

DO NO **HARM**

"Pilot"

by
David Schulner

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2nd Studio Draft

"My devil had long been caged.

And he came out roaring."

Robert Louis Stevenson

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BOSTON MEDICAL CENTER (BMC) - SURGICAL SUITE - DAY

Chaos. NURSES and RESIDENTS scramble to prep the OR. But we are CLOSE ON an INSTRUMENT TABLE. SCALPELS are laid out. BLADES arranged. A SAW. RETRACTORS. Instruments of relief. Or torture. Depending on the hand that wields them.

NURSE 1
Dr. Kohl, we're ready.

The CAMERA LANDS on the back of a DOCTOR. Scrubbing in for surgery. We catch his REFLECTION as he looks in the mirror. Meet DR. JEFFREY KOHL (40s). He's leading man handsome with charm to spare. Soulful eyes that you could get lost in. But there's something else behind those baby blues. Something dark and mysterious. A secret he's keeping. From everyone. But you. In VOICE OVER we hear:

KOHL (V.O.)
Before I pick up a blade. Before I make an incision. I have to look in the mirror. To make sure it's me who's looking back.

Kohl turns to face us. He walks into the OR where the storm of VOICES and BODIES and MACHINES hit him.

KOHL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I have to be vigilant. Take precautions. To protect my patients I have fail-safes in place.

A LARGE GLUCOMETER is wheeled in front of Kohl. He resets the machine.

KOHL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Every doctor with diabetes is required to check their blood sugar before surgery.

Kohl puts his finger in the Glucometer.

KOHL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Only, I'm not diabetic.

The Glucometer processes Kohl's blood.

KOHL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'm checking for elevated cortisol levels and spiked epinephrine. Which just so happens to look like high blood sugar.

A nurse GOWNS Kohl.

KOHL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
If I fail the test I can't perform your surgery. Which is a good thing. Because it wouldn't be me slicing you open.

A GREEN LIGHT appears on the Glucometer. Kohl is cleared as the PATIENT, DONALD WHITE (30s, unconscious) is quickly wheeled in.

ND RESIDENT
Unrestrained passenger in an MVA.
Cerebral hemorrhage, ICP 40 mm Hg,
BP dropping, started coding in the MRI.

DR. ALEX JORDAN (30s, prick) quickly follows.

JORDAN
Don't get your hopes up people.
But on the bright side the Residents can't make him any worse.

Kohl picks up a scalpel. Smiles.

KOHL
How about I take a swing before you call the fight?

IN QUICK CUTS WE SEE:

Kohl slices a curved incision into the patient's scalp.

Jordan folds back the flap of skin and muscle, exposing the skull.

Kohl drills small burr holes into the skull.

Kohl saws through the skull, connecting the burr holes.

Jordan lifts out the circular bone flap. Beneath is a mess of blood, dark purple and coagulated. The BLOOD IS EVERYWHERE. It pours out like a faucet.

KOHL (CONT'D)
Suction.

The nurses can't get rid of the blood. It just keeps coming.

KOHL (CONT'D)
Everybody jump in. I need a lot
more suction.

JORDAN
What do you think? If we call it
now I can make happy hour.

But Kohl is focused as he fights his way through the blood.
He finally reaches the brain's dark purple covering.

KOHL
Okay, I'm in.

A nurse hands Kohl a pair of magnified glasses. Kohl
searches for tears in the brain.

KOHL (CONT'D)
I see a tear.

Using tweezers-like forceps, he covers it with a piece of
gauze attached to a long blue string. Jordan suctions blood
away. It doesn't come back. Kohl did it.

KOHL (CONT'D)
Will someone get Dr. Jordan a beer?
(to Jordan)
We're going to be here for awhile.

The Nurses and Residents all smile in relief. Dr. Jordan
does not.

PRELAP: ALARM BEEPING

CUT TO:

INT. BMC - NEUROLOGY CORRIDOR - LATER

CLOSE ON KOHL'S WATCH: Set as a TIMER. 2:00 hours and
counting.

KOHL (V.O.)
I have two hours left.

KOHL turns off the alarm as he walks down the hall. We can
see every DOCTOR wants to be him and every NURSE wants to be
with him. He graciously acknowledges them all.

KOHL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Two hours to feel like a normal
human being. The clock is ticking.*

He comes face to face with DR. VANESSA HARRIS (50). Chief of Surgery. She is made of ice and Chanel. Think Kristin Scott Thomas.

HARRIS

Just the man I was looking for.

They continue walking.

KOHL

I told you. I wouldn't feel right dating my boss.

HARRIS

Don't flatter yourself. You are so not my type. You're... nice.

KOHL

It's the nice ones you have to watch out for.

She gives him TWO TICKETS.

HARRIS

Box seats for the Red Sox game tonight. Courtesy of Philip Heathcoat. Your Acoustic Neuroma. Knock yourself out.

She walks off. Kohl sees an ORDERLY mopping the floor.

KOHL

Hey Calvin, you have plans tonight?

OLDER ORDERLY

Just watching the game on TV.

KOHL

No you're not.

Kohl gives him the two tickets. The Orderly is in shock.

OLDER ORDERLY

Box seats?

Kohl smiles, and keeps walking.

KOHL (V.O.)

I love the Red Sox. Greatest team in the league. But I can't enjoy the night games. I'm just not myself after nine o'clock.

INT. BMC - PATH AND LAB CORRIDOR - LATER

Kohl, now dressed to leave, walks down the hall with his secretary JOSH (20s, Aspergers).

JOSH

--ECIC bypass at 10:30, lunch with Dr. Harris at noon, 1:30 phone interview with the New England Journal of Medicine...

Josh's voice DROPS OUT as...

KOHL (V.O.)

Most people have twenty-four hours in their day. My condition leaves me with fourteen. To make up for this I work seven days a week. Three hundred and sixty-five days a year. I don't take vacations. And I never get sick. Well... besides the sickness that's already a part of me.

Josh's voice COMES BACK IN.

JOSH

4:30 lecture on Brain Glioma Treatment, 6:00 board meeting and if there's time--

KOHL

There won't be.

Kohl walks through a set of doors into--

INT. BMC - PATH LAB - CONTINUOUS

A large open room with CHEMISTS at individual workstations. One of them looks up at Kohl. This is DR. AMIT SARIN (early 30s).

He motions for Kohl to follow him to a private lab.

KOHL (V.O.)

There's no cure for what I have. No therapeutic approach. No medically approved drug. All I can do is suppress it. Outthink it. Knock it unconscious.

Once they're in private Amit produces a small vial of BLACK LIQUID.

AMIT

Here's your coma for the night.

KOHL

Thank you Amit. For your
brilliance, and even more, for your
discretion.

AMIT

No, thank you. I'm gonna make bank
off this. I'm gonna call it
Oblivion. What do you think? Does
it sound too celebrity fragrance?
Or is that a good thing?

KOHL

Keep working on it.

Kohl reaches for the vial but Amit pulls it away.

AMIT

Not so fast.

(then)

I may be illegally supplying
experimental drugs to an attending
neurosurgeon, but I still have
standards.

Amit shows Kohl data on his iPad.

AMIT (CONT'D)

These are the results from the
metabolic panel we did last week.
Sodium, potassium, chloride, all
within range, but creatinine levels
are high. Very high.

KOHL

(concerned)

You're right. We'll go over it
tomorrow. When I have time.

Amit nods and reluctantly hands over the BLACK vial.

KOHL (CONT'D)

What about *Blackout*?

AMIT

Oh my god, you're a genius.

But Kohl is already gone.

INT. BMC - PATH AND LAB CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Kohl slips the vial into his coat just as he hears:

LENA (O.S.)
Happy Birthday.

Kohl turns to find a beautiful brunette standing behind him. This is DR. LENA STECK (late 30s). Attending Neurologist. Strong willed. Confident.

KOHL
I don't know what you're talking about.

LENA
Wow. You're a terrible liar.
That's good to know.

KOHL
Who told you it was my birthday?

LENA
Google.

KOHL
You Googled me?

LENA
... I don't know what you're talking about.

The chemistry between them is electric. You get the feeling they want to rip each other's clothes off and lock themselves in a room for a week.

KOHL
What else did Google say?

LENA
You know, award this, miraculous surgery that. Eventually Google told me to just talk to you myself.

Kohl smiles. A charged moment. She touches his jacket, telling him she likes it. But we don't hear her. We only hear Kohl's V.O.

KOHL (V.O.)
*To protect those around me there are sacrifices I have to make.
Relationships are off-limits. The closer someone gets, the more in danger they become.*

The SOUND COMES BACK IN.

LENA

I'm meeting some friends later at
Menton. You should stop by. I'll
buy you a drink.

Kohl looks at his watch. 1:35 and counting.

KOHL

I'd love that. I really would.

LENA

Great.

KOHL

But... I can't.

LENA

... oh.

KOHL

Plans.

LENA

Right. Of course. It's your
birthday.

KOHL

No. It's... not like that.

LENA

Have fun. You deserve it.

Lena smiles and walks off. Kohl watches her go. Torn up
inside. Then Lena stops. Turns around.

LENA (CONT'D)

You don't have plans do you?

KOHL

Am I really that bad of a liar?

LENA

Aren't you going anywhere?

KOHL

... church.

Not what Lena expected.

EXT. OLD SOUTH CHURCH - NIGHT

Jeffrey stands in front of the insanely beautiful OLD SOUTH CHURCH. He makes his way towards the imposing Cathedral.

INT. OLD SOUTH CHURCH - BASEMENT - LATER

A support group in progress. A DOZEN PEOPLE. Folding chairs. Bad coffee. You get the idea.

Kohl waits in the hall. Not going in. He looks at EACH PERSON with a sympathetic eye.

KOHL (V.O.)

They have trouble sustaining meaningful relationships. Holding steady jobs. I'm fortunate to practice medicine. To do more good than harm. But the scale wasn't always tipped in that direction.

The meeting breaks up and everyone starts to leave. One man remains behind to clean up. This is WILL HAYES (50s). Big and imposing with a gentle demeanor. He's both happy and annoyed to see Jeffrey lurking in the hall.

WILL

You missed the support group.
Again.

KOHL

Maybe I'm just early for the next one.

Will indicates the FLYER ON THE WALL for the next meeting.

WILL

You have an eating disorder I don't know about?

KOHL

I don't belong in the group Will.
I never did.

WILL

... okay.

Kohl can sense his acquiescence.

KOHL

Five years without an incident.
It's all under control.

WILL
So why are you here now?

KOHL
... there's a woman.

WILL
Okay, now I'm actually paying
attention.

KOHL
It's been years since I let
myself... feel anything. For
anyone. But I like her. A lot.

Will smiles.

WILL
No man's an island, Jeffrey. You
found some drug to lock up what
you're afraid of. But you're not
the prisoner. He is.

Off Kohl... taking that in.

INT. MENTON - NIGHT

Sleek, hip restaurant and bar. TRACKING SHOT through the throng of DINERS and SERVERS. The CAMERA FINDS Lena talking and laughing with FRIENDS. Lena looks up.

It's Kohl. The smile on Lena's face says it all.

INT. MENTON - BAR - LATER

At the crowded bar Kohl and Lena are as close as possible without touching. Laughing, having a great time.

LENA
I always wanted to be an astronaut.
Visit unknown worlds. That's why I
love neurology. Our minds are like
the universe. Vast, mysterious,
just waiting to be explored.

KOHL
Wow. I'm going to steal that. You
don't mind, do you?

LENA
Why did you become a doctor?

KOHL

Well... I always wanted to be an
astronaut. Visit unknown worlds--

LENA

(overlapping)

I'm serious.

Kohl decides to tell her the truth.

KOHL

... a long time ago... I hurt
someone. Very badly. And I needed
to make up for that.

LENA

... What happened?

Kohl's ALARM goes off. He looks down at his watch.

0:30 minutes and counting.

KOHL

... I should go.

LENA

No. Stay.
(then)
I want more.

She puts her hand on his. Skin on skin. An intimacy he's denied himself for so long. Kohl can't say no.

They continue talking, closer now, but we only hear KOHL'S V.O.

KOHL (V.O.)

*He comes at 9 pm. He leaves at 7
am. Eastern Standard Time. He
does not Spring forward. He does
not Fall back. This is the way
it's always been. For as long as I
can remember. I guess I should
mention... his name is Ian Price.*

The SOUND COMES BACK in.

Kohl takes Lena's hand. Their faces inches apart. A kiss imminent.

LENA

All this time... you kept me at
arm's length. Was there someone
else?

KOHL
You could say that.

LENA
And now?

KOHL
Now, there's just us.

Kohl leans in to kiss her when--

Kohl FREEZES. His pupils DILATE. The lights become BRIGHTER. The music becomes LOUDER. He pulls away from Lena.

Kohl looks at his watch. 0:15 minutes and counting.

LENA
... Jeffrey?

Kohl LURCHES forward, spilling the drinks on the bar.

LENA (CONT'D)
Jeffrey.

Lena tries to help but Kohl instinctively pushes her away.

KOHL
--I'm sorry.
(for more than she can
possibly imagine)
... I'm so sorry.

Kohl runs out. Leaving Lena behind. Stunned.

INT. KOHL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kohl rushes into his apartment. He looks down at his watch. 0:02 minutes and counting.

Kohl enters a combination on the computerized lock on the front door. The door BOLTS shut.

KOHL (V.O.)
*In five years Ian Price has never
gotten out of this apartment.*

Kohl takes out a syringe. Fumbles to attach the vial of BLACK LIQUID. His hands shaking.

KOHL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*For five years this drug has kept
him captive.*

Kohl drops the vial. It rolls under the bed.

0:00 17 seconds and counting.

Kohl searches for the vial under the bed. It's just out of reach. His veins throbbing. He's struggling for breath.

0:00 2 seconds and counting.

He FINDS the vial. Inserts it into the syringe. Injects himself in the arm.

KOHL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For five years I didn't have to be afraid.

Kohl's pupils EXPLODE. And we--

CUT TO BLACK:

KOHL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Until now.

INT. W HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Dr. Kohl's eyes flutter open. He tries to orient himself. He stumbles out of the bed. But he's not in his apartment.

He's in the most insane hotel suite you've ever seen. It just so happens to be completely TRASHED.

Curtains hang by a thread. Empty liquor bottles littered on the floor, mounds of cocaine and pills on a mirrored coffee table. Half a dozen hot YOUNG WOMEN in various states of undress are passed out on the floor.

Kohl, wild-eyed panic, looks in the mirror. He's got a BLACK EYE. He looks down at his hands. His knuckles are bloody and bruised. And then he sees his arms. Two words are scrawled in black ink. One on each arm.

HAPPY. BIRTHDAY.

Off Kohl we...

SMASH TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. BOSTON MEDICAL CENTER - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. BMC - DONALD WHITE'S ROOM - DAY

DONALD WHITE (30s), the MVA from the Teaser, is unconscious in bed. Dr. Jordan rounds with his Residents PATRICIA SALAZAR (20s, eager) and BRANDON KIMURA (20s, bad stutter). Brandon presents.

BRANDON
52-year-old m-m-male, status post
M... VA. Significant b-b-b-
bleeding from AVM was controlled d-
d-during craniotomy.

JORDAN
If you k-k-k-keep sutttering I'm
going to th-th-th-throw something
at you.
(to Patricia)
Finish up.

PATRICIA
(flustered)
... Um, ICP is less than ten.
Pupils reactive. Positive corneal
reflex. Patient somnolent.

KOHL RUSHES into the room. He's a fucking mess. Clothes wrinkled, black eye, etc.

KOHL
Good, you're here. I need
you to pick up rounds today.

JORDAN
Where the hell were you?

JORDAN
What happened to your face?

KOHL
I fell out of bed.

Kohl looks at Donald.

KOHL (CONT'D)
And he should be conscious by now.
Give him half an amp of Narcan and
page me if he doesn't respond.

Kohl leaves as quickly as he came. Off everyone else...

INT. BMC - NEURO CORRIDOR - DAY

Kohl, frantic, strides down the corridor. Josh tries to keep up with him.

KOHL

I need a Tox Screen, Uric Acid Test, CBC and a Comprehensive Metabolic Panel.

JOSH

What happened to your eye?

KOHL

I ran into a wall.

(then)

Have LFTs run, then schedule an MRI. And send the results to Dr. Amit Sarin.

JOSH

Wait, what patient is this for?

KOHL

Me.

(then)

And clear today's schedule.

JOSH

But you have consults and--

KOHL

Cancel them.

JOSH

You have a pre-op who's been waiting two hours for you.

KOHL

(fuck)

Okay. But push everything else.

Kohl stops walking. A new thought.

KOHL (CONT'D)

Oh, and see when Dr. Freeman has an opening. I should probably get a vasectomy.

Off Josh...

INT. BMC - SIENNA LARSON'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kohl enters the room looking at a chart.

KOHL
Mrs. Larson?

Kohl looks up to find LENA standing next to a pre-op patient, SIENNA LARSON (40s, nervous).

KOHL (CONT'D)
(surprised)
... Dr. Steck.

Lena and Kohl must act completely professional, though there's a lot going on under the surface.

LENA
Sienna, this is Dr. Kohl. He'll be performing your surgery tomorrow.

Lena shows Kohl her films.

LENA (CONT'D)
Thoracic Outlet Syndrome. See the compression?

SIENNA
I play tennis every day.

KOHL
You must have a mean serve.

SIENNA
... my husband thinks so.

KOHL
Well, it's a straightforward procedure, we'll have you back on the court in no time.

Kohl looks at Lena. Knows he can't put off the inevitable.

KOHL (CONT'D)
Dr. Steck? A word?

INT. BMC - SECLUDED CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Lena and Kohl.

LENA
I was worried sick. You left in such a panic--

KOHL
I know--

LENA

I don't even have your number, I
couldn't call or...

She gently reaches for his eye.

LENA (CONT'D)

What happened to you?

But Kohl pulls away from her touch. Lena is surprised. And hurt. It's as if last night never happened.

LENA (CONT'D)

... okay.

Kohl hates doing this to her.

KOHL

I... I can't do this now. With
you.

LENA

... Did I get the wrong impression
last night or... ?

KOHL

(struggling)

No. I care about you. I really
do. But I don't want you to get
hurt.

LENA

You don't need to explain.

KOHL

That's the truth.

LENA

I'm a big girl. I can take it.

She takes out a notepad and writes down her number.

LENA (CONT'D)

If you need someone to talk to. If
you need a friend. I'm here.
Okay?

Kohl takes the number. Turns and walks away from her. Both of them hurting more than they'll allow the other to see.

INT. BMC - MRI ROOM - LATER

KOHL enters. A TECH is waiting for him. Kohl looks at the clock. It's 2:45.

TECH

So... um... you sure this is cool?

KOHL

Totally cool. But let's keep it
between us.

The Tech nods. Kohl lies down on the bed of the MRI machine.
The Tech flips the switch and Kohl glides in the MRI MACHINE.

INT. MRI MACHINE - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT ON KOHL, inside the WHIRRING machine. He tries to
relax when--

FLASHES OF THE NIGHT BEFORE start appearing to him:

IAN IN THE HOTEL SUITE. MUSIC PUMPING. LIGHTS BLINKING.
BODIES SMASHED TOGETHER. DANCING. DOING X. IAN WALKS OVER
TO TWO HOT WOMEN. WHISPERS IN THEIR EARS, THEN WALKS AWAY.

IN THE BATHROOM. IAN AND THE WOMEN PUT PILLS IN EACH OTHER'S
MOUTHS. THEY SNORT LINES OF COKE.

IN THE BATHROOM. IAN FUCKS THEM. GRAPHIC. INTENSE.

TWO GUYS BANG ON THE BATHROOM DOOR. IAN COMES OUT. PISSED.
HE HEAD BUTTS ONE OF THEM. A FIGHT ENSUES

TECH (O.S.)

Dr. Kohl?

Kohl snaps out of it.

ON THE TECH in the observation booth.

TECH (CONT'D)

You need to be still.

BACK ON KOHL in the MRI. Trying to still his body. And
mind.

INT. BMC - PATH LAB - LATER

Amit and Kohl. Amit reviews his test results. Kohl paces.

KOHL

Maybe the vial you gave me was
compromised, or the dosage needs to
be adjusted. Or the chemical
compounds broke down over time--

AMIT

No.

KOHL

I was drinking, maybe the alcohol
interacted--

AMIT

He's immune.

Kohl stops. Everything stops.

KOHL

That's not... no--

AMIT

It's been five years. He built up
a resistance.

The CAMERA stays on Kohl's face. Longer than is comfortable.
To register how crippling this is.

KOHL

Then make the drug stronger.

AMIT

A higher dose will kill you.
Instantaneously. Without question.

Kohl looks at the clock. It's 5:55. His entire existence is
unraveling.

KOHL

So you're saying I have three hours
left. Until he destroys me.

AMIT

How do you know what he's going to
do?

KOHL

Before I met you I took sleeping
pills by the handful. I tried
using restraints. Nothing ever
worked for long. And every time he
got out... he tried to ruin my
life. As revenge. And that's what
he's going to do now.

AMIT

What a dick.

KOHL

You have no idea.

AMIT
I'll work on something new but it's
going to take time.
(then)
What are you going to do tonight?

Off Kohl...

CUT TO:

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Kohl gets in a cab.

CAB DRIVER
Where to?

KOHL
As far away as you can get.

Kohl SLAMS the door and we--

CUT TO:

INT. BMC - DONALD WHITE'S ROOM - LATER

Donald White wakes up with a start. Head still bandaged. He orients himself. Sees a pitcher of water under the mirror. He haltingly gets out of bed. Uses the IV stand for support.

When he reaches the pitcher he looks up at his reflection in the mirror. He instantly jumps back, terrified. Donald looks into the mirror again.

DONALD'S POV: Ears, an eye, white bandages, another eye, a nose--all a mishmash. In the wrong places. Shifting. An eyeball darts around in a panic. It's a living Picasso. It should be Donald's face. But he's unrecognizable in this grotesque disorder. Donald backs away from the mirror.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The CAB pulls off the highway into the parking lot of a secluded motel. Kohl gets out. Looks at his watch.

CLOSE ON WATCH: 0:14 minutes and counting.

He can feel IAN COMING. The NEON LIGHTS become OVERWHELMING. The HIGHWAY SOUNDS DEAFENING.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

A MOTEL MANAGER (60s, weathered) stands behind a counter. Kohl gives him his wallet, cell phone, pager, glasses.

KOHL

Fed Ex will pick this up in twenty minutes. They're to overnight it to this address in Boston.

(then)

And if you see me later... walk the other way.

Off the Hotel Manager...

CUT TO:

INT. BMC - ICU CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Donald staggers down the hall. He sees his REELECTION again in the glass windows. It's HORRIFYING. He increases his pace. But everywhere he turns he sees the GROTESQUE IMAGES of himself. In a MONITOR, a COMPUTER SCREEN, a WINDOW.

DONALD

Stop! Go away!

A NURSE appears. She tries to stop him, but he's flailing, screaming.

NURSE 3

Mr. White!

DONALD

Get it away! Get it away from me!

She PULLS A CODE RED. All hell breaks loose. ORDERLIES come running, piling on to subdue him. Inject him with a SEDATIVE.

DONALD (CONT'D)

That's not me! It's not me!

NURSE 3

Where's Dr. Kohl?!

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SHOWER - NIGHT

Kohl's in the shower. STEAM washing over him as his pupils DILATE. His body SHAKES.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kohl stands over the sink. Gripping the porcelain. His BODY REVOLTING.

In the FOGGED MIRROR he struggles to WRITE, "DO NO H... A... R..."

Then in one deliberate move his hand WIPES THE MIRROR CLEAN. And we see IAN PRICE's reflection. His features, though the same as Jeffrey's, look sinister. Devious.

Off the wicked smile on his face--

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

We're CLOSE ON the bathroom mirror. We can see everything in the room. But there's no sign of Ian. No movement. Only the sound of RUNNING WATER. We're on the mirror for an uncomfortable length of time when....

IAN POPS UP from under the mirror. Face dripping wet. Clean shaven. He examines his reflection.

IAN
Much better.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ian, fully dressed, DESTROYS the motel room. Overturning everything. But finding nothing. In frustration, he throws a lamp at the bedroom mirror, SHATTERING it.

IAN
No cash, no credit cards. Not nice
Jeffrey.

He grabs his jacket, ready to leave, when a piece of paper falls out. LENA'S phone number. Bingo.

He picks up the phone and dials.

LENA (ON PHONE)
... hello?

IAN
(on phone)
What are you doing right now?

INT/EXT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

The MOTEL DOOR opens onto LENA. Standing outside. Worried.

REVEAL Ian holding a BROKEN SHARD of the MIRROR behind his back. Gripping it like a BLADE.

LENA
Jeffrey? Are you okay?

ON IAN. Pleasantly surprised to see such a beautiful woman. He looks her up and down like a lion would his prey.

IAN
I am now.

LENA
What's going on?

IAN
I thought we'd get out of here.
But now I think we should stay.

He slips the shard into his pocket and opens the door for her to come in.

Once she's inside Ian locks the door. Then deadbolts it.

Lena sees the destroyed room.

LENA
... What happened?

IAN
I couldn't find your number.

LENA
... So you...

IAN
Were extremely thorough.

Lena moves to him. Puts her hand on his arm.

LENA
Jeffrey. Will you please tell me
what's going on?

Ian experiences FLASHES OF KOHL from the day before. KOHL PUTTING HIS HAND ON LENA'S. LENA LOOKING AT HIM FLIRTATIOUSLY.

Ian comes out of it. He's thrilled someone Jeffrey cares about is within his grasp. To corrupt. To make his own.

IAN
I like you, don't I?

Lena can't help but smile. At the absurdity of the question.

LENA
Well, that's the million dollar question, isn't it?

IAN
Oh, I do. I definitely do.

Lena blushes, turns away.

LENA

Look, Jeffrey, I don't want to play games.

IAN

Neither do I. I don't have the time.

He starts moving towards her. Closing in on her.

IAN (CONT'D)

You know why you're here.

LENA

... I do?

IAN

A late night call. Meet me at a hotel. This is exactly what you thought it would be.

(then)

Hoped it would be.

Lena's heart races. This is a direct, sexy version of Jeffrey she's never seen. And she likes it.

LENA

You know... there are closer hotels. Nicer hotels. If that's your thing.

IAN

I wanted you to have time. To anticipate. Fantasize.

LENA

... about...

IAN

This.

Ian unbuttons one button on her blouse.

IAN (CONT'D)

And this.

He unbuttons another button. Lena's whole body is flush. Blood rushing everywhere.

IAN (CONT'D)

And this.

He unbuttons a third button. Her blouse falls off one shoulder. Ian delicately removes her blouse from the other shoulder. She's fully exposed. Vulnerable. They lock eyes.

LENA
... Now what?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

It's 7:00 am. Kohl wakes up with a start. With a terrible HACKING COUGH.

On the bedside table he sees his shoe has been used as an ASHTRAY, surrounded by SEVERAL PACKS of empty cigarette boxes.

KOHL
... Asshole.

Then Kohl gets up. And sees the WALLS ARE COVERED IN BLOOD. Dripping. Splattered. Sheer terror on Kohl. He immediately checks his own body--nothing.

Then he sees the floor. A TRAIL OF BLOOD stretches across the room. His worst fears becoming realized.

Kohl FOLLOWS THE BLOOD to...

The CLOSET. The sliding doors are closed. Kohl braces himself for what he might find. Then he OPENS THE DOORS.

NOBODY. But on the wall, written in RED:

I'M COMING FOR YOU

And below it is a CAN OF RED PAINT.

Off Kohl... seriously fucking shaken.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - MOVING - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Will drives Kohl back to Boston. It's silent in the car. Kohl trying to figure out his next move.

WILL
Are you going to tell me what happened?

KOHL

I don't know what happened. He had ten hours to do god knows what.

(then)

... I can't live like this again.

WILL

... here's what I know. From my own experience. And from others with multiple personalities. We can't deny our alters exist. We can ignore them, fight them, hate them, but we can't deny them. Ian is a part of you. Whether you like it or not. And he's trying to tell you what he needs. But you're not listening. So he acts out to get your attention.

KOHL

I know what he wants. He wants to destroy me.

WILL

Isn't that what you're trying to do? Destroy him?

(then)

Maybe he thinks you're the monster.

Off Kohl... taking that in.

CUT TO:

INT. BMC - ICU CORRIDOR - DAY

Kohl rushes down the corridor. Looks at the clock. It's 10:42. Josh follows.

JOSH

You missed clinic with your Residents, I have consults piling up and you were a no show at the board meeting. Dr. Harris wants to see you ASAP.

KOHL

I need you to close out my credit cards and change all the passwords on my computers. Call Cambridge Trust and make an appointment with the bank manager. Then go to the pharmacy, get me some nicotine gum and a patch.

JOSH

... I didn't know you smoked.

KOHL

I don't.

INT. BMC - DONALD WHITE'S ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: MRI FILMS.

KOHL (O.S.)

It's called Prosopagnosia.

WIDER to find Dr. Kohl with Donald White (much calmer now).

KOHL (CONT'D)

It's a neurological disorder that prevents any type of facial recognition.

Donald can't believe what he's hearing.

DONALD

Is it... permanent?

KOHL

Sometimes the swelling from surgery puts pressure on the visual cortex. And once the swelling goes away so does the Prosopagnosia.

DONALD

... but you don't think that's going to happen. Do you?

KOHL

In surgery, we found an AVM, an arteriovenous malformation. It's a tangled knot of blood vessels in your visual cortex. But it's too dangerous to remove. So if that's causing the pressure... the Prosopagnosia would be permanent.

Donald is reeling. Speechless.

KOHL (CONT'D)

I've got you on a steroid to bring the swelling down. If that doesn't relieve your symptoms we'll know for sure it's the AVM.

DONALD

I can't... recognize myself.

ON KOHL as this hits close to home for him too.

DONALD (CONT'D)
I can't recognize anyone.

Donald looks at A WOMAN (30s) and GIRL (7) staring at him from the corridor window.

DONALD (CONT'D)
... Who are those people?

Kohl looks at the Woman and Girl in the window. His heart breaks for Donald.

KOHL
That's your family.

Off Donald... the realization crushing him.

INT. BMC - OPERATING ROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON Kohl putting his finger in the Glucometer. He looks at SIENNA LARSON on the operating table.

PATRICIA
(presenting)
44-year-old female tennis player,
presented with pain radiating down
her arm. MRI demonstrated nerve
compression of the thoracic outlet.
Our plan today would be to perform
a thoracic decompression through
supraclavicular incision.

The light on the Glucometer turns GREEN.

KOHL
Let's do this.

INT. BMC - OPERATING ROOM - LATER

Kohl, Patricia, Brandon and Scrub Nurse.

Kohl inserts RETRACTORS into an incision and spreads open Sienna's shoulder. Revealing bone, muscle, and nerves.

He peers into the Thoracic outlet. Something's not right.

KOHL
Did Mrs. Larson report any history
of trauma? Car accident?

PATRICIA
No, nothing like that.

BRANDON
Why?

KOHL
Tell me what you see.

Brandon and Patricia look into Sienna's shoulder.

BRANDON
N-n-nerves are stretched and splayed.

PATRICIA
There's a big callus on the clavicle.

KOHL
This isn't a tennis injury.

INT. BMC - ICU CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

It's 12:59 pm. Kohl rushes down the corridor. Patricia and Brandon follow.

KOHL
The compression was due to the clavicular fracture, not the thoracic outlet.

PATRICIA
So this is repeated trauma.

BRANDON
W-why would she lie?

Josh intercepts them. Hands them a police report.

JOSH
Three years ago Mrs. Larson took out a restraining order against her husband. Alleging domestic abuse.

KOHL
Call the police. Have them take a report.

JOSH
Dr. Kohl, it's time for your bank appointment.

KOHL
(to Patricia and Brandon)
And find Dr. Steck now.

INT. BMC - NURSES STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Brandon and Patricia stand at the busy NURSES STATION.

NURSE 2
Dr. Steck hasn't come in yet.

PATRICIA
Did you page her?

NURSE 2
She's not returning pages. She's
not answering her phone. We don't
know where she is.

Oh fuck.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMBRIDGE TRUST BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Kohl walks up to a BANK TELLER.

KOHL
I have an appointment.

INT. CAMBRIDGE TRUST BANK - VAULT - MOMENTS LATER

Kohl stands in front of a WALL of safety deposit boxes. He slides out his box. Opens the lid. It's almost EMPTY. Except for an old CELL PHONE and charger. He plugs in the phone and DIALS the only number in the contacts.

KOHL
(on cell)
Meet me at the train station.
(then)
He's out.

SMASH TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

INT. TRAIN CAR - MOVING - DAY

Kohl sits by himself. Staring out the window. The scenery flying by. RACK FOCUS. Kohl sees his REFLECTION in the glass. He turns away from it. As if it were someone else.

When he turns he sees a MYSTERIOUS MAN walking down the aisle.

FLASH OF: IAN MEETING WITH THE MYSTERIOUS MAN. IAN GIVING HIM A STACK OF CASH.

BACK ON KOHL. Looking at the same man. Here. On the train. Walking to the next train car.

Kohl gets up. Follows him.

INT. TRAIN CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The Mysterious Man walks down the aisle. Kohl is close to catching up to him. But SEVERAL PASSENGERS get up, blocking his way. Kohl sees the Mysterious Man disappear into the next train car.

INT. TRAIN CAR - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Kohl quickly enters the train car. But everyone is seated. No one in the aisle. The Man is gone. Kohl's mind goes into overdrive. *What's happening to me?*

EXT. NEW HAVEN STATION - DAY

The train pulls into the station. The doors open. Kohl gets off the train. Looks around for the Mysterious Man. But doesn't see him.

As the PASSENGERS disperse he sees a woman staring off into the distance. This is OLIVIA CASE (30s). Unruly blond hair that falls onto her pale skin. Delicate features. Fragile by nature. She chews a fingernail. Which makes Jeffrey smile. Then she sees him. A mix of love and regret and pain. Kohl tentatively walks up to her. They look at each other for a charged moment.

OLIVIA
How do I know it's you?

Kohl's as raw as we've ever seen him.

KOHL

We always dreamed of traveling. To
the opposite end of the earth. So
Ian could have the day. And I
could spend the whole night with
you.

Olivia is relieved it's Jeffrey. But also full of sorrow and
hurt.

OLIVIA

We never did. Did we?

KOHL

... no.

But Olivia has to stop herself from indulging in the past.
For fear it might threaten her resolve.

OLIVIA

I told you I didn't want to see you
again.

KOHL

You're not safe.

OLIVIA

Is that supposed to scare me?
Because it doesn't. I've been
looking over my shoulder for five
years.

KOHL

He's going to come for you. And if
I can find you so can he.

OLIVIA

... what am I supposed to do?
Move?

KOHL

For starters. As far away as you
can. I'll pay for it.

OLIVIA

(losing it)

You're serious.

KOHL

I promised I'd protect you. I'm
going to keep that promise.

Olivia's emotions overcome her.

OLIVIA

I spent the last five years putting
my life back together. After you
left it in pieces. I'm not letting
you destroy it again. Or him.

(then)

Here. You forgot this.

Olivia takes something out of her pocket. A DIAMOND RING.
Her ENGAGEMENT RING.

KOHL

... Olivia... it's yours.

OLIVIA

I'm living with someone now. He
doesn't know about you. I don't
want him to.

This is news to Kohl. It's a blow. Even after all these
years. He nods. Accepts the ring back.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

We were fooling ourselves. To
think Ian would never come between
us.

Kohl brushes the hair off her cheek. Revealing a THREE INCH
SCAR. He traces the scar with his finger. Olivia lets him.

KOHL

I'll never forgive him.

OLIVIA

It was an accident.

KOHL

You always defended him. Why?

OLIVIA

He just wanted me to loved him
instead of you.

KOHL

He won't stop. Obsessing over you.
Stalking you.

OLIVIA

Jeffrey? I release you. Of your
obligation to me. I moved on with
my life. So should you.

Off Kohl... torn between the past and present.

CUT TO:

EXT. BMC - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. BMC - ICU CORRIDOR - DAY

It's 5:40 pm. Kohl walks down the corridor with Patricia and Brandon.

PATRICIA

Mrs. Larson is conscious but non-communicative.

KOHL

Have the police taken their report?

BRANDON

They haven't shown up yet.

KOHL

Call them again. And Dr. Steck?

PATRICIA

She's MIA.

KOHL

What do you mean?

BRANDON

No one kn-kn-knows where she is.

Off Kohl... everything unraveling.

INT. BMC - SIENNA LARSON'S ROOM - DAY

Kohl sits with Sienna. She averts her gaze.

KOHL

You know what I'm going to say.

Sienna doesn't say anything.

KOHL (CONT'D)

This could have been permanent.

You could have been paralyzed.

Whoever did this doesn't deserve your protection.

Again, Sienna is silent, unresponsive.

KOHL (CONT'D)
Maybe you don't understand the
severity of your situation--

Sienna can't help but morbidly laugh.

SIENNA
The severity of my situation.

Sienna tries to keep it together.

SIENNA (CONT'D)
We met when we were fourteen.
We've been together for thirty
years. My husband's a part of me.
I can't... separate myself from
him. No more than I could cut off
my arms or my legs.

ON KOHL, deeply moved. And completely understanding.

SIENNA (CONT'D)
... I just want him to stop.

KOHL
He won't. Not on his own. Believe
me, I know.
(then)
But I'm going to help you. Any way
I can. Do you understand?

Sienna nods. Beyond grateful. Then Kohl's PAGER GOES OFF.
It's bad.

KOHL (CONT'D)
I have to go.

Kohl runs out.

INT. BMC - DONALD WHITE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kohl runs in to find Donald SEIZING. His whole body WRACKED.
MONITORS going crazy. NURSES trying to control his body.
His WIFE panicking.

NURSE 1
He's not breathing.

Kohl grabs an oral airway and slips it in Donald's mouth.

KOHL
2cc's Diazepam. Slowly.

WIFE
What's happening!?

Kohl puts an oxygen mask on him.

KOHL
High flow O2, stat.
(then)
Come on. Come on.

A BREATH.

NURSE 1
Sat's coming up.

Kohl takes off the mask and airway as the seizing subsides.

KOHL
On his side. One, two, three.

Kohl and the nurses turn him over on his side. Kohl cradles him.

KOHL (CONT'D)
I got you. It's okay. I got you.

DONALD
(weakly)
... who... who are you?

KOHL
It's me, it's Dr. Kohl.

DONALD
(getting more agitated)
No you're not! Get away from me!
Let go of me!

Having his identity questioned painfully unnerves Kohl.

KOHL
(overlapping)
I'm right here. It's me, it's Dr.
Kohl. I swear. Donald, it's me.

Donald breaks down in Kohl's arms.

DONALD
... I wish... you had just let me
die.

Off Kohl...

INT. BMC - OUTSIDE HARRIS'S OFFICE - LATER

Kohl rushes past a SECRETARY in a fancy anteroom.

SECRETARY

Wait, Dr. Kohl--

Kohl ignores her and charges ahead.

INT. BMC - DR. HARRIS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kohl enters to find Dr. Jordan and Dr. Harris.

HARRIS

We were just talking about you.

JORDAN

At length.

KOHL

I have a patient suffering from Prosopagnosia due to an AVM. I need to go back in and remove it.

JORDAN

(to Harris)

This is the kind of behavior I've been telling you about.

KOHL

He can't recognize his own family. Now he's seizing.

JORDAN

All manageable symptoms. If you operate you could destroy his language, his memory, cause a complete visual field deficit.

KOHL

Not if he's awake.

(then)

If I do an Awake Craniotomy I can map his brain and not damage his other senses--

JORDAN

Awake Craniotomies are only effective in preserving language pathways. Not the visual cortex. This would be a hail mary pass with someone's life.

KOHL

He doesn't have a life right now.
This is his only chance of getting
it back.

HARRIS

Enough.

They stop. Give her the attention she easily commands.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Dr. Kohl? You've never performed
this type of Awake Craniotomy, have
you?

KOHL

... no.

Harris considers this. It looks like it's over. Until...

HARRIS

(a sly smile)

So you have an unblemished record.

JORDAN

(irate)

What kind of logic is that?

HARRIS

What are you doing to get us
nationally ranked?

(to Kohl)

I'll allow it.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BMC - ICU CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Kohl's ALARM goes off. 2:00 hours and counting. He turns off the alarm as he walks down the corridor. Fear setting in. Then he sees LENA. Thank god. He approaches, touches her arm.

KOHL

Hey. Where were you?

Lena sees him and her face goes white. She pulls away.

LENA

Don't you dare touch me.

KOHL

(confused)

... wait, what--

LENA
Get away from me. I have work to do.

She walks away from him. Kohl follows.

KOHL
Lena? What's going on?

Kohl pulls her into a secluded corner.

LENA
Get your hands off me.

Kohl let's go. She lays into him.

LENA (CONT'D)
I drove all the way to that motel.
To help you. And you...

FLASHES OF THE NIGHT start appearing to Kohl. IAN KISSING LENA. TURNING HER AROUND. PINNING HER HANDS TO THE WALL. KISSING THE BACK OF HER NECK. Kohl snaps out of it. His worst fears realized.

KOHL
Wait. Please. Lena, listen to me.
I need you to tell me--

LENA
Don't ever speak to me again.

Lena rushes off. Before Kohl can follow her a POLICEMAN shows up.

POLICEMAN
I'm looking for Sienna Larson.

KOHL
What the hell took you so long?

POLICEMAN
I'm Dennis Larson. Sienna's husband.

Kohl realizes what's happening.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
I'm taking her home.

SMASH TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BMC - SOCIAL WORKER'S OFFICE - LATER

A SOCIAL WORKER (40s, overstressed) goes through Sienna's papers as Kohl looks on.

SOCIAL WORKER
Sienna Larson was scheduled for discharge at 2 pm.

KOHL
I specifically alerted your office she was a domestic abuse case.

SOCIAL WORKER
Which she denied.

Kohl can't believe this is happening.

KOHL
We need to keep her in this hospital. I don't care how.

SOCIAL WORKER
You know as well as I do the State of Massachusetts has no statute that would allow us to do that.

KOHL
Then I'm going to schedule more tests for her. Until you figure out a way to keep her safe.

SOCIAL WORKER
The discharge papers have already gone through the system. She was given a copy of the Victim's Rights Notice. There's nothing else you can do.

Kohl looks at the clock. It's 7:45 pm. He should be gone by now.

INT. BMC - LOBBY - LATER

Dr. Harris is leaving for the night. Kohl catches up to her.

KOHL
Dr. Harris, wait.

Harris doesn't stop walking.

HARRIS

You cancel our lunches, you skip out on board meetings and now I have the pleasure of seeing you twice in one day.

KOHL

I need your help.

HARRIS

I assumed.

KOHL

I have a domestic abuse victim, who's being released to the guy who put her here.

HARRIS

Is she pressing charges?

KOHL

No. She's denying it ever happened.

HARRIS

Then it's out of our hands.

KOHL

(fed up)

That's not good enough!

DOCTORS, NURSES stop to look. Kohl is making a scene.

HARRIS

(a warning)

Jeffrey.

KOHL

The next time Sienna Larson comes back, and she will come back, it won't be to the ER, it'll be to the morgue.

HARRIS

I like you. You know that. So I hate to be the one to break this to you -- but every doctor has limitations. Even you.

She walks away as Kohl's ALARM goes off. 1:00 hour and counting. The time only reinforcing his helplessness.

INT. BMC - PSYCH WARD - NIGHT

Kohl and Amit stand outside a LOCK DOWN ROOM. But Kohl is distracted, still preoccupied with Sienna.

AMIT

I need more time to finish the drug, so for tonight I got one of the Psych nurses, who's clearly crushing on me, to give me a key to an empty lock down room.

Amit opens the door.

AMIT (CONT'D)

Nice padded cell, I lock you up, I come back tomorrow morning and let you out. Pretty good right?

But Kohl hesitates. He Looks at his watch. 0:32 minutes and counting.

AMIT (CONT'D)

What's the problem?

Kohl makes a decision.

KOHL

I promised someone I would help them.

Kohl starts walking away, Amit follows.

AMIT

Jeffrey, you don't have time.

KOHL

I don't care anymore.

AMIT

So you're just going to let Ian out? Then what?

KOHL

... I'll think of something.

Off Kohl... steely determined.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Kohl walks up to a small suburban house. He RINGS the doorbell. Hands SHAKING. He looks at his watch.

CLOSE ON WATCH: 0:02 minutes and counting.

Ian's coming. *What the hell is he thinking?*

Then the door opens. It's Sienna's husband, the POLICEMAN. He recognizes Dr. Kohl.

POLICEMAN

What are you doing here?

Kohl looks him dead in the eye.

KOHL

Listen to me. Very. Very.
Carefully. You have two minutes to
call your station and turn yourself
in.

The Policeman tenses.

POLICEMAN

... Or what?

KOHL

Or you will see a side of me that's
not as accommodating.

(then)

Now you have one minute.

POLICEMAN

Get the hell off my property.

The Policeman tries to close the door but Kohl puts his foot
in the doorjamb.

KOHL

Make the call. For your sake.

POLICEMAN

I warned you.

KOHL

No. I'm warning you.

The Policeman PUNCHES KOHL in the gut. Pulls him inside the
house.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Policeman SHOVES Kohl to the ground. Kohl looks at his
watch.

CLOSE ON KOHL'S WATCH: 0:00 12 seconds and counting.

Kohl gets up.

KOHL

Pick up the phone and I'll go.

The Policeman BELTS him across the jaw.

CLOSE ON KOHL'S WATCH: 0:00 06 seconds and counting.

The Policeman SLAMS Kohl against the wall. PUNCHES him in the stomach.

CLOSE ON KOHL'S WATCH: 0:00 02 seconds and counting.

The Policeman rears back, throws a massive HOOK, and just before it connects with Kohl's face--

IAN CATCHES HIS FIST. BREAKS his wrist. Sends the Policeman to the ground.

IAN

Give me a second to catch up. Is this a fight? Are we fighting?

The Policeman SWINGS A CHAIR at Ian. It BREAKS across his back. Ian falls to the ground.

IAN (CONT'D)

Oh good. We are fighting.

Ian KICKS the Policeman in the face. Then in the ribs. Again. And again. Then SLAMS his foot into his spine. The Policeman is prostrate, in agony.

POLICEMAN

... I'll call. Give me the phone, I'll call.

The Policeman drags himself across the room.

IAN

Is that supposed to mean something to me?

POLICEMAN

You said--

IAN

Whatever deal you previously made has now expired.

POLICEMAN

(begging, crying)

I'll never touch her again. I swear. I'll make the call right now. I'll never touch her again.

Ian pulls him up, ready to inflict more pain.

SIENNA (O.S.)
Stop. Please.

Ian turns to find Sienna. Ghostly white. Tears streaming down her face. Her lip BUSTED.

Something changes in Ian. Softens. He walks up to her. Examines her face.

IAN
He did this to you?

Sienna nods.

IAN (CONT'D)
I can end it. Here and now.

SIENNA
I don't want you to end it. I want him to.

Ian looks at her husband. Walks over to him. Grabs his hair, pulls his face off the floor.

IAN
If you lay a finger on her again, remember, I make house calls.

Ian SLAMS him face into the floor as we--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

OVERHEAD SHOT: A LONE CAR in an empty parking lot.

INT. PARKED CAR - NIGHT

The MYSTERIOUS MAN (JERE) from the train is sitting next to Ian. Ian hired him to follow Kohl after all! Ian looks at 8x10 PHOTOS OF OLIVIA. We can tell she means a lot to him.

JERE
This is where she went after you met her. Nice neighborhood. Near the University.

Ian is still fixated on the photos of Olivia.

JERE (CONT'D)
She's not married, no boyfriend, not even dating.
(MORE)

JERE (CONT'D)
And she cried all the way home.
So... it's pretty clear she still
loves you.

IAN
She doesn't.
(then)
But she will.

Just then Kohl's PAGER GOES OFF. Ian looks at it.

IAN (CONT'D)
I'm being paged for surgery.

JERE
I didn't know you were a doctor.

IAN
(amused)
I'm not.

INT. BMC - NEURO CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ian walks down the hospital corridor. His face intensely focused. Menacing. Everyone acknowledges him graciously. But unlike Kohl, Ian ignores them all. He just walks with deathly purpose towards the surgical suites.

INT. BMC - OUTSIDE SURGICAL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Jordan, Residents in tow, intercepts Ian.

JORDAN
Dr. Kohl, you've decided to grace us with your presence at such a late hour.

Ian sizes him up.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Aren't you supposed to be home getting your beauty sleep? Oh, that's right. You scheduled your Awake Craniotomy. So...
(indicating the residents)
They're all yours. I'm going home.
Try not to kill the guy, will you?
It doesn't look good for the department. Or my career.

IAN
You have a small penis don't you?

Ian GRABS JORDAN'S CROTCH. Like a VICE.

IAN (CONT'D)
Yeah. That's pretty small.

The Residents are speechless. Jordan's in PAIN.

IAN (CONT'D)
But don't take it out on the rest
of us.

The Residents try to hide their glee. Jordan still can't manage a word. Ian leans in conspiratorially.

IAN (CONT'D)
And for the record. I'm not trying
to ruin your career. I'm trying to
ruin mine.

INT. BMC - SURGICAL SUITE - LATER

Ian scrubs in for surgery. Looks at himself in the mirror. The same as Kohl did in the Teaser. But this time a very different man looks back.

INT. BMC - SURGICAL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Ian looks at the TEAM assembled before him. All awaiting his cue. He toys with a BLADE. Smiles.

IAN
Let's have some fun.

SMASH TO BLACK

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. BMC - SURGICAL SUITE - NIGHT

Direct pick-up. Nurse 3 hangs up the phone.

NURSE 3
Patient is on his way.

Ian examines his instruments. SCALPELS. BLADES. SAW. RETRACTORS. Instruments of torture. Or relief. Depending on the hand that wields them.

NURSE 1
Dr. Kohl?

IAN
Let's put on some music.

NURSE 1
(confused)
You... don't like music in the operating room.

IAN
I do now.
(then)
Make it loud.

MUSIC BLASTS through the room. Nurse 1 GOWNS Ian. Nurse 3 wheels over the Glucometer machine.

IAN (CONT'D)
What's this?

NURSE 3
(unsure how to respond)
... your blood sugar levels?

IAN
I'm fine.

NURSE 3
It's... protocol, Dr. Kohl.

IAN
I won't tell if you won't.

NURSE 3
... I'm sorry Doctor but... you can't operate until your glucose levels are logged.

All eyes are on Ian. He reluctantly puts his finger in the machine.

CLOSE ON: A NEEDLE BREAKING SKIN. BLOOD DROPPING.

The light on Glucometer shines RED. This hasn't happened before.

IAN
What's going on?

Nurse 3 checks the reading.

NURSE 3
(urgent)
Glucose 315 mg/dl. BP 200 over
120.

The other nurses spring into action.

NURSE 3 (CONT'D)
Dr. Kohl, you're hyperglycemic.

IAN
What?

NURSE 3
You're going into diabetic shock.

And before Ian can figure out what's happening Nurse 1 JABS him with a dose of INSULIN.

NURSE 1
Administering 4cc's insulin.

Ian's throat immediately CLOSES. He grabs his chest and sinks to his knees.

NURSE 1 (CONT'D)
He's tachycardiac. Adverse reaction to the insulin.

Nurse 3 hits the CODE RED BUTTON on the wall. ALARMS SOUND.

NURSE 3
I need a trache tube and 3 cc's high flow NS--

Ian's eyes roll back into his head and we--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BMC - RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Kohl is in a hospital bed. Hooked up to a heart monitor and IV. Amit, head in hands, sits in a chair next to him.

ON CLOCK: It's 7:11 am.

Kohl's eyes flutter open. He looks around. And smiles. Relieved. As if this is exactly where he hoped he'd be. He sees Amit sitting next to him.

KOHL

Cheer up. It worked.

Kohl tries to sit up in bed. It's not easy.

AMIT

Jeffrey? You're not gonna believe what happened--wait--what worked?

KOHL

I'm the one who moved up my surgery.

AMIT

You... did this on purpose? Are you insane?

KOHL

I knew Ian couldn't resist the opportunity of messing it up. But first he'd have to pass the glucose test.

AMIT

But how'd you know he'd fail?

KOHL

Personality effects body chemistry. Aggression triggers adrenaline.

AMIT

(figuring it out)
Which looks like high blood sugar.

KOHL

He'd be given insulin, which he didn't need, and it would knock him out.

Kohl haltingly gets out of bed.

AMIT
You know you can't do this on a regular basis, right?

Kohl looks at his chart.

KOHL
Vitals are normal. BP 120 over 80.
Pulse 77 BPM. You mind signing my release form?

AMIT
Where are you going?

KOHL
I have to prep for surgery.

AMIT
Are you crazy? You've been unconscious for ten hours.

Kohl smiles.

KOHL
Best sleep I've had in days.

INT. BMC - SURGICAL SUITE - DAY

MUSIC: (I KEEP ON) RISING UP by Mike Doughty.

The surgery plays under the music. Nurses, Techs, whirring machines.

Donald is asleep, his body seated upright, with his skull open like a trap door.

ON A LARGE PLASMA SCREEN is an image of his BRAIN.

Kohl looks on from behind him, at a Nurse who gently wakes Donald. His eyes flutter open.

KOHL
Hey Donald. How are you feeling?

DONALD
...Pretty good.

A bizarre thing to hear from a person with his skull cracked open.

KOHL
We don't skimp on the drugs do we?

DONALD
(big smile)
No.

KOHL
Do you see that white screen in front of you? We're going to put up some images, and I want you to tell us what you see. When you do that, the area of the brain you're using will light up. And I'll know not to cut it out.

(then)
Let's give it a shot.

Kohl nods to a TECHNICIAN. An image of A HAND pops up on the white screen.

KOHL (CONT'D)
What is that, Donald?

DONALD
A hand.

ON THE PLASMA SCREEN a LIGHT APPEARS in the visual association cortex of Donald's brain.

KOHL
There you are...

MUSIC CONTINUES as Donald identifies parts of the body coming up on screen. Each time a corresponding LIGHT APPEARS on the image of Donald's brain. Making a constellation-like map of the areas Kohl needs to avoid.

Kohl takes a deep breath and buries his forceps into Donald's brain.

KOHL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Brain surgery is the easiest part of my life.

INT. BMC - KOHL'S OFFICE - DAY

Kohl going over papers at his desk. When Sienna Larson appears at his door.

KOHL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's the people that make my life complicated.

She gives him a small smile. *Thank you.*

INT. BMC - DONALD WHITE'S ROOM - DAY

KOHL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The people I treat.

Donald is awake. His Wife holds his hand. His Daughter sits next to him and reads him a book. But all Donald can look at is her face. Her beautiful, beautiful face.

FIND KOHL watching them from the window.

INT. BMC - DR. JORDAN'S OFFICE - DAY

KOHL (V.O.)
The people I work with.

Jordan sits at his desk looking over a file.

JORDAN
(on phone)
I'm enquiring about a surgeon who worked at your hospital in 2005.
And the reasons for his dismissal.
A Dr. Jeffrey Kohl.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

SUPPORT GROUP in progress. Will leading it. When Kohl walks in.

KOHL (V.O.)
And me.

He sits down and joins the group.

KOHL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Both of me.

EXT. BOSTON MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

Lena walks out of the building. Kohl watches her from afar.

KOHL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Ian Price and I are bound together.
But there is a line I will not let
him cross. I'll have no choice but
to end his life. And by
necessity... my own.*

Kohl approaches Lena.

KOHL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I pray he didn't cross that line
with her.*

KOHL (CONT'D)
Lena, wait.

Lena turns to see Kohl. She immediately starts walking in the other direction. He gently stops her. She avoids making eye contact with him.

KOHL (CONT'D)
Please. I'm not asking for your
forgiveness.
(then)
I don't deserve that.

LENA
Then what do you want?

KOHL
I need to know... what I did.

LENA
(baffled)
... What you did?

KOHL
The man in that motel room was not
me.
(off her reaction)
I don't know how else to explain
it. But I honestly don't remember
anything. I must have blacked it
out.

LENA
How convenient for you.

KOHL
Lena, I swear.

She's incredulous.

LENA
You don't remember undressing me?
Kissing me?

KOHL
... No.

LENA
You don't remember pushing me
against the wall. Ripping off my
clothes. Telling me how beautiful
I was.

As hard as this is for Lena to say, it's equally hard for Kohl to hear.

LENA (CONT'D)

And you want to know the worst part?

(then)

I liked it.

(then)

That side of you. That knew what you wanted. And took it.

KOHL

... then what happened?...

LENA

You had your hands all over me. But you were... cold. Heartless. Like I wasn't even there. Like I was just flesh.

KOHL

... did we?...

LENA

No. I pushed you away. And you just laughed. Like it was all a game to begin with.

(then)

And you warned me. You said the next time... you wouldn't let me go.

Kohl's enraged. At Ian.

KOHL

Lena. That's not who I am. And I swear, you'll never have to worry. About seeing that side of me. Ever again.

She wants to believe him. But she can't. Not yet.

LENA

Good-bye Jeffrey.

And she walks away.

Off Kohl... not willing to let her go.

INT. BMC - PATH LAB - NIGHT

Kohl and Amit. Amit produces a new vial of AMBER LIQUID.

AMIT

Here's your coma for the night.
One word. *Sunset*. Nice, right?

Kohl looks at the vile. But he doesn't take it.

KOHL

I don't want to control him
anymore.

AMIT

... what?

KOHL

I want to eliminate him. I want a
cure.

AMIT

A cure? I wouldn't even know where
to begin. That's going to take
time. Like, a lot of time.

KOHL

I'll make a truce with him. I'll
let him think he's free. And then
eventually... I'll kill him.

INT. KOHL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A GIANT FLAT SCREEN TV on the wall. CAMERA mounted on top.
KOHL'S IMAGE FILLS the SCREEN.

KOHL (ON TV)

These are my terms. Stay away from
my life. And I'll give you back
yours. We can try to coexist. But
if you harm the people I love...
I'll kill us both.

Find IAN PRICE eye to eye with Kohl's image. The effect
should look like they are in the same room together. Inches
apart.

The CAMERA SLOWLY PANS away from Ian as NIGHT TURNS INTO DAY.

When the CAMERA LANDS back on the TV, IAN PRICE fills the
screen.

IAN (ON TV)

You stole years from me. You caged
me like an animal. You made me...
inhuman.

ON JEFFREY. As he watches Ian. Feeling his fury in a way he never has before.

IAN (ON TV) (CONT'D)
... but I accept.
(then)
I want the life you denied me.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - ESTABLISHING - SUNRISE

The sun peeking up above the harbor.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - SUNRISE

The CAMERA TRACKS down a row of suburban houses. Landing on...

EXT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

Where OLIVIA, in pajamas, walks out of her house. She picks up the newspaper in the front yard. Looks at the front page. Starts to walk back to the house when... she stops. Has a creepy feeling. Like she's being watched. She looks around the neighborhood.

Sees a few NEIGHBORS. But that's all. Nothing suspicious.

What she doesn't see is IAN PRICE. Hiding in plain sight. Watching her every move. Hungry for her.

Just then a LITTLE BOY walks out of the house. This is COLE, four-years-old. He's in his pajamas and carries two little monkey lovies. He looks like Jeffrey Kohl. And Ian Price.

Olivia picks him up in her arms and kisses him. She gives the neighborhood one last look then walks back inside. Unbeknownst to them, one of Cole's lovies falls to the ground.

BACK ON IAN. His curiosity more than piqued. He walks out of the shadows and into Olivia's front yard. He picks up the little monkey.

Just then the door opens. And Cole walks out. Cole stops when he sees Ian. They both look at each other.

IAN
Is this your monkey?

Cole nods.

IAN (CONT'D)
Do you want him back?

Cole nods.

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

COLE
... Cole.

IAN
Cute.

Ian smiles. A whole new world has just opened up.

IAN (CONT'D)
Here you go, Cole.

Ian offers Cole the Monkey. Cole reaches for it but Ian pulls it away.

IAN (CONT'D)
Be careful.

Ian gets closer.

IAN (CONT'D)
Monkey's have been known to eat
their young.

SMASH TO BLACK

END OF PILOT