

PATIENT 33

"What's that Smell?"

Written by

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INTRO:

Theme music plays.

CARTWRIGHT

This is Patient 33. Episode 7.  
What's that Smell?

End music.

PART 1

INT. COMA WARD - DAY

Medical beeping. Footsteps. Door OPENS and CLOSES

TERRIER

Another one! How did we lose  
another one?

JENNIE

I don't know. I was just at the  
other--

TERRIER

No. You don't know. Do you? But let  
me ask you something, Nurse Jennie,  
why does this keep happening to the  
patients under *your* care?

JENNIE

I--I'm sorry. What?

TERRIER

I don't know maybe just that ever  
since Margie left things have  
gotten a lot worse, and I'm  
starting to wonder whether or not  
it was Margie who was really doing  
all the work around here.

JENNIE

Are you kidding me?

TERRIER

No. You know what. I'm not kidding  
you.

Beat.

TERRIER (CONT'D)

Jennie, I don't think you should be  
working on your own right now. At  
least, not until we figure all of  
this out. I'm going to be assigning  
a nurse to work with you until we  
can be sure that patients will stop  
dying.

JENNIE

Terrier, you cannot seriously be thinking that any of this is my fault. I'm a good nurse, and you know it. I don't need a babysitter.

TERRIER

Well, maybe you do. I'm sorry, Jennie, but I can't take any chances.

JENNIE

Yeah. No. I get it. Wouldn't want me to kill any more patients than I already have, right?

TERRIER

Jennie--

JENNIE

No. Fine. Give me a babysitter. Just know that when everyone realizes that I'm not the reason these patients are dying, they'll be turning to you next, and I swear to you that I will let them go right ahead.

Ligth conversation filters in from outside. Jennie storms out. Door SLAMS.

**END PART 1**

PART 2

INT. COMA WARD - LATER

Footsteps. The door OPENS and CLOSES.

WHY

Terrier is getting on my last nerves today. It's Dr. Why this, and Dr. Why that. Never Dr. Why how...are you doing? You know? I don't know what I did to set him off. And-

A few sniffs.

WHY (CONT'D)

Ugh, what the hell is that smell?

Beat.

WHY (CONT'D)

Oh god. That is terrible. Is it- It can't be you. I hope it isn't.

A really close sniff.

WHY (CONT'D)

Well you're certainly not at your best, but you're not the source of it. How can you stand it? Well I guess you have no say in what your room smells like, 33. It's not like you can just stand up and go, 'Helloooo? Nurse? I would like one stick of Tom's apricot scented women's deodorant please.' Not that that would be the brand or scent that you would choose. Also, I hate that deodorant is gendered. We all smell, why ya got to make it about the parts too, you know?

A pager BEEPS.

WHY (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

Oh nooo. I'm ten minutes late to a patient meeting. Boo hoo. I'll tell Terrier where he can shove it-

The door quickly opens.

TERRIER

Why.

WHY

Terrier.

A beat. Footsteps.

TERRIER

I noticed that you haven't responded to your page.

WHY

With all due respect, *sir*, it's been literally a minute.

TERRIER

True. But from your *actual* patient's perspective, it's been 10 plus one minutes. That equals eleven, Why, in case you've forgotten your time tables.

WHY

Actually, Terrier, that would be addition. Not multiplication. Looks like *someone* didn't pass the third grade--

TERRIER

(heated)

You need to leave this room. Patient 33 is not **your** patient, and while I've been lenient with your shenanigans in the past regarding your, frankly weird, attachment to 33, it's been impacting your real job with conscious patients.

A gasp. The dialogue becomes muffled.

WHY

Doctor!

TERRIER

Why are you covering his ears?

WHY

You're insulting him. He doesn't like it.

TERRIER

(snorts)

This is ridiculous.

The dialogue becomes clear again as Why uncovers Patient 33's ears.

TERRIER (CONT'D)

You're ridiculous. And what the hell is that smell?

WHY

What am I? A janitor?

TERRIER

Nope. You're a therapist, and you've been testing my patience. I don't want to have to threaten you with suspension, but damn it I will!

WHY

Why are you being so *angsty*??

TERRIER

I'm not be--what does that even mean?

WHY

You've been paging me all day. No stop. No breathing room.

TERRIER

Well maybe, karma's a bitch.

WHY

Carma?! Don't bring the foot doctor into this!

TERRIER

Oh my god. Let me spell it out for you. You threw spaghetti at me and gave me hives! My face--do you see my face? You did this to me!

Terrier takes off his mask--SNAP of elastic.

WHY

Oh god keep that mask on, doctor.

TERRIER

(breaking down)

My face is this mess of hives because of you! Even my patients don't want to see me! I--I made a child cry! He had a fish hook stuck in his lip, and he didn't cry until he saw my face!

WHY

I'm sorry to hear that, but I'm not the Spaghetti Man, and I think you know that too. Deep down.

TERRIER

Maybe you're right. Doesn't change the fact that...

(whispering)

I'm a monster.

WHY

(sympathetic)

Oh, Darren. Come here, sit down.

Footsteps. Terrier sits on Patient 33's bed.

WHY (CONT'D)

Do you want to talk about it?

TERRIER

(sniffing)

Yeah.

A beat. THUNK. Why pulls out his notebook.

WHY

So. When was the last time you saw your dad?

**END PART 2**

PART 3

INT. COMA WARD - LATER

Footsteps. Pacing. Terrier let's out a frustrated "aghhh".

TERRIER  
(under his breath)  
Damn it, Terrier, you're better  
than this.

Terrier runs into a medical cart and knocks it over.

TERRIER (CONT'D)  
Sorry about that, 33.

A beat.

TERRIER (CONT'D)  
What am I doing? He can't hear me.

A beat.

TERRIER (CONT'D)  
Damn it. You really did it this  
time, Why. Now I'm talking to the  
comatose patient. Why does everyone  
do that?

More pacing.

TERRIER (CONT'D)  
You literally can't hear me. You  
can't hear anyone. But everyone  
talks to you! How! You're not  
interesting. You're only slightly  
good looking. And it smells like a  
rat's ass in here!

A beat.

TERRIER (CONT'D)  
God. First, Why's got me  
feeling...all kinds of things. And  
now I'm here.

Sniff. A groan of disgust.

TERRIER (CONT'D)  
Ah, damn it! You're such a good  
listener. No. No I'm done.  
(MORE)

TERRIER (CONT'D)

I'm going to find the goddamn  
janitor who can't do the one job we  
hired them for.

Footsteps.

TERRIER (CONT'D)

It's not hard to keep rooms from  
smelling like hell incarnate. It's  
the job. We pay them 3 dollars  
above minimum wage. They should be  
**grateful!**

Door OPENS and CLOSES as Terrier storms out of the room.

**END PART 3**

PART 4

INT. COMA WARD - DAY

Muffled voices from the hallway.

TERRIER

You! Hey you! You're the janitor!

FISHER

(fake voice)

Uh, no! I am not the janitor.

TERRIER

Oh, don't you pull that shit with me. You're wearing a jumpsuit!

FISHER

No I'm not!

TERRIER

Patient 33's room smells terrible! What the hell have you been doing in there!

FISHER

Uh--on it, sir! Goodbye.

The door opens and closes violently.

FISHER (CONT'D)

(still out of breath)

That man is out for blood. Homely? Are you there? Man, it *does* smell bad in here.

The bathroom door opens.

HOMELY

Fisher! You're late.

FISHER

Why are you always using his bathroom?

HOMELY

He's not using it.

FISHER

Right. Well, I think people are starting to notice...the smell. We can't keep her up there forever.

HOMELY  
Not my problem.

Beat.

FISHER  
W-what do you mean?

HOMELY  
You're the janitor. Take out the trash.

FISHER  
Well...wa--wait just a minute.  
You're the one who got me to put it up there in the first place.

HOMELY  
If I remember correctly, it was your idea to do that.

FISHER  
Well, you--you were the one who killed-

HOMELY  
I just got some great news.

A beat.

HOMELY (CONT'D)  
Do you want to know what it is?

A beat. Fisher sighs.

FISHER  
(unenthusiastically)  
...What's the good news?

HOMELY  
If you must know, the deal went through.

FISHER  
(same tone)  
That's so great. Great news.

A beat.

FISHER (CONT'D)  
A-actually I- I wanted to talk to you about that.

HOMELY  
This, again?

FISHER  
(timidly)  
Yes. Again.

HOMELY  
What is it?

FISHER  
I want out. For real this time.

Homely chuckles.

HOMELY  
Really. Because I told you last  
time-

FISHER  
I know, I know. I'll be--  
(mockingly)  
Facing the consequences if anything  
goes wrong.  
(normal voice)  
Fine. If that is a thing, then--  
then fine. I'm just done, morally.

HOMELY  
Morally? You probably don't even  
know what that means.

FISHER  
Don't get so high and mighty with  
me. I have high school diploma. I  
graduated with an associates at  
Mountain Trade College too. I'm not  
the lower class scum you're so  
desperate to see me as.

HOMELY  
(almost impressed)  
Fine. You've grown a backbone.  
Maybe a few vertebrae too. Good for  
you. But, you won't be leaving this  
partnership.

FISHER  
You and I both know this isn't a  
partnership.

Homely snorts.

HOMELY

Right. Well, you're not leaving.

FISHER

I told you. You're--you're not threatening me anymore. I can live with the fact that I'll have the implication hovering over me forever--

HOMELY

It's more than that, Fisher. Do you remember Ricky?

Beat.

FISHER

What does Ricky have to do with this? He left.

HOMELY

Uh huh. Left. How about Dale?

FISHER

He was my supervisor and...transferred out...

HOMELY

(amused)

What about Stan?

FISHER

I--What--that's not...

A beat. Homely laughs. Slowly. Maniacally.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Oh god. What did you do to them?

HOMELY

I didn't do anything. *They* left the partnership.

FISHER

Wh--What?

HOMELY

You only had a taste of what I can make **disappear** with Margie, and the fact that you never put the pieces together with your successors proves to me that your intellect matches that of a pale-throated sloth.

FISHER

Oh god. Please...don't. Please  
don't. I'll be good. I'll continue.

HOMELY

I'm glad to hear that, Blake.

Fisher breathes out.

FISHER

Oh thank god I--I'm so sorry s--sir  
ugh ma--ma'am--

HOMELY

Oakland Strait Condominiums.

FISHER

What-

HOMELY

How is Maria Fisher doing these  
days?

FISHER

Oh come on man! Not gram grams!

HOMELY

Gram grams has nothing to worry  
about. She won't be..transferring  
out anytime soon. So long as you  
don't follow in Ricky's footsteps.

Beat.

HOMELY (CONT'D)

Now get out of here.

Fisher scurries away. The door opens.

HOMELY (CONT'D)

And get rid of Margie later, will  
you?

The door closes. Homely chuckles.

**END PART 4**

PART 5

INT. COMA WARD - LATER

Door opens and closes. The sound of a bag RUSTLING.

FISHER

Oh! Hi. Sorry I'll leave.

TERRIER

Why? Worried someone might ask you to actually do your job?

FISHER

Uh--Wha--Wha--What...

TERRIER

Take a deep breath, Janitor Fisher. What do you smell? Does it smell good? Smell like a room that has been cleaned in the last decade or so? No. No it does not. Might I ask why?

FISHER

(very nervous)

Oh yeah. Um yeah. I--I would definitely ask Why. He was the one who was selling all that spaghetti in here, wasn't he?

TERRIER

No. No I'm not asking Why. I'm asking you. Because I've smelt spaghetti before--

Terrier SNIFFS.

TERRIER (CONT'D)

--And it sure as hell doesn't smell this bad. Now tell me, Fisher. Why are you not doing your job and actually doing any cleaning?!

FISHER

Oh my gosh. You people. I'll go get the air freshener.

TERRIER

No. I don't want you to "go get the air freshener." I want you to find the source of this scent and clean it and clean it well. The last thing I need is one more thing that we don't understand.

FISHER

Um. Yeah. But I don't really get why you're angry. It doesn't even smell that bad in here. I'll--ar-- are you sure it's not just like how the hospital smells?

TERRIER

What? Are you kidding me? You don't think it smells that bad in here? Does your nose even work? Do you need me to do an operation? Or should I just fire you because quite frankly, I don't want a janitor who doesn't even know when something smells bad. In fact, I could have sworn I fired you already.

FISHER

You can't fire me just because you're going crazy. I--I don't smell anything. I don't know where any smell is coming from. I'm not some scent detective who just knows why things smell the way that they do, so I don't think you should be taking your anger out on me just because you're...bad at your job.

TERRIER

What? Is that what you think? That I'm bad at my job. Oh! Well that's just great, isn't it? The janitor thinks they can do my job better than me? Well, then great! Go ahead. Do my job. You sure as hell shouldn't be doing yours.

FISHER

Oh, you son of a--

CREAK. CRACK. CRACK. Ceiling dust tumbles to the floor.

FISHER (CONT'D)

What was that?

TERRIER  
 If we have a mold problem, I swear  
 to god I will--

CRASH. CRUMBLE. THUNK.

FISHER  
 AHHH!

TERRIER  
 What is that?

FISHER  
 Oh my god.

TERRIER  
 Oh my god is that--

FISHER  
 Oh my god.

TERRIER  
 --Margie...is that--Oh god. Oh no.  
 Oh god get her off of Patient 33  
 now.

FISHER  
 Uh. Uh. Yes, sir.

SHUFFLE. SCATTERING of loose ceiling tile. Fisher moves  
 Margie's body off of Patient 33.

TERRIER  
 Oh god this is bad. I'm--I'm going  
 to go get someone. Ugh. Fisher,  
 stay here. I--I'll be right back.  
 Oh god.

Door opens and closes in a hurry. Dialing on a phone.

FISHER  
 Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. Homely--  
 Yeah I know you said no calling but--  
 -No, I know. We have a situation.  
 The proverbial cat's been let out  
 of the bag--I know you said no more  
 code words. Yeah just--HOMELY! You  
 have to get over here now.

**END PART 5**

OUTRO:

Theme music plays.

CARTWRIGHT

What's That Smell was written by Courtney Archerd and Eve Gershon. This episode stars Justin Stirewalt, Spencer Frankenberger, Nicole Tchounga, Courtney Archerd, and Kira Goldberg. It was directed by Kira Goldberg with original music by Ryan Lew, sound design by Jake Needham, Eve Gershon, and Courtney Archerd, and graphic design by Lucille Wright. Enjoying Patient 33? Leave us a rating and a review so that more people can as well! Thanks for listening.

End music.

**END OF EPISODE**