ER

Written by
Michael Crichton

FIRST DRAFT
February 18, 1994
An account of 24 hours in a Boston hospital emergency ward on March 17, St. Patrick's Day.
RICHIE GREENE
ROSS
PETER BENTON
BETH LEWIS
JOHN CARTER
MORGENSTERN
TRACY YOUNG

The Day Shift

TIMMY (Clerk)
HATHAWAY (Head Nurse)
HALEH HOMAYOJIAN (Nurse)
WENDY GOLDMAN (Nurse)
MALIK (Aide)

The Night Shift

JERRY (Clerk)
OLIGARIO (Head Nurse)
LYDIA WOODWARD (Nurse)
PAM PEREZ (Nurse)
PAULIE (Aide)

Hospital Personnel

SPECIALIST
MORT HARRIS
ANAESTHETIST
RADIOLOGIST
RESIDENT
KELLY
ADMINISTRATOR
SCRUB NURSE #1
SCRUB NURSE #2
ANAESTHETIST #2
SURGEON #1
SURGEON #2
CHERYL (OR Nurse)
OR NURSE
LEE (Greene's Cute Tech)

RACHEL GREENE
JENNIFER GREENE
PAUL (Lewis's Ex)
ER

CAST

(CONT'D)

THE PATIENTS

Act One

TROOPER
WILSON (severed hand)
JACKSON (chest injury)
WOMAN (vomits blood)
BARR (hits on Lewis)
FITZKEE (workman's comp)
REZK (shoulder fracture)
CANELLI (his father's dead)

Act Two

HARPER (woman w/cut)
MOTHER (kid w/infected ear)
ERVIN (Black who wants tests)
GRANDCHILD (with sword)
MARTIN (cop who shot himself)
LOGAN (tense mother)
MRS. MARTIN (cop's wife)
INTERPRETER
CABBY
PREGNANT WOMAN

Act Three

CONFUSED WOMAN (one line)
MRS. O'ROURKE (librarian)
KAREN (kid swallowed key)
CHILD (key kid)
ELDERLY MAN (security)
PARKER (man with cancer)

Act Four

MRS. RASKIN (hangnail)
GIRL (ectopic pregnancy)
FATHER (arguing over kid)
WIFE (arguing over kid)

Act Five

ROOMMATE (Hathaway's)
SUZANNE (wrecked dad's car)
DAD
LILY (mother insists on shot)
KID

Act Six

WAITRESS
TEDDY (appendicitis)
LAWKOWSKI (scared guy)
HARVEY (aneurysm)
MRS. HARVEY

Act Seven

PRETTY GIRL (burn legs)
LLEWELLYN (insomniac)
ANNETTE (abused child)
COP (brings in diabetic)
MURPHY (drunk)
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ER

SETS

INTERIORS:

HOSPITAL
Room
Treatment Room
Corridor
Waiting Room
Admitting Area
Corridor
Ambulance Entrance
Examining Room
Another Examining Room
Surgical Examining Room
Another Surgical Room
Hallway
Doctor's Lounge
Cafeteria
Lab
Suture Room
Lobby
Surgeon's Changing Room

ANOTHER HOSPITAL (MODERN)
Harris Group Office

EXTERIORS:

HOSPITAL
Emergency Entrance
ER

ACT ONE

BLACK SCREEN (INT. HOSPITAL ROOM)

Sound of SNORING. Flash on MAIN TITLE. BRING UP a low
MURMUR of non-specific b.g. noise. A glaring white
rectangle appears, and a silhouetted female figure: a
nurse has opened the door, WOODWARD.

WOODWARD
(silhouetted)
Doctor Greene... Doctor Greene.

GREENE (O.S.)
Uuuhh. What is it?

WOODWARD
Patient for you, Doctor Greene.

In the light of the open door, we see RICHIE GREENE, a
medical resident in his mid-thirties, lies sprawled on a
stretcher in his whites. Without opening his eyes:

GREENE
Can't the intern take it?

WOODWARD
It's for you, Doctor.

Greene groans, coming awake.

GREENE
What time is it?

WOODWARD
Five o'clock.

As she speaks, he sits up, looks at his watch.

GREENE
All right. Can't the intern take it?

WOODWARD
It's Doctor Ross.

GREENE
(yawning)
Oh, Doctor Ross. All right. Find
me a room and an eye-vee set, I'll
be right there.

He stands, looks at his watch, shakes his head, and exits
the room; CAMERA FOLLOWS.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He comes out into a relatively blindingly white corridor of a big city emergency room, and walks along it, still barely awake. Distantly, we hear SOMEBODY SINGING "WILD THING."

Greene comes around the corner to find a good-looking MAN in his thirties, leaning across the clerical desk, singing vigorously. The night clerk, JERRY, is looking a little disgusted. The man wears sportcoat and tie, and is very drunk. Greene walks up behind him, puts an arm around his shoulder.

GREENE
Come on, Tom.

ROSS
Richie-boy... oooh, did I wake you up?

GREENE
(yawning)
Come on, Tom.

ROSS
You're a real friend. I want you to know that, a real friend, to get out of bed for me.

GREENE
'Sall right. We have a room?

JERRY
Room three is free.

ROSS
Room three is free. Three is free, free for three.

GREENE
Come on, Tom.

He leads Ross down the corridor. Ross flings an arm over Greene's shoulder, and starts singing again: "Wild Thing." They go down the hall, and into a room.

INT. TREATMENT ROOM

Woodward is setting up an I.V. stand by the bed. Greene is rocking back and forth, half asleep on his feet. Ross is taking off his sportcoat, and talking. The whole thing has the aspect of a well-known routine.

(CONTINUED)
ROSS
I want you to know, Richie, I really appreciate this, you may have noticed, I am a little under the weather...
(to Nurse)
Dee five W, no sterile solution, I need the dextrose.

GREENE
(absently)
Give him six hundred milligrams of ASA.

ROSS
Aspirin, that's a good idea, I almost forgot aspirin, that's good thinking, Doctor...

While he is talking, he's rolling up one sleeve, and lying down on the couch. Greene is tourniquetting the forearm, and swabbing it. Ross lies back.

ROSS
Oh, Richie, you should have seen her, you should have seen the knockers, I mean the rack on that girl, and she said to me, 'I didn't know pediatricians could be so sexy,' and I said, 'honey, you ain't seen nothing yet...'
(winces, looks over)
Everything okay?

GREENE
(inserts needle)
Just lie down, Tom.

ROSS
Gimme a fast drip, I need the hydration...

GREENE
Don't worry, Tom.

Ross lies back, then suddenly sits up again, drunkenly solicitous.

ROSS
How is Jennifer, Richie? How is your beautiful wife?

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
Jennifer's fine, Tom...

ROSS
You settle your problems?

GREENE
Everything's fine, Tom, just lie back.

ROSS
That's good, Richie. We'd hate to lose you in the ER.
(sighs)
I can't tell you how much I appreciate this, I really do...

Ross is out cold. Woodward comes in with the aspirin and a cup of water.

WOODWARD
Here's the aspirin...

She looks, stops. Greene is taping down the IV needle.

GREENE
Give him two thousand cc's in a fast-drip, keep an eye on it, don't let it run dry.

WOODWARD
Does he always do this?

GREENE
Only on his nights off.
(turns to leave)
I'm going to bed. Wake me at six-thirty.

He leaves. Woodward steps forward, adjusts the flow valve on Ross's IV.

INT. CORRIDOR

TRACKING Greene as he goes back to his room, enters, closes the door, and lies down on the stretcher again in all his clothes. He sighs, and drops to sleep. Almost immediately, a rectangle of light crosses his body.

WOODWARD (O.S.)
Doctor Greene.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

GREENE

Uuuuh.

WOODWARD (O.S.)

Doctor Greene.

GREENE
(dreaming)
I told him I wouldn't buy that refrigerator, and I won't.

Woodward enters the room and shakes him gently.

WOODWARD

Doctor Greene. Richie.

GREENE
(coming awake)
What is it? Can't the intern take it?

WOODWARD

Can I give Mrs. Williston more morphine? She's complaining of pain.

GREENE

Give her ten milligrams eye-em.

WOODWARD

Thanks, Richie.

The rectangle of light disappears. Dark again. Almost immediately:

WOODWARD (O.S.)

Dr. Greene.

Greene rolls toward the light.

GREENE

What is it?

WOODWARD (O.S.)

It's six-thirty, Doctor Greene.

He gets up, rubs his face. CAMERA MOVES CLOSE TO him. BRING UP sound of SIRENS.
TV IMAGE - A SCAFFOLDING COLLAPSING - DAY

In horrific SLOW MOTION, a scaffolding begins to buckle, the workmen slipping, clinging and then falling, some of them free-fall as boards and steel rods slam down like missiles, striking cars and pedestrians below... Mayhem... Screams...

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
This was the scene at 8:15 this morning at a construction site on the Loop, where a scaffolding collapsed during rush hour. A local cameraman took this extraordinary footage of the tragedy, which so far has left at least twelve people injured...

THE WAITING ROOM

PETER BENTON, a cocky surgical resident, coming to work, sees the TV set. He immediately spins to:

INT. ADMITTING AREA

TIMMY, the day admitting clerk, is talking on the phone, writing.

TIMMY
Yes, well, how many do you figure?
... You got any estimate of the extent of the injuries? Yeah, okay. How long until they arrive? Oh yeah? That soon...

He hangs up. SIRENS still BUILDING. Timmy turns to HATHAWAY, the attractive day head nurse:

TIMMY
Notify the floors, scaffolding collapse on the Loop, they're bringing in ten people, seven critical.

BENTON
(breezy)
Good day for us surgeons...

Benton keeps going. Hathaway goes to a wall phone and dials; Timmy also dials. SIRENS BUILD.

INT. A CORRIDOR

Greene give morning orders to his STUDENT, who makes notes.

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
Mrs. Williston in room four needs a crit and count; the man in five has a question A.M.I. and ought to have a sed rate, S.G.O.T., L.D.H., cardiac enzymes and another 12-lead. The guy in six needs a rectal for bleeding, he may have a C.A. of the bowel, you better rush him for a set of lower GI's, X-ray will say they can't do it but convince them, then the woman in seven is a possible pancreatitis, so we want enzyme levels. Dr. Ross is in eight, sleeping it off, wake him up and get him out of there. In nine, I need a uric acid, a blood sugar, and a --

With SIRENS BUILDING, Benton strolls past them.

GREENE
-- you know what that's about?

BENTON
(nonchalant)
Scaffolding collapsed on the Loop, they're sending a dozen hot ones.

GREENE
(to student)
Forget all that stuff. Who's on now?

BENTON
Just us, guy.

GREENE
(to student)
Call Beth Lewis, call the seventh and eighth floor, tell 'em we need anybody they can spare.

INT. AMBULANCE ENTRANCE DOORS

As they slam open, and blue-uniformed STATE TROOPERS wheel in the first of the stretchers with blood-spattered victims. As they pass the admitting desk.

TIMMY
Room three... that way!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:
The troopers wheel the stretchers. Hathaway with a clipboard trots alongside it. The patient is a man in a suit; most of his body is covered with a blanket, but his shoulders and a part of his face are bloody.

HATHAWAY
What's your name, sir? Tell me your name!

AMBULANCE ENTRANCE DOORS
Another patient on another stretcher, banging through. Timmy passes out forms:

TIMMY
Room six... That way!

The troopers hesitate.

TROOPER
Which way?

TIMMY
(pointing)
That way!

AN EXAMINING ROOM
Ross is sitting up, pulling out his I.V. A bloody body wheeled into the room next to him.

ROSS
Ooh boy. Good morning.

THE AMBULANCE ENTRANCE
The doors swing open again, another patient:

TIMMY
Surgical one, down to the end and right, first door to the right.

The patient, EDWARD WILSON, a middle-aged and distinguished-looking man, appears neat and trim except for his left hand which is wrapped in a bloody towel. CAMERA STAYS WITH the rolling stretcher. The nurse is new, uncertain, GOLDMAN

GOLDMAN
What's your name?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WILSON
Edward Wilson.

GOLDMAN
(writing)
Mr. Wilson, what is your address?

WILSON
Forty-seven...
(wincing)
fourty-seven...

GOLDMAN
Mr. Wilson... uh, sir... uh...

We come around the corner and suddenly, Benton is there, directing, totally in charge. Not casual now.

BENTON
Come on, come on, get him in here, how you doing, sir? Everything's gonna be fine. Is it your hand?

Wilson nods weakly.

BENTON
Okay, let's have a look at it.
Light! Light! Let's get moving now. Sorry about your suit, sir...

A team of workers has descended upon Mr. Wilson, including several orderlies who are cutting away his expensive suit.

BENTON
(unwrapping towel)
You'll be fine, Mr. Wilson, just think pleasant thoughts.
(to team)
Let's have a crit and count, cross match and get it to the bank, we got a pre-op here, notify the OR and get us a room, call vascular...
(glancing at hand)
... and call orthopedic, get them hopping, this is their lucky day. Your hand's still attached, Mr. Wilson, not by much but it'll be okay. I want an EKG and a BUN, now let's move it. You feel anything in your hand, Mr. Wilson?

Wilson shakes his head weakly.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BENTON
We're gonna save your hand for you, Mr. Wilson, don't you worry about a thing.

AMBULANCE ENTRANCE

The doors swing open again, and another victim, a woman of forty, gray hair, and streaks of blood in it; there is a bandage over part of her face.

TIMMY
Room seven. Room seven.
(watches stretcher go)
What a way to start the day.
Morning, Dr. Lewis.

BETH LEWIS, thirties, is running down the corridor.

LEWIS
Hiya, Timmy.

EXAMINING ROOM

Clusters of people working on the injured patient: cutting away the clothing, removing shoes, taking blood pressure, drawing blood, starting an I.V. line, sometimes as many as three people working on a single arm. The patient, JACKSON, is a man. Dialogue is fast.

GREENE
(close to his face)
Mr. Jackson, where does it hurt?

JACKSON
(weak)
My chest.

GREENE
Does it hurt when you breathe?

Jackson nods. Greene picks up his stethoscope.

GREENE
Have you coughed any blood?

JACKSON
No.

GREENE
You ever been in a hospital before?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JACKSON
Once. Broke my leg.

GREENE
(stethoscope to ears)
Let me listen.

He applies stethoscope to chest. While he listens, Lewis appears in doorway; they exchange glances, she moves on.

ANOTHER EXAMINING ROOM

Ross, still in his street clothes, shirtsleeves and tie, drawing blood from the gray-haired WOMAN with streaks of blood. A nurse stands by, HALEH HOMAYOJIAN.

ROSS
Can you move your legs? Move your legs for me, ma'am.

He continues to draw blood, while looking back to see a leg move, then another.

ROSS
Very good. You have any pain in your head? Your neck?

WOMAN
No.

ROSS
Very good. Now I want...

Explosively, she vomits blood all over his shirt and tie. It's shocking but he barely misses a beat.

ROSS
... I want you to tell me if it hurts you to breathe.

WOMAN
No... no...

ROSS
(to Haleh)
She's going into shock. Cover her up, get her matched and start two units as soon as you can with pressure bags. Get the surgeons in here. This is no place for a pediatrician.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

Only then does he look down at his bloody shirt and tie, noticing it for the first time.

AMBULANCE DOORS

slamming open, and another body coming through. A young man, 20's, bearded, workshirt visible above the blanket, BARR. The clerk asks:

TIMMY
How many more?

TROOPER
At least two. Third one's decaptitated.

HATHAWAY
(to Timmy)
What'd he say?

TIMMY
He said two more coming.

SURGICAL EXAMINING ROOM

Two SPECIALISTS examine Wilson's injured hand, which still lies in the bloody towel. Benton delivers a speech to their backs.

BENTON
No sensation radial, median or ulnar, no pulses, temperature and color as you see, we elevated it, he's gotten five hundred cc's of saline by push, crit's thirty-two-five, he's been sent for typing and cross matching: X-ray is waiting, and the O.R. says they'll have a room for you in twenty minutes.

SPECIALIST
Okay. Let's get him out of here.

The Patient is wheeled out of the room. The Specialists start to leave with him, but Benton pulls one back.

BENTON
Listen, you think you can keep that hand?

(CONTINUED)
SPECIALIST
It looks pretty good. I think so.

BENTON
That's good. I told him you'd keep it for him. He's counting on you.

SPECIALIST
Peter, you're a smartass.
(leaning close)
You'd like to do this case yourself, wouldn't you?

Benton is caught -- that's exactly what he wants. He covers with a joke, imitating Rocky:

BENTON
I could do it. Yeah. I feel strong. I feel ready. I could do it, yeah.

SPECIALIST
You're just a second year resident, Peter. Hyper down.

CLOSEUP - BEARDED PATIENT'S FACE

He's the man we've seen earlier, Barr. A woman's hand touches the forehead.

LEWIS (O.S.)
You got a two centimeter incision there to sew up; call the stud, get him going.

Her hand moves down, turning the head left and right.

LEWIS (O.S.)
Neck okay?

BARR
Yeah.

LEWIS
Now you have this abrasion on your shoulder but it's minor. How many fingers?

She holds up three fingers.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BARR

Three.

LEWIS

What's your name?

BARR

John Barr.

LEWIS

Where are you?

BARR

Cook County Memorial.

LEWIS

What day is this?

BARR

St. Patrick's Day.

LEWIS

You're fine.

(to assistant)

Get a set of plain skulls and keep him for observation in case he has a fracture. Vital signs Q-fifteen for two hours.

(to patient)

You're going to be just fine, Mr. Barr.

Barr is grinning at her, half in relief, and half in a sexual come-on.

BARR

You're beautiful.

LEWIS

Thank you.

BARR

You married?

LEWIS

No. I'm a doctor.

BARR

Well then, listen --

LEWIS

(patting arm, smiling)
Take care of yourself. You don't want to fall on your face twice in one day.
ANOTHER SURGICAL ROOM

Benton gently palpates the abdomen of the gray-haired Woman.

BENTON
How much did she vomit?

HALEH
Couple hundred cc's. All over Dr. Ross.

BENTON
Deep breath, ma'am... that's good... now another... any pain? No? How about here?

The patient winces abruptly.

BENTON
All right, ma'am, it's going to be fine...
(to Malik)
Call the O.R. and get a room. Have Ashley and what's-his-name get a look at her if they're around. What's her crit?

MALIK
Twenty-three.

BENTON
Forget Ashley. Get her up to the floor right away, you got a crush injury to the duodenum and...

He pauses to look at the Woman, who is unconscious.

BENTON
Ah hell.
(touches her neck)
No pulse, she's coded. Code blue!

Almost as he speaks, PEOPLE begin pouring into the room on a run, taking up positions around the body.

BENTON
Get a time, it just happened.

HALEH
Six forty-seven.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BENTON
I knew I should have had breakfast this morning. Paddles! Come on! I want four milligrams epinephrine and 275 lidocaine, now! (takes paddles, looks at monitor)
That's a shockable rhythm. Come on! What do you think this is, the World's Fair?

NEAR THE AMBULANCE DOORS
The doors swing open, and two more stretchers fly in.

TIMMY
Surgical two, and surgical three, down and around to the right. (to Goldman running past)
We got anybody in those rooms?

Goldman just shrugs. Hathaway comes up to Timmy.

HATHAWAY
Call Pathology: we got a customer who isn't going to be charged for services.

IN AN EXAMINING ROOM
CLOSE ON AN ASHEN DEAD FACE as Lewis closes the eyes and pulls the sheet over the man's Italian face.

In the adjacent bed, Greene is probing a man's back, FITZKEE. Fitzkee's on his side, away from the death. But Greene has seen.

GREENE
Hurt there? All right, now, I'm going to check your kidneys... (pounds lower back)
That hurt?

FITZKEE
No.

GREENE
Okay, you can lie back. You know what? All you've got is a fracture of your ankle. Everything else is fine.

(CONTINUED)
FITZKEE
Hey, Doc, do I get worker's comp?

Greene looks disgusted. He turns to leave.

GREENE
The story is, you're still alive.

FITZKEE
Yeah, I know, but I got a few bills, and --

As Greene moves away, the patient sees the dead body beside him.

FITZKEE
Oh.

GREENE
(leaving)
Yeah.

INT. BENTON'S SURGICAL EXAMINING ROOM

An aide, Malik, sticking his head into the room.

MALIK
Dr. Benton, you have patients in surgical two and three, one of them looks bad.

BENTON
(still resuscitating)
That's nice, but you see, this lady's heart's stopped and she needs it pretty badly. Call the AR.

MALIK
The other residents are in surgery.

BENTON
Well, get some of them out of surgery.

(flaring anger)
Can't you see I'm busy? Time?

HALEH
Two minutes.

BENTON
(to patient)
Come on, honey. You're making me a little nervous here.
INT. SURGICAL EXAMINING ROOM

A MAN SCREAMING on a stretcher, writhing, sweating: MR. REZEK.

REZEK
Aaaah! Give me something! It hurts! Ah, God!

TWO UNIFORMED TROOPERS stand helplessly at either side of him, not knowing what to do. Lewis enters the room.

LEWIS
Okay, what've we got?
(examining patient)
Get his clothes off him.

The Troopers look perplexed.

LEWIS
Come on, get his goddamned clothes off him!

She herself is unbuttoning Rezek's shirt and pulling away his tie. He is screaming.

REZEK
Gimme something! I can't stand it!

LEWIS
Just a minute, sir, everything is going to be...

She hesitates -- she has uncovered his shoulder: exposed white jagged bones piercing the flesh.

LEWIS
... just fine. We'll get you something for pain, just hold on. Does anything else hurt?

REZEK
My knee. Bad. Aaaah!

At this moment, HATHAWAY comes into the room. She goes past the troopers slipping off the man's shoes, directly to Lewis' side.

LEWIS
Get the bloods, start an IV, notify X-ray we have at least one fracture and call orthopedics.

HATHAWAY
Okay, Beth.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

LEWIS
And give him half a cc of tetanus
and five of morphine right away.

Ross sticks his head in the door. The cops stare at his
bloody shirt front: he looks like a butcher.

ROSS
Anybody need help?

LEWIS
Check his knee.

THE WAITING AREA

Greene comes out, reads his filecard.

GREENE
Mrs. Canelli?... Anybody here named
Canelli? Anybody here a relative
of Mr. Antonio Canelli?

A young man of 25 stands. Tense. Dressed in a Bekins
uniform.

CANELLI
I'm his son.

GREENE
I'm Richie Greene, hi.

As they shake hands, Greene steers him away from the
others, quietly.

CANELLI
My father... he's here?

GREENE
(quietly)
As you know, Mr. Canelli, he was
in the accident this morning. If
you would come with me...

CANELLI
(shouting)
No! Just tell me! Is he here?
Tell me!

Greene tells him, a whisper. The reaction is immediate.
Canelli lunges, begins to pound Greene with clenched
fists.
CANELLI
You bastard you bastard you bastard, don't say that! My father! What are you bastard ... damn...

Greene deflects the blows, which are wild. Canelli turns and starts to pound and kick the wall. Greene tries to comfort him, to keep him from injuring himself. Others waiting are staring.

GREENE
I'm sorry, Mr. Canelli...

CANELLI
You're sorry?...

The others in the waiting room stare dully; they can't hear the words but they know what's happening and they could be next. Canelli sits, starts to cry. Greene comforts him.

SURGICAL EXAMINING ROOM

Rezek is still writhing. Hathaway withdraws a needle.

LEWIS
Okay, Mr. Rezek, you should feel better in a minute...

REZEK
What'd you give me?

LEWIS
Morphine. We're going to get you --

BENTON
(entering with Malik)
OR's waiting for him. Sir, we'll take you up right now. Let's go.

They start to wheel him out. The trolley bumps the door, the man winces and cries out.

BENTON
Easy there! Sorry, sir, but you're going to be just fine, you'll be good as new... (etc.)

Ross and Lewis are alone in the room. They both sigh, exhausted, and an ORDERLY comes in to clean up; they hurry out of the room.
INT. THE HALLWAY

They come out into the hallway. It's clear, stretchers gone.

ROSS
There any others?

HATHAWAY
(passing)
No, that's it.

LEWIS
(increduulous)
That's it?

HATHAWAY
Yeah. Last two were D.O.A.

LEWIS
So that's it.

HATHAWAY
Yeah. For now.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

THE DOCTOR'S LOUNGE

A cheaply furnished room off the waiting room. Here the interns and residents write their reports; there is a coffee machine in the corner; newspapers and patient charts scattered all over the place. Benton, Greene, and Lewis slumped on couches and chairs, watching TV.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And now, here are the headlines for nine o'clock this March seventeenth, St. Patrick's Day. The Japanese Prime Minister said today that Tokyo would end tariffs on rice and other agricultural goods, drawing immediate response...

The NEWS continues over. The three stare dully at the set. When they finally talk, their conversation is desultory; they are exhausted before nine AM.

GREENE
What happened to Ross?

BENTON
He went to change. Somebody barfed on him. That lady.

LEWIS
That lady who arrested?

BENTON
Yeah.

LEWIS
She make it?

BENTON
Yeah. We got her going again. She's in atrial fib, but she's going. She's only fifty.

GREENE
What about that guy's hand?

BENTON
Still in surgery. They'll be working on that all day. Anybody want any coffee?

(CONTINUED)
LEWIS
Yeah, I do.

BENTON
How do you take it?

LEWIS
The same as yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that.

BENTON
(getting up)
They call me a smartass.

LEWIS
(to Greene)
You get any sleep last night?

GREENE
About an hour.

LEWIS
I wish you could buy a sleep in a can, like a beer. I'd buy a six pack.

BENTON
(yawning)
The day is just beginning...
(no coffee)
Damn it, the nurses have been in here again, raiding the coffee.
Why don't they make their own.
I'm going to tell 'em...

He storms toward the door.

GREENE
Never mind.

LEWIS
Never mind.

He stops, hand on the knob.

BENTON
Yeah, never mind.

He pauses, then kicks the door hard, wincing, his foot hurts. He heads back.

GREENE
Don't we get some new students today?

(CONTINUED)
LEWIS
Ross and I do. I hope they're good. The last two were really hopeless.

Hathaway comes in the room with a stack of charts.

HATHAWAY
Is something wrong?

BENTON
You bet there is, we're out of coffee again, because the nurses have been taking it, that's what's wrong.

HATHAWAY
(shrugging)
Make some more.

BENTON
Make some more. We work thirty-six hours on, eighteen off, which is ninety hours a week, fifty-two weeks a year, and for that we are paid twenty-three thousand, seven hundred and thirty-nine dollars... before taxes... and... we also have to make the coffee.

HATHAWAY
(leaving)
My heart is breaking.

BENTON
Well, it's true. Where's the filters?

GREENE
In the fridge.

Greene gets up to get it. Goldman sticks her head in.

GOLDMAN
Dr. Greene, your wife is waiting in the cafeteria.

Greene looks at his watch, winces. He forgot.

GREENE
Damn. Be right there.

Everybody in the room looks over at him. Openly concerned.

(CONTINUED)
It's fine. Everything is fine.

He exits.

CLOSE ON RACHEL, a girl of four, spooning cereal as her attractive mother, JENNIFER, watches.

RACHEL
I don't want any more.

JENNIFER
Just a few more bites, Rachel.

Greene comes up, rubs his daughter's head.

GREENE
Hi, Rach.
(kisses wife)
Sorry, Jen, we got busy...

RACHEL
Dad, I don't want any more.

JENNIFER
You're always busy.

GREENE
(sitting down)
Yeah, I guess we are.

RACHEL
It tastes ucky.

JENNIFER
It's so hard to plan, I thought we were going to have breakfast together...

GREENE
We had a big one. Scaffolding collapsed, twelve major cases, lotta trauma.

JENNIFER
(concerned)
You getting any sleep?

GREENE
Oh, sure. I'm okay.

(CONTINUED)
JENNIFER
You look tired, Richie.

RACHEL
Yeah, Dad, you look tired.

GREENE
(joking; to daughter)
Oh I do, do I?

JENNIFER
Your eyes.

RACHEL
And your ears, too.

GREENE
(smiling)
My ears are tired? Sounds terrible.

Sitting beside his daughter, he points to cereal.

GREENE
You going to eat any more of that? (she shakes "no")

Can I?

He starts eating the rest of her cereal.

RACHEL
It's ucky.

Jennifer is watchful through all this. She has her own agenda today.

JENNIFER
So: what have you decided, Richie?

GREENE
About what?

JENNIFER
About the meeting today. With Harris.

GREENE
I'll go.

JENNIFER
You won't forget? Or get too busy?

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
Promise.

JENNIFER
Because I know they're looking for a new associate, and this could be the perfect time --

GREENE
Jen, I'll go. Really.

JENNIFER
I just think, you join a practice, and we could have a life, you could come home for dinner, see your family, be a normal human being...

GREENE
(edge)
I'll meet Harris today. Okay?

JENNIFER
Okay. Good. I just... I hope you like it.

Greene nods, eats. Doesn't answer.

THE DOCTOR'S LOUNGE

The TV shows preparations for the St. Patrick's Day parade. Benton, and Lewis now have coffee. Benton stands by the door, looking through the little window in the door out at the admitting area.

BENTON
Oh, will you look... at... that.

The others get up to look, crowding around the window.

WHAT THEY SEE

Standing by the admitting desk is a young man with a white coat, obviously A MEDICAL STUDENT. He is in every respect immaculate. He is asking questions of Timmy.

BACK TO SCENE

GREENE
That's the first tailored white coat I've ever seen.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BENTON
Isn't he lovely?

LEWIS
Lovely.

GREENE
Think he knows anything?

LEWIS
He knows how to dress.

BENTON
Well, he's my student, I'll find out.

He goes out the door. We see Benton go up and greet the Student. They shake hands.

BENTON AND THE STUDENT

STUDENT
John Carter.

BENTON
Peter Benton. You're the surgical student?

CARTER (STUDENT)
Yes. Third year.

BENTON
(rapid fire)
Well, we'll be spending a lot of time together. Let me show you around, so you'll be oriented. This is the admitting desk, if you need somebody paged or a chart called up, get it here. This is Timmy, he cracks under pressure, don't bother him.

(as Timmy frowns)
Now this way is the lab...

He leads Carter off.

THE LAB

Small, efficient, messy. They poke their heads in.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BENTON
We do crits, counts, spindowns, the technician's on until two A.M., otherwise do it yourself. Chemistries get marked with these slips and put at the desk. Mark everything 'stat' whether you want it fast or not. The chem lab is 7022 and the heme lab is 6944, memorize 'em, you'll be on the phone a lot.

He exits. Carter hurries to follow.

THE HALLWAY

They walk briskly. Carter confused, as they stop at a cart.

BENTON
We have four IV carts. In this place, everybody gets an IV the minute they come through the door. Use an angiocath with a sixteen needle, you need a large bore in case they're bleeding and you have to transfuse them by push. You know how to start an IV?

CARTER
Actually, ah... No.

BENTON
I thought you were third year.

CARTER
All I've done is dermatology and psychiatry.

BENTON  (disdainful)
The well-dressed specialties. You'll find that surgeons actually try to help people, not just bill them.

Benton picks up some of the IV paraphernalia in disposable plastic packets, which he tears open while talking at breakneck speed.
BENTON
Okay, here's your angiocath, the best way to go is low, pull the skin tight so the veins don't roll, and slip it in. Once you're in, pull this gizmo back, and tape the thing down. Now... this is Barbara Hathaway, she's the head nurse, John Carter...

CARTER
Hi.

HATHAWAY
(passing)
Hi.

BENTON
... she's terrific, keep your hands off her, she goes with an orthopod who was a Big Ten tackle and looks like King Kong. Now once you have the angiocath in the vein, you hook it up to your tubing here, like so, here's your flowball, up is faster, down is slower. Got it?

Carter is confused, nods. Benton still going fast.

BENTON
You want a slowish drip, maybe once every second or two.
(picks up bottles)
IV fluids are dee-five W and sterile saline and if you mix up antibiotics, you inject it straight into the bottles, and be sure to label 'em, with the date, use tape. You know how to tear tape.

CARTER
Well, uh...

BENTON
Man, you don't know anything important about being a doctor. To be a doctor you got to tear tape right, the patients are looking to see if you know what you're doing. Pull like so, and tear vertically. Hmnm?
(MORE)
CONTINUED: (2)

BENTON (CONT'D)
Before you put the IV in tear a few lengths of tape, put 'em by the bedside, so you're ready to tape up as soon as you're in the vein. Armboards are in every room, that's all there is to it. Okay?

He drops the needle and tubing in Carter's hands, walks on. Carter follows, examining it.

CARTER
Okay...

They pass a stretcher in the hallway. A small boy is curled-up on it, in street clothes. He looks isolated. Nobody around him.

BENTON
(to Goldman)
Get Dr. Ross. Is this kid alone? Is his family here? I mean, he's all alone here.

GOLDMAN
Dr. Ross is off the floor.

BENTON
Never leave a kid alone like this.

They walk on.

BENTON
All along here are medical examining rooms. This is where the pill-pushers kill their victims. But if the surgical EKG is on the blink, you can steal one of theirs. You know how to do an EKG? No? Get one of the girls to show you, I can't do everything. Here's the surgical rooms...

INT. SURGICAL ROOM

BENTON
This is where the real action is. We use this phone to call the O.R.: extension 6440, memorize it. X-ray is around the corner, they're a bunch of idiots, they scare the shit out of the patients and make 'em wait too long, so whenever you can, go with your patients to X-ray and don't let 'em get scared or hurt.
BACK IN THE HALLWAY

Moving briskly. Carter is visibly sagging.

BENTON
Mark all X-ray requisitions stat and call for readings. The X-ray residents are always out taking a leak or something, you have to keep on them.

Coming the other way is MORGENSTERN, 59, stocky and sarcastic.

BENTON
And this is Dr. Morgenstern, the head of the ER, don’t mess with him, he eats students for breakfast.

Morgenstern shakes hands in a friendly way.

MORGENSTERN
Al Morgenstern.

CARTER
John Carter.

MORGENSTERN
When did that severed hand go up?

BENTON
Vascular took it, an hour ago.

MORGENSTERN (to Carter)
Dr. Benton is one of our best residents. Learn everything you can from him... except attitude.

They walk on. Despite himself, Benton is a little wounded.

BENTON
He didn’t really mean that.

MORGENSTERN (O.S.)
Yes, I did.

They come to the entrance to the suture room.

BENTON
Here’s your room, where you’ll be sewing people up. You know how to suture? No.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BENTON (CONT'D)
Okay, I'll show you that one.
(to a passing Haleh)
We got anybody to sew?

HALEH
How would I know?

BENTON
There's a great spirit of camaraderie around here, everybody helps out. Here's the suture room, let's see...

INT. SUTURE ROOM

It looks like a small version of the surgical room. A fortyish housewife, HARPER, is waiting there with her hand under a RUNNING FAUCET.

BENTON
Good morning, ma'am, I'm Dr. Benton and this is Dr. Carter. Let's have a look... How'd you do this?

HARPER
I broke one of the breakfast dishes.

BENTON
It's a clean cut, we'll have you fixed up in no time...

He leads her smoothly along to the little table.

BENTON
That's it, ma'am, just sit down... Adjust your light so you have plenty of light. Now you'll have to fill out the record, describing the position of the injury and its nature, superficial one point five centimeter laceration of left digital finger, allegedly occurred doing breakfast dishes. Get that alleged in there, remember the patient's chart is a legal document, you don't know whether the story is true or not. Get the injury exposed and test for any damage to nerve and tendons.

(MORE)
BENTON (CONT'D)
You know how to test for... well, here's how you do it.
(pricking with pin)
You feel this?

HARPER
Yes...

BENTON
Can you move your finger?

HARPER
Of course, it's just a cut.

GOLDMAN
(sticks her head in)
Dr. Benton, we have a policeman coming in with gunshot wound to the lower extremity.

BENTON
Put him in room two, notify X-ray, I'll be right there.

Meanwhile he has been taking out a suture kit.

BENTON
Now, here's all your stuff. Ask the patient if she's allergic to locals or any drug. This is Lidocaine but say Novocaine, they've heard of that. You have to ask, it's malpractice if you don't. You allergic to Novocaine?

HARPER
(hasn't been listening)
What's that?

BENTON
Novocaine, like at the dentist.

HARPER
My teeth are okay.

BENTON
I know, but are you allergic to Novocaine? No reactions, rashes, anything?

(CONTINUED)
HARPER
(as if it
were obvious)
No, of course not.

BENTON
Fine. Now you inject both sides
of the wound, expelling as you go,
now you have to put on gloves by
yourself, sterile. You know how
to put on gloves? No? Great.

SCREAMING INFANT

perhaps fourteen months old, bellowing. Ross writhes
and twists, trying to peer into the kid’s ear with his
otoscope.

ROSS
And he tugged on his ear all
night?

MOTHER (O.S.)
He was pulling on it, yes.

ROSS
Aaaah... there it is, nice and
red...

(straightening)
He has otitis media, we’ll give
him a shot and he’ll be fine.

As Ross straightens, the CAMERA SEES the MOTHER, in her
late twenties and very pretty.

ROSS
(to Haleh)
I want a hundred units procaine
pen G for this fellow...
(to Mother)
... he should be fine by tonight,
if he’s not better by morning,
give me a call, okay? Nice to
see you. Bye, Tiger.

And he’s gone from the room.

MOTHER
He’s very handsome.

HALEH
He knows it.
INT. HALLWAY

Ross strolls down, hands in pockets, smiling at everyone. He sees an attractive young woman, TRACY YOUNG, in a white coat, and smiles more broadly as she comes up to him.

YOUNG

Dr. Ross?

He can't believe his good fortune.

ROSS

At your service.

YOUNG

(shaking hands)
I'm Tracy Young, your third year student.

ROSS

(all charm)
Well, hi, Tracy Young, nice to meet you. For the next few weeks, we'll be working closely together, so --

YOUNG

(crisply; dropping his hand)
Not that closely, Dr. Ross. But I'll do my best to help you out. Now, if you'll tell me what to do I'll get started...

ROSS

(wounded)
I'm just trying to be friendly...

YOUNG

(still crisp)
I have all the friends I need, thank you. Shall we get started?

INT. ADMITTING ROOM

JOHN ERVIN, a black man in worn overcoat sits with his hands in his lap; very proper, very rigid. Greene is talking with him.

GREENE

So this happened when you woke up?

ERVIN

Yes, when I got up from bed.

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
And are you still seeing double now?

ERVIN
No.

GREENE
How many fingers?

ERVIN
(correctly)
Three.

GREENE
How long did it last?

ERVIN
About an hour.

GREENE
You ever have trouble with your eyes before?

ERVIN
No, never.

GREENE
Did you have any pain while you were seeing double? Headache?
(Errin shakes no)
Trouble with your balance? Funny taste in your mouth? Flashing spots before your eyes? Weakness in your arms or legs?

ERVIN
No, none of those things. No.

GREENE
Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Ervin, I can call a neurologist to go over you, but that'll cost you another two hundred dollars. If you don't have any symptoms now, I'd leave well enough alone. Come back if you have any further trouble.

ERVIN
(sudden anger)
You're just saying that because I'm black.

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
Mr. Ervin, I'm just trying to
save you some money. You don't
have insurance and --

ERVIN
-- You wouldn't talk like this if
I wasn't black. You Jewish,
right?

GREENE
(resigned, to Timmy)
Call a neuro consult for Mr. Ervin,
cee-cee transient diplopia, and
bill him.

At that moment, the ambulance doors swing open. A COP
is wheeled in on a stretcher, his leg bloody. He is
groaning with pain.

TIMMY
Room five, down and around.

HALEH
(coming up)
These are stat chemistries, phone
them in, Timmy.

The chaos in the room is growing; Greene looks at his
watch.

GREENE
Timmy, I'm going off the floor for
a while. I promised my wife I'd
go to an appointment...

TIMMY
(distracted)
Okay, fine...
(shouting)
Not there! Room five! Five!

GREENE
Get Beth to cover for me.

He walks through the waiting room, past people in the
cheap metal chairs with ragged vinyl cushions. As he
goes out, he passes A CONSTRUCTION WORKER pounding a Coke
machine, and swearing. SIRENS build in the background.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

A large modern entrance. Greene crosses to the
elevator bank.
INT. ELEVATORS

They are clean, wood-panelled. This is the private wing of the hospital. PATIENTS, all well-dressed. Greene tugs at his tie, suddenly feeling rumpled and grungy.

INT. HARRIS GROUP OFFICE

Contemporary, spacious offices in trendy post-modern style: purple and gray walls, lots of glass brick and Italian lamps. It looks incredibly rich. The PATIENTS waiting are expensively dressed in Armani; pimply teenage kids twirling car keys, etc. Soft soothing MUSIC: it's another world.

Greene goes up to the curving reception desk, where FOUR RECEPTIONISTS sit: one black, one white, one Asian, one Hispanic. All with beautiful skin.

GREENE

I'm Dr. Greene, I'm here to see Dr. Harris...

MOVING THROUGH THE OFFICE COMPLEX

Greene walks with MORT HARRIS, 60, who looks like a movie star in a two thousand dollar suit. He's ultra smooth. Spanking clean hallways crowded with white-suited AIDES.

HARRIS

We have our eleven treatment rooms along here... you see a lot of support staff, you won't waste valuable time on trivia.

(chuckles)

We like to keep our productivity up -- before the damn government starts messing in patient care...
The office for our next associate's here...

Through an open door, a richly appointed office: 19th Century desk. Greene's impressed.

HARRIS

As junior man, you'd do all the calls and weekends for a year or so. Compensation, we start you at a hundred and twenty thousand a year, plus bonuses. Senior people make anywhere from two hundred up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
HARRIS (CONT'D)
The group has a condo in Jamaica and another one in Aspen. Al Morgenstern says you're the sharpest guy the ER ever had, and you probably like the action. But this is a nice life, Richie. And we find the practice intellectually challenging, so we send our physicians to all the major conferences -- last year, Maui, Paris, Rome... We're proud to practice the best medicine we possibly can here.

They have come back to the main entrance, now arriving behind the curving reception desk. We see A LOT OF PEOPLE DOING BILLING.

GREEENE
(mixed feelings)
Seems great...

HARRIS
You like it? We had Predock redesign it. We redesign every couple of years, keeps us looking fresh.

GREEENE
Terrific...

Harris sees he's staring at the financial aspects of the office.

HARRIS
We're very efficient with billing. (beat)
Everybody's got a family, my wife wants to shop, kids get older, you need private school, college... You've got to think of all that, Richie. ER's a young man's game. You think you're doing good, but... there's a lot to life. And a lot of responsibility. Think about it.

GREEENE
I will. (CONTINUED)
HARRIS
You have time for lunch? We could
go to the Crown Club... They've
got a great porcini pasta, no
oil...

GREENE
I've got to get back.

HARRIS
(shaking hands)
Maybe next week. Think about
this, Richie. We'd love to have
you. Oh, Mrs. McCormick, how are
you?

(he moves to her)
I thought the Field Museum ball
went beautifully, you must be
proud. Margo loved the flower
arrangements...

Greene is abandoned, makes his own way out. At the door,
he pauses, and looks back a moment at the elegant
tranquility.

INT. ER PATIENT AREA

NOISY and chaotic, a babble of VOICES and ACCENTS.
Greene enters, back in the thick of it. He goes to the
desk, gets the next file, comes back to an elderly Polish
woman. She has her GRANDCHILD on the floor, playing with
a plastic Ninja sword.

GREENE
Mrs. Kosinski? I'm Dr. Greene.
What's your problem?

The kid repeatedly whacks Greene on the legs with the
sword.

GREENE
Mrs. Kosinski?
(to kid)
Would you stop that?

GRANDCHILD
No. You can't make me.

GREENE
Would you ask him to stop it?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GREENE (CONT'D)

Mrs. Kosinski? What's your problem?

The woman answers in rapid Polish. Greene blinks.

THE SUTURE ROOM

Benton and Carter working on the suture.

BENTON

Now, when you're tying off, make your sutures loose, because remember the tissues will swell over the next forty-eight hours. I like to space 'em the way you see them here, and...

HALEH

... Dr. Benton, the policeman is here.

BENTON

Coming...

(to Carter)

You finish up.

Carter looks stricken. Benton strips off his gloves, and strides out. Carter picks up the needle holder and forceps.

CARTER

Now, this isn't going to hurt at all.

His hands start to shake as he begins working.

THE NEXT ROOM

Benton, striding into room where the Cop is writhing in pain.

BENTON

(heartily)

I'm Dr. Benton. What have we here?

HALEH

(cuts away pants)

This is officer Martin. He's got a gunshot injury to the medial calf.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

BENTON
(bending over wound)
How'd this happen, Mr. Martin?

MARTIN (COP)
I did it.

BENTON
(poking around wound)
What'd you say?

MARTIN
I said, I did it, I shot myself in the goddamned leg.

BENTON
Oh. How'd that happen?

MARTIN
Will you just fix it...? I had a fight with my wife.

BENTON
(probing)
That make sense... Can you wiggle your toes for me?

ANOTHER EXAMINING ROOM

A solemn-faced boy of eight is sitting up on the cot. Ross stands to one side letting Tracy Young talk to the kid while the mother, SARAH LOGAN, a shrewish tense woman, hovers.

YOUNG
(gently)
Now what happened, Billy?

LOGAN
His school sent him home, they said he vomited blood.

YOUNG
Can you tell me how it happened, Billy?

LOGAN
He's a very high-strung child, always has been, very tense, very nervous.

YOUNG
How did it happen, Billy?
LOGAN
They said it was right after he
got to homeroom, right while they
were having the morning
announcements, he vomited blood.

YOUNG
(still gently)
Mrs. O'Hara, would you wait outside
while I examine Billy.

Why?

YOUNG
It's just a procedure.

LOGAN
I think I should be here, I'm
worried about Billy, he needs me.

YOUNG
Please wait outside.

LOGAN
(exploding)
Look, Doctor, I don't know who you
think you are, but this is my son,
and I want to be here with him,
when he needs me. He's very high-
strung.

Ross slides in, all charm.

ROSS
You're absolutely right, Mrs.
O'Hara, you really love your son,
I see that.

(steering her to door)
And you want him to be treated as
quickly as possible, so it's
best...

(they are at the door)
... if you'd just take a seat down
there... and we'll be with you in
just a few minutes.

She hesitates at the door, looking back at Billy, then
leaves. Ross closes the door, returns to Billy.

ROSS
Charm's not all bad.
(to child)
Did you vomit blood, Billy?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

The boy nods.

ROSS
Do you have any pain?

The boy nods.

ROSS
Can you point to the pain?

He points to his stomach.

ROSS
Have you ever vomited blood before?

The boy nods.

ROSS
Many times?

The boy nods. Ross turns to Young.

ROSS
First eight-year-old ulcer patient I've seen...

THE SUTURE ROOM

Carter's still working on the Woman's finger, humming a little to himself as he goes. Benton sticks his head in the door.

BENTON
Still here? What do you think you're doing, the Sistine Chapel? Finish her up and start an I.V. in room five.

Carter nods, and finishes the finger. He bandages it, stands. The housewife sits up, looks at the bandaged finger.

HARPER
Thank you, Doctor.

CARTER
You're very welcome.

He collects the junk and dumps it in the wastebasket, starts to leave.

(CONTINUED)
HARPER
When do I come back to have the stitches out?

CARTER
(has no idea)
Oh. Uh... uh... three weeks.

HARPER
When my son had stitches in his foot, they said ten days.

CARTER
Well, ten days, three weeks, anywhere in there, it'll be fine.

She leaves. Carter exits, crosses the hall, pushes open the swinging door, and enters with false heartiness.

CARTER
Good morning, I'm Dr. Carter, what seems to be the problem?

MARTIN
What does it look like? I shot myself in the leg.

CARTER
Well, uh, yes, we'll have you fixed up in no time...

MARTIN
... you guys all keep saying that...

CARTER
... but first we have to start a little IV.

MARTIN
I don't give a damn, just hurry it up.

CARTER
Yes, sir.

He goes to a side table, picks up equipment; he fumbles to put together the tubing, and the needle at the end, then he hangs the bottle from an I.V. stand and water spurts through the needle over Officer Martin's face.

CARTER
Oh, excuse me...

(CONTINUED)
The cop looks annoyed to the point of violence; Carter hastily closes the valve, then realizes he has an exposed sterile needle and he isn't ready to insert it; he has to put it somewhere, and he goes through some fumbling looping with the tubing to try and keep the needle from touching anything.

CARTER
(thinking aloud)
Now... an armboard... armboard...
(finds an armboard)
Tape.

He tears off two pieces with great expertise, but a third piece twists around, catching on his fingers. He works to get free.

MARTIN
(looking away)
I tell you, I felt like belting her in the mouth, I really did... and then I go and shoot myself in the leg...

CARTER
Well, these things happen, you know.

MARTIN
You must see a lot of stuff, working in a place like this.

CARTER
Oh, sure... All the time.

Finally free of the tape, he puts a tourniquet on the arm and picks up the hand to examine the veins. He looks at one side then the other, then the other side again. He really has no fucking idea what he's doing. The cop bunches his fists.

MARTIN
I wanted to kill her. Kill her!

CARTER
(sweating)
All right, now... You'll feel a little needle. Oh, wait a minute.

He has forgotten to swab the site with alcohol. He drops the needle, catches it, tears open the swab, uses it, trying all the while to keep his cool.

(CONTINUED)
The cop is not watching closely, but it's hard to miss the lack of assuredness.

MARTIN
Hey, Doc, don't mind my asking, but you ever done this before?

CARTER
Officer, I'd hate to tell you how often I've done this before.

The cop lies back, Carter makes ready.

CARTER
Now, you'll feel a little pinprick...

He makes his jab.

MARTIN
Ow!

CARTER
Oh, come on, now, that wasn't bad... but we missed the vein, try again...

He pulls out the needle, and blood spurts from the needle site. He quickly puts his finger over it, uses one of his pieces of tape to cover the hole.

MARTIN
(eyes closed)
Damn.

CARTER
Sorry...

MARTIN
I feel like a fool, shooting myself this way, I hope it doesn't get out, I mean, there's a professional thing with a patient and a doctor, where you don't tell what happened, right?

CARTER
Right. Professional relationship. I'll never tell.

(CONTINUED)
MARTIN
My wife's okay, we don't argue much, but sometimes...
(wincing at needle prick)
I'm just glad I didn't kill her, with my temper...

CARTER
(sweating)
Afraid we missed again, have to try one more time, your veins are pretty tricky, has anybody told you that before? You have tough veins.

Carter tapes the third puncture site and moves around the bed with all his equipment. He's sweating. The cop looks at his pincushion arm reflectively.

MARTIN
Tough veins, huh? Everybody in my family's tough. Everybody in my family's a cop, y' know? And my wife, she has two brothers, one's a pharmacist, and the other one, he's studying to be a doctor.

Carter has set up, tourniquetted the other arm, swabbed the veins, and is ready to stick again.

CARTER
Uh huh...

MARTIN
My wife is a beautiful woman. I'm not proud to beat up a woman even if she asks for it, but sometimes... I'm just glad I didn't knock her through the wall and break her neck, you know?

CARTER
I got it.
(can't believe it)
I got it! Don't move. Don't move, don't move...
(tears tape)
It's in the vein, just don't move at all.

Not only does the cop not move his arm, he doesn't move a muscle of his body, only his eyes flick back and forth as he watches Carter work. Carter tapes the needle.

(CONTINUED)
CARTER
There you go, officer, you got an IV and everything's gonna be just fine, now. There.

MARTIN
Can I move?

CARTER
(adjusts drip)
Sure, move around, you're fine.

Cop moves, looks at his hand with the needle.

MARTIN
Huh.

CARTER
Well, that's all I can do for you for the moment, they'll be taking you to X-ray soon and then to surgery...

MARTIN
Surgery?

CARTER
Believe me, the worst is over.

A BURLY TOUGH WOMAN, 35, heavy makeup, bursts in.

MRS. MARTIN
Is my husband here? Oh, Johnny!

She rushes forward past Carter. Throws herself on him.

MRS. MARTIN
Oh, Johnny, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to do it, I don't know what happened, it just went off, I didn't mean to hurt you honest to God, I'm sorry...
(to Carter)
Is it really bad?

Carter's mouth falls open. He shuts it. The Woman blabbers and hugs the cop, who stares hard at Carter.

CARTER
He's going to be fine.

MARTIN
Professional. Right?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (6)

CARTER

You got it.

Carter leaves, going down the hallway, wiping his brow, toward the admitting area.

THE ADMITTING AREA

Greene talks to the Polish woman through an INTERPRETER. The clerk is on the phone.

INTERPRETER

She says it started yesterday.

GREENE

And was the urine pink, or bright red?

The Interpreter asks, and gets a reply.

INTERPRETER

She says, pink.

GREENE

Has her urine ever been brown?

While this questioning goes on, a cab driver comes in in considerable haste and goes to the emergency admitting desk. Timmy is on the phone; the CABBY taps him for his immediate attention. He has snow on his shoulders.

CABBY

Hey, buddy.

TIMMY

(into phone)
Just a minute. What is it?

CABBY

I got a lady pregnant in my cab outside.

TIMMY

I'm sorry, we don't do deliveries. You've got to take her to County.

(back into phone)
Now what was the enzyme?

CABBY

Hey man, she's gonna have a baby whether you deliver 'em or not.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Greene, immersed in his Polish conversation, has apparently not heard the conversation with the Cabby, but he spins now, turns to Carter.

GREENE
Come on!

He races through ambulance doors, Carter follows. We HOLD ON the Polish Woman and her translator. The translator explains Greene had some pressing problem. The woman looks concerned.

EXT. EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - DAY - SNOW

A TAXI pulled up to the emergency entrance. Snow swirls in high wind. Orderlies, directed by Greene, are getting a BLACK PREGNANT WOMAN out of the cab and onto a rolling stretcher; the Woman is in the final stages of labor. Carter is overwhelmed by all the impressions, and all he can manage to say is:

CARTER
When did it start snowing?

GREENE
Come on, Doctor, help me here.

BACK INSIDE - TRACKING WITH GURNEY

Down a corridor, the Woman is wincing. Greene is at her head; Carter is pulling the gurney.

PREGNANT WOMAN
It's starting... I feel it coming...

GREENE
(to Cabot)
Hold in the head! She's delivering in the hallway.

CARTER
But...

GREENE
Put your hand between her legs and hold the head in!

Still rolling at a full clip, Carter reaches down with his hand between the Woman's legs and holds the head in.

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
(to Woman)
Pant like a dog, pant like a dog,
that's it...
(to techs)
Room three...
(to Nurse)
Get anaesthesia, get me the
pediatrician, set up the stirrups.

HATHAWAY
You doing an episiotomy?

GREENE
No time. She's crowned.

They wheel into a room, and everybody dashes off in all
directions except Carter, who is left with his hand in
the Woman's crotch, holding in the head. Greene washes
at the sink.

CARTER
What should I do?

GREENE
Just what you're doing, Doctor.

The Woman screams again in contraction. A nurse comes
in, and does a quickie draping. She sees snow on the
Woman's overcoat.

HALEH
Is it snowing out there?

GREENE
(to Carter)
Now, when I'm scrubbed, I'll take over,
and you scrub.
(to Haleh)
Where's anaesthesia?

HALEH
They're all called, Doctor; you
want a gown?

GREENE
I'm gonna have to catch this one
any way I can.

Ross enters the room, takes one look.

ROSS
No kidding.

(MORE)
ROSS (CONT'D)
(goes to Woman's side)
Okay, dear, you'll be fine, just pant, pant, that's right...
good... Is it snowing?

CARTER
Yeah, it's snowing.

ROSS
Snowing on March seventeenth.
This is ridiculous.

The Woman groans.

HALEH
It's okay, ma'am, you're gonna be fine.

Greene has slipped on a pair of gloves, and moves into the delivery area.

GREENE
(to Carter)
Okay, I got it.

Carter steps aside.

GREENE
Okay, here we go. Push on the next one...

He starts the delivery; Carter goes to the sink, but doesn't bother to scrub, he just watches, with the water running.

ANAESTHETIST
(entering)
Well, well, well...

The ANAESTHETIST goes to the Woman's head, and Ross goes to scrub.

ANAESTHETIST
Is it snowing?

GREENE
Head's clear, now the arm... ma'am, you've got a very beautiful little boy.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

We hear the SOUND of an INFANT CRYING. The baby is placed in a towel in the nurse's hands.

**GREENE**

Clamp, please.

**ANAESTHETIST**

When did it start snowing?

Carter stares at the child, fascinated by the impromptu miracle he's just witnessed.

**HALEH**

What's your name, ma'am?

**PREGNANT WOMAN**

Ferguson.

**HALEH**

What's your first name, Mrs. Ferguson?

Carter stares. Sound fades. Everybody is doing what they do: Greene getting the placenta, the nurse talking to the mother, Ross cleaning the baby, the BABY CRYING. But it is still a miracle. Carter entranced, until --

**BENTON**

(sticking head in room)

Dr. Carter, you have three suture cases waiting for you in the back room. Get cracking. You're not on the medical service, these people don't need any help, they can botch it up on their own.

Carter, rousing himself from a reverie, leaves the room.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

52 IN THE LAB

looking at a slide under the microscope stage.

MALIK

You seen Dr. Ross?

LEWIS

No.

MALIK

They need him for a delivery in room three.

LEWIS

I'll tell him if I see him.

She peers for a moment, then looks off.

LEWIS

A delivery?

She shrugs, looks at the slide again.

53 INSERT - THE SLIDE

A microscopic view of little dot-like micro-organisms.

54 THE HALLWAY

Lewis passing Hathaway.

LEWIS

A million two of pen G for the gentleman in room four, and remind him he has to come back in two days.

HATHAWAY

Right.

Lewis keeps going, STAY WITH Hathaway as she goes to the medicine cabinet, unlocks it with a key she carries on a ribbon around her neck, and plucks out the penicillin. She fills a syringe.

GOLDMAN

Hey, Barb, are we out of oral ampicillin?

(CONTINUED)
HATHAWAY  
(not looking)
Yeah, we ordered some yesterday.  
Call down again.

HALEH  
Hey, Barb, Dr. Ross wants to know  
if we have any P.K.U. cards.

HATHAWAY  
Tell him no, he'll have to try and  
get a blue-top from the baby.

HALEH  
He says he can't get it.

HATHAWAY  
Try calling chemistry, they may  
have some in the lab, but he's  
probably got to get a tube one  
way or another.

MALIK  
Hey, Barb, they're complaining in  
the doctors' lounge that they're  
out of coffee again.

HATHAWAY  
Then tell them...

She breaks off, utterly exasperated, and then dismisses  
the Orderly with a wave of the hand.

HATHAWAY  
I'm tied up.

CLOSE ON AN X-RAY  
MOVING VERTICALLY DOWN a VIEW of a leg. Radiologist  
dictates:

RADIOLOGIST (O.S.)  
Patient Martin, Jonathan, AO45337,  
anterior and lateral right lower  
extremity. Femur, articulation,  
patella, tibia and fibula all  
appear normal. There is a density  
in the musculature of the lateral  
calf measuring...

(MORE)  
(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RADIOLOGIST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(uses a ruler)
... approximately one centimeter
by one centimeter, consistent
with a foreign body, and there is
local edema of the surrounding
tissues.

PAN OFF the X-ray to A RADIOLOGIST. Benton standing
impatiently.

BENTON
A bullet, that's what you'd call
it, a bullet.

RADIOLOGIST
(unhurried)
There is no apparent fragmentation
of the foreign body, and distal
portions of the tibia and fibula
appear...

BENTON
Come on, come on...

RADIOLOGIST
... within normal limits. Impression:
foreign body in the right extremity
consistent with possible bullet.

BENTON
Thank you very much.
(taking films)
You mind if I take these? We
have a guy with a bullet in his
leg and he'd like to go to the
O.R. and have it out.

RADIOLOGIST
You rush, you make mistakes, you
miss things.

BENTON
A philosopher...

Benton leaves. The Radiologist raises his fist in an
Italian fuck-you, puts up the next set of films:

RADIOLOGIST
Patient Ellison, Martha, number
GL23670, A.P. and lateral plain
skull views. There is no
evidence of fracture and no
density changes consistent with...
IN THE CORRIDOR

Greene talking on the wall phone.

GREENE
That's right, we had a U.A. and a sed rate, the patient is Sarah Morton. M-O-R... What do you mean? We sent it to you an hour ago. An hour ago. Come on, don't give me that, it's twelve o'clock and that was a stat determination. Well, do you have the sed rate? What're you doing down there, picking your noses?

A man is wheeled past on a stretcher. On Greene's questioning look:

HALEH
Chest pain two hours, question A.M.I.

Greene nods. Back to phone:

GREENE
I'll talk to you any goddamn way I want to, if I send you a stat chemistry I want it within the hour and not sometime next month ... yeah, well, we're busy, too.

Hangs up irritably, looks at Malik.

GREENE
It's not even lunchtime. Wait'll they start going to lunch. That's when they really slow down.

THE WAITING ROOM

Greene surveys ten people waiting to be examined.

GREENE
Who's in bad shape, Timmy?

TIMMY
Lady on the right, passed out in the library, her record shows heart history.

GREENE
Okay. Somebody got that A.M.I. just came in?

(CONTINUED)
TIMMY

Lewis.

Greene takes a record, goes over to the lady.

GREENE
Hello, I'm Doctor Greene. What seems to be the trouble...
(reading chart)
Mrs. O'Rourke?

CONFUSED WOMAN
I'm not Mrs. O'Rourke.

GREENE
Mrs. O'Rourke?

A woman at another side raises her hand; she's late fifties, timid.

MRS. O'ROURKE
Here.

Greene shoots Timmy a look; Timmy shrugs.

GREENE
I'm Dr. Greene. Tell me what happened.

MRS. O'ROURKE
(terrified understatement)
I just got to feel faint, is all.

GREENE
(thumbing chart)
You're a librarian, Mrs. O'Rourke?

MRS. O'ROURKE
Yes, at the museum, I work there.

GREENE
Did you pass out?

MRS. O'ROURKE
Yes.

GREENE
And what were you doing at the time?

(CONTINUED)
MRS. O'ROURKE
Sitting at the late books desk, same as always.

GREENE
This has happened to you before?

She nods, slowly, obviously very tense; they both understand an implication we do not.

MRS. O'ROURKE
They say I have bones in my heart. That's what the last doctor told me.

GREENE
Uh-huh...
(feels her neck)
Mrs. O'Rourke, I want a specialist to see you, you just wait here.
(to Timmy)
Get a cardiology consult here for an A.S. with a history of syncope at rest.

Mrs. O'Rourke overhears this with a worried look.

GREENE
I just said that something's wrong with one of the valves of your heart, and we want a specialist to look at you.

MRS. O'ROURKE
Will I have to have an operation?

GREENE
Well, Mrs. O'Rourke, you have a condition where calcium is forming on one of your heart valves. One of the ways to treat it is with surgery, but let's wait and see, all right?

MRS. O'ROURKE
I don't want an operation.

GREENE
Let's wait and talk about that after the specialists have seen you, all right?

She seems to be calmed by this, and nods.

CUT TO:
SURGICAL EXAMINING ROOM

Benton palpitating an abdomen.

BENTON
Breathe in... now out, easy...
   good. Now... breathe deep, goood,
   any pain there?  Good...

In the b.g., Carter sticks his head in.

CARTER
Everybody's sewn up. What do you
   want me to do?

BENTON
Go to lunch.

CARTER
I'm okay, I can help out if you
   have anything you want me to...

BENTON
(to patient)
   Excuse me a minute.

He goes over to Carter at the door, and says, rather
fiercely:

BENTON
Don't be a hero. If I tell you
to lunch, you go. You may not be
hungry, but it's a long time to
dinner, and we may be too busy
then to stop and eat. You never
know how long you'll have to go
until your next meal, so when you
can, eat. Now get the hell out
of here.

Carter turns to leave.

BENTON
And don't be gone longer than
half an hour!

He resumes his palpitation

BENTON
Now, deep breathe... any
tenderness there?  No?  Good...

CUT TO:
THE TV IMAGE IN THE WAITING ROOM

Showing the St. Patrick's Day parade, stately in the snow.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And here is Senator Carol Mosley
Braun, riding in the float, oops, she almost lost her balance there...

AN EXAMINING ROOM

Young hears SCREAMING, looks in and sees five people clustered around a YOUNG BOY who is shouting with pain and drug-induced agitation. Lewis rushes in.

YOUNG
What is it?

LEWIS
Crack dealer. He took five shots from an Uzi.

YOUNG
He looks like a kid.

LEWIS
Twelve. He might make it.

The door slams as she goes in. The kid is shrieking "Bastard, bastard" and they push him back down. Haleh comes banging out.

HALEH
Call security.

YOUNG
Why?...

HALEH
They think the other gang members may come and try to finish him off.

As Young starts to dial, Benton comes running in, goes through the door.

BENTON (O.S.)
Okay! Okay! Everybody calm, let's go!

ADMITTING DESK

TIMMY
E.R... Yeah, yeah, okay.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
TIMMY (CONT'D)
(to Hathaway)
Tell the surgeons we have a motorcycle accident coming in.
Kid wasn't wearing a helmet, they say it's pretty bad.

HATHAWAY
Terrific.

A SMUG-LOOKING FOUR YEAR OLD BOY
sitting on a cot with his hands crossed over his chest.

ROSS
When did he do it?

KAREN
An hour ago.

ROSS
Has there been any complaints of pain, nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, anything?

KAREN
No, he just sits there, looking smug.

ROSS
Why did he swallow it?

KAREN
I don't know, he just got his hands on it and swallowed it.

ROSS
Jimmy, why'd you swallow it?

CHILD
Because.

KAREN
You see, he's impossible.

Young comes in. Slaps up a film.

YOUNG
Here's the plain abdominal.

It shows, clearly, the abdomen of a child, where amid lacy intestines is the shaply defined silhouette of a doorkey.

(CONTINUED)
ROSS
Well, there it is, all right.

KAREN
You mean that's where it is? In his stomach?

ROSS
You said he swallowed it.

KAREN
What do I do now?

ROSS
Check his stools, Mrs. Edmunds. He will probably pass it.

KAREN
That's not what I mean. I mean, how do I get into my house? I'm locked out.

ROSS
You don't have another key?

Despite himself, he starts to laugh. So does the culprit, Jimmy.

KAREN
It's not funny!

ROSS
I know, I'm sorry...

KAREN
Now I'll have to call his father.

SURGICAL HALLWAY

Benton, leaning up against wall in fatigue. A body is rolled out, covered in a sheet. The kid didn't make it. Hathaway passes.

HATHAWAY
Cheer up, Doctor, it's only three o'clock.

BENTON
Three o'clock. Why do I do this? I must be crazy.

HATHAWAY
(not looking back)
That's a very good insight.
Ross walks past the admitting section, where a couple of patients are arriving, shaking off water, and closing their umbrellas.

ROSS
When did it start raining?

Nobody answers him, and he goes directly into the doctor's lounge.

THE DOCTOR'S LOUNGE

It is, if anything, messier than it was before, and the TV is still on. Also a radio, it's noisy here, but there is still a quieter feeling than the chaos outside.

ROSS
(announcing)
It's raining.

GREENE
(writing report)
It has been for an hour.

Ross glances up at the TV as he sits to write some reports.

GREENE
How's your new student?

ROSS
Very capable. Tough.

GREENE
(busy writing)
Uh-huh...

ROSS
I hear you went up to Harris's today.

GREENE
Have you seen that office? It looks like a nightclub or something.

ROSS
Socialite doctor... He offer you a job?

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
Yeah. But I think I'd have to go to a lot of charity balls.

ROSS
Jennifer'd like that. Lot of money, all that.

GREENE
Yeah. Jennifer'd like that.

ROSS
You don't sound enthusiastic.

GREENE
(shrug)
I don't know...

ROSS
Jennifer wants you to take it?

GREENE
Yeah...

Neither man looks at the other; they are writing in charts, flipping pages, checking things.

ROSS
By the way, what's this I hear about you and that tech on surgical four.

GREENE
I'm a married man.

ROSS
So?

GREENE
So I don't know what you heard, but it's not true.

ROSS
She's seriously cute.

GREENE
Yes.

ROSS
But you're faithful to your wife?

GREENE
Yes.

(Continued)
ROSS
Why do you do that?

GREENE
Because I'm too tired to do anything else.

In the banter, there is no way of knowing whether that's the truth or not.

ADMITTING DESK
Benton is leaning over it, fatigued, talking to Timmy.

BENTON
I heard something about a motorcycle case?

TIMMY
The state police called it in but he never showed. Maybe D.O.A. You looking for something to do?

BENTON
Yeah, I thought maybe we could play a little chess, you and me.

TIMMY
Well...

(as PHONE RINGS)
E.R. Yes, yes, Dr. Lewis is here, I'll have her paged.

Benton wanders off. Around the corner comes frail, ELDERLY MAN who looks like a cough would knock him to his knees. He wears a blue uniform and a gun.

ELDERLY MAN
Somebody call for hospital security?

LEWIS
with a thin male patient, PARKER, dressed in hardhat clothing, but incongruous for his emaciation.

LEWIS
We'll know more when we have the X-rays. How much do you smoke?

PARKER
Three packs a day. All my life.

(CONTINUED)
LEWIS
You really should stop that.

Her BEEPER GOES OFF.

LEWIS
Excuse me.

IN THE HALLWAY

where she picks up a wallphone and dials.

LEWIS
Hello, Dr. Lewis... Oh, hi.
Listen, I can't talk to you at
work unless... it is?
(looks at watch)
Well, what... no, I'm on all
night... I get off tomorrow night
at six... I thought we've broken
up... Paul, come on...

While she's on the phone, an orderly comes and hands her
an X-ray. She holds it up to the light.

LEWIS
Damn... What? No, no, not you,
it's just I have to tell a
patient something... Is
everything all right? I'm sorry,
but... Okay. 'Bye.

She hangs up, and then stops, and puts her head against
the wall by the phone. She's very tired. She stays that
way for a few moments, an uncomfortably long time for us
as an audience, and then she holds the X-ray up to the
light again, lowers her hand, and enters the room.

LEWIS
We have the X-rays, Mr. Parker.
(slapping them up)
You can see there is a density in
the left upper quadrant, here.

PARKER
What does that mean?

LEWIS
It means there is something
abnormal within the structure
of your lung.

(CONTINUED)
PARKER
Something in my lung...

LEWIS
Yes, that's right.

PARKER
What?

LEWIS
Well, it could be any number of things. It could be an infiltrate... that is, a dense area of tissue from an old infection, it could be an inhaled foreign body, it could be a granuloma of some sort. It could be a lot of things.

Lewis is feeling the patient out, trying to see how much he wants to hear.

PARKER
And what do you think it is?

LEWIS
There's no way to know without surgery. You'll have to undergo exploratory surgery to know for sure.

PARKER
What do you think in the meantime?

LEWIS
I think, in the meantime, that you should consider it a potentially serious finding, but not worry about it until we have more information.

PARKER
Doctor, I eat like a horse, look at me, I'm losing weight.

LEWIS
I know that.

PARKER
You're saying I got cancer.
LEWIS
I'm not saying that. I am saying we do not know anything for sure.

PARKER
(long pause)
Look, Doctor, I'm forty-seven years old, I got a wife and three kids, I got a house that's not paid for, I got a job, I got a father... my mother's dead... I got a lot of responsibilities and things. And I want to know what you think.

LEWIS
I think you should regard your condition as very serious, but you should await a final determination.

PARKER
You afraid to tell me the truth?

LEWIS
I'm only afraid that you will misinterpret what I say. Your history of coughing blood, weight loss, and this X-ray is suggestive of cancer, but the diagnosis is not confirmed and it may very well be something else, and none of us should jump to any conclusions until we know. That's what I think.

PARKER
(another long beat)
How long do I have?

LEWIS
(a long appraising look)
Six months to a year.

PARKER
Do I have six months, for sure?

LEWIS
No, not for sure.

(CONTINUED)
PARKER
The reason I ask is, I was always going to take my wife to Nassau, it was what we always talked about, only we never did it. I just thought...

(shrugs)
... Spring is coming, you know, it's getting too late to go to Nassau. She always wanted a suntan in winter, to show off to the neighbors.

LEWIS
I understand.

PARKER
I guess I better go. I mean, it'll be summer, almost before you know it.

He gets off the couch.

PARKER
(EXTENDING HAND)
Thank you, Doctor, for all your help. For being straight.

She shakes his hand; he bursts into tears, and starts to hug her. She hugs him back, and allows him to cry. She is, herself, affected, but in a peculiar way... partly there, and partly cut-off.

LEWIS
Mr. Parker, if there's one thing you learn in my job, it's that nothing is certain. Nothing that seems very bad, and nothing that seems very good. Nothing is certain. Nothing.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

THE ER ENTRANCE

MRS. RASKIN, 60, elaborately coiffed, wearing a fur coat, sweeps into the ER -- an actress making an entrance.

MRS. RASKIN
(a Bette Davis delivery)
Good evening.

TIMMY
How's it going tonight, Mrs. Raskin?

MRS. RASKIN
I have a problem that requires medical attention.

TIMMY
See Dr. Greene, he's on duty tonight.

(as PHONE RINGS)
E.R., yeah, hold on. Now what was the amylase? Okay, and you have anything else? A cortisol?

MRS. RASKIN
Oh, Dr. Greene, how nice.

She drifts across the room, where Greene talks to another RESIDENT, leaning against a wall, sipping coffee from a Styrofoam cup.

RESIDENT
So he shows up, right, get this, he shows up with a S.G.O.T. which is off the charts, and an L.D.H. which can't be measured, and he has a liver hanging down to his knees, and he says...

MRS. RASKIN
Good evening, Dr. Greene.

RESIDENT
... he doesn't drink, that he works in a dry cleaning plant, and the stupid intern goes for it, see? Now Corman shows up on the floor, and he takes one look...

(CONTINUED)
MRS. RASKIN
I require medical attention, Dr. Greene.

GREENE
(to Resident)
Just a second. What is it, Mrs. Raskin?

MRS. RASKIN
(holds out hand)
I have this troublesome hangnail.

GREENE
Mrs. Raskin...

MRS. RASKIN
I think it may be infected.

GREENE
Mrs. Raskin, if we treat you, it'll cost you one hundred eighty dollars, you know that. You can cut your own hangnail for a hundred eighty dollars, can't you?

MRS. RASKIN
I wish you'd do it for me.

She links her arm in his.

MRS. RASKIN
You're such a nice young doctor. I do appreciate your taking the time to look after me.

GREENE
We'll handle this in the lab.

MRS. RASKIN
Oh, the lab, I've never been in your lab.

INT. THE LAB

MRS. RASKIN
Gracious, look at all of this, I had no idea how complicated it was.

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
Please take a seat.
(to Malik)
I'm excising Mrs. Raskin's hangnail.

MALIK
I'll stand back.

MRS. RASKIN
Well, at my age, you can't be too careful. You look tired, Dr. Greene. How have you been?

GREENE
(getting scissors)
Fine, thanks.

MRS. RASKIN
And how is your wife? Still studying for her bar exam?

GREENE
Yeah. It's next month. We don't see much of each other. Alcohol. May feel a little cool.

A girl comes into the lab. Seriously cute.

GIRL (LEE)
Richie, listen, can we talk? It's important.

GREENE
I'm with a patient now, Lee.

LEE
Meet me for dinner?

GREENE
I'll try. You know how it is here.

LEE
Call me.

She's gone. Mrs. Raskin has missed nothing.

MRS. RASKIN
Very cute. She works here, in the hospital?

GREENE
Fourth floor.

(CONTINUED)
MRS. RASKIN
Did I tell you that my sister is remarried?

GREENE
No.

MRS. RASKIN
Oh, yes. She's just remarried to a nice man in real estate in Dover. How long has it been since I've seen you?

GREENE
Just a week or so, Mrs. Raskin. Now here we go... Ready?

MRS. RASKIN
Don't make such a fuss.

But she's smiling. He cuts the hangnail. She pats his arm.

MRS. RASKIN
Thank you, Dr. Greene. Now be a good boy, and go home to your wife.

A WALL CLOCK

Reads seven P.M., and PULLING BACK from it, we see the day shift getting ready to leave. The Admitting Clerk shrugs into an overcoat, and says to Goldman:

TIMMY
Another day, another dollar.

GOLDMAN
Good night, Timmy.

CUT TO:

Several fresh NURSES coming in the door, and several on the last shift leaving, putting on hats and coats.

CUT TO:

BENTON IN THE HALLWAY

walking away FROM us, Miss Hathaway TOWARD us.

(CONTINUED)
BENTON
Miss Hathaway, will you get me a...

HATHAWAY
Sorry.

BENTON
(glancing at watch)
You off?

HATHAWAY
I sure am.

BENTON
See you tomorrow. Good night.

HATHAWAY
Good night.

She walks on. PAN TO two nurses in conversation, Haleh and a night nurse, Woodward.

HALEH
In three there's a lady with pulmonary edema, she gets lasex by straight push, and a morphine drip. In four there's some kid, I don't know about him, Dr. Ross is looking after him; five, there're two patients, a question A.M.I. and a question pulmonary infarcts, labs are coming on both of them, in six there's an old guy who's drunk and puts his hand up your skirt, watch out for him, and in seven, I can't remember. You get all that?

WOODWARD
Where's the guy who puts his hand up your skirt?

HALEH
Six. I have to get home, four people for dinner.

WOODWARD
What're you making?

HALEH
Pot roast. If my son remembered to turn on the oven after school.
Miss Hathaway, locking up the medicine chest. Just as she does so, Malik comes up.

**MALIK**
Can you give me two grams of chloramphenicol?

**HATHAWAY**
Sorry, I'm late. Next shift will give it to you.

She turns and goes down the hall, passing another NURSE, an older black woman, OLIGARIO, who also has a key around her neck.

**HATHAWAY**
He needs two grams of chloramphenicol.

Oligario sighs, APPROACHING.

**OLIGARIO**
Coming right up.

Hathaway, passing the admitting desk. A new clerk, JERRY, is taking over from Timmy. The PHONE RINGS; he answers it and simultaneously waves good night to the Nurse.

**JERRY**
E.R... I see, when is it coming in? All right, we'll be ready for her.

Hathaway leaves, and the ambulance doors swing after her.

**DOCTOR'S LOUNGE**

Lewis slumps in a chair. She stares into space.

What she sees: an X-ray board, on which are displayed several X-rays of a young infant, curled in a fetal position, almost.

Lewis, sighing, turning away. She gets coffee, yawns, and turns UP the RADIO.

**THE CAFETERIA**

Greene and Lee.
CONTINUED:

GREENE
I think you're great, too, Lee, but if I meet you later on upstairs... you know that one thing will lead to another...

LEE
I get so excited thinking about it...

GREENE
Yeah, but you see, I'm married, and if I start screwing around on my wife...

LEE
I get so hot... thinking of you...

GREENE
Eee, yeah... uh... (BEEPER GOES OFF)
Just a minute.

LEE
Come on, take a chance.

GREENE
Right back.

Greene goes to the wall phone. Lee watches him. Greene looks stunned, hangs up, comes back.

GREENE
I got to go.

LEE
But...

GREENE
Talk later.

AN EXAMINING ROOM

A pretty, delicate virginal GIRL of perhaps 13. She is being interviewed by Carter. The Girl is sitting upright.

CARTER
Now, you know that it is possible to become pregnant without actual penetration, I mean, just be fooling around.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GIRL
I'm not pregnant.

CARTER
It's very important that you tell me if you have any reason to think you might be pregnant.

GIRL
No reason.

CARTER
Because if you are pregnant, you have what we call an ectopic pregnancy, and you have to be operated on immediately. It's a matter of life and death for you, and I'm not exaggerating.

GIRL
(calm)
No, I'm not pregnant.

CUT TO:

THE HALLWAY

Benton and Carter.

CARTER
She denies pregnancy, and she has guarding and tenderness in the left lower quadrant.

BENTON
How old is she?

CARTER
Thirteen.

BENTON
And she has left quadrant pain and she's not pregnant. Uh-uh. Right.

He enters the examining room; the CAMERA follows.

BENTON
Hello, Miss Murphy, I'm Dr. Benton. Now tell me, how long has it been since your last period?

(CONTINUED)
GIRL
I don't know.

BENTON
Think back, just tell me roughly.

GIRL
It was after Christmas.

BENTON
So it's been a couple of months?

GIRL
I guess so, I haven't paid attention.

BENTON
(confident)
And you have had sexual intercourse.

GIRL
Yes.

BENTON
(to Carter)
You have an ectopic pregnancy, Dr. Carter, and she'd better be scheduled for surgery.

Benton strides out of the room. Carter is dumbfounded, stares at the Girl. The Girl looks blankly at him.

THE ADMITTING OFFICE

where a number of hospital personnel are beginning to cluster, waiting and talking quietly.

THE DOCTOR'S LOUNGE

Greene, drinking coffee. Lewis enters.

GREENE
Did you hear?

LEWIS
I heard. She arrived yet?

Greene shakes his head.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

LEWIS
It's incredible.

She gets coffee, turns and glances at TV set.

LEWIS
I wonder what happened.

Greene shakes his head.

IN EXAMINING ROOM

Ross sewing up a child's forehead.

ROSS
How'd he do this?

FATHER
She let him out of the house and he slipped on some ice.

MOTHER
You were the one who didn't lock the door.

FATHER
What're you talking about? I locked the door same as always when I got home, you opened it again for your little evening chat with Mrs. Emerson --

MOTHER
I what?

FATHER
-- And you forgot to lock up...

MOTHER
... Now just one minute, Jim, just one little minute...

Ross has been watching the child's face, his concern as his parents argue.

ROSS
... Take it easy, folks. Your son is going to be fine.

Chagrined, they fall silent. SIRENS BUILD in b.g.
SIRENS WHINING, and Greene comes through the swinging doors, waving his arms.

GREENE
Okay, okay, break it up, there's lots to do around here, get back to work.

The crowd doesn't disperse much.

GREENE
Come on. What do you expect to see?

He is clearly angry. A stretcher rolls through the door wheeled by two orderlies and passes behind him, going down the hallway. On the stretcher is Hathaway. She is gray; her eyes shut. The waiting group reacts.

GREENE
Come on, everybody get back to work!

He hurries after the stretcher; follows it into a room. He closes the door.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INSIDE THE ROOM

The blanket is whipped off Hathaway, who wears a print blouse and dark slacks. Greene directs the group working over her. At the head of the stretcher is her ROOMMATE in street clothes, sobbing.

GREENE
Come on, get her clothes off, let's go.
   (to sobbing girl)
You know what she took?

ROOMMATE
No, she just went into the medicine cabinet... she had a lot of stuff around...

GREENE
You have no idea what she might have taken?

While he talks, he is examining her face, checking the pupils. Others are scissoring off the clothing, and drawing bloods.

GREENE
Get that serum barbiturate right away, take it down to the lab yourself. Get her on wall oxygen at ten liters.

PEREZ (NURSE)
You want to pump her?

GREENE
Not this way, she's totally unresponsive. We'll hook her on a renal unit. Call neuro, call the nursing supervisor. Does her family know?

ROOMMATE
I don't know her family. We were only roommates three weeks.

GREENE
What do you do?

(CONTINUED)
ROOMMATE
I'm a nurse.

WOODWARD
Why'd she do it?

GREENE
(cutting in)
It doesn't matter why she did it. You don't ask that about any other O.D. that comes through these doors and don't ask it about this one.

He looks over his shoulder. A lot of curious faces are peering in through the open door.

GREENE
Shut the door.

He is slipping on his stethoscope.

GREENE
Is the kidney machine coming?

PEREZ
It's been ordered.

GREENE
That's not what I asked. I want a blood gas monitor and electrolytes qh, now do it. We got an I.V. going? How hypotensive is she?

WOODWARD
Eighty over sixty.

PEREZ
You want bemigride?

GREENE
Not unless I know what she took.
(tо girl)
Did she drink it all?

ROOMMATE
Yes... she had a Scotch...

GREENE
More than one?

ROOMMATE
I don't know... maybe... I don't know...

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
Well, listen, if this ever happens again, remember to bring in any possible pills. Even if you have to clear the whole medicine cabinet, because right now we don't have any idea what she took, and we have to wait for the lab, and the lab... Where's the goddamn I.V.? Why is everybody standing around? Let's do the arterial stick. She got a Babinski?

PEREZ
(at feet)
Yeah, positive.

GREENE
How's the oxygen?

WOODWARD
Ten liters and running.

GREENE
I don't think...

He shakes his head, looking at her, and lapses into silence. The girl is still gray. Lewis slips into the room.

LEWIS
The chief of service is outside... Her serum barb is four hundred milligrams per millileter...

GREENE
(frowning)
Is it a mistake?

LEWIS
(shaking head)
Repeated twice.

THE HALLWAY
Greene huddles with a grim-faced Morgenstern, who wears a tuxedo. Morgenstern's aerobicized GIRLFRIEND in the b.g.
GREENE
(low, confidential)
She's cyanotic, pupils are dilated, pressure of ninety over seventy, she's in Cheyne-Stokes respirations and we just got her barbiturate level at four hundred milligrams...

Morgenstern winces, shakes his head.

GREENE
No other lab values yet. I've got her on oxygen by mask and we're hydrating and getting ready to go onto the kidney machine. I don't have anything on renal function yet.

MORGENSTERN
Babinski?

GREENE
She's got a Babinski and all her reflexes are down. But we haven't got any history. We don't know what she took, or why.

MORGENSTERN
She seemed okay today...

GREENE
Yeah, perfectly all right, all day long, happy, enthusiastic...

There is a long pause. A TEENAGE GIRL, sobbing on a stretcher, her foot bloody, is wheeled past.

MORGENSTERN
Four hundred milligrams. You know the question: should we be trying to do this?

GREENE
Well, I agree, it's not hopeful. But we have a big morale problem around here, I think we have to try everything we can...

He has been very calm, very professional, and suddenly he winces as if he had a stomach cramp, bites his lip.

(CONTINUED)
MORGENSTERN
The unit's going to be looking to you, Richie.

GREENE
Yeah... yes, sir, I'm fine.
Really...

Suddenly, he pulls himself together abruptly. Morgenstern watching closely.

GREENE
I'm fine, I think we're all fine.

MORGENSTERN
Call me if there's any change.
Any change at all.

Morgenstern leaves. He leans his head against the wall. Benton comes over. There is a momentary silence.

GREENE
Don't ask me. I don't know why.
Nobody knows why.

BENTON
What's the serum level?

GREENE
Four hundred.

BENTON
Boy, she really did it, didn't she.

GREENE
Yeah, she really did. There's no way we can touch her.

Greene pushes away from the wall, and goes back into the room.

Benton remains standing there, looking at the door with the little window in it. Through the little window, he sees just white figures moving back and forth around the bed, which is below view. He just stands there. Then his BEEPER GOES OFF. He turns away from the door, and picks up phone.

THE SUTURE ROOM

A teenage girl, SUZANNE, hysterically sobbing, she sits upright while Carter works on her foot.

(CONTINUED)
CARTER
Come on, now, it can't be that bad.

SUZANNE
You don't know...

CARTER
It's a very minor cut. You're hardly going to get three stitches.

SUZANNE
... it's not that, it's not the cut, he could care less about the cut...

CARTER
... Who?

SUZANNE
My father. I smashed up the car.

CARTER
Oh.

SUZANNE
I wasn't supposed to drive it, and I took the keys, and I smashed it up, and it was brand new, and he loves that car...

CARTER
Well, it may not be as bad as you think...

SUZANNE
He'll kill me!

CARTER
Oh, I don't think...

SUZANNE
... You don't know him, he loves that car, and now I took it...

Carter sews a moment in silence.

SUZANNE
It was a brand new Cadillac.
   (sobbing more)
   ... with air conditioning and power steering...

Carter says nothing.

(Continued)
SUZANNE
He'll kill me. It was the first
new car he ever had.

THE ADMITTING AREA

A burly man in his late fifties, DAD, comes charging
through the ambulance doors; he is a study in fury. The
admitting clerk is talking to two people at once, an
elderly white woman with a cane, and a very thin black
man. The Burly Man charges up.

DAD
Where's my daughter?

JERRY
... Just take a seat...

DAD
(shouting)
Where the hell is my daughter?

JERRY
Look, mister, you'll have to wait
your turn here.
(turns to others)
Now the doctors will see you.
It's very busy tonight, and...

The Burly Man goes charging off to a seat, almost sits,
immediately bounces up again, and charges down the
hallway.

JERRY
Hey! Hey!, you can't go down
there...

The Burly Man is going, and the clerk is bottled up at
his desk by patients, a nurse phoning the lab. The Man
stalks down the hall, opening one door after another.

CUT TO:

BRIEF GLIMPSES

of what he sees at each turning:

A) A very old person, on a respirator, wheezing,
sitting half-upright.

B) A man lying on his side, in a tuxedo, blood on his
shirt front.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

C) A person of indeterminate age and sex, surrounded by doctors, with tubes and bottles suspended in a thicket overhead, running down to the patient, and a BLEEPING CARDIAC MONITOR.

BURLY MAN

is still angry, and in fact more so, but he's affected by these sights.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Our Man opening the door where Carter sews his daughter. He sees her sitting up.

DAD

Susan!

SUZANNE
(in terror)

Daddy!

He sees the suturing on her foot. He undergoes a transformation from anger to a sort of terror which matches that of his daughter.

DAD

Susan? Oh, my God...

He begins to cry, and clutches his daughter.

SUZANNE

Daddy...

They are hugging each other, crying hysterically. The Girl's foot is moving a lot in all of this, and Carter is trying to sew a moving target.

CARTER

Stop moving, now.

DAD
(tears in eyes)

Is she gonna be all right?

CARTER

Yeah, she's gonna be fine.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DAD
(hugging Girl again)
Oh, thank God, thank God...

He and his daughter rock back and forth.

SUZANNE
Daddy, I trashed the car.

DAD
That's all right, honey, everything
is going to be all right... the
important thing is that you're
all right.

SUZANNE
Oh, Daddy.

Daddy, hugging his daughter, overcoming the shock, seems
to suddenly hear her words.

DAD
What car? You mean the Caddy?

SUZANNE
Oh, Daddy, I'm sorry...

DAD
... you totalled my new Seville?

He puts his hands on his hips, and turns around the room.

DAD
It was only two weeks old...

He has been staring at the wall; his body touches some-
thing that rattles. He looks down and sees the opened
suture kit. It has containers of colored swabbing solu-
tions; and syringes, needles, some complex and ugly-
looking medical paraphernalia. He looks over at Carter
sewing the cut. He looks back at his daughter.

DAD
It doesn't matter, honey. It was
stupid but it doesn't matter.

SUZANNE
Oh, Daddy, I'm so sorry...

DAD
I can get another one any time.

(CONTINUED)
And he starts hugging her again, and they rock some more. Carter, working on the foot, which rocks back and forth. Benton sticks his head in the room.

**BENTON**
Come on, Dr. Carter, you've got six in backup, and that's not good, this is St. Patrick's Day, and the worst is still to come, move it.

Benton leaves. The Father spins.

**DAD**
Who was that idiot? You take all the time you need with my Suzanne, I don't care what it costs, I want the best care she can get, you hear me? The best care.

(looking back)
Does it hurt, baby?

**SUZANNE**
... a little...

---

**A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY**

Sitting in a room with his mother, LILY, Ross looks at the throat with a tongue depressor.

**ROSS**
Open wide... How long has he had a sore throat?

**LILY**
Since this morning.

Ross feels the neck glands, then steps back.

**ROSS**
Well, his temperature is only ninety-nine, and he's got a little redness, hardly any gland swelling... Give him one aspirin every four hours and a little bed rest, and he should be fine in a couple of days.

**LILY**
Aspirin and bed rest? I came all the way here in the middle of the night to hear aspirin and bed rest?

(Continued)
ROSS
(cool)
Ma'am, your child has a viral pharyngitis, there's no other treatment for it.

LILY
Can't you give him a shot, at least?

KID
(wrinkling face)
I don't want a shot.

ROSS
Ma'am, shots don't work with a virus. Most colds are caused by viruses, and antibiotics don't do any good.

LILY
His regular doctor always gives him a shot.

ROSS
It's really not called for here. Your son isn't really very sick.

LILY
You're not going to give him a shot.

ROSS
Well, there is something we could give him that isn't an antibiotic, but might make him a little more comfortable.

KID
I don't want a shot.

ROSS
This is a little one.
(to mother)
The nurse will be right in.

OUT IN THE HALLWAY
Ross stops Perez.

ROSS
Give the kid in four half a cc of sterile saline I.M.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Perez
Sterile saline? Salt water.

Ross
His mother wants a shot, give the poor kid a shot.

Perez
Oh, one of those.

Ross
Yeah, one of those.

He walks off. Passing him in the other direction down the corridor, coming toward us, is a man in a bright green band costume, with trombone over his shoulder. He is hobbling. Ross glances at him, frowns. The man winks conspiratorially.

THE ADMITTING DESK

Jerry
E.W... Yeah... what can you say
... three white males...
(writing)
... What's the nature of the...
(hangs up)
Call respiratory, and get Dr.
Benton, we have a shotgun wound to the chest coming in.

Nurse hustles off.

Lewis
Peering at the dilated eyes of Hathaway. She releases the eyelid, and it falls to a half-closed position. Come off Lewis to see the renal dialysis machine working.

Lewis
We get a new barbiturate level yet?

Woodward
It just came back. It's still four hundred.

Lewis
I don't think we're going to get lucky tonight.
Working at the head of a team with an elderly woman in congestive heart failure. She is breathing with difficulty, sitting half-up in bed, and the sound of her breathing is very wet. Greene listens with stethoscope.

GREENE
Breathe in... breathe in...

All around him, the team is drawing bloods, starting IV's, putting tourniquets on the limbs. Greene stops listening and slaps an oxygen mask on the woman's face.

GREENE
You're going to be okay, dear, we'll get you through this.

The woman nods; she is basically alert.

GREENE
Give her four milligrams nitroglycerine spray, lasex by straight I.V. push, get her sodium and potassium right away and a baseline E.K.G. Do you take digitalis, dear?
(she looks vague)
Do you take pills for your heart? Yes? Have you taken any today? This morning?
(to staff)
Once we have that E.K.G., we can try her on more dig. Meanwhile give her five of morphine and again in five minutes.
(to Perez)
You got all that?

SIRENS in b.g.

THE ADMITTING AREA

As Benton and Carter await the arriving patient. Greene comes into the area, goes to desk, writes in a form.

The DOORS CRASH OPEN, and a stretcher enters, a black man covered in a bloody blanket, Benton pulls the cover back to look.

Carter turns absolutely white at the sight.
BRIEF CUT - THE INJURY

Not pretty. Coils of intestines spill out through a slashed shirt.

BENTON
(cool)
This is a knife wound. I thought it was supposed to be a gunshot wound.

CARTER
I'm sorry, I feel a little...

And he runs out of the ER, through the doors.

BENTON
(sarcastic)
That's okay, I didn't need you anyway.
(to Jerry)
Notify the floor, this guy goes up right away, soon as we get his pre-op labs and send blood to the bank. Let's go.

The stretcher is wheeled away. Greene, who hasn't been paying attention, did notice that Carter took off. He finishes his report.

NIGHT EXTERIOR

A curbside lit by the large free-standing illuminated sign which reads EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE. In that light, we see Carter, sitting on the curb, his head between his knees, breathing slowly and deeply. We HOLD ON this for a moment, and then Greene comes out, looks at Carter... who has no awareness that he isn't alone... and then sits on the curb with Carter, a little distance away.

GREENE
(casual)
Feeling any better?

CARTER
Yes, uh-huh, I'll be okay in a minute. It just... got to me, just all of a sudden, it got to me. I'm not usually this way.

Raises his head.

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
Just keep your head down. There's no rush, just relax.
(looks at sky)
It stopped raining.

CARTER
I thought I was going to be sick.

GREENE
I used to pass out all the time. One day I was doing my surgery rotation, holding a retractor for Dr. Bendixon... the great Dr. Bendixon, the famous surgeon, he was a terror, he yelled and screamed at you, and suddenly I was feeling faint, and I had to go bend over in a corner. And I thought this is it, the great Dr. Bendixon is watching, and he knows I haven't got what it takes. I wanted to die. And I said, 'I'm sorry.' And Bendixon said, 'Never say that, kid.' He called everybody kid. He said, you're gonna be a doctor, you'll be asked to do all kinds of impossible things, it's an impossible job. Now, there's two kinds of doctors, he said, the kind that get rid of their feelings, and the kind that keeps them. You keep your feelings and you're going to get sick from time to time. That's the price you pay. But never say you're sorry, especially to me, because I used to get sick every damn day... and then he swore at me a lot...

(gets to feet)
... So don't worry about it.

(as he leaves)
I was a medical student with Benton, and he was green all the time. So don't let him give you any crap. It happens to everybody.

And as Greene walks back to the ER entrance, we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE
ACT SIX

FADE IN:

INT. EXAMINING ROOM

Benton on the phone, with the stabbing victim being worked over behind him.

BENTON
Well, who's up there? Ashley and Taylor? Okay, set it up, you've got massive midline chest and abdomen in its way, on positive pressure, we'll gag him on the way up, but get 'em ready, he's a hot one.

Benton exits room.

INT. HALLWAY

Benton goes down the hall to the back waiting room. There are now five or six people waiting for sutures. He dials a wall phone.

BENTON
Marcia? Peter Benton. Look, things are getting hairy down here, you got any loose change up there you could spring for a couple of hours? Yeah, Kelly would be great, just for a couple of hours, it's St. Patrick's Day and we're getting the full load.

He hangs up. Carter comes over, wiping forehead.

BENTON
You okay?

CARTER
Yeah.

BENTON
You got a stack in there... start sewing... I've got a crush injury auto accident on the way in.

THE BACK ROOM

Carter enters.

CARTER
Who's next?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

A WAITRESS in a French maid's uniform, black mesh stockings and black corset stands up.

WAITRESS
I am, Doctor.

He conceals his feeling that the night has turned from hectic to just plain crazy.

CARTER
Come this way, please.

A HALLWAY

Benton going down hall, as Ross comes out door.

ROSS
Peter, take a look at this...

BENTON
... I got two live ones on the way...

ROSS
... and you got another one in here.

Ross holds door open.

IN THE EXAMINING ROOM

A sixteen-year-old boy lies on his side, naked, covered from waist down by a sheet. He's a big, muscular kid who's just starting to shave.

ROSS
... Teddy's story is three days of indigestion, a little diarrhea yesterday, umbilical pain which has now moved to right lower quadrant...

BENTON
Just lie back, Teddy, and let me feel your stomach.

While Benton palpates, Ross talks.

(CONTINUED)
ROSS
... nausea and vomiting three
hours ago, fever of one hundred
point five, white count's twelve
thousand, you can feel the
distension and guarding, and he's
got hyperesthesia if you want to
check it.

BENTON
How old are you, Teddy?

TEDDY
Sixteen.

BENTON
I'll call the floor. Nice to
meet you. Your appendicitis is
going to be fine.

Benton leaves. Ross and Teddy are alone.

TEDDY
You gonna do an operation?

ROSS
I think it's best.

TEDDY
The coach is going to be mad.
I'll miss the playoffs.

THE DOCTOR'S LOUNGE

On the TV is a BASKETBALL GAME. Benton enters and
pours coffee, sits down to write report.

TV (V.O.)
And Paxton is bringing it down,
he's really mad this time, passes
off to Scotty Pippin who takes the
shot, misses, and this is a tight,
tight ball game...

The SOUND CONTINUES OVER while KELLY, a fresh-faced intern,
oticeably younger than Benton, comes into the room. Kelly
is looking tired as hell.

KELLY
There aren't going to be enough
people up on the floor to do all
those cases if they're really hot.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BENTON
Tell me.

KELLY
What's the score?

BENTON
Bulls down two.

EXAMINING ROOM

A forty-five-year-old man, LAWKOWSKI, stripped to the waist, who has been lying down but now sits up. Greene is in the room with him.

GREENE
Now lean forward.

Lawkowski does so.

GREENE
How's the pain?

LAWKOWSKI
Better. It's better if I lean forward.

Woodward comes in, and hands Greene three slips of paper, lab determinations. He shuffles through them.

GREENE
(looking at slips)
All right, Mr. Lawkowski, I'm going to admit you to the hospital and start you on a medical regimen, there's some question in my mind about whether that's necessary, but it's better to be safe than sorry, and I think a few days of...

He breaks off because he hears the sound of crying. The patient has his hands over his face. He's crying.

GREENE
Mr. Lawkowski...
   (puts hand on shoulder)
   ... what is it?

He gets no answer for a moment.

GREENE
What's the matter, Mr. Lawkowski?

(CONTINUED)
LAWKOWSKI  
(finally)  
I know, I know the truth, you 
don't have to hide it...  

GREENE  
The truth...  

LAWKOWSKI  
I know you're being kind to me, 
but you can tell me, it's okay, 
I want to know the truth...  

GREENE  
Mr. O'Reilley, I've told you that 
you have a duodenal ulcer with 
complicating pancreatitis... 
rather mild pancreatitis, judging 
from the lab figures... and that's 
all you have.  

LAWKOWSKI  
... You can tell me...  

GREENE  
(a thoughtful 
pause)  
You don't have cancer, Mr. 
O'Reilley.  

This is an astute guess, but it works wrong on this patient.  

LAWKOWSKI  
(looking up)  
See? I knew it, I knew it... It's 
cancer, you were hiding it...  

He puts his face in his hands again.  

GREENE  
Mr. Lawkowski, every person that 
comes into this hospital, whether 
they have a pimple or a heart 
attack or a bad back, everybody 
is worried about cancer.  

LAWKOWSKI  
My sister, she had these pains... 
(pointing to stomach)  
... and it was cancer, she died, 
my sister...  

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
Mr. Lawkowski, there are over forty causes of pain in that area besides cancer. You have the most common cause of that pain, which is an ulcer. You're lucky. It's not cancer.

LAWKOWSKI
(sniffling)
Not cancer?

GREENE
No. Your ulcer flared up today because you went to a party and drank and smoked... both of which you are going to have to quit, and...

LAWKOWSKI
... Quit drinking and smoking?

GREENE
Yes, that's right...

LAWKOWSKI
... Quit drinking and smoking? Are you kidding me?

LEWIS
Talking in the hall to a solemn female ADMINISTRATOR, late 30s.

LEWIS
She's been on dialysis now for three hours, and all we've done is drop her level from four hundred milligrams to three seventy. She's still comatose and unresponsive. We're forcing diuresis and we've alkalinated the urine but... She must have taken short-acting agents. She knew what she was doing.

ADMINISTRATOR
Has the family been notified?

LEWIS
I don't know, I think so.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ADMINISTRATOR
Anybody talk to the press office?
   (Lewis frowns)
I'll deal with that. It could be
an issue. She's fully covered on
the hospital policy?

LEWIS
As far as I know, yes.

ADMINISTRATOR
And your prognosis?

Lewis shakes her head. No.

ADMINISTRATOR
   (after beat)
Anybody know why she did it?

LEWIS
Nobody has any idea. Her fiance's
an orthopedic resident, he...
didn't know anything either.
Supposed to get married in June.

The Administrator nods. There is a moment of silence.
Finally, she gives a little shrug.

AN ELDERLY MAN
breathing shallowly, while an X-ray machine is posi-
tioned. Benton stands by.

BENTON
Just a couple of pictures, Mr.
Cameron, so we have a better
idea what's going on.

He steps out of the room.

RADIOLOGIST (V.O.)
Don't move, Mr. Cameron.

IN THE READING ROOM
X-rays on a board, Benton stands by with Kelly.

(CONTINUED)
RADIOLOGIST
(dictating)
Patient Cameron, John, number HA 40573, AP and lateral plain abdominals.

BENTON
(to Kelly)
Better call the floor, he's got to go. Small bowel obstruction.

RADIOLOGIST
Gas distension distal to the duodenum is apparent, with fluid levels showing as pooling in the jejunal area. Impression: small bowel obstruction, acute. This is a surgical candidate.

Kelly has gone. Benton takes the X-rays.

BENTON
You guys are really sharp, I don't know what we'd do without you.

RADIOLOGIST
Nice to see you, Peter.
(muttering)
Man of many talents, all unproven.

Benton leaves with films.

INT. HALLWAY

Lewis walks down the hall, goes into a room.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM

The band member, previously seen, is taking off his green shirt, his BACK TO us. He has a muscular physique. His trombone is upright on the examining table.

LEWIS
I'm Doctor Lewis. What seems to be --

He turns. She recognizes him, with mixed emotions on her face.

LEWIS
What are you --

(Continued)
PAUL (MAN)
(grinning)
I figured it's the only way I'm ever going to see you.

LEWIS
But Paul, listen --

PAUL
Come here.

He starts to kiss her passionately. His shirt is off. She immediately resists.

LEWIS
Paul, please --

PAUL
Come on, lighten up.

LEWIS
It's not appropriate.

PAUL
Not appropriate? I'm in love with you. I want to see you. And I thought you'd like it. I rented this uniform...

LEWIS
Paul, we're broken up. And this is a bad night.

PAUL
It's always a bad night. One kiss.

LEWIS
(smiling)
Paul...

PAUL
Come on, one kiss. I need treatment. You're a doctor.

LEWIS
Just one.

PAUL
Yeah, one.

LEWIS
You bastard. I missed you so much.
And then she grabs him, hard, they fall back on the examining table, the TROMBONE CLATTERS on the floor.

At the door, Perez comes in, looks:

Perez
Oops. Excuse me.

She bangs the door shut. On the couch, Paul and Lewis break, step apart.

Paul
This damn hospital.

Lewis
(blowing a strand of hair)
Tell me.

Paul
When do you get off?

Lewis
Tomorrow night at six.

Paul
Come by?

Lewis
(after beat)
Yeah...

She throws his shirt at him, and leaves.

A MAN OF SIXTY

Mr. Harvey, lying on his back, breathing hard, with Benton placing a hand on a swollen belly. Also there, his tense WIFE and Kelly.

Benton
After dinner?

Harvey
Yeah, right after dinner, felt a little aching, burning, you know? Low.

Benton
And you have an aneurysm?

(CONTINUED)
HARVEY
Had it two years, they were going
to operate on me next month.

BENTON
We're waiting for your old films,
you just rest easy, Mr. Harvey.

Woodward comes in. Benton starts to exit.

WOODWARD
What bloods?

BENTON
Pre-ops, cross and type first.
We'll have you fixed up right
away, Mr. Harvey.
   (smiling, to wife)
We're going to take care of him.

But for once Benton's not convincing. Everybody's tense.

INT. CORRIDOR

Benton and Kelly. Kelly is hanging up phone.

KELLY
That guy's leaking. He could
go any time.

BENTON
Tell me. Who's on the floor?

KELLY
We're in trouble. Ashley and Max
are doing the appendectomy; Gill
and Levine are still doing that
knife wound, and they say it'll
be another couple of hours. They
pulled Ed and his intern off the
floor to do the lady with small
bowel adhesions. We got nobody
to do this one.

BENTON
Where's the vascular team?

KELLY
In Minneapolis, at that conference.

(continued)
BENTON
Damn, that's right. Where's Baker, maybe we can call him in?

KELLY
Baker's in the Bahamas with his family. We're really screwed.

BENTON
Well, we can't wait. This guy could die any minute. We can't wait.

KELLY
But there isn't anybody to do him.

BENTON
Okay: call Morgenstern, he can get over in twenty minutes, and you tell Ashley and Gill that they should get in to help me as soon as they can because I'm starting a ruptured aneurysm.

KELLY
(mouth open)
Peter, look, it's none of my business, but you're just a resident, you ever done one of these before?

BENTON
There's nobody else. I'm not going to do the procedure. I'll just stick my finger in the dike and try to keep him alive until somebody shows up who knows what they're doing. Call the O.R., get me a team, set up for the laparotomy.

Goes through door to patient.

BENTON
Okay, Mr. Harvey, we're going to take you up to surgery.

MRS. HARVEY
(alarmed)
Who's going to do the operation?

BENTON
Doctor Morgenstern, our chief of service here, is on his way.
THE HALLWAY

Kelly on the phone.

KELLY
Well, find Morgenstern, will you, we have a blown aortic aneurysm and Benton's starting it, he'd like help. Yeah, that's what I said. Doctor Benton's starting.

THE SURGICAL FLOOR

Late at night. A woman gets up from behind the desk, hangs up, and walks to a blackboard. She starts writing. A couple of nurses in green scrub suits come by.

SCRUB NURSE #1
What's on?

SCRUB NURSE #2
Ruptured abdominal aneurysm. Coming up now.

SCRUB NURSE #1
Who's doing it?

The blackboard, just as the Nurse writes: Dr. Benton.

SCRUB NURSE #2
Dr. Benton?

BENTON
racing up stairs, moving like hell.

THE SURGEON'S CHANGING ROOM

Benton entering, tearing off his clothes. Another MAN is there, almost fully changed.

ANAESTHETIST #2
I'm doing anaesthesia for you, Peter.

BENTON
(preoccupied)
Fine, get down there, see if the blood bank has sent us twenty units, we need at least twenty, and get the nurses moving. Patient's on his way.

(Continued)
ANAESTHETIST #2
(hesitating)
You, ah, feel okay about this?

BENTON
(the truth)
Ed, I'm scared as hell, but the guy's already ruptured, his belly's puffed up like a balloon and his crit's shot to hell. I gotta do him. I'm his only hope. Poor bastard.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT SIX
ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

THE ADMITTING DESK

JERRY
You hear about Benton?

GREENE
What?

JERRY
There's nobody to do a ruptured A.A., so he's doing it.

GREENE
Where's the night team? Why aren't they...

JERRY
... all busy. They have three procedures going up there already.

GREENE
Guess Peter won't be making any jokes for a while.

JERRY
(looking off)
I don't believe it.

AN EXTREMELY PRETTY GIRL has entered the ER wearing a tight blouse and a short skirt, which she holds up in front of her, and flaps, fanning her thighs.

JERRY
I just don't believe it.

Greene is starting to laugh; he turns away so the Girl won't see.

JERRY
You got a guess on the diagnosis of that one?

They don't have long to wait, the girl marches right up, still fanning, and says with an utterly straight face.

PRETTY GIRL
I burned my legs.

JERRY
I see.

(Continued)
PRETTY GIRL
I did it with hot water, and it hurts. It's not funny.

JERRY
Well, Miss, if you'll just give me your name.

BENTON
Walking down a deserted corridor, and going into an operating room, sticking his head in the door. A team is at work.

BENTON
Evening, gentlemen, I just want you to know I'm starting a ruptured abdominal aortic aneurism in room five and I'd appreciate a hand when you have a minute.

He leaves. The SURGEONS work in silence for a moment.

SURGEON #1
What'd he say?

SURGEON #2 (JIMMY)
He said he's doing an aneurism.

SURGEON #1
That's a joke, isn't it?

SURGEON #2 (JIMMY)
(to circulating nurse)
Cheryl? Go make sure he's joking.

They work on in silence a few moments. The Nurse comes back.

CHERYL
Dr. Ashley, he's doing it.

SURGEON #1
You're kidding!
(to other surgeon)
Jimmy, break and help him. I'll finish here and get there as soon as I can.

BENTON'S OR
Finishing his scrub, Benton swings through the doors to the O.R.

(CONTINUED)
Mr. Harvey, the patient, is there, being prepped furiously. The elaborate surgical routine is carried out.

**BENTON**
Okay, let's move, girls, this isn't a picnic, it's the late, late show.
(to Anaesthetist)
He under?

**ANAESTHETIST #2**
He's under.

**BENTON**
Okay, prep, please.
(starts swabbing)
Stop staring at me, I'm not trying to be a hero, I'm just trying to keep the poor guy alive. The only thing that's wrong around here is that I'm his best chance of survival...
(elaborate fatigue)
a heavy responsibility, tra-la-la.
Okay, plastic. Yes, folks, he's gone completely nuts, he's off his rocker.

One of the Nurses looks through the glass doors and sees another surgeon scrubbing.

**OR NURSE**
Somebody's coming to the rescue.

**BENTON**
Looks like Jimmy. The only guy in the hospital who knows less about vascular surgery than I do. Is Mr. Harvey happy?

**ANAESTHETIST #2**
He isn't complaining.

**BENTON**
Well, let's go. Knife, please.
Mark the start of the operation at two-thirteen ayem and let's see how long it takes the chief to get off his girl friend and into his work clothes.

Benton begins. Jimmy enters (Surgeon #2), scrubbed arms high.

(CONTINUED)
BENTON
Started without you, Jimmy. Time and leaking aneurisms wait for no man. Sponge there.
(to Jimmy)
We're going right down the linea alba, nothing fancy, he's got a fifty percent mortality anyway. Sucker, let's get that sucker, thank you, for all the good it will do.

Jimmy is gowned and gloved, and steps up to the table.

BENTON
Just in time. Pick-up...

SURGEON #2 (JIMMY)

Pick-up.

BENTON
Pick-up.

They alternate picking up the peritoneum with forceps, to be sure of releasing the bowel underneath.

SURGEON #2 (JIMMY)
(staring, worried)
Lotta blood in there, Peter.

BENTON
Precisely this man's problem. Okay, here we go, wish me luck. Knife.

He cuts the peritoneum. Blood rushes out through the incision, pouring in a huge red wave over both sides of the table. The monitors all give constant electronic screams.

BENTON
Mother... Now!

He plunges his hand through the open incision, feeling around. He winces above his mask; his eyes wrinkling with tension.

BENTON
Can't find it... damn, there... no, no... wait a minute... Jimmy, get your hand in here and push away that small intestine, that's the stuff... Ah!

(MORE)
BENTON (CONT'D)
Where are you, little leak... How bad is his pressure?

ANAESTHETIST #2
You won't like it.

BENTON
I won't like it? Think about him.
(to circulating nurse)
Barbara, hang up another five or six units, this fellow would appreciate it very much... wait a minute, wait a minute...

(feeling)
It's too much to hope for... Yeah, I got it. I got my hand on it! Time down, call it out in minutes, now let's suck this field clean so we can see what the hell we're doing, if anything. I got it!

NURSE (V.O.)
(on intercom)
Dr. Benton, the Chief Resident is in the hospital and on his way.

BENTON
Well, I'd applaud but I got one hand tied up here. Suck that field, we got the Chief coming, we don't want him to think we don't know what we're doing... Pressure?

ANAESTHETIST #2
One hundred over seventy and falling.

BENTON
I won't sweat that. Keep that blood going in by I.V. Push. Jimmy, your hands are trembling.

SURGEON #2 (JIMMY)
Can't imagine why.

BENTON
Neither can I, everything's under control here, all we got to do is sit and wait.

(CONTINUED)
CIRCULATING NURSE (CHERYL)
Dr. Benton, Dr. Ashley is finishing up in four and says he'll be with you in three minutes.

BENTON
All of a sudden I got all the help I want.

THE EXTREMELY PRETTY GIRL'S FACE
An extraordinary placid, calm, face, staring forward.

GREENE
You a college student?

PRETTY GIRL
Uh-huh. Sacred Heart.

GREENE
How did this happen?

PRETTY GIRL
I was pouring some hot water into the sink. It splashed on my legs.

As she looks down, CAMERA PANS DOWN to show Greene wrapping gauze around her upper thighs. He works efficiently, quickly, with no sexual overtones to it at all.

GREENE
Well, it's not bad, just first degree burns, no blistering, and it won't scar.

PRETTY GIRL
It's very sensitive skin.

GREENE
Uh-huh.

PRETTY GIRL
Your touch is nice.

GREENE
These medications should make you feel better.

PRETTY GIRL
Your fingers are very long.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GREENE
(working)
Uh-huh...

PRETTY GIRL
Long and strong...

Greene doesn't answer, he just wraps.

PRETTY GIRL
I wanted to change first, and put on another pair of underpants. I knew you'd be seeing my underpants.

GREENE
Uh-huh.

PRETTY GIRL
Touching them.

GREENE
Now, you'll want to keep these bandages dry for the next week or so, so don't take any showers or baths, just sponge baths.

PRETTY GIRL
Why is that nurse in the room?

GREENE
It's hospital policy.

PRETTY GIRL
She's not doing anything, she doesn't have to be here... Are you afraid of me?

GREENE
No. Should I be?

PRETTY GIRL
Your fingers feel so good.

GREENE
You'll be just fine in a few days.

A CORRIDOR

The placid girl leaving, walking away down the corridor, the bandages apparent beneath her miniskirt. She walks with a seductive sway. In the f.g., Greene leans against a wall, with Woodward.

(continued)
118 CONTINUED:

GREENE

Thanks, Lydia.

WOODWARD

That's really something.

GREENE

Yeah. Classic hysteric.

The girl wiggling her way past the admitting desk, and the Admitting Clerk eyes her, shaking his head. The PHONE RINGS.

JERRY

E.R.

THE DOCTOR'S LOUNGE

Lewis is writing a report, her head propped on her hand while she writes with the other. There is a TALK SHOW on the RADIO.

HOST (V.O.)

Good evening, Hall Barker here, and you're on nighttime.

WOMAN CALLER (V.O.)

Good evening, Hall, I want to say first I love your show and listen every night.

HOST (V.O.)

Well, thank you. Do you have a comment?

WOMAN CALLER (V.O.)

Yes, I want to tell you about my daughter. Now, she was in the hospital for her gall bladder, you know, they took out her gall bladder...

HOST (V.O.)

Uh-huh...

WOMAN CALLER (V.O.)

... and she was in, oh, I guess ten days, and you know what it cost? Twelve thousand dollars, more than twelve thousand dollars, that's what it cost, and I want to know where doctors get off, charging money like that.
During this, Lewis, writing, drops off to sleep, wakes with a start, keeps writing, drops off again.

HOST (V.O.)
Medical costs certainly are rising.

WOMAN CALLER (V.O.)
Well, I think it's a scandal, I think those doctors should be ashamed of themselves.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM

Lewis, with a middle-aged patient, LLEWELLYN.

LLEWELLYN
Doc, I got a terrible problem.

LEWIS
What's that?

LLEWELLYN
I can't get to sleep. I got real bad insomnia, doc.

LEWIS
Insomnia...

LLEWELLYN
What should I do for it, Doc?

LEWIS
(low)
Become a doctor.

IN THE OPERATING ROOM

BENTON
They're sure taking their time getting here, they've been scrubbing for the last month.

He looks through the glass window: we see two surgeons scrubbing.

(CONTINUED)
BENTON
You know, there's times like this, when I get into a reflective mood, and I pause and think...

MORGENTSTERN
Give it to me quick.

BENTON
Fifty-seven-year old white male in good health previously seen at this hospital eight weeks ago where on routine physical he was found to have a pulsatile abdominal mass with aortic calcification on X-ray; mass measured approximately two by four centimeters and elective surgery was planned and scheduled at the earliest possible date which was sometime next week. Patient remained asymptomatic until this evening when he complained at bedtime of a brief, severe, intermittent pulsing pain centered in mid-back with radiation bilaterally. He came into the hospital and was seen two hours later where he had a distended abdomen, signs of peritoneal irritation and a reduced hemocrit. He continued to complain of pain but now it was generalized throughout the abdomen.

This speech is delivered while the two surgeons are gowned and gloved; they step up to the operative field. Benton and Jimmy step back.

MORGENTSTERN
So you decided to open him up.

BENTON
There were no takers for the job at the time.

MORGENTSTERN
This is the messiest incision I've seen in years. A good vet would make a better skin cut than this. What's his pressure?

(CONTINUED)
ANAESTHETIST #2
Ninety over sixty-five and he's
gotten twelve units.

MORGENSTERN
Okay, we'll take over from here
and try to make something of it.

Benton waits a moment, but the two new surgeons talk
technically among themselves, ignoring him. Finally he
turns to leave.

MORGENSTERN
Oh, Peter.

Benton stops, turns. The Chief Resident talks without
ever taking his eyes from the operative field.

MORGENSTERN
You did the right thing, Peter.
You were lucky as hell, but you
were right to open him up. Good
work.

Benton just nods, strips off his gloves, and leaves.

BENTON
Walking down the corridor, past the nurses and up the
stairs to the surgeon's lounge, which is deserted. He
stands at the lounge, walks in, takes off his mask and
cap, and suddenly raises his arms and screams "Yahoo"
and jumps up and down like a little kid.

DOCTOR'S LOUNGE

Lewis is writing, still, as Benton enters.

LEWIS
How'd it go?

BENTON
He's still alive. Morgenstern
took it over.

LEWIS
Congratulations.

BENTON
How's Hathaway?

(CONTINUED)
LEWIS
(quick headshake)
Not going to make it. We dialyzed her down to a serum level of three hundred, but her respiratory function's too depressed.

BENTON
You got her on positive pressure?

LEWIS
We got her on everything... It isn't going to happen. They're transferring her up to the fifth floor.

BENTON
They contact her family?

LEWIS
Yeah, her family is in...
(drifts off, out of simple fatigue)
... in... I can't remember, Cleveland I think. Maybe Pittsburgh. They found them.

Benton's BEEPER GOES OFF. He gets up off couch.

BENTON
No rest for the wicked.

A SCREAMING INFANT

With face and body black and blue; the CHILD HOWLS. Ross examines delicately.

ROSS
Well, we'll have to get X-rays right away. How'd this happen?

ANNETTE
He fell out of his crib.

The mother, ANNETTE, is well-dressed, aristocratic.

ROSS
He fell out of his crib.

ANNETTE
You don't believe me?

(CONTINUED)
ROSS

No.

ANNETTE
I'm telling you he fell out of his crib.

ROSS
Lady, it's very late at night, and I'm tired, I'm really tired. You have a child with multiple contusions and they're at least eight hours old and I think he was beaten and you brought him in only because he was screaming so much you couldn't get to sleep; I think he may have a skull fracture and I'll bet when we do X-rays we find several healed fractures and I'll bet this is a battered child.

ANNETTE
I can have you arrested for saying things like that, do you think I would harm my child?

ROSS
It happens all the time.

ANNETTE
I assure you, whoever you are...

ROSS
Ross, Doctor Ross...

ANNETTE
Well, Doctor Ross, I assure you that your suspicions are wholly unfounded and that there had been no deliberate attempt to injure my child, he simply fell from his crib.

ROSS
How'd be burn his legs?

ANNETTE
Burn his legs?

ROSS
These marks here are healed burn scars on his legs, how'd that happen?

(continued)
ANNETTE
Well, I, I don't know anything about any burns on the legs, I think it's your imagination, is what I think --

ROSS
(interrupting)
... Lady. I have to tell you frankly, when I see a child like this, I think it's rotten and lousy, and if you don't like that --

ANNETTE
You can't speak to me that way, I'm an attorney!

ROSS
In that case, I'm sure you know the agency I'm about to call.

And he storms out of the room.

THE HALLWAY

Ross exits into the corridor and Perez passes him.

ROSS
Did you find that chart on the patient in six?

PEREZ
I don't know where it is.

ROSS
(raising voice)
Well, find it.

PEREZ
(raising voice)
Well, I don't know where it is.

ROSS
(shouting)
You think I'm deaf, I heard you, I want you to find me the damned chart and find it now.

PEREZ
(shouting)
I don't know where it is.

(Continued)
And KPerez storms off. Ross stands there, then walks down the corridor in the other direction.

In the background, A COP, struggles in the door with a drunk on his shoulder. He dumps him into a chair. Greene goes over.

**GREENE**

What's the problem?

**COP**

We picked him up in Old Town, he was standing, blocking traffic, but he's got that smell, so I thought I'd check...

**GREENE**

(sniffing breath)

... You did the right thing.

(to Clerk)

Let's get him down to one of the rooms, we got a diabetic ketosis.

Some orderlies come up to wrestle the body down the hall. Greene goes after them, turning to Cop.

**GREENE**

You probably saved his life...

The Cop sort of preens. He looks at the admitting Clerk.

**JERRY**

What do you want, a medal?

**GREENE**

Directing therapy of the diabetic.

**GREENE**

Let's have glucose by I.V. push and get me two hundred units of insulin standing by in a syringe.

**WOODWARD**

You want N.P.N.?

**GREENE**

Not on your life, or his. I want straight insulin and I want him hydrated as fast as you can. When you have a urine on him, call me.

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

GREENE (CONT'D)
Get sodium, chlorides and
potassium and let me know when you
have it.

Greene comes out of the room, and runs into the head
nurse.

OLIGARIO
Richie, did you get the message
your wife called?

GREENE
No...
(looks at watch)
I'll call her in the morning.

OLIGARIO
Yeah.

INT. SURGICAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

A high-tech surrounding. CLOSE ON MR. HARVEY, the aneur-
ism patient unconscious, but still alive. His wife sits
beside the bed, amid the monitors.

Benton enters quietly, looks at the charts.

BENTON
He seems to be doing fine, so far.

MRS. HARVEY
I'm so grateful. Dr. Morgenstern
came in so quickly. He saved his
life.

BENTON
Yes, ma'am. Dr. Morgenstern is a
wonderful surgeon.

MRS. HARVEY
He said you did a lot, too. Thank
you.

BENTON
Oh, ma'am, I didn't do anything
but help out a little.

He turns to go, sees Morgenstern standing just outside
the door. He's heard all of it. Benton exits.

BENTON
I better get back to the E.R.

Morgenstern just nods.
THE ADMITTING DESK

Perez is talking to Jerry, the clerk. Ross comes down the hall to her.

ROSS
Listen, I'm sorry I yelled.

PEREZ
Want some coffee?

ROSS
Sure.

A DRUNKEN REVELER

Lying on his back, while Carter sews his forehead.

MURPHY
Yeah, so I'm getting into the car, and I've had a couple, I wouldn't kid you about that, and I close the door for my wife, and walk around the car, and slip and bang --- right on the bumper, my head. Hell of a party, though. You Irish?

CARTER
No.

MURPHY
Well, this is St. Patrick's Day, see, it's an Irish holiday, it's like, you know, Christmas or Easter or something, but for Irish.

CARTER
Uh-huh.

Yawns.

MURPHY
And I had...
(yawns)
... too much to drink.

CARTER
I'll be finished in a minute, Mr. Murphy.
THE ADMITTING DESK

Jerry yawns, behind the desk. Lewis comes over.

LEWIS
I'll be in room three.

Jerry nods, she walks down the hall.

A ROOM

As Lewis goes in, lies down on a stretcher, and is instantly asleep with a suddenness that seems like she's been killed. She does not move.

THE ADMITTING DESK

Benton comes in and looks around.

BENTON
Nobody else? That's it?

JERRY
Well, I got a little problem, this throat of mine, it's acting up...

BENTON
You've got days, maybe minutes to live. Which room?

JERRY
(consulting clipboard)
Four or five are open.

BENTON
Five.

He turns and walks off.

A hallway, as Murphy exits, waving thanks to Carter who exits, and walks to the back room. It's empty; no patients. He sits down in a chair, leans his head against the wall, and looks across the room at Young, who is making notes, wide awake. Carter stares. In seconds, he is snoring.

Greene comes in from X-ray, and walks to the admitting desk.

GREENE
Is that it?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JIMMY
Well, if you could look at my
throat, I have this little
soreness...

GREENE
I'll be in four. Wake me at six-
thirty.

JIMMY
(looks at watch)
Give you almost an hour and a half.
You're lucky.

Greene nods, and goes to the room. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM
through the ER. He takes out his notebook and writes,
then tears out a sheet. He removes a roll of tape from
his pocket, and tears off a piece of tape. He tapes the
note paper to the door, then goes into the room, closes
the door. The note reads:

DR. GREENE
WAKE AT 6:30

INSIDE THE ROOM

Greene lies down, snaps off the bedside light, shifts the
slightest amount and is instantly out cold.

A rectangle of white opens, and a silhouetted figure is
there.

NURSE
Dr. Greene, it's six-thirty.

BLACK.

THE END