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## Bunker Hill

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**01/07/16 Revised Network Draft**



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BUNKER HILLTEASER

EXT. CINCINNATI MEDICAL CENTER

Massive scope. Uninspiring architecture.

CHYRON: "Cincinnati University Medical Center."

A MAN'S VOICE

I wish we weren't meeting under these  
circumstances, Walt.

INT. HOSPITAL BOARDROOM - DAY

WALTER WALLACE (52), in a suit and tie, nods solemnly. Wallace is brilliant and has the soft-spoken confidence of someone whose words are considered the law of the land. But now he is essentially on trial.

WALLACE

Me too, Ed.

Across from Wallace are five men, also in suits, and one woman, JULIANNA (44), his wife, also a physician. DR. MADISON (early 50s), Wallace's friend, is clearly pained to be asking these questions.

DR. MADISON

Dr. Wallace, on August 14th of this year,  
did you knowingly provide a chemotherapy  
treatment called Alidectin to Marshall  
Foster, an eight-year-old patient?

Wallace looks at his wife-- she looks at him, destroyed to see him have to go through this.

WALLACE

Yes, I did.

DR. MADISON

And were you aware at the time that you  
administered the treatment that Alidectin  
was at a trial stage and not approved for  
use?

CONTINUED:

WALLACE

Let me make this simple for all of us. I gave him the treatment. I knew it wasn't FDA approved. And he died.

That did make it simple. Madison sighs, knowing what he now has to say. Julianna looks so pained by all this.

DR. MADISON

Walt, in addition to your unparalleled work here at CUMC over the past seventeen years, you and your wife, Dr. Stricknell, have been cherished leaders of our community and members of this board.

Julianna smiles, pained, accepting this acknowledgment, even under these unthinkable circumstances.

DR. MADISON (CONT'D)

I also consider you my friend. So, it pains me enormously to say that we have no choice but to immediately discharge you and impose a lifelong ban on you ever again working at CUMC or any of its affiliated hospitals, clinics or companies.

Wallace nods; he knew this was coming, but the actual moment, hearing these words, is still horrendous. But not as bad as the next words:

DR. MADISON (CONT'D)

The vote was unanimous.

Wallace locks eyes with Julianna. She voted against him? OFF this...

INT. OAKLAND COUNTY HOSPITAL - CORRIDORS/ICU

We are moving fast, handheld, through an overcrowded, chaotic county hospital corridor. Very sick people on gurneys waiting for a room, doctors and nurses pass in a rush.

CHYRON: OAKLAND COUNTY HOSPITAL.

SOUL and MARIA RAMIREZ (late 30s), salt of the earth, caring parents, a bus driver and a stay at home mom, try to keep apace with DR. GILROY (40s) who has that vibe that he needs to be somewhere else.

CONTINUED:

SOUL

She is fifteen years old and healthy.  
She's never been sick a day in her life.

MARIA

She is in there. I know she's in there.

DR. GILROY

Mr. and Mrs. Ramirez, I understand how  
frustrating this is.

MARIA

Frustrating? Our fifteen-year-old  
daughter is in a coma.

They have now landed in front of an ICU room where Soul  
and Maria's daughter KRISSY (15) lies in an unresponsive  
state, on life support.

SOUL

She came home from a volleyball game five  
days ago. She had dinner. She went to  
sleep. And she never woke up. We are not  
frustrated, Dr. Gilroy. We are completely  
devastated. And no one seems to know what  
went wrong or how to get her back.

DR. GILROY

Mr. Ramirez, I promise you your daughter  
is our highest priority.

MARIA

But we can never get you on the phone.  
We're talking to nurses and on WebMD, and  
it doesn't seem like anyone is taking  
this on. This is our daughter.

DR. TALAIKHA CHANNARAYAPATRA (39), Indian, insanely  
dedicated, quietly fearless, and maddeningly literal, is  
led over by a hospital ADMINISTRATOR. Talaikha wears a  
lab coat from a different hospital.

ADMINISTRATOR

Dr. Gilroy? This is Dr. Channara...

TALAIKHA

Channarayapatra. Nice to meet you Dr.  
Gilroy.

(to Soul and Maria)

Mr. and Mrs. Ramirez, very nice to meet  
you.

CONTINUED: (2)

Maria suddenly realizes what is happening-- she is stunned, reaches out to her husband's hand. We now notice a three-person transfer team behind Talaikha.

MARIA

(emotion brimming)

Oh my God. You're here. You came.

SOUL

You got our application?

TALAIKHA

Yes, and your request to transfer your daughter to Bunker Hill has been approved.

DR. GILROY

Excuse me? This patient is in no condition to be transported in an ambulance.

TALAIKHA

Which is why I brought the helicopter.

SOUL

A helicopter? How much will this cost? We don't--

TALAIKHA

We've gone over your financial statements, Mr. Ramirez. There will be no charge to your family as long as you're at Bunker Hill. I'll just need you to sign a document releasing your daughter to our care.

Talaikha holds out digital documents on an iPad-type device.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY HOSPITAL HELICOPTER PAD - ROOFTOP

The coma patient, Krissy, is being loaded into the helicopter. Dr. Gilroy and Talaikha stand on the roof; they have to yell over the sound of the helicopter.

DR. GILROY

What's he like? James Bell?

CONTINUED:

TALAIKHA

Honestly? Kind of an ass. But he'll probably save that girl's life.

Talaikha climbs into the helicopter, and as the helicopter takes off we hold on the BUNKER LOGO.

IN BLACKNESS

A CHYRON READS: SIX MONTHS LATER, SILICON VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

EXT. HIGHWAY 280 / INT. RENTAL CAR - MORNING

Wallace drives through the morning traffic. He glances to the passenger seat at an issue of TIME Magazine. On the cover is a picture of James Bell, dressed entirely in white and wearing a baseball cap with the Bunker Logo. He is posing in a hospital room-- all white, spare, super high-tech. Zen. The caption: "Will This Billionaire Tech Genius Revolutionize Healthcare?" Wallace turns his eyes back to the road, and we see in the rear-view mirror the eyes of a man whose last six months have not been easy on him.

INT./EXT. BUNKER HILL HOSPITAL - MONTAGE

The exterior of Bunker Hill hospital. Still the sense that the paint is drying on the minimalist, Frank Gehry designed upgrade. An enormous SIGN is still being erected-- "Bunker Hill Hospital and E-Health Collective." The Bunker Hill Logo is prominent.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - DAY

The elevator doors open, and Wallace enters. He takes it in. It's like walking into the future: Sleek. Modern. Minimal. His eyes linger on a large canvas-- a Jackson Pollock. He looks closer-- the paint, the signature. It's all real. BH Tablets (like iPads) are embedded on the wall outside each patient room, which are the rooms from the Time Magazine picture-- futuristic, yet inviting. Reassuring.

Wallace approaches the reception desk where a BH AMBASSADOR awaits. Bright-eyed, smart, and clad in her Genius Bar like outfit, her smile defies the beleaguered look we expect to see on hospital support staff.

CONTINUED:

WALLACE

Excuse me, I'm here to see--

BH AMBASSADOR

Dr. Wallace, an honor to meet you. If you place your thumb on the tablet, I can give you access.

WALLACE

I won't need that. I'm just here for a meeting.

BH AMBASSADOR

James gave express orders to give you full access.

A bit confused, Wallace places his thumb on the screen of a BH tablet, which loads Wallace's fingerprint into the system. ANGIE (20s), Asian, a BH programmer, approaches. Angie is blunt and unintentionally abrasive, all while dressing like the lone hot girl at a gamer convention.

ANGIE

Dr. Wallace, we need to scan you.

WALLACE

Scan me? There's definitely some sort of mis--

Nevertheless, she walks him over to an incredibly sophisticated looking 3D scanner.

ANGIE

Best scanner in the world. Give me two years and four million dollars and I'm going to get you a beating human heart. But for right now. Give me thirty seconds and permission to map your entire body and I'm going to give you a plastic action figure of yourself. Pose. --Eh, can you try something that others might enjoy?

At a loss, Wallace tries several poses, which Angie disapproves of until he does something that looks sort of like an emaciated sumo wrestler pose. Angie fires up the scanner. This is the pose Wallace is in as--

JAMES BELL (31) comes on the scene like a comet of energy. James is relentless, unapologetic, maybe brilliant, maybe just nuts, but definitely magnetic. Hard to look away from this guy.

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES

Dr. Wallace. Good, you're here. We have a new transfer I want you to meet. Thanks, Annabelle.

James pulls Wallace away...

ANGIE

Sure, of course, James.

James and Wallace gone, Angie looks to the BH Ambassador.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(covering)

He knows my name is Angie, not Annabelle. It's a thing we do.

Pick back up James and Wallace as they walk and talk...

WALLACE

I don't think it's appropriate for me to meet your patients when I don't--

JAMES

You're going to love it here. This is Brockett. My first hire. Been here since we opened our doors ten months ago.

Joining them in step is ALEX BROCKETT (30s), sharp, idealistic, and a positive life force. She is constantly trying to remind people she's an accomplished doctor despite the fact that she looks like she's 16.

ALEX

Dr. Wallace, it's an honor to have you join the team--

WALLACE

I'm actually not--

JAMES

--One of the keys to what we're doing here is complete and total integration and accessibility of data.

James taps on a BH Tablet (like an iPad) outside a patient room--

JAMES (CONT'D)

Every member of our team has access to every bit of data about the entire medical life of the patient one hundred percent of the time.

CONTINUED: (3)

On a roll, James leads Wallace into the empty patient room.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Turn over the meal tray.

Wallace turns it over.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Now stick your finger in that tubey thing.

Wallace does. It squeezes around his finger-- and pricks it--

WALLACE

Ow.

JAMES

Finger prick blood test. We keep better tabs on our patients with more routine monitoring. We don't even need a nurse in the room to do it.

Using his iPhone, James presses a button and we see an entire wall of the room is in fact a giant, high-res computer screen embedded into the architecture of the wall. He starts rifling through examples of its various functions--

JAMES (CONT'D)

This is our Wonder Wall. It's mission control for every patient. CT, MRI, any imaging, all the labs, anything that we want to know or the patient wants to know is available at any time.

Now James scrolls through other items and different environments come up... Machu Picchu, earth rising over the moon, a Buddhist temple...

JAMES (CONT'D)

And when it's not medical, the patient can choose wherever they want to be. Studies show that patients eat better, sleep better and have better recoveries when they feel more control over their environment.

James leads Wallace back down the hallway. To be with James Bell is to try to keep pace with him. His phone pings.

CONTINUED: (4)

JAMES (CONT'D)

Got your results, W. Your blood glucose is slightly low. Here, eat this.

He hands Wallace a power bar and walks into a patient room.

WALLACE

"W"?

ALEX

(apologizing)

He likes nicknames.

Alex and Wallace join James in...

INT. MARGOT BYER'S ROOM - DAY

Without missing a breath James is now welcoming a new patient. He doesn't take any time to shift subjects.

JAMES

Mr. and Mrs. Byer. Welcome to Bunker Hill.

MARGOT BYER (33), a cross around her neck, her five-month pregnancy is starting to show, and a layer of worry envelopes her kind face. Next to her, PAUL BYER (37), a part-his-hair-on-the-side devout Christian, whose affect seems at times a little too bright, forced.

PAUL

Thank you so much for taking us, Mr. Bell. It's like our prayers have been answered.

MARGOT

I keep hearing the same two words echo over and over in my mind-- inoperable cancer.

PAUL

Worst words we've ever heard. Our doctors back home in Florida made it all sound so hopeless. But we know that when there is prayer there is hope. And we prayed-- and here we are.

JAMES

This is Dr. Wallace-- one of the top surgeons in the world. Google the guy. You'll freak. This is his first day here.

CONTINUED:

WALLACE  
Actually, not...

PAUL  
Amazing.

MARGOT  
We've read how you get the best of the best.

JAMES  
Dr. Brockett will be your physician advocate. Okay, what is that? She's your touchstone, but not your only touchstone because everyone on the team here is part of an information matrix where you will be able to reach out to any one of them, and they will be able to help you. Alex?

Alex scrolls on a BH Tablet, and the entire wall of Margot's room is immediately filled with Margot's health records, including most prominently-- highly detailed scans of her heart.

ALEX  
Margot, because of your pregnancy you chose not to have chemotherapy or radiation, which would have shrunk or controlled your lymphoma. Because it's grown over time, you're having increasing symptoms. It's basically strangling your heart. And as it grows it becomes more difficult to address surgically. But we feel we can do so.

PAUL  
So you're saying you can operate?

ALEX  
Yes. But you have to understand this is risky. There are no guarantees of success, and this is extremely time sensitive. We'll need to do the surgery right away.

PAUL  
What about the baby?

Alex looks to James...

JAMES  
Show them.

ALEX  
(to Margot)  
May I?

CONTINUED: (2)

Margot nods approval. Alex rolls up Margot's shirt, and puts ultrasound gel on her stomach and plugs a probe into the iPad. As she puts the probe on her stomach, Alex scrolls her finger on the iPad and on the wall we see an amazing, real time, high-res 3D image of the fetus. The sight of the fetus at this scale is moving.

ALEX (CONT'D)

At twenty weeks the fetus is less than a pound. It's lungs and heart are not able to sustain itself outside of the womb and most likely won't be able to for two weeks.

The room goes cold. Margot looks at Paul.

PAUL

We made it very clear when we sent in our application for a transfer. Abortion is not an option.

JAMES

We are aware of that, and we deeply respect your devout...  
(not sure of the correct word form, but gives it a go)  
...ness.

Alex does a little raised eyebrow. "Devoutness?"

JAMES (CONT'D)

However, our team just spent fifty-two hours pre-admission analyzing your case. Do you know what big data is?

They aren't sure, so James picks up the iPad and on the Wonder Wall tons of data start to flash by-- numbers, figures, equations, charts...

JAMES (CONT'D)

We compared your pregnancy and your cancer with tens of thousands of similar cases worldwide. The data analyzes when your baby would likely survive on its own. And then we run an analysis of how long we can wait to operate. The analysis is clearly showing us that the overwhelming outcome here is if we wait for your fetus to be viable, it will be too late.

MARGOT

For our baby?

CONTINUED: (3)

JAMES

For both of you. I'm sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Byer. We did not bring you here to ask you to compromise your beliefs. But we are confident this is the only safe course of action, and we're hoping you will agree.

Margot and Paul take this information in. Paul turns cold. His positive life force and energy disappear.

PAUL

Mr. Bell, they told us Margot couldn't get pregnant. This child is a miracle. We will wait until Angela is born before we do the operation. This is between us and God.

ALEX

And Margot, Paul is expressing your wishes as well?

Margot doesn't make eye contact. A moment that Wallace clocks...

MARGOT

Yes.

Alex brings up an extreme close-up of Margot's tumor lodged against her heart. Scary shit.

ALEX

Margot, I want to be very clear with you. At the rate your cancer is growing we don't have weeks to act. We have days.

PAUL

Then we will pray. We'll pray for weeks.

Alex looks to James, can you help me out here? James looks at the couple.

JAMES

We'll find a way.

Alex and Wallace look at James-- WTF?

JAMES (CONT'D)

I didn't start this hospital to deliver bad news. We'll find a way to save you and your child.

CONTINUED: (4)

Alex and Wallace are both dumbfounded by the promise James just made.

SMASH TO:

INT. INCUBATOR - LATER

James and Wallace push through double doors into an enormous open room that looks like a cross between a laboratory of the future and a geek's paradise. High-tech gadgets, gizmos, a ping pong table, white boards with "Beautiful Mind" type equations, a print out of a complex design for a medical app...

JAMES

You chose an exciting day to start.

WALLACE

I want to make sure you're aware that I don't work here.

JAMES

Let's get past the semantics. I've already decided to hire you. Chief of staff. Congratulations.

WALLACE

It is a two-way street-- I also have to accept--

JAMES

Check this out.

They reach the entire team who is crowded around a doctor whose name tag indicates this is:

DR. SCOTT STRAUSS (30s), neurologist, intense, looks like a Winklevoss twin, currently outfitted with a pair of GLASSES (similar to Google Glass) and gray SENSOR GLOVES. He holds a SCALPEL and mimes cutting over an empty platform.

ON A SCREEN

Behind a COSMONAUT floating in front of the camera, we see a BODY strapped to a gurney. Only the ABDOMEN is visible through a SURGICAL SHEET.

ROBOTIC HANDS hold a scalpel, doing exactly what Scott is doing. It becomes clear what's happening. They're performing REMOTE SURGERY.

CONTINUED:

Wallace raises an eyebrow-- hard not to be impressed.

Scott makes an errant cut in the stomach. Blood starts to come off the patient and float across the screen. Wallace's eyes go wide. Scott throws his goggles off in frustration--

SCOTT

Damnit.

(then)

Bring in another dummy.

And it is revealed on the screen that they are working on dummies. It isn't an actual surgery.

Wallace exhales, realizing now, it's all fake.

JAMES

Next time don't screw up, Hans.

SCOTT

My name isn't Hans. I'm not even slightly German!

But it's too late, James is gone, pulling Wallace along--

JAMES

We're gonna demo it at the MD&M convention in Mumbai next month. It's gonna kill.

WALLACE

Is performing a pretend remote surgery on the space station really what will "Revolutionize Healthcare?"

JAMES

No. But it's sexy, and it'll make headlines. Image is important. Speaking of which you should change your specs.

WALLACE

My specs?

JAMES

Spectacles. Glasses. They go against everything you are.

WALLACE

You have no idea who I am.

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES

You risked your career to save a kid's life.

WALLACE

I didn't save his life. He died.

JAMES

You tried. You're a cowboy. You're badass. I like you in thick black rims. Retro Clark Kent. I'll have my guy bring some frames over later this week.

WALLACE

I won't be here later this week. I appreciate you bringing me out here to see what you're doing, but I really can't consider an offer.

JAMES

W, if you weren't interested in this job, you wouldn't be standing here. You've been unemployed for six months, who else is going to hire you?

WALLACE

My family is in Cincinnati. I'm not prepared to relocate. My kids are in school, and my wife is a cardiologist at CUMC.

JAMES

Yeah, I heard she voted to discharge you.

Wallace grimaces-- this kid has boundary issues.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I'm offering you a once in a lifetime chance. FaceTime with your kids and be part of the team that changes medicine.

WALLACE

We've had miracle gadgets and fancy gizmos for years, and it hasn't changed medicine, which is by its very definition a human endeavor, Mr. Bell. Machines will never be able to replace a human doctor.

Wallace sees that James is staring off at Alex-- who is talking to a couple other doctors-- looking fetching in the slanting light. Wallace notes this billionaire's boyhood crush. Then--

CONTINUED: (3)

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Excuse me...?

JAMES

Sorry. Good speech. Let me show you why  
you're dead wrong.

James takes Wallace through a door with a sign labeled--  
E-HUB.

INT. E-HUB - CONTINUOUS

Like an FBI war room. A huge room with four walls covered  
with enormous screens and manned by 6 DIGITALISTS--  
seated at computers. We see an aerial map of the East  
Bay, with red dots beeping all over the map. Graphs,  
charts, photos of various patients pop up periodically.

JAMES

This is our E-Hub. Malik, meet Dr.  
Wallace.

MALIK WATERS (early 30s), African-American, tattoos, a  
street vibe, he defies our traditional idea of a doctor.

MALIK

Doctor Wallace, I heard your Mellinkoff  
lecture at the NIH in--

JAMES

Don't bother kissing his ass. Won't work.  
Malik grew up dirt poor in the East Bay.  
The dude was a total gangbanger-- went  
along on hits, did time, am I right?

MALIK

You don't necessarily have to lead with  
that, but yes, that is accurate.

JAMES

He was tired of seeing his friends and  
family members having suboptimal  
healthcare outcomes, dying an average of  
fifteen years younger than people in  
different zip codes with higher incomes.  
So this week we are launching a pilot  
program to do twenty-four/seven  
monitoring of this community.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JAMES (CONT'D)

From this room we can monitor their blood pressure, heart rate, sugar, body temperature-- all of the parameters that human doctors use to make decisions. This is big data come to life. Show him.

Malik opens up someone's file and it comes up on the wall. An African-American woman in her 50s...

MALIK

Mary. Fifty-six years old, affected by epilepsy. We can monitor the blood levels of her seizure meds in real time using this.

Malik shows Wallace something that looks like an adhesive bandage except it's a...

JAMES

A flexible adhesive computer with a bio-active gel interface. You put it on your arm and it monitors everything about you.

MALIK

If her Keppra level drops we can command it to deliver an additional dose of medicine.

Wallace is starting to get impressed. Malik brings up another face-- A HISPANIC man in his 30s.

MALIK (CONT'D)

This is Frank-- construction worker-- brittle diabetic with an implantable insulin pump. He's got a family to feed, so instead of having to leave work, we can monitor his blood sugar from right here. He supports his family while we support his health. So far we have two hundred people signed up, but we wanna grow that number tenfold in a month. Eventually, I want to have every man, woman and child in the East Bay with an even moderate health risk monitored by us right here on a second to second basis.

JAMES

We are taking politics, economics, and bureaucracy out of the equation. We are pairing the most brilliant minds in medicine with the most brilliant minds in technology.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES (CONT'D)

We're going to take out the middle man, and we're going to get shit done. So, yeah, we're doing surgery in space in the future, but we're also doing stuff right here, right now. That's the revolution, Doctor Wallace.

Wallace stands there taking it all in. It's hard not to be impressed. But he doesn't talk.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What's happening? I'm uncomfortable with silent moments. Are you stoked? Is this you stoked? Or are you just anemic? Did you eat that power bar yet?

WALLACE

I can't say yes to you, Mr. Bell. But I'm also not ready to say no. I'd like to stay for the week and observe.

JAMES

Okay, but you don't get your 3D action figure until you sign on. Ooh, check out what else this room can do.

MALIK

James, I really wish you wouldn't...

But James has grabbed the master control, and in a moment the entire room turns into one, massive, 360-degree video game screen. James mans the controller and plays.

JAMES

Really awesome when you're high and need to chill.

(off Wallace's disapproving look)

From what I hear.

Hold on Wallace, intrigued despite himself.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. INCUBATOR - DAY

Team meeting. James presides. Everyone is here-- Scott, Alex, Talaikha, Malik, Angie, Wallace-- and other doctors, techies, research grunts. It's a casual atmosphere, more Silicon Valley than hospital-- Scott tosses a football back and forth with Malik.

JAMES

Okay, drill down on Margot Byer. I want to hear everything we've found about delivering the fetus at twenty weeks.

SCOTT

I've looked into ectogenesis.

JAMES

Which is what?

SCOTT

Having the fetus develop in an artificial womb.

Scott brings up a futuristic-looking picture.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It's brilliant. It works on goats, but we're five years away from it working on humans.

JAMES

Doesn't help us. What else?

ANGIE

We're working on customizing an ingestible to get the most accurate read possible of the fetus's lung and heart development.

JAMES

What's an ingestible?

ANGIE

This.

Angie holds up a tiny pill-sized device between her two fingers.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Will, could you get this on a macro lens?

CONTINUED:

Will, another techie, with a macro lens on his iPhone, shoots the ingestible, which is displayed on the wall-sized monitor.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

It's a little silhouetted. Could you adjust for backlight?

SCOTT

Seriously? Are we bringing this to South by Southwest?

JAMES

(re: ingestible)

What is it?

ANGIE

It's a tiny super computer. The patient takes it orally, like any other pill, and it travels into her intestines, which just happen to be the perfect vantage point to see the womb.

WALLACE

What if it doesn't land exactly where you want it to?

Angie pulls up on a technical illustration of the ingestible on the screen...

ANGIE

Our tech team has just modified it with magnetic sensors. It will be the first ingestible in the world with motion control.

A cool technical illustration indicates how minute magnets mounted on the outside will add motion control.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

We'll be able to measure the lung and heart capacity of the fetus more precisely than ever before and can predict down to the hour when it will be able to survive outside its embryonic environment.

JAMES

Excellent-- so now we'll know down to the hour when the fetus can survive. Now the question is how do we keep Margot alive long enough to get there?

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX

Okay I'm sorry, but I have to just say--

JAMES

Brockett, can we save the reality police naysayer shit for later?

Alex is tweaked by this comment but forges ahead, bringing up a close-up of Margot's tumor and her heart.

ALEX

This is Margot's tumor. Cell division is off the chart. Tumor mass is filling the pericardial space and causing tamponade. Her blood pressure is dropping. She is getting weaker. The sicker she gets, the lower her chances of surviving any surgery.

JAMES

In case you haven't noticed Margot Byer and her husband are a little cuckoo. They refuse treatment to the cancer until the child is born. This religion thing is beyond my pay grade, so I reached out to the Pope-- thought maybe the Supreme Pontiff could reason with them, but he wouldn't even do a Skype. For what it's worth, he did say he'd be happy to pray for us when the time is right.

ALEX

You are giving her false hope. We need to play hardball. Tell them, we operate or they go home with comfort care.

JAMES

I don't need anyone telling me "no" right now. I need ideas. Good ideas. I want everyone on this. We need to buy two weeks for that baby. I will not accept that there isn't a way to bend time here.

Everyone rushes to action, hold on Alex, pissed at James.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - CORRIDOR

James and Wallace walk down the hallway.

CONTINUED:

WALLACE

I'd like to see numbers-- how much has been invested, what the expectations are for recoupment of your initial investment over what period. And if I'm going to run this hospital, I need you to be a passive presence with patients.

JAMES

Meaning--?

WALLACE

Meaning, yesterday with Margot Byer you promised her an unrealistic outcome. I can't have a layman offering medical opinion--

JAMES

Dr. Wallace, you don't understand. In this hospital no one is a passive presence. If some research grunt has a better idea than someone who wears a long lab coat, it's still a better idea. We all speak. We're a team.

Wallace is dubious, but before he can respond, James is gone again, into--

INT. KRISSY'S ROOM - DAY

James and Wallace enter. Talaikha is in the room with Krissy (the girl we saw in the coma earlier).

TALAIKHA

Dr. Wallace, welcome to Bunker Hill.

WALLACE

Thank you, Doctor... Channa...

TALAIKHA

Talaikha works.

JAMES

How's Krissy? Her parents are in the lobby.

TALAIKHA

The EEGs, the scans, the MRIs, all the monitoring don't give us any indication that Krissy's doing anything but withdrawing from the world.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

TALAIKHA (CONT'D)

As a doctor I feel like she's dying and it's time to tell her parents, and they need to think about what's best for her and for the family. Maybe she should just come off life support.

James walks right up to Krissy, looks in her eyes.

JAMES

Krissy. Krissy.

There is zero response. James just looks at her.

TALAIKHA

James, it's been six months. This isn't going to change.

JAMES

She's in there. She has to be.

Krissy's parents Soul and Maria walk in.

MARIA

How is she doing today?

JAMES

No change today, Maria.

Soul indicates the book he brought, "A Wrinkle In Time."

SOUL

(turning to Talaikha)

A couple of months ago you said it was a good idea to read to her. Should we still do that?

Talaikha is about to answer, but James butts in.

JAMES

Absolutely, Soul. You're both doing a great job. You're both great parents.

SOUL

Thank you.

MARIA

We know that you keep trying. And that keeps us going every day. That you do all of this for us. For her. We know you won't give up on our baby.

OFF James feeling the weight of responsibility to this family.

INT. MARGOT BYER'S ROOM - DAY

Margot and Paul are staring at the tiny pill that Alex holds in her gloved hand. Alex explains what it is...

MARGOT

So I just swallow it?

ALEX

Yup. Just like a Tylenol.

PAUL

Can we all pray first?

Alex looks at Paul, tiring a bit of this.

ALEX

Sure.

Paul, Margot, Alex and Angie all join hands.

PAUL

Lord, please let this... what is it called?

ANGIE

It's a fetal monitoring ingestible.

PAUL

Please let this fetal monitoring ingestible guide the Bunker Hill team of doctors and help us bring Angela into the world. Amen.

OTHERS

Amen.

Margot takes the pill.

INT. BH GYM - DAY

Scott is on the rowing machine doing an intense shirtless workout.

REVEAL: Angie and Alex surreptitiously gawk at Scott in all his six-pack glory from the hallway.

ANGIE

I'd get in his boat any day of the week.

ALEX

I think that would be a wise choice.

INT. INCUBATOR - TEAM MEETING - DAY

The team is assembled, and they are pitching ideas for transfers. All of our main people are here-- James, Wallace, Alex, Talaikha, Scott, Malik. Angie smiles stupidly at Scott as he talks, his hair still wet from his shower.

SCOTT

This is Evelyn. She's a forty-six-year-old Hispanic female in Houston with transient global amnesia who has repeated, unexplained short-term memory loss. She's a school teacher, and once a month she loses a day. MRI shows no neurological disease or structural abnormalities.

MALIK

But that doesn't usually happen over and over again.

SCOTT

I'd like to bring her in and find that trigger. If we can, we can reflect that back to the general population, and it could help other cases like it.

JAMES

What do we think?

ALEX

Bunker Hill material all the way. I say we bring her in.

JAMES

Everyone else?

Everyone nods in agreement.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Okay. Hans, arrange the transfer. Anyone else before we break it off?

No one says anything.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Annabelle, remind me, what about that case you brought up the other day?

ANGIE

You mean the case you asked me to look up for you?

CONTINUED:

JAMES

No. Your case. Your find. No false modesty, Annabelle.

ANGIE

(she's a little confused)

Oh, okay. Well, it's pretty esoteric. I really doubt it's for us.

JAMES

Well, why don't you let the team decide.

ANGIE

Okay. This is Louis Keating, lives in Chicago. Male, forty-two years old. He's been diagnosed with GSS. Gerstmann-Straussler-Scheinker Disease.

MALIK

Say what?

JAMES

Gerstmann-Straussler-Scheinker. It's a neurological disease. It's like ALS on steroids. Fascinating.

ALEX

(looking it up)

And also extremely rare. Two hundred cases worldwide.

SCOTT

I agree. We're a small hospital. We need to choose our cases carefully. Unfortunately, I think the patient is better off in hospice.

Everyone is nodding in agreement. But James won't let it go. Wallace takes notice.

JAMES

I agree it is rare, but maybe it will be a gateway to treatments for more common neurological diseases like Alzheimer's. This is a fascinating disease. I want this patient. Objections?

SCOTT

Look, James, I don't want to tell you how to spend your money--

JAMES

No, you don't.

CONTINUED: (2)

Of course no one else is going to speak up now. So it's not exactly a democracy.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Nice find, Annabelle. Bring him in.

OFF Wallace, curious about James's interest in this case...

EXT. EAST BAY - DAY

Malik and Angie enter a public housing apartment building in a lower economic neighborhood.

MALIK

I know these people. Let me do the talking.

ANGIE

Ugh. Racist.

INT. PUBLIC HOUSING - HALLWAY/APARTMENT

A door opens and a smiling Malik stands there holding a pamphlet and a start-up tote bag from the E-Hub.

MALIK

Hi, I'm Dr. Waters from Bunker Hill Hospital, and we'd like to invite you to join a health initiative completely free to the residents of your community.

A WOMAN holding a baby with two small kids screaming in the background.

WOMAN

We don't buy from people at the door.

MALIK

I'm not selling any--

Too late. The door slams in his face.

ANGIE

Wow, you're really at one with your people.

JUMP CUT TO:

## ANOTHER DOORWAY

A big ass GANGBANGER looks at Malik and Angie like they're nuts.

MALIK

We're committed to improving the quality of heathcare to this communi--

Slam. And we JUMP CUT to:

## ANOTHER APARTMENT

Malik and Angie have made it past the doorway. RON and SHEILA EVANS, African-American parents (both 30s), sit across from Malik staring at a host of tracking devices on the table.

MALIK

We will be able to monitor you and your family right here in your home. You don't have to wait on long lines in the ER or at the HMO. You don't have to miss work, and your kids don't have to miss school.

ANGIE

And it's all free. No cost to the consumer.

Malik looks at Angie sideways, she's not supposed to talk. Ron picks up one of the monitors and examines it.

RON

Where does this thing go?

MALIK

That's goes on your ankle.

RON

So you got us on house arrest? Sorry, we're not gonna let you experiment on our kids.

SHEILA

Sorry, I got to get these kids fed.

MALIK

I understand. If you change your mind, here's my number to--

Malik and Angie are at the door, just as one of the kids COUGHS. Malik sees JEFFREY (8). It's a hacking cough.

CONTINUED:

MALIK (CONT'D)

That sounds pretty bad. Does he sound like that a lot?

Sheila hesitates, then...

SHEILA

It comes and goes. He has asthma.

ANGIE

I'm sorry to hear that. Is he using an inhaler?

SHEILA

He was for a while. Now he just gets by on his own. The lines at the HMO are...

She stops mid-sentence, realizing she has just made Malik's argument for him.

MALIK

Mrs. Evans, if you give us a chance, I think we can help your son.

EXT. ZEN GARDEN - DAY

A sign designates the area as a FAMILY ZEN GARDEN. It's a soothing place for families to wait for news about their loved ones. Wallace is on his cellphone, having a strained conversation.

WALLACE

...I've decided to stay a few more days.  
--No, Julianna, it doesn't mean I'm taking the job. Yeah, I know what I said... Listen, I was hoping you could fly out here. I need to talk. --Not just about the job. About everything. Please.  
--Yeah, Wednesday sounds good. Yup, love you too.

Wallace hangs up. Then looks down at his phone, sees the Bunker App. He opens it, pushes some buttons, tries to figure out what it does. He hears...

TALAIKHA

Is that the Bunker app?  
(busting him)

You don't even know what it is, do you?

CONTINUED:

WALLACE

No. But he made five billion dollars and bought a hospital with it. I guess I'm just curious what the thing does.

TALAIKHA

Bunker is the first app to universally control your privacy online. Bunker has essentially made the Internet safe again.

WALLACE

It's like a billion-dollar condom.

TALAIKHA

I've never heard it put exactly that way, but yes.

WALLACE

(beat, then)

I don't know if it's possible.

TALAIKHA

What?

WALLACE

What James is trying to do. What you're all trying to do. It's bold. It's idealistic. I want to believe that it could be done. That there's a place that can actually innovate. But I can't quite believe it.

TALAIKHA

About ninety percent of the time I'm here I think this can never work. And I get depressed. But then I remind myself that leaves a ten-percent chance that we're actually going to be able to do something. Be a beacon for change. And I think that's ten percent more of a chance than I have at any other hospital.

Wallace looks at her, taking this in. It means a lot. She smiles at him, and we might sense a little spark between these two. Wallace is distracted as an older Indian man in MONK'S GARB walks by.

TALAIKHA (CONT'D)

That's Maharishi Mahesh. James gave him a six-month residency here.

WALLACE

Money well spent.

CONTINUED: (2)

They smile... Then Wallace's expression changes, seeing...

TALAIKHA  
Mrs. Byer!

WALLACE  
Ma'am!?

Wallace and Talaikha run toward MARGOT BYER-- who is out of her hospital bed and walking briskly and desperately toward a Zen fountain/waterfall structure. She scratches at herself and is screaming in agony as she strips off her gown. Completely naked, she gets into the fountain, trying to wash off things that are completely imaginary, which she believes are covering her entire body. It's wrenching to witness...

MARGOT  
Get off me! Get off my baby! Oh my God,  
oh my God-- help me. HELP ME!

Wallace and Talaikha go into the fountain-- fully clothed, and they both get completely drenched as they attempt to carry her out.

TALAIKHA  
Mrs. Byer. Mrs. Byer.

WALLACE  
Margot. I'm Doctor Wallace.  
I'm going to help you.  
Margot. You have to listen  
to me. Margot!

OFF this surreal moment...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Margot, a warm blanket wrapped around her, is back in her bed, and Wallace, Talaikha, James and Alex are in the room, as well as Paul.

ALEX

Starting to feel warm?

MARGOT

Yes, I'm sorry. That was so embarrassing.

WALLACE

What exactly was happening?

MARGOT

There were bugs all over me. Over my baby.

WALLACE

So were there actually bugs?

Margot realizes what she is supposed to say.

MARGOT

No. In my imagination.

WALLACE

Has this happened before?

Margot looks at Paul; there is something that looks uncomfortable about this.

MARGOT

A few times.

WALLACE

But you didn't mention it at intake, and there was no record of it from Fort Lauderdale General where you were transferred from.

Margot looks to Paul.

PAUL

We didn't think it was relevant.

Alex is getting really frustrated with this guy.

CONTINUED:

ALEX

(to Paul)

For future reference, hallucinating bugs on her skin is relevant.

WALLACE

Margot, is there any history of mental illness in your family?

MARGOT

No. Why? Does this have something to do with why I'm sick?

PAUL

No, of course it doesn't, honey.

Paul turns to Wallace and unleashes on him, losing his cool-- there is an intensity to it--

PAUL (CONT'D)

Why are you getting her worried? This is not a big issue. She'll be fine. She's always been fine. Can we please focus on delivering this child and saving my wife's life?

Wallace notes that there is something strange going on.

MARGOT

How is my baby?

Alex brings it up on the Wonder Wall, and we now see a new and more detailed view of the fetus and hear the environment through the ingestible.

ALEX

This is the view from the ingestible-- this is your baby's lung development. They're getting stronger.

MARGOT

So can she survive on her own?

ALEX

No. Not yet.

INT. KRISSY'S ROOM - DAY

James sits in Krissy's room, watches her, looking for signs that she's in there. He is on her iPad. Alex enters.

CONTINUED:

ALEX

James, I need to talk to you about something. Not a patient. About us. Our relationship.

James is momentarily hopeful thinking she wants to have a personal conversation with him.

JAMES

Oh. Okay.

ALEX

In the future please don't contradict my medical opinion in front of a patient like you did with Margot the other day. You shouldn't do that with any doctor. But with me, because I look young, patients tend to forget that I'm a doctor, and I work very hard to make them not forget that. So please don't undermine me that way in the future.

JAMES

Anything else?

ALEX

I would also appreciate if you'd refrain from calling me the reality police in our staff meetings. Another term for reality police is good doctor. Maybe you could use that one instead.

JAMES

And?

ALEX

And Annabelle isn't Annabelle, she's Angie. Every time you call her Annabelle you're hurting her feelings, and I've noticed she's starting to binge pretty heavily on dark chocolate.

JAMES

I will try to remember her name. I will try not to undermine you.

Alex nods. But then James just stands there without saying anything. It's his crush on her, which she doesn't get, but she is uncomfortable with the silence so changes the subject, noticing that the iPad James has been looking at is open to a Facebook page.

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX

I thought Facebook was the enemy.

But as she comes up behind him, she sees that he's looking at the Krissy's still-active Facebook page.

JAMES

I was just curious what Krissy's deal was. I mean, she's been in this coma for six months.

ALEX

It must be so hard on her family.

Alex looks at the screen over his shoulder. We see all these pictures from Africa. Magnificent shots of the jungle, elephants, lions, monkeys.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Wow. This message from her dad was just posted this morning.

(reading from screen)

"Krissy, it was wonderful visiting with you today. I thought I would send these pictures of Africa. I know how much you love animals, and we never got to go on safari together. Not yet. I still know we will. See you tomorrow. Love you so much, my Krissy-kins."

Alex is so touched. First by this message, and moreso that it is obviously affecting James. However, whatever James is feeling about this, he covers.

JAMES

He gets that this is public, right? I mean, this is exactly why I added a social media component to Bunker. My privacy settings actually mean something. Too bad she went into a coma before she discovered Bunker.

Sensing James distancing himself from his emotions she just shakes her head:

ALEX

Yeah. That's exactly what I was thinking.

INT. INCUBATOR - DAY

Wallace has his face buried in a medical text. James enters and starts to massage Wallace's shoulders.

CONTINUED:

WALLACE

Please don't do that.

JAMES

You're tense.

WALLACE

And this is making me tenser.

JAMES

I'm going to set up an appointment with you and the Maharishi.

WALLACE

Margot's delusions. It's called fornication.

JAMES

Dr. Wallace, I'm calling HR.

WALLACE

Formication. With an "M." It's sometimes caused by stress or mental illness. My instinct is it has something to do with Margot's health, but I can't figure out what exactly. And why would Paul and Margot never tell anyone about it? It makes no sense.

JAMES

I think I can help you with this, W.

James goes to the computer and brings up Margot's medical records. He types into the records, "New entry: Formication, most recent occurrence, October 3rd, 2016. First occurrence, approximately 2014. Search for underlying cause."

JAMES (CONT'D)

This system can compare Margot's medical records to millions of other patient profiles and predict the probability of likely underlying pathology. And it can do it in seconds.

James hits send and we see on the screen the computer analyzing Margot's medical file. Information streams by us on the screen at a lightning clip. Then a list comes up of potential causes for formication. At the top of the list it reads: "Domestic Abuse-- ninety-six-percent probability." Wallace is completely thrown.

CONTINUED: (2)

WALLACE

Domestic abuse?

JAMES

Over the past six years, one doctor noted her being disassociated from her emotions. Two doctors found her depressed, and another diagnosed her with irritable bowel syndrome. And in 2013 there was a trip and fall with a broken jaw. How many people fall and break their jaw?

WALLACE

Maybe Margot is risking her life because she's terrified of her husband.

JAMES

What do we do?

WALLACE

We make sure Margot gets to make her own decision before it's too late.

Suddenly, an alarm rings in the hospital. James's phone pings--

JAMES

It's Margot.

INT. MARGOT'S ROOM - DAY

Margot shakes. It's violent. Paul is freaking out as a Nurse tries her best to hold her down. Wallace runs in-- followed by Alex and James. Wallace quickly assesses the situation and shouts out to the Nurse--

WALLACE

Fifteen liters O2 non-rebreather.  
(to Alex)  
Four milligrams Lorazepam, now.

PAUL

That can affect the baby. You are not putting anything in my wife's body that can affect the baby.

WALLACE

Sir, your wife can die. We don't have a choice.

Alex tries to hold Margot down so Wallace can inject the Lorazepam into Margot's IV INJECTION PORT.

CONTINUED:

PAUL

You are not giving her drugs.

In the split-second distraction Margot rips her IV out of her arm, and Wallace gets punched in the process.

WALLACE

Damnit.

PAUL

You will not do anything that will endanger my child.

WALLACE

Sir, we are going to save your wife's life. Without her there is no child.

PAUL

I will not allow you--

WALLACE

Take him out!

The Nurse moves to escort Paul out, but Paul freaks and goes to attack Wallace! James and Scott, who has just arrived, move in and drag Paul out. Alex and Wallace are left to deal with Margot whose mouth is now foaming.

ALEX

She's moving too much to inject her.

WALLACE

No. I can get this.

Wallace climbs up on Margot's bed, uses his legs to pin her arms down, and one hand to steady her head.

His free hand holds the needle, rips the cap off with his teeth. Sticks it in her arm and injects.

After a few seconds... Margot relaxes.

Reveal James, watching through the window affected by what he has just seen. Wallace looks at Paul outside the window. Then, turns to the Nurse--

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Keep him away from her. Doctor's orders.

OFF this, we...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. MARGOT'S ROOM - DAY

IN BLACKNESS we hear:

WALLACE'S VOICE

Margot... Margot...

A blurry image appears and slowly comes into focus-- it's Wallace. And we realize we are seeing Margot as she awakens from her seizure. She looks out of it. Disoriented. Only Wallace is in the room with her.

MARGOT

Am I okay?

WALLACE

Yes...

MARGOT

My baby is still...?

WALLACE

Fine.

MARGOT

Where's Paul?

WALLACE

I asked them to keep him away for a while.

MARGOT

What? ...Why?

There's a beat... Wallace wonders how to broach this. He proceeds with a calm about him. Almost a tenderness.

WALLACE

My wife and I have been in a fight for the past half year.

MARGOT

What...?

WALLACE

I made a mistake at work. And she didn't stick up for me. And it hurt me. My ego.

MARGOT

I'm sorry.

CONTINUED:

WALLACE

I love my wife, but I never really confronted her on that. And I think when you don't confront someone who hurt you, it sort of boils up inside of you. Gets bigger. So big that you can't even see it sometimes.

Margot looks at him, wonders how much he knows about her. Wallace gently takes her hand...

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Margot, you have a medical history that strongly suggests domestic abuse.

Margot looks at him, stunned by what he's saying.

MARGOT

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

WALLACE

Now I don't know if that's what is happening. But I want to let you know that no one should ever have to live like that. And I want you to know that if that is what's happening, that I don't want you to live like that. Not for even one more minute of your life. And we-- we at Bunker Hill-- we will make sure to protect you.

Margot looks at him for a long beat. Then, tears start to fill her eyes.

MARGOT

I love Paul. He loves me. I know he does. He's a good man... He just... He just...

And she meets Wallace's eyes, looks right at him.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

He doesn't mean it. He's just damaged. And he always feels so terrible afterwards... I love him. I do love him.

Margot cries, and Wallace just stays there with her, continues to hold her hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUNKER HILL HOSPITAL - DAY

Wallace and James stand side by side and watch as Paul is taken away by the police in handcuffs.

JAMES

You were awesome with Margot. I take back everything I said about your glasses. You don't need black frames, you make those badass.

WALLACE

So what did Margot tell the police. Is she definitely going to press charges?

JAMES

Yes.

WALLACE

Good.

Wallace clocks James watch Alex walk into the hospital.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Why don't you just ask her out?

JAMES

Who?

WALLACE

Dr. Brockett. You obviously want to.

JAMES

You're crazy.

(then)

What am I supposed to say to her?

WALLACE

Just say you think she's really smart and attractive, and no pressure, but you'd love to take her out some time socially.

JAMES

Yeah, right. Like I'm going to say anything like that to Alex Brockett. You're insane.

Wallace smiles; there's something charming about this kid. Then he grows thoughtful--

CONTINUED:

WALLACE

James, if you want me to seriously consider taking this job, I have a question I need to ask you.

JAMES

Okay.

(Wallace hesitates)

Go ahead, "W".

WALLACE

(finally)

It's about the GSS patient that you're transferring here. It seemed random. Too random. So I looked into it a little, and I found that there was only one case of GSS in the Bay Area in the last fifty years. Her name was Lynn Delillo. Turned out she had a child she gave up for adoption on August 28th, 1985. Your birthday. Is that you, James?

JAMES

No.

WALLACE

You see a lot of billionaires become philanthropists. But you never see any of them follow it up with eighty-hour work weeks. If I'm going to uproot my life I want to know why you're here. Why we're all here. Are we here to save the world? Or are we all here to save James Bell?

There's a pause, then James turns cold.

JAMES

You did a bad data search, Dr. Wallace. You're wrong. Better stick to medicine.

And he is out of there. OFF Wallace...

INT. E-HUB - DAY

Malik is in the war room. The digitalists all work at the stations and Angie is there, working on some of the tech stuff. Scott saunters in, making Angie drop a box of a about a billion tiny screws which spread like wildfire on the concrete floor.

ANGIE

I got these. Don't worry.

CONTINUED:

She starts picking them up as Scott heads over to Malik.

SCOTT

We still on for racquetball later?

MALIK

You know that.

They shake hands, and Scott walks out. Angie stares at Malik.

ANGIE

You play racquetball?

MALIK

What? Because I'm black?

ANGIE

No, because I thought you were cool.

On the other side of the room an alert comes up. Malik sees the picture come up along with the name JEFFREY EVANS-- it's the kid with asthma who he visited the other day.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

That's that kid from the other day.

MALIK

His tidal volume just dropped by thirty percent. And we're showing a temperature of 102.5.

(to one of the digitalists)

Get the paramedics there now.

DIGITALIST

Response time to that neighborhood right now is twenty minutes.

MALIK

I'm heading over.

Malik exchanges a concerned look with Angie and leaves.

INT. EAST BAY APARTMENT BUILDING

Malik rushes into the apartment where two FIREFIGHTER PARAMEDICS have long since arrived.

MALIK

Where's Jeffrey? How is he doing?

CONTINUED:

One of the firefighter paramedics, FORREST (40s), nods over, and Malik sees Jeffrey sitting in front of the TV eating a sandwich-- he looks totally fine.

MALIK (CONT'D)

How is that possible? His lung capacity showed a severe drop.

FORREST

That's the lung capacity of Freddy-- not Jeffrey.

MALIK

Who's Freddy?

Forrest nods to a guilty-looking PUG sitting next to Jeffrey on the couch.

SHEILA

Jeffrey put the sensor on the dog. We had no idea. We're so sorry.

RON

I told him it wasn't funny. Although I did find it a little amusing.

Malik turns to Forrest.

MALIK

I'm sorry about this.

FORREST

Yesterday, we answered one of your calls for a high fever and high blood sugar. Turned out the sensor was in a bowl of oatmeal. I like what you're trying to do here, but I don't know how much longer I can keep taking these calls. Maybe it's better just to do things the old fashioned way. You feel sick, you go see a doctor.

Forrest leaves, and we hold on Malik, frustrated.

INT. KRISSY'S ROOM - DAY

James sits with Krissy reading to her from "A Wrinkle In Time." We move in on James; this is so intense for him.

CONTINUED:

JAMES

Krissy. Krissy! Goddamnit Krissy, would you just move? I know you're in there-- Goddamnit!

OFF James losing it...

EXT. ZEN GARDEN - DAY

James sits on the grass, staring up at the clouds. He looks like he's in a state of deep thought. Alex walks up.

ALEX

James. James? You okay?

James looks to her, says nothing. It's disconcerting to see him so different than usual.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You're just late for the three o'clock meeting, and you're never late so...

James speaks without ever leaving the trance he seems to be in.

JAMES

I think Margot Byer and her baby are going to die. And Krissy will probably never come out of her coma.

ALEX

Well, we don't know that yet, James. About either of those patients.

JAMES

It's all so fleeting, Brockett. Life.

ALEX

James, you're scaring me a little. Should I call a psychologist? Or the Maharishi?

He looks at her for the first time--

JAMES

Why did you become a doctor, Alex Brockett? Hospitals are so depressing. Sick people everywhere you look. Why would anyone wish that on themselves?

CONTINUED:

ALEX

My mom. She died of cancer when I was eleven. And she should have been saved-- but she didn't get to the right hospital, the right doctor. And I became a doctor, which I know is cliché, but the point is... When I first interviewed here, you said all that stuff-- about wanting to change things on a cellular level. About refusing to tolerate people being failed by our broken system. You know, it kind of made me feel... Hope. So, here I am.

JAMES

That is beautiful, Brockett.  
(then having an epiphany)  
Wow. Wow.

ALEX

(thinking he is still moved  
by her story)  
I just think you really have to be driven  
by something personal or--

JAMES

No, I'm onto something else. Maybe if  
Krissy can't come to us, we need to go to  
her.

OFF this, we...

INT. NICE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Wallace sits across from Julianna, his wife who we saw at  
the beginning of the show.

WALLACE

Thanks for flying out.

JULIANNA

It sounded important.

There's a beat then...

WALLACE

We never really talked about it. You  
know, your vote.

This has been one of those unspoken subjects that has  
been easier not to talk about, so they haven't.

CONTINUED:

JULIANNA

Walt, I knew everyone was going to vote to discharge you. How would it have looked if your wife had been the one dissenting voice?

WALLACE

I guess, it would have looked like you had my back.

JULIANNA

That's not fair.

WALLACE

You're right.

There's a beat, then--

WALLACE (CONT'D)

I think I might want to take this job.

Julianna is afraid that's what they were talking about.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

I know we agreed we would all live under one roof until the kids graduate high school. I'll come home every single weekend. I will make it work.

Julianna takes a sip of her wine, processes, then--

JULIANNA

In eighteen months the medical system is going to take James Bell and grind him down to dust like the rest of us, and he's going to take his money and go back to wherever it is that he came from. And you will have been part of someone's crazy, middle of the night, pot-induced epiphany.

WALLACE

There's a ninety-percent chance you're right about that. There's a ten-percent chance he's going to make a difference. And I want to be part of that. Maybe I'll miss a few of the kids' basketball games and dance recitals, but you know they have always been my first priority, and I promise you that will never change.

She thinks about this-- we wonder whether she is swayed. Then--

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIANNA

James Bell wants to break all the rules. Throw out the playbook. He's a disrupter. The problem is it doesn't work. You just end up disrupting things. And if you do this, you'll be missing much more than basketball games and dance recitals. In three years our kids will be out of the house. Don't underplay what you'd be giving up. I think I can make an early flight back.

Julianna rises and starts to go. She turns back.

JULIANNA (CONT'D)

Since we're being honest, I didn't vote against you because I didn't want to be the one dissenting voice. I voted against you because what you did was wrong.

And now she does leave. OFF Wallace, gut punched.

INT. MARGOT'S ROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

A NIGHT NURSE is attending Margot, whose breathing is extremely unsteady. The slightest movement makes it even more difficult to breathe.

NURSE

Stay calm, the doctor is on his way.

Wallace, clearly waken from sleep, enters, takes a look at Margot.

WALLACE

Margot, we're going to get you medicine to help you feel better, okay?

MARGOT

Am I going to die?

WALLACE

Margot, your tumor continues to grow every day, and the reason you're having trouble breathing is that your tumor is now choking your heart. That means less blood is getting to your brain, your organs, and there's more backup of fluid into the lungs. To put it simply, we've run out of time. We need to operate. Now...

CONTINUED:

MARGOT

What about my baby?

WALLACE

Your baby can't survive on her own yet.

Margot's eyes start to tear.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

This is your decision, Margot. I would never take that away from you. It's up to you. Take me out of the equation. And for God's sake please take your husband out of it. You tell me. I'll do whatever you want. I serve you and only you.

Margot thinks about it, then looks at Wallace and is honest with him.

MARGOT

Doctor, one day I would like to be able to forget everything about my husband. Everything he did to me. But this is still my child. Right now I feel like she's my reason, you know? My whole reason for being alive. So I am asking you how long I can wait until I do this operation?

Wallace looks at her.

WALLACE

I think we'd be pushing our luck at twenty-four hours.

MARGOT

And if we waited twenty-four hours would my girl survive?

Wallace hates to say this, but he has to be honest--

WALLACE

Possibly...

MARGOT

Then let's push our luck. Let's give her twenty-four hours.

OFF Wallace, the weight of the world on his shoulders.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. INCUBATOR - NEXT MORNING

James strides in with his iPhone over his head. He seems energized, on the point of being manic. Is the conversation he had with Wallace affecting him?

JAMES

Gather 'round everyone. Krissy Ramirez has been here for six months, and we have been trying to get her to come out to us. And I have decided that it's time to stop trying to get her to come to us. We are going to her.

Alex, Scott, Malik, and Angie stop what they're doing and gather around James.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I thought with all the great virtual reality work we're doing-- why not try to get in there and wake up her mind. But then I kept thinking once we've woken her up, how can we know for certain that she's really there? How can we get her to communicate back to us. Send us a signal-- so we know to keep trying.

James grabs his phone and calls up an image of a Mind Meld machine. They are essentially helmets, but look more Apple than Frankenstein.

JAMES (CONT'D)

This is it. It's real. Somebody actually invented a version of The Vulcan Mind Meld. Check this out.

He flips back to a SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL ARTICLE titled, "Not Just for Spock Anymore-- Silicon Valley Team Develops Device that Allows Brain to Brain Communication." It's complete with pictures of the experiment. James is absolutely jubilant as he rushes over to the projected image. He points to the picture-- TWO MEN wear modernistic-looking helmets that sprout with wires.

CONTINUED:

JAMES (CONT'D)

This guy here. The dude on the left in the crazy helmet-- was able to send three words to this guy here, the other dude in the helmet. Using only his thoughts. His *thoughts*.

SCOTT

Wow.

JAMES

You're damn right it's wow.

ANGIE

Amazing. But it says they've only had two successful tests. That this kind of technology won't be available to the masses for another decade.

JAMES

Do I look like the masses? I just called these guys. Guess what? They need funding. We now own this. Ladies and gentlemen, we have a brand new toy.

OFF this we CUT TO:

INT. E-HUB - DAY

Malik is working the room, and an alert comes up. Once again Jeffrey's picture comes up. This time Angie is at the control.

MALIK

Oh God, if they put it on the dog again--

ANGIE

It's showing a cardiac arrhythmia.

MALIK

Get them on the phone.

Angie connects to the phone and in a moment, someone picks up.

SHEILA

Hello?

MALIK

Mrs. Evans, this is Malik from Bunker Hill. Are you with Jeffrey now?

CONTINUED:

SHEILA

Yes.

MALIK

How is he doing?

SHEILA

He's fine. His cough has been so much better.

MALIK

Mrs. Evans, don't panic, but his sensor is indicating considerable stress to his heart.

SHEILA

He doesn't have the sensor.

MALIK

What?

SHEILA

We gave it back to the fireman yesterday after you left. Told him we were done.

Malik hangs up and looks at the sensor-- the heart arrythmia gets worse.

INT. FIREHOUSE - DAY

Forrest, the firefighter from the day before, comes over to the phone and picks it up.

FORREST

Yes?

MALIK

This is Dr. Waters. Sergeant Dawson, you are having a heart attack. I need you to have someone drive you here to the ER immediately.

FORREST

What? How do you...?

MALIK

Look in your pocket.

Forrest reaches into his pocket and takes out the sensor.

In the E-Hub Malik looks at Angie-- holy shit. That just worked.

INT. ER - DAY

Forrest is now hooked up to monitors in the ER. Malik walks up.

MALIK

Your troponin is positive. Still no chest pain?

FORREST

No.

MALIK

Excellent.

FORREST

So you're telling me I had a heart attack.

MALIK

Yes.

FORREST

I thought I had indigestion. I was going to go home and sleep it off.

MALIK

And you could have had a fatal arrhythmia in your sleep. You very well might have woken up dead.

This sinks in. Forrest looks at the sensor.

FORREST

So this idiotic thing might have just saved my life?

MALIK

That's the idea, Sergeant.

Malik walks off, and as he does, a smile forms on his face. His first victory.

INT. INCUBATOR - NIGHT

It's late at night, and Wallace is the only person left. He stoically looks at a scan of Margot's cancer.

JAMES

You okay?

CONTINUED:

Wallace indicates what he is looking at on his computer screen--

WALLACE

New scan of Margot's tumor. I don't know if I can do it.

JAMES

Don't be like this, W. Don't be the old guy who gives up. Be the guy who takes risks. Be the guy who risked everything for that kid.

Wallace turns to James, and what he says is deeply personal--

WALLACE

You think what I did was heroic. Brave. It wasn't.

(a beat)

A kid came in. Marshall. Stage four metastatic melanoma. It was one of those horrible cases where there's nothing you can do. Nothing. It's always hard when they're kids. But he just reminded me so much of Jacob. My son. There's this drug out there. I know the PI, he's brilliant. The drug is going to be good. But it's phase one. We're talking at least two more years of testing. And I just felt like-- Marshall shouldn't have to die because he missed this window. Like, if he'd only gotten this kind of cancer two years later...

JAMES

If you got him into the trial, and it didn't work, you can't blame yourself.

WALLACE

He wasn't eligible for the trial. So I called my friend, got myself into his lab and slipped a study dose of the drug into my briefcase.

James raises his eyebrows, surprised.

JAMES

You stole it?

WALLACE

It bought him a week. Or maybe not even that much. The decision cost me my job.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALLACE (CONT'D)

I could have lost my license. Gone to jail. The thing is, if I had to do it all over again. I'd still do it. I'd just do it sooner.

There's a long beat. James and Wallace both stare at the scan of Margot's tumor for a daunting beat.

JAMES

You'll do it, W.

WALLACE

You still don't get it. This isn't reprogramming a computer. I get one chance at this. One. If I make even a slight mistake, if my scalpel misses by a millimeter I puncture her heart... And we've lost Margot.

It finally seems to sink in. James and Wallace stare at the tumor-- both daunted. Then, something occurs to James. He looks up.

JAMES

What if I could give you a million chances to get it right?

OFF Wallace, we

DISSOLVE TO:

START ON THE 3D PRINTER--

It's printing something. Line by line. Piece by piece. Slowly it starts to come into focus.

ANGIE

So that's her tumor?

Widen to reveal we are in...

INT. INCUBATOR

Everyone is standing around watching the printer work. It's printing out a PLASTIC COPY of Margot's lymphoma.

ALEX

This mass is the tumor. That tangle there is matted to the ascending aorta.

CONTINUED:

ANGIE

Gnarly.

JAMES

(to Wallace)

Well, go practice. We'll print as many of these as you need to get it right.

Wallace takes the printed-out lymphoma over to the ping pong table and uses it like a surgical table.

MUSIC UP as he takes out his SCALPEL.

MONTAGE BEGINS AS:

A crowd forms around Wallace. Tense at first as he makes a mistake. James brings over a fresh 3D model. Wallace tries again. This time he approaches from another angle. The crowd gets bigger. Someone has made popcorn.

LATER. TWO SILICON VALLEY DUDES arrive carrying a SLEEK STEEL CASE. James shakes their hands-- they seem starstruck just meeting James. They open the case, pull out the MIND MELD MACHINE, and show him how it works.

MUCH LATER. Back at the ping pong table. Wallace tries again. This time he's got it. He's focused. Intense. Everyone intensely watches on. He cuts the tumor away without touching the aorta. He smiles to himself. Then turns, as if noticing the crowd for the first time. But grateful that they're there.

MUSIC ENDS.

INT. KRISSY'S ROOM - MORNING

Malik is fitting Krissy's head with sensors and the Mind Meld Helmet as Talaikha is working the iPad controls. On the Wonder Wall a wall-sized 3D image of Krissy's brain appears. It's all looking a little science fiction.

James is about to walk into the room and Alex stops him.

ALEX

I heard you're bringing Krissy's parents. James, are you sure that's a good idea?

JAMES

Yes.

(then, genuinely wondering)

Why?

CONTINUED:

ALEX

They have just been through six months of hell. There's a ninety-percent chance this won't work and it will just break their hearts even more. And what if it does work? What if Krissy communicates something to them that they shouldn't hear?

JAMES

Like what?

ALEX

I guess if I were lying in a bed for half a year unable to move, or communicate, or do anything, and I got to say one sentence, I'd probably say something like, "Please kill me."

This lands with James, who now looks daunted. But it's too late to do anything about it, because Soul and Maria are being led in by a BH Ambassador.

JAMES

Soul, Maria. We're glad you're here.

Soul and Maria look at the elaborate technological set up inside the room and are moved.

SOUL

You did all this for Krissy?

JAMES

Yes.

MARIA

Why?

James considers this, then looks at them and says the most naked thing he's ever said.

JAMES

My parents gave up on me. You've been here every single day. You've never given up on your daughter.

Alex looks at James, moved. James indicates DAVID WONG, Asian, who is being fit with the other helmet.

JAMES (CONT'D)

This is David Wong-- he works with us in research. He doesn't speak any English.  
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES (CONT'D)

If Krissy does communicate with us, he'll sound out what he hears. So we'll know none of us is hearing things just because we want to hear them.

Soul and Maria nod, now looking a bit daunted. James exchanges a look with Alex, even he seems a little nervous about the expectations he has put forth.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Okay, here goes nothing. Krissy, it's time to go on safari.

James looks at Angie who takes a pair of virtual reality glasses and puts them on her... And as the glasses are placed over Krissy's eyes, we go to...

BLACKNESS

...In black we hear only the sound of a steady, slow breathing. Krissy's breath.

AND THEN OUT OF THE BLACKNESS...

WE SEE WHAT KRISSY IS SEEING...

A slight hint of gray, and then whiteness fills the screen. And bits of colors flash by in waves and blurs...

CLASSICAL MUSIC BEGINS-- but at first it feels out of synch-- arrhythmic, atonal...

IN THE ROOM

The team watches. Krissy is wearing the virtual reality glasses. It looks like nothing is different than before.

James glances over at the 3D image of her brain. Nothing. There is an EEG, next to it. No spikes or activity.

James looks at Krissy's parents... wondering if this is not working...

And then... suddenly--

ON the 3D image of the brain, color fills a portion of the cerebral cortex. The EEG spikes.

Close on Krissy's eye-- as it dilates...

And we go back into...

KRISSY'S POV...

CONTINUED: (3)

As the discordant music begins to feel more melodic...

WE SEE BLURRY IMAGES... Greens, and browns, and sky blues... And as the blur of images comes to focus, we realize we are in...

FUCKING AFRICA!

The jungle. The trees, the leaves, the sky. The images are now the opposite of a blur. They are super crisp. Gorgeous. And now we see a herd of elephants pass... Beyond that giraffes... A beautiful stream.

IN THE ROOM

The team watches as more parts of the brain light up on the 3D brain image. More EEG spikes.

ALEX

Oh my God.

SOUL

What. Is it working? What is she seeing?

Alex, amazed herself, points to the EEG and various colors now filling the image of Krissy's brain on the Wonder Wall.

ALEX

All of this here? These spikes on the EEG? The reds and yellows in her cerebral cortex? It all indicates brain activity. Consciousness. Mr. and Mrs. Ramirez, your daughter is in Africa.

Maria's eyes well up. James turns on the Mind Meld machine and looks to Maria and Soul.

JAMES

Maria, Soul, it's time. Try to talk to your daughter.

Maria walks up to Krissy and speaks tenderly.

MARIA

Hi, Krissy. It's Mom. It's Mom and Dad.

SOUL

Krissy, it's Dad. Can you hear us, Krissy-kins?

All eyes are on Krissy, and after a painfully long beat, David Wong speaks...

CONTINUED: (4)

DAVID WONG

Hhhh.... Helllooo. Mooommmmmmy.

A collective gasp. Everyone is stunned. Maria is in tears.

SOUL

Krissy. It's your Dad. You can only say a couple of words to us. So is there anything you want to say. How can we help you, honey?

Everyone waits. It's excruciating. Finally:

DAVID WONG

Please...

(struggling with the word)

Kkkk-kkk...illlll

Alex and James trade a look. Oh my God. She's going to say, "Please Kill Me." James regrets this whole thing, until...

DAVID WONG (CONT'D)

(sounding it out)

No. Keeee uuuur. Cure.

(confident now)

Please. Cure. Me.

SOUL

Oh my God, honey. Yes, we will. We will bring you back to us.

MARIA

We love you so much.

Alex and James look at each other, amazed and relieved by what they just witnessed.

INT. OPERATING ROOM OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

A deck over the operating room, which serves as a theater for students. Below we can see the teams prepare for Margot's surgery. James comes in and sees that Alex is the only person in the room. James sits down next to her. Wallace's words echo in his head to ask her out. There's no better time.

JAMES

How are you?

CONTINUED:

ALEX

That whole thing. What you did for  
Krissy. For her family. That was the most  
amazing thing I've seen in my life.

James looks at her, sort of one of those moments that  
rock stars become rock stars-- the total admiration of  
pretty girls. It's just the right time, so...

JAMES

So listen-- Brocket...

ALEX

Yeah?

JAMES

You and me, we just...

ALEX

We just what?

JAMES

I'm wondering if you'd like to go out  
some time. Socially.

She is totally thrown.

ALEX

What?... Huh?

JAMES

Well, you don't have to sound like that's  
the most insane idea ever--

ALEX

I just didn't-- I mean, I never thought--

JAMES

Look, we're both here day and night. We  
never meet anyone else anyway, so....

ALEX

Oh, so, what, we'd be fuck buddies?

JAMES

No--

ALEX

Maybe when you ask someone out you should  
pretend to actually want to go out with  
them.

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES

Forget I brought it up, it was stupid.

ALEX

Everyone finds out everything around here, and then I'd be like James Bell's concubine--

The door opens and people start filing in--

JAMES

Brockett, let it go. I'm over it.

That could not have gone any worse for James. But we hold on Alex who can't help but be a little intrigued.

Meanwhile, in the OPERATING room:

Wallace addresses the two teams of doctors and nurses assisting the operation.

WALLACE

Everybody let's do a time out. Actually, let's have two time outs because we'll be doing simultaneous surgeries on Mrs. Byer today. I will be leading the cardiothoracic team to remove Margot's tumor. Dr. Strauss will be leading the obstetrics team to deliver baby girl Angela. Does everyone have what they need to do their jobs? If you don't, now's the time to speak up.

Nobody speaks up.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Dr. Strauss?

STRAUSS

The ingestible shows us there has been acceleration of lung development in the past twenty-four hours. I don't know how good the chances are, but I do know we've given baby Angela the best chance to live.

Wallace looks up to the observation deck.

WALLACE

James, text the Pope. Tell him now's the time to pray.

CONTINUED: (3)

A joke, but then Wallace meets James's eyes, gives a quick glance. James gives him a slight nod of respect.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

(to the team)

Okay. Let's do this.

We SHIFT BETWEEN the OPERATING ROOM and the OBSERVATION DECK as the surgery begins.

Dr. Wallace holds his scalpel, ready to make the first incision. James leans forward. His eyes widen.

DOWN BELOW, the surgeries begin with both teams working at once.

We watch as the baby is removed from Margot-- it's tiny-- practically the size of a hand. The baby is transferred into the NICU tank. Scott turns to Wallace, gives a thumbs up. The baby is healthy.

A huge sigh of relief from the observation deck. Angie reaches out and takes Alex's hand.

Now comes the hard part. But thanks to the 3D printer, what Wallace sees is familiar. He is focused and intense. It's amazing. Like watching Mozart at the piano. Or James Bell at the computer.

Suddenly an ALARM goes off. Margot's BLOOD PRESSURE is dropping. Wallace doesn't lose focus for a second. He clamps the bleed. Her blood pressure stabilizes. He continues cutting the tumor and removes it.

As he plunks the TUMOR into the METAL PAN...

INT. OUTSIDE THE OPERATING ROOM - LATER

James, Alex and the rest of the team wait outside for Wallace and Scott to emerge. When they finally come out, there is a silence, then--

WALLACE

Margot is stabilized. At one hundred forty-six days, baby girl Angela is the second youngest birth ever recorded.

The entire team spontaneously begins to slowly applaud in reverence, feeling like they all took part in this. The applause gets faster and faster and faster and builds. Wallace takes it in. Afterwards, Wallace goes up to James privately--

CONTINUED:

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Margot's in recovery. Still a little blurry but conscious. Why don't you go give Margot the good news? There's no feeling like it in the world.

JAMES

This is yours, man. You do it.

INT. POST OP - LATER

Margot lies in bed. Wallace enters.

There are no words, only MUSIC, as Wallace delivers the good news. He picks up the iPad, and on the Wonder Wall we see Margot's beautiful baby girl safe, and alive and breathing on her own in the NICU unit. Margot breaks down in joyful tears. On Wallace-- this is one of those moments that reminds him why he does this.

INT. RAT LAB

Angie is logging some work with the rats, and James walks in. She freaks out-- he never comes in here.

ANGIE

You're never in the rat lab.

JAMES

Because rats are freaking creepy.

ANGIE

What are you doing here? Am I fired?

JAMES

I came to tell you two things. One. Your name is Angie, not Annabelle. Just wanted to clear that up. Two. Your work with the ingestible probably saved baby Angela's life. So I'm proud of you. Okay. Onward.

James walks out. Angie stands there stunned for a second and then, left completely alone, just starts to emote in ways not previously witnessed. She goes between insane-ish giggling fits, to near tears, to the sudden need to dance.

INT. INCUBATOR - DAY

Wallace is seated at his cubicle. James walks up to him. No one else is around, or people are far enough away so James can speak privately to him.

JAMES

Anyway, the trial period is up, so I need to know whether you're taking the job.

WALLACE

I've been thinking about that.

JAMES

But before you tell me, I should tell you I had the genetic test done. It came back positive for GSS. At some point, probably over the next five years, my hands are going to start shaking. Then I'll develop ticks. Then my speech will start to slow. Then the guy who everyone calls a genius won't even be able to remember his own name.

Wallace just looks at him...

JAMES (CONT'D)

I had the test done almost three years ago, so, yeah, I bought this hospital for all the wrong reasons. But does it really matter?

WALLACE

I'm so sorry, James.

JAMES

You're the only one who knows.

Wallace doesn't know what else to say other than--

WALLACE

I want the job.

JAMES

Good. Then this is for you.

James holds the 3D action figure of Wallace and places it on the wall of the cubicle, like the others. He's one of the team now. An Ambassador walks up.

AMBASSADOR

James? Your new transfer arrived. The GSS patient?

CONTINUED:

We see this weigh on James's face for a moment. He looks at Wallace-- only the two of them know the intensity of this moment for James. MUSIC comes up, and we CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER HILL ENTRANCE - DAY

James walks out and sees LOUIS KEATING (40s), the GSS patient being pushed in on a wheelchair by a BH Ambassador. His body is a shell of what we might imagine it once was; he looks weak, shaky, hardly there at all.

James, who steels himself, puts on that James Bell smile and approaches their new patient.

JAMES

Welcome to Bunker Hill, Mr. Keating.

James reaches out for his hand. Louis is unable to raise his hand to shake it, so James lifts Louis's hand and places it in his, and shakes it.

Wallace watches from a distance-- he can only imagine what this must be like for James.

WE PULL AWAY...

END OF PILOT