

KINGS COUNTY

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AND

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Fuqua Films
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COLD OPEN

EXT. KINGS COUNTY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A monolithic high-rise hospital with many wings and floors. The enormous complex stands on the shore of the Charles River, pulsing with life and death, like a city unto itself.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

A sharp knife slices through flesh as DR. SOLOMON BELL (60's), gowned and gloved, operates on a patient. The mood is laid back, the surgery routine. YO-YO MA plays in the background.

Anesthesiologist, PETER CHU, looks over the shoulder of CLAUDIA, the circulating nurse, who's streaming a Red Sox game on her phone.

CLAUDIA

Sox are down one. Bottom of the fourth. Two on base.

PETER CHU

(to Bell)

Yank that sucker already so we can catch the end of the game.

Bell pokes his gloved fingers around in the gut of the patient.

BELL

Appendix hasn't burst. Good news.

Then reaches for the appendix, a pencil-shaped organ buried between loops of bowel. Fumbles it, mutters.

BELL (CONT'D)

Slippery little fellow.

A SCRUB NURSE holds out forceps for Bell, glances at a bulge in the drapes below the abdomen. She lifts them.

SCRUB NURSE

Oh my God. Check out that giant meat popsicle.

Everyone, even Bell, stops to look. The anesthesiologist stands up to peer over the curtain. They react.

CLAUDIA

We gotta get a picture.

Claudia fiddles with her iPhone.

PETER CHU

You have to put something there for
scale. Like a Coke can.

BELL

This is totally inappropriate.
(beat)
You can't use a coke can.

CLAUDIA

Then what?

As they search for the right object, the patient starts to
twitch. Nobody notices.

Bell passes a DEBAKEY. The scrub nurse positions the tool
next to the penis. Claudia frames the shot, snaps the photo
as Bell resumes the operation.

As he touches down with his scalpel, the patient JERKS.

BELL

Sweet Jesus, he's awake.

The anesthesiologist jumps to resume his post. But the
patient's eyes fly open and he JERKS again. Hard. Bell
instinctively yanks back his scalpel, still in the surgical
field.

Not a good move. A GEYSER OF BLOOD shoots up from inside the
patient's abdomen.

SCRUB NURSE

Did you hit the aorta?

CLAUDIA

(in disbelief)
On an appendectomy?

BELL

He jerked and hit my hand!

PETER CHU

Losing blood fast. Hang two liters
of normal saline wide open, call
for FFP stat, Trendelenberg.

BELL

(focusing)
Aortic clamp. 5-0 vascular prolene.
Suction.

The scrub nurse passes him tools. The blood is still fountaining, spilling over onto the table and floor.

Bell dives his hands into the pool, searching for the bleeder.

BELL (CONT'D)
Come on, come on--

CLAUDIA
You have to clamp something! He's
exsanguinated at least four liters
already--

Bell's hands continue to poke around furiously, but the blood keeps coming.

Claudia tries to move to a different position and slips in the blood, nearly does a face plant.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
WHAT THE F-!

PETER CHU
We just lost a pulse!

The monitors begin to FLATLINE.

PETER CHU (CONT'D)
PEA arrest! Start compressions!

CLAUDIA
CPR isn't going to put all that
blood back into his body.

Bell pushes forward, sweating, begins compressions.

BELL
Do not die on me.

Bell shoves a few times, his arms bloody up to his elbows. The anesthesiologist intercedes.

PETER CHU
Bell. She's right. No use.

Bell, breathing hard, backs off the patient. They all stand there in utter silence. Except for Yo-Yo Ma, who continues, cheery.

CLAUDIA
He is so dead.

Bell removes his mask. We get our first clear look at him. He's distinguished, dapper, with a fine head of grey hair. Every inch the image of an ideal surgeon, apart from the fact he's covered in blood and just killed his patient.

Now everyone pulls off their sterile gowns and masks. Peter Chu (30s) is Chinese, chubby and short. Claudia (40s) is Latino, an experienced hand with no illusions. The scrub nurse (20s) is young, terrified.

They are, in effect, at the scene of a murder and they know it. Bell turns to the anesthesiologist.

BELL

I think we can all agree it was the
misdosed sevo that led to this
unfortunate situation.

PETER CHU

You're kidding, right? You nicked
the aorta.

(to the others)

You're both witnesses.

The nurses look anywhere but at the doctors. Bell moves in on the Anesthesiologist. The cover story is forming in his head.

BELL

You never should have cleared him
for surgery, his INR was abnormal.

PETER CHU

(panicking)

Bullshit! It was upper range of
normal! That's never going to fly.

BELL

I'm flashing back to the time you
tore through that old woman's
oropharynx on a routine intubation.
Did that fly? I covered for you.

Peter backs off, silenced.

BELL (CONT'D)

(to nurses)

I'm chief of surgery. He's a 2nd
year resident at the end of a 30
hour shift. What did you two see?

They stare at each other, unsure what to say.

PETER CHU

We're all on the same team here,
right?

A beat. A change in the atmosphere. Everyone nods in agreement.

SCRUB NURSE

(weak)

Maybe he had a heart attack?

Chu grabs the patient's chart.

PETER CHU

Some family history of heart
disease.

BELL

Yes. His left main clogged. Sudden
cardiac event.

CLAUDIA

We tried CPR. It didn't work.

BELL

(firm)

There was no way to prevent this.

Claudia pulls off her blood-stained gloves, takes out her phone again.

BELL (CONT'D)

(cold)

Who the hell are you calling?

CLAUDIA

I'm erasing the dick photo, Doctor.

INT. DEVON'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

PAN OVER a stack of medical textbooks, framed diploma from Harvard Medical School, pictures of an Indian family at graduation, smiling, proud beyond words.

DEVON PRAVESH (26) is in bed, naked, next to PRIYA NAIR (25), his beautiful fiancée. Devon is on his phone looking at an orientation schedule.

She stirs, snuggles closer to him.

PRIYA

What time is it?

DEVON

Early.

PRIYA

Did you sleep at all last night?

DEVON

20 milligrams of Ambien. 50 of Benadryl. So, yeah.

She looks at his phone.

PRIYA

What's that?

DEVON

My schedule for the day.

She takes his phone away. He grabs it back, gets out of bed.

PRIYA

It says you don't have to be at the hospital till 7:30.

DEVON

The subway could break down. I'd rather be early.

INT. DEVON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Devon, in dark pants and a button down shirt, irons his tie.

Priya, in a beautiful Indian silk robe, appears in the doorway. Everything about her says she has money. Everything about Devon's shitty apartment says he doesn't. She watches him, amused.

PRIYA

You're ironing your tie.

He picks it up, wraps it around his neck. She moves closer, starts to help but he pulls away. Expertly knots the tie. He's a perfectionist.

PRIYA (CONT'D)

You've always been the best at everything you've done.

She moves closer, speaks softly.

PRIYA (CONT'D)

You've got this.

DEVON

I know.

He focuses on her, grateful for the support, kisses her. Then he grabs his jacket, heads into the next room. She follows.

PRIYA

We have to do something tonight to celebrate your first day as a doctor.

INT. DEVON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As they enter...

DEVON

My first day as a doctor ends tomorrow at noon. Then I'm going to sleep.

She picks up his new white coat, still in plastic. Hands it to him.

PRIYA

Dinner tomorrow at the Taj? We could stay the night.

DEVON

Yeah, let's do that. In four years. Meantime, I'll make 50 grand a year in residency. With a 110 hour week - that's 8.7 dollars an hour. Starbucks pays better.

She shakes her head in wonder.

PRIYA

Why does anyone want to be a doctor?

DEVON

It's all I ever wanted.

EXT. KINGS COUNTY - PARKING LOT - MORNING

A parking lot labelled "DOCTORS ONLY." A TESLA pulls in. We move slowly with it down the row past BMWs, AUDIs, PORCHES to a spot marked "DR. CONRAD HAWKINS."

The RANGE ROVER adjoining is over the line, taking too much room.

The Tesla idles without a sound. The driver's side door opens. An empty beer can falls out. A CUSTOM PUMA SNEAKER emerges. Then another. Door slams. A foot kicks the beer can aside.

Move up expensive jeans to see CONRAD HAWKINS (32), 3rd year resident. Unshaven, wears a trendy Japanese T-shirt, untucked.

He's handsome, eyes hidden behind expensive sunglasses. Conrad sucks on his vaping pen and watches as the Tesla expertly slides into the constricted spot, parking itself.

As he moves past the Range Rover, headed for the hospital, he casually keys the offending SUV.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

NICOLETTE (31) aka NIC, a pretty, petite blonde, bends over trying to open a file cabinet. Conrad appears behind her, touches her ass.

CONRAD
Can I help?

She spins on him, shoves him away.

NIC
(hisses)
Don't.

CONRAD
You liked it last night.

NIC
That was a mistake.

CONRAD
You say that every time.

He pulls the file cabinet open for her, oddly gallant.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Have a lovely day.

He smiles, charming, as he steals her coffee, walks off. Nic turns to the CHARGE NURSE. Points to a dirt encrusted HOMELESS MAN with an obvious herpes sore on his lip and pants that are stiff from urine.

NIC
Make sure Dr. Hawkins gets that patient.

INT. SUBWAY - SAME TIME

Dev is on the subway. He's amped up, excited, takes a deep breath. Big day. Checks the clock on his phone for the tenth time. He hangs onto the strap, the white coat still in its wrapper tucked under his arm.

He notices the MAN beside him has bronze-colored palms. He can't stop himself...

DEVON

I'm sorry to bother you, but how long have your hands been that color?

The man looks down at his palms, shrugs.

DEVON (CONT'D)

It could mean you have a condition - Hemochromatosis -- that causes an excessive accumulation of iron in the body. It's serious.

MAN

I drink a lot of carrot juice.

DEVON

Oh. Then that's probably all it is. Never mind.

Devon looks away, slightly embarrassed.

MAN

Are you a doctor?

It feels strange to say it, but...

DEVON

I guess I am.

MAN

The work you do every day-- it's amazing. Truly noble. And thanks for, you know--

He holds up his palms. Devon smiles, basking in the glow of admiration. This already feels so great. The subway stops and he moves to get off passing--

A string of ads for KINGS COUNTY HOSPITAL with pictures of Dr. Solomon Bell. The distinguished surgeon from the Cold Open is the face of the hospital. He has a reassuring smile, with just the right amount of paternal concern, as he cradles a patient's hand.

The ad says: "KINGS COUNTY HOSPITAL - COMMITTED TO EXCELLENCE."

INT. KINGS COUNTY - WARD - MORNING

Conrad sprawls on a patient bed, on his phone. We can't see what he's doing. TASSO (31), a bearded, neurotic, harried fellow resident, approaches.

TASSO

Four heart failure disasters. Two went straight to the unit. One is cold and dry. Haven't even started my notes. Attending wants me to do a presentation on NOACs--

CONRAD

Sounds terrible.

TASSO

And now I have an early admission. Can you take it?

CONRAD

I'm slammed.

We see that he's on TINDER. The app suddenly DINGS as he matches with a BEAUTIFUL BLONDE (24). At the bottom of the screen, it reads: "Location: Less than 100 feet from you."

He looks up to see the same BEAUTIFUL BLONDE being rolled into the unit on a gurney.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Is that the early admission?

TASSO

Yeah.

CONRAD

I'll take it.

He gets up out of bed. Just as he does, the HOMELESS PATIENT waddles up to them with his urine-soaked pants. The sore on his lip now bleeding.

HOMELESS MAN

The nurse said you're my doctor.

Conrad takes out a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL.

CONRAD

This is yours.

The man reaches for it. Conrad snatches it back.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
If you walk out that door right
now.

The homeless man takes the bill, quickly stuffs it into his pocket. Shuffles out.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - LOBBY - DAY

DEVON ENTERS and is instantly awed at the soaring lobby.

A HARPIST plays celestial music as Devon glimpses the kind of quick vignettes we've come to expect from network medical shows -- a nurse cooing over a mom and her newborn baby, helpful volunteers guiding anxious visitors, a handsome doctor giving good news to a grateful patient.

He moves on filled with pride at the new life he's beginning.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Devon emerges from an elevator examining his new hospital ID. Below the photo, in huge letters, is the word "DOCTOR."

He looks up, sees Bell, the surgeon from the cold open, who is down the hall with a group of senior doctors. They exude expertise and power. Bell is a standout among them, tall and handsome, at ease.

CALEB JORDAN (27), African-American goofball and fellow first year resident, arrives beside Dev.

DEVON
Isn't that the guy from the subway
ads?

CALEB
Dr. Bell. Chief of surgery. I sat
in on one of his lectures in
medical school.

DEVON
The surgeon who operated on Reagan
after he was shot.

CALEB
Thirty-five years ago. The nurses
call him HODAD.

DEVON
HODAD? What does that mean?

CALEB
No idea.

Suddenly Caleb's phone dings. He looks at it.

CALEB (CONT'D)
My supervising resident just texted me.

CHYRON: "Can't wait to meet you! :) ;)"

CALEB (CONT'D)
A smiley and winky face.

Devon's phone dings next. He checks it.

CHYRON: "MEET ME IN PHYSICAL THERAPY. TRY NOT TO BE A DICK."

INT. KINGS COUNTY - PHYSICAL THERAPY - MORNING

Devon approaches, smooths his coat again, sees his supervising resident's back ahead of him. He's looking through a window at women in spandex, bending and stretching as they work with patients.

DEVON
Good morning, Sir. I'm Devon
Pravesh, your resident--

Conrad turns, looks at Devon. Ignores the hand he offers. No smile.

CONRAD
Namaste. Take off that tie.

DEVON
But I thought--

CONRAD
Take. It. Off.

Devon takes a beat, stunned. Slowly removes the tie, folds it carefully into his coat pocket.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Untuck your shirt. You're not at Harvard anymore.

Devon does it with growing unease. Conrad turns his attention back to the physical therapists. One bends over to pick up a foam roller. Squeezes it between her legs.

Devon pulls out a PATIENT ROSTER.

DEVON

Do we have a patient here?

CONRAD

What we have here are the hottest women in the hospital. Number two are nutritionists. Forget hitting on nurses. They make a lot of money and they hate doctors. PT and nutrition always put out on the long-shot one of us will marry them. What are you into? White? Black? Brown?

Devon refuses to answer, offended now. Conrad looks at him.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Men?

DEVON

I'm sorry. I don't understand what's happening here.

Conrad abruptly walks out of the physical therapy room. Devon follows.

CONRAD

You don't understand? Were you Affirmative Action at Harvard?

DEVON

I'm Indian. We actually get reverse affirmative action. There are quotas.

CONRAD

Got perfect grades. Top of your class. Followed all the rules?

DEVON

(defensive)

Something like that.

CONRAD

And you think that puts you at an advantage. It doesn't. You just have more to unlearn than the ones who weren't paying attention.

DEVON

I don't think that's true.

CONRAD

Everything I say is true. That's Rule #1.

Devon chuckles, cautiously, as if this is a joke.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Oh no, it's not like that. We're not laughing together.

(beat)

You've memorized everything and know nothing. Well, here's something for you to memorize -- everything you thought you knew about medicine is wrong. Every rule you followed, we'll break. Everything you thought you could count on, you can't. What's two and two?

Devon hesitates. Conrad gets in his face.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Six. Because I say so. See, you already forgot Rule #1. You think I'm doing this to amuse myself? No. I'm doing this because you've never touched a patient in your life, and now you strut in here ready to be a hero. You grew up watching all those white coats saving lives on TV. That magical ER where nobody ever dies, CPR always works, patients are all angels, doctors are gods.

Devon looks away.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Don't do that.

(gesturing with two fingers)

Eyes on me. Rule #2. Do whatever the hell I tell you. No questions asked. Understood?

DEVON

(cold)

Do you want me to talk now?

CONRAD

That's a question.

Devon stares at him, unbending, holding his dignity. Then turns and walks away. Conrad grabs him, pulls him back.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

My last intern had an attitude too.
You know where he is now? Teaching
8th grade biology. I cut him. Do
you know what that means?

No response.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

It means I can end your career.
Just like that. Remove you from
this residency at any time, for any
reason. And if I do that, no other
residency will take you. You will
have nothing to show for that fancy
Harvard medical school degree
except a mountain of debt.

Devon stares. Is this true?

Conrad smiles, his whole affect changing in a way that is
chilling. He laughs.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Look at the bright side. If you end
up teaching kids to dissect frogs,
at least you'll have your summers
free. You can take up gardening.

He turns abruptly on his heels.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Now let's meet your first patient.

He starts off. Devon stands there, stunned.

Conrad looks back, WHISTLES at him like he's a dog.
Reluctantly, Devon follows.

END COLD OPEN.

ACT ONE

INT. KINGS COUNTY - PATIENT ROOM - MORNING

Devon and Conrad enter the room of a CROATIAN PATIENT lying on his side.

CONRAD
Stand there.

Devon follows his outstretched arm.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
No, right there. This is Dobroslav Charmain. He speaks no English. Has severe meningitis. What are we worried about?

Devon is relieved to finally be doing something medical. He looks at Dobroslav. Notices the position of his legs.

DEVON
Early paralysis.

CONRAD
What is the first sign of paralysis?

DEVON
Rectal tone.

CONRAD
Perfect. So stick your finger in his ass. A loose rectum means his legs may give out soon. Tight means he's fine. So we need to know exactly how tight it is in there.

Devon pulls on gloves. Conrad tosses him a packet of lube. Devon squeezes it onto his finger.

DEVON
Are you going to explain this to him or do I just shove my finger up his--

CONRAD
I just told you he speaks no English.

DEVON
We could call for a translator.

CONRAD

And wait three hours for him to
show? Great idea.

Conrad pulls out his phone, types, a modulated voice speaks
in Croatian, subtitles in italics.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

*We... must... explore... your
rectum.*

Dobroslav looks scared, but nods. With an apologetic
expression, Devon slides in a gloved finger. We don't see the
finger, but we know what happened.

CONRAD

How tight would you say it is?

DEVON

(cold)

Compared to what?

CONRAD

Your prom date.

Devon stares at him, aghast, his finger up the guy's butt.
Conrad's pager goes off.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Stay there until you have an
answer.

He leaves. Devon looks around. Realizing what's happening, he
immediately withdraws his hand. Tears off the glove, fuming.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Conrad enters alone to find an empty bed. He turns and stops
a passing nurse. It's CLAUDIA from the teaser.

CONRAD

Where's my appendectomy? He should
be back from recovery by now.

CLAUDIA

That would take a miracle.

CONRAD

What the hell happened?

CLAUDIA

HODAD happened.

Off Conrad's reaction.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Bell arrives at the palatial office of the hospital CEO. He puts on his game face, his usual confident and charismatic demeanor, walks in.

INT. RENATA'S OFFICE - DAY

Top floor of the hospital. Sweeping view of the Charles River. The hospital CEO, RENATA LOPEZ (40s), think Ana Navarro, stands next to her desk. Her attitude is stiff, as if she knows this will be an unpleasant conversation.

RENATA

Thanks for coming up, Solomon.

BELL

My pleasure, Renata. I was looking forward to sharing the good news. The VP from General Electric will be attending our donor presentation. With his checkbook.

RENATA

You really do have the Midas touch. There'd be no new cancer wing without you. We're all grateful.
(carefully)

But... I understand there was an incident this morning.

Bell doesn't show a flicker of distress.

BELL

Yes, yes. Most unfortunate. Patient had an undisclosed heart condition. There was a breakdown in the chain of command. I was never informed.

RENATA

How could that happen?

BELL

Ask Conrad Hawkins. It was his patient.

RENATA

That's surprising. He's our best resident.

BELL

Even the best sometimes make mistakes.

RENATA

What did you tell the family?

BELL

Initially they requested an autopsy, but there really was no need. The cause of death was clear.

RENATA

So you're not concerned about a lawsuit.

BELL

The man was living on borrowed time. He had a ticking time bomb in his chest.

They hold each other's gaze for a moment. Renata smiles, deeply relieved and more than willing to believe it.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - CORRIDOR

Bell exits Renata's office to find Conrad waiting for him.

CONRAD

What was it this time? Pulmonary embolism?

BELL

Undisclosed heart condition. Tragic situation. Naturally, I covered for you.

CONRAD

We'll see about that.

Conrad starts towards Renata's office, when Bell blocks his path, coldly genial.

BELL

Remember that gung ho young doctor who reported a chemo overdose last winter? The one that resulted in a lawsuit that cost the hospital millions? What happened to her? Haven't seen her around in a while.

They hang fire for a moment, then Bell pats Conrad's arm.

BELL (CONT'D)

Watch yourself or I won't cover for
you next time.

Bell walks off, leaving Conrad furious.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Devon talks to a MORBIDLY OBESE DIABETIC PATIENT eating a
HAMBURGER. Crumbs fall into the folds of his fat.

DEVON

Looks like you've been having some
trouble following your diet.
According to your chart, your
weight has been steadily rising.

The man shrugs. Pops a few fries.

DIABETIC PATIENT

Diets don't work.

DEVON

Where did you get all this anyway?

DIABETIC PATIENT

Delivery APP.

DEVON

Have you been taking your insulin,
Mr. Dalton?

DIABETIC PATIENT

When I remember.

DEVON

Okay. What brought you to the
hospital today?

DIABETIC PATIENT

My big toe has been hurting for
weeks.

Devon looks down at the socks on his swollen legs. They're
plastered to his skin by sweat and pus.

DEVON

When was the last time you took off
your socks?

He shrugs. Devon carefully pulls off the sock. The foot is
red, festering with huge ulcers. One of the toes is ENTIRELY
BLACK.

Devon reaches out to touch the toe. It FALLS OFF, bounces on the floor. He and the patient stare at it in shock.

DIABETIC PATIENT

What did you just do? Is that my toe?

DEVON

Severe gangrene... the toe was already dead. I just touched it.

Conrad pops in. Takes in the scene.

DEVON (CONT'D)

His toe fell off.

DIABETIC PATIENT

He broke off my toe!

*

Conrad swipes the burger from the patient's hands, tosses it in the trash.

CONRAD

No worries. I was just coming to tell you we have to amputate the whole foot.

(to Dev)

We have a new admission.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - ER - MOMENTS LATER

Conrad and Devon push through a crowded, bustling ER.

CONRAD

Twenty-one year old girl. History of IV drug use. Likely endo.

They approach CHLOE GODDARD (21) struggling against several nurses, trying to rip out her IV. Hair cobalt blue, frail body swimming in a patient gown, gaunt face twisted with anger.

Chloe's distressed lower-middle class MOTHER (30s) and sweet-looking SISTER (15) look on, powerless.

NURSE

She was trying to steal Dilaudid. And now she wants to leave AMA.

MOTHER

She's been spiking fevers, vomiting. Something is wrong with her.

SISTER

(weary)

She's using again. Assuming she ever quit.

(to Conrad)

She stole everything I made last summer and spent it on OXY.

CHLOE

You can't keep me here! Let me go!

Conrad is calm and professional. His voice firm, but surprisingly reassuring. He takes Chloe's hands, points to the tiny red bumps at the tips of her fingers.

CONRAD

See these? Osler's nodes caused by bacteria swarming in your blood and moving through your body. Classic for Endocarditis.

MOTHER

What's Endocarditis?

CONRAD

An infection of the heart valve. It happens to drug users all the time. Bacteria enters the bloodstream through a dirty needle and goes everywhere.

(to Chloe)

If you walk out of here without antibiotics, this will kill you. But first you'll suffer unbearable pain. You'll become delirious with fever. If you give us a chance, we can save your life.

CHLOE

I'll stay if you give me 3mg of Dilaudid. And 25 of Benadryl.

CONRAD

Deal.

MOTHER

No, please don't give her more drugs. She'll get addicted again.

SISTER

Mom, wake up. She's already addicted.

CHLOE
4mg of Dilaudid.

CONRAD
Two. If you get back in bed now.

Conrad takes her arm. She pulls away, then staggers. Fear flashes on her face. She turns to her mother, suddenly a child again.

CHLOE
Mommy.

Chloe COLLAPSES onto the floor. Her mother rushes to her.

MOTHER
Chloe, baby!

The sister looks on, suddenly scared. Conrad pushes her aside, feels Chloe's neck.

CONRAD
I'm not getting a pulse.

The mother starts to scream. A Nurse reaches for a phone.

NURSE
Code Blue in ED alpha.

The voice rings out overhead. The mother keeps screaming. The more things escalate, the calmer Conrad becomes. He turns to Devon, quiet.

CONRAD
Get them out of here.

Devon leads the Mother and sister out as Conrad rips the girl's gown off. They leave her on the ground. No time to move her.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
(to Male Nurse)
Start compressions.
(to Devon as he returns)
You're running the code.

DEVON
Me? I've never run a code.

DOCTORS and NURSES are arriving. Someone wheels a CODE CART. Another nurse brings a BACK BOARD, which they maneuver under Chloe's body as the male nurse continues compressions. The mother can be heard wailing in the next room.

MALE NURSE
(to Conrad)
Do you want an amp of bicarb--

CONRAD
(motions to Devon)
He's in charge.

All of them look expectantly at Devon. Panicked, he fumbles in his pocket for his INTERN HANDBOOK. Conrad SWATS it out of his hands, it crashes to the floor.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
What is the first question you ask in a code?

DEVON
Rhythm.... what's her rhythm?

One of the nurses checks the monitor.

NURSE
PEA.

CONRAD
Should we shock?

Devon steadies. A life is at stake.

DEVON
No. We can't. Her rhythm is not shockable. One of epi. Let's get bicarb, amio ready. Have we drawn labs?

OTHER DOCTOR
On it.

DEVON
Make those compressions harder and faster.

The team steadies under Devon's command. His answers are all correct.

CONRAD
Why did her heart stop beating?

DEVON
She flashed. One of her valves blew. Is anesthesia on their way?

An ANESTHESIA TEAM arrives.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Intubate.

They move to do it. Hold on Devon, arms crossed, now confidently in charge.

LATER

The floor is covered with empty wrappers and syringes. A line of people stand behind the beleaguered male nurse still performing compressions. He's sweating through his scrubs. Clearly some time has passed.

The ribs CRACK with every compression. Blood begins to spill out of Chloe's mouth.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Switch compressions.

Exhausted, the nurse hands over compressions to the next in line, a MEDICAL STUDENT. The nurse then shuffles to the back of the line.

CONRAD

It's been 34 minutes.

Devon ignores Conrad, turns to another DOCTOR.

DEVON

Give another bolus of epi. We'll do a rhythm check in one minute.

CONRAD

It's time to call the code.

DEVON

Not yet. She's 21 years old.

(to the student doing
compressions)

Harder. You need to feel the ribs crack.

CONRAD

(pissed now)

That's enough.

The whole team notices the exchange, watches. They clearly want to stop, too.

DEVON

NO! I am NOT giving up.

Conrad reasserts control, walks over to the student doing compressions. He stops. Devon jerks the student aside, takes over. He pushes hard and fast on Chloe's chest.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Is someone going to help with the pulse and rhythm check?

One of the other doctors reluctantly turns on the cardiac monitor. To everyone's shock, they see SINUS RHYTHM. Her heart is beating again. Devon stops compressions, feels her neck.

DEVON (CONT'D)

We have a pulse.

(rising)

Let's get her on a gurney. Keep the monitor on. And alert the ICU they have a new admission.

MEDICAL STUDENT

(awestruck)

You saved her life.

As the team moves Chloe onto the gurney, Devon looks right at Conrad, triumphant. Waits for some acknowledgement, some admission. Conrad takes a beat, then quietly--

CONRAD

Her end tidal CO2 was less than 15 for the entire code.

Devon absorbs this, pales.

DEVON

That doesn't necessarily--

CONRAD

Oh yes, it does. She's been without oxygen to her brain for 36 minutes. Congratulations, you saved an eggplant.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. KINGS COUNTY - ICU - NIGHT

Conrad and Devon look at Chloe. Unconscious. Now hooked up to a ventilator, covered in IV lines and tubes.

CONRAD

Persistent vegetative state. She'll never breathe on her own. Never get off that vent. Never wake up.

Conrad pulls METAL SCISSORS out of his pocket, digs the flat end under the nail of Chloe's index finger deep and hard. Devon winces just watching. Chloe has absolutely no reaction.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

She can't feel pain. It's over.
There's no coming back from this.

There's a moment of silence. Devon stares at Chloe, horrified.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

You came here all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, ready to save lives. But today you didn't save a life, you saved a brain stem, because you didn't listen to me. Chloe's gone, but the repercussions for her family will go on and on. There is no way they will accept this.

Devon looks up at Conrad, devastated.

DEVON

I'm sorry.

CONRAD

It's not going to be that easy.

INT. RESIDENT BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

A GROUP of OTHER INTERNS, including Caleb, stand around Devon, seated in a chair. Conrad stands with his hand on Devon's shoulder, as if they're buddies.

CONRAD

Devon has kindly volunteered to serve as your guinea pig, because he's passionate about medical education. Right, Doctor Pravesh?

Devon swallows and nods.

Conrad removes a coiled NASO-GASTRIC TUBE from its packaging.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

This tube is used to pump food into the stomachs of patients who can't eat. You feed it into the nose and keep pushing until you hit the stomach. The procedure hurts. It triggers the gag reflex, causing severe nausea. Patients hate it. They'll try to pull out the tube. So you have to tie their hands.

He puts Devon's hands in restraints. Tightens them. Hard.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Putting it in right takes practice. So we're going to practice. On Devon.

He hands the tube to Caleb.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

You're up.

Caleb slowly smears the end of the tube in LIDO-LUBE. He looks at Devon with sympathy, but cares more about looking tough and competent in front of Conrad.

CALEB

Open up.

Devon says nothing. Just stares up at the ceiling. Caleb plunges the tip of the tube into his nose. Starts clumsily shoving it in. Devon gags, immediately nauseous as the tube hits the back of his nose and bends down his throat.

CONRAD

Keep swallowing.

Devon swallows, chokes. Conrad roughly tilts his head up. Caleb continues pushing the tube, causing Devon obvious pain and distress.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Now we feed him.

He gestures to the plunger on a syringe of WHITE SOLUTION attached to the tubing. Caleb hesitates.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

You need me to do it?

Caleb shakes his head. Pushes the plunger. The solution disappears into Devon's nose. He closes his eyes, grimaces, choking even more.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sound of retching from behind a bathroom door. Then Devon emerges wiping his mouth, shaken. Nic passes him, gives him a chart.

NIC
PANUTI combo in 405. Running a fever.

He takes the chart, keeps going, passing a CUTE LITTLE GIRL, no more than five, lying on a gurney. Her clothes disheveled, her arm in a sling. She is searching for something in her blanket.

LITTLE GIRL
Bunny...

She looks scared, is all alone, touches Devon's white coat as he passes. He looks down, barely focusing. There's a stuffed animal on the floor. He picks it up.

She reaches for it but Devon pulls back. The animal has a wind up function. He winds it and a lullaby plays. Lovely. Soothing.

The little girl's face lights with relief. She reaches for the toy and whispers.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
Thank you, Doctor.

Devon gently tucks in her blanket, squares his shoulders and rises. Determined, refocusing, he moves on down the hall to his next patient.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Close on a DA VINCI ROBOTIC SURGERY DEVICE carefully suturing up the skin of a grape with tiny precise motions.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME

A crowd of DONORS, DEVICE REPS, DOCTORS and MEMBERS OF THE PRESS are looking at a closed circuit feed from the OR showing the enormous, multi-armed intimidating device. Renata stands next to Bell as he speaks.

BELL

As you can all see, the Titian is an amazing piece of medical technology. It translates the surgeon's gestures into far smaller movements. Each of these infinitesimally, almost supernaturally precise motions are more than any pair of human hands could accomplish.

RENATA

(gushing)

Even Dr. Bell's.

(to donors)

How about a round of applause for the man who brought us into the new age of medicine?

The donors applaud and Bell acknowledges the kudos with false humility.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - ADJACENT ROOM - SAME TIME

CONRAD stands behind glass beside a console where MINA OKAFOR (30s), a badass Nigerian rising surgical star operates the device remotely as it's being filmed. She expertly slices the newly sutured grape into eight perfectly symmetrical pieces.

Conrad reads out loud from a slick pamphlet.

CONRAD

'Serious complications may occur up to and including death. Individual surgical results may vary.'

MINA

I've trained for months to do this. Results will not vary.

CONRAD

Until HODAD gets his hands on it.

MINA

What's with that nickname, anyway?

CONRAD

I keep forgetting you've only been here a couple months. HODAD stands for Hands of Death and Destruction.

Mina glances over, shocked.

MINA

You're kidding, right?

CONRAD

I don't know if it's age or inattention, but his complication rate is terrifying.

MINA

I don't understand.

CONRAD

I went to a conference on patient safety once. They asked the doctors in the room how many knew a surgeon who shouldn't be operating. Every hand went up. There's a code of silence that's seldom broken. The truth never gets out of the OR.

MINA

Okay, I'm new to this country, but I find this hard to believe.

CONRAD

Who signs the death certificate? The doctor. And how likely is it he'll write medical error? The only people who really know the good surgeons from the bad are the staff. The administration doesn't want to know. They look the other way.

MINA

What about the patients? Aren't there ratings on the internet?

CONRAD

(reading from his phone)
Bell has five stars on Yelp. Top patient comment. 'McDreamy is real.' Want to hear yours?

MINA

No.

CONRAD

One star.
(reads)
'Steer clear of Dr. Okafor. She told me, and I quote, *Your uterus sucks.*'

MINA

It did suck.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - ELEVATOR - EVENING

Bell types on his phone. Over his shoulder, we see he's on the HEALTH GRADES app, writing his own review under a pseudonym.

CHYRON: "I just had hernia surgery with Dr. Bell. The man has magic hands."

The elevator door opens on the PAVILION FLOOR. Bell quickly pockets the phone.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - PAVILION FLOOR - CORRIDOR - EVENING

We're in the VIP section of the hospital. Looks like an entirely different place. The linoleum is gone, so is the fluorescent lighting. In its place, mahogany-panelled walls, marble floors, aquascaping.

Bell checks his reflection in a Jasper Johns framed print. Adjusts his tie. Suddenly struck by inspiration, he pulls out his phone again--

CHYRON: "And he has great hair."

INT. PAVILION FLOOR - PATIENT ROOM - EVENING

A beautiful view of the Charles River at magic hour. LYLE HANCOCK (60s) sits in bed wearing silk pajamas. A tray of gourmet food on his lap.

A movie plays on the large flat-screen. Lyle looks up as Bell enters, smiles with relief.

LYLE

Solomon. So glad you're here.

With a warm, caring smile, Bell sits at the edge of the bed, slipping effortlessly into his irresistible bedside manner.

BELL

Where else would I be? Better finish up your smoked oysters. No food after midnight.

LYLE

They're truly delicious. This VIP floor is spectacular.

BELL

Thanks to you, my friend. After
all, without your generous gift
there would be no new cancer wing.

Bell smiles warmly and takes Lyle's hand, all concern and
compassion. He is so smooth, there's no way Lyle could know
he's about to be played.

BELL (CONT'D)

Have you met your surgeon?

LYLE

No, actually. I understand it's a
woman.

BELL

Dr. Okafor, yes.
(beat)
She's Nigerian.

LYLE

(frowns)
Oh.

Bell lets that information settle.

BELL

Here on a Visa. A very promising
young resident. I have to admit,
I'm a little surprised she hasn't
been in to see you yet.

LYLE

Is that unusual?

BELL

Let's just say it's not reassuring.

LYLE

What do you mean she's a "young"
resident?

BELL

Second year, I believe.

LYLE

Not an attending?

BELL

I'm afraid not.

LYLE

(annoyed)

I spoke directly to the CEO. She told me Dr. Okafor was the best possible surgeon to remove my prostate with the Titian.

BELL

I'm sure she'll do fine. Fairly certain.

LYLE

Let's slow this train down, Solomon. You're the doctor I trust. You did my biopsy. You handled those unexpected complications so brilliantly.

BELL

Just tell me what you want, Lyle.
(takes his hand, leaning in)
I'm here for you.

LYLE

(huffy)

I want you to do the surgery. You're the Chief of Surgery, right? I forked over two million dollars. For that kind of money, don't I get the Chief?

BELL

Yes, of course, but the request should really come from you, not me. Talk to Renata, our CEO. She can make it happen.

INT. NURSES STATION - NIGHT

Nic is typing while intermittently glancing across the ward at CONRAD, with the beautiful TINDER PATIENT seen earlier. If Nic's jealous, she's trying not to show it.

Devon approaches, follows her gaze.

DEVON

He's a psychopath.

NIC

Let's say your car has a rattle. You take it to a mechanic.

(MORE)

NIC (CONT'D)

The mechanic is a rude, dismissive bastard but he tightens a bolt, fixes the car, and charges five bucks. Problem solved. Or you could take the same car with the same rattle to a different mechanic. This one is nice, polite, eager to help. He runs tests for two days, then tells you the repair will set you back a thousand bucks. You sell your comic book collection to pay the guy, and on the way home you hear the same rattle.

DEVON

This isn't like that--

NIC

No. Because your car can't end up dead.

(beat, then firm)

Watch and learn. Conrad is the guy who tightens the bolt.

Nic walks off passing Conrad, who is exiting the room of the Tinder Patient.

CONRAD

What do you think of her?

NIC

(evenly)

You could do better.

He takes one beat and pulls Nic into...

INT. CALL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kisses her hard against door. Nic's eyes grow wide. Conrad turns, realizes they're not alone. Sitting on the bottom bunk is Tasso, pants around his knees. He looks up at them, humiliated.

CONRAD

Get out.

He pulls up his pants, scurries out. Conrad and Nic instantly go back at it. Hot and hungry.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Devon is reading a text from Priya.

CHYRON: *I miss you. How's it going?*

Devon smiles, writes back. CHYRON: *I'm re-thinking law school.*

PRIYA'S CHYRON: *You're going to be an amazing doctor. You will make a difference.*

He's about to respond when A CODE SOUNDS. Devon looks up.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - CALL ROOM - DAY

They're still going at it.

OVERHEAD (O.S.)
Code Blue on 9 west.

NIC
(pulling back)
That's surgery. HODAD'S ward.

Conrad BREAKS AWAY, pulls himself together and exits.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - HALLWAYS - DAY

Devon is running to the code when he passes Conrad, standing at a kitchen station marked "FOR PATIENTS ONLY. NO STAFF."

Devon stops, watches Conrad whistling as he fills a plastic bucket with ice.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Bell is surrounded by a crowd of nurses. His patient, a 40 YEAR OLD WOMAN, is the one coding. Nic enters.

NIC
Status.

NURSE #1
We pushed adenosine 6 mg, then 12.
She flatlined, then came back! But
she's still tach'ing away at 180.

BELL
(with authority)
Try Posicor.

NIC
Uh, that drug was recalled in 2007.

The door bursts open and we see Conrad holding the ICE BUCKET. Devon is right behind him.

CONRAD

I think her heart has had enough AV
blockade.

Conrad THROWS THE ICE WATER OVER THE PATIENT'S FACE. Devon reacts. HOLY SHIT. Bell spins on Conrad.

BELL

Are you INSANE?!

NIC

(at the monitor)
Normal rhythm.

They all look. Incredibly, the patient's heartbeat is back.

CONRAD

(to Devon, matter-of-fact)
Ice water stimulus. Prompts a vagal
tone, restores normal rhythm in
adenosine-refractory SVT. Called
the Diver's Reflex.

The woman sputters awake. Conrad looks right at Bell.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Two in one day would be excessive.

He walks off. Bell doesn't miss a beat. Leaps to his patient's side.

BELL

There, there, Mrs. Foster.
Everything's going to be all right.

MRS. FOSTER

Dr. Bell... you saved my life.

Devon looks from Bell, the famous surgeon, to his retreating supervising resident. Nic smiles at Devon on her way out, like "told ya'."

ON DEVON... beginning to get it.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. KINGS COUNTY - NIGHT

Middle of the night. The facade is alight, but the entrance is quiet.

EXT. KINGS COUNTY - ROOF - NIGHT

DEVON seated against a wall eating a sandwich, his dinner. He's scrolling images on his phone:

Most are of PRIYA. In bed, smiling at him, at the beach, at the wheel of her Tesla. But we also see DEVON with his BROTHER who wears a military uniform and DEVON'S FATHER standing by his YELLOW CAB.

He lands on one LAST IMAGE. HIS MOTHER IN A SARI with his FATHER -- the two of them flanking him at his medical school graduation. They look proud. He looks happy.

In the distance a SIREN SCREAMS.

EXT. KINGS COUNTY - ER ENTRANCE - NIGHT

An ambulance arrives. Paramedics jump out and start unloading LILY EVANS (24), pale, vulnerable, bald but beautiful in an ethereal way. Shivering under a pile of blankets.

Her fiance ROSS (31) emerges with her and walks alongside the gurney. He's tall, strong, athletic -- the kind of guy who could get any girl he wanted.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - ER - NIGHT

The doors BANG OPEN as the paramedics guide the gurney, one hands Lily's chart to a MALE NURSE.

PARAMEDIC

Acute leukemic, on chemo, fiance called because she was shaking uncontrollably.

ROSS

She spiked a fever this morning. 100.8. Also some vomiting. No blood in it. Last chemo was a week ago.

The male nurse moves to put in an IV, as the paramedics guide her into a bay.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Best place is her right forearm.
And she has an allergy to
tetracyclines.

Conrad and Devon emerge from the elevator, thread their way
through patients waiting on gurneys, find Lily's bed.

CONRAD
Lily.

She looks up, relieved to see a familiar face.

LILY
Dr. Hawkins. I'm sorry to be back
so soon.

CONRAD
Not as sorry as we are.

Unexpectedly, Conrad takes both her hands in his, locks eyes
with her, almost tender.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Looks like another infection.
(re the touch of her
hands)
You're running a fever.

ROSS
The chemo is still crushing her
immune system.

DEVON
Febrile neutropenia.

Conrad nods, takes over the IV flushing from the nurse.

CONRAD
We'll start you on broad-spectrum
antibiotics again. Tylenol to get
your fever down. I'll call Dr.
Hunter.
(to Devon)
Lily's oncologist. Very hands on.
One of the top specialists here.
Always wants to be the first one
notified if one of her patients is
admitted.

DEVON
Got it.

CONRAD

Get cultures from both arms. Urine.
Include a fungal plate. Don't
worry, Lily, we'll get this under
control and you'll be home soon.

He starts out, gestures for Devon to follow.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Devon and Conrad walk and talk.

CONRAD

You may have noticed that a lot of
our patients are a pain in the ass.
But Lily? She's why you became a
doctor. With any luck, we can save
her. I'm giving you a gift. From
now on, she's your patient. But if
you screw up this one, I will wreck
you.

Devon absorbs this. Sees Ross approaching with Lily's
OVERNIGHT BAG. Moves towards him.

DEVON

Lily will go to the 11th floor
after her CT. You can meet her up
there.

Ross hesitates. He passes the bag to Devon.

ROSS

Her favorite wig is in there. She's
going to want to put it on as soon
as she's feeling better. Her phone
is in the side pocket. She should
call her mom.

DEVON

You're not coming up?

ROSS

This has been my life for the last
six months. I can't sleep. When I
do, I have nightmares. Do you know
what it's like to spend every
waking hour trying to fix something
you can't fix?

Ross looks away. This big guy is about to cry. The pain in
his face is overwhelming.

ROSS (CONT'D)
I can't do it anymore.

He walks off, leaving Devon holding Lily's overnight bag.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mina, removing her scrub cap and mask, passes Nic.

MINA
I don't have time to give updates
on how the surgeries went one by
one. Are the families all
assembled?

NIC
Dr. Okafor... I think they might
find that jarring.

MINA
Better to rip off the band-aid.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Three families are huddled in different parts of the waiting room. One is large, Latino. Another upper-class -- a middle-aged white woman in Chanel and pearls with her adult daughter and son. The last is two Indian women in saris.

Dr. Okafor enters. The families all look up expectantly.

MINA
(to the Latino family)
Luis is doing fine. He's in
recovery.
(to the Indian family)
Raj is in the ICU. It's touch and
go.
(to Chanel)
Prescott's dead.

She turns, walks out. Off the families, reeling.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Bell finds Mina, now out of scrubs, reaching for her backpack in her locker. She's in her full badass after-hours gear -- high-heeled boots, Commes Des Garcons pants and a leather bomber jacket.

BELL

Dr. Okafor -- a word?

MINA

Sorry, on my way out. I need rest for the robot prostatectomy tomorrow morning.

BELL

That's actually why I'm here. The patient has requested a last minute change in the lineup.

MINA

The lineup?

BELL

As you know, Lyle's an important donor and keeping our VIPs happy is our top priority. He's always been my patient. He asked for me.

MINA

Does he have a death wish?

Now Bell's eyes go cold, but his voice remains smooth.

BELL

I hear you're applying for an O1 visa. You'll need a letter of recommendation from your supervisor. I believe that would be me.

MINA

(recalculating)

Dr. Bell, you've never touched the Titian. I trained on it for 80 hours. That's how long it takes to become proficient. You cannot do that surgery. As in, it's literally impossible.

BELL

You have no idea what's possible.

MINA

Eighty hours, Dr. Bell. The surgery is first thing tomorrow morning.

BELL

This isn't a discussion. I anticipate a flawless presentation. We'll be streaming live--

MINA
(aghast)
You want witnesses?

His face hardens. She's pushing too far.

MINA (CONT'D)
I have to draw a line here, Doctor.
This can't happen. It's too risky.
For you. And for the patient.

BELL
Then I suppose you'll be heading
back to Abuja. Given the political
unrest in Nigeria, and the quality
of healthcare available there, you
might want to reconsider.

Off Mina, fucked.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - LILY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Devon watches as Lily puts on a convincing blonde wig. We
can't help but notice the resemblance to the blonde on his
phone. Her overnight bag lies open on the floor.

LILY
He's gone, right?

DEVON
I'm sure tomorrow he'll--

LILY
No. He won't. It's okay. It's been
coming for a while. Ross didn't
sign up for cancer. I was diagnosed
a month after we got engaged. I
should've let him go... but I
didn't want to die alone.

She says it simply, but the words cut like a knife.

DEVON
(gently)
He said you should call your
mother.

LILY
She lost her brother to cancer.
Can't handle this. Besides, she's
in Phoenix. What are my numbers?

DEVON
Your ANC was 750.

LILY
Lower than usual.

DEVON
Yes. Urine dipstick showed
bacteria.

LILY
Another bladder infection.

DEVON
We've got you on antibiotics. It'll
get better quickly.

LILY
Until next time.

She climbs into bed and pulls the sheets up like a child.
Devon's pager goes off. She looks up at him, pale and
vulnerable.

LILY (CONT'D)
Do you have to leave right away?

Devon considers a moment, silences the pager.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Bell sits at the surgical console for the Titian machine.
Mina watches, eating from a bag of CHERRIES.

MINA
Start with a simple maneuver. Four
millimeter incision on the ventral
surface.

The robot's eight arms hover over a CHERRY positioned in the
center of the surgical bed.

MINA (CONT'D)
Slow and steady.

BELL
(irritated)
I got it.

One of the arms, wielding a very sharp scalpel, suddenly
whips around clattering into the overhead light, then knocks
instruments off a nearby tray, landing on the floor with a
crash.

The arm veers back to the operating bed, slams down, missing the cherry by nearly a foot. Flies back up, then down again, pulverizing the cherry. Red juice splatters Bell's white coat.

BELL (CONT'D)

What's the hell's wrong with this machine? Isn't it supposed to make it easier?

MINA

Once you're trained. In the meantime, it will be better... for everyone... if I do this.

His vulnerability instantly disappears.

BELL

No. The patient wants me. I can do this. I'm a quick study.

She calmly puts down another cherry.

MINA

Round eleven.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - LILY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Devon and Lily are in mid-conversation. Now he's sitting on her bed, showing her pictures of Priya and himself at an Indian wedding on his phone.

LILY

She's pretty.

DEVON

And smart. She could spend her life island hopping if she wanted to. Her father owns resorts all over the world. But she devotes herself to charity work. My dad's a cab driver. I'm the first in my family to go to college, let alone medical school.

LILY

She's lucky. You both are.

(sadness in her eyes)

Ross and I met in law school. He was dating my best friend. She was in love with him and I stole him away. They'd probably be married if it weren't for me.

Lily looks away, a wave of guilt.

LILY (CONT'D)
Sometimes I think the cancer is
payback.

Lily's monitor blinks. A new blood pressure flashes. Devon
notices immediately.

DEVON
Lily, how are you feeling?

LILY
A bit weak all of a sudden.

DEVON
Your blood pressure is low. 80 over
40. It was 120 over 90 a minute
ago.

Devon's eyes are fixed on the monitor. He goes to the door,
grabs NIC as she passes by.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Page Lily's oncologist, Dr. Hunter.

NIC
She's at a formal dinner getting
some kind of award.

He looks back at the monitor as it BEEPS a warning.

DEVON
Where's Conrad?

NIC
An emergency in the ER.

DEVON
Lily's BP is 70 over 38. And
dropping.

Lily's head suddenly slumps on her pillow. She's unconscious.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Call a rapid response. Now!

Nic runs down the hallway.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. LILY'S PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Lily is now surrounded by Nic and other nurses. The scene is controlled chaos, the highest urgency. Devon is at the center of the whirlwind.

DEVON

Get a CBC, CMP, LFTs, lactate. Have we got both IVs running wide open?

Nic finishes hanging an IV bag.

NIC

Yes. Systolic is fluctuating, but it's not good.

DEVON

We're three liters in already. Sepsis.

NIC

Do you want to give levo peripherally?

DEVON

No. Lily needs the big guns. Central line kit.

NIC

You've never done one.

DEVON

We can't wait. We'll lose her.

Nic reluctantly hands him the central line kit and he grabs an iodine swab, swabs the area around Lily's neck vein. Holds out his hand. Nic passes him the scalpel.

He pauses and they both look at the blade. So sharp. He puts the knife to Lily's delicate neck and...

The door BURSTS OPEN and an elegant woman in formal dress enters. This is DR. LANE HUNTER.

LANE

What in the name of God is going on here?

NIC

(huge relief)
Dr. Hunter.

(MORE)

NIC (CONT'D)

Lily needs a central line. This is
Dr. Pravesh, Conrad's new intern.
He's never done one.

Devon steps back. Lane looks to Devon as she pulls on her
white coat.

LANE

(firm, calm)

Proceed Dr. Pravesh.

NIC

No, seriously-

LANE

I said proceed. You can do it.

Devon hesitates, then returns to Lily. Goes to cut again...
but the pressure is worse with Lane and everyone else
watching. This time as he puts the blade to Lily's neck his
hand trembles.

Lane sees and without judgement simply puts her hand over his
to steady him. He looks up. Their eyes meet. In hers he sees
total reassurance. She removes her hand, nods.

Devon looks down, his hand no longer shakes. He cuts in one
swift, clean move. Now he exchanges the central line over the
guide-wire. Lane watches, approving.

LANE (CONT'D)

Excellent. Nice and clean. You're a
natural. What now?

DEVON

(to Nic)

Start at five mg. Slowly titrate up
as necessary.

Nic looks to Lane for confirmation, gets it. She does it.
They wait, watching the monitor together as Lily's blood
pressure begins to stabilize.

DEVON (CONT'D)

When her pressure levels out, wean
her off the levo and drown her in
fluids.

Nic nods. Lane touches Devon's shoulder lightly.

LANE

Well done, Doctor.

EXT. KINGS COUNTY - DAWN

The sun is rising behind the vast complex. The long night is over.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - CORRIDOR - DAWN

Devon stands looking out at the rising sun. The light bathes his face and in it we see hope. A new day. He made it.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - LILY'S ROOM - DAWN

Devon enters to check on Lily, finds Lane by her side, checking her monitors.

DEVON

You've been here all night.

Lane stays focused on Lily, doesn't answer. She touches her tenderly. Lily stirs, smiles.

LANE

Lily. You gave us quite a scare. But you're going to be fine. The bleeding was from a blast crisis. It doesn't mean you're getting sicker. It means you're getting better. How do you feel?

LILY

Hungry, Dr. Hunter.

LANE

That we can fix. I have rounds now so I'm going to leave you in the capable hands of Dr. Pravesh.

LILY

Good, I like him.

LANE

Me too.

Lane smiles at Devon, gestures for him to follow her out of the room.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - CORRIDOR - MORNING

They come out together. Stop and stand in the warm sunlight.

DEVON

I'm sorry we had to call you out of the award ceremony.

LANE

I wouldn't have it any other way. The last thing I need is more crystal.

(beat, looks right at him)

I read your file, Devon. I'm impressed. I want you to consider me a mentor. If you have any problems, come to me. Who's your supervising resident?

DEVON

Doctor Conrad Hawkins.

LANE

You're lucky. Conrad's one of the best doctors in the hospital.

DEVON

So they tell me.

She reads between the lines as he looks away.

LANE

I know. He can be rough. There are reasons for that.

(beat)

Believe it or not, he used to be you.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Mina walks down the hallway. She's headed to the operation. Nic catches up.

NIC

Tell me this isn't really happening.

MINA

It's happening.

NIC

HODAD is going to eviscerate one of the hospital's biggest donors, and no one is stepping in to stop him?

Mina doesn't answer, eyes straight ahead as she walks off.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - PHARMACY - MORNING

Bell rubs his eyes, addresses the pharmacist.

BELL

Provigil 20 mg. And I'll take a couple Adderall. I've got a big surgery and I have to focus. I've been up all night.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - SCRUB ROOM - MORNING

Bell, now very up, talking fast, is being filmed as he scrubs in. His hands tremble. He looks into the camera:

BELL

We're five minutes away from the maiden voyage of our new Titian robot. After spending considerable time working with it, I can definitively say this is a miraculous machine.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

A crowd, including Conrad, has gathered to watch the live stream of the surgery.

ON SCREEN BELL CONTINUES

BELL (CONT'D)

We expect it to be particularly useful for prostatectomies, which is what we're doing today.

They see Bell sit at the robot console as the machine lights up. The donor is already stretched out on the table, his abdomen exposed.

Nic stands next to Conrad.

NIC

I can't watch.

CONRAD

I can't look away.

The ROBOT ARMS slowly position themselves over the open abdomen.

BELL

We access the prostate through the abdomen. It's buried under the bowels, at the base of the bladder. A small, sensitive organ.

Now the ARMS move organs aside, exposing a walnut-shaped structure.

BELL (CONT'D)

The prostate has to be carefully peeled off the urethra and the bladder. The risk of rupture and bleeding is high in unskilled hands.

As we watch the robot tools move with surprising precision--

BELL (CONT'D)

You can see the robotic instruments are smaller than your fingernails. But that blade is sharper than number 11. There are rat tooth and plier modules as well.

Back now to a CU of BELL. His hands, off screen, appear to move in tiny and precise motions as he concentrates hard.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - OPERATING ROOM - SAME TIME

We now see that Bell's hands are not touching anything. His console has no controls. Mina sits behind him at the actual console, just off-camera for the live feed. She is the one performing the surgery.

Bell's arms wave in space.

BELL

This represents the union of human ingenuity and cutting edge technology. Man and machine are melded, working as one.

Mina rolls her eyes.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - CORRIDOR - LATER

Bell hands Mina an envelope.

BELL

Welcome to America.

MINA

It's everything I imagined it would be.

The hospital CEO, Renata, approaches as Mina walks off. She embraces Bell, beaming.

RENATA

Amazing, Dr. Bell. I have to admit I'm a bit stunned at how fast you mastered such advanced technology.

BELL

It was a breeze. Practically operates itself.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - ICU - MORNING

Conrad talks to Chloe's mother who has brought her daughter's childhood Teddy bear and blanket and spent the night in her room. Chloe's sister stands with the doctors, as if on their side.

CONRAD

This is hard to hear, I know. But there is no doubt that your daughter will never wake up. Neuro has checked her out extensively and confirmed brain death.

MOTHER

Her heart is beating.

CONRAD

Because of these machines. If we disconnect the vent--

MOTHER

You want to kill my child?

We now see Devon is listening in the doorway.

SISTER

You can't kill her, Mom. She's already dead.

MOTHER

I'm not giving up. It hasn't even been 24 hours.

CONRAD

Two weeks won't make a difference. Nor will two years.

MOTHER

She could live that long?

CONRAD

If you call that living. She'll never look at you, speak to you, have a thought or a feeling, take a breath on her own, know day from night. But if you leave her on life support, her body could continue like this for decades. You'll spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on medical care. Insurance won't cover it. You could lose your home, your life savings.

MOTHER

I'm not killing my child.

The mother guides the sister out, passing Devon in the doorway. She looks up at him--

MOTHER (CONT'D)

We'll be in the cafeteria if she wakes up.

Once they're gone, Devon looks to Conrad.

DEVON

This is my fault. If there's anything I can do--

CONRAD

Go home.

Devon turns, walks away.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Devon leans against a wall, devastated. Conrad approaches, studies Dev a moment. Then he pulls out his wallet, removes a photo of a little girl. Hands it to Devon.

CONRAD

Annabeth. Five. She had cancer. I made a mistake. Gave her too much potassium. She died. From me, not the cancer.

Devon looks at him, questioning, but Conrad offers nothing more. He takes back the photo, returns it to his wallet.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

If it were easy, everyone would be a doctor because this is the best job in the world. Despite everything. Because of everything.

Devon slowly nods.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

I'll see you tomorrow.

Devon walks off.

INT. KINGS COUNTY - ICU - NIGHT

Chloe's body is being artificially inflated by the ventilator. Her chest rises and falls. Her eyes are empty.

CLOSE ON the ventilator. A hand shuts the machine off.

Chloe's chest ceases rising and falling. In a few moments, she convulses.

ON CONRAD WATCHING WITHOUT EXPRESSION.

Chloe's lips turn blue. Saliva rattles at the back of her throat. It goes on.

CONRAD just watches. Waits. The rattling subsides. Chloe's body relaxes. Then is still. Totally still.

Conrad takes her pulse to be sure. Then turns the machine back on.

Chloe's chest rises and falls as the breath is mechanically forced into her lungs. Her eyes stay open, staring at nothing. Her lips remain blue. Conrad exits. The halls are empty. No one sees him. He walks off.

FADE OUT.

THE END