

Miami Trauma  
"Pilot"  
by  
Jeffrey Lieber

**TEASER**

EXT. WATERS OFF OF MIAMI - DAY

...where a CRUISE LINER can be seen fighting choppy waves as it methodically heads out to sea.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
You're pacing, Marc.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL DECK, CRUISE LINER - SAME, DAY

...as the CAMERA PANS past a bathing suit clad couple canoodling in the hot-tub, to find the aforementioned...

MARC (AGE 33)  
We shouldn't have taken this trip.

...shifting in his shoes in front of the owner of the FEMALE VOICE, Marc's wife **ANNA (31)**, who sits in a deck chair, below a large observation window, her head between her knees.

ANNA  
I'm fine.

MARC  
But what if you're not? What if you get into trouble and we're in the middle of the Caribbean and we can't get to a--

ANNA  
I'm fine. The baby is fine...

Now Anna sits up, revealing... a watermelon belly, which houses what looks-to-be a 7 MONTH-OLD FETUS.

ANNA  
...though he's kicking the crap out of me.  
(good-natured, re: her discomfort)  
Its sea-sickness... or lack of sleep... or maybe its just YOU walking back and forth like a caged puma.

They share a smile.

MARC  
I'm sorry. Its just after everything we've gone through...

ANNA  
(with a chuckle)  
Who's this WE you speak of?

\*  
\*  
\*

ANNA (CONT'D)

How many times did YOU get stuck in  
the ass with a 3 inch needle?

\*  
\*

Marc laughs. Anna reaches out to touch him.

\*

ANNA

Dr. Gunner said, "Its safe. Go have  
fun while you still can."

(rolling her neck, deep breath)

See, I'm starting to feel better alrea--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

And that's when... **BANG**... A VIOLENT COLLISION rocks the boat,  
sending Marc sprawling, his head SLAMMING AGAINST THE DECK.

**CLOSE ON: MARC**

...a TRICKLE OF BLOOD from a forehead laceration in his eyes  
as he staggers to his feet, stumbling to the railing to see...

**BELOW, IN THE WATER, A CHEMICAL BARGE**

...that's just CRASHED INTO THE CRUISE LINER.

**BACK ON: MARC**

...spinning, his eyes catching sight of dozens of injured and  
confused passengers before finally locking on...

**ANNA**

...lying on the deck, the observation window that was directly  
behind her having exploded into shards that flew like  
shrapnel, imbedding in her body in dozens of separate places.

**QUICK CUTS, "WHAT MARC SEES OF HIS BELOVED WIFE":**

*Anna's blood spreading across a pool towel... a glass shard  
protruding alongside Anna's exposed collarbone... Anna's  
eyes, quivering in shock.*

**BACK ON: MARC**

...as he opens his mouth to call for help, but, instead,  
produces little more than a HIIIIIIIISSSISS, which is when he  
realizes that HE HAS A SINGLE PIECE OF GLASS STICKING OUT OF  
HIS THROAT, the air escaping as it bypasses his vocal chords.

As Marc starts to hyperventilate, extracting the glass and  
plugging the hole with his finger so he can scream...

MARC

(raspy, desperate)

NEED A DOCTOR! OVER HERE!

...THE CAMERA is suddenly on the move, PUSHING ACROSS THE  
DECK, FLYING THROUGH HALLWAYS and DESCENDING STAIRS, before  
finally PAUSING as it arrives at the...

INT. KITCHEN, CRUISE SHIP - CONTINUOUS, DAY

...where the collision has triggered a FIRE.

KITCHEN STAFF fight to put out the flames, **A TWENTY-SOMETHING INDIAN SOUS-CHEF** being dragged from the flames.

As the Sous-Chef is placed on the floor, the CAMERA SMASHES THROUGH A WALL, doing a 180 PIVOT to reveal...

INT. BALLROOM, CRUISE SHIP - CONTINUOUS, DAY

...where the CAMERA PUSHES IN on a **MID-FORTIES PASSENGER**, his arm trapped under a fallen chandelier.

As the Passenger stares, becoming aware of the blood pooling near his wrist, the CAMERA CRANES UP, passing through the ceiling and ascending into the sky for a bird's eye view of...

**TWO SHIPS, BOTH TAKING ON WATER, A MILE OFF SHORE**

...with injuries abounding and the clock ticking.

In the next 199 episodes of the show, this'll be the end of the tease, but being a pilot we have some characters to meet and establish, so now we...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RYDER TRAUMA ONE - SAME, DAY

...which is a 166,000 square foot, stand-alone building, located under blue-skies and palm trees, on the sun-soaked campus of Jackson Memorial Hospital.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS a woman, who we'll soon learn is **FIRST-YEAR TRAUMA RESIDENT DR. SERENA WARREN (29)**, as she simultaneously kicks her skateboard, texts on her blackberry, sips a triple-vente, iced frappa-Starba-something, and grooves to the salsa beat emanating from her Ipod earbuds.

As Warren glides through Ryder's automatic front doors...

CUT TO:

INT. TRAUMA SUITES #1-#5, PANNING - SAME, DAY

...which are in a momentary state of stasis and silence.

Endotracheal tubes spoon gleaming stainless laryngoscopes... bulging saline bladders trail primed coils of IV tubing... a row of 'trauma shears' lie near a translucent fishing tackle box marked 'PARALYTICS and PAIN'.

Now Dr. Warren comes into view, stepping off her skateboard, and depositing it on a shelf, before crossing through...

INT. BULLPEN, RYDER TRAUMA - SAME

**A DRY-ERASE BOARD**

...lists trauma teams ALPHA through GAMMA, the doctor symbol (the staff with a serpent coiled around it) being placed to indicate **BRAVO TEAM** is coming "on call".

Warren pulls out two sets of boxed laryngoscope blade-handles, which she had lodged in the back of her scrubs...

DR. WARREN  
(proud of herself)  
We're low, so I robbed the ER.

...and plops them on a gurney, in front of...

**HEAD NURSE TUCK BRODY (47)**

...who is perched in the yoga position of Ardha Padmasana.

DR. WARREN  
Man, that place is uncivilized. Kids puking. Guys, 15 years too old to be playing basketball, with multiple fingers out-of-joint.  
(a shake of the head)  
I don't understand why anyone goes into emergency medicine.

TUCK  
(old school New York accent)  
"Only a fool in love can expect to understand the mind of another."

DR. WARREN  
(guessing)  
Deepak Chopra?

TUCK  
(shake of the head)  
Elvis Costello.

Tuck rises (humming some Elvis Costello), revealing his 6-foot-plus frame, marked with a scar on his cheek... a burn-mark on his forearm... a badly mangled pinky finger on one hand.

DR. WARREN  
Is Dr. Rayner in yet?

TUCK  
Not yet.

DR. WARREN  
What happened to, "On time is  
2 hours early"?

TUCK  
(he's noticed too)  
3rd shift in a row.

FROM OFF, a MANIC CHUCKLE elicits a smile between Warren and Tuck.

TUCK  
Oh, that's *not* a good sound.

CUT TO:

**VIDEO OF A CUBAN WOMAN**

...in an off-the-shoulder black dress, giving a speech to some charity function. The woman is clearly as nervous about public speaking as she is unused to her formal attire.

CUBAN WOMAN  
I know you were expecting (cough)  
Dr. Rayner, but-- uh-- please  
accept me as your-- uh-- pinch-  
trauma--surgeon for the evening.

More CHUCKLING as the Cuban Woman is PAUSED, CAMERA REVEALING...

INT. BREAK ROOM, RYDER TRAUMA - SAME, DAY

...where THE CHUCKLER, **DR. CHRISTOPHER DELEO (DR. C., 38)**, stands amidst a half-dozen nurses, watching the Cuban Woman on a TV mounted on a video cart and entertaining the troops.

And when Dr. C. speaks, he's got the slow, distinctive drawl \*  
of a man born and bred in the sticks of the Florida panhandle. \*

DR. C.  
On this morning agenda...  
(pointing at himself)  
...Dr. C.'s cautionary tale of  
"Asymptomatic Meltdownus Stagefloppium".

Behind Dr. C., Dr. Warren appears in the doorway with...

TUCK  
Is that our girl *Marisol*?

DR. WARREN  
Who knew Dr. Zambrano had HOT in her.

DR. C.  
Who knew she even had shoulders.

Now Dr. C. presses PLAY on the remote and ON SCREEN...

DR. ZAMBRANO (ON SCREEN)  
We at Ryder Medical (cough)  
practice what's known as 'team  
trauma (dry throat swallow).

Now Dr. C. jumps on the video cart, pretending to give "Video Zambrano" life saving treatment.

DR. C.  
See here, diaphoretic, just below  
the sweat line, slightly pale...

DR. ZAMBRANO (ON SCREEN)  
"Team trauma", originally perfected  
in M\*A\*S\*H units (cough) consists of  
dedicated units of doctors, (deep  
nervous breath) working together...

DR. C.  
...counter-regulatory hormones  
kicking in... pressure spiking...

The staff is eating this up.

DR. ZAMBRANO (ON SCREEN)  
...to provide highly effective care  
during what's known as the "golden hour"  
that defines trauma care (cough).

DR. C.  
...ooh, ooh... now dropping... pulse-  
thready... 'V-TACH!!!!

DR. ZAMBRANO (ON SCREEN)  
See, if you're in our unit (throat clear)  
that means you've suffered an injury that  
gives you less than 60 minutes to live  
and it is our duty to treat that injury  
so that you might live (drink of water).

On screen, "Video Zambrano" goes to flip note cards, only to lose her grip and have the stack tumble all over the dais, which is when Dr. C. makes the FLAT-LINING SOUND, hitting PAUSE in order to catch Zambrano in an awkward expression.

DR. C.  
(big, toothy smile)  
100 bucks to anyone who turns this  
into a life-sized cut-out I can  
post in the surgeon's locker room.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I don't know where you got that video, but before you get too smug, ask yourself: Why did Rayner trust ME over YOU to fill in for him.

All turn to see... the real **DR. MARISOL ZAMBRANO (36)** standing in the doorway. Unlike on screen, she looks totally at home in her scrubs, her hair pulled back.

Zambrano whispers something in SPANISH to a few of the nurses and everyone within earshot cracks up.

DR. C.

You know the rule, Marisol. No foreign languages on the trauma floor.

DR. ZAMBRANO

Take a Berlitz class, Chris, its South Beach. ENGLISH is the foreign language.

Laughter from the room, and then with concern in her voice...

DR. ZAMBRANO

Hey, has anyone seen Rayner?

...which is the cue for **HEAD OF BRAVO TEAM, WILLIAM RAYNER (53)**...

DR. RAYNER

(faux-gruff)

I have and he looks like crap. Don't you people have medical-type things to do?

(then)

Bravo Team only, please.

As the room empties to just our five: Rayner, Zambrano, Dr. C., Warren and Tuck, Dr. Rayner turns to Dr. C....

DR. RAYNER

Chris, when I'm done with the briefing, I'd love 5 minutes of your time.

As Dr. C. nods, sharing a quick look with Zambrano...

DR. RAYNER

(pouring a cup of coffee)

Alright, couple of agenda items before our shift starts.

(from his notes)

I'm hoping for a slow morning so we can catch up on the 'Joint Commission' stuff.



DR. RAYNER (CONT'D)

Also, FYI, the Army will be sending over field surgeons to observe next Tuesday. As always, give them whatever they need, so long as their presence doesn't impede patient care.

Rayner sips his coffee and when he lowers the mug he notices a **SPOT OF COFFEE ON HIS SHOE**, which he stares at a moment too long. The room notices, Zambrano about to say something, when...

DR. RAYNER

(this is important)  
Oh, and Dr. Zambrano...

Rayner takes a meaningful breath, then...

DR. RAYNER

I'm going to require you to wear that black dress at least 1 shift a week.

A warm smile from Rayner elicits a chuckle from the room, which is interrupted by Rayner's beeper going off... followed by Dr. C.'s and Zambrano's... then Tuck's and Warren's... and then, from out in the bullpen, A DOZEN MORE BEEPERS.

DR. RAYNER

So much for that slow morning.

**QUICK CUTS, "HOW IT STARTS":**

*ECU on Tuck's eyes, as he races down a hallway... fingers flick the flashing 'ANSWER' toggle in a high tech 'Communications Room'... a hand reaches into a cooler to snag blood bags... a white sheet is fitted to a gurney. And over all of the above:*

VOICE OVER THE RADIO (V.O.)

...we got a burn victim... Indian, male... 26, 3rd degree over 70%... then a pregnant female, mid-30's, multiple lacerations... then, open fracture/dislocation right leg, near amputation of right hand...

CUT TO:

INT. TRAUMA RESUSCITATION SUITE #5 - SAME

...now in its natural working state, which is tightly controlled chaos. What was silent when we saw it last is now a cacophony of machines whirring and beeping and humming.

Dr. Rayner stands at the foot of the gurney (in the command trauma position), directing Dr. C. and Zambrano as they cut **DEEPESH'S** (the Sous-Chef from the fire) clothes off; some of it melted and peeling away like plastic wrap.

DR. C.

Don't mind us, buddy, we're just turning these into rip-away pants in case the 80's come back.

DR. ZAMBRANO

(all business)  
3rd degree bilateral lower legs.

Meanwhile Dr. Warren tentatively searches for unburned skin, trying to separate the charred from the bubbled...

DR. WARREN

I-- I think we've got full thickness.

DR. C.

(his best Yoda, critical)  
"There is no think, only 'know'."

But Rayner pulls them back to the ABCs...

DR. RAYNER

Basics here. This guy is an airway disaster waiting to happen.

(then, off Deepesh's chart)

Lets say 25 minutes to first contact... 15 minutes with triage... 7 minute flight...

(doing the math in his head)

Come on, people. The clock is ticking away fast.

We see that Rayner is one part orchestra conductor...

DR. RAYNER

Place a Cordis on the left, Chris...

(one part sports coach)

...come on, guys, we've done this better a 100 times before...

(one part historian)

...employ the exact technique we used in the Ocala fires.

...the mood in his Trauma suite is urgent, yet efficient and as hard as Zambrano and Dr. C. were on each other in the break room, they're cohesive here, where it counts.

DR. ZAMBRANO

Will you...

DR. C.

(just knows what she needs)  
...yeah, yeah, got it.

DR. C. (CONT'D)  
(leaning in, to Deepesh)  
We're working to relieve your pain.

DR. WARREN  
I don't think--  
(stopping herself)  
I know Deepesh doesn't speak English.

And all Deepesh can manage is ONE PHRASE muttered in Indian.

DR. WARREN  
He's been saying the same thing  
over and over since he came in.

DEEPESH  
(whispered, low)  
Meraa peela foel.

DR. RAYNER  
Are we getting that translated?

DR. WARREN  
(nodding)  
I sent an intern to call the Mint Leaf.

DR. C.  
God, I love Indian food.  
(without missing a beat)  
Scalpel.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

As Zambrano shakes her head, smiling, Tuck slips through the thermal doors...

TUCK  
6 more incoming, but only 2 are  
critical red bands.

DR. ZAMBRANO  
We're getting a pregnant woman?

TUCK  
32 weeks. Multiple lacerations. She's  
on the next bird. 4 minutes.

Rayner takes an instant to process that...

DR. RAYNER  
Chris and Marisol scrub out and be  
ready for the incoming.  
(back to Tuck)  
You got the nurses assigned?

TUCK

And the BOA cart is ready in case  
we're birthin' some babies.

And that's when Deepesh's ALARMS START TO SCREAM.

TUCK

Pressure dropping. 60 systolic.

DR. C.

What just--? Did a lung go down?

DR. WARREN

Not possible. My line was good.

DR. ZAMBRANO

Well, he's crashing!

Rayner runs the team through the possible culprits...

DR. RAYNER

Bleeding... pericardial tamponade...  
tension pneumothorax...

...while Dr. Warren and Dr. C. frantically searching  
Deepesh's chest for a puncture wound...

DR. WARREN

No way. Lungs are working fine.

...but something has to be done because the ALARMS ARE BLARING.

**QUICK CUTS, "THE CHAOS OF THE MOMENT":**

*...Zambrano breaking out a chest tube kit... Dr. C. splashing  
betadine over the heart... ECU on the lips of an overwhelmed  
Warren mumbling the steps of thoracotomy to remind herself.*

And that's when Rayner steps in...

DR. RAYNER

Little room, please.

...PLUNGING A NEEDLE THROUGH DEEPESH'S SKIN AND STRAIGHT INTO  
HIS HEART, pulling back on the plunger, the syringe drawing a  
GUSHER OF STRAW COLORED FLUID into its barrel.

TUCK

(this is all good)  
Pressure is coming back up and...  
the pericardial fluid is gone!

Now Dr. C. puts the ultrasound next to the needle and...

DR. C.

Hot damn on a pogo-stick you saved him!

But despite the relief on his team's face, Rayner seems tortured by something, unable to move, speak or take his eyes off...

**A SPOT OF BLOOD NEXT TO THE COFFEE SPOT ON HIS SHOE.**

DR. C.

Dr. Rayner?

**QUICK CUTS, "MELTDOWN":**

**...ECU: Rayner's eyes jumping to more blood... on his scrubs... on his mask and gloves... on his surgical cap.**

TUCK (O.S.)

Dr. Rayner, everything alright?

**BACK ON THE TRAUMA ROOM AS A WHOLE**

...where Rayner still isn't moving.

DR. ZAMBRANO

*William?*

But Rayner doesn't respond, instead taking Dr. C's hand and passing off the syringe, still in Deepesh's heart before Rayner turns and simply... WALKS OUT OF THE TRAUMA SUITE.

**BULLPEN, P.O.V. FROM BRAVO TEAM IN TRAUMA #5**

...where Rayner can be seen walking in a haze and stopping in front of the nurses' desk.

There he starts to strip off his latex gloves, his cap, his scrubs top and the T-shirt under it.

*Anywhere there's blood must come off.*

**CLOSE UPS: DR. C., ZAMBRANO, WARREN, TUCK**

...all in shock as...

DR. WARREN

Where's he going?

**BULLPEN, P.O.V. FROM BRAVO TEAM IN TRAUMA #5**

...Dr. Rayner just keeps going, yanking off his scrubs bottoms, then in a frustrated, impatient moment, his pants and his underwear all at once, leaving...

**A PILE OF CLOTHES ON THE FLOOR**

...as Dr. Rayner turns and walks out the front doors NAKED.

**BACK ON BRAVO TEAM**

...their eyes bouncing between the bullpen, Deepesh on the table in front of them and each other...

DR. C.

Well... that was... interesting.

And then they hear it... first SIRENS, APPROACHING FAST, then, HELICOPTER, BLADES ABOVE THEM and we see Bravo Team snap from "processing the surreal" to "there are lives to be saved".

DR. ZAMBRANO

(as much to herself as anyone else)

Shake it off, guys.

DR. C.

(his adrenaline rising)

Time to rock and roll.

Now CAMERA FLIES UPWARD, slamming through 6 floors and ceilings before CRASHING through the roof and RACING through the sky to meet a COAST GUARD HELICOPTER.

As the helicopter tips and turns, the window revealing Anna with an EVACUATION TECH fighting to keep her alive...

**END TEASE**

**ACT ONE**

INT./EXT. HELIPAD WARMING ROOM - DAY

...where elevator doors open to reveal Dr. Zambrano leading...

DR. WARREN  
(wide eyed and WOW)  
...naked. Buck naked. Stark raving,  
fleshy, birthday-suit...

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(still reeling)  
...I was there, Serena...

DR. WARREN  
...first day on my trauma rotation at  
Hopkins the attending said that, like,  
60% of trauma doctors wash out...

DR. ZAMBRANO  
...in the first 5 years.

DR. WARREN  
One guy... he started speaking in  
tongues during a multiple gunshot  
victim. Totally freaky.  
(can't stop going over it)  
But Rayner? He's been around since  
before trauma was housed in its own  
building, right? I mean, he's run  
Bravo since the beginning?

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(changing subjects)  
Hit the door.

Dr. Warren, nods, hitting a SQUARE BUTTON, triggering  
automatic doors that open up onto the...

EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS, DAY

...where they meet up with NURSE (CAROL) and an INTERN who  
wait expectantly as a HELICOPTER BANKS IN FRONT OF A GROVE OF  
PALM TREES and starts to slowly lower itself for a landing.

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(seeing the Copter touch down)  
PATIENT'S NAME IS ANNA!  
(surging forward)  
HEADS DOWN AND GO!

Now Zambrano, Warren, Nurse Carol and the Intern surge forward,  
arriving as the helicopters side door as it's opened by...

TRANSPORT ATTENDANT  
(yelling over the din)  
THIRTY-ONE YEAR OLD BLAST INJURY WITH  
HYPOTENSION, GRAVID TENDER ABDOMEN!

The Transport Attendant shifts positions to reveal Anna, on a crash-board, her neck stabilized in a brace, her body covered neck-to-toe in a red thermal blanket. She's conscious, if only barely, her many lacerations are perfunctorily bandaged

DR. WARREN  
SHE'S PREGNANT, RIGHT?

TRANSPORT ATTENDANT  
VERY OBSERVANT, DOC.

DR. ZAMBRANO  
HEAR ANY FETAL HEART TONES?

TRANSPORT ATTENDANT  
ITS A HELICOPTER, I CAN'T EVEN  
HEAR MYSELF THINK!

As all transfer Anna from the helicopter onto the gurney...

**ANNA'S POV, LOOKING UP AT THE FACE OF MERCY, IN THIS CASE:**

DR. ZAMBRANO  
Try not to worry, Anna. We're going  
to make you better now.

And now Zambrano pushes Anna, surging back into the...

INT./EXT. HELIPAD WARMING ROOM - CONTINUOUS, DAY

ANNA  
The baby-- Is the baby--

DR. ZAMBRANO  
We'll find that out soon as we  
can, but I need you to stay as  
still as possible.

DR. WARREN  
(whispered, to Zambrano)  
Her pain's got to be high. You want  
to give her 50 of Fent?

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(whispered, looking at the  
chart, shake of the head)  
BP's too low.



DR. ZAMBRANO (CONT'D)  
(then to Anna)  
Can you tell me where you are, Anna?

ANNA  
Ber-- Bermuda?

And that wrong answer prompts Dr. Zambrano to lift up the blanket to get her first look at...

**ANNA'S BODY**

...which is riddled with dozens of glass-filled lacerations, all discharging blood in drips and rivulets. *She might as well be the victim of grenade attack in a war zone.*

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(brave face, back to Anna)  
You're doing really great, Anna.

...and now they're onto the...

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS, DAY

...where Warren shucks and jives, sliding UNDER THE GURNEY to be able to assist...

DR. ZAMBRANO  
*Let's run the ABC's...*

\*  
\*

DR. WARREN  
**Airway. Clear. Breathing, stressed but within acceptable limits...**

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(re: the chart on the gurney)  
...write it down. First Rule of Rayner. ABD. Always Be Documenting.

DR. WARREN  
(grabbing the chart, writing)  
**Circulation, low, 80 over 40.**  
(then, whispered)  
*You want me to get a portable doppler? Check on the baby.*

\*  
\*

DR. ZAMBRANO  
*("all in due time")*  
*Best way to save the baby is to save the mother.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

But just then, a bandage covering one of Anna's abdomen lacerations comes loose, causing blood to GEYSER.

DR. WARREN  
Oh-- We got-- There's a bleeder--

Warren, tries to reach it, across Anna's belly, but when she can't, Zambrano hoists herself onto the gurney, straddling Anna and applying pressure on the vessel with her thumb.

DR. WARREN

Flexible.

DR. ZAMBRANO

(no big deal)

Krav Maga.

(then)

Reposition and take this from me.

\*

Dr. Warren does, putting them side-by-side.

DR. WARREN

I hate to ask, but, with Rayner gone...  
who calls this trauma?

DR. ZAMBRANO

Its straight seniority and I  
predate Chris by 3 months. So...  
technically... I'm in charge.

\*

\*

\*

\*

But the moment elevator doors open, revealing...

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS, DAY

DR. C.

All eyes on me, people!

...who clearly has other ideas about the chain of command.

DR. C.

I know we've had some chaos this morning, but here's what we're doing now: I'm taking, "Pregnant Multiple Lacerations" into Trauma One, but I want an update every 10 minutes on the "3rd degree Burn Guy" in Trauma Five and a 5 minute heads-up before our "Amputation" hits the roof.

Dr. C. takes one scan of Warren and Zambrano's meticulous chart, handing it off to Nurse Carol (fuck the first rule of Rayner), then choosing instead to chicken scrawl directly on Anna's white gurney sheet with a black marker.

DR. C.

I want 25 of Fent in her, like,  
Speedy Gonzales fast...

There's an almost imperceptible hiccup, where Zambrano exchanges a look with...

DR. WARREN  
Guess Chris has forgotten about  
those 3 months.

...and then the three of them are pushing Anna into...

INT. TRAUMA SUITE #1 - CONTINUOUS

...where Dr. C., Zambrano and Warren take the exact same positions as in the tease, first looking to...

**ANNA**

...who has finally passed out...

DR. WARREN  
(utterly overwhelmed)  
Where do we start?

...and then all three take a reflexive peek at...

**THE EMPTY TRAUMA "COMMAND POSITION"**

...which has been occupied by Dr. Rayner for the last 15 years.

TUCK  
(stepping through the thermal doors)  
Rayner's not walking through that door.

Silence between the four of them, then

DR. WARREN  
What makes a guy like Dr. Rayner--?

DR. ZAMBRANO  
Doesn't matter.  
(this is the moment SHE finally  
starts to shake it off)  
Doesn't matter what happened or why.  
All that matters is the 2 patients on  
this ward and the 1 about to arrive.

Now Dr. Zambrano turns to...

DR. C.  
OK, we're removing glass, then  
pressing and stitching. If we don't  
stop her from bleeding out, nothing  
else matters.

As Dr. C. and Zambrano reach toward Anna's riddled body, BEHIND THEM, SEEN THROUGH THE GLASS THERMAL DOORS, Marc (Anna's Husband) can be seen entering the...

INT. BULLPEN - SAME, DAY

...and Marc's NECK IS BANDAGED in the spot where he pulled out the glass shard. Marc now crosses the bullpen, approaching...

SECURITY GUARD  
You here for treatment?

MARC  
No. I was told over in the Emergency Room that my wife is here.

SECURITY GUARD  
Come with me.

As The Security Guard leads Marc to the Nurses' station, we pass back in front of...

INT. TRAUMA SUITE #1 - SAME, DAY

...where already there's progress on Anna.

DR. C.  
Look at us go, kidlings.

As, across Anna's body, Dr. Zambrano pulls a stitch tight asking Dr. Warren to...

DR. ZAMBRANO  
...cut, please...

...we see that though Zambrano is fast, she can't keep up with the completely autonomous...

DR. C.  
(off key, Queen)  
Another one bites the dust. Da-Da.  
Another one bites the dust.

Warren sees something, about to reach in to help him.

DR. C.  
(blocking her)  
Just sponge and learn. These are some old-school, Redneck, Panhandle, Mad-Skillz at work.

A frustrated look from Warren to...

DR. ZAMBRANO  
In Cuba they call those "juevos".

DR. C.  
(waiting for the other shoe)  
Juevos?

DR. ZAMBRANO  
*Balls.* You got some balls.

DR. C.  
Well, I know Dr. Rayner was your  
mentor and I figured you might be  
shaken up by what he did.

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(sarcasm, with the lightest touch)  
Thanks for thinking of me, Chris.

As Tuck and Warren suppress smiles...

TUCK  
I'm going to get another 10 A neg.

\*  
\*

So Tuck disengages, crossing back into the...

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

...where Tuck is grabbed by a...

NURSE CAROL  
Will you talk to the husband of the  
laceration patient? He's here and  
he's asking about his wife.

TUCK  
(nodding, yes)  
Bring 10 A neg to Trauma 5...

...then crosses to...

MARC  
Can you tell me where my wife is?

TUCK  
(noticing the bandage)  
Has your neck been looked at, sir?

MARC  
Yeah. In the E.R.

TUCK  
And they discharged you?

MARC  
(all he cares about)  
My wife? Anna.

TUCK  
She's being cared for, Mr. Tischer.  
While that happens, why don't I  
take one more look at--

And that's when Marc eyes lock on...

MARC  
Anna!

INT. TRAUMA SUITE #1 - SAME, DAY

...just as Anna regains consciousness.

**QUICK CUTS, "ANNA'S POV":**

*ECU on Anna's eyes, flitting between Marc's terrified face...  
a LARYNGOSCOPE blade FLASHING inches from her face... Dr. C.,  
Warren and Zambrano's faces over her naked, injured, belly.*

**BACK IN THE TRAUMA SUITE**

...Anna starts thrashing anew, having regained some strength  
due to the work the team has already done....

ANNA  
Where-- Where am I?  
(then looking around)  
Marc! What's happening?!?

DR. ZAMBRANO  
Stay calm, Anna. You need to--

ANNA  
The baby? Is the baby--?

MARC (O.C.)  
ANNA!

DR. C.  
(eyeing Marc through the glass)  
WILL SOMEONE GET A HOLD OF THAT GUY!

**BACK IN THE BULLPEN**

...Tuck and a SECURITY GUARD try and calm Marc, while...

**IN THE TRAUMA SUITE**

...Anna thrashes even harder now...

DR. C.  
...she's tearing her sutures and we  
still have half the glass to remove--

DR. ZAMBRANO  
Anna? Are you listening to me?

ANNA  
(still fighting them, not  
listening at all)  
The baby's dead, isn't he?

DR. ZAMBRANO  
No, the baby's not--

Now Dr. C. grabs the Doppler (a portable speaker with a probe  
for hearing the baby's heart) and tries to get a heartbeat...

DR. C.  
...hold her still...

DR. WARREN  
...I'm trying...

DR. C.  
...well try harder...

DR. ZAMBRANO  
Anna? Listen to me, Anna.

Nothing on the Doppler... still nothing... and the ALARMS are  
starting to blare... blood everywhere.

DR. C.  
(fuck it, to Warren)  
Pressure is better... gimme 100 of  
fent to knock her down a bit.

Warren grabs a needle, but Zambrano stops her.

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(whispered, urgent)  
No. Can't. It's already too much  
sedative for the fetus...

DR. C.  
(whispered, urgent)  
...well, no mother, no fetus. And  
without the fent she's going to  
open everything back up again...

And that's when Zambrano snatches the Doppler and puts it on  
her OWN WRIST, catching her OWN heartbeat.

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(close to Anna)  
Hear that, Anna?

Its too slow for the baby, but Anna hears what she needs... HOPE.

ANNA  
Thank you.

As Anna goes quiet...

DR. C.  
(whispered, appreciative,  
the tag line from the old  
"Connect Four" TV ads)  
"Pretty sneaky, sis."

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(whispered, a little dig)  
I learned that *during the 3 months I*  
*was here BEFORE you arrived.*

Dr. C. smiles ("God, he loves competition") and his smile is returned by...

DR. ZAMBRANO  
Besides, I can't have two men melt  
down on me. God knows I don't want  
to see YOU naked.

Dr. C. is about to respond, but before he can...

NURSE CAROL  
(entering, head only)  
'Burn Guy' is starting to have  
airway issues.

DR. C.  
(a quick look to Zambrano)  
Um, Dr. 3 Months, do you mind if I  
take Dr. Warren and my "juevos"  
over to Trauma 5?

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(returning the smile)  
As long as you're asking my  
permission, Mad-Skillz.

As Dr. C. and Warren disengage, following Nurse Carol through...



INT. BULLPEN - SAME, DAY

...where they cross paths with Tuck, who is carrying a plastic cup of water out to the...

EXT. AMBULANCE ARRIVAL CUL-DE-SAC - SAME, DAY

...past a phalanx of press to a pacing, agitated Marc.

TUCK

Here you go.

Marc takes the water, but doesn't drink, all his attention focused back towards the trauma unit.

TUCK

Marc? Its Marc, right?

MARC

(he's not listening)

When can I see Anna?

(then, increasing his worry)

I heard some nurse say you had a doctor walk out this morning... just quit and left on you?

TUCK

(calm, never losing eye contact with Marc)

Your wife has serious injuries, but the doctors are working, which means they believe they can make her better.

MARC

(only hearing the doubt)

"Believe"?

Marc inches forward, like he wants to go back inside, but Tuck instinctively moves to stay in his path.

TUCK

Look, I'm partial, but those are the best and the brightest; the rock stars of medicine. Ryder here... biggest trauma catchment in the country... most critical patient load. If trauma surgeons are rock stars, these guys are the Rolling Stones.

Marc takes a deep breath, Tuck's influence allowing the first non-panicked thought to fight it's way through.

MARC

Anna and I saw the Stones in New York in 2006. At MSG.

TUCK

Gotta love the Stones, huh?

As Marc nods, finally taking that drink of water...

CUT TO:

INT. TRAUMA SUITE #5 - SAME, DAY

...where Dr. C. and Warren try to fish a breathing tube down Deepesh's throat.

DR. C.

(under his breath, to Warren)  
Dude has survived burning and drowning, the hell if he's going to asphyxiate on my table.

As Dr. C. splashes the neck with antiseptic, taking a scalpel, Deepesh's eyes flutter closed as the knife cuts into Deepesh's neck, his breathing evening out and slowing.

DR. WARREN

(this is good)  
Sats coming up. 92.

For the moment, the crisis is averted, which allows...

NURSE CAROL

Dr. C... question.

DR. C.

(moving away from Deepesh)  
Nurse M... answer.

NURSE CAROL

Which of the trauma groupies are you currently... whatever you would call what you do with those women?

DR. C.

No one, really. Y'know... Shuckers hostess, sort of. The Miami Heat cheerleader, kind of...

NURSE CAROL

How about a volleyball player?

Now Dr. C, Warren and Nurse Carol all lean over to see...

**AN INCREDIBLY HOT, SIX-FOOT-PLUS BLONDE**

...pacing in front of the nurse's desk, pissed.

DR. C.

(re: the blonde)

The **SISTER** of the cheerleader.

NURSE CAROL

Well, the sister of cheerleader isn't leaving until she talks to you.

DR. C.

Freaky *and* a little nuts.

As Nurse Carol rolls her eyes, Tuck enters...

TUCK

Last of the critical red-bands is coming in right now. Hand amputation with the broken fibia.

DR. C.

(nodding, then to Warren)

Alright, finish stripping him and then debride what you can.

*As an overwhelmed Warren continues, Dr. C. crosses to...*

\*

INT. ELEVATOR TO HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS, DAY

...where the doors open revealing the **PASSENGER FROM THE BALLROOM** being administered care by a **FORTY-SOMETHING MAN IN A PHISH T-SHIRT**, who identifies his patient as...

MR. PHISH T-SHIRT

I've got Martin Goldwin. Open fracture dislocation right leg, near amputation of right hand. Airway is fine, but we've got massive blood loss.

(then to the room)

Where am I headed, folks, because this guy needs three bags AB neg and fast!

As Dr. C. stares blankly, watching The Guy In The Phish T-Shirt guiding Martin into Trauma Suite #2...

DR. C.

Um... OK...

(yelling to anyone within earshot)

...*who the hell is that guy?*

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

**INT. BULLPEN - PICKING UP WHERE WE LEFT OFF**

...where Dr. Zambrano exits Trauma 5 to find Dr. C., still confused, staring at something OFF CAMERA...

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(re: Anna, totally focused)  
I think we've got a handle on  
Anna's internal bleeding.  
(then)  
What happened with Deepesh?

DR. C.  
(distracted)  
Established a surgical airway and  
sent a tox screen to the lab.

Dr. Zambrano nods, becoming aware of:

**THROUGH THE GLASS OF TRAUMA**

...Martin's hand is being worked on.

DR. ZAMBRANO (O.S.)  
(nodding, then surprised)  
Is that our hand amputation?

**BACK ON DR. C. AND...**

DR. ZAMBRANO  
If he's in there, what are you  
doing out here?

Now she cocks her head, finally noticing MR. PHISH T-SHIRT.

DR. ZAMBRANO  
Who's THAT?

DR. C.  
The 64 million dollar question.

Now Zambrano follows Dr. C., who enters...

**INT. TRAUMA SUITE #2 - CONTINUOUS, DAY**

...where Dr. C. and Zambrano enter to find Mr. Phish T-Shirt elbow-deep in Martin's femoral artery, sewing like a virtuoso.

MR. PHISH T-SHIRT  
...if you're impressed by this, I  
also hem pants and darn socks.

NURSE CAROL  
But can you knit a sweater?

MR. PHISH T-SHIRT  
Garter rib or mock cable, Karen?

NURSE CAROL  
(a smile, mock annoyed)  
Carol... and I'll overlook your  
mistake just this one time.

MR. PHISH T-SHIRT  
Tough crowd around here.

As Carol and other nurses laugh, Zambrano shares a look with...\*

DR. C.  
Um, not to be formal, but we're  
going to assume for insurance  
purposes you're a...

MR. PHISH T-SHIRT  
...doctor, yes. Thomas Proctor.  
(quickly, the formalities)  
I just moved down after closing a knee  
and hip practice up in Maryland.

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(wait, this guy is only...)  
*Knee and hip...*

DR. PROCTOR  
(knew this was coming)  
...AFTER 2 tours of trauma in Gulf  
One and 3 years at the military  
hospital in Landshtuhl.  
(back to the present)  
I was supposed to start next week  
with Charlie Team, but I was  
upstairs filling out I-9's when I  
heard you were short a doctor, so I  
came down to see if I could lend a--

Dr. Proctor stops, seeing Martin's mashed fingers, wrapped in  
white gauze soaked through with bright red.

DR. PROCTOR  
In recognition of Mr. Goldwin's  
predicament, I'm going to choose  
not to finish that sentence.

MARTIN

(weirdly relaxed, but disoriented  
from blood loss and pain meds)  
There was a little girl under the  
chandelier. When I saw it coming down  
I pushed her out of the way. I really  
hope she's alright--  
(registering his injury for the first  
time, drugged to the pain and fear)  
Is that my hand? Cool!

\*  
\*

DR. PROCTOR

Cool, he says.  
(to the rest of the room)  
Given our patients positive attitude,  
lets make sure he can enjoy a life of  
ambidextrous masturbation, shall we?  
(then to Dr. C. and Zambrano)  
Hey, which one of you is "calling"  
these traumas?

And awkward pause in which neither Dr. C or Zambrano answer  
is broken up when Tuck pops his head in...

TUCK

Dr. C. can I see you about the burn victim?

...so Dr. C. disengages, exiting and leaving...

DR. ZAMBRANO

(to Proctor)  
I'll scrub up and step in.

DR. PROCTOR

(without confrontation)  
Not necessary, I'm all good.

Off Zambrano's furrowed brow... well this is interesting...  
the CAMERA PIVOTS, PUSHING PAST Zambrano to catch up with...

TUCK

We're trying to prep Deepesh for a  
fasciotomy, but he's in a lot of  
pain and we've already given him  
60 cc's of fent.

DR. C.

(incredulous)  
Enough to sedate a Rhino.

...as they arrive outside...

**TRAUMA SUITE #5**

...where Deepesh can be seen staring, eyes dull, at the ceiling.

TUCK (O.S.)

The tox screen is backed up; maybe  
an hour before we get results.

**BACK ON DR. C AND...**

TUCK

(who is staring at SOMETHING  
on Deepesh's chart)  
If you can spare me for 15 minutes  
I bet I can save you 45.

DR. C.

If you save this guy 10 minutes of  
pain, I'll buy you a pony.

...Tuck exits the suite, passing through the...

INT. TRAUMA BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS, DAY

...and then out into the...

EXT. AMBULANCE ARRIVAL CUL-DE-SAC - CONTINUOUS, DAY

...where he talks to a SECURITY GUARD, who points toward...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH FRONT - MOMENTS LATER, DAY

...where Tuck walks up to a MAN IN HIS LATE-FORTIES who  
stares out at the surf.

TUCK

Hey, are you Deepesh's brother?

HEMENDRA

Hemendra, yes. How is he?

TUCK

Considering his injuries... fighting  
hard. But we're having a hell of a  
time controlling his pain.

(delicate)

I don't want to violate your  
brother's privacy, but, it'd help  
to know if there's any reason his  
body would be used to narcotics?

HEMENDRA  
(staring, confused)  
Used to? What would cause that?

TUCK  
A tolerance to drugs.

HEMENDRA  
Prescription drugs?

TUCK  
Any drugs.

HEMENDRA  
(brow furrowed, taken aback)  
You mean, "Is he an addict?" Is  
that-- Who said he was an addict.

TUCK  
I'm just guessing based on his non  
reaction to the pain medication--

HEMENDRA  
Maybe you've got the wrong medication.  
(then, more forceful)  
Its **not** drugs.

Tuck turns, starts to leave then...

TUCK  
(this is a lie)  
Look I wouldn't have said anything...  
but I thought I recognized him...  
(a risk)  
...from a meeting.

HEMENDRA  
A meeting?

TUCK  
(but THIS is the truth)  
AA. NA. Sexaholics anonymous. You name  
it, I've stood up and said, "Hello, my  
name is Tuck and I'm an addict."  
(then)  
I know the importance of "Anonymous",  
so I wouldn't bring it up if I--

HEMENDRA  
It could be heroin.  
(pulling out a pocket knife,  
fiddling, his nervous habit)



HEMENDRA (CONT'D)

He said-- promised he was getting clean-- and I-- I just don't want him to get fired.

TUCK

This stays with me and the doctors.

Hemendra nods, thank you.

TUCK

One more thing? Your brother keeps saying, "Meraa Peelaa Fooel" We were told that means, "My Yellow Flower".

HEMENDRA

"My Yellow ROSE." Its his pet name for his wife Nishta. Back in Mumbai.

Tuck takes that in...

TUCK

I'll keep you posted on your brother's condition.

As Tuck nods, "Froggering" his way back across Collins Drive...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TRAUMA SUITE #5 - MOMENTS LATER, DAY

...where Dr. C. looks up to see...

TUCK

(re-entering)  
He's a heroin addict.

DR. C.

No wonder his tolerance is so high. Lets induce and finish. 20 of etomidate.  
(then, about to leave)  
Nice call.

As Tuck starts "etomidate" to put Deepesh to sleep...

TUCK

(to Deepesh, whispered)  
Hang in there, friend.

CUT TO:

INT. BULLPEN - TIME CUT, DAY

...where Warren and Zambrano accompany a semi-conscious Anna, her hand held by her husband Marc...

DR. ZAMBRANO  
Anna's doing much better. We got  
all the major lacerations, but  
she's still bleeding internally...

MARC  
(that sounds bad)  
...bleeding internally...

DR. ZAMBRANO  
It's probably a bleeder from a  
joint fracture, so we're taking  
her to angiography to plug it  
under a real-time X-Ray.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MARC  
But she's and the baby are going to  
be alright?

DR. ZAMBRANO  
We're well on our way, Mr. Tischer.

Now they all round a corner, arriving at...

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS, DAY

...where Marc has to be informed...

DR. WARREN  
We're going to have to ask you to  
go back the waiting area now.

Marc nods, looking down at...

ANNA  
Can I have a kiss?

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(giving Marc permission)  
If you don't... I will.

So Marc kisses Anna, as Tuck rushes up, handing Zambrano...

TUCK  
Portable ultrasound you asked for.

And they leave Marc behind, loading Anna onto the ELEVATOR...

DR. C. (O.C.)  
(also climbing aboard)  
Hold the door.

Now buttons are pushed and...

DR. C.

(clearly he's chewing on this)  
Why does a guy leave a cushy,  
private practice for 4, 12-hour  
trauma shifts a week?

NURSE CAROL

I've got a friend in H.R who  
overheard him... on his cell phone...  
seemed like marital issues.

DR. WARREN

(ooh, gossip)  
An affair?

NURSE CAROL

"Marital issues," was the phrase.

TUCK

I heard he was hired for Charlie Team...

DR. C.

...but with Rayner washing out, I'd  
bet my...  
(for Zambrano's consumption)  
...Juevos he'll end up with US.

DR. WARREN

Us? Bravo? *Like the new Rayner?*

Which is when Zambrano, who has been silent... chuckles.

DR. WARREN

What?

Big smile from Zambrano.

DR. C.

What do you know, Marisol?

**And now Zambrano taps the portable ultrasound machine...**

\*

DR. ZAMBRANO

I know the baby is alive.

A moment... all silent... taking in the...

**SWOOSH, SWOOSH, SWOOSH**

...of the ultrasound on Anna's belly... but the moment is  
broken by the BING of the doors opening to revealing...

AN INTERN  
(looking overwhelmed)  
Did anyone here approve of the new  
dude doing his OWN replant?

Off a raised eyebrow from Dr. C...

CUT TO:

INT. TRAUMA SUITE #2 - TIME CUT, DAY

...where Dr. C. enters to find Proctor still bent over  
blissed-out Martin's hand.

DR. C.  
Dr. Proctor...

DR. PROCTOR  
(to Dr. C., re: a silver bowl)  
Grab that, will ya?

As Dr. C. grabs the bowl...

DR. PROCTOR  
(to an intern)  
Iris shears please.  
(to Martin)  
What I'm about to do next may seem  
drastic, Martin, but the cleaner  
the edge the easier it'll be to  
debride and reattach.

SNIP Proctor cuts the hand and THUNK it falls into the bowl.

MARTIN  
(a drugged chuckle)  
This... is so... weird.

DR. PROCTOR  
(back to Dr. C.)  
Hey I'd like to take the resident...  
Warren... to help with my replant.

DR. C.  
Dr. Warren? For *your* replant?

DR. PROCTOR  
This is a teaching hospital, right?

DR. C.  
I understand that, but we typically  
bring in a micro-surgeon to...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DR. PROCTOR  
...I did a hand fellowship at Landshtuhl.

DR. C.  
(never losing his smile)  
I realize you may be used to  
working alone but, we have a way of  
doing things here, Dr. Proctor.

DR. PROCTOR  
(just as cool, bigger smile)  
I'm sure you do.

(then)  
Alright, Martin: and away we go...

As Proctor and team wheel Martin past Dr. C...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM #2 - TIME CUT, DAY

...where Proctor and Warren struggle with the hand replant...

DR. PROCTOR  
Try to avoid pulling the anastomosis  
up like a 'purse string.'

DR. WARREN  
What if my line doesn't hold?

DR. PROCTOR  
It will.  
(then)  
How long have you been in residency here?

DR. WARREN  
Since April, so... 7 months.

DR. PROCTOR  
(all the more impressed)  
You're doing just fine.

**UNDER THE MICROSURGERY MICROSCOPE**

...Proctor leads her through the reattachment of a tiny artery.

DR. WARREN (O.S.)  
(re: Martin)  
I don't think I'd be as calm as he  
was if MY hand were sitting in a  
silver bowl.

**BACK IN THE ROOM:**

DR. PROCTOR

He won't be calm when he comes out of surgery. Seeing your hand detached is surreal, UNREAL. Feeling a numb ache at the end of your wrist and knowing the limb might die attached to your body... that's real... real terrifying.

DR. WARREN

Is it true he pushed a little girl out of the way of a falling chandelier?

DR. PROCTOR

He saved a life, now we can save his hand... and the world, it goes round and round and round.

Outside the doors we can see Dr. C. Pass by on his way to...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OPERATING ROOM #1 - SAME, DAY

...where Zambrano is walking behind Nurse Carol who wheels Anna out of Angio...

DR. ZAMBRANO

(to Dr. C.)

I embolized the last two bleeders and everything else looks good...

(smiling down to Anna)

...so now we can stop pushing you around like an apple cart and get you to a room where you can recover.

Anna weakly returns the smile as they head toward the elevator.

DR. C.

**He** took Warren into his replant.

As Nurse Carol hits the button, Zambrano and Dr. C. hang back.

DR. ZAMBRANO

(she knows exactly...)

**He** who?

DR. C.

Dr. Sunshine, that's who.

DR. ZAMBRANO

(laughing)

It's so fun to see someone FINALLY get under your skin, Chris.

DR. C.  
This is funny to you?

DR. ZAMBRANO  
This is hysterical.

DR. C.  
You fought for, what, 2 years to work  
HERE at Ryder... I turned down an offer  
in New York, another in London, because  
I wanted to do trauma one HERE.

Now BING doors open, allowing them to climb aboard...

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS, DAY

...where Nurse Carol positions Anna as...

DR. C.  
If the board brings this guy in over  
us, where he could stay for another 20  
years, what does that mean?  
(with meaning)  
We're 'stucked', THAT'S what it means.

DR. ZAMBRANO  
Its been four hours and we're already  
picking over Rayner's carcass?

DR. C.  
Vultures are pragmatists, Marisol.  
Something dead is only useful as  
sustenance for the community.

Just then ANNA starts to moan, the...

NURSE CAROL  
We have a problem here.

Now Dr. C. And Zambrano turn to look at...

ANNA  
My right ear. I can't--  
(increasingly upset)  
I can't hear anything in that ear.

And now Dr. C. and Zambrano step around the gurney to see...

**DRIP... DRIP... DRIP...**

...blood trickling out of Anna's ear and staining the white  
sheet on the gurney. And just then...

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(alarmed)  
Um... Chris...

**ANNA'S NOSTRIL**

...also starts to dribble. DRIP... DRIP... DRIP.

Anna... is LEAKING.

And as the droplets begin to pool...

DR. C.  
(under his breath, "oh, fuck")  
This does not make me happy.

\*  
\*  
\*

**END OF ACT TWO**



**ACT THREE**

INT. ELEVATOR - PICKING UP RIGHT AFTER ACT TWO

...where Nurse Carol and Dr. C. try their best to stem the bleeding, while listening to...

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(in Anna's ear with a otoscope)  
One of the blast wound lacerations  
has opened back up again.

DR. C.  
(grabbing the otoscope)  
Not possible. I closed the Eustachian  
wound myself and it was solid.

As Dr. C. peers into Anna's ear, another sutured laceration, this one on the side of Anna's neck, begins to bleed.

ANNA  
What's happening to me--?

DR. ZAMBRANO  
We don't know yet, but just try and  
stay as calm as you can.

NURSE CAROL  
B.P. is way up. 160 over 95.

DR. C.  
(doesn't make sense)  
Wait. No. If she's opening, her  
pressure should be going DOWN.

CLOSE ON: Dr. Zambrano, eyes jumping and then...

DR. ZAMBRANO  
The baby.

ANNA  
What about the baby--??

DR. ZAMBRANO  
The baby is fine, Anna, but it may  
be putting a strain on your system.  
(then to Dr. C.)  
Check for contractions...

DR. C.  
(moving toward Anna's lower half)  
...which could send her B.P. through  
the roof and cause the wounds to leak.

DR. C. (CONT'D)  
(then he feels them)  
Yep. We've got contractions.

ANNA  
Ohh... Ohhh, God... Marc!

DR. ZAMBRANO  
We take her over to OB, fill her with  
Terbutaline to stop the contractions...

But Dr. C. isn't listening, turning to Nurse Carol...

DR. C.  
...do you have a...

...getting a key, which he jams into a slot in the elevator  
panel, sending the car back up to...

DR. ZAMBRANO  
Wait, wait. OB is DOWN!

DR. C.  
OB is 3 buildings away.  
(definitive)  
**We're delivering this baby ourselves.**

\*

Now the elevator doors open up on...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OPERATING ROOM #1 - CONTINUOUS, DAY

...where Dr. C. and Zambrano tell Anna...

DR. ZAMBRANO  
...everything's going to be alright.  
(then, to Dr. C.)  
She's only 32 weeks. The contractions  
are probably just Braxton Hicks.

DR. C.  
(to Dr. Zambrano, whispered)  
Doesn't matter WHAT they are. She  
needs as few stresses on her system.

DR. ZAMBRANO  
As long as the baby is viable.

As Dr. C. nods, "of course", the CAMERA DUCKS DOWN under the  
gurney to catch the CLATTERING WHEELS ROUNDING A CORNER before  
SURGING AHEAD and FLIPPING to catch the INVERTED AND INSISTENT...

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(upside down, as Anna sees her)  
Eyes on me, Anna.

DR. C. \*  
Where did you close the joint \*  
fracture bleeder again? \*

DR. ZAMBRANO \*  
OR #1. \*

DR. C. \*  
OK, let's get back there before the \*  
nurses start to turn the room over. \*

One more turn as Zambrano and Dr. C. enter...

INT. OPERATING ROOM #1 - CONTINUOUS, DAY

...but they're too late and the SCRUB NURSES are already  
turning the room over, the bed wet with disinfectant.

SCRUB NURSE  
(in Spanish, waving them off)  
No, no.

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(in Spanish)  
How long...?

SCRUB NURSE  
(in Spanish)  
...15 minutes.

And now Dr. C. looks down to see MORE BLOOD FROM ANNA'S NOSE.

DR. C. \*  
We don't have however many \*  
'minutos' that was. \*

Then from the doorway...

LAB TECH  
OR #2 was prepping for a broken leg  
left over from Alpha shift, but I  
don't think they've started.

DR. C. \*  
Call them off for us. \*

And Dr. C. changes courses, as they then careen back into the...\*

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OPERATING ROOM #1 - CONTINUOUS, DAY

...where they arrive at Operating Room #2 only to find ORTHO  
SURGEONS, the "broken leg" already in progress.

DR. C.  
Damnit!  
(one last 180)  
An operating room in transition is  
better than a hallway!

As Anna's bleeding intensifies...

CUT TO:

EXT. AMBULANCE ARRIVAL CUL-DE-SAC - SAME, DAY

...where Marc, sitting on a bench, looks up to see Tuck holding a pack of vending machine sandwich in his hand...

TUCK  
Have you eaten anything, Marc?

MARC  
Not much of an appetite.  
(looking away, clearly exhausted)  
This morning Anna and I are on  
vacation... discussing our baby...

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM #1 - SAME, DAY

...where Marc's conversation with Tuck continues as Dr. C. and Zambrano cut into Anna, opening her up anew...

MARC (V.O.)  
We're going to name him Cole...

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. AMBULANCE ARRIVAL CUL-DE-SAC - SAME, DAY

MARC  
...our son... after Anna's late  
grandfather.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM #1 - SAME, DAY

...where Dr. Zambrano pulls aside fat and tissue...

MARC (V.O.)  
Now, if I ever speak to Anna again...

...giving Dr. C. Access to Anna's womb...

MARC (V.O.)

If I get to meet my son... guess  
that's in your hands, huh?

Dr. C. pulls the baby out, handing off to Zambrano, but the  
baby is BLUE and LIFELESS. \*

So Zambrano digs around with her fingers trying to clear the  
airway passage, but... nothing... just nothing. \*

DR. ZAMBRANO \*

Come on... come on... \*

NOTHING AT ALL. \*

DR. ZAMBRANO \*

(never giving up)  
Breathe... please... \*

STILL NOTHING. The baby is dea--, but then a twitch... a  
little feet squiggle... a weak cry. \*

*Baby Cole is alive.* \*

As Zambrano and Dr. C. finally exhale themselves... \*

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME, DAY

...where Warren enters to find Proctor sifting through the  
lost and found looking for a replacement for his sweat and  
blood covered Phish t-shirt.

Dr. Proctor locates a shirt, about to take his shirt off, when  
something causes the room to spin and he's forced to sit.

DR. PROCTOR

I'm "trauma" rusty.  
(he laughs)  
I don't know why I thought I could  
just step right back in, but  
Kuwait... I was in my 20's back then.

DR. WARREN

This feels like Kuwait to you?

DR. PROCTOR

Like M\*A\*S\*H in paradise.  
(long, deep breath)  
You did good work in there.

DR. WARREN

I created scar tissue and cost time.

DR. PROCTOR

You were trying not to make mistakes. You can't do that. This isn't a "safe" arena...

(self-deprecating laugh)

...like, knees and ankles. 3 surgeries a week and the rest is consults and golf.

(then, with meaning)

Than again... safety is overrated.

DR. WARREN

(what's really bothering her)

At least with safe, you don't... snap.

DR. PROCTOR

Rayner, right.

(then)

Look, any doctor can come up against a moment that pushes them to the brink. Most of us never see it coming.

And that's when he takes off his shirt, revealing...

**A REALLY NASTY LOOKING 11' SCAR**

...going from the middle of his belly to his collarbone.

As Warren takes in the scar, Proctor tosses on a new shirt, heading for the door...

CUT TO:

INT. BURN UNIT - TIME CUT, DAY

...where a cleaned up Dr. C. enters to find...

**DEEPESH ON A VENTILATOR ASSIST, IN A HYPERBARIC OXYGEN CHAMBER:**

...his brother Hemendra (in scrubs and a mask) standing in front of him talking quietly.

TUCK (O.C.)

His lungs are filled with fluid.

DR. C. (O.C.)

And his kidneys?

**BACK ON DR. C. AND...**

TUCK

Shut down, on dialysis.

Hemendra exits the oxygen chamber, crossing to Dr. C and Tuck.

HEMENDRA

My brother is having a hard time getting comfortable in there.

Tuck and Dr. C. share another look, then...

DR. C.

He's in multi-organ failure, what we call 'third spacing'. The fluid we're giving him to keep his blood pressure up has ended up in his lungs.

HEMENDRA

I don't understand.

DR. C.

Your brother is dying.

Silence.

HEMENDRA

Does this-- have anything to with-- y'know-- his issue?

TUCK

This is caused completely by his burns.

HEMENDRA

How long?

DR. C.

An hour, maybe two or three.

HEMENDRA

His wife... Nishta... my family was trying to put her on a plane, so he could at least see her face.

Tuck and Dr. C. Share a look, then...

TUCK

I've got my...

DR. C.

(knowing where Tuck is going)  
...yep, lets do that.

TUCK

If you'll help Dr. Deleo talk to your brother, I'll see what I can do about his wife in Mumbai.

As Hemendra nods, Tuck exiting the burn ward...

CUT TO:

INT. BURN UNIT - TIME CUT, DAY

...where Hemendra and Tuck watch...

**DEEPESH**

...staring at the face of his beloved wife ON A VIDEO CHAT ON TUCK'S COMPUTER. Though she's a world away, the two of them talk... in Indian... simply... then Deepesh turns and nods at...

HEMENDRA

OK.

So, Tuck steps forward, shutting off the feed and as he does...

TUCK

(re: Nishta on screen, in Indian)  
Your yellow rose.

As Deepesh smiles, his eyes closing...

**QUICK CUTS, CONSEQUENCES:**

*Tuck packing up his computer... Hemendra holding his brother's hand... the screen on the heart monitor, flat-lining.*

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS, DAY

...where Zambrano rounds a corner, stopping when she notices...

INT. LEAD TRAUMA SURGEON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS, DAY

...Dr. C. standing in Rayner's office...

DR. ZAMBRANO

Measuring the curtains, Chris?

But when Dr. C. turns, there's compassion in his eyes.

DR. ZAMBRANO

I called and spoke to his wife.  
Rayner's home... and I guess OK...  
but he wouldn't get on the phone.

DR. C.

Rayner told me he needed to talk...  
wanted 5 minutes... and then,  
because of the burn-victim, it  
never happened.



DR. ZAMBRANO  
(she knew this all along)  
So "the pragmatist" cares after all.

DR. C.  
He was always on my case to tone crap  
down; never missed a chance to bust  
my hump. I should be glad he's gone,  
but... we're all asked to pull people  
back from the brink; to SAVE THEM.  
But when Rayner gets in trouble...  
who was there to save him?

As Dr. C. pushes past Zambrano, heading into the hallway...

CUT TO:

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - TIME CUT, DAY

...where Dr. Proctor is consulting with Martin and MARTIN'S  
WIFE, Dr. Warren hovering in the background.

DR. PROCTOR  
We stabilized the bones, repaired  
the tendons, then reconnected the  
vascular supply. No guarantees, but  
there's an 80% survival rate for  
replanted limbs. and he should get  
most of his function back.  
(with a smile)  
All that... and you're a hero to boot.

...but its clear that the shock has worn off for Martin and  
all he can do is stare, horrified, at his bandaged limb...

MARTIN  
(a flash of dark emotion, as  
predicted by Proctor)  
What does that matter if there's still  
a 20% chance I lose the hand? I-- I  
can't lose my hand. What do I get,  
like-- like one of those damn hooks?

DR. WARREN  
(stepping forward, taking a chance)  
I don't know if this is a good time,  
but there's someone here to see you.

A confused look between Martin and his Wife as Dr. Warren turns,  
revealing Nurse Carol escorting a 6 YEAR-OLD GIRL (rolling,  
seated, on Warren's skateboard) as well as HER MOTHER.

DR. WARREN  
Angelica. The girl you pushed out  
of the way of the chandelier.

Angelica's mother steps up, overwhelmed.

ANGELA'S MOTHER  
WE wanted to say, "Thank you."

As Martin's face lights up, some of his horror ebbing,  
Proctor turns to Warren with a smile that reads, "Nice call."

CUT TO:

INT. BULLPEN, MOMENTS LATER - TIME CUT, DAY

...where Tuck, head on a swivel, asks if anyone has seen...

TUCK  
Anyone see Mr. Tischer? Husband of  
the pregnant blast victim?

SECURITY GUARD  
Men's bathroom, I think.

As Tuck nods, changing directions and entering....

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS, DAY

TUCK  
Mr. Tischer? Mark? I've got good news!

...but its empty, so Tuck decides to go to use a urinal, but  
as he goes to unzip his pants he notices...

**A RIVULET OF BLOOD**

...leading from under one of the bathroom stalls along with  
the SOUND OF SUFFOCATION and STRUGGLE.

Tuck moves to the stall and bangs door open to discover...

**ANNA'S HUSBAND MARC**

...collapsed on the floor...

**BACK ON TUCK**

...who reaches up and pulls a cord built into the wall of the  
stall -- ALARMS SOUND. He races for the door and screams...

TUCK  
CODE BLUE IN THE MENS BATHROOM!

**END ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS AFTER THE END OF ACT THREE, DAY

...where Tuck and Nurse Carol Rambo Marc down the hallway.

TUCK

I need suite 4 and whoever's available!  
(then, down to..)  
Marc? Stay with us, Marc.

Tuck holds Marc's head steady, trying to keep his airway open and his neck from tearing apart as they BANG into...

INT. TRAUMA SUITE #4 - CONTINUOUS, DAY

...where Dr. C. instantly joins him...

DR. C.

Where did you find...?

TUCK

...in the bathroom.

DR. C.

(taking a quick look, realizing)  
Sutures are still good... it's NOT  
his neck...

(feeling in Marc's chest)  
...but he's got a blood-sack the  
size of a golf ball.

TUCK

Internal bleeding?

DR. C.

I bet the E.R. patched him, but didn't  
look further. He's probably been leaking  
the whole time from a COMPLETELY  
DIFFERENT internal laceration.

(screaming)

Can we get more help in here!??

MARC

Anna? Where's-- my--

Tuck struggles to...

TUCK

...starting an IV...

DR. C.

(trying to rally Marc)  
Hey there, champ, stay strong...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DR. C. (CONT'D)  
your wife and baby are counting on you  
here.  
(to Tuck)  
Push 20 of Etomidate...

...as Marc's eyes flutter closed...

TUCK  
(to Dr. C.)  
He's out.

DR. C.  
We get the mother and baby stable and  
we're going to lose the one family  
member who WALKED into trauma.  
(doesn't like what he sees)  
Fiber-optic scope...

TUCK  
...his sats are dropping...

DR. C.  
(looking through the fiber-optic scope)  
Big hematoma... massive bleeding...  
extends past the sternal notch.  
(frustration mounting)  
Lets go with a right sided thoracotomy...

As Dr. C. slices into the right chest, enter Warren and...

DR. WARREN  
Is this the father?

\*  
\*

TUCK  
(nodding, yes)  
Pressure is down to 60.

\*  
\*  
\*

DR. ZAMBRANO  
Any idea how long he's been out?

\*  
\*

TUCK  
No.

But then...

DR. WARREN  
It's about 45 minutes.

And that's when they all look to see Warren holding up Marc's  
wrist, his watch broken/stopped when he fell in the bathroom.

DR. C.  
(overwhelmed)  
So, we're down to the Golden 15 Minutes.



Close on Zambrano, her unsure face speaking volumes. \*

DR. WARREN \*

This guy's going to bleed out in  
another half-minute... \*

TUCK \*

...but if he won't clot, it won't  
matter anyway. \*

Stalemate, which means all eyes turn to...

DR. PROCTOR

Let me guess, this is where Dr.  
Rayner would have made the call?

Zambrano and Dr. C. share a look. Proctor is right.

They can let him be the new sheriff or call it themselves.

The moment hangs...

**...and the alarms are screaming...**

...they speak when the doctors don't.

DR. ZAMBRANO \*

(and she makes the call) \*

I'm stepping in, Chris. \*

(to Tuck) \*

Give me a #3 balloon tip catheter. \*

And Dr. C. falls in line, doing as instructed... \*

DR. C. \*

Here you go. \*

...and handing off to Zambrano, who advances it past the injury\*

DR. ZAMBRANO

Let's advance it... and saline...

ALARM which means more uncontrolled bleeding.

DR. ZAMBRANO

Inflate the balloon.

TUCK

Still bleeding.

DR. PROCTOR

Nice and easy.

But Tuck is getting more and more worried...

TUCK  
STILL BLEEDING.

Now Zambrano takes the catheter down, advancing again, but there's blood everywhere and all Marc's monitors are going off like Vegas slot machine paying out millions.

DR. ZAMBRANO  
(doubt creeping in)  
Still oozing. I can't--

DR. WARREN  
ITS STOPPED! BLEEDING HAS STOPPED.

DR. PROCTOR  
(whispered, keeping  
Zambrano cool)  
OK. Crimp, fold and tie it off.

Zambrano does and backs away from the gurney, holding her breath along with the others as they wait... wait... wait...

DR. WARREN  
You got it.

DR. ZAMBRANO  
We got it?

DR. PROCTOR  
She's got it.

TUCK  
(confirming)  
Yes. Bleeding has stopped.

A series of deep breaths and then...

\*

DR. ZAMBRANO  
Now that he's not dying, who says  
we make this guy better?

A smile from the team, even Dr. C. who has noticed SOMETHING.

DR. C.  
(impressed)  
Well done there, Dr. 3 Months.

\*

\*

\*

What's the something Dr. C noticed? In backing away, Zambrano is inadvertently standing in Rayner's Command Trauma Position.

CUT TO:

INT. ICU - TIME CUT, EVENING

...where we PAN PAST a more hopeful Martin showing his Wife very minor (perceived or real) movement in his pinky to find...

**MARC**

...waking, confused, to find HE'S the one lying in a bed. He tries to sit up, but...

DR. C. (O.C.)

I wouldn't make any sudden moves.

So Marc readjusts his position to see...

**DR. C., ZAMBRANO AND WARREN**

...standing around his bed.

DR. C.

You had a carotid tear that became a big dissection. We stopped the bleeding but you're not out of the woods, yet.

Marc opens his mouth to say something, but...

DR. ZAMBRANO

And you can't talk because we had to bypass the clot with a breathing tube, but we'll fix that once you're more stable.

Marc stares, gesturing to indicate he'd like a pen and paper, which Warren has handy, allowing him to scribble A-N-N-A, but by the time he finishes and looks up...

**ANNA**

...has already been wheeled to the side of his bed.

The two stare at each other a relieved second, until Marc's eyes settle on Anna's abdomen.

Marc reaches for the pen, but before he can write anything...

ANNA

Marc?

And now she points at...

**TUCK WHO HAS WHEELED LITTLE COLE'S INCUBATOR**

...to the other side of the glass.

ANNA (O.C.)

Cole is fine. I'm fine.



**BACK ON THE ROOM:**

ANNA

But OK, you were right: maybe we  
shouldn't have taken the cruise.

As that finally elicits a smile from Marc, his expression  
racing between joy and relief and utter overwhelm...

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - TIME CUT, EVENING

...where Zambrano enters, noticing Dr. Proctor trying to get  
his newly made key into his newly assigned locker.

DR. ZAMBRANO

Have to use a hip with those things.

Zambrano takes the key and throws her body into Proctor's  
locker, turning the key and... presto... it opens.

DR. PROCTOR

Woman of many talents.

Dr. Zambrano hands back the key, about to walk away, then...

DR. ZAMBRANO

If I hadn't of stepped in... if you  
had to make the decision...

DR. PROCTOR

...I'd have sided with Dr. Deleo.  
(then)  
Which makes your work all the more  
impressive, Dr. Zambrano.

Now Warren pokes her head in...

DR. WARREN

I don't know what you two are  
doing, but Chris, Tuck and I are  
headed to the Crab Shack for  
Oysters and beer.

DR. PROCTOR

Shellfish, alcohol and the beach?  
(he's in)  
"Toto, we're not in metropolitan  
Maryland any more."

DR. WARREN

Marisol?

DR. ZAMBRANO

I think I'll probably hang around  
and keep an eye on the family.

With that Zambrano smiles at them both, exiting.

DR. ZAMBRANO (O.S.)

Night then.

Warren watches her go, then...

DR. WARREN

None of us has ever seen her  
actually LEAVE the hospital.

Proctor thinks a moment, then...

DR. PROCTOR

Let me guess... doctor's daughter?

DR. WARREN

Father and grandfather. I think both  
practiced back in Cuba, but had to  
stop when they came to America...

DR. PROCTOR

...so she carries the mantle of M.D.  
for the family and won't leave the  
hospital, partly because she can't  
take a chance her patients will die,  
but mostly because she's terrified  
she'll miss something really cool.

DR. WARREN

How'd you know that?

\*  
\*

DR. PROCTOR

I've been around.

As Proctor stands, heading for the door...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH FRONT CRAB SHACK - LATER, NIGHT

...where Dr. C., Warren and Tuck have found a picnic table with a  
view of the sky and the sound of the surf.

Dr. Proctor exits the bathroom, staring at his blackberry.

DR. PROCTOR

Want the good news or the bad?

TUCK

Let's try the good.

DR. PROCTOR

Based on my e-mail, it appears I've been reassigned to Bravo Team.

DR. C.

And the bad?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Based on his e-mail... he's stuck working with you, Chris.

And now all turn to see... Dr. Zambrano walking toward them.

DR. C.

(big smile)

Well, well. Look what the cat--

...but before Dr. C. can finish that thought...

DR. ZAMBRANO

Oh, bite me, you Redneck.

Laughter from Dr. C. and Tuck, as well as a smile from...

DR. WARREN

I'm getting another round.

As Warren heads to the bar...

\*

TUCK

(following Warren)

I got this one.

DR. PROCTOR

(following Warren)

No, no. New guy pays.

...leaving Zambrano and Dr. C. alone.

DR. ZAMBRANO

Come on.

DR. C.

What?

DR. ZAMBRANO

You know you want to say it.

DR. C.

Say what?

She waits... he smiles... OK he'll say it...

DR. C.  
You kicked my ass in there today.  
Tomorrow... we shall see.

DR. ZAMBRANO  
I may be a mess with a microphone  
and a stack of note cards...

DR. C.  
MAY BE a mess?

The two share a smile, then...

DR. ZAMBRANO  
You're an attention whore, Chris...  
you sweat arrogance and entitlement...  
you're a pain in my backside, but I  
respect your work as much as anyone  
I've worked with and if YOU ever need  
saving... I'll be there.

As Dr. C. nods, accepting her compassion...

CUT TO:

**THE END OF THE BAR**

...where Dr. Proctor and Warren stand waiting for drinks.

DR. WARREN  
Y'know There are a lot of rumors  
about you. About your story... where  
you came from... why you're here...

DR. PROCTOR  
(knowing she's seen it)  
...and then there's that scar.  
(a moment, is he going to tell)  
Walking to my car after an ordinary  
day in an average week and I just went  
down. Massive heart attack. Rushed to  
trauma. Cut open. Pronounced dead on  
the table. 38 seconds. But I came  
back... after 38 seconds I'm back...  
but different.  
(eyeing Warren)  
So, you want to know why am I here?  
I'm here to live.

Now their drinks arrive, Proctor grabbing beers for all...  
Warren carrying a tray with tequila shots... both of them  
meeting up with Tuck, who has ginger ale for himself...

DR. WARREN  
(passing out tequila)  
So, what are we drinking to?

DR. C.  
To saving every soul in South Beach.

TUCK  
To Bravo Team.

DR. WARREN  
(a look to Proctor)  
To second chances.

A nods from Proctor back to Warren and then...

\*

DR. ZAMBRANO  
To Dr. Rayner.

\*

\*

With that, all nod, clink shot glasses and...

**END OF PILOT**