

# **CHELSEA GENERAL**

**-Pilot-**

Written by:

David E. Kelley

**Based on the Book: “Monday Mornings” by Sanjay Gupta, M.D.**

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WRITER'S 2<sup>ND</sup> DRAFT  
November 21, 2011

**CHELSEA GENERAL**

**CAST LIST**

DR. JORGE (El Gato) VILLANUEVA  
DR. HARDING (Hardly Human) HOOTEN  
DR. TYLER WILSON  
DR. TINA RIDGEWAY  
DR. SYDNEY SAXENA  
DR. SUNG PARK  
DR. MICHELLE ROBIDAUX  
DR. BUCK TIERNEY

Quinn McDaniels  
Ruth Hostetler  
Joanne Whitman

Dr. Lee Earlson  
Dr. Max Goldman  
Dr. Cody Knapp  
Dr. Gary Lichtman  
Dr. David Martin  
Dr. Bill McManus  
Dr. Thomas Ottobrine  
Aisha Ali  
Gordon  
Mahendra Kahar  
Hyun Kim  
Wei Yoo  
Wong  
Veronica  
Surgeon

Alison McDaniels  
Levi Hostetler  
Mrs. Sutcliff  
Mr. Sutcliff  
Brian Trottier  
Mark Ridgeway  
Pat Park  
Candice Martin  
Alicia Martin  
Woman  
EMT #1

**SONG LIST:**

"JUST BREATHE" (EDDIE VEDDER)

**CHELSEA GENERAL**

**SETS LIST**

**INTERIORS:**

CHELSEA GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY & NIGHT

E.R. - MORNING & NIGHT

CUBICLE - MORNING & DAY

NEARBY ROOM - MORNING

O.R. - MORNING, DAY & NIGHT

PRE-OP - MORNING

RADIOLOGY - MORNING

WAITING ROOM - DAY & NIGHT

EXAMINATION ROOM - MORNING

ROOM #311 - MORNING & EVENING

CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

DR. TYLER WILSON'S OFFICE - EVENING & NIGHT

DR. SYDNEY SAXENA'S OFFICE - MORNING

DR. SUNG PARK'S OFFICE - MORNING & DAY

WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

JOANNE WHITMAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING & NIGHT

CORRIDORS - MORNING, DAY & EVENING

MARTIN FAMILY ROOM - EVENING

PARK HOUSE - NIGHT

TINA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

SAXENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

WOMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

RESTAURANT - NIGHT

O'REILLY'S BAR - NIGHT

**EXTERIORS:**

CHELSEA GENERAL HOSPITAL - SUNRISE

PORTLAND - NIGHT

TINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CHELSEA GENERAL

- Pilot -

ACT I

OVER BLACK: WE HEAR THE VOICE OF MICHAEL C. HALL, CALMLY PROMISING TO COMMIT THE MOST VICIOUS OF MURDERS.

FADE IN:

1 CLOSE ON A TELEVISION SCREEN: A MAN, STRAPPED/TAPED TO A TABLE. DEXTER TAUNTS HIM. 1

AS THE CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK--

DAVID (O.S.)  
How can you watch this, it's so gory.

ALICIA (O.S.)  
Dad, you're a surgeon.  
(then)  
Do they get the medicals right?

BY NOW, WE REVEAL THE MARTIN FAMILY IN:

INT. MARTIN FAMILY ROOM - EVENING

DR. DAVID MARTIN, mid-forties, his wife CANDICE, forties, daughter ALICIA, fifteen, and son WILLIAM, thirteen.

DAVID  
What medicals, all I've seen him do is murder.

DAVID'S PAGER VIBRATES; he gives it a check. IT READS SIMPLY "311.6." David gives it a good long stare. He knows what it means. Candice regards him, still staring.

CANDICE  
Everything okay?

DAVID  
(covering)  
What? Yeah.

CANDICE  
(unconvinced)  
You sure?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

DAVID  
(covering)  
Sure. Just hospital business.

ON THE SCREEN, WE SEE DEXTER SLIT THE THROAT OF HIS VICTIM. The irony, subtle as it isn't, can't escape David. Tomorrow, it'll be his throat.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK. OVER BLACK: "CHELSEA GENERAL."

THE SOUNDS OF A HEART-MONITOR, GROWING STRONGER, STRONGER... SUDDENLY, WE SMASH INTO:

2 INT. E.R. - NIGHT

2

AS EMT'S CRASH THROUGH THE SWINGING DOORS OF THE EMERGENCY ROOM, THEY MOVE FAST, BOTH CONCERN AND SOOT ON THEIR FACES. THEY PUSH A GURNEY, CARRYING A WOMAN, TWENTY-FIVE, UNCONSCIOUS, EYES OPEN.

EMT #1  
Attempted suicide, single vehicle,  
telephone pole.

But his voice gets lost in the CACOPHONY OF OTHER SOUNDS, OTHER EMERGENCIES, MEDICAL BABBLE, CHAOS, TUMULT. Just another night at the E.R. OF CHELSEA GENERAL. WHIP PAN TO INCLUDE... DR. JORGE VILLANUEVA, late forties, known as El Gato, a giant of a man, as he charges toward the gurney. A three-hundred-plus pound behemoth and anybody in his path is quickly reminded that he used to play professional football for The Detroit Lions. He's also perhaps the most celebrated trauma chief in the country, and clearly the elephant in this circus.

VILLANUEVA  
(re: the Woman)  
Raccoon eyes. Trauma Bay Eight.

As the EMT'S QUICKLY PUSH THE GURNEY OFF, Dr. Villanueva takes two steps in the opposite direction, freezes, pivots--

VILLANUEVA (CONT'D)  
(to EMT #1)  
Wait. What'd you say happened?

EMT #1  
Suicide by car. Telephone pole, no  
skid marks.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Villanueva comes back, a quick glance at the Foley bag, he then leans over the patient. Then--

VILLANUEVA

Bullshit.

(on his way back)

Turn up her oxygen, increase the ventilator, get her more fluids, and call a neurosurgeon.

As he looks closely at the victim--

VILLANUEVA (CONT'D)

This was no suicide.

NOBODY ARGUES. El Gato's seat-of-the-pants diagnoses are the stuff of legend around Chelsea General.

CUT TO:

3 INT. DR. TYLER WILSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

3

DR. TYLER WILSON, thirty-eight, supernova vascular neurosurgeon. Currently undressing DR. TINA RIDGEWAY, thirty-five, fellow neurosurgeon, whose pressing emergency of the moment is removing Ty's pants. Two extremely busy star doctors getting sex on the fly... As BOTH OF THEIR BEEPERS GO OFF--

TY/TINA

Shit.

They check their respective pagers.

TY

Mine.

Ty hastily re-dresses, starts to scurry out; as Tina sighs.

TINA

Ty.

He looks back; she points to his hand. Realizing he's still holding her skirt, he tosses it back; it whacks her in the face; as he rushes out--

TINA (CONT'D)

Sweet.

She sighs, SEES ANOTHER MESSAGE ON HER PAGER: "311.6." Tina considers, wondering who will be the victim.

CUT TO:

4 INT. E.R. - MINUTES LATER

4

Ty enters.

TY  
(who called?)  
Okay.

Villanueva swivels on his stool, half a candy bar in his mouth. In the far b.g. TWO YOUNG E.R. DOCTORS are trying to revive a MAN in his sixties.

VILLANUEVA  
(to Ty)  
Twenty-five-year-old female, ruptured cerebral aneurysm, Trauma Bay Eight.

Ty peels off; Villanueva swivels back to his patient as MICHELLE ROBIDAUX, Resident, twenty-eight, African-American approaches.

MICHELLE  
Doctor V?

He's up and moving now, toward the E.R. doctors.

VILLANUEVA  
Ma'am?

MICHELLE  
Would you mind telling me how you knew that was an aneurysm?

VILLANUEVA  
Experience.

MICHELLE  
Could you be more specific?

Villanueva reaches DR. LEE EARLSON, and DR. CODY KNAPP, the two young E.R. doctors; they're barking at the unconscious MAN.

LEE  
(shaking the Patient)  
Sir, can you open your eyes? Sir?  
(louder)  
Can you open your eyes?

VILLANUEVA  
No. He can't.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

And he swats the E.R. doctors to the side, forgetting his strength. He grabs a bottle of iodine with his left hand, a huge 20-gauge cook-needle in his right.

CODY

(to Villanueva)

Wait, what--

But before the doctor can spit out his protest, Villanueva rips open the patient's shirt and plunges the needle into his chest.

VILLANUEVA

Cardiac tamponade. Five. Four.

Three. Two. One.

He looks to the MONITOR. At first, no change. And then: THE BLOOD PRESSURE AND HEART RATE BEGIN TO NORMALIZE. And Villanueva heads off.

CUT TO:

5 INT. PARK HOUSE - NIGHT

5

The chaos and adrenaline of the E.R. contrasts sharply with the order and quiet of the Park household. Dinner has just been cleared from the table; PAT PARK, late forties, finishes loading the dishwasher. Not a speck of food remains on the counter or elsewhere. The place is so immaculate it seems almost sterile. The THREE CHILDREN, all under the age of six, read to themselves. The only sound comes from the turning of pages. SUNG PARK, late forties, Korean-American, abrupt, socially and linguistically-challenged, works at his desk; his searing intensity is palpable. ONE OF THE CHILDREN GIGGLES at something she's reading.

PAT

(admonishing)

Your father is working.

That's all that ever need be said. More silence until A PAGER VIBRATES ON SUNG'S DESK. He picks it up. IT READS "311.6." His eyes narrow with interest... perhaps a tinge of schadenfreudism. It's always a little fun to watch the sharks feed on a colleague.

CUT TO:

6 INT. O.R. - NIGHT

6

TY STANDS OVER THE twenty-five-year-old WOMAN'S EXPOSED BRAIN. The rest of the head is covered by a blue drape. It's surprisingly bloodless, clinical... and seemingly routine. One would never guess that this might be one of the most difficult and delicate operations a brain surgeon could perform. The O.R. is cold; EDDIE VEDDER'S "JUST BREATHE" PLAYS OUT. There's no anxiety among THE TEAM, there rarely is when Ty is operating. They work in silent precision, until--

TY  
We have a story?

VERONICA  
(head nurse)  
Sheila Sutcliff. School teacher.  
Twenty-five. Hot.

Ty looks up.

VERONICA (CONT'D)  
According to Dr. Lichtman.

DR. GARY LICHTMAN, early thirties, goes a little ashen.

LICHTMAN  
I said "attractive." I never said  
"hot."

CUT TO:

7 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

7

BRIAN TROTTIER, fortyish, coat and tie, sits alone at an elegant downtown Portland restaurant, sips his Bordeaux, another glass rests across from him. He takes another deep, calming breath. Pulls out a small box from his inside coat pocket, opens it...

ANGLE THE BOX

inside is a sparkly, two-carat diamond ring.

RESUME

Brian returns the box to his pocket, takes another deep breath, as DR. SYDNEY SAXENA, thirty-five, petite, Indian descent, returns, cell-phone still in hand. An Olympic multi-tasker, she speaks quickly, seems almost manic at times, and absolutely takes no prisoners.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

SAXENA

(to Brian; re: her  
cell-phone)

Sorry. That took way longer than I  
thought. Little issue with one of  
my stent replacements which... don't  
get me started.

(before he can protest)

Okay, no more calls, I promise.  
Where were we?

BRIAN

(slightly pointed)

We were having a toast. To us.

SAXENA

Right.

(with a trickle of  
flirtation)

And as I recall, you had a very  
hungry look in your eye. Or was  
that me?

He smiles, back in the moment.

BRIAN

I love you.

SAXENA

I love you too.

As they clink and drink, HER CELL-PHONE VIBRATES ON THE  
TABLE. Saxena's eyes instantly laser-lock on the phone,  
which Brian sees. She tries to just ignore it. They  
sip their wine... until her compulsion wins out; she  
checks the phone, to the not-so-discrete annoyance of  
Brian.

ANGLE CELL-PHONE

It reads "311.6."

RESUME

SAXENA (CONT'D)

Morbidity and Mortality first up.  
Or, as El Gato likes to call it,  
"the somebody-fucked-up conference."  
(to the passing  
Waitress)  
We're ready to order.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

BRIAN

You haven't looked at the menu.

SAXENA

I read it ahead, online. I'm guessing it'll be David Martin, I've told you about him, his nickname is "Double-O-Seven." License to kill. Poor guy, though I should be relieved it's not me, you never know with these things.

BRIAN

(pointed)

Why would it be you, Sydney, you're probably the most perfect doctor at the place, God knows the most dedicated.

SAXENA

That was hostile.

He looks away.

SAXENA (CONT'D)

Look. Brian. I'm a doctor, I'm going to get calls sometimes.

BRIAN

You know what? I think we should just call it a night, okay?

SAXENA

Are you serious? Because my pager went off?

He smiles: "You don't get it. And probably never will."

BRIAN

Let's just call it a night.

OFF Saxena, we:

CUT TO:

8 INT. O.R. - NIGHT

8

Ty is now looking through a microscope. ON A FLATSCREEN, WE SEE WHAT HE'S SEEING -- THE OPTIC NERVE, A THICK, WHITE FILAMENT. NEARBY, THE CAROTID ARTERY.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

TY  
(to himself)  
Gotcha.  
(to the Others)  
There it is. It's pushing there  
against the oculomotor nerve.

A beat.

TY (CONT'D)  
Straight clip.  
(then)  
No, let's go fenestrated.

CUT TO:

9 INT. O.R. WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

9

Sheila's parents, MR. and MRS. SUTCLIFF, AND A FEW OTHER FAMILY MEMBERS are there, huddled, some privately praying... others look catatonic, perhaps paralyzed with worry. Ty emerges from the O.R., approaches; their eyes plead for good news.

TY  
(to the parents)  
She's going to be fine. We've  
clipped it off, we expect a full  
recovery.

MRS. SUTCLIFF  
(guttural relief)  
Oh.

She folds into her husband, who holds her tightly.

TY  
I know you'll all have a lot of  
questions, and I suspect you're in  
too much shock to think of any of  
them right now. Sheila will be  
sedated through the night, I  
recommend you all try to get some  
sleep, I'll be here all day tomorrow,  
and we can talk.

MR. SUTCLIFF  
Thank you, Doctor.

Mrs. Sutcliff by now is simply weeping softly. The relief...

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

TY  
Mrs. Sutcliff. Look at me. Your  
daughter will be fine.

And when Ty Wilson says so... it is so. Even people  
who have never before met him implicitly trust his word.  
If he has the God-complex that surgeons are known for --  
here it's well earned.

JOANNE (O.S.)  
You're all in the business of killing  
people.

10 INT. JOANNE WHITMAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

10

Michelle is there with a CLUSTER OF FLUSTERED RESIDENTS,  
including GORDON, they're tending to JOANNE WHITMAN,  
African-American, fifties, a bulldozer.

JOANNE  
That's what I think. You want me  
to die.

MICHELLE  
We actually don't, ma'am.

Sitting to the side is Joanne's husband, a meek man; he  
wears the wither that comes with thirty years of being  
berated.

JOANNE  
This is my fifth trip back here and  
I keep getting worse. Look at me.

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
I can hardly  
breathe!! I'd be  
better off going  
to a witch-doctor...

MICHELLE  
(to Gordon; sotto)  
You get a chest x-  
ray?

JOANNE (CONT'D)  
...or one of them  
ak-ku-punctorists.

GORDON  
(nodding; to Michelle)  
It was normal. But  
her blood-oxygen  
stats are only eighty-  
four percent.

SAXENA  
(entering)  
What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

JOANNE

What's going on is this hospital is  
killing me, that's what's going on.

Joanne continues in the b.g.

MICHELLE

(to Saxena, sotto;  
rattling off the  
history)

She first arrived three months ago  
with headaches and a persistent  
cough, they did an H and P, suspected  
a viral infection, and discharged  
her. She came back two weeks later  
with a fever, she was prescribed  
amoxicillin, bactrim, and codeine.  
Back a month later, diagnosed with  
bronchitis. Now she's here with  
shortness of breath.

SAXENA

Does she smoke?

MICHELLE

No.

SAXENA

Who's the attending?

MICHELLE

McManus.

SAXENA

(rapid-fire; to  
Michelle)

Find out what tests he ordered and  
see if she was exposed to any  
airborne irritants or toxic  
chemicals.

(to Joanne)

Let's talk about your diet, can we  
do that?

JOANNE

Oh, Jesus Christ. All you itty-  
bitty people ever want to do is  
talk to fat people about their diets.  
Every damn one of you, let's go  
find a fat person and ask her what  
she eats. What do you eat? Do you  
eat?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2) 10

OFF Saxena, we:

CUT TO:

11 INT. O'REILLY'S BAR - NIGHT 11

Ty enters; finds Villanueva at the bar. Approaches.  
Villanueva sees him.

VILLANUEVA

Oh, Jesus.  
(calling to the  
Bartender)  
Might want to run to the powder  
room, Annabelle, Pretty-boy is in  
the house.

Ty doesn't even dignify that.

VILLANUEVA (CONT'D)

You drinking, or did you just come  
to preen a little?

TY

I just got hugged by a bunch of  
family members for saving that girl.  
When they should be thanking you.

VILLANUEVA

Yeah, well. Not a hugger.

He takes a gulp of his drink.

TY

How the hell did you know it was an  
aneurysm? Word is, you barely  
glanced at her.

VILLANUEVA

Disconjugate gaze. Pupil on the  
left was bigger. Moving her arms  
and legs. Easy call.  
(adding)  
For me.

TY AND VILLANUEVA'S CELL-PHONES VIBRATE ON THE BAR.

ANGLE VILLANUEVA'S CELL-PHONE

IT READS: "311.6."

RESUME

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Villanueva looks to Ty.

TY

Smart money says Double-O-Seven.

VILLANUEVA

Guy's a fucking assassin.

Ty doesn't argue. A beat.

TY

You come here every night, Gato?

VILLANUEVA

Not Sundays. Sunday night is football, I go to a different bar, one with a flat screen.

TY

You miss football?

He shrugs.

VILLANUEVA

Lucky I got out when I did. What I know now about second-impact syndrome... it's a miracle I still got a brain.

TY

Yeah, what do you think's worse? Blocking a three-hundred-pound lineman in the NFL, or pounding down rum 'n cokes every night?

VILLANUEVA

If this is an intervention, Pretty-boy, you're gonna need back-up.

Ty smiles.

VILLANUEVA (CONT'D)

Look, I don't mean to be rude. But I do a pretty good job of getting laid in this bar. And I don't need your California surfer-boy smile stealing my thunder, if you don't mind.

TY

Gato. Nobody steals your thunder. But I'll leave you to your business. Good call on the aneurysm.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

He throws down the rest of Villanueva's rum 'n coke.

TY (CONT'D)

And thanks for the drink.

And out he goes. A WOMAN, maybe fortyish, half-attractive, half-not, sits two stools away. Villanueva nods with a twinkle. She'll do.

VILLANUEVA

(to the Woman; with a  
wink)

How we doin' tonight?

A hint of a smile in return. Women like the Big Cat.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

12 INT. WOMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

12

The giant sleeps... next to him, also asleep... the Woman he met at the bar. It's a single bed, and it looks ridiculous. There's barely enough room for the Woman, let alone a gargantuan mate. A beat. Then... while in his sleep, with one arm... WHOOSH, Villanueva launches the woman out of bed; she lands on the floor with a thud. It wakes both of them.

VILLANUEVA

Oh, Jesus... are you alright?

WOMAN

(not sure)

I think so.

VILLANUEVA

I am so... I used to play football. I still pick up blitzing linebackers in my sleep sometimes. Are you really okay?

WOMAN

(getting up)

Yes.

Villanueva SPIES THE CLOCK: IT READS 5:15.

VILLANUEVA

Shit. I gotta go.

And the NAKED giant rumbles off to... well, he's lost.

VILLANUEVA (CONT'D)

Bathroom?

The Woman, now sitting on the bed, points. He starts off, looks back, befuddled. He's forgotten her name, which she suspects.

WOMAN

(with a weak wave)

Wanda.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. CHELSEA GENERAL - SUNRISE 13

14 INT. ROOM #311 - MORNING 14

A small auditorium. There's A BANK OF OVERHEAD LIGHTS FOCUSED ON THE FRONT; THE REST OF THE ROOM IS DIM, BUT NOT DARK. ON THE CUT, SURGEONS ARE FILING IN; PERHAPS FORTY IN ALL, A COLLECTION OF THE FINEST ORTHOPODS, CHEST-CUTTERS, SKULL-CRACKERS, AND OTHERS WHO HAVE EVER DONNED THE SCRUBS. There's an undercurrent of electricity at this moment, there always is at these meetings. Similar to a big prize fight... or, rather, a lion's den. Where somebody figures to get eaten. HARDING L. HOOTEN, sixtyish, steely-eyed Chief of Surgery, settles in near the front; white lab coat, bow-tie, nicknamed "Hardly Human" long ago for his exacting, punishing, and outwardly-uncaring ways. As THE OTHERS ENTER, some jocular, some less so, Sung catches up to Villanueva, who has a donut in his mouth.

SUNG

Why not call me for aneurysm? Better than Ty. Discriminate.

Sung is ambitious to his core. With a serious chip on his shoulder. A beat.

VILLANUEVA

Okay, first, Sung baby,  
(removes donut)  
nobody is better than Ty. Second, it was a very high-risk procedure, and should the patient not survive I wanted a surgeon capable of consoling the family with something more eloquent than "daughter dead." Comprende?

OFF Sung, bristling--

ANGLE HOOTEN

at the front of the room.

HOOTEN

Okay, let's get started, shall we?

RESUME

SAXENA

Wait, could I have the floor for one brief second, please?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

GROANS ALL AROUND.

SAXENA (CONT'D)

Nevermind.

(then)

I implanted a pacemaker this past week on a man with severe cardiomyopathy, as a result of having Chagas Disease.

SOME HECKLING, "GOOD FOR YOU'S," MOCK APPLAUSE, under--

SAXENA (CONT'D)

(lecturing them)

We are seeing a lot of diseases once reserved for the Third World and tropical climates. Helminth infections, toxocariasis, cysticercosis, cytomegalovirus, toxoplasmosis--

HOOTEN

Thank you,--

SAXENA

I'm not done.

MORE GROANS.

SAXENA (CONT'D)

We all need to stay current, case in point, we have a patient, Joanne Whitman, she's been in five times and we still can't figure out what's going on.

HOOTEN

Alright, Dr. Saxena. May we move on, please?

SAXENA

Forgive me for caring, shoot me.

THAT IDEA GETS APPLAUSE.

HOOTEN

Alright.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

HOOTEN (CONT'D)

(to Tina)

Dr. Ridgeway, speaking of pacemakers,  
or other medical devices, we have  
scheduled the long-awaited showdown  
between you and Buck Tierney  
regarding instrument reps being  
present at surgery.

THE ROOM REACTS AS IF A PRIZEFIGHT HAS JUST BEEN  
SCHEDULED, SOME DOCTORS EVEN WHOOP.

HOOTEN (CONT'D)

Settle down.

(then)

The meeting will take place in my  
conference room at two o'clock  
tomorrow, all surgeons are eagerly  
invited to attend.

ANOTHER ENTHUSIASTIC RESPONSE.

HOOTEN (CONT'D)

Moving on...

And the ROOM SETTLES quickly. Hooten flips through  
some papers, perhaps for dramatic effect. Finally--

HOOTEN (CONT'D)

Dr. Martin. Let's talk about Mary  
Michaelidos.

Some perceptible relief from other surgeons; glad that  
his or her name wasn't called. David opens his folder.  
Takes a deep breath.

DAVID

Mary Michaelidos, age thirty-nine,  
presented on August twelfth with  
soreness of her left hip. She was  
an avid runner, thirty miles a week,  
I thought the hip irritation was  
due to all the running, I prescribed  
one thousand milligrams of Extra-  
Strength Tylenol until the pain  
subsided.

Silence. Until--

HOOTEN

Did the pain subside?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

DAVID

No. Well, I didn't know. I didn't hear from her. The next I saw her was two weeks ago, on October the second -- she was in the E.R. with a broken hip.

HOOTEN

(deliberately caustic)

From all the running?

DAVID

No, sir. I ordered an MRI, with contrast, which revealed Stage Four bone cancer.

Silence.

HOOTEN

And, Doctor, when you saw her that first time, did you do a full physical exam? Order any x-rays? Blood work?

DAVID

No, sir.

HOOTEN

Did you do anything other than prescribe Extra-Strength Tylenol?

DAVID

In retrospect...

Silence. Punishing silence. The death-stare from Hardly Human. Finally--

HOOTEN

We all so love to separate the conjoined twins. Rebuild the shattered faces. Cut out the cancer.

(a beat)

Sometimes it's the little things, isn't it, Dr. Martin? This is what can happen when you let the runner with the sore hip limp out the door without a second thought. You let metastatic cancer run amok for two months.

(a beat)

Tell us, Dr. Martin, how this fairy tale ends.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (4)

14

DAVID

Ms. Michaelidos was admitted to the ICU on October the second, aggressive cancer treatments were started immediately.

(then)

She died yesterday.

HOOTEN

Three weeks from diagnosis.

DAVID

Yes, sir.

Silence.

HOOTEN

Dr. Martin, in hockey, this would be known as a hat trick for you. Three patients in the last eighteen months.

(then)

Though these meetings are primarily about making us better doctors... they're also about improving Chelsea General.

(a beat)

I will be recommending to the Board of this hospital and affiliated institutions that your medical privileges be pulled immediately.

That's a bombshell. A beat.

HOOTEN (CONT'D)

You're excused, Dr. Martin. Any further discussion in this room you shall not be privy to.

As David puts his folder back together, prepares to depart--

VILLANUEVA

(to Hooten)

That's it? We don't give a shit if he kills people at a different hospital?

HOOTEN

Doctor, you're out of line.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (5)

14

VILLANUEVA

There's three people that we know of who might be still alive but for this hack, and everyone in this room is feeling sorry for him.

HOOTEN

Jorge, we have procedures.

VILLANUEVA

I don't give a horse's ass about your procedures. You're telling me the only consequence for this man is he becomes persona non grata around here. He doesn't get to be "privy."

Villanueva then pulls out a rolled-up newspaper, begins to read.

VILLANUEVA (CONT'D)

"Mary Michaelidos. Thirty-nine. Beloved wife of Stephen Michaelidos who delighted in her laugh, beloved mother of Eric, ten; Darren, eight; and Danielle, six; who adored their mother's everyday kindness. Beloved daughter of Francis and Martha Kelly, who wouldn't have dared to pray for a daughter as beautiful, kind and loving as their Mary."

Upon which, Villanueva hurls the paper toward the front. Rises. Begins to exit, under--

VILLANUEVA (CONT'D)

(grumbling)

They shoulda prayed she got a better doctor.

HOOTEN

(don't you dare walk out)

Dr. Villanueva!

VILLANUEVA

I've been paged.  
(muttering; re: Martin)  
Fucking asshole.

And the giant is gone. Silence.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (6) 14

ANGLE TY

It's Hooten's commitment to perfection, Villanueva's passion, that makes Chelsea General.

CUT TO:

15 INT. E.R. - MOMENTS LATER 15

MAX GOLDMAN, thirtyish, E.R. doctor, is there with QUINN McDANIELS, eleven, freckled, the picture of good health, lively, even. Also present is Quinn's mother, ALLISON, thirties.

VILLANUEVA  
(entering; to Goldman)  
What's all the fun here?

GOLDMAN  
This is Quinn McDaniels. Future Olympic soccer star. His mother, Allison.

VILLANUEVA  
(to Allison)  
Dr. Villanueva, hello.  
(to Quinn)  
How you doing, Quinn?

QUINN  
I'm fine.

GOLDMAN  
(to Villanueva)  
He had a head-to-head collision last night. Had some headaches, so his mother brought him in, just to be safe.

VILLANUEVA  
Got it.

Villanueva shines a light into Quinn's eyes, under--

VILLANUEVA (CONT'D)  
Jeez, I'm seeing ice cream in his eyes.  
(to Quinn)  
What, you hungry?

Quinn just beams.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

GOLDMAN  
(to Villanueva)  
His BP and heart-rate are normal,  
respiration, too.

VILLANUEVA  
(to Quinn)  
And you're feeling okay, buddy?

QUINN  
I feel fine.

GOLDMAN  
(to Villanueva)  
Walk with me a second?

TIME CUT TO:

16 INT. NEARBY ROOM - SECONDS LATER

16

Villanueva and Dr. Goldman enter; it's dark, EXCEPT FOR  
THE LED COMPUTER SCREEN AND KEYBOARD.

GOLDMAN  
We ordered up the CT scan, mainly  
as a precaution.

GOLDMAN PULLS UP THE FIRST IMAGE.

VILLANUEVA  
(peering at it)  
Jesus.

AS GOLDMAN FLIPS THROUGH OTHER IMAGES--

GOLDMAN  
I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Ty has joined them.

TY  
It's massive.  
(then)  
Well, it's gotta come out,  
obviously...

Ty gives the screen another look. The image is hard to fathom.

VILLANUEVA  
(to Ty)  
The mother's outside.

CUT TO:

17 INT. E.R. CUBICLE - MINUTES LATER

17

Ty and Villanueva have pulled Allison into a private cubicle.

ALLISON

A brain tumor?

TY

In his temporal lobe. It's very large and my fear is it could be malignant.

ALLISON

(the breath goes right out of her)

Oh my God.

TY

Ms. McDaniels...

(takes her hand)

...if we don't operate immediately, he's at risk.

ALLISON

At risk. At risk to die?

TY

I don't mean to be so abrupt but...

By now, she appears simply catatonic, she's staring back at him.

TY (CONT'D)

I won't know exactly how serious the situation is until I get in there. In the meantime, we'll get more imaging studies and I want to get any relevant history from you. We should operate this morning.

Allison, now drifting into shock, looks to Villanueva.

VILLANUEVA

I don't think we have any other choice, ma'am.

OFF Allison, we:

CUT TO:

18 INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

18

Michelle and Saxena stand outside Joanne Whitman's room.

MICHELLE

Almost every internist here has  
been in to see her. And still...

SAXENA

Well, we can't just discharge her.

MICHELLE

We can't find anything really wrong  
with her.

SAXENA

No, we can see what's wrong with  
her, Michelle, we just can't find  
the cause.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Syd?

Saxena turns to SEE BRIAN APPROACHING.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You got a second?

No. But she knows she'd better make time.

CUT TO:

19 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - MORNING

19

A FEW RESIDENTS are present as Dr. Sung Park, in scrubs,  
stands opposite LEVI and RUTH HOSTETLER, mid-thirties.  
Ruth has profound tremors, her hands are flapping about  
like some big fish.

LEVI

She's been this way almost two years.  
Like she's possessed by the devil.

RUTH

I can't eat. I can't write. I can't  
drive. I need the walker to walk.

LEVI

She's been tested so many times,  
and nobody can find anything.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

RUTH

It's God. He's punishing me for some reason.

LEVI

We know he works in mysterious ways, Doctor, but... We also believe we were sent to you for a reason. Do you have a relationship with Jesus Christ, Doctor?

SUNG

(brusque)

No. This hospital. You want God, go to church. Believe in science. Believe in data. Facts. You go. Come back when you want to talk about facts.

An awkward beat, the Hostetlers are a bit stunned. Exchanged awkward glances among the Residents.

SUNG (CONT'D)

Go. No God here. Go.

The Hostetlers rise, start to exit. But Ruth stops at the door.

RUTH

(to Sung)

You want facts? Here's a fact. It stops when I have a glass of wine. I don't normally partake in alcohol. But it stops when I have a glass of wine.

And they start to go.

SUNG

Stop.

They do.

SUNG (CONT'D)

(to Ruth)

Don't drink alcohol normally?

RUTH

No, sir.

SUNG

Depression medication? Lithium?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

RUTH

No, sir.

SUNG

Tremors when sleeping?

LEVI

Yes, sir.

A beat. OFF Sung, wheels spinning, we:

CUT TO:

20 INT. E.R. - MORNING

20

Villanueva stands over a YOUNG MAN, twenties, a bashed-up face of sorts. As Tina approaches.

VILLANUEVA

(to the Man)

This might hurt, but only for a second, my friend. You may not even feel it.

As he resets the broken nose, the MAN SHRIEKS IN PAIN, A BIG SCREAM.

VILLANUEVA (CONT'D)

Seems you did.

(to Tina; re: the Man)

Evidently, the issue of whether Lewis and Clark is a better college than Everest is one worth fighting over. Merriweather here lost, and he says he hit his head pretty good. College kid, so I'm guessing well-insured.

(a beat; wink)

Not that that matters.

TINA

Let's get a CT scan.

VILLANUEVA

Yes.

(to the kid)

"Better safe than dead," that's our motto here.

As Hooten charges up--

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

HOOTEN  
(to Villanueva)  
That room is not your pulpit, Jorge.

VILLANUEVA  
Oh, come on, Harding, that hack  
should be brought up on charges,  
and you know it.

Hooten shoots a look: "matters between doctors stay private."

HOOTEN  
Dr. Ridgeway.

Hooten motions for Tina to step to the side with him; she does.

HOOTEN (CONT'D)  
Buck Tierney is circling his wagons,  
are you ready for this meeting?

TINA  
I think so.

HOOTEN  
(friendly advice)  
Make sure that you are, Tina. You  
know Buck.

TINA  
I'll be ready.

OFF Tina, we:

CUT TO:

21 INT. PRE-OP - MORNING

21

Ty sits next to Quinn, prepped for surgery; he's already been given his first dose of anesthesia. A couple of ORDERLIES wait in the b.g.

TY  
(to Quinn)  
You scared, buddy?

QUINN  
(groggy)  
Well, everyone says... if they had  
an Olympic doctor team, you'd be on  
it.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

TY

Actually...  
(with a reassuring  
wink)  
...I'd be captain.

Quinn manages a smile.

TY (CONT'D)

Alright. How 'bout we go fix that  
head of yours.

QUINN

Deal.

They bump fists. And the Orderlies push Quinn off. Ty  
takes a deep breath, as we:

CUT TO:

22 INT. DR. SYDNEY SAXENA'S OFFICE - MORNING

22

Saxena and Brian sit; she holds and stares at the diamond  
ring. She's poleaxed. Finally--

SAXENA

I don't know what to say.

BRIAN

You don't need to say anything,  
Sydney. Because it's moot. Last  
night, I was ready to marry you.  
But then I realized the painfully  
obvious. You're already married.  
To this hospital. And you always  
will be. The idea that you could  
actually be a mother, raise a  
family... which is something I  
desperately want...

SAXENA

(softly; hurt)  
That's a terrible thing to say to a  
person.

BRIAN

(struggling)  
It's a terrible thing to finally  
admit about... the woman you love.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(rising)

I wish you a good life, Sydney.

SAXENA

What do you mean, you wish me a good life? You're breaking up with me?

BRIAN

It's not going to work.

SAXENA

Brian. I do love you. And you love me. You can't... you can't just walk away.

BRIAN

(quiet but brutal truth)

Sydney, it's not going to work.

You know that. And uh...

(struggling)

And now, so do I.

He takes the ring, and he exits. OFF Saxena, devastated, we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

23 INT. O.R. - MORNING

23

Quinn is conscious. Pins have been placed in his head, the CIRCULATING NURSE scrubs the subject area with iodine, as Ty scrubs his (own) hands. Ty then drapes the area.

TY  
Okay, Quinn. Time to get the show  
on the road, okay?

QUINN  
(groggy)  
Okay.

TY  
You'll feel some pressure as we  
drill, but no pain.  
(to the Nurse)  
An eleven, please.

The Nurse passes him a scalpel. Ty begins to make an incision in front of the boy's left ear.

AISHA (O.S.)  
Anti-seizure meds.

CUT TO:

24 INT. DR. SUNG PARK'S OFFICE - MORNING

24

Sung has cornered his cadre of FOREIGN-BORN RESIDENTS:  
AISHA ALI, WEI YOO, HYUN KIM, MAHENDRA KUMAR, AND RASHMI  
PATEL.

SUNG  
What else?

A beat. Silence.

SUNG (CONT'D)  
That not all. You need to know.

MAHENDRA  
Beta-blockers.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

SUNG

Beta blocker cause confusion. What other side effects?

MAHENDRA

Fatigue. Shortness of breath.

SUNG

(yelling)

Guessing! You need to know.

WEI

Benzodiazepine.

SUNG

What else?

(louder)

Need to know.

Silence.

SUNG (CONT'D)

(to Mahendra)

What is difference between intention tremor and essential tremor?

Mahendra looks back: "We're back to me already? Shouldn't you pick on somebody else first?" Finally--

HYUN

Intention tremor is dyskinetic movement during voluntary movement.

SUNG

Etiology?

HYUN

Cerebro-cerebellum.

SUNG

How treated?

HYUN

Well, medication is most--

SUNG

(yelling)

My daughter could tell me that!!!

She five!!!

(then)

Isoniazid. Odansetron. Propanolol.

Primadone. Not effective!!! What

surgical?!

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

A beat.

AISHA  
Deep brain stimulation?

SUNG  
That the way you talk to patient?  
Asking? Like foreigner: "where is  
rest-room?"

AISHA  
I thought DBS was a last resort.

SUNG  
Been used forty years. Good success.

A beat.

HYUN  
(with some awe; wow)  
Deep brain stimulation.  
(then; childlike)  
Can I do it?

CUT TO:

25 INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

25

Tina walks, approaches DR. BUCK TIERNEY, fiftyish, in high strut.

TIERNEY  
Well, well, well, Dr. Ridgeway.  
All set to do battle, I presume.

TINA  
Are you?

TIERNEY  
Oh, indeedy. And I would hope this  
isn't just an opportunity for you  
to huff and puff in front of Harding.

TINA  
Nor a chance for you to chest-thump  
for Bravo Devices, whose ten million  
dollar pledge helps pay for your  
new heart wing.

Tierney flashes a big "fuck you" smile. She returns the favor.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

TIERNEY

We'll see you at the meeting, Dr.  
Ridgeway.

TINA

Indeedy.

And Tina continues on.

CUT TO:

26 INT. O.R. - MORNING

26

Ty is into the surgery. He and HIS TEAM work in precision, silence. As Ty now gets a good look at the exposed brain... he knows. This kid is in trouble. They all do. A beat. Until--

TY

(poker-face)

Okay. Let's resect it.

As he starts to remove the tumor, there is bleeding, more so than usual. Hands start to move quickly, all very professional. And we sense some increasing urgency. Something's not right. Hands start to move faster now, there's more blood. Eyes dart about, no words are necessary... we're going into crisis mode here. Then--

TY (CONT'D)

(covering)

Okay, there, Quinn?

QUINN

Yes.

TY

(sotto; to the  
Anesthesiologist)

Put him out.

Syringes get pushed, a tube is quickly placed in the boy's mouth. All the while, Ty is aggressively trying to stop the bleeding.

CUT TO:

27 INT. WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

27

Tina sits with Saxena.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

TINA

You going to be okay?

SAXENA

It's just... you're with somebody  
for so long, and then suddenly...  
you're not.

She takes a deep breath.

SAXENA (CONT'D)

I still don't even know what  
happened, Tina. One second, we're  
in a restaurant, he's got the ring  
in his pocket. The next... what,  
because I got a few calls? Are  
relationships truly that arbitrary,  
that fragile?

TINA

(with a knowing laugh)

You have no idea.

(then)

Sweetie. Did you want to marry  
Brian? Truly?

SAXENA

I didn't want to break up with him.

A PAGER HUMS. Saxena grabs it, throws it. They both  
laugh a little.

TINA

That's progress.

SAXENA

He said that I'd make for a horrible  
mother. You think that's true?

TINA

No. But I do think... your  
dedication to this hospital... and  
the dedication required of  
motherhood... something would need  
to give, Syd.

AS TINA'S PAGER GOES OFF, she checks it.

TINA (CONT'D)

Gotta go.

And she's up and off.

CUT TO:

28 INT. O.R. - MORNING

28

It's even more frantic with Quinn McDaniels's surgery.  
There are EVEN MORE NURSES AND DOCTORS IN THE ROOM.

WONG

We've got three transfusions going.

A TECH IS BARKING OUT VITALS, which are going southward.

TY

Why the hell won't he clot?

Tina charges into the room.

TY (CONT'D)

(barking to her)

I got a bleeder, he won't clot, I  
need more hands.

TINA

(jumping in)

Okay.

She's working quickly.

TINA (CONT'D)

Transfusions?

TY

We're up to three.

AS THERE'S A SPURT OF BLOOD--

TINA

Jesus.

WE HEAR A FLATLINE.

TINA (CONT'D)

Give me the paddles. Clear.

THEY JOLT THE BOY.

TINA (CONT'D)

Again. Clear!

ANOTHER JOLT. NOTHING.

TY

Chest tray!

(then)

C'mon, keep up, chest tray!!

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

And suddenly... seemingly with no warning, Ty's cutting and splitting the boy's chest... his hands are soon inside and he's doing open-heart massage. The TECH BARKS OUT THE PLUNGING NUMBERS.

TY (CONT'D)

C'mon, Quinn!! Don't leave me,  
Quinn, c'mon!

WE SEE TEARS IN NURSES' EYES... this one is over, or soon will be.

TY (CONT'D)

Come on!!

WE HEAR THE FLATLINE, but Ty keeps pumping, he refuses to quit.

TINA

Ty.  
(then)  
Ty. He's gone.  
(then)  
We need to call it.

But Ty keeps pumping... trying to bring him back from the dead. The OTHER DOCTORS know they can't stop him. Finally... recognizing the truth, Ty backs away... too stunned to even call the T.O.D.

TINA (CONT'D)

Time of death, eleven forty-seven  
a.m.

Silence. Gloves being pulled off, masks... some tears. Ty just stares... dazed. There is blood all over him. Finally, he just walks out of the room.

29 INT. O.R. CORRIDOR - MORNING

29

Ty stands there... still looking stunned. After a beat, Tina emerges.

TINA

Ty. Ty.

TY

I need to go tell his mother.

TINA

You can't go out there like that.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

And Ty now notices that he's drenched in blood; it's all over him.

TINA (CONT'D)  
Go shower and change first.

A beat. Ty heads off, as we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

FADE IN:

30 INT. E.R. CUBICLE - DAY

30

Hooten enters to find Villanueva stitching up a patient.

HOOTEN

Jorge. It's going to be a war over these instrument reps. You plan to be at the meeting?

VILLANUEVA

Not really my issue, Boss.

HOOTEN

You operate sometimes.  
(off Villanueva's  
look)

Tina might need you. A lot of people around here take their cues from the Big Cat.

VILLANUEVA

And what makes you think I agree with Tina on this one?

HOOTEN

Because you do.

And as Hooten starts to head off--

VILLANUEVA

Harding? Ty lost the kid?

OFF Hooten, we:

CUT TO:

31 INT. DR. SUNG PARK'S OFFICE - DAY

31

Sung sits with Ruth and Levi Hostetler.

RUTH

(to Sung)  
I'll be awake? While you're poking around in my brain?

SUNG

Only way do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

SUNG (CONT'D)

I find exact part of brain cause  
problem.

A beat.

LEVI

(wary)

And you've done this before?

SUNG

Once.

RUTH

And how is that patient doing?

SUNG

Dead.

(then)

Heart attack. Not related.

Ruth and Levi exchange a look.

SUNG (CONT'D)

Mrs. Hostetler. I think make better.

RUTH

And how soon can we do it?

SUNG

Check in tonight. Do tomorrow.

LEVI

Honey. Let's think about this.

RUTH

What's to think about, Levi? I  
want these things to stop. As soon  
as possible.

LEVI

(to Sung)

What would be the worst-case  
scenario?

SUNG

Dead.

(then)

Always worst-case. Won't happen.

(to Ruth)

May not get better. But I think  
you will.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

RUTH  
What are we waiting for?

LEVI  
Honey. Did you just hear the worst-  
case scenario? It's...

He looks back to Sung.

SUNG  
Dead.

CUT TO:

32 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

32

Tina waits outside the men's locker room. Ty emerges.  
Their eyes meet.

TINA  
You okay?

He nods.

TINA (CONT'D)  
Ty. We all lose them.

Well, he doesn't. But her point is taken; he nods.  
She gives his hand a squeeze.

CUT TO:

33 INT. O.R. WAITING ROOM - DAY

33

Allison McDaniels sits. Waits. She still looks a bit  
numb. Finally... the door opens; Ty enters... stops...  
sees her sitting there.

**FLASHBACK**

Thirty years earlier. A YOUNG BOY, age eight, sits  
with his MOTHER. A SURGEON approaches.

SURGEON  
I'm sorry. He didn't make it through  
surgery.

THE CAMERA PUSHES IN ON THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BOY. His  
face then DISSOLVES INTO:

**BACK TO PRESENT**

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

Ty looks at the young mother. Instinctively, Allison's eyes find his. And she knows. Her face simply collapses. The sight of her hits Ty like a truck. He just wants to turn and flee. But he wills himself to move forward, one foot in front of the other... until he arrives. Then--

TY

I'm so sorry.

Her horror gives way to shock... then weakness; she cannot feel her legs beneath her. For a second, it feels like she may go down. He reaches out, holds her, partly for comfort, partly to keep her upright.

REVERSE ANGLE

TINA... WATCHING.

RESUME

Allison slowly sits back into her chair. Drops her head into her hands. Ty sits next to her. Rubs her back. A beat. Then she looks up at him.

TY (CONT'D)

The tumor was just...

A beat. She stares at him. Finally--

ALLISON

I know you did all you could.

The remark stuns him. She's consoling him. A beat.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

This... this must be so hard for you.

OFF Ty, frozen, then Tina, watching, we:

CUT TO:

34 EXT. PORTLAND - NIGHT

34

35 INT. PARK HOUSE - NIGHT

35

Sung sits, hovering over his computer, studying the images. His wife, Pat, approaches with some tea.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

PAT  
I brought you some tea.

SUNG  
(without looking up)  
Thank you.

Pat regards the computer screen.

PAT  
What's this?

SUNG  
Procedure tomorrow. Need to study.

Everyone knows Sung is driven. But only Pat knows just how driven. She reaches, softly touches his head.

SUNG (CONT'D)  
Working.

Of course. She's hurt some, but not surprised.

PAT  
I'll go check on the children.

And she heads off. Off Sung, intensely concentrating, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

36 EXT. TINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

36

A fairly-affluent suburb of Portland, a modest but elegant little house, manicured lawn. TINA'S BMW PULLS INTO THE DRIVEWAY, SHE PARKS, deboards, heads up to the side door, and enters.

37 INT. TINA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

37

Tina's husband, MARK, fortyish, works at the kitchen table on his computer.

MARK  
(not looking up from  
his computer)  
Tried to keep dinner warm, it's  
still in the oven.

TINA  
Oh, thanks.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

TINA (CONT'D)  
I was called to the O.R.

MARK  
(loaded with subtext)  
Ah.

Tina opens the refrigerator, looks inside. Not because she wants something, just a place to bury her head. A beat. She takes a deep sigh, closes the door, exits.

TINA  
I think I'll shower.

She gives him a perfunctory kiss on the top of his head, exits. OFF Mark, we:

CUT TO:

38 INT. SAXENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

38

Saxena lies in bed, her eyes STARING almost vacantly AT THE TELEVISION AS CRAIG FERGUSON CARRIES ON. HE'S FUNNY. But Saxena isn't laughing, she looks almost catatonic. Until, suddenly... an idea. SHE grabs the remote, KILLS THE TV. Sits, wheels spinning. And then, suddenly, she launches out of bed.

39 INT. CHELSEA GENERAL - NIGHT

39

DR. THOMAS OTTOBRINI, sleep-deprived Resident, catches up on a little shut-eye. Suddenly, Saxena explodes into the room.

SAXENA  
(to Ottobrine)  
Wake up!!

As he hops up.

SAXENA (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

OTTOBRINI  
(fearful he's screwed  
up)  
Dr. Ottobrine.

SAXENA  
I'm Dr. Sydney Saxena.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

SAXENA (CONT'D)

I want you to order up a lung scan  
or CT angio for a patient named  
Joanne Whitman, and she needs it  
yesterday, Doctor.

OTTOBRINI

(shaking cobwebs)

Joanne Whitman. You mean the  
bronchitis?

SAXENA

Not bronchitis, she's at risk for  
an embolism if she hasn't thrown  
one already.

OTTOBRINI

Dr. Saxena. Aren't you a surgeon?

SAXENA

Wake up your attending.

OTTOBRINI

It's two o'clock in the morning.

SAXENA

Wake him up.

OTTOBRINI

Dr. McManus gets very upset when--

Saxena grabs him by the collar.

SAXENA

Wake him up. Tell him his patient  
is circling the drain.

OTTOBRINI

(weakly; calling after  
her)

Aren't you a surgeon?

And she's off. Just like that. OFF OTTOBRINI, we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

FADE IN:

40 EXT. CHELSEA GENERAL - SUNRISE 40

41 INT. RADIOLOGY - MORNING 41

Ruth Hostetler, lying flat in an MRI, wearing a large curved device on her head, a stereotactic frame. Sung intently manipulates his probe to the target coordinates of her brain. His GAGGLE OF ACOLYTES LOOK ON WITH UTTER FASCINATION. THE MRI BEATS OUT ITS RHYTHM; the magnets pull on cells of Ruth's brain. Now deep in her cerebellum, Sung finds what he's looking for.

SUNG  
(to his Subordinates)  
Look there. Vertical intermediate  
nucleus of thalamus.  
(then)  
Okay, know where. Let's go.

42 INT. O.R. - MINUTES LATER 42

Ruth Hostetler is wheeled in, her hands still flapping about.

RUTH  
(to Sung)  
Is this going to be painful, Doctor?  
Will it hurt?

SUNG  
Not hurt. Immobilize head now. Be  
quiet.

As THE TEAM goes about stabilizing her head, we:

CUT TO:

43 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 43

Saxena on her typical brisk march; always on a mission and in a hurry wherever she's going. Then, from behind--

MCMANUS (O.S.)  
Dr. Saxena.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

She turns as DR. BILL MCMANUS, general internist, fortyish, approaches.

MCMANUS (CONT'D)

Bill McManus. I'm the attending on Joanne Whitman.

SAXENA

(not sure what's coming)  
Uh oh.

MCMANUS

I pictured you a lot taller, with a very large wart on your nose.

(then)

Thank you. You were right, Mrs. Whitman had a pulmonary embolism. We've got her on round-the-clock infusions of heparin. She'd been throwing tiny emboli to her lungs. I'd been quite stumped, truth be told, you have my gratitude, not to mention Mrs. Whitman's.

SAXENA

Oh.

Saxena is a bit thrown; she's more at home with confrontation. She's also not used to doctors who willingly set their egos aside.

SAXENA (CONT'D)

You're welcome. Just... wanted to be helpful.

MCMANUS

Yes, and I bet it's refreshing to be received as such, instead of just an obnoxious know-it-all.

(off Saxena)

Listen, given there's no wart on the nose... how 'bout dinner? Are you free tonight?

Just then SAXENA'S BEEPER GOES OFF. She checks it.

SAXENA

Well. Not anymore.

She looks back at the pager. It reads "311.7."

CUT TO:

44 INT. O.R. - DAY

44

Sung is still at work; Ruth's hands are still flapping about. There is a SMALL CROWD of NEUROSURGICAL FELLOWS on hand now, a DBS is a bit of an event. Sung privately loves the spotlight, which usually goes to Ty. Sung has the probe inside of Ruth's brain. He adjusts the current slightly.

RUTH

Please, God, no. No, please.

And with that, SHE LETS OUT A GUTTURAL SCREAM, actually scaring some of the Team. Sung just looks puzzled. He removes the probe. Ruth stops her crying, just like that. Sung gives the probe a look. Then--

SUNG

Maybe just discover fear center of brain. Write paper.

Sung checks his coordinates.

SUNG (CONT'D)

Try again.

CUT TO:

45 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

45

The room is packed with SURGEONS, ALL OUR PEOPLE, except Sung. Ty is reading his pager ON THE CUT: it also reads "311.7." He wonders if the bell tolls for him this time. Tina gets ready to face off against Dr. Tierney, who stands ramrod-straight, the man can strut standing still.

HOOTEN

Alright, let's get this shoot-out started. Buck, you have the floor first.

TIERNEY

Thank you.

(oozing condescension)

First of all, I realize Dr. Ridgeway isn't the only one here concerned about instrument reps being present at surgery. And let it be said, I happen to have great respect for Dr. Ridgeway, who I know to be an outstanding surgeon.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

SAXENA

Skip the bullshit, Buck.

SOME LAUGHTER; as Tierney reddens.

TIERNEY

The fact is, these instrument reps know as much if not more about the devices we implant than we do. And it only helps us to have their expertise in the room if needed.

TINA

The problem is, we're being influenced by them, which is a very dangerous--

TIERNEY

Who? I have no idea which doctors you're talking about, but--

SAXENA

I do, I can name some right in this room, and the idea that doctors are deferring their considered judgment to equipment whores--

TIERNEY

Seems we have a tag-team today.

SAXENA

We had a case last year where one rep told the surgeon during a TKA to shave a little more bone off the tibia so his prosthetic would fit; the surgeon listened to him and that patient limped into court a year later with his lawyer to sue.

TIERNEY

Look, if you want to cherry-pick,--

TINA

I had a rep sell me on a neural implant which, if I hadn't gone back in to remove, the patient would be dead.

TIERNEY

Well, I don't know about you, Dr. Ridgeway, but I wouldn't allow myself to be pushed around by some sales rep.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

And now Tina is stepping toward him.

TINA

You know what, Buck?

THE ROOM REACTS, IT'S A PLAYGROUND FIGHT NOW.

HOOTEN

Alright, that's enough!

VILLANUEVA

Let's set a few ground-rules, shall we, 'cause I think that's important.  
(then)

Buck, no being a douchebag.

LAUGHTER, as Tierney reddens, under--

TIERNEY

This is an important matter, Dr. Villanueva, and if you can't--

VILLANUEVA

No doubt to you, you got your whole heart wing riding on it.

TIERNEY

That is not true.

SAXENA

How would you feel about a detailer being in an examination room while a doctor considers what drug to prescribe?

TIERNEY

That's different.

SAXENA

Why?

TIERNEY

Because that's medicine. Internists need protection, they're spineless worms.

BIG LAUGHTER.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (3)

45

TINA

Well, not to demean present company,  
but a lot of surgeons do get swayed,  
and just as doctors sometimes take  
kickbacks from pharmaceutical  
companies for prescribing certain  
drugs,--

AND THE ROOM SHOUTS HER DOWN.

TINA (CONT'D)

We don't know that it's never  
happened. And my position is let's  
remove the temptation.

TIERNEY

There's no rule you have to listen  
to them.

TINA

But doctors do!!

TIERNEY

Well, that's on the doctor, not the  
rep!

And now THE EVENLY-DIVIDED ROOM REACTS; THEY START TO  
SHOUT AT EACH OTHER; IT'S LIKE THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.  
Finally--

HOOTEN

Alright.

VILLANUEVA

C'mon, Buck, let's be fair, point  
of procedure.

TIERNEY

What'd I do now?

VILLANUEVA

(simply)  
You're being a douchebag.

MORE LAUGHTER, under--

TIERNEY

You think this is amusing, Jorge,  
do you really?

VILLANUEVA

Probably not, look, let's just put  
the issue to a vote, can we?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (4)

45

VILLANUEVA (CONT'D)  
(raising his hand)  
How many think douchebags are funny?

MORE LAUGHTER.

VILLANUEVA (CONT'D)  
Great, and deferring medical  
decisions to manufacturing reps  
with the I.Q. of meat -- how many  
see the humor in that?

TIERNEY  
How dare you trivialize this, this  
hospital--

VILLANUEVA  
You're fund-raising here, Buck,  
admit it, and you've got all the  
cardio thoracics in your pocket, so--

And suddenly IT'S A SCREAMING MATCH, "them's fighting  
words," and EVERYBODY but Hooten IS YELLING. AS THE  
SHOUTING CONTINUES, Villanueva looks to Hooten.

VILLANUEVA (CONT'D)  
(sheepish)  
You asked me to come.

OFF this, we:

CUT TO:

46 INT. O.R. - CONTINUOUS

46

Sung is still at it; Ruth's hands are still flapping.  
Sung is reinserting yet another electrical lead. A  
slight nod, and the electricity is passed again. A  
beat. Suddenly, Ruth's hands stop flapping. SOME MUTED  
GASPS FROM SURGEONS, exchanged looks. A beat.

SUNG  
Mrs. Hostetler. Please snap fingers  
left hand.

She snaps.

RUTH  
(stunned)  
Oh... my God.  
(snapping again)  
Oh my God!!

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

And she snaps the fingers of both hands. DOCTORS BEGIN TO APPLAUD.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
(snapping away)  
OH MY GOD!

SUNG  
(to Ruth)  
Stop snapping!!  
(to the Surgeons)  
Stop clapping!

THE APPLAUSE and Ruth's snaps stop.

SUNG (CONT'D)  
Okay.  
(to Ruth)  
Snap left hand twice.

She does so. The hands are otherwise still. Tears of joy are running down her cheeks.

SUNG (CONT'D)  
Wave please.

She does so.

SUNG (CONT'D)  
Make okay sign.

She does.

SUNG (CONT'D)  
Flip bird.

RUTH  
What?

SUNG  
Flip bird.

RUTH  
You promise you won't tell my husband?

SUNG  
Promise.

And Ruth flips him the bird. Sung smiles.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

RUTH  
(flipping it again,  
for all)  
Here's one for the rest of you.

SUNG  
We done. Dr. Singh, close please.

And THE ROOM BREAKS INTO CHEERING NOW, SALUTING SUNG.  
He nods, briefly accepts the accolades, then he's out  
the door. On to his next case, as we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT V

ACT VI

FADE IN:

47 INT. JOANNE WHITMAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING 47

Dr. McManus is present as Saxena enters.

SAXENA

(to Joanne)

Wow, somebody's looking a lot better.

JOANNE

Yes. And I know I have you to thank.  
I also want to say I'm sorry. For  
being so gruff. I get that way  
when I'm in discomfort.

SAXENA

No need to apologize. I've been  
known to get a little gruff myself.

JOANNE

(proffering a note)

This is for you, as a way of  
expressing my gratitude... a little  
list of the things I like to eat.

Saxena smiles.

MCMANUS

And she smiles.

(to Saxena)

One second?

TIME CUT TO:

48 INT. CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER 48

As Saxena and McManus emerge from Joanne's room--

MCMANUS

So. I'm told your meeting should  
let out by eight-thirty, nine at  
the latest, there's a better-than-  
even chance you'll be hungry. Can  
I book a table for dinner?

SAXENA

Dr. McManus, I'm just getting out  
of a serious relationship.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

MCMANUS  
So you're free then?

SAXENA  
I'm also a lot to take on.

MCMANUS  
So I hear. Nine o'clock?

OFF Saxena, we:

CUT TO:

49 INT. ROOM #311 - EVENING

49

As they all file back in, we FIND TINA WITH SAXENA.

TINA  
You little slut.

SAXENA  
The guy wouldn't take no for an answer.

TINA  
You just broke up with Brian.

SAXENA  
Maybe it's a rebound thing. I thought you'd be pleased, makes me human after all.

TINA  
(with a smile)  
Makes you a slut.  
(then)  
Thanks for having my back in the meeting, by the way.

SAXENA  
I've always got your back, Tina.

HOOTEN  
Alright, why don't we get started. I appreciate you all staying a bit later. First, Dr. Park, tell us please about Ruth Hostetler, if you will.

SUNG  
Ruth Hostetler. Diagnosed essential tremor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

SUNG (CONT'D)

Conventional treatments fail, perform  
deep brain stimulation. Successful.  
Tremor stop completely.

HOOTEN

Congratulations on that. It must  
have been quite thrilling. I imagine  
most neurosurgeons would get quite  
excited about the prospect of  
performing a DBS.

A beat.

HOOTEN (CONT'D)

Did we fully exhaust all  
pharmacological options, Doctor,  
before opting for this procedure?

SUNG

(bristling)

All other options exhausted. Many  
tried. Fail. Between rock and  
eight-ball, DBS only viable option.  
Insinuate me.

HOOTEN

Okay. I didn't insinuate you,  
Doctor. And if I insulted you,  
that wasn't my intent. It's  
just we doctors are human. We  
can all get caught up sometimes  
in the excitement to explore our  
craft. The chance to do a deep  
brain stimulation I'm sure was  
very tantalizing.

(then)

Now. Accepting your word that  
you were indeed between a rock  
and an eight-ball, can we talk  
about your language skills, Dr.  
Park?

Sung just glares. He clearly feels this is out of  
bounds.

VILLANUEVA

Rosetta Stone, baby.

OVER SOME LAUGHTER.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

SUNG

(to Villanueva)

Fuck you on head.

HOOTEN

Alright! This is no laughing matter.

(to Sung)

Doctor, you may very well be the smartest person in this room. You're certainly the only doctor who went to medical school twice, once in Korea and once here. But as surgeons we often have less than a minute to impress the patient with both our intelligence and our credibility, and to best succeed we need strong communication skills.

Sung stares. A beat.

HOOTEN (CONT'D)

Moving on. We lost a patient yesterday. Which brings us to the matter of Quinn McDaniels.

(to Ty)

Dr. Wilson, would you care to take us through it, please.

A beat. Not the moment a surgeon loves to relive. Then--

TY

At approximately seven-thirty in the morning I was called to the emergency room to evaluate an eleven-year-old boy, Quinn McDaniels. His mother brought him in as a precaution after a head-on-head collision in a soccer game. He presented in excellent health, BP, heart rate, respiration all normal, the boy was even in good spirits. His CT scan, however, revealed a massive temporal-lobe tumor, which appeared malignant, obviously life-threatening. The decision to operate was made immediately.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (3)

49

HOOTEN  
(writing notes)  
The decision was made by whom?

TY  
Me.

HOOTEN  
Did you order up any additional tests?

TY  
No, as none were necessary, this was a no-brainer.  
(realizing the pun)  
Sorry.

SUNG  
Did you consult with any esteemed colleagues?

Ty shoots a look at Sung: "Let's not make this about the king-size chip on your shoulder."

TY  
I discussed with Dr. Villanueva.

SUNG  
Gato trauma. Not neurosurgeon.

As Ty glares at Sung--

HOOTEN  
Why not ask for any help, Dr. Wilson? You're surrounded by a lot of talent here, why not seek a second opinion?

TY  
I didn't think I needed one.

Hooten now looks up from his notes. A beat.

HOOTEN  
Potentially life-threatening surgery, and you don't even bother discussing it with a colleague in neurosurgery.

Sung straightens in his chair again. "Exactly. He's arrogant." Ty glares back at Hooten. These sessions may be about teaching, but they need not be abusive.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (4)

49

Surely Hooten knows Ty is still devastated over the result.

HOOTEN (CONT'D)

(writing)

How 'bout the boy's history?

TY

I spoke to the mother, there was no remarkable history.

HOOTEN

And the father?

TY

The father was not in the picture, the boy had never even met him.

HOOTEN

(contained)

Continue.

TY

I mapped out a left-sided craniotomy with awake-speech mapping. After placing immobilization pins in the right frontal area and the left occiput, we woke the boy up. I then made an incision from his zygoma in front of his left ear, all the way to the midline. The bone was removed without incident.

HOOTEN

(making notes;  
perfunctory)

The patient was doing okay at this point?

TY

Yes. He felt a little pressure as I drilled through the skull, but that was all.

HOOTEN

(still making notes)

Bleeding?

TY

Yes, but easily controlled with cauterizing and clips.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (5)

49

HOOTEN

Continue.

TY

Then... well, as soon as I saw the tumor, I knew we were in trouble. It was malignant. It had tentacles reaching into the normal-appearing brain, and it had a very angry reddish color.

Silence. They all know what that means.

TY (CONT'D)

I began to remove it as best I could. And it started to bleed way more than I ever expected.

(his mind transported back)

There was just so... so much bleeding. And uh...

(devastated all over again)

I couldn't stop it. I just... I couldn't stop it.

His pain is raw again, and the whole room can feel it. Tina would just love to go hold him. Saxena is watching Tina, she's totally on to them. Silence. Finally--

HOOTEN

The boy died.

TY

Yes.

HOOTEN

(softly)

Anything else to add, Doctor?

TY

No.

Hooten makes a couple of more notes. Ty is grateful it's over, maybe he at least won't have to relive it again.

HOOTEN

Anybody else?

Nothing. Hooten writes some notes. Then--

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (6)

49

HOOTEN (CONT'D)

You said the boy's father was out  
of the picture. Genetically?

Ty looks up. And for the first time.. he wonders, does  
Hooten actually know something here?

TY

No, genetically, he would still of  
course...

HOOTEN

Did you ask Ms. McDaniels for a  
contact on the father?

Shit.

TY

No. I never thought to.

HOOTEN

You never thought to.

Eyes are darting about the room. Has Hooten actually  
got something here, did the great Ty Wilson actually  
fuck up? Or is The Boss just making him sweat some? A  
long beat. Then--

HOOTEN (CONT'D)

(proffering a document  
to somebody in the  
front row)

Pass this to Dr. Wilson, please.

The handout is passed back to Ty, as the suspense in  
the room begins to rapidly multiply. Ty receives the  
document, reads. He's immediately sickened.

HOOTEN (CONT'D)

You have before you, Dr. Wilson, a  
brief medical history of the boy's  
biological father. Could you read  
the highlighted portion.

Ty suddenly feels like he might vomit. Finally--

TY

"Von Willebrand's disease."

HOOTEN

What's the primary symptom of Von  
Willebrand's disease, Doctor?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (7)

49

TY  
Uncontrollable bleeding.

Now Tina also feels nauseated. The ROOM STIRS A BIT.  
This is a monumental gaffe.

HOOTEN  
The boy had a fifty-fifty chance of  
being an uncontrollable bleeder.

Hooten needs say no more. The room is frozen, you could  
hear a pin drop. Ty appears... well, in shock. Tina  
watches, him; Saxena's eyes dart back and forth between  
Tina and Ty. Finally.

HOOTEN (CONT'D)  
Anybody. Comments?

Nothing. Just silence. Finally--

HOOTEN (CONT'D)  
I have a comment. This boy was  
likely going to die soon. He died  
yesterday because of a doctor's  
arrogance. His unwillingness to  
seek a consult, his neglecting to  
get a thorough history. Arrogance.  
(a beat)  
We are clinicians, scientists, we  
follow time-honored procedures and  
analyses. That's how we are trained.  
This is what happens when we  
subjugate that training to arrogance.

THE CAMERA PUSHES IN ON TY. IT FINALLY PULLS BACK TO  
REVEAL TY, SITTING IN--

50 INT. TY'S OFFICE - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

50

He's still stunned. Finally, the door opens. It's  
Tina.

TINA  
(softly)  
Ty.

TY  
Don't. Just don't.

Tina's heart is breaking for him. She approaches, sits  
in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

TINA

Look at me.

He doesn't. A beat. Then--

TY

(then)

Y'know, she never even asked, the mother, "what makes you... why should I trust my son's life to you?" She never even asked.

TINA

They never do.

A beat.

TINA (CONT'D)

What did she say to you after? I saw her say something.

A beat.

TY

(looking at Tina)

She said, "This must be so hard for you." She was... consoling me.

A beat. Then--

VILLANUEVA (O.S.)

Beat it, Tina.

Tina turns to SEE the giant. God, he looks even larger.

VILLANUEVA (CONT'D)

I need a minute.

She exits. Villanueva approaches, sits opposite Ty.

VILLANUEVA (CONT'D)

First, we got a teenage boy being heli-vac-ed in from Bend. Severed spinal cord, due to arrive in two minutes.

TY

Call Sung, or Tina--

VILLANUEVA

I'm calling you. Second.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

VILLANUEVA (CONT'D)

What makes Chelsea General Chelsea General... is that when you fuck up, you hear about it from your colleagues. That's why most of us chose this place. You fucked up, Ty. We all do.

Villanueva rises, checks his watch.

VILLANUEVA (CONT'D)

You got about thirty seconds to pull your sorry ass together and get to the E.R.

And the giant exits. Ty just sits there, looks almost numb. THE CAMERA PUSHES IN TIGHT. He doesn't even blink an eye for fifteen seconds. Then, his eyes close. Then open. And he stands. On to the next case. He's got no other choice. He exits; as we:

CUT TO:

51 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

51

TY WALKS AWAY FROM CAMERA, and as he does, we eventually:

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW