

PATIENT 33

Episode 13:

"Something's Fishy"

Written by

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INTRO:

Theme music plays.

CARTWRIGHT

This is Patient 33. Episode 13.
Something's Fishy.

End music.

PART 1

INT. COMA WARD - DAY

Footsteps. The door opens. Terrier walks in. He SIGHS.
BRRRRRING. BRRING. His phone rings.

TERRIER
Who the hell?

Terrier answers the call.

TERRIER (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello? Why?

Beat.

TERRIER (CONT'D)
Why are you--no. No! Ho--How do you
even know my work schedule?

Beat.

TERRIER (CONT'D)
No, I'm not bringing you over to 33
to talk to--because that's
unprofessional and essentially
purposeless.

Beat.

TERRIER (CONT'D)
Well *I* think it is. He wouldn't
want to hear your voice when you
have laryngitis. You sound like a
tortoise.

Beat.

TERRIER (CONT'D)
No! I'm not doing it. Have a good
day.

BEEP. Terrier ends the call.

TERRIER (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Unbelievable.

END PART 1

PART 2

INT. COMA WARD - DAY

Footsteps. The door OPENS. Cartwright walks in. SHHHHHH. The sound of air escaping a tank. Tinkering sounds.

CARTWRIGHT

Dr. Sam Cartwright's log. Day one
of temperature tests.

Patient 33's bed is shifted. Something is pulled out. A lid is POPPED off.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)

Hm after 24 hours, the subject has
degraded by 3 full Fahrenheit
degrees. Moisture check is next.

Beat. Shifting of metal utensils. Sniffing.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)

Hm the aroma remains as strong as
ever...wait a minute, why is the
mop still in here.

The door bursts down.

KURT

On the ground! Now!

Kurt clicks the safety off his gun.

CARTWRIGHT

What? Whoa. What did I do?

KURT

Hands behind your back! Do not
move!

CARTWRIGHT

Ohoho. I'm sorry I'm sorry I--I--I
don't know please just-just let me
go. I will do anything.

KURT

Dr. Sam Cartwright, you are under
arrest under charges of drug
possession and distribution.

CARTWRIGHT
(incredulously)
Wh--What?!? What are you talking
about? And what happened to your
voice?

KURT
Oh don't play dumb with me. I
already heard everything I needed
to hear.

CARTWRIGHT
Ohhhh. Did Terrier put you up to
this? Wow, props to him, I can't
believe he even gave you a fake
gun.

KURT
What? No. What? This isn't--why
would--Ok give it up, Cartwright. I
know you were involved in the
siphoning of drugs off of the coma
patients.

(scoffs)
I mean, a neurosurgeon. The perfect
cover. No one would suspect you of
stealing meds when you're the one
distributing them in the first
place.

CARTWRIGHT
Wait--Drugs?! Who do you think I
am?

KURT
I think you're the one killing all
the patients in the coma ward!

CARTWRIGHT
Oh, Kurt, you're gravely mistaken.
I'm not...that I uh...

KURT
What. What are you?

CARTWRIGHT
Uh, well, you see, I uh I'm...

KURT
Spit it out. What are you?

CARTWRIGHT
Uh--I'm the spaghetti man.

KURT
The spaghetti what?

Cartwright SIGHS. Kurt paces.

CARTWRIGHT
I see you haven't gotten to that part of the handbook yet. No matter. Every month, there's spaghetti day in the cafeteria, and yes, I do distribute it at an upcharge, but there's nothing illegal about this whole little operation, right? Nothing the uh...the...who do you work for again? Is it Homely?

KURT
The FBI.

CARTWRIGHT
The FBI?? Phhhh you're funny. You're a funny man, Kurt. No, seriously. Who put you up to this? Was it Blue? OH! Oh it was Blue. I see.

KURT
You see? What do you see?

CLANK of belt buckle. Pants UNZIP.

KURT (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

CARTWRIGHT
Oh, oh, I understand, *agent* Kurt. I've been a naughty boy.

Belt buckle JINGLE.

KURT
What? No. Please stop!

CARTWRIGHT
Are those...*handcuffs*? Be a real shame if you had to use those...

KURT
Jesus, dude. Stop this!

CARTWRIGHT
Oh, anything for you, you big, sexy-

A GUNSHOT.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)
What the FUCK!?

KURT
I work for the FBI. I am holding a
real gun. And this was clearly a
mistake.

CARTWRIGHT
I--I am I'm s-sorry I-

KURT
You're going to show me your
canister right this moment, or I
will shoot...again.

The canister SLIDES across the room. The lid UNSEALS and POPS
off.

KURT (CONT'D)
(defeated)
This is really just spaghetti.

CARTWRIGHT
You--ya--you know, I wasn't aware
you guys had your eyes on the
spaghetti.

KURT
No. We don't have our eyes on
spaghetti.

Cartwright is audibly relieved.

CARTWRIGHT
Oh, then...I'm free to go?

KURT
Yes. You are.

CARTWRIGHT
Ohhhh. Yes. Thank god. That is
great to hear, good sir.

Beat.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)
Umm. C--Could we...maybe keep this
whole little spaghetti thing
between us?
(MORE)

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)

Terrier's gonna have my hide if he finds out I've been planning, well, anything really.

KURT

Only if you do the same for me.

CARTWRIGHT

Oh, of course.

Cartwright zips up his bag and begins to walk out.

KURT

Hey, wait, actually, um, I--I have a job for you, if you're up for it.

END PART 2

PART 3

INT. COMA WARD - LATER

CRUNCH of chewing an apple. Phone rings.

KURT

(hushed pompous voice)

Hey. I--I can't talk for long, but
I--shit

Footsteps. Loud chewing of an apple.

CRUNCH

Well hi, there, Kurt. Who are you
talking to?

KURT

Oh. Heh. Um. I was just talking to
um, I was talking to my mom. Yeah,
my mom.

CRUNCH

Oh that's great. Love to see a
masculine young man such as
yourself making time for your dear
old mother.

CRUNCH. More apple chewing.

KURT

Oh. Yeah. Um, for sure, yeah. Mom's
the best.

CRUNCH

How's the janitorial life treating
you? You know, us working class
folks, we've got to stick together.

KURT

Heh. Yeah. Um, I'm sorry. I've
really got to go.

CRUNCH

Wait. But what? But Kurt. But wait
I--

Footsteps run away.

CRUNCH (CONT'D)

(sad)

I didn't even get to ask you if you
wanted my extra apple.

A patient bed is rolled down the hallway.

TERRIER

(from the hallway)

Out of the way! We have to get her
to the ICU. Stat!

END PART 3

PART 4

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Walking.

KURT

Jennie! Heh. Hey. I've been looking for you.

Footsteps stop.

JENNIE

Really?

KURT

Yeah.

JENNIE

Oh. That's so great because I was actually wondering about--

KURT

Well, listen, I was wondering uh where you got that remote control helicopter from...You know, like, who's your provider?

JENNIE

Oh. Um. I think I got it from Walmart heh why?...Do--do you want to return it?

KURT

Heh. No. No. No. Not at all. Heh. Why? Should I want to return it? Heh.

JENNIE

No--no! I want you to keep it. It's just, you know, people normally never want to keep the gifts I get them...Apparently "I should just drop the cash off and head home." So...

Jennie gives a sad little CHUCKLE.

KURT

Heh. Ok. Gnarly. Well, hey, I really like the copter alright.

(MORE)

KURT (CONT'D)

And say, why'd you give me a gift
in the first place?

JENNIE

Um. I don't know. I guess I was
just hoping that maybe you and I
could be friends because, you know,
I currently have none.

KURT

Oh. I--I'm sorry, man...what'd--
hey, what'd you mean by friends?
Like friends. Or *friends*.

Jennie gives another little CHUCKLE.

JENNIE

Um. I'm not really sure. I mean. I
definitely want to be friends, but
if you want to be *friends*, well,
I'm not saying I would object.

KURT

Heh. Ok Cool. So...you'll let me
know if there are any...*friend*
meetings?

JENNIE

Heh. Uh. Yeah. Yeah, definitely.
Definitely. Huh. How about tomorrow
night? At like 8?

KURT

Uh, yeah, that--that works for me.
Heh. Should we meet here?

JENNIE

Oh! You--You want to meet in the
hospital? Um. Ok. Yeah. Sure. Yeah.
Um--Here works. Heh.

KURT

Haha. Alright. Well, hey, that's
great, man. Thanks. Bye.

Footsteps as Kurt walks off.

JENNIE

Today is a good day.

A patient bed rolls bye. Mechanics BEEP rapidly.

END PART 4

PART 5

INT. COMA WARD - DAY

From the hallway, we hear Cartwright blabbing to Blue.

CARTWRIGHT
No, no, no, and then he told me
(imitating Kurt's manly
FBI voice)
I need YOU to be my eyes on the
inside.

Footsteps. The door opens. Cartwright and Blue walk in.

BLUE
That's incredible.

CARTWRIGHT
Right? It's like...finally, my life
has some meaning.

BLUE
Didn't he tell you not to tell
anyone?

CARTWRIGHT
Well yeah, but, you don't really
count.

BLUE
Who have you told?

CARTWRIGHT
Uh just you.

BLUE
Oh, Why's got to be livid.

CARTWRIGHT
Oh, you think?

BLUE
No doubt about it. Have you noticed
how close they've become? With
their book club and everything.

Cartwright chuckles.

CARTWRIGHT
Well, can't blame me for being
(imitating again)
(MORE)

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)

Vital to his investigative work in
the hospital.

BLUE

Can I--help?

CARTWRIGHT

Of course you can!

(in a kingly voice)

I deputize thee, Dr. Clark Blue, my
deputy investigator.

Blue GIGGLES.

BLUE

I--I'm honored to serve thee.

Cartwright clicks on his recorder.

CARTWRIGHT

Cartwright's log, February 28,
1987. For our first investigative
step, Blue and I reckoned that we
oughtta investigate the break room.

BLUE

Ah yes, the break room. The
most...um.

CARTWRIGHT

Communal.

BLUE

Yes, communal gathering of our
friends, our co-workers, and most
importantly, our suspects.

CARTWRIGHT

Fetch me my hat, Blue.

BLUE

Right away, detective.

Footsteps away. CLICK of the recorder being turned off.

END PART 5

PART 6

INT. COMA WARD - LATER

Crunch is munching on another apple. Door OPENS.

CRUNCH
Hello, Terrier. Good to see ya.

TERRIER
(subdued, tired)
Hi, Crunch. If you wouldn't mind, I actually need to uh--

CRUNCH
Oh no, no, no. I actually would mind because Terrier, my dear friend, I'm here to speak to you. This right here is an in-ter-o-gation.

Another bite into the apple.

TERRIER
Crunch. Haven't you interrogated me enough by now?

CRUNCH
Oh no sirreee. In fact, I do believe that I have not interrogated you enough. The deaths are picking up again, and I heard that a certain someone has been a bit careless.

TERRIER
Crunch--

Crunch laughs.

CRUNCH
No. Not me, silly. You! You're the one who's being careless. At least, that's what Hom--I mean--a little birdie told me.

TERRIER
I swear we've been over this 1600 times. I'm. Not. Killing. The. Patients.

CRUNCH

I wouldn't be so sure about that. We thought it was the janitor, but unless they're back from the grave, it seems to me as though someone else is involved in whatever's going on around here.

TERRIER

Well, I don't know who it is, but it's not me.

CRUNCH

But aren't the patients dying under your care?

TERRIER

Well, yes, but that's completely irrelevant to--

CRUNCH

Although...you know, that janitor Kurt? He was being especially fishy this morning. Didn't even want to engage in my enchanting morning banter.

TERRIER

What? No. Kurt is ev--

CRUNCH

Yes. Could have been him. Definitely could have been him.

TERRIER

There are a lot of horrible people in this hospital, but I assure you, Kurt is a good man. A kind man. The best janitor we've ever had. A true, American hero, and if--

CRUNCH

Nice people are statistically more likely to commit murder. True fact, I invented it myself. Plus, it was the janitor last time so...

TERRIER

Crunch, you are being ridiculous! There is no chance in hell that the perfect specimen who is Kurt is committing murder. In fact, I would say that you, Sergeant Crunch, are being classist.

Crunch GASPS.

CRUNCH

What? No. I--I would never. I stick with the working class people, and that's a promise. If anything I--no. I'm not being classist. I just have a hunch, and 43% of the time my hunches are correct. No, I--I'll prove to you I'm no classist. I'm just a good sergeant who sees the truth. Unlike you, you star-crossed lover.

TERRIER

Hey. You take that back! I just--he's just a--he's a good man!

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. Terrier's pager.

TERRIER (CONT'D)

Oh, damnit. Another one. Got to go. Bye...detective.

CRUNCH

You know it's--

Hurried footsteps away. Door SHUTS. Crunch SIGHS.

CRUNCH (CONT'D)

(to herself)

I know he knows it's Sergeant now.

END PART 6

PART 7

INT. BREAK ROOM - LATER

The recorder CLICKS on. The door to the break room opens.

CARTWRIGHT

Cartwright's log: As I entered the break room, I observed only what could be described as chaos. Doctors, each at their own table, eating sandwiches without napkins, salads with spoons.

BLUE

Dr. Cartwright ordered me to look for clues. Clues can be found in many places.

The recorder CLICKS off.

KURT

W--Who's that with you?

CARTWRIGHT

Oh, that's Detective Blue.

KURT

I told you specifically not to tell anyone about me, or this investigation.

CARTWRIGHT

No, no, no, no. It's all good, Kurt. Don't get yourself all balled up in a thistle. Blue won't tell a soul. Plus, every good detective has a sidekick. You, of all people, should know that.

KURT

(sighs)

Ok. Fine. Whatever. Just, listen, do not tell anyone else, ok? This is serious. I could lose my job!

CARTWRIGHT

Well, so could I!

KURT

How would you even-

CARTWRIGHT
Shhhh. This part's really good.

The recorder CLICKS back on.

BLUE
Clues can be found in many places.
Through the power of deduction, I
determined the best course of
action would be to check the
fridge.

CARTWRIGHT
That's right. And what did you find
in the fridge?

BLUE
I found many terrors.

CARTWRIGHT
List them, Blue. List all of the
terrors.

BLUE
Four Tupperwares of tuna salad.

CARTWRIGHT
Disgusting.

BLUE
Opened cups of Peach yogurt.

CARTWRIGHT
A bastardly flavor.

BLUE
The ham and cheese sandwich from
the cafeteria.

CARTWRIGHT
Despicable.

HOMELY
Hey, do you mind?

CARTWRIGHT
Uh, do we mind what?

HOMELY
I do not consent to being recorded.

BLUE
Have something to hide? Huh? Huh?

HOMELY
Get out of my face.

CARTWRIGHT
Whoa there, whoa there, give the
woman her space.

BLUE
Why? So that she can go on leaving
her Tupperwares of tuna all over
the place.

CARTWRIGHT
Pull yourself together, Blue!

TERRIER
What's going on in here?

HOMELY
These two...doctors are harassing
me.

CARTWRIGHT
Didn't mean to offend there, chap.

BLUE
You know what they say, Homely, you
are what you eat.

TERRIER
Tuna salad.

BLUE
Well, tuna is...fishy.

Beat. Cartwright gasps.

CARTWRIGHT
Fishy? Fishy like Fisher!

BLUE
The janitor who died?

CARTWRIGHT
That's right! Homely killed Fisher!
And she left this fish behind as
evidence!

BLUE
We've cracked the case, detective!

CLICK of the recorder being paused.

KURT
Is this a joke?

CARTWRIGHT
Uh, it's detective work, Kurt. Some appreciation would be nice.

KURT
Oh--not--do not start this again--

CLICK. The recorder is turned back on.

HOMELY
I've been on shift for 16 hours,
finally had some peace and quiet--
who the hell gives you the right to
come in here *questioning* my eating
habits?

BLUE
Kurt gave us the right!

TERRIER
Kurt?

HOMELY
Kurt?

CLICK. The recorder pauses.

KURT
(out of recording)
Seriously?

CLICK. It starts again.

CARTWRIGHT
Blue! Be quiet.

BLUE
No. We will not be silenced. It's
our moral duty to get to the bottom
of the crime, and I'll be damned if
these two suspects are getting in
our way.

CARTWRIGHT
Blue, we need to be covert.

HOMELY
Are you aware that you're recorder
is the loudest sound in the room
right now?

TERRIER

How, exactly, did Kurt give you permission to investigate us?

BLUE

He deputized us!

CARTWRIGHT

Well, he deputized me.

BLUE

Yeah, and then you deputized me, so Kurt deputized both of us. Under federal law.

HOMELY

He's a fed?

KURT

(out of recording)

No!

BLUE

Yeah.

KURT

Cartwright!

CLICK.

KURT (CONT'D)

What is wrong with you? I specifically told you not to say anything--

CLICK.

CARTWRIGHT

Have a problem with that? We got you on your toes, Homely. You're acting awfully suspicious, after hearing this information.

Homely SIGHS.

HOMELY

Don't be ridiculous.

BLUE

I don't know, Cartwright, with the fridge's disorganization, that mess of crumbs she's about to leave behind-

HOMELY

I was going to wipe them off the table.

CARTWRIGHT

And onto the floor. You want ants in the ward, Doctor? You of all people should know the importance of cleanliness.

BLUE

Yeah, what kind of general surgeon are you?

Homely walks away.

CARTWRIGHT

Ants!

CLICK. The recorder is turned off.

END PART 7

PART 8

INT. COMA WARD - LATER

Footsteps. Door opens.

JENNIE

Hi, Kurt.

KURT

Heh, heh, hey, Jennie. Uh--Why are you wearing a dress?

JENNIE

Oh. Um. Heh. Well, I--I thought that maybe you--Never mind. No--no reason. You know. Heh. Just cause.

KURT

Oh--ok. Um. Cool. What--so, how--how do these things normally start? Or do we need to wait for Terrier?

JENNIE

Terrier? Why would we--what has he told you?

KURT

Uh--oh, uh nothing. Heh. Sorry. I didn't mean to be presumptive.

JENNIE

Would you maybe want to get out of here and go get some dinner or--or something?

KURT

I mean, ss that what you normally do?

JENNIE

What?

KURT

At your meetings?

JENNIE

Well, to be perfectly frank with you, Kurt.

KURT

My--my name's not Frank.

JENNIE

I haven't had um a--a meeting in quite some time. I--I guess you could say I had some...supply issues.

KURT

Oh, ok, well, um, I mean, I might be able to help you with that.

JENNIE

Really? Heh. I would love that. When can you start?

KURT

I mean, now?

JENNIE

Perfect.

Jennie leans in to kiss Kurt.

KURT

Oh! Um! My god. Ok--I--uh--well, ok--well, you--I have to go like right now, uh, bye.

Footsteps run off.

JENNIE

Wait, Kurt! I'm sorry! Please don't go! I love you! I mean--No! I--I'm sorry I kissed you? I don't know.

The door slams.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

Talk soon?

A beat. Jennie laugh cries.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

(panicky)

Oh my god.

END PART 8

PART 9

INT. COMA WARD - HALLWAY - LATER

The tape recorder clicks on.

BLUE
(hushed)
What's she doing?

CARTWRIGHT
She's...I don't know I can't hear.

BLUE
What's--but like what's she doing.
I--I can't see.

CARTWRIGHT
Well, of course you can't see I'm
blocking the window from you.

BLUE
Why would you do that?

CARTWRIGHT
Uh--because I need to see.

BLUE
Well, I need to--hear.

CARTWRIGHT
And I don't think you need a window
for that.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)
Hey! Don't get handsy.

BLUE
I'm not trying to.

CARTWRIGHT
I--I mean, I kind of liked it.

Shuffling.

The tape recorder clicks off.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)
Oh, uh, let me just...skip through
this part.

Fast forwarding of the tape recorder.

KURT
How--how much longer is this?

CARTWRIGHT
Just hold tight.

The forwarding is stopped. The tape recorder clicks on.

BLUE
Sam! That tickles!

Click.

CARTWRIGHT
Ope. Sorry, a little bit more
there.

More fast-forwarding. Click.

JENNIE
What the hell!

CARTWRIGHT
Ope. Sorry, Jennie.

JENNIE
You could at least use the storage
closet. You know, you could get
fired for this.

CARTWRIGHT
I mean, you're always welcome to
join.

JENNIE
No, that's not the-

The door open.

HOMELY
Oh. Hello.

JENNIE
Homely.

HOMELY
Jennie.

CARTWRIGHT
Blue.

BLUE
Your eyes are so pretty.

Cartwright sniffs.

CARTWRIGHT

Oh, you always know just what to say.

JENNIE

Do you guys have to in front of us?

HOMELY

Jennie, just leave them to it. They're happy together, can't you tell?

Click.

CARTWRIGHT

You hear that?

KURT

What?

CARTWRIGHT

Homely said something nice. That's a red flag.

KURT

Oh, ok, get out.

CARTWRIGHT

But-

KURT

No, you are fired as deputy.

CARTWRIGHT

Awww, c'mon, Kurt, please, Kurt, buddy, I can make it up to you--I could uh--

The door closes.

END PART 9

PART 10

INT. COMA WARD - MOMENTS LATTER

From the hallway we hear:

Mopping. Footsteps.

CRUNCH

Kurt. Just the man I was looking
for.

KURT

Sorry, bro. Toilets to clean.
Deuces.

Footsteps. More footsteps.

CRUNCH

But--I--but--Terrier!

Footsteps stop.

TERRIER

(annoyed)
What?

CRUNCH

I--I um I need to...interrogate you
again.

Door OPENS as they enter the 33's room.

TERRIER

But--

CRUNCH

Yeah. Come in now.

Footsteps. Door closes.

CRUNCH (CONT'D)

Ok. I feel like we need to talk
more because I think that--why is
Kurt still ignoring me?

(MORE)

CRUNCH (CONT'D)

After our chat, I cooled down and thought that maybe it wasn't Kurt after all and that I was being rash because I was jealous of his friendship with Why, but then, then I tried to eat lunch with him at the cafeteria, and--and he just past me right on by. It's like-- it's like I don't even exist. And then just now--

TERRIER

I'm sorry. Is this an interrogation or some kind of a reverse therapy session?

CRUNCH

Oh. Right. Sorry...uh, ugh, where were you on the night of the 17th?

TERRIER

Oh. I actually, um, well we had a little doctor get together nothing big but, you know--

CRUNCH

What?! A get together?! And you didn't invite me?

TERRIER

You're not a doctor.

CRUNCH

Was Kurt there?

TERRIER

...Well, yes, but well, you don't even work here.

CRUNCH

It's fine. I--I just--I thought I was a part of the family, you know? Never mind back to Kurt--I mean, you.

TERRIER

I'm not guilty, and neither is Kurt. End of story.

CRUNCH

But. But why are you so confident about Kurt anyway?

(MORE)

CRUNCH (CONT'D)

It's a statistical fact that 78% of the time that people are sure of something they end up being wrong. In fact, Kurt is the person you least suspect, and it's always the person you least suspect, so it is Kurt, and I am a genius, and he's not being a jerk because of my personality. He's only being a jerk because I'm a detective--I mean, sergeant--and he's a criminal, and that's just the nature of our relationship so yeah...Good talk. Thanks, Terrier. You're dismissed.

Footsteps away. Door OPENS and CLOSES.

END PART 10

PART 11

INT. COMA WARD - LATER

Footsteps. Cartwright drags Kurt into Patient 33's room. The door CLOSES.

KURT

Cartwright, Cartwright, what the--
what hell are you doing? You cannot
just drag--

CARTWRIGHT

Kurt, is that your real name? I
have huge news. Huge. Like mega-
huge.

KURT

Cartwright--

CARTWRIGHT

So, I know you fired us, but--guess
what?

KURT

(sighs)
What?

CARTWRIGHT

Blue and I, we,...drum roll
please...solved the case!

A beat.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)

Uh--you're not--did you not? We
solved the case. Why aren't you
more excited?

KURT

Oh. Yeah. Uh. Great. Great. Whooo.
You did it. Glad you solved the
case.

CARTWRIGHT

Great. Cause I'm about to go into a
really long monologue to tell you
exactly how we did it. You ready?
Ok?

(MORE)

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)

Well, get this: Blue and I, we were just, you know, hanging out in the bathroom stall together as friends do, no big deal, don't need to read into it, when we overheard a voice talking on the phone about...an order. So we're like holy shit an order that's probably someone ordering MURDER, so we follow the voice, from a safe tail--you would have been really proud--and we hear the voice talking about--the prescription. The. Prescription. As in, drugs. As in, killing people with drugs. So by now, Blue and I, we're going nuts. We did it. We solved the case. But then we realize that we're following a murderer, right? So we get nervous, but we keep going because it's for the good of the hospital and humanity as a whole, so we follow her, and it's--it's weird because we hear some kind of automated voice on the other line, and she just keeps saying "Yes" really loudly into the phone and getting really annoyed. And then she keeps saying "Renew," and she's sounding really frustrated. The only other thing we heard was some kind of acronym. CTS. CTS. I don't know what that is, but you're going to want to write it down. But anyway, we're about to turn away and call it quits before we're goners for good, but then, then, we turn the corner and BAM. There she is. Dr. Homely. It's her. She's your man. Just like we thought. This, plus the tuna salad. It seals the deal. It all adds up. General Surgeon Theodosia Rupert Homely is the murderer.

A beat.

KURT

So--ok--so, so Dr. Homely was renewing a prescription...from an automated voice program?

CARTWRIGHT

Yeah. Crazy, I had no idea the drug rings were virtual.

Kurt SIGHS.

KURT

Yeah. You got it. Thank you, Cartwright.

Beat.

CARTWRIGHT

So, should we go bust her?

KURT

Uh. N--No. No. Not yet. I--I'll tell you what though, you--you just keep searching for clues, ok? Maybe Homely is working for someone else, maybe a--Wal Green?

CARTWRIGHT

Wal Green...never heard of him. Are you guys tracking him to?

KURT

Oh, absolutely.

CARTWRIGHT

I am on it. I will not let that woman out of my sight.

KURT

You do that, Cartwright. Keep up the good work, ok? Great. Bye.

CARTWRIGHT

Bye.

Footsteps away. Door OPENS and CLOSES.

END PART 11

PART 12

INT. COMA WARD - LATER

Soft footsteps. BRRRINGG. BRRINGG. Homely's phone rings.

The door slowly creaks open.

BEEP. Homely answers the phone.

HOMELY

(whispered)

What're you doing? You know I'm at work. What'd you want?...Oh, right now? Yeah, yeah, I can get it. Uhh, we've got a patient in here who's been on it for weeks. Yeah...Ok...yeah, I'll drop it in 20.

Beep. Phone hangs up. Soft footsteps.

HOMELY (CONT'D)

(close-up whisper)

Sorry to do this to you, 33.

SHHHHHHH. BEEP. BEEP. Patient 33's medical equipment starts to go haywire.

HOMELY (CONT'D)

(whispered)

Don't want anyone coming in to check on you.

Click of the alarm system being disabled.

Homely gathers up Patient 33's medicine.

Soft footsteps. Door closes.

END PART 12

OUTRO:

Theme music plays.

CARTWRIGHT

Something's Fishy was written by Courtney Archerd and Eve Gershon. This episode stars Spencer Frankenberger, Jake Needham, Ian Simmons, Eve Gershon, Nicole Shadi Tchounga, Nathan Zingg, and Kira Goldberg. It was directed by Courtney Archerd with original music by Ryan Lew, sound design by Jake Needham, Abby Little, 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