

I.C.U.

by  
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EXT. CHICAGO-EVENING

Dusk falls on the jagged Chicago skyline.

Gray sky. Dirty snow. Winter's been here a while and isn't leaving any time soon...

Christmas lights blink to life in storefronts and trees, doing little to lift the damp shroud smothering the city.

The five o'clock traffic thickens on Lake Shore Drive, running parallel to--

LINCOLN PARK

--where even in the ugly cold a fair number of JOGGERS, CYCLISTS, DOG WALKERS and STROLLER PUSHERS line the paths.

Moving in closer we find and follow A MAN (60s). Distinguished. Bifocals, tweed overcoat.

He's walking a GERMAN SHEPHERD. A big, strong dog. Looks more like it's walking the man than the other way around.

He leads the dog out of the park, stopping at--

A CROSSWALK

--as traffic BLURS past.

A few other waiting PEDESTRIANS eye the dog warily.

The light changes and the crowd spills onto the street, but the dog hesitates, distracted. The man tugs on the leash.

MAN

Bailiff...come on!

The dog stays put. Turns, sniffs the air. BARKS.

The man shakes his head as he's left behind. He checks the signal: a flashing orange hand: 12...11...10...

He hesitates, thinks about it...hell, he can still make it. He steps into the street, tugs again at the leash.

The dog whips its head around. Not budging. BARKS again.

MAN

I said c'mon, let's go--

WHAM!!!!!!

--a black BMW careens around the corner and HITS THE MAN, tossing him through the air and into the intersection.

A few ONLOOKERS scream and jump back, then look at the man crumpled in the road.

He isn't dead, just had the living shit knocked out of him.

He clutches his side, GROANS as traffic SQUEALS to a stop around him. The dog spins in circles, BARKING like mad.

The BMW sits motionless twenty feet beyond the man. Engine HUMMING at a low menacing idle. License plate smeared with mud and snow, illegible.

No one gets out of the car.

The man pushes himself up on his elbows as other DRIVERS start getting out of their cars -- one of the ONLOOKERS approaches to help--

--when suddenly the BMW lurches into REVERSE, tires SQUEALING, forcing the Good Samaritan back onto the sidewalk before running over the man's leg--

CRACK!!!

--his leg SNAPS and he collapses back onto the road.

More GASPS and SCREAMS from the crowd as the BMW slaloms through the stopped cars and accelerates from the scene...

...vanishing.

EXT. MT. SINAI MEDICAL CENTER-EVENING

A teaching hospital in the heart of downtown. Huge. A sprawling complex topped by dual towers scraping the sky.

The whole place assaulted by wicked snow flurries.

IN THE HOSPITAL'S HALLWAYS

Some half-hearted holiday decorations dot the walls, but there isn't a whole lot of holiday cheer left here.

Too many patients, too few staff. This place is a hair's breadth away from devolving into serious chaos...

Walking through swinging double-doors labeled INTERNAL MEDICINE is DR. CLAIRE HASKINS (30). Over-worked, but wearing it well. There's a brilliance and grace beneath the fatigue and wrinkled scrubs.

CLAIRE  
...and the platelet and CBC counts  
all check out?

At her side is resident ELLIE FISHER (30), narrating a chart as Claire thumbs through it.

ELLIE  
(nodding)  
That's why I wondered if we'd be  
safe waiting for a MAG-3?

CLAIRE  
Peritoneal hemorrhage is still a  
concern, a CT might not find it.  
(pause)  
You said a car wreck?

They're separated as Claire dodges a RATTLING supply cart without looking up from the chart. She's apparently navigating by sonar...

ELLIE  
Yeah...  
(re-joining Claire)  
...except he wasn't the one driving  
a car. Just walking his dog.

CLAIRE  
Ouch. He's still in ortho?

ELLIE  
Just moved to I.C.U... oh, and he's  
on Coumadin. Ten meegs a day.

CLAIRE  
Keep a close eye on his INR. I  
wouldn't let it get over--

--they round a corner and Claire roughly BUMPS SHOULDERS with a JANITOR pushing a cleaning cart the other way.

JANITOR  
Pardon me, doctor. My fault.

He lowers his head, keeps pushing his cart down the hall as Ellie cuts him a fuck's-your-problem? look.

CLAIRE  
 (walking again)  
 --wouldn't let it get over about  
 seven...  
 (on second thought)  
 ...make it six-and-a-half. Just to  
 be on the safe side.

They reach the end of the hall, time to part ways. Claire hands Ellie the chart.

ELLIE  
 Well, thanks for saving me a  
 fishing expedition.  
 (Claire nods)  
 So what are you still doing here,  
 anyway? Shouldn't you have checked  
 out, like, four hours ago?

CLAIRE  
 (shrugging)  
 Thought we could use the extra  
 hands. And still waiting to hear  
 back from radiology. Problem  
 patient...

Ellie nods, Claire starts to pivot away--

ELLIE  
 Claire...

Claire stops, turns. Ellie lowers her voice, quick head check of the hallway. No easy way to say this.

ELLIE  
 I just got an appearance request  
 from the Review Board. About the  
 Hanson case...

Claire flinches. Knew this might be coming.

ELLIE  
 (rapid-fire)  
 ...don't worry, I totally have your  
 back. All the way. There was no way  
 you could have known--

CLAIRE  
 --listen. I don't expect you in any  
 way to distort, or--

ELLIE  
 --no, God no. It's not that. It's  
 just...I know it's been...

Eating you alive. She doesn't need to say it out loud.  
 Claire's face remains a stoic mask.

ELLIE  
 I just wanted to give you a heads  
 up, is all.

Claire nods a curt thanks: anything else?

ELLIE  
 (re: chart)  
 Thanks again for helping me out  
 with this guy.

Claire nods, no problem, as Ellie turns, leaving her alone.

She closes her eyes. Takes a deep breath. Quietly shaken by  
 the news, needs a moment to herself. When...

Zzzrrrr. Zzzrrrr. That unmistakable sound of a vending machine  
 returning a wrinkled bill. We follow Claire's eyes--

BY VENDING MACHINES

--to a WOMAN forcing a crinkled bill into the machine. It  
 spits it out. She tries again. It spits it out...

This is DANIELLE PEARCE (30s). Prim and proper, bookishly  
 attractive...and very pregnant. Full term, or close to it.

Claire approaches, digging through her pockets. She pulls  
 out a relatively crisp dollar.

CLAIRE  
 This machine is a little finicky. I  
 usually just use the one on the  
 fourth floor.

Danielle turns, meets Claire's eyes...and promptly bursts  
 into tears. Claire's taken aback. Whoa...

WOMAN  
 I'm sorry...it's just...(sniff) my  
 dad. He's in...in so much (sniff)  
 pain...all he wants is some  
 (sniff)...fucking apple juice!

She takes Claire's dollar, slides it into the machine.  
 WA-CHUNK as the drink falls. She actually gasps with relief.

DANIELLE

Oh, thank God...

She glances at Claire, embarrassed. Knows how this must look. She tries to get herself together.

DANIELLE

I'm really not crazy...it's a hormonal thing. I've been trying so hard to keep a brave front...for him, you know? I guess it's all just coming out...

CLAIRE

I'm sure it means a lot to him that you're here.

DANIELLE

It's just...I've never seen him like this. So helpless. And then on top of everything...

(hand on stomach)

...this. She's due tomorrow.

(pause)

At least we're already at the hospital, right?

Danielle shakes her head, wipes her eyes. Some fucking Christmas...

CLAIRE

You know, we have a chaplain, if you want somebody to talk to--

DANIELLE

--no, I'm fine. Just want to get dad something sweet to drink.

(pause)

Thank you, though.

She means it. Just needed someone to talk to. She holds up the can in a toast before turning and leaving--

CRACK!

as the can of juice is opened--

PATIENT ROOM-I.C.U.

--and held to the lips of JACK PEARCE. We recognize him as the hit-and-run victim. Looking a hell of a lot worse now. Bruised. Frail. In pain.

His broken leg hangs over the bed, shin full of so many rods it may as well be a pin cushion.

Danielle holds the can to her father's lips as he takes a long swallow.

PEARCE  
(raspy, quiet)  
Thank you, sweetie.

He collapses back onto his pillow. Smacks his lips, juice dribbling down his chin. Almost infant-like.

DANIELLE  
What else do you need right now?

He just lays there. Eyes closed. She wants to cry, but can't. Has to maintain the brave face...

GRUFF MALE VOICE (PRE-LAP)  
More tests? Christ...you kidding me?

PATIENT ROOM-MOMENTS LATER

Claire's at the bedside of ALAN FOSTER (60s). Her problem patient. White stubble on a face creased with permanent frown lines. He's a crusty old bastard.

CLAIRE  
I understand you've already had a lot of tests, we just can't be too careful when it comes to--

FOSTER  
--hell yes I have! I just go in to see my family doc, get a goddamned finger up my ass, next thing I'm hearing is possible meningitis and here I am, and it's test this, test that...

CLAIRE  
You're still not feeling any shoulder pain? Headaches?



FOSTER

How many times I gotta say it? I feel fine. I just want to get home, spend Christmas with the grand kids for crissake.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry Mr. Foster, we can't let you do that until we got to the bottom of this--

FOSTER

--you running a prison or a hospital here? Listen, I was a cop for thirty-seven years! Charge 'em with a crime or turn 'em loose, was how we did things...

Claire rubs her temple: has had about enough of him.

BZZZ! Saved by the bell. She glances at her pager.

CLAIRE

That's radiology right now.

HALLWAY-MOMENTS LATER

Claire rounds a corner, offers a smile to WALTER (late 60s). Security guard. Friendly face, slight hitch in his step. Probably should have retired a few years ago.

WALTER

(slowing, wants to talk)  
Hey doc...

Claire stops. He glances around, lowers his voice.

WALTER

Was wondering if you've given any more thought to what I asked you about earlier...

CLAIRE

What's that?

WALTER

About...you know...

She doesn't. His eyes dart down to his waist. Embarrassed.

CLAIRE

Oh...oh! Right...listen, you really need to see a family doc about that, Walter. I shouldn't be going around dishing those things out like candy, you know?

WALTER

Well Mrs. Walter would appreciate it as well...

He winks at Claire: if you know what I mean. She suppresses a smile, continues down the hallway.

CLAIRE

I'll think about it...

WALTER

(calling after her)

C'mon doc...it's Christmas!

Claire holds up her hand in a wave, continues down the hall into--

RADIOLOGY

--where she turns another corner and sees a shaggy-haired BOY (8 or 9), fingers tapping away on an ipod, earbuds crammed in his ears.

Claire watches in alarm -- her eyes zeroed in on the ipod cradled in his palm as he absently reaches for the handle.

CLAIRE

Hey! You can't go in there!

But he can't hear her, his head filled with ear-shredding rock. He looks up in surprise as Claire's hand latches onto his wrist.

BOY'S POV: as Claire's lips move silently to the blaring soundtrack.

BOY

(pulling the earbuds out)

Huh?

CLAIRE

I said you can't go in there. You could get hurt, OK?

She points to illuminated red sign over the door: **"No entry allowed. MRI in use."**

BOY  
Just looking for the bathroom.

CLAIRE  
(pointing)  
Down that hall...

He turns, putting his earbuds back in.

WOMAN (O.S)  
There you are...Hayden!

Hayden snaps to his MOTHER'S voice. She stomps the several steps over to them, grabs his hand and storms off without a thanks or even a nod to Claire.

Claire shakes her head and turns. Some people...

IMAGING ROOM-MOMENTS LATER

Claire stands behind a bleary-eyed RADIOLOGIST squinting at a series of images on the monitor in front of him.

RADIOLOGIST  
...yeah well, not my job to make sense of it, that would be your department.

Through the observation window we see a PAIR OF BARE FEET disappear into an MRI machine.

RADIOLOGIST  
I just give you the pictures.

CLAIRE  
And you're sure about the margins?

RADIOLOGIST  
(nodding behind him)  
See for yourself.

Claire turns towards the lightboard, switches on the backlight, finds the image labeled "Foster."

She squints, making some sort of sense from the dark shapes.

CLAIRE  
(puzzled)  
Huh.

Her eyes narrow: she'll figure this out.

## MEDICAL RECORDS-LATER

Claire slumped in a cubicle, in street clothes now. Thumbing through a thousand-page textbook, other fat reference books fanned around her.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I was afraid I'd find you here.

Claire looks up to see DR. PATRICE WATKINS (50s), Sinai's Chief of Medicine. Barbed wire exterior, seen-it-all eyes. She's been in this game a long time.

Patrice approaches, glances over Claire's shoulder.

PATRICE

So you're still workin' on our grouchy friend?

CLAIRE

MRI's conclusive, but the ultrasound is clean...it just doesn't add up. There's got to be something I'm missing.

Patrice grabs a chair, sits next to Claire.

PATRICE

What's your gut telling you?

Claire meets Patrice's eyes...finally shrugs: not sure. Patrice sees something else in Claire's eyes.

PATRICE

So I suppose you've already heard about the Review Board...

CLAIRE

Word gets around.

PATRICE

Hell of a way to start your fellowship year...

She pulls a chair over, sits next to Claire.

PATRICE

Listen, woman's family has money, connections. They're just angry. Throwing their weight around.

(pause)

You'll be fine. You did everything by the book...like always.

Claire offers a thin smile: thanks? Patrice shakes her head.

PATRICE

That's your problem. By the book will get you off with the Review Board, it won't get you off with me...

Claire straightens in her chair, hackles up.

PATRICE

(re: the text books)

All this stuff...the information... you've got down cold.

(leaning forward )

What I want to see, is you trusting yourself. That's what makes you a doctor. Not the information. You hearing me?

Claire just looks at her: maybe...

PATRICE

Because there will be times when you're gonna find yourself in the wild blue yonder...no textbook. No safety net. What then?

Claire flinches. She's used to harsh words from Patrice, but something about this time is different. Hitting a nerve.

Patrice eases up, shakes her head.

PATRICE

Look at you...I might as well be talking to a zombie. You heading home anytime soon?

CLAIRE

(nodding)

Starting call for the MCC.

PATRICE

Christmas with the Cons, huh? Don't let those striped-pajama-wearing motherfuckers ruin your holiday cheer.

Patrice slaps Claire on the knee, stands. Done with the heart-to-heart.

PATRICE

Now would you get out of here and  
at least try and get some rest? You  
look like shit.

She turns and leaves.

CLAIRE

(under her breath)

And Merry Christmas to you too.

Claire pulls her cell from her handbag. CLOSE ON: the  
display as she checks it: three missed calls.

She winces. Shit...she totally forgot.

TUCKER'S DINER-NIGHT

Inside the fogged windows of Tucker's, a blink-and-miss-it  
greasy spoon.

Alone at a booth is ALDEN HASKINS (50s). Salt-and-pepper  
hair, a guy's guy. Leather jacket, motorcycle helmet on the  
bench next to him.

Empty plate and wadded napkin on the table, he's holding up  
an opened copy of The Trib.

CLOSE ON: a two-column headline on p. 3: "**District judge  
injured in hit and run.**" A black-and-white photo of Pearce  
runs with the article.

Alden's fixated on the article, when--

CRACKLE!

--a FINGER pulls the paper down. He's startled, looks up to  
see Claire smiling at him over the paper.

His startled expression is wiped away by a spreading smile.

ALDEN

Hey there...

CLAIRE

So sorry I'm late.

Claire leans over, a kiss on the cheek. She shakes off her  
jacket and sits down.

CLAIRE  
 ...wild day. Felt like we were the  
 only place in the entire city still  
 open. Just couldn't get away.

ALDEN  
 Seems like that's been happening a  
 lot lately...

CLAIRE  
 Tell me about it...  
 (nods towards newspaper)  
 ...what's so interesting?

He folds the paper and slides it aside, and before he can  
 answer--

CLARENCE (O.S.)  
 There's the Good Doctor! Usual for  
 you?

She turns to CLARENCE (50s), the short-order cook sweating  
 over the grill, calling to her over his shoulder.

CLAIRE  
 Please.

CLARENCE  
 Workin' on it right now...

SIZZLE as he drops a basket of fries.

ALDEN  
 What do you say we hammer a couple  
 tall boys? Looks like you could use  
 'em.

CLAIRE  
 Can't. Just started call...for the  
 correctional center.

He frowns.

CLAIRE  
 (not this again)  
 Part of the job, Dad.  
 (pause)  
 Besides, I'd still rather treat  
 hardened criminals than, you  
 know...lawyers.

She shivers at the word: a disgusting prospect.

ALDEN

Hey now...

He smiles, mock offended. A running joke.

CLAIRE

You being the exception, of course.

ALDEN

We're a team, right? I put 'em  
away, and you treat 'em.

He looks down as his phone BUZZES. He checks it, reads a  
text message.

ALDEN

I'll be damned...

He looks up, already apologizing: he's about to bail.

CLAIRE

Poker...on Christmas Eve? That's  
kind of pathetic.

ALDEN

No, going out to Des Plaines to  
check out an Ironhead I found on  
Craigslist. Supposedly mint, this  
guy's selling it for a song. I'm  
trying to play it cool...

He stands, starts throwing his jacket on. Grabs his helmet.

ALDEN

...but hoping like hell he isn't  
showing it to anybody else.

(hesitating)

I could see about pushing it  
back...

She smiles, shakes her head. She knows he wants that bike.

CLAIRE

Go ahead. I got dibs on the first  
ride.

ALDEN

Sure thing.

They stand, hug.



MINUTES LATER

Claire scans The Trib while she waits.

CLARENCE (O.S.)  
Hey buddy...buddy, you alright?

Claire looks up to see a minor commotion at the counter: a young MAN collapsed off his stool, propping himself up on the counter.

The DINER to his right helps him back onto his stool.

CLARENCE  
Hey Doc!

Claire's already on her way to the counter.

The man straightens, nods a thanks his neighbor, tries to shrug it off. Seems embarrassed.

Claire sits next to him, puts her hand on his shoulder.

CLAIRE  
Hey...you feeling OK?

CLARENCE  
(to man)  
Listen to the Good Doctor, now.

The man takes a few deep breaths, steadies himself before meeting Claire's eyes. This is ERIK (late 20s). Athletic build, well-dressed. He flashes a disarming smile.

ERIK  
I think I'm fine.

CLAIRE  
You sure?

ERIK  
Yeah, concussion. Two weeks ago. I still get some dizzy spells. Doctor said it'll pass...

Claire leans closer, watches his pupils.

CLAIRE  
Follow please...

She holds up two fingers, moves them slowly side to side.

CLAIRE  
Any ringing in the ears?

ERIK  
No.

CLAIRE  
Seeing any white spots? Tunnel  
vision?

ERIK  
(shaking his head)  
I'm fine, really. It just comes and  
goes, couple times a day.

Claire holds his eyes: you sure? He nods, but she's not quite convinced...

CLARENCE (O.S.)  
Order up, doc.

He slides a steaming plate in front of her.

CLAIRE  
Thanks, Clarence.

She turns back to Erik, nods towards her booth.

CLAIRE  
Why don't you join me? Make sure  
this thing passes.

ERIK  
(hesitant)  
I don't want to impose...

CLAIRE  
I insist.

He considers for a moment, finally nods.

ERIK  
(offering his hand)  
I'm Erik, by the way.

CLAIRE  
(taking it)  
Claire.

BOOTH-MOMENTS LATER

They're well into their meals, laughing. An easy rapport forming between them.

ERIK

--I swear that tree actually jumped in front of me.

(smacking his hands together)

Wham! Guess I'm getting too old for the black diamonds. Couldn't ask for a clearer sign, right?

CLAIRE

I love sn--

BZZ! Erik reaches into his pocket, pulls out a buzzing cell.

ERIK

Sorry, I don't mean to be one of those guys, just gotta check this...

He flips it open, glances at the screen. Seems satisfied with what he sees, slaps it shut.

ERIK

Sorry.

CLAIRE

No, I was just saying I love snowboarding too.

ERIK

Yeah?

CLAIRE

Absolutely. Been a while since I've been able to get away, though.

ERIK

Job's not really a nine-to-five, is it?

CLAIRE

It's not...

BZZZ! Her pager proving her point. She checks it: **MCC**.

CLAIRE

Sorry...

He nods as Claire pulls out her cell, dials.

CLAIRE

Hi Doris, Claire Haskins. (pause)  
 Yes. Since when? (pause) OK. He's  
 been in solitary how long? (pause)  
 And you've got him on Depronol?  
 (pause) OK...

Erik stirs some sugar into his coffee, watches her as he  
 brings the mug to his lips, listening...

CLAIRE

Bump it up to 20 milligrams.  
 (pause) No, you're doing all the  
 right things. (pause) OK, just let  
 me know. Bye.

She hangs up.

CLAIRE

Sorry...  
 (nodding to the pager)  
 Pretty much a slave to that thing.

ERIK

I didn't mean to be eavesdropping,  
 but did you say something about  
 'solitary?' As in confinement?  
 (she nods)  
 What kind of hospital do you work  
 at, anyway?

CLAIRE

That was the MCC, actually...  
 (off his blank look)  
 ...the federal prison downtown? I  
 take call for them every now and  
 then.

ERIK

(interested)  
 Really?

CLAIRE

It's a federal program, helps me  
 out with my student loans.

He shakes his head, seems truly amazed. Too much so.

CLAIRE

What?

ERIK  
Nothing. Just seems like...

He searches for the right words.

ERIK  
...an intriguing juxtaposition, is all. Lovely young woman like yourself, treating rapists, murderers, the dregs of humanity and all that.

CLAIRE  
It's not really my place to worry about what got them there.

ERIK  
It doesn't bother you, a little bit? Thinking about what they did to end up there?

CLAIRE  
They're still my patients. And I took an oath.

ERIK  
So you take the whole professional code thing seriously, huh?

CLAIRE  
I do.

ERIK  
So you'd treat anybody? No matter what?

He clearly doubts it. Claire stands her ground.

CLAIRE  
To the best of my ability, yes.

He shakes his head, raises his coffee mug in a mock toast.

ERIK  
Well, I admire that. I don't think I could do it.  
(pause)  
You ever wonder what it's like for them?

CLAIRE  
What do you mean?

ERIK  
 You know, living in a cage like  
 that...

Claire shifts in her seat. Where's he going with this?

ERIK  
 I mean, what would you do? If it  
 was someone close to you...say,  
 your dad?

Claire hesitates, not getting the question.

CLAIRE  
 What would I "do?"

He leans closer, his eyes boring into hers.

ERIK  
 Because I would do anything.  
Anything.

Claire shifts, his sudden intensity making her  
 uncomfortable. The awkward silence stretches...

CLAIRE  
 (checking her watch)  
 Jesus, I should really get going...

She reaches for her coat. Ditching him cold, not bothering  
 with much pretense about it.

ERIK  
 Hey, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to  
 weird you out with all that--

CLAIRE  
 --it's fine. I just need to get  
 home, get some rest...

She stands, pulls some bills out of her pocket, drops them  
 on the table. This was a bad idea.

CLAIRE  
 ...as do you. That's the best thing  
 for those dizzy spells.

She offers him a wan smile as she turns.

CLAIRE  
 It was nice meeting you, Erik. Good  
 luck...and Merry Christmas.

ERIK  
 (ice-cold)  
 Sit down, Claire.

She turns, startled at his tone.

CLAIRE  
 Pardon me?

ERIK  
 I said sit down.

Drilling her with his eyes. Before she has a chance to react he continues in a hard and even tone, like cold intimidation is his native language.

ERIK  
 You're about to get another page from Doris at the MCC. Your patient's gotten worse. You're going to get called in. And there's something you're going to do with this patient.

Claire just stands there, holds his gaze: is he for real? She looks around the diner: is this some kind of joke? No one seems to be paying them any mind.

CLAIRE  
 Good night, Erik.

She turns for the door, when suddenly Erik's hand LASHES OUT around her wrist.

ERIK  
 You should look at this first.

CLAIRE  
 Get your hands off of...me...

Her words dying as her eyes move to a cellphone cupped in the palm of his other hand.

She squints at the image, flinching. Is that...

She reaches for it, he pulls it back.

ERIK  
 Sit down...please. Like I asked the first time.

She hesitates, looks around the diner: still no one paying them any mind.

She slides back into the booth as Erik holds the phone across the table for her to see. She looks at the image, her eyes widening in a moment of horrible recognition:

It's her father.

The image is grainy, underexposed, but unmistakably him.

He's in some kind of warehouse. Wearing the same shirt and leather jacket we saw him wearing just minutes earlier...

Shadows obscure his face, an expression of stoic confusion.

CLAIRE

What is this--

ERIK

--this is two minutes old. I got it right in front of you. We have him, Claire.

CLAIRE

You... "have him?"

ERIK

Yes.

CLAIRE

WHO ARE YOU!

CLANG! Her fist bangs the table. A few heads turn their way. Erik offers them a reassuring smile...

ERIK

(quiet)

Inside voice, please.

Clarence looks over his shoulder from the grill.

ERIK

(clenched smile)

Smile, Claire.

She tries. Clarence turns back to his burger-flipping.

ERIK

(fast and hard)

You scream or cause a scene and I promise you it will not be a good thing for Alden.

Claire's eyes are stuck on the image of her father. What the fuck is going on? This isn't real. Can't be real...



CLAIRE  
That's impossible. I just talked to  
him. He was right here. He was--

ERIK  
--on his way to check out an  
Ironhead? A deal too good to be  
true? Well, it was...  
(shaking his head)  
He loves his bikes, doesn't he? It  
was too easy, really.

These words a knife twisting in her gut.

ERIK  
We know you love him. He's done so  
much for you, taken such good care  
of you...  
(nodding towards the phone)  
...and now you have the chance to  
take care of him.

WHACK! The phone shuts with the finality of a coffin lid.

Claire is equal parts shock and quiet fury. No-no-no...

ERIK  
Are you ready to listen?

Claire finally nods, numb. Then -- BZZZZZ!

She jumps, on edge. Her pager again. She checks it: MCC.

ERIK  
That's Doris. Better call her back.  
Your patient's getting worse...

Claire pulls out her cell, dials. Takes a few deep breaths.  
Getting it together...

CLAIRE  
Hi Doris, it's Claire. (pause) OK.

Erik watching Claire as she listens, knowing exactly how  
this conversation is playing out.

CLAIRE  
(listening)  
Yes...

Claire blinks back tears as the realization sinks in. This  
is real...

CLAIRE  
 ...I'll be right in.

EXT. LAKE SHORE DRIVE--MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON the front of a black BMW: a barely-there dent on the bumper, hairline fracture on the headlight.

We've seen this car before. The license plate cleaned off and lit now. Street legal.

IN THE BMW

Claire's driving, knuckles white on the wheel.

Erik's in the passenger seat, humming along to one of Bach's French Suites playing through the premium sound system.

He's a completely transformed person. The charming young man recovering from a concussion has transformed into someone calculating, ruthless. In control.

CLAIRE  
 What are you doing to him?

ERIK  
 We're just hanging on to him while you help us out.

Claire is crumbling.

CLAIRE  
 I can't...I can't do this...

ERIK  
 Sure you can. You're a fellow in a level-one teaching hospital. You can handle a little pressure.

CLAIRE  
 (pounding the wheel)  
 WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT!

ERIK  
 (unfazed)  
 You're going to have a series of jobs. Easy jobs. Things you do every day. Routine stuff that won't get anyone hurt...

He pulls one of several briefcases from the backseat, opens it on his lap. Hands working with something.

ERIK

You do these jobs well, and  
you--and your father--will get  
through tonight just fine.  
Understand?

She glares silently through the windshield. He nods: good.

ERIK

Your patient's name is Claude  
Barstow. He's exhibiting severe  
lower-right quadrant pain, nausea,  
low-grade fever. All the textbook  
signs of acute appendicitis. Your  
first job is to get him out of the  
MCC and into Sinai for an emergency  
appendectomy.

A moment of realization as this hits Claire...some of the  
pieces falling in place...

CLAIRE

And then what?

ERIK

One job at a time.

She pulls into the parking structure as the METROPOLITAN  
CORRECTIONAL CENTER looms over them, an angular concrete and  
reinforced-glass fortress in the heart of downtown.

CLAIRE

They won't let you inside.

He shuts the briefcase, revealing a miniature electronic  
device assembled in his hand.

ERIK

They won't need to.

He reaches over and quickly affixes a mini-lapel mic and  
button camera to her collar. Virtually invisible.

ERIK

When you get inside, you'll see the  
guns, the badges...your instinct  
will be to scream for help. Don't.

He opens the glove box to reveal a small monitor. He turns  
it on and an image flickers to life.

ERIK  
 Because I'll be with you every step  
 of the way, and you make one false  
 step, breathe one false word...

He shows her the cell phone image.

ERIK  
 ...and I'll make that call. No  
 games, Claire. Now go.

With a final glance at the image of her father she gets out  
 of the car.

INT. METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER-MOMENTS LATER

Claire walks into the security screening area. The prison  
 bleak, shadow-filled.

She shows her credentials to a GUARD, they exchange some  
 words. She signs in, her eyes landing on his badge...

...then the gun on his hip. She tries to mute the screaming  
 inside of her.

ON VIDEO MONITOR: all of this playing out in small  
 black-and-white images--

IN THE BMW

--as Erik watches and listens from the car.

MCC CLINIC-MOMENTS LATER

Claire enters the prison's clinic. Ill-equipped and  
 out-dated. Waiting for her is DORIS (30s), the clinic nurse.

DORIS  
 I'm so sorry to call you in, Dr.  
 Haskins, it's just that he kept  
 getting worse, he says the pain is  
 real bad--

CLAIRE  
 --it's fine, Doris. It's my job.

Claire offers a weak smile, follows Doris' eyes through a  
 pair of observation windows into the dark examination room.

Seated shirtless on an examination table is the silhouette  
 of CLAUDE BARSTOW (50s). Flanked by two armed prison GUARDS.

DORIS  
Here's his chart.

EXAMINATION ROOM-MOMENTS LATER

Claire reads Barstow's chart as she enters the room, exchanges nods and "Merry Christmas" with the guards.

She turns, gets her first good look at Barstow...

He's not particularly imposing physically, but there is something about him, his presence, that chills Claire. Her spine stiffens as she meets his eyes.

His frame is lean and muscled, tracked with scars and faded tattoos.

CLAIRE  
I'm Dr. Haskins.

BARSTOW  
(nodding)  
Dr. Haskins. I'm federal inmate  
Seven Nine Four Six Two.

He has a battle-scarred but dignified, almost regal bearing. Like an old lion in a silk robe.

CLAIRE  
Mr. Barstow.

Offering him the dignity of a name as she approaches.

She begins a cursory physical examination, feels his lymph nodes, slides a stethoscope onto his chest.

CLAIRE  
One deep breath, please.

He complies, his oil-slick eyes piercing Claire as we listen with her through the stethoscope to the SUCK AND WHOOSH of his breathing.

Claire notices his eyes drifting to her collar. It's dark, but the pin-prick camera is just barely visible. He sees it.

BARSTOW  
I'm so sorry to bring you in here on the holidays, doctor. Holidays are a time for family. (pause) Family's the most important thing, don't you agree?

Taunting her with a tight smile.

CLAIRE  
Would you lie down, please.

He does, grimacing along the way. She begins gently palpating his abdomen.

CLAIRE  
Any trouble eating? Nausea?

BARSTOW  
(nodding)  
Couple days now. Just can't keep anything down.

CLAIRE  
(lightly pressing)  
Does this hurt?

BARSTOW  
(through clenched teeth)  
Christ...

He coughs in pain. She stops the palpations, runs the back of her hand over his abdomen, pausing at different spots.

CLAIRE  
Is the pain getting worse?

BARSTOW  
Last few hours, yes.

He knows all the answers. He holds her eyes. Testing her. She places her fingers over his wrist, checks her watch.

BARSTOW  
So what are you thinking, doctor?

CLINIC-MOMENTS LATER

MALE VOICE  
I don't like it.

Claire scribbles in Barstow's chart as JACK CALLOWAY (50s) watches over her shoulder. He's the MCC's warden, years of dealing with convicts has turned him into a real dick.

WARDEN CALLOWAY  
It's Christmas Eve, I'm already short-staffed. I don't know if I can put together a decent escort  
(MORE)

WARDEN CALLOWAY (cont'd)  
and security detail right now...  
and he is what we would call a  
high-risk inmate.

CLAIRE  
(shutting the chart)  
It's a medical emergency.

WARDEN CALLOWAY  
Simple as that?  
(hardening, testing her)  
Just sounds like a stomach ache to  
me.

Claire swallows. Hesitates. She's not a good liar...

IN THE BMW

Erik listening and watching the scene plays out on the  
monitor. He notices Claire's hesitation, tenses.

CLAIRE (FILTERED)  
His appendix could rupture any  
minute, he'd be dead in a few  
hours. So yeah, it's as simple as  
that.

Her voice full of steel. Calloway finally nods.

ERIK  
Good girl...

IN THE CLINIC

Calloway turns, looks at Barstow through the glass. Sighs.

WARDEN CALLOWAY  
Jesus, what a time for this. He's  
getting transferred to North  
Carolina in one week to finish out  
his stretch...  
(almost to himself)  
...one piece of shit I'll be glad  
to flush outta here.

He shakes his head, turns to Claire.

WARDEN CALLOWAY  
Just be careful with this one. My  
boys won't be using kid gloves with  
him, neither should you.

CLAIRE  
I've done this before.

WARDEN CALLOWAY  
I know. But he's different...

Claire follows his eyes through the observation windows as Barstow puts on his pinstripes.

WARDEN CALLOWAY  
Escaped from prison twice before,  
one a supermax joint in Louisiana.  
Killed another inmate with his bare  
hands over some bullshit beef in  
the exercise yard...  
(turning to Claire)  
...that happened two years earlier.  
Did his time in solitary with a  
smile on his face. Just watch  
yourself, is all I'm saying...

Barstow stops and turns, looks directly through the glass at Claire: can he see her? She suppresses a shudder.

INT/EXT. BMW-MOMENT LATER

ERIK  
You did good.

He packs the mic and camera back in the briefcase as Claire drives. Her voice a little firmer, hands a little steadier.

CLAIRE  
I can tell you right now, whatever  
you have planned is never going to  
work. There are cameras all over  
the hospital, they have an armed  
escort at all times--they're  
handcuffed to the beds for God's  
sake! He's not getting out.

She steals a look at him: is any of this getting through?

Erik just watches the road.

CLAIRE  
Well, what next? You want me to  
operate on him? I won't.

ERIK  
One job at a time...  
(pointing)  
(MORE)



ERIK (cont'd)  
 ...about to miss your turn.

Her eyes jerk back to the road, she brakes and pulls into Sinai's parking structure.

Erik pulls a duffel bag from the back seat. Claire notices hospital scrubs bulging out.

She looks back at Erik, closer this time. Realizing...

She flips the visor down, revealing a plastic ID badge clipped to it: Mt. Sinai Medical Center.

CLAIRE  
 You're the janitor...

FLASH FRAME (FLASHBACK):

As Claire BUMPS SHOULDERS with the janitor.

Moving closer we catch a partial glimpse of his face...just enough to recognize Erik...

IN THE BMW (PRESENT)

He smacks the visor back up.

ERIK  
Was a janitor. I quit that gig, not enough opportunities for upward mobility.  
 (clipping a new badge onto his shirt)  
 Tonight I'm Anthony Nakos, a third-year med student from U of C, making up an internal medicine rotation I missed when I had mono.

Claire shakes her head. Can't believe this.

ERIK  
 You're my supervising doc, and I'm your shadow.  
 (reaching for the handle)  
 Let's go.

They get out of the car.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE-CONT.

Erik extends a flattened palm across the roof.

ERIK

Before we go inside I want you to  
...(unintelligible)...

His words are DROWNED OUT by a Pegasus Life Flight helicopter SWOOPING LOW overhead towards the helipad on top one of the hospital towers.

Erik glances up, watches the passing chopper, waits for the NOISE to die down. He looks back to Claire, waiting...

CLAIRE

I couldn't hear you.

ERIK

(hand still extended)  
I said your cell. Please.

She hesitates...but doesn't have a choice, tosses it to him.

They begin crossing the parking deck, Claire's cell SHATTERING as Erik flings it to the pavement...

...grinding it with his heel as they walk.

AT A SIDE ENTRANCE-MINUTES LATER

As BARSTOW'S ESCORT arrives: an ambulance, flanked by two motorcycles and three black-and-white patrol cars, lights whirling...

...HOSPITAL SECURITY walk out to meet the escort, opening the doors in the back of the ambulance.

INT. INTERNAL MEDICINE UNIT-MOMENTS LATER

Claire and Erik stride down the hallways, both in scrubs. Their voices tight, lowered.

CLAIRE

I want to talk to him.

ERIK

That's not how this works. I check in and let them know everything's good. That, and only that, is what's keeping him alive. They call

(MORE)

ERIK (cont'd)  
 or text me and I don't respond in  
 time, your dad swallows three  
 bullets.

Simple as that. Claire closes her eyes--the words like a  
 punch in the stomach.

ERIK  
That's how this works. Right now  
 you need to focus on your next  
 job--

They round a corner, almost bumping into Patrice heading the  
 opposite direction.

PATRICE  
 Sorry to see you back, Claire.

Claire shrugs: what are you gonna do? Patrice looks at Erik.

PATRICE  
 Who are you?

ERIK  
 Oh, I'm Anthony Nakos. Third year,  
 from U of C. Didn't Debra tell you  
 about me?

PATRICE  
 No.

ERIK  
 Missed my internal med rotation  
 last month...mono. They're letting  
 me make it up over break.

PATRICE  
 I don't know anything about it.

Erik shakes his head: figures.

ERIK  
 That sounds like Debra. She said  
 she'd fax over the form before she  
 left for break...you didn't get it?

BZZZ! Patrice looks down at her pager, frowns.

PATRICE  
 (to Claire)  
 You know a family doc named Case?

CLAIRE

No.

PATRICE

So you probably don't know why he's  
been harassing my ass all night  
then, either?

Patrice pockets the pager, looks back to Erik. She hasn't forgotten about him.

ERIK

I'm really sorry about the mix-up.  
I guess I should have followed up  
myself before they closed the  
office for the holidays.

He offers a smile. A real eager beaver. Patrice frowns. Just one more thing to worry about.

PATRICE

I'll look through my paperwork when  
I get to my office.

Erik nods a thanks, Patrice continues on her way. Erik turns to Claire, picking up where they left off.

CLAIRE

If she doesn't find your paperwork  
she'll--

ERIK

--fuck her. Right now you need to  
focus on your next job. I want you  
to--

BZZZ! Another page. Claire checks it, looks at Erik.

CLAIRE

I have to take this.

Erik doesn't like it: not part of the plan.

CLAIRE

I don't show up within about five  
minutes, people will notice.

Erik's torn. Smoldering, impatient...but she's right.

ERIK

Let's make it quick.

PATIENT ROOM-MOMENTS LATER

Claire stands next to Foster's bed, looking through his chart. Erik stands behind her, can't seem to help staring at Foster.

FOSTER

I don't understand: if the tests are clean, why am I still here?

CLAIRE

The ultrasound and blood work are clean, but we still have to reconcile those with the tests from yesterday, and the MRI. There are still plenty of things we need to rule out.

Foster's not buying it.

FOSTER

What do you say you...

He hesitates as he glances at Erik. Foster's noticing Erik staring, and not caring for it.

FOSTER

...you let me leave and spend Christmas with my family, and you keep playing Doctor Detective and call me when you actually know something.

CLAIRE

You know I can't do that--

FOSTER

--just look at all this shit!

He holds up his wrist, plugged with an IV. ECG electrodes stuck to his chest.

FOSTER

--looks like I'm on life support for God's sake--

His eyes whip to Erik, still staring at him.

FOSTER

--is there something I can help you with?

Erik averts his gaze, mumbles a half-apology. Claire turns to Erik: what are you doing?

FOSTER  
 (to Claire)  
 Is it possible the tests are wrong?

CLAIRE  
 Not likely. Sometimes we just have  
 to look closer, double-check  
 everything...

BZZZZ! Claire's looks at her pager, then Erik: that's us.

CLAIRE  
 ...in the meantime, please just be  
 patient and let us do our jobs.  
 We'll figure this thing out.

Foster waves her off, looks back to the TV, grumbling.

HALLWAY-MOMENTS LATER

As Claire and Erik turn the corner out of Foster's room.

ERIK  
 What an asshole...

CLAIRE  
 What were you doing in there?

He nods towards her pager. Lowers his voice.

ERIK  
 So he's in prep?  
 (she nods)  
 OK, job number two--

CLAIRE  
 --I will not operate on him. Do you  
 understand?

He shakes his head: she's not getting it.

ERIK  
 I know you won't. What you will do  
 is get him out of prep, right now.  
Out of prep and into a private  
 room.

CLAIRE  
 Just call off the surgery?

ERIK

Stall, order a CT scan, a surgical consult, whatever--

CLAIRE

--I can't just move patients around like that. There are protocols and procedures and--

ERIK

--fuck the protocols. Use your white coat, make it happen. Just keep him out of the OR.

CLAIRE

Just because I wear a white coat doesn't mean I...

Her voice trails off. Both of them on high alert as Walter (security guard) walks towards them. His eyes on Claire.

Claire stops breathing as Walter looks right at her. Erik clocking them both, reading the situation...

WALTER

(slowing)

Say, doc...

Claire slows to meet him, Erik glowers: keep it moving.

CLAIRE

I'm -- I'm sorry Walter, I'm kind of in a hurry--

WALTER

--I was just wondering about that prescription we talked about?

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, I just can't right now...

He nods, but...something seems off. He looks a little closer: everything alright?

Claire forces a smile. She's still not breathing.

CLAIRE

I really need to...

She points: get going. Walter looks at her, then Erik.

WALTER  
 (finally)  
 Maybe later then. When you're  
 overtaken with the Christmas  
 spirit.

Walter tips his hat, shuffles off. Claire finally exhales.  
 Erik turns to her.

ERIK  
 Private room, Claire. Can you do  
 that?

She finally nods.

ERIK  
 Then let's move.

SURGICAL PREP--MOMENTS LATER

Claire and Erik walk past the nurses's desk and empty beds  
 to a curtained partition.

Claire opens it to reveal Barstow's bed...

Empty.

Claire spins, frantic. Her eyes scan the area and then look  
 to Erik: he's as confused as she is. What the hell?

NURSE (O.S.)  
 Dr. Haskins?

Claire turns to a DESK NURSE approaching from behind.

NURSE  
 Mr. Barstow was just prepped and  
 moved, Dr. Fisher came by...we  
 paged you?  
 (pause)  
 He was--

CLAIRE  
 --which room?

NURSE  
 --noncompliant. With the  
 anesthesia. They had to hold him  
 down to get him to--



CLAIRE  
Which room?

NURSE  
 (chastened)  
 Uh...fourteen.

CLAIRE  
 (calmer)  
 Thank you.

OR HALLWAYS-MOMENTS LATER

Claire and Erik walk briskly past the mostly empty and dark operating rooms.

OR 14 is obvious: it's the one with two ARMED GUARDS -- real meatcubes -- standing on either side of the door.

Erik and Claire glance past the guards into the OR, see the SURGICAL TEAM around the table getting prepped. Barstow's handcuffed to the bed... and fully sedated.

ERIK  
 (under his breath)  
 Stop this.

Erik reaches for the door -- Claire grabs him by the wrist.

CLAIRE  
 We scrub in first.

Right, rookie mistake. The guards exchange a smirk: dumbass.

SCRUB SINKS-MOMENTS LATER

As they scrub in.

ERIK  
 (under his breath)  
 How the fuck did he end up in the OR so soon?

CLAIRE  
 I order an emergency appendectomy, that's what's going to happen. Doesn't mean I say when and how.

ERIK  
 Just shut it down. Now.

She turns off the water, backs towards the door holding her hands high and away. Erik follows her into--

OR 14

-- as the surgical team (ANESTHESIA TECH, A SURGICAL TECH, SCRUB NURSE, and Ellie) glance up at the new arrivals.

CLAIRE  
(sharp)  
What's going on?

Ellie surprised at Claire's tone. This is routine stuff...

ELLIE  
Just taking out an appendix, what's going on with you?

CLAIRE  
It was my order.

ELLIE  
Yes, they paged from prep and you didn't show, Patrice says get on it, and I was right there...

Ellie shrugs. Not a big deal.

ELLIE  
(very delicately)  
And...I just thought you might feel like sitting this one out...

CLAIRE  
Well, I don't. And I wanted to see him in prep first.  
(reaching for a reason)  
I was thinking about a CT...

ELLIE  
To double-check? You're never wrong on these.

The rest of the team watches, confused. Erik and Claire's eyes meet -- her behavior is drawing attention. He warns her with his eyes: cool it.

ELLIE  
It's just an appendix, Claire. You want it, go ahead...

Ellie steps away from Barstow, revealing his lower abdomen through a patchwork of surgical cloths: ready to go.

The tray of surgical tools stands by the table...waiting to be used...

The team waits. All eyes on Claire.

Erik's eyes meet hers: an almost-invisible shake of his head conveys all the meaning it needs to: no.

CLAIRE

I just...I want to be sure...

Her eyes move to the surgical tools...the stainless steel blades GLEAMING...the Tech notices her rapid breathing, the SWEAT beading on her forehead...

TECH

Dr. Haskins...are you feeling alright?

CLAIRE

I'm fine.

A wall of silence...the eyes in the room burning holes through her...she gulps for breath...her world closing in...

ELLIE

Well, let's cut him.

But Claire's frozen...the SILENCE roaring in her ears...when...

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!

An alarm from one the monitors. Everyone snaps towards it. The alarm quickens. Then a second, then third alarm sound...

Barstow is coding.

The surgical team immediately transforms, on the clock now.

NURSE

BP 160 over 110, going up...

Barstow's face reddens and swells, he starts convulsing--

CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK

--his handcuffs RATTLE against the bed rail.

The nurse and tech struggle to hold him still.

Erik's eyes widen -- what the fuck is going on?

The OR is a contained madhouse, everyone focused on one thing: saving Barstow.

ANESTHESIA TECH  
BPM 130...135...

CLAIRE  
Cut the drip -- cut everything!

ANESTHESIA TECH  
(pulling tubes, flipping  
switches)  
On it.

The GUARDS watch through the windows in alarm.

ELLIE  
(to Claire)  
What the fuck is this?

Their eyes meet over their masks. Claire's eyes flicker with uncertainty -- Ellie waiting -- Claire snaps back to it.

CLAIRE  
I'm thinking MH...  
(to nurse)  
Get the MH cart. And we need Dr.  
Gardner in here.

The nurse moves for the cart as one of the guards ventures his head through the door.

GUARD  
So what's going on in here--

ELLIE  
OUT!!!

The guard retreats back into the hallway.

CLAIRE  
I want five--make that six--hundred  
milligrams of Dantrolene, large  
bore IV. And let's start the  
hyperventilation...

The tech slips an oxygen mask over Barstow's face.

CLAIRE  
Ten liters a minute.

TECH  
Change the CO2?

CLAIRE  
(shaking her head)  
I'm more worried about that heart  
rate...

The nurse is back with the cart.

TECH  
Six hundred cc's, ready...

The BEEPS from the heart-rate monitor still increasing.

CLAIRE  
Do it.

The nurse plunges the syringe into Barstow's arm.

ERIK  
What...what's happening to him?

ELLIE  
(to no one in particular)  
Where the fuck is anesthesia?  
(to Erik)  
You...

Erik is standing helplessly to the side, doesn't respond.

ELLIE  
Hey! Talking to you, College Boy...

His head whips to her: me?

ELLIE  
Find out where anesthesia is...it's  
Gardner. Dr. Gardner.  
(off his hesitation)  
Now!

Erik tries to stammer a response, his eyes catching Claire's  
over their masks. She freezes, seeing something in his  
eyes...something's different...

...she looks away. Back to work...

Erik turns towards the door, bumps chests with DR. GARDNER  
on his way in.

DR. GARDNER  
(tying his mask)  
Where are we?

CLAIRE  
Looks like MH.

DR. GARDNER  
Dantrolene?

CLAIRE  
Six hundred cc's...

DR. GARDNER  
(eying the monitors)  
Let's up the O2 a little. Good...

CLOSE-ON: Erik as he watches the scene play out...his eyes  
burning hot with confusion, worry, anger...

MINUTES LATER

The surgical team relaxed now. Barstow's stabilized, his  
eyelids fluttering open as he's wheeled out of the OR.

DR. GARDNER  
(to Claire)  
I would do an hour monitoring  
vitals in PAC-U, then at least a  
few hours in a Phase 2 step-down.

CLAIRE  
(nodding)  
Came on fast and hard. Never seen  
anything like it.

DR. GARDNER  
MH is a real bitch. Tough to catch  
in time...but looks like you did.  
He's out of the woods for now.  
(to Claire)  
You did good.

He turns and leaves.

ELLIE  
I'll head with him to recovery, get  
started with a cold saline drip.

CLAIRE  
Thanks--

CRASH!!!

They turn as Erik walks into the tray of surgical tools, knocking them onto the floor.

ERIK  
Sorry...sorry.

Ellie rolls her eyes: amateur hour. She leaves the room with a wave to Claire.

Erik bends down and starts picking up the tools, dropping them on the tray. The surgical tech kneels next to him.

TECH  
I've got it...I handle the tools.

ERIK  
Right.

The tech nods towards Erik's thin, stainless-steel necklace.

TECH  
And no jewelry in the OR.

ERIK  
Yeah. Thanks...

He looks up, sees Claire pulling off her mask and leaving the OR. He scrambles to his feet and follows her--

INTO THE HALLWAY

--Claire taking desperately-needed breaths as she walks.

ERIK  
What just happened in there? Where are they taking him?

Claire doesn't answer. Just trying to keep herself sane for the moment.

Erik does a quick head check of the hallway, grabs her arm and rips her into a--

JANITOR'S CLOSET

--and shuts the door behind them. Dark and dank. His face inches from her. Faint light bleeding in around the door.

ERIK  
I said what the fuck just happened in there.

Hissing. Furious.

CLAIRE  
He went into malignant  
hyperthermia, from the anesthesia.

ERIK  
What does that mean?

CLAIRE  
(calm, collected)  
It's an allergic reaction. It's  
rare, but it happens. We caught it  
in time, he'll stabilize quickly.

ERIK  
How quickly?

CLAIRE  
Ten, fifteen minutes. Hopefully.

ERIK  
Good, that's good...

His mind racing, thinking ahead.

CLAIRE  
But he's going to need monitoring--

ERIK  
--where are they taking him?

CLAIRE  
Probably third floor, ICU.

Erik nods. The cool and control returning. Back to the plan.  
He's cooling down...but Claire's seen something.

CLAIRE  
This isn't just some job, is it?

Erik thinks about answering...but doesn't. He reaches for  
the door handle, Claire shifts to block him--

CLAIRE  
Who is he?

She narrows her eyes, looking closely at him now. Almost  
through him. Something catching the corner of her eye--

--in a quick movement she pulls down the neck of his scrub  
shirt, revealing the initials **EB** hanging from his necklace.



CLAIRE  
 (realizing)  
 Erik...

ERIK  
 ...Barstow.  
 (slapping her hand away)  
 Smart girl.

Beat as Claire absorbs this: Jesus Christ...

ERIK  
 So if you know...  
 (a half-shrug)  
 ...then you know. I don't give a  
 shit either way. But just think  
 about how far you'd go for your old  
 man...  
 (grabbing the handle)  
 ...and know I'll go twice as far  
 for mine.

He opens the door, Claire wincing as the harsh green light  
 from the hallway hits her eyes.

ERIK  
 Let's pay him a visit.

HALLWAY-MOMENTS LATER

Erik and Claire walk towards the ICU, find Patrice waiting  
 for them at the entrance to the unit.

PATRICE  
 So what the hell happened in there?

CLAIRE  
 MH. Out of nowhere.

A NURSE timidly approaches Patrice from behind. Looks like  
 she wants to be anywhere but here...

NURSE  
 Excuse me, Dr. Wat--

PATRICE  
 (to Claire)  
 --you gonna change the juice and  
 try again?

CLAIRE

Well, I was thinking at least a few hours of stepdown and monitoring--

PATRICE

--I know what the textbooks say. He ain't a textbook case. How soon?

Claire caught in the headlights for a moment, her eyes moving between Erik and Patrice.

NURSE

(trying again)

Dr. Watkins? A Dr. Case is on the phone? He said--

PATRICE

--I'll call him back.

NURSE

He says it's urgent? He asked me to--

PATRICE

(to nurse)

Did I stutter!

The nurse winces: this is exactly what she was afraid of. She slinks away. Patrice turns back to Claire.

PATRICE

Calloway wasn't happy to hear about it, wants him out of here and back in the Big House soon as possible. What should I tell him?

CLAIRE

Tell him to get out of our asses and let us do our job.

PATRICE

(smiling)

I like that Claire...

(serious)

...but that's not what I'm telling him. And I want him out of here too.

CLAIRE

Couple hours, maybe. I'm going to check on him right now.

Patrice nods: good.

PATRICE  
He's in 314.

I.C.U. HALLWAY-MOMENTS LATER

Erik and Claire walk through doors marked: **Intensive Care Unit**, approach the two guards flanking the door to Room 314.

They're both easily six feet, tree-trunk necks, the first one sports a highly unfashionable flat top, the other a set of braces, rubber bands and all.

Flat Top takes a sip of coffee, nods to Claire, then blocks Eric with a forearm.

FLAT TOP  
Doctors only.

Erik looks to Claire: take care of this.

CLAIRE  
It's OK, he's a med student. Have to keep him on a short leash, I'm afraid.

The guards exchange a look, shrug: whatever.

BRACES  
(raising his arms)  
Please.

Erik and Claire pause...what? The guard pats himself in his underarm. Erik and Claire look at each other: oh. They raise their arms.

BRACES  
(patting her down)  
Sorry about this, doc. Rules is rules.

CLAIRE  
I understand.

Flat Top frisks Erik, hands sliding along his outstretched arms, then around his waist.

His hands stop at the back pocket of Erik's pants: he found something. Claire tenses...

Flat Top pulls out the cell.

FLAT TOP

No phones.

ERIK

Damn...forgot I was carrying that thing. I'll turn it off.

Erik holds out his hand, wants the phone back. Flat Top shakes his head, drops it in his own breast pocket.

FLAT TOP

I'll hang on to it 'til you're done.

(opening the door)

OK...

The guards follow Erik and Claire into--

ROOM 314

--Claire walks over to the bed, Barstow looks up at the approaching footsteps. His right hand cuffed to the rail.

His face still swollen, skin rashed. He looks like hell.

CLAIRE

How you feeling?

BARSTOW

Been worse. Believe it or not.

Barstow looks and sounds lethargic, but his eyes are clear and alert...searching out Erik.

Flat Top nudges Erik as Claire examines Barstow.

FLAT TOP

(sipping coffee)

Got a question for you...

Erik's distracted, his eyes on Claire and Barstow.

FLAT TOP

...so I been getting these stomach aches lately. They get real bad at night, but they go away when I eat. And just when I think I'm fine...BOOM! They're back again at night.

Beat as he waits. Erik realizes he's supposed to be providing a diagnosis of some kind.

ERIK

Eat more at night, then.

Flat Top looks at Braces: you believe this guy?

FLAT TOP

You got no ideas?

(Erik shakes his head)

What, you been sleeping in class?

Erik still watching Claire check over Barstow.

ERIK

You should ask a doctor...

FLAT TOP

I just did.

His tone sharpening. Claire turns from the bed: better defuse this. She walks towards the guard.

CLAIRE

You working a lot lately?

FLAT TOP

Yeah.

CLAIRE

Under a lot of stress?

FLAT TOP

Hell, yes.

CLAIRE

Could be a peptic ulcer. You should think about getting an endoscopy.

(nodding to his coffee)

Drinking too much of that won't help, by the way.

FLAT TOP

A what-o-scopy?

CLAIRE

They're simple, painless. Come by after Christmas and I can set it up for you. If that's what it is, it's easy to treat.

FLAT TOP

Thanks, doc. Hey, one more thing...

CLOSE ON: Erik. He's tuned them out, their voices turning to mush...he walks slowly to the edge of Barstow's bed...their eyes meet...there's an understanding there...

...ERIC'S HAND moves to Barstow's...

ERIK

How you feeling, chief? Gave us  
quite a scare in there.

Suddenly a seasoned doctor with a soothing bedside manner.  
Braces notices Erik standing over the bed.

BRACES

Hey...

Erik ignores him.

BRACES

Hey! Step away from the patient  
please.

Erik continues ignoring him, patting Barstow's hand.

Braces stalks to the side of the bed, grabs Erik's shoulder.  
Erik steps away, raises his hands.

ERIK

Hey, be cool man...

BRACES

I said to st--

--when Barstow LUNGES UP IN BED AND PLUNGES A SCALPEL INTO  
HIS NECK!

Erik pivots, holds Braces as Barstow draws the blade across  
his neck, opening a crescent-shaped wound that starts  
spilling crimson as he collapses on top of Barstow--

FLAT TOP

Holy Christ--

SPLASH

--dropping his coffee as he reaches for his piece -- but  
he's too late, fumbling -- Erik spins and clubs the guard's  
hands away and SLAMS his head into the wall--

--knocking Claire to the ground in the same motion--

--Erik rips a thin wire hidden in his waistband, wraps it  
around Flat Top's neck and cinches it tight--

--as Flat Top SLIPS in the puddle of spilled coffee--  
 --Erik CINCHES the garrote even tighter--  
 --Claire scrambles to her feet and lunges for the door--  
 --but Erik drags the guard sideways, blocking the narrow path to the door--  
 --and Claire stands face-to-face with the guard now -- watching his bulging eyes, his purpling skin--

FLAT TOP  
 (garbled)  
 Help...me...pl...please...

--Claire reaches for the guard's holstered sidearm -- but Erik beats her to it -- holding the garrote with one hand and snatching the weapon with the other--  
 --leveling the gun inches from her forehead -- Erik's face part brutal focus and part exhilaration -- he actually seems to be enjoying this--  
 --as Flat Top kicks weakly, hands dropping to his side, the fight leaving him--  
 --while GURGLING sounds come from the bed as Barstow holds Braces as he bleeds dry--  
 And after a few horror-filled moments it's over...RAGGED BREATHING the only sound left in the room.  
 Erik finally releases Flat Top, he hits the floor like a sack of flour.

ERIK  
 (turning to Barstow)  
 You good?

BARSTOW  
 (strained)  
 Help...get this...sack of shit...  
 off me...

His voice squeezed by the weight of the guard on top of him.  
 Erik turns to Claire, waves the gun at her.

ERIK  
 On the ground.

She lowers herself to her knees. Trembling. Sick.

ERIK  
(walking past her)  
On your stomach.

She lies down, her face landing inches from Flat Top's.

She shudders, looks down and away, her eyes landing on Erik's CELL PHONE peeking out of the guard's breast pocket.

Her eyes fly up to the two men: Erik grunting from the effort as he pulls Braces off of Barstow. She sees her chance...

She pulls out the cell, noiselessly opens it, scrolling, scrolling...there:

CLOSE ON: the phone's display. Below the picture of her father: callback # 773.483.3821

Claire reads the number, briefly closes her eyes: got it.

She slips the phone back into Flat Top's pocket as across the room Braces hits the floor with a THUD.

ERIK  
(turning)  
I'll get the keys.

Erik strides back over to Flat Top and fishes the keys off his belt, pulls his cell out of the guard's pocket. Dials.

ERIK  
(into phone)  
Yeah, we're ready. Third floor,  
ICU. Room 314.

He hangs up, crosses to Barstow's bed and unlocks the cuffs.

Barstow gets out of bed, stands in front of Erik.

A long moment between them. The men not touching or speaking, but clearly overwhelmed by the moment...

...it's here. The Day is finally here.

I.C.U. ELEVATOR LANDING—MOMENTS LATER

The elevator lights track down...five...four...DING!

The doors open and reveal TWO UNIFORMED GUARDS (call them ZEKE and SCULLY). They're dressed identically to the two dead guards.



They exit the elevator, stroll casually into the ICU, nod to the DESK NURSES, who don't give them a second glance.

They stop outside Room 314, Zeke cracks the door and slides in a duffel bag, shuts the door.

He turns, hands folded. Standing guard.

ROOM 314-BATHROOM

WHUMP!

Erik dumps Braces into the bathtub, wrapped in a blood-soaked sheet and landing on top of Flat Top.

He draws the curtain shut, closes the bathroom door.

In the main part of the room Barstow is cleaning up the blood around the bed, Claire still face-down on the floor.

Erik drops some bath towels next to Claire.

ERIK

Give him a hand...and don't get it  
on your scrubs.

She gets to her feet, takes the towels in her hand, numbly mops up the blood around the bed.

Erik grabs the duffel bag and tosses it to Barstow.

He opens it: inside is a Sig, a set of scrubs, a cell phone, a white coat, an ID badge...

Erik walks past Claire, WHISPERS something to Barstow, Claire can't quite make it out...maybe a number?

Barstow nods. Erik turns to Claire.

ERIK

Alright Claire. Next job...

Claire shakes her head. Sick and dazed.

CLAIRE

I can't...I can't do this anymore.  
I'll sign his discharge papers,  
I'll walk you out the front door  
myself...you can escape right now.  
Just go...just go. Please.

Erik and Barstow exchange a look as Barstow peels off his prison garb and changes into the scrubs from the bag.

ERIK

Escape?

(shaking his head)

He doesn't want to escape, Claire.

Claire just stands pressed against the wall: what the hell does that mean?

ERIK

(checking his watch)

So...we've got a few minutes to kill. You feel like some shitty food?

HALLWAY-MOMENTS LATER

Claire grabs Barstow's chart from the wall as they leave the room, her eyes stuttering when she sees the "guards:" who are these guys?

Erik guides Claire by the elbow down the hall towards the elevators...

...and we stay for a moment with the "guards," as PATIENTS and HOSPITAL STAFF walk by the room, not giving it a second glance. Nothing out of the ordinary here.

Then, shuffling towards them and pushing his IV pole, is Foster. He stops when he reaches the "guards."

FOSTER

You boys from the MCC?

(they nod)

Who you got in there?

ZEKE

Not allowed to say.

FOSTER

Course not. How's that sonofabitch Calloway? He still top dog over there?

Zeke and Scully exchange a quick look: they don't know.

ZEKE

Yes, sir.

FOSTER

He got you pulling holiday duty, huh? Fuck him.

The "guards" nod impassively. Not interested. But Foster's happy to have a kindred spirit to talk to.

FOSTER

Name's Foster. I was precinct captain over at the one-four-seven. Started out as a screw at the MCC, though. Three year stint.

Their faces blank. They don't give a shit.

Foster's eyes narrow: something about them off. Not gelling with him the way they should, lawman-to-lawman.

Whatever. Foster mumbles a Merry Christmas and shuffles down the hallway towards his room.

PATRICE'S OFFICE

Patrice at a cluttered desk, barking into the phone.

PATRICE

(into phone)

Because this kind of thing happens, that's why.

(listening)

I don't like it either, Warden. I wanted him out of here two hours ago...

She looks up at a KNOCK on the door, sees a mousy MAN (DR. MARK CASE, 40s) in street clothes. She waves him in.

PATRICE

(into phone)

...as fast as medically responsible, is when.

She rolls her eyes, exasperated, as Calloway continues, his muddled voice reflecting a serious lack of patience.

PATRICE

(into phone)

--then just get out of our asses and let us do our job!

She slams the phone down. A sigh. She looks at Case: yes?

DR. CASE

Dr. Watkins? I'm Dr. Mark Case, from Lincoln Park Family Practice.

He rubs his hands on his pants. All nervous energy.

DR. CASE

I called earlier? Several times,  
actually.

PATRICE

Right...Dr. Case. I'm sorry I  
haven't been able to get back to  
you, I was just getting ready to do  
that now...

She pulls a stack of files off a chair.

PATRICE

Please, have a seat.

He does. Fidgets, looks at his hands.

DR. CASE

I'm here about a recent admit...  
Alan Foster?

IN THE CAFETERIA

Erik and Claire set their trays down at a corner table, the  
cafeteria thinly-populated with the NIGHT SHIFT CREW.

Erik digs in, Claire doesn't touch her food. She's shaken.  
Watches in quiet astonishment as Erik eats, unfazed.

ERIK

Salt, please.

She slides him a salt shaker.

ERIK

Thanks.

He glances up, reads the film of shock on her eyes.

ERIK

Don't wig out on me, Claire. Focus.  
you need to stay on top your game  
if we're gonna get through this...

He shovels in a forkful of hospital-grade meatloaf. Claire  
just sits there. Numb.

He sighs, puts down his fork. OK, OK...

ERIK

You think there was something you  
could have done back there?

She answers with a quiet glare: maybe she does...

ERIK

Those guys didn't die because of anything you did or didn't do. They died because we killed them. So cut yourself some slack. This isn't about you...if it wasn't you, would just be someone else.

Claire looks at the handful of other STAFF in the cafeteria: CLEANING CREW, a couple NURSES, a few DOCTORS. Some chatting, some smiling. Others tired or bored...

...all of them oblivious to her private hell.

CLAIRE

Then why is it me? Why isn't it someone else?

ERIK

Because we needed someone with the proper motivation, and you have it. You would do anything for him...

Claire's eyes welling at the mention of her father.

ERIK

...and you're reliable. Predictable. Everything by the book. All the boxes get checked.

CLAIRE

You don't know a thing about me.

Erik smiles: he knows enough.

ERIK

You still think you can save her, don't you? Or people like her. That why you're always first one in, last one out? Taking every extra shift. Double, triple-checking everything?

Claire shakes her head. Trying to hide that his words are finding their target.

CLAIRE

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

ERIK

Losing a mom, so young...just  
throws everything out of balance,  
doesn't it?

He sees his words are having an effect, leans closer.  
Tightening the screws.

ERIK

And since then, you've been trying  
so hard to reset that balance...

Claire's eyes brimming...churning...

ERIK

I understand. I do.  
(because...)  
With mine, it wasn't cancer. She  
was gunned down. Like a dog. While  
I watched...

HALLWAY OUTSIDE ROOM 314

As Barstow steps from his room. Utterly transformed.

ERIK (V.O.)

...while he watched.

He's wearing an ID tag, white doctor's coat over scrubs,  
even a stethoscope.

ERIK (V.O.)

Was my uncle Leo who finally gave  
us up, gave 'em what they needed  
for a warrant. They came in so  
hard...dragged us outside, threw us  
in the mud. My dad told me just to  
lay down...

Barstow walks between Zeke and Scully without a nod and  
strides down the hallway like he owns the place.

ERIK (V.O.)

That's when she pulled in the  
driveway...back from the grocery  
store...

## IN THE CAFETERIA

Erik's intensity strangely mesmerizing. Almost trance-like. Claire can't look away.

ERIK

...they told her to stop. She saw her husband, her son, guns in our faces. What was she was supposed to do?

(shaking his head)

She didn't stop...

## IN THE HALLWAY

Barstow walks with tunnel-vision past random hospital STAFF.

ERIK (V.O.)

...so one of them opened fire. Shredded the car with government-issue lead.

Barstow glances at room numbers, slowing. A fire roiling in his eyes.

## IN THE CAFETERIA

Erik's eyes and voice dripping with raw contempt.

ERIK

A civil servant, gunning down a woman in cold blood. "Just following procedure. Just doing my job."

He shakes his head.

## HALLWAY

Barstow stops outside Room 314. He knocks, steps inside--

ERIK (V.O.)

And he walked. Killed her and walked scot fucking free. One stroke of the pen from a judge is all it took...

## FOSTER'S ROOM

--and shuts the door behind him. He looks at the bed.  
Sees Foster, lit by the flickering blue of the television.

ERIK (V.O.)  
And that's what tonight is all  
about. Setting things right.

A half-smile creases Barstow's lips.

ERIK (V.O.)  
Re-setting the balance.

## CAFETERIA

Erik still swimming in the memory. So real.

ERIK  
I broke loose, ran for her...they  
told me to stop. My souvenir from  
that night...

Erik pulls down the collar of his scrub shirt, revealing a  
gruesome SET OF SCARS that criss-cross his shoulders and  
collarbone and spread into his chest.

ERIK  
Buckshot. Double ought...courtesy  
of the Chicago PD.  
(letting his shirt back up)  
Most of it's still in there. I can  
actually set off metal detectors,  
it's a great party trick.

He looks at Claire, gives her a wry smile. Maybe she gets it  
now...

CLAIRE  
That's a terrible thing...it is.  
But that doesn't mean what you're  
doing is--

ERIK  
(don't try)  
--this isn't something you can talk  
me out of. You can't finesse me.  
We're in this now, to the end. Just  
keep your head in the game.

Erik goes back to his food. And for a moment Claire sits, at  
a loss. What now...



...so she does what she knows: opens Barstow's chart, starts reading. Erik reaches over and shuts it.

ERIK

And what does that matter at this point?

CLAIRE

He's still my patient, isn't he?  
You saw what happened in the OR.  
You want me to act like his doctor  
or not?

Erik shrugs: whatever. She opens the chart.

FOSTER'S ROOM

Foster looks away from the TV to Barstow's approaching silhouette: it's dark, can't quite make him out.

FOSTER

(changing channels)

You white-coat clowns have anything  
new to tell me?

Barstow taking slow steps towards him, doesn't respond.

FOSTER

You hear me?

Barstow just inching closer...silent...

That's odd...Foster finally looks, really looks, at his visitor. It takes him a little while, the realization moving over his face in stages...but Foster finally recognizes him.

FOSTER

You...

Face ashen. He's just seen a ghost.

FOSTER

(shock turning to fear)

What the hell...

Foster scrambles up in bed as Barstow draws the Sig from his coat pocket.

BARSTOW

Relax, Alan. Don't make this  
difficult.

Barstow sits on the chair next to the bed, weapon on his lap. Still. Coiled.

BARSTOW

Wasn't sure you'd recognize  
me...it's been a while, hasn't it?  
I doubt you've given me a second  
thought in quite some time...

Foster's eyes racing from Barstow's Sig, to the door: what are his options?

BARSTOW

Of course, I've had time to think  
about you.

FOSTER

I...I don't understand...you...

BARSTOW

(shrugging)  
Life no parole, right? Then what am  
I doing here?

Foster silently frantic. Trapped in a nightmare.

FOSTER

Christ...what in God's  
name...listen to me for  
crissake...it was a mistake.

Foster's hand drifts towards the nurse CALL BUTTON...

FOSTER

--they looked into it, they cleared  
me--

BARSTOW

(re: the call button)  
--don't.

Foster's hand freezes.

FOSTER

We couldn't see in the car...

Foster's eyes pleading. A long, dread-filled silence...

BARSTOW

You see, the irony of the  
situation, which I have had a long  
time to contemplate--to really  
think about--is that you--

FOSTER

--it was one of your partners for  
all we knew--

BARSTOW

--is that you are the public  
servant...and I'm the criminal.

Barstow lets it hang: how fucked up is that?

FOSTER

It was an accident. It was a heavy  
situation, it was dark--

FOSTER

--oh, I've done things, sure. But I  
served my time. Paid my debt.

FOSTER

--I didn't have a choice -- we  
couldn't see in the car--

BARSTOW

--but I've never shot a child.  
Never killed a woman.

Foster stops the protests. Knows their futility. He swallows  
hard. What now?

BARSTOW

The badge saved you back then. Let  
you spill blood and just walk  
away...

Barstow leans forward. Their faces inches apart.

BARSTOW

(a whisper)

Where's your badge now?

A thick SILENCE. Just Foster's ragged breathing and the  
BEEPING monitors...

--when Foster THRASHES for the call button and starts to  
scream, but Barstow is on top of him, pinning him down,  
hands around his throat--

--Foster's mouth still open in the aborted scream as Barstow  
shoves a bandage into his mouth--

--Foster struggling, thrashing, but Barstow has him pinned,  
hand cupped over his nose -- Foster's eyes BULGING in  
desperation as Barstow snuffs the life out of him--

--warning BEEPS coming now from Foster's heart and O2 monitors. Foster weakening, not much left--

Barstow slips the heart rate monitor off Foster's finger and places it over his own, the machine returning to normal parameters, silencing the warning tones.

Barstow watches as Foster finally goes completely limp. His eyes marbled in death.

Barstow pulls the bandage from Foster's sagging mouth, puts it in his pocket, then slips the monitor off his finger and onto Foster's and quickly leaves the room.

#### IN THE HALLWAY

He's already turned the corner and disappeared as the NURSES react to the FLATLINE ALARM coming from the room.

#### IN THE CAFETERIA

Claire reads Barstow's chart, her face darkening.

ERIK  
(reading her expression)  
Malignant. Inoperable. They said  
three months, tops.

CLOSE ON: the contents of the chart as Claire scans them: CT scans, MRI, pathology reports.

ERIK  
Bad, huh?  
(she nods)  
One thing about my father that you  
won't find in there: he finishes  
what he starts. And he's not dying  
in a cell. There's nothing left for  
him beyond what happens tonight.

A beat as the meaning of these words sink in for Claire.  
Erik SCRAPES the last of his food off the plate.

CLAIRE  
I want to talk to my father.  
(pause)  
Please.

Erik looks her in the eyes. Reads the emotions welling there. He seems to be considering the request--

BZZZ! Erik checks his phone.

ERIK  
 Well, speaking of...  
 (texting a response)  
 You're keeping him alive for the  
 moment. That should be enough.

CLAIRE  
 (don't cry)  
Please.

NURSE (O.S.)  
 Dr. Haskins?

Claire turns, startled, to see one of the DESK NURSES from  
 the ICU.

NURSE  
 (holding out a script pad)  
 Sorry to bother you, I was  
 wondering if you could sign off on  
 this script for Mrs. Richardson?

CLAIRE  
 Sure...

Claire scribbles on the pad, out of the corner of her eye  
 sees Erik still distracted with his cell.

NURSE  
 (turning)  
 Thank you.

CLAIRE  
 Just a minute.

The nurse stops, turns.

CLAIRE  
 I need to write one more.

Claire scribbles frantically, rips the page off and folds it  
 in half before handing it to the nurse.

CLAIRE  
 This is for Mr. Walter.

NURSE  
 Mr. Walter?

CLAIRE  
 Yeah. Bigger guy, bit of a limp?

Claire's eyes BORING into hers: are you getting this?

NURSE  
 (unsure)  
 You mean the sec--

CLAIRE  
 --yes him.

Erik puts his phone away. Watching them closely now.

CLAIRE  
 (leave now)  
 Thank you.

The nurse walks away, shaking her head. What was that?

BZZZZ! Claire looks down: another page. She stiffens as she reads it: this one got her attention...

PATRICE'S OFFICE

Patrice leans forward across the desk. Alert, on edge.

PATRICE  
 --wait, wait. What do you mean, you admitted him "under duress?"

DR. CASE  
 This man--he threatened me! He told me to admit Foster to Sinai--

PATRICE  
 --threatened you how?

BZZZZ! Patrice silences her pager without looking at it. More important things going on here.

DR. CASE  
 I--I don't know exactly! He came to my office for a physical--it was terrifying. He had pictures of my wife, my children...

He shakes his head, voice quaking.

DR. CASE  
 So I called Foster, said I wanted to reschedule his annual, saw him and then admitted him...for...  
 (flustered, searching)  
 ...possible meningitis or something along those lines. I figured it's just a hospital admit, what's the worst that could happen?

PATRICE  
Have you gone to the police?

DR. CASE  
(startled)  
No--no! This is my family, for  
God's sake. I'm not going to risk  
that. What do I know about this  
kind of thing--

KNOCK KNOCK

They look up to see a breathless NURSE at the door.

NURSE  
We've got a ten-twenty. Room 329.

PATRICE  
(realizing)  
Oh Christ...

DR. CASE  
(panicked now)  
What is it? Is it him?

PATRICE  
(standing)  
Wait here please.

ROOM 329--MOMENTS LATER

Patrice storms into the room, finds a small throng of  
hospital STAFF around the bed, Claire and Erik among them.

It's like a calm after a storm...things returning to normal  
after a frantic scene.

PATRICE  
What happened here?

NURSE  
We're not sure...we heard the  
alarm, called the code team. They  
tried, but...  
(shrugging)  
...he was just gone.

PATRICE  
When?

NURSE  
Ten minutes ago.

Patrice struggling to make sense of this.

PATRICE  
Claire?

CLAIRE  
Just got here...

Claire's leaned over the bed, looking Foster over: no visible bruising or wounds.

She pulls back his eyelids, freezing at what she sees: the eyes are BRIGHT PINK from burst vessels.

CLAIRE  
(to Patrice)  
Dr. Watkins...

Patrice walks over to Foster, leans over, looks at the eyes. She tenses: oh shit.

Her eyes meet Claire's over the bed: this is bad. Patrice turns to the rest of the staff.

PATRICE  
OK, I want everyone out. Don't take anything, don't touch anything...

Claire turns to Erik as Patrice corrals the confused staff out of the room. She walks to him, her voice quiet fury.

CLAIRE  
What did you do?

ERIK  
(who me?)  
I was in the cafeteria, with you.

Claire's near a breaking point. Another life gone. On her watch.

Patrice turns, sees the two of them. She snaps to attention: something is obviously wrong here.

PATRICE  
One of you want to tell me what the hell's--

Claire storms past Erik on her way out of the room.



CLAIRE  
It's him...it's him.

PATRICE  
What is him--  
(following)  
--Claire!

Patrice and Erik follow her into the--

HALLWAY

--and towards Barstow's room.

CLAIRE  
He did this!

PATRICE  
Who did this? Claire!

Zeke and Scully tense as they see the trio approaching, hands drifting towards their sidearms, ready for anything.

They look to Erik, he gives them a subtle shake of the head: stand down. For now.

Claire barges past them, followed by Patrice and then Erik.

They burst into the room to find--

ROOM 314

--Barstow lying in bed. In his gown, handcuffed. The model patient. He looks up curiously at his visitors.

Patrice glances at Zeke and Scully: nothing out of the ordinary here.

Claire freezes, shocked and silent. This can't be...

PATRICE  
(walking towards bed)  
Mr. Barstow, I'm Patrice Watkins,  
Chief of Medicine here at Sinai. I  
apologize for the intrusion.

BARSTOW  
What's going on?

His eyes grazing Erik's before landing on Patrice.

PATRICE

Nothing you need to worry about.  
It's the holidays, my staff's been  
working some long hours...

(eying Claire)

...are under a lot of stress. But  
we're monitoring your situation  
closely, and we'll get you taken  
care of as soon as possible.

BARSTOW

OK...

PATRICE

Is there anything I can do for you  
right now?

BARSTOW

I'd just like to get some rest.

PATRICE

Of course.

WITH CLAIRE

Her eyes locked on the bathroom door as Patrice's voice  
fades and blurs into background noise...

CLOSE ON: the door knob as Claire fixates on it...

...she turns, sees Erik watching her. Knowing what she's  
thinking...

...she's on the verge of opening that door, ripping the veil  
off the whole thing...

...when she sees a thin trail of SMEARED BLOOD on the tile  
floor, just inches from the tip of Patrice's shoe...

...Claire looks up to Patrice: doesn't she see it? Patrice  
continues talking to Barstow...

...Claire opens her mouth to say something, turns from Erik  
to Zeke and Scully, they're watching her from the  
corners...she's surrounded...SUFFOCATING...

...she closes her eyes...

...and COLLAPSES.

Claire slumps against the wall and slides towards the floor.  
Erik is closest to her and grabs her just before she smacks  
against the tile.

ERIK

Whoa, Dr. Haskins. Are you OK?

She struggles to her feet.

CLAIRE

I'm fine...

ERIK

You sure?

She shoves him away.

CLAIRE

I said I'm fine.

She rubs her temples, closes her eyes...

...opens them to see Patrice in her face.

PATRICE

Outside.

IN THE HALLWAY-MOMENTS LATER

Patrice has Claire cornered.

PATRICE

Go home, Claire. Right now. When was the last time you slept?

CLAIRE

I still have a patient--

PATRICE

--not anymore you don't. You're tired, you're making mistakes. You're acting crazy, frankly.

(pause)

You think just because of where he came from, he had something to do with that?

Patrice shakes her head: disappointed, not like you...

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, I just thought...maybe he--

PATRICE

--thought maybe he what? The man almost died in your operating room.

(MORE)

PATRICE (cont'd)  
He just had the whole Piccadilly  
fucking Circus barge in on him with  
an appendix that could burst any  
minute.

CLAIRE  
Patrice, please--

PATRICE  
Go home. Right now. I'm locking you  
out of the system. We'll talk about  
this when you get your head on  
straight.

CLAIRE  
Patrice--

PATRICE  
(turning to Erik)  
...and you. Something about your  
shit stinks to me. You want to  
finish your third year, be in my  
office in five minutes, ready to  
talk straight.

ERIK  
Yes ma'am.

Patrice turns and stalks back towards the chaos outside  
Foster's room. Erik turns to see Claire shuffling away,  
stopping at the elevators.

The doors open and she steps in. He sprints to join her--

IN THE ELEVATOR

--making it in just as the doors close. Claire stands sullen  
and silent. She hits the button for P2.

ERIK  
What are you doing?

She doesn't answer: it's obvious enough.

ERIK  
We're not finished here.

CLAIRE  
I am.

ERIK  
 We're finished when I say we're  
 finished.

Claire is balanced on a knife's edge of sanity -- it's too  
 much. Gone too far.

CLAIRE  
 What else do you want from me? I  
 can't do this anymore!

ERIK  
 One more job, Claire. Then it's  
 over. I need one room number,  
 that's all.  
 (pause)  
 Patient's name is Jack Pearce...

The realization flashing across Claire's face as she hears  
 the name. The pieces falling in place...

She tries to cover but Erik's seen it: she knows.

ERIK  
 Admitted yesterday. Compound leg  
 fracture, internal bleeding. He was  
 in the ICU, but they moved him this  
 morning...  
 (reading her)  
 ...you know who I'm talking about,  
 don't you?

Claire shakes her head.

ERIK  
 You can find him for me...

Claire digs deep, digging for everything she has, to look  
 him back in the eye and shake her head: no.

CLAIRE  
 --you heard her, she locked me out.  
 I can't get into the system  
 anymore. I can't even show my face  
 on the floor, how do you expect me  
 to--

--when Erik SPRINGS forward and SLAMS Claire into the wall  
 so fast she doesn't even know how she got there.

His hand around her throat. Hissing into her face.

ERIK  
Think outside the box, Claire. You  
can find a way.

She claws at his hand as his fingers dig deeper.

ERIK  
(a whisper)  
One room number.

Her eyes bulging, cords straining in her neck, looking into his eyes...and not blinking. She shakes her head: no.

CLAIRE  
(no air, fighting to get the  
words out:)  
No -- one -- else -- dies.

Erik releases her and she doubles over, heaving.

He rips his phone out of his pocket, shoves it in Claire's face as she sucks in air: it's the familiar image of Alden.

But this time Erik presses a button on the phone, and the frozen image starts MOVING, silent video footage showing

ON PHONE'S DISPLAY: her father being beaten. Viciously.

Two large MEN take turns wailing on Alden, his hands lashed behind his back.

Claire's hand flies to her mouth in a silent scream.

ERIK  
You still want to go this way?

One of the MEN (we may recognize him as Zeke) holds Alden up by his hair, shoves his beaten face closer to the camera.

ERIK  
Still want to play tough? Be the  
hero?

A HAND shoves the barrel of a handgun into Alden's mouth -- his eyes pleading--

Claire trembles silently as Erik dials.

ERIK  
(into phone)  
Yeah. How's our friend?

Claire watches him, hatred pouring from her eyes...but she's standing firm. Staring him down.

Erik looks at her: you sure you want to do this?

ERIK  
 (into phone)  
 We're deciding that right now...

DING! The elevator stops, the doors open...

It's Walter.

Claire's heart in her throat at the sight of him.

She braces herself for what's coming...this could be it...Walter's eyes move between her and Erik...

WALTER  
 (nodding)  
 Doc Haskins...

He steps in the elevator, pushes the lobby button. Turns and faces the doors. Casually whistles "Silver Bells."

...Claire is silently crestfallen: no no no...

...her eyes land on the GUN on Walter's hip, move to Erik holding the phone to his ear, then back to the gun...

...maybe she could pull it off. Just maybe...

...but Erik's watching. Shakes his head: don't even think about it...

ERIK  
 (into phone, eyes on Claire)  
 It's looking like we're going to have to go ahead and terminate that case...

Claire finally breaks. Can't do it. She nods to Erik: OK.

ERIK  
 (into phone)  
 On second thought, we'll get back to you about that. No action is necessary right now.

He hangs up. Awkward silence in the elevator...just Walter's goddamned whistling.

WALTER  
 (turning)  
 Oh, I got your prescription, doc.

CLAIRE  
 (surprised, hopeful)  
 You did?

WALTER  
 (chuckling)  
 Yes ma'am.

He pats his pocket: the still-folded paper sticking out.

WALTER  
 And I do appreciate it. Mrs. Walter  
 will appreciate it too.

He winks at her. Claire closes her eyes. Jesus...he didn't even read it.

DING! The elevator stops, Walter tips his hat to Claire and shuffles into the lobby, whistling "Silver Bells," continuing his rounds...

...the doors shut, and they're alone again.

ERIK  
 So what do you say, Claire?

Her eyes on the floor. Shoulders sagged. Weary.

CLAIRE  
 This is the last job?

ERIK  
 Yes.

CLAIRE  
 Just a room number, and it's over?

ERIK  
 Yes.

CLAIRE  
 You'll make that call and let him  
 go?

ERIK  
 Yes.

She turns to Erik, holds his eyes...reading him.

Her eyes moving to the scar tissue peeking out from his collar, then back to his eyes. Can she believe him?



CLAIRE  
 (finally)  
 OK.

She hits the second floor button.

CLAIRE  
 I can get it in radiology.

RADIOLOGY HALLWAYS-MOMENTS LATER

They walk briskly through the quiet hallways of radiology, passing X-Ray rooms, emptied desks, dark rooms. They stop, Claire opens a door into a--

DARKENED ROOM

--which they cross, stopping at a second door. Claire opens it, revealing some sort of booth. It's all dark and shadows, we can just barely recognize this as the same imaging room from before.

Erik watches as Claire starts to step into the booth.

ERIK  
 That's not where the radiology  
 charts are kept.

CLAIRE  
 No, but I can...

She stops in the doorway, turns: how did he know that? And it hits her.

CLAIRE  
 Foster...

ERIK  
 You'd be surprised how invisible a  
 janitor is around here. How easy it  
 is to swap a few charts, some lab  
 work, and...  
 (snapping his fingers)  
 ...a perfectly healthy person  
 suddenly becomes a very sick one.

Claire's eyes flicker with recognition: she could have caught it. Could have figured it out...

...no time for that now. Have to keep moving. She turns, eases into the booth.

CLAIRE  
 They have imaging records in  
 here...  
 (shuffling through papers)  
 ...here it is. Pearce...moved to  
 six thirty-seven.

She flips a wall switch, but the booth stays dark.

ERIK  
 Six three seven?

CLAIRE  
 Yes, it's in ortho.

ERIK  
 Show me.

She hesitates -- is she bluffing? She holds the print-out  
 for him to see. He reaches for it, then turns at the

THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK

noise behind them. It's a giant, open-style MRI machine  
 humming to life.

ERIK  
 Claire...

She steps out of the booth, standing next to Erik as she  
 shuts the door: it's locked now.

She starts inching away from him.

ERIK  
 What are you doing?

THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK

ERIK  
 (raising voice over machine)  
 That's it! Game over, Claire!

He rips his cell phone out of his pocket, dials -- the  
 machine getting LOUDER.

ERIK  
 YOU JUST KILLED HIM! YOU JUST  
 KILLED YOUR OWN FATHER!

He looks at the phone's display, confused: the numbers are  
 faded and smeared. It's not working.

Then Erik's necklace starts

LEVITATING IN THE AIR!

--the necklace slides up his neck, the initials **EB** floating, tugged by an invisible hand--

--Erik's eyes growing wide in confusion and astonishment--

--as Claire lunges forward from the wall and WHACKS the cell phone out of his hand--

--and the phone actually DANGLES in the air before ZIPPING ACROSS THE ROOM into the MRI chamber, shattering--

--Erik slack-jawed -- what the fuck is going on? -- the machine getting even LOUDER--

--and he falls to his knees, collapsing and SCREAMING in pain -- clutching his shoulder in agony as the machine wreaks havoc on the lead buried in his soft tissue--

EXTREME CLOSE ON: the skin over his chest and shoulders. We can actually see the metal fragments moving under his skin. Erik looks on in horrified confusion--

--as Claire sprints from the room, slamming the door shut behind her--

IN THE HALLWAY

--she shatters the glass to the fire alarm and pulls the handle -- it starts WAILING.

She runs to--

AN EMPTY DESK

--and grabs the phone, taking it with her under the desk. Crouched, hidden.

She stops for a moment, closes her eyes...the number, the number...got it.

She opens her eyes, dials. It rings. Rings again.

MALE VOICE (FILTERED)

Yeah.

CLAIRE

Let him go! It's over!

MALE VOICE (FILTERED)

(pause)

Who's this?

CLAIRE

I SAID LET HIM GO!

Claire presses the phone to her ear...listens closer...what is that?

It's an ALARM, barely audible, in sync with the pulsing noise and flashing lights of the alarm she just pulled.

Whoever's on the phone is in the hospital.

MALE VOICE (FILTERED)

I said who is this?

She hangs up.

OUTSIDE ROOM 314

Zeke hangs up his cell. Confused, concerned.

ZEKE

(to Scully)

I think that was her.

They exchange a look: the call, the alarm...what's going on?

IN ROOM 314

Barstow sits up in bed as the fire alarm continues to shriek. He pulls the cell from the duffel bag, dials. Gets nothing...

IN THE MRI ROOM

Erik drags himself across the floor towards the door. Every movement agony.

IN ROOM 314

Barstow flings the phone in frustration against the wall.

The fire alarm still SHRIEKING.

He deliberates for a moment before reaching in the duffel bag, pulling out the Sig and heading into the--

## HALLWAY

--shutting the door behind him.

BARSTOW  
 (to Zeke and Scully)  
 We move.

They nod. Almost seems part of the plan.

Zeke disappears down the hallway and Scully marches alongside Barstow in the opposite direction.

BARSTOW  
 We'll start in orthopedics.

## UNDER THE DESK

Claire is still crouched and hidden, dials another number.

## IN THE HALLWAY

Erik finally makes it out of the room, slamming the door shut behind him, collapsing against the wall. Clutching his shoulder in pain.

He gasps for breath, eyes on fire, scanning the hallways. Where is she?

He begins the hunt.

## ELEVATORS ON THE SIXTH FLOOR

Barstow and Scully step out of the elevators and walk into--

## ORTHOPEDICS

--as Barstow draws his weapon, Scully following suit.

The first of the PATIENTS and HOSPITAL STAFF see the pair approaching, begin SCREAMING and ducking for cover.

BARSTOW  
 JACK PEARCE!

CRACK! CRACK!

Barstow fires shots into the ceiling and walls to clear their path as NURSES, ORDERLIES, PATIENTS scatter.

IN SINAI'S SECURITY OFFICE

The hospital's HEAD OF SECURITY grimaces as the phone rings: not another one. He's on another line, hands full dealing with the fire alarm.

HEAD OF SECURITY  
(into phone)  
It was the second floor...

He scans the second floor monitors.

ON MONITOR: we recognize the desk in radiology, but Claire's hiding beneath it.

HEAD OF SECURITY  
(into phone)  
...no, I don't see anything.  
(pause) I'm working on it!

Another line RINGING now.

INTERCUT:

With Claire under the desk, phone pressed to her ear.

CLAIRE  
C'mon, c'mon...

HEAD OF SECURITY  
Well, send Walter over then.

He hangs up, reaches for the other ringing phone.

HEAD OF SECURITY  
Security.

CLAIRE  
Yes...yes! This is Dr. Claire Haskins, reporting a four-twenty-seven. A patient is in immediate physical danger--

HEAD OF SECURITY  
(finger in ear)  
--can you speak up please!

CLAIRE  
A patient, Jack Pearce, in room six-zero-six, is in immediate physical danger--

HEAD OF SECURITY  
--wait, what was the patient's name  
again?

CLAIRE  
Judge Jack Pearce, they're going to  
kill him. They're going to--

HEAD OF SECURITY  
--who is this? Who's speaking?

HEAD OF SECURITY  
Holy Christ...

CLAIRE  
This is Dr. Claire  
Haskins--

He's not listening anymore.

ON MONITOR: the images of Barstow and Scully stalking the  
hallways on the sixth floor, weapons drawn, people  
scattering...

...and suddenly his phones are RINGING off the hook.

CLAIRE  
DID YOU HEAR ME?!

HEAD OF SECURITY  
Oh Jesus Christ--ma'am I would  
advise you to stay in a safe place.

He hangs up. Claire looks at the phone in her hand: a  
useless piece of shit.

ERIK (O.S.)  
CLLLAAAIIRRRRREEE!!!!

The shriek of a wild animal. Her head snaps towards his  
voice: he's close.

DOWN THE HALLWAYS

Erik stumbles away from the lab, ripping open doors--  
--murder in his eyes. He turns the corner--  
--sees the desk, the receiver dangling from the cord--  
But no Claire.

DING! He jerks to the sound of elevator, sprints for it--

--rounding the corner and just catching a glimpse of Claire as the doors slide shut.

IN ORTHOPEDICS

Barstow and Scully are throwing open doors, weapons leveled, looking in on TERRIFIED PATIENTS.

No Pearce. They continue their search.

OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL

Fire and emergency vehicles stream onto the site, blue and red lights blazing.

POLICE OFFICERS block the doors, CRUISERS block the entrances and exits to the parking garage.

This place is locked down.

IN ORTHOPEDICS

Barstow and Scully continue their search, room-by-room, when--

CRACK!

--Scully goes down -- Barstow whirls into a crouch and turns, sees

WALTER

with his weapon drawn in shaking hands -- Walter squeezes off another round, but it goes wide--

--Barstow stays ice-cold and buries three rounds into Walter's chest -- then one in his head--

--more MAYHEM and SCREAMS as Walter flails backwards, dead--

--Barstow turns and leaves Scully bleeding in the hallway, continues his search solo, door after door--

INTERCUT:

ERIK IN THE STAIRWELL

sprinting up the stairs two at a time.

CLAIRE IN THE ELEVATOR



repeatedly hitting the "six" button.

CLAIRE

C'mon c'mon...Jesus Christ!

As the elevator stops on the fourth floor. The doors open, two RESIDENTS join Claire in the elevator.

RESIDENT #1

Third false alarm this week...such a pain in the ass.

Claire manically smashes the "door close" button. The residents eye her curiously.

IN ORTHOPEDICS

Barstow continuing his search, when his eyes laser in on someone among the cowering and retreating faces.

BARSTOW

You...

He's pointing at Patrice. He stalks over to her, grabs her coat and puts the gun to her head.

BARSTOW

Jack Pearce--where is he?

PATRICE

Who?

BARSTOW

The Honorable Jack Winston Pearce the third. The one in the newspapers. WHERE IS HE?

PATRICE

I don't know--

BARSTOW

--FIND HIM!

Patrice just shakes her head. She can't or won't.

Barstow drags Patrice to the administrative desk, addresses a young and terrified NURSE, her face buried in her hands.

BARSTOW

Give me Jack Pearce's room number before I count to three, or her brains end up on your tits. One...

The nurse is flustered, sucks in air, starts typing.

PATRICE  
Don't you give him that number!

NURSE  
(stammering as she types)  
Pearce, is that i-e, or e-a?

PATRICE  
Don't you dare tell him!

BARSTOW  
It's E. A.

Twisting the gun into her temple. Finger tight on the trigger...CLACKITY-CLACK as the nurse frantically types...

BARSTOW  
Two.

PATRICE  
(closing her eyes)  
DON'T TELL HIM!

NURSE  
Room six-oh-six!

BARSTOW  
THREE!!!

And the fire alarm finally shuts off...leaving a ROARING SILENCE on the floor...only Patrice's labored breathing.

She closes her eyes, waiting for it...

But Barstow just smiles, releases her. He turns away, quickly orients himself to the room numbers. He's close.

He strides down the hallway, untouchable.

He stops outside Room 606. Opens the door--

IN ROOM 606

--and steps inside, walks down the narrow passage along the bathroom wall, sees a LEG IN A CAST hanging over the bed, pins protruding from the shin.

Barstow allows himself a half-smile: he has the right room.

Barstow approaches the bed, his eyes landing on Pearce's face. Grim. Set. Pearce meets Barstow's eyes, seems oddly unsurprised to see him.

Barstow's eyes move to Pearce's pregnant daughter Danielle (from the drink machine), seated by the bed clutching her father's hand, quaking with fear.

She closes her eyes, pressing out tears that slide silently down her cheeks.

Barstow raises his weapon. Finally. This is it--

--Danielle opens her mouth to SCREAM when--

CLAIRE STEPS FROM AROUND THE CORNER IN FRONT OF HIM

--her hands flying to his chest -- Barstow looks down just in time to see DEFIBRILLATOR PADDLES as Claire squeezes the trigger--

WA-CHUNK!

Barstow SPASMS and flies backwards--

CRACK!!! -- the gun goes off -- cobwebbing the window--

Barstow collapses against the wall -- the gun skitters across the floor--

--Claire drops the paddles and grabs the gun, trains it on Barstow as he violently COUGHS and sucks in air--

IN THE HALLWAY

Erik frantically searches for room 637. It's not there. He double-checks the room numbers: they stop at 636.

Goddammit. He looks around: which room? The whole floor is in a state of chaos, people running, hiding...

Down the hall he sees HOSPITAL SECURITY and then CHICAGO PD arriving. Shit.

He sees a small cluster of HOSPITAL STAFF huddled together behind the main desk.

He joins them, tries to blend in.

IN ROOM 606

Barstow takes a few deep breaths, coughing, struggling to his feet.

He stares down Claire, still training the gun on him. His eyes wild, voice rasped and sharp.

BARSTOW

Are you sure that's an instrument  
you're ready to use, doctor?

Her hands are rock solid. Barstow takes a small step towards her -- Claire takes a small step back.

Danielle clutches her father's hand -- her breathing rapid and shallow. She tries to suppress a GROAN of pain, looks down to her belly in worry.

CLAIRE

You're not going to lay a finger on  
him.

BARSTOW

This doesn't involve you, doctor.  
(nodding to Pearce)  
He's paying for what he's done.

Danielle's GROANS grow louder, her breathing more panicked.

CLAIRE

Stay right there!

BARSTOW

I've come too far to stop now...

IN THE HALLWAY

Erik watches as UNIFORMED COPS and then SWAT TEAM spill onto the sixth floor...bulletproof vests, serious firepower.

Patrice points them towards Room 606.

Erik turns for the exit, sees two COPS at the double doors leading out of the unit. They block a protesting PHYSICIAN trying to leave.

COP

No one in or out.

Erik's trapped.

IN ROOM 606

Barstow takes another step towards Claire...still pointing the gun, her hands quaking.

BARSTOW  
Just step aside, doctor.

Behind Claire, Danielle is crying out in fear and pain.

CLAIRE  
(eyes still on Barstow)  
It's OK, Danielle. The stress is  
causing some early contractions.  
Everything's fine...your baby's  
fine. You're fine...

Barstow takes another step closer.

BARSTOW  
Just step aside, and it'll be over  
soon.

CLAIRE  
Hold her hand, Judge. Let her  
squeeze it.

He does. Danielle and Pearce cling to each other, just  
Claire separating them from the approaching Barstow.

BARSTOW  
(another step)  
I'm dying anyway.  
(nodding to gun)  
That means nothing to me.

Another step closer...

CLAIRE  
Close your eyes, Danielle. Slow,  
deep breaths...you're doing great.  
(to Barstow)  
I told you to stop!

She takes small steps back as he approaches. He's just a few  
feet away.

BARSTOW  
You want me to stop you'll have to  
pull that trigger...

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Four SWAT TEAM MEMBERS assemble. Led by CULLEN (40s), jaw  
set. He lives for this shit. Silent hand gestures exchanged  
with the rest of the team.

They quickly fall into a close quarters combat formation.

INSIDE THE ROOM

BARSTOW

You're a doctor, Claire. You help  
people. This isn't you...

He's backed her all the way against Pearce's bed, when

--Claire turns as she hears the door KICKED OPEN and BOOTED  
FOOTSTEPS storming towards them--

--she turns back and catches a glimpse of Barstow CHARGING  
and she closes her eyes and squeezes the trigger!

CRACK!!!

She opens her eyes to see the hole she just shot in the wall  
-- Barstow's vanished -- where?

CULLEN (O.S.)

EVERYONE ON THE GROUND!

--Claire turns just in time to see Barstow raise his elbows  
and leap into the cobwebbed window--

--CRASHING through it--

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

As Barstow flails and drifts with the broken glass...

...towards the whirling red lights six floors below...

...the falling shards of glass catching the light from the  
sirens and gleaming red against the canvas of his green  
scrubs in a macabre Christmas tableau...

...until...

...until...

THUD.

IN ROOM 606

The SWAT team swarms the room.

CULLEN

DROP YOUR WEAPON!

Claire drops the gun, slumps with relief.

CULLEN  
Is anyone injured?

Danielle erupts in tears, hugs her father. The SWAT team check the room, barking into walkies.

Claire just sucks in air. Closes her eyes. It's over...

...she opens her eyes. Not quite.

HALLWAY-MOMENTS LATER

HOSPITAL STAFF attend to Danielle and Pearce as Cullen leads Claire out of the room.

CULLEN  
I promise you, when we find him, we find your father...

VOICE OVER WALKIE  
What's the last known?

CULLEN  
(into walkie)  
Hold for last known...  
(to Claire)  
Where did you last see him?

CLAIRE  
Radiology, second floor.

CULLEN  
(into walkie)  
Second floor, radiology--

CLAIRE  
--but I think he was headed here, he was looking for Pearce. I gave him a false room number.

CULLEN  
What number?

CLAIRE  
Six thirty-seven. This floor just goes to six thirty-six.

CULLEN  
(into walkie)  
Could be on this floor. Possible neighborhood of six and mid-thirties. (pause) I don't give  
(MORE)

CULLEN (cont'd)  
a fuck what they're saying, no one  
on or off the floor!

CLAIRE  
Oh, Jesus...oh no...no...

Claire crestfallen as they approach Walter's body. Two MEDICS and a few HOSPITAL WORKERS are huddled around him.

Claire steps around them, her eyes welling as she sees Walter's still form, his glazed eyes.

CULLEN  
(into walkie)  
Repeat, six feet, brown hair. ID  
tag with the name Anthony Nakos.  
Scars on his...  
(turning to Claire)  
Where did you say his scars...

Stopping cold, because

She's not there.

Cullen's eyes furiously moving, then locking on Claire, standing just beyond Walter's body...

...with Walter's gun to her neck.

The gun held by Erik. He was one of the hospital workers kneeling by Walter's body.

Cullen reaches for his weapon--

ERIK  
Leave it!

Cullen's hand freezes.

ERIK  
You trying to get her killed  
cowboy, you're off to a good start.

Meanwhile a SCORE OF SWAT TEAM and CHICAGO PD have responded, crouched, weapons drawn and trained on Erik...but no one has a clear shot.

Erik slides sideways, back against the wall with Claire pressed tightly in front of him as a human shield.

Cullen holds out a flattened palm to his team: hold fire.



Erik presses the gun into Claire's neck, walks her slowly in front of the wall of firepower leveled at them.

ERIK  
(whispering)  
Just take it easy, Claire. We'll  
get through this.

CULLEN  
Building's surrounded. Locked down.  
Just put the weapon down...

It's a room full of itchy trigger fingers...but still no clear shot. Erik doesn't flinch.

ERIK  
You say one more word and I spray  
her head onto the wall.  
(to Claire)  
A little faster, please.

Twisting the gun harder into her neck as they slide along the wall, the SWAT team following at a cautious distance as Erik pulls Claire through double-doors leading to the--

ELEVATOR LANDING

CLAIRE  
Where's my father?

ERIK  
Down button, please.

She presses it with a trembling finger as Erik looks up into the concave corner mirrors, sees twisted images of the SWAT team following. Inching closer...

ERIK  
That was some clever shit, with the  
MRI. Hurt like hell.

CLAIRE  
He's dead, you know.  
(pause)  
Your dad...

ERIK  
We knew it might end here.

But it still hits him...a flicker of emotion crossing his eyes...but it's quickly gone.

He focuses his anger on the elevator button. Hits it again.

CLAIRE

So why--

ERIK

--what the fuck is taking so long--

CLAIRE

--SO WHY ARE YOU STILL DOING THIS  
TO ME!

ERIK

(calm, eyes on the mirror)  
Because right now you're my ticket  
out of here.

AROUND THE CORNER

The SWAT team draws closer, watching Claire and Erik in the  
mirrors...

Silent hand motions exchanged, as--

ELEVATOR LANDING

--Claire and Erik wait the final moments before the elevator  
arrives. It's almost there, when--

THHWPPPP!!!

--a hissing sound from their blind side, coming from two  
TEAR-GAS GRENADES that skitter along the floor and land at  
their feet and--

EXPLODE in a cloud of gas!

--Erik spins and fires blindly in the direction they came  
from and they're quickly engulfed in smoke and gas--

--as SWAT team MEMBERS round the corner and crouch into  
firing positions--

CULLEN

Clean shots only!

POV THROUGH RIFLE SCOPE: as a SNIPER tries to track them,  
losing their silhouettes in the haze--

--Erik and Claire both COUGHING and RETCHING, eyes burning--

--Erik blindly squeezes off more shots as he drags Claire  
towards the elevator--

POV THROUGH RIFLE SCOPE: MUZZLE FLASHES from inside the cloud as Erik fires, momentarily illuminating them -- giving the sniper just enough light--

--and the sniper FIRES--

--one of the silhouettes doubles over: hit. We can't see whether it was Erik or Claire, when--

BOOM!!!!

--a devastating peal of NOISE and WHITE LIGHT as a stun grenade explodes in front of the elevators--

--gas mask-wearing SWAT team members storm into the smoke, just as the elevator doors DING shut--

--the gas thins, revealing Erik and Claire--

Gone.

CULLEN  
God-damn-it!

His eyes move to the indicator lights: going down...

CULLEN  
(into walkie)  
Target in the elevator, with  
hostage. Coming your way. Floor  
five...four...

IN THE LOBBY

A small army of more SWAT TEAM and CHICAGO PD surround the elevators, a wall of bullet-proof vests and heavy arsenal, leveled at the elevator doors.

ALL EYES GLUED on the lights as the elevator descends, the lights ticking down...three...two...one...

DING! The doors open, revealing

An empty elevator.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER  
(into walkie)  
Elevator's empty!

## SIXTH FLOOR LANDING

Cullen wordlessly takes this news: impossible...

...then as the smoke clears, his eyes move to the door now revealed ten feet to the right of the elevators: **Stairs.**

## IN THE STAIRWELL

Erik drags Claire up the stairs at gunpoint, both of them still coughing, lungs burning, eyes red and watering.

He stumbles as they round a landing, streaking the wall with blood: he's hit.

## ELEVATOR LANDING

The SWAT team charges through the door and up the stairs after them.

## THE ROOF

Erik and Claire burst through the door onto the roof, Erik dragging Claire towards a Pegasus Life Flight helicopter, its rotor whirling to life.

Zeke is waiting in the pilot's seat.

## IN THE STAIRWELL

The SWAT team continues charging up the stairs, following the blood trail.

## AT THE HELICOPTER

As Erik and Claire brace themselves against the windstorm.

The two men shout over the ROAR of the rotors.

ZEKE  
WHERE'S SCULLY!

ERIK  
HE'S NOT MAKING THE TRIP!

ZEKE  
THE FUCK HE ISN'T!

ERIK  
 (moving towards the door)  
 WE MOVE! NOW!

ZEKE  
 WE'RE NOT LEAVING WITHOUT HIM!

Erik spins and looks towards the stairwell door: they'll be here any second...

ERIK  
 WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS! WE  
 LEAVE NOW!

ZEKE  
 I DIDN'T SIGN ON FOR THIS SHIT!  
 WE'RE NOT LIFTING OFF WITHOUT--

--when his face disappears in a cloud of pink as Erik shoots him point blank in the face.

He opens the door and drags Zeke's body onto the tarmac.

ERIK  
 (turning to Claire)  
 IN!

Shoving her at gunpoint--

INTO THE CHOPPER

--where she lands hard in the cockpit, Erik clambering in after her--

--when she hears something. A labored breath. A soft GROAN--

Claire spins around to see

HER FATHER

in the patient transport area of the cabin, hands lashed behind him to the fuselage. Ankles taped together. Mouth duct-taped. Face bruised and blood-matted.

CLAIRE  
 Dad!

She lunges towards him, rips the tape off his mouth.

ALDEN  
 Claire?

Eyelids fluttering. He struggles weakly against his restraints, half-conscious.

Claire softly touches his face.

CLAIRE  
God, what did they do to you--

Erik grabs her by the hair and viciously pulls her back into the co-pilot's seat.

ERIK  
(waving gun)  
Face front.

Erik does a quick check of the control panel, toggles switches, grabs the control stick. He's done this before.

He turns, looks at the medical carts in the cabin: it's an ambulance in the sky.

He coughs, winces. He's weakening and trying to hide it. He points to his wound.

ERIK  
Patch me up Claire. It's your last job.

Claire turns towards Alden.

CLAIRE  
(reaching for him)  
Dad...

Erik yanks her by her collar.

ERIK  
I said fix me!

Erik gritting his teeth as the chopper WOBBLER and takes to the air, just as--

ACROSS THE ROOFTOP

--Cullen and the SWAT team explode through the door and race across the roof -- watching helplessly as the chopper vanishes into the sky.

IN THE GLITTERING CHICAGO SKYLINE

As the chopper swoops low, almost grazing the buildings.

IN THE CHOPPER

Erik at the controls, coughing. Wincing. He's hurting bad, losing blood.

ERIK

Better hurry Claire, or we're all  
going down together.

Claire digs frantically through the equipment, grabbing vials, syringes, bandages...

ERIK

Hurry the fuck up!

She turns to Erik, pulls up his shirt and inspects the wound, his entire back smeared with blood.

CLAIRE

Lean forward...

Erik grunts in pain as Claire pushes him roughly forward.

CLAIRE

Well, it went all the way  
through...

She swabs the entrance and exit wounds with bedadine-soaked bandages.

CLAIRE

...so that's good news.

Erik hisses through clenched teeth as she works.

ERIK

Jesus Christ!

CLAIRE

Hold still.

ACROSS THE CITY

Chicago PD helicopters take to the air, darting and swooping through the glittering spine of lights.

ON THE HIGHWAYS BELOW

A fleet of Chicago PD black-and-whites race across the freeways, tracking the chopper from the ground.

INT/EXT. POLICE CRUISER

The PATROLMAN cranes his neck, looking up through the windshield.

COP

(into receiver)

We have visual on the target.  
Approximate location twelve hundred  
block of Halsted, heading north...

IN THE SKY

The Chicago PD choppers bank, change their course.

IN THE CHOPPER

Claire treats Erik quickly -- no wasted movement. He winces as she mercilessly packs the wound with gauze.

Claire finishes dressing the wound, CUTTING strips of tape with paramedic scissors, pressing the tape over the gauze.

Erik glances down at the tiny lights of the police cruisers following from the ground...so far away. Insignificant.

Claire fills a syringe. Brings it towards the wound...

ERIK

What's that?

CLAIRE

Local anesthetic. You'll be  
thanking me in about thirty  
seconds...

As she jabs the needle directly into the wound. Erik flinches: Jesus that hurts.

CLAIRE

(slowly injecting)

So that's what this was all about?  
Killing a couple old men? Settling  
old scores?

She almost sounds disappointed. Like she expected more.



ERIK

It's about re-setting the balance,  
making things right. You should  
understand that.

CLICK CLICK as Claire fills another syringe, tapping it with  
her fingernail.

CLAIRE

(off his look)  
Steroids.

She plunges the needle into his abdomen near the wound.

CLAIRE

(pressing the plunger)  
And how does killing innocent  
people make anything right? Those  
guards...Walter...what did they do?  
(nodding to her father)  
What did he do...

She removes the syringe. She's looking at him hard now.

CLAIRE

Erik, listen to me--

ERIK

--you think tonight was just about  
making you jump through some hoops?  
You do your jobs and go home?  
(shaking his head)  
It wasn't just the guy who pulled  
the trigger, Claire. And it wasn't  
just the judge who let him walk...

Claire starts to respond, then stops herself. Where's he  
going with this?

ERIK

...it was an Assistant DA, out to  
prove what a Big Fucking Man he  
was, taking down Claude Barstow...

Beat as this revelation washes over Claire's face. Sickened.  
Understanding now. She wasn't chosen at random at all...

ERIK

You want to tell her about it,  
Alden?

Claire turns to her father, his face a bloodied mask.  
Groaning quietly.

ALDEN

(groggy)

I was just...doing my job...your  
father was a criminal...

ERIK

(gun on Claire's temple)

--SHUT UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP OR I  
BLOW HER HEAD OUT THE WINDOW!

The chopper pitches sharply as Erik loses focus.

Erik recovers, looks ahead through the windshield at the dark expanse of Lake Michigan, guiding the control stick--

IN THE SKY

--and the chopper banks sharply, easily leaving the black-and-whites behind, following the coastline east...

...the city lights fading behind them.

IN THE CHOPPER

Erik seems to be stabilizing. Back in control.

Claire looks back at his father: bloodied, weak. His eyes void of hope. She blinks back tears.

CLOSE ON: her right hand: still holding the paramedic scissors.

Her hand FLEXES on the handle. She turns to Erik.

CLAIRE

Land the helicopter, Erik. Right  
now.

He ignores her, his eyes focused through the windshield. He's looking for something...

CLAIRE

Take us down. Now.

He scoffs quietly -- then catches a glimpse of her out of the corner of his eye: Christ, she's actually serious.

ERIK

And why would I do that?

Erik's eyes finally lock in on what he's looking for.

IN THE SKY

The chopper banks and descends, riding low over the shoreline.

IN THE CHOPPER

No tremor in Claire's voice as she continues.

CLAIRE

Because I injected you with 50 cc's of Diazepam. It's not an antibiotic, it's a sedative. I cut it with some ketamine, so it's taking a while to kick in...

(hardening)

...but it will kick in. It was enough to knock out a fucking horse. So land the helicopter.

Erik shakes his head: nice try. Nice, but desperate.

ERIK

Why would you do that? I'm the one flying this thing. You want to die with me?

CLAIRE

You'll feel a heaviness in your extremities first, it'll move fast from there. Put us down.

He just holds her eyes: she's bluffing. Has to be.

CLAIRE

(checking her watch)

You've got maybe two minutes...

His cocky smile slackens. He looks down at his hand, curious now. Flexes it. Is it just in his head?

His eyelids flutter for the briefest moment...

ERIK'S POV: as the SOUNDS BLUR and the IMAGES SHIFT.

CLAIRE

Feeling it now?

Hell yes he is. His eyes frantic: he's fucked.

ERIK  
Make it stop!

CLAIRE  
I can't--

ERIK  
--YOU CAN!

CLAIRE  
--IT'S TOO LATE!

Erik looks ahead through the windshield, and we finally see where he's headed--

#### BELOW THE CHOPPER

--a dilapidated series of docks and berths on an abandoned waterfront industrial park.

It's a good spot. Isolated, hidden.

And perched among the rotting wood and corrugated metal buildings, moored to a dock, is a gleaming, 1,000 hp GO-FAST BOAT. Ink-black, nearly invisible.

#### IN THE CHOPPER

Erik struggles with the control stick as he brings the chopper down...

...they're so close, he's going for it...his head nodding, consciousness slipping fast...

...Claire and Alden hold tight as the chopper WOBBLER...

...Erik blinking...gritting his teeth...fighting it...

#### HOVERING OVER THE DOCKS

The chopper's landing skids hover just feet now from the narrow docks...

#### IN THE CHOPPER

Erik's almost there, almost home...

...but he finally loses it, slumps forward over the controls.

Claire lunges for the control stick but it's too late--

OVER THE DOCK

--as the landing skids catch the side of the dock and the helicopter pitches sideways into the water--

--the WHIRLING ROTORS slashing the water in a hellacious  
EXPLOSION OF WATER!

--the force crushing the chopper like a beer can--

--the windshield SHATTERS -- the cab SPLINTERS at the seams,  
rivets POPPING like bullets--

INSIDE THE CHOPPER

--Alden is defenseless on impact, his head SMACKS against  
the fuselage, starts spilling blood--

--as icy black water GUSHES INTO THE CAB through the seams--

--the chopper's pitching sideways and sinking--

--Erik still unconscious, strapped into the pilot's seat--

--as Claire thrashes from the cockpit into the cabin, still  
clutching the SCISSORS--

--she reaches the woozy and bleeding Alden as the water  
surges and rises around her--

--she takes a deep breath, dives--

UNDERWATER

--dark and murky -- she finds and cuts the tape lashing him  
to the fuselage, cuts the ankle ties, swims up and--

INTO THE AIR POCKET

--and GASPS for air, sees her father -- his lips purple,  
eyelids heavy--

CLAIRE

Dad...Dad! C'mon, stay with me...

--he's coming to, but still weak -- Claire claws her way with Alden towards the shrinking air pocket forming in the cockpit as the chopper tips even further--

--she struggles against the passenger door, throws her shoulder into it: it doesn't budge--

--she swivels her legs under her and kicks the glass with her heels. Kicks it again. It cobwebs. She kicks it again--

--finally kicking through it -- creating an opening big enough for one but water is now GUSHING THROUGH IT--

CLAIRE  
(turning to Alden)  
Come on!

He hesitates. That's not how it's supposed to be...

CLAIRE  
You're hurt. Go!

--water rising fast -- not much time -- Claire and Alden each take a final breath of air --

--as the cab TOTALLY FILLS WITH WATER--

--she helps him through the front seat and out the broken window -- his hands still lashed together but he can at least tread water--

--when behind Claire--

ERIK'S EYES OPEN

--as he's jolted awake in the icy water--

--Claire starts following her father out the window, just as ERIK'S HAND LASHES OUT and grabs her wrist--

IN THE LAKE

--the chopper sinks like a rock--

--leaving Alden alone at the surface, watching helplessly as it disappears, taking Claire with it--

## IN THE CHOPPER

--Erik and Claire struggle desperately -- he's still strapped in, taking her down with him -- she claws at his fingers but his grip is a vice--

--they're eye-to-eye, the dark water GLOWING from the control panel lights--

--as they sink deeper--

## IN THE CHOPPER

Erik's not letting go -- Claire still fighting, weakening--

--when she summons a final burst of strength from God-knows-where and peels Erik's hands away--

--just as his mouth and lungs fill with water -- his eyes slacken and go dim--

--as Claire swims through the window, out of the chopper--

## INTO THE DARK WATER

--struggling for the surface as Erik and the chopper sink below her into blackness--

--and she finally EXPLODES through the surface of the water, GULPING the air--

--looking up into a HALO OF LIGHT that finds her and Alden as the police and rescue helicopters descend on the scene.

## AFTERWARDS

The docks are crawling with EMERGENCY PERSONNEL and vehicles: Chicago PD cruisers, helicopters, fire trucks...

Claire and Alden sit in the back of an ambulance, wrapped in thermal blankets, attended to by a pair of MEDICS.

Claire leans forward, brushes her father's hair back: wants to get a better look at that scalp.

## ALDEN

Thought you didn't like treating lawyers...

Claire's LAUGHTER stops the crying before it can really start, the stress and fear finally turning to relief: he's banged up, but he'll be OK. They'll be OK...

CLAIRE

I don't. Just the good ones, I  
guess...when I can find them.

The MEDIC gently takes her hand from her father's head, lets her know with a look: it's OK, I've got it from here.

Alden winks at Claire, squeezes her hand as the Medic slips an oxygen mask over his mouth. A third MEDIC SHUTS THE DOOR and the ambulance drives off.

...as we pull up and away, looking over Lake Michigan...the constellation of LIGHTS from the scene playing on the lake's surface...

...it could almost be a Christmas tree: the halogens, the blues, the reds...

...catching and rippling on the water.

FADE OUT