

UNTITLED BERMAN/WRIGHT/DINNER PILOT

By

Josh Berman & Rob Wright

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTHSIDE CHICAGO EMPTY FIELD, 1986 - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CLOSE ON A SIX YEAR OLD GIRL: **GRACE DEVLIN**. Angelic face. Summer party dress. OVER THIS...

GRACE (V.O.)
The first time I saw a dead body,
it was the neighborhood drunk.

REVERSE ANGLE: she's looking at a MAN'S DEAD BODY, surrounded by carpetweed and crabgrass. Shot in the face like an Arthur Fellig gangster. Broken Jim Beam bottle by his side. Eyes staring, lifeless.

GRACE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He was in this field, not far from
where I grew up. Bridgeport,
Southside of Chicago.

Young Grace kneels beside the body. Stares at it like most kids admire an anthill.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Thing is, I wasn't afraid. All I
can remember... I really wanted to
touch him.

She reaches out and tugs at his jacket. No movement.

GRACE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I don't know why, but I've been
fascinated with the human body ever
since.

Then, she carefully closes the dead man's eyes.

GRACE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Twenty years later, during my first
week of med school, an attending
told me I'd "eventually lose count
of all the bodies." But after two
hundred thirty seven, I still
remember every one.

The little girl stands over the body, captivated. Then, a
MAN'S SCREAM CARRIES us INTO --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO VETERINARY CLINIC, BACK ROOM - PRESENT DAY (D1)

DOGS AND CATS in WIRE CAGES BARK and HISS. Nearby, we find THE SCREAMING MAN, **LENNY** (30s, thuggish), a LARGE SCREWDRIVER protruding from an engorged bump on his forehead. His hands secured to a table by rubber straps, normally used for dogs.

GRACE (OUR NARRATOR)
Jesus, Lenny, stop moving -- !

PULL BACK to meet **DR. GRACE DEVLIN** (30s) grown up. She's in street clothes, covered with a surgical smock and gloves -- street-wise, self-assured, and headstrong, especially when dealing with guys like Lenny, who's delirious from the pain.

LENNY
The thing is in my head!

GRACE
Next time don't rob a hardware store when you're drunk.

Just then, **DR. FRANK** (50), a veterinarian, enters from the adjacent room. Grace looks up --

GRACE (CONT'D)
Did you give him the Fentanyl?

DR. FRANK
Enough to knock out a Great Dane.

LENNY
(panicked; to Grace)
Doc, no one can know I'm here --

GRACE
That makes two of us.

LENNY
There's a warrant out for me and --

GRACE
Shut up. I'm trying to think --

LENNY
Moretti said you won't tell anyone.
Said you owe him big time and --

It's true, but doesn't like hearing it. Thinking aloud --

GRACE
No slurred speech or paraesthesia --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace grabs a nearby STAPLER and WHACKS it against Lenny's knee cap, harder than necessary, to elicit a KICK REFLEX.

LENNY
What the hell!

GRACE
Patellar reflexes are normal.
(to Lenny, re: screwdriver)
You got lucky. Just hit the frontal lobe.

Just then, Grace's CELL PHONE RINGS: RIIIIING!

LENNY
I'm hearing bells!

GRACE
That's my cell. Means my break's over and I gotta get back to the hospital.

LENNY
You can't leave me!

GRACE
I'm not here for you; I'm here 'cuz of Moretti. If it were up to me, I'd pound this in another inch and call it a day --

LENNY
Doc, please --

GRACE
(to Dr. Frank)
Douse him with betadine and let's do this.

As Dr. Frank pours the iodine-like substance on the wound, Grace grabs a DOGGIE CHEW TOY and approaches Lenny with it.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Open wide.

He complies; Grace stuffs the chew toy into his gaping mouth.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Now, bite down. And remember, this'll hurt you more than me.
(a beat)
In three... two... one!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lenny's eyes go wide as Grace places her hands on the screwdriver and YANKS it out of his head in one swift move!

BLOOD SPURTS, but Grace staunches the hole with gauze pads. As the gusher turns to a trickle, she turns to the vet.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 (to Dr. Frank)
 Sew him up. Then give him a shot
 of Ancef and Tetanus.
 (checks watch)
 I gotta go.

With that, Grace pulls off her gloves and surgery smock, tosses them into the trash and blows out of there into --

EXT. VETERINARY CLINIC - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

-- the weathered streets of Bridgeport. Grace climbs into her battered PICKUP. As she guns the motor and pulls out of the Vet clinic, our CAMERA RISES to --

EXT. BRIDGEPORT STREETS TO URBAN CHICAGO (ESTABLISHING/AERIAL)

Dying concrete and brick row houses DROP AWAY as we FLY out toward Lake Michigan. We spot A WHITE SOX GAME at Cellular Field, boats on LAKE MICHIGAN and the gleaming skyscrapers of the DOWNTOWN SKYLINE, punctuated by The Sears Tower. We SPIRAL DOWN to the pristine, new CHICAGO MEDICAL CENTER -- a teaching hospital, a world away from Bridgeport.

And as we PUSH IN on this beacon...

PRELAP: VIVALDI'S "FOUR SEASONS"

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO MEDICAL CENTER ER, OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Sleek and clean. The complete opposite of the veterinary clinic. The MUSIC emanates from iSpeakers as an African-American boy, **KEVIN WILLIAMS** (8) lies on the operating table, BULLET WOUND to the chest. EKG lines BEEP. IV's DRIP. He's flanked by men and women in full scrubs, gowns and masks.

Just then, Grace enters, dressed for surgery. She's at ease -- not a hint of the adrenaline from the prior scene. She holds her hands straight up in the air (so water and bacteria flow off and away). **NURSE ROBERTA "RO" ANGELI** (20s), Grace's best friend, clocks her and announces --

RO
 Good afternoon, Dr. Devlin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Ro holds up gloves, Grace aggressively pushes her hands inside each one --

RO (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Where the hell've you been?

GRACE
Car trouble.

RO
Again?

As Ro ties Grace's surgical gown, **ANESTHESIOLOGIST MIKE** (40s) interjects --

ANESTHESIOLOGIST MIKE
Prepped and ready. Pressure's 110
over 70.

Grace eyes the patient, noting the field marked for surgery.

GRACE
I'm going to need a bigger field.

RO
No problem.

As Ro widens the circumference of flesh around the wound, Grace follows with the scalpel, making the incision. Then --

GRACE
Retractor.

Ro hands the retractor to Grace, who slides the tool between muscle and bone. A beat as she searches for something.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST MIKE
Who shoots an eight-year-old kid?

GRACE
(without looking up)
B-G-L-D.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST MIKE
B-G-L-D?

GRACE
Big gun, little discretion.

Then, as she gently pries out A BLOODIED BULLET --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRACE (CONT'D)

Got it.

Satisfied, she drops the gnarled metal in a tray. But suddenly, the EKG pulse TRIPLES: Beepbeepbeep!

ANESTHESIOLOGIST MIKE

Jesus, he's tachy --

RO

BP's droppin', too --

ALARMS WHINE. The pulse ox monitor's PITCH starts to lower. People scramble. Still Grace stays cool.

GRACE

Give me suction and forceps.

The team's responding, when attending **DR. BOB FLANIGAN** (late 40s, arrogant) charges in through the door, accompanied by a fifth year resident, **DR. OLIVIA WATSON** (30s) -- classically pretty, poised, and a chip on her shoulder.

DR. BOB FLANIGAN

Grace, you're here. Status?

RO

Patient's in shock, doctor.

DR. BOB FLANIGAN

Start a vasopressor.

GRACE

No --

DR. BOB FLANIGAN

I'm the attending --

GRACE

It's cardiac tamponade --

DR. BOB FLANIGAN

How do you know -- ?

GRACE

Check his jugular. JV distension --

Grace chins the patient's NECK. A TIGHT ANGLE SHOWS his jugular vein visibly BULGING like a snake.

DR. OLIVIA WATSON

God --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRACE

(to Ro)

Gimme five-and-a-half-inch Mayos
and an Allis.

Olivia follows Grace's movements.

DR. OLIVIA WATSON

(alarmed; eyes Flanigan)

You're cutting the pericardium?

DR. BOB FLANIGAN

(to Grace)

Slow down -- with two more units,
he could stabilize...

Grace chins the pulse ox monitor, number DIVE-BOMBING...

GRACE

And the Cubs *could* win the World
Series. He's got pulsus peridoxus.
There's no time.

FAST ANGLES ON the OPEN CHEST CAVITY, as Grace goes in with
the Mayo scissors and clamp... Then on THE BOY'S HEART, outer
sack grossly swollen like a bullfrog -- until Grace snips it
with the scissors and REDDISH YELLOW FLUID GUSHES OUT.

Almost immediately, the "beepbeep" of the EKG slows and the
pulse ox monitor rises in pitch, back to normal.

RO

Holy shit.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST MIKE

(smiles at Grace)

And he's back...

Grace nods, sweat on brow, relieved, but still focused on the
task before her, as she starts to stitch the tiny laceration.
ACROSS THE WAY, Dr. Flanigan looks like he just ate a bug.

DR. FLANIGAN

Clean him up, then get him to
S.I.C.U.

GRACE

(with subtle 'tude)

Yes, *Sir*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Flanigan, with Olivia in tow, heads for the exit. And as Grace and the rest of the team finish up...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, LOCKER ROOM - DAY

SLAM. Grace's locker shuts. She's in her civvies, ready to head home, when Ro opens the door and sticks her head in.

RO

Hey doll, I need you --

GRACE

Lemme guess. Flanigan wants to 'discuss' my attitude in the E.R. again?

RO

Good guess. But no --

Grace heads out the door, with a questioning look...

INT. HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

... Grace and Ro continue down the hall.

RO

Your mom's in the lobby.

Grace stops dead in her tracks.

GRACE

(concerned)

What? Why?

RO

You think she'd tell me?

Just then, the nearby CATH LAB DOORS BURST OPEN and AN FBI AGENT (**AGENT ANDREWS**) charges out, followed by a **CARDIOLOGIST** with a fat guy on a gurney, **RALPH SEVERINO** (40s), intubated with two IVs and oxygen.

FBI AGENT ANDREWS

Clear the way, FBI --

Staff and support clear as Grace questions the Cardiologist.

GRACE

What's going on -- ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARDIOLOGIST

Forty-seven-year-old white male came in diaphoretic with S-T elevations. He's got a proximal L.A.D. lesion and the rest of his coronaries look like hell...

Grace looks to the patient -- and almost does a double take. She knows this man. Stunned, she does her best to cover.

DR. WHITE (O.S.)

Get him to C.C.C. and start an integrilin drip.

REVEAL **DR. STAFFORD WHITE** (50s), the medical center's Surgery Chief, as he hustles up with TWO NURSES, who usher Severino and his "entourage" around a corner. Grace keeps staring after them. Snapped out of it by --

DR. WHITE (CONT'D)

Grace...

(off her look)

Meet me in Surgical Con B in fifteen --

Ro steps in, protectively --

RO

Chief, she just finished her 24.

DR. WHITE

And?

RO

ACGME rules: after twenty-four hours, residents are supposed to be off and gone.

DR. WHITE

Good rules.

(to Grace; leading)

Doctor, you're "off" rotation but you're not "gone" if --

GRACE

I want it.

DR. WHITE

(smiles)

Good. I'll see you in fifteen.

With a look to Ro, Dr. White blows out of there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRACE

(to Ro)

Reciting the Federal Rules to the
Chief of Surgery? You're picking
up my bad habits --

RO

If you let him work you like that,
he'll only work you more --

GRACE

That's kinda my plan.

(then)

Coffee, then Mom.

As Grace heads off, Ro dogs her --

RO

(excitedly)

So, you recognize your new patient?

GRACE

Sure do.

As they head into --

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, BREAK ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Grace and Ro enter the break room...

RO

He's been all over the news. TV.
Internet. They say he's gonna
bring down the Southside Outfit.

As Ro pours a cup of coffee, Grace ends the discussion with --

GRACE

Yeah, I've heard.

MARIA (O.S.)

(sing-song)

There you are, doctor.

They turn to REVEAL -- **MARIA DEVLIN** (50s), Grace's mom,
striding in like she owns the place. Maria is a cancer
survivor, and her near-death experience informs her
relationships. For Maria, life is too short not to be
direct, honest, and a bit of a drama queen. If Grace doesn't
look happy to see her, it's because she's not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

Mom, I was on my way to see you.
In the lobby.

MARIA

Ooh, coffee? I'd love a cup.

GRACE

Are you okay?

MARIA

I'm here about Suzie Norton.

Before Grace can ask, Maria explains to Ro --

MARIA (CONT'D)

Grace used to baby-sit her. Sweet girl, but poor thing -- her parents split when she was 5. Her mother took off with our lesbian butcher -- spitting image of Valerie Bertinelli, swear to God.

GRACE

(losing her patience)
What happened to Suzie?

MARIA

She showed up at the house, looking for you. Said she didn't feel so good. I told her you weren't home, then she passed out right in front of me. I called 9-1-1, and rode in the ambulance with her.

GRACE

Is she okay?

MARIA

How should I know?
(pointedly)
But your doctor friend is taking care of her. He's even cuter than that photo I found on your laptop.
(to Ro)
You know, she won't introduce us.

GRACE

(back on track)
Did you call Suzie's father?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARIA

(nods)

He's driving up from Statesville --
six hours in traffic.

GRACE

Okay. I'm going to check on her.

MARIA

I'll go with you.

GRACE

('no')

You're going home.

RO

I'll call ya a cab...

Grace pours her mom a cup of coffee --

GRACE

And it'll be here by the time you
finish your coffee.

As Grace heads off --

MARIA

(nonplussed)

Nice to see you too, Dear.

Grace waves as she exits --

INT. HOSPITAL, ADMITTING ROOM - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

SUZIE NORTON (14) lies in a bed, unconscious. Saline and blood IVs wind down to her arms, as **DR. BRETT ROBINSON** (30s), handsome blueblood, runs a transducer over her exposed abdomen, monitoring the **ULTRASOUND SCREEN**. Grace enters.

GRACE

Brett --

BRETT

(happy to see her)

I hear you're a friend of my
patient.

GRACE

Yeah. What's wrong with her?

BRETT

Not exactly sure.

(eyes ultrasound screen)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT (CONT'D)
Hypotensive on arrival. We
bolus'ed fluids and normalized her
pressure.

GRACE
Appendicitis?

BRETT
Possible. Right lower quadrant
pain. I'm looking for a target
sign now.

Brett chins the screen. Grace nods. Changes subjects --

GRACE
So, you met my mother.

BRETT
Yeah. She told me I had great bone
structure but my sideburns are too
long for my face. Then, she asked
if I'm "the marrying type."

GRACE
Now you know why I haven't invited
you over for dinner.

BRETT
(flirting)
Don't you want to know what I said?

Before Grace can respond, A NURSE enters with a file.

NURSE
Excuse me, Doctor, lab results --

Brett nods, takes the file, checks it -- and reacts.

BRETT
God... that can't be right.

GRACE
What's wrong?

BRETT
HCG is positive: she's pregnant.

GRACE
Ooh, I know her dad. He's going to
freak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRETT

No, Grace. I mean, *this can't be right*. I tried to do a pelvic, but her hymen's in tact. She's a virgin.

Grace reacts -- stunned, when THE HOSPITAL P.A. ANNOUNCES...

HOSPITAL P.A.

Dr. Devlin to Surgical Con B. Dr. Devlin, report to Surgical Con B.

GRACE

I have to go.
(re: Suzie)
But unless that's an immaculate conception, you better check again.

Grace gives Brett a quick peck on the lips and hurries out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, SURGICAL CONFERENCE ROOM B - DAY

The Chicago Skyline is visible out the fifth floor window as, ACROSS THE WAY, X-RAYS and MRI CARDIO DISPLAYS gleam on a bank of state-of-the-art FLAT SCREENS.

NEARBY, FBI AGENT ANDREWS hands a file to Grace, who's there with Dr. White. IN THE FILE, a series of photos -- mug shots, news clippings, etc. of Ralph Severino (guy on gurney).

AGENT ANDREWS

Do you recognize this man?

Grace acts nonchalant, but she knows all about this patient. She takes a breath, then, does her best to sound casual --

GRACE

Ralph Severino. He's a witness in some big trial. Everyone thought he was dead, but you had him in witness protection 'til last week.

AGENT ANDREWS

That's right. Mr. Severino is a former lieutenant of Southside mob boss, Tommy Moretti --

We've heard this name before. Still, Grace doesn't react --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WHITE
(affable)
Sounds like Al Capone stuff.

AGENT ANDREWS
You're not far off. Moretti's crew has been connected to over sixty deaths and disappearances, plus thefts, briberies... Severino was our key to proving it all, until he face-planted in court this morning.

Grace notes a pair of the PHOTOS -- in the first Severino is 200 lbs; in the second, the guy is pushing 300.

GRACE
You park him over a donut shop or something?

AGENT ANDREWS
Barbecue joint in Tulsa.

DR. WHITE
That'll put meat on a man's bones.

GRACE
And plaque in his arteries.

Grace points to ONE OF THE CARDIO MRI'S -- on an off-white field, gray arteries are dappled with BRIGHT CLUMPS (plaque).

AGENT ANDREWS
We need him to testify.

DR. WHITE
(pointing to Angio)
His coronaries are tortuous, seven narrowed arteries.
(to Grace)
He needs a "cabbage".

AGENT ANDREWS
Will he make it?

DR. WHITE
I can't say. He's high risk. Not to mention, his carotids are occluded. Even if he survives the procedure, there's a chance of memory loss, given the length of time he'll be connected to the heart-lung machine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Andrews does not look happy. A beat. Then, Grace offers --

GRACE

We could do the "cabbage" *off-pump*.

DR. WHITE

Dr. Devlin just finished a rotation at the Cleveland Clinic where she studied with the doctor who invented the procedure. It allows the surgeon to stop each area of the heart locally to perform the grafting.

GRACE

Increases his odds and no worries about memory loss.

DR. WHITE

But it's new, and it's never been done at this hospital.

GRACE

There's always a first time. It's why you sent me there, Sir.

DR. WHITE

(considers)
Alright.
(to Andrews)
She'd lead, I'd supervise.

AGENT ANDREWS

How soon?

GRACE

We'll wait for the anticoagulants to wear off and his INR to normalize.

DR. WHITE

Around twelve to twenty-four hours.

Agent Andrews regards them both, measuring. Then...

AGENT ANDREWS

Congratulations, doctors -- you've just joined the prosecution.
(to Dr. White)
Now, we have a press conference.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Andrews shakes Grace's hand and, together with White, exits. We STAY WITH Grace, as she returns to Severino's charts and MRIs. Just then, Ro pops in, checking to see Grace is alone.

RO
Hey. You got somethin'.

Ro steps all the way in, holding a BOUQUET OF BALLOONS and A CARD, with the name "Grace" scribbled on the front.

RO (CONT'D)
What's the occasion?

GRACE
No idea.

RO
Knowing your boo, it's just to let
you know *he's thinking about you.*
(off Grace)
I'm so jealous, I could puke.

Grace smiles, then excitedly opens the card. Color drains from her face. Ro notices.

RO (CONT'D)
Is everything okay?

GRACE
Sure. Fine. Everything's fine.

She closes the card... but not before WE SEE WHAT'S WRITTEN:

"KILL HIM"

OFF Grace, shaken to the core --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONEFADE IN:INT./EXT. "BRIDGEPORT COLLISION" AUTO REPAIR/CHOP SHOP - DAY

Grace's PICKUP SPEEDS toward a THREE GARAGE DOOR WAREHOUSE surrounded by chainlink. Inside, a dozen cars in various stages of repair. WELDERS slice and dice. As sparks fly...

Grace stops by a black MASERATI with personalized "MORETTI" plates, exits the truck and bee-lines for an open bay... when handsome, built **FRANCO** (30s) steps from the shadows --

FRANCO

Hey Doc --

GRACE

(slowing)

I'm here for Moretti.

Grace tries to get past him into the darkened bay, but Franco steps in front of her. The man is sexy and it's clear he has a past with Grace. That being said, Grace is all business.

FRANCO

You're always trying to get away from me.

GRACE

Why're you still working for him, Franco? You could do better.

FRANCO

I made a 100G's in three months.

GRACE

It's not all about money.

FRANCO

Says the woman who's gonna clear half a mil in 2 years.

(off her confusion)

Your mom's proud of you. So am I.

Franco is sincere, and we see a glimpse of a connection, but he's from Grace's past and she's trying to move forward --

GRACE

Great. Now get out of my way.

(off his look)

Moretti?! MORETTI -- ?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A VOICE COMES out of the blackness.

MORETTI (O.S.)
 Jesus! Let her in --

Franco shakes his head and steps back as Grace lightly pushes him out of the way. Eyes on her -- no doubt, he still has feelings for her -- he watches Grace head into the bay and...

INT. AUTO SHOP - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Grace enters a Hades of car parts: metal saws and sparks. Stepping past the welders, and their hulking supervisor **GINO** (30s), she reaches a switchblade of a man with slick hair and a crazy expensive jacket -- we recognize him as the FBI's main target, **TOMMY MORETTI** (early 40s), highly agitated.

MORETTI
 (to Grace)
 You're not supposed to be here.

GRACE
 Killing a man -- is not what I agreed to...

MORETTI
 So you got my balloons.

GRACE
 I'm not doing it. No way will I --

MORETTI
 Christ, would you shut up?!

Quickly grabbing Grace by the arm, Moretti pulls her into...

INT. AUTO SHOP, BACK OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Desks, a computer, file cabinets, girly calendars. Classy. Moretti SLAMS the door and shoves Grace to the wall.

MORETTI
 You and me have a deal --

Moretti is pissed but Grace doesn't back off.

GRACE
 Stitch a cut, patch a bullet, pry a screwdriver from a dimwit's skull, but not this --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORETTI

You came to me. You pleaded for your brother's life. Forgive his debt, call off my guys, and his debt would be yours. You'd work it off, whatever it takes. Did I miss somethin', Doctor?

GRACE

I never said I'd --

MORETTI

No loopholes...

Moretti starts to pace like an animal.

MORETTI (CONT'D)

You understand Severino's fat trap can put me away forever? My friggin' life is on the line, and that piece-a-crap informant's gettin' a free pass.

Just then, her CELL PHONE RINGS. Grace knows the tone.

GRACE

That's the hospital.

MORETTI

Then answer it.

GRACE

(picking it up)
Dr. Devlin.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOSPITAL, NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Ro's at her nurse's station, surrounded by the hustle and bustle of the hospital.

RO

Hey, your gunshot kid is alert and askin' for you. You nearby?

GRACE

(eyes on Moretti)
Had to run an errand. I'll be right back.

RO

I'll let him know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace hangs up, then looks to Moretti.

GRACE
I have to get to work.

Moretti blocks her way, grows serious --

MORETTI
You know Severino's a shitbag,
right? No one'll miss him.

GRACE
If you don't want me pulled off his
case -- move, now.

As Moretti complies and Grace pushes past him, he calls out --

MORETTI
I'll be in touch.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, ICU - DAY

Grace walks down the hall, looking stressed.

As she steps up to Room 203, she takes a breath and then --
doing her best to push back the thought of Moretti and keep
everything together -- she enters into...

INT. HOSPITAL, ICU, ROOM 203 - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Young Kevin Williams lies in bed, hooked to assorted monitors
and IVs with his chest bandaged. His kind mother -- **BETTY**
WILLIAMS (40s) -- is in a chair beside him.

GRACE
Look who's had his chest tube
removed.

KEVIN
(brightens)
Doctor Grace --

GRACE
How do you feel?

KEVIN
Like I just got beat up by a
Transformer.

Betty smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE
I brought you a friend. Kevin,
meet Superbear.

From behind her back, Grace holds up A TEDDY BEAR DRESSED IN
A RED CAPE. She hands it to the boy, who takes it, beaming.

BETTY WILLIAMS
What do you say, Kevin?

KEVIN
Can I keep him?

BETTY WILLIAMS
Kevin --

Kevin giggles, then smiles at Grace.

KEVIN
Thank you.

GRACE
You're welcome. And, yeah you can
keep him. Both of you guys are
bulletproof.

As Kevin smiles at his mom, Grace checks the kid's chart.

BETTY WILLIAMS
How do things look?

GRACE
No sign of infection. Hemoglobin's
in range. He's doing great.

Just then, Dr. Bob Flanigan (the attending surgeon from the
Teaser) pops his head in the door.

DR. BOB FLANIGAN
Dr. Devlin -- a word?

GRACE
(to Kevin and his mom)
Excuse me.

Still holding the chart, Grace follows Flanigan to --

INT. HOSPITAL, ICU - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

-- where Flanigan leads Grace over to Dr. Olivia Watson, who
we met during Kevin's surgery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

What's going on?

DR. BOB FLANIGAN

Chief says we need to lighten your load on account of this FBI thing; I'm giving this post-op to Watson.

Olivia reaches for the chart. Grace pulls it back.

GRACE

No disrespect, but I can handle a post-op while I wait on a patient to be ready for surgery.

DR. BOB FLANIGAN

It's not a request.

Before Grace can react, Flanigan snatches the chart from her and hands it to Olivia.

DR. BOB FLANIGAN (CONT'D)

And my baby-sitting is done.

As Flanigan heads off; Grace turns to Olivia...

GRACE

Okay. You need to get him started on sub-cue heparin, but check his platelets first.

OLIVIA

I've done this before.

GRACE

I get that. It's just --

OLIVIA

(cuts her off)
Just what?

GRACE

He's a good kid.

OLIVIA

Cute. Also textbook counter-transference.
(pointedly; mean)
You're still working on that, aren't you?

Grace gives Olivia a street smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRACE
Yeah, at least it's a treatable
condition. Unlike *Tin Man Disease*.

OLIVIA
Excuse me?

GRACE
(pointedly)
No heart.

As Grace walks past her --

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

We're CLOSE ON the ANGRY FACE OF A NOW-AWAKE SUZIE NORTON.

SUZIE NORTON
You're crazy! That's crazy!

She's facing off with a flummoxed Dr. Brett Robinson.

BRETT
Ms. Norton --

SUZIE NORTON
I can't be pregnant. I'm a virgin!

BRETT
Technically but --

SUZIE NORTON
What do you mean 'technically'? I
know how it works, I'm fourteen.

BRETT
Like I said, you have a fimbriated
hymen and --

SUZIE NORTON
God, shut up with that!

Just then the door to the room opens and Grace enters. Brett
and Grace share a look. It's clear she's overheard --

GRACE
Am I interrupting?

SUZIE NORTON
Grace -- !

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT

Not at all.

SUZIE NORTON

This doctor's a retard.

(off Brett's look)

No offense.

Grace and Brett can't help but share a smile.

BRETT

Suzie, I've gotta finish my rounds.

Why don't you consult Dr. Devlin.

As Brett exits, he whispers to Grace --

BRETT (CONT'D)

We still on for tonight? Our
place?

GRACE

(smiles)

Our place. 7-o'clock.

As he hands Suzie's file to Grace.

BRETT

(re: Suzie)

Good luck.

Brett takes off; Grace glances at the file as she approaches Suzie. She sits by the edge of her bed.

SUZIE NORTON

What was that? Do you have a thing
with *that* guy?

GRACE

He's an excellent doctor --

SUZIE NORTON

Well, he's never taken sex ed...

GRACE

Suzie, you have a boyfriend, right?

SUZIE NORTON

Joey Vacca. But we never had sex.
I'm not an idiot.

GRACE

You fool around with Joey?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SUZIE NORTON
Never anything full on. I swear.

Grace looks back to the chart, then...

GRACE
Did you ever see the original "Star Wars"?

SUZIE NORTON
Sure. Why?

GRACE
You know that scene where Luke pops that million-to-one shot that goes through the air duct and blows up the whole Death Star?

SUZIE NORTON
(cautious)
Yeah...?

GRACE
I'm thinking that's what happened here.
(refers to chart)
See, because of your anatomy -- something called a *fimbriated hymen* -- you're like the Death Star, with an "airduct" that has the potential to be penetrated -- even when you're not doin' it, full on.

SUZIE NORTON
No way...

GRACE
"Never underestimate the power of The Force," right?
(off her panicked look)
It's called 'outercourse'. If he ejaculated when rubbing up --

SUZIE NORTON
(too much info)
I got it.
(hitting her hard)
Oh God.

GRACE
It's gonna be okay...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SUZIE NORTON

No, it's not... Grace, my dad's gonna *kill* Joey! And I have a swimming scholarship to Bridgeport Academy next year. If I get knocked up, I lose it...
 (seriously emotional)
 What do I do?

Grace doesn't know. And as a now-crying Suzie collapses into her arms...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEVLIN HOME - EVENING

A rowhouse in the once-hardscrabble neighborhood of Bridgeport. Weathered lawn in front. Grace's truck is parked out on the street, as we hear a DOOR SLAM and...

MARIA (PRE-LAP)

Look who made it home for taco night.

INT. DEVLIN HOME - EVENING (SAME TIME)

Grace pauses at the base of the stairs; her mom's leaning out from THE KITCHEN.

GRACE

Thanks, but I'm not hungry.

MARIA

How's Suzie?

GRACE

She'll be fine.

MARIA

What's wrong with her?
 (off Grace's look)
 I know... "Confidentiality". Fine.
 (changes subjects)
 Let's talk about your boyfriend.
 You know I asked him if he's the marrying-type. Guess what he said?

Just then, **DANNY DEVLIN** (20s), Grace's likeable screw-up of a brother, walks downstairs --

DANNY

Guess what who said?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIA

Grace's boyfriend. He looks like a real live Buzz Lightyear, only taller.

GRACE

(at wits' end)

This conversation is over.

MARIA

Fine. I'm going to eat dinner...

(demanding pity)

By myself.

With that, Maria disappears back into the KITCHEN.

DANNY

I don't like when you're short with mom.

GRACE

Oh. My. God. Seriously, Danny? You can not be that much of a momma's boy.

DANNY

She's not as strong as she looks.

(sotto)

And you know she could get sick again --

GRACE

(full voice)

Her cancer's been in remission for ten years. Statistically she's fine!

DANNY

Jeeze -- you stressed much?

GRACE

Yeah, I am. And it's your fault.

That statement hangs in the air. Danny takes a beat, hesitant to ask --

DANNY

Moretti?

(off her nod)

Look, I appreciate what you're doin' for me, but I never asked --

GRACE

He would'a killed you, Danny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANNY

I had a 'fool proof' system. The cards had to be rigged --

GRACE

(she's heard it before)
You knew Moretti's reputation. Your eyes were wide open.

Danny knows she's right. With concern --

DANNY

What's he want from you, now?

A beat. *Will she tell him?* Making a decision --

GRACE

You don't wanna know.

Just then her phone CHIMES with a text. Grace reads it.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

DANNY

The hospital?

GRACE

Where else?

And as Grace turns to head back down the stairs...

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON FBI AGENT ANDREWS, standing at a podium with Dr. White in the background.

AGENT ANDREWS

... Rest assured, witness for the prosecution, Ralph Severino, is under top security, and receiving the best medical care in the city. His testimony against Tommy Moretti will proceed at the earliest possible time.

THE PRESS CONFERENCE COVERAGE shifts to the talking head of a **NEWS ANCHOR**, as our ANGLE ADJUSTS to REVEAL we are...

INT. UPSCALE SUBURBAN HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

... where a FLATSCREEN TV shows the news in progress. A MAN is watching the TV, but we DO NOT see his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWS ANCHOR

And so a twist in the Government's ongoing case against the Chicago Outfit's Southside faction. Convicting Moretti would represent the biggest victory since 1993 --

ON THE TV -- Footage comes up of an imposing man in his late 30s, ALEXANDER CONSTANTINE, led from a courthouse in cuffs.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

-- when legendary boss Alexander Constantine was sent to prison on racketeering charges, setting the stage for the power vacuum filled by Constantine's then second-in-command, Tommy Moretti.

Now comes A NEWS SHOT OF TOMMY MORETTI, emerging from a courthouse, beaming like a Chicago John Gotti. BACK TO --

NEW ANCHOR

Constantine, who was released from prison in June, has since gone on to support a number of Chicago's youth outreach programs...

ANOTHER NEWS SHOT shows a still-fit but OLDER CONSTANTINE stepping up to make a statement in front of a Parole Board.

CONSTANTINE (ON TV)

I know I did wrong. But with God's help I'm tryin' to make good.

S/FX: INTERCOM BUZZER RINGS. THE MAN, who's been watching the TV, presses a button marked "FRONT GATE". Then, he reaches for a REMOTE and clicks OFF the TV. CAMERA SWINGS around to REVEAL: **ALEXANDER CONSTANTINE** (early 50s), in the flesh, and just as imposing as in the initial news footage.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTANTINE'S HOME, KITCHEN - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

THE TOP OF A BOTTLE marked "LANTUS - INSULIN GLARGINE" gets wiped clean with a alcohol swab. Next, A SYRINGE NEEDLE is pushed through the container's stopper, into the bottle. Air is pushed out of the syringe; insulin is drawn in.

ANGLE ADJUSTS to reveal Grace, standing by Constantine in the kitchen, an INSULIN KIT between them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

The Lantus seems to be working, but
you cut it close with the timing.

CONSTANTINE

Sue me. I hate needles.

GRACE

(wipes arm with swab)
You like the hospital better?

CONSTANTINE

As long as it doesn't have bars on
the windows --

Grace smiles -- then injects his arm. Constantine doesn't
flinch, keeping his eyes on her. There's a sense they've
done this dozens and dozens of times before.

As Grace withdraws the needle and applies a swab, she spots a
FRAMED *CHICAGO TRIBUNE* ARTICLE -- "THE FALL OF ALEXANDER" --
complete with A PHOTO of a handcuffed Alexander Constantine
being led from the downtown Chicago Courthouse.

GRACE

Why'd you frame it, anyway?

CONSTANTINE

To remind me of my mistakes.
(changes topics)
How's your mom?

GRACE

You really want to go there?

CONSTANTINE

Not nice.

Grace takes a beat. She appreciates that Constantine defends
her mother. She corrects herself for his benefit.

GRACE

She stopped by the hospital for a
visit. Introduced herself to the
guy I'm dating and asked if he was
the marrying type.

CONSTANTINE

What'd he say?

GRACE

(realizes)
I actually don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONSTANTINE
(smiles; then)
And how're things at work?

GRACE
Busy. Same as always.

CONSTANTINE
You love your job, don't you?

GRACE
I do.

CONSTANTINE
Why?

GRACE
I saved a boy's life today. I
opened his chest and I closed up
all the holes.

CONSTANTINE
You like feeling powerful.

Constantine eyes the article in the frame, but Grace doesn't like the implication of comparing a doctor to a mob boss...

GRACE
I like *making a difference*.

CONSTANTINE
Lord Acton, 19th Century
philosopher, said: *Power corrupts
and absolute power --*

GRACE
-- corrupts absolutely. I know.
But, like I said, it's not about
'power'. It's helping people.

CONSTANTINE
(dubious)
Uh huh.

Grace tries to brush that off. She turns her attention to the insulin kit. As she packs it up, Constantine slides her an ENVELOPE OF CASH.

GRACE
You're over paying me. Anyone
could give you these shots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CONSTANTINE
I don't trust "anyone".

GRACE
Next time, don't wait so long to
call.

Grace gives him a gentle peck on the forehead and goes. He
calls after her --

CONSTANTINE
Tell your mother -- if she needs
anything, *if you need anything*, I'm
here.

GRACE
I'll let her know. Have a good
night.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTANTINE'S HOME - DUSK (MOMENTS LATER)

Grace leaves Constantine's home. Although impressive, with a
LONG DRIVEWAY and a GATE, it's seen better days. Suddenly,
Grace is in a CAMERA'S CROSSHAIRS. SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

PULL BACK to REVEAL a YOUNG MAN in a BLACK SEDAN shooting
away as Grace climbs into her pickup and drives off.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL, DIMLY LIT CALL ROOM #2 - NIGHT (N1)

A DIGITAL WALL CLOCK READS 7:43. PAN OVER TO Chinese take-out and candles sitting on a crate between pillows as TWO SETS OF HANDS hungrily undo buttons and zippers. REVEAL Grace and Brett going at it like college kids.

GRACE
(through kisses)
Sorry I was late.

BRETT
(working buttons)
I was beginning to think we had
different ideas of "our place"...

GRACE
(more kisses)
Nothing says "romance" more than
Call Room Two.
(more buttons)
I just got caught up with --

Brett stops her with a passionate kiss, putting her on her back. As they really go at it, Brett senses a hesitation --

BRETT
What's wrong?

GRACE
Nothing. I'm fine.

It's obvious she's lying. For the first time, we see her vulnerable. The stress of the day is taking it's toll.

BRETT
Is it this FBI case?

GRACE
Yeah.

BRETT
You've done the procedure before.

GRACE
(double meaning)
Not under these circumstances...

A beat. *Will she tell him more?* No way. Changing subjects --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE (CONT'D)

And to be honest, I'm worried about
Suzie Norton.

BRETT

Well, her pregnancy is a non-issue.
It's ectopic, non-viable --

GRACE

Explains the bleeding.

BRETT

(nods)

I'm scheduling her for surgery as
soon as I get the dad's okay.

He's ready to dive back in, but Grace holds him off.

GRACE

Hold on. If Suzie's dad finds out
she's pregnant, viable or not,
he'll go ballistic, not to mention
she'll lose her scholarship since
pregnancy is de facto proof of sex.

BRETT

If I don't get her father's
consent, I'll go to jail --

GRACE

There's got to be another way --

BRETT

Not when dealing with a minor --

GRACE

Her dad works at the State Pen.
They don't have a dollar to their
name and the scholarship is Suzie's
one shot at making something of her
life.

BRETT

(pointedly)

"Her one shot at getting out of
Bridgeport"?

It's obvious Brett is making a parallel to Grace's life.

GRACE

It gives her options. And you're
standing in her way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRETT

Grace, listen to yourself. You're over-empathizing.

GRACE

And you're not empathizing enough!

Just then, over the MEDICAL CENTER'S PUBLIC ADDRESS...

HOSPITAL P.A.

Hospital Chaplain, ICU, Room 203.
Chaplain, ICU...

GRACE

(confused)

That's Kevin's room...

BRETT

Who?

GRACE

(buttoning up)

Kevin, my patient... former patient --
I gotta go!

Grace rushes out --

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, ICU - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Grace hurries down the ICU Hallway, up to Room 203, opens the door and looks inside...

INSIDE ROOM 203

There's a HOSPITAL CHAPLAIN kneeling by Betty Williams, who's wracked with sobs on a chair, an empty bed... and there, in the corner, Kevin's "Superbear" toy on the ground.

Nearby, Grace spots a lone CODE WHITE NURSE closing up a crash cart. She catches her eye. The nurse just shakes her head. OFF Grace, looking like she's been gut punched...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Olivia, still in scrubs and looking spent, pours herself a glass of water as Grace enters and gets in her face.

GRACE

What the hell happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVIA

(defensive)

It was hypovolemic shock. He'd dropped three liters of blood into his chest before the Code White.

GRACE

Thrombocytopenia?

OLIVIA

There was nothing we could do.

Olivia tries to step around Grace, but Grace stops her --

GRACE

Thrombocytopenia can be triggered by heparin...

(dawning)

Tell me you didn't give him heparin when I specifically told you to re-check his platelets -- Olivia?

OLIVIA

I got overruled.

GRACE

By who?

OLIVIA

Who do you think?

GRACE

Flanigan?

OLIVIA

He felt the initial count wasn't low enough to be a concern.

GRACE

Sonuvabitch. Olivia, you have to file a report. The man's incompetence just killed a kid --

OLIVIA

A gunshot killed him. Flanigan didn't do anything illegal or against protocol --

GRACE

Fine. Maybe he didn't violate protocol, but for one doctor to overrule another, he better have a reason other than his frickin' ego.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRACE (CONT'D)
(off Olivia)
At least mention it to your father.
He's on the Board. He can ask the
Chief to keep an eye on him.

OLIVIA
Are you kidding? I've been here
for four years and people still
call me "Daddy's Girl".

GRACE
Then you're just as bad as Flanigan.

Olivia reacts; Grace's pushed too far.

OLIVIA
Grace, you handle your cases, I'll
handle mine. We're done here.

With that, Olivia blows out the door. OFF Grace --

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, ER, NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Ro's doing paperwork at a station, when Grace races up.

GRACE
Where's Dr. White?

RO
(eyes a monitor)
With interns in Radiology, why?

GRACE
Can you get me on the PA?

Clocking her urgency, Ro warily hands over the PA HANDSET.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(into PA)
*Paging Dr. Flanigan. Dr. Bob
Flanigan, please meet Dr. White in
Radiology. Immediately --*

Grace clicks off. Ro shakes her head in disbelief.

RO
Well, it's been nice working with you.

Grace makes a face at Ro, then heads off.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, RADIOLOGY - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Dr. White, flanked by six fresh-faced INTERNS, addresses Flanigan --

DR. WHITE
Sorry, Bob. I didn't page you.
Must've been a mistake.

Grace strides up, speaking loudly to ensure the interns can hear it all.

GRACE
Nope, not a mistake.
(as they turn to her)
A mistake would be not checking the
platelet count of a gun shot victim
on *heparin*.

DR. WHITE
What's going on here?

GRACE
Dr. Flanigan overruled my
instructions and now an eight-year-
old patient is dead --

DR. BOB FLANIGAN
Dr. Devlin, I suggest you take a
time-out before saying another
word. I'm your Attending --

GRACE
(not backing down)
And it isn't the first time he's
overruled a resident without
justification. Remember that
pancreatitis that got septic? The
lady with the pneumothorax -- ?
(to Dr. White)
You need to do something or --

DR. BOB FLANIGAN
Or what?!

DR. WHITE
(stern)
Let's continue this in my office --

Just then, Grace spots FBI Agent Andrews approaching. He calls out as he approaches --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FBI AGENT ANDREWS
Dr. White, may I have a word?

DR. WHITE
Sure. Give me just a minute.

As Andrews steps away, Grace lays down the law --

GRACE
If you don't open an investigation
into Flanigan's conduct, this
hospital can find someone else to
perform Mr. Severino's cabbage.
(then, a flip callback)
Under ACGME rules, I should be off
and gone, anyway.

Flanigan scoffs, but White hesitates, thinking this over...

DR. BOB FLANIGAN
Stafford, you're not actually
considering this. I've got tenure
at this Hospital and --

DR. WHITE
(calming; to Flanigan)
Take the weekend off. We'll talk
Monday.

Grace nods, satisfied. Flanigan, however, can barely hold it
together. As he heads off, he passes Grace --

DR. BOB FLANIGAN
This isn't over.

Grace shrugs, gives a nod to Dr. White, and heads back to --

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

As Grace strides down the hall, she sees blue collar **JEFF
NORTON** (40s), Suzie's father, taking to Ro. She calls out --

GRACE
Mr. Norton --

JEFF NORTON
Grace -- Got here as soon as I
could. How's Suzie?

GRACE
I'll take you to her surgeon.

INT. HOSPITAL, ER WAITING AREA - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

TIGHT ON --

BRETT
Suzie's stable. But she needs
surgery.

INCLUDE Grace and an anxious Jeff Norton.

JEFF NORTON
Surgery? Are you sure?

GRACE
Dr. Robinson is a wonderful doctor.
I can assure you Suzie is getting
the best possible medical care.

MR. NORTON
What exactly's wrong with her?

Just as Brett is about to respond, Grace blurts --

GRACE
It's a hemorrhagic ovarian cyst.

MR. NORTON
A cyst?

Brett turns to Grace, stunned by her brazen lie.

GRACE
It's ruptured. We need to operate
as soon as possible.

MR. NORTON
Oh God...

GRACE
It sounds worse than it is. And
again, your daughter is in
excellent hands.

MR. NORTON
Thank you.

Brett glares at Grace, then to Mr. Norton --

BRETT
I'll keep you posted.
(to Grace, stern)
Dr. Devlin, can I speak with you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE
I'm kinda busy.

BRETT
Won't take long.

Grace nods good-bye to Mr. Norton as Brett escorts her into --

INT. HOSPITAL, EMPTY RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

-- where Brett closes the door behind them, pissed.

BRETT
What the hell did you just do?

GRACE
I'm protecting a girl's future --

BRETT
And putting ours at risk.

GRACE
Suzie needs surgery regardless, and we'll keep the secret.

BRETT
What about everyone else in the O.R.?

GRACE
The procedure's almost identical to what I told her dad. Ro will scrub in and do the paperwork.

BRETT
This isn't legal.

GRACE
Good thing we're not lawyers.
(off his uncertain look)
Just promise you'll think about it.

And as Grace heads out --

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Grace marches down the hall, mulling over the conversation, when her cell RINGS. Sees caller I.D. -- "MORETTI". She steels herself and answers professionally --

GRACE
Dr. Devlin.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CHICAGO PARK PLAYGROND - NIGHT

Moretti stands in the shadows at a PAYPHONE.

MORETTI

Hey, Doc. Long time, no speak.

She looks around. Needing privacy, she pushes into --

INT. HOSPITAL, SURGICAL CONFERENCE ROOM B - DAY

Severino's file on a table, his PHOTO affixed to it.

GRACE

What's going on?

MORETTI

Here's the fix. In the operating room, the saline bags all have black caps. For Severino's operation, one of those bags will have a red cap. Use that bag.

GRACE

Why? What's in it...?

MORETTI

Epinephrine.

GRACE

(spooked; getting it)

Enough to cause a coronary vasospasm and since epinephrine is used in emergency resuscitation, the coroner will assume it came from us trying to save him --

MORETTI

But it's actually what killed him. Time to do your job, Grace.

That said, Moretti hangs up. We STAY WITH Grace, who focuses on SEVERINO'S PHOTO, knowing the man's life is in her hands.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL, OPERATING THEATER - DAY (D2)

The beep-beep-beep of an EKG brings us into a new day -- and Ralph Severino's operation.

AT THE TABLE -- Dr. White, Anesthesiologist Mike and a trio of nurses including Ro, all in the process of getting set up around the big unconscious body of Ralph Severino, whose mid-chest is exposed.

IN THE GALLERY -- Brett and Olivia and Agent Andrews...

THEN, BACK IN THE OPERATING THEATER

Grace enters in her scrubs and looks around nervously. Amidst the medical staff on the floor, she spots a RACK OF SALINE BAGS... ONE WITH THE RED CAP. Jesus.

DR. WHITE
Good morning, Dr. Devlin.

Grace looks up fast. Dr. White's all business, holding a purple marker.

DR. WHITE (CONT'D)
Mark before you scrub?

GRACE
(trying to keep cool)
Sure. Sixth intercostal looks good to me.

Grace takes the marker and makes a line for her first incision on Severino's pale skin. Then, handing the marker off to a nurse, she heads to the saline rack. She pauses a beat. Looks around one more time, then grabs THE ONE WITH THE RED CAP and she jacks it into the line to Severino!

RO
Pressure's one-sixty.

Grace nods and walks for the scrub room, passing by the head of Severino's table when BEEP BEEP BEEP! Severino SEIZES grotesquely.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST MIKE
Jesus, he's coding -- !

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Severino TORQUES his body in agony, knocking over the instrument tray with a CLATTER!

RO

Cart!

Nurses scramble to get the CRASH CART as CHAOS erupts. Still, in the middle of it, Grace stands frozen.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST MIKE

Dr. Devlin? Grace!

Still, there's no response. Dr. White snaps into action...

DR. WHITE

Get me an amp of epi and bicarb!

RO

He's in v-fib! Paddles -- !

DR. WHITE

Grace, get out of the way --

White powers-up DEFIBRILLATOR PADDLES, ready to give Severino a jolt -- when suddenly the mob witness YANKS the tube out of his mouth, LUNGES UP and GRABS GRACE BY THE COLLAR!

SEVERINO

GHAAAA!

Grace SCREAMS, her own voice mixing with his FLATLINE and...

HARD CUT TO:

INT. DEVLIN HOUSE, GRACE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Grace, covered in sweat, bolts awake from HER DREAM to find her cell phone and pager BUZZING and BEEPING. She checks the time on the pager: 6:00 AM. She grabs the phone.

GRACE

Dr. Devlin.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOSPITAL, PRE-OP ROOM - DAY

Dr. White, flanked by a nurse, hovers over Severino. He's on his cell with Grace --

DR. WHITE

Severino's I.N.R is normal. It's showtime, Grace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

On my way.

Grace rolls out of bed and starts throwing on clothes.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, OPERATING THEATER - DAY

The beep-beep-beep of an EKG brings us into the *real* O.R.
Or so we hope.

Ralph Severino's on the table, surrounded by Dr. White, Mike,
Ro and other nurses. UP IN THE GALLERY -- Agent Andrews.

That's when Grace enters in her scrubs. She scans the room --
as she did in her dream. Everything is much less surreal,
but still tense... Especially as Grace clocks the SALINE BAG
WITH THE RED CAP. She checks Severino -- he's unconscious
and still. Whew.

DR. WHITE

Good morning, Dr. Devlin.

Grace looks up. Dr. White's holding that purple marker.

DR. WHITE (CONT'D)

Mark before you scrub?

GRACE

Sure.

Grace takes the marker and makes the line on Severino's skin.

Then, handing the marker off to a nurse, she heads to the
saline rack. Tension builds -- do we *hear* the beepbeepbeep
of the EKG increasing? -- as Grace scans the bags and, as in
her dream, surprises us by picking THE BAG WITH THE RED CAP.
Holy shit. *Is she going to kill this man?*

GRACE'S P.O.V. -- She looks around the room, clocking
EVERYONE: White, Mike, Ro, the other nurses... *Even an
ORDERLY, who seems to be lingering a bit too long up in the
viewing gallery.*

We can almost FEEL GRACE'S STRESS as she takes the 'marked
bag' over to connect it to the line in Severino's arm... when
suddenly Grace "accidentally" DROPS THE BAG TO THE GROUND
where it SPLATTERS.

RO

(jokes)

Spill on aisle five --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As A NURSE moves to clean it up, White looks to Grace.

DR. WHITE
(sotto)
You all right? You're shaking.

Grace realizes her hand is, in fact, shaking. She takes a deep breath. Looks to spot where she saw the Orderly. He's gone now. Grace shakes it off.

GRACE
I'm fine. Ro, grab me another saline bag, please.

Ro grabs a BLACK-CAPPED SALINE BAG, and hooks it into Severino's IV line. As the beep-beep-beep steadies, we go OFF the bright white O.R. lights beaming down on everyone...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - DAY (HOURS LATER)

DOORS to the operating theater swing open and Grace emerges, with a proud Dr. White by her side. Both of them pull off their masks, as FBI Agent Andrews approaches.

AGENT ANDREWS
That looked good. Was it good?

DR. WHITE
(turns to Grace)
Dr. Devlin -- ?

GRACE
The operation was textbook.

AGENT ANDREWS
Thank you. Both of you.

As Andrews walks off, Dr. White turns to Grace --

DR. WHITE
I've never seen you so nervous before a procedure.

GRACE
I'm sorry.

DR. WHITE
Don't be. A life was in your hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

Isn't that the case with all open heart surgeries?

DR. WHITE

Yes, and a good surgeon never forgets that.

(beat)

Now we need to talk about Flanigan.

GRACE

(defensive)

You can't sanction me for reporting a superior. It's prohibited by hospital bylaws.

DR. WHITE

Agreed. But the most he's gonna get from the Board is a slap on this wrist. Then he's back to being your boss. Think you can handle that?

GRACE

(a beat; double meaning)

I've handled worse. I need a shower.

As Dr. White watches Grace head into the LOCKER ROOM --

INT. HOSPITAL, STAFF LOCKER ROOM - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Moments later, Grace, hair wet from her shower, is putting on her civvies, when she looks up to SEE Olivia, pissed.

OLIVIA

I told you I didn't want Flanigan written-up.

GRACE

He didn't get "written up".

OLIVIA

No -- you called him out in front of the Chief of Surgery and now Flanigan blames *me*.

GRACE

Why you?

Under this Brett enters, unseen at first. He's wearing a leather jacket over his surgical scrubs. He observes --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVIA

I told you he overruled me, and then you blabbed to the Chief. Connect the dots.

GRACE

I didn't think it would come back at you --

OLIVIA

That's right. You didn't think --

Just then, Brett opens a locker and Olivia and Grace realize he's been listening. They don't know how much he's heard.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Perfect. Your knight in shining armor. How are you going to defend her this time?

Brett eyes Grace, still peeved at her from their last conversation re: Suzie Norton.

BRETT

Who says I am?

Brett's implicitly given Olivia the 'okay' to continue --

OLIVIA

Grace, I realize you're a plucky Bridgeport girl who pulled herself up by her bootstraps to become a big city doctor. But you're no better than anyone else here, and at the end of the day, we all want colleagues who have our backs. No one wants to work with a rat.

With that, Olivia takes off. Grace shakes her head, then looks to Brett, expecting support. Instead --

BRETT

Winning hearts and minds --

GRACE

Really?

BRETT

I'm glad you exposed Flanigan, but I don't condone your approach. And I'm not just talking about this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRACE
(understanding)
Suzie Norton.

BRETT
She's being prepped for surgery and
I still haven't decided what to do.
You shouldn't've put me in this
situation.

Brett hangs his jacket in a locker, slams it, and takes off.
Grace feels badly and calls after him --

GRACE
Brett --
(considers, then...)
Damn it.

Hurrying to pull on her shoes, Grace heads after him --

INT. HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Grace rushes out of the locker room and races after Brett.
She's intercepted by FBI Agent Andrews --

AGENT ANDREWS
Dr. Devlin, can I have a word?

GRACE
Umm... Sure...

As she eyes Brett turning a corner --

AGENT ANDREWS
When do you think we can get him
back on the stand?

GRACE
I can't say. A lot depends on the
chest tube and pleural effusions...

Just then, Grace's cell phone RINGS. The CALLER ID: "MOM".

GRACE (CONT'D)
Excuse me. I have to take this.
(steps away from Andrews)
Mom?

MORETTI (ON PHONE)
Try again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE
(stops cold)
Moretti.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DEVLIN HOME - DAY (SAME TIME)

Moretti talks on the house phone as Maria, terrified, sits on the sofa, out of earshot. Moretti brandishes a .38.

MORETTI
Heard our chatty friend made it to
post-op. What went wrong, Grace?

GRACE
Where's my mother?

MORETTI
Not far. Came looking for Danny,
but she answered the door --

BACK WITH GRACE as she looks toward Agent Andrews. *What to do?* Quickly, she turns for the other direction: the EXIT.

GRACE
Let me talk to her.

MORETTI
Come and get her.

The LINE DROPS DEAD. Grace races for the EXIT. WITH AGENT ANDREWS as he watches Grace, hurrying off. For a moment, he seems confused, then he looks down at his own Smart Phone. ON THE SCREEN a series of PHOTOS of Grace -- the ones taken earlier, outside Constantine's home.

Then, we're BACK WITH Grace as she blasts out the door...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOURFADE IN:EXT. BRIDGEPORT - DAY

The quiet neighborhood street is suddenly filled with a ROAR as GRACE'S PICKUP SKIDS around the corner and RACES for her mom's home. Grace sees Moretti's Maserati -- with its "MORETTI" plates -- parked across from the house and SCREECHES to a stop right behind it.

Grace flies out of her truck and up to the front door. Then, just before she's about to enter, she reconsiders.

Careful not to be seen, Grace peeks inside a window and sees a pacing Moretti, gun in hand, and her mom, terrified, with a gash on her forehead, seated on the sofa.

Changing her course of action, Grace runs back to her truck. To our surprise, she throws her truck into reverse and BACKS UP fast, shifts into DRIVE, and SLAMS INTO THE MASERATI'S REAR END with a loud CRUNCH! The car alarm SCREAMS!

We realize that Grace is trying to draw Moretti out of the house and away from her mother. It works. Moretti races out with HIS GUN in his hand! Eyes his car, furious --

MORETTI

You crazy bitch -- !

Grace CRANKS her wheel and floors it, SPEEDING down the street. She glances into her REAR VIEW to see Moretti as he jumps into his car, starts the engine and RACES AFTER HER.

As Grace HOOKS HER TRUCK AROUND THE CORNER...

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGEPORT STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

GRACE'S PICKUP ZIPS down a neighborhood street, whipping past brick row houses, shops, and a stone church. BEHIND HER, Moretti'S MASERATI ROARS, STARTING TO GAIN as...

Grace SPOTS AN INTERSECTION coming up ahead... closer... closer... until, at the last minute, she makes a decision. She WRENCHES the wheel hard, SKIDDING around it onto...

EXT. CONSTANTINE'S STREET - DAY

... where Grace's truck SPRINTS down a now-familiar street. UP AHEAD is Constantine's GATED DRIVEWAY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grace zeroes in on the pavement, then HOOKS her truck to a stop by an INTERCOM. She THUMBS the call button, urgent.

GRACE
Constantine! Constantine!!

CONSTANTINE (ON INTERCOM)
Grace?

GRACE
Let me in. Please!

With a CLICK the gate SWINGS OPEN. Grace PUNCHES THE GAS, driving her truck inside... but just as the gate begins to close, Moretti slips in. Shit!

EXT. CONSTANTINE'S HOME - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Grace's truck SPEEDS up to the front door and stops hard. Grace bursts out and hustles for Constantine's door -- right as Constantine steps out of the house.

CONSTANTINE
Grace? What's wrong?

Before she can answer, Moretti's car BLASTS up the driveway and SKIDS TO A VIOLENT STOP by her truck. Seconds later, Moretti gets out with that .38 --

MORETTI
Hold it, Grace --

Grace freezes, unsure. Constantine approaches...

CONSTANTINE
Easy, Tommy. What's goin' on?

MORETTI
No disrespect, but this is none of your business. Me and Grace just need to talk --

CONSTANTINE
Maybe you better cool down first --

MORETTI
(angry; menacing)
You had your time, Man. Go back inside and --

BAM! The SHARP CRACK of a gunshot rips the air. Moretti DROPS like a rag doll. And Grace whirls to see... Constantine holding a gun in his hand. WTF?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A beat as Grace tries to wrap her head around this,
Constantine orders --

CONSTANTINE
You didn't see anything. Go home.

GRACE
But...

Constantine speaks with an authority we have not yet seen --

CONSTANTINE
Go!

Grace nods, hurries back to her truck, and ROARS outta there.
OFF Constantine, standing over the dead body of Moretti...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEVLIN HOME - DAY (LATER)

Grace (doing her best to hold everything together) finishes
placing A BANDAGE across an abrasion on her mom's forehead.

GRACE
I think you're gonna live.

MARIA
(re: head abrasion)
What if it gets infected?

GRACE
I know a good doctor.

Maria grows serious. Holds her daughter's hands --

MARIA
Gracie, I want you to be honest
with me. What have you gotten
yourself into?

Backed into a corner, Grace contemplates her response --

DANNY (O.S.)
It's not Grace, Ma.

They turn as Danny enters from the kitchen, with two glasses --
wine for mom, and water for Grace.

DANNY (CONT'D)
It was me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE
Danny --

DANNY
No, I screwed up. I'm sorry.
Grace was trying to help.

Before Maria can inquire further, Danny turns to Grace --

DANNY (CONT'D)
What happened to Moretti?

GRACE
He followed me for a bit, then
disappeared.

DANNY
Where'd he go?

GRACE
(shutting him down)
I don't know. Maybe he got
arrested. Maybe he left town.

Danny regards his sister, dubious...

DANNY
Moretti doesn't just back off.

MARIA
Enough.

DANNY
I'm just sayin' --

MARIA
I'm just sayin', *enough*.

Maria has laid down the law. A beat. Grace's phone rings;
she answers.

GRACE
Dr. Devlin.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOSPITAL, ER, NURSE'S STATION - SAME TIME

Ro is on her desk phone --

RO
Thought you'd want to know --
Suzie's out of surgery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE
 Thanks, I'm on my way.
 (hangs up, to her brother)
 I gotta go, Danny. Stay with Mom --

As Grace heads off --

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, ER, WAITING AREA - DAY

A relieved-looking Mr. Norton pumps Brett's hand in thanks and takes off. A beat as Brett watches him go, then turns to find Grace stepping up to him.

GRACE
 Dr. Robinson.

BRETT
 Dr. Devlin.

Grace nods at the departing Mr. Norton.

GRACE
 Suzie's father looks happy.

BRETT
 The operation was a success.
 (off Grace's silent query)
 Cyst removal.
 (with a smile)
 You're a bad influence.

GRACE
 (feigns innocence)
 Don't know what you mean --
 (flirts)
 Maybe you can explain it to me, in
 Call Room 2?

Brett likes the idea, but before he can say anything Grace's phone CHIMES with a text. She checks it: "CONSTANTINE: 911". She reacts and Brett clocks it...

BRETT
 Everything all right?

GRACE
 (reluctant)
 Yeah. But... I have to take care
 of something. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT
 (warmly)
 You'll make it up to me.

Grace gives him a kiss. It lingers. Then --

GRACE
 When I get back, I want to know how
 you answered my mom's question.

And as she heads out the doors...

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTANTINE'S HOME - DAY

Just as she left it, except now Moretti's car has been replaced by THREE OTHER CARS in the driveway.

Grace arrives in her pickup and gets out. She notes the cars -- and then Franco (Moretti's young lieutenant from the track) who emerges from one of the cars and approaches.

FRANCO
 Yo, Doctor. Good to see ya.

Oh, shit. Grace, confused and scared, starts to backpedal for her truck... when Alexander Constantine, himself, steps out of the house.

CONSTANTINE
 Grace -- I'm glad you're here.

Grace turns and sees Constantine, looking fine.

GRACE
 (wary)
 I got your page.

Grace eyes her truck; *should she bolt?* But a smiling Franco now stands between her and her truck.

CONSTANTINE
 Walk with me.

Grace looks back to her truck, then to the man beside her. *How can she say no?* She starts walking with Constantine. She takes a deep breath. Trying to stay strong, she asks --

GRACE
 So... does Franco know you killed
 his boss?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONSTANTINE

Who do you think helped me get rid of the body?

(off Grace's surprise)

Seems no one really liked Moretti. Truth be told, that's how I got Severino to roll.

GRACE

Wait. You got him to roll...?

CONSTANTINE

I needed a way back in. It turns out, I got more friends than you'd think.

(off Grace, speechless)

Woulda worked -- 'til you showed up here and Moretti forced my hand.

GRACE

(reeling)

So all that stuff about you being reformed?

CONSTANTINE

The parole board ate it up.

GRACE

And that newspaper article, in the frame. You said it was to remind you of the mistakes you made.

CONSTANTINE

The mistakes I made that got me caught.

Grace shakes her head. This is too much. Then, a FOURTH CAR drives up. Gino, Moretti's guy from the chop shop, emerges and embraces Franco. He heads into the house, joining several OTHERS. *Holy shit. It's like watching a coup.*

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Point is, I like you, you know that. But you need to leave Chicago.

GRACE

What?

CONSTANTINE

You know too much. And if anyone is still loyal to Moretti...

(off Grace)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)
 You're a doctor. And like you said, you want to help people. You can do that from anywhere.

GRACE
 I like doing it here. My family is here. This is home.
 (then, pointed challenge)
 You saying you can't protect me?

CONSTANTINE
 (smiles; she's good)
 Okay. *If you chose to stay, I'll cover you, best I can. But your debt to Moretti, it would belong to me.*

Constantine says this with a *gravitas* we haven't heard before. It's deep and scary. Still, Grace doesn't back off.

GRACE
 Lord Acton had another saying: *Great men are almost always bad men.*

CONSTANTINE
 You saying I'm a bad man?

GRACE
 I'm saying -- we have a deal.

Grace extends a hand to Constantine; they shake.

CONSTANTINE
 I'll be seeing you.
 (beat)
 And remember, you had a choice.

As he turns and walks back to the house, HOLD ON Grace as she watches Constantine and Franco welcome Gino. She glances over to the OPEN GARAGE, with an 80S-ERA WHITE CADILLAC DEVILLE inside. Something about it gives Grace pause.

GRACE (V.O.)
 You ask me, choice is a moving target. Like what we choose to share and what we choose to keep secret.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTHSIDE CHICAGO FIELD, 1986 - DAY (FLASHBACK)

BAM! The FLAT ECHO OF A GUNSHOT FADES. Moments later, Young Grace steps into view. From a distance, she SEES the body in the field. She approaches it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE (V.O.)
See, I didn't tell you something
about my first dead body... He
wasn't just any drunk.

She kneels beside the body and touches the dead man's jacket.

GRACE (V.O.)
He was my father.

ANGLE ON YOUNG Grace as she studies the man, his eyes open.

GRACE (V.O.)
And I wasn't just fascinated when I
saw him, I was relieved. Never
again would he come home drunk...

As in the prior flashback, Grace closes the dead man's eyes --

GRACE (V.O.)
Never again would he hurt my
mother, or brother, or me....

Just then, Grace is startled when, in the distance, she HEARS
a car door slam. Glancing down the way, she SEES A BRAND NEW
CADILLAC DEVILLE. No way to make out who's inside... but it
looks a lot like the one we saw in Constantine's garage.

GRACE (V.O.)
Finding him dead. It meant we were
safe...

As the engine starts up, HOLD ON Young Grace. As the CAMERA
NARROWS on the Illinois license plate: "XTL515", we --

MATCH CUT TO:

PRESENT DAY

TIGHT on the license plate of the CADILLAC in Constantine's
Garage: "XTL515". PULL BACK as Grace watches Constantine and
the men disappear into the house.

GRACE (V.O.)
And for a while, I guess we were.

As the front door slams, we HOLD ON GRACE, feeling she's made
a deal with the Devil, who may also be her savior...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW