

MANSION HOUSE
Union Hospital

Episode 1: "The New Nurse"

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MANSION HOUSE: UNION HOSPITAL

Episode 1: "The New Nurse"

ON BLACK. WE HEAR an imposing female voice, muffled:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
The dress you wear is abominable,
Miss Farnham. Most abominable...

FADE IN:

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - WASHINGTON, DC - DAY (1862)

Long empty hall; hard wood bench. Where we find MARY PHINNEY (30s), waiting. Nervous. Staring with trepidation at a door marked: "MISS DIX, SUPERINTENDENT OF NURSING." Mary cannot ignore the harangue being inflicted inside the office --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
I do not wish my nurses to dress in
that manner! These boys must be
looking to their recuperation, not
the hem of your skirts!

Mary is dressed simply, darkly, in second mourning. But she remembers a jet brooch on her jacket - quickly removes it. Buttons a free button, smoothes a stray wisp of hair.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You come highly recommended, but I
had no idea you wore such a dress!

The door opens - a lady runs out, hand to mouth, trying not to weep. She wears a bloomer dress, fashionable for the day. Behind her emerges MISS DIX (60s), the haranguer. Decent, intelligent, capable of empathy, but formidable and blunt -- she looks over to Mary. Peers at her, really.

MISS DIX
...You are Miss Phinney?

Mary nods, wide-eyed. Dix assesses her, head to toe. Twice.

MISS DIX (CONT'D)
You are in mourning?

MARY
My husband died a year ago.

MISS DIX
Well. The frock suits you.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. ARMY TENT HOSPITAL WARD - A BIT LATER

WHITE but for the people's clothes and the red blood. Union soldier/patients scattered at various beds. A few nurses - prim, proper - circulate. Dix and Mary move through.

MISS DIX

In a time of pain and chaos, we are instruments of mercy and order. That, and *only that*, is what we offer the boys. -- Miss Gibson!

Dix makes a gesture for a nurse at a bedside to button the top of her high-collared blouse. The nurse briskly complies.

MARY

Quite clear, Miss Dix. It's why I've come all the way from Concord to appeal for a placement with you.

Dix looks at her flatly, nods, judging. Then, re: two documents she holds:

MISS DIX

I see here... you looked after the good Baron during his illness. And two young family members in Boston.

MARY

At a difficult time in my life, nursing gave me renewed purpose. Now, with the war, and the terrible plague of slavery to be rid of --

MISS DIX

Slavery, dear girl, is a matter more for prayer than protest. Men fight and women pray. It's not for us to opine on politics.

Mary is stunned, shocked at Dix's strange disengagement.

MARY

Pardon me, Miss Dix, but...
(off Dix's raised eye brow)
Slavery is not a political question; it is a moral argument. And we are obliged, each of us, to... to...

MISS DIX

To what, dear child?

MARY

I only mean to say... emancipation is upon us. The blacks will be free. Those not fighting to bring that about only slow it down. And the more misery will come of it.

Beat. Miss Dix peers at her. Mary worries, has she gone too far..? Slowly, a smile creeps across Dragon Dix's face. She was testing Mary, it is clear. She turns giddy --

MISS DIX

Wonderful, Miss Phinney, wonderful! Another noisy abolitionist! I have just the place for you..:
(off Mary's relief)
The Mansion House Hospital in Alexandria. Lovely town, just across the river.

MARY

Oh... Not here? With you?

MISS DIX

No. In Virginia. The Army moved in a few months ago.

MARY

So it is a Union town now?

MISS DIX

More or less. With a growing population of contraband slaves.

Mary weighs it, uncertain... but convinces herself:

MARY

Well. I'm sure I can be of use there. Among like-minded people. Who is the nurse in charge? I'll report to her as soon as --

MISS DIX

You shall be the first.

MARY

The first?

MISS DIX

The first Dix nurse, yes. What is there now is a collection of docile nuns, convalescing soldiers and a few strays hired by the commanding officer, Major Summers.

MARY

I see...

MISS DIX

You'll report to him - but answer to me. I am in charge of all Union nurses, and you are my emissary. No matter what anyone tells you.

MARY

(as it dawns on her)

Do I take it that I will... Will I not be welcome there?

MISS DIX

Army doctors... do not like women. Or nurses. Or me. But you are dignified, well-spoken - firm but inoffensive. Sufficiently plain so as not to distract, you'll be fine.

(then, darkening)

And if you're not welcome, then I am not welcome. And I don't like to be unwelcome. So unless they wish for me to follow after you with a rain of fire and brimstone, they will welcome you. Tell them I said that, and watch them quake.

Somehow, this does not have a reassuring effect on Mary.

MISS DIX (CONT'D)

(pleasant and upbeat)

Now come, let's make arrangements for your travel.

Dix walks away, leaving Mary a bit concerned. HARD CUT TO:

EXT. ALEXANDRIA STREETS - DAY

CRASH! A drunk, incapacitated Union Soldier topples in the street, a half-empty whiskey bottle smashing beside him. A HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE splatters mud across his uniform.

SUPER: "UNION-OCCUPIED ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA - SPRING, 1862"

We STAY WITH THE CARRIAGE, inside which is MARY, taking in her new surroundings: Alexandria, an occupied border town -- downtrodden, corrupted, harsh. They pass a market bereft of goods, low on everything. Mary looks out as we --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GREEN HOME - EMMA'S ROOM - DAY

LACED PANTELETS make their way up the smooth ivory legs of a young woman, pulled up by black female hands. The girl is EMMA GREEN (18); the hands belong to her maid BELINDA (50s).

-- MARY sees the streets teeming with soldiers and administrators. A few decently-dressed ALEXANDRIANS are harassed by ROWDY SOLDIERS.

EMMA works her way into A HOOPED SKIRT as Belinda assists.

-- MARY sees a shopkeeper BOARDING UP his place.

EMMA works her way into her CORSET, snaps it in front, while Belinda laces it in back. An elaborate process.

-- CONTRABANDS (runaway slaves) roam the street, looking hungry, depleted, in search of shelter. Refugees of war.

BELINDA parts EMMA'S HAIR in the center.

-- MARY sees a couple of grimy-faced URCHINS beg for coins.

BELINDA combs the back hair and twists it into A BUN.

-- HOOKERS loiter by a wall, trying to catch a Soldier's eye.

BELINDA uses curl paper to make A RINGLET in front. She wraps the ringlets around the bun and inserts the BACK COMB.

-- On the "FIRST VIRGINIA BANK" building, new signage is being painted - it reads: "UNION ARMY ADMINISTRATION."

INT. CARRIAGE/EXT. MANSION HOUSE HOSPITAL - DAY

Mary takes it all in - grittier than she expected, a bit off-putting. The DRIVER snaps the reins and calls back:

DRIVER

Mansion House Hospital, ma'am.

From her expression, we can see Mary's ambivalence.

INT. GREEN HOME - EMMA'S ROOM - DAY

As Belinda secures the lace to Emma's bun, noise from outside draws her to the window. She looks out:

Down below, Union Men are moving a carved table with ivory inlay out of the house, trailed by Emma's agitated mother JANE (50s, a refined Southern belle).

JANE

Careful! Where are you taking that?! It's true Indian ivory! It was brought back by my husband's grandfather, the Admiral!

At the window, Emma frowns: will the indignities never cease?

EXT. MANSION HOUSE HOSPITAL - DAY

ON THE DISPUTED TABLE, en route to a Union Army wagon. As it WIPES CAMERA, almost knocking into someone, we REVEAL... Mary, leather valise in hand, barely averting it, as she moves towards the entrance. Wounded men hover. Amputees and men with disfiguring shrapnel wounds gape as prostitutes troll. A HAWKER sells his wares --

HAWKER

Eye patches, peg legs, glass eyeballs! A ribbon for your honey!

A MANGY DOG GNAWS on a bone; Mary stoops down to pet it. Then she notices a Nurse at a window, dumping a bloody bundle into a muslin-lined basket on a wheelbarrow outside. It lands with a bunch of other bundles, which the DOG sets upon, choosing a new object of his masticating desire... on closer examination, Mary sees the basket is filled with...

...amputated limbs. A BASKET OF LEGS AND ARMS. An Orderly wheels it away, pursued by a few dogs, yelping after. Mary swallows hard, trying to fortify. Looking away, she notices a WOUNDED REB on a stretcher on the ground, groaning... Two black laborers approach. One is SAMUEL DIGGS (20s).

SAMUEL

What's your name, Reb?

The man is scared, disoriented. Struggles for clarity.

WOUNDED MAN

...Fairfax. Tom Fairfax. 17th Virginia infantry. Is George here?

SAMUEL

Don't know no George, friend.

MARY

(to Samuel)

This is a *Union* hospital, yes? And that man is a Confederate?

SAMUEL

Orders are, we take in whoever ends
up here.

Mary nods, absorbing that. With silent disapproval.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS (PRE-LAP)

Look on him with eyes of mercy...

INT. HOSPITAL - ENTRY HALLWAY - SAME

A barely-controlled chaos. MALE NURSES rush about; OVERFLOW PATIENTS litter the halls. Mary enters, looking around.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS (O.S.)

...give him patience under his
affliction...

A MAN with a raw wound shoos flies away from it with a fan.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...and, in thy good time, restore
him to health...

A weeping woman sits by the bed of a soldier, near death - her son. She strokes his hand while the Reverend HENRY HOPKINS (20s), ruggedly handsome, reads from the Bible:

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS (CONT'D)

...and enable him to lead the
residue of his life in thy fear,
and to thy glory.

A small ruckus nearby pulls Mary's attention - a young FLAG-BEARER (OTIS), maybe 16, being helped up some steps. He is unwilling to get in a stretcher, despite three obvious gaping wounds, and he is still holding in his hands a flagpole with a tattered and burnt flag hanging from it. As they approach, Mary notices his hands are nearly stuck to the flagpole, the scarlet blood dried and caked and gluey.

OTIS

I took a vow to keep it
flying... I damn well will!

YOUNG NURSE

You need to get in a bed now!
...Please, boy!

They blow by Mary, who is ready to assist - the Flag-Bearer sees her, and their eyes lock briefly, with him still staring back at Mary, over his shoulder, even as he is hustled off by the nurse and some orderlies. Mary's trance is broken by:

MATRON BRANNAN (O.S.)

You're from Miss Dix.

Mary turns to find MATRON BRANNAN (working class Irish, 50s) -
- neither cold nor warm; Mary is one more thing in her day.

MATRON BRANNAN (CONT'D)

You need to see Doctor Summers.

As they walk, Mary continues to take things in.

MARY

Are you the matron?

MATRON BRANNAN

I manage the running of things.

MARY

This must have been quite a hotel.

MATRON BRANNAN

Certainly, for the Secesh upper
crust. The family that owned it,
the Greens - they love it so much,
they refuse to leave.

(off Mary, perplexed)

Blasted rebels live right next
door.

INT. GREEN HOME - STAIRCASE/HALLWAY/BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY

Emma comes down the stairs, as TWO UNION OFFICERS head up.
One has a bowl of apples, the other carries a jug of milk and
a plate of bacon - like guests at a B & B.

UNION OFFICER 1

McClellan's got 'em turning tail.

Defiant, brash, Emma holds her ground, forcing them to step
aside and hug the rails to let her pass. Once she has --

UNION OFFICER 2

We'll have Richmond before long.

Emma shoots a bitter look as she continues into the Breakfast
Room, where are her father JAMES GREEN (50s, hidden behind a
New York Tribune), mother Jane and sister ALICE (17).

EMMA

'Morning, Papa. Mama.

JANE

They broke the elephant head.

(off Emma's curious look)

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

The elephant carved into the leg of the inlaid table. They broke it. I found a tusk on the grass!

EMMA

I'm sorry, Mother.

She takes her seat. Alice is a sullen, immature girl.

ALICE

Don't ask for an apple - Yankees took the last of them.

EMMA

All right, then I'll get an egg.

ALICE

Soldiers ate them all up yesterday.

JANE

Foul intruders! My father would've taken a paddle to every last one.

MR. GREEN (OBSCURED)

Fortunately, he's not here.

JANE

It's an heirloom. From *your* family!

And he finally lowers his newspaper - a calm, practical man.

MR. GREEN

Exactly. Do you see me fretting? All we can do is make the best of the situation.

ALICE

That's not 'all.' We could go.

MR. GREEN

Leave our home?

ALICE

Other families have.

MR. GREEN

(piqued)

And other families have lost everything. And wander bereft and astray. Relying upon the generosity of other people in other places. Not us. Alexandria is our home --

Jane discreetly makes a throat-clearing sound, and their attention shoots over to --

A SIDEBBOARD - the two OFFICERS are fixing coffee. A silence falls over the family as they wait - it's humiliating.

UNION OFFICER 1
Sugar and cream?

UNION OFFICER 2
And jam? I'll have some of that.

Finished, the Union Men nod genially to the group and take their leave. Beat. Mr. Green resumes, quietly emphatic.

MR. GREEN
When this is over, three or four months from now, our life will resume much as it was. But until then, we share our house with them.

EMMA
Not only our house. Our streets, our food, our milk. And our hotel is turned into their charnel house!

MR. GREEN
I'll not have you talk that way.

EMMA
The Confederacy will make it right. Soldiers like Frank...

ALICE
-- And Tom!

EMMA
They're fighting for us.

JAMES JR. (O.S.)
Oh yes, if only we Green men were as brave as your two beaus.

This is the third Green child, JAMES JR. (23, a slight limp). The comment comes out like a snarl of disdain.

EMMA
As least they're willing to stand up for something!

MR. GREEN
Or die for nothing.

EMMA

How do you think it looks to have a brother and father doing business here when all the other men have either gone to fight or fled?

James Jr. looks at his shoes, shamed. A tense silence.

JANE

Now, now. Leave Jimmy alone. Let's all breathe and have some...
(scans the meager food)
...stewed rhubarb!

EMMA

Rhubarb?! For breakfast?

JANE

Beggars and choosers, dear. Beggars and choosers.

As the family sits in miffed silence --

INT. HOSPITAL - DR. SUMMERS' OFFICE - SAME

DR. SUMMERS (50s) smokes a cheroot while perusing papers at his desk. A soft knock at his door. He never raises his eyes.

SUMMERS

We're all full up.

MARY

Uh, my name is Mary Phinney...

SUMMERS

We have an adequate supply of lady volunteers making nuisances of themselves. If we develop new demand, you'll be first to hear.

He walks out right past her and she follows him --

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY/WARD - CONTINUOUS

MARY

I was sent by Miss Dix --

SUMMERS

I am aware, Miss Phinney. Or should I say 'Baroness von Olnhausen?'

MARY

'Miss Phinney' will do, thank you.
I aim to be of service here.

SUMMERS

Oh yes, a fancy Teutonic widow
should come in handy - the men are
always clamoring for *spanferkel*.

MARY

My husband, the Baron, was German.
I am a born and bred New Englander.

SUMMERS

So, no *spanferkel* then?

MARY

I believe you'll find I have more
to contribute than suckling pig.

SUMMERS

You underestimate suckling pig.

MARY

I have experience as a nurse. I've
looked after a number of invalid
relatives, including my husband...

SUMMERS

What, the dead Duke?! That didn't
turn out so well, did it?

Mary's eyes widen; she swallows her anger. Dr. Summers halts
not far from the bed of an unconscious soldier, wasting away.
A bloody bandage partially exposes a rotting flesh wound.
Mary tries not to wince from the odor.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

The smell's the least of it.
(proffers a handkerchief)
Contribute, will you? As soon as I
get you a room, a bed, a looking
glass -- of which we are very
short, by the way -- and someone to
fetch meals and do little things
for you? Perhaps a young Persian
houseboy to rub your feet at night?

MARY

I require only minimal comforts.

A SCREAMING PATIENT blazes through on a stretcher -- the
broken blade of A BOWIE KNIFE stuck in his eye.

SCREAMING PATIENT

Ah, my eye! My eye!

Mary is put off -- a squirt of blood almost catches her as an Orderly tries to steady the blade. Once that circus has passed, Summers looks at her, grinning and expectant.

SUMMERS

You've no idea what you're signing up for here. Go back to Boston.

MARY

I will not. Miss Dix despatched me with precise instructions --

SUMMERS

Tell Dragon Dix I'll choose my own damn staff, nurses included. If I need her help, I'll ask for it.

Mary peers at him, a bit baffled; they are mercifully interrupted by Brannan.

MATRON BRANNAN

Doctor Hale would speak with you in the east room, sir.

Mary and Summers are locked in a battle of looks -- she wins.

SUMMERS

(to Brannan)

Matron, see what accommodations can be arranged for the duchess.

MARY

My husband was a baron, not a duke.

SUMMERS

Yes, I believe you mentioned that.

MARY

No, sir, you did. Repeatedly.

Dr. Summers glower/grins at her as he goes.

SUMMERS

Don't forget the spanferkel!

INT. GREEN HOME - SITTING ROOM - DAY

ON A CARTE DE VISITE -- a Confederate soldier in uniform. Emma beholds it, moon-eyed.

Flips it over -- a note on the other side: "*Precious Emma, it will feel an eternity until I am back to you. Ever yours, Frank.*" VOICES break the moment. Peeking out, she sees the two Officers by the front door.

UNION OFFICER 1

What I can't understand is why
we're bringing in their wounded.

UNION OFFICER 2

Butternuts? Here?

UNION OFFICER 1

Virginia infantry. I say, leave
'em out there for the buzzards.

Emma listens - intent, pensive. Once they go, we see her reach an impetuous resolve - and head off in another direction, grabbing A PARASOL as she sneaks away.

EXT. ALLEYWAY/STREET - DAY

PARASOL ALOFT, basket in hand, Emma hurries down an alleyway, trying to evade two soused UNION SOLDIERS. The men's eyes get big at the sight of the pretty girl.

UNION SOLDIER 1

Hey there, can you whistle Dixie?

EMMA

Make way, please.

UNION SOLDIER 1

Put your lips together like this...

He puckers and pulls her in; she SWATS him with the parasol. He grabs her; she pulls away, and the parasol ends up hitting him in the balls - OOMPH! He staggers, hurt; she runs off. His pal roars with laughter.

UNION SOLDIER 2

It's goddamn true! They said
Southern belles had spirit!

Long past them, Emma glares back over her shoulder.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY/WARD - DAY

Matron Brannan escorts Mary through the hospital.

MATRON BRANNAN

The nurses' rooms be on the top floor. You may have to share one.

MARY

All I need is a bed somewhere.

MATRON BRANNAN

Haven't had a Head Nurse before.

MARY

It should help, don't you think?

MATRON BRANNAN

I guess Miss Dix does.

MARY

It may be prudent for me to proceed at a deliberate pace. For now, I'll take some time to acclimate - study and learn how things work.

MATRON BRANNAN

Miss Hastings has a taste for being the authority, far as nursing goes.

MARY

I look forward to meeting her.

MATRON BRANNAN

Well, look forward to it now. 'Coz you're apt to regret it later.

Perplexed by that riddle, Mary feels something odd at her feet - looks down, sees she is standing in a POOL OF BLOOD.

MATRON BRANNAN (CONT'D)

The blood'll ruin your shoes.

(too late for Mary)

Come, here's a surgical room --

She leads her into a hallway and opens a door to REVEAL:

INT. HOSPITAL - SURGERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A PATIENT on the bed -- bloody, moaning, barely conscious. At his head, a large metal T-shaped TREPHINE is being used by a Surgeon to bore a hole in his shaved cranium. It's a mess. At his chest, a second surgeon uses a NELATON PROBE -- a 9-inch probing wand with a ceramic tip -- to probe for bullets.

At the legs, one of which has been sliced, the flesh peeled back -- a third surgeon, DR. BYRON HALE (40s, old school military) -- awaits, while an Orderly uses a leather strap to sharpen a CAPITAL AMPUTATION SAW. Blood on the floor, various instruments arrayed and laid across the room. It looks like a class in medical torture. Hale touches the saw blade --

HALE

Sufficiently sharp. Enough ether.

Mary is stunned -- her jaw tightens in resistance to the nausea rising in her. Hale looks over, brightens a little.

HALE (CONT'D)

Ah, the new nurse? I'm Doctor Hale, senior ranking physician under Doctor Summers: "*Es freut mich Ihre Bekanntschaft zu machen.*"

He's awkwardly trying to be charming -- standing over a bloody mess of a leg with a big scary saw. She is flummoxed.

HALE (CONT'D)

You do speak German, don't you?

As he lowers the instrument to the leg bone, we TIME CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY/WARD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Brannan hands a glass of water to a tense Mary.

MARY

...Was that proper medicine?

MATRON BRANNAN

Depends what you mean by 'proper' -

MARY

This is not what I expected. In Washington, everything seemed much more... *civilized.*

A PIERCING GUTTURAL SCREAM from another room startles them.

FOSTER (O.S.)

No need for that, son! Put it down!

A Union GUARD, with musket, suddenly BLAZES BY.

MATRON BRANNAN

Lord blind me, what's this ruckus?

Brannan hurries off, trailed by Mary. They enter the ward, stopping in their tracks when they see --

A VIOLENT PATIENT (20s, strapping) with a bloody, bandaged arm holds a HANDGUN aloft - trained on DR. JED FOSTER (30s, a civilian surgeon). Beside him, a terrified orderly holds a cone-shaped chloroform-soaked cloth. The room is hushed, anxious. The nervous Guard aims his weapon at the Patient.

FOSTER

Ah, Matron, will you explain to this good man that chloroform will not kill him but rather... -- ?

MATRON BRANNAN

Soldier, put that gun down! Now!

VIOLENT PATIENT

I ain't putting nothing down!

FOSTER

I appreciate your practical approach, Matron, but we've tried that tack already.

VIOLENT PATIENT

Swear you ain't gonna be tossing my arm out the window in an hour!

FOSTER

I have neither intention nor desire to amputate your arm, son --

VIOLENT PATIENT

Tell me the truth, goddammit!

Foster walks closer to him, gun in his face, fearless.

FOSTER

The wound's infected, son - anyone can see that. The ball needs to come out. But God as my witness, I'll do everything in my power to keep you and your arm attached.

Mary, though alarmed, is impressed at Foster's composure. There is a long beat of expectation. Will the man be persuaded...? Abruptly, he swings the gun over at Mary, who is startled. But stares down the barrel, firmly.

VIOLENT PATIENT

I WANT OUT OF THIS DEATH HOUSE!
PROVISIONS AND A HORSE NOW!

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - SAME

ON A BASKET OF FLOWERS AND FOOD ITEMS - Emma's prop as she moves stealthily through. A warbly off-pitch song is heard:

SINGING SOLDIER (O.S.)
Aura Lea, maid of golden hair...

Emma sees a man whose face is pock-marked and blackened from shrapnel, being re-dressed by a nurse. She turns away and almost walks into a staggering MAN on crutches, who is the...

SINGING SOLDIER (CONT'D)
*...Sunshine came along with thee,
and swallows in the air...*

She barely averts him as he lists, touched in the head:

SINGING SOLDIER (CONT'D)
In thy blush the rose was born....

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - AS BEFORE

Mary looking down the barrel of the agitated patient's gun.

FOSTER
Soldier, this is a place of peace
and healing. Not a place for guns.

VIOLENT PATIENT
Looks to me like a place of war!

MARY
Please, for your own sake...

VIOLENT PATIENT
Quiet! I don't mean to harm you!
But I will if needs be.

Emma steps into the room. Taking in the scene, she lets out an audible gasp. The soldier swings the gun around on her -- Emma, startled, drops her basket and jerks away...

...HER HOOP SKIRT gets caught up on the corner of a cot -- in which lies a patient with a SPLINTED LEG IN TRACTION. Emma, tugging to free herself of the cot, jostles it, loosening the traction, which comes undone. Finally, RIPPING HER DRESS AWAY, the man's LEG COMES SMASHING DOWN on the bed...

TRACTION PATIENT
Ahhh!!!!

During this, Foster sees an opportunity -- and tackles the musket-toting Violent Patient. Mary, surprisingly and boldly, joins him in trying to subdue the man. But it's at this precise moment that the Guard suddenly finds some nerve, and pulls the trigger -- BLAM! -- putting a smoking hole in the wall where the Violent Man had been standing.

FOSTER

Hold your fire, dammit! Hold fire!

Foster and Mary wrestle to subdue the Violent Patient --

VIOLENT PATIENT

Off of me, you butchers!

FOSTER (CONT'D)

All right now, settle down.

MARY

Stop your struggling!

VIOLENT PATIENT

You termagant!

MARY

You COWARD!

This gives the man pause, stops him cold. He submits. Foster is impressed, Mary surprised by her outburst.

FOSTER

Now settle down.

(re: the wailing Traction
Patient)

Somebody tend to that one quickly.

The Violent Patient, submissive and mournful, GROANS meekly.

MARY

All right now, boy, it's done.

VIOLENT PATIENT

Not my arm, not my goddamn arm.

FOSTER

(re: Emma)

Matron, escort that lady out! Any more of her Christian care may just get one of us killed!

Emma needs no escort, as she rushes out of the room, utterly abashed. As Mary re-gathers herself, Foster eyes her.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Let me guess. You were a lady wrestler with the circus?

MARY

I feel more like the one shot from the cannon.

FOSTER
Husband or son?
(off her look)
Who are you here to visit?

MARY
No one, I was sent by Miss Dix --

FOSTER
What? No! You're the duchess?

MARY
Yes - I mean, no! *Baroness*. My
late husband was...

FOSTER
Did you bring spanferkel?

About to retort... she shakes her head, dismayed.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
Start by scrubbing that bunch over
there. They're quite fetid.

She looks around for a place to put down HER VALISE.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
Haven't you got a room?

MARY
Not yet, no --

FOSTER
Leave it there, against the wall.

Mary puts her valise down, a bit discombobulated, and heads off. Foster shoots a mischievous look at her back.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Emma sniffles into a kerchief, trying to gather herself.

MATRON BRANNAN
Military hospitals and crinoline
don't mix.

Emma looks up to find her. Brannan is chilly but respectful, she knows Emma as the Green daughter.

MATRON BRANNAN (CONT'D)
Do your parents know you're here?

Emma sits up straight, gathers herself, proudly.

EMMA

I've come to lend comfort to the soldiers.

MATRON BRANNAN

Is that so? What sort of comfort?

EMMA

Sympathy and a friendly face.

MATRON BRANNAN

(condescending)

That's just fine, dearie, but these Union boys are entitled to proper nursing care --

EMMA

No, not the Yankees. The *confederates*. I understand you have some.

The contemptuous curl in Brannan's smile escapes Emma.

MATRON BRANNAN

Why yes we do. Come with me, you're just the thing they need.

INT. HOSPITAL - MARY'S WARD - SAME

CU on HANDS SQUEEZING A SPONGE into a basin of dirty, bloody water. Then resume scrubbing a grubby, wounded, almost unidentifiable forearm. WIDEN TO:

Mary sitting beside a bed with a basin, sponge, towels and a bar of brown soap. She finishes scrubbing the hand of an OLD SOLDIER, 50s, grizzled and genial with a head wound bandaged so that his hair rises from his head like a grey cloud.

MARY

There, we have uncovered your natural hue. Now to the feet.

Bedraggled, she moves down the bed to prepare to clean his feet. He is beaming, appreciative.

OLD SOLDIER

May your bed above be easy for the day's work you are doing.

MARY

Now, off with these boots --

OLD SOLDIER

Hold now! There you are!

He's wincing. His foot is so caked over with mud and dirt that she sees he is not wearing boots - she's been tugging at his foot! As it occurs to her, he snickers:

OLD SOLDIER (CONT'D)

It's hard telling which is dirtiest, the foot or the shoe!

MARY

Lesson one: ascertain whether the patient is wearing boots or not before attempting to remove them.

They share a grin and then, as she continues, Mary hears:

FOSTER (O.S.)

Amputation through the infected tissue risks causing pyemia --

Mary glances over to spot Foster in heated conversation with Hale. They are discussing the Violent Patient.

HALE

This is the Army, Foster, we have a procedure to follow.

FOSTER

And I have an oath to uphold. You have one of those too, don't you?

HALE

(after a beat, coldly)

You may be regarded as some fancy head doctor in Baltimore, but here you are no more than a civilian contract surgeon. Under my authority. Step cautiously.

Hale turns on his heels to walk away. Foster fumes. Mary re-focuses on her task and grabs the basin.

MARY

(to the Old Soldier)

I must fetch some clean water.

As she walks off, she notices the young Flag-Bearer from earlier, still clutching his colors; Hopkins sits by him.

FLAG-BEARER

I promised him!

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

I understand that, son, but --

MARY

Is everything all right?

OTIS

I told my father I wouldn't let
this flag drop as long as I could
take a breath.

MARY

Your father? Is he here?

Otis shakes his head and looks down.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

Dead in battle. Otis vowed he'd do
his part...

MARY

How old are you?

OTIS

18, Ma'am. Not a day under.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

(knowingly)

That's the minimum age to serve.

OTIS

I am! Born on April 12th,
eighteen... forty...
(doing math in his head)
...three.

MARY

Allow me to take that flag? I'll
make sure it is well cared for.

OTIS

(pulling away in pain)

No, ma'am. I can't.

She tries to take it. It won't budge. It's a strange
comical tug of war. From other beds, two soldiers, BUGLER
(19) and GRANVILLE (20), LAUGH with approval.

BUGLER

He truly can't, miss!

GRANVILLE

The damn thing's glued to his hand
from the blood!

Mary takes in the faces of the three young men, staring in blind defiance at her. She concedes:

MARY

Very well. Keep it for now. I'm Nurse von Olnhausen.

OTIS

Nurse von... old... how..?

MARY

Call me Nurse Mary.

Otis nods. She smiles, glances at the Pastor.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

I'm Henry Hopkins, the chaplain here. God be with you, Nurse Mary.

Mary nods and, basin in hand, walks over to a sink area. As she runs the water, she glances out the window --

EXT. HOSPITAL - LAUNDRY - DAY

SILAS BULLEN (40s, the hospital steward) stands by overseeing as the Hospital Cook ABEL MELCHER (40s, a fierce bully) supervises the arrival of provisions from a wagon. He directs a mix of black laborers and convalescing soldiers --

ABEL

Food and kitchen items get hauled to the basement, you mangy dogs!

A trunk is unloaded from an "ADAMS EXPRESS" wagon; the trunk is wrapped in red straps, a VERMONT CREST painted on the side: "**Freedom and Unity.**" A DELIVERY MAN approaches Silas.

ADAMS DELIVERY MAN

This trunk's got delicacies from a lady in Vermont - for her son and his battery in the First Brigade.

Silas slips the guys a few bills of money.

SILAS

We'll give it special attention.

ABEL

Basins, bandages and medical whatnot go into the Matron!

Samuel comes out with a basket of dirty laundry which he delivers to one of the laundresses, AURELIA JOHNSON (20s, black). Their eyes meet - clearly, some attraction there, an unspoken connection. Mary sees Samuel touch Aurelia's hand - lightly, but with intent - as the basket changes hands.

SAMUEL

I got you something.

He has placed a little silver chain in her hand, with a small charm on the end. A gemstone bird.

AURELIA

Awful pretty. A bird.

SAMUEL

For when you want to fly away.

A smile between them. The secret moment is interrupted by...

ABEL

Back to work, lazy cow!

Aurelia snaps to, and resumes working. Samuel has a brief moment of silent fuming... Silas steps in.

SILAS

Leave that girl alone, Sammy. Move on now, you got plenty to do.

SAMUEL

Don't I know it, Mister Bullen.
(glares at Melcher)
All sorts of things for me to do.

Samuel starts off - but nearly walks into an extended cane - Abel's - a gate blocking his way.

ABEL

Think you safe 'cause you work for Summers? You ain't safe. I'll have them dogs on you quicker than a runaway in a cotton field --

Samuel grits his teeth and nods - Abel lowers his cane. Aurelia sneaks a glance as Sam leaves, and we RETURN TO ...

INT. HOSPITAL - MARY'S WARD/HALLWAY - AS BEFORE

MARY looks intrigued and troubled, having observed this scene while continuing her work at the sink.

HALE (O.S.)

Not much of a view, is it?

This snaps her out of her diversion. He's right behind her, six inches closer than would be appropriate. She feels it.

HALE (CONT'D)

Come, I want to offer you an advantage, to observe the best at work. Miss Hastings on her ward- -

MARY

Oh, I've heard about her.

HALE

She trained under Florence Nightingale... *'Lo! in that house of misery/A lady with a lamp I see/Pass through the glimmering gloom,/And flit from room to room.'*
-- That's Emerson, you know.

MARY

Longfellow, I believe.

HALE

Well, they had their 'lady with the lamp' in the Crimea -- and we have Anne Hastings in Alexandria. She is God's gift to the boys, and - I might add - us doctors as well!

MARY

I got the impression Doctor Summers disapproves of lady volunteers?

HALE

For Miss Hastings, he makes an exception. We all do.

Mary is intrigued, albeit annoyed. As they pass through another ward, Emma is standing at a bedside, addressing a WOUNDED REB. We STAY WITH HER --

EMMA

Are you from the Virginia infantry?

WOUNDED REB

Yes, ma'am.

EMMA

Do you know a Frank Stringfellow? He would have been fighting alongside you, I think?

He shakes his head 'no.' She looks around, lost. Scanning the beds, spots a soldier, agitated. Recognizing the face...

EMMA (CONT'D)

...Tom? Tom Fairfax?

Arriving at Tom Fairfax's bed, she sees he is hurt badly, and confused, fuzzy. He looks up at her.

TOM

Can't breathe... no air...

EMMA

Shh, Here, have some water.

FAIRFAX

...Alice...? Is it you...?

EMMA

No, Tom, it's Emma, Alice's sister.

FAIRFAX

My head... I'm not so clear...

EMMA

I am looking for Frank. Was he with you? Frank Stringfellow?

Tom's eyes dart around, confused, distressed.

TOM

...I don't remember... George was with me... George Henderson... I lost him in the smoke...

Emma would prefer to continue her search for Frank, though she realizes the extent of Tom's depleted state.

EMMA

It's all right, Tom. Let me sit with you awhile, settle your nerves. Everything will be fine.

She puts his hand in hers. Smiles, reassuring.

EMMA (CONT'D)

We can tell all the old stories. From when we were children.

A sweet, sad moment as he ekes out a dutiful smile, a bit relieved -- overtly, at least. We HEAR:

ANNE (PRE-LAP)

This is the English Method...

INT. HOSPITAL - ANNE'S WARD - DAY

NURSE ANNE HASTINGS (vain, early 40s) meticulously bandages an unconscious patient's leg, using plaster of Paris. A gathering of admiring men -- nurses, orderlies, medical cadets -- attends as she holds court...

ANNE

...which Miss Nightingale and I implemented to great success in the Crimea. It is sometimes referred to as 'plaster of Paris' - a misnomer I attribute to the distasteful French habit of taking credit for British innovation.

There is polite and fawning laughter from the men. As Dr. Hale approaches with Mary, Anne holds up a hand to him as if to say, "wait till I am finished."

ANNE (CONT'D)

Conditions must be pristine. Old bandages re-dressed. Soiled linens replaced. Nutritional needs attended to. And once we have fed the body, we must also feed the mind of the man - to heal the sick is an art, not a science. Every patient is our Sistine Chapel! So, as the rascally French say: *voilà!*

She makes a show of presenting her finished handiwork: a wonderfully white and tidy application to the man's leg. She waits for the APPLAUSE - which comes promptly, of course.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, I will address dietary needs of the grievously wounded.

The crowd goes. With a look, Anne gives Hale leave to speak --

HALE

Miss Hastings, meet our new nurse, Mary Phinney. The poor girl was recently widowed and has come --

Anne cuts him off brusquely with a strong look.

ANNE

Yes, Doctor Hale, I'm aware.

(then, to Mary)

No reason to be ashamed of your inexperience, Miss Phinney --

MARY

Oh, I'm not, Miss Hastings.

ANNE

- While you were in Boston keeping the good Duke's house...

MARY

...Baron...

ANNE

...I was in Scutari saving lives.

MARY

Yes, I've read Miss Nightingale's book. She was most impressive.

ANNE

Our accomplishment in the Crimea is something we are all proud of.

HALE

Miss Phinney is quite promising herself,, so I wanted you to --

Anne shoots another withering look at him. She does not like his catering to the new nurse, and clearly there is more between Dr. Hale and Anne than we know. She then continues --

ANNE

Florence - as I was given leave to call her - was the mother of this high and holy calling known as nursing. I will be happy to impart to you whatever knowledge I can.

From the adjoining ward, Foster glances over and catches Mary's eye... he rolls his eyes at Anne's performance.

MARY

I appreciate that. Truly.

ANNE

So. You come from Miss Dix?

MARY

Yes, I do.

ANNE

And your position? What is your position to be?

MARY

(cautious not to insult)

I am... a nurse. Here to represent Miss Dix. And, uh... coordinate the nursing at Mansion House with her guidelines and directives.

ANNE

You have no title then? Heaven knows, Miss Dix loves hierarchy.

Mary swallows hard.

MARY

I am to be... the Head Nurse.

ANNE

(brittle)

...The Head Nurse..?

MARY

But I've much to learn. So I am glad I will have you to rely upon.

A stiff smile but Anne is fuming. As Mary starts to leave --

ANNE

Allow me to ask you a question Florence put to the 38 of us when we first arrived at the Selimiye Barracks, and saw all those beds filled with dying boys: 'Ladies,' she asked, 'are you afraid?'

It takes Mary aback, suddenly personal and profound...

MARY

You are asking if I am afraid..?

ANNE

Of what you will face here, within these walls, before this savage struggle is over? Not everyone is made for this kind of place. But one thing I've learned is how very little can be accomplished under the spirit of fear.

MARY

Do I seem afraid to you, Miss Hastings?

ANNE

I think it was Cicero who wrote,
'*res ipsa loquitur.*'
(off Mary's look)
The thing speaks for itself.

Anne beams beneficently and Mary ponders that, as we HEAR:

TOM (PRE-LAP)

Emma... I'm scared...

INT. HOSPITAL - REBEL WARD (EMMA'S) - DAY

Emma sits with Tom. She gently wipes his brow with a cloth.

EMMA

Shh, Tom, shh. I'm here now. When
I go home, I'll tell Alice you're
back and she'll...

TOM

Don't, please. You can't.

EMMA

She has to know you're all right.

TOM

I won't have her see me like this.
Please, promise me.

A hard beat for Emma -- she nods.

EMMA

When you are ready then.

He glances over, catches a glimpse of himself in a bedside
looking glass. Gunshot wounds bandaged in places - scrapes
and cuts and burns scattered across his arms, neck and face.

TOM

They say I'm lucky - shots passed
right through me. But still --

EMMA

You're alive. That's what matters.

Beat. Emma applies a wet cloth to his forehead.

TOM

I lay out on that battlefield for
days, between asleep and awake.
Never certain which was which.
Thinking I'd die there.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

What was worst was the not knowing.
The dreams. Things in my head.
Sometimes I know they ain't real...
but other times, I lose track. I
think he's right here, telling me
which way to go...

EMMA

Who is?

TOM

George. George Henderson.

EMMA

Maybe there's something they can
give you, Tom, for your nerves...

TOM

They got no medicine for what ails
me. They don't understand what's
in my head. I'll heal on my own.

She broods on it. He's staring off, dazed. Emma looks
around, feeling a bit futile.

EMMA

Close your eyes and rest, I'll be
back before you know it.

INT. HOSPITAL - SURGERY ROOM - DAY

ON Foster, writing up a case report, when Mary comes by doing
some task. She feels his presence as he does hers, but
neither acknowledges it for a moment, until...

FOSTER

So you met the Queen of the Crimea?

MARY

She seems quite knowledgable.

FOSTER

Yes, and every lesson comes with a
kick in the teeth.

He is a little shaky, drops the case report. He is slow to
recover, leans on something - she stoops to pick it up, hands
it to him. There is a moment of odd connection.

MARY

There's a trampling victim in the
West room, he hasn't been seen yet.

FOSTER
Fast as I can.

MARY
Are you all right?

FOSTER
Yes! I'm fine.

That came out a bit too intense. Awkward between them.

EMMA
Doctor, would you help me?

They both look to Emma, who remembers Foster --

EMMA (CONT'D)
Oh, no, you're... I'm sorry.

FOSTER
The hoop skirt assassin! I hear
there's a posse out for you.

EMMA
Ah - ... I'll find someone else.

FOSTER
Perhaps that is better.

He resumes charting, Mary goes to a nearby station - but then
Emma, on second thought, decides to hold firm. Brashly --

EMMA
Or perhaps not. There's a patient
here I was speaking with...

FOSTER
A family member?

EMMA
No.

FOSTER
Then you don't belong here.

EMMA
This is my family's hotel. You are
the one who doesn't belong.

FOSTER
Well. What a gracious host.

EMMA

The boy is hurt, and he's been given to believe there is no remedy. Perhaps his being a Confederate has had some bearing --

FOSTER

Who told him that?

EMMA

On his case report, it says he was examined by a 'Doctor Hale.'

He is annoyed; Hale's bone-headed ways only bolster him. As he moves to go see Tom, they have a clumsy do-si-do --

FOSTER

Remain five feet from me at all times, I wish to avert an injurious collision with your petticoat.

He passes, smiling mischievously; she exhales her annoyance. Mary steals a glance as Foster heads to the Rebel Ward.

INT. HOSPITAL - REBEL WARD (EMMA'S) - DAY

ON A WOODEN MONAURAL STETHOSCOPE --

FOSTER (O.S.)

Shortness of breath, palpitations, sweating, chest pain...

Emma stands by as Foster listens to Tom's chest.

EMMA

And the mental distraction.

FOSTER

Interesting. There's an Army doctor in Philadelphia - Jacob Mendes Da Costa. Been studying a malady common among soldiers - cardiac palpitations precipitated by battle trauma. This boy's symptoms match up. Da Costa refers to it as 'soldier's heart.'

EMMA

What can be done for him?

TIME CUT TO:

ON A WOOD'S SYRINGE ...huge, unwieldy and scary-looking.
Foster loads morphine. Tom looks on, eyes wide with fear--

EMMA (CONT'D)

Isn't there a treatment less...
invasive?

FOSTER

Morphine works best.

EMMA

I mean the needle.

TOM

(fearful of the needle)
Isn't there a pill?

FOSTER

Not with the same efficacy.

TOM

I'm feeling better, really, I am...

Mary steps up, holding out a case report.

MARY

Doctor Foster -

FOSTER

Yes, yes. Trampling victim -
presently.

Mary glances at Fairfax and Emma - then:

MARY

He is a Pennsylvania Cavalryman...

FOSTER

Miss Phinney: do you take issue
with the way I'm doing my job?
Answer carefully because the next
question will be: do I care?

EMMA

The doctor is helping Tom now.

MARY

Miss, this is not your business.

EMMA

It is indeed --

MARY

You are not even meant to be here.

EMMA

Pardon me?!

Foster, amused, cuts into the lady fight. To Emma:

FOSTER

Please excuse us, miss.

He steps off to the side with Mary.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

What's all this? This cavalryman -
is he someone to you?

MARY

No, not at all.

FOSTER

Then why the urgency? The boy got
drunk, fell off his horse and was
kicked in the rump on his way down.
Is he late to receive his medal?
He can wait. I'll be there soon.

MARY

But Doctor --

FOSTER

Soon, I said.

She leaves, miffed. He's perplexed. Returns to the bedside,
trades looks with Emma as he launches in, demonstrating --

FOSTER (CONT'D)

The Wood's syringe is an excellent
device, developed by Alexander
Wood, a Scotsman, and a French
veterinarian called Pravaz. I was
in Europe a few years back, and saw
Pravaz demonstrate on a spaniel.

EMMA

A dog?

FOSTER

Made a full recovery. Barking
happily ever after.

POP - the needle breaks Tom's skin; Tom starts. Foster
pushes in the drug, then removes the syringe.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Count to ten, Tom.

FOSTER (CONT'D) TOM
I've been experimenting with (fading)
injecting morphine -- we 1... 2... 3...
started looking into it when 4... 5... 6... 7...
I was abroad -- it's faster
than swallowing a pill and
it's perfectly safe.

Tom fades out. In BG, Dr. Hale appears, looking on.

FOSTER
Tom...?
(slaps his cheek lightly)
Very good. Fastest yet. I must
make a note of that.

He writes something down. Very much the scientist in this moment. Emma is impressed but hides it. Hale calls over --

HALE
Foster - a moment, please?

Foster knows he's got a problem, takes his leave of Emma...

FOSTER
No need to thank me, hoop skirt.

Off Emma, tending to Tom, asleep --

HALE (PRE-LAP)
That Reb was not your patient!

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - LATER

Hale and Foster in a heated conversation.

FOSTER
I think of them all as OUR
patients.

HALE
You wasted a useful opiate on a
Confederate malingerer...!

FOSTER
He was in pain.

HALE
Pain is good! Pain is cathartic!

FOSTER

Not that sort of pain - he was suffering from extreme heart irregularity, anxiety...

HALE

We are not here to be nursemaids to the weak and unfit.

FOSTER

Aren't we though? A little?

HALE

And you cannot use an untested hypodermic contraption as a delivery mechanism for an unnecessary medication to a mythological condition suffered by an enemy to the Union!

FOSTER

It does sound bad when you put it like that.

ANNE

(steps to Hale)

The man with the dislocated eye socket is ready for surgery.

Dr. Hale nods to her, but glares at Foster, fuming.

HALE

This will not be tolerated.

Hale goes. Foster's angry, he's had enough. His hand shakes when he lifts a glass of water - puts it back down, roughly.

INT. HOSPITAL - MARY'S WARD - LATER

ON MARY trying to adjust the traction on a sleeping patient's leg. She is struggling as Samuel Diggs steps up. Silently, he helps her, fixes it so the leg hangs properly.

MARY

I'm obliged. We met outside?

SAMUEL

Samuel Diggs, miss.

MARY

You're an orderly?

SAMUEL

They don't let us be orderlies.
I'm a laborer. But I know my way
around sick people.

MARY

Were you owned by a doctor?

SAMUEL

Never been owned. I grew up in a
physician's household. Doctor
Berenson of Philadelphia. I
watched him save many a patient. If
you need anything, you let me know.

MARY

I'll be sure to, Mister Diggs.

He nods and goes. She doesn't notice Foster behind her,
having caught the exchange. He is still caustic from before.

FOSTER

I've been to see your drunk
cavalryman. All he needs is
something for his wounded pride.

(then)

Contrabands, you know - they can be
very tricky.

MARY

He's not a contraband.

FOSTER

They steal, they lie, they feel
because they are free, they must
answer to no one.

She's thrown by this callous racism. He spots the FLAG-BEARER
- asleep in his bed, one hand still on his flagpole.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

That boy, I've done what I can for
him. He asked for the Chaplain.

MARY

Is there no hope?

FOSTER

He has debris from minie balls all
through his body. Too much for us
to even begin extracting. When
medical science reaches its limit,
see what the Lord has to say.

He starts to leave --

MARY

Pardon me, but... Aren't we
fighting to free men of color?
Isn't that what this war is about?

FOSTER

No. It's about preserving the
Republic. Even Lincoln says so.

Mary seems stricken by his surprising aloofness; so much for
working alongside "like-minded people."

INT. GREEN HOME - STUDY - LATE

Mr. Green stands looking at the newspaper on the table: FIRST
LADY'S BROTHER, CONFEDERATE OFFICER SAMUEL B. TODD, REPORTED
DEAD AT SHILOH. James Jr. enters.

MR. GREEN

Strange days. Even the first
lady's brother was on our side.

JAMES JR.

That was her half-brother. Her
brother is a Confederate surgeon.

MR. GREEN

Not another doctor.

James Jr. lingers looking at the headline.

JAMES JR.

At least he died fighting.

MR. GREEN

Jimmy, you're not able to soldier --

JAMES JR.

I am, my foot is no deterrent --

MR. GREEN

You are needed here! I won't have
this family further depleted.

JAMES JR.

We are depleted when our friends
and neighbors think we are cowards.

MR. GREEN

They don't think that --

JAMES JR.

Please! You heard the girls.

Jane appears at the door, curious over the tension.

JANE

Are you two off somewhere?

JAMES JR.

We have 'business' to attend to.

MR. GREEN

Nothing to worry about, dear.

He kisses her cheek and they leave her there, wondering.

INT. HOSPITAL - REBEL WARD (EMMA'S) - LATER

Emma is smoothing Tom's bedding, trying to make him comfortable as he dozes. Sitting there, she looks around at the grouping of Confederate wounded, in pitiable conditions.

She sees a soldier at a bed, both arms in traction, bandage over one side of his head and face, oozing blood where his ear and eye are (or used to be). Spotting ORDERLY KENDRICK, the Wounded Reb hoarsely calls to him...

WOUNDED REB

Sir? Some water, if you please...?

Kendrick is surprised to be spoken to, then resumes his work.

ORDERLY KENDRICK

In a minute, grayback.

Kendrick goes. Emma rises and fetches water for the soldier.

EMMA

Here. I'll hold the glass for you.

He sips, like a sick child.

WOUNDED REB

Yours is the first kind face I seen. To them that works here, all we is, is the enemy.

EMMA

Greater the pity for them.

Foster approaches.

FOSTER
How's your friend?

EMMA
Better, thanks.

FOSTER
Are you tending to these men?

EMMA
Well... someone must.

He takes her point, looks around... spots Mary not far away.
He's brooding on something, putting it together.

FOSTER
Marchioness? A moment?

She joins him. He refers to a man with a bloody bandage.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
This man's wound ought to have been
re-dressed hours ago, shouldn't it?

MARY
Yes, I suppose so, but...

FOSTER
There are men here who are thirsty,
who are dirty, whose beds need to
be remade. Can you explain why?

MARY
We get to them as best we can, in
the order that seems fitting.

FOSTER
Fitting? To whom? To you?
(off her look)
I see. So you are deciding who is
worthy and who is not. Is that
your directive from Miss Dix?

Emma is watching. Foster steps close to Mary, almost
whispering in her ear. It could be intimate if it were not
so confrontational - maybe it's both.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
I demand you get to these men...
all of them... in a timely manner.

She nods, chastised. He goes, but as he does, nearly trips on
something. It is Mary's valise! He scowls at her --

FOSTER (CONT'D)

And put this somewhere else!

He briskly paces off. Mary feels Emma's gaze upon her - a bit humiliated. She goes to work.

EMMA

I'm sure it isn't easy, having to decide who to help when.

It's a generous comment, but Mary is wound up now.

MARY

That man whose thirst you were quenching? A Union boy surrendered to his platoon - gave up his weapon. Once he was unarmed, your man shot him dead. Right where he stood, pleading for his life.

(as Emma absorbs that)

Lucky for him, the soldiers who captured him had more mercy than that. To you he's a victim - to me, a cold-blooded killer.

EMMA

Whatever he was out there... in here, he was simply thirsty.

Mary peers at her - a battle of wills and convictions.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Are there no sinning Yankees in these beds? Atrocities are only ever committed by the enemy?

MARY

...I have work to do.

Mary starts to re-dress the rebel's wound.

EMMA

May I ask how you came to nursing?

Seeing Emma is genuine, Mary softens slightly.

MARY

My husband got sick...

EMMA

Is he in the Army?

Mary is suddenly overcome - looks down, shaking her head, speechless for a moment. Emotion sneaking up on her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I... I'm so sorry.

MARY

With the war... I saw an opportunity to... be of use. I thought I knew how it would be... Working alongside compatriots, tending the boys, joining behind a cause. This is... a bit different.

EMMA

I admire your aspiration to be of use. I am starting to feel the same pull.

MARY

If that is so... Well, it's none of my business.

EMMA

Please, advise me.

MARY

You're young. Clearly intelligent, with strong opinions - that's good. *Mostly*. But your demeanor, your wardrobe, how you comport yourself - to be a nurse, these are things you'd have to... *reconsider*.

EMMA

Would I?

MARY

What I am trying to say, in as gentle a way as possible, is... There comes a time in every woman's growth when you must put away childish things. You can do it by choice, or wait for life to foist it upon you.

We can feel that perhaps with the death of her husband, Mary feels like she had it foisted upon her. Emma actually recognizes the validity of Mary's point.

EMMA

Thank you for your 'gentleness.'

MARY

Perhaps in a year or two, you may be ready. But by then, let's hope, this war shall be long over.

Mary goes off; Emma's ruminations are interrupted by --

BELINDA

Miss Emma...

(Emma is oblivious)

Miss Emma!

Emma turns, startled, to see her family servant BELINDA (30s) timidly working her way into the room, a bit out of breath.

EMMA

Belinda! What are you doing here?

BELINDA

The liveryman saw you run off!
Your mother is looking for you. You
need to come with me right now!

EMMA

But, Belinda...

BELINDA

The Mistress near sent out a search
party. I told her you went to
market with Sarabeth and her
servant - don't make me a liar!

Emma concedes, then moves to Tom's bed -- still asleep. Emma
wipes hair from his eyes. Sweet. Belinda notices, surprised --

BELINDA (CONT'D)

Is that the Fairfax boy?

Emma nods, leans down and whispers into Tom's ear.

EMMA

Do not fret, dear Tom - I will be
back to tend you. And when you are
better, Alice will be waiting.

INT. HOSPITAL - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER

SERIES OF CUTS - Emma and Belinda walk, hurried and
surreptitious, through the wards, hallways, patient rooms,
etc. A few staff do glance over at them, especially Belinda.

BELINDA

If they catch us here, I don't want
to imagine the trouble we'll have!

EMMA

Hush, Belinda, you're with me.

BELINDA

That's a fortunate thing.

As they turn a corner, they almost run into a group of men entering a private room - Silas (the crooked steward), Summers two other UNION ADMINISTRATORS, as well as... Emma's father and brother! Emma and Belinda duck away --

MR. GREEN

I must say, I hate what you've done with the place. This was known as one of the finest hotels on the Eastern seaboard!

SUMMERS

And it shall be again someday, I'm certain of it.

Once they've gone inside --

EMMA

Why are they here with those Yanks?

BELINDA

Not our business.

Emma jets over near the doorway, hidden, so as to listen in.

BELINDA (CONT'D)

Miss Emma! Please!

Emma gives a placating glance; Belinda frets.

INT. HOSPITAL - MARY'S WARD - LATER

Mary studiously practices plaster of Paris -- the "English method" -- on a fake wooden leg. In contrast to Hastings, she struggles with it, makes some mess with the wet dressings.

MARY

Oh, Christopher Columbus!

She exhales, then hears something from across the ward...

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

Nurse Mary...?

She looks over to see... Chaplain Hopkins, sitting bedside with Otis, the young Flag-Bearer. When she meets his gaze --

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS (CONT'D)

Some ink, please? I've run out.

Mary goes and fetches an ink bottle and then proceeds to bring it over to the bedside, where she refills the inkwell there. A pen and paper sit ready by the Chaplain.

OTIS

...we fought together, my dad and me, side by side, until the Rebs got him at Manassas.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

Your father approved of you enlisting?

OTIS

He knew I couldn't stay back at home and still call myself a man.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

You're not a man, you're a boy.

OTIS

I'm 18, reverend.
(off Hopkins' skepticism)
Between you and me, I'm 17.
(off another look)
All right then, I'm 15 if I'm a day, but I'll be 16 in October.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

I thought as much. You say a letter home to your family. Nurse Mary will write it down for you.

MARY

Certainly, I will.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

I must perform a service - the man's family has come all the way from Maine.

OTIS

-- Father...?

He reaches out for Hopkins's arm - takes him by surprise.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

God is with you, boy. As hard as you fought on the field, fight even harder now.

Otis nods, appreciative. Mary is impressed with the Chaplain. Hopkins goes; Mary takes up the pen and paper. Otis tries to "man up" for her - sweet and endearing.

MARY

Who will the letter be to?

OTIS

To my mother, Eleanor. And my sisters: Lucy. Nina. Charlotte. Annabelle. And Maggie...

(off Mary's surprise)

Girls all around me, it's why I'm such a charmer, miss.

MARY

Indeed.

OTIS

(clears his throat)

A-hem. Start so: 'I am sorry if I have caused you any trouble by being wounded, but rest assured, I never meant to. You would be proud of how I held the flag up even as the shots rang out around me...'

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - LATER

Emma's hunched, listening into the room where her father is meeting with the Union entourage. She has an obstructed POV into the room, as she hears the distant voices...

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

I strive to be a gracious host, gentlemen, but I'm yet to receive a nickel of rent for your - how to put it? - *occupancy...* of my hotel.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOSPITAL - DR. SUMMERS' OFFICE - SAME

As we GO INSIDE THE ROOM -- Dr. Summers, Silas, the Two Administrators, James Jr. and Mr. Green.

UNION ADMINISTRATOR

The rent is payable upon your pledging the Loyalty Oath.

MR. GREEN

Ah, it's a pesky thing, isn't it?

UNION ADMINISTRATOR

There are no exceptions, sir. We enforce the rules in all fairness.

MR. GREEN

Fairness, indeed. As I understand, you enforce them even on my good neighbor, Fred Wetherly... a grieving father who wants only to bury his son in our local cemetery. But cannot. Why? Because he hasn't signed.

(off the cowed silence)

You wield this oath like a club. You say you want to be humane in your occupation here, but what are my neighbors and I to think when the Union Administration behaves in such a cold-hearted way?

UNION ADMINISTRATOR

We'll look into the Wetherly matter. Now, the business at hand?

MR. GREEN

My son has been broadening the scope of our furniture company --

JAMES JR.

We have started building coffins.

MR. GREEN

The market, as you might imagine, is distressingly strong.

SUMMERS

We're doing our best to counteract that here.

MR. GREEN

Yes, but your Army is doing its best to keep it going.

JAMES JR.

I've discussed with Mister Bullen the possibility of providing coffins for you at a rate --

SILAS

We need to dispose of the corpses. It'd help to have caskets.

UNION ADMINISTRATOR

Your business by all rights should be shut down, Mister Green --

MR. GREEN

Sir... --

UNION ADMINISTRATOR
And you ask for us to aid you?

MR. GREEN
I ask that we aid each other.
(then)
You already have most everything
I've spent my life building. Allow
me the dignity to reconcile myself
to your allegiance without utterly
ruining me in the meantime.

ON EMMA - eyes wet with a mix of despair and rage.

BELINDA
We must leave now!

Emma, dazed, allows Belinda to pull her away. BACK INSIDE:

UNION ADMINISTRATOR
Summers, this meets your approval?

SUMMERS
It does. I see no reason not to
accept this service.

Mr. Green bristles. The Administrator turns to Silas.

SILAS
(with a shrug)
We got bodies. We need boxes.

The administrator nods, accepting the arrangement. Silas
winks devilishly at James Jr. - an unholy alliance. Mr. Green
seems satisfied, if not entirely at ease.

INT. HOSPITAL - MARY'S WARD - AS BEFORE

Mary takes dictation from the Flag-Bearer, Otis. He is
strangely energized and unafraid.

OTIS
'...I aim to walk out of this bed
and be home soon, but if the good
Lord sees it a different way...'

He hesitates; Mary cannot help but be moved. He forges on:

OTIS (CONT'D)
'...I would prefer to be buried at
home, near to you. If that is too
much of a chore, it matters little.
(MORE)

OTIS (CONT'D)

Wheresoever my bodily remains come
to rest, my soul shall be keeping
company with Dad on high, looking
down on you all, ever expectant of
our joyful final reunion as a
family... in eternity.'

(to Mary)

How's that seem? All right?
Should I maybe end with a joke?

She has no words. He smiles at her - a sweet, young kid.

MARY

Rest now. Dinner will be soon.

INT. GREEN HOME - KITCHEN/MAIN HALL - LATER

A Servant replenishes an empty basket with apples, as Emma
and Belinda sneak in from outside. Belinda looks out the
interior door to see it's clear -- then they come out into
the main entry and head for the staircase only to hear...

JANE (O.S.)

What is the meaning of this?

Emma and Belinda freeze. Jane is peering at them. Over her
shoulder, Alice trails in, curious.

JANE (CONT'D)

What's happened to your dress?

Emma realizes how soiled and bloodied her dress-skirt is.

BELINDA

Miss Emma was at the market with
Sarabeth - like I said - when
THWACK! the butcher slaughtered a
pig and a splash of blood --

JANE

That's enough. Tend the kitchen.

Belinda shoots a conspiratorial look to Emma and slinks off.

EMMA

Mother, I went to look for Frank...

JANE

At the hotel? That death house is
no place for a child --

EMMA

I'm not a child anymore!

JANE

You are forbidden to go there!

As it's about to get really heated, ALL STOPS -- Mr. Green is standing inside the open front door. A long beat...

MR. GREEN

Go where?

JANE

She's been next door, looking for Frank Stringfellow.

MR. GREEN

Did you find him?

EMMA

No, sir, I didn't.

She's cowed, cautious; Mr. Green is stony and solid.

MR. GREEN

Well then, that's done. You will in the future speak to your mother with greater respect and you will not return to the hotel.

Emma stares at him, brooding. On the cusp of saying something more, but thinks better of it -- turns to her mother:

EMMA

I'm sorry, Mother. Forgive me.

Jane nods. Emma starts up the stairs; as the Greens retire to another room, Alice catches Emma on the landing.

ALICE

Emma, did you hear any news of Tom?
(off Emma's odd look)
...Tom Fairfax?

EMMA

I... wasn't looking for Tom. But I will ask again next time.

Emma continues up the stairs, leaving Alice behind.

ALICE

Next time...?

INT. HOSPITAL - MARY'S WARD - NIGHT

Quiet on the night ward. Aurelia restocks linens as Samuel spots her. He brushes some dust off himself, then steps over near her. When he speaks, it is hushed and clandestine -- they rarely make eye contact, focusing on their tasks.

SAMUEL

Do you live over in the Bottoms?
(off her nod)
Are you walking there tonight?

AURELIA

('no')
Mister Bullen has me working on.

Samuel has gradually inched closer to her. He smiles at her.

SAMUEL

I got an eye for you, Aurelia.

AURELIA

The necklace told me as much.

She allows his hand to gently brush hers, somewhat hidden. She likes it. A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM startles them --

VIOLENT PATIENT (O.S.)

Ahhhhh!!!

No doctors or nurses around, Samuel takes off running that way and arrives at the bed -- it's the Violent Patient from before, the one Foster promised not to amputate. As Samuel arrives, Nurse Mary rushes in and meets him at the bedside --

MARY

Oh my, Nathan, what is it?

VIOLENT PATIENT (NATHAN)

I feel my blood... running dry...

Samuel examines Nathan's open shoulder wound.

MARY

Where are the doctors?

SAMUEL

Off the premises.

MARY

I'll send a boy for one.

SAMUEL

Hemorrhage... brachial artery.

MARY
I'll run myself, fast --

SAMUEL
You need to stay...

NATHAN
Ahh... make it stop... please...

SAMUEL
...This man can't wait.

MARY
(to an orderly)
Find a surgeon!

SAMUEL
Got no time - will you help me?

He says it level and direct -- she takes his meaning.

NATHAN
...Oh Lord... forgive me, Lord...

SAMUEL
Get me some thread.

He grabs a TENACULUM - a sharp-pointed hook on a handle.

MARY
Samuel, we can't --

SAMUEL
Thread.

He says it with such deep conviction that it is hard to deny.
Distressed, she moves and gets him some.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
When they removed the bullet, the
blood vessel got ruptured. They
cauterized over it. It's infected
now, he'll bleed to death.

The patient moans as Samuel uses his fingers to explore the
wound. It's bloody and gruesome. The patient flails in pain.

NATHAN
Oh no, they're killing me..!
Mother, please... Mother...

SAMUEL
Hold him down!

He looks over to Aurelia who is watching. She rushes over and helps Mary hold the man down.

MARY

No! I can't let you do this. We need someone who knows how!

SAMUEL

I know how, Nurse Mary, I know how!

Mary is torn and panicked. The subtext is clear --

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

This boy's either getting saved by a nigger, or he's dying alone.

Mary, resistant but bold, nods her assent.

MARY

He needs chloroform.

As Samuel proceeds, she gets some chloroform in a triangular cloth and places it over the patient's mouth.

SAMUEL

You need to dampen the cloth and --

MARY

Yes, I saw it done.

SAMUEL

Help hold the wound open.

MARY

I... blood makes me uneasy.

SAMUEL

You'll need to overcome that --

Nathan relaxes, dozes. Mary looks at the wound. With gritted teeth, she helps hold open the wound with her bare hands.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

There's the rupture. I'll tie a loop around it... Leave an end dangling out. That way, a doctor can pull it a little every day, until the thread rots off and the rupture is closed. If they don't know how, you gotta tell 'em. It's called a ligature.

Aurelia is amazed. Mary feels the surge of a small victory.

MARY

How will we know if it worked?

SAMUEL

It'll work. I've done it before.

FOSTER (O.S.)

Miss Phinney...?

Instantly, Aurelia retreats to her work, Samuel pretends to be doing something at the bedside. Mary turns to Foster. He seems harried, stressed, sleeves bloody.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

What in hell happened?

He moves to the bed, shooting a look at Samuel, suspicious. Then he sees that it his non-amputee patient.

MARY

He... he was in grave pain. The wound was hemorrhaging. So...

She and Samuel exchange a look of conspiracy.

FOSTER

Who tied this ligature?

MARY

I did. Miss Dix trained me how.

He studies her, skeptical. Not really buying it.

FOSTER

Miss Dix? And who trained her?
(off Mary's silence)
Every day, we'll need to --

MARY

Pull on the end - until the thread
rots and the rupture closes.

He looks at her, wondering - then glances at Samuel. He doesn't quite understand what has transpired here.

FOSTER

I've got a man on the table.

With a final suspicious glance, he walks away. Off in a corner, Aurelia is awed by what Samuel has done. He spots her, a smile spreads across his face - she reciprocates, then goes. Mary crosses to Samuel, with a look of wonder --

SAMUEL

Doctor Berenson taught me things.
Ever since, I've kept on learning.

Mary ponders it, looks down at the patient, sleeping soundly.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY/MEDICINE STORAGE - NIGHT

Mary walks the ward with a lantern, checking the beds. She comes upon Foster, seated in a chair, looking depleted - shaky, pale, sweaty and chugging a glass of water.

MARY

Are you all right, Doctor Foster?

He is taken by surprise, tries to right himself. Irritable.

FOSTER

Fine. I'm fine.

A bit wary of him, she starts to move on but he stops her --

FOSTER (CONT'D)

By way of advice, Miss Phinney -
nowhere does it say we get to favor
the patients we approve of. In
here, there is only one type of
soldier: the wounded.

(as she mulls that over)

No room yet?

(off her 'no')

The Matron will surely be by soon.

He starts to go, but she is stewing and then blurts out --

MARY

If I may, by way of advice? Your
views on race are unenlightened.

He takes a moment, grinning at her. Thinking her naive.

FOSTER

I grew up on a Maryland plantation.
Started rolling cigars with the
slaves when I was barely walking.
We owned 64 of them at one point.

MARY

...A Union Army surgeon from a
slave-holding family? You are full
of surprises, doctor.

FOSTER

My point being, I know more of these things than you do.

MARY

I know right from wrong. And I can tell when I'm talking to someone who also sees the difference.

FOSTER

(haunches raised)

You want to challenge me on slavery? It's not our concern!

MARY

Isn't it?!

FOSTER

No! We keep men alive. So what I am asking - *demanding* - is that you see every soldier as equal, no matter what side he fights on.

MARY

This is a Union facility, for Union soldiers --

FOSTER

(with fire)

It is a hospital! For sick people.

(then, more calmly)

Blood is not grey or blue, madam. It's all one color.

It is raw between them. Beat. Kendrick steps up.

ORDERLY KENDRICK

Doctor - your wife's in the lobby. Been there over an hour. Said to get you so she could have a word -- you'd know what about.

Foster looks down - sees ELIZA FOSTER (a fragile beauty, mid-20s), in bright silks, waiting... Looking back at Kendrick, he feels Mary looking on. She goes, making herself scarce.

FOSTER

Tell her I can't see her tonight. There's too much to do here.

Orderly Kendrick nods. Foster moves away, down the hall. We GO WITH HIM - looking increasingly unwell and hazy.

He arrives at a door marked "MEDICINE STORAGE." Looks around - the coast is clear. He goes in. Down the hall, Mary looks over, only to glimpse the Storage door closing behind Foster.

INT. HOSPITAL - MEDICINE STORAGE - NIGHT

ON A VIAL: "Morphine." Foster pulls it down. Puts it alongside a bunch of other bottles: OPIATES. CHLOROFORM. ETHER. Then regards some instruments... delivery systems, pills, needles. Finally, a Wood's syringe. In the glass of the cabinet, we see his reflection, pondering the needle.

FOSTER

How many lives will you save before
this is over?

Is he talking to himself or the needle? It's not clear.

INT. GREEN HOME - EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Alone, Emma lets down her hair, removes all signs of artifice. Stares at her plain, unvarnished face and body in the mirror. Looks down at her hands - faint traces of blood on her fingers, under her nails - back up at the mirror.

EMMA

Put away childish things.

INT. BASEMENT KITCHENS - NIGHT

Aurelia makes her way down a dank, dim stairwell, enters a door into the Kitchens - the domain of Bullen and Melcher, who are assembled around a table, drinking and smoking with some others. When Aurelia enters, they all turn and look. She takes them in, uneasy. Her eyes move to Silas.

AURELIA

I need to ask you something.

SILAS

Ask it, girl.

AURELIA

Not here, sir. Somewhere else.

Silas peers at her, wondering. The air thick. Silas grins.

INT. HOSPITAL - MARY'S WARD - NIGHT

Mary tends the ward - notices Foster exit the Medicine Storage, clandestinely. It's strange to her. She turns and --

MARY

Oh...!

The Matron is there, holding some tattered folded blankets.

MATRON BRANNAN

Miss Phinney. Time for you to rest.

MARY

Have you a room for me?

MATRON BRANNAN

Bursting at the seams we are.
Doctor Summers felt it best that
you sleep... here.

She hands her the blankets. Mary looks, questioning.

MATRON BRANNAN (CONT'D)

On the floor. Beware the arsenic --
you may want to sweep your area.

MARY

...Arsenic?

MATRON BRANNAN

We put it out for the rats. You'll
want to look out for them as well.

She goes. Mary stands there, blankets in hand, at a loss. What has she signed up for? She picks up her valise, moves deeper into the ward. She hears RAUCOUS ACTIVITY from outside - CHEERING, GUNSHOTS, SINGING - spots a huddle of soldiers by a window, looking out. Among them, Bugler and Granville.

MARY

Is there news?

BUGLER

We whooped 'em in Williamsburg, the
Rebs are beatin' it to Richmond!

GRANVILLE

We'll be done with this thing in a
week for sure!

In the ward, an upswell of enthusiasm and optimism. Someone passes a flask around. Mary notices, across the way...

Chaplain Hopkins. Wet-eyed, grasping his holy book for consolation. A big, strong man, reduced to open emotion. She sees Otis in bed -- eyes glazed over, flag in hand. Dead.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

I said I'd be back for him... but
I... I took too long.

Mary stands there, consoling the Chaplain. She lays a hand on his shoulder. All around them, the hubbub inside the ward has quieted, as all realize that Otis is gone. A solemn air takes over -- the men's faces sink with sorrow. Mary stands, looking down at the bedside table -- the LETTER HOME.

MARY

He never finished it...

Hopkins shakes his head 'no.' Mary takes up the pen, speaking haltingly, with some difficulty, as she writes...

MARY (CONT'D)

'...my last breath may come soon...
but when it does... know that I
shall be thinking... only of you...
and my eternal home...'

Hopkins nods in approval to her, his look appreciative.

Mary folds THE LETTER, puts it in the envelope. She takes some solace in regarding his peaceful face, brushing the hair off his forehead. She feels of use.

Bugler digs out his TRUMPET - starts to blow a SLOW MARCHING SONG. In the ward, it is like an impromptu funeral.

But out on the streets of Alexandria... the CELEBRATION RAGES on. They think the war is almost over - it's only just begun.

END OF EPISODE 1