

# FLATLINERS

By

Ben Ripley

Based on a screenplay

By

Peter Filardi

October 9, 2014

SONY PICTURES  
Niels Arden Oplev, Director  
Furthur Films  
Laurence Mark Productions

FLATLINERS

Dark screen. We hear the SOUNDS of a BUSY CITY STREET. And  
FADE IN ON:

EXT. DOWNTOWN BOSTON - NIGHT

Buildings. Traffic. Restaurants. Busy sidewalks.  
Normalcy.

SUDDENLY

A WOMAN COLLAPSES

Random woman. Stricken down. Right there on the sidewalk.

She's CONVULSING now. It's a VIOLENT SEIZURE. Her eyes  
rolled back. Limbs rigid. Her whole body possessed. Every  
muscle constricting. Something inhuman and ghastly about it.

HER POV

HER BLURRED SIGHT -- strangers rushing up to help -- their  
mouths moving but the sound all muffled --

And it's hopeless. She's dying. We're pulling back.  
Senses closing down -- drawing away from the world and --

DARK SCREEN

The whine of the FLATLINE TONE. On it goes... five  
seconds... six... then a TITLE -- small -- in one corner --

**flatliners**

VOICES OVERLAPPING now -- washing in and out of coherence --  
a TRAUMA TEAM at work -- tense -- fast -- as we remain in  
COMPLETE DARKNESS -- --

DOCTOR #1 (V.O.)  
-- let's start a line -- one  
milligram epinephrine stat --

DOCTOR #2 (V.O.)  
-- we're intubating --

NURSE #1 (V.O.)  
-- still no pulse --

NURSE #2 (V.O.)  
-- starting CPR --

DOCTOR #1 (V.O.)  
-- oxygen's away --

NURSE #2 (V.O.)  
-- asystole -- flatline --

DOCTOR #2 (V.O.)  
-- charging 200 -- stand clear --

THUNK! An electric shock from a DEFIBRILLATOR and --

INT. NEUROLOGY ICU - MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Later. Calm now. LAUREN -- the woman who collapsed on the street -- she's lying in a bed. Awake but pale and shaken. Her vital signs track across monitors.

COURTNEY  
Hello, Lauren. How are you  
feeling?

COURTNEY here. She's 26. All the gear of a third-year medical student -- white coat, phone, stethoscope. Her pager an old-school touch -- necessary because it gets reception everywhere in the hospital. Pockets crammed with sheets of patient data. Her eyes are locked on Lauren. A gentle but insistent examiner.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)  
You had a seizure tonight. You're  
in Mass General Hospital.

Lauren not really registering any of this.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)  
Are those irises?  
(a vase of flowers here)  
They're beautiful.

No response. Courtney ignoring her buzzing pager. Intent on Lauren.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)  
Lauren, did you know your heart  
stopped?

Lauren finally reacting. Turning to look at Courtney.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)  
You were dead. And the trauma team  
brought you back. Do you remember  
any of that? If you felt anything?  
Saw anything?

This is vitally important to Courtney. But are the words even getting through?

But the moment passes now as TWO ORDERLIES wheel a gurney into the room. Courtney disengages, stepping aside --

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

We're taking you down to imaging.  
You're going to be okay.

INT. CORRIDOR - MGH - NIGHT

Courtney leaving Lauren's room -- and right into a crush of activity. Staff swirling about. Intercom's droning on. And Courtney pulling out her stack of patient files to write up notes -- and her pager buzzing insistently when --

Suddenly. Her hand. It's Lauren. The orderlies have wheeled Lauren out here and she's taken hold of Courtney's hand. Wants to say something. Courtney leans down. It's an effort for Lauren to speak.

LAUREN

My grandmother's face. That's what  
I saw.

Courtney silent. Struck by that. And she wants more, needs to ask Lauren a dozen follow-up questions --

But they're wheeling Lauren away, off into the tumult of the busy hospital and --

LANE

Courtney.

She turns. Here comes a great-looking guy. LANE is 27. Smart and accomplished. A travel bag slung over his shoulder.

LANE (CONT'D)

Thought you'd want this back.

Courtney finds herself holding a KEY. Her breath catches, but she recovers quickly.

LANE (CONT'D)

I'm leaving for London. I really  
just wanted to say goodbye.

COURTNEY

I think we already had the breakup  
scene, Lane.

LANE

I wish things had worked out.

COURTNEY

Well, they did. You graduated with honors. An epidemiology fellowship in Porton Down.

LANE

I was talking about us.

COURTNEY

Don't worry about me. I've got a whole year and a half left here. I'll do my best.

LANE

So you're really okay, then?

He's almost hopeful there. Ready to say a fond farewell. Courtney about to let it pass, but --

COURTNEY

Do you want me to forgive you for ending it? Is that it? So you can move on with only good memories?

Courtney looks down at her pager, like it's gone off.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Gotta go now. Bye, Lane.

Her easy smile. This is how it ends. Lane dismayed.

LANE

Okay, well... take care of the cat. I always liked her.

COURTNEY

Actually, it's a him.

A little wave, then she breezes off the other way. She rounds a corner, out of Lane's sight, and stops there. Pockets her pager. Shuts her eyes. Feeling the ache of abandonment.

And then it's back to work, rejoining the swirl of responsibilities.

INT. NEUROLOGY INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - MGH - NIGHT

Ultra hi-tech. Screens everywhere. Several patient rooms arrayed around a central nurses' station hub.

Glass walls allow for visual monitoring of each patient, all of whom are hooked up to vital sign sensors.

INT. PATIENT ICU ROOM - NIGHT

PARAMEDICS wheel in a COMATOSE PATIENT. Taking notes is MARLO. 25. Another third-year student. Diligent. Top of her class. On the fast track and always gets the details right.

PARAMEDIC

Transfer from Holy Cross. 38-year-old construction worker, fell off a beam, persistent coma, GSA 6.

MARLO

I'll page the resident.

RAMON

(walking in)

Already done. I got this.

Here's RAMON. Unlike the other med students, he's slightly older. 30, maybe. Nothing precious about him. No overlay of Harvard wit. He's seen more of the world, as if he's had another life before this.

PARAMEDIC

Which of you's in charge here?

MARLO

It's my intake.

RAMON

Actually, I'm the one on duty.

The paramedic leaving the room. Ramon trying to block Marlo out as he examines the patient. It's a constant contest of one-upsmanship between the two of them.

MARLO

Standard procedure for a GSA 6 admit calls for an IV line and pharmacy orders for diazepam and paraldehyde.

RAMON

Seizure meds won't do any good. Whatever's wrong is in his spinal column, not his brain.

MARLO

And what medical protocol are you citing?

RAMON

The medical protocol of actually living in the real world where guys like him with crappy HMOs go undiagnosed for spinal injuries.

MARLO

Actually, he's on seizure meds. Which is the medical protocol of reading his chart.

Suddenly -- ALARMS from the monitors. Bad news. The patient's vital signs plunging --

RAMON

Shit.

Both of them jolted -- and now two ICU NURSES rushing in here -- and the NEUROLOGY RESIDENT not far behind --

NEUROLOGY RESIDENT

-- what is it? --

ICU NURSE

-- respiratory failure --

NEUROLOGY RESIDENT

-- he might be hemorrhaging -- page surgery -- call a code --  
 (shoving Marlo and Ramon aide)  
 -- students clear the room --

INT. NEUROLOGY ICU - NURSES' STATION - NIGHT

Marlo and Ramon ejected out here. Heading their separate ways but can't resist a few parting shots --

MARLO

Piece of advice, Ramon? Gut instinct diagnoses rarely pan out.

RAMON

Like last week? When you thought delirium tremens was Parkinson's Disease?

Now Ramon's pager going off. More work.

RAMON (CONT'D)  
 (walking off)  
 Where the hell's Jamie?

INT. OPERATING ROOM - MGH - NIGHT

A gleaming, high-tech chamber. In the middle of the room, two MED STUDENTS are having after-hours sex up on the operating table. They're wearing leads and sensors that they've plugged into vital signs monitoring equipment.

JAMIE is 27. A glib troublemaker inconveniently burdened with a high intelligence. KELLY is 25 and currently in the throes of passion --

KELLY  
 ...Jamie... are you sure this is safe?...

JAMIE  
 Absolutely. You'll be amazed.

KELLY  
 ... where's the inhaler?...

JAMIE  
 I've got it. Keep building.  
 (the monitors)  
 You're looking good. BP's 130 over 90. Pulse-ox saturation at 98.

KELLY  
 -- I can't hold it! -- give it to me! -- now! --

JAMIE  
 -- take it! -- quick! --

Kelly takes a hit from an INHALER -- instantly screaming agony -- ecstasy --

KELLY  
 -- HOLY SHIT!!! -- WHAT'S HAPPENING?? --

Jamie also takes a hit -- they're raving lunatics now --

JAMIE  
 -- IT'S A CYCLICAL ORGASM! -- THE NITRUS OXIDE IS TRIGGERING AN AVALANCHE OF NEUROPEPTIDES --  
 (Kelly thrashing around--)  
 (MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
 -- NOREPINEPHRINE IS SHOOTING  
 THROUGH YOUR SYMPATHETIC NERVOUS  
 SYSTEM, WHICH WE ALL KNOW IS A  
 BRANCH OF THE AUTONOMIC NERVOUS  
 SYSTEM --

KELLY  
 -- OH, GOD, SHUT UP!!! --

INT. CORRIDOR - OR - CONTINUOUS

Just outside. Curtains drawn over the OR windows but we HEAR Kelly and Jamie shrieking like banshees and --

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL (MGH) - NIGHT

Huge complex. All lit up at night. First time we see it from the outside. MGH is Boston's most prestigious teaching hospital. Like the city itself, it's a mash-up of styles and eras, 19th-century stone abutting cutting-edge modern.

CUT TO:

A BRAIN IMAGE

Glowing on a screen in gorgeous, 3-D color. Neural tissue twists and folds. Electrical signals flash between hemispheres like cloud lightning. Dark rivers of cortical blood circulate amid vast, candy-yellow networks of neurons.

INT. IMAGING ROOM - RADIOLOGY DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Quiet. After hours. One person in here -- Courtney. And she's lying inside the dome of a FUNCTIONAL MRI SCANNER. She speaks into an ear-piece --

COURTNEY  
 I barely feel anything. Turn up  
 the stim.

Faint CLICKING sounds now. Electro-magnetic fields emanating from the scanner's spooky, monolithic halo.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - RADIOLOGY - NIGHT

An MRI TECH at a workstation. Bathed in light from screens. Minutely adjusting his controls. Mysterious sorcery.

MRI TECH  
 Taking you to 450 milli-cycles.

ON SCREEN - COURTNEY'S BRAIN

Imagery ZOOMING IN -- pushing through neural tissue. The inner precincts of her living brain are sponge-like, wet, pulsing. But what's really happening?

MOMENTS LATER

Scanner's off. Courtney in here reviewing her brain imagery with the MRI tech. She's discouraged.

MRI TECH (CONT'D)

We've gone over your entire pallidinal aspect, just like you asked.

COURTNEY

Maybe we should try the subthalamic nucleus.

MRI TECH

Three nights now, you're paying me off the books to stimulate your brain and you won't even tell me what you're trying to make happen.

COURTNEY

It's research. It's confidential.

The MRI TECH's heard enough. He's packing up.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

MRI TECH

You know what happens, the hospital finds you in here using a five-million-dollar f-MRI without permission? I already have a day job. I'd like to keep it.

COURTNEY

How much more do you want?

She's pulling out her bag, her wallet.

MRI TECH

Forget it. Find someone else.

(turns back suddenly)

You Harvard students think you're some superior species, like the rules don't apply to you. But they do.

(MORE)

MRI TECH (CONT'D)  
 (nodding to her brain  
 scans on screen)  
 Erase those scans. Before someone  
 finds out.

He's walking off. Courtney frustrated. Staring at the  
 screens. Her own brain up there.

EXT. HARVARD CAMPUS - NIGHT

Harvard Yard. The lit facades of the ancient, famous  
 buildings.

INT. CENTRAL READING ROOM / HARVARD LIBRARY - NIGHT

Ten p.m. The grand atrium. Vast, open space. A hundred  
 desk lamps. Banks of computers.

Courtney packing up her books. Exhausted by another study  
 session.

Backpack on. She's walking out now when she spots --

COURTNEY

Priya?

PRIYA on the floor there in a little alcove. Crying.  
 Priya's 25, second-generation Indian-American and currently  
 surrounded by textbooks and drowning in stress.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

You okay? What is it?

PRIYA

Did you know that there's twelve  
 nerve systems just within the  
 cranial area? There's the  
 oculomotor. The trochlear. The  
 glossopharyngeal. And nine others  
 whose names I can't remember.

(dazed)

I can't absorb any more  
 terminology. I've got this rash on  
 my arm. I haven't slept in two  
 months. And in three weeks, we  
 start a whole new rotation with its  
 own lexicon of specialized terms.

(rock bottom)

My mother's invested her life  
 savings in my education.

COURTNEY

Come on. Enough suffering for one night. Let's get out of here.

EXT. HARVARD LIBRARY - NIGHT

WINDY tonight. Like a restless spirit. It rattles the trees, swirls the dead leaves, gusts over rooftops. Courtney bundled up, heading out. Priya beside her.

COURTNEY

It's cold.

PRIYA

We used to be friends, didn't we?  
(Courtney stopping there)  
Our first year. Remember? We'd sit together in lecture. Go running along the Charles. Stop at the Beanpole afterwards. Triple caramel macchiatos.

COURTNEY

We're still friends.

PRIYA

We barely talk anymore. All we do is work. And compete. Who's the fastest to make a diagnosis of Parkinson's? Who impresses the chief resident with her quick recall of the five symptoms of stroke? Quick, list the seven primary side effects of Ativan.  
(then)  
Just last week, someone in the law school committed suicide.

COURTNEY

I would too, if I had to become a lawyer.

PRIYA

You're going to be a great doctor. Medicine comes easy to you.

Courtney hesitating there.

COURTNEY

Maybe there's a way for us to hang more together.

PRIYA  
What do you mean?

COURTNEY  
I wonder if you'd help me with a  
little extracurricular project of  
mine. A side interest.

PRIYA  
We've got a shelf exam in ten days.  
I need to spend all my extra time  
studying. Because I honestly don't  
think I'm going to make it.

Priya yanks her bike out of the bike rack when --

COURTNEY  
"Oh, Once One Takes The Anatomy  
Final, Very Good Vacations Are  
Heavenly."  
(Priya looks at her)  
It's a mnemonic phrase. For  
remembering the twelve cranial  
nerves.  
(charming smile)  
I really would love your help.  
Meet me at the hospital tomorrow.  
At midnight. What I'm working on,  
it might interest you.

That gets Priya's attention. Courtney bundling up, slipping  
off into the darkness.

EXT. MGH - DAWN

Sunrise over Boston. Another morning getting underway.

INT. CENTRAL ATRIUM - MGH - DAY

7 a.m. The big complex cranking up for another day. DOCTORS  
and STAFF of all departments streaming through here, heading  
for banks of elevators.

CAMERA FINDING

Ramon walking. Jamie, carrying two cafeteria cups, falls  
into step with him.

RAMON  
(the cups)  
What's in those?

JAMIE

Mountain Dew laced with Adderol,  
followed by a double espresso. I  
call it the Heart Attack.

RAMON

We could've used you last night.  
We were backed up in the NIC-U.

JAMIE

Nothing you can't handle, right?  
Fact is, I was on a very important  
pediatrics consult then.

RAMON

Do you need a minute to invent what  
it was?

JAMIE

No, I can invent it right now. Six-  
month-old boy. Cranial deformity.  
Maxillary hypoplasia.  
Heartbreaking, but fully  
correctable with surgery.

RAMON

Your eyes are still dilated. Hope  
you had fun.

And they're off into the elevators and --

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM / NEUROLOGY UNIT - MGH - DAY

Morning meeting. Wall screens glow with MRI and CT scans of  
patients. Rapid-fire presentations going on. Handful of  
bleary-eyed RESIDENTS in here. The STROKE TEAM off to the  
side. And our med students observing from the back row --  
Priya, Jamie, Ramon, Marlo and Courtney -- together with two  
others -- Kelly and BRAD POITRAS. And presiding is DR. BARRY  
WOLFSON, head of the department, bone-hard facts man, do not  
mess with him, listening as a RESIDENT presents a case --

RESIDENT

25-year-old female, admitted last  
night, complaining of numbness on  
her left side, nausea, vomiting.

DR. WOLFSON

Other indications?

RESIDENT

Sees the color red differently  
between left and right eye.

DR. WOLFSON  
 (turns to the med  
 students)  
 Priya, what tests should we run?

PRIYA  
 Lumbar puncture. Then MRI of the  
 spinal cord for lesions.

DR. WOLFSON  
 Fine, but reverse the order.  
 Images first, procedure second.  
 (pushing on)  
 Preliminary diagnosis. Brad?

Brad's a smug go-getter med student --

BRAD  
 Pituitary cyst.

DR. WOLFSON  
 No. Jamie.

JAMIE  
 Um...

DR. WOLFSON  
 (instantly)  
 Kelly.

KELLY  
 Stroke?

Silence. Dr. Wolfson not pleased with them. He removes his  
 glasses, eyeing all the med students now.

DR. WOLFSON  
 You all need to do better than  
 this. You know the largest age  
 demographic in America? It's you.  
 Young adults in your twenties.  
 There's a thousand people waiting  
 to take your place. The world does  
 not owe you a living. A decade  
 ago, this school admitted fourteen  
 percent of applicants. Today, the  
 rate is less than half that. Never  
 before have so many competed so  
 fiercely for slots here. We're not  
 in the business of training country  
 club doctors or students who only  
 do the minimum amount of work  
 necessary. We're here to educate  
 those who push themselves.

(MORE)

DR. WOLFSON (CONT'D)

Those capable of discovering new insights, actually moving the dial on human knowledge. And if that sounds like too much for any of you, leave now.

No one moves. All of them trying to recover from that.

DR. WOLFSON (CONT'D)

Marlo. If I told you the patient's family background is Mediterranean, Greece, Turkey, what's the diagnosis?

Marlo's turn in the hot seat. Flustered, she pages through her notes.

DR. WOLFSON (CONT'D)

You probably won't find it in your notebook.

She's agonizing there. Jaw tightening. Finally --

RAMON

It's Behcet's disease.

Everyone turns. Ramon slouched against a wall, arms crossed, eyes lowered. He's gotten her off the hook.

DR. WOLFSON

Thank you, Ramon. Let's move on.

INT. RESIDENTS ROOM - NEUROLOGY UNIT - DAY

Home base for medical students. Part locker room, part coffee lounge, part communications hub. No windows. Long table cluttered with take-out containers. Shabby sofa to crash on. Chalk boards covered with scrawled writing -- medical data, terminology, inside jokes, obscene doodles.

Marlo slams the door. Flings down her things. Humiliated. Looks around for something to take her anger out on.

Box of CHALK. She takes out a long stick and SNAPS IT in half. She pulls out two more. SNAP. Shaking out the rest of the box. The chalk tumbled there on the carpet when --

Marlo whirls around. Sees Ramon standing there in the open doorway.

RAMON

I'll come back.

He withdraws. Marlo left there, surrounded by chalk.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - MGH - DAY

Jamie enters. A BURLY PATIENT sitting there in bed.

JAMIE

Okay, sir, gotta give you a  
testicle exam. Should just take a  
minute. Excuse the reach...

Jamie pushes up Burly Patient's hospital gown, reaches in  
between the guy's legs.

BURLY PATIENT

No, wait a minute --

JAMIE

I don't enjoy it either. Just  
close your eyes and pretend I'm the  
candy stripe girl.

BURLY PATIENT

(thrashing, resisting)  
Get the hell off me!

And now a NURSE intervening, pulling Jamie away --

NURSE

Hold on! Stop! What are you  
doing? He doesn't need a testicle  
exam!

JAMIE

He doesn't?

BURLY PATIENT

Come near me again, I'm killing  
you.

INT. CORRIDOR - MGH - DAY

Jamie retreating out here, baffled. Ramon wanders up,  
consulting his notes --

RAMON

You know, I think I got mixed up.  
Says here the resident wanted a  
cognitive test for that guy, not a  
testicle exam. I can't imagine how  
I passed on the wrong orders to  
you.

JAMIE  
 (strips off his gloves)  
 Very funny.

Ramon hiding his smile. Kelly and some surrounding nurses highly enjoying this.

RAMON  
 Nothing you can't handle, right?

INT. NURSE'S STATION - MGH - DAY

Jamie, Priya and Marlo entering patient data at side-by-side terminals. Courtney nearby, making up a chart.

JAMIE  
 Ramon's got a warped sense of humor.

PRIYA  
 They say he was on the rodeo circuit in Wyoming. Like a bronco rider. A full-on cowboy.

COURTNEY  
 I heard he was a hit-man for a drug cartel in Central America.

MARLO  
 Who knows where he's from? Wonder what glitch in the admissions process let him end up here?

And now the CHIEF RESIDENT coming by --

CHIEF RESIDENT  
 Let's go, people. No lunch break today. Every bed in the unit's full. After all those patient orders are in, you need to start afternoon rounds.

INT. RESIDENTS ROOM - DAY

Marlo leaving for the day. Rushed. Somewhere to be. She pulls off her medical coat, opening her kit locker and --

Stops. Something surprising there in her locker. She takes out a NEW BOX OF CHALK.

She picks it up, suspicious. But finally she relents into a smile.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - DAY

Harvard BOAT CREWS out there practicing. Classic Ivy League scene.

INT. FACULTY CLUB RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Stately and clubby. Windows overlook the Charles River. Some faculty awards reception going on. A DOCTOR drones on at the podium. MEDICAL SCHOOL FACULTY, most of them middle-aged or older, gathered with cocktails. MED STUDENTS have been drafted into working the event. Jamie and Priya -- doctor coats gone -- manning a drinks table in the back.

JAMIE

It's all so self-congratulatory. These stodgy old docs with their white wine and lifetime achievement awards.

PRIYA

What's wrong with all that?

JAMIE

It's yesterday's thinking. I certainly didn't come to Harvard to spend the next forty years doing prostate exams.

(a doctor stops at the table)

Try this chardonnay, Dr. Greenberg, just a hint of oakiness.

(the doctor moves on with the drink)

Today it's all about being an entrepreneur. Fifteen percent of our class will be graduating with a second professional degree along with their MD.

PRIYA

You're making me more nervous than I already am.

JAMIE

I'm just saying, there's major money to be made out there. Why practice medicine when you could run a hedge fund or start a bio-tech company? Or write a book. Give Ted lectures. Go on CNN.

Priya's got her phone out, looks at her watch, snaps a quick, joyless photo of herself --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

"Hi, Mom. It's my six p.m. check-in."

PRIYA

Lay off, okay? There's nothing I can do about her right now.

JAMIE

Did she really move to Boston just to keep tabs on you?

PRIYA

I don't think she came for the clam chowder.

LOUNGE AREA

Marlo at the fringes of the reception, accompanied by SAM, her handsome, stock-broker fiance. He's restless.

SAM

Why did you drag me to this thing?

MARLO

So you could savor the Thai shrimp skewers. Sam, I asked you here so we could see one another for more than twenty minutes each day.

SAM

(absorbed with his phone)  
I should get back to the office. Market's still open.

MARLO

I hate to break this to you, but the wedding's not going to happen on its own. We have to start making some decisions.

SAM

No, we don't. I got you the name of that wedding planner my sister used. Who wants to waste time debating roses or tulips for the centerpieces?

MARLO

Wars have been fought over roses versus tulips as centerpieces.

SAM

Holy crap.  
(seeing someone across the  
room)  
That guy over there manages a huge  
pension fund. I've been chasing  
him for months.

MARLO

But...

He hurries off. Marlo left there.

INT. CAFETERIA - MGH - DAY

A huge dining complex. Courtney hesitating there by the  
salad bar. Eyeing someone out in the dining room.

Jamie at a table. He's wolfing down ice cream as he checks  
sports scores on his phone.

COURTNEY

You got plans tonight?

Courtney wanders up. Trying to be casual as she sits down  
with a plate of fruit.

JAMIE

First years are having a wing-ding.  
Dorm punch and a DJ, but I'm not  
above it. I can't wait for the  
anesthesia rotation. Those guys  
have access to the best drugs.

COURTNEY

I was thinking maybe we could meet  
up later. You and me.

JAMIE

What, to study?

COURTNEY

Not exactly.

Jamie taken aback.

JAMIE

What the hell, why not? A little  
stress relief.

COURTNEY

Midnight. Basement sublevel C.

JAMIE  
Basement sublevel?

COURTNEY  
Sublevel C. Take the freight  
elevators all the way down. Then  
go through a door next to some old  
rat cages.

She's walking off. Jamie wondering if that just happened.

EXT. MGH - NIGHT

Midnight. Parked ambulances. Steam drifting from the  
hospital's power plant. Something sinister about all this  
industrial stillness. The deserted entryway glows like a  
glass box in the darkness.

INT. CENTRAL ATRIUM - MGH - NIGHT

A different world this time of night. Mostly closed down.  
Long, bare hallways. No visitors. Few staff.

INT. HOSPITAL FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Priya alone in here. Eerie creaks and groans as the old  
elevator grinds its way down to the basement sublevels.

Thunk. The elevator shudders to a stop.

Then just sits there. Priya waiting for the doors to open  
when the overhead light FADES OUT with a sigh.

Priya now stuck in this dark box. And just as she's about to  
panic, the doors lurch open and --

BANG!

Courtney's right there! -- waiting like a pale ghost --

PRIYA  
(jumps back)  
Jesus!

COURTNEY  
You're late.

HOSPITAL BASEMENT

Priya emerging from the elevator, stepping out into a dreary, forgotten area of the hospital. Old, discarded equipment stacked around. Pipes hiss, sounding oddly human.

PRIYA

What are we doing down here?

COURTNEY

Come on. We don't have much time.

Courtney leading Priya to some heavy doors marked "RESTRICTED." Courtney digs out a KEY and enters --

STEPS LEADING DOWN

Half-lit. The walls narrow. The ceiling lower. Priya increasingly disconcerted at all this.

PRIYA

Courtney, you have to tell me what's going on. Midnight to two a.m. are my prime studying hours. I don't have time for --

Priya falls silent as they enter --

INT. BUNKER COMPLEX - MGH - NIGHT

A WHOLE SECRET WING

Surprise. There's an entire back-up hospital down here. Like a bomb-shelter reserved for emergency use. Fresh paint. Clean floors. Everything scaled down, bare bones, spare and functional, yet fully up-to-date. Stacked bins hold overstock of supplies. Equipment all wrapped up, tagged, waiting to be used. The bunker honeycombed into different rooms. There's an OR, lab, triage, beds lining the corridor, crates of shrink-wrapped equipment --

PRIYA

What is all this?

COURTNEY

They put it in five years ago, in case of a natural disaster, or loss of power. It's a fully-functioning hospital. And it never gets used. Come on.

(leading her further in)

INT. IMAGING ROOM - BUNKER COMPLEX - NIGHT

A small room but it houses an entire radiology department. There's a workstation of screens. Two MRI imaging scanners. And they're powered up. Courtney's turned on the equipment but kept the room dimly lit. As if for a seance.

Courtney sticks a FLASH DRIVE in a computer.

ON THE MONITORS

BRAIN SCANS coming up. Several of them proliferating across all the screens.

Priya taking this all in. The mystery of it.

PRIYA

What exactly are you up to?

JAMIE

Wow, two of you?

Priya turning -- startled -- Jamie appears in the doorway.

PRIYA

Jamie? What are you doing here?

JAMIE

She didn't tell me about you,  
either, okay?

(sauntering in)

But I'm open to a three-way.

Priya perplexed. Looking to Courtney for an explanation.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I like it. Scanners. Cameras.  
Our choice of beds. We can be as  
loud as we want.

PRIYA

Courtney, what's going on?

COURTNEY

I asked for his help, too. He  
probably misinterpreted.

JAMIE

Wait, we're not going to get it on?

PRIYA

What are you talking about?

COURTNEY

I need both of your help.  
(the imagery on the  
screens)

These are post-mortem brain scans  
of patients who have died here in  
the hospital. I've been searching  
for the region of the brain  
responsible for generating the so-  
called near-death experience.

JAMIE

Is there any circumstance under  
which you would have sex with me?

COURTNEY

Near-death experiences are similar  
across cultures. White light.  
Floating up. Powerful sensation of  
well-being. Over and over, the  
stories come back the same way.  
Therefore, ergo... there has to be  
a chemical -- a protein -- that's  
responsible for it. A compound  
that transitions us from life to  
whatever comes next.

PRIYA

What do you mean 'what comes next?'  
We're dead. Nothing comes next.

COURTNEY

It's the last sensation our brain  
provides us. If we can spot the  
protein, isolate it, analyze it...

JAMIE

Then you'll make quite a name for  
yourself.

COURTNEY

The goal is to understand what  
happens to us chemically. You  
heard Wolfson. We're here to  
tackle big challenges not rubber  
stamp our diplomas.

JAMIE

(to Priya, excited now)  
See? This is what I was talking  
about earlier.

COURTNEY

Medical knowledge has always gone dark at the moment of death. The brightest minds throw up their hands, admit their own ignorance and helplessness. But it doesn't have to be that way. We can push back on it, lift the veil, for seconds, minutes even, see what's there.

JAMIE

So you think there's some protein hiding in the brain that no one else has discovered?

COURTNEY

We can't know for sure until we observe exactly what happens in the brain at the time of death. So I'd like you two to stop my heart.

Nothing. No response. They don't understand.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

I'll be in the imaging scanner. We'll get real-time pictures of my brain's neuro-chemical activity. Give it a minute or two, then bring me back.

She's laying out supplies now. Syringes. Full steam ahead.

JAMIE

Stop your heart. You're serious.

COURTNEY

(a syringe)

This is propofol. 50 cc's will knock me out. I'll be wrapped in a cooling blanket, bringing my core body temperature down to 86 degrees. Once that happens, you guys will administer a defibrillator shock to stop my heart.

(like it's perfectly normal)

I've signed a release. It's there on the table. It absolves both of you from any responsibility.

PRIYA

Courtney, think about what you're saying.

JAMIE

Hey, if she's insane enough to try it, who are we to stop her?

COURTNEY

I'm young. I'm in excellent health. You're both trained in emergency medicine. Reviving me should be fairly straightforward.

(gathering equipment)

It is now 12:18 a.m. I've looked at the schedule for security patrols and cleaning crews down here, and we should have the next 45 minutes to ourselves. So let's get going.

Jamie moving to assist her. Priya hesitating there, completely unprepared for what's about to happen.

EXT. MGH - NIGHT

Cold. Late. Forlorn. Fallen leaves tumble and scrape across the pavement.

INT. IMAGING ROOM - BUNKER COMPLEX - MGH - NIGHT

A BRAIN SCANNER powered up. The interior of its white dome glows ghostly, like a cybernetic halo. Courtney sitting on the scanner bed, stripped down to a sports bra. She's hooked up to an IV line. Priya, looking shaky, attaches electrodes to her. Jamie ready with a cooling blanket.

PRIYA

What if we can't bring you back?

JAMIE

Then we burn her body, work out our alibis and pretend like nothing happened.

COURTNEY

Jamie can resuscitate me. Priya, you'll make sure the scanner is recording what's going on in my brain post-mortem. Without hard data, this whole exercise is pointless.

BEEPING now. A VITALS MONITOR tracking Courtney's pulse. Priya retreats to a bank of computer screens. Jamie wheels up a CRASH CART.

JAMIE

Let's see what we've got here.  
Epi, defib, oxygen. We're good.

COURTNEY

So repeat back to me the  
resuscitation procedures.

JAMIE

Soon as you're dead, I'll crank you  
into the scanner. Then I'll count  
to thirty and pull you out. I'll  
heat up the blanket, when your  
core's back up to 93 degrees, I'll  
give you one cc adrenaline, then  
200 Jules of current to restart  
your heart.

PRIYA

What if you come back with brain  
damage?

COURTNEY

I'll be fine, as long as you pull  
me out in time. Brain cells can  
function without oxygen for at  
least four minutes.

As they watch, Courtney infuses propofol into her IV line.

JAMIE

Okay, now's the point where you say  
it's all a joke.

COURTNEY

Put the blanket on me.

Courtney lies back. Jamie places the cold blanket over her.  
Its coils glow blue.

JAMIE

And now I kill you.

Deep breath. Courtney shaking. She's really doing this.

PRIYA

You okay?

COURTNEY

It's natural. My own survival  
instincts. I expected this. I'm  
trying to block them out.

PRIYA  
 (monitoring the screens)  
 Core temp's dropping.

Courtney shivering violently now. Eyelids starting to droop.  
 The knock-out drug taking effect.

JAMIE  
 Okay. We're really doing this.  
 (this is crazy)  
 If you see Amelia Earhart, find  
 out, you know, what happened to her  
 plane.

Courtney's eyes close. Head slumps to one side.

PRIYA  
 She's out. Body temp at 87 and  
 going down.  
 (jittery)  
 Look, let's just let her sleep it  
 off. She'll wake up and we'll  
 pretend like we followed through  
 with this.

But Jamie charging up the defibrilator paddles --

JAMIE  
 Charging 200.

PRIYA  
 Jamie, don't. This is wrong.

JAMIE  
 I probably should've stayed in  
 tonight.  
 (paddles to Courtney's  
 chest)  
 Clear -- !

*THUNK!* Courtney's chest heaves with current. Priya watching  
 the monitors. Courtney's vitals wobble, flutter, then --

Flatline. That awful MONOTONE SOUND.

PRIYA  
 My God. She's...

JAMIE  
 Dead. I think.

Priya horrified. Yet fascinated. Jamie activating the motor  
 on the bed. Courtney rolled under the scanner dome.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
 Count off thirty seconds.  
 (struggling to stay  
 focused)  
 You see anything?

Priya -- the screens -- REAL-TIME IMAGERY of COURTNEY'S  
 BRAIN. Odd flashes of electrical activity.

PRIYA  
 Something's going on...  
 (baffled)  
 I have no idea what.

JAMIE  
 It's recording, isn't it?

And FADE OUT on their tense conversation as --

WE LIFT UP

Just rising through the room. No flashy effects. No  
 trickery. Just a breath and we're borne aloft -- through the  
 ceiling -- up through the blurring floors of the hospital --  
 untethered from the world and --

EXT. BOSTON SKYLINE - NIGHT

Flung out here. Flying out among the buildings. Beautiful.  
 Effortless. Soaring above trees, balconies, rooftops... a  
 sprite tumbling -- dancing in the wind and --

INT. IMAGING ROOM - BUNKER COMPLEX - NIGHT

The FLATLINE MONOTONE. Jamie finishing the count --

JAMIE  
 Thirty.

PRIYA  
 Get her back!

Scrambling now. The scanner bed retracting Courtney from the  
 dome. Jamie there with a syringe.

JAMIE  
 -- blanket's warming -- what's her  
 temp need to get to? --

PRIYA  
 -- just give her the shot! --

JAMIE  
 (the syringe)  
 Okay. Epi's in. Now the defib.  
 Charge 200. And...

*THUNK!* Courtney's body jolted as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

THE FLIGHT OVER BOSTON

It stops. The world goes dark.

INT. IMAGING ROOM - NIGHT

Courtney lying motionless. Dead. Lips turning blue.

PRIYA  
 -- it's not working! -- try  
 something else! --

JAMIE  
 -- like what? --

The panic cranking up a thousand percent. Priya now keying something into her pager -- frantic --

INT. CAFETERIA - MGH - NIGHT

Ramon receiving Priya's page -- takes off running --

INT. IMAGING ROOM - BUNKER COMPLEX - NIGHT

Chaos. All monitors flatlined. Priya does chest compressions on Courtney. Jamie rifles through the crash cart.

JAMIE  
 -- we need to call a code! --

PRIYA  
 -- I just did --

JAMIE  
 -- here's O-2 --  
 (the tank)  
 -- how do we hook it up? -- can you  
 do it?

PRIYA  
 -- you don't know? --

JAMIE  
 -- I'll go on-line --

He's fumbling for his phone. Priya whimpering. Doggedly doing chest compressions as --

INT. CORRIDOR - MGH - NIGHT

Ramon racing through here. Marlo spotting him --

MARLO  
 Did we order an MRI for --  
 (he blasts right past her)  
 Hey!

INT. STAIRWELL - MGH - NIGHT

Ramon tearing down the steps and --

INT. IMAGING ROOM - BUNKER COMPLEX - NIGHT

*THUNK!* Another jolt from the defib.

JAMIE  
 -- no good -- she's turning blue! --

PRIYA  
 (exhausted from the chest  
 compressions)  
 -- goddamnit! --

JAMIE  
 -- it's not my fault! --

BAM! -- door opening -- RAMON rushing in -- astonished at the sight of all this --

RAMON  
 What the...?

PRIYA  
 She had us stop her heart. It was an experiment. We can't get her back!

Ramon -- no time to question -- taking over --

RAMON  
 How long's she been out?

PRIYA

I don't know. Four minutes?

JAMIE

I've been trying to get a mask for the O-2.

RAMON

Too late. She's ischemic. We need to intubate. Take over chest compressions.

(rapid fire)

Priya, charge the defib to 400 and crank the cooling blanket back down. Cold is good.

Ramon ripping materials off the crash cart. Unlike Jamie, he completely knows his way around this thing. And just as we think Courtney might be in capable hands --

THE WHOLE ROOM EXPLODES

*What?!* -- OUT OF NOWHERE -- HUGE DETONATION --

Debris everywhere -- flying -- the lab -- the floor -- WIND -- screaming in -- the world -- this world -- is GONE --

COURTNEY -- we're deep in her experience now -- she's lying there in the storm -- her eyes RAM OPEN -- she gasps -- energy just exploding into her -- cosmic -- magical -- recharging every cell and --

INTENSE LIGHT -- blazing like fire -- like molten platinum -- like the sun flaring -- right here --

And she's wide-eyed -- breathless -- shot through by something supernatural yet utterly real and tactile -- triumphant and physical and brutal and sexual -- and it's too bright -- too dazzling to bear -- like the detonation of a thousand supernovas and --

FLASH! --

HOSPITAL IMAGING ROOM

The real world -- a JOLT from the defibrillator -- then --

FLASH!

BACK IN DARKNESS WHERE --

We emerge from the MOUTH of a ROTTING HUMAN SKULL -- its jaws open -- a leering abyss -- A WIND HOWLS -- nightmarish --

And now the skull is reconstituting itself with living tissue -- skin coming back -- hair -- eyes -- life returning -- the decay process reversing itself until we're left with --

A 10-YEAR-OLD GIRL

Soft there. Delicate features. Etherial. Looking intently back at us.

And Courtney here in this void -- seeing the girl -- shocked recognition --

COURTNEY

Tessa?

THUNK!

INT. IMAGING ROOM - BUNKER COMPLEX - NIGHT

Priya's shocked Courtney again. Ramon's intubated her with a breathing tube and Courney's lungs now fill with air --

JAMIE

-- she's back! --

Courtney stirring -- gagging on the air line -- but Ramon expertly extracts it and she calms right down --

RAMON

Courtney? Can you hear me?

Courtney, groggy, pale, blinking awake. Looks awful. But she's alive. She forces a weak smile. The others slump in relief.

PRIYA

You're crazy. You know that?

JAMIE

I thought you called a code.

PRIYA

No way. We can't get caught down here.

JAMIE

So you called Ramon?

PRIYA

Were you getting it done?  
(suddenly turns because--)

Marlo in the doorway. Baffled at the sight of this.

MARLO  
Somebody want to fill me in here?

EXT. COURTNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cold mist. Early morning drizzle. Lights on inside this cozy little duplex in Cambridge.

INT. LIVING ROOM - COURTNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They've all gone back here. The bathroom door is shut. Ramon and Jamie left out here. Ramon's pacing.

RAMON  
All this because she was curious?

JAMIE  
Are you mad at us?

RAMON  
I don't know what to think, other than you're all pretty stupid. She's lucky to be alive.

JAMIE  
She's alive because of you.

INT. BATHROOM - COURTNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Door closed. Courtney in the tub, gazing serenely as Priya takes her blood pressure. Marlo watching from the doorway.

COURTNEY  
It started very gently. No pain. Just an untethering. I floated to the ceiling. Saw my body lying there. Priya and Jamie there.  
(then)  
The rooftop of the hospital. I saw that, too, and I've never been up there. I saw a big, blue "H" where the helicopter lands. And a wind sock. It was windy.

MARLO  
How do you explain that?

COURTNEY  
I can't explain it.

PRIYA

(she's done, stethoscope  
off, releasing the cuff)  
Your pulse is elevated, and you've  
got some mild bruising from Jamie's  
cave-man chest compressions. But  
your lungs are clear and your  
temperature's fine. You seem okay,  
for having been dead.

MARLO

What else happened in there? Did  
you see a white light?

COURTNEY

I wouldn't call it that. It was  
more like... pure energy. A  
feeling of intense power. It was  
very sexual, actually. There was  
no sense of time passing, either.

INT. LIVING ROOM - COURTNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ON A SCREEN - A VIDEO PLAYING. BEAUTIFUL, 3-D BRAIN IMAGERY  
from the F-MRI machine. They're watching playback of  
Courtney's brain during her flatline.

JAMIE (O.S.)

Okay. We're fifteen seconds post-  
mortem. Cognitive activity has  
ceased. Her heart's stopped, no  
breathing, no pulse... and there --  
(a FLASH on screen)  
-- look at that. A furious storm  
in the prefrontal cortex.

Awed silence. Jamie, Marlo, Priya and Ramon arrayed around  
the screen, looking closely, clinically. Courtney wanders in  
the background.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We just might be witnessing the  
afterlife, people.

RAMON

None of us here are radiologists.  
Who knows what we're looking at?

PRIYA

This doesn't prove anything. It  
could just be residual electricity.  
Synapses burning out, shutting  
down.

JAMIE  
 (the video still  
 unspooling)  
 Okay, so we're moving on... she's  
 dead almost a minute now... and now  
this area lights up. The  
 hippocampus.

MARLO  
 That's not the hippocampus.

JAMIE  
 Of course it is.

MARLO  
 No, it's the ventral tegmental  
 area. The oldest part of the  
 brain. Governs thirst. Hunger.  
 Romantic love.

RAMON  
 All right.  
 (getting his coat)  
 You guys have had your fun. I'm  
 going home.

PRIYA  
 Come on, Ramon.

JAMIE  
 Let him go.

Courtney takes Ramon arm. Genuine.

COURTNEY  
 Thank you. For bringing me back.

Ramon with no idea what to say to her. Can't relate. Can't  
 approve. He heads out the door.

PRIYA  
 Look. It's over.  
 (the imagery on screen)  
 Her brain's dark now.

JAMIE  
 It's been almost four minutes. No  
 more fireworks. Game over.

MARLO  
 Wait --

ON SCREEN -- something -- a few, faint electrical twitches  
 now, in a totally separate area of the brain.

PRIYA

That's the amygdala. Rage.  
Stress. Emotional memory.

JAMIE

Whatever she was seeing, this is  
when we pulled her out.

FIRE ESCAPE

Courtney out here in her robe. Gazing out at the city.  
Dialed into it all. An invisible transformation has  
occurred. Every cell switched on. Marlo coming out here.

MARLO

You okay?

COURTNEY

Can you hear that?

MARLO

What?

COURTNEY

The world.

SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS

-- A STREETLIGHT. As we HEAR its ELECTRONIC HUMMING.

-- A MOTH. Flitting against the light. The flutter of a  
wing sounds like the crash of ocean surf. The ding of the  
moth's appendage against the streetlight's glass echoes like  
a windchime.

-- THE NIGHT SKY -- CLOUDS -- backlit by the moon -- flying  
past -- and the sound of that -- of clouds moving -- like  
faint moaning -- like wind through the strings of a harp --

BACK TO COURTNEY

Overwhelmed by it all. Marlo staring at her, perplexed and  
worried and --

INT. KITCHEN - COURTNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Priya and Jamie asleep at the table. Courtney buzzing  
around. Bowls. Mixing spoons. Bag of flour. She's  
cooking.

COURTNEY

(she shakes Jamie awake)  
Wake up.

JAMIE

Jesus -- what is it? You okay?

COURTNEY

I need salt and ground tumeric.

JAMIE

What?

MARLO

Courtney, what's going on?

Courtney trying to slow down. To keep the mania at bay.

COURTNEY

My great-aunt Josie. She used to  
bake bread with my sister and me  
when we were little.

(it's a miracle)

I remember how we made it that day.  
And I remember her. How she  
looked. The scarf in her hair.  
Her shoes. The smell of the soap  
she used. Oh, I've missed her.

(turning on the oven)

You'll see. This bread is going to  
taste amazing.

(to Jamie)

Salt. Tumeric. There's an all-  
night market on Ellery.

JAMIE

Okay, okay. This better be good  
bread.

Jamie grabbing his coat, keys. Marlo heading to the door  
with him.

MARLO

I don't know what this is. If  
there were brain chemicals  
released, the after-effects could  
still be in her bloodstream.

JAMIE

I once did LSD. I stayed awake for  
three days. Keep an eye on her,  
okay?

EXT. MGH - DAWN

Four hours later. Cold mist. Early morning drizzle.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM / NEUROLOGY UNIT - MGH - DAY

Whole neurology team's assembled for another morning meeting. And there's a large basket of HOMEMADE BREAD on the table. Dr. Wolfson takes a bite. Marvels at the taste. Most others in here enjoying the bread, too.

Jamie and Marlo, hazy from lack of sleep, eye Courtney, who sits there showered, bright and perky. Priya, meanwhile, slogs through a case presentation. Despite the adventures of last night, they all still have to perform at a high level.

PRIYA

We've been ramping Miles Evergreen up on meds for 12 hours but his epilepsy hasn't been getting any better. Now he's developed a skin rash.

RESIDENT

It's a mystery. The drugs should be working.

COURTNEY

Carbamazepine.

PRIYA

What?

COURTNEY

Carbamazepine has an eleven-percent chance of reacting negatively with lamotrigine, which is Miles's other drug.

DR. WOLFSON

Good catch, Courtney. We'll check on that. Next case, Priya.

PRIYA

Adele Gunther, 44-years-old, admitted with mild confusion, claims her family and friends are impostors, she doesn't recognize them. She's too young for dementia, we're sending it out to psychiatry for a consultation --

COURTNEY

It's Capgras Syndrome.

They all turn. Courtney caught. Again, no real intention of speaking. Just slipped out.

DR. WOLFSON

Go on.

COURTNEY

Capgras is an impairment of the brain's facial recognition center.

DR. WOLFSON

And a very rare diagnosis.

COURTNEY

V.S. Ramachandran, in his book Phantoms of the Brain, links frontal cortex dichotomies like this to Capgras.

DR. WOLFSON

That book's not on the syllabus.

COURTNEY

It was optional reading in my first year.

Perplexed silence. Dr. Wolfson doesn't quite know what to make of Courtney.

DR. WOLFSON

Well. This is more like it.

INT. RESIDENTS ROOM - NEUROLOGY UNIT - DAY

Priya bursts in here, distraught. Courtney following, trailed by Jamie and Marlo.

PRIYA

You pulled that carbamazepine crap out of nowhere. Drug warnings run twenty pages long. How could you possibly remember reading it?

MARLO

It's like your brain rewired itself. You've got access to everything you ever learned.

RAMON

I thought we were done with this.

Ramon coming in. Shuts the door for privacy.

MARLO

Obviously not. Whatever happened in there changed her.

RAMON

I don't care what happened or didn't happen. I worked too hard to get in trouble over some morbid fixation you guys have.

MARLO

Would you like some chalk to break?

RAMON

You all think you're medical pioneers? You're just rich kids screwing around before you become wealthy specialists with Harvard bumper stickers on your Mercedes.

JAMIE

I was with you until the end. No one puts a bumper sticker on a Mercedes.

Ramon a brick wall. Yanks open the door to leave.

RAMON

This ends right now.

INT. OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY ROOM - MGH - DAY

The rehab wing. THERAPISTS work with PATIENTS on balance beams, resistance balls. Courtney, meanwhile, sits at an old, upright PIANO. She's working her way through a piece of classical music. Tentative at first, then with increasing speed and confidence.

Marlo, Priya and Jamie entering. Seeing this.

COURTNEY

I haven't played the piano since I was twelve.

It's improving with every second. Courtney delighted.

Nearby, the others quietly confer. Uneasy looks.

MARLO

She hasn't been to bed. She told me she ran to Dorchester before dawn this morning.

JAMIE

Dorchester's ten miles from here.

MARLO

Maybe she took a cab back.

Courtney now playing flawlessly. And Jamie's seen enough --

JAMIE

That does it. I'm going next.

EXT. STREETS OF BOSTON - NIGHT

IN MOTION -- hard -- intense -- shooting down city streets --  
no traffic -- no people -- an empty world --

It's JAMIE -- he's riding a MOTORCYCLE -- wind in his hair --  
daredevil -- free -- complete release --

He accelerates now -- exploding down the block -- his front  
wheel popping up -- acrobatic -- insane --

INT. IMAGING ROOM - BUNKER COMPLEX - MGH - NIGHT

All monitors flatlining. Jamie lying in the scanner. Inert.  
Eyes open. Face blank. Queasy silence.

COURTNEY

Did I look like that?

PRIYA

Exactly like that.

Marlo's over at the workstation. Studying screens of Jamie's  
real-time brain imagery when --

RAMON (O.S.)

How long's he been under?

They turn in surprise.

PRIYA

Forty-five seconds.

Ramon enters. A grudging presence. Courtney smiles warmly.

COURTNEY

I knew you'd come.

MARLO

I thought you'd had it with all  
this foolishness.

RAMON

Jamie wanted me to be here. To pull him back out.

EXT. STREETS OF BOSTON - NIGHT

Back in the flatline. Jamie driving slowly through a neighborhood now. Again, the creepy emptiness of it all.

He's stopped now. Bike idling. He's staring at a little CORNER GROCERY STORE. Something about it unnerves him.

Silence now. He's shut the bike off. Graveyard stillness.

INT. CORNER GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

A creaking door. Jamie coming in here. The shelves are bare. He looks around. Breath misting now. As if the air has grown frigid.

Far down an aisle, someone steps into view. A LITTLE BOY. Maybe six years old. Big, round face gazing at him. He will be known to us as ALEX.

Jamie holding there. Not sure if he recognizes the kid. But the tone here is ominous. He backs up, instinctively afraid.

And now little Alex RUNS AT HIM -- runs at him like a crazy little demon --

JAMIE

Oh shit --

INT. IMAGING ROOM - BUNKER COMPLEX - MGH - NIGHT

KA-THUNK! Jamie's chest heaves. Ramon's just hit him with the defibrillator. A monitor FLATLINING.

MARLO

It's not working.

RAMON

Okay. Plan B. Let's start a line of adrenaline.

The team working fast. Priya administering oxygen to Jamie through a vent bag. Courtney injecting a syringe into an IV LINE. Ramon doing chest compressions.

COURTNEY

-- pushing one cc of adrenaline --

PRIYA  
 -- Jamie, wake up! --  
 (she's frozen there with  
 the paddles)

RAMON  
 -- Priya, take over compressions  
 for me so I can shock him again --

PRIYA  
 -- I'm seeing signs of herniation  
 in his pupils, his limb posture --  
 (dread)  
 -- what if he's hemorrhaging? --

RAMON  
 -- Priya, either take over  
 compressions or shock him! --

PRIYA  
 Give me a second. I've never done  
 this before!

RAMON  
 Do it now!

MARLO  
 It's okay, Priya. I'll give it a  
 try.

Marlo taking the paddles from the flustered Priya. Carefully  
 positioning them and --

MARLO (CONT'D)  
 Charge 300.

THUNK. She shocks Jamie. The monitor BEEPING now.

COURTNEY  
 He's back.

Marlo smirks at Ramon. *See? You're not the only one.* But  
 he's preoccupied with --

RAMON  
 Jamie?

Jamie groans under the oxygen mask. Gives a woozy thumbs-up.  
 FADE UP ON THE SOUND OF ELECTRONIC DANCE MUSIC --

INT. COURTNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The five of them back here for a late-night party --

Shot glasses -- brimming with vodka -- raised and clinking together in a toast --

JUMP CUT

Jamie and Courtney -- center of attention -- dancing around -- huge release of energy -- the two sharing some secret understanding --

Now they're reaching out -- pulling Priya, Marlo and Ramon into the dance circle with them --

Ramon resisting at first. Then not. Then laughing at them, at all this. And the PRIMAL, PULSING MUSIC continuing as --

COURTNEY

(her hand on a wall)

What do you think about knocking this down? I've always wanted a loft!

JAMIE

Let's do it!

JUMP CUT

Jamie now stripped down to his boxers. Courtney in a bikini top and lab goggles. They're wielding a broom and a shovel as they --

BANG! BANG! BANG!

They're smashing apart the thin wall separating Courtney's living room from the bedroom. Plaster flying. The others darting out of the way and --

JUMP CUT

A GAPING HOLE in the wall now as Jamie runs around spraying whipped cream on people. The party has reached its silly-drunk stage. Refrigerator's open. Cabinets ransacked. There's Priya stumbling around, giddy drunk and covered in what looks like glitter. And Marlo there backed into a corner -- Courtney coming at her with a bag of flour --

But Ramon pulls Marlo to safety -- the two of them tumble down onto the couch as --

Jamie and Courtney now pausing in their work -- and they start making out passionately with one another.

And Marlo and Ramon take a moment to clock this absurd hookup -- then look back at each other as they lie there on the couch -- aware of their own proximity and --

PRIYA  
Hey! Look outside!

Marlo hastily scrambling up from the couch. The moment with Ramon ending before it began and --

EXT. COURTNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The five of them come pouring out here into --

A SILENT SNOWFALL

White flakes coming thickly down. Soft. Hushed. Magical.

Jamie and Courtney go running around, half-naked, throwing snowballs, just like children again.

Marlo, Priya and Ramon out here observing them.

PRIYA  
Look at them. They're both on the same wavelength now.

MARLO  
We should bottle this. Sell it as a club drug.

Priya ducks an incoming snowball, then runs off to join Courtney and Jamie.

RAMON  
This has been the strangest night of my life.

MARLO  
You going next, Ramon?

RAMON  
Flatlining? Never.

MARLO  
I'd pull you back out. Maybe. Got to admit I was pretty good with that defibrillator.

RAMON  
You were okay.

MARLO  
Just okay?

Marlo incredulous. Half laughs, half fumes.

MARLO (CONT'D)

Would it kill you to admit I might  
be just as good a doctor as you?

RAMON

I never said you weren't.

MARLO

Then stop going around like Mister  
Emergency Medicine, CPR whiz.

Headlights approaching. A Porsche pulling up. Marlo's ride.  
She goes to get in.

RAMON

Marlo.

(she turns back)

I was a firefighter. City of  
Boston. Six years.

Marlo motionless there. Has she even heard him? She pops  
open the car door. There's Sam behind the wheel.

SAM

You're lucky I was working late.

Marlo gets in, delivers a deep kiss to Sam, then slams the  
door. The Porsche pulls away, tires whispering over the  
snow.

ACROSS THE STREET

Jamie and Courtney lying on their backs in a little park.  
Taking in the wonder of the universe.

JAMIE

It was great in there. I had the  
whole city to myself. I was all-  
powerful. Could go anywhere. Like  
an angel.

COURTNEY

Was it all just fun like that?

JAMIE

What do you mean?

COURTNEY

I was just wondering if anything  
disturbed you.

JAMIE

Like what?

COURTNEY

I saw my younger sister. Tessa.  
She died when I was fifteen.

JAMIE

Damn. That's rough. I'm sorry.

COURTNEY

Priya thinks it's just synaptic  
surges. The amygdala dredging up  
old memories.

(then)

What about yours? You didn't see  
anyone?

JAMIE

Me?

(he hesitates)

Nah.

He breathes deep. Focusing on bliss. Cold air filling his  
lungs. The stars glitter overhead.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - NEUROLOGY ICU - MGH - DAY

Grand morning rounds. Dr. Wolfson in here with his entire  
neurology team, assessing a VERY SICK ELDERLY WOMAN.

RESIDENT

She went into severe status  
epilepticus overnight. We brought  
her under control, put her on a  
drip.

DR. WOLFSON

She seems comfortable. Keep  
monitoring her EEG and we'll check  
back this afternoon.

They're all filing out. All except Jamie, who pulls Priya  
aside, keeping his voice down.

JAMIE

I think she's going to have another  
seizure.

PRIYA

How do you know?

Jamie re-examines the woman. Her eyes. Her pulse. EEG  
pattern. Detecting a pattern in the tea leaves.

JAMIE

I can't say for sure, but I'm going to slip her some ativan. It won't hurt her if I'm wrong. But if I'm right, it'll stop the seizure before it hits.

Priya trusting his new competency. Guarding the door as Jamie adjusts the woman's IV.

INT. CORRIDOR - ICU - DAY

Jamie heading to catch up with the neurology team when he pauses at another patient's room -- can't resist --

INT. PATIENT ROOM - ICU - DAY

Jamie finds a TEENAGE GIRL (CYNTHIA) in bed. Downcast. Exhausted. Her agitated parents hovering.

JAMIE

Cynthia? Why'd they move you up to the ICU?

MOTHER

She started having headaches and dizzy spells.

JAMIE

I've seen your tests. There's nothing medically wrong with you.

FATHER

Look at her -- she's incredibly sick! And you're an idiot.

JAMIE

Man up, Cynthia, and tell your parents whatever you haven't been able to say to them and end this expensive psychosomatic charade.

FATHER

Who are you? How dare you talk like this to us?

CYNTHIA

No, he's right.  
(deep breath)  
Mom, Dad... I have something to tell you.

Worried looks from her parents. Jamie nods to Cynthia in encouragement. Go on.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I don't want to compete in figure skating anymore. Ever.

There. Gets it out. Meeting only blank looks.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

For eight years I've had no life. Now I want one. My own life.

FATHER

You can't mean...

CYNTHIA

I do, Dad. It's over and done.

Dad's devastated. But Cynthia's smiling now. A huge weight's been lifted. She even looks better.

JAMIE

(walking out)

You all have a nice day.

INT. SKYBRIDGE - MGH - DAY

A glass corridor between wings of the hospital. White-coated staff transiting back and forth. God-like rays of sunlight streaming in. Priya, Jamie and Ramon walking through here.

JAMIE

Look at me. I'm Jesus. I'm healing as I go.

PRIYA

It's funny. Both of you flatlined, but your outcomes aren't the same. Courtney's focused on the past. Memories. Recipes. Everything she ever learned.

(to Jamie)

Whereas you, you're in the here-and-now. You're observing the world, crunching data, making new diagnoses. What's that got in common with Courtney?

Jamie not sure. Never thought about it.

RAMON

It's an awakening.

And no time to talk further. Priya called away by a nurse. Ramon off to answer a page.

But Jamie stopped there. At the windows. Savoring this. Gazing out over the city and --

EXT. MGH - DAY

Down below. Traffic roaring along Cambridge Street. And there's someone standing there on a traffic island. A BOY.

It's SIX-YEAR-OLD ALEX. The creepy kid from Jamie's flatline. He's standing there, looking straight up at --

INT. SKYBRIDGE - MGH - DAY

Jamie. He's frozen at the window. This creepy kid staring directly up at him. Finally he blinks --

And it's an empty traffic island again. Alex has vanished.

Jamie turning away. Shaken. Can't believe what he's seen.

EXT. HIGH-RISE CONDOMINIUM BUILDING - BOSTON - NIGHT

A modern tower of brick and glass in the Back Bay.

INT. HIGH-RISE CONDO - NIGHT

Sophisticated. Well-decorated. It's late. Dark. Priya creeping through the entry way towards the front door when --

PRIYA'S MOTHER

Priya?

A light comes on. PRIYA'S MOTHER there in a doorway. Silk dressing gown pulled tight. A sharp, suspicious tiger mom who lives entirely through her daughter.

PRIYA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Where are you going at 11:30 at night? You're not on call, and you have nothing scheduled.

PRIYA

(ready for her)

I was just to the library to study some more.

PRIYA'S MOTHER

No. You'll study here. With me. I've decided. This past week you've completely lacked focus. With shelf exams coming up, I can't trust you to properly balance your workload. Go back in the den. I'm making tea and we'll start reviewing terminology for the nervous system.

A flick of a dressing gown and her mother disappears into the kitchen. Priya lowers her head in despair.

INT. IMAGING ROOM - BUNKER COMPLEX - NIGHT

Screens glow in the dimly-lit room. We're ready for another flatline. A flurry of activity as Marlo attaches electrodes to herself. Courtney runs an IV line and Jamie prepares the equipment.

COURTNEY

Where's Priya?

JAMIE

We need to start. It's already quarter after midnight.

MARLO

It won't hurt, right?

COURTNEY

The anesthesia will take care of that.

MARLO

Three minutes, okay?

COURTNEY

Jamie only did two.

MARLO

What can I say? I'm competitive.  
(handing Courtney a piece  
of paper)  
After my three minutes, these are  
the interventions I want and their  
specific order. Where's Ramon?

Marlo choreographing it all. Ramon stepping forward. Not at all pleased at this.

MARLO (CONT'D)

If I don't come out right away, I  
want you to intubate me. Okay?  
Force the oxygen.

RAMON

I'll bring you out. Don't worry.

COURTNEY

Relax. Just have the experience.

MARLO

Can someone take notes? Whatever I  
say when I first come out?

They're placing her under the cooling blanket.

RAMON

Marlo. Why are you doing this?

She grins up at him. Cocky.

MARLO

Because you won't.

COURTNEY

Infusion's flowing.

The anesthesia's kicking in fast. The drugs pulling her  
down. Her eyelids sinking closed.

JAMIE

She's out. Body temp's 95.

COURTNEY

Charging 200. Clear.

Ramon turning away in distress as --

THUNK. Courtney delivers the shock. Marlo's back arching.  
She slumps back. The now-familiar MONOTONE.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Flatline.

Ramon watching the clock tick on a screen. Poised to act as  
we SMASH CUT TO --

A TUNNEL

Screaming through it -- fast -- up towards a BLINDING LIGHT --

And then shift -- memories now -- scenes from Marlo's life --  
wall-to-wall triumphs --

Marlo an eight-year-old equestrian -- proudly holding the  
bridal of her horse as she receives a blue ribbon to great  
applause...

Sixteen now and playing the cello in a recital -- executes a  
difficult piece of classical music --

Summer -- friends -- sailing -- parties -- idyllic --

College athletics -- swim meet -- starter's gun goes off --  
Marlo -- lean -- powerful -- first out of the blocks --

INT. IMAGING ROOM - BUNKER COMPLEX - NIGHT

The flatline MONOTONE continuing. Ramon -- the clock --

RAMON  
That's three minutes.

The scanner retracting. He's got the defibrillators --

RAMON (CONT'D)  
Charge 200. Clear.

KA-THUNK! Zapping her and --

FLASH CUT TO --

A SWIMMING POOL

Back to Marlo's flatline. Marlo UNDERWATER. Now in her  
doctor's coat. Panic. She whirls around. Struggling to  
find the surface. Lungs burning. Disoriented.

INT. IMAGING ROOM - BUNKER COMPLEX - NIGHT

Marlo still down. Ramon sweating it now.

JAMIE  
Better juice her again.

RAMON  
Courtney, start chest compressions.  
I'm going to push one cc  
epinephrine, followed by sodium  
bicarbonate.  
(they're not moving fast  
enough)  
Let's go!

INT. SWIMMING POOL

Marlo drowning. Dying. This is what it feels like.

BOTTOM OF THE POOL

Painted there on the bottom -- a long NUMERIC SEQUENCE -- too much to take in --

414000270929221

INT. IMAGING ROOM - NIGHT

KA-THUNK -- Ramon -- the defibrillator again --

COURTNEY

Nothing.

All flatlines. Ramon rattled. Grabbing an oxygen mask now. Struggling to untwist its straps and --

JAMIE

I got this, chief.

Jamie taking the oxygen mask. Steadier hands. He slips the mask over Marlo's face, then takes up the defibrillator.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

One more time, okay? Charge 300.  
Clear!

*THUNK!*

INT. SWIMMING POOL

Marlo sinking. No more fight. No strength. Just drifting down. Turning away from the numbers to see --

A DEAD WOMAN FLOATING ABOVE HER

The woman's eyes hideously open -- tongue out -- long tangled hair floating crazily -- a shocking grotesque and --

MARLO -- she SCREAMS IN TERROR and --

INT. IMAGING ROOM - NIGHT

Marlo coughing under the mask -- heart monitor BEEPING --

JAMIE

We got her!

EXT. ROOF - MGH - NIGHT

Cold wind. Marlo wrapped in a blanket and lying in Courtney's lap. Marlo's pale and shaking violently. Ramon nervously checking her with a stethoscope and eye light.

RAMON

Her temp's low. And her pulse is still racing.

COURTNEY

Maybe three minutes was too long.

JAMIE

She had a bad trip. It happens.

RAMON

Like you're an expert.

JAMIE

More than you.

PRIYA (O.S.)

Is she okay?

They turn. Priya coming out here, breathless, like she's run all the way to the hospital.

COURTNEY

Where have you been, Priya?

JAMIE

Marlo's fine. She'll be okay.

PRIYA

Then I'm going next. Right now.

COURTNEY

Right now?

PRIYA

I made up my mind.

COURTNEY

There's no time. Cleaning crew comes down there in twenty minutes.

PRIYA

Don't argue with me. I've finally gotten up the courage.

(MORE)

PRIYA (CONT'D)

I saw what you did during rounds.  
And Courtney, too. Flatlining made  
you better doctors, made your minds  
work faster.

RAMON

Aren't three flatlines enough?  
What else do you need to find out?  
This isn't science. It's Russian  
Roulette.

MARLO

Let her do it.

They turn. Marlo sitting up. White as a ghost. Hair wild.  
A weird intensity.

MARLO (CONT'D)

It's her choice.

EXT. EARTH'S UPPER ATMOSPHERE - NIGHT

Flying -- fast -- over a hemisphere darkened with nighttime.  
Cities below -- clusters of light -- like fairy dust and --

THE HORIZON -- this vast turning arc -- then SUNRISE flaring  
over the continent --

And we're dropping down now -- landscape flying beneath us --  
descending over fields -- trees -- a CHURCH STEEPLE --  
streets -- houses -- it's MORNING over a SMALL NEW ENGLAND  
TOWN -- a SCHOOL BELL'S RINGING -- as we drop down into --

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS milling around before class. As a CAR  
pulls up --

INT. CAR - MORNING

Drop-off time. PRIYA'S MOTHER is ten years younger here.  
Beside her is 15-YEAR-OLD PRIYA. Even here she's worn down.

PRIYA'S MOTHER

A B-plus on a biology exam is not  
acceptable. Do you understand that  
your worst enemy is your lack of  
motivation?

PRIYA

Yes, Mother.

INT. HALLWAY - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Bustling with kids. As the school's INTERCOM comes on with a whine of feedback, then --

15-YEAR-OLD PRIYA (V.O.)  
 Attention everyone -- and now a  
 reading from the diary of Irina  
 Wolshack --

INT. JANITOR CLOSET - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Locked door. 15-YEAR-OLD PRIYA in here, accompanied by two FRIENDS. There's an open DIARY on Priya's lap, a page of which she reads into a MICROPHONE she's pulled in here --

15-YEAR-OLD PRIYA  
 April 10th. My mother won't stop nagging me day and night. Now she says I'm dangerously thin. She's threatening to take me back to the doctor.

INT. HALLWAY - MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Kids now paying attention -- amazed -- 15-year-old Priya's snappy voice reverberating everywhere in the school --

15-YEAR-OLD PRIYA (V.O.)  
 (intercom)  
 I haven't eaten in two days and the very thought of food disgusts me.

We feel the electricity in the crowd -- excited looks -- all these teenagers -- sensing blood in the water --

INT. JANITOR CLOSET - MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

15-year-old Priya going for it -- pure delight -- finding a release in this -- and her giggling friends egging her on --

15-YEAR-OLD PRIYA  
 And only I know that no matter how many times I throw up, I will always look in the mirror and see someone bloated and disgusting.

INT. CLASSROOM - MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Priya's voice going on and on -- everything has stopped --  
twenty-five smirking HIGH SCHOOL FRESHMEN utterly frozen as --

IRINA WOLSHACK -- there she is -- poor-girl -- 15 years old --  
isolated -- surrounded -- helpless -- humiliated --

And finally she runs from the room as --

INT. CORRIDOR - BUNKER COMPLEX - MGH - NIGHT

THUD. A freight elevator arrives. We're back to the  
present. The hospital. And a JANITORIAL CREW comes out of  
the elevator pushing cleaning carts into the corridor as --

INT. IMAGING ROOM - BUNKER COMPLEX - NIGHT

Jamie -- panic -- sprinting over from the doorway --

JAMIE  
-- cleaning crew's here! --  
get her out! --

Mad scramble -- the scanner's bed retracting Priya from the  
imaging dome -- Ramon grabbing the paddles --

RAMON  
-- clear! --

KA-THUNK -- the shock -- Priya's chest heaving --

COURTNEY  
-- nothing --

MARLO  
-- starting compressions --

RAMON  
(works a syringe)  
-- one cc epi -- in --

The two of them working fast on the unresponsive Priya --  
Courtney bagging up equipment -- powering down screens --

JAMIE  
(at the door)  
-- that's it -- we've gotta go --

MARLO  
(doing chest compressions)  
-- come on, breathe! --

RAMON  
-- where's the blanket? --

COURTNEY  
-- what's taking so long? --

RAMON  
-- you want to take over, be my  
guest --

Jamie suddenly running out of the room --

COURTNEY  
-- hey -- where the hell's he  
going? --

Marlo's stopped the chest compressions -- out of breath --

MARLO  
-- please God -- please bring her  
back --

RAMON  
-- good thinking, doctor -- I'm  
sure that'll help --

He's pushing her aside -- no nonsense -- the defibrillator --  
KA-THUNK -- Priya jolted -- nothing --

INT. CORRIDOR - BUNKER COMPLEX - NIGHT

Jamie arriving here in the shadows as --

The CLEANING CREW heading for the imaging room. Only seconds  
away from discovering them and --

Jamie thinking fast -- darts out and PULLS THE FIRE ALARM --

INT. IMAGING ROOM - BUNKER COMPLEX - NIGHT

Lights. Sirens. All hell breaking loose from the alarm as --

THUNK! The defibrillator one more time and --

COURTNEY  
-- that's it -- she's back! --

Ramon scooping Priya up in his arms -- they're rushing out of  
here as --

INT. BUNKER COMPLEX CORRIDORS - NIGHT

SECURITY OFFICERS emerging from the elevator now. Hard to know if Jamie's made things better or worse and --

INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - MGH - NIGHT

Courtney and Marlo hurrying up the stairs. Ramon carrying Priya in his arms. Alarms screaming.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MGH - NIGHT

A door bangs open. Marlo leading them to her parked AUDI.

INT. AUDI - NIGHT

Marlo slides behind the wheel. Ramon tucking Priya in the back. The others piling in. Marlo guns the engine --

RAMON

-- should you really be driving? --

Marlo drops it in gear -- tires squealing -- zooming forward down the ramp when --

COURTNEY

LOOK OUT!!!

SOMETHING FLASHES IN FRONT OF THE CAR

BAM!

It's JAMIE -- he's hit -- tumbles up onto the windshield --

WHAM!

Jamie rolls back off the hood -- up again -- miraculously okay -- someone opens a door and he's diving in --

RAMON

You okay?

COURTNEY

You bastard, you ran out on us!

JAMIE

The hell I did! I sprang you all!

COURTNEY

You what?!

Security Guards now spilling out of the stairway --

RAMON

Go!

Marlo floors it -- Audi screeches away -- Jamie, Priya and Courtney laughing in crazy delight --

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - MGH - NIGHT

A gate arm -- POW! -- SMASHED to bits -- THE AUDI squirting out of here -- skidding -- bouncing -- sparks flying as --

EMERGENCY VEHICLES arriving -- the Audi nimbly weaving between FIRETRUCKS and --

INT. AUDI - NIGHT

The Audi ripping through gears -- Marlo -- laser focus -- pushing it towards 100 m.p.h. -- adrenaline flying --

MARLO

Where are we going?

And now the sound of a DANCE BEAT as we CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - HARVARD SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

A cavernous, vaulted ballroom PACKED WITH MED STUDENTS dancing and cutting loose. Open bars, drunken misbehavior, a DJ presiding.

CAMERA FINDING

Brad Poitras, the preening third-year we've seen around the hospital, dress shirt unbuttoned too far, cocktail in hand, leads Marlo and the rest of them through the crowd.

MARLO

(over the music)

Whose party is this?

BRAD

Jerry Tsai!

Across the room, a plastered JERRY TSAI being bourne aloft by a mob of friends on the dance floor.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You didn't hear? He's a fourth year.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Invented a pacemaker app that  
Medtronic just paid \$18 million  
for.

EXT. BACK YARD - HARVARD SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

The party spilling out here. The walls of the massive house  
lit up by --

A BONFIRE

An impromptu blaze built-up in a fire-pit. Sparks swirl up  
into the starlit sky. STUDENTS dance in the shadows and  
firelight. All these bodies surging around. And the smoke  
and the dance beat and the shriek of laughter.

And there they are -- JAMIE, PRIYA, MARLO and COURTNEY.  
Dancing in the middle of it all. Sensing each other's  
strange, shared energy and --

PRIYA AND JAMIE

Getting close -- caught up the hormonal rush --

MARLO

As she dances. Transported. Immortal. It's better than any  
drug. Vision clearing a moment -- looking around to see --

RAMON

On the sidelines. The periphery. Left to watch all this.  
Just a guy with a beer.

Marlo eyes him a second longer. Then spinning away, back  
into the trance.

And the fire -- a RUMBLE as the burning pile of wood  
collapses onto itself -- a big flare-up of orange light and --

MOMENTS LATER

Courtney wandering off. By herself now. The club's  
expansive grounds extending away from the house, sloping down  
into woods -- dark, spectral trees. Their branches look  
sinister.

And Courtney pushing into the trees. Alive to it all. The  
stars. The night. It's all enchanted. Vitality pulsing  
through her.

THROUGH THE TREES

A FIGURE appears. A dark outline, backlit by light from the party.

Courtney drawn in. Slowing as she nears the figure and --  
Stopping there. Barely breathing --

A 10-YEAR-OLD girl hurries past. She's laughing, wearing a BRIGHT PINK HOODIE. She looks like something out of a fairy tale.

It's Courtney's dead sister TESSA.

And it's no flatline. This is real.

Courtney utterly stalled there. Is this a dream?

Tessa glances back, an impish smile, throws the hood over her head and scurries away into the mist --

COURTNEY

Tessa, wait!

The mist clears. Tessa's gone.

And Courtney reeling there. Instantly drained by the emotion of the encounter.

EXT. HARVARD SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

Priya pulling Jamie out through the front door --

JAMIE

Where are we going?

PRIYA

I urgently need to have sex.

JAMIE

That's a normal side effect.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - PRIYA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Priya's Mother blinks awake. Hears a rhythmic bumping in the next room.

INT. PRIYA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anatomy charts and vocabulary lists cover the walls. The cheerless study space of an overworked, neurotic grind.

But right now, Priya and Jamie are wedged onto her tiny bed and in the middle of feverish sex when --

KNOCKING ON HER LOCKED BEDROOM DOOR

PRIYA'S MOTHER (V.O.)  
(outside her room)  
Priya? Priya?

Jamie goes to get off Priya but Priya holds him tight --

PRIYA  
-- ignore her -- keep going --

The knocking grows frantic. The door rattling in its frame.

PRIYA'S MOTHER (V.O.)  
Priya, what's going on in there?

Priya laughing now. Urging Jamie on with ferocious abandon --

PRIYA  
-- harder, goddamn it!! --

INT. LIVING ROOM - PRIYA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Moments later. Priya's Mother pacing out here, livid.

And now Jamie darts in from Priya's bedroom, clothes back on, scoots quickly past on his way out the front door.

JAMIE  
Nice meeting you.

He's gone. Priya's Mother turns to Priya, who appears in her bedroom doorway --

PRIYA'S MOTHER  
You filthy, unspeakable s--

PRIYA  
I'm moving out.

PRIYA'S MOTHER  
What did you say?

PRIYA  
(calm and serene)  
I'm finding an apartment.

PRIYA'S MOTHER  
You will do no such thing.

PRIYA

Doesn't matter, mom. Whatever threats you make. I'm 25 years-old. Succeed or fail, from now on, I'm doing it on my own. Goodnight.

She shuts her door. Her mother astonished there.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREET - NIGHT

Late. Dark. The city has gone quiet. Courtney walks through a twisting, narrow street full of sinister shadows. Still disturbed from seeing Tessa when HER PHONE RINGS --

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. DOWNTOWN BOSTON - NIGHT

Jamie, also alone, walking through the deserted financial district. He's on his phone, speaking with Courtney over Facetime --

JAMIE

Sorry for taking off. Something came up. Where are you?

COURTNEY

Out walking. I don't feel like going home.

JAMIE

(sees her worried face)  
You look strange. What's wrong?

Courtney looking around. The night. The shadows.

COURTNEY

I think we made a mistake.

JAMIE

What kind of mistake?

She doesn't answer. Lost in thought.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(pressing her)  
Hey, you okay?

COURTNEY

I think somehow we opened a door.

JAMIE

What door? What do you mean?

COURTNEY

It doesn't make sense. People  
can't come back, can they?

Jamie's face clouding up.

JAMIE

What did you see? Talk to me.

COURTNEY

I have to go. It's late.

JAMIE

Where are you? I'll come get you.

COURTNEY

I'll be fine. I'll see you  
tomorrow.

INT. BEDROOM - COURTNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Courtney rummaging around in her closet. Lifts out a BOX.  
Settles down with it on her rug.

Behind her is that BIG, GAPING HOLE IN HER WALL that she and  
Jamie made during the party. The hole looks through to the  
living room.

Courtney's opened the box. Inside, the raw materials of a  
scrapbook she never put together. Photos. Cards.  
Sunglasses. Faded concert tickets.

She takes out a PHOTO. Courtney with her sister Tessa. From  
years ago. The two of them. Courtney lost in sadness.

She's reaching further in. Something there underneath the  
other objects. She's lifting it out. The soft, worn velvet  
of TESSA'S BRIGHT PINK HOODIE.

The hoodie spilled across her lap. Courtney motionless  
there. Can't understand. Can't process. Finally lifts the  
hoodie to her cheek when --

BEHIND HER

THE HOLE -- A SHADOW FLASHES PAST IT --

COURTNEY

Quickly turns around. But no one's there. She stands up. Listening to the stillness of her apartment. Spooky. A shudder passing through her.

INT. AUDI - NIGHT

Ramon driving. Marlo next to him. Coming down from the high of the nightclub.

MARLO

I'm perfectly capable of driving myself home.

RAMON

I'm not driving you home. I'm driving me home.

MARLO

So how does a fireman wind up at Harvard?

RAMON

No one in my family ever went to college, let alone became a doctor. They had a scholarship for city workers. I said "what the hell?" Never thought I'd get in. Had to go back, take bio courses, organic chem, all the pre-req's. I had no idea what I was getting myself into. Every day, walking around MGH, I feel like an impostor. I'm not like you. You were born to be a Harvard doctor.

MARLO

Listen to me, dummy. Just because you didn't have Ivy League onesies in your nursery doesn't mean you don't have the right to be here.

Ramon guarded. The first time she's come close to complimenting him.

RAMON

Thanks.

EXT. BEACON HILL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Beautiful and historic. Not where most medical students can afford to live. The Audi parked there. Ramon tosses Marlo the keys.

RAMON

Good night.

MARLO

How are you getting home? I could drive you.

RAMON

There's a T stop nearby.

He's walking off. Marlo suddenly anxious.

MARLO

You're never going to flatline, are you?

RAMON

Nope.

MARLO

Why not? Don't you want to know what it's like?

RAMON

Nope.

MARLO

Sam's on a business trip. I don't like being alone in the house.

RAMON

It's a safe neighborhood.

MARLO

Sam's my fiance, you know.

RAMON

I'm sure you'll be very happy.

He's almost gone. Marlo with one last card to play to keep him there.

MARLO

Did you know I killed somebody?

That one stops him.

INT. MARLO'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Elegantly appointed. Multiple framed diplomas on the wall. Ramon parked uncomfortably on her couch. Marlo pacing. It all comes pouring out.

MARLO

It was two months ago. It was my E.R. rotation. Patient's name was Shirley Gudgeon. We admitted her for a jelly fish sting.

RAMON

Shirley Gudgeon. I remember. She died of shock, right?

MARLO

She died because of a reaction to the Benedryl I gave her.

RAMON

Why'd she have a reaction?

MARLO

There was Taxol in her system. I'd been on duty 36 hours. I forgot to ask her if she was taking any other medication. She'd still be alive if it wasn't for my screw-up.

There it is. Marlo crossing her arms. Waiting for his reaction.

RAMON

Why are you telling me this?

MARLO

I saw her. Shirley Gudgeon. She was in my flatline. Along with some crazy long number I don't understand.

(like he's slow)

Obviously that all means something!

RAMON

Mistakes happen to everybody.

She's pacing now. Paranoia rising. Ramon on his feet now. Trying to calm her.

MARLO

I work hard everyday. I do the right thing.

RAMON

Sure you do.

MARLO

I'm not a bad person.

RAMON

Marlo, everything's going to be fine.

MARLO

What if I'm going to hell?

Marlo's eyes flying open -- Ramon's kissing her. It's a full-on, very deep, three year's pent-up kiss.

And Marlo flummoxed there. Unable to process. Finally she breaks off. Steps back. Catching her breath.

MARLO (CONT'D)

You can't just... just...

But now she's pulling him in -- kissing him back --

INT. MARLO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They slam in here -- kissing madly -- bumping into furniture -- it's insane and wrong and exactly what they want.

MOMENTS LATER

Marlo and Ramon make love. Unexpected tenderness as Ramon searches her face. She looks up at him, open, kind, gentle, a Marlo we've never seen before.

EXT. BOSTON MARINA - NIGHT

3 a.m. Cold. Foggy. Dozens of SAILBOATS tied up at their moorings. An odd place to be.

EXT. SAILBOAT DOCKS - BOSTON MARINA - NIGHT

Sleepy. Quiet. Jamie's footsteps on the wooden dock as he walks up to his 45-foot SAILBOAT. This is where he lives.

INT. SAILBOAT GALLEY - NIGHT

Below deck. Cozy. Lights on. All the comforts of home. Music playing on the boat's radio. Medical textbooks and hospital scrubs scattered around.

And the SOUND of a SHOWER RUNNING...

INT. SAILBOAT SHOWER - NIGHT

Jamie naked, showering. It's a tiny, cramped space, almost no room to move in here but he's used to it.

Suddenly everything goes dark. The water stops.

Jamie stands there soaped up, dripping. *Huh?*

GALLEY

The boat is now dark. Silent.

SHOWER

Jamie baffled. He curses. Flicking dead switches.

JAMIE

Shit.

He wipes the soap from his face and prepares to step out of the shower when he hears --

A CREAK. OUTSIDE THE SHOWER DOOR.

MORE CREAKS NOW. SOMEONE'S COMING DOWN THE GALLEY STAIRS.

Jamie frozen there. Fear edging into his voice as --

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Who's there?

CLOP. CLOP. FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING THE SHOWER. Literally this thing is just outside the door!

Silence now. Jamie hesitating there. Naked. Helpless.

THE SHOWER DOOR

The doorknob begins to twist --

CLICK! -- Jamie quickly slides the locking bolt closed.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'm calling the cops!

(then)

Get the hell off my boat!

Twist -- twist -- twist. The person on the other side struggling to force the locked door open. Fuck!

He's caught. Looks around. Grabs a large bottle of bath gel. Not much of a weapon.

His hand on the lock now. Readying himself to throw open the door and clobber whoever it is. Three... two... one...

THE WHOLE SAILBOAT STARTS ROCKING BACK AND FORTH

Like it's been lifted up by some huge beast and shaken -- Jamie shouting -- pure terror -- he's a blur -- tossed and slammed around like a shoe inside a washing machine --

And then it's over. The boat settles back. Comes to rest.

Jamie grunting there, battered, traumatized, when --

The power runs. Lights. Shower. Music playing again.

Click. The shower door falls open. No one there.

INT. COURTNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Movement -- it's Courtney -- stumbling from room to room -- escaping something -- shallow breathing -- frightened -- eyes blood-shot -- something seems to be chasing her -- this terrifying home invasion -- and we can't see what it is --

Courtney barreling down the hall -- full flight -- white hot terror -- dashing into the LIVING ROOM and --

THE FIRE ESCAPE

Her closest way out. Agonizing seconds as she fumbles with the window latch -- don't look back --

The window flies open -- Courtney squeezes through -- onto the FIRE ESCAPE -- this ICY, IRON PLATFORM -- she slips -- falls out of frame -- CRIES OUT AND --

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. BEACON HILL NEIGHBORHOOD - PREDAWN

Those handsome townhouses. Not a light on.

INT. BEDROOM - MARLO'S TOWNHOUSE - PREDAWN

All is quiet. A Tiffany clock ticks on Marlo's nightstand. Marlo lies in Ramon's arms.

MARLO

I hope this doesn't become awkward.

RAMON

Too late.

MARLO

You must think I'm a terrible person.

RAMON

Why?

MARLO

First I tell you I'm responsible for the death of a patient. Then I go and cheat on my fiance.

(sitting up)

Seriously. What do you see in me? We fight all the time. We disagree on everything. What do you like about me? Beyond the obvious fact I'm really hot.

RAMON

I guess it's your humility I'm drawn to.

MARLO

Shut up.

She settles back down. Like she's not going to get anything out of him. Ramon gets up. Gathering his clothes.

RAMON

Four months into our first year, you were assisting in the oncology ward. A patient was there for her first round of chemo. She was anxious and scared. You sat with her. Calmed her down. Asked about her kids, her job. You were so kind to her. Your guard was down. You didn't think anybody was watching. But I was watching you, through the door. I walked by three hours later, you were back there checking on her again.

(beat)

That's what I see in you.

Marlo stunned. No one's ever said anything like that to her.

RAMON (CONT'D)

Don't worry about the neighbors. I'll go out the back.

He kisses her. And he's gone. Marlo quiet there. Finding herself happy. Too happy to sleep. So she's flinging aside the sheets and --

SFX: SPLASH OF WATER --

INT. HARVARD SWIMMING POOL - DAWN

Crowded with early-morning SWIMMERS doing laps. An oversized CLOCK on a wall reads 6:30. Marlo in the pool, carving down a lane with strong strokes.

Tha-thunk... tha-thunk... we HEAR her rapid HEART BEATS...

HER ARMS AND SHOULDERS -- muscles flexing -- fluid motion -- a perfect machine --

HER FACE -- mouth turning across the water -- breathing in --

HER RESPIRATORY SYSTEM -- LUNGS -- cellular level -- oxygen flooding into capillaries -- super-charged --

Molecular level now -- oxygen fusing with hemoglobin -- carbon-dioxide releasing -- everything fizzing -- buzzing --

She reaches a wall -- surfaces -- panting there --

Then stops. Looks around. Becoming aware that --

SHE'S THE ONLY ONE HERE

Surreal silence. Empty lanes surrounding her. The pool vacant, everyone gone. And BROAD DAYLIGHT outside. Hours have mysteriously slipped by. The wall clock now reads 10:30. *What the hell?*

Marlo twisting and turning, unable to understand it as --

UNDERWATER

Bottom of the pool. Between the lane markers, written there in huge black numbers -- exactly as it was in her flatline --

414000270929221

Marlo reacting, pulling herself out of the pool. Like the water's now contaminated. She's trembling there. As if reality itself is threatening to give way and --

BUZZING NOISES. Marlo going over to her tote bag. Grabbing her cell phone, pager -- both are erupting with texts. Marlo's confusion only deepening as she reads what's there.

As we HEAR --

DR. WOLFSON (V.O.)  
They found Courtney early this morning.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM / NEUROLOGY UNIT - MGH - DAY

A hastily-called meeting. Dr. Wolfson here with Ramon, Marlo, Jamie and Priya, whose eyes are red from crying.

DR. WOLFSON  
A jogger was passing her apartment building. She was at the bottom of a fire escape.

This awful, heavy silence. They're all deeply shaken.

DR. WOLFSON (CONT'D)  
We may know more after the autopsy, but they think she fell at least three floors. I'm sorry. I know you all liked her. For now you'll need to divide her patient load amongst yourselves. We still have a hospital to run.  
(then)  
Any of you know what might have been going on with her?

Nobody looks at him. Dr. Wolfson sensing more going on here.

INT. SKYBRIDGE - MGH - DAY

Marlo dazed. Eyes welling with tears as she stares out at the Boston skyline.

RAMON  
(walking up)  
You okay?

He takes her hand. She lets him. A sad smile.

MARLO  
It doesn't seem real.

RAMON  
Courtney?

MARLO

(nods)

And the pool today. It's like my  
mind's playing tricks on me.

And now Priya and Jamie walking up to them.

PRIYA

I can't believe she's gone.

The four of them there. Wounded souls. Hospital staff all  
around, so they keep their voices low.

MARLO

We have to talk. Things are  
happening to us.

PRIYA

I can't talk. I have rounds right  
now.

RAMON

Wolfson knows we're holding  
something back. The school's going  
to investigate Courtney's death.

PRIYA

How could she fall off her fire  
escape?

JAMIE

Maybe she didn't fall.

RAMON

What are you saying?

They shut up as Brad passes by --

BRAD

Killer party last night, huh? You  
all look like shit.

They wait until he's gone. They're stopped there by the  
windows. Hushed and conspiratorial.

JAMIE

Listen. We'll talk about all this  
later. I have a few things of my  
own to tell you. But if the school  
finds out we've been flatlining,  
we'll be expelled. And you can say  
goodbye to your future. Any notes  
you've taken, destroy them.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to get into Courtney's apartment, get her computer, whatever I can find. Meanwhile, stay calm and try to do your jobs.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - MGN - DAY

Staff swirling around. Priya at a keyboard. Entering data. Trying not to think about anything other than work.

Something sitting there on the counter. A BOOK. Odd. She picks it up. Finds --

A BATTERED DIARY

It's cover worn and faded from the years. Priya opens it. Freezes there. Incredulous.

PRIYA

"Private Diary of...  
(stopped cold)  
... Irina Wolshack."

Incredulous. Is this a joke? She's paging through it. Confounded to find page after hand-written page.

Someone coming. She crams it in her backpack.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - MGH - DAY

Priya bangs in here. Locks herself in a stall. Opens her backpack to have another look.

She's digging around. Then stops. Frowning there. Can't find the diary. She dumps out her whole backpack. Paper, pens, everything --

But no diary. Priya confounded. Frightened.

INT. COURTNEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Door's been blasted in. Jamie in here. A furtive burglar. He's bagging up Courtney's papers. Articles. Anything remotely of interest.

THUMP.

A noise. Faint. Jamie stops. Looks around. Listening. The apartment very still.

Continuing now. Opening drawers. Couple files. Not much. Dissatisfied. There has to be more.

THUMP.

He stands up. Staring into a doorway.

COURTNEY'S CAT JUMPS OUT AT HIM

Jamie reels back. The cat hisses and shoots out the front door.

EXT. BOSTON WATERFRONT - NIGHT

Harbor area. Lights of the city in the background.

EXT. SAILBOAT - BOSTON MARINA - NIGHT

Jamie's boat is the only one lit up in the dark marina.

INT. SAILBOAT GALLEY - NIGHT

Jamie down here. The papers from Courtney's apartment scattered all around. He's on his phone --

JAMIE

There's not much here.

INT. EXAM ROOM - MGH - NIGHT

Marlo on her phone. Retreating to a window so she can talk in private --

JAMIE (V.O.)

Courtney's notes. I took whatever I could find, but her computer's missing. And her phone. What if the school's already been through this place?

MARLO

Maybe her phone's still in her clothes.

JAMIE (V.O.)

Maybe. Can you go check?

MARLO

What do you mean?

JAMIE (V.O.)  
I mean go look through the clothes  
she was wearing. Then call me  
back.

MARLO  
Where am I going to find her  
clothes?

JAMIE (V.O.)  
Where you do think? The fucking  
morgue.

Marlo reacting to that and --

INT. SAILBOAT GALLEY - NIGHT

Jamie hangs up. Stewing there. Restless.

EXT. SAILBOAT - NIGHT

A thick fog descending, enveloping the marina, the boat.

INT. SAILBOAT GALLEY - NIGHT

Jamie opens a beer. Settling in to read more of Courtney's  
notes when --

A HISS. RADIO STATIC. It's the boat's radio. But they're  
CHILDREN'S VOICES -- SINGING A NURSERY RHYME --

BOAT RADIO (O.S.)  
*London Bridge is falling down,  
falling down, falling down...*

Jamie staring at it. Frozen there as --

BOAT RADIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*...build it up with wood and clay,  
wood and clay, wood and clay...*

He lifts the radio handset. The song stops. Dead air.

It's happening again. He replaces the radio. Unease ticking  
away. He slides open a drawer. Reveal a SAILOR'S KNIFE.

EXT. SAILBOAT - BOSTON MARINA - NIGHT

On deck now. THICK MIST everywhere. Dark vessels surround the boat. Their rope lines creak. Jamie comes up the galley steps. Poised there. Knife visible in the dim light.

His flashlight goes on. Peering forward. Scanning the boat.

He's moving forward now. Threading his way through the lines. Flashlight beam playing over the bow. The water. The dock. Then up into the mast. The shrouds.

Jamie now at the bow. Senses tingling. Can feel this kid.

ALEX

*Wood and clay will wash away, wash away, wash away...*

He spins. Alex is two feet away.

ALEX (CONT'D)

*Wood and clay will wash away --*

Alex's big face in his shaking flashlight. Jamie gulping there. Backing away slowly. Finding his voice --

JAMIE

*Okay... Easy, kid... What do you want --*

Jamie slips -- falls overboard --

DARK WATER

Jamie surfacing there. Shouts from shock of the cold water.

He's swimming for the dock. Finds a handhold and starts pulling himself up when --

SLAM!

Jamie's hand -- it's IMPALED BY HIS OWN SAILOR KNIFE -- he SCREAMS --

ALEX -- right there on the dock -- he's just stabbed him -- Alex walking away into the night.

INT. BASEMENT - MGH - NIGHT

Long, stark hallway. Marlo creeping around down here. Checks to make sure she's alone and enters --

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT

An eerie still-life. Tiled walls. Steel sinks. Hanging scales. Drains in the floor.

Marlo casting an uneasy eye around. Then, her phone out, dialing a number --

A PHONE RINGING IN HERE. It jolts her. Marlo walking into the room, trying to hone in on Courtney's hidden phone.

There. A FILE CABINET. Marlo curses as she finds it locked.

COURTNEY (V.O.)

Hi, this is Courtney. Leave a message.

Marlo hangs up. Goes to a DESK. Opens a drawer. Spots a KEY. And now she hears a RUMBLING SOUND -- she turns --

A GURNEY -- out of nowhere -- it comes barreling right at her -- she jumps aside --

BAM!

The gurney smacks into a wall.

Marlo eyeing the room. The equipment. The areas hidden by shelving. Nothing moves. What the fuck?

Moving fast now, unlocks the file cabinet. Finds a plastic bag inside. Courtney's clothes. Bundled and sad there.

She casts a quick eye on the gurney again. The room. Then, steeling herself, she searches through the bag of Courtney's personal effects. Finds Courtney's cell phone. Relief as she pockets it. Done. Get out. Walking out when --

OVERSIZE DRAWERS there on the wall. Body drawers. Marlo staring at them. Sadness welling up. Before she can stop herself, she hauls open a drawer and --

Drawer's open now. She doesn't want to look. But does and --

HER POV

COURTNEY'S FACE -- gruesome close-up -- the features frozen in a grimace of horror.

Marlo shocked. Will never get that sight out of her head. Ever. She continues to stare when --

BEHIND HER

A FREEZER DOOR SWINGS OPEN

Marlo hears it creaking. Turns around.

The freezer door now stands open. Inside the freezer, the FAN from an air-conditioning unit slowly turns.

MARLO

It's all in your head.

She's walking forward now. Determined to get the better of all this.

Drip. Drip. Drip.

WATER leaking out from the freezer. Spreading over the floor.

MARLO (CONT'D)

All in your head...

As Marlo nears the freezer, we see further into its tiled room... the floor-to-ceiling shelves holding DEAD BODIES WRAPPED IN PLASTIC TARPS...

And just as Marlo arrives in the doorway with the intention of shutting the freezer door --

WHACK!

A FAT ARM FLOPS DOWN FROM A SHELF AND SMACKS HER IN THE FACE

INT. BASEMENT - MGH - NIGHT

The morgue's doors bang open -- Marlo racing out of there.

EXT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT

Cozy little place hidden away on a quiet corner. Cold wind blowing as Ramon walks up. Jamie arriving at the same time.

RAMON

What happened to your hand?

Jamie's hand -- it's now bandaged up.

JAMIE

Just get inside.

A furtive look around, like it's a secret meeting, and they both head into the pub.

CUT TO:

CELL PHONE VIDEO FOOTAGE

There's Courtney, in her apartment, facing the screen. She's making a video. She's exhausted. Traumatized.

COURTNEY

(on the phone, talking  
back to the camera)

Monday. March 22nd. 2:15 a.m.

There has to be an explanation for what's happening to me.

Hypothesize hallucinations brought on by neurochemicals released by flatlining.

(struggling to think  
straight, clinging to  
reason)

Option two, rewiring of the frontal cortex, impairing perception.

She stops. Sudden. Sharp turn. As if hearing something.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT

Ramon, Jamie, Courtney and Marlo all gathered here. They're watching the video on Courtney's phone.

ON THE SCREEN

She's creeping through her apartment now. Phone-camera in front. Filming as she goes. The HOLE in the wall. Gaping there.

Then down a hallway. Empty space has never seemed so frightening. Image stops at a door. Courtney's hand reaches out, floats it open. A bathroom. Courtney there in the mirror, filming this. And now she's slowly pulling aside a shower curtain...

THE PUB

Marlo, Jamie and Ramon watching. Can hardly bear it.

ON CAMERA

It's just an empty tub.

SUDDENLY

THE IMAGE SPINS -- SHE'S FAST BACK INTO THE HALL -- WOBBLING  
THERE -- UNCERTAIN --

COURTNEY (V.O.)

Tessa?

Horrible silence. Then...

Courtney SCREAMS -- THE CAMERA DROPPED TO THE FLOOR.

JAMIE

What is it? What's going on?

Camera just filming the ceiling now. The sounds of Courtney  
running away and --

The video ends. Chilling silence.

MARLO

That's it. It just shut off.

JAMIE

What happened to her? Did you see?  
Let's watch it again.

MARLO

I'm not watching it again.

RAMON

She said "Tessa." Who's Tessa?

PRIYA

Her younger sister. It was years  
ago. Courtney was supposed to be  
babysitting her, but she was  
downstairs with her boyfriend. Her  
sister hit her head in the tub. By  
the time Courtney found her, it was  
too late.

RAMON

What's that got to do with how  
Courtney died?

No one speaks. This awful silence.

JAMIE

It's think it's time we all  
confess.

MARLO

What do you mean? Confess to what?

JAMIE

I'll go first. A month ago, I'm in a market and I spot a girl I used to know. There's a little boy with her.

PRIYA

The kid from your flatline?

JAMIE

She was a waitress at my parents' country club out in Milton. I got her pregnant. Promised I would help her out. Go with her for the abortion. But I never showed up. I couldn't deal with it. Tell the truth, I forgot about her. But that kid would be around the right age.

PRIYA

You have a son.

Jamie gazing at the fireplace. Quiet there.

RAMON

Look, we're rational people. Whatever's going on here, there's a logical --

JAMIE

(to Marlo)

What about you?

But Priya breaking in first --

PRIYA

I was seventeen. Her name was Irina Wolshack. I stole her diary and read it out to the whole school over the intercom.

JAMIE

That's cold.

PRIYA

Like you're any better.

RAMON

What's the point of all this?

JAMIE

You saw the video. You see how terrified Courtney was? Something was there with her, when she died.

MARLO

Who's to say it wasn't all in her head? She could've gone crazy?

JAMIE

Was the morgue in your head?  
(holds up his bandaged  
hand)  
Was this in my head? I was  
attacked, on my boat, not two hours  
ago.

RAMON

Or you stabbed yourself and you  
don't remember.

JAMIE

Courtney said we opened a door and  
she was right. That kid I saw in  
my flatline, he showed up the next  
day. I saw him.

PRIYA

The next day?

JAMIE

In real life. Yes.

RAMON

Did anyone else see him?

JAMIE

That's not the point.

PRIYA

You knew. You knew there was a  
dark side to flatlining. And you  
let me and Marlo go in and you said  
nothing!

JAMIE

I was ashamed. I did something  
wrong and it can't be fixed. I  
didn't realize it was dangerous!

MARLO

Look, we'll figure this out. We're  
in this together now.

RAMON

There has to be a scientific explanation for all this. Ghosts don't exist in the world.

JAMIE

They exist in us. And something's going on here. Like a process. When you die, you see the things you've done. I did. We all did. What if the bad things, whatever's on our souls, what if we've brought it back from the flatline into this world? Like a reckoning. The question now is what are we going to do about it?

PRIYA

What can we do?

JAMIE

Deal with it. I don't know. But we can't ignore this, or what happened to Courtney may just happen to us. It's already started happening.

EXT. MGH - SUNRISE

TIME LAPSE PHOTOGRAPHY -- THE SUN flaring up -- wheeling up into the dawn sky -- a lurid, burning fireball.

INT. RADIOLOGY ROOM - MGH - DAY

A dimly lit cave full of scan imagery. PET scans. MRIs. Leering skulls. Gaping eye sockets. Brains sliced and diced. As a RADIOLOGIST narrates --

RADIOLOGIST

-- note the tissue damage to the patient's posterior fossa --

Priya there, supposed to be taking notes but distracted. Suddenly her phone's screen LIGHTS UP --

**ONE VOICE MESSAGE**

Priya pressing the phone to her ear. Playing the message.

IRINA WOLSHACK (V.O.)

Priya? It's me. Irina.

Priya's blood runs cold. The radiologist droning on as --

IRINA WOLSHACK (V.O.)  
We never got to finish with my  
diary. I want to read what it says  
about you.

INT. CORRIDOR - RADIOLOGY UNIT - DAY

Priya hurrying out of here. Her phone's put away but we hear  
the rest of the message --

IRINA WOLSHACK (V.O.)  
You're a heartless bitch.

She passes windows overlooking IMAGING ROOMS. Patients in  
MRI and CT SCANNERS. Much like her flatlining experience.

INT. SECOND CORRIDOR - RADIOLOGY UNIT - DAY

Priya running now. Irina's voice still in her head --

IRINA WOLSHACK (V.O.)  
You ruined my life!

Priya stops. Looks around. She's in an intersection of  
unfamiliar corridors.

She turns around. Retracing her steps. Radiology's in the  
basement, and somehow she's gotten herself lost down here.

INT. DARKEN CORRIDOR - MGH - DAY

Priya rounds a turn. Up ahead, the overhead lights abruptly  
cease, leaving the far end of the corridor in darkness.  
There's nobody around. The entire floor feels deserted.

Sounds now. FOOTSTEPS. Coming towards her from the  
darkness.

Priya frozen there. No idea what to do, and then --

14-YEAR-OLD IRINA WOLSHACK APPEARS OUT OF THE DARKNESS

Right there! -- coming right for her! -- reaching for a BIO-  
HAZARD DISPOSAL BOX bolted there on the wall --

Irina tears the metal box off the wall -- it bursts open --  
USED NEEDLES go flying everywhere --

SHUNK! Irina tears a side off the box -- she's now holding a long, jagged piece of metal -- like a MACHETE --

Priya -- eyes wide -- turns -- runs -- down the corridor -- rounds a turn and --

WHAM!!!

She barrels into an ORDERLY pushing a FOOD CART. Everything goes over. Plates. Glasses. Drinks. Food.

Priya sprawled on the floor -- covered in tomato soup -- shuddering -- wretched -- crying -- a mess -- the ORDERLY trying to help her up and --

INT. ER - MGH - DAY

We're in the middle of a busy TRAUMA UNIT. As PARAMEDICS cart in a gurney with an ELDERLY WOMAN on it, Marlo huddles with a TRAUMA RESIDENT --

TRAUMA RESIDENT

We've got a 58-year-old female stung by a jellyfish out swimming in the Bay. Her breathing's elevated. Pulse is 180 over 110.

MARLO

Sounds like anaphylactic shock. 50 cc's of Benedryl should stabilize her.

INT. TRAUMA BAY - ER - DAY

SHIRLEY GUDGEON, a big-boned woman in a wet bathing suit, lying there, labored breathing. A RASH on her body.

MARLO

Don't worry, ma'am. We're going to take care of you.

Marlo infusing medication into her IV line and --

INT. RESIDENT'S ROOM - DAY

Marlo lying on the couch. Murmuring. Agitated. She's DREAMING right now and --

SHIRLEY GUDGEON STANDING IN HERE WATCHING HER SLEEP

Steam rising from Shirley's wet bathing suit. Watery bare feet sinking into the carpet. An IV LINE hanging limply out of her arm as --

Marlo jolts awake.

REVEAL -- AN EMPTY ROOM. Shirley has vanished.

Marlo sitting up. Paranoid. But all is quiet. She looks around. Shaken by her dream.

Getting up now. Trying to think. She pulls her iPad out of her tote bag. Types in the number she has now memorized --

**414000270929221**

Does an Internet search. The response -- **"NO RESULTS."**

The mysterious number. No answer. Tormenting her.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - MGH - DAY

Empty bed. Door shut. Priya in here. Laptop open. Deep into an Internet search. Names and numbers written down, many crossed off. Priya pacing there. On the phone. Still in clothes stained and drenched by the tomato soup.

PRIYA

Hello? Is this Masha Wolshack?  
(elderly voice on the  
other end)

Masha Wolshack, from North Hadley?  
(perking up)

It is? Do you have a daughter  
named Irina?  
(success)

You do? My name's Priya. I went  
to school with Irina at Thomas  
Carlyle High School.  
(beat)

Priya. We didn't know each other  
well. I mean, I knew her a little.  
(pushing on)

Thing is, I'd love to get back in  
touch with her, if that's possible.  
Is there any way you could give me  
her phone number or address?

EXT. MARLO'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Marlo trudges up the steps. Ashen. Exhausted.

RAMON

You figure out the number?

She looks. Ramon sitting there at the top of her porch steps. Waiting for her.

MARLO

No. It's not a phone number. Or a credit card number.

(faint hope)

Maybe it's a gift. Maybe it's the gene sequence of our neuro-protein.

(then)

What are you doing here?

RAMON

You seen Shirley Gudgeon lately?

MARLO

If that's a joke, I'm not in the mood.

RAMON

I'm not joking.

MARLO

If you want me to feel sorry for what happened, I do. If you want me to say it, I will.

(addressing the sky)

Shirley? Do you hate me? I didn't know about the Taxol in your system before I gave you Benedryl.

RAMON

Was there Taxol in her system?

MARLO

I'm sorry?

RAMON

I pulled Shirley's autopsy report. It says nothing about Taxol in her bloodstream. So I went back and dug up the path lab's notes of her blood tests. There it was. Taxol.

(pointed)

Why wouldn't the autopsy report match the path lab notes?

MARLO

I'm going inside.

She walks past him, opening the door.

RAMON  
 Marlo... did you change the autopsy  
 report?

Door's open. Marlo motionless there. Her back to him.

INT. KITCHEN - MARLO'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Marlo sitting there. Quiet. Simple.

MARLO  
 I had to protect myself.

RAMON  
 So you made it look like she died  
 of shock instead of a drug you gave  
 her.

MARLO  
 I know. It was wrong of me.

RAMON  
 You have to tell someone.

MARLO  
 I'm telling you, aren't I?

RAMON  
 The dean, Marlo. You need to tell  
 the dean you changed the report.

MARLO  
 Why? What good would that do now?

RAMON  
 You really don't see the issue  
 here? Shirley Gudgeon. Your  
 flatline.

Marlo stiffens. Turning it back on him.

MARLO  
 It was so nice. Being with you.  
 Realizing you liked me after all  
 this time. And now you have to go  
 spoil it?

RAMON  
 I'm here because I like you.

MARLO  
 Easy for you. You don't have to  
 sacrifice anything.  
 (MORE)

MARLO (CONT'D)

(indignant)

And who asked you to care about me, anyway? I'm getting married and becoming a doctor. A Harvard-trained physician. I worked my whole life for this. I made one mistake. Admitting it is not going to bring Shirley Gudgeon back. All it'll do is end my career.

RAMON

This is exactly about your career. If you were willing to change an autopsy report...

He stops. Afraid of where he was going with that.

MARLO

Say it. Because this is the last conversation you and I are ever going to have. Go ahead. If I was willing to change the report, then...

RAMON

Then just maybe you shouldn't be a doctor.

Brutal silence. Ramon hating himself for saying it. Marlo speechless there. There in her beautiful townhouse.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

Jamie waiting on a corner. A VERY TINY RENTAL CAR pulls up.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Jamie gets in. Priya at the wheel. Grateful. A beat of awkward silence. They're practically sitting on top of each other in the tiny car.

PRIYA

Thanks for coming with me.

JAMIE

Could you have rented a smaller car?

She grinds a gear. The car shudders as they take off.

EXT. OFFICE PARK - NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS - DAY

We're now in a quiet Boston suburb. Priya's rental car pulling into the parking lot. A tech firm's logo out front.

JAMIE

You're sure it's the same Irina?

INT. LOBBY - TECHNOLOGY COMPANY - DAY

A posh, hi-tech firm. Priya waiting in a quiet, glass-enclosed reception area. A RECEPTIONIST hangs up a phone.

RECEPTIONIST

She's coming out.

Priya nods. Fidgeting there. Then rises as someone comes out to meet her.

PRIYA

Irina?

This is IRINA WOLSHACK. She works here. A lovely young woman of 24. But she doesn't quite know who her visitor is.

IRINA

Yes?

PRIYA

It's Priya. From North Hadley.  
(Irina doesn't react)  
We were in high school together.

Irina looking her over. And the surprise giving way to unease. It's not a happy reunion.

PRIYA (CONT'D)

I know it's been forever, but I  
need to talk to you.  
(just going for it)  
I stole your diary and read it to  
the school over the intercom.  
Remember?

Of course Irina remembers. But she's at a loss right now. Ambushed by this encounter.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Doors locked. Windows up. Jamie hunched in the passenger seat. Waiting here in the parking lot. Edgy. Paranoid.

SLAP!

A HAND SMACKS HIS WINDOW FROM OUTSIDE

ALEX RIGHT THERE LOOKING IN ON HIM!

Jamie -- pure heart attack! -- lunges away -- across the inside of the car and --

EXT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

-- the driver door flies opens -- Jamie comes lurching out -- hanging onto the door -- catching his breath --

He looks over. Nothing there. His shoulders sag. Nerves shot. Half laughing, half crying.

EXT. OFFICE PARK - DAY

The two women walking on a path through manicured grounds.

IRINA

It was a long time ago, okay?

PRIYA

It was an awful thing to do. I keep asking myself why I did it. It was so unlike me.

Irina just looking at her. Then Priya realizing.

PRIYA (CONT'D)

No. You're right. It was like me.

IRINA

What do you want from me?

PRIYA

I'd like you to accept my apology.

IRINA

That's not necessary. I moved on.

PRIYA

Please. It's important. I want to make amends.

IRINA

What you did to me was humiliating and cruel. It was one of the worst days of my life. But I'm not 15 anymore. I grew up.

(MORE)

IRINA (CONT'D)

And I'm sorry, but you have no right to come find me years later because now you suddenly feel bad about it.

(done here)

I have to get back to work.

Irina walking off. Priya despairing there. About to call out to her --

But doesn't. Doesn't feel she has the right.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Priya!

Irina by the doors. Turned back. Reconsidering. Then smiles. Sudden. Open. Letting go.

IRINA (CONT'D)

I forgive you.

Priya taking that in. To her very core.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

They're driving back to Boston. Priya marvelling at it.

PRIYA

All those years I was carrying that.

Sudden grace. Priya turns to him.

PRIYA (CONT'D)

That's all it's about. Atonement.

EXT. HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY

Marlo in her nicest clothes. Approaching the imposing central building. Her anxiety growing with each step. Having to force herself forward.

INT. DEAN'S OUTER OFFICE - HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL - DAY

An august space. Walls crowded with photographs, portraits and citations. Busts of famous doctors and philosophers.

SECRETARY

You're in luck. His meeting got pushed back, so I'll see if he might have a few minutes.

Secretary's heading into the Dean's office. Marlo left to wait out here. Fighting back panic.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)  
 (walking back out here)  
 Okay, Marlo, he'll see...

Stops. Empty chair. Marlo has vanished.

INT. CORRIDOR - HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL - DAY

Marlo in full retreat. Face flushed. Over-wrought. Running away. And her HEART thudding loudly in her chest.

It's the worst moment of her life. The shame hitting her, piercing her like a physical pain.

Actually she is having pain. CHEST PAINS. They're ripping through her. She's dizzy. Can't breathe. Lurches into --

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL - DAY

A PULSE MONITOR rather conveniently waiting here. Marlo slips a clip over her finger and --

THUNK-THUNK-THUNK-THUNK -- her heartbeat on the monitor's speaker jack-hammering away -- skipping wildly --

Marlo scared -- no idea what to do -- HER PULSE accelerates even faster -- pains getting WORSE -- then --

Nnnnnnnnnn -- monotone -- she's flatlining --

MARLO  
 -- somebody help! --

She gropes around -- dragging the tether -- a monitor stand crashes over -- she falls to the ground and --

SECRETARY  
 Are you okay? What happened?

The Secretary from the Dean's office has followed her out here. She's helping Marlo up. Marlo looking around -- no pulse monitor here -- no medical equipment -- it's just an empty conference room --

SECRETARY (CONT'D)  
 Wait --

Marlo pushing past her, running away.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

The rental car parked near the hospital. Jamie and Priya getting out as Ramon runs up. Stricken.

PRIYA  
(sensing trouble)  
What is it?

RAMON  
Marlo didn't show up for call. Her phone and pager are sitting in her bag in the residents room.

JAMIE  
It's Courtney all over again.

RAMON  
Don't say that.

PRIYA  
I'll check her house. Ramon, try the other wings of the hospital.

JAMIE  
I'll cruise the neighborhood. Maybe she's out walking around.

They're splitting up, running off.

EXT. MARLO'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Priya trying Marlo's front door. Locked. Goes over to peer in a window. The place completely shut up and quiet.

INT. SKYBRIDGE - MGH - DAY

Ramon hurrying through here. Scanning the faces. A lot of ground to cover.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

Jamie on his motorcycle. Rolling slowly down the block. Scanning the sidewalks, cafe windows, park benches.

INT. RESIDENTS ROOM - NEUROLOGY UNIT - MGH - DAY

Ramon enters. Looks around the room. Marlo's expensive totebag there. He sets it on the table. Going through it. Removing things.

Her iPad. As he activates the screen, the number shimmers up in a search field --

414000270929221

This cryptic sequence. He gazes at it. Just as stymied as she was.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

Jamie's motorcycle idling at a red light. Across the street, a CITY BUS picking up some passenger at a BUS STOP.

HIS POV

QUICK GLIMPSE -- passengers getting on the bus -- among them, a WOMAN with a YOUNG BOY --

Jamie startled there. The boy looks a lot like ALEX, the ghost from his flatline.

And now the bus pulling away --

Green light. Jamie kicking his motorcycle into gear, zooming after the bus.

INT. RESIDENTS ROOM - NEUROLOGY UNIT - MGH - DAY

Ramon pondering the number on the white board. Then turning away. Wandering the empty room. Staring out the window.

Then he sees it. Tossed on the couch. A HARVARD SWEATSHIRT. He picks it up. Stares at the HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL LOGO. Then back at the number on the iPad.

RAMON

Gene sequence, my ass.

He pulls up the website for Harvard med school.

ON SCREEN -- That Harvard logo. Sign-in page.

ENTER STUDENT ID:

He keys in THE NUMBER. It fits exactly.

ENTER PASSWORD:

He hesitates. Stumped.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

Jamie's motorcycle in the lane next to the bus, keeping pace with it. He's looking in the windows at the passengers.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - MGH - DAY

Ramon striding through the crowded concourse.

INT. CAFETERIA - MGH - DAY

Ramon grabs a dinner roll from the case. He's got some sort of plan here. Walks to the CASH REGISTER.

REGISTER CLERK  
(rings him up)  
Two fifty-nine.

RAMON  
I left my wallet up in surgery.  
Can I charge it to my student ID?

REGISTER CLERK  
What's the number?

RAMON  
(has it by memory now)  
414000270929221.

The clerk puts the number into the touch screen. Ramon twists the screen to have a look -- a STUDENT PHOTO there --

RAMON (CONT'D)  
Brad Poitras. Motherfucker!

He's bolting out of here and --

EXT. STREET CORNER BUS STOP - DAY

Passengers unloading from the bus. And here's ALEX. And not a scary ghost-Alex but a sweet six-year-old kid in a Spider Man jacket. And with him is ALICIA -- 25 -- a single mother, distracted, dulled by hardship, just trying to get by. They're both headed up the sidewalk when --

JAMIE  
Alicia.

They look over. Jamie's parked his motorcycle. Removing his helmet as he hurries up, out of breath. Rattled.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

It is you.

(relieved)

I wasn't sure. I've was back there following.

She's staring at him. Knows who he is. Alex just standing there by her side.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

So. Been a while, huh? How've you been these past years?

(to Alex, attempt at friendly)

Who's this?

Alicia not having it. Grips Alex's hand tight.

ALICIA

What do you want, Jamie?

JAMIE

To apologize. It's my fault. I took off on you. I've been in school, actually. A lot of school.  
(stumbling on)

That summer -- I was stupid. I got scared. I panicked. I should've been there for you.

(can't take his eyes off Alex)

And I want to make amends. Do what's right. Help you out. Money. Anything. Tell me what you need, Alicia.

ALICIA

I don't need anything from you.  
(she's turning to go)

JAMIE

Wait -- Alicia -- please --  
(last ditch)

Is he my son?

She freezes. People, traffic passing them by. Jamie waiting there. It's life or death.

But now Alicia's leading the boy away. It's over. Alex glancing back, confused.

And Jamie stranded there. Crushed. A still point in a swirling world.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NEUROLOGY UNIT - DAY

A NEUROLOGY RESIDENT goes over some charts with med student BRAD POITRAS.

NEUROLOGY RESIDENT

His ICP's still elevated. See when he was last given an anticoagulant.

INT. CORRIDOR - NEUROLOGY UNIT - DAY

Brad emerging from the conference room -- back to work when --

RAMON

Hey, Brad.

Ramon. Right there. Weirdly solicitous.

BRAD

Hey, buddy.

RAMON

A few months back you had an ER rotation with Marlo. Remember? There was a patient. Shirley Gudgeon.

BRAD

Listen, I'm slammed right now, can we catch up later?

Ramon -- very quick -- grabs him --

INT. FILE ROOM - NEUROLOGY UNIT - NIGHT

Ramon propelling Brad in here --

BRAD

-- what are you -- what the hell?!

Door shuts. Ramon in his face.

RAMON

What happened?

BRAD

-- what? --

RAMON

The ER. You. Marlo. Shirley Gudgeon. Something happened.

BRAD

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

WHAM. Brad's down. Punch to the gut from Ramon.

INT. CORRIDOR - NEUROLOGY UNIT - NIGHT

The locked door. Nurses gather in confusion. Muffled GRUNTS  
from inside.

INT. FILE ROOM - NIGHT

Brad on the ground. Catching his breath.

RAMON

You'd better talk.

Brad silent. Shocked.

RAMON (CONT'D)

Fine. Maybe this will jog your  
memory --  
(goes to pummel him--)

BRAD

Wait!

Brad stunned there. Incredulous.

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - MGH - DAY

Ramon walking out here. On his phone. Leaves a message.

RAMON

Priya, where are you? I just found  
something out about Marlo. Call me  
back.

INT. MARLO'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Curtains drawn. Priya here. Marlo working feverishly. Last  
ditch plan. Priya eyeing several mysterious containers.

PRIYA

What's going on, Marlo?

MARLO

I'm going to find Shirley Gudgeon.

PRIYA

What?

MARLO

I need to reach her. She needs to hear my apology.

Marlo lowering the shades. Starts unpacking supplies. Priya still putting it together in disbelief.

PRIYA

Marlo, that other place, it doesn't go by our rules.

MARLO

I made it through once. I can make it through again.

PRIYA

No. It wants you. You go in again, it'll claim you.

MARLO

Not if you keep hold of the rope.

INT. SKYBRIDGE - MGH - NIGHT

Ramon staring out into the night. Wrought with worry. And now his PHONE lighting up with an incoming call --

INT. MARLO'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Priya on her phone. Anguished.

PRIYA

-- she just went in -- I tried to talk her out of it --

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - MGH - NIGHT

Ramon bursting through the doors -- racing out of here --

EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREET - NIGHT

One block down. Ramon in a furious sprint along the wide street. Eyeing the traffic. Buses. Taxis. All these different options occurring to him, but in the end he settles on his own two legs to carry him and --

EXT. CEDAR STREET - NIGHT

Old-world street lamps hiss. We're into the quiet residential neighborhood of Beacon Hill now. Snow flakes drift down. And Ramon -- lungs burning -- running on adrenaline now -- up this steep narrow lane -- slipping over cobblestones and --

INT. MARLO'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Priya opening the door -- Ramon tearing in here -- gasping --

RAMON

My God...

There's Marlo. She's lying motionless on her dining room table. Dead. An improvised flatline in progress. No CT scanner. No crash cart. Just bare-bones. IV bag. Couple electrodes.

Ramon pushing away the fear -- struggling to focus --

RAMON (CONT'D)

We're bringing her out.  
(grabs the defibrillator  
kit)

PRIYA

It's been eight minutes already.

Ramon not caring -- the paddles -- KA-THUNK! He administers a powerful shock. Marlo slumps back on the table. Priya with the stethoscope to Marlo's chest -- shakes her head --

INT. SWIMMING POOL

We're in Marlo's flatline now. The swimming pool drained. Cracked. Covered in mold. Marlo walking the bottom of the pool. Comes to a GURNEY. Shirley Gudgeon lying there in her sopping wet bathing suit.

MARLO

Shirley? I made a mistake. I'm  
the reason you died.

Shirley opens her eyes.

INT. MARLO'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

KA-THUNK! Another shock. The paddles sizzling from the voltage.

PRIYA  
Still nothing!

Ramon ripping off his jacket. Rising desperation as he grabs supplies.

RAMON  
Start compressions. We'll do a  
double dose of epi.

INT. SWIMMING POOL

Shirley Gudgeon sitting up on the gurney. Weirdly animated. Neither alive nor dead. This big-boned woman.

MARLO  
Forgive me. I failed you.

On Shirley's face. Her closed eyes suddenly JAM OPEN -- Shirley's hand shoots up -- grips Marlo by the throat --

INT. MARLO'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Ramon listening with the stethoscope -- bad news --

RAMON  
It's not working. We need oxygen.  
(then -- furious)  
Continue compressions!

But Priya's stepped away. Quiet now.

PRIYA  
There is no oxygen. We've shocked  
her. Given her 800 cc's  
epinephrine. Chest compressions.

RAMON  
Then do something else!

PRIYA  
There's nothing else. It's over.

RAMON  
We can't let her die!

PRIYA  
Sometimes it's not up to us.

Ramon incredulous. Stalled there. Cycling in neutral.

## INT. SWIMMING POOL

Shirley rising out of the gurney. Both hands now locked around Marlo's neck -- choking Marlo to the floor. Marlo losing strength -- can't break Shirley's iron grip -- Marlo fading there -- fading out -- this brutal ending --

## INT. MARLO'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Silent. Still. Marlo dead there. No more interventions. Priya stumbles away. Weeping quietly. Ramon left staring down at Marlo. Full of fury. Talking to Marlo.

## RAMON

Marlo. It wasn't your fault.  
Shirley Gudgeon wasn't your fault.  
She wasn't taking Taxol. Brad  
Poitras gave her Taxol -- by  
mistake. Brad screwed up. He  
screwed up and he knew it and he  
didn't tell anybody. None of it's  
your fault.

## INT. SWIMMING POOL

Marlo slumped there. Dead. Shirley Gudgeon standing over her. Wicked satisfaction.

## INT. MARLO'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Ramon smooths her hair. He's in despair. In a way we never thought possible with him.

## RAMON

But that's not why you have to come  
back. I care about you, Marlo.  
I've never met anyone like you.  
This whole experience has shown me  
that I want to be with you. I  
should've realized it sooner. I  
should've told you. I should've...

He can't believe what he's about to say. But he takes her hand. Full concentration of will.

## RAMON (CONT'D)

Come back. It's not your time to  
die. Do you hear me, Marlo?  
(eyes shut, last ditch)  
I beg you. I implore you. Come  
back.

The room. A still life. Marlo motionless there. Ramon beside her. Kneeling there. Beat to shit. Nothing left.

Then -- Marlo -- her little finger twitches slightly and --  
Beep.

Priya turning around. What was...?

Beep -- beep -- beep -- it's the vitals monitor.

RAMON (CONT'D)

Pulse.

Disbelief. Ramon staggered. Priya moves in. Takes over.

PRIYA

Marlo?

Marlo stirs. Opens her eyes. Priya here to witness it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HARVARD YARD - NIGHT

Dusted with fresh snow. A hush has fallen over the world.

EXT. MEMORIAL CHURCH - HARVARD YARD - NIGHT

Harvard's iconic old church fronting the quad. Marlo, Priya and Ramon walking up to the church. Its four massive, Federalist columns rising up and --

Jamie sitting up on the church's steps. No one else out here. Priya ascending the steps to him.

JAMIE

I found the boy. And her.  
(cautious faith)  
Maybe that's all I had to do.

He looks out over the Yard. This beautiful place. As it settles on him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I have to take responsibility for  
my life, don't I?

Priya quiet there. Glad they're all together.

RAMON AND MARLO

Standing apart. Just the two of them.

RAMON  
You going to be okay?

Marlo looking him over. Thankful for him in a way she can't understand.

And now Priya and Jamie walking down the steps to join them. All quiet for a moment. Everything they've been through.

PRIYA  
Another snowfall.

JAMIE  
It'll all turn to slush in the morning.

PRIYA  
You may not believe this, but we've got rounds in two hours.

MARLO  
Think anywhere's open for breakfast yet?

RAMON  
Any place but the hospital is fine with me.

They're heading down a path now. The four of them. Bent against the cold.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT STACKS / HARVARD LIBRARY - DAY

Deep underground. Priya lifts away a stack of old, leather-bound volumes from a shelf to reveal a LAPTOP hidden there.

PRIYA  
I've been hiding this.

Ramon there. Puts it together.

RAMON  
Courtney's laptap. You had all her flatline data?

PRIYA  
She gave it to me. Maybe she sensed something was going to happen to her.

RAMON

You really think it proves the existence of an afterlife?

PRIYA

Something happened to us in there.

(then)

It's yours, Ramon. You were the only one who never wanted anything out of this.

And there it is. Ramon saddled with this unwelcome gift.

RAMON

They finished the investigation into Courtney's death. Wolfson asked to meet with us this afternoon.

PRIYA

Does he know about us?

RAMON

I guess he'll tell us.

INT. ETHER DOME - MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL (MGH) - DAY

The oldest part of the hospital. An intimate surgical theater with wooden seats rising steeply all around. On the wall, an enormous OIL PAINTING of prim, Victorian-era doctors standing in this very room, in 1846, witnessing the world's first surgery performed under anesthesia.

Ramon, Jamie and Priya coming in here. Uneasy.

PRIYA

Why's he seeing us here?

JAMIE

To make our expulsion from medical school all the more memorable. Look around, kids. This may be our last time here.

(then)

Actually, this is my first time here.

RAMON

Where's Marlo?

Jamie and Priya shrug. They don't know. And now --

DR. WOLFSON  
(walking in)  
Have a seat.

Dr. Wolfson lays his briefcase down. Brisk. Businesslike. A look of disapproval on his face.

DR. WOLFSON (CONT'D)  
Really. This won't take long.

Jamie, Ramon and Priya slip into seats in the elevated rows above. Wolfson below them, now. Like a lecturer. The rest of the room empty. Echoing.

Wolfson pausing there. Burdened. The three of them feeling the weight of his displeasure. About to meet their fate.

DR. WOLFSON (CONT'D)  
There was a young doctor once who wanted very badly to be rich and famous. One day, walking in the woods, he met Death strolling there. Death said to him: "Here's how you'll become a great doctor. Whenever you visit a sick person, you'll see me there in the room. If I'm at the head of the bed, your patient will live. If I'm at the foot, the patient will die." The young doctor then became famous for always knowing which patients would live and which would die.

Ramon, Jamie and Priya perplexed. No idea where this is going.

DR. WOLFSON (CONT'D)  
One day the King became ill and sent for him. The doctor went in and saw Death at the foot of the king's bed. So he turned the King's bed around so that Death now stood at the head. The King recovered. In his gratitude he made the doctor a very wealthy man. But then Death took the doctor down to the underworld, into a huge cave with thousands and thousands of candles burning down. The length of each candle showed how much longer a person had to live. "This is fate," said Death. "  
(MORE)

DR. WOLFSON (CONT'D)

When someone's a candle burns out, I come for him." The doctor saw his own candle was very short and started pleading with Death to spare his life. Death told him there was nothing he could do. But the doctor insisted. "Just take a new candle and put it in the place of my old one, so I can live a long life."

Dr. Wolfson now looking squarely at the three of them.

DR. WOLFSON (CONT'D)

Death asked if that was what he really wanted. The doctor said "Yes, yes. And hurry. There's not much flame left." So Death took a new, tall candle, dropped it on top of the old candle, which crushed out the flame. The doctor fell dead.

He's done. Cracks a thin smile and grabs his briefcase.

DR. WOLFSON (CONT'D)

Now get the hell back to work.

He's gone. The three of them sitting there in stunned silence. Empty seats all around them.

Finally, Jamie gets up. Heads down the steps. Priya and Ramon follow. Then, without a word, they all shuffle out.

EXT. JOHN WEEKS BRIDGE - DAY

Ramon walking across this pedestrian bridge over the Charles River. Backpack slung over his shoulder.

MARLO

Hey.

Marlo approaching from the other direction. A planned meeting.

RAMON

Where have you been? Wolfson gave us the most disturbing speech I've ever heard.

MARLO

I saw the dean. I confessed to changing Shirley Gudgeon's autopsy report. I also told him I helped Courtney flatline, that I was the only one who helped her.

RAMON

You didn't have to take all the blame.

MARLO

He was satisfied. He closed the investigation.

RAMON

Shirley Gudgeon's death wasn't your fault.

MARLO

Even so, I still changed the report.

(at peace)

You guys will be great doctors someday.

Ramon caught short. Puzzled.

RAMON

You dropped out?

MARLO

I've spent my life trying to become someone I thought other people wanted me to be. I never asked what I wanted.

RAMON

What do you want?

Marlo thinking on that. No real answer.

MARLO

I ended things with Sam. It was surprisingly hassle-free.

(shrugs)

There you have it. No fiance. No job. No degree. No plan.

(rueful)

Funny. We know how life ends now. And yet we still can't say what the end really is -- God or just the fireworks of a dying brain.

RAMON

Maybe Courtney left a clue for us.

Ramon unzips his backpack, lifts out Courtney's LAPTOP COMPUTER. Marlo recognizes it. Hesitates there, then --

MARLO

Or maybe we're not supposed to know.

She takes the laptop and tosses it over the side of the bridge. It splashes. Sinks out of sight.

MARLO (CONT'D)

Only she's got the answer now.

And it's over. They're free of it. Like a weight lifting. They're left here, on the bridge, staring at each other.

RAMON

Do you have to move away?

MARLO

What would keep me here?

The question hangs there. He steps closer to her.

RAMON

How much did you hear of what I said to you in your flatline?

She thinks about that. Then reaches up... and kisses him.

Just the two of them there, holding each other, holding that kiss.

THE END