

PATIENT 33

Episode 9: "The Trolley"

TRANSCRIPT

Written by

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INTRO:

Title music fades in.

CARTWRIGHT

This is Patient 33. Episode 9: The
Trolley.

Music ends.

PART 1

INT. COMA WARD - NIGHT

Footsteps. The door opens and closes.

HOMELY

Detective Crunch. What seems to be the problem?

DETECTIVE CRUNCH

I don't know. I--Janitor Fisher just fainted. They were just kind of going off about their Grams, and I told them to stop locking their legs but out they went.

HOMELY

Oh well I'm so glad you found me. I'll get them revived in no time.

DETECTIVE CRUNCH

Thank goodness! Is there anything I can do to help?

HOMELY

Oh no. In fact, I would prefer it if you could just give us some space. I don't want them to be overwhelmed with spectators when they wake up.

DETECTIVE CRUNCH

Of course. No, you- you do your thing. I'll get out of your hair.

HOMELY

Good...Oh, and Detective Crunch?

DETECTIVE CRUNCH

Yeah?

HOMELY

There's no need to say anything about this to anyone, right?

DETECTIVE CRUNCH

Um--

HOMELY

Wouldn't want to get Fisher in trouble. Us working class folks got to work together, don't we?

DETECTIVE CRUNCH

Oh. Yeah. Yeah. Ok. I won't tell anyone, Dr. Homely. I promise.

HOMELY

Good.

Awkward pause.

HOMELY (CONT'D)

Bye, now.

DETECTIVE CRUNCH

Oh. Bye.

Footsteps. The door opens and then closes.

HOMELY

Wake up.

SLAP.

FISHER

Ow! Wha--How--Get away from me!

HOMELY

You better be glad it was me who found you. Don't let me find you like this again.

FISHER

No. I'm fine. Thanks for asking. Nervous breakdown. Lost consciousness. But no really. I feel great.

HOMELY

Frankly, I don't care. Just get the medicine off 33, and let's get out of here.

FISHER

But--

HOMELY

What?

FISHER

We're hurting him. I--why does it have to be him of all people?

HOMELY

(sighs)

I've let you get on with this weird attachment of yours for weeks now, but enough is enough. He has what we need, and you're getting it. No questions asked. I was nice enough to give you this opportunity, so once in your life, be grateful and get it done. I will give you to the end of the day. If you don't have it by then, then fainting will be the least of your worries. Are we clear?

FISHER

Crystal.

HOMELY

Good. Oh, and while I have you, the bathrooms on this level smell horrible...

Footsteps. The door opens and closes.

END PART 1

PART 2

INT. COMA WARD - DAY

The quiet beeping of Patient 33's monitors. Footsteps. The door opens and closes. Doctor Why pulls up a chair and sits down. He takes a deep breath, and exhales loudly.

WHY
Smell that, 33?

A beat.

WHY (CONT'D)
(chuckles)
Exactly. Nothing except the antiseptic smell your room normally gives off. The hospital smell and your smell. I hope you don't find this too...intrusive but, your...smell...comforts me. It's like a mixture of...spaghetti and BO and lavender? Maybe.

Another calming inhale and exhale.

WHY (CONT'D)
You gotta pay attention to things like this, 33. You know, one day you smell like spaghetti and lavender, the next, maybe spaghetti and correander. Changes like these aren't...random. They're inconsistencies. There are many inconsistencies throughout our many known universes. Things to identify and explain, but...they're unexplainable? Almost as if there was a mistake in the fabric of-

The door opens. Nurse Jennie marches in. The door closes.

JENNIE
Why, out.

WHY
I didn't...I mean I shouldn't-

JENNIE
Out. Now. You can't be in here. For real this time.

WHY

What's so important at this very minute that I can't talk to my favorite patient-

A second pair of footsteps. The door opens.

TERRIER

Why, you can't be in here. For real this time.

The door closes.

WHY

Hehe, that's...uncanny. I would say. You guys just are so in sync. What's got you guys' panties in such a bunch, huh?

A third pair of footsteps. The door opens.

KELLER

Don't make us ask again.

WHY

Keller, you too?

Beat.

WHY (CONT'D)

Okay okay. Talk to you later, 33!

The door closes. Patient 33's heart monitor starts to quietly alarm.

JENNIE

Damn it, Terrier. You stressed him out.

Syringe sound.

KELLER

I would argue that cursing in front of the patient will also stress him out, wouldn't you say Terrier?

TERRIER

Uh--sure.

JENNIE

What else is there to be done?

KELLER

Vitals?

JENNIE
Yes, sorry.

KELLER
Maybe I should take this one.

JENNIE
(through gritted teeth)
No. That's ok. I've got it.

KELLER
Hmph. Well, we'll see.

Terrier clears his throat.

TERRIER
And how's my fine patient doing
today?

JENNIE
BP's normal.

KELLER
I can confirm that.

TERRIER
--Ok. That's good, that's good-
good. Any changes to his brain
patterns.

JENNIE
None that I can see.

KELLER
Actually, I think we should take a
second look because--

JENNIE
No. I think I would know the
patient right now and I--

KELLER
Well, maybe we just--

JENNIE
Fine!

Mechanical scanning sound.

KELLER
Yes, brain patterns do appear to be
consistent.

JENNIE

Shocker.

TERRIER

Hmm. Well, business as usual then.

JENNIE

(under her breath)

Not exactly.

The three exit.

END PART 2

PART 3

INT. COMA WARD - LATER

The following is heard in the hallway, muffled. Nurse Keller approaches Jennie.

KELLER

Nurse Jennie! Last I checked, this was a place of work. Hmm that must mean you should be *working!*

JENNIE

Have you ever heard of a lunch break, Keller? It's 1 o'clock.

KELLER

Drexler. And if it's really your lunch break, why don't you get on to the cafeteria because you're in everyone's way.

JENNIE

If going to the cafeteria means an escape from you, then fine.

Jennie starts to walk away, but Keller follows.

KELLER

Actually I'm going to have to follow you to the cafeteria, as well. Dr. Terrier specifically ins-

The door opens and the two walk in. The door closes.

JENNIE

Instructed you to follow me around, I get it. For crying out loud, does Terrier not even trust me on my own lunch break? That's BS!

KELLER

Looks like he doesn't trust you at all, nurse.

JENNIE

Why does no one trust me! I am the most trustworthy person here because I am the only one who gives a damn about the death of our, not just nurse, but friend!

(MORE)

JENNIE (CONT'D)

I was the only one who had the, dare I say courage, to say something in her memory during her funeral. Everyone was complaining the whole time about how hot it was outside or whatever the hell else they got into their mind was more important than honoring her. I mean, what the hell? She died. Does no one else get that? Seriously-- she's dead, and she's not coming back. And no one besides me even seems to care. Why? Why don't people ever care about anyone but themselves? Can people seriously not take an hour out of their day to honor the dead?!

Jennie comes back down a bit.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

Is this what it's going to be like when I die? Is this what it's going to be like when you die, Nurse Drexler?

KELLER

That a threat, nurse?

JENNIE

Maybe it is, it's not like anyone is going to care!

KELLE

Wouldn't want something like that showing up in my reports. Who knows how Terrier would react.

JENNIE

See if I care. He knows that I'm not the underlying problem to his dying patients, and if it takes a few nasty reports for him to figure that out, then so be it.

Jennie storms off. The door opens and closes.

END PART 3

PART 4

INT. COMA WARD - LATER

The following scene is heard in the hallways, muffled.

The sounds of mopping. Rapid mopping. The plastic mopping bucket hits against the ground. Marched footsteps approach. Jennie slips on the wet floor and falls.

JENNIE

Can this day get any worse?!

FISHER

Whoa- whoa there! I'm so sorry I- I left the sign back in the closet, oh jeez. Oh jeez. Are you okay? Please don't tell HR.

JENNIE

No, sorry. Don't worry about it. I've just had a bad day. Nothing to do with you. Everyone makes mistakes.

FISHER

But I can't. I-I mean I can, clearly, make mistakes, but I shouldn't. That's how I got in this situation in the first place, and now, I'm almost breaking nurses' necks, and I'm behind on cleaning, and I haven't mopped for a whole week and-d-

JENNIE

Fisher, calm down. It's fine.

FISHER

Oh. No. Yeah. You're right. Fine. Totally fine. All good here.

JENNIE

(polite laugh)

Is everything ok? You seem...tense.

FISHER

Oh, um, well, I guess the pressure of the job is just getting to me is all.

JENNIE
You can say that again.

Fisher grunts.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Well, I've got to get to my next round, but Fisher please try to relax. It's just a job. We all mess up sometimes.

Jennie starts to walk away.

FISHER
Hey nurse, I- I heard about Margie. She was a great person, and I hope you're doing okay with all of that.

JENNIE
I thought you didn't know her.

Beat.

FISHER
Uh, no I did.

JENNIE
Well, your words to me were something like "all you nurses look the same" if I remember correctly.

FISHER
Did I say that? Sorry I must've had...something else on my mind then.

JENNIE
Like now? With the rapid mopping with no signs?

Fisher walks down the hallway. Opens a door. Closes a door. Puts the wet floor sign up then says:

FISHER
With signs, now. And I'm sorry I didn't know her-

JENNIE
Then don't say you knew her.

FISHER
I- what? I was just trying to say sorry for your loss and-

JENNIE

Yeah. After you said she was a great person. How would you know that? You don't. Or you did, and you lied about it, but that wouldn't be the case. Otherwise, you would have cared that she was missing for a week, with me being the only one who noticed, only for her to fall through Patient 33's freaking ceiling, and even then, you didn't talk to me about it until later, when there's no one to hold you accountable for what you said.

FISHER

I-i'm sorry I didn't know I-

JENNIE

You didn't know. Or maybe you did. Either way, you don't care, and maybe you shouldn't.

Jennie walks away.

FISHER

Jennie--

Silence. Fisher begins mopping again. They open the door to 33's room and roll the mop bucket into the room. The door closes. Fisher starts mopping again. Footsteps approach, and Fisher jumps around.

WHY

What're you up to there, Mr. Fisher?

Fisher jumps in surprise and drops the mop.

FISHER

I- uh just checking to see if Patient 33's room is mopped yet.

WHY

Why would you need to see if it's mopped? Aren't you the one mopping?

FISHER

Uh I lost...track of the rooms I was mopping and had to double check I guess and-

WHY

You talk to him too?

FISHER

What?

WHY

Don't be ashamed of it. It's natural to want to talk to someone about things, although I do recommend therapy. First session's free. Friends and family discount.

FISHER

Oh, I don't want to waste your time.

WHY

You waste your time with 33, why not do so with a qualified professional?

FISHER

Really, I don't need therapy. I don't with...33 either. I'm good.

WHY

It's probably the most endearing part of him though. The inability to talk back to us. He's just such a good listener. Not many of those these days.

FISHER

Yeah, I guess...That's it.

WHY

Well, I'll leave you two alone then. Don't talk his ear off, eh? For me, at least.

Why starts to leave.

FISHER

Wait, Doctor Why?

WHY

Yeah?

FISHER

I...have a hypothetical question for you.

WHY

No, you can't undress him. That's highly unethical.

FISHER

What?! No! No, nothing like that. It's more of a...philosophical one.

WHY

Oh, okay. Shoot.

FISHER

Um. So if you had to save the life of a... a friend, but could only do so by hurting others...would you?

WHY

Ah, the classic trolley problem.

FISHER

What?

WHY

The trolley problem. A man stands at the exchange of two trolley paths, and has the ability to switch the direction the trolley is going. The problem is, one man is strapped to the tracks of one, and 4 men are strapped to the tracks of the other. Also known as the Spock problem. Would you sacrifice the lives of the few to save the lives of the many? Or for this...hypothetical case, the lives of the many to save the one. The one of a...friend?

A beat.

FISHER

Uh well?

WHY

Well...what?

FISHER

What's the answer?

WHY

(laughing)

There is no answer.

FISHER

There has to be an answer.

WHY

Hey, I'm not a philosopher.

FISHER

Do you have a guess?

WHY

Listen.

(as if he were a
pretentious college
professor)

The problem isn't binary--it isn't a yes or no. It's a what if. And I guess what I would do is I would stop the trolley. What's making it move? There's got to be breaks. There's almost always a way for everyone to be happy, it would just be...annoying for the passengers in the trolley. Which is *kind of* a metaphor for...uh, capitalism!

FISHER

I see.

WHY

What's got you in such a contemplative mood?

FISHER

Nothing, really. I've just got lots of time to think, you know, being a janitor and all.

WHY

I get it. But hey, don't sell yourself short. Being a janitor? In this hospital? You've got to be a miracle worker.

Why walks out.

FISHER

Thanks.

The door opens and closes.

FISHER (CONT'D)

(to himself)
Stop the trolley...

END PART 4

PART 5

INT. COMA WARD - LATER

Footsteps walking down the hallway. Their voices are muffled.

TERRIER
I can't believe it.

JENNIE
I really thought she was going to
make it.

The door opens, the voices are now clear.

KELLER
Well if Jennie hadn't--

TERRIER
No, Keller.

KELLER
What? All I'm saying is if she had
just done this--

TERRIER
No. Jennie did everything she
could. We all did. This wasn't
anybody's fault.

KELLER
I don't know. Jennie could have
been more precise in her IV
insertion.

TERRIER
Keller, please just go back to the
foot department. This was all a
huge mistake. I can see now that
none of this was Jennie's fault. If
anything, things have just gotten
worse around here since you started
supervising.

Keller scoffs.

TERRIER (CONT'D)
So please, thank you for your
service, but we no longer need you.

KELLER

Ok. Whatever you say, but don't come crying back to me when you realize that you need me.

TERRIER

Don't worry. We won't.

Keller walks out. The door closes. A pregnant pause.

TERRIER (CONT'D)

She really is a bit much isn't she?

Jennie gives him nothing.

TERRIER (CONT'D)

Jennie, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have tried to blame you for all this.

JENNIE

No. You shouldn't have.

TERRIER

I guess I just wanted to pretend that I had some understanding of what was going on around here.

JENNIE

Yeah, well, that doesn't excuse pinning a supervisor on me just to make you feel better about yourself.

TERRIER

You're right. I'm sorry. The only problem is where do we go from here? If you weren't causing all these problems, then what is?

JENNIE

Maybe it's you.

TERRIER

Yeah. I deserve that, and you're right. Maybe it is me. Could be anything at this point. What with Margie plus all of these deaths. Could be anything.

A beat.

TERRIER (CONT'D)

Um, how are you holding up, by the way?

JENNIE

Not great. But don't worry. I won't
let it affect my job.

TERRIER

No, I know. Thank you.

END PART 5

PART 6

INT. COMA WARD - LATER

A phone rings in the hallway as Fisher walks towards the door. The door opens and closes.

FISHER

(into the phone)

Grams, when you get this, please call me back. This is the 5th voicemail I'm leaving you, and I know you never clear that old machine, so I know you'll be running out of space here soon and I...just want you to be careful. I- I think something not good is happening, and- and if anything happened to you, I don't know what I would do.

A beat.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Please call me back.

They hang up the phone. They unfold a piece of paper.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Hey...dude I...I don't know who to talk to or who to tell or trust. I feel like something bad's happening here. Or no. I...I know something bad's happening, and it might happen to me because I swear on my life I won't let it happen to my grams. Not because of me. Uh, here.

33's blankets are lifted. Fisher yelps.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Okay. No pants means no pockets. That- I should have known that. Uh, well if you can hear me, when you wake up...look to Margie. Okay?

Fisher steps onto the bed. We hear the creaking of the ceiling tiles being lifted, then dropped. Fisher jumps onto the ground.

They then slide out a bag from under the bed. Velcro rips, the jangle of vials, a quick seal, then the package is slid back under the bed.

Footsteps approach. The door opens and closes.

HOMELY

What are you doing?

FISHER

Uh, nothing. Me? Nothing-

HOMELY

Don't give me that. You can play dumb with the doctors, but I know you. I know everything about you.

FISHER

Get back.

The click of a gun.

HOMELY

Oh, you came prepared, I see.

FISHER

You're- you're not hurting anyone else, okay? I didn't want for it to come to this but...I'll do it.

Handling of the gun.

HOMELY

(amused)

You'll shoot me.

FISHER

Yes. I'm stopping the trolley.

HOMELY

What?

FISHER

I- uh. You're driving over too many people on the tracks and...or- Why made it make a lot more sense, okay? I- I'm taking these drugs and I'm redistributing them, or I'm- I'm telling the truth, and you're going to rot in prison!

Homely slowly walks towards Fisher.

HOMELY
Hmm. Okay. Shoot then.

FISHER
I--I--stand back--I'll--do it! I'll
do it...

HOMELY
I thought so.

Homely slaps the gun out of their hand, then punches them.

FISHER
Oh-

Fisher falls to the ground, now out of it.

Homely walks over and picks up the gun.

HOMELY
Stupid goddamn janitor. Doesn't
even know what safety is. I bet it
wasn't even loaded.

Gun cock.

HOMELY (CONT'D)
Looks like I was right.

Homely walks to the bed.

HOMELY (CONT'D)
What's in here then, huh?

The package is slid out from under the bed. Velcro.

HOMELY (CONT'D)
Would you look at that! It's the
drugs. Interesting that all of
these can be found in the black
market going for record high
prices.

Homely takes a vial out and then slides it back under.

HOMELY (CONT'D)
It'd be a shame if you had ingested
too much of it, but what can I say?
Junkies gotta do what junkies gotta
do.

Homely approaches Fisher, who is now more aware of what's
happening.

FISHER
No no no no- HELP!

Muffled cries. The sound of a syringe being emptied. Fisher falls back to the ground.

Slow footsteps towards the door. Beat. The door opens.

HOMELY
Help! I need some help in here!
It's the janitor!

Three pairs of footsteps run from the hallway and into the room. Over by Fisher, a syringe is prepared.

HOMELY (CONT'D)
I- I don't know what happened they
just- they just attacked me and
were going crazy and-

JENNIE
Charge to 400, clear.

It all slowly fades away to the failed defibrillation and flatline of Janitor Fisher.

Music fades in.

CARTWRIGHT
"The Trolley" was written by
Courtney Archerd, Kira Goldberg,
and Eve Gershon. This episode stars
Kira Goldberg, Courtney Archerd,
Nicole Tchounga, Justin Stirewalt,
Spencer Frankeberger, Nanci Kelham,
and Jake Needham, was directed by
Kira Goldberg, with original music
by Ryan Lew, sound design by Jake
Needham, Eve Gershon, Reece Melber,
and Courtney Archerd, and graphic
design by Lucille Wright. Enjoying
Patient 33? Leave us a rating and
review so that more people can as
well. Thanks for listening!

End music.

END OF EPISODE