

T R I Δ G E

PILOT: "The Clouds of a Clear Mind"

by

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NOTE TO THE READER

This medical drama interweaves stories from three distinct decades. Adjustments to the color palette and set design will differentiate each time period with an altered look. Each character is played at all ages by the same actor, achieved with changes to hair, makeup, and wardrobe. To represent these visual contrasts on the page:

2010 is in Italics

2020 is in Regular

2030 is in Bold

TEASER

I/E. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - NIGHT (2030)

IN SLOW MOTION, a SEDAN careens over the side of the bridge against the backdrop of a cloudy Manhattan cityscape.

FINLEY (V.O.)

There are three main categories of triage--

I/E. TRAM RAILWAY - NIGHT (2010)

FINLEY (V.O.)

One: they're gonna live;

A TRAM travels alongside the Queensboro Bridge. Inside, we catch a glimpse of its two lone passengers:

A YOUNG WOMAN in medical scrubs with long flowing hair that obscures her face; and, the MAN she's kissing.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - NIGHT (2020)

FINLEY (V.O.)

Two: they might live;

We see the back of a PREGNANT WOMAN with shoulder-length hair, carrying a HEAVY BOX containing a crib.

In pain, she drops the box and grabs her belly. As her HUSBAND rushes over to help, REVEAL behind him--

The dazzling view of the Queensboro Bridge from their Roosevelt Island high-rise. A TRAM passes by in the distance.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT (2030)

FINLEY (V.O.)

(sardonic)

And three: they're falling off a bridge.

Seen from the rear seat of the car as it hurtles off the bridge, plunging downward, we catch the back of--

The DRIVER: a middle-aged woman with short hair and glasses.

I/E. TRAM RAILWAY - NIGHT (2010)

FINLEY (V.O.)
Technically, triage is a medical
assessment--

Stepping off the tram at 59th Street, the Young Woman retrieves from her pocket a ringing IPHONE 4.

As she lifts the phone to check the caller's name, REVEAL--

DR. FINLEY BRIAR (late-20s), with eyes full of brilliance.

SUPER: 2010

Finley shows her phone to the man she was kissing: NATHANIEL (late-30s). On the screen, it reads: "Dr. Walters."

Mischievous, Nathaniel tries to wrestle her phone away to decline the call. She wins. He sighs. She answers.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - NIGHT (2020)

FINLEY (V.O.)
--but off-label, it could be a life
assessment.

Seated with legs elevated, REVEAL the Pregnant Woman is also--

Dr. Finley Briar (late-30s), wincing from the cramp.

SUPER: 2020

She turns to see her affable husband--

KIERAN (30s), standing beside a crib that looks like Picasso assembled it. Baffled, he holds up INSTRUCTIONS: help?

Finley laughs, takes the instructions, and starts to direct him how to fix it.

I/E. SEDAN - NIGHT (2030)

FINLEY (V.O.)
(sarcastic)
And as I look at the current
direction of my life--

REVEAL the perplexed face of the Driver: also--

Dr. Finley Briar (late-40s), falling IN SLOW MOTION--

Toward the East River, its surface dark and turbulent.

SUPER: 2030

[NOTE: Viewers first perceive the Teaser as three different women near the bridge at the same time. They now realize it's three different times near the bridge with the same woman.]

A BOX OF CHOCOLATES trembles in the seat beside Finley.

Taped to it, a handwritten note: "That I ate a few does not diminish my love for you."

FINLEY (V.O.)
--it's more clear to me than ever
that there are three things we
never really appreciate until
they're gone:

The car PITCHES into a full nosedive.

FINLEY (V.O.)
Love, Health, and most of all...

PYRAMID-SHAPED CHOCOLATES tumble up onto the windshield.

FINLEY (V.O.)
Time.

Finley's car PLUMMETS and hits the water as we--

SNAP TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: "TRIAGE"

END OF TEASER

ACT ONEEXT. EAST RIVER - NIGHT (2030)

Soaked and unconscious at river's edge, Finley shows no response to the efforts of two PARAMEDICS who have begun CPR and chest compressions, all under the strobe of AMBULANCE LIGHTS.

FINLEY (V.O.)

Thanks, Tuesday -- way to kick a gal when she's down. Doesn't help that this paramedic with the garlic breath has no clue. Check my pulse before starting compressions, dumbass. And take it easy -- my lung collapsed.

A scan along Finley's body shows she's bleeding and broken everywhere. The second PARAMEDIC secures her mangled left leg.

FINLEY (V.O.)

If I were my doctor, I'd also forget the shattered femur and focus on the cerebral edema in my brain. I need hyper-ventilation with high-flow O2 or I'll start thinking in gibberish.

HELP arrives with a GURNEY. An AMBU BAG goes over her face.

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)

She's in v-fib. We're losing her.

FINLEY (V.O.)

Yeah you are. Sort of a miracle I'm still even here. Minor damage can heal in time, but major damage is often irreparable.

DEFIB PADDLES go on her chest. We focus in on her CLOSED EYES.

FINLEY (V.O.)

Much like the choices we make.

As she's ZAPPED with electricity--

WE ENTER FINLEY'S MIND TO SEE A FLURRY OF GARBLED IMAGES, HER LIFE CHOICES FLASHING BEFORE HER EYES...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - MORNING (2020)

Bathed in a sunrise, Finley strolls toward the brick entrance, seven months pregnant. The voice of a MAN catches her ear.

MAN (O.S.)
 Sorry, I can't go home with you.
 You're young and drunk; I'm old and
 hungover. Bad mix.

She turns to watch--

The back of a SILVER-HAIRED MAN at the open door of a Lyft, struggling to untether himself from a CLUB GIRL (20s).

His FACE UNSEEN, he hands Club Girl a PIECE OF PAPER.

MAN (CONT'D)
 Here. Take this prescription for
 nafcillin. That's a Staph infection.
 Try to avoid those cheap tattoo
 parlors, okay? And double-check the
 Chinese next time. I'm pretty sure
 that's not what you think it means.
 (to the Driver)
 You'll get her home safe? Thanks.
 Goodnight. Morning. Whatever.

He shuts the door with a sigh, relieved to be free of his date. The car goes. He turns around to find--

Finley, watching with amusement.

We recognize this guy as an unshaven, older version of the man she kissed on the tram--

DR. NATHANIEL FLYNN (late-40s), an attending physician and neurosurgeon. He takes the walk-of-shame over to her.

She offers a playful dig:

FINLEY
 Isn't that what you wore yesterday?

NATHANIEL
 (joking)
 Now you know: In my spare time, I'm
 a ride-share concierge doctor.

FINLEY
 Full service, no doubt.

He laughs and escorts her into the building. The romantic connection may be gone, but they enjoy the friendly banter.

INT. HOSPITAL ATRIUM - MORNING (2020)

As Finley and Nathaniel march in, he refers to her belly.

NATHANIEL
How's it cooking?

FINLEY
Like a rotisserie chicken.

NATHANIEL
Guess that explains the glow.

She PUNCHES his arm. Their PHONES DING. They check.

FINLEY
Code Blue. See ya.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
Sooooo late for rounds.

They peel off and head down opposite hallways as we ROTATE
BACK AROUND to the entrance and--

TRANSFORM TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ATRIUM - NIGHT (2010)

--find a YOUNGER AND PREGNANT-FREE Finley marching in with a
DASHING, BROWN-HAIRED Nathaniel (mirroring the previous scene).

NATHANIEL
You don't think it's odd he called
you in the middle of the night?

FINLEY
You do that to me all the time.

NATHANIEL
That's my point: we're banging.

She SMACKS his butt. Their sexual energy, palpable.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
Careful. The most contagious thing
in a hospital is gossip.

Their PAGERS BUZZ. They check.

FINLEY
Yikes. That's him again.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
Code Blue. Subdural--lucky
I'm here.

They peel off and race down opposite hallways.

FINLEY (PRELAP) (CONT'D)
Doctor Walters!

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT (2010)

Finley *SHOVES OPEN DOORS* to chase down her formidable mentor--

DR. JONATHAN WALTERS (50s), an Attending Physician with worry lines of compassion, who continues away as she catches up.

JONATHAN

Began to think you were a no-show.

FINLEY

I walked straight from the tram.

JONATHAN

Ever heard of a cab?

FINLEY

Ever heard of a raise for interns?

(off Jonathan's look)

You were being cagey on the call. I didn't realize it was urgent.

JONATHAN

When I call, it's always urgent. A 35-year-old stole a car, crashed on the FDR, then pulled a toy gun on the cops. Six shots to his legs, abdomen, and head. Lucky for us, he was nice enough to check "organ donor" on his license, which means--

FINLEY

Laura Pittman landed a heart!

JONATHAN

She mentioned you'd like to sit in on her transplant.

FINLEY

And you said--?

JONATHAN

That the Chief of Surgery already accused me of playing favorites with you... so keep it quiet, or you'll be my next organ donor.

FINLEY

Really?!

Overwhelmed, she hugs him. Displeased, he stops short.

JONATHAN

Don't do that.

She releases him, pats his arm as if to cover the overstep.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Go say hello to your patient. See you in the O.R.

He strides away. Finley's thrilled.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT (2010)

Finley talks a mile a minute to her patient, LAURA PITTMAN (70s), while wheeling her down an empty hall on a gurney.

FINLEY

We never fight. He's brilliant, talented, amazing in bed. I mean, it's turning into a real problem.

LAURA

You poor thing.

FINLEY

I'm serious, Laura. I have a lot of things to accomplish. What if he wants to get married? Or have kids? What if I lose my ambition?

LAURA

How long have you been dating?

FINLEY

Three weeks. Why?
(realizing)
Oh no. That's too long. I might really like him. This is awful.

LAURA

Yes, love is a terrible state.

FINLEY

Which means I probably shouldn't fall for him, right? I should break it off now, cry for a few months, and get the hell over it.

LAURA

You'd like my granddaughter--she also has a flair for the dramatic.

FINLEY

(dramatic)
I am not dramatic. If anything, I'm too practical.

LAURA

How do you square that one?

FINLEY

Okay, fun fact: All the women in my family die young. My mom was 47 when she kicked it. Which means I have about twenty years left. I guess I just don't want to end up thinking: "Well that was a waste of a short life."

LAURA

(teasing)

Nothing dramatic about that.

FINLEY

It's why I work so hard at this job. Which is another reason to end it with Nathaniel, because technically he's separated, but technically his wife is the Chief of Surgery, so... not my best career move.

LAURA

(still teasing)

Nothing dramatic about that either.

Finley parks the gurney in front of the O.R.

FINLEY

Okay, okay, fair point.
(heartfelt)

I just want to leave a mark, you know? Save as many lives as I can while I'm alive and kicking.

LAURA

Good. Let's start on that tonight.

FINLEY

Oh my god, listen to me. Here you are going into surgery, and here I am--

LAURA

Taking my mind off of it. You saw my hands shaking so you've been distracting me to calm my heart. Like you've done all week.

Finley cops to it with a look: that is what she was doing.

FINLEY

You'll be fine in there.

LAURA

Or I won't. Either way, I'll remember your kindness.

(beat)

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

*As you get older--if you get older--
you'll see how kindness travels
like a boomerang: it always comes
back around and clocks you in the
head. My granddaughter just gave up
her medical internship to care for
me. Her choice. I think the more
you find yourself getting hit with
kindness, the more likely your life
wasn't a waste. Even if it's short.*

*Touched, Finley puts a hand on Laura's hand. These two formed
a true bond. A NURSE hurries out from the O.R.*

NURSE

Dr. Briar? Ready in the O.R.

Determined, Finley hurries Laura THROUGH THE DOOR --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. E.D. PATIENT ROOM - MORNING (2020)

Our pregnant Finley hurries THROUGH THE DOOR as ALARMS SOUND.

FINLEY

Vitals!

LEONORA (24, mixed race), an overconfident--and perhaps
overcompensating--1st-Year Intern with a gender-neutral look,
finishes CPR on--

An unconscious MOTHER (40s), nine months pregnant.

LEONORA

She thrashed, then crashed. Got her
back. 140 and thready, BP 78/43.

RICHIE ALONSO (42, Latinx), a heavysset, steady-handed
anesthesiologist, adjusts the IV drip as Finley sterilizes.

RICHIE

Hanging another bag.

FINLEY

Watch for decerebrate posturing.
(to Leonora)
Get me fluoroscopic guidance, and
we'll need some O-neg.

LEONORA

You mean in the O.R.?

FINLEY

I mean here. Four units.

Without warning, she takes a SCALPEL and SLICES BENEATH THE MOTHER'S CLAVICLE. It's a bloody sight.

Surprised, Richie and Leonora glance at each other. Richie motions for her to go. Leonora exits.

RICHIE

I take it this isn't exploratory?

FINLEY

It's a saddle embolus. Her doctor convinced her to go to term before an embolectomy, against my urging.

With sudden force, Finley WINCES from her own pregnancy pain, as if having a contraction. Richie notices.

RICHIE

You okay there, Fin?... Fin?

Finley recovers... and remains focused on the task at hand.

She puts a central line into the SUBCLAVIAN ARTERY.

Leonora and a NURSE hurry back in with SUPPLIES, followed by--

VIRGINIA SAWYER (early-50s, African-American), the Chief of Surgery and proud Queen Bee of Lenox Hill.

VIRGINIA

Briar! What the hell are you doing?

FINLEY

Saving us from a lawsuit?

VIRGINIA

We have operating rooms, you know. Lots of fancy tools in there.

FINLEY

A surgeon's best tool is time.

With remarkable precision, she positions a SNARE and FILTER.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

There we go... That should stop it from traveling to the brain. Let's just hope the Heparin does the rest. Leonora, call Dr. Jeffers and tell her to scrub in. Mommy here is having a baby today.

Leonora eyes Virginia, who confirms with a nod. Leonora goes.

Richie smiles: *Finley Briar has saved the day.*

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY (2020)

Finley and Richie walk-and-talk down a BUSTLING corridor as he munches on a donut.

FINLEY

How can you eat right after surgery?

RICHIE

Gotta get my donuts in before I start the Keto diet next week.

FINLEY

Every time a person says "Keto," a nutritionist somewhere dies.

RICHIE

You'll see. I wanna get my six-pack back. Tired of my belly rivaling distressed pregnant ladies.

(OFF her glance)

You feeling okay? Round ligament? It's a little early for labor pains.

FINLEY

Chalk it up to a sympathy cramp. That patient is about to have her sixth boy. Six!

RICHIE

She's beating you in that race.

FINLEY

Not if I left it up to Kieran. He'd be happy if we had ten kids. I told him we're done after this one.

RICHIE

Why stop now? After you have one, your freedom is gone just the same.

FINLEY

Go get a uterus, then let's talk.

Richie laughs and peels off while Finley lands--

INT. E.D. NURSES' STATION - CONTINUOUS (2020)

--to fill out paperwork. As she does, she notices someone...

FINLEY

Dating life wearing you out?

REVEAL Nathaniel seated behind the station, eyes closed, head back, hooked to a yellow IV "banana bag" for his hangover.

NATHANIEL

Not as much as my married life did.

Passing by, Leonora hears the exchange. As she goes:

LEONORA

Real nice, Dad.

Nathaniel opens his eyes to see her storm away.

Yep, Leonora's his daughter.

He makes a face to Finley: oops.

Finley shakes her head. A NURSE hurries in.

NURSE

Dr. Briar! Got a little girl coming
into Dock A. Shot in Central Park.

Finley glances at Nathaniel, who sits up.

FINLEY

I'll let you know if we need you.

Finley hurries away.

Nathaniel puts his head back but his sense of duty gets the
better of him. He pulls out the IV.

EXT. AMBULANCE DOCK - DAY (2020)

Finley and the NURSE hurry outside.

FINLEY

Was the girl alone?

NURSE

It was a robbery. The father lured
the gunman away so that witnesses
could call 911 for his daughter.

They land as PARAMEDICS open the ambulance doors.

PARAMEDIC

Lost the heartbeat on the drive
here. Started compressions, pushed
Epi, and bolused 500 cc's of LR.

They pull out the gurney to REVEAL--

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL, covered in blood.

Upon seeing the girl Finley doubles over and GRABS HER BELLY,
alarming everyone there. It's much worse than the last cramp.

Arriving, Nathaniel runs over to Finley. Her EYES WELL UP.

NATHANIEL
What's happening?

Finley ignores him and powers through the pain.

FINLEY
(to a Paramedic)
How long without a heartbeat?

PARAMEDIC
Uh, under a minute.

Nathaniel assesses the girl. From his reaction, it's not good news. She's on a "life pack" and in really bad shape.

FINLEY
There's still time. Her rhythm?

PARAMEDIC
V-fib.

FINLEY
Paddles!

Nathaniel and Finley share a look.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
You in to help?

He eyes her hand on her belly. Reluctant, he nods yes.

Finley grabs PADDLES and places them on the girl's chest.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Clear!

ZAP! The girl's tiny body flails like a rag doll. An AMBU BAG goes over the girl's face as Finley yells to the team--

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Work on the move!

AS THEY WHEEL THE GURNEY, Finley climbs onto it and straddles the girl to continue compressions--

INT. E.D. - CONTINUOUS

--They enter with Finley atop the girl, a strange sight that catches attention.

NATHANIEL
Hold compressions.

As Nathaniel rides the rails, he checks pulse and rhythm. Finley stays laser-focused on the girl.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
V-fib. Shock again. Charge to 50.

FINLEY
Not yet.

Finley REPOSITIONS HER HANDS and continues compressions.

NATHANIEL
Fin...

The girl THROWS UP and breathes. From atop the girl, Finley checks and confirms--

FINLEY
Got a pulse. Prep for surgery!
Let's go, let's go, let's go!

The TEAM springs into action. Nathaniel helps Finley off the gurney and holds onto her arm.

NATHANIEL
You sure you're up for this?

Resolute, Finley tugs her arm away and pushes the gurney towards the O.R.

OFF Nathaniel, with grave concern.

INT. ICU PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT (2030)

An ICP CATHETER extracts fluid from Finley's skull.

She's in a coma.

During below, as a DOCTOR delivers the news to the sound of CRYING LOVED ONES, we watch Finley's BRUISED AND SWOLLEN FACE for any sign of life.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
The swelling in her brain is considerable. We do not expect her to regain consciousness. The damage is so extensive that she would likely not be able to communicate. She would require total care. My advice is to say good-bye.

Finley's eyelids QUIVER. A TEAR forms. Is she still in there?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT (2010)

An AERIAL TIME-LAPSE of traffic rotating around Columbus Circle in a blur of lights. Life races ahead.

INT. OPERATING ROOM A - NIGHT (2010)

In a mask and scrubs, Finley observes Jonathan and his SURGICAL TEAM performing a HEART TRANSPLANT on Laura Pittman.

FINLEY

Dr. Walters--

JONATHAN

Hold your question, Briar. Cross clamps off. Paddles.

CLAMPS removed, he takes the PADDLES. Defibrillates. Nothing.

Nervous, Finley watches Jonathan MASSAGE THE NEW HEART.

FINLEY

It's not taking. She's asystolic. What if we inject Epi?

JONATHAN

She has pulmonary hypertension.

FINLEY

Then Nor-epi. Let's try something because this isn't working.

The Surgical Team shifts, uncomfortable by her anxious tone.

JONATHAN

Take a deep breath, Briar. Or step out if you need a moment.

FINLEY

I'm... It's just, I spoke with Laura beforehand and she was really scared, which got me thinking--

JONATHAN

--I do not appreciate the personal commentary. Stay silent or step out.

Admonished, Finley glances at the Surgical Team.

The masked ANESTHESIOLOGIST (RICHIE) winks encouragement and holds a finger to his mouth: stay silent. Finley nods okay.

Calm, Jonathan uses the internal PADDLES again. Observes.

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP! Laura FLATLINES. A flurry of activity.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Back on bypass.

FINLEY

Dr. Walters, I'm sorry but--

JONATHAN

Step out, Briar.

FINLEY

(pushing her luck)

It's the donor. He had multiple gunshots. He was scared. Maybe he had an MI that damaged the heart.

JONATHAN

Even if that's the case, it's not a solution. So unless you can conjure up another heart--

FINLEY

That's what I'm trying to tell you. It's not the only heart we have. I made sure to preserve hers.

She points at the TRANSPORT COOLER. It dawns on him...

JONATHAN

You're suggesting--

FINLEY

A heterotopic transplant. Use both hearts, side-by-side. Give the donor organ time to heal by--

JONATHAN

--sharing the workload. It's risky.

FINLEY

It's our best option.

Jonathan marvels at Finley, his smile almost detectable beneath his mask. The Anesthesiologist slips her a thumbs up.

JONATHAN

I hope you had coffee. This is an all-nighter. Prep for a heterotopic.

As the Surgical Team preps, ROTATE AROUND THE ROOM and--

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM A - DAY (2020)

ROTATE AROUND THE SAME ROOM, ten years later, and land on--

Finley, her scrubs doing little to hide her pregnancy. She's calm and focused, a stark contrast to her younger self.

FINLEY

Bullet entered the anterior
abdominal wall--

Finley performs a laparotomy, her hands inside the girl's retracted OPEN TORSO, feeling the whole length of her bowels.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Through the stomach and spleen--

As Finley examines the damage, the surgical drape clamp slides down to reveal the intubated GIRL'S FACE.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Secure the drape, please.

Across from her, Nathaniel watches Finley with apprehension.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

Sorry, Doctor.

He COVERS the girl's face. Finley doesn't miss a beat.

FINLEY

Patient is hemodynamically stable.
No encroachment to the bowel.

She comes across POOLING BLOOD.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Suction.

REVEAL Leonora beside Nathaniel.

She suctions the area. Nathaniel flashes concern.

Finley stays in the zone and shows no reaction.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Got a bleeder.
(to Scrub Nurse)
Cautery.
(to Anesthesiologist)
Transfuse two additional units of A-
positive and add FFP.

Leonora glances at Finley, confused.

Finley notices.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
More suction.

Leonora complies.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Found it. Bullet lodged between the
L2 and L3 vertebrae. Let's extract
and test for paralysis.

A NURSE enters the O.R. with urgency.

NURSE
We need some help in Pre-Op!

NATHANIEL
A little busy--call a Tech.

NURSE
They're in with Dr. Jeffers for the
C-section. We need as many as you
can spare. It's a Code Violet.

Nathaniel eyes Finley.

FINLEY
Go. I've got it.

NATHANIEL
Are you sure?

FINLEY
(to Leonora)
You go too.

Leonora's surprised. She glances at Nathaniel, who nods for her to obey. She passes along the suction to a Nurse.

INT. PRE-OP - DAY (2020)

Nathaniel and Leonora round a corner to find--

SIX SUPPORT STAFF fighting to pin a violent YOUNG MAN (20s) to a gurney. He SCREAMS and FIGHTS with what looks to be Herculean strength.

NURSE
He pulled out his IV.

NATHANIEL
I noticed. Get me liquid Midazolam.

The Nurse hurries over to a station and grabs the medicine.

The Young Man bucks and shoves three people away.

He tries to run.

All six people grab him and pull him back to the gurney.

The Nurse returns with the medicine.

LEONORA

What are you going to do?

NATHANIEL

Just stay back.

(under his breath)

I picked a bad day for a hangover.

LIQUID DROPPER in hand, Nathaniel runs at the patient and launches at him, using his forearm to pin him down.

He shoves the dropper up the patient's nose and SQUEEZES.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

Strap the arms and legs!

Techs move in with LEATHER RESTRAINTS and strap him down.

The Young Man WAILS. The sedative starts to take hold.

Nathaniel examines his SWOLLEN, BRUISED FACE.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

Take it easy. We're here to help.

(to the Nurse)

What do we know?

NURSE

Found nearly beaten to death at 63rd and Lex. He was lucid in the E.R. When we got up here, he flew into a rage. We're thinking bath salts, maybe amphetamines?

Leonora flashes a penlight into the man's DILATED EYES.

NATHANIEL

Run a tox screen but I doubt it.

What do you see, Dr. Flynn?

LEONORA

Head lacs, broken nose, fractured jaw. Could be a rage response from cerebral swelling.

NATHANIEL

Bingo.

(to Nurses)

Get him to CT scan. Let's do a preemptive prep for a craniectomy.

(MORE)

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

Set up in O.R. B. And get
anesthesiology looped in before
that sedative wears off.

Nurses wheel the Young Man away. Nathaniel smiles at Leonora.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

Nice job, Kid.

LEONORA

Can I observe?

NATHANIEL

I need you to stay close for Dr.
Briar. Check with the Chief, see if
they've located the girl's father.

LEONORA

Dr. Briar kicked me out. /
For no good reason. / And
neuro is my focus anyhow.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

Leonora. / Leonora-- / Hey!

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

Briar is your Resident-in-Charge.
You stay with her. Period.

He starts off but she angrily stops him.

LEONORA

If you weren't my dad, you would
let me observe.

NATHANIEL

(pointed)

If you weren't my daughter, you
wouldn't work here.

He leaves. OFF Leonora, pissed.

JONATHAN (PRELAP)

Leonard?

INT. WAITING ROOM - NIGHT (2030)

Jonathan, **TWENTY YEARS OLDER**, steps off an elevator into a
subdued room with underlit blue lighting.

A man in a lab coat turns to greet Jonathan. It's--

LEONARD FLYNN (34), formerly Leonora Flynn [same actor]. He
seems far more at peace with himself as a transgender man.

The longtime friends shake hands, pat each other on the back.

LEONARD
This is so surreal.

Jonathan pulls back and holds Leonard by the shoulders.

JONATHAN
How bad is she?

Leonard shakes his head.

Devastated, Jonathan steps back.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Show me her file?

Hesitant, Leonard holds up his right palm.

Three rings--on his thumb, middle finger, and pinky--emit light to generate--

A 3D IMAGE IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND. (We will come to know this as a Tri-Phone, ubiquitous in 2030.)

The image shows a medical avatar of "F. Briar," with flashing red areas to indicate various bodily injuries from the crash.

Leonard zooms in on Finley's skull, labeled "TBI (Traumatic Brain Injury)" in the corner.

LEONARD
After the craniectomy, I fitted her with the Osmotic Transport Device.

This news means something to Jonathan.

JONATHAN
That's... unbelievable.

LEONARD
I know. It's not everyday a doctor develops the tech that could end up saving her own life.

JONATHAN
Which room?

Leonard points to a doorway down the hall.

LEONARD
She has company. I called her Power-of-Attorney... just in case.

OFF Jonathan, curious to know who's in Finley's room.

INT. CAFETERIA - MORNING (2010)

Exhausted after the transplant surgery, Finley sips coffee at a cafeteria table and stares at the TV, showing:

BREAKING NEWS OF PRESIDENT OBAMA'S ECONOMIC STIMULUS PACKAGE.

Richie, *TEN YEARS YOUNGER*, a *LEAN* stallion in his prime with a thicker accent, approaches. Wearing a tight shirt, one doesn't need to assume he has a six-pack.

RICHIE

You are loco, Mamacita.

FINLEY

Oh, hey Richie.

RICHIE

I thought for sure Walters would send you out on a slab.

FINLEY

You think he's angry?

RICHIE

Almost as much as he's impressed. You were a machine in there.

FINLEY

I just hope the hearts play nice.

RICHIE

Two is better than one, no? Adiós.

REVEAL ELISA JEFFERS (mid-20s), who overhears them from her end of the same cafeteria table.

As he goes, Elisa fixates on *RICHIE'S ASS* and remarks to Finley:

ELISA

Check the license plate on that one. Nice make and model. What's his name?

FINLEY

Dr. Wife-and-Two-Kids.

ELISA

Damn, doesn't sound Jewish.

Finley's amused by this quirky stranger.

ELISA (CONT'D)

I heard the transplant was a heterotopic? That's badass. I just looked it up and it sent me down a rabbit hole of medical journals.

(MORE)

ELISA (CONT'D)

There's one where they reoxygenate the blood before pumping it back into the body, which could give the new heart more time to adapt but--

FINLEY

I'm sorry, do you work here?

Elisa slides down the bench and lands in front of Finley.

ELISA

Why, is there an opening? Actually, Laura Pittman is my grandma, so I'm just waiting for her to wake up.

FINLEY

Wait, are you Elisa?

ELISA

Holy crap. Are you Finley?

They rise and hug over the table as if they're old friends.

ELISA (CONT'D)

I gotta be honest, I'm a little jealous. Grandma hasn't shut up about you all week.

(sizing up Finley)

Huh. I pictured something different.

Finley's unsure if that's good or bad.

ELISA (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry, I didn't mean--

FINLEY

It's fine by me. I prefer people who call it how they see it.

ELISA

You do? What the hell's wrong with you? And can you teach that to me?

FINLEY

Wow. You really take after your grandmother, don't you?

ELISA

Just the nose. I'm serious, this is my week: "Hi Grandma, I brought you expensive flowers I can't afford." "Oh, Elisa, guess what Finley said to me? Sit. Finley-finley-finley-finley." I think she wishes you were her granddaughter instead.

FINLEY

C'mon, she thinks you walk on water.

ELISA

Then she gave the abridged version.

Finley laughs, charmed by Elisa's humor.

FINLEY

I could use some more coffee. You?

ELISA

A gallon.

As they head off together, we get the distinct sense that these two just became lifelong friends.

INT. ICU PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT (2030)

Jonathan enters to find a woman in civilian clothes...

It's Elisa, TWENTY YEARS OLDER, with short hair and a tear-streaked face, at Finley's bedside, holding her hand.

These two women did indeed become lifelong friends.

Seeing Jonathan, she tries to pull it together.

ELISA

I was surprised to still be named her Power of Attorney. Thought she would've changed it after our...

Fight. Their big fight.

JONATHAN

She'd be happy you're here.

Jonathan treks over and stares at--

The LIFELESS FACE of his prized protégé.

He leans down and examines--

The catheter DRAINING FLUID from her skull, and an undulating MECHANICAL DEVICE in the shape of a headband (the "OTD").

He straightens up. Fights to contain his emotion. Collecting himself, he stares out the window at--

A CLOUDY CITY VIEW.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Do we know how it happened?... Was
it an accident?... Not an accident?

Elisa doesn't know. It's a mystery for another day.

ELISA

We haven't spoken in a while.

JONATHAN

She always thought she'd go in her
forties... Not like this, though.

ELISA

She's been through so much already.

He nods agreement.

JONATHAN

Her family?

ELISA

On their way.

JONATHAN

They should hurry.

Elisa SQUEEZES FINLEY'S HAND.

INT. OPERATING ROOM A - DAY (2020)

The tiny HAND of the unconscious Little Girl slides off the
table during surgery and rests against Finley's leg.

Finley ignores it. Covered in SWEAT, she tries to extract--

THE BULLET LODGED IN THE SPINE.

She struggles... almost there... An ALARM SOUNDS.

NURSE

Heart rate and BP are dropping.

Finley retreats her forceps.

FINLEY

Stabilize, please. Hurry.

The ALARM mercifully stops.

Leonora enters just in time to overhear Finley tell a Nurse--

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Hang two more units of A-positive.

LEONORA

Dr. Briar? Police just found the girl's father.

This news catches Finley's attention.

FINLEY

Alive?

LEONORA

He escaped from the gunman. Dr. Sawyer's trying to track him down now for medical approval.

Finley takes a deep breath and centers herself. Leonora senses she's struggling.

LEONORA (CONT'D)

Can I help? Please?

Beat. Finley motions her over. Leonora hurries to the other side of the patient. Finley shows her the issue.

FINLEY

The bullet pinned one of the spinal arteries against T12's vertebral body. I can't excise it without severing the vessel and--

LEONORA

--causing her to bleed into her spinal column.

Finley nods. A Nurse WIPES SWEAT from Finley's brow.

ALARMS SOUND again. Finley remains calm.

NURSE

Dr. Briar!

FINLEY

If we can't extract without cutting the vessel... then the only choice is to cut the spinal cord.

LEONORA

And paralyze her?

FINLEY

(to a Nurse)
Scalpel.

LEONORA

We're just about to connect with her father. We should get his approval.

FINLEY
I didn't ask for opinions.

LEONORA
The family should decide whether to--

FINLEY
Dr. Flynn, I don't have time for a
debate. Please leave. Now.

The tension at a fever pitch, Finley accepts the SCALPEL--
--AND CUTS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE SPINAL CORD.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Okay. Okay...

It worked. Leonora steps back, dismayed.
Finley grabs the forceps and EXTRACTS THE BULLET--
--dropping it onto a tray with a CLANK.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
(to a Nurse)
How are we?

NURSE
She's stable, Doctor. Looks like
we're in the clear.

Finley grows faint.

FINLEY
I need to sit. Stool... please.

Breaking sterility, she takes off her gloves and steps back.
Two Nurses bring a stool forward and guide her down.

NURSE
Dr. Briar?

FINLEY
I'm all right. Just need a minute.
Then let's begin vascular repair.
(to Leonora; pointed)
Go call Dr. Walters. Tell him it's
urgent. I'm going to need his help.

Conflicted, Leonora backs out of the O.R.

Finley closes her eyes and takes in a deep breath.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT (2020)

TIME-LAPSE of the Met Life Clock Tower hands SPINNING IN CIRCLES as a striking cloudscape dances across the sky.

INT. E.D. HALLWAY - DAY (2020)

Nathaniel exits the scrub room and hurries down the hall.
Virginia sees him and paces alongside for a walk-and-talk.

VIRGINIA
How'd it go in there?

NATHANIEL
Subarachnoid hemorrhage. Evacuated the clot. He'll likely have brain damage. Someone really beat the hell out of that poor kid.

VIRGINIA
They might've had a good reason.
(OFF Nathaniel)
I don't have names or details yet. But Briar's patient? Apparently, her father risked his life so no one else got shot. Overpowered the gunman at an ATM and kicked him in the head repeatedly--

NATHANIEL
Wait. Are you saying my patient shot that little girl?

VIRGINIA
Far as we can tell.

Virginia goes. Nathaniel fumes.

INT. E.D. NURSES' STATION - DAY (2020)

An iPad in hand, Finley hurries down the hall to greet--
JONATHAN, IN HIS MIDDLE YEARS. She hugs her longtime mentor.

JONATHAN
Don't do that.

She musters a weak smile for their inside joke.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

I was prepped on the way over.
Sounds like the sooner we operate,
the better the chances. Can you
show me her file?

Finley pulls up images on the iPad.

FINLEY

I cut here and here to leave the
spinal cord partially intact for
the scaffold implant.

JONATHAN

Clever. You saved that girl's life.

FINLEY

Even better if you can make sure
she walks again.

JONATHAN

Maybe in time. Once the scaffold is
in place, I'll extract mesenchymal
stem cells to inject in the lumbar.

FINLEY

I'd like to observe?

JONATHAN

Provided I don't get in trouble.
(OFF her smile)
See you in there.

He goes. Finley's relieved. Jonathan is her Home Base.

INT. CHIEF OF SURGERY OFFICE - MORNING (2010)

*KNOCK. Jonathan enters a wood-paneled room to find--
Virginia, TEN YEARS YOUNGER, working behind a mahogany desk.*

JONATHAN

Ginny, you asked to see me?

Virginia motions for him to sit across from her. He does.

She hands him a PHOTOGRAPH. Jonathan smiles:

INSERT PHOTO: JONATHAN POSES WITH A MIXED RACE 14-YEAR-OLD GIRL.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

How's the little doctor doing?

VIRGINIA

Ever since the school trip here,
all my girl talks about is "Dr.
Walters." Her friends idolize
Usher. Leonora worships you.

Leonora? Not only is Nathaniel her father, but now we realize
Virginia is her mother.

JONATHAN

Told you she's bright. Good genes.

He sets the photo on her desk next to a FRAMED FAMILY PHOTO
of Virginia, Nathaniel, and Leonora.

VIRGINIA

Jonathan, you're my friend, and I
have deep respect for your teaching
leadership at this hospital. You're
generous with your time, but more
importantly, you're fair.

JONATHAN

This doesn't sound good.

VIRGINIA

I know you want all of our interns
under general rotation to excel.
So, imagine my surprise when you
ignored our last conversation and
invited Briar to sit in on the
Pittman transplant.

Jonathan leans back in his chair, guilty as charged.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

That is completely unacceptable.
Every intern deserves--

JONATHAN

--an equal opportunity. I know.

VIRGINIA

Then what's going on? I've never
seen you favor a student like this.

JONATHAN

Finley Briar--is exceptional.

VIRGINIA

I hope you mean professionally.

JONATHAN

Excuse me?

VIRGINIA

If her plan is to climb the ranks by--

JONATHAN

I can assure that what you're implying is not the case. Briar is a rare talent. I think she could become a world-class surgeon. Why would you think that I--?

VIRGINIA

Because your protégé's bedside manner applies to doctors as well.

Puzzlement from Jonathan. She chokes up, catches herself.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

They don't know I know, but... she and Nathaniel...

JONATHAN

What? Are you sure?

Virginia is sure.

INT. SCRUB ROOM - DAY (2010)

Nathaniel scrubs in as Jonathan charges in to confront him.

JONATHAN

Son-of-a-bitch! Finley Briar is a student at this hospital--!

NATHANIEL

Hold on, Ginny and I are separated--

JONATHAN

--My student! I want you to stay away from her, and all interns under my purview. You step out of line, I'll make sure the hospital takes precautionary measures--

NATHANIEL

Don't pull that self-righteous act on me, Jonathan! You're the one who's falling all over Fin. Every doctor in the building is talking about your little thing for her.

JONATHAN

Then you're all mistaken.

NATHANIEL

So why do you care what I do?

JONATHAN

I don't care what you do. I care
what you do to her!

NATHANIEL

What do you want from me?! I'm in
love with her! Okay?! I don't know
what the hell to do. I love her.

Beat. Jonathan turns to go, and both men are surprised to see--
FINLEY, frozen in the doorway, deer in headlights.

FINLEY

I've been paging you. Laura's ICP
is way up. O2 saturations dropped.

Jonathan hurries out. Finley exchanges a glance with
Nathaniel, then follows Jonathan.

INT. SURGICAL WING - DAY (2020)

Still fuming from the news about his patient, Nathaniel
strides down the hallway on a mission, passing SUPPORT STAFF.

NATHANIEL

Where's Briar? Still in surgery?

They affirm with a NOD. He heads that way but gets
intercepted by DETECTIVE AMOS BROSKI (40s).

BROSKI

Dr. Flynn? Detective Broski, NYPD,
here to ask about Kevin Ferrell.

NATHANIEL

Doesn't ring a bell. If you'll
excuse me, I'm in a--

BROSKI

(over him)

He's wanted for questioning in a
Central Park shooting.

NATHANIEL

Oh. Hate to tell you but he's up in
ICU, critical condition. Won't be
much of a talker.

BROSKI

I was afraid you'd say that.

NATHANIEL

What's the status of the girl's
father? Is he hurt?

BROSKI

He's a mess... emotionally. Can't blame him. He's also a damn hero. Saved a lot of lives drawing the gunman away. His girl too, I hope.

NATHANIEL

Well, you can tell Dr. Westcott we have our best surgeon helping her.

BROSKI

(confused)

Westcott? Hold on... who told you the father's name?

OFF Nathaniel, realizing he said too much.

INT. SURGICAL WING - DAY (2020)

In scrubs, Finley and Jonathan approach the O.R. when they are stopped by--

VIRGINIA (O.S.)

Briar!

They turn to find Virginia and Leonora marching toward them. Jonathan mutters to Finley--

JONATHAN

Now what?

VIRGINIA

Can you explain to me how you knew this patient's blood type without ABO typing?

Finley glares at Leonora: traitor. To Virginia--

FINLEY

This can wait until we're done with the surgery.

A Nurse intervenes, glances at Finley and speaks to Virginia.

NURSE

Sorry to interrupt. The... father just arrived. He's coming over now.

They all peer down the hallway to find COPS escorting the father. He's a man we recognize (from the Teaser):

Finley's husband, KIERAN WESTCOTT.

Virginia and Leonora become confused. Finley gets emotional. Jonathan's face drops.

JONATHAN
Finley. What did you do?

FINLEY
I was the best surgeon for the job.

It dawns on Virginia:

VIRGINIA
Did you operate on your own daughter?!

FINLEY
I had to! There was no time!

Kieran races over, his clothing torn and bloody.

KIERAN
Fin?! Finnie?!

Her emotional wall crumbling, she steps toward him and bursts into tears. They EMBRACE. Both sob.

FINLEY
She's alive... Willow's alive.

VIRGINIA
(to Leonora)
How in the hell did this happen? No one recognized that was her kid?

LEONORA
There was an AMBU bag over her face, and a surgical drape.

Finley glances back at Jonathan, who's furious.

JONATHAN
Were you going to tell me?

FINLEY
Jonathan... I...

JONATHAN
Stay out of the O.R.!

He shoves open the O.R. doors and disappears, leaving Virginia and Leonora staring at her in shock.

Finley buries her head in Kieran's chest and cries.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUREXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY (2020)

An AERIAL TIME-LAPSE of "The Passage," a huge 15-number digital clock towering over 14th Street. Time is fleeting.

INT. SCRUB ROOM - DAY (2020)

Post-surgery, a MASKED DOCTOR enters and SCRUBS HER HANDS next to Richie.

RICHIE

How's the mother doing?

They peer through a PANE OF GLASS overlooking a large oval OPERATING ROOM, where we find the Pregnant Woman Finley saved earlier, alive and kissing her FUSSY NEWBORN BABY.

The doctor pulls down her mask to REVEAL Finley's best friend, Elisa Jeffers, IN HER MIDDLE YEARS, as spunky as ever.

ELISA

Well? If Finley had gotten there even a minute later, it would have been a very different outcome. But unfortunately, our patient is now the healthy mother of six kids. I almost felt bad saving her.

Richie laughs and flicks water at her. There's a notable charge between the two. Are they lovers?

Leonora bursts in. Elisa and Richie know something's wrong:

ELISA (CONT'D)

What happened?

INT. CHIEF OF SURGERY OFFICE - MORNING (2020)

KNOCK. Elisa storms in like the cavalry to find--

Virginia, typing on a LAPTOP behind her mahogany desk.

Elisa closes Virginia's laptop with a SLAM. Virginia seethes.

VIRGINIA

Jeffers! Mind your own business.

ELISA

Her kid is still in surgery and you're already filing a report to get her fired?

VIRGINIA

She blatantly ignored protocol.

Virginia opens the laptop again. Elisa closes it again.

ELISA

It's her kid.

VIRGINIA

It's a pattern of behavior.

ELISA

What other choice did she have?

VIRGINIA

She could've asked for help!

ELISA

She did! Nathaniel was in there.

VIRGINIA

And his involvement is another issue I intend to address.

Virginia opens the laptop again. Elisa goes to close it again but Virginia eye-stabs her, so Elisa changes her tact.

ELISA

Dr. Sawyer. Please. Willow came in unresponsive. Finley made a split-second decision that's easy to second-guess now, but in the moment? Can you really blame her?

(pointed)

If that had been Leonora, don't tell me you wouldn't have done the same thing.

This gives Virginia pause. She stares at her open laptop and considers what to do.

INT. VISITOR'S LOUNGE - NIGHT (2010)

Finley sits with her feet up on the seat and her head resting on her knees. She's next to Elisa, both surrounded by Laura's EXTENDED FAMILY, all sick with worry.

Finley grabs Elisa's arm, encouraging her to keep the faith.

Jonathan enters, wearing scrubs. Finley rises and CROSSES THE ROOM to greet him, hopeful, expectant.

Expressionless, he passes by Finley and motions for her to stay put as he approaches Elisa and her family.

Finley turns around to watch from afar. As Jonathan delivers the news, Laura's loved ones all sink into themselves.

Tearful, Elisa glances across the room at Finley and nods it's okay -- she knows Finley tried.

Emotional, Finley heads toward the stairwell leading to "ROOFTOP ACCESS." She opens the door and leaves. Jonathan watches her go.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY (2020)

Kieran and Finley sit side-by-side on the stairs. A FIRST AID KIT beside her, she tries to clean an open GASH on his face. He pulls his head away.

FINLEY
Hold still.

KIERAN
Don't.

FINLEY
You're hurt.

KIERAN
Good.

She grabs his head: hold still. He relents. She works on the wound. He stares straight ahead, lost in thought. If we heard a tinge of an Irish accent before, it's confirmed for us now.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
He came out of nowhere. We left the zoo, in the middle of the damn day. Next thing I know, he's waving a gun. I tried to reason with him, said I don't carry cash and he--
(chokes up)
He just shot her.

His EYES WELL with tears, reliving the moment.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
I tried to step in front but... I couldn't protect her. I couldn't...

Finley tends to his wound again. He brushes her away.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
Stop. Please, just stop!

FINLEY
You're bleeding.

KIERAN

So let me bleed for a second! I'm covered in her blood, not mine!

Gazing at his bloody shirt, she tries to keep a measured tone.

FINLEY

I don't understand, Kieran. How could you just leave her?

KIERAN

How could you cut her spine in half? Can you answer me that one?

FINLEY

You have no idea what I just went through.

KIERAN

You think I had it easy with a gun in my face?

FINLEY

I made the best choice from only bad options!

KIERAN

And that only applies to you?! That kid was about to shoot me and every person there! If I hadn't drawn him away, it would have been a mass casualty and there's no chance in hell Willow would have gotten medical attention in time. I had the presence of mind to make the one choice that saved our daughter!

FINLEY

So did I!

KIERAN

Then we had the same goddamn day!!

This hits home for Finley. She bursts into tears.

FINLEY

You're right... I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to--

Seeing her cry breaks his heart. He hugs her.

KIERAN

I didn't mean it, either. We're not in our right minds.

She runs her hands over Kieran's BLOODIED KNUCKLES.

KIERAN (CONT'D)

I tried to kill him, Finnie.
Screamed like an animal. Tried to
smash his head in. Really tried. I
have never felt hate like that
before. And now I'm afraid that
hate won't ever leave me.

FINLEY

It will.

KIERAN

I'm not as unbreakable as you.

She grabs his face.

FINLEY

(pointed; emotional)

Listen. You are an extraordinary man
because of your capacity to care. You
feel more than most. It's what I love
about you. Don't you dare lose that.
No matter what happens. Because that
would break me. Do you understand?

He does. We see how much these two love each other. They work
on so many levels. He kisses her forehead, looks in her eyes.

KIERAN

We've had a rough go this past
year. We'll get through this, yeah?
Stronger than ever?

Finley searches his eyes. She wants to tell him something.

FINLEY

Kieran...

The door swings open, REVEALING it's the very same stairwell
that leads to "ROOFTOP ACCESS." Standing at the door: Elisa.

ELISA

Thought I might find you here.

KIERAN

Hey, 'Lise.

ELISA

Hey, Irish. Nice shiner.

He smiles -- Elisa always knows how to take the edge off.

ELISA (CONT'D)

I come with news.
(OFF their concern)
(MORE)

ELISA (CONT'D)

Jonathan said to tell you the surgery was successful.

KIERAN

Oh thank god.

ELISA

Vitals are stable. He said Willow's recovery will be long. They're transferring her to ICU now.

FINLEY

Where's Jonathan?

ELISA

Cooling off.

Finley fills with regret.

FINLEY

I should've told him.

ELISA

Let's save the ethics debate for a bottle of wine. Today could have been a helluva lot worse. No parent in the world would blame you. I'm not gonna lie--you have a rough road ahead. But you also have your daughter. So for now... go be with Willow. Don't worry about Jonathan. He'll always be there for you.

Finley and Kieran nod, grateful.

INT. VISITOR'S LOUNGE - NIGHT (2030)

Jonathan sits alone in the waiting room.

His Tri-Phone emits a BEEP. He holds up his palm. A 3D reminder reads: "PILL."

He reaches into his inner jacket pocket and retrieves a pill, pops it in his mouth, swallows.

DING. The elevator doors open to REVEAL A TEENAGE GIRL. Upon first glance, one would be forgiven for confusing her with Finley in her younger years.

Seeing Jonathan, she walks toward him, HER GAIT A BIT UNUSUAL, which confirms for us--

It's WILLOW BRIAR-WESTCOTT (15), back on her feet.

Jonathan stands to greet her.

WILLOW
Can I hug you?

He smiles and nods yes. She does.

JONATHAN
Where's your dad?

WILLOW
Downstairs, with Nathaniel. Aunt
Elisa's preparing them. I didn't
want to wait any longer.

JONATHAN
Do they know where you went?

WILLOW
They'll figure it out.

He smiles. She has a lot of the same fire as Finley.

WILLOW (CONT'D)
Where's my mom?

He motions to the open door down the hall. She walks toward
it. Halfway there, she stops, losing her courage.

She stands there, too scared to go in by herself, too
stubborn to turn back.

JONATHAN
Perhaps it's best to wait a moment.

She looks back at him, her eyes glassy.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Just until the others come up.

She's considers, unsure.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
I could use some company anyhow.

Willow wanders back... and sits beside him. He glances at
what appears to be BLUE MAGNETS on her HIPS and KNEES.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
How are those working out?

She shoots a look. She doesn't like talking about her legs.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Sorry. Old habits.

WILLOW

They work. Won't be joining the track team anytime soon.

JONATHAN

Why not?

WILLOW

I walk funny. Imagine my run.

He goes to say something, decides against it. She's not in the mood for conversation. He can't blame her. Beat.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Mom and I had a fight. I was being a jerk. I don't want those to be my last words to her.

(overcome)

She's going to die... isn't she?

JONATHAN

Your mother used to say, "Death isn't the enemy. The true enemy is time." Or something like that. It's the one thing you battle against every day of your life but can't get enough of. I'll never forget seeing her in surgery for the first time. She was a colossal pain in the ass. Unruly, distracting, as green as grass. We ended up losing the patient: your Aunt Elisa's grandmother.

This is news to Willow. She listens with greater interest.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Nobody's fault. Things were more antiquated back then. And sometimes there are just no good options. But in that surgery, there was this thing she did. It was like watching a world-class chess player in a timed game, mapping out a strategy fifteen plays ahead. It's how she's wired--with a ticking clock in her DNA. It allows her to anticipate how much time she needs to save a life, right down to the second. I've never seen anything like it.

Jonathan looks at Willow.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

I imagine your mom is doing that right now. She's trying to figure out a way to heal herself and get back to you. And if you need proof, she developed the device on her head that's buying her more time.

Willow's eyes change, now filled with hope.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

All I'm trying to say is that I've known your mother for twenty years. And I know her better than most. So no matter what you hear her doctor say, don't count her out just yet.

They stare across the room in silence.

WILLOW

I think that's the most I've ever heard you talk.

Jonathan smirks.

JONATHAN

You and me both. It was exhausting.

She smiles just a little, and puts her head on his shoulder.

SNAP TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - DAY (2010)

TIME-LAPSE of MOODY CLOUDS RACING ACROSS THE SKY over the bridge. With each passing second, Fate is one step closer.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOFTOP - NIGHT (2010)

Finley stares out at the Queensboro Bridge on a cloudy night.

FINLEY

Laura Pittman will forever be the first patient I lost.

REVEAL Jonathan behind her at the roof entryway.

JONATHAN

Death is a formidable opponent.

FINLEY

I think time is the real enemy. Death is just the result.

He walks over and stares out at the view with her.

JONATHAN

You made it too personal.

FINLEY

Are we talking about the surgery or my love life? Cause unfortunately, I love Nathaniel back. Which sucks.

JONATHAN

I can't help you on that front. But when it comes to surgery: emotions are the clouds of a clear mind.

This resonates for her. She peers over at him.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Learn to detach from the person, and focus on the human body. That's how to think like a surgeon.

FINLEY

I'm afraid I'll always make it personal. I wanted to be a geneticist, until I came home from tenth grade to find my mother had shot herself. She wanted to die on her own terms.

(MORE)

FINLEY (CONT'D)

I couldn't figure out how to save her. So I decided to become a surgeon.

JONATHAN

Was she sick?

FINLEY

Stomach cancer. My mom's side has a gene mutation. CDH1. I probably do too. So I'll likely die in my 40s, like my mom. For me, there will never be enough time.

He puts his hands on her shoulders and looks in her eyes.

JONATHAN

That's exactly what will make you such an exceptional doctor.

Comforting words. He starts back toward the rooftop entryway.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Provided the Chief of Surgery doesn't kill you first.

He leaves. Finley gazes back out at the view.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT (2020)

Elisa exits a glassed-in patient room. Nathaniel approaches.

NATHANIEL

Jeffers.

She closes the patient room door.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

Heard you talked down the Chief. You should be a hostage negotiator.

ELISA

(quips)

Well, that's about as much of a compliment as I ever get.

She starts to go but he stops her and whispers--

NATHANIEL

Hey. Fin's got something going on.

ELISA

Ya think?

NATHANIEL

I mean with the pregnancy.

He clocks concern in her eyes.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

You already know.

ELISA

I didn't say--! See, this is why I don't play strip poker anymore.

NATHANIEL

She's been in pain all day. Cramping. Stress-induced.

Elisa considers, decides to confide.

ELISA

She did an amnio. Genetic testing. There were complications.

NATHANIEL

What kind of--?

ELISA

That's all I'm saying. I'll check on her. Thanks for letting me know.
(goes; comes back)
Also, mind your own business.

Elisa doesn't hate Nathaniel, but she doesn't not hate him. He's caused a lot of pain for Finley over the years.

She goes.

Nathaniel stands alone, contemplating. REVEAL --

HE'S STANDING OUTSIDE WILLOW'S PATIENT ROOM.

Seen through a window into the room, an unconscious Willow sleeps in a spinal C-brace.

Seated beside her, Finley plays with her daughter's hair. Kieran sleeps on his wife's shoulder. It's a beautiful family, who all just went through hell together.

VIRGINIA (O.S.)

Did you know?

Nathaniel turns to find Virginia, glowering at him.

NATHANIEL

Ginny--

VIRGINIA

Answer the question. Did you know that patient was her daughter?

NATHANIEL

Your question is pointless. If I did know, I'd never admit it. If I didn't know, you'd never believe it. So I'll just deny to confirm, and confirm to deny.

VIRGINIA

I hate your double-speak.

NATHANIEL

I'm aware. I think you mentioned it in the divorce summons.

This gets under her skin a little too much.

VIRGINIA

You'll never get over that woman, will you?

She storms away.

Nathaniel's alone again, with his thoughts.

NATHANIEL

(to himself)

Never.

He peers into Willow's room again.

Finley glances up. Seeing him, she mouths, "thank you."

He gives a wink and goes.

We're left looking at Finley THROUGH THE GLASS, kept at a distance. Her expression becomes more reflective...

Willow stirs beside her. We see her turn toward Finley and utter the word, "Mommy?"

Finley turns. We see her say, "Willow!" Kieran wakes up. The two rise and hover over their daughter, hugging her.

INT. VISITOR'S LOUNGE - NIGHT (2030)

Still seated beside Jonathan, Willow sees someone--

WILLOW

Nathaniel, over here.

REVEAL NATHANIEL "NATE" WESTCOTT-BRIAR (10), at the elevator.

Stepping off behind him, a balding Kieran, TEN YEARS OLDER.

As they make their way over, we are left to wonder why Finley and Kieran named their son "Nathaniel."

INT. ICU PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT (2030)

Willow and Nate hold Finley's hands on either side of the bed, crying. (This is the same moment that ends Act One, now from a different point of view.)

LEONARD (O.S.)
The swelling in her brain is
considerable.

REVEAL Kieran, Elisa, and Jonathan, digesting the news.

LEONARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We do not expect her to regain
consciousness.

REVEAL Leonard, addressing the room.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
The damage is so extensive that she
would likely not be able to
communicate. She would require
total care.

FOCUS ON Finley's BRUISED AND SWOLLEN FACE for any sign of life.

Leonard's voice TRAILS OFF and the sound in the room FADES AWAY.

LEONARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
My advice is to say good-bye...

FINLEY (V.O.)
Wake up wake up wake up wake uuup!!

The inner cry of a mom, desperate to hug her kids again.

FINLEY (V.O.)
Please wake up! Stupid body. Do
something. Wiggle a toe, blink your
eyes, squeeze their hands. Let them
know you're clawing your way back.
I can't be done. Not when I see
things with so much clarity now...

Finley's eyelids QUIVER. A TEAR forms. She's still in there.

OVER MUSIC

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE OF 2010 - VARIOUS**FINLEY (V.O.)****Who we were...**

--At a funeral, Finley hugs a mourning Elisa next to a poster board picture of Laura Pittman.

--Jonathan shakes hands with a new 1st-Year Intern at Lenox Hill Hospital: Elisa, now in scrubs, with Finley excitedly jumping up and down beside her.

--Finley and Nathaniel return to Roosevelt Island on the TRAM, making out, with her holding a BOX OF CHOCOLATES with a handwritten note: "Sorry I love you."

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE OF 2020 - VARIOUS**FINLEY (V.O.)****Who we became...**

--In a Lyft, Nathaniel looks out at a passing EMPTY TRAM while crossing the Queensboro Bridge and holds back tears.

--Finley and Kieran struggle to assemble a handicap-accessible bed... with Willow watching from her wheelchair.

--In a patient bed, Finley gets a pregnancy ultrasound from Elisa, who smiles, indicating all is well... for now.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE OF 2030 - A SERIES OF TIME-LAPSE SHOTS**FINLEY (V.O.)****And who we'll become.**

--A comatose Finley lies in her patient bed as the SUN RISES AND FALLS outside her window morning after morning after morning...

--LOVED ONES come in and out of the patient room to visit a comatose Finley day after day after day...

--DOCTORS and NURSES check on a comatose Finley night after night after night...

FADE TO:

INT. ICU PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT (2030)

Now off her ventilator, Finley's ashen face seems more at peace.

FINLEY (V.O.)
Time... you're a real bitch.

The BEEP of her heart monitor slows...

The beeping STOPS.

Complete silence.

FINLEY (V.O.)
But I'm not done with you yet.

And then...

Finley GASPS as she OPENS HER EYES.

She survived.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE