

GREEN COPY

GROSS ANATOMY

Story by

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&  
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Screenplay by

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&  
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0369

THIRD DRAFT

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SANDOLLAR PRODUCTIONS

1 INT. VARIOUS UNIVERSITY OFFICES - DAY

1

An unsmiling, bald PROFESSOR FACES CAMERA and asks...

PROFESSOR

Tell me, Mr. Slovak, why do you want  
to be a doctor? \*

WE HEAR THE VOICE of a confident young man.

JOE (O.S.)

I want to help people.

ANOTHER OFFICE

A pipe-smoking PROFESSOR asks...

PROFESSOR #2

Can you explain the theory  
developed by Gerte and Grendel  
concerning the surface area of  
lipid monolayers?

JOE (O.S.) \*

In secretory or microvilar cells? \*

-- CUT TO a gray-haired, FEMALE PROFESSOR:

PROFESSOR #3

Have you ever smoked marijuana,  
Joe? \*

-- CUT TO a SCOWLING YOUNG PROFESSOR:

PROFESSOR #4

Your father's a fisherman?  
(thoughtfully)  
In other words, your father  
catches fish.

-- CUT TO an EAST INDIAN PROFESSOR: \*

PROFESSOR #5

... you find a family trapped  
inside the car, the father lying  
on the road, his head split wide  
open, brains scattered all over  
the place... What would your  
reaction be? Generally speaking?

-- CUT BACK TO the SCOWLING PROFESSOR:

PROFESSOR #4

What kind of fish?

-- CUT TO a PROFESSOR with thick glasses:

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

PROFESSOR #6  
Is sex important to you?

-- CUT TO a breathless, CHINESE-AMERICAN PROFESSOR who shouts:

PROFESSOR #7  
Are you willing to give up any semblance of a normal life, going without sleep for days at a time, working like a dog for the next eight years, only to end up in debt for a hundred thousand dollars? Is this what you're really looking for, Mr., uh... Slovak?

\*

-- CUT BACK TO the SCOWLING YOUNG PROFESSOR:

PROFESSOR #4  
Mackerel? Tuna?

-- CUT TO a VERY OLD PROFESSOR who says, calmly:

PROFESSOR #8  
Joe? Why do you want to be a doctor?

\*

REVERSE SHOT: CLOSE ON JOE SLOVAK a handsome young man of 23 who, at the moment, looks completely drained.

\*

JOE  
(deadpan)  
I want to make money.

\*

The Old Professor smiles.

CUT TO:

2 OMITTED

2 \*

3 EXT. SAN DIEGO - DAY

3

FRANKIE SLOVAK, 11 years old, racing through the streets of San Diego, past Nunzio's Italian Deli, shoving his way through a crowd of LADIES outside a laundromat.

Frankie carries a letter.

Frankie turns a corner and an OCEAN VIEW IS REVEALED. Frankie tears down the hill toward the docks and refineries.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. SAN DIEGO/FISHING CHANNEL - DAY 4

THE BOW OF A FISHING BOAT CUTTING WATER. The name of the boat is "The Good Life" (written in English). \*

CREW MEMBERS of the Slovak clan sweep tuna and mackerel into the hold. Giving orders is PAPA SLOVAK, a weathered man of fifty. \*

CAMERA FINDS JOE working on the deck. \*

"The Good Life" slides past a Cigarette racing boat where a pretty BLONDE GIRL sunbathes on the bow. She passes close by Joe. \*

JOE & THE GIRL \*

Through the laughs and comments from the crew, we can tell that Joe sees more in this than tits and ass. To Joe, it's the real good life. \*

5 EXT. FISHING BOAT DOCK - DAY 5

"The Good Life" is tying up as Frankie arrives. He waves the letter.

FRANKIE

JOOOE! \*

Joe hops off the boat, approaching Frankie. \*

Papa Slovak eases himself to the dock. It's clear Papa Slovak knows what this letter is. \*

Cool as ice, Joe takes the letter, sticking his finger under the flap. \*

SUDDENLY AN OLD FORD COMES SCREECHING ONTO THE ROAD that services the docks. Four Polish women of different ages pour out, including Joe's mother MAMA SLOVAK. They stand and watch Joe, along with the men from the boat: a captive, anxious audience. \*

Joe opens the letter, reads it. CLOSE ON TENSE FACES, waiting for the news. \*

Joe pockets the letter SHOWING NO REACTION WHATSOEVER. \*

JOE \*

(calling to his father)

I'll run over to Breakwater's and get new plugs. We have some work to do on that engine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

JOE (CONT'D)  
 (to his mother and  
 female relatives)  
 You should go for a walk or  
 something, you know? It's a  
 beautiful day.

TENSE LOOKS to one another as Joe walks away. Halfway up  
 the hill, Joe faces them. \*

JOE  
 (continuing) \*

What's the matter, you never saw a  
 medical student before?

EXPLODE TO:

6 EXT. SLOVAK BACKYARD - NIGHT 6 \*

CAMERA PANS a hand-painted banner.

JOSEPH ROSINI, M.D., 2 B \*

Late summer. The neighborhood has gathered in the backyard  
 behind the Slovak's small house. Picnic tables are loaded  
 with food, an OLD WOMAN plays the accordion. \*

CAMERA MOVING THROUGH THE CROWD picks up pieces of conver-  
 sations; everyone's talking about Joe. \*

CAMERA FINDS JOE being led through the crowd by his  
 mother. Like a presidential candidate, Joe shakes hands,  
 kisses aunts and cousins. TWO TWELVE YEAR-OLD GIRLS follow  
 Joe everywhere, full of admiration. \*

Suddenly Joe is grabbed around the neck and kissed by an  
 admiring AUNT. \*

AUNT SLOVAK \*

He worked and put himself through  
 night school and now he's going to  
 be a doctor! Not to mention he's  
 completely gorgeous. Oh, Joe, if I  
 was ten years younger and not a  
 blood relative... \*

Joe's UNCLE TOMMY shakes his head. \*

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

UNCLE TOMMY

(teasing)

This used to be a great country.  
This used to be the kind of country  
that wouldn't allow a boy like you  
into medical school.

JOE

It's rock music and pornography,  
Uncle Tommy. No more standards...

Uncle Tommy slips some bills into Joe's hand.

UNCLE TOMMY

Pray for me, Joe. Pray I die before  
you get a chance to operate on me.

Aunt Slovak pulls Tommy back into the crowd.

AUNT SLOVAK

I pray you die right now.

At this point, Papa Slovak crosses to Joe, arm in arm with  
a man named JORGENSON. Jorgenson is well dressed  
(different from the others) and, perhaps 35. It seems that  
Papa Slovak calls him "mister."

PAPA SLOVAK

Joe, look who stopped by. Mr.  
Jorgenson.

Joe stiffens, slightly. Obviously Jorgenson is not family.

JOE

How's it going? Pop late with his  
payment on the boat or something?

Papa Slovak laughs it off, slapping them on the back.

PAPA SLOVAK

Have a beer, Mr. Jorgenson. Let me  
get you one.

Papa Slovak hurries off to leave them alone. There is a  
pause. Then, Jorgenson tries to make conversation. It  
should be noted, here, that what he says is not intended to  
be overly cutting. However, there is no denying that the  
remarks grow out of a certain awkwardness involving class  
differences. There is no denying that Joe reads these  
comments as put downs.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

JORGENSON

So you finally made it. Boy,  
Chandler. That's a pretty good  
school.

(Joe shrugs)

It really means a lot to...

(He gestures to the

people at the party)

... your family to have you get into  
a school like that.

JOE

Yeah. They're pretty excited, all  
right.

JOREGENSON

And you, too, I guess. To be a  
doctor, that means something.

A PRETTY NEIGHBORHOOD GIRL steps up to Joe. He puts his  
arm around her, a casual flirtation as he says to  
Jorgenson:

JOE

What it means is, I won't have to  
spend my life catching albacore from  
some boat I don't even own.

(more pointed)

And I won't end up calling somebody  
twenty-five years younger than me  
"mister."

He smiles at Jorgenson. Papa Slovak returns, handing  
Jorgenson a beer.

JORGENSON

Well... I'd wish you good luck, Joe,  
but, you probably don't need it.

JOE

You're probaby right.

PAPA SLOVAK

(arm around Joe)

Joe makes his own luck.

(calling out)

Everyone! Everyone, please! A  
toast to my son Joe!

EVERYONE

Salude! Joe!

CUT TO:

7 OMITTED 7  
thru thru  
9 9

10 EXT. CAMPUS (PARKING LOT) - DAY 10

We SEE several upscale cars passing through the SECURITY GATE. Among them is a whale. Looking like a "fish out of water" is a huge old station wagon with a fish on the door and Slovak Family Fish written on the side. Its radiator is boiling. It pulls through the gate, along the drive between old university buildings and wedges itself into a space clearly marked "Doctors Only." \*

11 OMITTED 11

12 INT. DORMITORY - DAY 12

Joe dragging his footlocker down a hallway, full of excited YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN moving in, saying goodbye to PARENTS, etc. \*

Two students are listening to HEAVY METAL MUSIC. A poster on their door says, "Only Drug Addicts, Deadheads or Sex Fiends (Female) Are Free to Enter. All Others Must Pay." They are young, twins and their names are JOEL and ETHAN. \*

Joe finds the room he's looking for. It seems to be the only quiet room on the floor. \*

JOE'S POV INTO THE ROOM: \*

Two beds, two desks, two chairs. DAVID EPSTEIN -- short, wiry, blond, intense -- sits at one of the desks, reading a textbook. CLASSICAL PIANO MUSIC PLAYS QUIETLY.

13 INT. DORM ROOM - DAY 13

Joe drags his footlocker inside making a considerable amount of noise. David glances up from his reading. \*

DAVID

Hi.  
(back to the book)  
I gave you the window. Is that okay?

David's side of the room is very organized. You could bounce a quarter on his bed. The clothes in his closet are perfectly hung, shoes in neat rows underneath. Over his bed are three medical posters, highlighting the skeleton, the musculature, the nervous system.

JOE  
(scanning the room,  
amazed)  
Window's fine... \*

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

The MUSIC from next door penetrates the wall as Joe begins unloading a ton of jockey shorts into his dresser. \*

David shuts the book, facing Joe and offering his hand. \*

DAVID

I had to finish that chapter. David Epstein.

JOE

Joe Slovak. \*

DAVID

We're in the same dissecting group. I checked the list this morning. Have you bought any equipment yet? \*

JOE

I just got here. \*

DAVID

It helps if the dissecting group shares equipment. We each have to have our own atlas and textbooks, of course, but we can split the cost of a dissecting manual and kits. I think it'd be great if we got everything organized as soon as possible. \*

Joe sifts through David's tape collection: Brahms, Shubert, Handel. \*

DAVID

(continuing; seriously)  
On my housing application, I asked for a roommate who was quiet and serious. How did you describe yourself in your application? \*

JOE

I lied. How about a beer? \*

DAVID

It's early...

Joe digs one out of a sack, tosses it to him. \*

JOE

Walk on the wild side, Dave... \*

A13 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

A13

We SEE Joe and Dave walking across campus. The conversation continues. \*

JOE  
Let me guess. Kansas? \*

DAVID  
Ohio. My dad runs a hospital in Akron. Your father in medicine? \*

JOE  
Fish. He catches them. You know, with nets. \*

DAVID  
Did you get a scholarship? \*

JOE  
Partial-scholarship. I'm going to supplement my income selling drugs out of our room.  
(David stares, silent)  
I'm kidding. Actually, I won't last past mid-terms unless I learn to live without eating. \*

DAVID  
If you got a scholarship, you must be smart.

JOE  
Well, I'm smarter than I look. Don't say it. How about you? \*

DAVID  
I'm smart. \*

Joe cuts him off, indicating something ahead. David turns to look. \*

WHAT THEY SEE

A beautiful young woman stands at the step of a large building. We will soon learn that her name is LAURIE.

JOE  
What's that? \*

DAVID  
(looks; then)  
A building.

Joe looks at David. \*

(CONTINUED)

A13 CONTINUED:

A13

ANGLE ON LAURIE

She is making some notes to herself as Joe & David walk up. \*

JOE \*

Excuse me. My friend and I were wondering, could you tell us where the book store is?

Laurie looks at him. Then, she turns. Behind them is a sign, clearly marked "Bookstore." Joe sees it. He smiles. \*

JOE \*

(continuing)

Oh... hey... there it is.

She gives him a tolerant smile and walks away.

JOE \*

(continuing)

You think I made an impression?

DAVID

Yes.

CUT TO:

B13 OMITTED

B13

C13 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY - JOE'S POV

C13\*

A building like a huge tombstone, monolithic, formidable. Over the door: "School of Medicine." Here, there are no undergrads frolicking on the steps. The one or two people coming out of the building look very serious, businesslike. \*

REVERSE -- WIDE ANGLE ON JOE \*

staring at the building. His future. \*

14 INT. MODERN AUDITORIUM - DAY

14

CLOSE ON A CHALKBOARD, the following words being printed:

ALCOHOLISM, ADDICTION, DIVORCE, SUICIDE

DR. RACHEL WOODRUFF finishes writing, and FACES CAMERA.

RACHEL

Welcome to medical school.

REVERSE

Over one hundred students in an auditorium, listening to Rachel's speech.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

CAMERA MOVES IN ON SOME FACES: A very hip black girl, CYNTHIA; the twins Joel and Ethan; David, listening seriously, and others we are yet to meet.

RACHEL

For every one of you sitting here today, there are four others who didn't get in. Young men and women nearly as bright, nearly as committed... and nearly accepted instead of you.

A door opens in the rear of the hall and Joe ENTERS. He crawls over students to get to the only available seat in the house. \*

Rachel waits for Joe, then: \*

RACHEL

(continuing)

I'm Dr. Rachel Woodruff. In the next eight months you will be required to memorize six thousand anatomical structures, read twenty-five thousand pages of text, attend two hundred lectures, pass or fail forty examinations. If you fail a class, you must repeat it. If you fail two, you must repeat the entire term. If you fail three, well...

JOE leans to the STUDENT next to him and asks: \*

JOE \*

We supposed to be taking notes on this?

BACK TO RACHEL

RACHEL

Maybe you came to medical school because you want to make money.

(smiles)

Doctors train for eight years, lawyers for three, stockbrokers one. You haven't picked the easy way. Some of you are here because you sincerely want to help people. That won't necessarily make you a good doctor. And many of you have no idea why you are here...

ON JOE \*

Glancing around as though trying to figure out which students those might be. In the process, he spots Laurie in the group.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

BACK TO RACHEL

RACHEL

That's one of the privileges of youth, you don't have to explain yourself -- until now. Could somebody at the back of the room turn off the lights?

ON JOEL AND ETHAN

They lean into one another.

JOEL

A movie.

ETHAN

Cool.

BACK TO RACHEL

The lights are out with the exception of the lecture lights that are focused on Rachel. She moves to the screen behind her.

RACHEL

Along with my duties as Associate Dean of Students, I also teach Gross Human Anatomy.

There is a slight reaction from the group, faint groans, shifting in seats. Rachel pushes aside the curtain revealing a table, with what looks like, a body under a sheet.

RACHEL

(continuing)

It is the thing you dreaded from the moment you made the decision to come here. Nonetheless, it is the centerpiece of your first year of medical school -- the systematic dissection of a human cadaver.

\*

\*

Rachel pauses. What she has to say is no pat speech, but something personal and essential to who she is.

RACHEL

(continuing)

This man died in our university hospital a few nights ago. Let's say his name is Richard. Richard died for one very simple reason... because medicine was unable to save him... It's a hard thing to face death.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Indeed, more and more doctors are choosing specialties that take them away from the critically ill. Many of you will do the same, ultimately choosing to side-step people who encounter death unpleasantly, violently. Those with little resource to pay, and less ability to understand what is happening to them. Medicine is a day to day struggle with death. And your first year of medical school is a daily, hands-on, exploration of it. It's not easy. It's certainly not pleasant. And there's absolutely no reason to do it, unless you want, more than anything, to be a physician. If you aren't sure, then I urge you to get up, walk out of this room now.

She pauses. Students shift uncomfortably but, of course, no one leaves.

RACHEL

(continuing)

Good. By the way, the profession you've dedicated yourselves to carries the highest rates of alcoholism, drug addiction, divorce and suicide.

(letting that sink in)

It is also, I believe, the most honorable thing that anyone can do. Thank you.

Rachel walks off the stage leaving a silenced group facing the covered body. After a moment, a faint voice is heard:

VOICE

... holy shit...

15 EXT. BASKETBALL COURT (CAMPUS) - NIGHT

15 \*

WHAMP!!

\*

A basketball smacking off a backboard.

\*

JOE

\*

Is playing a furious, sweaty pick up game of basketball with THREE STUDENTS, including his neighbors, the party brothers Joel and Ethan. The rest of the campus is QUIET AND DARK.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

Joe is guarding Joel, who is talking about... \*

JOEL \*

Our older brother had her three \*

years ago... \*

Joel PASSES to Ethan. They have a habit of finishing each other's sentences, and are very good at keeping the ball from Joe. \*

ETHAN \*

... Rachel Woodruff. "Preceptor \*

from Hell." On sabbatical last \*

year... \*

Ethan PASSES to Joel. \*

JOEL \*

Our luck she's back. \*

JOE \*

She's all talk if you ask me... \*

AHHH! \*

Joe lunges for the ball, getting it, and making a SHOT. Everyone takes a breather. \*

ETHAN \*

Christ. It's late. Time for all \*

good little med students to hit the \*

hay. \*

JOEL \*

Yeah. 'Night... \*

Ethan and Joel start away. \*

JOE \*

C'mon. It's even score. \*

(to the student who's \*

left) \*

One on one? \*

The fourth guy shakes his head, catching up to Joel and Ethan. \*

A moment. \*

Joe begins shooting hoops by himself. \*

16 INT. DAVID AND JOE'S ROOM - NIGHT 16 \*

SILENCE. \*

DAVID at his desk, bent over his textbook. \*

FROM OUTSIDE -- WE CAN HEAR a lone basketball banging off the backboard, Joe still playing. \*

17 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANATOMY LAB - MORNING 17

The ROAR of ONE HUNDRED STUDENTS waiting outside double doors for Anatomy Lab to open. Most of the students are wearing white lab coats and holding gloves.

Joe shoves his way through the crowd toward the entrance to lab. David follows, apologizing on Joe's behalf. \*

DAVID

Excuse us. Sorry...

18 INT. ANATOMY LAB - MORNING 18

SILENCE. Twenty cadavers on tables under muslin shrouds. \*

RACHEL walks among the cadavers, arms folded against her white lab coat.

Rachel pauses, to study her own hands, which she opens and closes slowly. Her colleague is a Nigerian named GEOFFREY BANUMBRA. He's wearing a colorful skullcap and gold-rimmed glasses.

DR. BANUMBRA

Sounds like a lively group.

(then)

It's good to have you back, Doctor.

Rachel smiles. Stern as she is, her affection for teaching, and this man, is clear.

DR. BANUMBRA

(continuing)

Your welcoming speech was a little different this year.

RACHEL

A bit melodramatic? I imagine the Dean did not approve.

DR. BANUMBRA

I think he squirmed a little.

RACHEL

Lots of things are apt to be different -- this year.

They look at one another. Clearly there is something known and shared by them. Dr. Banumbra smiles at her as he moves to OPEN THE DOUBLE DOORS. STUDENTS POUR THROUGH THE DOORS, COMING TOWARD CAMERA, NOISY, EAGER...

A SILENCE QUICKLY DESCENDS ON THE ROOM as STUDENTS come face to face with twenty bodies under sheets. \*

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Dr. Banumbra exchanges a KNOWING LOOK with Rachel; apparently, this is what always happens.

DR. BANUMBRA

You'll find your table assignment on the list, to the right of your name. There's no need to rush. Your cadaver will wait patiently for you, I promise...

CAMERA FINDS DAVID in the crowd, searching the list for his name. Joe pulls him away. \*

DAVID

We're table 17.

JOE \*

No, I switched with two guys. We're number eleven. It was a female cadaver. I told them my mother just died, I couldn't possibly dissect a woman...

DAVID

Switch? Why did we...?

That question is answered immediately, when David SEES Laurie at table eleven. Before David can protest, Joe navigates them to their places opposite Laurie and two other STUDENTS. \*

JOE \*

Hi, everybody. Thanks for letting us join your group.

LAURIE

I'm sorry about your mother.

JOE \*

Yeah, it was a shock.  
(offering his hand)  
Joe Slovak. \*

LAURIE

Laurie Rorbach.

David offers his hand to the other male student, MILES REED: handsome, a power dresser (a little out of place for a lab), and very pleased with himself.

DAVID

David Epstein.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

MILES

Miles Reed.

JOE

(to Miles)

Hi! Nice tie, Miles. Joe.

The fifth member of the group is an ASIAN WOMAN of thirty, cheerful, energetic.

KIM

Kim Rosini.

(explaining her name)

I'm married.

DR. BANUMBRA

Has everyone found their places?

(as the hubbub dies down)

This is Gross Human Anatomy, people. It is the cutting of big parts into little parts. Three things to take note of before you begin. One, the head and hands will remain wrapped until we dissect them next term. Two, there is a container at each table for anatomical debris. Use it. I don't want to see adipose and fascia all over this floor. Three, keep your cadavers moist. If they dry up, they're useless... You were instructed to go to the library to watch the video tape, demonstrating methods of dissection. Remember, use a delicate touch...

JOE

(to David)

What videotape?

KIM

It was checked out the four times I tried to get it.

DR. BANUMBRA

Dr. Woodruff?

Rachel has been standing at the far end of the room.

RACHEL

There's nothing we can do about the formaldehyde in the embalming fluid.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

RACHEL (CONT'D)

The smell will soon be on everything you own. Oh, and work together. By the end of this week I want to see every one of these groups working as a team.

Miles' hand shoots up. DR. BANUMBRA nods to him.

MILES

Have the cadavers been tested for AIDS?

There's a murmur through the lab: others share his concern.

DR. BANUMBRA

Yes. And besides, the embalming process would eliminate any infectious agents.

Rachel is smiling as if Miles' question has amused her.

RACHEL

Please, ladies and gentlemen. Don't be afraid of your cadavers. They will be the most important learning tool you'll ever have. At the end of this year, you'll owe your cadaver a great deal.

\*

DR. BANUMBRA

Get to work!

Shrouds are lifted throughout the lab.

JOE

(offering)

Anyone want a stick of gum?

\*

DAVID

Let's get this over with.

Joe looks around the group. Laurie appears a bit pale. Kim has a nervous smile. Miles is uneasy but, upon seeing Joe, toughens up.

\*

\*

MILES

I've seen corpses before. Lots of them. My father's a heart specialist.

Our group works together to gently remove the shroud, the plastic wrapping, getting to a final protective layer.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (4)

18

DR. BANUMBRA

You'll find a bone box under your  
cadaver.

After a dramatic pause, Joe peels away the final layer. \*

CLOSE ON FACES: Laurie taking a deep breath, David swallowing. Kim's eyes are wide open. Even Joe and Miles seem a little shaken. \*

Indeed, the cadaver's head and hands are wrapped. It is an odd and very unsettling sight.

JOE \*

(after a moment)

Isn't anyone going to say, "Who is  
that masked man?"

THAT RELEASES TENSION. Kim throws her hand over her mouth, LAUGHING. Laurie is clearly amused.

Joe smiles, enjoying his own joke. He doesn't realize that Rachel is coming up behind him. \*

JOE \*

(continuing)

Look, stitches. We got a used one.

RACHEL

Enjoying yourself, Mr...?

Joe turns, surprised. But he immediately regains his composure. \*

JOE \*

Slovak. I'm just trying to break  
the ice... \*

Rachel turns away from Joe to address the class. \*

RACHEL

Please remember...

(the class immediately  
QUIETS)

... that many of your cadavers were recently patients in our hospital, who put their trust in doctors to save their lives. The doctors failed them. By donating their bodies, they have put their trust to in you, to learn something.

(turning to Joe) \*

You won't fail them again, will you,  
Mr...?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (5)

18

JOE

Slovak. I'll do my best.

\*  
\*

RACHEL

I know you will, Mr. Slovak.  
(she starts away,  
but stops to add)  
Of course, the question is, will  
your best be good enough?

\*

Rachel takes two more steps, considering the matter closed.

JOE

(low)  
I've never had any complaints.

\*

Rachel pauses, then moves on, letting Joe's comments go.

\*

MILES

(sneering at Joe)  
Thanks a lot.  
(lecturing)  
A chain is only as strong as its  
weakest link. I'm sorry, I had to  
say it.

\*

LAURIE

Well. Who wants to dissect first?

DAVID

(bravely)  
I'll dissect.

KIM

(opening the  
dissector)  
I'll read.

JOE

I'll watch.

\*

ANGLE ON RACHEL

Pausing near her desk to take another look at Joe.

\*

BACK TO OUR GROUP

\*

David is holding the scalpel. His forehead is sweaty.

KIM

Make an incision from jugular notch  
A along the clavicle and across the  
acromion B to point E, about ten  
centimeters distal to the acromion.

\*

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (6)

18

David lowers the scalpel toward the cadaver. Stops.

MILES  
(impatiently)  
Well?

DAVID  
(offering the scalpel  
to Miles)  
You wanna do it?

MILES  
Uh...

JOE  
Give it to me.

Joe takes the scalpel from David. The scalpel is lowered to the cadaver's skin.

CLOSE ON JOE

This is a challenge, even for him. He sets his jaw and pushes down as we GO TO:

19 INT. BAR AND RESTAURANT JUST OFF CAMPUS - DAY

19

CLOSE-UP of a half chicken as a knife cuts into it. A fork lifts up the slice.

WIDER

We SEE our group, Kim, Laurie, Miles, David and Joe in a lively student hangout. Joe is the only one who eats.

JOE  
Mmmm... You're all sure you don't want any of this? I've got half a chicken here.

KIM  
(smelling her hands)  
I have a feeling I'm not going to be hungry a lot this year.

David seems obsessed with the class syllabus, going over it carefully.

MILES  
Thanks to somebody's ill-timed sense of humor, Woodruff's already pegged our group as a trouble spot. I hope you're proud of yourself, Slovak.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

Laurie sits opposite Joe, sipping a beer, keeping her eyes on him like she's trying to figure something out. \*

JOE

Please. "Joe." \*

MILES

I don't think you understand.  
Woodruff can make or break careers.

LAURIE

Miles is right. My father says she's well respected.

JOE

I suppose your father's a surgeon. \*

LAURIE

Psychiatrist.  
(beat)  
My mother's a surgeon.

CLOSE ON JOE FOR HIS REACTION. He's impressed, more than he would ever admit. \*

Kim comes quickly to her feet.

KIM

Shoot, I gotta get Nina out of day care. \*

(gathering her stuff)

We're taking her to Sesame Street on Ice tonight. Do you think Big Bird will mind if I study my anatomy atlas during the show? \*

LAURIE

How many kids do you have?

KIM

One, at the moment. Which is fine with me, but my husband's from a big family. We're in negotiations.

SUDDENLY DAVID SLAMS BOTH HANDS TO THE TABLE, rattling glasses.

DAVID

Christ!

(to Joe)

How many pages do you read an hour? \*

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

JOE

Huh?

DAVID

Estimate. Thirty? Forty?

JOE

Fifty.

KIM

This is fascinating, but I gotta go.

She takes off. David points to Miles.

MILES

I'm sure I read as fast as Slovak.

David points to Laurie.

LAURIE

Forty. If I want to remember anything. Why?

DAVID

(holding up the  
reading list)Anatomy, Biochem, Histology,  
Embryology, Behavioral Science...  
We have 3500 pages of assigned  
reading. Not to mention, attending  
lectures, labs...

JOE

Eating...

LAURIE

Research...

MILES

Making contacts...

JOE

Eating...

David gets quickly to his feet, dropping some cash onto the  
table.

DAVID

I'm going back to my room.

He hurries away with his books.

MILES

I have a suspicion we've got a real  
weak spot on our team.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

JOE  
He's a hard worker.

\*

MILES  
He better be. I want my lab group  
to be the sharpest in the class.

A moment. David has left the reading list behind. Miles  
picks it up, looks it over.

Miles rises suddenly.

MILES  
(continuing)  
I'll see you later.

Miles hurries off, clearly intimidated by the workload.  
Joe and Laurie are alone at the table. After a moment:

\*

JOE  
Psychiatrist, and a surgeon?

\*

Laurie nods.

JOE  
(continuing)  
So, can I drop you anywhere?

\*

20 INT. JOE'S STATION WAGON (MOVING) - NIGHT (EARLY EVENING) 20 \*

Joe driving FAST. Laurie is in the passenger seat.

\*

The station wagon's ENGINE IS SO NOISY THEY HAVE TO SHOUT.

\*

JOE  
Sorry about the smell!!! Fish! It's  
not so bad in the winter.

\*

Joe reaches to the dash, lightly tapping a pine-scented car  
"freshener."

\*

JOE  
(continuing)  
A.C.'s busted.

He rolls down her window. She is blasted in the face by  
the wind.

JOE  
(continuing)  
Not exactly Dad's BMW, huh?

\*

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

LAURIE

Believe it or not, I haven't spent  
my life riding around in BMW's.

(glancing around)

This is different.

JOE

Consider it an anthropological  
experience.

\*

Laurie can't help but smile.

JOE

(continuing)

Uh-oh. A smile. She thinks he's  
funny.

\*

LAURIE

Not funny. Somewhat interesting.  
So, am I supposed to believe that  
you aren't blown away by what we're  
facing?

JOE

What? The dead guy? Where I come  
from, I've seen guys cut up worse  
than that stand up and walk home.

\*

LAURIE

And the lectures and the reading and  
all the tests...

JOE

You ever hear of a photographic  
memory? I've got one.

\*

LAURIE

Famous last words.

(pointing)

Pull in here.

21 EXT. LAURIE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT (EARLY EVENING) 21

The fish car pulls to a very respectable looking apartment  
complex, complete with a wrought-iron security gate.  
Laurie uses a plastic card to open the gate.

\*

22 EXT. STATION WAGON (CONTINUOUS) 22

JOE

Impressive.

\*

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

LAURIE

Consider it an anthropological  
experience.

JOE

Aren't you going to ask me up? For  
a cup of coffee or tea or something?

LAURIE

Unlike you, I don't have a  
photographic memory. Or even think  
I do. Good night.

JOE

Good night, Laurie.

Joe watches Laurie cross the courtyard, disappearing into  
her building. Clearly, he's hooked.

CUT TO:

23 INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

23

Rachel sits in her office going over registration cards for  
the class making occasional notes. Sifting through, she  
stops, looking at one card a moment longer.

INSERT - THE CARD

We CAN READ THE NAME -- "Slovak."

BACK TO ACTION

Rachel moves on, her interest in Joe's card only momentary.

CUT TO:

MEDICAL SCHOOL GAUNTLET

This is a fast paced sequence driven by appropriate music.

24 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

24

David and Joe walking through the RUSH OF STUDENTS, some in  
white lab coats, heading to morning classes.

DAVID

... Gross Lab till five. Dinner  
from five-fifteen to five-forty-  
five...

David carries a calendar of his own making.

(CONTINUED)

gr

24 CONTINUED:

DAVID

(continuing)

... Studying from five-forty-five to eleven forty-five. Fifteen minutes for brushing teeth and preparing for bed. That gives us five and a half hours of sleep a night. Except for Sundays, I put in an extra half hour...

25 INT. LECTURE AUDITORIUM - DAY

25

A small, bald LECTURER stands behind a podium on an otherwise bare stage. He's giving incredibly complex information at a devastatingly fast speed.

LECTURER

... characterized by many invaginations of the membrane with mitochondria inserted within the cytoplasm of the invaginations to allow the cell to increase absorptive surface area and to supply it with energy for ion transport...

CAMERA TRACKS PAST A ROW OF STUDENTS as the Lecturer's VOICE DRONES ON. Miles is recording the lecture... David is recording AND taking notes... Joe sits next to David, taking notes...

\*

CUT TO:

26 INT. ANATOMY LAB - DAY

26

OVER A CLOSEUP OF KIM (obviously in the middle of something, her O.S. hands busy) WE HEAR JOE READING:

\*

\*

JOE (V.O.)

"... with the heart still in the pericardial cavity, insinuate your left index finger between the superior vena cava and ascending aorta."

WIDER ANGLE

Joe is reading the dissector. Everyone else is watching Kim, her hand inside the cadaver's chest.

\*

KIM

Got it.

(beat)

I can't believe I'm actually touching someone's heart. My God...

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

Every member of the group clearly SHARES KIM'S EXCITEMENT.

JOE

You never have a camera when you  
really need one.

CUT TO:

27 INT. OFF CAMPUS LAUNDRY - DAY

27

Laurie in an orange plastic chair, reading from the ubiquitous textbook. Already her appearance has changed from the first day of school; she's dressed more casually. She goes to a washing machine, opening the lid, taking out freshly laundered clothes.

She lifts the clothes to her nose and GRIMACES.

She tosses the clothes back in, adding a ton of detergent and plugging in more quarters.

CUT TO:

28 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

28

A gray-haired professor, BELLKNAP, FACES CAMERA.

PROF. BELLKNAP

Thump, thump-thump. Thump,  
thump-thump...

CAMERA PULLING BACK SHOWS that the Professor's shirt is open, and he's listening to his own heart with a stethoscope.

REVERSE

The CLASS listening to their own hearts with stethoscopes. The MALE STUDENTS have removed their shirts, the FEMALES have their blouses unbuttoned.

PROF. BELLKNAP

Pick a partner, practice on someone  
else.

JOE TURNS TOWARD LAURIE.

LAURIE

Forget it.

CUT TO:

29 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

29

A MALE RESIDENT walking down a hospital corridor, passing rooms where patients lie in various stages of illness.

RESIDENT  
I.C.M. -- Introduction to Clinical  
Medicine. It's your first contact  
with real patients and real disease.  
A-CHOO!

REVERSE

Ten students, including David and Cynthia and Miles,  
following the resident. All are wearing stethoscopes.

CUT TO:

30 INSERT - CALENDAR

30

CLOSE ON A BULLETIN BOARD: ANONYMOUS HANDS POSTING THE  
"OCTOBER GUEST LECTURE SCHEDULE." At least half of the  
calendar blocks are filled in with a scheduled lecture.

CUT TO:

31 OMITTED  
thru  
33

31 \*  
thru  
33 \*

34 INSERT - TEST SCHEDULE

34

We SEE a test schedule for NOVEMBER posted. It shows tests  
in several subjects happening three to four times a week.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. RUNNING TRACK - DAY

35 \*

Laurie jogging TOWARD CAMERA, when Joe comes up from  
behind.

\*

JOE  
(over his shoulder,  
as he passes her  
by)  
Ninety-two on the biochem quiz!

\*

Laurie pumps her legs, passing Joe.

\*

LAURIE  
(over her shoulder,  
with a cocky grin)  
Ninety-five!

Joe loses his smile.

\*

End Gauntlet Sequence

A35 INT. ANATOMY LAB - DAY

A35

Rachel walks among the dissection groups, arms folded.

RACHEL

Today you should begin dissection of the pelvis and perineum, including the sexual organs. Be sure to spend some time studying a cadaver of the opposite sex.

A few weeks have passed, and the atmosphere is less tense. At Cynthia's table rests an INCENSE BURNER. At another table, a STUDENT WEARS NOSEPLUGS.

ANGLE - OUR GROUP

where Laurie is cutting and David is reading the manual.

DAVID

Forcibly abduct both lower limbs so that the feet are about two to three feet apart. The cracking noise that you hear is caused by tearing the anterior and posterior sacroiliac ligaments...

At the foot of the table, Kim forces the cadaver's legs apart (WE SEE ONLY THE FEET, WHICH ARE WRAPPED). As the manual says, there is a "cracking" sound.

KIM

(to the cadaver)

Sorry, Harry.

For some reason, Joe arrives late, pulling on gloves. He notices that Kim is wearing a pretty dress. \*

JOE

Very nice. Special occasion?

KIM

PTA meeting. Last time I went they thought there was a gas leak in the room.

(she sniffs)

It was me.

MILES

Mr. Punctuality. As you can see, Epstein is reading -- again.

DAVID

I'm sorry, Miles. But I can't slice open someone's testicles, okay?

(CONTINUED)

A35 CONTINUED:

A35

JOE  
(to Laurie)  
And you volunteered?

Laurie gives Joe a look.

JOE  
Hey. Did we ever figure out what  
was under Harry's stitches?

Joe moves up to the neck, clipping stitches.

LAURIE  
We aren't supposed to do that.

JOE  
Five people cannot fit around one  
little area. I spend all day  
looking at the top of Miles' head.  
It beats his face, but frankly, I'm  
bored.

MILES  
You're going to make us look like  
assholes, Slovak.

Rachel is coming up behind Joe.

JOE  
Miles, God made you look like an  
asshole. I just want to open up  
this incision and see what they did  
to our guy.

LAURIE  
(seeing Rachel)  
Joe...

JOE  
What?

RACHEL  
(at Joe's side)  
I think she wanted to tell you that  
I'm standing behind you. Is that  
it, Ms. Rorbach?

LAURIE  
That's it.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Mr. Slovak. Is it clear to you that the policy of this class is to confine your work to the assigned part of the body... and to help one another identify the systems in that section.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JOE

I got restless.

\*  
\*  
\*

MILES

I told him not to do it, Dr. Woodruff.

RACHEL

Mr. Slovak. Can you give me examples of what the internal thoracic artery supplies before its terminal branches?

\*

A beat. All eyes on Joe.

\*

JOE

How many examples?

RACHEL

Oral over-the-cadaver quizzing makes up twenty percent of your lab grade. Can you give me the examples?

JOE

The internal thoracic artery... It's somewhere...

\*

RACHEL

You can't?

JOE

(looks her in the eye)  
No, ma'am. I can't.

\*

RACHEL

I see.

Rachel holds her eyes on Joe.

\*

RACHEL

(continuing)  
Will you be able to give me those examples tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

A35 CONTINUED: (3)

A35

JOE  
I'd bet my life on it.

RACHEL  
Would you bet your life on it, Ms.  
Rorbach?

Laurie looks at Joe. Then:

LAURIE  
I think he'll be able to answer.

RACHEL  
So, we're willing to bet lives on  
Mr. Slovak's knowledge. It might  
actually come to that someday.  
(makes a decision)  
Tomorrow, every member of this group  
will be graded according to Mr.  
Slovak's response.

Miles' mouth drops open. Before he can protest, Rachel  
walks away.

B35 EXT. BUILDING (OUTSIDE G.A. LAB)

B35\*

We SEE several STUDENTS coming out, Rachel is among them.  
Miles catches up to her.

MILES  
(as they go)  
Dr. Woodruff, would it be possible  
for me to be reassigned to a  
different group?

They exit frame. We now SEE Joe and David come out. David  
pulls a book from his backpack (or whatever he carries  
books in) and hands it to Joe.

DAVID  
Listen, you can use this, "Mnemonic  
For Anatomy."

As David CONTINUES, Laurie walks by. Joe smiles in her  
direction.

DAVID  
(continuing; reading)  
Do petting parties in private hurt  
anyone?

Laurie looks back at Joe, her expression says, "You better  
deliver." She keeps on walking. Joe's lost the thread of  
what David was saying.

(CONTINUED)

B35 CONTINUED:

B35

JOE

\*

What?

DAVID

Do petting parties in private hurt anyone? Do -- Diaphragmatic. Petting -- Pleural. Parties -- Pericardial... It's a method of memorizing anatomical structures. For Woodruff tomorrow.

JOE

\*

Guy, tomorrow's tomorrow.  
(walking away)  
Wanna shoot some baskets?

DAVID

What about the Embryology quiz?  
That's tomorrow, too.

JOE

\*

(walking away)  
David. Tomorrow's tomorrow.

C35 EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

C35

We SEE several BASKETBALL PLAYERS. We watch for a moment but do not see Joe. The CAMERA MOVES. We find Joe sitting alone.

\*

In his lap is a book which he reads, absorbing information like a sponge.

Hold for a moment. Then, GO TO:

D35 INT. ANATOMY LAB - DAY

D35

The lab is in full swing, STUDENTS working over their cadavers.

ON OUR GROUP

Joe is not there. Rachel is standing silently nearby. tension is high as the clock ticks off another minute. Then:

\*

JOE

\*

-- walks through the door, cocky as ever. Though other students go on with their work, they can't help glancing up. As he walks to Our Group:

(CONTINUED)

D35 CONTINUED:

D35

JOE

Am I late?

\*

RACHEL

Yesterday I asked you to name the structures supplied by the...

JOE

(interrupting)

Internal thoracic artery. They are the thymus, the...

\*

RACHEL

(interrupting him)You don't have to name them. I asked you yesterday if you would be able to name them today. You said you would. I believe you.

Joe smiles, perhaps winking at Laurie. Miles is relieved. It's short-lived, however.

\*

RACHEL

(continuing)

Today I want you to locate and identify the descending thoracic aorta branches.

The room BECOMES QUIET. Obviously people are listening.

JOE

We didn't cover those in class, did we?

\*

RACHEL

It was assigned material, but not dwelt upon in lecture. But you're still responsible for the information.

Joe reaches for a probe.

\*

MILES

Dr. Woodruff, it hardly seems fair that all of us will be graded on...

RACHEL

Please, Mr. Reed. Your colleague is thinking.

JOE

(tentatively)

Here's the pericardial...

\*

(CONTINUED)

D35 CONTINUED: (2)

D35

Rachel looks and approves with silence.

JOE  
(continuing)  
... The oesophageals The  
intercostals...

RACHEL  
How many pairs of intercostals?

JOE  
(thinks for a moment,  
then is suddenly  
full of confidence)  
Nine. Then there's the subcostal  
and the bronchial. And last but not  
least, we have the mediastinals

RACHEL  
Thank you, Mr. Slovak.

She walks away. Everyone looks relieved that it's over.

E35 INT. ANATOMY LAB - DAY (A FEW HOURS LATER)

E35

STUDENTS lined up at the sinks, scrubbing their hands and  
NOISILY DISCUSSING the work of the day.

A TEACHING ASSISTANT comes up to Joe, whispering in his  
ear. Joe nods.

Slowly drying his hands, Joe looks over his shoulder.

RACHEL

In her office, seen through the glass windows separating  
the office from the lab.

Students exit quickly (being medical students, they always  
have somewhere to go). Soon, Joe is alone in the lab.  
Rachel remains busy, working on some papers. Finally, she  
rises, entering the lab.

She and Joe face each other, surrounded by the silent,  
muslin covered cadavers.

JOE  
Did you want to see me?

RACHEL  
You have a quick mind, Mr. Slovak.

(CONTINUED)

E35 CONTINUED:

E35

JOE  
 (smiling)  
 Yes, ma'am.

RACHEL  
 And an inflated ego.  
 (Joe loses his smile)  
 Dangerous combination in a doctor.  
 Of no use to a first-year medical  
 student. I'm curious. What are  
 your reasons for coming to medical  
 school?

JOE  
 Honestly?  
 (she nods)  
 Doctor's salary. I like the idea of  
 having Wednesdays off, and... it  
 made my mother very happy.

A moment. They study each other. Two enemy soldiers about  
 to go one on one.

RACHEL  
 That's all.

Joe turns, very nearly imitating a private turning away  
 from a commanding officer. He does everything but click  
 his heels. As he walks down the center aisle...

RACHEL  
 Mr. Slovak?  
 (he turns)  
 It will get harder. Trust me.

JOE  
 Yes, ma'am.

Joe turns and walks away. We FOLLOW him through the lab.  
 As he goes, the smile reappears on his face -- his trade-  
 mark cocky grin. He EXITS FRAME and we SEE Rachel in the  
 b.g. She looks in his direction for a moment then, goes  
 back to her work.

F35 EXT. CAMPUS (EATING AREA) - DAY

F35

We SEE Laurie standing at a FOOD CONCESSION ordering lunch  
 from a FOOD SERVER. Joe strolls up beside her.

LAURIE  
 (to the Server)  
 A small salad and apple juice,  
 please.

(CONTINUED)

F35 CONTINUED:

F35

Before getting the pre-packaged food, the Server looks toward Joe for his order. \*

JOE \*

'Couple of cheeseburgers, fries and a Coke.

(Laurie looks at him)

Classic Coke.

The Server sets about getting the orders leaving them alone.

LAURIE

(after a moment)

Nice job in lab, today.

JOE \*

(super casual)

It was no big deal.

The Server hands Laurie her salad (in plastic container) and juice. As Laurie hands over some money:

LAURIE \*

(to Joe)

'Know what I think?

JOE \*

What?

LAURIE

I think you're full of it.

She gathers up her food and starts to walk away as the Server plops Joe's order onto the counter. \*

SERVER

Five seventy-eight.

Joe winces, slightly. He begins to dig in his pockets. He comes up with some change and begins counting it quickly. \*

LAURIE

You need to borrow some?

JOE \*

No, I'm fine.

She walks away. Once she's gone, Joe turns to the Server: \*

JOE \*

One cheeseburger. No fries.

He pours the hand full of change into the annoyed Server's hand.

36 INT. CELL BIOLOGY LAB - DAY

36

The entire screen is filled with the image of a HUGE CELL...

PROFESSOR APRIL (O.S.)  
This is a slide of an axon wrapped  
in myelin, and the next slide...

A SECOND SLIDE CLICKS INTO VIEW...

PROFESSOR APRIL (O.S.)  
(continuing)  
... shows an outer segment of the  
neuroretina. To demonstrate how  
easily you can see the differences  
in these cells, I'll go back and  
forth between the slides...

THE FIRST SLIDE CLICKS BACK ONTO THE SCREEN -- It looks  
exactly the same as the second one, WHICH CLICKS INTO VIEW.

ANGLE ON DAVID AND KIM

Sharing a table with a microscope, staring at the  
alternating slides.

KIM  
Call me dense, but I can't tell the  
difference.

David is watching the alternating slides with mounting  
tension; he can't tell the difference either.

ANGLE ON JOE

Seen in the dim light of the slide projector, looking off  
to one side.

JOE'S POV

Miles and Laurie share a table, partners in this lab.

LIGHTS COME ON

Students blink. PROFESSOR APRIL has the look of a mole,  
eyes permanently squinted.

PROFESSOR APRIL  
You'll find a box of twenty-five  
similar slides at your table, which  
you should be able to identify and  
describe, as easily as you could the  
cells I just projected.

Miles raises his hand.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

MILES

I assume you want us to identify not only the cell, but its function as well?

Joe mimics Miles to Cynthia. \*

37 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY 37

Again we SEE the Resident leading a GROUP OF STUDENTS down the corridor. Among the students are Joe and Cynthia and the twins, Joel and Ethan. \*

RESIDENT

This should be one of the most exciting days in your medical school career, ladies and gentlemen. The day you actually touch a patient. Though you will ultimately gather data through observation, you are under no circumstances to make any sort of diagnosis or speculate in any way as to the nature of the patient's condition, history, treatment or prognosis. A-CHOOO!

REVERSE

Cynthia and Joe walk behind the resident. \*

JOE

How did Miles get to be her partner in cell bio? He probably had it arranged. What a pompous ass. You think he's good-looking? \*

Cynthia's trying to listen to the Resident.

CYNTHIA

Don't worry, you're funnier.

RESIDENT

... ease you in slowly, meeting patients, observing, but by next month you'll be giving physicals. Five of you come with me, the rest wait. A-CHOO! Does anybody have a tissue? Napkin, anything?

As the Resident leads five students, including Joe, into a hospital room, Rachel IS SEEN, coming down the corridor. \*

38 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 38 \*

There sitting on the examination table is a young man, 20, thin, dark, possibly Hispanic or American Indian. His name is JIMMY. \*

The group of young med students hangs back at the door as the Resident ENTERS. \*

RESIDENT

This is Jimmy. He's nice enough to let you folks listen to his heart and take his pulse. Mr. Slovak. \*

First up, Joe steps forward. The others seem relieved not to have been picked first. Joe steps up, smiling at Jimmy. He sets down his clipboard and takes Jimmy's wrist. \*

ON THE STUDENTS \*

Unnoticed by them, Rachel has stepped up behind them, quietly observing. \*

BACK TO JOE AND JIMMY \*

Having taken the pulse rate, Joe makes a notation as he asks, knowingly: \*

JOE

What's that on your arm, Jimmy? \*

JIMMY

(after a moment)

Bad tattoos. \*

Joe places his stethoscope to his ears and he casually comments: \*

JOE

Kaposi's Sarcoma? \*

ON THE STUDENTS \*

They react, withdrawing slightly. There are whispers, "...shit..." and "... AIDS..." One student turns to leave but, bumping into Rachel, decides to stay. \*

RACHEL \*

is not surprised by their reaction. However, she seems interested in Joe's. \*

BACK TO JOE AND JIMMY \*

Joe presses the stethoscope to Jimmy's chest. \*

(CONTINUED)

JOE  
 Listen, Jim. You may have an even  
 bigger problem, here.

\*  
\*  
\*

RESIDENT  
 (cautioning him)  
 Mr. Slovak...

\*  
\*  
\*

JOE  
 I know we're not supposed to  
 speculate on his condition but, he  
 doesn't have a heart. Jim, did  
 anyone mention this to you?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Jimmy can't help but smile a little. He moves the  
 stethoscope over.

\*  
\*

JOE  
 Oh. There it is. Whew, I bet  
 you're relieved.

\*  
\*

JIMMY  
 Best news I've had in months.

\*  
\*

Though the others in the room feel awkward over this  
 exchange, we can tell that Jimmy and Joe have enjoyed it,  
 two guys a little more hip, a little less up tight than  
 those around them. As Jimmy CONTINUES, Joe notices Rachel  
 standing behind the students.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JIMMY  
 They've got me in a program, here.  
 Four days a week. It's like being  
 in prison.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JOE  
 I know what you mean. The program  
 I'm in has the same quality.

\*  
\*  
\*

A glance is exchanged between Joe and Rachel.

\*

CUT TO:

ANONYMOUS HANDS posting the "NOVEMBER GUEST LECTURE  
 SCHEDULE." Now, three quarters of the calendar days are  
 filled in.

44 EXT. RUNNING TRACK - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

44

We SEE a CLOSEUP of Laurie's face as she jogs. Walkman headphones clamped on her ears. We HEAR the drone of a lecture (the one she's listening to). The CAMERA WIDENS and we SEE Joe coming up behind her. He gets so close she can't help but become aware of his presence. After a moment or two, without looking back:

LAURIE

Are you following me?

JOE

I have to. I've told everyone I know that we're dating. I have to make sure we're seen together outside of class, or they won't believe me. We are going to date eventually. Aren't we?

LAURIE

Have you heard the expression about hell freezing over?

JOE

You must have been an English major.

LAURIE

Double major. English and pre-med.

JOE

What a coincidence. I was a double major too. Pre-med and air-conditioning. It's important to have something to fall back on. So what about tonight?

Joe's persistence is, at least, entertaining. Laurie smiles. Her concentration is broken, she stops.

JOE

(continuing)

Uh-oh. I'm wearing down your resistance.

LAURIE

Like a virus. My father's on television tonight. A documentary. And the hour that I'm taking off, to watch, means I'm studying through dinner, which means...

(checks her watch)

I have to run faster. 'Bye.

And she darts off. Joe begins to run off after her but being out of breath, thinks better of it. A RUNNER, passing by, gives Joe A LOOK.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

JOE  
 (to the Runner)  
 I hate jogging.

\*

CUT TO BLACK:

We hold in black. We HEAR sounds, the rustling of sheets, feet hitting the floor. Then, CLICK --

45 INT. JOE &amp; DAVID'S ROOM - NIGHT

45 \*

David has turned on the light at the desk. Joe, having been sound asleep, rolls and buries his head in his pillow.

\*

DAVID  
 Sorry. I had to take an hour off my sleep schedule. I'm falling behind a little. With semester finals starting, I just wanted to stay on top of things.

JOE

\*

... mmmmm...

DAVID

It's a forty watt bulb. I'd put a twenty in but the store didn't have any.

JOE

\*

... yeah... okay.

DAVID

The light only seems brighter because the room was dark.

JOE

\*

... sure... yeah...

DAVID

I asked them to order twenty watt bulbs at the student store but...

Joe lunges out of bed and grabs David, clamping his hand over David's mouth. Then, Joe lowers his hand. After a moment:

\*

\*

DAVID

(continuing)

Since you're up, you want to go over to the Anatomy Lab?

46 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY (DAWN)

46

The campus is silent in the gray half-light. A large Christmas tree dominates the quad. Joe and David trudge across the campus.

\*

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

JOE

We're talking about people who not only watch public television, but actually appear on it.

David YAWNS, which clearly irritates Joe.

DAVID

I'm sorry, Joe. I can't worry about your sex life. I don't know anybody who's had sex in the last three months.

Joe stops, pointing out something to David.

JOE

Hey, Miles. What are you doing here?

Miles stands. He's neatly dressed, hair just so, and he's been hiding in the bushes.

They cross to him. Miles starts to explain but...

We HEAR the sound of heels on the concrete walkway. Miles pushes David and Joe out of sight. Then, straightening his coat, he walks on.

RACHEL

She approaches the building. A moment later, Miles appears at her side.

MILES

Good morning, Dr. Woodruff.

RACHEL

You're up early, Mr. Reed.

MILES

I enjoy working in the lab when it's quiet. It allows me to concentrate.

RACHEL

Really.

At this point, much to Miles' dismay, Joe and David appear, rather like party crashers. Now faced with a grinning Joe, Miles tries to carry on.

MILES

I was noticing that the hospital has openings for a limited number of medical students.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

(as they walk)

As orderlies. Not very glamorous work, I'm afraid.

MILES

But it's yet another opportunity to learn and to see the knowledge we've acquired thus far at use in a practical setting.

Just out of view of Rachel but clearly seen by Miles, Joe is putting his finger down his throat as though gagging himself. Rachel turns, catching him at it. \*

RACHEL

What about you, Mr. Slovak? Would you be interested in a job at the hospital? \*

JOE

Depends. I could use a job. What's the pay? \*

RACHEL

I don't know, exactly. \*

JOE

(sarcastic)

Well, does it pay more than Burger King? \*

DAVID

Five fifty an hour plus two units of extra credit.

JOE

Hey, that sounds great. Yeah... \*

(putting his arm

around Miles)

We'll check it out. Right, Miles? \*

Rachel smiles at him and walks on. Miles pulls loose of Joe, snarling at him. Then, he races to catch up with Rachel. \*

MILES

I was reading one of your articles on cancer therapy, Dr. Woodruff. I particularly enjoyed the repudiation of the unproven, mystical therapies...

RACHEL

I've changed my mind somewhat on that topic.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (3)

46

MILES

(continuing; without  
missing a beat)But I said to myself, maybe she's  
given this subject more thought.

47 INT. KIM'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

47

This is a modest little house. Sitting at a small kitchen table is ED, Kim's husband, a pleasant-enough looking guy. At the moment, however, he seems annoyed. Perhaps it's the stack of bills he's sorting through, or the checkbook he's trying to balance. Or, maybe it's the nonsense coming from the exhausted sounding voices in the living room.

\*

48 IN THE LIVING ROOM

48 \*

CAMERA FINDS OUR GROUP sitting around a coffee table. It shows the remains of dip, chips, tacos, coffee... lots of coffee.

\*

JOE

Post Tibial Recurrent, Ant Tibial  
Recurrent, Fibular... muscular and  
laryngeal.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Joe plops into a chair, shoving chips into his mouth.

\*

MILES

Wrong.

Quiet. Kim, Laurie, David look up with surprise. Joe pauses in mid-chew.

\*

JOE

(mouth full)

Whadd'you mean....

(swallows)

... wrong?

\*

MILES

What I said, fella. We're talking  
the tibia here, and you gave me  
laryngeal. Remember the tibia?

JOE

Let me see that book.

\*

MILES

(keeping it)

When everyone has answered one...

Miles is clearly happy to see Joe make a mistake.

\*

(CONTINUED)

MILES  
(continuing; to Laurie)  
Sources of portal blood?

LAURIE  
Large Pancakes Spoil...

JOE  
(interrupting)  
Are you sure it's not laryngeal? \*

LAURIE  
I thought it was my turn.

DAVID  
(answering Laurie's  
question)  
Large intestine, pancreas, spleen...

MILES  
Wait your turn.

LAURIE  
Small intestine...

KIM  
Stomach...

JOE  
Gallbladder... \*

Miles throws down the book in disgust.

MILES  
Forget it. Total anarchy.

JOE  
I have a question for you, Miles.  
Why are you asking all the  
questions? \*

Unnoticed by Miles and Joe, Kim's daughter, NINA (age 2)  
wanders into the room rubbing her eyes. \*

MILES  
Ask me anything you want. Anything.

JOE  
What's it like to have girls fuck  
you just because you're rich? \*

Joe notices Laurie's expression and turns to see the little  
girl standing right behind him. He turns to Kim: \*

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

JOE

Sorry.

Kim is on her feet, leading the little girl away as she calls:

KIM

Ed, can you put Nina back down?

ED (O.S.)

I'm busy.

KIM

We're trying to study.

Ed enters, taking Nina by the hand.

ED

(pointedly)

Sure. Fine. I was just doing the bills.

(as he exits)

That's not nearly as important, I guess.

There is an awkward moment of silence. Then:

LAURIE

(checking her watch)

God, is it that late?

She and Joe stand, gathering their things to leave. Kim carries some of the dirty dishes from the room. Miles protests.

MILES

What's going on? We agreed to get through these chapters.

JOE

What do you need, a f...  
...freaking brick to fall on your head?

MILES

(testy)

Excuse me. Have I been misinformed?  
Are Gross Anatomy exams not this coming Monday? You may not need the review, but I do.

(indicating David)

And he sure as hell does.

49 IN THE KITCHEN

49

Her back to us, Kim washes the dishes. Laurie enters, also carrying dishes. Laurie glances at the stack of bills on the table. Then, trying to be cheerful:

LAURIE

I don't blame Ed. All that "Large pancakes" and "Rhubarb" junk. "Right gastric, gastro duodenal..." It must sound pretty stupid.

KIM

(back still to Laurie)  
I'm pregnant. About two months.

There is a long pause. Laurie obviously doesn't know what to say. Kim takes a deep breath and turns to Laurie, a smile now on her face.

KIM

(continuing)  
Actually, the timing's pretty good. I'll deliver a month or so after finals and that's perfect, considering this summer will probably be the last easy summer I'll have for the next eight years.

Laurie breaks into a big smile as she steps up and hugs Kim. \*

The CAMERA MOVES from a CLOSEUP of Kim's face around to a CLOSEUP of Laurie's face. Neither reflects any particular joy.

50 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

50

We are hit with LOUD DRUMS. A MARCHING BAND & PRECISION DRILL TEAM make their way through campus followed by a HORDE OF STUDENTS. A LARGE BULL is held up on poles. A BANNER proclaims "Go Bulls! Beat Western!"

51 INT. STUDY HALL - DAY

51

The rhythmic pounding, though faint, can still be heard through the walls, the volume building. SEVERAL STUDENTS study. Moving through them, the CAMERA FINDS our group sitting by themselves. David strains to memorize endless facts. Laurie moving through the material, seemingly able to block the noise. Kim, looking tired, is also able to study. Joe taps his pencil to the rhythm. Miles reads, his fingers in his ears. \*

TWO OTHER STUDENTS walk up, taking seats across from our group.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

Almost at once, they sniff the air, suddenly aware of the smell. They look at our group. One student leans to the other and whispers:

STUDENT  
Medical students.

ON DAVID

He is obviously becoming more frustrated. Through the windows behind him, we SEE the crowd and the band pass, the noise quite loud. The pounding of the drums are getting to David.

Then, from outside:

BULLHORN  
What are we gonna do?

CROWD  
BEAT WESTERN!!!

BULLHORN  
When are we gonna do it?

CROWD  
TONIGHT!!!

The chant CONTINUES accompanied by drum rolls. David shuts his eyes tight, anger building. At last, he slams his book closed, stands and walks quickly from the room.

THE OTHERS

Watch him go, puzzled.

52 EXT. CAMPUS (OUTSIDE STUDY HALL) - DAY

52

The drums have taken over again. The drill team is doing a snappy routine punctuated by "GO, BULLS!" David pushes his way through the crowd.

DAVID  
WHAT THE HELL'S WRONG WITH YOU  
PEOPLE?!!!

53 INT. STUDY HALL - DAY

53

Our group HEARS DAVID as the drums come to an abrupt halt, underscored by the screech of microphone feedback.

DAVID (O.S.)  
We're fighting for our lives in  
there!!!

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

There is a gasp from the crowd, a scream and some angry "Booo's." Our group dashes for the door.

54 EXT. CAMPUS (OUTSIDE STUDY HALL) - DAY 54

The Bull now lays on the ground before a crazed David. The ill-tempered CROWD tightens around him. An enraged CHEERLEADER yells at David.

CHEERLEADER

We have permits, man! From the Dean of Student Affairs!!!

DAVID

And I have semester finals, Man! In two days!!!

As Joe, Laurie, Kim and Miles push through, David kicks at the downed Bull as he yells: \*

DAVID

(continuing)

So take this thing and get out of here!

Whoa! The crowd's pissed now. Joe grabs David: \*

JOE \*

Whoa, whoa! David...!

CHEERLEADER

This guy broke our bull!

LAURIE

Sorry, really...

CHEERLEADER

He's got no spirit!

David lunges at the Cheerleader. Joe grabs him, pulling him back as several LARGE GUYS step in, ready and willing to defend the Cheerleader. \*

JOE \*

He's got spirit! We've all got spirit! So... everything's cool.

He eases David away. However, one of the Large Guys stops them.

LARGE GUY

What about the bull?

Joe continues to pull David away as he says to Miles: \*

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

JOE  
Miles, you're full of bullshit.  
Take care of it.

Left holding the bag, Miles turns to the Cheerleader, the Large Guys and the angry crowd. After a moment:

MILES  
So... Uh... Are we gonna beat  
Western or what?!!!

55 EXT. ISOLATED MOTEL - DAY

55

In sharp contrast, there is ABSOLUTE SILENCE here. This motel sits all by itself in the middle of the desert. Only two cars are parked out in front-- Miles' BMW and Joe's station wagon.

CLOSER

The CAMERA MOVES along the row of motel rooms. All seem deserted until we come to one in back. The television has been moved out as well as the telephone. They sit by the front door. The curtains are drawn.

56 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

56

Our group is showing the wear and tear of a marathon. Miles is still fairly neat, although somewhat ruffled. David and Joe need shaves. The curl is out of Laurie's hair and Kim is flat on her back.

LAURIE  
Is it still Saturday?

Joe opens the curtain. Light blasts in.

KIM  
... Sunday...

Miles reaches into a shoe box and pulls out a slip of paper. The group responds with groans.

MILES  
That was the deal. Nobody leaves  
until we go one hundred for one  
hundred. Last one.  
(reading)  
Posterior tibial artery branches.

Moans. This is a tough one. Miles spins a spinner from a Candyland game that has each of their names on it. It comes up "David." All eyes turn to David. There is a beat as David thinks.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

DAVID

Nurses must carefully preserve  
casual communications marked "late  
message."

JOE

Come on, go, go, go!  
(imitates cheering  
section)  
Dav-id, Dav-id!

\*

Then, with relative ease:

DAVID

Nutrient, Muscular, Cotaneous,  
Peroneal, Calcaneal, Communicating,  
Malleolar, Lat Plantar, Med Plantar.

There is a beat. Then:

JOE

My man!

\*

The room explodes with shrieks of triumph. Our weary group  
hugs one another.

57 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (LATER)

57

We SEE a Basketball game. It's on the TV which has been  
moved back into the room.

ON LAURIE

She's asleep on the bed. Slowly, her eyes open. Then, she  
startles awake. At once she gets to her feet.

LAURIE

What?! What time is it?!

Joe is sitting across the room, drinking a beer and  
watching TV.

\*

JOE

Quarter to four. You were out  
before lunch got here.

\*

Joe offers her a slice of cold pizza as she dashes by him  
and out the door.

\*

58 OUTSIDE

58

The BMW is gone. Only the station wagon remains. Joe  
joins her.

\*

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

JOE

Kim's in-laws were coming over. She had to get back. David went with 'em.

\*

LAURIE

(still panicked)  
My books?! All my notes?!

JOE

They're in my car.

\*

LAURIE

Jesus! The "Fishmobile!" Is that thing gonna make it back?! It's a two hour drive!

JOE

It's a ninety minute drive and yeah.

\*

Now, at last, Laurie is fully awake. She staggers:

59 INSIDE

59

She picks up a slice of cold pizza, biting into it as she plops down on the bed. Joe stands in the doorway.

\*

JOE

There's no reason to hurry. We've got the room for the rest of the day.

\*

Laurie looks at Joe, mouth full of pizza. She swallows. Joe keeps his eyes on her. Then Laurie hic-coughs, the result of swallowing the lump of pizza. Another moment. Then:

\*

\*

JOE

(continuing)  
We could...

\*

Laurie reacts like a very tired person who has just been given one too many things to deal with.

LAURIE

Don't. (hic-cough) It's like...  
You know... Just... (hic-cough)  
Don't.

JOE

You want a drink of water?

\*

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

LAURIE

I don't need a drink of water.  
 (hic-cough) I don't need anything.  
 But, what I mostly don't need is  
 (hic-cough) you...

With that, Laurie stands and marches out of the room. \*

60 EXT. MOTEL - DAY

60 \*

Laurie leans against a post, a WIDE VIEW open in the b.g. \*

Joe joins her on the porch. \*

LAURIE

Joe. This is no game for me. I've  
 been waiting to go to medical school  
 since third grade. \*

Joe holds up his hands, as if to say, "I got it." \*

LAURIE

(continuing)

It's not just because my parents are  
 doctors. They didn't pressure me.  
 It's just that...

As smooth as glass, Joe presses a hand to the post, leaning  
 on it, which naturally draws him closer to Laurie. \*

LAURIE

(continuing)

Medicine's one of the few things  
 that allows you to actually do  
 things for people. Like setting a  
 broken bone. God. I must sound  
 pretty naive... \*

JOE

(touching her shoulder)

Deltoid? \*

LAURIE

Uh-huh. It's not that I'm  
 completely... \*

JOE

(moving his hand)

Supraspinatus? \*

LAURIE

That's lower, I think. I'm not  
 completely innocent. I know  
 medicine isn't perfect, but there  
 aren't...

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 60

JOE \*

Trapezius?

LAURIE  
(getting turned on)

Rhomboid... There aren't very many  
fields where you can make a differ...

Now Joe leans closer. \*

JOE \*

Rhomboid major?

LAURIE

Minor. Yes...

They fold into each other's arms with a fury that comes as much from exhaustion as pent-up desire. They kiss, passionately, deeply.

They pull apart, looking at each other.

Joe leads Laurie by the hand, back into the room, but it's Laurie who kicks the door shut. \*

CAMERA DOLLIES TO A WINDOW that looks into the motel room, where we can see Joe and Laurie removing clothes, kissing, beginning to make love... \*

61 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT (MAGIC HOUR) 61 \*

The rain has stopped. Puddles reflect the neon of the motel sign. \*

A61 INT. MOTEL - NIGHT A61\*

The last orange rays of light spill through the dirty windows. The CAMERA FINDS Joe in bed, asleep. The CAMERA MOVES to find Laurie next to him. She is awake, staring at the wall. After a moment: \*

LAURIE  
(to herself)

... damn... \*

CUT TO:

62 INT. ANATOMY LAB - DAY 62

PERFECTLY STILL AND QUIET: Fifty students (the class is broken into thirds for exams) paired off at the cadavers. Most are wearing white lab coats. All of them are holding a clipboard and a pencil.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

They stand quietly, not writing, not examining the cadavers  
... UNTIL A TINY BELL GOES "TING." \*

DR. BANUMBRA

Begin.

The students go to work.

CAMERA FINDS CYNTHIA, studying a cadaver then writing  
something on her clipboard. \*

At the other end of Cynthia's table, a STUDENT identifies  
another structure.

"TING!"

AT ANOTHER TABLE: David moves on reluctantly, obviously  
unable to identify the structure he'd been studying.

As Joe and David exchange places, David glances at Joe's  
answer sheet. Joe catches him. \*

David gives Joe a desperate look. \*

Joe tilts his clipboard so David can see his answer sheet. \*

Rachel, arms folded, walks directly behind David and Joe.  
It's possible she's seen the exchange of answers. \*

"TING!"

CUT TO:

63 INT. ANATOMY LAB - DAY (LATER)

63

The exam is over. As the students pass out of the lab,  
Banumbra announces:

BANUMBRA

Grades will be posted no later than  
4 P.M. on Friday at the faculty  
office building.

CUT TO:

64 INT. STUDENT LOUNGE - DAY

64

A large hall filled with chairs, a place for reading,  
lounging, chatting. WE HEAR LOVELY PIANO MUSIC.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON DAVID, at a piano in the corner of the  
student lounge, playing with genuine pleasure and talent.

David glances at a clock: 2:45. \*

65 OMITTED 65 \*

& &

66 66 \*

67 EXT. RUNNING TRACK - DAY 67

We SEE Laurie running. However, this is not the same, confident girl we've known. After a moment or two, she stops, bending over to catch her breath. As we look at her gasping for air, we HEAR "Thump, thump; thump..." Not unlike the ticking of a clock. The nature of the sound is revealed to us when we GO TO:

68 INT. JOE & DAVID'S ROOM - DAY 68 \*

Joe lying in bed, tossing a rubber ball against the wall. With clock-like cadence he catches it, tosses it, catches it, tosses it. Then, he fumbles the ball. It bounces and rolls under David's bed. \*

Joe goes to his knees, stretching an arm under David's bed. He can't reach the ball. \*

UNDER THE BED

We SEE Joe slide under the bed. He grabs the ball. He is sliding out when he sees something. There, wedged between the bottom of the mattress and the springs of David's bed is a "baggie." \*

OUT FROM UNDER THE BED

Joe opens it. Inside is an envelope. \*

MACRO CLOSE-UP

It is clearly labeled "Pharmaceutical Dexadrine." Sure enough, it contains the familiar little white pills. \*

JOE \*

Has only a moment or two to consider this because we HEAR the noise level in the dorm increase -- doors slamming, running feet, etc. Joel and Ethan ENTER.

JOEL

Glory time, bud.

ETHAN

Grades are up.

They EXIT. Joe considers the envelope. He sticks it back where he found it, gets to his feet and EXITS. \*

D35 CONTINUED:

D35

JOE

Am I late?

\*

RACHEL

Yesterday I asked you to name the structures supplied by the...

JOE

(interrupting)

Internal thoracic artery. They are the thymus, the...

\*

RACHEL

(interrupting him)You don't have to name them. I asked you yesterday if you would be able to name them today. You said you would. I believe you.

Joe smiles, perhaps winking at Laurie. Miles is relieved. It's short-lived, however.

\*

RACHEL

(continuing)

Today I want you to locate and identify the descending thoracic aorta branches.

The room BECOMES QUIET. Obviously people are listening.

JOE

We didn't cover those in class, did we?

\*

RACHEL

It was assigned material, but not dwelt upon in lecture. But you're still responsible for the information.

Joe reaches for a probe.

\*

MILES

Dr. Woodruff, it hardly seems fair that all of us will be graded on...

RACHEL

Please, Mr. Reed. Your colleague is thinking.

JOE

(tentatively)

Here's the pericardial...

\*

(CONTINUED)

- 69 INT. DORM (CORRIDOR) - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 69  
 Students piling out of rooms, coming down stairs. Joe tries to walk casually along. Slowly, however, he picks up speed. Faster and faster. \*
- 70 EXT. DORM - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 70  
 Along with OTHER STUDENTS, Joe emerges from the dorm. Despite himself, he becomes just another member of the horde of medical students running to: \*
- 71 INT. FACULTY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 71  
 The hallway is jammed with STUDENTS trying to get a look at the sheets of computer paper posted on the wall. There are shrieks of delight. There are groans. There are also tears. Joe enters, the first person he encounters is a beaming Miles. \*

MILES

Hey, I admit it. Not what I had hoped for, but it's class standing that counts. Seventy-fifth percentile. It's one of the few benefits of being in a class with a bunch of jerks.

He EXITS as Joe makes his way to the wall with the grades. \*  
 Joe scans the list of numbers. \*

MACRO CLOSE-UP

We SEE the column as Joe's finger stops beside a particular social security number. His finger moves to the right. However, instead of a percentage result, there are these words: \*

"See Dr. Woodruff"

JOE \*

Studies this for a second, trying to absorb the meaning. Kim comes up behind him.

KIM

And...? \*

(Joe does not respond)

Or, shouldn't I ask?

JOE \*

No, I did all right. I know that. I owe money at the bookstore. Probably holding my grades until I clear it or something.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: 71

Suddenly, Joe notices that Kim is wearing a maternity dress. After a beat: \*

KIM  
Surprise, surprise.

72 INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 72

In a dim corner, Rachel sits with her feet propped up, packaging from a fast food meal lying at her feet. Her eyes are closed, her hands pressed to her temples, as if she has a headache.

She moves to her desk, where a MEDICAL FILE lies on the blotter. Rachel opens the file, thumbs through it.

She paces to the window; whatever is in the file weighs heavily on her.

JOE'S VOICE \*

Dr. Woodruff?

She turns. Joe stands in the doorway. \*

RACHEL \*

Mr. Slovak. Come in.  
(he does)

Shut the door.

Rachel goes back to staring out the window. A strange moment for Joe. \*

JOE \*

Listen, if this is about the bookstore, I got one of the student orderly positions, at the hospital. So I'll be able to take care of my debts...

RACHEL

Was David Epstein taking answers off your exam?

JOE \*

Absolutely not.

Rachel lights a cigarette. The glow illuminates her face for a moment, then the room falls back to twilight dimness.

She faces him.

RACHEL

Don't sit on my desk.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

He was leaning against it. He straightens.

RACHEL

(continuing)

I suppose I'll have to believe you.  
It looked, to me, like he was.

JOE

No. Is that all? \*

Rachel looks him over.

RACHEL

You did very well on first semester  
finals.

Joe breaks into a wide grin. \*

JOE

How well? \*

Rachel walks to her desk, opens the medical file lying on  
the blotter. She removes the top sheet of the file, as she  
says:

RACHEL

Memorizing facts is one thing.

Making sense of them...

(handing him the  
file, minus the  
top sheet)

You'll have Physical Diagnosis next  
year. You'll study real patients'  
files. Medical history, test  
results. You'll be asked to make  
your own diagnosis...

Reluctantly, Joe takes the file from her. \*

RACHEL

(continuing)

Study it. I'm curious to see what  
you come up with.

JOE

What's in it for me? \*

RACHEL

An education?

Joe is clearly not impressed. \*

RACHEL

How about extra credit?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

JOE

I don't need extra credit. As far as I know.

RACHEL

Maybe not now.

Joe holds the file, looking at her. After a moment:

RACHEL

(continuing)

Ninety-eight. On your anatomy practical. Ninety-four on the written.

Joe tries to control the HUGE SMILE that's threatening to break across his face. He rolls up the medical file, stuffing it into his pocket, as if to say, "I don't think I'll be needing extra credit, thank you." And he walks out of the room.

SMASH CUT TO:

73 INT. BAR &amp; RESTAURANT JUST OFF CAMPUS - NIGHT

73

An overjoyed Joe is blowing off steam. He and the twins, Joel and Ethan, are harmonizing on a version of "High-Heeled Sneakers" to the delight of several GIRLS. One in particular seems to go for Joe in a big way. The whole place has been taken over by MED-STUDENTS looking to party down. A BAND performs. A WAITRESS passes by, tray full of drinks.

MILES

-- sits with OTHER STUDENTS, who look as preppy as he is.

MILES

Some people call it ass-kissing. I call it politics. This isn't Harvard we're graduating from. We're learning the same things, but we're not meeting the same people. And that's how you get the quality job, in a quality hospital, dealing with quality patients. Maybe you want to spend your residency in the charity ward, giving AIDS tests to junkies, but I sure as hell don't.

They are all in agreement.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

ON JOE \*

-- as the song ends. The Band now takes off on a ballad and, just like in the movies, it's at this point that Joe spots: \*

LAURIE

She's on the other side of the room, chatting with friends. Joe makes his way across the room, taking time to dance a turn or two with VARIOUS GIRLS. At last, he reaches Laurie. She seems a little uneasy about seeing him. \*

JOE \*

Well...?

LAURIE

I thought I'd do better on the written, but I did really well on the practical.

(a breath, then:)

Listen, Joe... \*

JOE \*

I've gotten to know your answering machine pretty well. I called four times.

LAURIE

(clearly uncomfortable)

I've been doing some last minute Christmas shopping.

JOE \*

(sexy, into her neck)

I want to schedule another appointment, doctor. I'm experiencing that swelling problem again. I thought we could get together for a little therapy.

LAURIE

Joe, I... \*

Laurie gently but definitely pulls away from him just as a handsome young man named JERRY walks up. He hands Laurie a glass as he says, cheerfully:

JERRY

One strawberry daiquiri.  
(lifting his glass)

One Long Island Ice Tea.  
(to Joe) \*

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

73

LAURIE

Joe, this is Jerry Fanning-  
Forrester. My friend.

Jerry slips his arm around Laurie. This defines the word  
"friend" for Joe.

JOE

Well, my name's a couple of inches  
shorter than yours. Joe Slovak.  
(they shake)  
You from around here, Jerry?

As Jerry answers, Joe and Laurie look at one another. The  
real conversation is going on, unspoken, between them.

JERRY

San Francisco. We met at Berkeley.  
Holidays and the occasional weekend  
are the only time we have together  
these days.

A beat, then:

LAURIE

Jerry's driving me for Christmas.  
You going to spend Christmas with  
your folks?

JOE

No. I have a chance to work full-  
time over Christmas. Make a little  
money. You know how it is, Jerry.

At this point, the Girl we saw earlier comes up, putting  
her arm around Joe. To make a point to Laurie, Joe wraps  
his arm around the Girl and, as he pulls her away, he says:

JOE

(continuing)

So, Laurie, Jer... See you around.

Laurie watches them go. Jerry observes, casually:

JERRY

Funny sort of name, Slovak.

ON JOE AND THE GIRL

They dance. Joe is aware that Laurie is watching so he  
turns his charm on the Girl:

JOE

Uh, oh. Are your eyes bothering  
you?

(CONTINUED)

GIRL  
No, why?

66.

73

JOE  
Because they're killing me. Open  
and say "Ah."

\*

Giggling she does. Joe clamps his mouth over hers in a  
kiss.

\*

ON LAURIE

The point's been made. She turns away.

74 INT. JOE AND DAVID'S ROOM - NIGHT

74 \*

The room is quiet. We SEE a foot tapping manically against  
the leg of the desk. The CAMERA PEDESTALS UP to find David  
at the books, Walkman strapped to his ears, faint CLASSICAL  
MUSIC PLAYING. A moment later we HEAR VOICES, approaching  
from down the hall.

JOE & GIRL (O.S.)  
(singing)  
Doctor, doctor, Mr. M.D./ Can you  
tell me what's ailin' me?/ He said,  
"Yeah, Yeah, Yeah" All you need...

\*

They burst through the door:

JOE & GIRL  
Good lovin'! Gimme some good, good  
lovin'...!

\*

They fall onto Joe's bed, arms around one another. A  
couple of deep kisses then, the Girl indicates David.

\*

JOE  
Oh, David...? Oh, Dave...?

\*

There is a beat. Then, David slams his book shut and  
storms out of the room. Joe considers this. He gets up.

\*

GIRL  
Hey...

JOE  
Just... you know, hang in there for  
a second.

\*

Joe EXITS.

\*

75 EXT. CAMPUS (OUTSIDE DORM) - NIGHT

75

The campus is empty and quiet as Joe catches up to David,  
the clock tower standing over them.

\*

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

JOE

David, you've got a week off.  
Lighten up.

\*

DAVID

My father called me this afternoon.

JOE

Some kind of trouble at home?

\*

DAVID

Wanted to know how I did on semester  
finals. Twelve hundred miles and  
somehow he knew when the grades were  
being posted.

\*

JOE

You told him you did okay, right? I  
mean, you did okay.

\*

DAVID

Yeah, I told him I did okay.

JOE

Great. And what did he say?

\*

DAVID

Nothing. 'Know why? Because "okay"  
isn't good enough. Middle of the  
bell-shaped curve is not good  
enough.

David walks away. Joe calls to him:

\*

JOE

(to David's back)

What's going to make a difference?  
Taking speed?

\*

\*

David turns.

JOE

(continuing)

That shit can kill you.

\*

After looking at Joe for a moment, David turns and walks  
again.

\*

DAVID

Stay out of my stuff.

JOE

David, look. Screw the curve, screw  
your father. Gettin' through it  
alive is good enough.

\*

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

DAVID

That's easy for you to say, Slovak.  
Your father catches fish for a  
living.

\*

David takes off, into the night. Joe is about to go after  
him when the Girl calls from his dorm window.

\*

GIRL

Hey, is this happening or not?

For the first time, Joe seems at a loss. The clock in the  
tower looming over him strikes the hour.

\*

76 INT. HOSPITAL/EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

76 \*

Everywhere are the poor, the harmed, the delirious; and the  
"sorters": the police, the nurses, the paramedics and the  
orderlies. Through this walks:

JOE &amp; MILES

\*

Both wear blue orderly uniforms. As they go:

MILES

(referring to the  
people around them)

My dad says it's better to face this  
stuff when you're young and get it  
over with. Just hold your nose and  
do it and it'll look great on your  
resume.

77 INT. E.R. - DAY

77

Our two guys peek in. All is quiet. They enter. Joe  
looks around with a sense of fascination. Miles leans  
against a table.

\*

SUDDENLY A GURNEY COMES BLASTING THROUGH DOUBLE DOORS,  
carrying a BADLY BLEEDING MAN. A ferocious doctor, BANKS,  
is attending along with LOUISE, a nurse. There are TWO  
OTHER NURSES there, too.

NURSES SWING THE GURNEY to a parking spot.

BANKS

(to the Nurse)

A little heavier on the haldol,  
honey, I think our guy here's about  
to get a good look at God.

Banks has no trouble concentrating on several things at  
once.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

BANKS

(continuing; to Joe  
and Miles)You jokers going to a costume party  
or do you actually work here? \*

MILES

We're students, sir.

BANKS

(mock surprise; to  
the Nurse)Hey Louise, they're students.

LOUISE

No.

BANKS

Get a pressure bandage on that gut.  
(to Miles and Joe)

Do you students have names? \*

MILES

Miles Reed.

JOE

Joe Slovak. \*

BANKS

Report to triage.

Both Joe and Miles take a step away. \*

BANKS

(continuing)

Not you, Slovak. Stick around.  
(to the Nurse) \*Get his b.p. again.  
(to Joe) \*Do you come with your thumb up your  
butt or is that optional? \*

JOE

You talking to me? \*

BANKS

Hell, yes, I'm talking to you. Get  
a hold of this guy, will you?The patient is writhing deliriously. Joe doesn't know  
where to grab him. \*

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

BANKS

(continuing)

Get a grip on his shoulders. Use  
the brains God gave you...

Joe pins the man to the table. \*

BANKS

(continuing)

There you go. I hope you had time  
to shit, sleep and screw somebody  
before you got here, partner,  
because you ain't goin' to have time  
to grab your dick or your ass. And  
my nurses don't have time to do it  
for you. Isn't that right, Louise?

LOUISE

If you say so, boss.

BANKS

(to Joe)

Fifteen hours a week? \*

JOE

Yeah. And full time over Christmas. \*

BANKS

Dedicated or poor?

JOE

Poor. \*

BANKS

Your friend's not poor.

JOE

He's not my friend, either.

BANKS

You can ease up now, partner.

Joe's still got a firm hold on the Patient that is now  
UNCONSCIOUS. \*

BANKS

(continuing)

You don't have to hold 'em so tight  
once the meds kick in.

(to the Nurse)

Get his b.p. again and get him  
upstairs.

(to Joe)

Nice to have you aboard... I like  
your shirt. \*

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (3) 77

Joe looks down at his blood-splattered shirt. \*

'SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN' takes us to:

78 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY 78

We SEE little Nina sitting on SANTA'S LAP. Santa is asking her what she wants. Shy, Nina requires some coaxing.

REVERSE

We SEE Kim (in maternity clothes from now on) standing with Ed.

KIM

Do you know what she wants for Christmas? She's always in bed when I get home. Has she mentioned anything to you?

ED

Usual stuff.

(beat, then)

She'd probably like her mommy back.

Nina comes running up, bounding into Ed's arms.

79 INT. RORBACH HOME - DAY OR NIGHT 79

An elegant CHRISTMAS TREE dominates this beautiful living room. Laurie sits with her MOTHER & FATHER. Jerry is going on about something as the CAMERA MOVES IN on Laurie. She's a million miles away.

JERRY (O.S.)

So, I told them I couldn't be a party to it. S.E.C. aside, there's always the chance that someone in Richmond's office would blow the whistle. Maybe I'm over cautious but, that's not such a bad thing early in one's career. Laurie would agree with me on that point.

LAURIE

(after a beat)

Hmmmm?

80 INT. HOSPITAL (CORRIDOR) - NIGHT 80

Late at night. Way down at the end of the hallway, his reflection cast back along the linoleum, is Joe. He is mopping the floor. Somewhere, a tinny sounding radio is playing Christmas music. \*

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

RACHEL (V.O.)  
I hope you all had a pleasant  
holiday...

CUT TO:

81 INT. ANATOMY LAB - DAY

81

We suddenly find ourselves back in lab. Our group seems a little awkward around each other. Kim in her early maternity clothes, Joe & Laurie looking at one another, David tapping his hand maniacally on the table. Only Miles seems untouched. Rachel moves around the room. She CONTINUES:

\*

RACHEL  
... and are ready for an exciting  
and productive second semester.  
Your first anatomy quiz of this  
brand new semester will be this  
Friday covering the structures  
contained in chapters eleven and  
twelve.

\*

There are GROANS as the students get down to business.

BANUMBRA  
To work, people.

The lab sets to work. Rachel has ended up at our group's table. She first looks at David. David keeps his eyes down, avoiding hers. Then, Rachel turns to Kim.

RACHEL  
When are you due?

KIM  
July 13th.

RACHEL  
If the smell of the chemicals  
becomes too much for you, consider a  
respirator mask.

(to Joe)  
I heard from Howard Banks you've  
been assigned to the E.R. It must  
be very interesting, watching front  
line medicine.

\*

JOE  
It's okay.

\*

MILES  
Come on, Joe. It's more than "OK."  
I'd call it fascinating.

\*

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

RACHEL

You're in the E.R. too? \*

MILES

Uh, no. I was in administration. \*  
 Actually, I left, wanting to devote \*  
 more time to my studies. \*

(now that he has  
 Rachel's ear)

And, I'd also like to say how  
 excited I am to be starting the  
 dissection of the head. Wouldn't  
 you say that Neurology is one of the  
 more challenging aspects of  
 medicine?

RACHEL

(tolerating him)

Absolutely, Mr. Reed.

From the center of the room, Dr. Banumbra announces:

BANUMBRA

When your group is ready to open the  
 skull, just ask for a chisel and  
 saw. One set per table. Saw  
 through carefully, you don't want to  
 damage the dura mater or the brain.

CUT TO:

82 INT. ANATOMY LAB - DAY (LATER)

82

We SEE a CLOSE-UP of the covering over the head. It is  
 pulled away revealing, for the first time, the face of the  
 cadaver they've been working on.

ON OUR GROUP

They look at the face, considering it for a moment. Per-  
 haps there's just a touch of the feelings they had when  
 they first unwrapped the cadaver.

MILES

(reading)

"Make an incision from the vertex to  
 the chin..."

Joe, with the scalpel, leans toward the cadaver. \*

LAURIE

The skin's very thin. Go easy.

Joe looks up sharply. \*

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

JOE  
You want to do this?

\*

LAURIE  
No...

JOE  
One person dissects at a time.  
Either it's me or it's you.

\*

The others look at one another.

LAURIE  
(beat)  
Fine.

Joe goes back to work, the matter settled.

\*

LAURIE  
(continuing)  
Just don't screw it up.

83 EXT. MEDICAL SCHOOL BUILDING/ANATOMY LAB - DAY

83

Students emerging from lab. Joe is walking alone. Laurie comes to his side. Joe does not slow down for her, or look at her.

\*

LAURIE  
Listen...

JOE  
How's Jerry?

\*

LAURIE  
Joe...

\*

JOE  
Great guy. I could tell. Maybe it was the linen pants.

\*

Laurie stands directly in front of Joe, he has to stop.

\*

LAURIE  
Not that it's any of your business,  
but I'm not engaged to Jerry, I'm  
not even seeing him anymore.

JOE  
Does Jerry know that?

\*

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

LAURIE

(cutting him off)

And I'll tell you the same thing I told him. There's only one thing I care about. The only thing I have time to care about. That's school.

JOE

Right. And when it comes to it, who would you rather take home to "mom and dad"?

LAURIE

(walking away)

You are so wrong!

Second Gauntlet Montage

84 INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

84

A LECTURER walks among the STUDENTS.

LECTURER

Everything we talked about up to this point was just laying the groundwork for much more complex information.

(a weak smile)

Believe it or not.

Cynthia leans over to Joe.

CYNTHIA

I believe it.

CUT TO:

A84 INT. KIM'S HOUSE (KITCHEN)

A84\*

We SEE Kim, now obviously pregnant, sitting by herself in her kitchen. She's drinking a large cup of coffee as she pores over books before her. Beside the toaster is a human skull. She lifts the skull to refer to it. She jumps, having been "kicked" by her unborn baby, and fumbles the skull. It hits the ground and breaks.

MOMENTS LATER

We SEE Kim, with Elmer's Glue, trying to fit the skull back together.

CUT TO:

B84 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

B84\*

Joe is transferring AN OBESE PATIENT from a wheelchair to a hospital bed. The patient offers no assistance whatsoever. Joe gets the patient halfway to the bed and begins to lose his balance.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

C84 EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

C84

A LIBRARIAN turning the lock on the closed library door, where the hours are clearly posted.

In his grungy orderly's uniform, Joe comes running up the library steps, SLAMMING INTO THE DOOR, expecting it to be open.

\*

Checking the time, checking his watch, Joe is frantic.

\*

JOE  
(banging on the door)  
C'mon! Give me a break!

\*

Finally the LIBRARIAN opens the door -- just a little.

LIBRARIAN  
We close promptly at ten o'clock.

JOE  
(pointing to his  
watch)  
It's nine fifty-eight.

\*

LIBRARIAN  
(checking her watch)  
It's two minutes past ten.

JOE  
I have to copy one article before tomorrow. I know exactly where it is...

\*

LIBRARIAN  
The library closes promptly at ten o'clock.

JOE  
(exploding)  
GODDAMN YOU! I was here at eight o'clock this morning, and the place wasn't open! I waited for three minutes, and nobody showed up, nobody let me in.

\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

C84 CONTINUED:

C84

JOE (CONT'D)

I've been in class all day, I've been working all night, and now you won't let me into the goddamn library! WHERE WERE YOU AT EIGHT O'CLOCK THIS MORNING, HUH?! YOU OWE ME THREE MINUTES!!

The LIBRARIAN SHUTS THE DOOR on Joe, locks it tight. \*

JOE \*

DAMN!

Facing the street, Joe finds: \*

LAURIE

on the sidewalk, with a friend (FEMALE), watching him. Apparently, she was walking by.

JOE \*

(pretending he's just  
left the library)

Thanks for your help.

Joe skips down the library steps, past Laurie without a word. She and her friend move on, Laurie glancing back. \*

D84 OMITTED

D84\*

E84 INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

E84

Joe and David are in class. A PROFESSOR is handing out tests. \*

PROFESSOR

One hour, one hundred questions, ladies and gentlemen. Think about it. That's thirty-six seconds per question. Judge your time accordingly.

Joe looks at David whose foot is tapping rapidly on the floor. \*

CUT TO:

F84 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

F84\*

An INSTRUCTOR is standing over Kim as she responds to questions, pointing at the skull we saw earlier. At one point, she touches the skull with the probe. It splits in half, falling apart on the demonstration table. Kim gulps.

CUT TO:

85  
thru  
92

OMITTED

85  
thru  
92

93 INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

93

We SEE an INSTRUCTOR handing back test papers. David gets his. We can tell by his expression that the results are not good.

CUT TO:

A93 INT. MEDICAL SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

A93

David walking quickly down the hall, Joe following.

\*

JOE

\*

So you didn't ace one quiz, so what?

DAVID

Ace? I flunked. Three quizzes already this term.

JOE

\*

I'll help you catch up.

DAVID

(temper rising)

Okay. You want to outline four chapters of histology for me tonight? Or maybe you want to transcribe my immunology notes.

JOE

\*

Hey, if it's any comfort, you're not alone.

David faces him. Joe holds the test paper that was just handed back.

\*

JOE

\*

(continuing)

Sixty-eight.

David can't help it -- he smiles. Immediately, he loses it.

B93 INT. DAVID AND JOE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

B93\*

Empty. And a wreck, even David's side not as neat as it used to be.

Joe BURSTS into the room, throwing books onto his bed. He hits the button on his tape player, ROCK AND ROLL FILLING THE ROOM, as Joe gets ready for work, in a frenzy.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

B93 CONTINUED:

B93

Singing and rocking with the MUSIC, Joe pulls his shirt over his head, careening into furniture when he can't get the shirt past his neck. Freed, he reaches for a can of deodorant, shakes it -- it's empty. There's a bottle of mouthwash on David's desk. Joe splashes some onto his hands, rubbing it under his arms. Then he finds his green orderly's top and pulls it on.

\*

\*

Joe pulls two textbooks from his shelf, to take them to work. Something tumbles from the shelf -- it's the MEDICAL FILE Rachel gave him in her office.

\*

Joe considers the file for half a second, then adds it to the stack of textbooks.

\*

\*

C93 INT. HOSPITAL/E.R. - NIGHT

C93

Transferring rubber tubes from boxes into a drawer, Joe is reading a textbook at the same time.

\*

Joe shuts the textbook, showing real boredom with the subject. He notices the medical file on top of his stack of books nearby.

\*

Joe opens the file, flips through one or two pages. He stops at a particular page, as if something has caught his attention. In spite of himself, the file holds an interest for him.

\*

LOUISE

Don't strain yourself, hotshot.

Joe's so interested in the file, he merely GRUNTS a reply.

\*

CUT TO:

D93 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT (A DAY OR TWO LATER)

D93

Joe approaches a table with the MEDICAL FILE and a HUGE STACK OF VERY THICK REFERENCE BOOKS, which he drops onto the table with a THUD.

\*

People look up, annoyed.

CUT TO:

E93 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT (AN HOUR OR SO LATER)

E93

Joe is deeply involved with the reference books, which are spread all over the table before him. In the center, right in front of Joe, is the unmistakable medical file.

\*

\*

Taking a break, to rub his eyes, Joe sees something.

\*

(CONTINUED)

E93 CONTINUED:

E93

JOE'S POV

\*

Rachel just a few tables away. Doing work of her own. She glances up. Her eyes meet Joe's.

\*

Joe goes back to his work. His energy is renewed; he begins quickly flipping pages in a reference book, searching for the appropriate answers.

\*

F93 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT (ANOTHER HOUR LATER)

F93

CLOSE ON RACHEL

Closing her book, about to leave. Near Rachel rests a pack of chewing gum, the kind that's supposed to help people quit smoking.

Rachel looks up, finding Joe standing in front of her. He's holding the thick medical file.

\*

JOE

You said I could get extra credit researching this. Does the offer still stand?

RACHEL

The offer stands.

JOE

How much?

\*

RACHEL

You're a businessman, aren't you?

They are SHUSHED by a STUDENT.

RACHEL

(continuing; lower)

Twenty points.

JOE

Thirty.

\*

RACHEL

Twenty-five.

(Joe's about to say something)

Take it or leave it.

\*

Joe smiles.

\*

(CONTINUED)

F93 CONTINUED:

F93

RACHEL

(continuing)

But you still have to do the  
research.

Joe drops the medical file onto the table in front of  
Rachel. \*

JOE \*

I've done it.

Again, Joe is SHUSHED. \*

STUDENT

Sh! Please!

CUT TO:

G93 EXT. STREET, NOT FAR FROM CAMPUS - NIGHT

G93

Joe and Rachel walking side by side through a residential  
neighborhood. \*

JOE \*

... This patient's got so many  
things going wrong with so many  
systems, and it all comes and goes.  
I thought, it's got to be viral.  
But it can't be viral, there's not a  
virus that does all this.

RACHEL

What about the blood work?

JOE \*

Exactly. A platelet count of  
55,000.

RACHEL

Which means...?

JOE \*

I don't know. I mean, I'm not sure  
exactly, except that there's  
something out of whack in the  
kidneys. Then I see nephritis, way  
too much protein in the urine, so I  
know it's the kidneys. But there  
are still all those other systems to  
account for. So I'm completely  
confused...

Joe speaks with an excitement we haven't heard in a long  
time. Solving this medical puzzle has turned him on. \*

(CONTINUED)

G93 CONTINUED:

G93

JOE

(continuing)

... Until I find a reference from four years ago, one of the early ones -- "butterfly rash." And then it's perfectly clear.

(pausing for dramatic effect)

Systemic lupus erythematosus.

They've stopped in front of a charming California bungalow that stands behind a well-kept garden. A sprinkler is gently spraying.

Joe stands before Rachel, waiting to be patted on the back.

RACHEL

Prognosis?

JOE

Prognosis...

RACHEL

Let me put it this way, if you were this patient's doctor, what would you say to him, or her?

Joe senses, at the least, a trick question. At the worst, a double-cross.

JOE

(carefully)

I'd say, I think we need more tests.

RACHEL

More tests? Do you think there's anything you can do to this patient that hasn't already been done, and recorded, right in that file?

JOE

(losing his temper)

Look. We have a deal. I did the research, I got the right diagnosis. Do I get my extra credit or not?

RACHEL

Just tell me what you would say to this patient.

JOE

(cocky)

I guess I'd say, "goodbye."

(CONTINUED)

G93 CONTINUED: (2)

G93

RACHEL

That's what you'd say?

JOE

Shit happens. Do I get my credit or not? \*

A moment. Rachel looking him over. Then she drops her eyes to the ground.

RACHEL

Write up your research. Leave it in my office.

Rachel walks toward her front door. Joe watches. He studies the neat little house, trying to fit it in with Rachel Woodruff, the terror of anatomy lab. \*

CUT TO:

H93 INT. HOSPITAL (E.R. CORRIDOR) - NIGHT

H93

Joe is walking down the corridor, reading a textbook. Suddenly, Banks reaches out from a room and grabs him: \*

BANKS

Slovak! Get in here!!! \*

The book hits the floor as Joe goes flying into: \*

I93 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM (E.R.) - NIGHT

I93

Banks and an E.R. team are working frantically on a GUNSHOT VICTIM, probably a gang member, who's writhing, struggling.

BANKS

(to Joe)

Hold his legs. \*

GANG MEMBER

I don't want that ugly fucker touching me!

BANKS

Grab him by the ankles, Slovak! \*

Joe goes for the ankles, the Gang Member KICKS JOE IN THE CHIN, SENDING HIM FLYING. \*

J93 INT. ANATOMY LAB - DAY

J93

Miles, Kim, Joe and Laurie at work. They are all more frazzled than we've seen before. Joe's chin is taped, his lips swollen. Kim now wears a respirator mask of the type used by house painters. Rachel stands nearby. \*

(CONTINUED)

J93 CONTINUED:

J93

RACHEL  
 (to the class)  
 Who can tell me the primary function  
 of the buccinator muscle and its  
 arterial supply?

Some hands go up. Joe yawns. \*

RACHEL  
 (continuing)  
 Mr. Slovak? \*

JOE  
 I... uh... \*

RACHEL  
 (cutting him no slack)  
 Mr. Kelly?

KELLY, another student, answers.

KELLY  
 It's related to mastication and  
 supplied by the buccal.

Joe is left in the dust. Something not lost on him or  
 those around him. \*

K93 INT. STUDY HALL - DAY

K93

The CAMERA MOVES by students studying. Several are asleep,  
 face down in open books. The CAMERA FINDS David. Suffer-  
 ing from eye strain, he puts some drops in his eyes. A  
 hand reaches in and the drops are PASSED TO LAURIE. She  
 puts drops in her eyes.

CUT TO:

L93 OMITTED  
 thru  
 95

L93  
 thru  
 95

96 INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

96

In half-light, Joe stumbles in, exhausted, wearing his  
 dirty orderly's uniform. David is asleep. \*

Joe doesn't undress. He just crawls into bed with a grunt. \*

A MOMENT OF QUIET, THEN:

AN ALARM CLOCK RINGS.

David switches it off.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

Goes directly from bed to his desk, turns on his desk lamp and begins studying a book lying open, waiting for him.

Joe pulls a pillow over his head and GROANS. \*

JOE \*

David...

DAVID

(low and tense)

... sorry...

Joe looks to the wall. We SEE the shadow cast by David. We HEAR the pop of a pill bottle cap. Though the shadow is fuzzy and ill-defined, it's still obvious that David has just put something in his mouth. \*

Joe closes his eyes. \*

DISSOLVE TO:

97 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR/EMERGENCY WARD - DAY

97

DOCTORS COMING TOWARD CAMERA, walking past patients in gurneys. An ARCHITECT is at the front of the group, blueprints in hand, describing upcoming reconstruction.

ARCHITECT

... expand the hall, so we can add examination rooms, and two staff restrooms...

THE DOCTORS PASS CAMERA REVEALING JOE, trudging behind them, pushing a PATIENT on a gurney. \*

The Patient is an OLD MAN who looks frightened, semi-delirious. He's mumbling, moaning and making Joe's job as difficult as possible. He grabs at open doorways, trying to stop the gurney. \*

JOE \*

Don't do that.

OLD MAN

I want to go home. Take me home.  
Take me to Palm Street.

JOE \*

What do you think this is, a taxicab?

The Old Man sits up, trying to climb off the gurney.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

JOE  
(continuing)  
Get down, hey...

Joe loses control of the gurney, slamming into a supply cart. Scissors, bandages, boxes of hypodermics go rolling off the cart. Joe scrambles to retrieve them.

JOE  
(continuing)  
Great. Now look what you've done.

OLD MAN  
I want to go home.

The Old Man RIPS OUT an I.V. tube, blood begins running down his arm. He tries climbing off the gurney.

JOE  
Hey! Don't do that! Sit down.

The Doctors on the architectural tour are a few feet away. Joe calls to them.

JOE  
(continuing)  
Can somebody help me here?!  
(to the Old Man, who's  
really struggling)  
Stop! Calm down.  
(to the Doctors)  
Can I have some help?  
(to anyone)  
Can I have some help over here?  
Hey! Can I have some goddamn help,  
please?!

Finally Louise and another NURSE show up, immediately taking charge.

LOUISE  
Easy, take it easy.  
(to Joe)  
Take his legs.

The three of them ease the Patient back to the gurney.

LOUISE  
(continuing)  
That's better. Hold his wrists, we  
have to strap him in.  
(to Joe)  
We've got things under control now.  
Why don't you clean up this mess.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

Joe steps back, wiping sweat from his forehead. The incident's left him a little shaken. \*

The group of Doctors is now only a few feet away. Joe picks up supplies that have scattered around their feet. \*

ARCHITECT

... if we had another entrance,  
through that wall...

JOE

(to the Doctors)

Thanks for the help, guys. No, really, I don't know what I would have done without you. I mean, maybe the jerk could've hurt himself, or even died, who knows, but hey, it's not like this is a hospital, or you're a bunch of doctors or anything... \*

DOCTOR

Who are you?

JOE

Who me? \*

DOCTOR

Yes, who are you?

JOE

(getting really  
hostile)

You want to know who I am? I'll tell you -- \*

Louise WHISKS Joe away by the arm. \*

LOUISE

(over her shoulder;  
to the Doctors)

Excuse me, gentlemen. Please go on with your business.

JOE

Yeah, don't let us interfere... \*

Louise SQUEEZES Joe's arm. \*

LOUISE

(low; to Joe)

Relax, hotshot. Relax... \*

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (3)

97

They turn a corner, out of sight of the Doctors. Louise is smiling.

LOUISE

(continuing)

That was the head of surgery you just mouthed off to. Feeling proud of yourself?

JOE

I guess I'm tired.

LOUISE

I don't blame you. If you ask me, they're overdoing it. They don't have to be so tough on you.

JOE

Hey. Medical school's tough on everybody. That's the point, right?

LOUISE

Sure. But med school's tough enough, without Woodruff asking Banks to put you through the wringer.

(Joe reacts)

I mean, these student orderly positions weren't intended to run you into the ground. What's she trying to do, anyway?

Louise moves on, but Joe stays put, his eyes narrowing...

CUT TO:

98 INT. ANATOMY LAB - DAY

98

CLOSE ON: A NERVOUS HAND underlining a sentence in a textbook.

CAMERA REVEALS DAVID, near the feet of the cadaver, reading.

The rest of the group is gathered at the other end of the table. Kim wears her respirator mask and looks like she has a bowling ball under her dress. Joe is not there.

KIM

(through the respirator)

Overlying the upper border of the sublingual salivary gland. Several small sublingual ducts open to the plica...

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

MILES

Isn't it Mr. Epstein's turn to man  
the dissector today?

DAVID

I have to make up this biochem quiz  
in half an hour. Does that mean  
anything to you, Miles?

ANGLE - DOUBLE DOORS

Joe entering the lab. He is NOT in a pleasant mood. In fact, he seems to have something on his mind. \*

JOE'S POV \*

Rachel coming down the center aisle, directly in front of him.

RACHEL

(to students)

The best way to identify the  
hypoglossal nerve is to follow it  
backward from the digastric  
triangle...

Looking up, Rachel notices Joe standing in front of her. He's GLARING at her. \*

Finally, he heads for his table, but he keeps his eyes on her as he does. And she watches him. Two warriors circling each other.

RACHEL

(continuing)

... the hypoglossal nerve is closely  
adherent to the inferior ganglion of  
the vagus... Now who can tell me...? \*

ANGLE - JOE ARRIVING AT OUR GROUP'S TABLE. Miles gives him a "late again" look. \*

RACHEL

(nearby, to another group)

And how do you know that's the  
accessory nerve?

Our group is suddenly very aware that Rachel is near.

MILES

(praying)

Oh, Christ, please leave us alone  
today. Pick on somebody else...

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2)

98

Rachel moves to the table directly BEHIND our group's.

RACHEL

Who can tell me what nerves are damaged if the corneal surface is dry?

(no one answers)

C'mon, ladies and gentlemen. Where are the secretomotor fibers? They run in the facial and greater petrosal nerves, don't they?

JOE

They also run in the vidian, maxillary, zygomatic and lacrimal nerves.

\*

Rachel glances over her shoulder, surprised.

MILES

(through clenched teeth; to Joe)

For Christ's sake, Slovak...

\*

\*

JOE

Of course, there are plenty of reasons for dryness on the surface of the cornea. Nerve damage is one small possibility...

\*

LAURIE

(under her breath)

What are you doing?

Rachel steps up to OUR GROUP'S TABLE. David shoves his book under the cadaver, reaching quickly for his dissector.

RACHEL

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen.

ALL (EXCEPT JOE)

Good morning.

\*

RACHEL

How is everybody today?

(to Kim, with a smile)

You're coming along. How do you feel?

KIM

Like I'm walking around with a bowling ball strapped to my waist. But I think I'll be okay.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (3)

98

RACHEL

How about you, Mr. Slovak? You seem to be feeling particularly well-informed today.

\*

JOE

You could say that.

\*

RACHEL

Good.

Rachel takes a step away... The group stands frozen, thinking they've gotten off easily...

Until Rachel PAUSES -- across the cadaver from David.

RACHEL

(continuing)

And how are you, Mr. Epstein?

DAVID

(terrified)

Fine, I, uh, think...

Rachel retrieves David's biochem text from under Harry's leg. She turns it over, examining it.

RACHEL

It must be quite a drain, reading a bio-chemistry textbook and dissecting at the same time.

DAVID

I have this...

RACHEL

(cutting him off)

The suprarenal gland receives arteries from three sources. Would you be kind enough to name and locate them?

David GOES WHITE.

DAVID

There are some parts of the stomach that I'm not totally...

JOE

The suprarenal gland receives arteries from the superior suprarenal artery...

\*

RACHEL

I'm not asking you, Mr. Slovak...

\*

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (4)

98

JOE

... from the inferior phrenic, the  
middle suprarenal from the abdominal  
aorta...

RACHEL

MR. SLOVAK!

The entire classroom is SILENCED. Rachel has lost her  
cool, perhaps for the first time in her teaching career.

Joe looks perfectly satisfied.

Rachel speaks with a deliberate calmness.

RACHEL

(continuing)

What do you think this is, tag-team  
medicine? This is an oral-over-the-  
cadaver quiz, something you should  
be familiar with. I'm asking a  
question that any student in the  
eighth month of anatomy class should  
be able to answer. Today we're  
standing over a cadaver. Someday  
Mr. Epstein may be standing over a  
patient. You won't be there to give  
him the answers.

(beat)

Suprarenal glands, Mr. Epstein?

David drops his head, swaying a little, suddenly off  
balance.

JOE

David...

DAVID

(low)

I can't do this. I have to, excuse  
me...

And he walks away from the table. Joe and the others share  
embarrassed, curious glances.

Suddenly WE HEAR a FEMALE STUDENT GASP.

ANGLE - THE AISLE: David has collapsed.

Dr. Banumbra DIVES INTO ACTION, checking David's pulse.

RACHEL

(to an ASSISTANT)

Call security.

Joe, Laurie, Kim, Miles and others crowd around David.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (5)

98

BANUMBRA

What's he on?

No one speaks.

RACHEL

(to Joe)

Quickly!

There is almost a standoff between them, then:

JOE

Dexadrine, probably thirty to forty milligrams.

Laurie and the others look at Joe with surprise.

BANUMBRA

Go get them.

After one look at David, Joe takes off.

CUT TO:

99 INT. DEAN'S OFFICE (RECEPTION AREA) - DAY

99

Dark wood and official -- the kind of place that makes people nervous. One heavy door is marked "Office of the Dean."

In sports jacket and tie, Joe is waiting.

When the DEAN'S ASSISTANT comes out of the Dean's office, Joe starts with anticipation. But she says nothing, closing the door on HUSHED VOICES.

Finally Rachel comes out.

To Joe's surprise, Rachel approaches him. THEY SPEAK IN HUSHED TONES.

RACHEL

He'll be expelled.

JOE

Christ.

RACHEL

You may be asked to leave.

JOE

Two skins on your belt this year.

RACHEL

David Epstein was not meant to be a doctor of medicine.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

JOE  
In your opinion.

\*

RACHEL  
In his opinion.

JOE  
And me?

\*

Rachel looks at him, then:

RACHEL  
You have a chance to stay in school.  
Show the Dean you're sorry.. Be  
respectful...

JOE  
You mean kiss his ass?

\*

The door to the Dean's office opens, the DEAN'S ASSISTANT  
coming out.

DEAN'S ASSISTANT  
Mr. Slovak?

\*

100 INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

100

The Dean sits behind his imperious, antique desk, Rachel  
and three other PROFESSORS at his side.

DEAN  
... your lack of judgment cannot be  
brushed aside. You know that drug  
use is not tolerated on this campus.  
You knew that Mr. Epstein was  
endangering himself, and you did  
nothing to alert us. I can't think  
of any explanation for your  
behavior, but still, I want to hear  
what you have to say.

Joe sits in a big chair facing the Dean.

\*

JOE  
What I did was, as you say,  
completely irresponsible, and...

\*

DEAN  
Speak up, Mr. Slovak. We can hardly  
hear you.

\*

JOE  
I said... My behavior was completely  
irresponsible and inexcusable.

\*

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

The Dean seems pleased by Joe's response. \*

DEAN

Well. You seem to understand the gravity of your actions. Your grades are good, your professors speak well of you...

CLOSE ON RACHEL, looking relieved.

JOE \*

(interrupting)

Excuse me, Dean. But I'm not finished.

CLOSE ON RACHEL: closing her eyes.

JOE \*

(continuing)

David was trying to get by on three hours of sleep a night. I mean, what do you expect of us?

(trying to collect his thoughts)

David took speed to try and keep up. Okay. We're all sorry about that. But I'm not the one who set the workload. I'm not the one who lectures people to death, who assigns more reading than is humanly possible to get through.

(directly to Rachel)

I am not the one who roams around the anatomy lab like some shark in the water, looking to see who I can bump off, whose life I can make more miserable. \*

(to all of them)

And I'm, sure as shit, not going to be the one to stand here and ask your forgiveness over what happened to David Epstein. You want me to beg you to let me stay? Forget it. You can keep your medical school. And you know what you can do with it. I give up. You got me. You win. I quit...

Joe storms out. There is a beat. Everyone in the room turns to Rachel. An odd sort of smile comes over her face. \*

A100 INT. JOE &amp; DAVID'S ROOM - DAY

A100\*

Joe storms in, at once grabbing things out of drawers. Out comes a suitcase. Things are tossed in. \*

(CONTINUED)

A100 CONTINUED:

A100

Joe turns and comes face to face with:

MR. & MRS. EPSTEIN -- David's parents. They are quiet. They come in. They indicate several pasteboard boxes on David's bed.

MR. EPSTEIN

Are these David Epstein's things?

(adding)

We're his parents. You're his roommate?

JOE

Uh... yeah. Joe. How is David?

\*

\*

MR. EPSTEIN

Better. We keep telling him there are other schools.

JOE

He wants to go back to school?

\*

MR. EPSTEIN

Of course. I'm sure he will. After he's had time to recover.

(To Mrs. Epstein)

I'll carry this out.

He takes a box and EXITS leaving Mrs. Epstein alone with Joe. Not knowing quite what to do, she looks about David's side of the room. As she does, she comments, with a certain amount of uneasiness:

\*

MRS. EPSTEIN

We're all so devastated over this. It's the worst thing that's ever happened to us.

\*

JOE

It didn't happen to you. It happened to David.

\*

MRS. EPSTEIN

You have no right to say that.

CUT TO:

101 INT. SLOVAK HOUSE - DAY

101\*

Mama Slovak is on the telephone, talking as she goes about household chores.

\*

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

MAMA SLOVAK

A sore throat, that's how it starts, Sarah. I'm telling you. You tell your Fred he better be careful. At his age, this could turn into something.

We HEAR a car pull up and a car door open.

MAMA SLOVAK

(continuing)

Listen, someone is coming to the door. I'll call you back.

Mama Slovak hangs up. We FOLLOW as she crosses to the front door. Through the screen door she sees Joe. She is over-joyed as she runs to the door, throwing it open. She gives him a huge hug.

MAMA SLOVAK

(continuing)

Joe! You didn't tell us you'd be coming home! I don't know where your father is. There's nothing in the ice box...

Joe smiles at her. Sensing something amiss, she steps back. Her eyes run down to the suitcase in Joe's hand. She looks back up at him. Joe's smile broadens.

JOE

You didn't give my room away did you, mom?

102 INT. SLOVAK HOME - NIGHT

102\*

Mama Slovak, Papa Slovak, Frankie and Joe sit at the dinner table, eating in tense silence. After a few seconds, Frankie looks up.

Joe finds Frankie STARING AT HIM. Joe returns Frankie's stare, challenging him to say something.

Frankie backs down, going back to eating.

FRANKIE

Joe? I'm getting a JV letter in track this year.

Joe gives Frankie a weak smile.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. SLOVAK HOME - NIGHT (DUSK) 103\*

Joe sits on the front porch. From inside the house, he can hear his mother and father having a tense, whispered conversation. \*

Finally, Papa Slovak steps out the screen door. \*

PAPA SLOVAK \*

Your mother wants me to ask you what happened. But I told her you'll tell us when you're good and ready. \*

A PAUSE. Clearly, Papa Slovak expects Joe to explain now. \*

PAPA SLOVAK \*

(continuing; after a beat)

Are you ready? \*

JOE \*

No. \*

PAPA SLOVAK \*

Oh. Well... \*

(starts back inside, but pauses to say)

You know you can stay here as long as you want. This is your home. \*

JOE \*

Thanks, Pop. \*

PAPA SLOVAK (O.S.) \*

He's not ready. \*

CUT TO: \*

104 EXT. DOCKS - DAY 104

Joe walks along beside the fishing boats. The CREWS are busy mending nets. Few, if any, look up, or speak to Joe, or seem to notice him. \*

JOE'S POV \*

Jorgenson, the man who owns the Slovak boat, is on the docks, haggling with a fisherman who resembles Joe's father. \*

Joe turns to walk in the other direction, but it's too late. Jorgenson has seen him. \*

JORGENSON \*

Hello, Joe. 'Heard you were back. \*

Joe makes no response. He just keeps walking. \*

105 EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

105

Alone, Joe shoots baskets on a lighted court in an otherwise deserted park. His playing has an edge of anger to it. \*

ANGLE ON LAURIE

Stepping onto the court. She takes a moment to watch Joe. \*

Joe sees her. He's surprised, but he tries to hide it, continuing with his playing. \*

LAURIE

(finally)

I met your parents. They said you might be here.

(still nothing  
from Joe)

They seemed like very nice people. \*

JOE

You're on the court. You wanna watch, stand off the court. \*

LAURIE

Maybe I want to play.

Joe gives a look that says, "Don't waste my time." \*

LAURIE

(continuing)

Look, I gave up two and a half hours to drive down here. I have a Physiology lecture I should be in. \*

JOE

You shouldn't end your sentences with a preposition. \*

LAURIE

I have a Physiology lecture I should be in, asshole.

Laurie grabs the ball off the rebound. She dribbles it around. Though the approach is playful, it's obvious that there is serious calculation behind her actions. She's baiting him.

Joe stands there, looking bored. \*

JOE

Give me the ball. \*

LAURIE

What's the matter? Afraid to play with a girl?

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

It's clear that Joe's pent-up anger and frustration are bubbling near the surface. He knows it's stupid to fight over a ball but would, nonetheless, like to grab the ball and punch her out. As he grabs at it, she deftly keeps it away. \*

LAURIE

(continuing)

That's what this is all about, isn't it? Mr. Macho -- "I'm so cool, all of this is a breeze, nothing bothers me" --

(Joe grabs, anger building) \*

-- "Just the son of a humble fisherman out to show up all the rich kids" --

Joe grabs the ball away. \*

LAURIE

(continuing; her anger now showing)

But, who's the first one to quit when things get a little rough?!

JOE

Don't psycho-analyze me! \*

He passes the ball to her. It's hard, a cannon shot that hits her before she can protect herself. It bounces off Laurie's hands, clearly stinging them.

Laurie walks off the court.

Joe looks up at the sky, feeling like a true ass. He recovers the ball, and hurries in Laurie's direction. \*

A105 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A105

Laurie's walking with purpose. Joe stays one or two steps behind her. \*

JOE

I'm sorry. \*

LAURIE

Thanks.

Still angry, she continues to walk, Joe following. \*

LAURIE

(continuing)

Can I ask you something?

(CONTINUED)

A105 CONTINUED:

A105

JOE

Do I have a choice? \*

LAURIE

What are you afraid of? Woodruff?  
She's not in class...

JOE

(cutting her off)  
She doesn't bother me. \*

LAURIE

The work you missed? We'll help you  
catch up. Of course, that means  
asking for help which means  
admitting you need help.

JOE

Can I ask you something? \*

Stopping, she turns to him, snapping:

LAURIE

What? \*

JOE

Did you come all the way down here  
just to give me a hard time? \*

A beat as Laurie softens. Then:

LAURIE

No.

B105 EXT. SLOVAK FRONT PORCH - NIGHT (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

B105\*

Laurie and Joe sit on the porch. Frankie stands inside the  
screen door, watching them, until Mama Slovak pulls him  
away, shutting the inside door, giving Laurie and Joe  
privacy. \*

LAURIE

When I met you, I thought, this  
guy's going to leave the rest of us  
in the dust. This is my big  
competition.

JOE

I thought you thought I was a jerk. \*

LAURIE

(with a sigh)  
That too.

(CONTINUED)

B105 CONTINUED:

B105

They share a smile then, she leans her head against his shoulder. After a moment:

JOE

Okay. The truth. The truth is, it's just not for me. I honestly don't get off on medicine. And why should anyone put up with all the work, all the bullshit, unless they really get off on being a doctor? You do. Miles does. I don't. You want me to admit something. Okay. I admit that.

\*

Laurie takes a moment to let that digest.

LAURIE

(finally)

I better get back.

Joe walks with her to her car, parked in the street.

\*

JOE

Listen.

(she turns)

Thanks for... trying.

\*

LAURIE

I'll talk to you after finals? I mean, I'm going to be pretty busy until they're over...

JOE

I'll be here.

\*

A moment in which they both wonder if they should share a kiss. Then the moment passes. It's not the right time or place.

JOE

(continuing; changing the subject)

What happened to Woodruff?

\*

LAURIE

Oh. She's in the hospital.

JOE

That's perfect. Maybe one of her former students will get hold of her.

\*

(CONTINUED)

B105 CONTINUED: (2)

B105

LAURIE  
It's pretty serious. Advanced  
uremia.

Joe is suddenly sober. \*

JOE  
Kidney failure? \*

LAURIE  
Only rumors. The buzz is lupus...

THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON JOE. \*

106 EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS

106\*

WE SEE Rachel sitting in a wheelchair. Attached to the chair is a silver balloon with a red ribbon, with "Get Well Soon" across it. Rachel is reading a book, notepad nearby. A shadow falls across the page. She looks up.

RACHEL  
Mr. Slovak. Hello. \*

Joe looks at the balloon, the irony of its message sinking in. \*

RACHEL  
(continuing)  
My nephew sent it to me. Actually  
his mother sent it, he's only five.  
(a beat)  
I spoke to the Dean's office. They  
said you could come back if...

JOE  
(cutting her off)  
I don't want to come back. \*

RACHEL  
I see.

Rachel considers that for a moment. Then, to Joe's surprise, she stands, taking a step away from the wheelchair. \*

She notices Joe's look of concern. \*

RACHEL  
(continuing; indicating the chair)  
Hospital policy, insurance  
requirements. \*

Joe hesitates, which makes Rachel smile. \*

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

RACHEL

(continuing)

I wouldn't've expected you to be  
such a stickler for rules.

Rachel steps away. Joe catches up to her. Now he notices  
a slight rash over her face, and a blue tinge on her  
fingertips. There are bandages from IV's on the insides of  
her elbows. \*

JOE

The file you gave me to research...  
You should have told me it was you. \*

RACHEL

It was obviously someone.

JOE

All I'm saying is, if I'd known it  
was you I wouldn't have, you know,  
said... \*

She gives him no help. He becomes annoyed.

JOE

(continuing)

Okay, what? ~~You want me to feel~~  
like an ass? \*

RACHEL

Do you?

He doesn't answer, which is answer enough.

RACHEL

(continuing)

Good. Remember that feeling.

Joe is confused and frustrated. \*

JOE

Jesus Christ. What the hell do you  
want from me? You gave me extra  
work, you cooked up some bullshit  
with Panks in the E.R.... \*

Rachel faces him, serious now, and says:

RACHEL

What would you say if I told you...  
I think you could be a great doctor?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

JOE

You know what I think? I think  
you're crazy.

(as she laughs)

No, I do. I really do.

They are near a bench. Rachel has to sit down.

RACHEL

I used to believe that a great  
doctor and a great mind were the  
same thing. Every year I'd choose  
one or two brilliant young people,  
like you. And I'd nurture them.  
I'd fill them with information. I'd  
hone their diagnostic skills. And  
I'd teach them my golden rule:  
"Never become too involved. Never  
care too much." I thought I was  
giving them everything they needed  
to care for a patient. Then,  
something very funny happened. I  
became a patient myself.

(beat)

I saw you, one day last term, with  
a young man who had AIDS. You  
remember him?

JOE

Sure I do.

RACHEL

(with admiration)

I thought you would... I think of  
many of my prize students, doctors  
with minds for medicine and hearts  
for real estate. I wonder what they  
would say to somebody dying of AIDS.  
I wonder how they'd respond to  
someone who is hopelessly sick, who  
grabs their hand and asks, "Can you  
explain this? Can you help me  
accept this? Can you at least sit  
with me so I don't feel so alone?"  
I doubt my students say anything. I  
didn't teach them to.

JOE

It's not your responsibility.

RACHEL

Then whose is it?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (3)

106

Joe looks stricken with fear, embarrassment. That makes Rachel smile. \*

RACHEL

(continuing)

Poor Mr. Slovak. I want you to be more than you ever wanted to be. And I can't tell you how to be it. \*

An awkward moment, Joe swallows. Then: \*

JOE

Can I walk you back? \*

RACHEL

No, I'll stay here for awhile.

Rachel offers her hand.

RACHEL

(continuing)

Good luck, Mr. Slovak. \*

Tentatively, Joe takes her hand, shaking it gently. This is a very weird moment for him. \*

JOE

Thank you. \*

Conversation over, Rachel opens the book she's been carrying, going back to it. Joe walks away. He pauses for a moment, looking back. \*

A106 INT. OFF-CAMPUS BAR &amp; RESTAURANT - DAY

A106

A WAITRESS carries a fresh beer on a tray, depositing it onto a table where...

JOE \*

sits alone. The Waitress picks up an empty mug. Joe is clearly lost in thought. Looking up, Joe notices... \*

MILES, KIM AND CYNTHIA

entering the pub, loaded down with books, obviously taking a break from studying. None of them see Joe. \*

Joe stands, dropping cash onto the table, heading for the door. \*

Kim spots Joe just as he's reaching the door. \*

(CONTINUED)

A106 CONTINUED:

A106

KIM

Hey, Joe!

\*

Joe goes out. As if he didn't hear her.

\*

107 INT. ANATOMY LAB - DAY

107

The place is a beehive of activity. The CAMERA MOVES through the students into the, literally, bare bones remains of their cadavers. At last, we arrive at our group. They all look wrung out. Kim wears her respirator mask.

LAURIE

Olfactory nerve.

MILES

Cranial exit?

KIM

Cribriform plate. Cell bodies?

Cynthia comes up to them.

CYNTHIA

Did you guys borrow our right leg?

MILES

Check the Psycho Brothers. They've always got other people's limbs.

At this point, the doors open and in steps Joe. The room quiets. This is the old Joe, smiling, confident. He walks up to Kim, Laurie and Miles.

\*

\*

JOE

Miles, what have you done to Harry?  
He's wrecked!

\*

\*

Banumbra walks up, confronting Joe.

\*

BANUMBRA

Mr. Slovak...

\*

Joe hands him a letter. Banumbra glances at it. Then:

\*

BANUMBRA

(continuing)

The Dean's office may have allowed you back but, you have missed twelve days of lab. How do you propose to make it up before finals?

Joe turns to the group. There is sincerity in his voice.

\*

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

JOE

Well, I'm going to need some help. \*

BANUMBRA

(to the group)

Mr. Slovak's presence could, quite possibly, hinder you at this point. Are you willing to allow him back? \*

LAURIE

(with a significant look to Joe)

Yes. \*

KIM

Yes.

MILES

(beat, then)

Oh, all right.

BANUMBRA

Very well.

(loudly, to all)

Back to work, people.

The noise level builds as the lab goes back to work. Almost at once, Joel and Ethan walk up. Joel carries some kind of gray looking matter in a pair of forceps.

ETHAN

Yo, Joe. We need your help on something. \*

JOEL

We can't seem to identify this.

Joe takes it and studies it, sniffs it. He looks back and forth between the twins. Miles glances at it. \*

MILES

It's glandular tissue. I'd say the thymus. \*

JOE

One way to find out. \*

Joe eats it. Kim's eyes go wide. \*

MILES

Jesus!

JOE

Tastes like tuna fish to me, guys. \*

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2) 107

The twins laugh. After a moment:

JOEL

Good to have you back, bud.

MILES

I'd like to change my vote.

MUSIC UP.

108 INT. LIBRARY - DAY 108

We SEE endless books. Our remaining group members, pencils behind ears, in hands, in mouths, quiz one another, referencing to the books. This is INTERCUT WITH:

109 INT. ANATOMY LAB 109\*

-- LOOKING DOWN, we SEE the lab fully at work, students everywhere.

-- LOOKING DOWN, we SEE the lab about half full.

-- LOOKING DOWN, we SEE only our group remain over their cadaver.

-- LOOKING DOWN, we SEE only Joe, sitting on the floor, poring over notes. \*

CUT TO:

110 INT. JOE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT 110\*

The door is shoved open, Joe nearly falling through it, loaded down with books. Laurie is right behind him. As Joe dumps the books on his desk, Laurie surreptitiously pops a couple of breath mints into her mouth. \*

Joe turns to her, signaling for mints, too. Realizing he saw her, Laurie grins, tossing the bag to him. He downs the lot. They collapse onto the bed, laughing. \*

Slowly the laughter melts as they sit back against the wall. They are actually too tired to do what they really want to do. Instead, they look across the room at: \*

DAVID'S EMPTY BED \*

LAURIE \*

You hear from him at all?

JOE \*

Nope.

They stare at the empty bed. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK Joe takes her and she leans against his shoulder. \*

111 EXT. ISOLATED MOTEL - NIGHT (DUSK) 111

We SEE the same place they used to study for mid-year finals.

MILES (O.S.)

You have thirty seconds to name the structure, its location, function and significance. Ready?

112 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 112

We SEE a CLOSEUP PHOTO of a stomach, bloody, in someone's body.

MILES (O.S.)

GO.

LAURIE

Stomach...

WIDER

Our group looks totally fried. Even Miles is unshaven and rumpled.

KIM

Ed. When did I call him? Did you come all the way down here just to give me a hard time?

LAURIE

(studying the photo)

An hour ago. My thirty seconds hasn't started yet.

ON KIM

She sits up, squirms a little.

KIM

What did he say?

MILES

Kids asleep. Burnt dinner. Sent out for pizza.

JOE

Chinese.

MILES

Pizza, God dammit. Twenty seconds.

LAURIE

Miles!

As this continues, Kim stands, excusing herself, and goes into the bathroom, closing the door.

(CONTINUED)

JOE  
 (looking at the  
 picture)  
 Wait a second. What exam are we  
 working on?

MILES  
 Jesus!

LAURIE  
 Gross... Human... Oh, my God!  
 (touching herself)  
 This thing. What we are.

MILES  
 Skin?

JOE  
 Bodies?

LAURIE  
 Anatomy!  
 (stunned)  
 I forgot the word "anatomy."  
 (in anger, throwing  
 the photo)  
 SHIT!

Laurie's undignified outburst surprises Miles and Joe.

LAURIE  
 (continuing)  
 Why are we doing this to ourselves?!  
 We have three more years of this...  
 this bullshit! Memorizing things we  
 won't remember by the time we're  
 able to use them. Then four years  
 of residency. I'll be thirty before  
 I'm a doctor! Look at me! Look at  
 my skin, it's ruined. I haven't  
 played tennis in nine months. And I  
smell. And you guys smell! I'm  
 sick of being around people who  
 smell!

SILENCE. Miles and Joe are STUNNED.

Laurie drops her head back with exhaustion and despair.

Kim emerges from the bathroom, looking pale, her hand on  
 her stomach.

KIM  
 Uh, people. Guess what.

(CONTINUED)

- 112 CONTINUED: (2) 112
- Laurie, Joe and Miles stare at Kim -- as REALITY sinks in.  
Then: \*
- MILES  
Well, I might have known something  
like this was going to happen!
- 113 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT 113
- We SEE the stationwagon blow by us.
- 114 INT. STATIONWAGON (MOVING) - NIGHT 114
- Kim is in the backseat, her head resting in Laurie's lap.  
Miles and Joe are in the front seat. \*
- MILES  
Relax!
- JOE \*
- "Relax." That's so brilliant,  
Miles.
- LAURIE  
We have time! Let's not panic!  
Alright!  
(then, to Kim)  
How long were you in labor with  
Nina?
- KIM  
Forty-five minutes.
- LAURIE \*
- Punch it, Joe.
- 115 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT 115
- The El Dorado speeds off into the night. >
- CUT TO:
- 116 EXT. ROADSIDE CAFE - NIGHT 116
- A lonely CAFE dominating a wide spot in the road. An 18-  
WHEELER is the only other vehicle around as the El Dorado ;  
roars in. Miles leaps from the car.
- A116 INT. CAFE - NIGHT A116
- Miles ENTERS. A WAITRESS and a TRUCK DRIVER are the only  
people there. An up-beat country tune is on the JUKEBOX.

(CONTINUED)

A116 CONTINUED:

A116

MILES  
 (breathless)  
 Phone...? An Emergency...!

Unimpressed, the Waitress nods toward a stand of three PAY PHONES outside. Miles digs into his pockets.

B116 EXT. CAFE (AT THE STATIONWAGON - NIGHT

B116

Kim is breathing heavily, Joe leaning over from the seat. \*

JOE  
 Eight months is not bad, Kim. \*

KIM  
 Term's better.  
 (gripped by contraction)  
 But, oh well...

Miles runs up, out of breath.

MILES  
 Anybody got quarters?

He sees Kim's contorted face. At once, he runs off, back toward the cafe...

JOE  
 After this one, Kim, we gotta move you. \*

Contraction releases. Kim takes a couple of breaths, then:

KIM  
 Okay, go.

Joe and Laurie ease Kim out. Joe scoops her into his arms. \*

117 INT. CAFE - NIGHT

117

Miles blasts in. He shoves a wad of bills into the Waitress' hand and opens the register. Before she can protest, he is gone passing Laurie and Joe (carrying Kim). \*

LAURIE  
 (to the waitress)  
 Clean linen, tablecloths, anything like that?!

The Waitress points. Laurie grabs from a stack of folded, plastic, red checkered tablecloths. In a swoop, she bats salt and pepper shakers, menus and what-not off the counter, spreading out a tablecloth. Joe lays Kim on the counter. \*

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

JOE

(to Kim)

Breathe, Kim! Don't push. The best place for this kid is exactly where it is.

\*

KIM

(gripped by a contraction)

Owwwch... Tell that to the kid.

Now fully aware of what is going on, the burly Truck Driver takes his cheeseburger and EXITS.

LAURIE

(to the waitress)

Put a large pot of water on to boil.

The Waitress rushes to the back, doing as she's told.

118 OUT BY THE PHONE BOOTHS

118

Of course, one after the other, they don't work. Then, the Truck Driver calls to him. Miles turns to look. The Truck Driver is in the cab on the 18-wheeler holding out the mike to his C.B. radio.

119 IN THE CAFE

119

Kim is now on her back on the desk, legs drawn up. Laurie kneels by her head, talking into her ear. Joe is at the other end. Kim's eyes are fixed on a point in the ceiling.

\*

LAURIE

(soothing)

Breathe. Breathe.

KIM

Put something else on the jukebox.

At once, the Waitress hits the box, the needle skates across the record bringing the country tune to an end. She then feeds in quarters, making another selection. Then:

KIM

(continuing)

Here comes another one.

Kim is gripped by another contraction. Her face contorts.

LAURIE

(to Joe)

Twenty-five seconds apart.

(to Kim)

Breathe. Breathe.

\*

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

JOE  
Stop it, Kim!

\*

KIM  
(through clenched teeth)  
I'm not!

JOE  
You are, too, damn it! I feel you  
doing it! Stop pushing!

\*

As Moon River comes on the jukebox, Joe lunges for the  
door, screaming:

\*

JOE  
(continuing)  
Miles!!!

\*

Miles runs in.

MILES  
(breathless)  
Paramedics... ten minutes...

KIM  
No can do...

JOE  
Kim, this early a kid could have  
respiration problems...

\*

KIM  
Joe, I took the class! Okay?! I  
know!

LAURIE  
(checking her watch)  
Contractions are lasting longer,  
falling closer together.

All eyes on Joe. Then, he dashes for a sink, washing his  
hands as he says:

\*

JOE  
Miles, give me your shirt.

\*

MILES  
What?! This is silk!

KIM  
I'LL PAY YOU FOR IT!!!

(CONTINUED)

- 119 CONTINUED: (2) 119
- IN THE KITCHEN
- Laurie dashes in. She quickly grabs an assortment of utensils, dropping them into the now boiling water.
- 120 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 120
- A Paramedic ambulance blows by us, siren blaring.
- 121 EXT. CAFE - NIGHT 121
- Miles PACES nervously, now minus his shirt. He looks down the highway. The Truck Driver eats his cheeseburger, looking between Miles and the cafe.
- 122 INT. CAFE - NIGHT 122
- Laurie talks softly to Kim. Kim pants, eyes fixed. Miles' shirt lays across her stomach.

JOE

Next contraction, Kim, bear down. \*

KIM

Yeah, yeah, yeah... okay...

(beat, then)

Now...

Laurie props Kim's head up as Kim bears down. Her eyes close tight, her face turns red.

LAURIE

Push, push... come on...

JOE

(reaching down) \*

Crowning... Go, Kim...!

(then)

Head's out. Release... No more pushing.

LAURIE

Deep breaths.

KIM

(gasping)

Boy or girl?

JOE

'Can't tell by the ears. Deep breath... come on... big breath and push... another big push. Go... \*

(calling to the side)

Miles!



127 CONTINUED:

127

LAURIE

Two-thirty in the morning with an  
Anatomy final in...

\*

MILES

Six hours.

\*

JOE

(continues)

Those lungs. They're like, totally  
pure. 'Never breathed any  
pollution. Perfect. And, how many  
breaths will they take in a  
lifetime? How many...

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

MILES

All right, Slovak! God! It's not  
like cab drivers don't deliver  
babies all the time.

\*

At this point, near the entrance, they pass a solitary  
person sitting on a waiting bench. It's Jimmy. He looks  
worse. Our trio passes by. Then, Joe stops. He crosses  
back to Jimmy.

\*

\*

\*

\*

JOE

Hey. I know you.

\*

JIMMY

Oh. Yeah. Doctor Stethoscope.

\*

JOE

You know what happened tonight?

\*

Laurie and Miles roll their eyes. As they walk out of the  
building, Laurie calls back to Joe:

\*

\*

LAURIE

Come on.

\*

She EXITS. Joe realizes that he has to go. However  
Jimmy's appearance sinks in.

\*

\*

JOE

Yeah, I gotta go.

(he starts to walk  
away, then)

You okay? I mean, are they taking  
care of you and everything?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

JIMMY

Yeah. Got sick last night. They  
got me on this new stuff.

\*

\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: (2) 127

JIMMY (CONT'D) \*

Maybe that's it. Doctor said it \*

might be a couple of hours before \*

they can admit me. \*

JOE \*

Anybody here with you, your folks or \*

anything?

Jimmy smiles. Joe realizes it was a dumb question. \*

JOE \*

(continuing)

Well, take it easy.

Joe heads for the door. Miles comes back to the entrance. \*

MILES \*

Are you coming or not?!

JOE \*

Uh... Look, you guys go on. I'm \*

gonna hang around here for a few \*

minutes.

MILES \*

What?!

JOE \*

No, really. It's fine. Go on. I'm \*

only staying a little while. \*

Miles looks at Joe. Then, he EXITS. After a moment, Joe \*

crosses back to Jimmy and sits down. Hold for a moment, \*

then:

128 INT. ANATOMY LAB - DAY 128

We SEE the students gathering around various tables. Among \*

them are Laurie and Miles. They are looking around. No \*

Joe.

BANUMBRA

This is the 8:30 a.m. Gross Anatomy \*

Final. If your card says anything \*

other than 8:30 a.m., you are in the \*

wrong place.

129 OMITTED 129

130 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY (MORNING) 130\*

We SEE Joe sprinting through the morning students. He \*

looks truly terrible, obviously having sat up with Jimmy \*

all night. \*

131 INT. ANATOMY LAB - DAY

131

Banumbra has crossed to Laurie and Miles. \*

BANUMBRA

Is Mrs. Rosini coming to finals? \*

LAURIE

No, sir. But she has an excuse. \*

BANUMBRA

It had better be a good one. \*

MILES

It is. \*

BANUMBRA

And Mr. Slovak? Does he have a  
similar good excuse? \*

Neither Laurie nor Miles has an answer. Banumbra shrugs. \*

He glances at the clock. It clicks over to 8:30. \*

Banumbra signals to a TEACHING ASSISTANT who crosses to the \*

door and closes it. However, just before it shuts, Joe \*

gets his toe in. The door is opened and Joe steps in. All \*

eyes are on him as he CROSSES to his station. Once he is \*

settled: \*

BANUMBRA

Each cadaver has three stations. \*

You will have one minute at each \*

station to list the anatomical part \*

or system tagged. A word of \*

caution, if you finish before the \*

minute is up, do not rethink your \*

answer. Statistically, first \*

instincts are best instincts.

(then)

Before we begin, a brief \*

announcement. Dr. Rachel Woodruff \*

passed away at Holy Oak Hospital. \*

She had been a teacher of doctors \*

for twenty-two years.

The CAMERA FINDS Joe. HOLD on him. \*

BANUMBRA

(continuing)

You were privileged to have studied \*

under her. I dare say you will \*

never forget her. She wished the \*

very best for you. She expected the \*

very best from you.

(then)

And now, good luck.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

"TING." Joe hesitates slightly as if soaking up the words. Then, he goes to work, writing on his clipboard. \*

The CAMERA MOVES across the room. It's silent, except for the scratching of pencils.

FROM HIGH ABOVE

There is a "TING" and we see the students move from one station to the next, almost like a ballet. We HOLD for a moment, then:

CUT TO:

132 INT. FACULTY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 132\*

A RIOT OF STUDENTS, cramming, crowding, crashing to get a look at the recently posted grades. MAYHEM, A CACOPHONY OF SHRIEKS, CHEERS, CONGRATULATIONS AND OBSCENITIES... \*

-- Joel jumps onto Ethan's shoulders, riding him like a horse. \*

-- Miles shakes hands with Cynthia. \*

-- Kim is with her NEW BABY. Several of the students admire the child. \*

KIM  
 ... so, they say I can make it up this summer. So there goes the summer. \*

AND LAURIE

Pressed against the wall, writing down grades as well. \*

Laurie steps out of the crowd. CAMERA FOLLOWS her down an empty corridor, leaving the RUCKUS BEHIND, walking through double doors, and...

CUT TO:

133 INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY 133\*

JOE \*

In his orderly uniform, coming down the corridor, carrying boxes of bandages. Nurses, Orderlies, a Resident greet Joe as he passes. Now he's a fixture here. \*

JOE'S POV \*

Laurie, just outside the emergency room's glass doors. \*

134 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

134\*

Joe steps out, still carrying the boxes of bandages. He and Laurie walk down the hall to the MAIN ENTRANCE. As they go:

LAURIE

I did pretty well on my finals.

JOE

I didn't know grades had been posted.

Laurie refers to the piece of paper in her hand.

LAURIE

Uh huh. As a matter of fact, I wrote down your grades, just in case you were interested...

Joe stops to take a deep breath. Considers...

LAURIE

(continuing)

But I can see you aren't, so...

She turns to go. Joe grabs her by the hand, turning her toward him.

LAURIE

(continuing; keeping the paper away)

I thought you weren't interested...

JOE

Just curious...

Joe drops all the boxes he's been holding, struggling with Laurie to get the piece of paper. Just when he gets a good hold on her wrist, she switches the paper to the other hand.

JOE

(continuing)

It's not that I really care...

LAURIE

That's obvious...

JOE

But you went to all that trouble to...

She sets the paper close to her mouth. He grabs it and she stuffs it into her mouth. Joe steps back. Then:

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

JOE  
(continuing)  
What did I get?

LAURIE  
(with her mouth full)  
Really want to know?  
(Joe nods)  
Beg me.

JOE  
Please...

Laurie takes the paper out without referring to it:

LAURIE  
69 on the practical. 78 on the  
written.

Joe pales, losing his smile.

LAURIE  
(continuing)  
Did I say 69 and 78? I meant 96  
and 87.

Joe beams. Then:

JOE  
Did you do better than me?

LAURIE  
Not on the practical.  
(Joe smiles)  
But, I beat your pants off on the  
written.

At this point, Banks passes by.

BANKS  
SLOVAK! MOVE YOUR BUTT!

Laurie smiles, backing out the double glass doors. Joe starts off down the hall. Laurie crosses out of sight. Several PEOPLE, DOCTORS, NURSES and PATIENTS are crossing as Joe stops, glancing back. Then he CROSSES to and out the glass doors.

THROUGH THE DOORS

We SEE Laurie, laughing, jumping back into view. Both laughing, they embrace, THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, at last losing them in the crowd.

THE END