

NURSES

"Pilot"

by

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FOX/Josephson/Shed

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NURSES/"Pilot"

TEASER

EXT. BROAD STREET - PHILADELPHIA - DAY

It's the everyday morning mayhem. Emerging from the subway steps is EVE MILLER, 23. She's wise beyond her years, with natural good looks, inviting eyes and a youthful energy.

Eve looks across the street, a mixture of excitement and trepidation on her face, at --

EXT. PHILADELPHIA GENERAL HOSPITAL (PGH) - DAY

A large city hospital spread across several city blocks. Eve steels herself and crosses the street, heading inside.

INT. LOBBY - PHILADELPHIA GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Eve waits her turn at the crowded Information Desk. Finally steps up to the monotone CLERK.

EVE

Yeah, hi, I'm looking for the medical-surgical floor...

CLERK

Take the green elevator to the third floor, take the causeway to the south tower, get the orange elevator to the fourth floor and follow the blue line.

Before Eve can ask for clarification, the Clerk's moved on to the next person.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

A red Mazda RX7 pulls to the curb and BECCA DIMATO, a 25 year-old dark-haired beauty, steps out. Becca's a dating machine who's not ashamed of her escapades. She leans in to the GUY behind the wheel, last night's conquest.

BECCA

Thanks for the lift...

GUY

No problem. I had a really great time. Maybe we could get together again?

BECCA

(not meaning it)
Uh yeah, sure Steve, give me a call.

GUY
It's Scott.

Becca just gives him a sheepish shrug.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MEDICAL/SURGICAL UNIT - PGH - DAY

JOANNE "JO" MOSER stands at her locker, quickly changing into her nursing scrubs. At 30, she's got a hard edge that covers her softer side.

Jo closes her locker and startles at the sight of PATRICK QUINN -- 26, the rare guy masculine enough to look sexy in nursing scrubs.

JO
Hey.

PATRICK
Hey.

Jo can tell Patrick's uptight with her; goes about putting her hair up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
What happened to you?

JO
I had to get back home, that's all.
For Will.

PATRICK
I thought he had Will last night.

Jo's busted, but not in the mood for this conversation.

JO
Patrick, I've got supplies to pull
and charts from two days ago.
Don't be so sensitive --
(softer)
You just looked so peaceful
sleeping I didn't want to wake you.

PATRICK
Mm-hm.

Jo kisses his cheek.

JO
See ya out there.

She moves off, leaving Patrick leaning against the locker. As Jo walks out the door, Becca's heading in. As they pass one another --

BECCA
Hey girl.

JO
Fun night?

BECCA
Always...

INT. CORRIDOR - PHILADELPHIA GENERAL - DAY

Eve is diligently following the BLUE LINE that runs down the middle of the floor. She turns a corner...

...where the blue line STOPS abruptly at a big GLASS WINDOW -- beyond, a sea of pink and blue bassinets filled with newborns.

Eve's clearly lost. She looks around, frustrated.

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

Jo's ticking items off a list, pulling down supplies when Patrick comes in.

JO
Please tell me you don't want to keep talking about this.

Patrick puts his arms around her from behind.

PATRICK
Who said anything about talking.

Jo laughs and they start making out.

INT. NURSES STATION - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

The hub. CHRIS KORENEK, 26, girl-next-door pretty with an easy smile, is alone at the large, tiered desk, busy at the computer.

ON THE SCREEN --

It's a PERSONALS DATING site. Chris scrolls through her FIVE NEW REPLIES. She clicks on the first one -- a not great looking guy she quickly deletes. The next is much better looking. Chris leans in, intrigued, reading his profile...

Not realizing that over her shoulder is MARGO MACDONALD, the nearly 35, tightly wound Charge Nurse.

MARGO
That's some interesting charting you're doing.

Chris startles and quickly closes the screen. Before she can say anything, two NIGHT SHIFT NURSES step up to the desk with armloads of charts.

NIGHT NURSE #1

Well that's it for me. I am gonna go home, take a bath and sleep for two days.

NIGHT NURSE #2

And get the remote control all to myself.

CHRIS

I don't know how you do it, I haven't worked nights in three years. They're brutal.

NIGHT NURSE #1

Yeah well you probably still sleep with your husband.

Chris forces a thin smile. Margo raises an eyebrow.

NIGHT NURSE #2

Nothing keeps a marriage fresher than never seeing 'em.

Just then, Jo, Patrick and Becca step over, coffees in hand.

JO

Now you tell me.

Night Nurse #2 makes notes in her charts, pushes them over.

NIGHT NURSE #2

They're all yours.

MARGO

Anything we need to know.

NIGHT NURSE #1

Doctors are arrogant pricks?

BECCA

Anything we don't know?

NIGHT NURSE #2

Pretty quiet night. 405's a primadonna, 422 seized twice at 3 and 6 so I upped his dylantin.

NIGHT NURSE #1

417's traech was just flushed but I'd do it every three.

NIGHT NURSE #2

And look out for the stroker in
411.

CHRIS

Oh great...

NIGHT NURSE #1

If his diabetes doesn't make him go
blind, he's gonna do it to himself.

They all crack up. The Night Nurses give a wave as they move
off. Margo starts going through the charts.

Suddenly from down the hall there's a loud CRASH. They all
look at one another. Seconds later there's another CRASH and:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

We need help in here!

INT. ELEVATOR BANK - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

The doors open and Eve steps out, looking like she's been to
Ethiopia and back. She heads down the wide corridor,
increasingly aware that it's unusually quiet.

Eve arrives at the Nurses Station...only to find it empty.

EVE

(softly)

Hello...?

She peers over the desk, noticing the PANEL of CALL LIGHTS,
more than a few lit up. She steps around the desk, poking
her head into the BREAK ROOM beyond.

EVE (CONT'D)

Hello?

Just then, she hears RAISED VOICES from down the hall. Eve
follows the noise...arriving at --

INT. PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Where it is absolute mayhem. A 370 POUND MAN is OUT OF
CONTROL, adrenaline pumping, arms and legs flailing as our
nurses and an orderly try to restrain him.

Eve watches from the doorway, dumbstruck. There's someone on
each of the guy's limbs...but in his rage, he tosses them off
like gnats.

PATRICK

Get it, grab his leg!

CHRIS
I had it, didn't do any good!

The orderly readies RESTRAINTS while Jo prepares a SYRINGE. Patrick grabs the guy in a hold from behind but the patient slams him against the wall, forcing him to let go, wincing in pain...then grabs Becca firmly by the butt.

BECCA
He just grabbed my ass!

JO
Who hasn't?

Becca gives her a smirk. Jo's got the injection ready, and just as it seems like the group has him prone, Jo moves in...

But just as quickly he thrashes once more, his arm knocking the syringe out of Jo's hand. It tumbles through the air before landing on the floor, where it gets kicked around...

Until it skids across the floor, stopping directly at Eve's feet. She looks down at it but wastes no time. She promptly grabs it and moves through the ruckus, holding it high overhead before PLUNGING IT directly into his chest.

The guy slumps onto the bed and ALL EYES ARE ON HER.

JO (CONT'D)
Who the hell are you?!

MARGO
I really hope you're supposed to be here.

Just as Eve's about to speak --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Eve...?

Everyone turns to see DR. RICHARD MILLER, the 55 year-old, imposing CHIEF of the hospital, standing in the doorway, looking at Eve in utter disbelief.

Eve sheepishly takes a few steps toward him, looks up at him.

EVE
Hi Dad.

INT. CAFETERIA - PHILADELPHIA GENERAL - DAY

Eve and her father sit at a back table. He nurses a black coffee; Eve picks at a donut and sips a Coke. There's an uneasy silence between them.

EVE
Aren't you gonna say something?

CHIEF MILLER
Not the first time you've rendered
me speechless. What is it you'd
like me to --

Just then, a DOCTOR passes the table.

DOCTOR
Morning Chief.

CHIEF MILLER
Tom.
(back to Eve, sotto)
What is it you'd like me to say
exactly? Last time I heard from
you you were living in Miami,
living with some loser boyfriend,
wasting your life.

Eve looks down at her hands.

CHIEF MILLER (CONT'D)
And now you show up here, at my
hospital, unannounced, and expect
me to what? Jump up and down?

EVE
Not jump, but maybe a small...
bounce... *

She has an innate charm...but he's gotten good at resisting
it.

EVE (CONT'D)
Right.
(beat)
Look, I know what you think, and I
guess I can't blame you. But I'm
not the person I was, I'm not. I
don't do drugs, I don't party, I
put myself through school and got
my nursing degree in June.

CHIEF MILLER
And of all the hospitals, you had
to pick this one?

Eve's stung by that.

EVE
You never seemed to have a problem
with Kurt working here...

CHIEF MILLER

Your stepbrother's a doctor. And
he didn't screw up his life.

*
*

EVE

Is this about me being a nurse and
not a doctor, or is this about me
being here at all?

CHIEF MILLER

See, you've been here five minutes
and you're already antagonizing me.

EVE

I'm just saying, I thought you'd be
happy that I'd gotten my life
together. I'm not the same girl, I--

CHIEF MILLER

Not the same girl who brought home
guys who stole from me? Or the
girl who got kicked out of three
private schools in one term? Or
who rented a car in my name and
never returned it? What's it gonna
be this time?

*

*

*
*
*

(beat)

How many times am I supposed to
give you the benefit of the doubt?

Eve matches his stare, but has no response. Finally he
pushes away from the table, gets up.

CHIEF MILLER (CONT'D)

I'm dug in here, Eve. I work hard,
I run this place well, and I'm
respected.

(beat)

That may not mean much to you, but
it does to me.

*
*

And with that he walks off. Eve watches him go.

EVE

(to herself)

Good to see you too, Dad.

END OF TEASER

ACT TWO

INT. NURSES STATION - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

Margo is distributing the last of the caseload to our team -- Jo, Patrick, Becca and Chris -- handing out charts and filling in the large marker board that details the patient, doctor, stats, and covering nurse as she goes.

MARGO

...and as for new admits, we have three this morning. Who needs more work?

No takers. Margo hands one of the charts to Becca, who forces a sarcastic grin. She puts the other two on top of a stack on the desk, just as --

Eve steps up, now in nursing scrubs. Margo hands the entire stack to her.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Just in time. Nice of you to make it.

EVE

I --

MARGO

Everyone, though I doubt she needs any further introduction, this is Eve. She'll be starting with us here today.

Eve gives the group a little wave.

PATRICK

Nice work back there.

EVE

Thanks.

MARGO

Alright, let's go.

They all go about getting their things together, stethoscopes around necks, pens in pockets, etc. Eve turns to Margo --

EVE

I'm sorry about being late...

*

MARGO

I suppose I should thank you for the heroics earlier...

*

*

*

EVE

I just did what--

*

*

MARGO
 But I won't. You don't just go
 around sticking needles in people.
 Not on my floor.
 (beat)
 And I don't care who your father
 is.

*
 *
 *

Eve nods, duly scolded. Margo moves off. Becca's witnessed the exchange, catches Eve's eye as they start off --

DOWN THE CORRIDOR

BECCA
 Don't worry about Margo, she's an
 equal-opportunity bitch.

*

EVE
 (chuckles)
 Well it's a great first day so far.

BECCA
 I'm Becca by the way, resident
 slut.

*

A passing ORDERLY overhears, smirks.

*

BECCA (CONT'D)
 Hey, she might as well hear it from
 me, right?

*
 *

Eve laughs, pushes into --

*

INT. PATIENT ROOM #1 - DAY

Eve enters, looking down at the chart.

EVE
 Morning Mrs. Sullivan.

When she looks up, she sees a good looking thirty-year old man, TED SULLIVAN, sitting in the chair across from his wife in the bed, once beautiful and vital but now comatose.

TED SULLIVAN
 Don't think she's going to return
 the greeting, unfortunately.

Eve quickly realizes her error.

EVE
 I'm so sorry, I didn't...

TED SULLIVAN
 Don't worry about it. We're used
 to it.

Eve goes about checking her vitals, blood pressure, etc., making notes in the charts as she goes.

EVE
How was her night?

TED SULLIVAN
Not a peep.
(beat)
Sorry, bad coma joke. Comes with
the territory.

Eve gives him a thin smile; moves the stethoscope around the woman's chest. *

EVE
Her lungs seem a little congested. *

TED SULLIVAN
What does that mean? *

EVE
Pneumonia is a very common
infection we see in long term care
patients. We're going to try to
treat it with I.V. antibiotics and
hope that kicks it out, but what we
really need to watch for is damage
to her lungs. *

TED SULLIVAN
And if there is?

EVE
Then...you may have to make some
decisions about putting her on a
ventilator. *

Ted takes this all in.

TED SULLIVAN
So now why couldn't the doctor put
it so succinctly?

EVE
Because their power lies in the
mystery they work so hard to
cultivate.

Ted smiles knowingly. Eve glances at the chart.

EVE (CONT'D)
Your doctor is... *

TED SULLIVAN
Taylor. Know him? *

Eve takes a beat. It's her stepbrother.

*

EVE
Dr. Kurt Taylor? Yeah I know him.

INT. PATIENT ROOM #2 - DAY

Jo adjusts the portable DIALYSIS MACHINE hooked up to patient PEGGY RICE, a middle-aged woman, pale and weak looking.

JO
How're you feeling?

PEGGY
How the hell do you think I'm feeling? I'm dying.

JO
You really need to come up with a new line, you know.

PEGGY
And you could stand to come up with a new hairdo.

JO
Well your wit and charm are fully intact, so that's good. Though no one's said hairdo since like 1966.
(beat, sarcastic)
Come on, where's that positive, cancer-fighting attitude?

PEGGY
Up yours.

Jo can't help but smirk; Peggy manages a thin grin. Jo sits down beside her, draws blood. Peggy winces.

PEGGY (CONT'D)
You got the touch of a herd of elephants.
(beat)
How were my numbers yesterday?

Jo hesitates just long enough for Peggy to get it -- bad.

PEGGY (CONT'D)
Right.

Just then, Jo's CELL PHONE RINGS. She pulls it out and glances at the number -- we SEE it just says JACKASS.

JO
Excuse me.
(answering, annoyed)
(MORE)

JO (CONT'D)

Yeah, what...Yeah I got the papers,
I sent them to my lawyer but I'm at
work so what do you want?...No
Todd, no! You have to take him!...
Because it's your night and you did
this last time and you're becoming
a colossal disappointment to him,
how's that?...Fine...Uh-huh.

*

She hangs up.

PEGGY

Nasty divorce?

JO

Is there any other kind?

INT. PATIENT ROOM #3 - DAY

Patrick is changing the post-op wound dressing that cuts down
the chest of a bigoted, middle-aged, BALD MAN, currently
perplexed by --

BALD MAN

So you're really a nurse...like a
nurse, nurse...

*

*

PATRICK

I'm really a nurse.

*

BALD MAN

And that doesn't bother you?

PATRICK

What doesn't bother me?

BALD MAN

I don't know, I mean, you're a male
nurse. You a homo?

Patrick looks up at the guy, scalpel in hand.

PATRICK

You really want to piss me off with
an open wound in your chest?

*

(beat)

*

Didn't think so. You know, one in
six nurses is male, and no, we're
not all gay. And for the record,
the first nursing school was
founded in India in 250 B.C., and
guess what -- only men were
considered pure enough to become
nurses.

*

*

BALD MAN

You get this a lot, huh?

PATRICK

Every day.

In the b.g., Becca walks past and we STAY WITH HER --

INT. CORRIDOR - MED/SURG UNIT - DAY

Becca heads down the hall. Passing a patient room, something catches her eye. She quickly doubles back, peering in --

THROUGH THE WINDOW -- getting a better look at the very CUTE, SHIRTLESS MALE PATIENT in bed. Model looks, cut chest...

Becca heads over to the MARKER BOARD, spots Eve's name next to the hot patient. Becca quickly erases Eve's name and fills in her own. Then turns to see Eve standing right there.

EVE

Whatcha doing there?

BECCA

Hm? Oh, I just thought I'd lighten your load, first day and all.

EVE

(not buying it)
Mm-hm...and whose load exactly were you looking to lighten?

Becca cracks up.

EVE (CONT'D)

We'll share.

BECCA

Deal. I'll help him shower and you can do everything else.

*
*

Eve laughs as she heads back off down the hall...just as --

*

DR. KURT TAYLOR spots her and sidles up beside. This is Eve's stepbrother, the young rising-star doctor and favorite son, with the smugness to match.

*

KURT

So it's true, you really are here.
I had to see it for myself.

Eve rolls her eyes at the sight of him. He keeps pace.

EVE

So it's true, you really are still an arrogant ass.

KURT

Guilty as charged.

*

EVE

Okay so you've seen me, anything else?

KURT

(like she's stupid)

Uh...yeah...me doctor, you nurse, big hospital -- anything I need to know? With the coma?

*
*

Eve stops walking, looks at him with disgust.

EVE

"The coma?" Nice. You really got the compassionate doctor-thing down.

(hands him chart)

It's all in there.

*
*
*

KURT

Glad to see the attitude's still fully in check. That'll get you far.

(beat)

Whaddya think -- two, three weeks? I give it a month, tops. Whaddya say we put some money on it -- one week of my paycheck for one of yours says you don't last a month.

Eve just looks at him, lip curled.

EVE

Thank God I don't share your last name. Or your DNA.

Eve walks off. Kurt yells after her --

KURT

We've all been here before, Eve. It'll end like it always does...

Eve looks slightly stung, but keeps walking, stoic. We PICK UP Chris as she walks past, TRACKING her into --

*
*

INT. PATIENT ROOM #4 - DAY

*

Chris pushes in and abruptly stops at the sight of "the stroker" that the night nurses warned about earlier, his hand moving rhythmically under the sheets.

*
*
*

Chris, all too used to this sort of thing, just looks at the guy, hands on her hips.

*
*

CHRIS
Oh give it a rest already, you're
gonna break the damn thing!

*
*
*

She turns and heads out --

*

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

*

Chris exits the room just as DR. KEVIN STONE is arriving.
He's a star surgeon, handsome if not a little too slick.

*
*

DR. STONE
How's my patient?

*
*

CHRIS
Doesn't get a lot of sleep, that
one.

*
*
*

DR. STONE
(laughs knowingly)
Well maybe you oughta stop riling
him up.

*
*
*
*

Chris flusters slightly. There's a flirtation brewing here.
Over this now, the SOUND of a MECHANICAL WHIRR...

*

INT. MRI ROOM - DAY

As Mrs. Sullivan is sent through the enormous tubular machine
and the CLANGING starts up...

INT. MRI ANTE-ROOM - DAY

Eve stands with Mr. Sullivan, watching the imaging procedure.

TED SULLIVAN
So this'll tell us how her lungs
are doing?

EVE
(nods, then)
This must be pretty hard for you...

TED SULLIVAN
Yup. Though I'm getting awfully
used to it.
(off her look)
Going on two years now.

He takes a beat before elaborating, his eyes never leaving
the machine in the next room.

TED SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
'Bout a week after we got back from
our honeymoon, she uh...she got
rear ended.

(MORE)

TED SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Happens everyday to people but...I
guess not by an 18-wheeler.

Eve gives him a sympathetic look. He shrugs it off.

TED SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
So now I'm used to it. I'm that
guy, no matter where I go. The guy
whose wife's in the coma. The
"coma guy," the "coma husband."

EVE
Well if it makes you feel any
better, I'm "screw-up girl."

He chuckles.

EVE (CONT'D)
Oh yeah, follows me around like a
ball and chain.

TED SULLIVAN
I find that hard to believe.

EVE
Yeah well, see, that's because you
only know me like half a day. You
gotta give it time.

They share a laugh, and a look.

INT. PHARMACY - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

Becca's rifling around the stocked shelves when Eve walks in.

EVE
Hey.

BECCA
Hey.

Eve goes about dispensing meds into paper cups for rounds.

BECCA (CONT'D)
You see levonorgestrel anywhere?

EVE
(looking)
The ophthalmic solution?

BECCA
That's levobunolol. Levonorgestrel
is the morning after pill.

EVE
Rape patient, huh?

*
*
*

*
*
*

*
*

BECCA

Ah, got it.

(pulls the bottle down)

By the way -- I don't know what
your deal is, but I have a great
two bedroom and my roommate just
moved out and there's no way I can
swing it on my own, so if you're
interested...

*
*
*

An ORDERLY passes through in the midst of this, grabbing something, overhearing.

ORDERLY

She never sleeps there anywhere so
you'd practically have the place to
yourself.

He cracks himself up; Becca slaps him with a chart as he scurries out.

BECCA

Ha ha ha.

EVE

Yeah, I'd definitely be interested.
I've just been crashing with an old
friend...

Eve starts moving out with her meds cart.

EVE (CONT'D)

We'll talk about it later?

BECCA

No prob.

Once Eve's gone, Becca dispenses one of the morning after pills. Certain no one's around...she *pops it in her mouth*.

INT. NURSES STATION - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

Eve's at the desk, about to head off to dispense meds when she spots her father approaching. He clearly has something to say but hesitates a beat.

CHIEF MILLER

I've thought a lot about our chat
this morning...

*
*
*

EVE

I'll make this easy for you. If
you're here to apologize, I accept.

CHIEF MILLER

Excuse me?

EVE

I accept your apology. And I'm
sorry too. I mean, I can
understand that my surprising you
like that probably wasn't the most
fair thing for me to do either.

*

Unbeknownst to Eve, Ted Sullivan has stepped up to the desk
to fill out some paperwork. He can't help but overhear.

*

*

CHIEF MILLER

I didn't come here to apologize.

He sets down a PLASTIC CUP on the counter. Her eyes go wide.

*

CHIEF MILLER (CONT'D)

I've made some decisions. If you
want to stay at this hospital,
you'll take a drug test every week
and start seeing Dr. Richmond
again.

*

*

*

EVE

You're kidding me, right?

*

CHIEF MILLER

Do I look like I'm kidding?

*

EVE

(beat)

So what -- you want me to drop trou
right here and now?

*

*

*

*

CHIEF MILLER

I don't really care where you do
it. And in this hospital, you'll
talk to me like everyone else does.
As the Chief, not your father.

*

*

*

*

*

EVE

That shouldn't be hard...

*

*

He takes the hit, just looks at her.

*

EVE (CONT'D)

So that's it -- the old "my way or
the highway," eh?

*

*

*

CHIEF MILLER

My hospital, my rules.

He gives her one last look before walking off, leaving Eve
standing there, staring at the plastic cup.

*

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - DUSK

The sun hangs a little lower in the sky over the city of brotherly love.

INT. PATIENT ROOM #5 - PGH - DUSK

The hot patient, OWEN HARRIS, lies in bed while Eve takes his blood pressure. He holds his head, clearly in pain.

OWEN

I really don't think these meds are strong enough. Isn't there anything more you can give me?

EVE

As soon as the doctor comes in, we'll see what we can do.

Just then, Becca walks in with a soda she pours into a cup, sets a straw in just so and puts it on his tray.

BECCA

One Coke as requested.

Eve eyes her -- easy on the flirty act. Owen winces in pain. *

OWEN

Damn, my head!

BECCA

Maybe you'd feel better if you had someone here with you...is there someone we can call -- a wife? Girlfriend?

OWEN

No I'm single.

Becca raises her eyebrows at Eve.

OWEN (CONT'D)

How about a doctor?! What does it take to get a doctor around here?!

Just then, DR. AMANDA KIPPS walks in. She's in her thirties, pointy, officious.

DR. KIPPS

How we doing Mr. Harris?

OWEN

The same, the same! Nobody believes me, there's something in my head!

DR. KIPPS
How's his fever?

BECCA
No change.

OWEN
I need some more pain meds, okay?!
That's what I need.

Dr. Kipps makes some notes in the chart.

DR. KIPPS
(to Eve & Becca)
Let's go ahead and order a P.E. and
add two TPM to his meds.
(to Owen)
I'll check back with you in a few
hours.

And with that she goes. Eve and Becca trade skeptical looks.
Becca follows Dr. Kipps out.

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME

Becca catches up with Dr. Kipps.

BECCA
You're ordering a psych eval?

DR. KIPPS
That's what I said...

BECCA
I really don't think he's making it
up, I mean, he doesn't seem crazy.
He said he'd been traveling, maybe
he picked up some weird disease.

DR. KIPPS
"Some weird disease"...is that the
technical term? His CBC is normal
and as far as I'm concerned, he's a
meds junkie.

BECCA
With all due respect, I think
you're wrong. It's just my gut. *

DR. KIPPS
Sure it's not something a little
lower?

Becca is speechless. *

DR. KIPPS (CONT'D)
My diagnostic process isn't your
concern.

*
*
*

Kipps walks off.

INT. BREAK ROOM - PGH - DUSK

Chris and Jo have their feet up at the table, a long day just about over. Becca gets M&Ms out of the vending machine when two NIGHT NURSES shuffle in, bracing for their shift.

NIGHT NURSE #1
Morning.

BECCA
Not for us.

The Night Nurses head directly to the coffee machine.

JO
Anyone up for a drink?

Just then, Eve pushes in, looking beat.

EVE
Yes please.

CHRIS
I got time for one.

EVE
Does every day feel this long?

They all consider.

CHRIS
Pretty much.

JO
Yours isn't over yet...

EVE
It's not?

BECCA
Newbie rules.

JO
You gotta do the last bath of the
shift.

Eve sighs. The Night Nurses trade looks, knowing what's going on here.

*

CHRIS
 Guy in 412. It'll take you five
 minutes then meet us at O'Rourke's.

Eve trudges out. They all stifle a laugh.

INT. PATIENT ROOM (412) - DUSK

Eve walks in, armed with sponge and plastic tub...

EVE
 Good evening, I'm here for your --

Eve looks up only to see the patient in bed -- it's the 370
 pound guy from earlier. She looks repulsed, swallows hard.

EVE (CONT'D)
 -- bath.

Over this, MUSIC UP and we are...

EXT. O'ROURKE'S BAR & LANES - NIGHT

To establish this divey bar/bowling alley.

INT. O'ROURKE'S - NIGHT

The crash of pins from the b.g. lanes is drowned out by the
 bad karaoke in the crowded bar -- a valiant attempt at Marvin
 Gaye's "Let's Get It On" -- being sung by PATRICK, directed
 at --

A BACK BOOTH -- where Jo, Becca and Chris are cracking up. *

JO
 Make him stop!

BECCA
 Are you kidding, it's classic.

He finishes and they all cheer as he slides into the booth.
 He nuzzles Jo's neck jokingly.

PATRICK
 So you wanna?

JO
 What?

PATRICK
 Get it on...

She smiles. Just then, Eve approaches. They all clap at the
 sight of her.

EVE
 You're all very funny, and there
 isn't enough soap in the world to
 make me ever feel clean again.

They all laugh. Eve slides in, Patrick pours her a beer from
 the pitcher. He raises a glass.

PATRICK
 To Eve's first day.

BECCA
 And surviving Margo.

They clink glasses.

EVE
 And Dr. Kipps, hello! I saw her on
 the way out, she gives attitude
 just by breathing oxygen.

JO
 Uch, she's a you know what.

BECCA
 She hates me because I'm pretty.
 (off their laughs)
 She does! She's a woman-hating
 woman.

CHRIS
 On that note, I should go.

JO
 That's what you said half hour ago.

CHRIS
 Robby'll be getting home soon.

JO
 Don't look so happy about it.

Chris forces a smile and gets up.

CHRIS
 See y'all in the a.m...

VARIOUS
 Night hon....Night...Bye.

Becca spots someone at the bar.

BECCA
 Well, well, well...

EVE

What?

BECCA

Third stool from the left, guy's a tech in imaging. I am gonna get our hottie his brain scan.

EVE

Not without Kipps' say-so... *

BECCA

(rising)

Five bucks says I do.

They all toss out fives on the table.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Watch and learn.

Becca saunters over to the bar, acting like she doesn't see the guy. Our group watches her every move, editorializing -- *

PATRICK

She's playing it cool...I don't know, maybe too cool... *

JO

No, no, wait for it, wait for it. Here it comes... *

Becca now does her best hair flip just as he notices her. *

JO (CONT'D)

Uh-huh, and I told ya...oh she's in. *

PATRICK

I don't know... *

The technician says something; Becca laughs big, smiles wide. They chat, Becca flirting her heart out. *

JO & PATRICK

She's in. *

Moments later, Becca saunters back over to the booth, triumph in her eyes, and scoops up the money on the table. *

BECCA

And thank you very much. *

EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A row house in a working class neighborhood.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chris sits at the computer, going through the online PERSONALS. Hearing a CAR pull up, she glances out the window, quickly clicks out of the dating site. Seconds later -- *

The door opens and her husband ROBBY walks in, still in his COP uniform. He's her high-school sweetheart, 26, your average good guy who'll never be more than he is right now. *

ROBBY

Hey.

CHRIS

Hey. Good day?

ROBBY

Long. You eat already?

CHRIS

I'm not hungry but I could heat something up.

He nods. She moves to the kitchen. Robby sits down, grabs the Sports section, makes himself comfortable.

EXT. JO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A two-story Tudor in an upscale part of town. Over this, we HEAR laughter...

INT. KITCHEN - JO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jo and Patrick raid the refrigerator, a little tipsy, a little sexy. He's pulling out nearly everything in there. *

JO

And what are you *not* putting in this special omelette of yours?

PATRICK

Wait and you will see...

Jo grabs a pan, sets it on the stove just as Patrick unloads his supplies nearby. But then he puts his hands around her waist, pulls her in. They kiss.

Lips still locked, he hoists her up now and puts her down on the counter.

JO

Hello...

He laughs, kisses her deeper. Jo wraps her legs around his waist...and just as he's about to pull a Bull Durham -- *

They hear a JANGLE of KEYS O.S. followed by the front door PUSHING OPEN...

IN THE FOYER

It's TODD, aka The Jackass and Jo's soon to be ex, an arrogant guy in a great suit, letting himself in. Jo meets him halfway, pissed.

JO (CONT'D) *
What are you doing?

TODD
Just picking something up.

JO
You can't just let yourself in like you live here.

TODD
I can't just let myself in to my own house? That I paid for?

JO
No, you can't.

Through the living room, Todd spots Patrick in the kitchen.

TODD
Oh, I get it...you got your boy toy here.

JO
Oh, right, but you can screw your secretary!

IN THE KITCHEN

Patrick's overhearing, looking a little bothered.

TODD (O.S.)
Jesus Jo, the guy's a nurse.

JO (O.S.) *
And you're so discerning...

IN THE FOYER

Patrick, jacket in hand, interrupts Jo and Todd.

PATRICK
I gotta split.

JO
No don't.

PATRICK
I have to be in early, I'll see you
tomorrow.

Patrick lets himself out. Jo glares at Todd.

TODD
Sorry.

JO
Right. You know, you really--

VOICE (O.S.)
Dad?

They both turn to see their 9 year-old son, WILL, on the stairs, half-asleep.

TODD
Hey champ!

Will rushes over, Todd rubs his head. Jo looks annoyed.

WILL
Are we still going to the car show?

TODD
Yeah I been meaning to talk to you
about that. We might have to take
a rain check, cause work's a little
crazy next week.

Will looks dejected, but is getting used to this.

TODD (CONT'D)
But we'll go. If it's not next
week, we'll go the week after.

Will nods but knows better. He starts back upstairs.

TODD (CONT'D)
Night champ.

Jo just looks at Todd.

JO
Just get whatever you came for.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Another day begins. Eve heads toward the front door just as Becca is being dropped off by yet another guy.

EVE
(smirking)
I like your outfit.
(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)
 Oh wait, isn't that the same thing
 you were wearing last night?

Becca shoots her a "very funny" look as they head inside.

INT. PHARMACY - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

Eve and Becca dispense meds for morning rounds. Eve yawns. *

EVE
 Man I am wiped today. *

BECCA
 Take a Ritalin. Starts ya right up.

Eve looks at her quickly.

BECCA (CONT'D)
 (shrugs)
 Perk of the job.

EVE
 (shakes her head)
 I uh, I don't do that kind of
 thing. *

BECCA
 I hear ya.
 (starting out with cart)
 Oh -- I meant to give these to you. *

She hands Eve a set of KEYS. *

EVE
 Great. I'll be by later with my
 stuff...? *

BECCA
 Cool. Later... *

Becca goes. Eve returns to dispensing meds...and then
 catches sight of the Ritalin. She eyes it...tempted. But
 then she snaps out of it, goes back to her task at hand. *

INT. DR. RICHMOND'S OFFICE - PGH - DAY

Eclectic and well-appointed. Eve sits on one side of the
 large glass desk, her back to the door, feet up on the desk
 as she waits, glancing around at the familiar room.

She surveys the pictures, the books, the diplomas on the wall
 bearing DR. TONY RICHMOND's name...when he walks in -- the
 sexy intellectual personified. 42, smart eyes, just the
 right touch of grey.

DR. RICHMOND
 And she's back...

Eve spins around.

EVE
How'd you know it was me?

DR. RICHMOND
Because none of my other patients
let themselves in and put their
feet on my desk.
(beat)
Your father told me...but I wasn't
sure you were going to agree to his
"terms."

*
*
*
*

EVE
I haven't.
(beat)
But I'm feeling it out, so I
figured I should set up an
appointment.

He steps over to his desk, spins his calendar around.

DR. RICHMOND
You want to come by tonight after
your shift? Around 7?

EVE
(nods, gets up)
Sure.

Dr. Richmond nods, looks at her a beat. And now...he takes a
step closer...and pulls her into a hug. They share a look --
a look perhaps not typically found in the doctor-patient
relationship...

*
*

DR. RICHMOND
I really missed you, E.

EVE
You too, Doc.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - DAY

We're looking down over the sprawling city.

REVERSE ANGLE, we are...

*

INT. VISITORS LOUNGE - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

*

Where Jo stands behind Peggy's wheelchair, looking out the large window. Nearby, visitors huddle, sipping coffees, concerned about their loved ones.

*

PEGGY

Yeah, so what am I looking at?

JO

(rolls her eyes)

I don't know, just thought maybe you'd want to see something other than those four walls.

PEGGY

So I can be surrounded by other people's miserable, sniffing family members? No thank you.

Jo spins Peggy around and starts back down the corridor.

JO

Okay...anything you do want, princess?

PEGGY

Yeah, how about some sheets that don't feel like cardboard.

JO

I'll call the concierge.

Peggy smirks to herself, appreciating Jo's sarcasm almost as much as her own.

PEGGY

So what's with what's his name, the husband?

JO

The husband no longer has a name, other than The Jackass. Let himself right in to my house last night.

PEGGY

That's what court orders are for.

(beat)

(MORE)

PEGGY (CONT'D)
 Yup, people disappoint you, that's
 life. Everyone's got their
 jackass, which by the way, is an
 excellent word.

JO
 Yeah so who's yours?
 (off her silence)
 None of my busine--

PEGGY
 My kid. Kevin.

This stops Jo. Peggy shrugs it off.

PEGGY (CONT'D)
 It's an old, long, boring story. I
 haven't seen him in years and that
 suits us both fine. The end.

Jo just looks at her.

JO
 Not your most convincing
 performance.

They've reached PEGGY'S ROOM. Jo helps her into the bed,
 which is no easy task, Peggy looking weak.

JO (CONT'D)
 I don't know...maybe now's a good
 time to...

PEGGY
 Look, I've been at this cancer
 rodeo for a long time now. I get *
 it, fat lady and all that. I'm at *
 the end, so what's the point. *
 (beat)
 I want nothing to do with him. *
 What's done is done. *

Peggy averts her gaze out the window, resigned, wanting
 nothing more of it. But Jo can tell it's not that simple.

INT. CAFETERIA - PHILADELPHIA GENERAL - DAY

Eve, a bit weary looking, is at the cashier paying for a *
 coffee when the guy in front of her does a double take. It's *
 Ted Sullivan. They both smile at the coincidence. *

TED SULLIVAN
 Running on fumes, eh?

EVE
 That obvious?

They step away from the cashier; he indicates a table.

TED SULLIVAN
Got a sec to sit?

EVE
About that.

They sit.

TED SULLIVAN
How're you holding up?

EVE
I should be asking you that.

TED SULLIVAN
I uh...I couldn't help overhearing
you yesterday...with your father.

EVE
...Oh...yeah...

TED SULLIVAN
I know a thing or two about it. My
father was a military guy, all very
"yes, Sir" and all that. Thank god
for mothers, right?

EVE
(beat)
My mother died when I was eleven,
so... Anyway, then he remarried
pretty quick and I guess, I dunno,
I guess I never really fit into his
new...life.

TED SULLIVAN
And that's when you became "wild
child," or how'd you put it, screw-
up girl?

EVE
You too, huh?

TED SULLIVAN
Oh yeah, I was crazy. But then at
a certain point I realized that
everything I was doing was somehow
still about him, not me, you know?
So I stopped making decisions for
someone else.

The words resonate with Eve. After a beat --

TED SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
 And now here I am, potentially
 having to make a decision for
 someone else...

*
*
*
*

EVE
 MRI didn't turn out so well...?

*
*

TED SULLIVAN
 Not great. I don't have to do
 anything yet, but I guess it just
 reminded me that I might...

*
*

Eve gives him a tight smile.

TED SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
 Am I a terrible person? I mean, to
 not know? We never had that
 conversation -- we were only 26
 years old...How am I supposed to
 know what she would want?
 (beat)
 I just don't want to let her down.

*
*
*

Eve nods sympathetically.

EVE
 If you were a terrible person, it
 wouldn't be a hard decision. But
 you're not, you seem like a decent
 guy. And she's lucky to have you.

*

They share a look. There's some kind of connection here, and
 they both feel it. Maybe under different circumstances...

TED SULLIVAN
 I'm sorry, this isn't your job, to
 listen to all my problems.

EVE
 No, actually it is my job. If I
 wanted to be a...walking textbook,
 I would've been a doctor.

Ted manages a chuckle, just as a DOCTOR walks past, clearly
 having overheard. They both crack up. And --

*
*

ACROSS THE ROOM

Grabbing a cup of coffee -- is Margo. She spots them and
 stands there watching them, their body language, looking
 concerned.

*
*
*

Over this now, the SOUND of KNOCKING...

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Eve knocks on a door. It opens, revealing Dr. Richmond.

DR. RICHMOND
Seven on the dot. Right on time. *

EVE
It's the new me.

He smiles. Eve steps inside for her session...but the door barely closes before they're ON EACH OTHER...groping, kissing, tugging at each other's clothes... *

INT. BEDROOM - PATRICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jo and Patrick lie in bed, still breathing hard from great sex. She looks over, kisses him, and then rolls over, getting out of the bed. He pulls her back.

PATRICK
(playful)
Where are you going?

She laughs, then extricates herself from his kiss. Starts picking up her clothes, getting dressed.

JO
I gotta go.

He sighs. Gets out of bed, slips on boxers.

JO (CONT'D)
I told Marie I'd cover half her night shift. *

PATRICK
What's the deal Jo? I mean, what is this, just sex? 'Cause I've had my share of relationships like that. *

JO
No... Why are you taking this so personally? I'm just covering a shift! *

PATRICK
Because you're always "just" having to do something. There's always a reason, something always comes up. *

JO
I gotta lot going on right now, okay? Between Will, and work, and the Jackass... *

PATRICK
 So then let me in, let me help you.
 Why can't you let anyone help you?

Jo has no good answer, not now, the pathology too deep.

JO
 Look, my life's complicated, that's
 all.

PATRICK
 And I have a mother on welfare, a
 brother who can't stay out of
 trouble, and college loans I'm
 still paying off. Guess what.
 Everyone's life is complicated.

Disappointed, he walks into the bathroom and shuts the door.

INT. BEDROOM - DR. RICHMOND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dr. Richmond lies in bed, enjoying watching Eve get dressed.

EVE
 How is it exactly that you've
 convinced my father that you're the
 greatest mind since Freud?

DR. RICHMOND
 Maybe I am.

EVE
 (chuckles)
 Well then what do you think he'd do
 if he ever found out how much money
 he's blown trying to "get me well."

DR. RICHMOND
 Kill me, kill you, then kill
 himself. *

EVE
 Sounds about right. *

He smirks, watches her. Then, a la Humphrey Bogart -- *

DR. RICHMOND
 Of all the hospitals in all the
 towns in all the world, you walk
 into mine... *

EVE
 Why are you talking like that?

DR. RICHMOND
 ...Casablanca?

EVE

That one of your old person things?

He throws a pillow at her.

*

EVE (CONT'D)

I didn't know it was your hospital.

DR. RICHMOND

It's not. It's his.

This stops her a beat.

EVE

What, now you're gonna analyze me?

*

*

DR. RICHMOND

Well what was it? Couldn't stay away from me?

*

*

*

EVE

Yeah, I've just been pining away for you I couldn't take another day.

*

*

*

*

DR. RICHMOND

Seriously. Why here?

*

Eve considers for a long moment. Sits down on the side of the bed.

*

*

EVE

I don't know...I guess I realized that if I can't fix things here, if I can't make it work here, then how, or when, am I ever gonna do it anywhere?

*

*

DR. RICHMOND

(impressed)

Maybe I really am one of the greatest minds.

EVE

Who said you had anything to do with it?

He smiles. Then, a more serious thought --

DR. RICHMOND

It's not gonna be like some movie ending, you know...where he wakes up tomorrow and accepts the error of his ways, or yours. This is Chief Richard Miller we're talking about, brilliant MD-slash-MBA.

*

*

(MORE)

DR. RICHMOND (CONT'D)
 He's gonna put you through his
 paces, and it won't stop. You reach
 the bar, he'll just move it. You
 really sure you're up for it?

*
 *

Eve swallows hard...no, she's not sure. Off her terrified
 look...the SOUND of a DOORBELL...

*
 *

INT. BECCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A funky two-bedroom in the Soho of Philly. Becca opens the
 door, where Eve stands with her suitcase and a box.

*

BECCA
 Finally! What took you so long?

She grabs Eve's stuff and throws it inside.

BECCA (CONT'D)
 Come on, let's get a drink.

INT. NURSES STATION - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - NIGHT

The floor is quiet. Jo sits at the desk with her feet up,
 staring down at the ADDRESS BOOK in her lap, deliberating.
 Finally she sits up, dials a number from the book. Chews a
 pen nervously while it rings before --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Hello?

JO
 Uh yeah, hi, I was looking for
 Kevin Rice?

There's a long pause.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Who's calling?

JO
 Jo Moser, I'm a nurse at Philly
 General and his mother's a patient
 of mine. She's not doing very well
 and I thought, well I just thought
 he'd like to know.

*

There's another long pause.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 I'll pass along the message.

*

And just as quickly, the line goes dead.

INT. TRENDY BAR - NIGHT

Becca and Eve sip drinks at the bar. Eve looks burdened.

EVE

I don't know, I don't know what I was thinking. Maybe coming back here was a mistake.

BECCA

Wait a sec -- I kind of need to know whether I have a roommate or not. Did you or did you not just move in with me?

*
*
*

EVE

...I sort of had to get out of the place I was crashing. I thought you'd be cool...

*

BECCA

(reluctantly)
...fine...

*
*
*

(beat)

But for what it's worth, I think you should stay, stick to your guns. Screw him. So you pee in his stupid cup. It's not like there's a shortage of urine at the hospital.

*
*

EVE

(laughs; rises)
Speaking of...be right back.

Eve moves off to the bathroom. Becca looks around, checking out the crowd, her prospects...

*

INT. BATHROOM - BAR - MOMENTS LATER

*

Eve washes her hands...then looks at herself in the mirror, long and hard. Who's she going to be? Finally she looks away, heads out...

BACK TO THE BAR -- where Becca's seat is empty. Eve looks around, but there's no sign of her.

INT. HALLWAY - BECCA'S APARTMENT BLDG. - NIGHT

Eve pushes in the front door and instantly STARTLES at the sight of Becca and some guy SCREWING in the chair.

EVE

Ohmygod, sorry!

They startle too, and now Eve sees that *the guy is KURT*.

*

EVE (CONT'D)

(annoyed)
Oh you gotta be kidding me.

Kurt shoots Eve a smug smirk and a wink. Over this now --

BECCA (O.S.)
How was I supposed to know?!

INT. CORRIDOR - PHILADELPHIA GENERAL - DAY

Becca and Eve are surreptitiously wheeling the hot patient, Owen, down the hall.

EVE
How could you not know?! You knew he was Miller's son, and you know I'm Miller's daughter...

OWEN
Wait a sec, you slept with her brother?

EVE
See, he got it!

BECCA
I don't know! The different last names threw me off!

Eve rolls her eyes. Just then, they spot DR. KIPPS down the hall...and quickly turn down a side corridor.

EVE
(gets a shiver)
Uch the whole thing grosses me out. He's such a stuck-up ass.

BECCA
Gotta say, the ass isn't bad.
(off Eve's look)
I'm kidding!

INT. IMAGING DEPARTMENT - PGH - DAY

Through the glass partition, we see Owen undergoing a CT SCAN while Becca and Eve stand with the TECHNICIAN Becca flirted with, who still thinks he's really going to get a date.

TECHNICIAN
I could get tickets for the Sixers, if you're into that.

BECCA
I don't know, not much of a fan.

TECHNICIAN
Maybe just a movie...

BECCA
Maybe...we'll see.

Becca and Eve stifle grins. The IMAGES start coming up now on THE MONITORS when --

DR. KIPPS comes in unaware, but quickly puts it together.

DR. KIPPS
What's going on here?

Becca can't think fast enough.

DR. KIPPS (CONT'D)
Who authorized this?!

Kipps is staring down Becca and Eve...until --

TECHNICIAN
Uh...Dr. Kipps...

They all turn their attention to the technician -- who is staring at the monitors, confounded. Kipps leans in closer for a better look...her eyes widening...

DR. KIPPS
What the...?

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. CORRIDOR - PGH - DAY

Becca and Eve keep pace with a very angry Dr. Kipps.

DR. KIPPS
You both are in a serious amount of
trouble, do not doubt me on that.

BECCA
Eve had nothing to do with it.

Eve looks over quickly at Becca.

BECCA (CONT'D)
I just ran into her on the way
down.

They've reached Kipps' office door.

DR. KIPPS
Fine, then just you and I will
talk.

She pushes into her office, Becca follows. Looks back at Eve
who gives her a "what are you doing?" look.

BECCA
(mouths)
Just go.

INT. DR. KIPPS' OFFICE - DAY

Becca's barely in before --

DR. KIPPS
Do you have any idea how many codes
of ethics you've broken?! You
can't just order tests because you
feel like it! You're a nurse!

BECCA
And I happened to be right!

She shoves the CT FILM up on the light-box. Small marks tell
us that there is in fact something under the scalp.

DR. KIPPS
Which is irrelevant. You don't
start at the most outside
possibility and work your way in.
The odds of a parasitic arthropod
are minute.

BECCA

Yeah well you weren't starting
anywhere! He'd told us he'd been
traveling, if you'd been listening.

(beat)

What's with you doctors anyway?
This place would fall apart without
us and you know it, so why don't
you act like it. We hold their
hands, we bathe them, we wait on
them, we explain what you all
don't, or can't, or won't, and
where exactly are you?

*
*
*

DR. KIPPS

We're trying to save them.

BECCA

Yeah, and so are we.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

Patrick expertly tends to a post-op, currently unconscious,
patient. He suctions the tracheotomy, changes IV bags, etc.,
when Jo spots him from the hall, walks in.

JO

I been looking for you...

PATRICK

S'up?

JO

...Nothing, I just...are you
avoiding me?

PATRICK

Just busy.

Jo watches him, waiting for more. But he's giving her
nothing.

INT. NURSES STATION - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

Everyone's busy at the desk -- Chris confers with a Doctor,
Eve updates charts, Becca finishes up a phone call while
squeezing in bites of a sandwich, all the while call lights
DINGING and FLASHING --

When Jo steps up, swapping out charts, clearly annoyed by her
encounter with Patrick.

CHRIS

Everything okay?

JO
It's nothing.
(beat)
Hey new earrings?

CHRIS
Yeah, my mom just gave them to me,
for my birthday.

BECCA
When's your birthday?

JO
Ohmygod, it's today...

BECCA
Why didn't you say anything?

Chris waves it off.

JO
What'd Robby get you? What're you
doing?

CHRIS
Nothing, "yet," and nothing, he's
on duty.

JO
So then let's us do something,
tonight, my house, girl's night.

CHRIS
Okay.

Jo's about to say more when Margo steps over, clearly having
overheard.

MARGO
It's okay...I'm busy anyway.

JO
Oh Margo, you know you're always
invited.

Not really, and she knows it; moves on.

MARGO
Has anyone dispensed levonorgestrol
recently? The count's off.

They all shake their heads. Eve is about to say something
about Becca's rape patient when she catches her eye and
quickly gets it -- there was no rape patient. Becca took it.

EVE

Not me.

MARGO

Well then you all need to be better at notating, I have to account for every pill here.

They all nod.

MARGO (CONT'D)

I know you all think I'm a stickler but it's the job. It's not my fault I was promoted...

JO

We know.

They all trade looks, go about their tasks. Margo catches Becca's eye.

MARGO

I heard from Kipps earlier. I have no choice, I have to write it up.

BECCA

(nods nervously)
I know.

Eve looks away...notices a new call light flashing.

EVE

I got it.

Eve moves off. Margo walks with her.

MARGO

I've been wanting to talk to you.

Eve looks nervous, thinking it's about the Becca/Kipps issue.

EVE

...okay...

MARGO

When it comes to patient relations, I wouldn't take my cue from Becca.
(off Eve's look)
I saw you with Mr. Sullivan in the cafeteria...

EVE

I'm not following...

MARGO

Okay, I'm not convinced your rapport isn't...inappropriate.

EVE

Are you kidding?

(off her stern look)

No, of course you're not. Look, he just needs someone to talk to...

MARGO

Mm-hmm. And I have a sixth sense about these things. Don't make me reassign the case.

Margo walks off, leaving Eve dumbstruck.

INT. ELEVATOR BANK - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

A well put together WOMAN in her thirties tentatively steps off the elevator. She considers turning back but then steels herself...starts down the hall toward --

THE DESK -- where she inquires with the NURSE'S ASSISTANT on duty, just as Jo is passing by.

WOMAN

I'm looking for Peggy Rice...

NURSE'S ASSISTANT

Okay...are you a family member?

WOMAN

I'm her daughter. Carla Rice.

Jo looks up quickly.

INT. PATIENT ROOM #2 - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

Peggy looks worse than the last time we saw her. Jo raps on the door as she enters. *

JO

There's someone here to see you...

PEGGY

Well I hope it's not that damn therapy dog ag--

She shuts up at the sight of CARLA.

CARLA

Hi Mom...

PEGGY

What are you doing here?

CARLA

You're the one that wanted to see me...

(off Peggy's look)

I got a call that you were here...?

They both eye Jo.

JO

I didn't call you.

(off Peggy's stare)

Okay, I'm sorry, I called your son, and that was probably wrong of me but I didn't even know you had a daughter.

PEGGY

I didn't, and you had no right.

Jo looks confused. Carla looks hurt. Peggy rolls her eyes, snaps her fingers.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Come on, pick up the pace. What aren't you getting here -- they're one in the same. Ta-da...My son.

Oh! Now Jo gets it. Carla moves for the door.

CARLA

I knew this was a mistake, I should go.

It looks like Peggy's going to let her...until --

PEGGY

No. Don't.

Carla stops mid-step, surprised. Jo takes her cue, slips out.

INT. CORRIDOR - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

Eve's heading down the hall with a meds cart when she spots Kurt coming the other way. She quickly spins around, but --

KURT

You can run but you can't hide...

Eve ignores him. He catches up to her.

KURT (CONT'D)

So that was awkward last night, huh?

EVE

More like repulsive. I wonder what ol' Dad would think of his Mr. Perfect son having the hots for the slutty nurse.

KURT

Yeah, no wonder you two became such fast friends.

EVE

Just stay out of my business, and my apartment.

KURT

Hear your roomie's in some hot water with Dr. Kipps. You always did know how to pick your friends.

Eve pushes on ahead of him. He yells after her --

KURT (CONT'D)

Just remember I called it, Eve -- one month!

Eve just shakes her head and rounds a corner...crossing paths with Chris, who stops her.

CHRIS

Hey, would you do me a favor? Do a quick wound check in 411.

EVE

Sure.

She pushes into --

INT. PATIENT ROOM (411) - SAME

-- only to find it's -- the masturbating patient. Eve turns around, throws open the door where --

IN THE HALL -- Jo, Becca and Chris are cracking up.

EVE

Funny...you're all so very funny.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

*

The sun hangs a little lower in the sky, dusk approaching.

*

INT. PATIENT ROOM #2 - DAY

Peggy lies in bed. A Nurse's Assistant swaps out an IV bag, moves off as Carla comes out from the bathroom, sets down a fresh glass of water for Peggy. Awkwardness hangs in the air.

*

*

*

CARLA
You look like crap, ya know.

PEGGY
You try dying.

CARLA
I did. Twice. Guess I wasn't very good at it.

PEGGY
Do you have to bring that up?

CARLA
It happened Mom, deal with it.

Peggy shakes her head.

CARLA (CONT'D)
I am who I am, sorry. Did you ever consider, even once, what it was like for me?

PEGGY
It's always about you, and what you need. Did you ever consider what I thought? What I had to deal with? What it was like to have friends ask about your son, and have to tell them... It killed your father.

CARLA
(laughs)
Oh come on!

PEGGY
What could possibly be funny about that?

CARLA
Dad died in a car accident!

PEGGY
On his way to church -- to pray for you!

Carla just looks at her with a dubious smirk. Peggy's busted and she knows it...then finally can't help but laugh too. A much needed release, and ice breaker.

CARLA
That was a stretch, even for you.

PEGGY
(grins)
Yeah yeah yeah.

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*

Carla sits down in the chair beside the bed. Peggy looks at her, really looks at her, for what seems like the first time. *

PEGGY (CONT'D) *
I gotta say, you look good. Lucky
for you you got my bone structure.

After a long beat, with difficulty --

CARLA
You know, Mom...if there's one
thing I wish you'd get it's that
this is my life. This is it. And
I hate that you missed that
chance...
(choking up)
To really know it.

Peggy tentatively puts a hand on top of Carla's. A tear escapes out of the corner of her eye.

PEGGY
Me too.

Carla looks up quickly...and wipes away a tear of her own.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MEDICAL/SURGICAL UNIT - PGH - DUSK

The shift over, Jo, Becca and Eve are finishing changing.

EVE
So how long exactly does this
hazing last -- first week, first
month?

JO & BECCA
First year!

They all laugh as they collect their stuff, walk out...

INT. NURSES STATION - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - SAME

...passing Chris at the desk.

JO
Meet you at my house?

CHRIS
Soon as I dump these charts.

Jo taps the desk and they move off down the hall. Moments later, a PATIENT ALARM goes off. Chris jumps up...

INT. PATIENT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Chris hustles in just as Patrick is too. The PATIENT (the bald guy who gave Patrick a hard time about being a nurse) is crashing, monitors sounding. They quickly begin CPR. *

PATRICK
Anything?

Chris shakes her head. Seconds later, DR. STONE hurries in, takes stock of the situation. Blood trickles out of the patient's mouth.

DR. STONE
He's in peritonitic shock, we need to get him to the O.R.

Chris keeps up the compressions while Patrick quickly gets a gurney. They hoist the patient on, Chris never stopping her efforts.

DR. STONE (CONT'D)
(to Chris)
O.R.'s short tonight, can you scrub in?

Chris hesitates a moment, but then nods.

CHRIS
Sure.

DR. STONE
Okay let's go, let's go!

And as they quickly push the patient out and down the hall...

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. KITCHEN - JO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A small birthday cake sits on the counter. Becca swipes some frosting before heading off with a fresh pitcher of drinks...

INT. LIVING ROOM - JO'S HOUSE - SAME

Jo and Eve sit around the coffee table, laughing, when Becca *
joins them.

BECCA

I swear if Chris doesn't get here
soon I'm gonna light the candles,
blow 'em out and eat the damn cake.

EVE

Where is she?

JO

(handing Becca the phone)
Call.

Becca moves off with the phone. Eve pours more drinks. *

EVE

Jo, your house is beautiful.

JO

Thanks. Aside from my son, it's the
only thing I have to show for my
time with the Jackass. *

(beat) *

What is with men anyway? They
either have what they don't want,
or want what they can't have. *

EVE

Hell if I know. *

(beat) *

What happened, if you don't mind my
asking...

JO

Classic story. I worked my tail
off to put him through law school,
he made it big, we were happy, I
thought, until he slept with Mandy,
Brandy and apparently every other
paralegal whose name ends in y.

EVE

Oh.

JO

Yup. So what about you...?

EVE
 Equally classic. I pick the wrong
 guy, pretty much over and over
 again.
 (beat)
 Why is it that it's only the stupid
 decisions you can never seem to
 live down...

Jo chuckles knowingly just as Becca walks in.

BECCA
 I just got off with the desk. She
 got called into surgery.

They nod. Eve notices some crumbs on Becca's chin.

EVE
 Are you eating the cake?!

BECCA
 ...no...
 (off their dubious looks)
 Well who knows how long she'll be!

INT. O.R. - NIGHT

Dr. Stone operates, the patient's abdomen cracked open, guts
 out. Chris and two others assist, suction, monitor, etc.

DR. STONE
 ...and if my gut is right...and it
 is -- serosal perfs in the ileum.
 Could I get a number fifte--

Before he even finishes asking, Chris hands him the #15
 scalpel. He makes a cut. Blood unexpectedly SPURTS up.

DR. STONE (CONT'D)
 Whoa nilly!

Chris is already on it, gauze covering the source.

CHRIS
 BP's 80 over 30...

DR. STONE
 I only need two more minutes...

She's watching his every move. Hands him surgical scissors
 before his hand's even out. He does a quick double take,
 smiles over his mask.

DR. STONE (CONT'D)
 Alright let's close...

INT. O.R. ANTE-ROOM - NIGHT

Post-surgery, Chris is scrubbing her hands. Dr. Stone walks in, joins her at the sink, high from adrenaline.

CHRIS

Nice job.

DR. STONE

No, nice job you. You were awesome, it was like, like you were in my head.

Chris smiles her thanks. She felt it too, the fluidity.

DR. STONE (CONT'D)

Hey -- do you want to go grab a bite somewhere?

CHRIS

I uh...I'm supposed to go over to Jo's. They're having a little birthday thing for me...

DR. STONE

It's your birthday? So then you must think I'm a total jerk for working you late on your birthday.

CHRIS

Yes...I mean no...I mean yes, about grabbing a bite.

He smiles. *

INT. BEDROOM - MARGO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT *

Margo lies in a rumpled bed, hair tousled, looking freer than we've ever seen her. She talks to someone in the bathroom. *

MARGO

How do you think I feel? It's not exactly the most comfortable situation... *

And now, walking in in just his boxers, patting his wet face with a towel -- is CHIEF MILLER! *

CHIEF MILLER

Relax, I told you, I know my daughter. It's apparently against her nature to listen to anything I say...I highly doubt she'll stick around.

(beat)

I have to go. *

He leans down and kisses Margo.

MARGO
You always have to go.

CHIEF MILLER
Yes, I always have to go. But you
know that.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jo, Becca and Eve are a little drunker, the cake half-eaten.
Becca lies down across the couch.

BECCA
Uch I feel sick.

EVE
Well we know you're not pregnant...

BECCA
Hey. You can work with me, you can
live with me, but don't judge me.

Eve holds her hands up in mock surrender.

JO
Maybe it was the third piece of
cake.

BECCA
Either that or the fact that I
might lose my job tomorrow.

JO
What?!

BECCA
When I went to check on Chris I
checked my machine. There was a
message from Margo. Kipps already
took it to Miller and he's
reviewing it tomorrow.

They all take a beat.

JO
Can we just get something out in
the open? It's weird that he's
your father.

EVE
Tell me about it.

*
*
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JO
 There, we don't ever have to
 discuss it again.

EVE
 Good.
 (beat; to Becca)
 I still don't know why you did
 that, Becca...said it was all you.

BECCA
 Because I didn't think you needed a
 write-up on your second day. And
 besides, it's what we do. We cover
 for each other.

Eve gets it.

BECCA (CONT'D)
 Speaking of Miller...any thoughts
 on what you're gonna do...?

Ah, the big question. Eve sighs, shakes her head.

EVE
 No...
 (beat)
 I thought he was gonna be so happy,
 ya know? I thought I'd show up and
 he'd see me in scrubs and...believe
 me, that things were different.
 But I don't know, maybe there's
 just too much stuff to get past.
 Maybe my coming here isn't fair, to
 him.

JO
 Yeah and what about you?
 (beat)
 Look, I know I only know you a few
 days so maybe I'm way off. But if
 you want to stop living down all
 your bad decisions...then you have
 to stop running away from them.

Eve knows that in her heart, but sticking to it's another
 story. Just then, the DOORBELL RINGS. Jo jumps up.

JO (CONT'D)
 Finally...
 (opening the door)
 Birthday gir--

But it's not Chris. Instead, it's a PROCESS SERVER.

PROCESS SERVER
Joanne Moser?

JO
Yes...

He hands her a manila ENVELOPE, has her sign a clipboard. Jo closes the door, opens the envelope, pulling out a document.

BECCA
What is it?

Jo tries to process what she's reading. Finally, in shock --

JO
He wants me out of the house in
thirty days.

EXT. PARKING LOT - PHILADELPHIA GENERAL - NIGHT

Dr. Stone's Mercedes is pulled up beside Chris's Toyota.

DR. STONE
Well again, I'm sorry for ruining
your birthday.

CHRIS
You didn't ruin my birthday. At
all.

He smiles. She does too, then looks away, the tension palpable. *

CHRIS (CONT'D) *

I can't believe that was your idea *

of "grabbing a bite." Last time I *

went to a place like that was when *

my husband's grandmother died and *

left us three grand. *

DR. STONE *

(grins; beat) *

So...it being your birthday and *

all...where is your husband? If I *

can ask... *

CHRIS *

Working. He's a cop, on duty. *

(beat) *

What about you? Where's your wife? *

If I can ask. *

DR. STONE *

Working. She's away on business. *

She's pretty much always away on *

business. *

Chris nods. They share a look, something definitely going on here. Just when it seems like they may kiss... *

CHRIS
I should probably get going. *

DR. STONE
Yeah, me too. *

INT. BEDROOM - CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Robby's asleep when Chris pads in looking ashamed, trying to be quiet. He stirs.

ROBBY
You just getting in?

CHRIS
Yeah...surgery kept going. Go back to sleep.

He rolls back over. Chris continues on to the bathroom and turns on the shower.

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM - BECCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Her suitcase sits in the corner, open but yet unpacked, the box untouched. Eve lies in bed staring at the ceiling, sleep eluding her as she contemplates her fate.

INT. BECCA'S BEDROOM - BECCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Where Becca can't sleep either, concern on her face.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA GENERAL HOSPITAL - MORNING

Another day dawns.

INT. CHIEF MILLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Becca sits nervously beside Dr. Kipps. Across the desk, Chief Miller reviews the file...then sits back, takes off his glasses, looks at Becca.

CHIEF MILLER
Three years from now,
hypothetically, Owen Harris is
diagnosed with lymphoma. And let's
say, for argument's sake, that the
CT scan you ordered didn't turn up
anything. In his grief, Mr. Harris
decides that the radiation from
that unnecessary procedure is to
blame. Would he be right? No.

(MORE)

CHIEF MILLER (CONT'D)
 But would that stop him from
 slapping this hospital with a
 frivolous lawsuit? No, it happens
 every day.

(beat)
 Rules exist for a reason, and
 clearly you crossed a line.

Becca looks down at her hands.

CHIEF MILLER (CONT'D)
 This will stay in your file...and
 the next time I won't be so
 tolerant.

Becca looks relieved.

CHIEF MILLER (CONT'D)
 Go.

BECCA
 Thank you, Sir.

Becca goes. Dr. Kipps gives Miller a nod, follows. Just as
 she's almost out the door --

CHIEF MILLER
 Dr. Kipps...Don't let it happen
 again.

DR. KIPPS
 I tried, Sir. She questioned every--

CHIEF MILLER
 No. I meant letting a nurse save
 your ass.

INT. CORRIDOR - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

Outside Owen's room, Dr. Kipps talks with his PARENTS, boldly
 taking credit for everything.

DR. KIPPS
 ...technically, it's called
 sarcopsylla penetrans, which is a
 rare chigger found in South
 America. But what's really
 important is that luckily the CT
 scan caught it and I've got him on
 the right course of antibiotics.
 Within a few days he should be
 fine.

REVERSE ANGLE -- AT THE NURSES STATION -- where Becca and Eve
 watch as the parents thankfully shake Dr. Kipps' hand.

EVE
Unbelievable.

BECCA
Get used to it.

INT. PATIENT ROOM #2 - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

Peggy's sleeping, her face pale. Jo takes note of her vitals, the slow heart rate on the monitor, looking concerned. Peggy opens one eye; her voice is weak.

PEGGY
You're about as quiet as three
hundred men.

JO
(grins)
Ah, the bitch is up...

Peggy manages the weakest of smiles.

JO (CONT'D)
I'm sorry if I overstepped...I
shouldn't have made that call
without...

Peggy weakly waves her off, then finds Jo's hand, takes it.

PEGGY
I owe you one.

Jo gives her a sad smile. Squeezes her hand back.

JO
I'll hold you to it.

Peggy closes her eyes again.

PEGGY
So where is she anyway? *

Just then, Carla quietly enters, coffee in hand, having heard her mother refer to her as "she." Carla and Jo share a look before Carla takes a seat beside her mother. *

CARLA
I'm right here, ma. *

JO
I'll check back... *

She starts out...but by the time she's reached the door, the SOUND of the HEART RATE MONITOR stops her. Peggy's gone. And Jo just lost a friend.

INT. NURSES STATION - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

Chris is charting at the desk when Dr. Stone steps over. *
She's a little unnerved to see him. *

DR. STONE
How's my patient?

CHRIS
Good, vitals stable... *

DR. STONE
(beat)
So...about last night...

CHRIS
Yeah, about that... *

Dr. Stone leans over the desk with a seductive look. *

DR. STONE
You wanna do it again sometime?

She knows she shouldn't...but her grin says otherwise. *

INT. PHARMACY - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

Patrick pulls down some meds...turns to head out but stops at the sight of Jo, leaning against the door. In the small quarters, the awkwardness is palpable.

JO
Listen...

PATRICK
Uh-oh...

JO
(shakes her head)
No...you're right. I...I haven't been giving you what you want...
(beat)
But I've been giving you as much as I can, right now. I guess...well I guess I'm doing the best I can... but if that's not good enough, I get it.

He studies her a beat, her eyes as earnest as they come.

PATRICK
I'll take it. For now.

INT. PATIENT ROOM #1 - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DAY

Eve adjusts the drip on Mrs. Sullivan's meds.

EVE

I saw her numbers this morning were much better. Looks like the infection's clearing.

TED SULLIVAN

Doctor said we're not out of the woods yet...

EVE

No, but at least we're moving in the right direction. We'll keep her here a while longer, make sure.

TED SULLIVAN

Then I guess I'll get to see more of you.

Eve looks over quickly, slightly unnerved -- surprised she feels the same way but knowing it's forbidden terrain.

TED SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

I just meant, I've gotten to know a lot of nurses. You're good at this. You're smart, and patient... so thank you.

Eve looks over at him and gives him a thin smile. It's just what she needed to hear.

INT. ELEVATOR BANK - MED/SURG UNIT - PGH - DUSK

It's another end of another shift. Our GROUP is waiting for the elevator, pumped to be getting off. But Eve seems lost in thought.

PATRICK

O'Rourke's?

BECCA

I'm in.

JO

Yes but no karaoke.

PATRICK

Don't push your luck there...

Jo smiles.

BECCA

So Chris, you never told us about your marathon surgery. I ate half a cake because of you.

CHRIS
 (beat)
 What's to tell...

She can't control the smile that creeps across her face.

BECCA
 Oooh, there's somethin' to tell...

CHRIS
 Nuh-uh...

JO
 Spill it!

The elevator arrives and they all pile in...except Eve.

BECCA
 Eve? You coming?

EVE
 Hmm? Oh, uh...you know what? I
 gotta do something first. I'll meet
 you there.

The doors close. Eve deliberates, then hits the UP BUTTON.

INT. CHIEF MILLER'S OFFICE - DUSK

Chief Miller's at his desk when suddenly Eve barges in.

EVE
 Deal.

He looks up quickly. Eve sets down the plastic cup on his desk -- complete with sample.

EVE (CONT'D)
 You're on. I'll pee in your cup,
 I'll jump through your hoops, I'll
 play by your rules...'cause I'm
 meant to be here, whether you like
 it or not.

*

CHIEF MILLER
 ...Game on, eh?

*

*

EVE
 Yup.

*

*

She now sets down a pair of plastic salt and pepper shakers from the cafeteria. He looks at her curiously.

CHIEF MILLER
 What is this?

*

*

EVE

*

For when you eat your words.

And with one last look she walks out, leaving him stunned. He sits back in his chair -- and if you blink you might miss it -- the slightest, most fleeting hint of a smile crosses his lips.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA GENERAL HOSPITAL - DUSK

The setting sun paints the sky as Eve strides out the hospital doors, a satisfied, empowered look on her face. She starts off into the night air...and as she disappears into the crowded street...

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT