

# GOOD SAM



"Pilot"

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## TEASER

OVER BLACK: A beeping heart monitor, the audio wallpaper of hospitals everywhere. Then: breathing. Heavy, labored.

### INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

FADE UP on bare feet sprinting over polished concrete. The hospital-gown wearing FUGITIVE darts out of frame just as --

SAM (O.S.)  
Mr. Ferguson! Stop!

A WOMAN'S blue surgical booties cross frame, in hot pursuit.

### INT. CARDIOTHORACIC SURGERY WING - NURSES STATION - DAY

At the command center of this bustling wing, we find our regular nurses: DONNA (50, all-seeing, all-knowing) and PAMELA (30s, as innocent as a curl). A PATIENT clocks the approaching chase.

PATIENT  
Is it always this crazy around here?

NURSE DONNA  
Surgical wings are like Vegas casinos. Lots of lights, lots of sounds --

MR.FERGUSON (50s, kind face when it's not frozen in terror) streaks by. His gown flaps open, exposing his buns.

NURSE PAMELA  
-- And lots of ass.

### EXT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Mr. Ferguson races out the door with the beautiful, serious, out-of-breath SAMANTHA (35) - aka "Dr. Sam" - on his tail.

SAM  
If you have a heart attack out here, I'm not saving you! Hear me?!

Ferguson stops, out of gas, and a nervous wreck.

MR. FERGUSON  
I'm sorry, Dr. Sam. I just can't go through with it. It's too risky. With my diabetes, and my blood pressure...

Sam's scowl melts into sympathy.

SAM  
We've talked about this. The  
benefits outweigh the risks --

MR. FERGUSON  
I could die on the table.

SAM  
You won't die on the table.

MR. FERGUSON  
Something could go wrong.

SAM  
Nothing will go wrong.

MR. FERGUSON  
How can you be sure?

SAM  
Because Dr. Griffith is your  
surgeon.

EXT. PARKING LOT/GRIFF'S PARKING SPOT - DAY

A Tesla Model X pulls into a VIP parking spot. The handsome,  
boyish Dr. PAUL "GRIFF" GRIFFITH (50s) at the wheel.

BACK WITH SAM

She sees Griff pull in. As Griff unhurriedly cleans his  
sunglasses, Sam looks at Ferguson intently.

SAM  
I went to Harvard Med. Did my  
residency at the Mayo Clinic. I've  
worked with the best. And Paul  
Griffith stands above them all.  
You're in the best possible hands.

WITH GRIFF: Flossing his teeth. Sam clocks this, masking her  
annoyance by focusing on Ferguson. He shakes his head.

MR. FERGUSON  
I'm sorry. I guess I'm a coward.

Griff steps out of his car. Cleans a smudge on his  
windshield. Sam moves toward Ferguson - playing her ace.

SAM  
No. I was just as scared as you  
before my surgery.

MR. FERGUSON  
You had heart surgery?

She pulls her shirt aside to REVEAL a SCAR over her heart.

SAM  
But instead of thinking about dying  
on the table, or something going  
wrong? I thought about Crystal  
Lake. You know it?

Lake trivia = Conversation gold in Michigan. He thinks.

MR. FERGUSON  
Up by Traverse City, there?

SAM  
My dad and I fished there every  
summer. Beautiful. Stocked with  
trout and coho salmon. I thought  
about that next trip we'd take.  
(then)  
Is there a place you'd like to go?

MR. FERGUSON  
My wife wants to do a cruise.

SAM  
Yeah? Where to?

MR. FERGUSON  
(giving in)  
Alaska.

She puts a hand on his shoulder - we clock BAND AIDS on a  
couple of her fingers - and leads him back to the hospital.

MR. FERGUSON (CONT'D)  
I don't think you can promise me I  
won't die. Legally speaking.

SAM  
Tell you what. Have the surgery,  
and if you live, sue me. Deal?

He laughs. As they head back inside, we CRANE UP to take in  
the august façade of Detroit's Henry Ford Hospital.

INT. HFH - PRE-OP ROOM - DAY

Nurse Pamela starts Mr. Ferguson's IV. Sam squeezes his hand  
in encouragement. MRS. FERGUSON (50s) holds his other hand.

SAM  
Think about that cruise.

And now, Griff swaggers in, beaming a freshly-flossed smile that is somehow both arrogant and irresistible.

GRIFF

Somebody order a triple bypass for breakfast?

NURSE PAMELA

Good morning, Dr. Griffith.

GRIFF

Pamela.

Pamela smiles, suddenly kittenish. Sam suppresses an eyeroll.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Mr. Ferguson. You sign your DNR?

FERGUSON

What?

GRIFF

Do Not Resuscitate. Legal order not to revive you if things go south --

FERGUSON

(panicking)

I know what it is, why are you asking me about it right now?

GRIFF

I need to know. I'm the one who has to make the call, if, you know --

FERGUSON

If what?!

SAM

It's just a precaution. Dr. Griffith didn't mean to upset you.  
(glaring at Griff)  
He signed it.

GRIFF

Ah. That's a comfort.

Off Ferguson, far from comforted...

INT. HFH - ELEVATOR - DAY

Sam steps into the elevator when DR. CALEB DE LUCA (30s, 2nd year, good-looking and cocky) hops in.

CALEB

Doctor.

SAM

Doctor.

The doors close, and Caleb immediately pulls her in for a kiss. She lets him, but he clocks how tense she is.

CALEB

What'd Griff do now?

SAM

It's like undermining me is a sport for him. I am the cardiac fellow. Second in command. He treats me worse than the interns!

He kisses her, trying to distract her. She can't let it go.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm taking the Cleveland offer.  
(off his surprise)  
Soon as I complete this fellowship,  
I'm out of here.

CALEB

You don't want to do that.

She pauses, meeting his eyes. Carefully --

SAM

Are you... saying I should stay?

CALEB

It's not about me.

Sam nods - got it. And now, her decision is fully made.

SAM

I told Griff if he can't respect me, I have to go somewhere I'm valued. See you in surgery.

The elevator DINGS. She steps off, determined.

INT. SURGERY PREP - DAY

A large room with wash stations lining the perimeter. DR. RAJ GARG (30s, 4th year, talented but insecure) looks at Caleb.

RAJ

Pay up.

Caleb grouchily hands him a \$20 bill.

CALEB

I got another 20 says this guy  
celebrates his new valves with a  
yard of beer and a bloomin' onion.

PIPPA

So what?

DR. PIPPA TRULIE (30s, pretty, fragile) turns from the sink.

PIPPA (CONT'D)

Does your mechanic care how you  
drive your car after a tune up?

CALEB

If this guy were a car he'd be  
scrapped for parts by now.

JOEY SILVA (30, bold and beautiful) rolls his eyes.

JOEY

I'm so over blood and guts. Gimme  
some fake boobies, call it a day.

PIPPA

You are so superficial.

They glare at each other, a hostile competition between them.

JOEY

You know with that frowny face you  
make when you're judging people,  
you're gonna need some Botox. Don't  
expect a discount, honey.

SAM

Can we stop bickering, please? We  
are all in this together.

GRIFF (O.S.)

I'm afraid I disagree.

Silence as Griff appears - Zeus coming down from Olympus. He  
paces in front of his residents.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

What you actually are, as far as I  
can tell...

(to Caleb)

Is pathologically arrogant...

(to Raj)

Pathologically insecure...

(to Pippa)

Psychologically wounded...

(MORE)

GRIFF (CONT'D)  
                  (to Joey)  
                  And exceptionally vain.

Sam sees his criticisms land on her residents, frustrated.

                  GRIFF (CONT'D)  
                  I don't know if *any* of you has what  
                  it takes. That's why you're here.  
                  To earn your seat at the grown-up  
                  table by empirically proving you  
                  are *more valuable* than the person  
                  next to you. This is surgical  
                  residency, not a drum circle.

Griff moves to Sam.

                  GRIFF (CONT'D)  
                  You're supervising these doctors.  
                  You're above them in knowledge,  
                  rank, and skill. Act like it.

He attaches his face mask. Sam gnaws on her nails. That explains the Band Aids. Off her, stymied.

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - O.R. - DAY

Griff extracts a wire mesh stent from Ferguson's chest, Sam is at his side - Everyone's faces behind surgical masks.

                  SAM  
                  Patient suffers restenosis. Dr.  
                  Griffith is removing the failed  
                  stent before harvesting the left  
                  saphenous vein for bypass.

                  GRIFF  
                  Actually, I've changed my mind. I'd  
                  like to use the internal thoracic  
                  arteries.

                  SAM  
                  Why would we do that?

Sam and Griff meet eyes. It grows tense. Sam, firm:

                  SAM (CONT'D)  
                  This patient is diabetic.

                  GRIFF  
                  We all read his file, Doctor.

                  SAM  
                  He's at higher risk for stroke,  
                  sepsis... harvesting arteries so  
                  (MORE)



SAM (CONT'D)

close to his breastbone only  
increases those risks.

GRIFF

Maybe. But it *decreases* the risk of  
him returning in ten years because  
of a collapsed leg vein. Clamps.

Pippa hands him a clamp. They're moving ahead. Urgently -

SAM

A sternal wound infection could  
kill him.

GRIFF

Good thing he's in the hands of a  
capable surgeon.

Sam looks around the room. Pippa gives her a sympathetic  
look, in her corner. Sam nods, standing down.

CLOSE ON Griff's hands, artful and elegant as he accesses the  
bifurcated artery behind the sternum. Sam watches, her  
anxiety turning to admiration - he really is the best...

INT. HFH - NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Sam and Griff walk and talk at the brisk pace of surgeons who  
always have somewhere they needed to be five minutes ago.

SAM

Have you spoken to the family? To  
explain the change in procedure?  
(off his silence)  
Fine. I'll do it.

GRIFF

Tell them I said "you're welcome."

Before he peels off, she stops. Steels herself.

SAM

There's something else. I believe I  
deserve respect, even if you don't.  
(then)  
So I've made a decision.

But then -- BEEP! Their PAGERS go off. Conversation over --

SMASH TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

PEOPLE line the halls on stretchers - head wounds, burns,  
it's a war zone as Sam, Griff, and the team rush in.

SAM  
Ten car pile up on I-95.

GRIFF  
I smell donors.  
(sotto)  
Find the motorcyclists.

An ANGRY HUSBAND (30s) spies Griff's doctor coat, calls --

ANGRY HUSBAND  
Doctor! Please, my wife is in pain --

Griff walks on, trading frosty glances with DR. KATZ (50, handsome and exhausted), who nods to a PATIENT on the ground.

KATZ  
Came in with chest pain, then this.

GRIFF  
Nitroglycerin?

KATZ  
Already gave it to him.

They have to shout to hear each other, so distracted in the chaos that no one clocks the JITTERY GUY (25) muttering to himself in the far corner, growing increasingly agitated...

PIPPA  
Is there a defib somewhere?

SAM  
I see it.

Sam rushes to retrieve the AED. Caleb and Raj begin chest compressions as the Angry Husband storms Griff, enraged --

ANGRY HUSBAND  
You can't just walk away from me!  
What kind of doctor are you?

GRIFF  
A bad one. You don't want me. Keep waiting.

That's it - the husband CHARGES Griff, ready to choke him - But Griff DROPS to the ground before the husband reaches him.

The SOUND distorts, everything slows down, as we realize there was a shot. A GUNSHOT. BLOOD is pooling around Griff's body. REVERSE TO REVEAL the Jittery Guy - schizophrenic, turns out - holding a GUN. SCREAMING - it's Pippa. The Schizophrenic Guy is tackled and disarmed. KATZ is the first to reach Griff, shouting orders as panic rises --

Now find Sam in the crush of bodies. She sees the blood - and Griff, losing consciousness, her face twisted in anguish --

SAM

DAD!

SMASH to MAIN TITLE: "**GOOD SAM.**"

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

BACK UP on the familiar facade. CHYRON: "**Six Months Later.**"  
Land on Griff's VIP spot, "Dr. Griffith" on the placard. But today, a Toyota Prius pulls in. REVEAL Sam at the wheel.

SAM (V.O.)

*What happened to my father was a  
shock for our entire community.*

SMASH TO:

INT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Sam is on the move as COLLEAGUES acknowledge her. Someone hands her something to sign, she hands a file off --

SAM (V.O.)

*As a community, we went on, as I  
know he'd want us to. I was humbled  
to step in as interim Attending  
Physician in my father's absence.*

She's the eye of the storm, the conductor of the orchestra,  
composed, self-possessed, empowered.

SAM (V.O.)

*And I'm humbled again today, and  
grateful to the board, for making  
my position permanent.*

INT. HFH - SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

"Dr. Griffith" etched on the door. Sam runs through her speech as VIVIAN KATZ (50s, lovely, regal, and fierce,) helps Sam into her doctor's coat.

SAM

My father can never be replaced.  
But I intend to carry on his legacy  
to the best of my ability.

VIVIAN

I love it.

Vivian picks up a picture on Sam's desk. TEN YEAR OLD SAM, on a boat with a younger Griff, holding up a fish she caught.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
And so would he.

SAM  
(conflicted)  
Questionable.

VIVIAN  
Do not feel guilty about this. You earned it. I say that as your Chief Medical Officer, not your mother.

Sam's PAGER goes off. Vivian nods at her. Duty calls --

INT. CARDIOTHORACIC SURGERY - NURSES STATION - DAY

Pippa reads Sam's speech as they fast-walk down the hallway which is, in fact, as lively and frenetic as a Vegas casino.

PIPPA  
(re: her speech)  
It's perfect.

SAM  
Really? It's not boring?

PIPPA  
No, it's definitely boring.

Sam reacts as a fellow DOCTOR whizzes by, calling --

PASSING DOCTOR  
Thanks for the help with the LVAD,  
Dr. Griffith.

SAM  
Heparin's working?

PASSING DOCTOR  
It is. Thanks again.

And he's off. Sam nods, authoritative. Then, back to Pippa --

SAM  
How can it be perfect *and* boring?

PIPPA  
I just mean it's a very appropriate speech for a room full of old, rich donors. It's a compliment. Don't do your overthinking thing, it got old in Med School.

SAM  
What over thinking thing?

PIPPA  
You're doing it right now.

Sam gives her a look as they land at the nurses station. Raj, Joey, and the nurses look up as Sam smiles warmly.

NURSE DONNA  
Morning, Doctor Griffith. Big day.

SAM  
(scanning her tablet)  
No kidding. Atrial fib, hiatal  
hernia, ICD candidate...

NURSE DONNA  
You know I mean your *promotion*.

Sam smiles knowingly.

SAM  
Thank you.  
(to the team)  
Shall we?

As they set off, Caleb sneaks around a corner, falling in.  
The residents match Sam's stride and artillery-fire pace.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Atrial fib. What do we know?

PIPPA  
Patient's not responding to  
anticoagulants or beta blockers.

RAJ  
Electrical cardioversion seems like  
the next step. But we should  
mention the possibility of catheter  
ablation now so he's prepared in  
case we can't reset the rhythm.

SAM  
(nodding)  
Dr. Garg, run point on that. Dr.  
Trulie and Dr. Silva will handle  
the ICD. And when Dr. De Luca  
catches up from arriving so very  
late for rounds, he'll take the  
hernia.

Before all disperse, Sam stops them - affection in her eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)

One last thing. I couldn't have gotten through these last six months without you. Tonight is a celebration of you as much as me. I hope to see you there.

The residents peel off. Caleb lingers, watching Sam walk away. Raj joins Caleb, a knowing look in his eye.

CALEB

My 5th hernia this month. What does she want from me?

RAJ

To stop being an entitled jackass, I think? Because the rest of us have really found a groove.

CALEB

It's hard to be the dutiful subordinate of your ex-girlfriend.

RAJ

If you'd asked her to stay when you had the chance, she might not be your Ex.

Raj walks off. Off Caleb, flummoxed.

INT. HFH - ELEVATOR - ADMIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Sam looks beautiful in her gown. She reads her speech as the elevator stops on an administrative floor and MALCOLM (30s, handsome, quiet strength) steps on. Sam doesn't look up.

SAM

My father can never be replaced. But I vow to carry on his legacy to the best of my ability.

MALCOLM

Beautiful.

She looks up, registering him for the first time. He smiles.

SAM

Oh. Thanks. Hope I don't disappoint the "boring rich donors."

MALCOLM

What?

SAM

These things can be a little dull.

MALCOLM

Ah. Least there's an open bar.  
(pointing)  
Do you need help?

SAM

Finding the bar?

MALCOLM

No, your dress, the zipper...

She realizes her zipper is a half inch from the top. She can't reach it. He leans over, gently zips it. Sam blushes.

SAM

Thanks. You must be new. I'm Sam.

MALCOLM

Everyone knows who you are, Dr.  
Griffith.  
(then)  
I'm Malcolm. Speranta.

Sam reacts, suddenly uncomfortable --

SAM

Like the Speranta foundation? The family that's underwriting the expansion of our surgical wing --

MALCOLM

AKA, boring rich donor.

He grins, good natured, as the doors open. Off Sam, oops --

INT. HFH - ATRIUM - NIGHT

The atrium doubles as a reception space for busy doctors who can't get away from the hospital for functions. Vivian, on the arm of Dr. Katz, the ER doctor, spies Sam.

VIVIAN

There she is.

ACROSS THE ATRIUM

The residents clock her arrival, especially Caleb, whose longing for her overrides his swagger for just a beat. Vivian makes her way to the podium and taps the mic.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Good evening. Please join me in welcoming our new chief of Cardiothoracic surgery, Dr. Samantha Griffith!

Applause carries Sam to the podium. Vivian squeezes her arm and heads for her seat. Sam smiles at the crowd, poised.

SAM

Thank you for being here. And for  
this honor. What happened to my  
father was a shock for all of us --

BEEP. In the audience, a pager goes off. Sam smiles - room full of doctors, what are you gonna do?

SAM (CONT'D)

But as a community, we carried on,  
as I know he would want...

BEEP. BEEP. BUZZ. Another pager, then a phone - it's not a fluke - people's devices are blowing up. Sam goes on.

In the audience, Vivian stands, the color drained from her face, and rushes toward Sam. Sam steps back from the mic.

SAM (CONT'D)

Mom, what's going on?

VIVIAN

Your father. He's waking up.

Wait. Griff isn't dead? WTF? Off Sam, we SMASH TO --

INT. HFH - NEUROLOGY WING - GRIFF'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sam stands in a doorway, blinking in disbelief. REVERSE to reveal Griff, in the hospital bed. He opens his eyes, sees Sam standing there.

SAM

Hi, Dad.

Off this --

**END TEASER**



**ACT ONE**

**INT. HFH - NEUROLOGY WING - GRIFF'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Griff is propped up in bed, groggy and weak. A NURSE and a NEUROLOGIST are with him as Sam and Vivian appear.

VIVIAN

Griff.

Viv instinctively goes to him, tears in her eyes, as Sam looks on, overwhelmed, smiling, and still a bit dazed --

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

I can't believe it. I mean, your MRIs always showed high residual function --

SAM

And his brainstem was intact.  
(remembering, to him)  
Your brainstem. Sorry... I'm just.. it's a miracle to see you awake... are you trying to say something?

He is. But all that comes out is a croak.

SAM (CONT'D)

Maybe you shouldn't try to talk. I can just talk. Or we could both not talk --

VIVIAN

Give him some water.

SAM

Right. Here you go.

Sam holds up a cup of water for him. He sips, croaks again:

GRIFF

When --?

SAM

When were you shot? It's been six months, is that what you're asking?

He shakes his head no.

GRIFF

When... can I go back to work?

SAM

What?

They react, stunned. The neurologist catches Vivian's eye.

NEUROLOGIST

It was his first question when he  
woke up.

Sam tries to compute that, prattling on awkwardly again --

SAM

Seriously? Not "where am I, how  
long was I out?" "Who won the  
Superbowl?"

(beat)

Actually, I don't know who won the  
Superbowl and I've been awake this  
whole time --

GRIFF

When?

VIVIAN

(carefully)

Griff, you've been in a persistent  
vegetative state for six months.

GRIFF

And now I'm awake.

He looks at them, serious. Vivian takes a deep breath.

SAM

Yes, and that's a miracle, but  
there are going to be tests, and  
physical therapy.

VIVIAN

There's no rush.

GRIFF

Six months is a long time without  
an attending physician.

VIVIAN

Actually... the hospital named a  
new chief of surgery.

He nods, putting it together.

GRIFF

I've been replaced.

VIVIAN  
It's been six months, Griff.

GRIFF  
Who is it?

SAM  
It's me. Tonight was the reception.

GRIFF  
I see.

They meet eyes for a long beat. Finally --

GRIFF (CONT'D)  
Congratulations. Glad I wore my  
gown.

Sam blinks, not sure how to react to any of this...

INT. NEUROLOGY HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vivian and Sam walk out into the hall, heads spinning.

SAM  
He hasn't missed a beat.

Vivian shakes her head, suddenly choking up with emotion.

VIVIAN  
I sat here every night, wondering  
if he'd ever open his eyes again.  
He finally did... And all he wants  
is to go back to work.

SAM  
(surprised)  
You came down here every night?

VIVIAN  
I think I spent more time with him  
down here than I did when we were  
married.  
(off Sam's reaction)  
He didn't talk. So that helped.

Vivian laughs, and then so does Sam, while also crying...

SAM  
It's just such a relief. He's back.  
And he's the exact same. I can't  
believe it.  
(then)  
What am I saying. Of course I can.

They laugh again, embracing, overcome with emotion.

INT. HFH - SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Sam walks toward her Mom's office, when she sees Malcolm stepping out. She falters, half-wishing she could hide.

MALCOLM

Hi.

SAM

Hi. Listen, I apologize for what I said at the party. I honestly thought you worked here, and that's not an excuse, but --

MALCOLM

I do work here.  
(off her surprise)  
I'm the director of finance.

SAM

Your father is one of our biggest donors --

MALCOLM

My dad and I are very different people.

She nods, relating to that sentiment.

SAM

Anyway, I'm sorry.

As she starts to leave --

MALCOLM

How are you doing?

SAM

Well, the department is in order.  
I don't expect much to change --

MALCOLM

I meant how are *you*. With your dad?

She blinks, a little surprised by his warmth and interest.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(easily)

If you ever want to talk, I'm here.

He points to his office with a smile. Off Sam, taking him in.

INT. HFH - NEUROLOGY EXAM ROOM - TWO WEEKS LATER

Griff sits on an EXAM table, chipper. Vivian watches as the Neurologist makes some notes in Griff's chart.

GRIFF

I've made more progress in two weeks than most patients do in a month.

(to Neurologist)

Tell her.

VIVIAN

You almost *died*. Don't you think you should use this time to take stock of your life?

GRIFF

I did. Eight hundred forty.

(off her look)

I did, on average, 1-2 procedures per day, 5 days per week, with a median cut time of 7 hours per day. That's 35 hours per week, or 140 hours per month, or 840 hours every 6 months. That's the stock I took.

VIVIAN

I meant more like 'I've never seen Paris.'

GRIFF

I've seen Paris. I prefer the O.R. What do I have to do?

Vivian eyes him, anticipating his resistance --

VIVIAN

You have to be proctored.

(off his look)

It's state law.

Griff lays back on the exam table, closes his eyes in protest. Off Vivian, suppressing an eye roll.

INT. HFH - PHYSICAL THERAPY HALLWAY - DAY

Sam stands at a glass window, watching Griff endure his rigorous physical therapy on the other side of the glass. Vivian stands beside her, shaking her head.

VIVIAN

He knows he needs to be supervised after a medical leave like this.

And that there are no guarantees

(MORE)

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

he'll be cleared. I mean frankly, I  
don't know who'll agree to do it.

Sam watches Griff, then turns to her Mom. Deep breath.

SAM

I will.

VIVIAN

I don't know about that, Sam --

SAM

I'm the attending physician.

VIVIAN

Which means you can delegate.

SAM

I want to do it.

(off her look)

This is a chance for him to see my  
Patient Protocol on its feet, to  
see how well my systems are working  
to improve this hospital.

VIVIAN

I admire your optimism. But have  
you forgotten how tense things were  
between you two? You had one foot  
out the door.

SAM

Okay, six-months-ago-Sam would not  
have been able to handle this. But  
I have the authority now. I'm not  
going to let him get under my skin.

VIVIAN

This could be a long term  
commitment.

SAM

These last six months, I've thought  
about how I would've done things  
differently, if I got a second  
chance. Now I have one. This could  
be a new start for us.

Sam looks at her, sincere. Vivian takes Sam in.

VIVIAN

I'll talk to the board.

Off Sam, watching Griff, grimacing with exertion...

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

A new day. Sam listens to the chest of EMILIO VARGAS (30s) and his very pissed-off looking wife, DAISY (30s).

EMILIO  
I thought it was the flu.

Sam removes the stethoscope, makes a note in his chart.

EMILIO (CONT'D)  
But when I told the urgent care I  
just had dental surgery, they sent  
me here.

SAM  
It's called endocarditis. It's  
common after dental work. It can  
affect the lining of the heart.  
We'll run some tests, and start an  
antibiotic right away.

EMILIO  
Okay.

Sam stands up, then notices something.

SAM  
How long have you had that swollen  
lip?

Daisy stiffens, glaring at her husband.

EMILIO  
I don't want to talk about that.

SAM  
Do you have any allergies? It could  
be a reaction to the anesthetic  
from your surgery --

EMILIO  
It's unrelated.

Sam clocks Daisy's angry glare, lets it go. Off this --

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Griff walks in - but the name on the door is the only thing that's the same. He pauses at Sam's desk, picks up the fishing picture. He stares at it, captivated.

VIVIAN (O.S.)  
What are you doing in here?

He turns to find Vivian standing in the door.

                  GRIFF  
                  (covering)  
Looking for my doctor's coat.

                  VIVIAN  
I don't remember clearing you.

                  GRIFF  
Come on, we both know I'm ready.  
Feel my muscle.

                  VIVIAN  
I'm not feeling your muscle.

He turns around, gesturing to his ass.

                  GRIFF  
Look at that. It's like the David.

                  VIVIAN  
Griff, the rules governing  
proctorship are serious. If you  
disregard them, I have to answer to  
the licensing board. You could put  
this whole hospital at risk.

                  GRIFF  
Got it. Just need my doctor's coat.

He follows her out the door --

INT. HFH - ADMIN HALLWAY - DAY

They walk into the hall as DR. KATZ approaches.

                  KATZ  
I was just looking for you.

He greets Vivian with a kiss, offers his hand to Griff.

                  GRIFF  
Katz.

                  KATZ  
Griff. Viv tells me you're making  
great progress.

                  GRIFF  
Really? She doesn't mention you.

Vivian shoots Griff a look - *be nice*.



VIVIAN

Griff, my husband saved you from bleeding out. You wouldn't be here without him.

GRIFF

You're right. I should have sent a fruit basket.

KATZ

Just doing my job.

GRIFF

Thanks all the same. Sorry I said your eyebrows look like mustaches.

KATZ

You never said that.

GRIFF

Not to your face.

He saunters off down the hall. Off Vivian, already weary.

INT. SURGICAL LOUNGE - DAY

The residents sit on sofas and love seats, a rare moment of down time. Sam stands in front of them, laying it all out.

CALEB

You're gonna be your Dad's boss.

SAM

I'm going to be his *proctor*.

Caleb scoffs, dubious.

PIPPA

Did he lose his license?

SAM

No. He's still a doctor, but with restrictions. He can see patients, take histories, talk to families --

CALEB

So all the things he hates.

SAM

He can also be in the O.R. But if he touches a patient, malpractice insurance will drop him and he'll lose his privileges at this hospital.

They absorb that, sharing looks of disbelief.

RAJ

And he *agreed* to that?

SAM

He doesn't have a choice.

Just then - Malcolm comes in. Sam turns to him, the sight of him drawing a warm smile from her, which Caleb clocks.

MALCOLM

Sorry to interrupt. There's some paperwork regarding the proctorship. Is now a good time?

SAM

Sure.

Malcolm smiles at the team, offers a friendly wave.

MALCOLM

I'm Malcolm, by the way.

Caleb glares as Sam and Malcolm exit together.

CALEB

(mocking)

"I'm Malcolm, by the way."

The others smirk at his jealousy. Off Caleb, scowling.

INT. HFH - EMILIO'S ROOM - DAY

Sam stands at Emilio's side. He's now been admitted and lies in bed with an IV drip going.

RAJ

Mr. Vargas's symptoms are consistent with endocarditis, especially after the dental implant.

CALEB

(to Emilio)

How did you lose the tooth?

EMILIO

It got knocked out.

REVEAL Daisy, glowering from the corner.

DAISY

Trust me, he deserved it.

The residents share a look - his wife punched his tooth out!

PIPPA

Cultures confirmed infection and we started an antibiotic course.

SAM

But the fever persists. Why?

JOEY

Maybe the infection isn't responding to the Vancomycin? We could add Gentamycin to the drip.

Sam nods approvingly at Joey, turns to the team.

SAM

Anything else?

RAJ

Could be an abscess the antibiotics can't reach. I'd get a CT scan.

SAM

I agree.

GRIFF (O.S.)

(from the doorway)

I'm afraid I don't.

Sam looks up, surprised. Emilio looks at Sam.

EMILIO

Who is that?

GRIFF

Dr. Griffith.

EMILIO

I thought you're Dr. Griffith.

SAM

I am. And he is. We are Dr. Griffith.

CALEB

That's not confusing at all.

Sam eyes Griff, striving for composure in front of Emilio.

SAM

Your proctorship hasn't officially begun, Doctor.

(then)

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Let's get Mr. Vargas down to  
radiology for --

GRIFF

It's not endocarditis.

She clears her throat, giving him a hard look.

SAM

Please don't interrupt me --

GRIFF

Fever hasn't gone down, has it?

The residents react. How did he know that?

INT. HFH - SURGICAL LOUNGE - DAY

Sam walks in, clearly flustered and aggravated. But she struggles to maintain control with the team, who study a MONITOR with symptoms listed: Body ache. Fever. Shortness of breath/chest pain. Griff turns to Sam.

GRIFF

(re: monitor)

What is this?

SAM

The patient's symptoms. Which,  
again, you're not officially --

GRIFF

What happened to my whiteboard?

SAM

We upgraded. This can be updated in  
real time from any tablet on the  
network.

GRIFF

I like to doodle on the whiteboard.

Griff frowns. Sam ignores him, turning to the monitor.

RAJ

The symptoms are broad, but the  
dental procedure really suggests  
infective endocarditis.

GRIFF

I'd be inclined to agree --

SAM

Then why did you parachute into the  
patient's room and contradict me?

Sam stops, takes a breath, fighting to keep her cool.

GRIFF

-- But not before ruling out non-infective endocarditis. AKA, Libman Sacks endocarditis. AKA...

RAJ

Lupus.

GRIFF

(nodding)

Two diseases with almost identical symptoms --

PIPPA

But totally opposite protocols.

Griff winks at her. *Good work.*

CALEB

If that's true, then we're treating him with antibiotics when we should be giving him immunosuppressants.

Sam clocks how Griff leads this discussion, like the boss.

SAM

What are you basing this on? Libman Sacks is characterized by lesions on the aortic valves, there were none on his Echo.

GRIFF

That doesn't mean they're not there. Post mortem studies have shown clusters of verrucae the size of mulberries that weren't picked up by echo imaging.

SAM

(unconvinced)

Fine. I'll order a chest x-ray --

GRIFF

I already did.

SAM

What?

GRIFF

Along with tests for antinuclear antibodies and ESR.

Griff looks behind the couch, searching for something --

SAM

You cannot order tests without my authorization.

CALEB

Should we start him on prednisone?  
If it is a Lupus flare we'll need to deal with the inflammation.

Griff finds the whiteboard, DRAGS it out of a closet.

RAJ

That's a dangerous suggestion.  
Suppressing Mr. Vargas's immune system while he's fighting an infection would be catastrophic.

Sam looks at Raj - *thank you*. But she's gnawing on her nails.

SAM

We wait for results before changing course.

GRIFF

Guess I have time to doodle.

Off Griff. Doodling.

INT. HFH - LAB - NIGHT

Pippa finds Sam in the lab. A LAB TECH (30s) works in the bg.

PIPPA

I thought I'd find you down here. I was gonna ask how you're doing...

Pippa picks up Sam's hand, nail polish peeled and chipped.

PIPPA (CONT'D)

But I think I have the answer.

SAM

I wanted this to be a fresh start.  
But it's all feeling very familiar.  
Raj clamming up, Caleb sucking up.  
And me, down here, doubting myself.

PIPPA

Don't let this affect your confidence. These are famously difficult conditions to differentiate.

SAM

I'm sure that's just what he'll say  
if he's right.

PIPPA

Don't worry about what he thinks.

SAM

Easy for you to say, he's not your  
father.

PIPPA

No, my father's a deadbeat who  
gambled away my medical school  
tuition. You're not the only one  
with daddy issues around here.

They smile - their friendship a harbor in the storm. The TECH  
hands Sam the labs. Pippa reads her face.

PIPPA (CONT'D)

He was right.

SAM

Of course he was.

Off Sam... *dammit*.

**END ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

**INT. HFH - EMILIO'S ROOM - DAY**

Sam and Griff address Emilio and Daisy. Who is still pissed.

SAM

Thanks to Dr. Griffith's diagnosis,  
we stopped the antibiotics and  
switched you to immunosuppressants  
and anticoagulants. And we'll keep  
you here to monitor your heart.

EMILIO

I thought the other thing affected  
my heart.

SAM

This one can too, but in a  
different way. We need to keep an  
eye on your valves.

EMILIO

Okay. Thank you Dr. Griffith.

SAM/GRIFF

You're welcome.

GRIFF

(to Sam)

I think he meant me.

Just then, Daisy walks out without a word or a look back.

SAM

(gently)

I know your wife knocked your tooth  
out. Do you mind my asking why?

EMILIO

It's a long story.

SAM

I have time.

GRIFF

Look at the time!

Griff jumps up from his chair as if it's electrified and  
leaves unceremoniously. Sam sighs, then turns to Emilio.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm listening.

Off this --



INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Sam enters to find Griff at her desk, reading her paperwork.

SAM

What are you doing in here?

GRIFF

Reading my eulogy. It's terrible.  
You barely even mention me.

SAM

It's not your eulogy, it was my  
acceptance speech.

He reads, frowning. Sam sighs, striving for composure.

SAM (CONT'D)

Dad. You can't run from the room  
when patients want to talk. Our  
patients' story help diagnoses.

GRIFF

So does their blood work.

SAM

You need to follow my protocols.  
That's the deal. And they work. For  
example, if you'd listened to Mr.  
Vargas, you'd know--

GRIFF

That he cheated on his wife and she  
decked him?

(off her face)

I don't need your "protocols" to  
solve that particular mystery.

SAM

(coldly)

Well. I guess you have lots of  
personal experience to draw from.  
If only Mom had been able to  
diagnose you as the cheating liar  
you were sooner.

A beat as their painful past hangs in the air.

SAM (CONT'D)

Also, this is my office now.

He nods. Yet another change he has no choice but to accept.  
Off Sam, struggling to conceal the storm of emotion her dual  
roles of daughter and boss have triggered...

INT. HFH - EMILIO'S ROOM - DAY

Sam and the team check on the sleeping Mr. Vargas.

PIPPA

Steroids are working. Inflammation  
is coming down everywhere.

SAM

Except for the mouth sore.

ON SAM'S TABLET: Sam adds "Mouth Sore" to the symptoms list.

SAM (CONT'D)

What could explain that? Dr. Silva.

JOEY

He's immune suppressed from the  
treatment. Could have left him  
susceptible to a viral outbreak.

SAM

He came in with the sore. It  
preexisted the treatment.

CALEB

So he got it from cheating, and the  
immunosuppressants made it worse.

GRIFF

Agreed. Give him an ice pack and  
some Valtrex and move on.

Griff leans over Caleb's tablet and deletes "Mouth Sore."

SAM

I'm not ready to move on.

GRIFF

It's unrelated to his condition.

SAM

It's the only symptom that doesn't  
align with the diagnosis. Dr. Garg.

RAJ

Melkersson Rosenthal syndrome can  
involve prolonged lip swelling.

Griff groans. Raj shrinks, losing confidence.

GRIFF

A man has an affair, and turns up  
with a sore on his lip. STD, or  
rare neurological disorder? Is this  
(MORE)

GRIFF (CONT'D)  
          about the lip, or needing to be  
          right about something?

Sam clocks her residents, avoiding her gaze. Off this --

INT. GASTRO PUB - NIGHT

The residents sit in their usual large corner booth at their regular hang literally around the corner from the hospital.

                  CALEB  
          I'm just saying, Sam needs to face  
          the fact that Paul Griffith isn't  
          going to be anyone's subordinate,  
          no matter what the "protocols" are.

                  JOEY  
          You are really a blackbelt ass-  
          kisser, you know that?

Caleb puts his drink down, impassioned.

                  CALEB  
          My dad was in the army, right?  
          Everything depends on respecting  
          the chain of command. Generals  
          don't go back to the infantry.

                  RAJ  
          This isn't the army. He needs Sam  
          if he wants his job back.

                  CALEB  
          But he will get it back. Sam's  
          signing her own pink slip by  
          helping him.

                  JOEY  
          You should tell her that. It'll  
          really help your "getting back  
          together" cause.

                  RAJ  
          We don't know the proctoring will  
          succeed.

                  CALEB  
          Come on, Griff was tough, but he's  
          also the best. He made us better.

                  RAJ  
          It made me miserable. Sam's made  
          the whole place better. We're all  
          happier. We get more sleep...

CALEB

Answer this. You have to have heart surgery tomorrow. Which Dr. Griffith would you choose?

PIPPA

It's not that simple. They're both the best.

CALEB

You can't have two "bests." It negates the value of the term.

RAJ

Anybody who opens my chest has to be a good person *and* a good doctor.

CALEB

But if you could only have one.

PIPPA

It's a false choice. We have them both. And they have each other.

RAJ

Which is a good thing. Right?

Off the team, contemplating that question --

EXT. HFH - LAB - NIGHT

Sam reacts to the sight of Malcolm.

SAM

Okay, you're officially the first administrative exec to set foot in this lab.

MALCOLM

I was thinking about asking you to dinner. But I received a tip that you rarely leave the hospital for meals, and if I want time alone with you, I'm most likely get it in the lab after hours.

(off her face)

My office is next to your mom's.

She gestures for him to pull up a stool.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

SAM

Preparing an STD panel to explain  
an unsightly mouth sore.

(then, quickly)

On my *patient*.

MALCOLM

Well, that's a relief.

He grins and leans in - kissing distance. Then -

LAB TECH (O.S.)

I have your results, Doctor.

Sam and Malcolm look up, the moment broken. REVEAL the Tech,  
holding a file.

SAM

That's not possible, I haven't  
submitted the blood panel yet.

The Tech reddens with embarrassment, realizing --

LAB TECH

Oh... Sorry. These are for the  
*other* Dr. Griffith.

Sam grimaces, unable to mask her irritation.

SAM

He can't order tests without my  
approval. He knows that.

(then)

Who's the patient?

The tech falters, reluctantly caught in the middle. Then - a  
CODE BLUE is announced on the loudspeaker. The color drains  
from Sam's face as we --

SMASH TO:

INT. HFH - EMILIO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sam races in to find the crash team, putting electrodes and  
lead wires on Emilio's chest.

SAM

This shouldn't be happening. What  
did we miss?

Off this --

END ACT TWO

**ACT THREE**

**INT. CARDIAC ICU - NIGHT**

Post-heart attack, the team has regathered and regard Emilio, now stable, through the glass window of his room.

SAM  
He was responding to treatment. So  
why the M.I.?

Griff raises his hand. Sam closes her eyes, over it.

SAM (CONT'D)  
If you say lesions on his valves --

GRIFF  
Lesions on his valves! Jinx.

SAM  
(gritted teeth)  
Diagnostics show no evidence of  
lesions. What are we missing?

RAJ  
Preexisting pathology, maybe?

JOEY  
Or a dormant genetic condition?

GRIFF  
For months, I was here in this  
hospital, while you all carried on.  
There was no evidence of me at all.  
If you'd wanted to find me, you  
would have had to go looking.

JOEY  
Like with a trans-esophageal echo?

Griff puts his finger on his nose. Yep. The team considers.

CALEB  
It *would* answer the question. And  
it's pretty low risk.

SAM  
Low risk? His ejection fraction is  
at 50 percent!

Griff meets his daughter's eyes, serious and sincere --

GRIFF  
Don't make this personal.

SAM

Don't tell me how to handle my patient.

A standoff. Sam looks at him darkly. Griff takes a new tack.

GRIFF

Why don't we take a vote. All those in favor of a procedure to locate and subsequently repair this patient's valvular lesions?

All hands but Sam's go up. Off Sam -- losing ground.

INT. HFH - CORRIDOR - DAY

Pippa follows Sam as she storms out of the lounge.

PIPPA

Hey. Slow down, talk to me.

SAM

Since when we do vote on surgery? This is not a democracy!

PIPPA

Okay, I hear you, but --

SAM

Now I'm gonna do an exploratory surgery because the Almighty Griff can't fathom the possibility that he's wrong --

PIPPA

He's not wrong. Lupus antibodies were present.

SAM

We're missing something, I know it. Do you think I'm crazy?

PIPPA

I think it's possible you are making this personal. He was right.

Sam looks at Pippa - astonished and stung.

SAM

So I should let him walk all over me like the old days? He needs *me*, I'm the authority here --

PIPPA

You're also very emotional. You don't have the objective clarity you think you do.

Sam reacts like she's been slapped. Coldly --

SAM

Wow. I also don't have the best friend I thought I did.

Pippa reacts, stung. Sam walks away. Off their mutual hurt --

INT. HFH - NURSES STATION - DAY

Vivian clock Pam breathing hard as she sets a banker's box heavily on the nurse's desk.

VIVIAN

What's all this?

DONNA

File request.

PAM

Which I had to drag up from archives by *myself*, thank you.

DONNA

Don't listen to her, I carried a box up yesterday.

VIVIAN

Who requested it?

DONNA/PAM

Dr. Griffith.

Vivian's eyes narrow, her Spidey sense on alert --

VIVIAN

Dr. Paul Griffith?  
(off their guilty silence)  
He's not authorized to do that.

DONNA

We didn't see the harm, Doctor...

VIVIAN

If he comes to you with more requests send him to me, please.

They nod, apologetic. Off Vivian, over this insubordination.



INT. HFH - O.R. - DAY

Sam snakes an ultrasonic tube down Emilio's esophagus. The team eyes the live, colorful image of the heart on a monitor.

SAM  
Tricuspid valve appears intact.

RAJ  
Same with the pulmonic.

JOEY  
I don't see any vegetation.

None of them do. Griff clears his throat.

GRIFF  
Must be on the left side.

SAM  
Here's the mitral and aortic valves.

The team looks at the monitor in collective surprise.

PIPPA  
Nothing. They're perfect.

RAJ  
But look at the arrhythmia in the left ventricle. The myocardium is shredded. What ever this is, it's going after the muscle.

CALEB  
Lupus doesn't attack heart muscle. Which means --

RAJ  
(Sam was right)  
We're missing something.

Sam abruptly stops the procedure.

SAM  
He doesn't need new valves. But unless we figure out what this is, he's gonna need a whole new heart.

Off the team, absorbing this dark prognosis.

EXT. MEDITATION GARDEN - DAY

Sam finds Daisy in the courtyard by a small fountain. She sits down beside her.

SAM

I relate to living next to someone you'd like to punch more than you can possibly know. But right now, Emilio needs your help. And so do I. Tell me the story. *Your* version.

Daisy thinks, agitated at the memory --

DAISY VARGAS

There's nothing to tell. Emilio came home from Rio with that sore on his lip. He tried to hide it, but it kept getting worse. By the time he confessed, I was so angry, I punched him. Right on that disgusting sore.

Daisy grows emotional, the pain finally surfacing. As Sam listens, her eyes grow wide, a theory forming --

SAM

What did you just say?

Daisy looks confused, not sure where Sam's going with this.

SAM (CONT'D)

The business trip, where he had the affair. Where was it?

SMASH TO:

INT. SURGICAL LOUNGE - DAY

The residents, including Griff, lounge around, when -

SAM (O.S.)

Rio de Janeiro.

Sam bursts in, drawing the glances of her team.

SAM (CONT'D)

Saw a dramatic uptick in cases of of T. cruzi in the last decade.

CALEB

"Cruzi?" Sounds like a girl I dated in college.

SAM

It's a parasite that's infected over 6 million people in Brazil. Which is where Mr. Vargas had his affair, and is likely where he was bitten by an insect carrying T.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Cruzi, which then entered his system through the insect's feces.

PIPPA

It bites you and then it poops on you?

RAJ

(to Caleb)

You definitely dated that girl.

SAM

The insect targets mucous membranes of the face, especially the lips. It's nicknamed the Kissing Bug.

She types "LIP SORE" back into Emilio's list of symptoms.

JOEY

Explains the sore.

SAM

Yes. And because Mr. Vargas had an affair in Rio, he assumed, like some of us did, that it was an STD, and attempted to hide it.

GRIFF

So while guilt ate away at his conscience... the parasite ate away at his heart.

The team reacts to Griff's oddly poetic addition.

SAM

Basically, yes. His diagnosis is Chagas disease.

Sam types "Chagas" into the "DIAGNOSIS" column under "Lupus."

PIPPA

So was the Lupus diagnosis wrong?

SAM

Not exactly. Mr. Vargas *does* have Lupus, but it's just a symptom. A immune response to the parasite.

Raj is rising out of his chair in excitement --

RAJ

Antibody test was positive?

SAM

(nods)

Already started the anti-parasitic.

The residents ERUPT in celebration. Sam figured it out!

GRIFF

It's too late.

The residents fall silent. Sam looks at him, on defense.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

His labs show myocyte necrosis.  
Cell death. Irreversible.  
Inoperable, the heart is gone.

SAM

I put him on the transplant list.  
And there are options to address  
the damage. Artificial hearts,  
pumps, he's a young man --

GRIFF

Whose family needs to start making  
funeral arrangements.

Sam shakes her head, angry and emotional.

SAM

Impressive, Dad. You waited what?  
Two minutes before telling me why  
even this isn't good enough?

Reading the room, Raj stands, ushering the other residents  
out. Once they're alone, Sam looks at Griff, at her limit.

SAM (CONT'D)

Why are you doing this?

GRIFF

You have to make the call. It's  
part of the job --

SAM

Not the case. *This*. Proctoring. You  
don't respect my authority. You  
don't follow the rules. You hate  
this. So why do it? Is it really  
that hard to accept that you've  
been replaced? By me?

GRIFF

We are on the same side here --

SAM

That hasn't been true for a very long time.

Sam shakes her head and storms out, angry. Off this --

EXT. VIVIAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sam storms in. Vivian closes the FILE she's reading.

SAM

"He won't get under my skin," I said. "I can handle him." If "handling it" means losing my entire team, then, I'm nailing it. I mean look at me. A real leader.

She holds up her hands, her fingers covered in Band-aids.

VIVIAN

You haven't lost them. They're *confused*. He was the boss for a long time.

SAM

Yeah, and now he's back.

VIVIAN

He is not in charge.

SAM

That's not what he thinks.

VIVIAN

What do you think?

Vivian gives Sam a firm look. Sam throws up her arms, angry.

SAM

I think my management approach was naive, and that people respect bullies and tyrants more than kindness and decency.

VIVIAN

That's not respect, it's fear.

SAM

Whatever it is, it's working. And I'm screwed. Because I can't do that, I'm not like him --

Vivian stops her from biting on her fingernails.

VIVIAN

No, you're not. You're not consumed  
by the kind of rage and regret that  
forces you to push people away --

SAM

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Especially the ones you love. Especially the ones you love.

Sam moves away. Vivian's eyes are full of motherly regret for  
the past she can't change - damage she can't un-do.

SAM (CONT'D)

The accident was a long time ago.  
And I forgave him.

VIVIAN

That doesn't mean he can forgive  
himself.

Off Sam, not consoled.

EXT. PIPPA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam knocks on a door. Pippa answers, surprised.

PIPPA

Sam. What are you doing here?

SAM

I don't want to fight. I'm sorry  
for taking my frustration out on  
you. Peace offering?

She offers the wine. And then she sees him.

GRIFF stands behind Pippa, off to the side - trying to remain  
unseen. And now Sam clocks Pippa's sexy tank top, satin  
shorts. Did Sam just walk into a booty call? Sam looks at  
Pippa. The weight of this betrayal hangs in the air.

SAM (CONT'D)

Now who's making things *personal*?

PIPPA

(flustered)

I wanted to tell you, it started  
before the shooting, and then he --

SAM

I think I can fill in the blanks.

Sam levels her gaze at Griff.

SAM (CONT'D)

Is this your idea of "being on the same side?"

GRIFF

It's not what it looks like --

She snorts, not even dignifying that. Finally, cold --

SAM

You want me to make the call, Dad?  
Here it is. I'm not proctoring you.

GRIFF

(blanching)

Sam --

SAM

(stopping him)

From now on, there's only one Dr.  
Griffith at my hospital. You're  
fired.

Sam leaves him there. Off him, taking in her words.

**END ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

**INT. HFH - VIVIAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Griff stands across Vivian's desk, upset.

GRIFF

What do you mean there's nothing  
you can do?

VIVIAN

I have to uphold the chain of  
command the same as I did when you  
were attending. Not my rules. But  
speaking of rules. Unauthorized lab  
tests? Pulling files you have no  
business reading. Care to explain  
any of that?

Griff avoids her eyes. Vivian nods, disgusted.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. And now, a  
resident. Sam's *friend*, Griff.

GRIFF

For the record, I was ending it --

VIVIAN

She was in her underwear.

GRIFF

Can we please keep this about work?

VIVIAN

It's *not* just about work. It never  
has been. You really think Sam is  
proctoring you because she wants  
you to respect her "protocols?" She  
wants her father back!

He sinks into a chair, frustrated - with himself, life...  
Vivian sits across from him. A long beat. Finally, he drops  
his defenses. Struggles to meet her eyes.

GRIFF

You remember the first time I took  
Sam fishing after the accident?

VIVIAN

The first and last time, as I  
recall. You got a page from the  
hospital and turned around. She's  
still waiting on that rain check.



GRIFF

There wasn't any page.

She reacts, surprised, as he struggles with the memory...

GRIFF (CONT'D)

We were driving to the lake. Sam was chatting away. Then I looked over at her... And I saw a piece of rebar sticking out of her chest. Like the accident was happening all over again --

He gestures to his chest - right over his heart. Emotion catching in his throat.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

It felt so real. I don't know if it was a panic attack, or PTSD. But I couldn't handle it. Reliving that feeling of almost losing her... So I hid behind the work. And pushed her away.

VIVIAN

(sighing heavily)

She wasn't the only one you pushed away.

GRIFF

I didn't know how else to deal with it. I still don't, Viv.

His words land on her, but she stays firm - more mother than ex-wife in this moment.

VIVIAN

Then I think you're out of luck, Dr. Griffith. Because this has to be Sam's call. I can't help you.

Vivian holds her ground. Off Griff, emotionally wrung out.

INT. HFH - SURGICAL LOUNGE - DAY

Sam joins her residents with a newfound clarity and resolve.

SAM

My father and I disagree about a lot of things. Whether we're 'in this together.' And what we see in each of you. Here's what I see.

She paces before them, in a visual echo of Griff's move.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(to Caleb)  
Inspiring confidence.  
(to Raj)  
Experience and wisdom.  
(to Joey)  
Commitment, courage. And an  
enviable complexion.  
(to Pippa)  
A good heart that's no more wounded  
than the rest of us.

Pippa reacts, emotional. Sam looks at each of them.

SAM (CONT'D)  
We can still help this patient. But  
only as a team. So, if you're with  
me... let's get to work.

Sam scans the team - they're with her.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Pippa, I want research,  
histopathological findings and  
pathogenic theories on Chagas.  
Joey, see if you can find examples  
of successful protocols, even  
experimental ones. Raj and Caleb,  
call every hospital in a hundred  
mile radius. If there's a donor out  
there, I want to know about it.

The team fans out, motivated.

INT. HFH - NURSES STATION

Caleb finds Sam at the counter, scanning her tablet.

CALEB  
Second chances.

SAM  
Sorry?

CALEB  
Just, with your Dad, and this  
patient. You don't give up on  
people. Which I'm hoping is also  
true in my case...  
(off her look)  
I made a mistake. I should have  
handled things differently.

*And asked you to stay.* He's about to say it. But then - he  
sees Malcolm approaching. Sam's gaze is still fixed on Caleb.

SAM  
What things?

CALEB  
(losing his nerve)  
I should've told you the STD panel  
was negative sooner.

SAM  
No sense dwelling on the past.  
Let's focus on right now.

Sam heads off to meet Malcolm. Off Caleb - missed his chance.

EXT. ADMIN HALLWAY - DAY

Griff slows as he passes Vivian's door, considering whether  
to knock. Then, the door swings open. A beat between them.

VIVIAN  
What are you still doing here?

She looks at him. Hoping for something from him?

GRIFF  
Just saying my goodbyes. And then  
I'm gone. Unless... there's  
anything else?

There is. So much. But she can't admit that...

VIVIAN  
Leave your access badge with Donna.

She turns and walks away. Off Griff --

INT. SURGICAL LOUNGE - DAY

Sam has medical journals and books laid out in front of her.  
She looks up as Raj enters - clearly looking for her.

RAJ  
Mt. Sinai Dearborn had a failed  
transplant this morning.

Sam tries to read his expression.

RAJ (CONT'D)  
Patient didn't disclose his alcohol  
dependency, went into DT's on the  
table. Anesthesiologist shut it  
down.

SAM

I can make the call, you know. If we're out of options, and you say the word. I'll call it.

RAJ

I know. But that's not why I'm telling you this. They salvaged the heart. It won't be viable much longer - I told them to send it.

SAM

There's a heart.

RAJ

En route. Mr. Vargas is being prepped now.

SAM

Then we better scrub in.

Immediately, she clicks into surgeon mode - eyes level, tone even, focused like a laser beam. Off this.

INT. HFH - ELEVATOR - DAY

In the elevator, Vivian reacts as the doors open to reveal Pam, struggling with the heavy banker's box of files.

PAM

(breathless)

Headed back to archives!

VIVIAN

That looks heavy, can I help --

-- And Pam drops the files. Both women bend down to gather them. Vivian scans one for the first time --

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Dr. Griffith wanted these?

(off her nod)

I assumed they were cardiac cases.

PAM

Me, too.

VIVIAN

(reading)

Are there any current patients?

PAM

Not in these files. To be honest, most of these people are dead.

Vivian opens another, her face changing, realizing something.

PAM (CONT'D)  
(re: elevator)  
Are you getting off, or...

VIVIAN  
No, actually. I need to go down to  
the lab.

Vivian hits a button. The doors close. Off her, worried...

INT. HFH - O.R. - DAY

Calm and orderly, Sam in command. Emilio's chest is open,  
clamped, his failing heart exposed. Pippa monitors vitals.

SAM  
Okay, Dr. De Luca, we're ready.

Caleb puts the heart into a bowl of cold saline water. Raj  
does a double take. Sam looks at the heart.

SAM (CONT'D)  
That can't be right.

JOEY  
(reading the chart)  
This heart belonged to a teenage  
female who weighed 110 pounds.

CALEB  
This guy weighs easily twice that.

SAM  
It's too small.

A devastating blow. As the team reacts, crushed...

INT. HFH - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Griff heads for the door as he hears Malcolm calling --

MALCOLM  
Dr. Griffith!

He turns back - Malcolm's expression is urgent and bleak.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)  
Your daughter needs you.

Griff reacts, following Malcolm at a jog --

INT. HFH - O.R. - DAY

ALARMS as Emilio's vitals drop into dangerous territory.

RAJ

I think it's time to call it.

Then - GRIFF bursts into the O.R., scrubbed in. The residents react as he locks eyes with Sam.

GRIFF

The heart's too small.

Sam nods. Griff eyes the plummeting vitals. It's bad.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

You going to abort and wait for the right heart?

SAM

Stress would kill him.

GRIFF

I agree.

SAM

But if I transplant this heart, it'll fail before I close up.

GRIFF

Agree again.

SAM

Neither of these hearts can keep him alive.

GRIFF

Three in a row. Why'd you call me?

SAM

Because maybe both of them can.

The team reacts.

RAJ

A heterotopic transplant. That procedure is so rare it's almost a myth. No one here has performed it.

SAM

(to Griff)

You have.

GRIFF

You know I can't perform surgery.

SAM

So talk me through it.

No time to debate. Griff, doubtful --

GRIFF

The connection between atria is essential. If it isn't exact, he'll have an embolism or infarctions in both hearts and die right here.

SAM

Good thing he's in the hands of a capable surgeon.

Griff look like he's been buffeted by a wind, his words parroted back to him. Sam is rock steady. He nods, relenting.

INT. HFH - LAB - DAY

Vivian stands with the lab Tech, scanning test results. Her expression grows increasingly alarmed - stricken, in fact.

INT. HFH - O.R. - DAY

Sam and Griff stand so close they're touching. She places the new heart into Emilio's chest cavity beside his own heart as Griff speaks softly, low, into Sam's ear. MUSIC under this...

GRIFF

Initiate anastomosis at the posterior portion of both left atria. Sutures should terminate --

SAM

On the anterior edges?

GRIFF

Exactly. You're creating a common atrium. You want as large a connection as possible --

SAM

So there's no restriction or stasis in blood flow.

Griff nods. She's got this. The resident react - holy shit, they're brilliant together.

In QUICK CUTS - he hands her an instrument, anticipating her needs, talking all the while.

They're a hand and a glove, a perfect team. The residents stand back, in exhilarated awe.

SAM (V.O.)  
*It's called a heterotopic  
transplant, or piggybacking.  
Neither heart could make it on its  
own. But together, they have the  
potential to thrive.*

INT. HFH - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Sam steps out, pulling off her mask, exhausted. For a moment, we don't know how things went down. Daisy stands, anxious. Then - Sam meets her eyes with a weary but reassuring smile.

SAM  
He's gonna make it.

Daisy lets out a sob, overcome. As she embraces Sam, we hear Sam's VOICE, in an echo from the opening V.O...

SAM (V.O.)  
*Legacies are a funny thing. I  
confess, I had some ambivalence  
about carrying on my father's.*

BACK TO:

INT. HFH - O.R. - DAY

The residents close up, elated by what they just saw, as Sam's voice carries through...

SAM (V.O.)  
*But heart surgery is about second  
chances, if nothing else. Not  
giving up on our patients,  
ourselves, or each other.*

INT. HFH - VIVIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Griff leaves his BADGE on the desk of Vivian's empty office. He looks around, then heads out, resigned.

SAM (V.O.)  
*I am not my father. Or his legacy.*

INT. HFH - EMILIO'S RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Daisy finds Emilio, and his double heartbeat monitor steadily bleeping. He opens his eyes. She leans close, whispering --

DAISY VARGAS  
If you cheat on me again I will  
stab you in both of your hearts.

She kisses him. Off this --



INT. SAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sam is back in front of the mirror - pressing on.

SAM

*But maybe it's time for a new  
legacy to emerge. So with that  
vision in mind, I humbly accept the  
position of permanent chief of  
Cardiothoracic surgery.*

She looks in the mirror. Determined. And also, doubtful...

INT. HFH - O.R - NIGHT

Griff is alone. He looks around, taking it all in. Sam enters. He doesn't turn - knows it's her.

GRIFF

You were right not to give up on  
this guy.

Sam nods, less gratified by his recognition than he'd probably hoped.

SAM

Thank you.

GRIFF

I really thought it was too late  
for him. Turns out, the real lost  
cause is me.

Sam shakes her head, confused and frustrated by him.

SAM

You got a second chance. One in a  
million. Why do you act like you  
don't even want it --

GRIFF

I don't how to act.

(then)

But I do know you deserved a better  
father. One who was there for you.

She takes that in. Finally --

SAM

Little late for that.

(re: surgery table)

But you were there for this. And it  
saved a man's life.

(then)

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

I've decided to continue proctoring  
you. If that's what you want.

He reacts - overwhelmed, nearly speechless. Sam looks at him,  
a lifetime of emotion now masked by an authoritative cool.

GRIFF

I do --

SAM

But I want to be clear. I make this  
decision as a doctor. As your  
daughter? I'm over it.

And she leaves. Off Griff, and his bittersweet victory --

INT. HFH HALLWAY - DAY

Griff, in his doctor's coat, his badge back on his lapel,  
walks down the hall when he's suddenly confronted by Vivian,  
who holds him in that same stricken look.

VIVIAN

When were you going to tell me?

GRIFF

That I'm back in action? I assumed  
there was a memo of some sort.

VIVIAN

I'm talking about the tumor.

GRIFF

Oh. That.

The emotion in her eyes disarms his familiar cavalier  
defenses. He slumps, looking around. Then, low --

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Astrocytoma.

(as she reacts)

Aggressive. Probably metastatic.  
Likely related to the trauma from  
the bullet wound.

VIVIAN

Is it operable?

GRIFF

That close to the medulla... I  
wouldn't do the surgery.

VIVIAN

(strained)

Chemo, then. Radiation.

GRIFF

Come on, Viv. You and I both know a death sentence when we hear one.

She swallows hard. Finally, the only question left:

VIVIAN

How much time do you have?

He shakes his head - there's the fucking rub.

GRIFF

They don't know. Every case I pulled was different. Couple years, couple months...

VIVIAN

And you want to spend it getting your *job* back?

GRIFF

It's never been about the job.

Vivian processes that, head spinning.

VIVIAN

When are you going to tell Sam?

GRIFF

Never. And neither are you.

VIVIAN

What do you mean, how can you --

Griff holds up his hand, steady. He's thought this through.

GRIFF

I want Sam to forgive me. But you said yourself. Has to be on her terms.

VIVIAN

I said that before I knew --

GRIFF

Whatever time I have, I'm going to spend it making up for the past.

Vivian nods, hating this. Then --

Sam and her residents round the corner at their usual breakneck clip. Griff clocks their approach. To Vivian --

GRIFF (CONT'D)

I better get to work. Before it's  
too late.

Vivian watches, helpless, as Griff joins the group with a quick look to Sam, who continues firing off the day's work.

Off father and daughter, and the silent clock now running down between them -- Ticking away the minutes, unseen, constant, finite...

Like a heartbeat.

**END PILOT**