

PATIENT 33

Episode 1:

"M33JohnDoe"

Written by

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INTRO:

Theme music plays.

JENNIE

This is Patient 33. Episode 1. M33
John Doe.

End music.

EXT. NEXT TO A HIGHWAY

The ROAR of passing traffic. HONK. CRASH. ZOOM. Silence.

Now in the distance, the sound of traffic. Honking. Long honks. The breeze over tall grass. Regular sirens in the distance. VWOOP VWOOP. Closer sirens. A heartbeat builds in volume, then stops.

PART 1

INT. HOPE'S MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAYS - DAY

Ambulance SIRENS. Tires SCREECHING. Doors OPEN. CARTING down a hall. DR. TERRIER(30s, egotistical, loud) and NURSE JENNIE(20s, outspoken) attend the patient.

JENNIE

We need an operating room - We're running a code, and we've got head trauma.

TERRIER

I need 8 CCs of pentobarbital stat. Get an IV going.

The sound of an exchange.

TERRIER (CONT'D)

Thank you.

TERRIER (CONT'D)

Careful. Careful.

Flatline.

JENNIE

Coding.

TERRIER

We're losing him.

Defibrillation build up. Shock. Steady heartbeat.

INT. COMA WARD - A FEW HOURS LATER

The sounds of breathing and heart monitors.

JENNIE

Terrier, I said no.

TERRIER

I really would not be asking you if I had any other option.

JENNIE

I'm not an accessory that you can just bring with you whenever you want to go-

TERRIER

You wouldn't be an accessory.
You're a friend, and I need to
bring a friend so that my family
stops asking me about my personal
life.

JENNIE

And just how long do you think you
can fake a personal life?

TERRIER

Well, I mean.

JENNIE

It's going to be this birthday
dinner, and then Thanksgiving, and
then Christmas-

TERRIER

I could just tell them we broke up.

JENNIE

And then they'll go right back to
setting you up with family friends.
And you'll be right back to square
one.

TERRIER

Any sign of bruising?

JENNIE

None. Which is...weird.

TERRIER

Mmhmm...You know, it's not that
simple.

JENNIE

Wouldn't think so. I heard he was
in a crash?

TERRIER

Oh, yeah that..too.

JENNIE

Oh about- yeah, well um, from where
I'm standing, it is that simple.
Why can't you just tell them you're
not interested in a relationship
right now? After all, you are a
busy man.

TERRIER
Breathing patterns?

JENNIE
Normal. Pulse ox 98.

TERRIER
Bp?

JENNIE
50 over 30.

TERRIER
It's just that all of my brothers
have wives, and children, and with
my luck, they probably have more on
the way.

JENNIE
Yeah, it's a no.

TERRIER
Damn you.

JENNIE
You don't mean that.

Terrier grunts.

TERRIER
Not to you, no. I wish this damn
patient would show any signs of
reaction, though.

JENNIE
Maybe he's just taken aback by your
harsh words.

TERRIER
If he was, he'd be showing higher
levels of cortisol.

Beat.

TERRIER (CONT'D)
Proceed to analyze eye movement.

CLICK CLACK of medical instruments.

TERRIER (CONT'D)
Any response?

JENNIE
Lack of pupil dilation.

TERRIER

Well that's discouraging. Nothing's wrong with him, but he's as good as dead.

JENNIE

But he's not. He's just comatose.

TERRIER

Exactly my point.

JENNIE

It's not right.

TERRIER

Well, I'm sorry if I'm just more invested in my career than meaningless relationships.

JENNIE

He's perfectly fine. Not even a scratch on him.

TERRIER

That's what I meant...I want to take him in for an MRI, maybe CT as well.

JENNIE

Agreed.

TERRIER

I'm going to go get approval.

JENNIE

I'll join you.

Footsteps to the door. Terrier SLIPS on water and FALLS.

TERRIER

(from outside)

Ah!

JENNIE

Are you okay?

TERRIER

There's water all over! Where's that damn wet floor sign!

JENNIE

I'll go find one.

FOOTSTEPS. The sound of humming comes from outside the room from DOCTOR WHY (40s, upbeat, fun). It grows in volume until it halts with an-

WHY

Oop- sorry.

A beat.

WHY (CONT'D)

Ah, so you're the new admit I've been hearing about...

PAGES FLIPPING.

WHY (CONT'D)

Mr. No Name. Mr...M33 John Doe. That's original. Hmm did Terrier come up with that by himself?

A beat.

WHY (CONT'D)

Not very talkative. That's fine. I'll be on my way.

DOOR OPENS. Footsteps recede from the coma ward. A SLIP and CRASH from outside.

JENNIE

Doctor Why, what the HELL is wrong with you?! You're banned from this floor. I'm calling security.

Quick footsteps increase in volume, and once again come to a shrilling halt. A door slams shut. Heavy breathing.

WHY

It is real slippery out there, they really need to put up a sign or something. Hmm anyway, sorry about that, 33. Can I call you that? 33? Flows a lot easier I think. Right, so anyway, gift that nurse flowers ONE time, and you get a lifetime ban from your workplace...potential workplace. Well not workplace, but, sometimes, potentially, coma patients need therapy, you know? Ok, maybe not therapy because they can't hear you, but, I like to think my words of wisdom and care help with their rehabilitation.

(MORE)

WHY (CONT'D)

Well, I know this is the "forever ward" but I sometimes think I'm the only one with hope.

A beat.

WHY (CONT'D)

Right?! Literally the name of the hospital is Hope's Memorial, and here they are deeming coma patients as lost causes. What kind of BS is that? Hmm? Just today, I requested a conference with the head of the hospital to discuss the, frankly, UNETHICAL treatment of coma patients--and more importantly, my UNJUST ban from my favorite ward, and do you know what he did? He banned me from the administrative wing! He's infringing on my rights.

(imitative voice)

You don't have the qualifications to be a real therapist. You're lucky you still have a job.

(regular)

Well you're lucky YOU still have a job...with that attitude.

Footsteps start to approach.

JENNIE

(faint but growing)

Margie, I'm telling you. Not putting up the caution signs over wet spots is a violation of- no I know it's not your job but- Fine, I'll do it.

WHY

Well that's my time. I'll be seeing you. Oooh! Pants! A clue! I'll be taking these...uh, has anyone ever told you how great a listener you are?

The sound of a chair scuffling, rapid footsteps, a door opening and closing, quicker footsteps. SLIP and FALL.

WHY (CONT'D)

Damn it!

JENNIE

Doctor Why! Give me those pants!
They're not yours! I'm calling
security!

WHY

The lack of a caution sign is a
health hazard, nurse!

JENNIE

(fading away)
Don't you think I know that?

TERRIER

(further away)
Jennie! I got the approval.

JENNIE

Finally, some good news.

Terrier slips and falls.

TERRIER

Agh! Where's this water coming
from!

JENNIE

I don't know.

TERRIER

There should be a sign-

The door to Patient 33's room opens.

TERRIER (CONT'D)

The lack of one is a hazard-

JENNIE

(angrily)
Don't you think I *know* that?

TERRIER

Maybe if I fell and broke my
tailbone, I wouldn't have to go to
my birthday dinner at all.

Wheels unlocked. Rolling. Various hospital chatter.

INT. COMA WARD HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

JENNIE

It's your birthday dinner.

TERRIER
Exactly! It would get cancelled.

JENNIE
Postponed.

TERRIER
Kill me.

JENNIE
Not today.

KNOCK KNOCK.

CARTWRIGHT
(sing song)
Who is it??

TERRIER
Open the door.

The door opens. Inside are DR. CARTWRIGHT (30s, macho, surfer-dude) and DR. BLUE (30s, timid, Welsh).

CARTWRIGHT
Ugh. Terrier.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)
Oooh is this that M JOHN 33 patient
I've been hearing about?

TERRIER
Who's in here with you?

CARTWRIGHT
Oh, it's just Blue.

BLUE
(quietly)
I should be leaving, anyway. Good
seeing you Terrier. Jennie.

JENNIE
Why does anesthesiology need to be
in here?

BLUE
Oh, just a routine check on
the...stock of sedatives you have
in here. Looking good.

TERRIER
Wait what are you? Huh-

Footsteps away. Terrier sighs.

TERRIER (CONT'D)
We're here for some scans.

CARTWRIGHT
Oh, good, good. Have you claimed
primary already?

TERRIER
Yes, I have.

CARTWRIGHT
Ah damn it. I called dibs. It'd be
such an interesting study.

TERRIER
Well, I prefer to refer to him as
patient 33, rather than an
experiment.

CARTWRIGHT
Pet names? Already? You wound me,
Terrier, you really do. Well, don't
worry. Your wittle Patient 33's
gonna be safe in my hands.

TERRIER
Just the MRI and CT. No funny
business.

CARTWRIGHT
What ever you say, T-man.

TERRIER
(annoyed)
Ugh, Cartwright.

CARTWRIGHT
Away you go.

The door closes.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)
Huh. Did he say CAT scan? Or PET
scan?

END PART 1

PART 2

INT. COMA WARD - LATER

JANITOR FISHER (20s, nasally, quirky) mops the floor. SPLASH as the mop gets DUNKED IN and again as DROPLETS fly out and onto the floor. Continued mopping.

Footsteps. Terrier walks in...and slips on the floor. CRASH.

FISHER

Aw man. Are you okay?

Terrier groans in pain.

TERRIER

What is this--

FISHER

Sorry--

TERRIER

Fisher. I've had it with you.

FISHER

Let me go get the sign-

TERRIER

You should have had it out from the beginning! That's the point of the sign!

FISHER

I-I'm sorry I really am-

TERRIER

You're the only janitor I've ever known to make the rooms dirtier. God, I miss Ricky. I swear, Fisher, I'm going to have you fired for this.

FISHER

N-No, Dr. Terrier, sir, please--

TERRIER

Endangering our doctors. That's what you're doing. You're--

FISHER

Please, I need this job. My Gram Grams--she needs this medicine, and I can't afford it without-

TERRIER

Yeah, well you should have thought of that before you spilled water everywhere and had me almost break my tailbone, twice!

FISHER

But please-

TERRIER

Any adult who calls their grandmother Gram Grams isn't fit for the workforce anyway. Now stop your blubbering and get on with the mopping. We'll see what HR has to say about you.

Terrier starts to march off when SLLIIPPP! He falls again.

TERRIER (CONT'D)

Damn it!

FISHER

Sorry--

The door SLAMS SHUT.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Way to go, Fisher. First NASA, now-

Footsteps. Enter DR.HOMELY (40s, manipulative, sly).

FISHER (CONT'D)

Hello?

HOMELY

Janitor Fisher.

FISHER

Are you from HR? Because you are legally required to say if you are-

HOMELY

No. I'm not from HR. I'm Dr. Homely, the chief surgeon here. Surely you've seen me around?

FISHER

Are you going to fire me too?

HOMELY

No. I want to hire you.

FISHER

What? Me? Are you sure?

HOMELY

Why, of course I'm sure.

FISHER

Oh no. This is embarrassing, but I'm not Doctor Why. I'm Fisher. The Janitor. I clean things...sometimes.

A beat.

HOMELY

No. I know. That, I--you know what, it doesn't matter. What I'm trying to say is, do you want to keep your job here and save your Gram Grams?

FISHER

How do you know Gram Grams? Are you in her pilates class? Or she's also in that Brazilian cooking class and she--

HOMELY

It doesn't matter. Just--listen. I will convince Terrier not to fire you if, and only if, you help me with a little side project I've been working on. Ever since Ricky...left, I've been having some...staffing problems.

FISHER

Oh--Ok. What's the side project?

A beat.

HOMELY

We can't talk about it here. This guy might wake up, but we can--

FISHER

Ha! This guy's not waking up anytime soon. He's in a coma...You're a doctor. Shouldn't you have known that?

HOMELY

Ok. Fine. I'll tell you here then.
I need you to help...collect some
medicines from some patients here.

FISHER

Oh. That doesn't sound too bad.

HOMELY

Sometimes when you collect this
medicine, the patient will be using
the medicine, but you need to
remove it anyway, do you hear me?

FISHER

Yeah. I hear you. I'm not the guy
in the coma. Ha!

A beat.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Sorry.

A beat.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Wait. Why do you want me to steal
their medicine?

HOMELY

I need it. That's all you need to
know.

FISHER

Oh. Um ok. No thank you.

HOMELY

What?

FISHER

No thank you. That--That's ok.

HOMELY

But what about Gram Grams? How are
you going to support her if you
don't have a job?

FISHER

I--I don't know. I'll just--I'll
figure it out.

A beat. Mop splashes.

HOMELY
Hmmm. Unfortunate. Really.

FISHER
What?

HOMELY
Nothing...I'd just hate to have to tell Terrier what I found in your locker this morning.

FISHER
What? There's nothing in my--What are you talking about?

HOMELY
You know, the medicine that you've been stealing from patients that I found in your locker.

FISHER
But--you're a liar! I'll tell them what you're doing, and then--

HOMELY
Who are they going to believe really? The general surgeon or you, a janitor? Who can't even put up a wet-floor sign?

FISHER
But--no--But please I--

HOMELY
Yes?

FISHER
Fine. I'll do it, ok? Just--I can't go to jail. Not with this face.

HOMELY
Good. Meet me here tomorrow. 9 PM. We've got a lot to discuss.

Footsteps. The door SLAMS SHUT.

END PART 2

PART 3

INT. COMA WARD - LATER

BEEPING of medical equipment. Voices seep in from the hallway.

CARTWRIGHT

Ok. So. He's definitely in a coma.

TERRIER

Great. Thank you, Cartwright. I'm glad that it only took you, a neurologist, 5 hours to figure that out.

CARTWRIGHT

Thanks!

A beat.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)

So who is this guy anyway?

TERRIER

(sighing)

He's not my date to the party. That's for sure.

JENNIE

Terrier--

CARTWRIGHT

Wait, do you need a date to a party? Because I could totally--

TERRIER

No! No thank you I--

JENNIE

Oh, you don't? Well then perfect because I really have other things to be doing and--

TERRIER

No, Jennie, you have to come. I need you.

JENNIE

No.

TERRIER

(defeated)

Where's this guy's belongings anyway? I can't seem to find them anywhere-

CARTWRIGHT

Uh, Doctor Why's got his pants.

TERRIER

Of course he does.

JENNIE

How did you know that?

CARTWRIGHT

I know things.

TERRIER

What in the world possessed that man's mind to think that--

Footsteps. Door opens.

WHY

Oh hey, Terrier. Just the man I was looking for. Guess what I found in this guy's pants?

TERRIER

Why, I'm gonna kill you. How'd you even get past security?

WHY

Violence is a bad look on you. Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. Would you like to try the deep breathing techniques that I use with my patients?

TERRIER

I'm not some loony like your patients.

WHY

Terrier! I'm appalled at you. Hmmm I guess you don't want to hear this pertinent information after all.

TERRIER

Spit it out.

WHY

Not until you apologize...

JENNIE

Why, just tell us what you found.

A beat.

WHY

Fine. Look...It's a receipt...At some point between his birth and today, this man went to a Five Guys Burgers and Fries and got a hamburger on a lettuce wrap with a side of fries.

Receipt shuffles. A beat.

TERRIER

Is that it?

WHY

Is that it? What do you mean is that it? Now, not only do we know that he eats meat, we also know that he is in some way gluten-averse but potato-positive.

Upbeat musical stinger.

WHY (CONT'D)

I feel like we're really on to something.

TERRIER

Great. Thanks, Why. That's really great. Jennie, go through the dental records.

CARTWRIGHT

Oh, don't worry about it. I already got one.

TERRIER

You already got one what?

CARTWRIGHT

One tooth. I already got a tooth. So we can go check it now.

TERRIER

You're not supposed to take a tooth.

CARTWRIGHT

Oh. Oops. Oh well. Um--I--should I put it back?

TERRIER

YES.

NURSE MARGIE(60s, humble, cheery) walks over.

TERRIER (CONT'D)

Oh. Margie. You're here.

MARGIE

Why so excited to see me, doc?

JENNIE

Terrier's just mad because he's going to die alone.

TERRIER

(through gritted teeth)
I don't care if I die alone. I just don't want my family to know that.

MARGIE

Oh, don't worry Terrier. Your special someone's out there somewhere. I promise.

TERRIER

Margie, can you please get me some information on this man's dental records before I do something I regret?

MARGIE

Ok. But only because you asked so nicely. I'll go take this to the oral surgeons, see what I can find. Damn dentists. They think they're so great. And don't get me started on those dental hygienists. You are not better than the nurses ugh--But for you, Terrier. I'll go.

Footsteps. Door closes.

TERRIER

See? Margie will go to the dentists for me. Why can't you just go on one simple date with my family?

JENNIE

No! How many times do I have to tell you no?! I won't do it.

(MORE)

JENNIE (CONT'D)

You're going to have to find some other way to prove to people that you're more than just a grumpy, miserable person with no prospects.

TERRIER

Hey--

JENNIE

Sorry, but it's true. And speaking of men with no prospects...shouldn't we get him fingerprinted?

TERRIER

I doubt he's a criminal. Just look at that jawline.

WHY

You know, the more I look at him, the more he kind of looks like my cousin Wendall. Now he's a criminal. We call him Winny for short. You know, he's even got the same...Winny? Is that you?

A beat.

WHY (CONT'D)

Oh wait. Never mind. Winny's bald.

Why laughs. Terrier groans. Footsteps.

TERRIER

That was fast.

MARGIE

But still terrible. I had to get out of there as quickly as I could. But they've got nothing. No record of this poor sap anywhere. They'll put the tooth back in, though.

TERRIER

Well. I'm out of ideas. I guess he'll just have to stay anonymous for now.

JENNIE

I guess so. Patient 33, welcome to the hospital.

Patient 33's heart monitor fades out. Theme music fades in.

OUTRO:

JENNIE (CONT'D)

M 33 John Doe was written by Courtney Archerd and Eve Gershon. This episode starred Nicole Tchounga, Spencer Frankeberger, Justin Stirewalt, Jake Needham, Courtney Archerd, Kira Goldberg, Nathan Zingg, and Amanda Lashmit with original music by Ryan Lew. Sound editing and design by Courtney Archerd and Jake Needham and graphic design by Lucille Wright. This episode was produce by Courtney Archerd, Eve Gershon, and Kira Goldberg. Thanks for listening.

End music.

END OF EPISODE