

THE KNICK

Pilot

"For Headache and Exhaustion"

Written

by

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&

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FADE IN:

INT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - SURGICAL THEATER - 1900

The room is lit by numerous GAS LAMPS as MEDICAL STUDENTS AND DOCTORS find their seats in the GALLERY. The semicircular, theater-like Gallery is only a few, unprotected feet from the surgical area, where a YOUNG NURSE, LUCY, 20, adjusts the settings on THREE ATOMIZERS that are SPRAYING A CARBOLIC ACID MIST into the air. A SECOND NURSE lays out numerous SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS that she takes out of a stove-like sterilizer -- some of the instruments look familiar, some look downright primitive.

Nearby, a YOUNG SURGEON, BERTRAM "BERTIE" CHICKERING JR., 25, prepares an ETHER INHALER consisting of a mouthpiece on one end and a rubber air pump bulb on the other, an Ether chamber sits between the two.

An OLDER SURGEON, DR. J.M. CHRISTIANSEN, 44, stands nearby in a rubber, sleeveless surgical smock over his suit jacket and tie, with his bare, sterilized hands raised, careful not to touch anything.

ANGLE ON: TWO MEN FINDING SEATS IN THE GALLERY

The MEN look down at the preparations going on.

MAN #1

I assumed Dr. Thackery would be doing the procedure. I don't see him.

MAN #2

This is Christiansen's particular obsession. Thack's not on this one.

ANGLE ON: DR. CHRISTIANSEN

Lucy pours Carbolic Acid into a bowl and approaches Dr. Christiansen. He dips his chin in the liquid, carefully making sure he sterilizes his entire beard. Lucy then dabs his face with a STERILE SPONGE to wipe away the excess. Two HOSPITAL WORKERS wheel a VERY PREGNANT WOMAN into the surgical area on a GURNEY. Understandably, she's very nervous. Dr. Christiansen gives her a reassuring smile. Lucy continues to wipe his beard as he takes a deep breath, focusing on the task ahead.

INT. SURGICAL THEATER - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Young Dr. Chickering administers Ether through the inhaler's mask, monitoring the unconscious patient.

Dr. Christiansen stands with another SURGEON, EVERETT GALLINGER, 31, as he addresses the gallery.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN

After four uneventful pregnancies, Mrs. Warren presented in her eighth month with what is assumed to be a case of Placenta Previa. The hope had been to delay any procedure for the benefit of the fetus, but circumstance has forced our hand. Happily, we are in a bold, new era of medicine, and Dr. Gallinger and I have rehearsed the newest techniques extensively. We feel confident that the speed necessary for success can finally be achieved.

Dr. Christiansen turns to the patient and looks at Gallinger.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN (CONT'D)

One hundred seconds.

EVERETT (GALLINGER)

One hundred seconds.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN

(to Nurse)

Surgical knife.

She hands him a simple-looking scalpel. Bare-handed and without a mask, Christiansen makes the first incision, as the gallery murmurs their interest.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN (CONT'D)

(for Gallery)

Entering on the medial line above the pubis we must be careful to extract the fetus quickly and in such a manner as to not release pressure on the rupture and thus exacerbate the hemorrhage. As you can see there is significant blood in the cavity.

(to Everett)

Vacuum.

Everett takes a LONG METAL WAND attached to a rubber tube and places it in the incision. The other end of the tube is attached to a SMALL HAND CRANK and then a GLASS JAR. As Everett turns the crank, we hear the SUCTIONING of blood as the jar begins to fill with red liquid.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN (CONT'D)
(growing urgency)
More.

Everett cranks harder.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN (CONT'D)
(to Gallery)
Though it's difficult to see, it
seems the fetus has migrated through
the rupture upward toward the
abdomen.

EVERETT
(quiet urgency)
We have to lengthen the incision and
get the baby out now.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN
(growing insistence)
Knife... Knife.

The Nurse quickly places the scalpel into his bloody hands.
Nearby, replacing the instruments is Lucy, anxiety growing.

EVERETT
Bertie, I need you to cauterize the
edges of the incision.

Dr. Chickering quickly stands and takes the CAUTERY LAMP, with
its FLAME AND HEATED TIP, and begins to cauterize the
patient's incision as SMOKE rises from the body. Christiansen
is quickly getting overwhelmed. EVERETT HANDS THE VACUUM TO
CHICKERING who continues to suction as Everett places his bare
hands in the woman's abdomen and SEARCHES.

NURSE #2
(stethoscope on the
woman's carotid artery)
Her pulse is weakening.

EVERETT
I have a leg.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN
Pull the fetus down and out.

EVERETT
It's trapped in the cord.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN
Clamp forceps and umbilical scissors.

The Nurse hands them to Christiansen. He works quickly and Everett is able to remove the baby. The baby's skin is BLUEISH. The Gallery begins to rustle, uncomfortably, aware of the disaster they are witnessing. Everett hands the baby to Lucy, who is trying to remain professional.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN (CONT'D)

Tube it!

Lucy takes the lifeless baby over to a separate area and begins to intubate it with a tiny tube.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN (CONT'D)

More vacuum, Chickering! Put your
back into it!

Bertie is turning the suction crank madly and trying to stay ahead of the blood. One jar of blood is FULL and is quickly replaced by a new one that is also filling rapidly.

Nearby, we see Lucy is stepping on a RUBBER FOOT PUMP attached to the TUBE in the blue baby's throat. We see it forces air into the baby's lungs causing the chest to rise and fall. She is shaking as she monitors the baby's condition. She looks at the more SENIOR NURSE for reassurance, but the SENIOR NURSE is focused on the mother.

NURSE #2

Her pulse has become eccentric.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN

We still have time.

(to Everett)

Clamp that artery.

The Nurse hands Everett a clamp. Everett grabs a SPONGE and dabs, trying to see. He then uses the clamp.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN (CONT'D)

Invert that section, Gallinger.

He does.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN (CONT'D)

There's the bleed. We can still
close the rupture.

(to nurse)

Warren's needle and gut.

She hands him a CURVED NEEDLE with thread attached.

EVERETT

Dowell's needle and silk.

She hands him a slightly different-looking curved needle with thread attached. Both men work furiously to suture up the rupture.

NURSE #2

Her pulse is faint and fully-eccentric. She's pallid and her fingertips are blue.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN

(to Everett)

One, two, three...

Dr. Christiansen steps on a lever at the base of the surgical table, causing the HEAD TO TIP DOWN A BIT. They immediately go back to suturing.

Lucy is still pumping the baby's chest tube as she says a prayer to herself.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN (CONT'D)

Almost stopped. Almost. Almost...
There. Bleeding stopped.

He's breathing heavily and sweating as he and Gallinger turn to the Nurse. She shakes her head no.

NURSE #2

Nothing.

They turn to Lucy. Choking back tears, she shakes her head no. Christiansen nods, closes his eyes for a moment... then...

DR. CHRISTIAN

(to Gallery)

It seems we are still lacking. I hope, if nothing else, this has been instructive for you.

The Gallery is silent. Christiansen heads out of the theater.

INT. PREP-ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Christiansen enters and sits down on a bench, his back against a wall, coats hung above him. A few DOCTORS from the Gallery come through.

DOCTOR #1

It was a tough go from the start,
J.M.

DOCTOR #2

Keep fighting the good fight,
Christiansen. There's a battle to be
won yet.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN

Thank you, friends.

They exit. He reaches up into a COAT POCKET hanging above him with his bloody hand and pulls out a GOLD CIGARETTE CASE AND LIGHTER. He takes out a cigarette, smearing blood on the case, lighter, and cigarette, and lights it. He takes a long drag. Then another. And another. He then reaches up into the COAT'S OTHER POCKET and pulls something out. He takes another drag of the cigarette. We hear the sound of a metallic click as he raises a REVOLVER to his temple and we see the barrel advance and the hammer pulled back by his bloody thumb.

DR. CHRISTIANSEN (CONT'D)

Fuck it all.

He then PULLS THE TRIGGER, blowing his brains and blood all over the wall and the coats above him. He slumps over onto his own lap... then slowly his dead weight tumbles him off the bench head-first onto the floor, in an odd heap as blood pools near his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

OPENING CREDITS

DISSOLVE BACK IN TO:

THE SCREEN AS IT DRAINS OF ALL COLOR, FADING UP TO A HAZY WHITENESS.

EXT. SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME

We have no idea where we are, when we are, or who we are. Little-by-little, in the whiteness, we begin to make out some shapes and movement. We seem to be outside in a morning mist and are WATCHING FROM A DISTANCE, low and hidden on a plain. The mist clears slightly, and we can now make out BODIES in the grass... lots of bodies...

We now seem to be up and WALKING through the mist... or maybe it's mixed with smoke. A CAMPFIRE smolders to our left. The ground is littered with DEAD BODIES. Through the haze we can barely make out that the bodies are big and small, male and female, children and adults.

Many of the bodies are BARE-SKINNED, all have been gruesomely killed, blood spilled everywhere. We now see the PERSON who is walking through the carnage. He is 37, HANDSOME. Incongruously, he wears a beautiful, CLEAN SUIT AND TIE, elegant shoes, perfectly-kept hair, but he now has a look of horror and bewilderment on his face. He sees something on the ground. He reaches down to pick it up... he examines it and it takes a second, but we now see that there is hair, and blood, it's a SCALP. Before he has time to register his repulsion, HOOFBEATS, come out of nowhere, and a HORSEMAN wearing some sort of UNIFORM, SWORD drawn, blasts past him, nearly running him down. Then another, and another. Our man is KNOCKED TO HIS KNEES by the third thundering horse. It's as if the horsemen can't see him at all. Like he's not visible. From his kneeling position he looks up to see the silhouette of one of the horsemen as he takes a TORCH and puts it to several PEAKED STRUCTURES which now materialize out of the haze... What are they? Buildings?... Houses?... As the fire catches and the light increases, we can see that they're TEEPEES.

As the TEEPEE burns, a INDIAN CHILD with a FEATURELESS FACE, stands in the ENTRANCE, chanting a CHEYENNE SONG. A blood-soaked DOLL rests in the child's hand. The HANDSOME MAN tries to get to the BURNING TEEPEE but it is continually out of reach, as if moving away from him with every one of his advancing steps. The child's song becomes a single word... Johnny... Johnny...

INT. CHINATOWN OPIUM DEN - MORNING

A BEAUTIFUL CHINESE WOMAN, NAKED except for a SILK ROBE that hangs off of her and makes no attempt to conceal a thing, leans over a LOUNGER where a MAN LAYS. He is the WELL-DRESSED MAN from the killing field dream, though he looks a whole lot messier right now. He is DR. JOHN W. THACKERY, 37, and currently he is splayed, asleep, with a LONG OPIUM PIPE resting in his slightly-blackened fingers.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(Chinese accent)

Johnny... Johnny...

Thackery's eyes open, a bit startled.

CHINESE WOMAN

It is eleven-and-a-half. You said
eleven-and-a-half.

Thackery looks around for a moment, getting his bearings. The fairly upscale opium den has a dozen other addicts laying around on silk lounges.

Other BEAUTIFUL, HALF-NAKED, CHINESE WOMEN move about, some behind gauzy curtains on beds, others tend to their doped-up clients. Thackery slowly sits up, trying to right himself.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Suit jacket in hand, tie askew, shirt rumpled, eyes red and glazed, Thackery, exits to the street. With every ounce of energy he has, he hails a TAXI. The horse-drawn CAB stops for him. Thackery looks up to the DRIVER who sits outside, on top of the carriage.

THACKERY

(painfully)

Take me to The Knick. North on
Bowery, East on Eleventh.

CAB DRIVER

Mott is faster. Won't have the long
wait for the trollies to cross at
Houston Street, sir.

THACKERY

I enjoy waiting.

(firmly)

Bowery north across Houston.

INT. HORSE-DRAWN TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Thackery hefts himself into the carriage and sinks onto the cushioned bench. Up top, the driver starts out. Inside, the JOUNGING OF THE CARRIAGE is exacerbating Thackery's already damaged state. Thackery looks horrible, as he reaches into his jacket and pulls out an IMPRESSIVE CASE, not unlike a pocket leather cigar holder. Still bouncing around, he takes the top off the case, revealing a GLASS AND METAL SYRINGE, WITH SEVERAL SCREW-ON NEEDLES (TROCARS) TO CHOOSE FROM. Thackery then takes out a TINY, BROWN GLASS BOTTLE WITH A RUBBER TOP. He holds both the syringe case and the glass bottle at the ready as he continues to get tossed around the moving carriage.

EXT. HORSE-DRAWN TAXI - CONTINUOUS

The carriage approaches the INTERSECTION OF BOWERY AND HOUSTON streets. As the driver predicted, the TROLLIES are causing cross traffic to have to stop and wait. The driver looks annoyed.

INT. HORSE-DRAWN TAXI - CONTINUOUS

The carriage slows to a stop. As it does, the BOUNCING SUBSIDES. With dexterity and speed, Thackery takes this opportunity to SCREW THE NEEDLE onto the syringe, then PLUNGE THE SYRINGE into the rubber top of the tiny, brown, bottle and withdraw an exact amount of CLEAR LIQUID into the syringe's glass chamber.

EXT. HORSE-DRAWN TAXI - CONTINUOUS

The trollies are starting to clear the intersection and the driver prepares to get underway in a few seconds.

INT. HORSE-DRAWN TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Thackery KICKS OFF HIS BOOT, revealing his BARE FOOT, then reaches into his pocket and pulls out a FLASK. He deftly UNSCREWS THE LID with his free hand, takes a SWIG, then POURS THE LIQUOR ONTO THE NEEDLE AND THEN ONTO HIS BARE TOES. He closes the lid on the flask and tosses it aside. He then SPREADS HIS TOES, FINDS A VEIN, CAREFULLY INSERTS THE NEEDLE, AND PUSHES DOWN THE PLUNGER. Thackery feels "the bell ring" in his brain and his body shudders. He removes the needle just as the driver spurs the horses and they begin to bounce down the road again. We now see the LABEL on the tiny, brown, glass bottle reads "*Cocaine Hydrochloride - Eli Lilly & Company Indianapolis.*"

EXT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A large number of CARRIAGES LINE THE SIDEWALK in front of the hospital with their waiting COACHMEN. Thackery's CAB pulls up. The door opens and he steps out. His hair is perfect, his tie is straight, his shirt tucked in, his jacket buttoned, his eyes more clear and bright. He stands on the sidewalk A NEW MAN. He checks his POCKET WATCH... 12:05, then looks at the CHURCH attached to the NORTH SIDE of the hospital.

INT. KNICKERBOCKER CHURCH - A MINUTE LATER

Thackery enters the church as a CHOIR SINGS. The service is already in progress. A CASKET sits at the front of the congregation. Thackery finds a seat in the back and is in the process of sitting when a MINISTER announces...

MINISTER

Dr. Christiansen's superior here at Knickerbocker, has been asked to speak about his friend and fellow surgeon. Dr. Thackery?

Thackery's behind barely touches the pew when he stands back up, as dozens of eyes locate him... he heads to the pulpit. This is how Thackery rolls. He passes Chickering and Gallinger. We see that Lucy, distraught, is in the packed church. Thackery ascends the stairs to the pulpit. Without a speech or any notes, he turns to those assembled and holds for a long beat, then, finally...

THACKERY

(turning to Minister)

Your God always wins. To take on nature is a bout unwinnable, futility defined. Yet, J.M. Christiansen fearlessly took up arms in that fight. Certainly, he knew that his life's work was a fool's errand. His last act seeming like that of a rube finally realizing that the game will forever be rigged against him. But, my dear friend J.M. was a fine man and certainly he was no fool or rube. J.M. and I have spent our lives tilting at the very same windmills. So, why have I not lost hope like he did? Why do I not fear his fate for me or my surgeons? Because those windmills at which we tilted were created by men to turn grindstones that transformed the earth's bounty into wheat. Because we now live in an astonishing time of endless possibility. We cannot conquer the mountains, but our railroads now run through them with ease. We cannot defeat the river, but we can dam it and divert it for our own purposes. The oceans are too vast to contemplate, but our seawalls can blunt their fury and our steamships can defy the wind and currents to navigate upon them. In our scalpel work, we too, are pushing back with great success. More has been learned about the treatment of the human body in the last five years than has been learned in the previous five-hundred.

(MORE)

THACKERY (CONT'D)

Twenty-years-ago, thirty-nine was the number of years a man could expect from his life, today it is more than forty-seven. Eventually, the train tunnels will crumble, the dams will be overrun, the ships sank, the seawalls eroded, and our patients' hearts will all cease their beating. Nature will never lose the war, but we humans can get in a few good licks in battle before we surrender.

(to widow in front row)

Catherine, with every blow I land, every extra year I give to a patient, I will remember my fallen friend, J.M. Christiansen, and know that at the very least, something -- however temporary -- has been won.

Thackery lets his words settle over the enthralled assembly.

EXT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - DAY

The service is over. Thackery mingles among the mourners.

Out of the church steps CORNELIA ROBERTSON, 27, expensively-clothed, beautiful, and determined. She walks with a NUN, SISTER HARRIET, 30s.

CORNELIA

Lovely eulogy, Dr. Thackery.

THACKERY

Thank you.

Cornelia keeps walking with Sister Harriet.

CORNELIA

(out of Thackery's
earshot)

If not a bit self-aggrandizing.

SISTER HARRIET

I'm sure our Chief of Surgery assumes that all remembrances of the dead are opportunities for the speaker to detail his personal war against God.

Cornelia smiles at Harriet. A balding man in his forties, HERMAN BARROW, steps over to them. Herman's nice clothes are one step above the class level of both his overly-polished speech and his eagerness to curry favor with those above his station in life.

HERMAN

Good afternoon, Miss Robertson.
Sister.

CORNELIA

Mr. Barrow.

HERMAN

It was a lovely funeral...
(realizing)
As these things go.
(to Sister Harriet)
The Minister was very eloquent,
Sister.

SISTER HARRIET

The Protestants have their moments,
too.

She shares a smile with Cornelia.

SISTER HARRIET (CONT'D)

Good day to you both.

Harriet starts off in a different direction, as Cornelia and Herman continue walking toward the hospital's MAIN ENTRANCE.

We follow Sister Harriet as she heads past the AMBULANCE BAY, where two men, TOM CLEARY, 30, AND ELDON POUNCEY, 25, stand by their horse-drawn AMBULANCE with "Knickerbocker Hospital" in fancy lettering on the side. Cleary is unshaven with a large moustache, unkempt clothes, and greasy hair. Pouncey is only slightly better presented.

CLEARY

How were the proceedings, Sister?
I'm guessing they chose to go...
closed casket today.

He chuckles, as does Pouncey. Sister Harriet answers patiently.

SISTER HARRIET

Yes, Mr. Cleary. The casket was
closed today.

CLEARY

The worms will be glad for the extra
holes. Saves them having to make 'em
themselves.

The two men chuckle again, waiting for her reaction. Sister Harriet gives them none.

CLEARY (CONT'D)
Aw, Sister Harry, don't judge me too
harsh. I'm just a poor, simple,
sinner in the eyes of the Lord.

SISTER HARRIET
The Lord loves all of his children
equally.

She starts to walk away. Then, without turning around...

SISTER HARRIET (CONT'D)
Though, in your case, Mr. Cleary, I'm
sure he'll make an exception.

Pouncey laughs as Cleary, bested, struggles in vain to
respond. A TELEPHONE RINGS. Cleary grabs the earpiece.

CLEARY
Ambulance...
(whistling, to Pouncey)
We got one!

EXT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - A MINUTE LATER

The HORSE-DRAWN AMBULANCE, with Cleary at the helm and Pouncey
hand-cranking a SIREN, rushes past.

INT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cornelia and Herman walk past WORKMEN who are opening up the
WALLS and pulling in large amounts of NEW ELECTRIC WIRING.
Some PATIENTS and STAFF watch the work, amazed.

CORNELIA
Did you notice the poor widow? His
anguish is over and hers has only
begun.

HERMAN
(believes he's agreeing)
It was cowardly...

CORNELIA
Twelve attempts at the same surgery
with no survivors would drive any
good man mad.

HERMAN
(quickly)
Of course.
(MORE)

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Though I'm sure his wife will recover well, and I suspect he left her a sizable sum with which to do it.

CORNELIA

Enough to keep a widow warm at night?

HERMAN

(missing her sarcasm)

Certainly. She's still a handsome woman, and many suitors will find the way to her door.

CORNELIA

(clearly finished with the previous subject)

Is Dr. Thackery still intent on meeting this afternoon?

HERMAN

Yes. He is eager to discuss Dr. Christiansen's replacement.

CORNELIA

I have a feeling it will be less of a discussion and more of a lecture.

Cornelia glances back outside to the street where she can see Thackery standing with Gallinger.

EXT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

GALLINGER

I suppose it was like a mania with him. Not so with us...

THACKERY

Everett, never be fooled, we ply our trade on the edge of a very dark realm.

GALLINGER

And our moderation and good sense will be our saving grace.

THACKERY

(smiling)

Then I am in great peril.

As Thackery and Gallinger speak, a WOMAN pushing a PRAM walks up. They are both pleased to see her.

THACKERY (CONT'D)

Good afternoon, Eleanor. A small slice of domestic normalcy invades our circus, I see.

EVERETT

I don't think the ringmaster would have it any other way.

THACKERY

I would not.

EVERETT

They are meeting me for lunch. Would you care to join us?

THACKERY

Too much to do, I'm afraid. I have a meeting with the illustrious team of Many Dollars and Very Little Sense.
(looking into pram)
Look at William. He's so big. May I?

ELEANOR

Always out to prove he likes you best.

THACKERY

(picking up the baby)
Well, he does. Look how he warms to me. Babies have very good instincts.

ELEANOR

Of course. And he knows how you have championed his father's advancement. He's as grateful as I am.

Everett squirms a bit and looks uncomfortably at Eleanor.

THACKERY

William knows his father has earned Christiansen's spot on his own merits.

Thackery smiles at Eleanor, then hands William back to her.

THACKERY (CONT'D)

Enjoy your lunch... And Gallinger... don't be cross with your wife, she loves you. Consider yourself blessed. Not all of us are.

Thackery turns and enters the hospital.

EXT. 5TH AVENUE BROWNSTONE - DAY

TWO AMBULANCE DRIVERS are loading a MIDDLE AGED MAN into an AMBULANCE from BELLEVUE HOSPITAL. They secure the gurney, as one man stays with the patient and the other jumps in front, charging the horses into action. The horses don't make it half-a-block when they are CUT OFF by Cleary's AMBULANCE. Cleary steps down.

CLEARY
(to Bellevue driver)
Afternoon, Pete. Got a nice package
in the back there for me today?

The Bellevue Driver grabs A BASEBALL BAT and steps down.

BELLEVUE DRIVER
You're not gettin' this one, Cleary.

CLEARY
Look who's come prepared, Pouncey?
(to driver)
Honus Wagner here thinks we'll be
playin' a game now...

Cleary pulls a small PISTOL out of his pocket, startling the driver.

CLEARY (CONT'D)
Now, to my mind, you can either give
us the goods, or you can both travel
to The Knick as patients.

The Bellevue Driver backs up and he and his Co-Driver start to unload the man.

INT. BARROW'S OFFICE - DAY

Thackery and Cornelia are across from Herman, who sits behind his desk.

HERMAN
... the Foreman from The Edison
Electric Company has informed me that
it will only be a few days time
before the first light filament will
brighten our hospital. Very
exciting, isn't it, Dr. Thackery?

THACKERY
(completely impatient)
It is.

HERMAN

(to Cornelia)

We owe you and your father, Captain Robertson, our deepest gratitude for financing this large and desperately-needed endeavour.

CORNELIA

This hospital means a great deal to us. Many of the people who come to these shores on my father's steamships, rely on the care they receive here.

HERMAN

And we are happy to provide it. It will also be helpful in attracting patients from uptown neighborhoods who might be more able to render payment for our services.

CORNELIA

I'm sure, Dr. Thackery, that you will be pleased to be able to bring all sorts of new machinery and electrical gadgets into your operating theater.

THACKERY

(a lot of effort)

Yes, thank you. Now, Herman, may we get to the business at hand? I have a busy schedule today.

HERMAN

Yes, of course. The replacement for Dr. Christiansen.

THACKERY

I'm sure we all agree that Dr. Gallinger is the right man for the job. We should announce the promotion and get on with it.

CORNELIA

I'm not sure we all agree on that.

THACKERY

You don't have to. Yours is more of an advisory role, am I correct?

CORNELIA

My father and I would like you to consider another candidate.

THACKERY

Based on your surgical expertise?

CORNELIA

Based on our faith in the man. Dr. Algernon Edwards.

(handing over papers)

Since I'm assuming your busy schedule did not allow you to read his CV the first time I sent it to you... He received his medical education at Harvard College, graduating with distinction. His training was done at Boston Hospital and in Providence, and he has spent the last four years working and instructing at the *Institut Pasteur* in France under Albert Calmette. He has more knowledge of recent surgical advances in Europe than any man in the country.

HERMAN

His return to Boston has provided us with a great opportunity, Thack. Cornelia and her father have prevailed upon him to travel to New York tomorrow, as we assumed you would want to meet with him.

THACKERY

He seems very qualified --

CORNELIA

Then I shall arrange for him to call on you.

THACKERY

Arrange or insist?

HERMAN

I think, you can find a few minutes to spare for a candidate of this caliber. Considering all the Robertsons have done for us, it would be foolish not to respect their opinion and entertain the possibility.

Herman looks at Thackery. Thackery annoyed, relents.

THACKERY

Far be it from me to be foolish,
Herman. I will meet the man, but my
choice is firm. It's Gallinger.

CORNELIA

Dr. Gallinger is a very competent
surgeon --

THACKERY

He's more than competent. I trained
him.

CORNELIA

You must think very highly of
yourself, Dr. Thackery, if you
believe your standard of training is
surpassed by no other surgeon in the
world.

THACKERY

It isn't. Good day.

Thackery exits, leaving Cornelia and Herman.

EXT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - DAY

Cleary pulls up in the AMBULANCE and he and Pouncey start to
unload the patient. They hand him off to some doctors who
whisk him inside, passing Herman. Cleary approaches him.

CLEARY

Hooked a fine one. Banker from up
5th Avenue. Some kind of liver
problem. Jaundice. Pissin' blood,
he says. Sure this one'll be with us
in a Private for a few weeks and be
payin' his bill in full.

HERMAN

(patting Cleary on
shoulder)
Nice catch.

CLEARY

(quietly)
That's two more bits for Cleary.

HERMAN

(nodding, quietly)
End of the month.

Herman walks off. Cleary's proud of himself. A poor, ELDERLY, IMMIGRANT MAN walks by having a coughing fit, and almost loses his balance on Cleary. Cleary pushes him away.

INT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - MEN'S WARD - DAY

Thackery walks with a GROUP OF DOCTORS in tow, including Everett and Bertie, past the rows of beds. They pass Lucy and another NURSE changing the dressing on a patient's wound. Bertie turns to Lucy.

BERTIE

Another beautiful day at The Knick,
Nurse Elkins?

Lucy looks up and smiles at Bertie, then looks embarrassed. Thackery stops at a bed where a MAN lays. His WIFE sits nearby.

THACKERY

(to wife)
Hello, Ma'am.
(then)
Dr. Gallinger?

EVERETT

This is Mr. Sebastiano Gentile.
Twenty-seven. On the eighth of this
month, Mr. Gentile was run over by a
street car. The car's wheel passed
directly over the pelvis.

THACKERY

Mr. Gentile, don't you know the
street cars always win?

MR. GENTILE

I know that now.

THACKERY

Next time take on one of those
horseless carriages. Much better
chances.

Gentile smiles. Thackery turns to Everett.

EVERETT

Upon arrival, an extensive wound on
the lateral side of the thigh was
immediately stitched and dressed.
Pulse was 112. Abdomen was
tympanitic. There was tenderness
below the umbilicus.

(MORE)

EVERETT (CONT'D)

He was brought into theater where we found four puncture wounds from the fractured pelvic bone lacerating the bowel. With Dr. Chickering assisting, I promptly sutured the wounds using three catgut sutures on each puncture.

THACKERY

Was there any consideration of removing the damaged section of the bowel?

EVERETT

The difficulty of reconnecting the two new sections of intestine seemed too great, and the danger of post operative bowel leakage was another complication we considered. I dared not risk a resection.

THACKERY

Any complications, thus far?

EVERETT

Mr. Gentile has developed a small case of bronchitis, which is common after such a procedure.

THACKERY

Very good, Doctor.

(pointedly)

Certainly more than *competent*, to be sure.

Thackery lifts the cover off the patient and glances down.

THACKERY (CONT'D)

(to room)

Which nurse changed the dressings on this man?

Lucy steps over.

LUCY

I did, Doctor. Per Dr. Gallinger's instructions. Twice in the past twenty-four-hours, and I emptied his drains throughout the night.

THACKERY

(looking at drain)

Did you recently empty that one?

LUCY

I did not. It's tended to have
collected very little fluid --

THACKERY

Yet the area where the drain exits
the wound, is swollen. Perhaps, you
might have considered clearing the
drainage tube of clogs.

Thackery pinches his fingers down the length of the tube,
BREAKING UP THE CLOG. Liquid begins to drip into the drain.
Lucy glances down and can only issue a small nod.

THACKERY (CONT'D)

The goal, Nurse Elkins, is to keep
the patients alive, not kill them
with negligence. I expect everyone
here to be well-versed in their
responsibilities. Inexperience is
not an excuse. If I am asking too
much of you, you can always take a
train back to Kentucky and continue
on in the fine tradition of curing
people with moonshine and Angle Worm
poultices.

LUCY

(humiliated)

Yes, Doctor.

THACKERY

Rest up, Mr. Gentile, you've got a
lot more trollies to dodge in your
future.

Thackery moves on. Lucy is rattled.

BERTIE

Joke's on Thackery. He doesn't know
you're from West Virginia.

Bertie gives her an encouraging smile. She doesn't return it.
He moves off with the other doctors.

INT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - ORPHANAGE - MORNING

TWENTY CHILDREN, ages 3 to 5, dressed in identical WHITE
SMOCKS, lift small DUMBBELLS above their heads in time to the
PIANO MUSIC being played by SISTER HARRIET. Lucy steps into
the doorway and watches the children as they finish their ten-
count of lifts. Sister Harry looks up into the doorway to see
Lucy. Lucy gives a little wave.

SISTER HARRIET

And rest.

She winds down the song and motions Lucy over.

SISTER HARRIET (CONT'D)

Just wandering are we?

LUCY

I could use a friendly face.

SISTER HARRIET

Have you tried Cleary and Pouncey?

Lucy smiles.

SISTER HARRIET (CONT'D)

(to kids)

Down on your bellies and do your
press-ups. Governor Roosevelt says
building strong chest muscles cured
his asthmatic condition...

(to Lucy)

And he's a politician, so we have no
reason to doubt him.

The kids begin to do push-ups. Sister Harry turns to Lucy
expectantly...

LUCY

I'm not a Catholic, Sister...

Harriet has clearly heard this several times now from Lucy.

SISTER HARRIET

So, you've said.

LUCY

But I believe we have a kinship in
the Lord and that I can talk to you
about my sin.

SISTER HARRIET

This may be more interesting than I
expected, Lucy.

LUCY

I fear I am not made for this putrid
city. I left home so full of myself,
wanting an adventure in New York.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

My mother and father warned me about the sorts of people I would meet, the depravity, the wickedness in Northern cities. They said it would infect me, if I came here.

SISTER HARRIET

Surely, we are not alone in our impurity. Is nothing sinful going on in the South?

LUCY

How can a place be so full of evil, and people just walk about as if nothing is wrong? They live with it so casually. Don't they fear for their souls? Are they so compromised that they have forgotten their God, or are they compromised *because* they have forgotten Him?

SISTER HARRIET

New York is not a place for black or white judgements. Right and wrong lose their color here and blend into one. It is a city in the gray places, and it tests all of us who strive to do His work. But if you hew to your calling to heal and comfort, keep your eye on the greater good you can do, then in your hands you will hold the organ of His good deeds and you will be performing His work on His path.

LUCY

(slightly relieved)

Thank you, Sister.

A CHILD approaches Harriet.

CHILD

Millie made pudding in her pants.

SISTER HARRIET

(to Lucy)

Any interest in doing some of His good work right now?

Lucy smiles.

LUCY

Millie, come with me, dear.

A LITTLE GIRL shuffles over and heads toward the door. Lucy begins to head off.

SISTER HARRIET
(definitely curious)
Just for my own clarity... what
exactly was your sin?

LUCY
Pride. I ignored my parents, and
won't return to them out of my own
stubbornness.

SISTER HARRIET
(clearly disappointed)
Ah. Well, hold fast to your virtue,
because once surrendered, it is very
difficult to reclaim it.

Lucy heads out with the Little Girl.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE TENEMENT - DAY

It is a run-down building that might have been lovely thirty-years-ago, but not anymore. The Knickerbocker AMBULANCE sits out front.

INT. LOWER EAST SIDE TENEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dilapidated, this tenement was probably built to hold two families, and now holds ten. A MAN, JACOB SPEIGHT, 33, BREATHES HEAVILY as he climbs the stairs with a cigarette in his mouth. Behind him, a POLICE OFFICER, PHINNY SEARS, makes his way up. Bringing up the rear are Cleary and Pouncey with a STRETCHER.

CLEARY
(to Pouncey, off gasping
Speight)
You'd think he was the one with the
tuberculosis.

SPEIGHT
Watch your mouth, Cleary, there's
plenty of other stretcher boys I can
call for this.

They arrive at an APARTMENT DOOR and Speight straightens himself, then knocks firmly.

SPEIGHT (CONT'D)
 (with authority)
 Health Inspector.
 (knocks again)
 Health Inspector. Open the door
 please.

The door opens slowly to reveal a FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY in the doorway of a dark, cramped, SQUALID APARTMENT. Several other SMALL CHILDREN are there. They have a PILE OF FABRIC being prepared by the children, and there is a SEVEN-YEAR-OLD at a SEWING MACHINE. A MAN, their FATHER, is by the stove, STEAMING FABRIC. This is nothing out of the ordinary for the time and it doesn't interest our Health Inspector in the least.

We hear coughing coming from the back room. The men head back there to find a SICK WOMAN, obviously the MOTHER. She is in a windowless room, on a bed. The husband watches nervously as Speight goes over to her.

SPEIGHT (CONT'D)
 Mrs. Krawetz, we're here to take you
 to the hospital. Do you understand?
 Hospital?
 (turns to Husband)
 Hospital. She has a disease and must
 be taken out of here.

The Husband responds in LATVIAN, clearly confused.

SPEIGHT (CONT'D)
 Christ alive, it's like the Tower of
 Babel in these shitholes. Never the
 same language twice.

The Husband pulls the OLDEST CHILD, A GIRL, 11, into the room.

GIRL
 My father says he doesn't want you
 taking my mother.

OFFICER PHINNY SEARS
 What's your name, darlin'.

GIRL
 Yetta.

OFFICER PHINNY SEARS
 Yetta, I'm Phinny. There's a law
 says we have to take her to a place
 that will make her well. So she
 doesn't get you sick, too. I'm here
 to make sure it happens that way.

Yetta TRANSLATES for her father. He answers in Latvian.

GIRL

My father says they took our neighbor
and he never came back.

OFFICER PHINNY SEARS

She'll be back, and fit as a fiddle,
you watch.

She doesn't believe him for a second. Speight motions to
Cleary and Pouncey who enter the room with their stretcher.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE TENEMENT

Cleary and Pouncey are loading Mrs. Krawetz into the ambulance
as the Husband and Yetta watch. OFFICER SEARS has gone.
Nearby, Speight stands with a more WELL-TO-DO-LOOKING MAN.

SPEIGHT

... No windows, no ventilation, no
sunlight inside or running water...
breeding grounds for disease. That's
why the new laws were passed. I can
compel you to make any and all
structural changes to your property I
deem necessary to protect the public.

WELL-TO-DO-LOOKING MAN

(German accent)

That will cost a fortune. I'm a
businessman.

SPEIGHT

Blame Lister's microscope and Riis'
camera, but the New York City Health
Department is just doing its job.

(then)

You own two more buildings on this
block, don't you?

The MAN looks sick.

WELL-TO-DO-LOOKING MAN

Perhaps we can come to some other
arrangement?

SPEIGHT

(pleased)

Perhaps we can.

We see the Ambulance pull away.

EXT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - LATER

The AMBULANCE is arriving at the hospital and passes by a COAL WAGON with "*Parkhurst Coal and Lumber Company*" on the side. MEN on the wagon are SHOVELING COAL down to the ground where more men shovel it into a CHUTE that leads down into the BASEMENT of the hospital. A BURLY MAN in coveralls with an elaborate moustache, who seems to be in charge of the crew, approaches Herman Barrow behind the wagon, slightly hidden from view.

BURLY MAN

That's the last of the six loads.
Keep your boilers cooking for the
next four months.

HERMAN

Excellent, Mr. Corker. Here is a
bank draft from The Knickerbocker for
the full amount.

BURLY MAN

Thank you for choosing Parkhurst.
Mr. Parkhurst is grateful for your
business.

HERMAN

And I'm grateful for his.

The Burly Man hands Herman a RECEIPT AND AN ENVELOPE, both smudged with BLACK COAL DUST. Careful not to get his hands dirty, Herman checks the envelope to see CASH inside. Herman pockets the envelope and heads off past the men shoveling coal down the chute. We follow the tumbling coal as it SLIDES DOWN INTO THE BASEMENT...

INT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

As the coal comes out of the bottom of the chute, more MEN with shovels quickly move it into giant piles near several HUGE BOILERS AND FURNACES.

A WELL-DRESSED AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN walks past the shoveling men, waving the coal dust away from his face. He asks one of the men something. The man points to the last furnace.

There, Thackery is working in the immense heat. With large heavy gloves, and giant TONGS, he pulls a SMALL SMELTING POT out of the furnace's inferno and carefully pours the molten liquid into a MOLD of some sort. The African American Man approaches.

AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN
Dr. Thackery?

THACKERY
(not looking up)
Present.

AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN
I was told I could find you here...
I'm Algernon Edwards.

Thackery looks up, takes in Algernon's blackness, then goes back to his project. Thackery drops the hot molds into a water bucket and they STEAM madly, as if touched by Satan himself.

ALGERNON
Would you prefer for me to wait in
your office?

THACKERY
No. This will do.

ALGERNON
May I ask what it is you're making?

THACKERY
An idea for an improvement on an
instrument.

ALGERNON
A colleague of mine in France was
fond of smelting, as well. A hare-
lip forceps he modified is now the
standard in Europe.

THACKERY
Well, if I find myself on the
Continent working on a hare-lip, I
will know whom to thank.

There is an awkward silence as Thackery pries the metal from the molds, revealing two ODD-LOOKING pieces.

ALGERNON
I'm beginning to think you were not
told everything about me. You
envisioned something different, I
take it... something lighter?

THACKERY
I did. And to be frank, Dr. Edwards,
I only agreed to this meeting as a
courtesy to Miss Robertson.
(MORE)

THACKERY (CONT'D)

But I am certainly not interested in an integrated hospital staff.

ALGERNON

My skin color should not matter.

THACKERY

If it does not matter, then why was that bit of information held back from me?

ALGERNON

You'll have to ask Miss Robertson.

THACKERY

It was also nowhere to be found on your rather impressive credentials.

ALGERNON

Is your race listed on yours?

THACKERY

There is no need for them to be.

(then)

There are many Negro infirmaries that would benefit from your talents.

ALGERNON

Those places don't have the one thing I want. For the life of me, I can't understand what you're doing at this hospital. With your talent and reputation, you could be at any of the great institutions in the world, and not...

(off his surroundings)

... here. But you're pushing the edges of our profession in this place, taking risks, blazing new paths in medicine. In Europe your surgical papers are passed around among surgeons as if they were road maps to El Dorado. I want to be a part of it. If you would just reconsider. There is so much I can bring to you and to this hospital. In France I was treated as an equal --

THACKERY

This is New York. Not France. The position is filled.

Thackery goes back to his work by the furnace. Algernon watches for a moment, then turns and leaves.

INT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Cornelia is chatting with a nurse as Algernon comes walking briskly past. Cornelia excuses herself from the nurse and walks over to Algernon.

CORNELIA

Dr. Edwards, how was your meeting
with Dr. Thackery?

ALGERNON

Can you call being humiliated in
front of a thousand-degree furnace a
meeting?

CORNELIA

I apologize for Dr. Thackery's...
irascibility.

ALGERNON

Please thank your father for the
opportunity. I am going to head back
to Boston and see about a fine
position there. I am very sorry if I
wasted your time.

(as he walks away)

I certainly wasted mine.

CORNELIA

Dr. Edwards... Dr. Edwards...
Algernon!

Cornelia watches him go. Lucy approaches.

LUCY

Miss Robertson, Dr. Chickering would
like to see you.

Cornelia is still watching Edwards, then, resigned, turns to Lucy and follows her. They pass by Speight walking down the hall.

INT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Speight approaches Herman's office door. He knocks and enters.

INT. BARROW'S OFFICE - DAY

Herman is at his desk, working. He looks up to see Speight.

HERMAN
Inspector Speight.

SPEIGHT
Mr. Barrow.

Speight plops himself down in a chair, pulls half-a-cigar from his pocket, takes a lighter off of Herman's desk and lights it.

HERMAN
How are things on the streets?

SPEIGHT
Getting worse everyday, Herm. The more boatloads they let in, the more pestilence infects this city. I had three cases of tuberculosis just today.

HERMAN
The poor are just weaker than us.

SPEIGHT
You'd imagine the Mayor would want to think about sending them immigrants elsewhere. But he don't stop 'em. Shipping companies see to that. Some of these diseases spread so quick, they'll wipe out blocks of people in days. We have to burn the bodies 'cause there's nowhere to put 'em.

Speight glances up at the WALL noticing a PAINTED PORTRAIT of TWO (UNATTRACTIVE) CHILDREN.

SPEIGHT (CONT'D)
(off painting)
That's a new one of your kids?

HERMAN
Yes.

SPEIGHT
Handsome-looking family. Always wanted one of those done of me.

HERMAN
Why haven't you?

SPEIGHT
Don't think I could sit still that long.

(MORE)

SPEIGHT (CONT'D)

What happens if you have to use the toilet?... That frame looks like it set you back a bit. Gold leaf?

HERMAN

(changing subject)

Where did you say you sent these tuberculosis patients?

SPEIGHT

The Knick got one. The poorest. City is gonna be coverin' the full-freight cost, since I put her here.

HERMAN

And you want a... finders fee?

SPEIGHT

Could have easily sent her to St. Vincent's or Presbyterian. Next time could be none, or might be all of 'em. You know, I like you, Herm.
(smiling)
We're cut from the same cloth.

HERMAN

I like to think not.

Herman reaches into his desk and pulls out some cash. He drops it on the desk in front of Speight.

INT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

The Latvian Woman, Mrs. Krawitz sits on the table, wheezing, barely-conscious, as Bertie examines her. Yetta, the 11-year-old, is also there.

BERTIE

(to Yetta)

You can tell your mother she can lie back down now.

Yetta interprets and the woman gingerly lies down. Lucy enters with Cornelia.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

(to Yetta)

We'll be right back.

Bertie steps out of the room with Cornelia.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

It's not good. The tuberculosis is pretty advanced. Her lungs are completely full of fluid. Fever of 104. Pulse is erratic. Her fingers are clubbing.

CORNELIA

Are you recommending a sanitarium stay?

BERTIE

She's already on the other side of the hill, I'm afraid. I honestly don't think she'll make it through the week.

CORNELIA

Does she know?

BERTIE

She doesn't speak English. Her daughter's been interpreting for me.

Cornelia takes this in.

CORNELIA

I see.

BERTIE

Responsibility is to the patient, but there's no rule that says we have to...

Cornelia shakes her head then steels herself and re-enters the examination room. She smiles warmly at the woman and Yetta.

CORNELIA

Hello.

(to Yetta)

May I ask your name?

YETTA

Yetta.

CORNELIA

Yetta. A beautiful name. Latvian?

YETTA

Yes.

CORNELIA

Yetta, my name is Miss Robertson. I am from the Social Welfare Office of the hospital. I need your help right now to explain something to your mother, all right?

Yetta nods.

CORNELIA (CONT'D)

Please tell your mother that the doctor says her disease has made her very sick.

Yetta interprets.

CORNELIA (CONT'D)

She will not get better.

Yetta interprets and her lip starts to tremble.

CORNELIA (CONT'D)

She will only get worse. But the hospital will do all it can to make her as comfortable as possible.

Yetta interprets.

CORNELIA (CONT'D)

If there is anything she or your family needs, we are here for you. Does she understand?

Yetta interprets. The Woman nods.

CORNELIA (CONT'D)

Are you all right, Yetta? I'm so sorry.

The Woman says something to her daughter.

YETTA

My mother wants to know what time it is.

Bertie looks at his pocket watch.

BERTIE

It's four-thirty.

Yetta interprets. The Woman says something.

YETTA

She says I should go or I'll be late
for my shift.

Bertie looks sick. Cornelia looks spent. Lucy holds back
tears. We hear the overlapping sound of a CARRIAGE DOOR
SLAMMING SHUT

EXT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

We now see that the slamming door is on CORNELIA'S ORNATE
CARRIAGE. In the window we see Yetta, sitting in the lavish
surroundings.

CORNELIA

(to her Coachman)

Keller Shirtwaist Factory on Delancy.
Be sure she gets there safely, Mr.
Morgan.

Cornelia gives bereft Yetta a reassuring smile as the carriage
pulls away.

INT. THACKERY'S OFFICE - DAY

Thackery is at his desk working precisely on the instrument he
was forging earlier. His hand shakes a little. He stops
working, a little frustrated. A clock chimes in his office.
He looks up. He puts his work down and begins gathering some
things, including the instrument, and places them in a
MEDICINE BAG. There is a KNOCK on his door.

THACKERY

Come in.

Cornelia opens the door.

THACKERY (CONT'D)

I expected you over an hour ago to
give me an earful about Dr. Edwards.
What kept you?

CORNELIA

I'm not in the mood for your cheeky
banter nor for what you believe is
your righteous rejection of the
opinions of anyone other than
yourself. Your treatment of Algernon
Edwards was indefensible.

THACKERY

It was completely defensible. I'll tell you what I told him. I am not interested in leading the charge in mixing the races.

Thackery heads over to a MEDICINE CABINET and grabs some VIALS of LIQUID COCAINE, along with a few NEEDLES. He places them in his bag in full sight of Cornelia... The drug carries no stigma whatsoever. In fact, it's seen as something of a miracle at this point, and thus, she has no reaction. It's as routine as any doctor putting aspirin in his bag.

CORNELIA

Dr. Edwards is as capable as any doctor in this hospital. Likely more so.

THACKERY

Perhaps, but, just as a shopkeeper would never stock an item on his shelves that he knows his customers will never buy, I would not employ a surgeon no patient will agree to have operate on him.

CORNELIA

Then patients must be convinced of his ability.

THACKERY

If the only hope standing between a dying patient and the afterlife are the hands of a Negro surgeon, rest assured, many will choose the afterlife.

CORNELIA

Then they deserve what they get.
(catching herself)
Once people learn that he is an excellent surgeon, they'll change their mind.

THACKERY

We're speaking about a patient's possible mortality, is that really a fair time to begin a social crusade?

CORNELIA

Yes!

THACKERY

We are an institution in dire condition, not an incubator for some progressive experiment for you and your father's money. He might be funding us, but he doesn't own me, and neither do you. Save us the trouble and just leave your money and go find yourself another hobby.

Thackery continues to load his bag. Cornelia storms out.

INT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - MATERNITY WARD - EVENING

Sister Harriet is tending to a PREGNANT WOMAN. Harriet has the woman ON HER KNEES and elbows with her ass in the air and HER BELLY IN A TUB OF WATER. Another NURSE is there with her hands on the woman's round stomach.

SISTER HARRIET

I want you to stay like that for twenty minutes, Mrs. Eberhardt. Nurse Connelly will keep massaging your belly. Trust an old midwife, that baby will turn around in no time.

MRS. CONNELLY

Is this something the doctor prescribed?

SISTER HARRIET

He would if he knew what he was doing.

Sister Harriet takes out a cigarette and lights it. She steps out onto a fire escape.

EXT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Enjoying a quiet moment, Harriet drags on her cigarette and looks up at the dark sky.

CLEARY

I believe I can see up your habit, Sister Harry.

Harriet looks down to see Cleary standing below her with Pouncey on the sidewalk, illuminated by electric street lamps.

CLEARY (CONT'D)

Poor Lord has all these ladies married to him, and none will give him a go. Don't you penguins ever want to just get a good poke?

SISTER HARRIET

Oh, we get curious, but then they show us a photograph of your sorry face and we all run right back into the arms of God. Your ugly mug's responsible for more girls staying virgins than the chastity belt.

Sister Harriet flicks her cigarette down toward Cleary, who has to jump out of the way as Harriet heads back into the Maternity Ward. Cleary, annoyed, spits up towards the fire escape.

INT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - MEN'S WARD - EVENING

Gallinger's bowel repair patient, Mr. Gentile, is coughing constantly and his breathing is labored, making it difficult for Lucy to take his temperature with a THERMOMETER. He's clearly feverish and shaking. She takes his pulse and looks a bit worried about him.

INT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Thackery heads down the corridor with his MEDICAL BAG to see that the work of the ELECTRICAL INSTALLERS has STOPPED. The WORKMEN are in fact PULLING THE WIRES OUT.

Herman approaches Thackery.

HERMAN

Do you see what you've done? Do you? The Robertsons are pulling the crews, they're terminating the electrification project.

THACKERY

It's childish.

HERMAN

No, Thack, you're the child. A naive, spoiled child. We need their money. We need to electrify. Every other hospital in the city has already done it. We need to attract paying customers.

THACKERY

Patients.

HERMAN

(firmly)

Customers.

THACKERY

Mine pay.

HERMAN

Yes. They come downtown, where they'd never dare go otherwise, and pay whatever they have to in order to see the great Dr. Thackery. But that alone can't keep us afloat. You're a pathfinder, but we're a dinosaur.

THACKERY

I'm not hiring the Negro. It is my decision.

HERMAN

You are consulted as a courtesy, nothing more. In the end, staffing decisions are mine and Dr. Edwards will be hired on immediately.

THACKERY

Then, perhaps I should be courteous enough to tender my resignation.

HERMAN

You think I want that dusky coon roaming these halls? A man of high-rank on our staff who will repel patients.

THACKERY

(correcting)

Customers.

HERMAN

You're a pain in my ass, and I need you happy, but right now I need the Robertsons happier. You know we have no choice. The man will be hired.

THACKERY

(sarcastic)

I can't imagine where we'll go to lunch first.

Thackery heads off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - MEN'S WARD - MORNING

Gallinger and Chickering are standing with Lucy by Mr. Gentile. His COUGHING AND SHIVERING have worsened. He's sweating and feverish.

LUCY

His temperature is one-hundred-and-five, and his pulse is rapid at one-sixty-six. He has vomited three times in the last ninety-minutes. I feared his bronchitis was worsening so I summoned you.

EVERETT

It's not his bronchitis. Septicemia. The swelling in the limbs, discoloration is starting, too.

Everett presses lightly on Mr. Gentile's arm to illustrate his point about the swelling.

EVERETT (CONT'D)

My repair didn't hold and he's leaking his own bowel poisons into his blood. I should have resected it.

BERTIE

It would have happened with any surgeon. Thackery included.

Herman ENTERS the ward with Dr. Edwards.

HERMAN

Most of our patients will receive their treatment here on the Men's Ward. Let me introduce you to two of your junior surgeons.

They approach Bertie and Everett.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Good morning to you all. Dr. Everett K. Gallinger and Dr. Bertram Chickering Jr., this is our new Assistant Chief Surgeon, Dr. Algernon Edwards.

EVERETT
(confused)
Thackery hired him?

HERMAN
Directed me to do it as of late
yesterday.

Everett looks stunned. Bertie sees Gallinger's shock and steps forward. He holds out his hand. Algernon accepts it.

BERTIE
Everyone calls me Bertie. Feel free
yourself.

EVERETT
(recovering)
Welcome to our circus.
(off Mr. Gentile)
Excuse us, but it seems we need to
head back into the tent.

Algernon heads over to Mr. Gentile. He puts the back of his hand up to Gentile's forehead to feel his temperature. The man recoils, but doesn't have the strength to pull away.

BERTIE
Septicemia following a bowel repair.

ALGERNON
We need to go back in and find the
leak right away.

EVERETT
We? He's not your patient, "Doctor."
He's mine.

BERTIE
We can't go back in. Bronchitis.
The Ether will kill him.

EVERETT
Get Dr. Thackery.

HERMAN
I don't believe he's come in yet.

EVERETT
Then get him.

ALGERNON
Time is precious. He's dying in
front of our eyes. Surely, we can
solve this ourselves.

EVERETT
You'll solve nothing!

HERMAN
Gallinger!

EVERETT
He'll need a resection immediately.
Two pieces of slippery bowel, wet
noodles to be somehow sutured
together perfectly while septic fluid
leaks all over the cavity poisoning
the patient. That is if we can
somehow bring about surgical sleep
without killing the man.

MR. GENTILE
(off Algernon, gasping)
The nigger's not touching me.

EVERETT
Nurse Elkins.

LUCY
(almost cowering)
Yes?

EVERETT
Bertie and I will prepare Mr. Gentile
and the theater for surgery. I need
you to go get Dr. Thackery. Try his
home first. We have no time to
spare.

Lucy nods. She begins running out of the ward.

BERTIE
Lucy!

She stops and turns around.

BERTIE (CONT'D)
Do you know where he lives?

LUCY
No.

BERTIE
Twenty-Eight Waverly.

She heads off.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

Lucy!

(she stops)

Do you know where that is?

LUCY

No.

BERTIE

West, then left on Wooster Street to
Washington Square.

She nods and heads off. Bertie and Everett begin to wheel Mr. Gentile out of the ward toward surgery. Algernon follows.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

(to Algernon)

Welcome to The Knick.

EXT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - A MINUTE LATER

Lucy rushes out of the front of the hospital and down the street.

EXT. THACKERY'S BROWNSTONE - MINUTES LATER

Lucy runs up to the door and bangs the KNOCKER urgently. Nothing. She BANGS it again. Nothing. She stands there for a few furtive seconds, then jumps onto the masonry lining the stairs and moves over to a half-opened WINDOW. She leans over and opens it further. She YELLS in...

LUCY

Dr. Thackery!... Dr. Thackery!...

It's Nurse Elkins, from the hospital.

Nothing. With no other choice, she crawls precariously across to the window and with a significant drop below her, shimmies into the window, dirtying her white uniform knees and hands, and hoists herself into Thackery's FRONT ROOM.

INT. THACKERY'S BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

Lucy falls into the elegant room. She stands up, steadying herself against a SMALL DISPLAY CABINET. INSIDE are some INDIAN ARTIFACTS. She notices among the artifacts, a stained CHILD'S DOLL which looks like a CHEYENNE GIRL made of leather and beads. She calls out into the house...

LUCY
Dr. Thackery! I am in your house
now. It's Nurse Elkins! Please
don't shoot me.
(to herself)
I'd be shot through already back
home.
(calling)
You're urgently needed for a
procedure.

She hears a noise up the stairs and heads up.

INT. THACKERY'S MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy opens the door to find THACKERY drenched in SWEAT,
SHAKING, only wearing his UNDERSHORTS, laying on his BED in a
FETAL POSITION.

LUCY
Oh, good Lord. Dr. Thackery!

THACKERY
(struggling)
Go away, stupid girl!

She notices on the bed next to him is HIS HYPODERMIC NEEDLE
KIT AND BOTTLE OF COCAINE HYDROCHLORIDE.

LUCY
(stammering)
Dr. Gallinger sent me... A patient
is... dying.

THACKERY
Which one?

Lucy has obviously never seen a drug addict before.

LUCY
Mr... Mr...

THACKERY
Which one?!

LUCY
Gentile. He has septi --

THACKERY
... cemia. Dammit, Gallinger.

LUCY
What's wrong with you? Are you sick?

THACKERY

I was trying not to... To spend a night without it.

LUCY

Without what?

He motions to the cocaine. She sort of understands.

THACKERY

Nurse, I need your assistance. You need to inject me.

She hesitates. He is shaking and sweating.

THACKERY (CONT'D)

The tremor won't allow me to do it myself. If you want me fit for surgery, I need you.

Lucy steps over to the bed and picks up the needle and bottle.

LUCY

How much? I don't want to kill you.

THACKERY

A touch more than twenty-two.

Lucy looks amazed at the number, then plunges the needle into the top of the cocaine bottle. She draws the liquid to a touch more than the line marking 22, on the glass chamber.

LUCY

Are we injecting an elephant or a man?

She begins to search for a vein. She taps his arms, then his neck.

LUCY (CONT'D)

You've destroyed yourself, Doctor. You're collapsed everywhere.

She looks on his stomach, then his bare legs.

THACKERY

Toes.

Lucy heads for his toes and looks for a vein.

LUCY

They're too small.

THACKERY

Not for me.

Lucy tries but doesn't feel confident.

LUCY

I don't think I can.

THACKERY

For God's sake.

Thackery starts to pull down his UNDERWEAR. Lucy recoils.

LUCY

What are you doing?!

THACKERY

You want a bigger vein...

LUCY

You want me to inject it into your --

THACKERY

Yes. On the underside. The Urethral Vein. Prominent and available. Now!

Lucy struggles. She can't get herself to grab hold of Thackery's penis. She keeps hesitating. The frustration is mounting in Thackery.

THACKERY (CONT'D)

It's just a prick! Hit me already!!

LUCY

Lord forgive me.

Lucy guides the needle into the underside of Thackery's penis. She hits the plunger and injects him. Thackery shudders and moans as "the bell rings" in his brain.

INT. KNICKERBOCKER OPERATING THEATER - MINUTES LATER

The THEATER GALLERY is filling up. Everett, Bertie, and Algernon are there with a CONSCIOUS Mr. Gentile, all waiting. The Gallery spectators note Algernon curiously. Thackery, now fresh and scrubbed-in, heads purposefully through the door, ready for surgery, with Lucy trailing him.

THACKERY

Gentlemen. Atomizers on. Everyone scrubbed? Washed? Cleansed? Deloused? Purified by God?

EVERETT

All but the last, Thack.

Bertie turns on the Carbolic Atomizers which begin spraying mist into the air. Surgical instruments are at the ready.

THACKERY

(noticing)

What's the Good Dark Doctor doing here?

EVERETT

You hired him.

ALGERNON

I'm here to assist in the surgery.

MR. GENTILE

(weakly)

He's not touching me.

THACKERY

Don't worry, Mr. Gentile, he won't be. Everett, you're assisting me, Bertie, you'll back up Everett.

Algernon looks annoyed.

EVERETT

Thack, we can't use Ether due to his lungs. And we can't operate on a man who's awake.

THACKERY

(thinking)

Yes... yes... I was considering that on the way in.

ALGERNON

You could try Nirvanin on the abdomen. There's been some success in Germany.

THACKERY

In dental surgery. For something like this it won't penetrate to the necessary depth...

Thackery looks at Mr. Gentile and then over to Lucy. He's clearly been contemplating something...

THACKERY (CONT'D)
Nurse Elkins, please prepare a
hypodermic with ten of a two-percent
cocaine solution.

Lucy doesn't answer, confused.

THACKERY (CONT'D)
Are you not familiar with the drug?

LUCY
I -- am...

THACKERY
Then prepare it.

She begins preparing the cocaine solution.

THACKERY (CONT'D)
(to Gallinger)
I didn't hire him. Barrow forced him
upon me. He's the new Assistant
Chief.

Algernon's face turns to anger.

ALGERNON
I was told you had decided...

THACKERY
Well, if Barrow told it to you, you
should know that there's never likely
to be much truth in it.

We see Herman Barrow shift uncomfortably in the Gallery as
others look over at him and chuckle.

ALGERNON
I won't stay where I am not wanted.

THACKERY
Then I'm guessing you don't stay
anywhere for very long.

ALGERNON
As per my oath I will stay in theater
until the patient is out of danger
and then I will resign.

THACKERY
Congratulations, on your new
promotion, Everett.

LUCY

Here you are, Doctor.

She hands Thackery the SYRINGE.

THACKERY

Mr. Gentile, we're going to sit you up. Everett, Bertie?

They sit Mr. Gentile up. He is still coughing terribly.

BERTIE

What are we doing?

THACKERY

Now arch his back forward. Sponge with antiseptic.

Bertie hands it to Thackery who begins to wipe an area in the middle of Mr. Gentile's spine. Thackery addresses the theater.

THACKERY (CONT'D)

Gentlemen. Before you is a patient who is infected with Septicemia from his bowel. Normally, we would induce surgical sleep with Ether, but due to a severe case of bronchitis he has developed post-operatively, we cannot. We must operate, but can not do it to a man who can feel pain. My solution... numb the nerves in the spine between Thoracic Vertebrae Six and Seven, so as to stop the brain from learning of the pain. I'm going to inject a two-percent cocaine solution directly into Mr. Gentile's spinal canal. Low enough to not affect the lungs and heart, high enough to dull everything below.

BERTIE

My, God. Will that work?

EVERETT

It could paralyze him. It likely will.

ALGERNON

Not if he makes for the hollow canal in the subarachnoid space.

THACKERY

It's been tried once before... on a Labrador Retriever.

EVERETT

And what happened?

THACKERY

I'm going to miss that dog. Okay, here we go, Mr. Gentile.

Thackery takes a GREASE PENCIL and MARKS an exact spot between two vertebrae in Mr. Gentile's spine. He then carefully aims the cocaine needle for the spot. Mr. Gentile coughs and the mark moves. Everyone looks on anxiously. Mr. Gentile coughs again.

THACKERY (CONT'D)

Mr. Gentile, if you could attempt to suppress your cough...

Gentile tries. Thackery aims the needle and INSERTS IT. Mr. Gentile lets out a small cry. Thackery slowly pushes down the plunger.

THACKERY (CONT'D)

A few more moments... just a few...

He pulls the syringe out. Everyone breathes a sigh of relief.

THACKERY (CONT'D)

Let's get him back down.

They help Mr. Gentile back down to the table.

ALGERNON

(to Bertie)

He's a madman.

THACKERY

I prefer Ringmaster. The wirewalkers will be along shortly.

INT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Thackery has a scalpel at the ready. He gives Mr. Gentile's leg a small prick and monitors his conscious face for a recoil... nothing.

THACKERY

(to theater)

No pain.

An intrigued murmur moves through the crowd.

Thackery makes his incisions. Everett is in sync with him every step of the way, handing him instruments and anticipating his needs. Everett begins turning the suction crank. Bertie steps in with the Cauterizing Lamp as smoke rises. They are a well-oiled team.

THACKERY (CONT'D)

There's the bowel.

EVERETT

(locating)

Here is the location of my repairs.

THACKERY

Your sutures failed in two spots where the obstruction backed up with pressure on them, Everett. You should have resected.

EVERETT

I know now. I'm sorry.

THACKERY

Dr. Edwards, before you resign and leave us all in tears, would you be kind enough to open that medical bag there and take out the metal device contained within?

Happy for something to do, Algernon heads to the bag and opens it to find an odd-looking CLAMPING DEVICE WITH TIGHTENING SCREWS ON IT. We can see that it is obviously made up of the PARTS OF METAL THAT THACKERY WAS FORGING IN THE BASEMENT EARLIER.

THACKERY (CONT'D)

(to theater)

I'm now removing approximately two feet of the patient's intestines to relieve a blockage and some damage.

(to Gentile)

From this day forth, Mr. Gentile, you will now have the honor of evacuating your bowels several seconds faster than any of your chums.

(to Algernon)

Carbolic please.

Algernon goes and immerses the clamp in a bowl of CARBOLIC ACID.

THACKERY (CONT'D)

I'll be needing it now. Bring it to the table.

Algernon bellies up next to Thackery at the table and hands him the device.

THACKERY (CONT'D)

Watch carefully, Bertie, you'll be needing to tell your father all about this. After the bad section of bowel is removed, each new end of the intestine can be clamped into this device, which allows it to keep its tubular contour and shape. Now I tighten the screw to draw the two ends together, and I'm in good stead for an easy connection with sutures.

All of the surgeons are amazed. The Gallery is clearly impressed.

THACKERY (CONT'D)

When I finish these, you will close, Everett.

(to Algernon)

It was nice knowing you, Doctor.

ALGERNON

(wide-eyed, watching rapt)

Your lack of desire for my employment here be damned. I'm not leaving this circus until I learn everything you have to teach.

Thackery looks at Everett who balefully nods his assent and understanding.

EXT. ROBERTSON'S 5TH AVENUE MANSION - EVENING

Cornelia's carriage pulls up to the incredible home. The door is opened by an OLDER, AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN, JESSE. He helps Cornelia down.

JESSE

Good evening, Miss Robertson.

CORNELIA

Good evening, Jesse. I have a special dinner guest joining us this evening.

JESSE

Shall I inform Miss Evaline in the kitchen?

CORNELIA

I think he'll want to do it himself.

Jesse looks up to see Algernon exiting the carriage. He beams.

ALGERNON

Good evening, Father.

Jesse and Algernon embrace. Cornelia smiles.

JESSE

Let's go surprise your momma. If that is all right, Miss Robertson.

CORNELIA

Of course.
(to Algernon)
See you at dinner.

INT. ROBERTSON'S 5TH AVENUE MANSION KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

EVALINE EDWARDS cooks at the stove in the giant kitchen. Jesse enters through a back door.

EVALINE

(not looking up)
Jesse, take those boots off if you gonna come in here. I don't need no horse manure on my floor.

ALGERNON

Does that go for me, too?

Evaline turns to see her son.

EVALINE

Algie!

They embrace.

EVALINE (CONT'D)

Why didn't you say you was coming to town?

ALGERNON

It happened so fast. I only got word of it the day before yesterday.
(MORE)

ALGERNON (CONT'D)

The Captain and Miss Robertson asked me to dinner.

EVALINE

Captain Robertson has a telephone now. You could have called and let us know.

JESSE

He's not going to need to call no more.

ALGERNON

I'm moving back to New York. I'm taking a position at The Knickerbocker as Assistant Chief of Surgery.

Evaline, tears in her eyes, embraces her son again and then hits him and starts moving around the kitchen.

ALGERNON (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

EVALINE

I can't serve this supper. This is too special an occasion now. I'm gonna have to start all over again.

ALGERNON

Momma, whatever it is, is fine.

EVALINE

Unless you developed a taste for fish stew in the last six months...

ALGERNON

Oh.

EVALINE

That's what I thought. Jesse, tell the Captain that I need another half-hour.

JESSE

I don't think I should --

EVALINE

Tell him.

(to Algernon, beaming)

What you want to eat?

INT. ROBERTSON 5TH AVENUE MANSION DINING ROOM - LATER

Cornelia sits next to Algernon. At the head of the table is her father, CAPTAIN AUGUST ROBERTSON, 60. On the far end of the table is Cornelia's mother, VICTORIA, mid-50s. Across from Cornelia and Algernon, sits THEODORE, 20s, Cornelia's brother, looking bored.

CAPTAIN ROBERTSON

(lost in own thought)

Cocaine into the spine... Astounding. When I was aboard the Monitor during the War, the best we could hope for to numb pain was to be knocked unconscious by a hard blow to the head by your closest comrade. This century is going to bring about incredible changes. Industry, transportation, medicine. And Thackery will be leading that charge. I have no doubt. The man is fearless.

ALGERNON

Dr. Thackery is bold.

CORNELIA

That is a polite way to put it.

CAPTAIN ROBERTSON

He's hard headed, but reasonable when need be. I'm sure once he saw your talents, it was clear you would be wasted at a more compromised facility.

ALGERNON

I am quite sure I was only considered for the position thanks to the generosity of you and Mrs. Robertson.

CAPTAIN ROBERTSON

You were always an exceptionally bright child, Algernon. I saw that from the very beginning, from when you and Cornelia and Theodore used to play together as children. I promised your parents it would not go to waste. I knew you would take the initiative with your education, work hard, and make the most of your gifts... Not all young men have shown similar ambition.

He glances over at Theodore, who just looks away.

ALGERNON

Well, I hope to continue to prove
your investment in me a wise one.

CAPTAIN ROBERTSON

Just as long as you don't spend your
time in the hospital playing blind
man's bluff with Cornelia.

VICTORIA

Darling, any word from Phillip?

CORNELIA

Yes, he sent a cable. He will be
back in New York on the twelfth of
next month.

VICTORIA

I'm sure he will be so pleased with
the progress we have already made on
the arrangements for your wedding.

CAPTAIN ROBERTSON

You'd like Cornelia's fiance,
Algernon. Industrious, like you.
Has spent the last eight months in
San Francisco setting up freight
lines for my company to The Orient.

CORNELIA

Nothing pleases father more than
knowing he will have an heir to take
over his shipping monopoly.

ALGERNON

Teddy, will you be staying on with
the company, too?

THEODORE

(shrugs)

I hate boats.

CAPTAIN ROBERTSON

Yes, we are well aware.

ALGERNON

So, the excitement of racing horses
still has you in its thrall then,
Teddy?

CAPTAIN ROBERTSON

Racing automobiles is now where he has decided to make his mark. And Cornelia, it is fair to say, we were starting to worry you would never get married.

CORNELIA

I thought you would appreciate my high standards, father? I take after you.

CAPTAIN ROBERTSON

That you do, my darling.

CORNELIA

But Phillip is a wonderful man.

ALGERNON

I look forward to meeting him.

As PLATES ARE CLEARED and the next course is set down, under the TABLE, Cornelia REACHES OVER AND CLASPS ALGERNON'S HAND. He rubs his thumb gently along the side of her hand.

INT. LOWER EAST SIDE PUB - EVENING

Cleary is there with a bunch of other ROWDY PATRONS in the LOW CLASS BAR. Cleary reads aloud from THE NEW YORK TIMES.

CLEARY

"J.F. Mumford of the New West Side Athletic Club did not fight like an amateur when he met L. Smith. In the first round he sent Smith to the floor with a right punch to the jaw. In the third, Smith began by landing some telling blows but Mumford braced up and soon had Smith in a helpless condition." Sounds a lot like McCarthy getting beat about by his wife!

A bunch of people crack up. McCARTHY is drunk and pissed. He makes a lunge at Cleary who ducks and hits McCARTHY hard in the stomach. McCarthy doubles over.

CLEARY (CONT'D)

(as if in the Times)

Mr. T. Cleary of Park Row took the fight to M. McCarthy of Little Water Street, shuttin' his mouth and beatin' him with both fists...

Cleary is about to beat on McCarthy some more when he notices something out the front window. A WOMAN getting out of a CAB. He takes a second look... it's SISTER HARRIET, carrying a BAG, not wearing her habit, but rather STREET CLOTHES. After the cab pulls away and the coast is clear, she walks down the street.

CLEARY (CONT'D)
I'll see you fellas later.

They all seem confused as Cleary makes his way to the exit and out of the pub.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE STREET - EVENING

Harriet walks with purpose, unaware that Cleary is following from a short distance behind. She checks the address on a piece of paper and enters a TENEMENT.

INT. LOWER EAST SIDE TENEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Harriet ENTERS the building and heads up the stairs to the SECOND FLOOR. She knocks on the door of an APARTMENT. The door is cracked open by a WOMAN. She sees Harriet and ushers her inside.

INT. LOWER EAST SIDE TENEMENT APARTMENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Harriet sits on the edge of a bed where a SCARED WOMAN lays. Harriet is comforting her.

SISTER HARRIET
And he has no knowledge of your condition?

SCARED WOMAN
I could never tell him. He's not the sort of man who... he gets angry, he doesn't mean to, but he works so hard... another child would...

She stops, trying to find a kind way of putting it.

SISTER HARRIET
I understand. Does he know where you are tonight?

SCARED WOMAN
Oh, God no.

The very idea of it clearly terrifies her.

SCARED WOMAN (CONT'D)

He's at the bakery. Tonelli's on Mott? He works the ovens from ten to six most nights.

(fear rising again)

He can't know...

SISTER HARRIET

All right. You needn't worry. This will be over shortly.

SCARED WOMAN

Does it hurt?

SISTER HARRIET

A little discomfort, but your husband will know nothing of it, I promise.

SCARED WOMAN

But, will God forgive me? I don't want to go to hell for killing a baby.

SISTER HARRIET

He understands that you have suffered and you shouldn't have to suffer any further. I believe the Lord's compassion will be yours. Now, I need you to lay down and we will make this as painless as possible.

Harriet guides her down onto a pillow and separates her legs.

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Harriet exits the apartment. The WOMAN WHO LET HER INTO THE APARTMENT hands Harriet some MONEY and thanks her. Harriet turns to go, heading down the stairs. Unbeknownst to her, standing in the shadows is Cleary. He watches her go.

INT. CHINATOWN OPIUM DEN - NIGHT

Thackery walks in and is approached by the CHINESE WOMAN in a silk robe and nothing else.

CHINESE WOMAN

Good evening, Johnny. May I set you up?

THACKERY

Please. Hard day.

Thackery lies down as the Chinese Woman packs a pipe for him. She lights it as he takes a long draw. Thackery's world starts to dull. She sits down near him, crossing her bare legs. The Woman then picks up a MUSIC BOX and starts to turn the CRANK. "MY WILD IRISH ROSE" plays as Thackery continues to smoke and drift.

As the music box plays, we see the following...

INT. EVERETT'S HOME - NIGHT

Everett and his wife are rocking their son to sleep.

EXT. ROBERTSON'S 5TH AVENUE MANSION - NIGHT

Algernon gets into a cab and heads off. Cornelia STANDS AT A WINDOW ABOVE THE STREET, watching him go.

INT. SEGREGATED HOTEL - NIGHT

Algernon arrives at the FRONT DESK of an all NEGRO HOTEL

INT. FEMALE BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucy is in her bed, silently crying herself to sleep in the dark, trying not to wake her ROOMMATE in the next bed.

EXT. TENDERLOIN DISTRICT - NIGHT

Herman walks down the sidewalk of electric street lamps, past saloons, prostitutes soliciting clients on street corners, gambling parlors, burlesque theaters, African Americans and whites mixing in dance halls, and an endless number of brothels with women on second floor balconies, advertising their services. Surprisingly, Barrow doesn't look fazed by the scene. He turns into the doorway of one of the brothels.

INT. BROTHEL BACK ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Herman is led inside where a LOWLIFE CRIME BOSS, BUNKY COLLIER, sits. Herman nervously places an envelope of cash on the table in front of Collier. Collier gestures to one of his goons who grabs the envelope and counts it. He nods to the crime boss. It's all there. Herman is kicked out.

INT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

Sister Harriet walks by a DONATION BOX and drops the MONEY she received for her services that evening, inside.

INT. LOWER EAST SIDE PUB - NIGHT

Cleary sits at the bar, nursing a drink, thinking about his newly-discovered information.

INT. CHINATOWN OPIUM DEN - NIGHT

Thackery is completely lost in an opium dream as the music continues to play...

INT. KNICKERBOCKER HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway is dim. A hand flicks a switch in the background and a LIGHT BULB begins to glow, illuminating everything.

Electricity. A new era...

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE