

THE DOCTOR

Written by

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TEASER

OVER BLACK we hear the sound of running, panting.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Stay with me, Kathryn. Stay with me.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - EMERGENCY ROOM- DAY

The ER is moderately busy when EMILY CAMPBELL (late 40s - early 50s) rushes in. Beautiful and strong, Emily commands attention whenever she enters a room. The fact that she's currently carrying an UNCONSCIOUS WOMAN makes her even more intriguing.

EMILY

I need help here!

The situation is immediately intense. A NURSE rushes over with a gurney and Emily lowers the woman onto it. A DOCTOR arrives to assess the patient while Emily answers questions, keeping one eye on the woman at all times.

NURSE #1

What's her name?

EMILY

Kathryn Gordon.

NURSE #1

Can you tell me what happened?

DOCTOR

Patient non-responsive --

EMILY (CONT'D)

We were on the phone, and she passed out --

DOCTOR BILLAWALA

No gag reflex. We're going to need to intubate --

A second NURSE brings over a tray of intubation supplies and readies the medication. Emily wants to be with Kathryn, but is being held back for more questions.

NURSE #1

And what is your relationship?

NURSE #2

Sux is in --

EMILY

She's an old friend of mine, but --

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
Push the Etomidate.

EMILY
Wait, no! Don't!

Emily rushes over to the gurney, but it's too late.

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
I'm sorry, you're going to need to
step back, ma'am.

EMILY
Listen to me. She needs dexamethasone.
Her pressure's gonna crash --

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
Nurse? Can you deal with this?

The nurse tries to move Emily away as the ALARM goes off.
Kathryn's blood pressure plummets. The doctor gets nervous.

NURSE #2
BP's down to 40 systolic.

EMILY
It's the Etomidate.

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
Get me pressors --

EMILY
They won't work! She's in adrenal
crisis. She needs steroids. NOW!

The nurse looks at the doctor, who nods his assent, but:

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
Page the chief! I have no idea what
the hell is going on here. Who are
you, lady?

Without answering, Emily grabs the needle from the nurse and
deftly PLUNGES it into the patient's arm, leaving us to
wonder the exact same thing -- WHO IS THIS WOMAN?

FADE TO BLACK.

SIX MONTHS EARLIER

INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

A very different type of needle being plunged into a slab of
beef by a very different Emily. She's happy and content as
she prepares a feast in her well-appointed kitchen.

Lots of framed family photos add warmth to the already lovely Connecticut home. With the precision of a surgeon, Emily slices mushrooms, garlic, onions. Her cookbook is stained with a thousand dinners just like this. She's so focused on her work she doesn't notice her husband, BEN, walk into the room until his arms are wrapped around her waist. She melts into his body as he kisses her neck.

BEN

Mmmm. I love a woman who smells like meat at 5:30 in the morning.

EMILY

What are you doing up so early?

BEN

Gotta check on a patient who lives out in Blue Hills.

EMILY

You realize doctors don't make house calls anymore, right?

BEN

Some do.

He grabs his keys out of the drawer. Starts to go.

EMILY

Wanna hear the menu for tonight?

BEN

Does it include your creamy potatoes?

EMILY

Naturally.

BEN

That's all I need to know.

She smiles. He kisses her again and heads out the door.

EMILY

Don't forget, the Windsors are coming over with pictures from their Italy trip, so don't be late.

BEN

Promise.

INT. EMILY'S FAMILY ROOM / KITCHEN- NIGHT

The dinner party in full swing. THE WINDSORS and AYANNA (Emily's best friend) are enjoying wine and cheese.

Ben still hasn't shown up, which is odd. Emily's concerned, but trying not to show it. She checks her watch again.

EMILY

I don't know where he could be. Maybe we should start without him..?

The phone RINGS and Emily's stomach drops. Something *is* wrong. She SLOWLY makes her way towards the land line.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Hello?

Just then, Ben walks in the door. Emily exhales.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - SCRUB ROOM - SAME TIME

It's their son, DAVID (30s), dressed in surgical scrubs. He's cocky, but he has the goods to back it up. A NURSE holds the phone to his ear as he washes his hands raw.

DAVID

Hi, Mom. Pulmonary embolism just rolled in. Don't think I'm gonna make it to dinner. But save me some of those potatoes, okay? Love you.

EMILY

Love you, too, honey. Good luck.

She hangs up and turns around to a guilty-looking Ben.

BEN

Sorry I'm late...

She shakes her head, but kisses him hello. No grudge held.

AYANNA

Hey, was that David on the phone? How's his fellowship going?

MR. WINDSOR

What fellowship?

EMILY

My son the genius wasn't satisfied with general surgery, so he decided to specialize.

BEN

Cardio-thoracic. He wants to be a God.

AYANNA

I thought he already was a God.

EMILY

Only to me. Now the rest of the world will finally catch on.

MR. WINDSOR

Does that mean he's leaving your practice, Ben?

EMILY

He's doing both. I'm telling you, the kid is Superman.

The friends laugh and refill their glasses, giving Ben the opportunity to pull Emily aside for a second.

BEN

Where's Natasha?

Before Emily can answer, Natasha makes her entrance. 26 and with a flair for drama, she immediately overtakes a room.

NATASHA

Wasn't invited. Hey, Pops.

Natasha kisses Ben on the cheek. A Daddy's girl.

EMILY

That's not true. I asked you if you were going to be home for dinner --

NATASHA

It's cool. I have a meeting anyway.
(to the friends)
AA.

The friends smile, awkwardly holding their glasses of wine.

EMILY

They know, sweetheart. We *all* know.

NATASHA

She doesn't like me talking about it. Poor woman stayed home to raise me, and look what happened. Thank God for Dave or it would've been a total waste.

Emily sighs, embarrassed. But this happens a lot. Ben puts a loving arm around Natasha, trying to steady her. Calm her.

BEN

Hey. Is that one of yours?

He gestures to an artful floral centerpiece on the table. Natasha nods, blushing a bit. Praise is hard for her.

NATASHA

I was just messing around.

AYANNA

It's beautiful. So unique.

NATASHA

Wanna buy it? I'm low on cash.

EMILY

Natasha!

NATASHA

It was a joke, Mom. Relax.

Natasha grabs a handful of cheese and starts to go.

BEN

Wait. I'll walk you out.

Natasha puts her head on her dad's shoulder as he leads her out the door. Emily turns back to the group, relieved her daughter is gone and happy to be the hostess again.

EMILY

Who's hungry?

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Ben is changing into his jogging clothes. Emily stirs from under their comfy duvet.

BEN

Sure you don't want to join me?

EMILY

Not even a little bit.

He smiles, gives her a quick kiss on the forehead.

BEN

I'll make pancakes when I get back.

Emily yums in appreciation and sinks back into her pillow.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - MORNING

It's bitter cold and the snow on the ground is quickly turning to ice. Ben keeps a comfortable pace on the side of the road. It's so quiet, we can hear his breath. Suddenly, a CAR we didn't see coming SPINS OFF THE ICE and SLAMS into Ben's body. Violent. He never saw it coming.

EXT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - MORNING

The quiet morning is now replaced with AMBULANCE SIRENS screaming as they approach the ER. David is one of the doctors waiting. The ambulance doors open and David GASPS when he sees his father on the gurney. Unconscious.

DAVID

Oh my God...

The other doctors immediately jump into the fray, but David is momentarily paralyzed by the sight of his father.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Emily wakes up with a start. Something is wrong.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - EMERGENCY - MORNING

A group of DOCTORS working frantically on Ben's failing body.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - FRONT DESK - MORNING

David picks up the phone. Hangs up. Breathes. Picks up again and dials.

DAVID

Mom?

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - EMERGENCY - MORNING

The doctors continue to work until there is nothing left to do. The dull moan of the EKG tells us what we already know.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - MORNING

A pajama-clad Emily rushes in to find David waiting for her. He doesn't need to say anything. His face says it all. She drops to her knees and screams. And screams.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The funeral. A large group of people have come to pay their respects including Ayanna, and JASON WALDEN (Ben's partner and best friend.) Emily stands between a stoic David and a hysterical Natasha. Emily's tears are quiet but visible as the PRIEST eulogizes.

INT. EMILY'S FAMILY ROOM - DAY

The wake. David greets each visitor as CAMERA drifts towards Emily and Ayanna, sitting away from the crowd. Emily is focused on something we don't yet see.

EMILY

Oh no.

Ayanna follows Emily's gaze towards Natasha, who is sobbing on the shoulder of an ODDLY SKINNY WOMAN (early 40s).

AYANNA

Who is that woman she's with?

EMILY

Her sponsor. I don't know what to do.
I can't handle a scene right now...

AYANNA

Do you want me to talk to her?

No need. Natasha can feel Emily's eyes and quickly leads her sponsor into another room. Emily exhales, shakily, as Jason approaches.

JASON

There you are...

EMILY

Jason...

He engulfs her a hug, tears springing into both their eyes.

JASON

I just... I can't believe it.

EMILY

I know.

JASON

Whatever you need, if there's anything
I can do --

David appears, slipping in between Jason and his mom.

DAVID

Actually, I was gonna ask if you could manage things at the practice for awhile. Doctor Gershman offered to cover my post-op patients at the hospital, and I've canceled all my non-urgent office appointments. But if you wouldn't mind --

JASON

I'll cover your dad's patients. It's been awhile since I've treated anyone over the age of 13, but I think I remember how to do it.

Emily smiles, appreciating his attempt at levity. But David is all business.

DAVID
Great. Thanks.
(then, turning to Emily)
Mom, you gotta eat something.

Just like that, Jason has just been boxed out of the conversation. We sense these two men don't love each other, but now isn't the time. Jason walks away.

EMILY
I'm not hungry.

DAVID
Just a little. For me.

Emily takes a small bite of food from David's plate and does her best to swallow it.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Better, right?

Emily gives her son a smile and kisses his forehead. Then:

EMILY
I'll be down in a minute.

She starts to walk upstairs. David tries to follow, but Ayanna holds him back.

AYANNA
Let her be, David.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emily looks out the window, the snow on the trees so heavy the branches can barely hold the weight. After a moment, she lies down on her bed, buries her face in Ben's pillow and allows herself to sob. As if to offer her privacy, the CAMERA PANS towards the window, the snow, the silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - MORNING - SIX MONTHS LATER

Outside a different window, the snow is gone, replaced by spring leaves. Emily is in pajamas, even though the clock reads 11:30 am. She's flipping through her cookbook, nursing a cup of coffee when Natasha walks in. The tension between them has dissipated into a mutual tolerating of one another.

NATASHA

Wow. The cookbook. Haven't seen that in a while.

EMILY

I thought I might make dinner tonight. Maybe that Asian flank steak you used to like?

NATASHA

You're thinking of David. That's *his* favorite.

EMILY

Oh, right. Maybe I should invite him.

Natasha doesn't bother answering. It's not really a question.

EMILY (CONT'D)

How's the painting going?

NATASHA

Fine.

EMILY

That's good. If you need me to pick up more supplies --

NATASHA

That's okay. I can do it.

Emily nods. They fall into silence.

INT. CAMPBELL, WALDEN & CAMPBELL - DAVID'S OFFICE - MORNING

David is in his office, going over test results with his patient DIEGO RODAS, 17, and his father, CHRISTOPHER.

DAVID

Your blood tests and EKG came back normal, Diego, which is good.

DIEGO

If everything is normal, then why do I feel like I'm running out of breath all the time?

DAVID

Unfortunately, shortness of breath is a common symptom to a wide range of illnesses. There's also the chance these episodes are anxiety related. You're starting college soon, right?

CHRISTOPHER
 (proudly)
 Stanford. Full scholarship.

DIEGO
 Dad --

DAVID
 Congratulations. That's a great
 school. First time away from home?

DIEGO
 I guess so, yeah.

DAVID
 And the last time you experienced this
 shortness of breath was when you were
 packing up your bedroom, right?

DIEGO
 You think this is all in my head? Like
 I'm scared to go to school?

DAVID
 Anxiety is very real and can manifest
 physically. Shortness of breath,
 heart palpitations. It doesn't mean
 you're scared to go to school, but
 leaving home for the first time can be
 overwhelming.

David pulls out his prescription pad and scribbles something.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 I'm going to prescribe you some low
 dose anti-anxiety medication and we
 can see how it works. Okay?

Before Diego can answer, David's cell phone rings. He checks
 the ID.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 If you'll excuse me, I have to take
 this.

CHRISTOPHER
 Thank you, Doctor Campbell.

As Christopher and Diego head out, David answers his cell:

DAVID
 You okay, Mom?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Emily is making her shopping list at the table. Natasha is scarfing down a bowl of cereal, half-listening.

EMILY

I'm sorry. Are you with a patient?

DAVID

I have two minutes. What's up?

EMILY

I was just wondering if you wanted to come over for dinner tonight. I'm making flank steak.

DAVID

Sounds great. I'll be there.

(then, cautious)

And not to bug you again, but if you want me to bring home some of Dad's stuff from the office, I can.

EMILY

Actually, I'm gonna come by today and start cleaning it out myself.

Both Natasha and David react, surprised.

DAVID

Really? Because I'm happy to do it for you --

EMILY

I know you are. I'll see you later, honey. Love you.

She hangs up. Natasha looks at her, clearly wanting to join Emily at her father's office. Before she can figure out a way to ask, Emily walks out of the room. We hold a beat on Natasha, alone.

INT. CAMPBELL, WALDEN & CAMPBELL - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Emily walks into the cheerful outer office of Ben's practice, just as KATHRYN GORDON is walking out. (*The audience should recognize Kathryn as the UNCONSCIOUS WOMAN Emily was carrying in the show's opening*). Kathryn's 3-year-old daughter TILLY walks closely behind her, followed by Jason. (**NOTE: Tilly has a princess Band-Aid on her arm. Kathryn has a mild pigmentation around her cheeks, and a slight cold.**)

JASON

Most likely, it's a virus, but the blood test will rule out the possibility of a bacterial infection.

He grabs a bowl of lollipops, hands it to Tilly.

JASON (CONT'D)

And you, my dear, get a lollipop for being so brave.

TILLY

Thank you!

KATHRYN

How long until the results come back?

JASON

Couple days. I'll call you as soon as they come in, but I wouldn't worry.

Kathryn turns around which is when Emily realizes --

EMILY

Kathryn. I thought that was you.

KATHRYN

Oh my God. Emily!

They share a friendly hug.

JASON

I take it you two know each other?

EMILY

Kathryn and I took *Mommy & Me* classes a million years ago. Speaking of which, how is Eli?

KATHRYN

Engaged, if you can believe. He lives in Arizona now. And this is my little miracle, Tilly.

Tilly gives a distracted wave, still busy with the lollipops.

EMILY

You went for the second.

KATHRYN

Took me twenty years, but yeah. I had to try for the girl.

Kathryn laughs, which quickly turns into a coughing fit.

EMILY

That's a bad cough. Maybe you should schedule an appointment for yourself.

KATHRYN

Nah, I'm always sick. Fallout from having a kid in preschool. I saw Dr. Campbell awhile ago and he --

Kathryn's face suddenly pales, embarrassed.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Oh, Emily. I forgot. I'm so sorry --

EMILY

It's okay...

KATHRYN

He was a wonderful man.

EMILY

Thank you. It was good seeing you again, Kathryn.

KATHRYN

You, too. Thanks, Doctor Walden.

Kathryn grabs Tilly's hand and walks out. Emily stands there for a moment, a bit shaken. Jason notices.

JASON

You okay?
(off her silence)
If you want to do this another time --

EMILY

No, no. I'm good.

Jason puts a hand on her shoulder. She smiles, grateful.

INT. CAMPBELL, WALDEN & CAMPBELL - BEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Emily stands in the doorway, shocked by how everything looks exactly the same, but never will be again. Jason walks in with some boxes.

JASON

I have some more boxes in the closet if you need.

EMILY

Thanks, Jason. I can manage the packing. I'll grab David if --

JASON

Dave's not here. Said he had to go to the hospital, but I'm happy to help.

They start to pack. After a beat, Emily breaks the silence.

EMILY

Did you notice Kathryn's cheeks?

JASON

Her cheeks?

EMILY

(as she packs)

There was some hyper-pigmentation around the mouth. It could just be melasma, I guess. Happens a lot with pregnancy. But the fact that she's always sick? Might mean Addison's.

Jason is momentarily caught off guard, then chuckles a bit.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What? You think that's crazy?

JASON

Not at all. It's just that sometimes I forget you're a doctor.

EMILY

I'm not a doctor.

JASON

Could've fooled me.

She smiles. They go back to packing in silence, then --

JASON (CONT'D)

So how has it been going?

EMILY

You don't want to know.

JASON

I do, actually.

Emily stops packing. Sits on a box. Confessional.

EMILY

Let's see. I wake up every morning, and the first thing I do is remember. That pretty much stops me from doing anything else for an hour or two. At some point I drag myself out of bed and make coffee.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

Then I sit down and try to find one thing to do that day. Laundry. Pharmacy. Haircut. I can usually find one thing. I center my day around that, and then I wait until a reasonable hour when I can crawl back into bed and go to sleep again.

Jason wishes he could hold her. Take the pain away.

JASON

Well. At least you're sleeping.

A beat, and then Emily laughs. A good, long laugh. It makes them both feel better.

EMILY

I'll figure something out eventually. Maybe I'll take another cooking class. I don't know...

JASON

Have you ever thought about coming back to medicine?

Emily laughs again. But Jason doesn't this time.

JASON (CONT'D)

I'm serious.

EMILY

It's been almost 30 years since I graduated med school, Jason. I think I've missed my window.

JASON

Why? You take a test, brush up on a few techniques. It's never too late to start over.

EMILY

There absolutely is a point when it's too late, and I passed it awhile ago. Somewhere around the time they started putting cameras in phones. Besides, what makes you so sure I'm still licensed?

JASON

I know you are, because Ben used to talk about you joining the practice someday.

Emily reacts, surprised. Exposed.

EMILY

He talked about that with you?

JASON

All the time. I assumed that was why you kept up with your CME's. Not that attending seminars on "trends in antibiotics" isn't good, clean fun.

Emily digests this information.

EMILY

I thought it was something he just said... because he felt guilty, or --

JASON

He wanted you here because he knew you belonged here, Emily.

(then, without thinking)

You still don't get how amazing you are, do you?

She looks at him. The way he's looking at her... it goes beyond friendship and she knows it. But she chooses kindly to pretend that she doesn't.

EMILY

I think I'd like to do this by myself for a while. If that's okay.

JASON

Of course.

He starts to go, but before he does he opens one of Ben's filing cabinets and hands her a chart.

JASON (CONT'D)

Kathryn's chart. In case you get curious.

He walks out. We hold on Emily, surrounded by her past, holding her possible future in her hands.

END TEASER

ACT ONEEXT. BRICCO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

An AMBULANCE whizzes by, reminding us of the hospital where David is supposedly working right now. Except he's not. He's having cocktails with a sexy businesswoman named JENNA. We see them through the window...

INT. BRICCO'S RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

David is skimming through a fairly hefty business proposal. A brochure for TRI-STATE MEDICAL GROUP sits on the table.

JENNA

Frankly, we were surprised to hear from you, Doctor Campbell. My associates looked into obtaining your father's practice a few years ago, but there didn't seem to be any interest.

DAVID

Well, things have changed.

JENNA

Really? How so?

DAVID

My father died.

Jenna reacts, surprised. Then embarrassed.

JENNA

I'm so sorry. I didn't realize --

David smiles, letting her off the hook.

DAVID

Nobody prepped you, huh? It's okay.
(then, quickly)
My dad was the family practitioner. He brought in Doctor Walden to handle pediatrics, and he gifted me in after I finished my surgical residency at Hartford Medical. Which means we've been operating as a full service practice for the past two years.

JENNA

That much I do know. Your office has a solid reputation, hefty client base. It's why we want you.

DAVID

Yes, but why do I want you, Jenna?

It's a little flirty, but he's attractive so it works.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I could name 20 doctors who want to buy my Dad's share, unless you can make this worth my while.

JENNA

Oh, I'm sure I can do that.

The flirting goes both ways. This just got more interesting. She writes down a number on a napkin. From the look on David's face, we can tell it's a good one.

JENNA (CONT'D)

That's just our starting offer. We'd also encourage you to join our group and stay on in your current position at a substantial salary increase.

DAVID

I prefer being my own boss. And once I finish my cardio fellowship, I'll probably go off on my own anyway. But you can talk to Jason about it when the time comes.

JENNA

How does Doctor Walden feel about the buyout? I presume he's on board?

At the mention of Jason, David gets defensive.

DAVID

Assuming my father's share, I control two thirds of the practice, which means my vote outweighs his.

JENNA

Does he even know you're doing this?

DAVID

No. Will your board have a problem with that?

JENNA

Not at all.

DAVID

Good. Then let's make a deal.

She smiles, turned on by his whole alpha male thing. David smiles back, turned on by her whole slutty thing. Oh boy...

INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - DUSK

Natasha is in the middle of making another floral arrangement when the phone rings. She picks up.

NATASHA

Hello?

INT. BRICCO'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Jenna and David are in a bathroom stall, halfway to sex.

DAVID

Hey, Nat. Would you tell Mom I can't make dinner tonight? Emergency surgery. Just came up.

Jenna smiles, takes off her sweater. Natasha is furious.

NATASHA

No way. Don't do this to me! I cannot be alone with that woman for an entire meal.

DAVID

What's the problem? I thought you guys were getting along better lately.

NATASHA

We're better as long as we have a buffer. Which is why you're coming.

As Jenna moves down, out of frame --

DAVID

Sorry. No can do.
(then, hearing her sigh)
It's not a big deal. Just sit down, eat some food, and talk to her.

NATASHA

Talk to her about what? Soufflé?
It's like making conversation with a Stepford wife.

At which point, David's pager goes off. It's the hospital.

DAVID

Okay, now I really have to go --

NATASHA

Please. Dave, wait --

But he's gone. She throws the phone, pissed. Anxious.

INT. BRICCO'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jenna is kissing her way back up David's body as David dials another number on his cell.

DAVID
Last call. I swear.
(then, into phone)
This is Doctor Campbell.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - EMERGENCY - SAME TIME

NURSE #1
Sorry to bother you, but one of your patients was just admitted to the ER.

DAVID
Which patient?

REVEAL DIEGO, fighting to breathe and frothing at the mouth.

INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Emily walks in, arms full of grocery bags.

EMILY
Natasha? Wanna help me make dinner?

No response. She's about to put away the groceries when she sees a note on the fridge: *"David can't come. I went to meet a friend. Don't wait up."*

Angry and hurt, Emily RIPS the note off the fridge and THROWS it in the trash, along with the bags of groceries. Fuck it. Just fuck it all.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emily carries a bottle of wine, an empty wine glass, and Kathryn's chart. She nestles into bed, pours herself a hefty glass and opens the chart, with purpose.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Diego is in bed, shivering in his hospital gown. His long, lean frame is even more pronounced. Christopher is with him, confused, as David tries to explain what's happening.

DAVID
The echocardiogram showed some moderate aortic insufficiency, or leaking, which is unusual in a person your age, Diego. It's why I didn't order the test initially.

DIEGO
So it's not anxiety. I knew it. I told you, man, I'm hardcore.

DAVID
(reading his chart)
I'm going over your medical history and I want to make sure everything here is accurate. You don't smoke.

DIEGO
No.

DAVID
And you've never done any drugs?

Christopher looks at his son. Diego blushes a bit.

DIEGO
I smoke a little weed every once in a while. But that's it. I swear.

DAVID
That wouldn't have caused this.

David looks away from the chart and looks at Diego instead. He suddenly notices how skinny he is. He moves to the gown.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Do you mind --?

He opens the gown a bit, revealing Diego's sunken chest.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Do you have any history of heart disease in your family?

DIEGO
I don't know. Do we, Dad?

CHRISTOPHER
His mother's brother had a heart attack. Pretty young, I think. No one ever looked into what caused it, but he drank a lot, so we figured it could be that.

His wheels turning, David addresses the nurse in the room.

DAVID
Deb, draw a cardiac panel and add a test for Marfan's.
(then, to Diego)
I'm gonna need to keep you overnight.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Natasha pulls up in her truck, and gets out. She sees her mother's bedroom light on through the window. She's not ready to face her yet. So she walks into --

INT. ATTACHED GARAGE - NIGHT

-- Except it's not just a garage. It's Ben's man-cave. The walls are lined with normal junk, boxes assigned to different family members, etc. There's also a lazy chair, an old TV, more family pictures, and several of Natasha's paintings; haunting and beautiful. Natasha curls up in her father's chair, pulls his blanket over her tiny frame and tries to take in his scent. This is how she stays with him.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Going through the chart, Emily is struck by Ben's handwriting. She touches the ink as if she were holding his hand. It takes her a moment to snap out of the reverie. When she does, she notices that her husband was on the same track as she was. *Addison's Disease*. She smiles.

EMILY

Addison's. Great minds think alike.

She turns the page, which indicates that ACTH testing ruled out adrenal insufficiency, causing Ben to abandon the theory. Then, in big, block letters: **RUN GENETIC PANEL FOR PKD.**

EMILY (CONT'D)

Polycystic kidney disease?

Emily looks for the results, but that's the last page of the chart. There's nothing else inside. Weird.

INT. CAMPBELL, WALDEN & CAMPBELL - OUTER OFFICE

NURSE BARBARA is leaving for the night when the phone RINGS. She checks the caller ID, and is compelled to answer.

NURSE BARBARA

Campbell, Walden & Campbell.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

EMILY

Barb? You're still there?

NURSE BARBARA

Just finishing up. How are you, Mrs. Campbell?

EMILY

I'm fine. Just getting Ben's files in order and I noticed he's missing some lab results for one of his patients. Her name is Kathryn Gordon? It's for a PKD test he ran about 18 months ago.

NURSE BARBARA

Let me look it up for you.

Emily sits on hold, feeling foolish but somehow unable to stop herself. After a beat --

NURSE BARBARA (O.C.) (CONT'D)

I'm going through the computer and there's no results here, either. It looks like the patient never came in to do the bloodwork.

EMILY

Oh. Well, thanks for checking. You have a good night.

We hold on Emily who can't seem to let go of that chart. Curiouser and curiouser...

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Still in her father's chair, Natasha starts to get restless. She moves to the boxes, drawn to the one that says EMILY, and opens it up. Old photos of Emily and Ben on vacation, celebrating birthdays, doing rounds together. She pauses on the last one, unused to seeing her mom in a lab coat. Next, she pulls out an AWARD with Emily's name engraved on it.

NATASHA

(reading the plaque)

The Henry Asbury Christian Award for notable scholarship in research.

Natasha reacts, impressed. Digging further, she pulls out a medical journal from the 1980s. A group of 10 doctors are on the cover. Natasha looks closer and notices that the only woman in the picture is her mother.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

What the..?

As Natasha settles in for a long night ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Emily is making coffee and a phone call. She is noticeably NOT wearing her pajamas, and seems to have a little more intent to her actions this morning.

EMILY

Yes, hi, I'd like to place a lunch order? One large chicken soup.

Suddenly, the back door flings open causing Emily to jump. It's Natasha, carrying the box.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Great, I'll pick it up this afternoon.

Emily hangs up and notices Natasha's unkempt-ness.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What happened to you last night?

NATASHA

I have a better question.

She DROPS the box onto the table; the journal sits on top.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Who the hell are you?

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Diego is watching TV. His father is asleep in the chair. David knocks gently, causing Christopher to stir.

DIEGO

Lemme guess. More blood tests?

DAVID

Not right now. Your lab results came back positive for Marfan Syndrome, Diego, which is a genetic disorder of the connective tissue caused by defects in a gene called fibrillin-1.

DIEGO

Genetic. You mean, like, I've had it my whole life?

DAVID

Exactly. There's a good chance your uncle had it, too, and just didn't know. Was he tall like you?

CHRISTOPHER

Taller.

DAVID

Makes sense. The gene defect can cause too much growth of the long bones which accounts for your height and unusually long limbs.

DIEGO

(with a smile)

My girlfriend calls them monkey arms.

DAVID

It also leads to changes in elastic tissues. In your case, it's affecting your heart valves.

CHRISTOPHER

So what do we do? How do we cure it?

DAVID

Unfortunately, there's no cure for Marfan's, but that doesn't mean your son can't lead a long, healthy life. Our goal is to slow the progression of aortic dilation and damage to the valves. We'll start by putting you on pills to minimize your blood pressure.

DIEGO

So I can still go to school?

DAVID

We need to operate to repair the valve, so you may have to defer a semester, but that's all.

Diego takes that in, clearly unhappy about that. Christopher is still focused on the first part.

CHRISTOPHER

Operate. You mean, heart surgery?

DAVID

Yes. And the sooner the better.

INT. EMILY'S FAMILY ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Natasha sits across from her mother, the box on her lap.

EMILY

Why exactly were you in the garage going through my old things?

NATASHA

I was bored.

(then, pulls out a letter)

You turned down a fellowship at the Mayo Clinic? What was up with that?

EMILY

The timing wasn't right, and maybe you wouldn't have been bored if you hadn't flaked on our dinner.

Natasha ignores that comment, pulls out another letter.

NATASHA

And this article says you "*spearheaded the first effective treatment for breast cancer to prevent needless oophorectomies.*" I have no idea what that means but it sounds important.

EMILY

An oophorectomy? That's when --

NATASHA

And this says you graduated Harvard Medical School at the top of your class. TOP OF YOUR HARVARD CLASS?

EMILY

I don't understand what you're so upset about. You knew I was a doctor.

NATASHA

No. I knew you QUIT being a doctor. Which made me think you sucked at it. But clearly, you were the opposite of sucking at it. I just don't get why you would keep all this a secret.

EMILY

I didn't keep it a secret on purpose. It just didn't seem relevant.

NATASHA

Maybe it's not relevant, but finding out that your mother is some kind of genius who threw her life away just to make the perfect pound cake --

EMILY

-- Hey! I did not throw my life away.

NATASHA

Well, it sounds pretty crazy. And if you're crazy, I have the right to know. It could be genetic.

Emily can't help but smile. Okay, then. Here we go.

EMILY

I did love being a doctor. I loved figuring out what was wrong with people and then figuring out how to make them better. And I was pretty good at it.

(off Natasha's look)

Okay, I was great at it. But when I met your Dad it was a whole different kind of love. It felt more important than anything else. And then I got pregnant with your brother --

NATASHA

-- And you had to quit. God, that sucks. Being a woman is such crap.

A flash of annoyance flickers across Emily's face.

EMILY

I didn't have to quit. I chose to leave. I chose my family over my career and it's a choice I will never regret. Maybe the reason I didn't bother sharing all this was because I knew people wouldn't understand. I didn't want everyone looking at me like I was some blight on the feminist cause. God forbid a woman with a medical degree from Harvard should choose to be a stay-at-home mom.

Natasha can sense she's touched a nerve. She chooses her next question more carefully.

NATASHA

Did you ever think about going back?

EMILY

Your dad and I used to talk about it. But the truth is, I was happy the way things were. I didn't want anything to change and then... everything did.

Natasha takes that in. For the first time, they're talking about their loss. (But still not sharing it. Not yet.)

NATASHA

It's scary, right? Waking up every day, all these hours stretched ahead of you and having no idea what to do with them.

EMILY

Yes. That's exactly it.

NATASHA

I know. I feel like that all the time. It's why I did drugs. It's why I still want to do them. But instead I work with flowers. Or paint. Or write. Whatever it takes to get through the day. You know those people who think time flies? They're idiots. Time takes forever.

Emily looks at her daughter, as if suddenly realizing she's more than a drug addict. She's a thoughtful human being.

EMILY

I never knew you felt that way.

NATASHA

You never asked.

She says it simply. Without judgement. And then --

NATASHA (CONT'D)

But you don't have to feel like this, Mom. You have a gift. This whole other life just sitting in a box in the garage waiting for you.

EMILY

It's not that easy.

NATASHA

Sure it is. You get up and you go. That's what Dad used to say to me. I just never figured out what I was supposed to go do. Now he's gone, and I have to live with the fact that I failed him. That he'll never see me accomplish anything.

EMILY

Natasha...

But Natasha is already up on her feet. Not wanting to cry but also not ready to be helped by her mom.

NATASHA

I'm fine.

(then, supportive)

Here's the thing. If you can't figure out a reason to do this for yourself, then do it for me. Do it for Dad.

With that, Natasha walks up to her room. Off Emily...

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - FRONT DESK

Emily walks into the hospital, clutching a briefcase. She can't help but notice that most of the residents are literally half her age and texting at insane speeds. She approaches the front desk, plants a smile on her face.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

EMILY

I'm Emily Campbell. I'm here to see the Chief about a position.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - DOCTOR BRODY'S OFFICE - DAY

Emily and Chief-of-staff, DR. ROBERT BRODY are mid-meeting. She's nervous, speaking fast, but he doesn't seem to notice.

EMILY

... The Connecticut State Medical Society offers an online lecture series with exams at the end. So not only is my medical license still valid, but I'm also pretty amazing at online Scrabble.

She laughs. He doesn't. She stops laughing. He smiles.

DOCTOR BRODY

You don't remember me, do you?

EMILY

I'm sorry?

DOCTOR BRODY

I was an intern at Mt. Sinai when you were a resident. It's okay if you don't. It's just funny because I remember you so clearly. Of course, you were a rock star --

EMILY

Oh, I wouldn't say that.

DOCTOR BRODY

Those tamoxifen trials you started? You literally changed the way breast cancer is treated today.

EMILY

I was part of a team.

DOCTOR BRODY

You spearheaded the trials. The team worked for you. I know because I was desperate to get on the team. I'll admit, I had a bit of a crush on you in those days.

Emily blushes; this is getting awkward.

DOCTOR BRODY (CONT'D)

So how soon were you looking to start?

EMILY

Actually, I'm still not 100% sure if I'm ready to jump back into all this. I just wanted to find out what it might entail. If I did decide.

DOCTOR BRODY

(going over her papers)

Let's see. You'd have to retake the third part of your Medical Board exam, after which you'd need to complete the Family Medicine residency you started at Mt. Sinai. You had about a year and half left, is that right?

EMILY

Something like that.

DOCTOR BRODY

So you could do that here. You'll also be required to log clinic hours. We could arrange for you to do that at your husband's practice, under Dr. Walden's supervision, if you prefer. Of course, all surgeries will need to be supervised at first --

Emily takes a deep breath, already feeling overwhelmed. He senses her trepidation.

DOCTOR BRODY (CONT'D)

I know it sounds like a lot, but once you're in the routine --

She stands up suddenly, ready to end this conversation.

EMILY

I remember. Thank you for taking the time to sit down with me, Doctor Brody. I don't think I'm ready to make the commitment yet, but if anything changes, I'll call you.

She's almost out the door when he finds the nerve to ask:

DOCTOR BRODY

Can I ask what's stopping you?

Emily thinks about this for a moment, before responding.

EMILY

No. You can't.

He walks out and he watches her go, still crushing a little.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER/DIEGO'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Diego is getting dressed, despite David's attempt to stop him.

DIEGO

I just want to try the pills for awhile and see how they work. I can always do the surgery later, right?

DAVID

That's not what I'm recommending --

Suddenly, David notices Emily walking down the halls.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Mom?

Emily smiles upon seeing her son and walks over to him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What are you doing here? Is everything okay?

EMILY

Everything's fine. I just had a meeting with Doctor Brody --

DAVID

Why? About what?

Before Emily can respond, Christopher walks in.

CHRISTOPHER

I got the discharge papers...

DAVID

No. Diego, wait.

DIEGO

I promise I'll schedule the surgery in a couple months. But if I don't start school with everyone else, I'll have to defer a whole semester which means I could lose my scholarship, my housing assignment... everything.

DAVID

So this isn't about having surgery. You're just worried about the recovery time. Is that it?

DIEGO

You said it would take like, six to eight weeks at least. That's too long, man.

David thinks fast, desperate to keep Diego from leaving.

DAVID

What if I could cut that in half? If I could get you back on your feet in two weeks, would that work?

CHRISTOPHER

Can you do that?

DAVID

We could do a TAVI. Transcatheter aortic valve implantation. It's less invasive than open heart surgery, so the recovery time is shorter. It's also a newer procedure, which means there's less data available, but the results so far have been positive.

Diego takes all of two seconds before responding:

DIEGO

That sounds cool. Let's do that.

DAVID

Great. I'll run it by my attending.

EMILY

(blurting it out)

Or maybe you want to think about it some more.

All eyes are suddenly on Emily who still in the doorway. She blushes, embarrassed.

CHRISTOPHER

Who are you?

DAVID

This is my mother, Emily Campbell --

EMILY

I didn't mean to interrupt. I was just thinking that newer procedures inevitably come with greater risks and since there is a safer alternative, you might consider the long term advantages.

David is shocked by both Emily's interruption and the fact that she's talking like a doctor. Emily realizes she's making it worse and tries to fix it.

EMILY (CONT'D)

That's what I was *thinking*. And then I said it out loud. Which I shouldn't have done. I'm sorry.

David tries to regain control of the room.

DAVID

Of course, there are risks involved in any surgery, but there's no statistical evidence to suggest that the TAVI would expose you to any more than a standard open heart procedure.

EMILY

That's because the sample size isn't large enough for the statistics to be meaningful.

(off David's look)

I'll stop talking now.

DIEGO

If it means I start school on time, I say we go for it. Right, Dad?

CHRISTOPHER

It's your decision, son.

DAVID

Okay then. I'll get you on the schedule right away.

(quietly, to Emily)

Can I talk to you outside?

She doesn't notice the edge in his voice, too distracted by what she has to do next. She checks her watch.

EMILY

Actually, I have to go pick something up right now. But we'll talk tonight, okay, sweetie?

Without thinking, she gives him a kiss on the cheek. Off David, horrified...

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Emily, now carrying a takeout deli bag, KNOCKS on the front door of a modest home. Kathryn opens it, looking much worse than she did before.

EMILY

I come bearing soup.

INT. KATHRYN'S KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

It's a Tilly tornado. Toys everywhere, playdate schedules taped to the fridge, etc. Kathryn eats the soup as Emily listens to her story. Tilly plays in the background.

KATHRYN

... Our marriage had basically stopped moving forward. And I was so young when I had Eli, I thought it would help to have another baby in the house. But then I couldn't get pregnant, and the sex that was supposed to be fun became horrible. It was just adding more stress to an already stressful situation. So after a few months, I decided to bite the bullet and try IVF.

EMILY

How was that?

KATHRYN

Expensive. But it worked. 9 months later, I had Tilly.

EMILY

And Greg?

KATHRYN

Turns out, having a baby doesn't save a marriage after all.

EMILY

I'm sorry, Kathryn.

Emily notices the patches on Kathryn's cheeks are darker. Kathryn notices Emily noticing, and covers her cheeks.

KATHRYN

My face. It's awful, right?

EMILY

I didn't mean to stare --

KATHRYN

My dermatologist calls it a "pregnancy mask." I found a cream online, some homemade concoction from a lady in Brazil. Works great, but I ran out a few days ago, and it takes 6 weeks to ship, so every few months I'm stuck looking like Peppermint Patty.

EMILY
 (laughing)
 It's not that bad --

KATHRYN
 Yeah, it is. It's a good thing we love our kids, because nothing else ruins our bodies in quite the same, magical way.

EMILY
 Tell me about it. I still have the Thighmaster I bought after I had Natasha. Unfortunately, I also still have the thighs.

Kathryn laughs which turns into a coughing fit.

EMILY (CONT'D)
 That sounds like it's getting worse.

KATHRYN
 It's probably another flu. Whenever Tilly gets sick, I always get it ten times worse.

EMILY
 You really should get it checked out.

KATHRYN
 No time. Between my job and Tilly's schedule I can't even book a haircut, let alone a physical. Besides, your husband ran a bunch of tests on me awhile back. Nothing came up.

EMILY
 But you didn't take all the tests.

Kathryn's smile fades.

KATHRYN
 Excuse me?

EMILY
 I was cleaning up Ben's files and noticed that yours seemed to be missing some information. You were supposed to come in for blood work awhile back, but you never did.

KATHRYN
 Because I got better. And he said that kidney thing was a long shot anyway, so --

EMILY

PKD. It probably is. But the fact that you're presenting with the same symptoms almost two years later could suggest otherwise. You have a history of kidney stones in your family, and since PKD is a genetic disease --

KATHRYN

Whoa. Why do I suddenly feel like I'm being ambushed?

EMILY

I'm just trying to help.

KATHRYN

I appreciate the concern, but I don't need help. And actually, I'm late for Tilly's piano lesson, so...

As Kathryn leads Emily towards the door --

EMILY

Come in for a blood test. It will take five minutes --

EXT. KATHRYN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

KATHRYN

Thanks for the soup, Emily.

She closes the door. Now what? Emily thinks as she walks to her car. She gets an idea, grabs her cell and dials.

EMILY

Jason? It's Emily. I need you to run a PKD test on Tilly Gordon's blood. I'll explain everything...

INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

David and Natasha are in the middle of a fight.

NATASHA

I don't get what you're so pissed off about. Don't you think it's cool that Mom's a genius?

DAVID

I don't care if Mom cured cancer. It's completely beside the point!

NATASHA

What point? God, you're obnoxious.

DAVID
And you're naive. You don't even see
what you've done here.

EMILY (O.S.)
She didn't do anything.

They both turn to discover Emily standing the doorway.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Your sister may have prompted me to
take that meeting with the Chief, but
ultimately it's my choice. If I
decide to rejoin the work force --

DAVID
What do you mean, rejoin? You've
never been in the work force, Mom. No
offense, but two years of residency in
the early 80s doesn't count, even if
you were a genius. Which Natasha
tells me you were. Which is cool, I
guess --

EMILY
Honey, listen to me --

DAVID
If you're worried about money, you
don't have to be. I wasn't gonna tell
you until the details were finalized,
but I found a group who wants to buy
the practice.

This stops Emily for a moment.

EMILY
You what?

DAVID
Tri-State Medical. It's a good offer.

EMILY
Who told you to do that? Did Jason --?

DAVID
This has nothing to do with Jason.

EMILY
What are you talking about? Jason
owns one third of the practice.

DAVID
Yeah, and we own two thirds.

Emily's head is spinning. This is beyond her imagination.

EMILY

I don't understand. Why would you want to sell? Your father spent his life building that practice. Doesn't that mean anything to you?

DAVID

I was trying to take care of you.

EMILY

Who said I needed to be taken care of?

DAVID

Oh, come on.

Emily reacts, hurt. David looks to Natasha for help, but she shakes her head. He's on his own. Emily walks into the--

INT. EMILY'S FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- still processing all of this.

EMILY

Is that how you see me? Like I'm some kind of incompetent --

DAVID

You're blowing this way out of proportion. This is about money, which is obviously something you're stressing about, otherwise why would you even consider going to work?

NATASHA

Because she's a genius!

DAVID

I'm seriously gonna kill you --

EMILY

Okay, everybody calm down --

DAVID

You have no idea what it's like, Natasha. She'll be on her feet 16, 17 hours a day. Doing grunt work for people half her age. Catching sleep in a room the size of our hall closet. Not to mention the fact that she'll be going to a place where people die every day. Is that how you want Mom to spend her golden years?

EMILY
(can't help but smile)
So now I'm in my golden years?

David sighs, frustrated.

DAVID
Forget it. If you wanna be insane --

EMILY
I'm not insane. I'm just trying to figure out my next step. That's all.

DAVID
Well, this isn't it. This won't help you move on. It's just gonna keep you clinging to Dad. What, are you gonna wear his lab coat? Sit in his office and talk to his ghost every day?

EMILY
That's enough, David.

Emily is finally starting to get annoyed, and ready to change the subject.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I think I know what's going on here. If you're upset about what happened with your patient today, I apologize. I didn't mean to overstep --

DAVID
This has nothing to do with that, although you did more than overstep.

EMILY
Offering a new procedure to a boy that age was reckless. When you're dealing with teenagers, you don't give them a choice between a motorcycle or a Honda Civic. You buy them the Honda Civic.

DAVID
I'm not his Mom. I'm his doctor. It's my job to tell him all his options, and his job to decide what he wants. Why am I even discussing this with you? I don't need your input on how to handle my patient.

NATASHA
You never used to mind when all she did was praise your ass.

DAVID
Shut up, Natasha!

EMILY
Actually, your sister has a point.

David reacts, surprised that Emily is taking Natasha's side. Natasha seems a little stunned by it, too.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Your dad used to say that your biggest shortcoming was that you never listened to other doctor's opinions if they conflicted with your own.

DAVID
That's bullshit. I just never bothered consulting with Dad because he was always too scared to try anything new. Which explains why he was stuck here, running a family practice that was on the verge of becoming obsolete until I came along and saved it --

Without thinking, Emily SLAPS David in the face. Hard. All three of them are dumbstruck. After a moment --

DAVID (CONT'D)
Mom, I'm sorry. I didn't mean --

But Emily can't hear anymore. Shaking, she walks upstairs, her world officially turning upside down.

INT. CAMPBELL, WALDEN & CAMPBELL - DAVID'S OFFICE - NIGHT

David is sipping some scotch, watching a surgical video of the TAVI procedure on his flat screen when Jason appears.

JASON
Heard about your TAVI. Pretty fancy surgery. Congratulations.

DAVID
It's not that big a deal.

JASON
Oh, I forgot. You're so cool. Can't get too excited, right?

David doesn't respond. Takes another sip of his drink.

JASON (CONT'D)
Or maybe you just inherited some of your mom's talent.
(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

God knows she has plenty to spare.
But you'll find that out soon enough.

Jason starts to walk out, but David stops him with his words:

DAVID

Just so you know, you and my mom?
Never gonna happen.

Jason doesn't even flinch. He moves further into the office.

JASON

What's the matter, Dave? You afraid
she's going to outshine you? I
wouldn't worry. That woman loves you
so much she wouldn't beat you in a
game of checkers. But if your ego
can't handle it --

Suddenly, David is on his feet, his fist centimeters from
Jason's face. But he doesn't connect. Jason stands his
ground, unafraid. His twenty years on David shows.

JASON (CONT'D)

Good luck tomorrow, kid. Oh, and if
you ever try to sell this place out
from under me again, I'll bury you.

David reacts, how did he find out? Jason smiles.

JASON (CONT'D)

Jenna's a nice girl. Next time, buy
her dinner first.

Jason walks out. David falls into his chair, beat. The
stress of everything is finally taking its toll. He picks up
a picture from his desk. A framed photo of David and Ben, on
David's graduation day. Off David, blinking back tears...

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Emily is cleaning out her closet, folding Ben's clothes
neatly into boxes. Ayanna is there for moral support.

AYANNA

Can I help?

EMILY

You being here is helping. I've been
meaning to donate this stuff for
awhile now.

After a beat, awkwardly:

AYANNA

So Natasha told me you guys had a fight the other day...

Ayanna's pathetic attempt to be blasé is so awful, Emily bursts out laughing.

EMILY

You are the worst liar on the planet.

AYANNA

What's your IQ? Give it to me straight. I can handle it.

EMILY

You're insane...

AYANNA

I've never hung out with a genius before! What if it's weird?

EMILY

You're weird. Nothing is going to be different between us. I'm the same, old, boring person I've always been.

Emily notices her THIGHMASTER gathering dust in the back of the closet. As she reaches for it:

EMILY (CONT'D)

With the same thighs...

Which triggers a realization. She just had this conversation. Only then, she was also talking about --

EMILY (CONT'D)

Brazilian face cream.

She races to her...

INT. EMILY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She quickly opens her medicine cabinet, pulls out a jar of face cream and reads the ingredients. Ayanna watches her, confused.

EMILY

Oh my God. That's it!

AYANNA

See? Only geniuses say 'That's it!' when they read the ingredients on their face cream. The old, boring you never even bothered to read your face cream ingredients.

But Emily is too busy connecting the mental dots to respond. She quickly picks up the phone and dials.

INT. KATHRYN'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Kathryn, looking horribly ill, picks up. She wheezes into the phone.

KATHRYN

Hello?

EMILY

Kathryn? It's Emily. What's wrong?

KATHRYN

Emily? I... I can't breathe.

EMILY

Sit down. Can you sit down?

As Kathryn moves piles of Tilly's stuff off the chair --

KATHRYN

I think my flu is getting worse...

EMILY

It's not a flu. Listen to me. I want you to meet me at the hospital right now. Can you do that?

KATHRYN

I don't know. I don't think I can drive like this...

Before Kathryn makes it into her chair, she passes out.

EMILY

Just stay put, okay? I'm on my way. Kathryn?

But Kathryn doesn't answer. Because she's out cold.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Which brings us BACK TO THE TEASER. Emily rushes in, carrying Kathryn in her arms.

EMILY

I need help here!

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We pick up with Emily plunging the needle into Kathryn's arm. Within seconds, her vitals are stable.

NURSE #2
Pressure's up to 85.

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
How did you know --?

But Emily is focused on Kathryn who is regaining consciousness and clearly terrified. Having a tube in her mouth makes it impossible for her to speak.

EMILY
It's okay. You're in the hospital.

Kathryn tries to speak, but Emily stops her.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Tilly is fine. I want you to try to stay calm, okay?

Doctor Brody appears on the scene, having been paged.

DOCTOR BRODY
What's going on here?

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
That's exactly what I'm trying to find out, sir.
(gesturing to Emily)
This woman just barged in here, and--

DOCTOR BRODY
I wasn't talking to you, Eric.

Brody turns to Emily who reacts, instinctively.

EMILY
Patient's name is Kathryn Gordon.
Symptoms suggest secondary adrenal insufficiency.

DOCTOR BRODY
What's your recommendation?

EMILY
Check the ACTH level and order an MRI to look for possible pituitary tumors.

DOCTOR BRODY
Good. Do it.

He starts to walk off. Then --

DOCTOR BRODY (CONT'D)
Oh, and welcome to Hartford Medical,
Doctor Campbell.

And just like that, Emily realizes she just officially started her residency. Holy shit.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - OPERATING ROOM - DAY

David looks at Diego lying on the operating table. As the ANESTHESIOLOGIST begins to administer the anesthesia.

DAVID
How you feeling, Diego?

Diego smiles and gives David a thumbs up, before fading into a sweet, drug-induced oblivion. David looks at him; his face suddenly seems younger than before. He really is just a kid.

DAVID (CONT'D)
All right. Let's do this, folks.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - MRI ROOM - DAY

Kathryn is inside the machine, getting her brain scanned. Emily is with Doctor Billawala, watching as the computer finds a tumor the size of a walnut.

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
There it is.

Emily stares at the screen; she almost can't believe it.

EMILY
I was right.

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
You seem surprised.

EMILY
I guess I am. It's been a while since I've practiced.

DOCTOR BILLAWALA
Well, congratulations. She's your patient now. Which means you get to tell her she may have brain cancer.

Off Emily, her relief instantly vanishing...

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - OPERATING ROOM

David is mid-procedure, working angiographically, but can't get the valve in the right position. An alarm is blaring. He is starting to sweat...

ANESTHESIOLOGIST
Pressure keeps dropping.

DAVID
Damn it! It just won't sit right.

David works as the vital signs continue to drop. Another alarm goes off. Finally:

DAVID (CONT'D)
That's it. We have to open him.

The room jumps into action pushing away the angiography equipment and prepping to cut the chest open. As David is handed a sternotomy saw...

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - KATHRYN'S ROOM - DAY

Kathryn is looking much better. With her day planner open beside her, she is sitting upright and talking on her cell when Emily knocks on her door. Kathryn waves her in, and attempts to wrap up her call.

KATHRYN
(into phone)
... I would really appreciate that,
Liz. We'll be there Wednesday.
Thanks so much.

Kathryn hangs up and smiles at Emily.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)
We're supposed to be in Tilly's Music
Together class right now. Which is
more about chewing the instruments,
than playing them, but she loves it.
Oh, and tomorrow she has ballet at
noon. Do you think they'll let me out
by then?

EMILY
No. I don't.

Kathryn finally senses Emily's demeanor. It's serious.

KATHRYN
What's going on? Where's my doctor?

EMILY
I'm your doctor.

Kathryn reacts, surprised. Confused.

KATHRYN
Oh. I didn't realize... I had no idea
you worked at the hospital.

EMILY
It's a recent development. If you'd
prefer someone else, I'm sure I can
arrange it for you.

KATHRYN
No. Just tell me what's happening.

Emily takes a beat, it's been awhile since she's done this.

EMILY
The MRI revealed an abnormal growth on
your pituitary gland. It's a small
tumor, but we need to do a biopsy
right away.

KATHRYN
A biopsy? Does that mean it could
be cancer?

EMILY
We should wait until we get the
results of the test --

KATHRYN
Oh my God.

Emily sits next to Kathryn, who is having a hard time
processing this.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)
I can't have cancer.

EMILY
I know.

KATHRYN
Oh please... please...

Kathryn starts to cry, Emily holds her hand.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)
I need to see Tilly.

EMILY

She's here. Do you want me to get her for you?

Kathryn nods, tears still streaming down her face. Emily starts for the door, but Kathryn holds her back.

KATHRYN

No. Wait.

Kathryn takes a deep breath, wipes the tears away. No mother is going to let her baby see her crying. Emily knows this instinctively and wipes away some smeared mascara.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Emily gives her a kind smile and walks out.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Natasha sits with Tilly, coloring. They both look up when Emily walks in, a NURSE following close behind.

TILLY

Can I see my mommy now?

EMILY

Yup. That nurse is going to take you to her, okay?

Tilly runs off, leaving Emily alone with her daughter.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Thank you for watching her.

NATASHA

It's okay. I wasn't doing anything anyway. How's Kathryn?

Emily sits down next to her daughter with a big sigh.

EMILY

Kathryn has a brain tumor. They're doing a biopsy to find out whether or not it's malignant.

NATASHA

If it is, you basically have to go in there and tell her she's gonna die?

EMILY

Not quite like that, but I'd have to tell her what's happening, yes.

Natasha takes this in. It's overwhelming, to say the least.

NATASHA

Maybe David's right. Maybe this is too much to deal with right now.

EMILY

Your brother made a lot of valid points, but this isn't the reason I've been afraid to come back.

NATASHA

So what is the reason?

Emily takes a beat before trying to explain.

EMILY

These past six months, I've spent every second of every day thinking about your father. In a lot of ways, the grief has kept me connected to him. I knew if I took this step, it would be my first step away from him. It would be the beginning of letting go, and I wasn't sure I was ready to do that.

(then, lighter)

Until you yelled at me.

Natasha blushes, embarrassed.

NATASHA

I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't know... I hope I didn't push you into this.

EMILY

You absolutely did push me into this, and I'm grateful. I've been so lucky. I had the kind of marriage that most people dream about. For thirty years, your father made me happier than I ever thought possible. Now it's up to me to make sure the next thirty years are just as great. Part of that means going back to work.

(then, directly)

The other part is about you.

NATASHA

Me?

EMILY

You and your brother. I was always so proud of what a hands-on mother I was, but the truth is, I don't know my own kids, neither of you know me, and it's all my fault. I put David up on such a pedestal, I can't even see him anymore. And you...

Emily can't finish. Natasha blushes at her Mom's guilt.

NATASHA

Don't beat yourself up. You've been pretty dead-on about me. I'm basically a giant screw up.

EMILY

You are not a screw up. You are a unique and beautiful girl, Natasha. Too smart for your own good. That's why you haven't figured out what you want to do with your life. Not because you have no talents. It's because you have too many. We just have to find a way to narrow the field. I want to help you. Will you let me?

Natasha nods, afraid that if she speaks she'll cry. Emily hugs her daughter for the first time in years.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - OPERATING ROOM

David is working hard, but things are tense. At this point, we can't tell which way things are going to go.

NURSE #2

The patient's father is asking for an update. Do you want me to go out and talk to him, or --

DAVID

Not yet. I need more time... Just a little more time...

As David continues to fight for Diego's life, we...

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - KATHRYN'S ROOM - DAY

Kathryn is lying in bed, scrolling through pictures of Tilly on her iPhone when Emily walks in.

EMILY

The tumor is benign.

Kathryn looks up and almost bursts into tears of gratitude.

KATHRYN

Oh thank God! Thank God, thank God...

Emily smiles; she's almost as relieved as Kathryn.

EMILY

Get some rest, okay?

KATHRYN

Emily, wait. How did you know?

EMILY

I didn't at first. Then I remembered you mentioned that face cream you got from Brazil and something clicked.

KATHRYN

How'd you get from face cream to tumor?

EMILY

Slowly. See, most face creams contain trace amounts of hydrocortisone, which is a synthetic steroid. The homemade stuff you were buying online probably had at least double the normal amount, which is why it worked so well. It's also what was masking your symptoms. Every time you ran out, you'd get another cold.

KATHRYN

I never connected it, but, yeah. I guess that's right.

EMILY

Except it wasn't a cold. It was the symptoms of the tumor reappearing.

KATHRYN

So how long have I had this thing growing in my head?

EMILY

Since before you had Tilly. The tumor was the reason you couldn't get pregnant. It decreased the production in both your adrenal steroids and your female hormones, which is what made you infertile. The specialist you saw might have caught it, but when a woman your age walks in complaining that she can't get pregnant --

KATHRYN

They assume it's because you're old.

EMILY

They assume it's because you're old.

Kathryn absorbs this information.

KATHRYN

So what happens now?

EMILY

Since it's benign, there's no reason to have surgery. We'll put you on hormone therapy, which you'll probably have to stay on for the rest of your life but you should be feeling much better from now on. Unless Tilly gives you a real flu. Preschool germs are the worst.

Kathryn smiles. Before Emily leaves --

KATHRYN

You brought me to the hospital, didn't you? You came to my house and got me and brought me here.

EMILY

I did.

KATHRYN

You know, most doctors don't make house calls anymore.

Emily takes a moment before responding with a smile:

EMILY

Some do.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - DIEGO'S ROOM - DAY

Diego is alive! Albeit, feeling like shit. David is there, explaining to him and Christopher what happened.

DAVID

We positioned the stent across your aortic valve. We then performed an angiogram and saw that you had what's called an endoleak.

CHRISTOPHER

A what -- ?

DAVID

It means there was blood flowing around instead of just through the valve. It made your pressure drop dangerously low. I had to go into your chest and replace the valve by hand. The good news is that we were able to change course before any irreversible damage was caused.

But Diego doesn't seem happy to hear that. All he can think about is his scholarship, his dorm... He's pissed.

DIEGO

The bad news is that I'm gonna feel like ass for the next the two months.

DAVID

The recovery process will be more extensive than we'd initially hoped.

DIEGO

So I'm not going to Stanford.

DAVID

Not this semester. And there are some fairly strict guidelines about what you can and can't do over these next few weeks. You'll want to avoid climbing stairs at first. No lifting objects more than 10 pounds. No pushing or pulling heavy objects --

DIEGO

This is such crap. You promised me this wouldn't happen, man!

CHRISTOPHER

Diego. ¡Basta!

David tries to take it in stride, but he hates this part.

DAVID

I did everything I could --

DIEGO

But it wasn't enough. Why you gotta go and give a person false hope if you can't follow through?

DAVID

Based on our initial exams --

DIEGO

Whatever. Doctors are liars.

CHRISTOPHER

Diego! You'll have to forgive him.

DAVID

He's disappointed. I understand. I'll come back later and we can go over the rest of the guidelines, okay?

David walks out, and we RACK FOCUS to Emily having watched this exchange from afar.

INT. HARTFORD MEDICAL CENTER - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

David is sitting on the bench, staring into his locker, depressed. Emily walks in and sits beside him. He's momentarily surprised to see her, until he realizes:

DAVID

Let me guess. You joined the residency program.

EMILY

I just couldn't resist the long hours and horrible cafeteria food.

DAVID

You're doing this to torture me, aren't you?

EMILY

No. But it's one of the perks.

David smiles, but we can see this is a lot for him to absorb. Emily decides to get the rest out quickly.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'll also be taking over your father's share of the practice. I'm hiring another doctor to help cover my hours there, until I get into the swing of things. But you, Jason and I will be equal partners from here on out. I hope you can live with that.

David sighs; too tired to fight anymore.

DAVID

If it makes you happy, I'm all for it.
Honestly. That's all I ever wanted.

Emily takes that in. The tension between them dissipates.

EMILY

Were you here all night?
(off his nod)
Are you okay?

DAVID

Not really. I failed.

EMILY

Oh? I could have sworn I just saw
your patient, alive and well and
talking to his dad out there.

DAVID

I promised my patient something that I
wasn't able to deliver. That counts
as a failure in my book.

Emily forces David to look her in the eyes.

EMILY

Hey. Listen to me. You saved that
boy's life. He may not get to party in
the coolest dorm, but he gets to live.
Maybe Diego doesn't recognize the
significance of that yet, but I can
assure you his father does. And I hope
you do, too.

David takes that in.

DAVID

Thanks.

She stands up, starts to go. Before she gets out the door:

EMILY

And look, if my being here makes you
uncomfortable, I can try to arrange it so
that we aren't working the same shifts.

DAVID

(teasing)
You think you can influence your shift
schedule already? You're low man on
the totem pole, lady. Technically, I
outrank you.

EMILY

Yeah, but I'm pretty sure the Chief has a crush on me. I might be willing to show a little leg.

DAVID

Okay, now you're freaking me out.

Emily smiles, and walks out the door. We hold on David, a mixture of emotions but mostly good ones. MUSIC UP as we...

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The clock reads 8:00 am. But the bed is empty.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Emily is heading out the front door, carrying her doctor's bag. She looks at her house, looks out at the world that's waiting for her, and heads to her car. The first step.

INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Natasha walks into the empty kitchen, wearing her pajamas. She smiles, seeing the pot of coffee and empty mug her mom left out for her. Then realizes she'll be drinking it alone today. Off Natasha, still lost...

INT. CAMPBELL, WALDEN & CAMPBELL - OUTER OFFICE

A few PATIENTS are already there when Emily walks in. Jason is talking with Nurse Barbara at the front desk. He stops to give Emily a smile as she passes him. She smiles back. David watches their exchange from his office doorway, already protective. Already not liking this new dynamic.

INT. CAMPBELL, WALDEN & CAMPBELL - BEN'S OFFICE - DAY

It's slightly redecorated to reflect Emily's tastes. Only Ben's chair remains, as it always will. Emily pulls a few, personal items out of her doctor's bag. A framed family photo, a Mom mug, and finally... her stethoscope. She puts it around her neck as Nurse Barbara pokes her head in:

NURSE BARBARA

Doctor Campbell? Your first patient is here.

Emily takes a deep, quiet breath. Then:

EMILY

Send him in.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW