctively.

   EMILY
   Patient’s name is Kathryn Gordon. Symptoms suggest secondary adrenal insufficiency.

   DOCTOR BRODY
   What’s your recommendation?

   EMILY
   Check the ACTH level and order an MRI to look for possible pituitary tumors.
DOCTOR BRODY
Good. Do it.

He starts to walk off. Then --

DOCTOR BRODY (CONT’D)
Oh, and welcome to Hartford Medical, Doctor Campbell.

And just like that, Emily realizes she just officially started her residency. Holy shit.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - OPERATING ROOM - DAY

David looks at Diego lying on the operating table. As the ANESTHESIOLOGIST begins to administer the anesthesia.

DAVID
How you feeling, Diego?

Diego smiles and gives David a thumbs up, before fading into a sweet, drug-induced oblivion. David looks at him; his face suddenly seems younger than before. He really is just a kid.

DAVID (CONT’D)
All right. Let’s do this, folks.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - MRI ROOM - DAY

Kathryn is inside the machine, getting her brain scanned. Emily is with Doctor Billawala, watching as the computer finds a tumor the size of a walnut.

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
There it is.

Emily stares at the screen; she almost can’t believe it.

EMILY
I was right.

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
You seem surprised.

EMILY
I guess I am. It’s been a while since I’ve practiced.

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
Well, congratulations. She’s your patient now. Which means you get to tell her she may have brain cancer.

Off Emily, her relief instantly vanishing...
INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - OPERATING ROOM

David is mid-procedure, working angiographically, but can’t get the valve in the right position. An alarm is blaring. He is starting to sweat...

      ANESTHESIOLOGIST
      Pressure keeps dropping.

      DAVID
      Damn it! It just won’t sit right.

David works as the vital signs continue to drop. Another alarm goes off. Finally:

      DAVID (CONT’D)
      That’s it. We have to open him.

The room jumps into action pushing away the angiography equipment and prepping to cut the chest open. As David is handed a sternotomy saw...

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - KATHRYN’S ROOM - DAY

Kathryn is looking much better. With her day planner open beside her, she is sitting upright and talking on her cell when Emily knocks on her door. Kathryn waves her in, and attempts to wrap up her call.

      KATHRYN
      (into phone)
      ... I would really appreciate that, Liz. We’ll be there Wednesday. Thanks so much.

Kathryn hangs up and smiles at Emily.

      KATHRYN (CONT’D)
      We’re supposed to be in Tilly’s Music Together class right now. Which is more about chewing the instruments, than playing them, but she loves it. Oh, and tomorrow she has ballet at noon. Do you think they’ll let me out by then?

      EMILY
      No. I don’t.

Kathryn finally senses Emily’s demeanor. It’s serious.

      KATHRYN
      What’s going on? Where’s my doctor?
EMILY
I’m your doctor.

Kathryn reacts, surprised. Confused.

KATHRYN
Oh. I didn’t realize... I had no idea you worked at the hospital.

EMILY
It’s a recent development. If you’d prefer someone else, I’m sure I can arrange it for you.

KATHRYN
No. Just tell me what’s happening.

Emily takes a beat, it’s been awhile since she’s done this.

EMILY
The MRI revealed an abnormal growth on your pituitary gland. It’s a small tumor, but we need to do a biopsy right away.

KATHRYN
A biopsy? Does that mean it could be cancer?

EMILY
We should wait until we get the results of the test --

KATHRYN
Oh my God.

Emily sits next to Kathryn, who is having a hard time processing this.

KATHRYN (CONT’D)
I can’t have cancer.

EMILY
I know.

KATHRYN
Oh please... please...

Kathryn starts to cry, Emily holds her hand.

KATHRYN (CONT’D)
I need to see Tilly.
EMILY
She’s here. Do you want me to get her for you?

Kathryn nods, tears still streaming down her face. Emily starts for the door, but Kathryn holds her back.

KATHRYN
No. Wait.

Kathryn takes a deep breath, wipes the tears away. No mother is going to let her baby see her crying. Emily knows this instinctively and wipes away some smeared mascara.

KATHRYN (CONT’D)
Thank you.

Emily gives her a kind smile and walks out.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Natasha sits with Tilly, coloring. They both look up when Emily walks in, a NURSE following close behind.

TILLY
Can I see my mommy now?

EMILY
Yup. That nurse is going to take you to her, okay?

Tilly runs off, leaving Emily alone with her daughter.

EMILY (CONT’D)
Thank you for watching her.

NATASHA
It’s okay. I wasn’t doing anything anyway. How’s Kathryn?

Emily sits down next to her daughter with a big sigh.

EMILY
Kathryn has a brain tumor. They’re doing a biopsy to find out whether or not it’s malignant.

NATASHA
If it is, you basically have to go in there and tell her she’s gonna die?

EMILY
Not quite like that, but I’d have to tell her what’s happening, yes.
Natasha takes this in. It’s overwhelming, to say the least.

NATASHA
Maybe David’s right. Maybe this is too much to deal with right now.

EMILY
Your brother made a lot of valid points, but this isn’t the reason I’ve been afraid to come back.

NATASHA
So what is the reason?

Emily takes a beat before trying to explain.

EMILY
These past six months, I’ve spent every second of every day thinking about your father. In a lot of ways, the grief has kept me connected to him. I knew if I took this step, it would be my first step away from him. It would be the beginning of letting go, and I wasn’t sure I was ready to do that.

(then, lighter)
Until you yelled at me.

Natasha blushes, embarrassed.

NATASHA
I’m sorry, Mom. I didn’t know... I hope I didn’t push you into this.

EMILY
You absolutely did push me into this, and I’m grateful. I’ve been so lucky. I had the kind of marriage that most people dream about. For thirty years, your father made me happier than I ever thought possible. Now it’s up to me to make sure the next thirty years are just as great. Part of that means going back to work.

(then, directly)
The other part is about you.

NATASHA
Me?
EMILY
You and your brother. I was always so proud of what a hands-on mother I was, but the truth is, I don’t know my own kids, neither of you know me, and it’s all my fault. I put David up on such a pedestal, I can’t even see him anymore. And you...

Emily can’t finish. Natasha blushes at her Mom’s guilt.

NATASHA
Don’t beat yourself up. You’ve been pretty dead-on about me. I’m basically a giant screw up.

EMILY
You are not a screw up. You are a unique and beautiful girl, Natasha. Too smart for your own good. That’s why you haven’t figured out what you want to do with your life. Not because you have no talents. It’s because you have too many. We just have to find a way to narrow the field. I want to help you. Will you let me?

Natasha nods, afraid that if she speaks she’ll cry. Emily hugs her daughter for the first time in years.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER – OPERATING ROOM

David is working hard, but things are tense. At this point, we can’t tell which way things are going to go.

NURSE #2
The patient’s father is asking for an update. Do you want me to go out and talk to him, or --

DAVID
Not yet. I need more time... Just a little more time...

As David continues to fight for Diego’s life, we...

END ACT THREE

FADE OUT.
Kathryn is lying in bed, scrolling through pictures of Tilly on her iPhone when Emily walks in.

EMILY
The tumor is benign.

Kathryn looks up and almost bursts into tears of gratitude.

KATHRYN
Oh thank God! Thank God, thank God...

Emily smiles; she’s almost as relieved as Kathryn.

EMILY
Get some rest, okay?

KATHRYN
Emily, wait. How did you know?

EMILY
I didn’t at first. Then I remembered you mentioned that face cream you got from Brazil and something clicked.

KATHRYN
How’d you get from face cream to tumor?

EMILY
Slowly. See, most face creams contain trace amounts of hydrocortisone, which is a synthetic steroid. The homemade stuff you were buying online probably had at least double the normal amount, which is why it worked so well. It’s also what was masking your symptoms. Every time you ran out, you’d get another cold.

KATHRYN
I never connected it, but, yeah. I guess that’s right.

EMILY
Except it wasn’t a cold. It was the symptoms of the tumor reappearing.

KATHRYN
So how long have I had this thing growing in my head?
EMILY
Since before you had Tilly. The tumor was the reason you couldn’t get pregnant. It decreased the production in both your adrenal steroids and your female hormones, which is what made you infertile. The specialist you saw might have caught it, but when a woman your age walks in complaining that she can’t get pregnant --

KATHRYN
They assume it’s because you’re old.

EMILY
They assume it’s because you’re old.

Kathryn absorbs this information.

KATHRYN
So what happens now?

EMILY
Since it’s benign, there’s no reason to have surgery. We’ll put you on hormone therapy, which you’ll probably have to stay on for the rest of your life but you should be feeling much better from now on. Unless Tilly gives you a real flu. Preschool germs are the worst.

Kathryn smiles. Before Emily leaves --

KATHRYN
You brought me to the hospital, didn’t you? You came to my house and got me and brought me here.

EMILY
I did.

KATHRYN
You know, most doctors don’t make house calls anymore.

Emily takes a moment before responding with a smile:

EMILY
Some do.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - DIEGO’S ROOM - DAY

Diego is alive! Albeit, feeling like shit. David is there, explaining to him and Christopher what happened.
DAVID
We positioned the stent across your aortic valve. We then performed an angiogram and saw that you had what’s called an endoleak.

CHRISTOPHER
A what -- ?

DAVID
It means there was blood flowing around instead of just through the valve. It made your pressure drop dangerously low. I had to go into your chest and replace the valve by hand. The good news is that we were able to change course before any irreversible damage was caused.

But Diego doesn’t seem happy to hear that. All he can think about is his scholarship, his dorm... He’s pissed.

DIEGO
The bad news is that I’m gonna feel like ass for the next the two months.

DAVID
The recovery process will be more extensive than we’d initially hoped.

DIEGO
So I’m not going to Stanford.

DAVID
Not this semester. And there are some fairly strict guidelines about what you can and can’t do over these next few weeks. You’ll want to avoid climbing stairs at first. No lifting objects more than 10 pounds. No pushing or pulling heavy objects --

DIEGO
This is such crap. You promised me this wouldn’t happen, man!

CHRISTOPHER
Diego. ¡Basta!

David tries to take it in stride, but he hates this part.

DAVID
I did everything I could --
DIEGO  
But it wasn’t enough. Why you gotta go and give a person false hope if you can’t follow through?

DAVID  
Based on our initial exams --

DIEGO  
Whatever. Doctors are liars.

CHRISTOPHER  
Diego! You’ll have to forgive him.

DAVID  
He’s disappointed. I understand. I’ll come back later and we can go over the rest of the guidelines, okay?

David walks out, and we RACK FOCUS to Emily having watched this exchange from afar.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

David is sitting on the bench, staring into his locker, depressed. Emily walks in and sits beside him. He’s momentarily surprised to see her, until he realizes:

DAVID  
Let me guess. You joined the residency program.

EMILY  
I just couldn’t resist the long hours and horrible cafeteria food.

DAVID  
You’re doing this to torture me, aren’t you?

EMILY  
No. But it’s one of the perks.

David smiles, but we can see this is a lot for him to absorb. Emily decides to get the rest out quickly.

EMILY (CONT’D)  
I’ll also be taking over your father’s share of the practice. I’m hiring another doctor to help cover my hours there, until I get into the swing of things. But you, Jason and I will be equal partners from here on out. I hope you can live with that.
David sighs; too tired to fight anymore.

DAVID
If it makes you happy, I’m all for it. Honestly. That’s all I ever wanted.

Emily takes that in. The tension between them dissipates.

EMILY
Were you here all night? (off his nod) Are you okay?

DAVID
Not really. I failed.

EMILY
Oh? I could have sworn I just saw your patient, alive and well and talking to his dad out there.

DAVID
I promised my patient something that I wasn’t able to deliver. That counts as a failure in my book.

Emily forces David to look her in the eyes.

EMILY
Hey. Listen to me. You saved that boy’s life. He may not get to party in the coolest dorm, but he gets to live. Maybe Diego doesn’t recognize the significance of that yet, but I can assure you his father does. And I hope you do, too.

David takes that in.

DAVID
Thanks.

She stands up, starts to go. Before she gets out the door:

EMILY
And look, if my being here makes you uncomfortable, I can try to arrange it so that we aren’t working the same shifts.

DAVID (teasing)
You think you can influence your shift schedule already? You’re low man on the totem pole, lady. Technically, I outrank you.
EMILY
Yeah, but I’m pretty sure the Chief has a crush on me. I might be willing to show a little leg.

DAVID
Okay, now you’re freaking me out.

Emily smiles, and walks out the door. We hold on David, a mixture of emotions but mostly good ones. MUSIC UP as we...

INT. EMILY’S BEDROOM – MORNING

The clock reads 8:00 am. But the bed is empty.

EXT. EMILY’S HOUSE – MORNING

Emily is heading out the front door, carrying her doctor’s bag. She looks at her house, looks out at the world that’s waiting for her, and heads to her car. The first step.

INT. EMILY’S KITCHEN – MORNING

Natasha walks into the empty kitchen, wearing her pajamas. She smiles, seeing the pot of coffee and empty mug her mom left out for her. Then realizes she’ll be drinking it alone today. Off Natasha, still lost...

INT. CAMPBELL, WALDEN & CAMPBELL – OUTER OFFICE

A few PATIENTS are already there when Emily walks in. Jason is talking with Nurse Barbara at the front desk. He stops to give Emily a smile as she passes him. She smiles back. David watches their exchange from his office doorway, already protective. Already not liking this new dynamic.

INT. CAMPBELL, WALDEN & CAMPBELL – BEN’S OFFICE – DAY

It’s slightly redecorated to reflect Emily’s tastes. Only Ben’s chair remains, as it always will. Emily pulls a few, personal items out of her doctor’s bag. A framed family photo, a Mom mug, and finally... her stethoscope. She puts it around her neck as Nurse Barbara pokes her head in:

NURSE BARBARA
Doctor Campbell? Your first patient is here.

Emily takes a deep, quiet breath. Then:

EMILY
Send him in.

END OF SHOW