

Trauma

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH. SAN DIEGO. EARLY MORNING. ESTABLISHING (2024)

The beach is empty. Calm. Waves slowly, consistently CRASH against the shore. Birds coast through the air announcing their arrival.

People run along the beach. They dodge a homeless person who has passed out. He lays motionless across the running path.

Some of his possessions, including alcohol bottles and drug paraphernalia sprawl with him.

The runners ignore him and run around him. He could be dead.

The waves continue to land onto the sand, seemingly with little effort.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM. SAN DIEGO. NIGHT

A mixed-race English woman in her thirties, SAM, is in her bedroom; she fumbles with a packet of pills as she tries to pop them all out. Tears stream down her face, which is red and puffy.

They fall out one by one onto the bed. They join a growing rainbow pile of mixed pills: orange, red, blue, blue with patterns, white; large, medium, small; flat, round, spheres.

Hundreds of drugs pile up on Sam's bed.

She gets into the bed, spilling some of the pills onto the floor. She does not notice.

She sits up. She pulls her laptop towards her and starts typing.

She stops typing and closes the laptop.

She takes a glass of water from her bedside table and sits it on her laptop.

She stares into space.

INT. STEPH AND KEVIN'S ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Two men are sprawled across their double bed, still asleep. STEPH, a large Black man, sleeps on his side; his husband, KEVIN, a smaller White man is spooning him.

Californian light and sounds creep in through the window.

Kevin's phone starts to vibrate. An alarm goes off from his phone and WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO GO starts to play.

STEPH
(muffled, into the
pillow)
For the love of God.

Steph groans and pulls the covers further up; he moves away from Kevin, who draws himself nearer to Steph.

KEVIN
Wakey-wakey, Steph.

STEPH
I said change it to something more upbeat but come on.

KEVIN
(Singing)
But somethings, buggin' me,
something ain't right.

STEPH
KE-VIN. No.

Kevin shuffles closer. Steph tries to hide further under his pillow.

KEVIN
You want me to change it back to Celine?

Steph quickly emerges from under the pillow.

STEPH
Please No!

Steph turns over.

STEPH
OK. Fine. I'm awake.

Kevin begins to stroke Steph's chest gently with one hand and eventually finds the front of Steph's Pyjamas pants.

KEVIN
Well, well, well. I know someone else who is awake...

STEPH
Well, I guess I'm ready to go-go then.

Steph turns to Kevin, smiles, and then kisses him romantically.

KEVIN
We got time?

STEPH
Hell yes.

They kiss romantically and start to make love.

INT. STEPH AND KEVIN'S KITCHEN. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Kevin, dressed casually, gets out a bag of coffee beans from the fridge and begins to prepare an espresso.

He begins to grind the beans and gets the coffee cups ready.

He is slow and purposive.

Steph emerges, dressed in scrubs.

KEVIN
(In a fake Australian
accent)
Babe, chino in five.

Kevin starts to froth up some oat milk.

STEPH
(Fake Australian accent)
Noice, noice, noice.

KEVIN
(Fake Australian accent)
Is it such a crim to keep myself
trim Kim?

Steph looks at his phone and does not look up.

STEPH
Well, your Australian accent is a
crime. Kath and Kim would both be
embarrassed for you.

KEVIN
(Fake Australian accent)
It's the bees knees!

STEPH
Damn. They've asked me to do a
double. That ok with you hon?

KEVIN
Again?

STEPH
More money for the Hawai'i fund...

KEVIN
Less time with the Kevin fund...

Kevin finishes making the coffee and pours it into a to-go cup.

STEPH
I know but I have to. I can't say
no to her.

Kevin adds frothed milk to the coffee, seals the cup, picks up a lunch box, and then walks toward Steph. He hands him the coffee to go and the lunchbox and kisses him.

KEVIN

It's all good. I have some work stuff I should catch up with anyway. Avo and swiss.

STEPH

Thank you. What would I do without you?

KEVIN

Starbucks and McDonalds.

STEPH

I'll be back late so don't wait up.

They kiss once more and Steph heads out.

EXT. OUTSIDE SAM'S APARTMENT. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Sam stands outside her apartment holding nothing but her phone. It is hot and quiet. She looks exhausted and tugs on her hoody strings. A car, driven by ABDUL, an East African young man, pulls up beside her and she walks towards the back seat.

As she opens the door,

SAM

Abdul?

ABDUL

Sam?

Sam gets into the car.

SAM

Yep.

ABDUL

The hospital?

SAM

Yep.

Sam buckles up and Abdul drives off.

EXT. STEPH AND KEVIN'S DRIVEWAY. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Steph gets into an old car that needs a lot more attention than it is getting. He sips on his coffee, pulls out his phone, and opens the McDonalds App and orders a breakfast McMuffin. He turns on the car and old school RNB starts playing. He sings along LOUDLY and DRAMATICALLY as he backs up and drives away, adding his own effects.

STEPH

(Singing)

...baby, I need you.. right now.
Said, can't you understand,
YOU'RRRRE my man. And my one
DESIRRE. Ohhhhh!

INT. ABDUL'S UBER. SAN DIEGO HIGHWAY. MORNING

Abdul looks at Sam from his mirror.

She looks down at her phone.

ABDUL

Too much traffic. I hope you're not
in a rush?

SAM

No.

ABDUL

Traffic every day. Every day. And
an accident on the five.

SAM

I hope they're ok.

ABDUL

She was drunk. The police came and
she couldn't even walk that line.
We all saw it. Shame on her. She
must go straight to jail.

SAM

Yeah.

ABDUL

Straight to jail.

Sam does not respond.

ABDUL (CONT'D)

So what you going for?

SAM

What?

ABDUL

The hospital?

SAM

Oh. It's just my heart. It felt
funny.

INT. STEPH'S CAR. SAN DIEGO HIGHWAY. MORNING

Steph is in his own world, singing away as he drives along
the highway.

STEPH
(Singing)
Said, I'm alright and you're
alright, it's like PARRRAADISE!

Steph turns into a McDonald's drive through; he smiles as he nears the order counter.

INT. ABDUL'S UBER. SAN DIEGO HIGHWAY. MORNING

Abdul looks at Sam through his mirror.

ABDUL
Oh yeah? It's better to get these
things checked out. You got
insurance?

SAM
Yeah. I wouldn't go otherwise.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM. SAN DIEGO. NIGHT

Sam scoops up a handful of the pills.

She stares at the rainbow in her hand.

She starts picking them up and puts them into a small bowl.

She downs a big gulp of water. She looks down at the pills and grabs a bunch of them.

She looks at them in her hand. She stares at them. They look harmless in her hand.

She grabs more and then throws them casually in her mouth.

She grabs another handful and takes those.

And another.

And another.

She stops for a second.

The room starts to spin.

She tries to get up out of bed but can't stand up. She tries to get up again and falls back onto her bed.

Her eyes flutter and then close.

MAIN TITLES

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Steph walks confidentially through the hospital, coffee and lunchbox in hand.

He hums WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO GO as he walks.

He greets other hospital staff as he passes them.

He is friendly, upbeat, cheerful.

He walks past a reception desk.

RECEPTION NURSE

(To Steph)

No McMuffin?

STEPH

Stop it. You know I don't eat those anymore!

RECEPTION NURSE

Sure Steph.

Steph smiles and rolls his eyes as he walks on.

INT. ABDUL'S UBER. SAN DIEGO HIGHWAY. MORNING

Abdul focuses on the road but glances repeatedly in the mirror as he tries to engage Sam in the conversation.

ABDUL

You drink coffee?

Sam is reluctant to join in the conversation.

SAM

Sometimes.

ABDUL

That can make your heart funny. Look at this traffic jam. We're coming to the accident.

SAM

Oh yeah.

ABDUL

Tea. Tea is what you should be drinking. You heard of spiced chai?

SAM

Yeah. But I can't drink milk.

ABDUL

Not milk. Chai.

SAM

But its served with..

ABDUL

(Interrupting)

I make the best chai in California. You want the recipe? I'll send you the recipe. Look here's the accident. Still not cleaned up.

They pass the scene of an accident.

Abdul slows down to get a good look.

The police are on the scene; the victims and the drunk driver have already been taken away. The smashed skeleton of the two cars are all that remain.

INT. SAM'S BATHROOM. SAN DIEGO. NIGHT

Sam throws up violently in her toilet. Her vomit is projected uncontrollably all over the toilet seat and into the toilet bowl. The vomit and rainbow of pills cover the toilet seat and fall into the bowl

She leans away from the toilet as the heaving stops.

She starts to cry.

She tries to wipe the vomit away and only manages to smear vomit across her face.

The heaving returns and she lunges toward the toilet bowl and throws up again.

INT. ABDUL'S UBER. SAN DIEGO HIGHWAY. MORNING

Abdul continued to try to engage Sam as they pass the accident.

ABDUL

Look. They already took the drunk driver. Hopefully, straight to jail. They must not give any leniency. These people are the worst.

Sam doesn't respond but watches the scene through the window.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Steph arrives at the ER station. NANCY, a Black and middle-aged woman who is the head nurse, and ALE, a Hispanic younger nurse, are stationed at a large desk and type up various case reports.

STEPH

Morning ladies! What do we have cooking today?

Both nurses look up at him. Steph places his coffee and lunchbox in a cupboard decorated in stickers and marked "Steph."

NANCY

(Not looking up)
A McMuffin?

STEPH

NANCY STOP! I gave them up. Why is everybody asking this?

ALE

Coz we know you ain't giving them up, Steph.

The nurses laugh at him and get back to their work.

NANCY

We got the usual. But also an OD in room five, and a car accident in ICU. Two patients.

Nurse two stops what she's doing to make a point.

ALE

One patient and one lady who's hella drunk and nearly killed a bunch of people.

STEPH

Oh goooood God.

NANCY

We took care of it.

ALE

Mostly.

STEPH

It's 7 am. How she drunk already?

ALE

Still. Still drunk is what you're looking for. Probably an all-nighter.

Nancy gets up and places the reports in a cabinet. She pulls out another one and hands it to Steph.

NANCY

Steph, can you head up the desk.

ALE

They better come arrest that drunk and take her straight to jail.

STEPH

Who's on OD?

ALE

That'll be me.

She glances over at Nancy, who does not react. Ale turns back to Steph.

ALE

Third time this week. She's getting me back for being late last week.

Nancy does not look up.

NANCY

Mhmm mm. Steph, you take over OD later.

STEPH

(To Nancy) Sure.

(to Ale) I'll come find you later.

Ale prepares to leave and pats Steph on the arm as she leaves.

ALE

Thanks Steph.

Nancy barely registers this.

Steph also leaves.

STEPH

See you later Nancy.

NANCY

Mhmm mm.

Steph heads toward the main reception desk.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Abdul drives up to the main entrance of the hospital.

ABDUL

Here's OK?

SAM

Yup. This is fine. Thank you.

Sam gets out of the Uber.

ABDUL

I sent you my Chai recipe in the App. I hope your funny heart is nothing serious.

SAM

Thanks.

Sam closes the car door and Abdul drives off. Sam walks towards the hospital door. She's alone.

She stops at the hospital door.

She can't walk though the door.

She is frozen.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Sam is in casual clothes on the floor of a small doctor's waiting room; she is in the foetal position. OLIVIA, Sam's partner, a blond White lady, also in her thirties, sits on a chair nearby, reading reports and articles from a laptop. She is dressed for work. A nurse enters the room and looks down at Sam.

DR.'S NURSE

Sam?

OLIVIA

Yeah, that's us.

The nurse looks at Olivia and then back at Sam on the floor. Sam does not move.

SAM

Hi. Yeah. FUCK. Sorry for swearing.
I'm in a lot of pain.

DR.'S NURSE

Can you get up?

SAM

Maybe.

Olivia puts down her reading and goes to help Sam get up.

DR.'S NURSE

OK. Follow me.

The nurse waits while Sam struggles to stand up. She groans in pain.

She stands up slowly and Olivia helps her walk out of the waiting room.

OLIVIA

(To the nurse)

Will this take long?

DR.'S NURSE

I'm not sure. Let's see what the
Dr. says.

INT. TAXI. SAN DIEGO HIGHWAY. MORNING

Sam and Olivia are in a taxi. Sam lies on the back seat with her head in Olivia's lap. Olivia is on the phone.

OLIVIA

Yeah, Hi Peter. So yeah, the doctor
said we have to go to the hospital.
They think it may be appendicitis.

(MORE)

OLIVIA (cont'd)
I'm so sorry about this. I'm going
to try to make that meeting.

The person on the phone is heard replying; they are annoyed.

OLIVIA
I'm so sorry. I'm just going to
drop her off and so I should make
it. Yeah. OK. I'll message you in a
bit. Bye.

She puts the phone away and looks out the window. She is
visibly angry.

SAM
You're not gonna stay?

OLIVIA
You don't need me there. You don't
need me here now. Why couldn't you
just go alone?

SAM
To the hospital? I'm in so much
pain.

OLIVIA
I should be at work, Sam! Come on.
Fuck.

Sam doesn't respond; Olivia looks out the window.

The taxi driver looks at them both through the mirror.

Sam groans in pain.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Sam is alone as she enters the hospital. She plays with her
hoody strings again. She looks around frantically. She
immediately turns around and leaves again.

INT. SMALL HOSPITAL. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Olivia and Sam enter the hospital. Sam immediately spots a
chair and heads toward it. She tries to sit down but can't
and so falls to the floor and resumes the fetal position.
Olivia walks toward the receptionist.

EXT. LARGE HOSPITAL. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Sam emerges from the hospital; she is anxious and breathing
quickly.

She can't focus.

It is pretty quiet but people walk past her and chat amongst
themselves; an occasional car drives by.

Someone else arrives in a taxi. They get out and quickly walk into the hospital.

She sees and hears all of this as a distant blur.

Sam takes out her phone and starts typing quickly.

EXT. SMALL HOSPITAL. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Olivia is standing in the hallway of the hospital. Sam lies on the ground behind her.

OLIVIA

(On the phone)

Yeah, Hi again Peter. So, I'm gonna leave in the next ten minutes. They don't know yet but I said I can't stay. Who knows? They can't confirm appendicitis just yet. Yeah, I'll make the meeting. OK. See you soon.

Olivia pulls up the Uber app and orders a cab. It will arrive in 7 minutes.

She puts her phone in her pocket and turns to go back to where Sam is lying on the floor.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. RECEPTION. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Steph sits at a small desk facing a chair; above him is a large sign: RECEPTION. He's working on a computer.

Sam walks into the room.

Steph looks up and catches her eyes.

She stares back.

Slowly, she walks toward him.

SAM

Is this where I register or sign in or something?

STEPH

How can I help honey?

SAM

I'm not sure.

STEPH

Well, why don't you sit down and tell me.

Sam sits down and maintains eye contact.

STEPH (CONT'D)

You OK honey?

She gets her phone out of her pocket.

She passes her phone across the table towards Steph.

Steph looks down at the phone and then up at Sam.

STEPH

What's this?

He looks at her waiting for an answer. None comes.

Sam looks away.

Steph picks up the phone.

THE PHONE:

"Sorry. This is too hard to say out loud so I wrote this note. My name is Sam. My wife left me two days ago. She wants a divorce. At 7 pm last night, I tried to kill myself. I took all the drugs I could find in my apartment. I'm not sure what but then I got palpitations and I have not slept or eaten since then."

Steph does not look away from the phone but immediately moves his hand across the desk and puts his hand on Sam's arm.

He continues to read.

THE PHONE (CONTINUED):

"I took a combo of Venlafaxin, Amlodipine, Amphetamines, and other drugs. I have no idea how many but I couldn't eat or sleep and started getting palpitations at 4 am. So here I am."

Steph finishes reading. He looks up and hands Sam back her phone.

STEPH

Oh honey.

Sam looks away. Her eyes well up.

STEPH (CONT'D)

You came to the right place.

Steph gets up and walks around the table towards Sam. He pulls up a chair to sit next to Sam. He holds her hand again.

SAM

I don't want to be sedated or kept against my will.

STEPH

What's her name?

SAM

Who?

STEPH

Your wife?

SAM

(Nervously)

Oh. Olivia.

STEPH

Well. Olivia made a big mistake. Look at you. You're beautiful. And no. No one will sedate you or keep you against your will.

SAM

I'm just quite alone at the mo and um...

STEPH

We got you, Sam.

SAM

I don't want to take up a bed that someone else needs or anything. Other people need it more than me.

STEPH

You're in the right place. Let's get you set up. I need you to fill in some forms, we need some details, and then we'll get you gowned up and then get some people to come take care of you.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM. SAN DIEGO. NIGHT

Sam opens a wardrobe and begins to pull out all the clothes from one side of the wardrobe. She is crying. She is frantic. She is breathing very fast.

SAM

No. No No. NO. No. Olivia. No. Please no.

She throws them onto the bed and goes back to get more clothes.

She throws these onto the bed as well.

She stops and puts her head in her hands and sobs uncontrollably.

Sam lies on top of the clothes, which are mostly still on their coat hangers.

She pulls them toward her and hugs them all.

She rocks back and forth. She starts sobbing and stares into space.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. ER ENTRANCE ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Steph enters a room and walks over to a curtained off area. Sam is behind him and follows him into the room.

He pulls back the curtain to reveal an empty bed.

STEPH

Let's set you up right here.

He walks over to a cupboard and pulls out a hospital dressing gown and some plastic shoes.

He hands them to Sam, who takes them.

STEPH (CONT'D)

These are for you. They're not Gucci but they're comfortable.

SAM

Not Versace then either.

STEPH

DAMN SAM! Coming for Gianni like that! So a) you know your fashion and b) you got a sense of humor? We gonna get on just fine. The gown is quite revealing though.

He pulls the curtain shut.

STEPH (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get your file started and my colleague will come over to do some basics. OK?

SAM

OK.

Sam sits on the bed. Steph turns to face her.

STEPH

Listen. No matter what. It's good you came here this morning. That's a lot of pills you took and we need to make sure there's no long term damage.

SAM

OK.

Steph puts an arm on Sam's shoulder.

STEPH

You're gonna be OK Sam. You hear me?

SAM

OK.

STEPH

I know you don't see it now, but you'll be OK. Now, you put that gown on and I'll be right back.

Steph leaves and closes the curtains behind him.

There are gaps in the curtain, through which Sam watches him walk away.

She slowly takes off her shoes.

Then her pants. Then her t-shirt.

She folds them carefully and puts them on the bed.

She sits on the bed in only her bra and underwear. She holds the gown in her hand. She has a tattoo on her arm: LET GO. She strokes it repeatedly.

She can hear a commotion near by. Someone starts bawling. She turns around to try to see what is going on but the curtain is closed.

NURSE 1

(Offscreen)

Can you tell me how much heroin you took? Was it an accident?

PATIENT 1

It was not a FUCKING accident!

NURSE 1

OK. I am gonna give you something to calm you down.

The patient starts crying loudly.

Sam tries to open the curtain to see what is going on.

She is interrupted by a young blonde nurse, LEAH, who walks through the gap in the curtain. She carries Sam's charts.

LEAH

Morning Sam. I'm Leah. I'm an attending nurse.

SAM

Hi.

Sam rushes to put on her gown.

LEAH

Steph told me what happened. How you doing?

SAM
Yeah, not too bad. Well, ecstatic
actually.

Leah pulls out a name tag and attaches it around Sam's arm.

LEAH
Really?

SAM
Amphetamines.

LEAH
You took some?

SAM
My wife's ADHD prescription. I took
a lot of them. So, yeah. I'm
ecstatic.

LEAH
Well, I guess that's a silver
lining. No socks or bra. I'll come
back in two minutes OK.

Leah leaves again.

She leaves an even bigger gap in the curtain as she leaves.

Sam watches as people purposively move through the hospital.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM. SAN DIEGO. NIGHT

Sam staggers into the bedroom, holding the wall.

The room is spinning.

She loses her balance and falls on the bed again.

She gets up and leans against the wall near the door.

SAM
Liv... Liv... NO! No. No no no...

She starts crying.

She starts to heave and vomits on herself.

She staggers out of the room again, as quickly as she can.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. ER TREATMENT AREA. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Sam takes off her socks and her bra and then puts on the
gown.

It does not cover her completely.

Leah returns and starts up the blood pressure machine.

LEAH

You're gonna get hooked up in a minute but lets just check what those amphetamines did to your heart.

SAM

Do you have another gown?

LEAH

You don't like this one?

SAM

You can see my bum.

LEAH

Oh yeah. Your ass is on show girl. I'll get another one for you.

Leah puts the blood pressure machine down and leaves again, leaving the curtain wide open.

She returns quickly with another gown.

She hands it to Sam.

LEAH

Here you go. Right lets take your BP.

Leah places the blood pressure gauge on Sam's arm.

She starts the machine.

It starts to hum.

SAM

I hate these machines.

LEAH

Nearly done. 123 over 84. That's a great reading. So, what did you take?

SAM

Citalopram, Venlafaxin, Amlodipin, Ibruprofen, Tylenol, Immodium...

LEAH

Damn girl. Immodium? For diarrhea? You're going to be blocked up for days.

SAM

I took everything in the house.

LEAH

Well that Amlodipin definitely helped your BP.

SAM

Oh. I didn't think of that.

LEAH

I'm guessing it stabilized your BP nicely by the look of things. Your heart feels weird you said?

SAM

Yeah. Its fast.

Leah gets out a stethoscope from her pocket.

LEAH

Can I listen?

SAM

What if I said no?

Leah ignores this and listens to Sam's heart.

The SOUND of her heart is fast and rapid.

LEAH

Yup. Your heart beat is fast. That'll be the amphetamines. OK. So, I'm going to check to see if your bed is ready and be right back.

Leah puts her hand on Sam's arm.

LEAH CONT'D

You're going to be OK Sam.

SAM

Everyone keeps saying that.

LEAH

It must be true then. I'll be back in a minute.

Leah places the charts and the blood pressure machine above the bed and then leaves again.

Sam takes off the gown and puts on the larger gown, which covers her completely.

She gets into the bed and tries to wrap herself up in the sheet.

She notices that there are other people around her; other patients behind the curtains.

She notices the BEEPING machines. Then the tears start.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

It's dusk. Sam is wide awake. She paces back and forth. Her phone is in her hand. She is still covered in vomit.

She pulls out her phone and starts texting.

ON THE PHONE:

"Hi Olivia. I know I shouldn't be texting but I just wanted to say that I'm gonna be OK and I love you and I love you and I love you."

She deletes the whole text.

She starts a new text to "ALEX."

"Hey Alex. I need your help."

She presses send.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

She sits down and then stands up again. She walks over to the kitchen sink.

Her phone starts ringing.

PHONE:

Alex is ringing her.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Sam waits a moment and then answers the phone.

SAM

(Sobbing)

Alex. Yeah I uh yeah.. I um...

Alex. She's gone and I um, I um took some pills and um threw up and they were in the toilet and she's gone and I don't know what to do.

Alex, she's gone.

She puts her hand on her mouth as the crying continues. Alex is heard talking on the phone.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. ER TREATMENT AREA. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Sam is motionless in the bed. She stares into space.

Through a gap in the curtain, she can see into the next space.

The woman in the next space is pacing back and forth. Their gown is too small and so whenever they turn, they flash their naked ass at Sam.

Suddenly, Steph pulls open the curtain.

Steph walks in and heads toward the chart that Leah left above the bed.

STEPH
Did Leah come see you?

SAM
Yeah.

STEPH
Good.

He skims the chart, places it back, and then half sits on the bed.

He places one of Sam's hands in his.

STEPH
So, how're you feeling now honey?

SAM
I'm ecstatic.

Steph is confused by this.

STEPH
What?

SAM
I took loads of amphetamines.

STEPH
Ahhh. Gotchu. That'll do it. All we need is some disco lights, a bar..

SAM
A DJ, My wife?

STEPH
How long were y'all together?

Sam does not answer.

STEPH (CONT'D)
My husband, the beautiful Kevin,
and I have been together for 16
years. And they've been some tough
times in there, that's for sure.

SAM
Do you still like each other?

Steph snaps his fingers and looks up to the ceiling.

STEPH
No Comment. Next question. See ya.
I'm kidding. Yeah, we do.

SAM

So do we.

STEPH

I bet you do.

SAM

We're still in love.

STEPH

I'm so sorry Sam.

SAM

It's so dumb as fuck. You love someone then you leave?

STEPH

Love rarely makes sense.

SAM

It's so fucking shit.

STEPH

Damn right. You got support?

SAM

Not really. Shared friends. But I'm from England.

STEPH

(Sarcastically)

Really? I never knew!?

SAM

I guess I have to go home.

STEPH

To England?

SAM

Yeah. There's nothing for me here in San Diego.

STEPH

Well, for now, you've got all of us here. And we're gonna take care of you.

SAM

Can you get her back for me?

STEPH

I wish I could Sam. I wish I could. To be honest, I can't tell you what's gonna happen but I think the focus should be on you building you. That's where I'd start if I were you. OK? But for now, we need to start on getting you upstairs.

SAM
So why Steph?

STEPH
I don't follow.

SAM
In England, Steph is a girl's name.
Short for Stephanie.

STEPH
Stephen is my birth name. But do I
look like a Stephen? Ery'body calls
me Steph.

SAM
Like Steph Curry.

STEPH
Exactly.

Steph stands up. Sam doesn't want him to leave.

SAM
What's upstairs?

STEPH
We'll get you set up in a bed
upstairs for a few days so we can
make some observations.

SAM
A few days?

STEPH
Well, the standard 72 hours. The
psychiatrist will come see you and
she'll explain everything. First,
we're going to get you set up in a
more comfortable bed.

SAM
72 hours?

STEPH
Yup. But Ale is going to come and
take over. I'll come and see you
later OK?

SAM
OK. Thanks Steph.

STEPH
Bye Sam.

Steph stands up to leave.

STEPH
Everything's going to be OK, Sam.

SAM

OK.

Steph leaves the room and Sam's loneliness returns.
The silence accompanied by the hospital beeping returns.
Then, another nurse enters, this is ALE.

ALE

Sam?

SAM

Yeah.

Ale heads toward the charts above the bed and begins to read them, and talks to Sam as she does.

ALE

I'm Ale. How you doing today? Wait.
Did the psychiatrist come see you
yet?

SAM

Nope.

ALE

Damn. I swear to God nobody cares
about protocol in this place.

SAM

What?

ALE

All good in the hood. So, I'm the
OD nurse for today. So you're
coming with me.

Ale walks over to a small cupboard.

SAM

Leah already did that.

Ale ignores this and takes out the machine and starts to
test Sam's blood pressure.

ALE

We're gonna check this a lot over
the next 72 hours.

SAM

OD Nurse?

ALE

Yup.

SAM

Overdose?

ALE

Yup. 120 over 84? Damn!

Ale removes the BP machine from Sam's arm and gets out the charts.

SAM

I took a lot of Amlodipin.

ALE

That makes sense. What you doing taking those?

SAM

I read about it online.

Ale puts the BP machine away and opens the curtain.

ALE

Well, I read on the Internet that cold water swimming is good for you but you ain't getting me in no freezin ass water.

Ale starts to push the bed out of the room.

They enter a quiet hallway and slowly make their way through.

Sam stares at the ceiling as she is pushed down the hallway.

SAM

My wife is a swimmer.

ALE

She does cold water swimming?

SAM

All the fucking time. She's German. She even swims naked sometimes.

ALE

Girl. The toxicologists must've had fun with you.

SAM

Toxicologists?

ALE

What in the world? They ain't seen you either?

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. ER HALLWAY. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

They turn into the ER hallway; it is BUSY, HECTIC, LOUD, and FULL.

Sam looks around nervously, leaning up on her bed to get a better view of the chaos.

SAM
Where are we going?

ALE
To OD.

They pass many patients behind closed curtains.

Someone is crying behind one of them.

Families gather around someone unconscious.

They turn a corner and enter another equally busy hallway.

Another nurse spots Ale as they walk past her station.

HALLWAY NURSE
Ale! You in OD again?

ALE
(Rolling her eyes)
Third time this week.

They continue down the hallway and pass more closed off areas.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. OD ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

They arrive at three curtained off areas that are blocked off by queue barriers.

There is a narrow gap between the barriers and, in front of that gap, there is a chair and table facing the closed off area, with a closed laptop.

Ale stops the bed and wheels the table and chair to the side and pushes the bed through into the closed off area.

ALE
Let's get you set up right here.

Ale slides Sam's bed into the middle of the area. She is functional; she has done this many times.

She moves round the bed to replace the table and chair back in place.

Ale walks back to the bed and begins to hook Sam up to the machines.

Sam looks around the new space she is in. It is similar to the previous area, but this time she has many more machines above her bed.

To her left, is another curtain. She can make out someone sleeping in the bed behind the curtain.

To her right, is another curtain. Someone is tossing around in the bed.

ALE CONT'D

And.....you in good company.

LADY

(Behind the curtain)

Bell hop? Is that you?

Sam leans forward and through the curtain gap to her right, Sam can make out MRS. COREEN. She is an older African American woman in her 80s, dressed elegantly. She sits upright on her bed, eating jello.

SAM

(To Ale)

Who's that?

Ale prepares a needle.

ALE

That. is. Mrs. Coreen.

Ale puts the needle into Sam's hand.

ALE CONT'D

This won't hurt.

Sam does not flinch. Ale attaches the needle in Sam's hand to a drip bag.

ALE CONT'D

You're gonna be dehydrated. This'll fix that.

Ale takes out Sam's charts from the end of the bed.

Sam peers through the curtain in the opposite direction to her left.

She can see an African-American man; he lies in the fetal position and faces the wall. He is motionless and quiet.

Ale closes the curtain and returns to Sam's bed. She points to the curtain to the left.

ALE

That's Junior. He's the quiet one around here.

SAM

What does that make me?

ALE

I guess we'll find out.

Ale makes notes on Sam's charts from the machine above the bed.

MRS. COREEN
 (Behind the curtain)
 I won't stand for this. I just
 won't. Bell hop!

Ale does not look up from the chart.

ALE
 (To Sam)
 She thinks this is a hotel. It's
 the same story every time.

SAM
 Every time?

ALE
 She's here a lot. Hopefully you
 won't have to stay here too long
 and then they'll get you upstairs.

SAM
 What's upstairs?

ALE
 The psychiatric ward.

SAM
 Is that what Steph meant?

ALE
 It's just a ward upstairs. A bit
 like this.

SAM
 How long will I have to stay there?

ALE
 72 hours.

SAM
 Wait. I can't stay that long. My
 cat.

MRS. COREEN
 (Behind the curtain)
 Bell hop! Bell hop! I've been
 waiting 72 hours!

Ale walks through the curtain to speak to Mrs. Coreen.

ALE
 Mrs. Coreen. I told you. We ain't
 got no bellhop here. This is the
 hospital.

MRS. COREEN
 Don't you lie to me. I know where I
 am. I need a bellhop. They didn't
 (MORE)

MRS. COREEN (cont'd)
 serve me the right jello. This is
 raspberry. I asked for strawberry!

ALE
 I'll see what I can do. Let me take
 that for you.

Ale puts her hand out to take the jello. Mrs. Coreen leans
 away from Ale and protects her Jello.

MRS. COREEN
 I wanna eat it! Why are you
 stealing my food?

ALE
 Mrs. Coreen.

Mrs. Coreen leans forward and looks at Sam through the gap
 in the curtain.

MRS. COREEN
 (To Sam)
 You better be careful now you're a
 guest here. They don't heat up the
 food and they serve you raspberry
 jello!

SAM
 (Sarcastically)
 Oh no... Not raspberry...

ALE
 How about I go get you a strawberry
 one?

MRS. COREEN
 Like I asked in the first place.

ALE
 I'll be right back.

Ale sits down on the chair and opens the laptop. She begins
 to type.

ALE CONT'D
 You sure you don't want peach jello
 Mrs. Coreen?

MRS. COREEN
 (From behind the curtain)
 Now you listen here bellhop. I
 asked for strawberry. Not
 raspberry. And certainly not peach.

ALE
 I'm joking Mrs. Coreen! One
 strawberry jello coming up. Sam,
 you want one?

SAM
I'll take one peach and one
raspberry jello.

Ale laughs out loud at this. Mrs. Coreen does not react.

ALE
Girl. That's it. You can be the
funny one.

INT. LESBIAN NIGHT CLUB. BRISTOL, ENGLAND. NIGHT. 2014.

Sam is with her friends at a lesbian night club. The MUSIC is loud and cheesy.

They dance in a small circle. Sam leads the group in making up new moves that they all copy. They crack up laughing as the moves get sillier and sillier.

Sam signals that she is going to get drinks for everyone.

She makes her way through the crowds to the bar.

When she gets to the bar, her eyes lock with another woman on the right side of the bar.

She is beautiful, with short blonde hair and blue eyes. This is Olivia; it's the first time they meet.

The bar tender approaches Sam.

BAR TENDER
What's up Sam. What can I get you?

Sam's eyes are pulled away from the other woman.

SAM
Four sex on the beach cocktails and
four shots of tequila please.

The bar tender starts to make the drinks.

BAR TENDER
Big night?

SAM
(Smiling)
Average.

As she says this, her eyes search for Olivia. She scans the bar but she has gone.

When she turns back to the bar, Olivia abruptly appears on her left.

They lock eyes again. Drowning in the loud music, Olivia leans over.

OLIVIA

Hi.

Sam leans over to reply.

SAM

Hi.

OLIVIA

I haven't seen you here before. Do you come here often?

SAM

No. It's illegal to have sex in public.

Olivia grins and rolls her eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)

Also a cheesy chat up line like that should be illegal.

OLIVIA

I'll have to call the chat up police then.

Sam grins back at her, holding her gaze.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. OD ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Ale keeps typing away at her laptop.

ALE

So you sure you don't want some jello? It's not that bad.

SAM

I'm all good. Some water would be good though.

ALE

Right. One strawberry jello is on the way. And some water.

Ale closes the laptop.

ALE CONT'D

Do you mind me asking what happened?

SAM

You mean with the pills?

ALE

No. I mean why. What's going on in your life?

SAM

My wife left me.

ALE

Damn. How long you two been together?

SAM

14 years.

ALE

Damn. That's a minute. My husband left me two years ago.

SAM

Really?

ALE

(Whispering)

It was hell.

SAM

Why are you whispering?

Ale points toward Mrs. Coreen.

ALE

She's religious. But yeah. We were together for 8 years. That break up was something. It took me a long time to get over it.

SAM

How are you now?

ALE

Girl! I'm so good! My god. I'm on FIYAH. I'm in a new relationship. He treats me good. I'm loving my job. I got my crew, my girls.

SAM

How did you do it?

ALE

You ain't gonna like this. Time. That's all it took. Time. And my crew. You got a crew?

SAM

No. And I'm not close to my family.

ALE

Well, you'll find your people. You gotta find a chosen family. Find a hobby, join a choir, do something. You gonna go home?

SAM

I think so. Nothing here for me.

ALE

Good. Go home. It'll be tough.
You'll be alone. And then you'll
find your people. You'll be OK.

SAM

OK.

ALE

Can I ask you a tough question Sam?

SAM

Sure.

ALE

You always had suicide ideation?

SAM

Always.

ALE

That must be hard to carry all the
time.

SAM

To be honest, I think it is just my
lizard brain trying to control
things. I get rejected and then
bam. I think about suicide.
Something tough happens. Suicide
ideation. Someone hurts me. Suicide
ideation. I get anxious. Suicide
ideation.

ALE

What the fuck is a lizard brain?

SAM

Like, how do I explain this? Just a
part of the brain that is dumb as
shit.

ALE

That's tough Sam. That's a lot to
deal with.

SAM

You ever get it?

ALE

Nah. Never. This your first time?

SAM

No.

ALE

Well, I'm glad you're so bad at
this. And I mean what I said.

SAM

What?

ALE

You're gonna be OK. I know you don't believe me. But can I tell you something?

SAM

What?

ALE

I've seen hundreds of people in here. Hundreds. In that bed. And you got it girl. You got something special. I know you're gonna be good. I ain't never been able to say that before.

As she says this, a nurse walks up behind her.

This is ALI; he is a brown man in his 30's, with a beard and abounding with happiness.

ALI

Ale!

ALE

Ali!

SAM

You two should form a band and call it the Als.

ALI

Yes we should!

SAM

(Singing)

You can be my body guard.

ALI

(Singing back)

And I can be your long lost pal!

SAM

(Singing)

And Betty when you call me...

SAM AND ALI

(Singing together)

You can call me Al!

ALE

She's funny right?

ALI

Definitely! And she can sing!

ALE

Sam. This my homeboy Ali. Straight outta Tehran.

ALI

What's up Sam.

SAM

Hi Ali.

ALI

You're from England!

SAM

Yup.

ALI

I'm good with accents.

ALE

I love your accent Sam. I love the British accent.

SAM

There's no such thing as a British accent.

ALE

Well what language you speaking then? (To Ali). Hey can you do me a favour? I gotta sit here. Can you get us some water?

SAM

I mean we have different accents depending on where you from.

ALI

(To Sam)

Oh right!

(To Ale)

Yeah sure. No problem. Wait. This is the third time this week!

ALE

Yup. She said I was late so she sent me back here.

ALI

Were you late?

ALE

That's besides the point. Three times in one week?

ALI

(Joking)

But if you're....late?

ALE
Where's my water?

MRS. COREEN
(From behind the
curtain))
And my STRAWBERRY JELLO!

ALI
Is that who I think it is?

He doesn't wait for an answer and walks over and pulls the curtain open.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. MRS. COREEN'S AREA. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

MRS. COREEN
What do you want?

ALI
Mrs. Coreen? You don't remember me?
From a month ago? It's Ali? Your
bellhop Ali! You don't remember?

MRS. COREEN
Do you know how many times I've
stayed here? How many people I've
met here? How can you expect me to
remember everyone who works at the
Ritz?

ALI
Ale is gonna look after you today.
She's lucky to have you here as a
guest! You take care Mrs. Coreen.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. OD ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Ali emerges from Mrs. Coreen's area and smiles at Ale.

MRS. COREEN
(From behind the curtain)
You better not be late with my
strawberry jello!

ALI
Coming right up!
(To Ale)
I'll be back in a minute.

Ali walks out of the OD area; he smiles as he walks away.

The area quietens down.

SAM
You have to sit there?

ALE
Yup.

SAM

Why?

ALE

For you three.

SAM

Yeah but why?

ALE

Sam. Do I need to spell it out?
Y'all could harm yourselves or
others.

SAM

How am I going to harm anyone?
Throw a pillow at them? Force them
to eat raspberry fucking jello?

ALE

You wouldn't believe some of the
shit I've seen in here.

SAM

This is fucking bollocks.

MRS. COREEN

(From behind the curtain)

Jesus our Lord come down and save
this sinner!

ALE

Ignore her. She's normally louder.

SAM

I'm a sinner for saying bollocks?

MRS. COREEN

(From behind the curtain,
and louder)

In the name of baby Jesus, we ask
for forgiveness for this lost soul
who needs to find the way to the
Lord.

SAM

Normally?

ALE

She can get louder than this. And
she can preach for hours.

SAM

Dear God. Literally.

They both laugh.

ALE

Not many funny ones end up in here.

SAM

I thought it was a stereotype?

ALE

What?

SAM

Funny people and depression. We use humour to hide our pain.

ALE

Not from what I've seen. Most of the people who come in here are in pain, that's for sure. But they ain't laughing neither. Or making me laugh.

SAM

Happy to help.

ALE

Either quiet or they think they're at the Ritz. You different.

SAM

Nah. I'm not that different. Just had a shit load of amphetamines.

Sam rolls over and pulls up the sheet as far as she can. She faces the person on the left.

ALE

Maybe.

As she says this, a doctor in her early thirties, DR. ELLINGSWORTH, approaches the area and walks through. She walks straight up to Sam's bed.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

OK well yeah. I'm Dr. Ellingsworth and um.

She waits for a reaction from Sam, who does not respond.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH (CONT'D)

OK well yeah. So I had a look at things and um, you're Sam right?

SAM

Yeah.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

OK well yeah. I had a look at things and yeah, I'm the psychiatrist and so I saw you took um some pills? You tried to kill yourself, is that right?

SAM
Yup. That'll be me.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH
OK well yeah. So, I saw that you
took some amphetamines. Where did
you get them from?

SAM
From my wife.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH
OK well yeah. And amlodipin and um
citalopram and venlafaxin and what
else?

SAM
Immodium. Ibruprofen. Isn't all of
this in the charts?

As she says this, Ali returns with the water and jello.

ALI
Here we go... I got water and
jello.

ALE
Thank you Ali.

Ali moves toward the patient on the left and leaves a bottle
of water next to their bed. He then hands one to Sam.

SAM
(To Ali)
Cheers.

ALI
My pleasure.

Sam opens the water bottle and downs half the bottle as Dr.
Ellingsworth waits awkwardly.

Ali hands Mrs. Coreen a jello behind the curtain.

ALE
(To Mrs. Coreen. Behind
the curtain)
Here you are madam. One strawberry
Jello.

MRS. COREEN
(Behind the curtain)
Well it's about time!

DR. ELLINGSWORTH
OK. You took a lot. And how do you
feel now?

SAM
Fucking ecstatic.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH
Um. OK.

SAM
Amphetamines innit.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH
Yeah and they're controlled...

SAM
(Interrupting)
That's why I'm ecstatic. They get you high. Have you ever had amphetamines?

DR. ELLINGSWORTH
Um, OK. No but..

SAM
(Interrupting again)
E's? MDMA? Molly? You had those?

DR. ELLINGSWORTH
Um, no but let's talk about...

SAM
(Interrupting again)
Yeah, well if you had, you would know that they make you feel great. That's how I feel right now. Shouldn't you know that as a psychiatrist?

DR. ELLINGSWORTH
OK well yeah. So that's definitely a symptom. We'll have to wait to see what toxicology has to say and then I'll come back and do a full assessment.

Sam does not reply. She looks over at Ale and puts her hands in the air, exasperated by the situation.

Ale catches this but looks away.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH CONT'D
OK well yeah. I'll come back in four hours to do the assessment.

The doctor walks out of the area without saying another word.

SAM
(To Ale)
FOUR HOURS? Four fucking hours?

ALI
That's Dr. Ellingsworth for you.

ALE
Yeah, she be like that.

SAM
What the fuck was that for? Now, I have to wait here for four fucking hours?

MRS. MRS. COREEN
(From behind the curtain)
Lord please come and save me from these sinners. Bring me baby Jesus, bring me all the angels.

SAM
(Shouts)
FUCK. FUCK. FUCK.

ALI
Sam, let's stay chill.

ALE
Yeah, let's relax.

MRS. COREEN
(From behind the curtain)
Where's my bible? Bell hop!

SAM
Ale, are you telling me, I have to lie here for the next four hours with this crazy lady?

ALE
I'm sorry Sam. I wish there was something I could do about it.

As she says this, Steph turns up. He beams as he strides in as if walking onto a fashion show.

STEPH
Steph to the rescue!

Ale is surprised by his arrival. Ali and Steph fist bump.

ALE
What you doing here?

STEPH
She said I should take over. She wants you on ICU.

ALE
Thank Fuuu... Goodness.

ALI

I gotta go as well. I'll catch you
all later.

Ali leaves. Ale gets up and starts to leave. Steph walks
over to the man behind the left curtain and peaks in.

STEPH

(To the silent patient)
You good? You need something? You
let me know. I'm here for you.

Steph closes the curtain and walks back to the desk. As he
passes Sam, he pats her on the arm.

ALE

All good here. Quiet in the corner
but loud as usual from Mrs. Coreen.
Sam is on fire though. Alright,
I'll see you later Steph and THANK
YOU. Sam, you good?

SAM

Yeah. Thanks Ale.

ALE

You're welcome.

MRS. COREEN

(Shouting from behind the
curtain)

I am NOT loud!

The others all chuckle at this. Ale shakes her head as she
grabs the rest of her stuff to leave.

ALE

Bye Sam and all the best.

SAM

Bye.

Ale warmly touches Steph on his shoulder and then walks
away.

ALE

(To Steph)
Bye girl.

STEPH

Bye girl.

Steph picks up the chair and moves it toward Sam's bed.

SAM

I met Dr. Ellingsworth.

STEPH

I mean. Her heart's in it. That's all I'm gonna say.

SAM

She said I have to stay her for another four hours before she can assess me.

STEPH

What? She didn't assess you?

SAM

Nope.

STEPH

Toxicology been here?

SAM

Nope. This is worse than the NHS.

STEPH

The what now?

Steph gets up and goes back to the table with the laptop. He opens up the laptop.

STEPH CONT'D

Let's see what's happening here.

SAM

The National Health Service. Healthcare. In the UK. It's free. It's shit though.

STEPH

Uhuh. So like Medicaid? So no one has come to assess you yet?

He types on the laptop and then starts to read.

STEPH CONT'D

What were you saying? The what now? NHS? Well why would they do that? I don't Dr. Ellingsworth is coming back in four hours. The toxicologists are due though.

Sam looks behind Steph and sees a doctor approaching them.

SAM

Speak of the devil.

Steph turns around to see who is approaching. He quickly spins back to face Sam.

STEPH
 (Whispering to Sam)
 I don't care if he's the devil, he
 can take me to hell any day.

Steph spins around and smiles to the doctor. He is over the top.

STEPH (CONT'D)
 (To the doctor)
 Hello Dr. Martin!

DR. MARTIN, a very good looking young doctor walks in, carrying a large tray of equipment, which he leaves on Steph's desk.

DR. MARTIN
 Hey Steph. How're you doing?

Dr. Martin walks toward Sam and picks up her charts and starts to read them.

DR. MARTIN
 (To Sam)
 Good morning.

The doctor moves toward the back of the bed and picks up the charts. Steph stands up and joins them.

STEPH
 So, Dr. Martin. How are you today?

Sam laughs out loud at this. Steph stares at her angrily and then winks at her.

DR. MARTIN
 (To Steph)
 I'm good Steph.
 (To Sam)
 And this is Sam?

MRS. COREEN
 (Behind the curtain)
 She's the devil! That's who she is!

STEPH
 Yes, this is Sam.

SAM
 That's me. My. What fresh scrubs
 you have doctor.

MRS. COREEN
 (Behind the curtain)
 Where's my bible? Who stole it?

STEPH
 I'll go help her.

Steph goes to help Mrs. Coreen. He closes the curtain behind him.

STEPH
(From behind the curtain)
Mrs. Coreen. Your bible is right
here in your cupboard.

DR. MARTIN
(To Sam)
I'm Dr. Martin. The toxicologist
and I'm going to...

SAM
(Interrupting)
Doc Martin? Like the shoes?

Steph emerges from the curtains and closes them behind him.
Steph returns to the desk.

DR. MARTIN
Yup.

SAM
Easy to remember.

DR. MARTIN
Right.

He lifts up his leg to show off his Doc Martin boots.

SAM
You can walk around those all day?
Have you heard of Crocs?

DR. MARTIN
These are so much more comfortable.

STEPH
Are you outta your mind?

Steph lifts up his leg to reveal his crocs.

SAM
I'm with Steph on this one. Crocs
are way more comfortable.

DR. MARTIN
Speaking of comfortable, your BP
readings are really good. I heard
you took Amlodipin?

As he asks this, Ali passes by again. He spots Dr. Martin
and smiles. He stops to say hi again.

ALI
Hey Jeff. What's up?

Ali fist bumps Dr. Martin as he says this.

DR. MARTIN
All good, Ali. You good?

ALI
Busy but good! Good to see you!

He disappears again down the hallway.

DR. MARTIN
(To Sam)
So, yeah Amlodipin.

MRS. COREEN
(From behind the curtain)
I'm gonna write to the manager.

DR. MARTIN
Do you know how much Amlodipin you
took?

MRS. COREEN
(From behind the curtain)
Bellhop! Help me turn the TV on
bellhop.

Tired of the interruptions, Dr. Martin turns to Steph.

DR. MARTIN
Steph?

Steph sighs and goes to help Mrs. Coreen with the TV.

SAM
Some? Quite a lot. No idea really.
And some other things.

They are interrupted by the sound of TV turned on really loudly. Dr. Martin does not respond.

MRS. COREEN
(From behind the curtain)
Not that loud!

DR. MARTIN
How are you feeling now?

SAM
Fucking ecstatic.

The TV is turned down.

DR. MARTIN
That is to be expected from the
amphetamines. Anything else?

Steph reemerges from behind the curtain.

SAM

Just what's in there. It was everything I had in the house.

DR. MARTIN

Sam - weird question. You ever had Molly?

SAM

Finally. Someone who gets it. Yes; that's how I feel.

DR. MARTIN

That amount of amphetamines would do that. But those Amlodipin kept your BP down and stopped the amphetamines from killing you. I'm glad you failed at this; I'm glad you're here.

Sam looks away from him.

SAM

OK.

DR. MARTIN

Your combo was quote interesting for us in toxicology.

SAM

You're welcome.

STEPH

And for us on the ward.

DR. MARTIN

Listen. I'm gonna run a few tests just to make sure that everything is good and there are no long term effects.

SAM

Long term?

DR. MARTIN

I think it is unlikely as you're talking to me and seem quite coherent and are not in pain, but you could have damaged your internal organs quite spectacularly with what you took. you're really lucky that you're so bad at this.

SAM

Yup. Lucky Sam. That's what they call me.

DR. MARTIN

Steph?

Steph walks over with the tray and begins to take blood samples from Sam.

STEPH
OK. This'll hurt a little.

SAM
So Doc Martin, are you married?

Steph tries to conceal his smile as he puts the needle in Sam's arm.

DR. MARTIN
No, I'm not. But let's stick...

SAM
(Interrupting)
I know someone who may be interested.

Steph jabs around but can't get the needle in. Doc Martin watches him carefully.

STEPH
Stop it Sam! You know I'm in a relationship!

SAM
Who said anything about you? OW!!

Steph pulls out the needle from Sam's arm.

STEPH
Sorry. I just can't find a vein.

SAM
This always happens with me. The hand usually works.

Sam raises her right hand to show off the needle already in it.

DR. MARTIN
Try somewhere else?

STEPH
Yup. Let me try your left hand.

SAM
It'll have to be a hand job.

Steph screeches with laughter.

STEPH
NO YOU DIDN'T!

Doc Martin rolls his eyes and looks away to conceal his laughter.

Steph manages to get the needle into Sam's hand and then starts to fill up the vials with blood.

STEPH
Got it. Let the hand job commence.

SAM
(To Doc Martin)
So you wanna know who's interested?

DR. MARTIN
Not really but I get the feeling
you're gonna tell me.

SAM
Mrs. Coreen.

Steph screeches again and laughs loudly. Dr. Martin shakes his head and smiles.

MRS. COREEN
(From behind the curtain)
I hear you sinning out there.
That's going in my letter.

Steph fills up the last of the vials, places them on the tray. Steph starts to take out the needle.

STEPH
(To Sam)
OK this may hurt again.

Steph removes the needle but Sam does not flinch.

STEPH CONT'D
Your hand job is complete.

Steph carefully cleans up Sam's hand.

DR. MARTIN
OK. I have other patients. I'll be
back later with the results. Take
it easy Sam.

SAM
Take it easy Doc Martin.

Sam and Steph watch him walk away as Steph clears up the equipment.

STEPH
DAMN GIRL!!!

SAM
That was fun. And you're right.
He's lush.

STEPH
Lush?

SAM

Sorry. (faking an American accent)
Oh my gawd. He's so haaat!

They both laugh at this.

As they do, a commotion arises in the hallway. They stop laughing.

Sam sits up in horror.

Steph and Sam watch as two paramedics push in a bed to a station opposite them.

The person in the bed being pushed in opposite the OD room is over 80 years old; she is bruised all over her face, and wears a neck brace. Her eyes are closed.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. ACROSS THE HALLWAY. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

FOUR DOCTORS rush in toward the station. One is a CONSULTANT DOCTOR and leads the group; the others hold pads and listen attentively.

CONSULTANT DOCTOR

Another car crash. Returning from x-rays. This is a temporary stop. Dr. Edgars.

DR. EDGARS

Should I?

CONSULTANT DR.

Yeah and speak up as she doesn't have her hearing aid.

DR. EDGARS

(SHOUTING)

Mrs. Jackson. I'm the doctor. We have good news. You're not paralyzed.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. OD ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

SAM

Fucking hell. Fuck. Ing. Hell.

STEPH

Just look away.

SAM

How can I when it is 3 meters away?
It's opposite me?

Steph moves his chair toward Sam, sits down again, and partially blocks the view.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. ACROSS THE HALLWAY. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

DR. EDGARS

(Shouting)

Mrs. Jackson, we're gonna take you to another room now to run more tests. Is there any family we can call?

Mrs. Jackson opens her eyes.

MRS. JACKSON

My bank manager. Call my bank manager.

DR. EDGARS

Family, Mrs. Jackson. Who can we call from your family?

Mrs. Jackson closes her eyes again and does not respond.

CONSULTANT DR.

OK. You got all of that?

The doctors frantically scribble notes onto their pads and follow the consultant out of the room. As the paramedics leave, Two TRAUMA NURSES emerge and start to take care of Mrs. Jackson.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. OD ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

SAM

Is she gonna make it?

STEPH

Girl. Tell me about you. Where you from?

SAM

No, really. Steph, is she gonna make it?

Steph looks over at Mrs. Jackson and sighs.

STEPH

I don't know Sam. I just don't know. At that age and those wounds? No paralysis but looks like she got pretty beat up.

SAM

Who's bright idea was it to put us here? Opposite that?

STEPH

Listen. We've been saying this for months.

SAM
Nothing changed?

STEPH
Nope. So like I was saying, tell me about you.

SAM
This is all just a fucking joke.

STEPH
So where you from in England?

SAM
Bristol.

STEPH
Where is that?

SAM
Southwest England. We shoved that statue of that racist slaveowner twat into the dock.

STEPH
Oh yeah. I heard about that. Black lives matter over there?

SAM
Sometimes. Mostly not. But way more than here.

STEPH
We always have to do things better than everyone else and racism is one of them for sure.

As he says this, Mrs. Jackson's medical alarms start to beep frantically.

Steph leans over and spots the two trauma nurses taking care of things.

SAM
Fuck me. What the fuck is happening?

MRS. COREEN
(Behind the curtain)
Let's hope she ain't a sinner.

The nurses close the curtain and a defibrillator machine is heard starting up.

INT. LESBIAN NIGHT CLUB. BRISTOL, ENGLAND. NIGHT. 2014.

The nightclub music plays at a similar tempo to the defibrillator machine.

Sam and Olivia are dancing together in the middle of the dance floor.

Olivia moves in closer.

Sam moves toward her.

They hold onto each other as their dancing becomes more intimate. Olivia leans in to Sam's ear.

OLIVIA

I really want to kiss you.

Sam tries to hide her smile. She pulls her in close and holds her, before leaning into her ear.

SAM

Same.

They edge closer and closer.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. ACROSS THE HALLWAY. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

The two nurses prepare the defibrillator and get ready to use it.

TRAUMA NURSE 1

On my count. Ready? 1... 2... 3!

The defibrillator sounds up; the nurse applies it to Mrs. Jackson. There is a long high-pitched sound followed by a bang.

TRAUMA NURSE 2

Again?

TRAUMA NURSE 1

Again. On my count. Ready?

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. OD ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

Sam sits up and leans over to get a full view of what is happening across the hallway. She looks frantic.

SAM

Steph, what the FUCK is going on?
Why am I seeing this?

Steph tries to obstruct Sam's view but fails.

STEPH

It's all good. she's gonna pull through.

As he says this, the beeping alarms stop. The beeping resumes to a normal pace.

STEPH (CONT'D)

See. They got her.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. ACROSS THE HALLWAY. SAN DIEGO. MORNING

The nurses start to put away the defibrillator.

TRAUMA NURSE 1

OK. Let's get her to ICU.

They frantically start to take measurements and get the bed ready for the move.

They push the bed out of the area and down the corridor.

The trauma unit across the hall is empty again.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. OD ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MID DAY

Sam rolls over, lies on her back, and stares at the ceiling.

SAM

Why the fuck am I here?

STEPH

She's on her way to the ICU now.

SAM

Why wasn't she there in the first place?

STEPH

She looked stable prob'ly. That's pretty normal.

SAM

I can't stay here for 72 hours.

Sam rolls over purposively to avoid Steph. She stares at the curtain to her left.

There is movement.

The person in the bed turns over and faces her. His face is visible through a small break in the curtains.

They stare at each other for a few seconds.

He breaks the stare.

GUY IN THE BED

(Mouthing to Sam)

Help me.

Sam is speechless and does not know what to say. Before she can say anything, he rolls over and faces the wall again.

SAM

(To the guy in the bed)

I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

Steph misses all of this. Sam rolls over again.

Across the hallway, nurses arrive and start to clear up the area.

STEPH

So Sam. You never said. How long were you two together?

SAM

14 years.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM. SAN DIEGO. NIGHT

Sam and Olivia are getting ready to go out. Olivia is ready but Sam is still dressing.

OLIVIA

(Shouting)

For fucks sake Sam! Just be on time!

SAM

Why can't you just say this? Why do you have to yell?

OLIVIA

I'm not shouting. Why can't you see how important this is to me?

SAM

Why can't you see how traumatic it is for me that you shout at me like this about time?

OLIVIA

But I've asked you so many times!

SAM

And I've tried so many times!

INT. SAM'S LIVING ROOM. SAN DIEGO. NIGHT

Sam and Olivia have made up and lie on the sofa cuddling.

Sam is stroking Olivia's face.

OLIVIA

I'm sorry I got so mad.

SAM

Thanks.

OLIVIA

You're safe. I love you.

SAM

I love you.

They embrace and Sam's eyes close; she is safe.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. OD ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MID DAY

Steph adjusts his seat. He is taken aback.

STEPH

Damn. That's a long time.

SAM

Yup.

STEPH

When did it happen?

SAM

Two days ago.

STEPH

This is fresh. Straight out the oven. This is going to be some bread you're going to be chewing on for a long time.

SAM

Bread?

STEPH

My grandma used to always say that.

SAM

You ever had a break up?

STEPH

Girl. So many!

SAM

You ever get dumped?

STEPH

Again! Girl! I have had my heart ripped out, ripped apart, thrown on the floor, and kicked to the curb!

SAM

Oh my god. That image. Cheers for that.

STEPH

You know what I mean. It hurts.

SAM

How did you recover? Wait. Did you recover?

STEPH

What do you think?

SAM

I don't know. I guess.

STEPH

You guess? Don't I come across as recovered? Anyway, I'm gonna ignore that. Well, my big break up, the one that left me picking up pieces of my poor old broken heart from the gutter, well that was tough. I didn't get out of bed for two weeks. I didn't leave my house. I'm not exaggerating. Two weeks. In the same clothes. My roommate nearly left. I don't know how my friends put up with me. The messages I sent, like eight hundred a day. Non-stop. Begging for them to make him come back.

Steph shakes his head as he reminisces.

SAM

You ever end up somewhere like here?

STEPH

I thought about it. But no. At the end of those two weeks my momma arrived. She flew over to come take care of me cause my sister told her I hadn't left my apartment in two weeks. She brought plastic containers of food and fed me for a week and made me get up and made me wash my bed sheets and my clothes and got me up and back at it. Without her I would prob'ly be still in that bed!

SAM

You're lucky to have her.

STEPH

You tight with your momma?

SAM

Kind of. She has Alzheimer's.

STEPH

Oh Sam. I'm sorry. That is really tough.

SAM

Thanks. But it's weird. She was hella homophonic and critical before, and we just couldn't find a way to get along. And then along comes Alzheimer's and she becomes this lovely, kind, compassionate person. I was like where the hell have you been all my life?

EXT. SAM'S BACK GARDEN. BRISTOL, ENGLAND. MORNING. 2014

Sam sits on the back step of her house. She is in her early 20s, her style reflects her age. She looks like she has been crying.

Someone emerges from the house; this is Sam's room mate. She is also in her 20s. She carries two cups of tea and hands one to Sam.

SAM'S ROOM MATE

Here you go.

Sam accepts the tea.

SAM

Thanks.

SAM'S ROOM MATE

So what did she say?

SAM

Argh. It was such bollocks.

SAM'S ROOM MATE

I'm so sorry mate.

SAM

I can't believe this. My own fucking mother. She went on and on about the bible. She hasn't been to church in like 10 years.

SAM'S ROOM MATE

They're all the same.

SAM

She told my whole family as well.

SAM'S ROOM MATE

Oh fuck.

SAM

She has no right! She doesn't have the right to do that. Right?

SAM'S ROOM MATE

Definitely not. That is really shit. She shouldn't have done that.

SAM

Fuck. Now I have to call my granny and explain it all. I wanted to tell her myself.

SAM'S ROOM MATE

This is so shit Sam. I'm so sorry.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. OD ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MID DAY

Across the hallway, the trauma unit area is cleaned up and the nurses leave. It is empty and clean once more.

STEPH

I'm so sorry.

SAM

It was so shit. But she apologized believe it or not. Her Alzheimer's made her forget to be homophobic. She is really happy and sweet now.

STEPH

You're lucky - many people living with Alzheimer's get really mad and angry. But I heard a doctor say that it brings out the true you.

SAM

That's what I think. And I guess I'm finally getting to see my real mum without all the other crap.

STEPH

What other crap?

SAM

Being a Black woman from Africa married to a White narcissistic man.

STEPH

I hear you on that one. Damn. Your momma had a tough life?

SAM

Kinda. She struggled when she was young. That's all she talks about now. But then she traveled the world with my dad. She's been to over 100 countries. But I don't think she was ever happy.

STEPH

Where she from in Africa?

SAM

Zambia.

STEPH

My bad. My geography is not the greatest. Where is that?

SAM

You know South Africa?

STEPH

Yup.

SAM

One up is Zimbabwe. One more up is Zambia.

STEPH

Narcissistic dad?

SAM

Yup. He's a cunt.

STEPH

OK. That's direct.

MRS. COREEN

(Behind the curtain)

I'm gonna pray for you girl! In the name of Jesus!

SAM

But she enabled him. But I don't think she had a choice. It's complex.

As she says this, the man to the left sighs deeply. Steph stands up. The man does not move.

STEPH

Girl. It's always complex. Gimme a minute.

Steph checks up on the man in the corner. Sam watches Steph as he adds to the man's charts.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD. BRISTOL, ENGLAND. MORNING. 2004

Sam is young, pre-teens, and is at school. She hangs out with a group of friends at break time. They run around enjoying the freedom of the warm outdoors.

They stop running and one of them walks up to her. This is REGGIE, the effeminate leader of their group. He folds his arms in front of Sam, the others gather around behind him.

REGGIE

So. Sam. We all had a discussion yesterday.

SAM

About what?

REGGIE

About how we don't want someone to be in our group anymore.

SAM

Who?

REGGIE

You.

SAM

But why?

REGGIE

Because of those sad shoes you wear. And you just don't fit in with us.

SAM

But...

REGGIE

I think it's best that you go find your own friends.

SAM

But...

REGGIE

We all decided. Didn't we?

The others all nod.

SAM

But I can be better. I can fit in.

REGGIE

It's too late Sam.

Reggie turns around and starts to walk away.

The others follow suit.

Sam is left alone, staring at the ground as her anger builds.

She looks up and before she can control herself, she rushes up to Reggie and tackles him to the ground.

She pins him down and starts to hit him.

He cowers under her fists and tries to protect himself.

REGGIE

SAAAAAAAAM!

The others start to scream but do not intervene.

In a blur, two teachers arrive and pull Sam off Reggie.

Her fists stop flying once she realizes what has happened.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. BRISTOL, ENGLAND. MORNING. 2004

Sam sits in the principal's office.

She can't hear what is being said; the principal is talking about the fight with Reggie.

Sam stares out of the window into the sun. She disassociates and loses her attention in the blue sky.

PRINCIPAL

Sam! Sam!

Sam's shakes herself out of her daze. The principal's voice is still dubbed as she struggles to find reality.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM. BRISTOL, ENGLAND. AFTERNOON. 2004

Sam sits in the corner of her room. Her walls are covered in posters; she has her head in her knees.

The door opens suddenly.

SAM'S MOM walks in. She is a Black, middle-aged woman.

SAM'S MOM

I just got off the phone with your teachers. They said you were fighting!

SAM

(Interrupting)
But they started it!

SAM'S MOM

(Interrupting and shouting)

No Sam! No! Why can't you just accept responsibility? Why can't you be like your sisters? I'll talk to your father about what to do. Why do you always have to be like this Sam?

Sam does not reply and puts her head back in her knees.

Her mum leaves the room, leaving Sam where she is.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM. BRISTOL, ENGLAND. AFTERNOON. 2004

Sam is still in the corner hugging her knees.

She hears her DAD before she sees him.

The shouting appears before he does.

SAM'S DAD enters the room, filling it with rage, and froth, and anger, and flying spit. His skin gets pinker and pinker.

Like the principal, Sam's dad is a blur to Sam. A loud, blur that gets closer and closer.

Sam gets smaller and smaller in the corner. She rocks back and forth.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. OD ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MID DAY

Steph moves toward Sam's bed and toward the various machines. He adds to the charts, recording how she is doing.

SAM

Am I still alive?

STEPH

Better than that. This is all really good. you're doing really well...

Steph tails off as another emergency patient arrives to the trauma unit across the hallway.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. ACROSS THE HALLWAY. SAN DIEGO. MID DAY

Down the hall, two different PARAMEDICS push a trolley carrying an old White man in his 70s. This is PAUL, who is bleeding profusely from his leg.

Paul has blood all over his clothes and face.

His blood covers the trolley and drips off onto the floor. He has left a trail of blood along the hospital hallway.

Two cleaners rush to clean up the blood trail.

The man is very anxious and he is very vocal about this.

PAUL

Where's Susan? Can someone call Susan?

PARAMEDIC 1

Straight through to trauma?

PARAMEDIC 2

Straight through.

They push the trolley into the trauma area opposite Sam.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. OD ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MID DAY

Steph walks over to his desk and then turns to Sam.

STEPH

Good lord.

He closes the curtain, which partially blocks Sam's view.

STEPH

Not something you need to see. This won't take long.

SAM
Another one? This is such a joke.

STEPH
I tried to tell them. Girl, I
tried.

Sam stares through the gap and watches the paramedics try to calm the man down.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. ACROSS THE HALLWAY. SAN DIEGO. MID DAY

The paramedics move Paul to the bedding area. The blood still drips off the trolley.

PARAMEDIC 2
Set up here.

PAUL
Where's Susan? Can someone call
Susan?

He tries to get off the trolley bed.

PARAMEDIC 2
Woah. Woah. Paul. Paul. Stay lying
down.

PARAMEDIC 1
We'll get Susan. Let's work on all
this blood first.

PAUL
You have not met Susan. She's going
to kill me.

PARAMEDIC 2
If you don't stay in this bed you
will kill yourself.

The paramedics set up the trauma unit bed and start to set up Paul on an IV and clean up his blood.

This is a pointless task as there is blood everywhere and it keeps coming.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. OD ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MID DAY

SAM
Why is there so much blood?

STEPH
That's a lot of blood. I bet he a
hemophiliac.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. ACROSS THE HALLWAY. SAN DIEGO. MID DAY

Two TRAUMA NURSES arrive to take over. The paramedic passes them a chart. The two nurses start putting on gloves.

TRAUMA NURSE 3

Morning.

PARAMEDIC 1

(To the nurses)

Morning.

PAUL

Morning. Don't tell Susan about the ladder. She's going to kill me; she doesn't let me use it. She went out and I just thought I can finally get those gutters cleaned up. You know how it is?

PARAMEDIC 1

Sure do, Paul.

PAUL

I was up for 2 minutes, 2 goddamned minutes and then bam, down I go, on the ground. It happened so fast. And I didn't feel a thing.

The nurses move around to assist the paramedics move Paul over.

TRAUMA NURSE 3

OK. We're gonna move you sir. On my count. 1, 2, 3.

They lift up Paul from the bed from the trolley onto the trauma unit bed.

PAUL

Has Susan arrived?

PARAMEDIC 1

(To the nurses)

Yeah so this is Paul. He's a 75-year-old man with severe and uncontrolled arterial bleeding from a laceration on his right thigh. The bleeding is ongoing...

PAUL

(interrupting)

Susan's going to kill me. This happened before, the bleeding. Oh she's going to kill me again when she sees what I did with her cloths.

PARAMEDIC 1

We applied direct pressure and a sterile dressing, blood loss has been significant. Vitals dropping 90 over 60, 130 bpm, we got signs of shock..

PAUL
Shock? Wait till you meet Susan.
Has someone called her?

PARAMEDIC 2
She's on her way as far as we know.

The paramedics start to leave.

TRAUMA NURSE 3
You got IV already. Thanks. We'll
take it from here.

TRAUMA NURSE 4
We got a tourniquet but no control.
Paul, has this happened before?

PAUL
It has but not this bad. Last time
it was just a small cut.

TRAUMA NURSE 3
(To the leaving
paramedics)
You got a medication list?

PARAMEDIC 2
In the charts. All the best Paul.

PARAMEDIC 1
All the best Paul.

The two paramedics leave, taking their trolley with them.

PAUL
She never lets me use the ladder.
Anyway, I better get going and
finish those gutters.

Paul tries to stand up.

TRAUMA NURSE 3
No, Paul. Lie back down.

Paul lies back down and is now silent. He stares down the
corridor.

The two nurses attend to Paul, adjusting the IV, setting up
more medication etc.

Trauma nurse 4 starts to redo the bandaging.

TRAUMA NURSE 4
I'm just going to clean this up and
set a new tourniquet. The doctor is
gonna come take a look as well.

TRAUMA NURSE 3
 (Reading the notes)
 Afib... mhm...

TRAUMA NURSE 4
 Heparin?

TRAUMA NURSE 3
 (Still reading)
 Yup. Can't rule out hemophilia. We
 need to get his doctors notes.
 (to Paul)
 Paul? You a hemophiliac?

PAUL
 I'm not sure. Susan will know. I
 should go back and finish the
 gutters.

TRAUMA NURSE 3
 Let's get this bleeding stopped.
 We'll get you back home soon.

TRAUMA NURSE 4
 I'm not sure you should be up on
 that ladder Paul.

PAUL
 Susan is going to kill me. I'm
 sorry about bleeding everywhere.

TRAUMA NURSE 4
 So it has slowed down. I'm gonna
 get a cleaner to come and clean up.

Trauma nurse 4 walks off.

TRAUMA NURSE 3
 The doctor is on her way.

As she says this, a woman starts shouting Paul's name from
 down the hallway.

SUSAN O.S.
 Paul? Paul Hempson! Paul?

PAUL
 (To the nurse)
 Here we go. So I was not up the
 ladder OK?

SUSAN
 THERE YOU ARE! Oh my goodness. Why
 is there so much blood? Paul! What
 happened?

Susan walks up to Paul. She is frustrated and does not pay
 attention to his wounds.

SUSAN

Oh my god. Paul! What happened now?

TRAUMA NURSE 3

Morning Susan.

Susan does not acknowledge that the nurse knew her name.

SUSAN

Good morning. So what happened?

TRAUMA NURSE 3

Well he had a fall and cut his leg
and caused Niagara Falls over here.
You know if he's a hemophiliac?

SUSAN

No he's not but he started some new
medication. Heparin. And he had bad
bleeding last week. How did this
happen Paul?

PAUL

I just fell!

He is interrupted by an announcement on the tannoy.

TANNOY

Cleaners to trauma unit one.
Cleaners to trauma unit one.

Trauma nurse 4 returns.

TRAUMA NURSE 4

Cleaners are on the way but we
gonna have to move him. They got a
multicrash coming in.

TRAUMA NURSE 3

Ward?

TRAUMA NURSE 4

That's what they said.

PAUL

I'm sorry for all the mess.

SUSAN

We're so sorry to cause all this
bother.

TRAUMA NURSE 4

All good. We're here to help. Let's
get you to the ward.

The nurses start to push Paul away. Susan follows behind them.

SUSAN

Paul - look at this mess you are making!

The trauma area is empty again; bandages and blood are all that remain.

The cleaners arrive and start to clean up.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. OD ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MID DAY

Sam is facing the wall again, she is sobbing. Steph towards her and sits on the chair again.

STEPH

I'm so sorry you had to see all of this.

SAM

Why am I here? Why the fuck am I here?

STEPH

Well, I'm glad you're here. And listen. We're gonna have to put up with the Susans and Pauls and the next ones. So we may as well just get on with it.

SAM

What the fuck is this. I mean really. What the fuck. Who thought this is what I need? Lady over there is batshit. This guy needs a hug and I have to watch fucking ER in real time three fucking metres from my bed!!

STEPH

I know. This ain't ideal.

SAM

Ideal would be those tablets not coming up.

STEPH

I am glad they did. I am glad you are here. Who else would be keeping me company today?

SAM

Some other OD patient?

STEPH

They wouldn't be as funny as you.

SAM

By the way, Google just called.

STEPH

What?

SAM

They asked if you can move to the right as the reflection from your bald head is distorting satellite number four.

STEPH

(Laughing)

Listen. Getting this shine is a skill. Also, how they gonna see my reflection from inside this building?

SAM

That's how much it glares.

STEPH

Girl. You make me laugh. So. Tell me more about you. Your folks get on with Olivia?

EXT. SAM'S PARENT'S HOUSE. BRISTOL, ENGLAND. NIGHT

Sam and Olivia ring the doorbell and wait for it to be answered.

Sam's mom opens the door and rushes to hug her daughter.

Then she steps back and stares at Olivia.

Olivia beams at her.

Hesitantly, Sam's mum moves forward with an open hand.

Olivia leans in for the hug; Sam's mom is surprised, but accepts it

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. OD ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MID DAY

SAM

Eventually. My mum didn't like that I was with a woman. You know. All that religious bullshit. But once she got over it, they got on really well. My dad liked her but he just wanted to talk science with her.

STEPH

Science?

SAM

Olivia's a scientist. Marine biology focusing on climate change.

STEPH

You got yourself a smart one?

SAM

Yup. It made for some long conversations. She came from a religious family as well so we talked about all of that bullshit. You know the homophobia and hatred from religion. It's such bollocks. Love thy neighbour my ass.

STEPH

(Whispering)

Careful.. Mrs. Coreen...

Before he can complete this, they are interrupted: Mrs. Coreen pulls back the curtain abruptly. She steps forward. She holds a bible and stares at Sam.

MRS. COREEN

In all my days staying at this hotel, I have never had to deal with the likes of you.

SAM

Oh for Jesus fucks sake.

MRS. COREEN

BLASPHEMY is one thing!! But now SODOMY!!

She holds up the bible to Sam. Steph moves quickly to get in the way.

SAM

(To Mrs. Coreen)

Oh please just fuck off.

STEPH

Mrs. Coreen. Come on now.

Steph tries to lead Mrs. Coreen back to her bed.

MRS. COREEN

(To Sam)

In the name of Jesus, I demand that the devil leave this body. I command him!

SAM

And in the name of my fucking arse, I demand that you fuck off.

Mrs. Coreen is visibly shaken.

STEPH

Mrs. Coreen. Let's get back to bed now.

MRS. COREEN

How on earth can this be a five star hotel with this treatment? I demand to see the manager. I'm not staying here next to this sinner.

Sam turns over and ignores Mrs. Coreen.

Steph approaches Mrs. Coreen.

STEPH

Mrs. Coreen. Do you want me to medicate you?

MRS. COREEN

I don't have to put up with this!

STEPH

Mrs. Coreen. I'll have to if you don't get back into bed.

MRS. COREEN

Where's the... Where's the.. You know...

STEPH

I know. Now let's get back in bed and then I'll call the manager for you.

Steph reaches Mrs. Coreen and gently leads her toward her bed.

MRS. COREEN

Well, yes, I mean I always stay at the Ritz and it never is like this... Before...

STEPH

I know. I know.

MRS. COREEN

Before... It was always... Where's my bible?

STEPH

It's in your hand. Now, let's get you back in bed.

Steph holds the curtain open and leads Mrs. Coreen back to her bed.

Mrs. Coreen follows and gets into bed. She still holds her bible.

Steph closes the curtain.

Sam is emotionless; and then tears start to fall.

Behind the curtain, Mrs. Coreen starts to read Leviticus

MRS. COREEN
(Behind the curtain)
Then the LORD said to MOSES!! "Tell
the Israelites...."

Steph walks over to Sam; she is faced away from Mrs. Coreen.
He touches her shoulder.

STEPH
Ignore all of this Sam. She thinks
this is the Ritz. That is just as
imaginary as the book she's reading
from.

SAM
(Through tears)
Why the fuck wouldn't I want to
leave all of this.

STEPH
I know girl. I know.

Steph pulls up his chair next to Sam's bed.

He places his hand on her shoulder again and sits down on
the chair to calm Sam's sobs.

Mrs. Coreen continues to read from the bible behind the
curtain.

MRS. COREEN
(Behind the curtain)
Any Israelite or any foreigner who
resides in Israel who sacrifices
any of his children to Molek is to
be put to death.

STEPH
You and I both know that you're a
good person. We gonna take this one
day, no fuck that, one hour at a
time.

They are interrupted by the psychiatrist who walks straight
up to Sam.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH
Yeah okay well then.

Sam turns over to talk to the doctor; she wipes her eyes.

SAM
Oh my god, thank god you came back.
Wait. Has it been four hours?

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

So yeah ok well then. I um, spoke to Dr. Martin and no it has not been four hours. But we need to get you upstairs to stay for 72 hours.

SAM

I'm not staying 72 hours.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

Yeah ok well then.

SAM

No. You don't get it. I'm not going to stay here for 72 hours. Do you know what I have witnessed in the last hour?

Sam sits up and starts to get out the bed.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

Well, I'm going to sign you in and then you'll have to stay.

SAM

Wait. I can't leave?

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

Yes you can. But if you try to leave, then I'll issue a medical hold so you can't leave.

SAM

So I can't leave.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

You can leave.

SAM

But if I leave, you'll stop me from leaving. So. I. Can't. Fucking. Leave.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

No. You can leave.

SAM

JESUS FUCKING CHRIST.

Before Mrs. Coreen says anything, Steph rushes over to her area.

STEPH

(Behind the curtain)

It's all good Mrs. Coreen!

SAM

I'm sorry but why the fuck do you think it is a good idea for me to stay here? I'm literally opposite a trauma unit and next to a raging homophobe. How on earth can you as a medical doctor think that this is a good place for me to be? I haven't even been here for half a day and I have already seen someone nearly paralysed, a guy bleeding to death, and all of this has been narrated by a fucking religious homophobic twat! Again. How on earth is it a good idea for me to be here?

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

Yeah okay well then. I'll do the paper work and then we'll get you upstairs.

Steph returns from Mrs. Coreen's area. Dr. Ellingsworth walks off.

Sam stares into space. And then sits up.

STEPH

I'm so sorry Sam. I wish there was something I could've done to help.

SAM

Can you get me out of here?

STEPH

I'm sorry Sam. Only the docs can control that.

SAM

FOR FUCKS SAKE!

STEPH

How about I get you some food?

MRS. COREEN

(From behind the curtain)
Well, they call it the Ritz but all you get to eat are Ritz crackers!

SAM

What the fuck? She has a sense of humour?

STEPH

(Chuckling)
See. It's not all that bad. Let me hit you up. I think they got some fried chicken today.

Sam flops back into the bed. Despondent.

Steph walks back to his desk.

He types on his laptop to order the food.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE. BRISTOL, ENGLAND. AFTERNOON. 2004

Sam walks into the house; back pack on, she is fresh from school. She is about 8 years old. Her sisters follow her in; one older, one younger.

They find a note on the table. Sam picks it up. Her older sister rips it out of her hands. The note:

"We'll be back late. Chicken, capsicums, and potatoes in the fridge. Don't burn the stew."

Sam's older sister drops the note and turns to Sam.

SAM'S OLDER SISTER

Your turn Sam.

SAM

Wait. That's not fair.

Before she can say anything, her older sister runs off with her younger sister.

Sam turns and walks into the kitchen.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. BRISTOL, ENGLAND. AFTERNOON. 2004

Sam opens the fridge. Just as the note stated, she faces a whole raw chicken, capsicums, and potatoes.

She grabs the whole chicken out the fridge and walks over to a counter. She uses a stool to reach up to the counter. She climbs back down, takes off her back pack and finds a knife. She climbs back up the stool and starts to cut up the chicken.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. BRISTOL, ENGLAND. AFTERNOON. 2004

Sam sits on the sofa; the sound around her is blurred. She stares at the carpet in the middle of the room.

Her dad stands over her; his hands shake as he rages at her.

She can't hear what he says; she has blurred out his rage as he shouts at her for burning the stew.

She does not focus on what he says. She tucks her hands under her legs.

Her mum walks in.

SAM'S MOM

What happened? She didn't burn the stew did she?

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. OD ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MID DAY

Steph returns back to sit next to Sam, who stares at the ceiling.

STEPH

OK. Some food is on the way.

SAM

I'm not hungry.

STEPH

Well, it'll help pass the time.

SAM

Why the fuck am I here? No really.
Why am I here?

As she says this, Ale walks up to them.

ALE

You still here?

STEPH

Yup. Here all day.

ALE

Nah. I'm talking to Sam.

SAM

Yeah, tell me about it. I need to go home.

ALE

I thought you'd be upstairs by now.

SAM

Nope. And I'm not going up there.

STEPH

Girl. I'm not sure this...

SAM

(Interrupting)

I'm not going up there.

ALE

It may do you some good.

SAM

How? Is it trauma free? Homophobia free?

ALE

They'll assess you Sam. You'll get supported. Who you got at home?

SAM

My cat.

STEPH

Maybe it'll help if you stay here for a few days?

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT. SAN DIEGO. NIGHT

Sam and Olivia walk through the front door. Sam holds a cat carrier and excitedly places it on the coffee table.

OLIVIA

Let's close the doors.

Sam ignores this and opens the carrier.

OLIVIA

Sam! Quick close all the doors.

Olivia runs to close all of the doors to the living room. Just as she does that, Sam lets out the cat.

The cat is shy, quiet, and scared. She begins to explore the house.

Sam strokes her and talks to her softly.

SAM

Good girl. Good girl. That's it. Go on. Explore your new home.

The cat begins to explore the room very slowly.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT. BATH ROOM. SAN DIEGO. NIGHT

Sam cleans up the litter tray in the bathroom. She is furious. She shouts at Olivia, who is in the other room.

SAM

For FUCKS SAKE! Why can't you clean up the litter tray? Why do I always have to do it?

Olivia does not respond.

SAM (CONT'D)

Did you hear me?

Olivia replies from the living room.

OLIVIA

Can you not raise your voice at me please.

Sam leaves the bathroom and goes into the living room; she carries the dust pan and brush with her.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. SAN DIEGO. NIGHT

Sam storms into the living room.

SAM
WELL CLEAN THE FUCKING TRAY AND I
WON'T NEED TO!

OLIVIA
Sam. Please don't talk to me like
that.

SAM
Come on. Why do I always have to do
this?

OLIVIA
You know that's not true.

SAM
Just like the cleaning. And the
shopping. And the laundry. Can you
just fucking HELP?

OLIVIA
I'm not going to have this
conversation with you until you
chill the fuck out.

SAM
You never want to have this
conversation. WHY CAN'T YOU JUST
BEHAVE LIKE AN ADULT?

OLIVIA
Fucking hell Sam. Why do you always
do this?

SAM
Come on. This is ridiculous and you
know it. You never help around the
house!

OLIVIA
You know I have so much going on at
work!

Just like her father, Sam's arms are shaking with anger.

SAM
That is such a bullshit thing to
say!

OLIVIA
OK. That's it.

Olivia gets up and grabs her keys and a jacket.

SAM

Oh come on. You're just going to walk away? Come on! What? Are you breaking up with me?

Olivia does not say anything and leaves their apartment.

Sam is left standing alone in the living room.

She throws the dustpan and brush against the wall.

The cat litter flies across the room and scatters all over the floor.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. SAN DIEGO. NIGHT

Sam holds her head in her hands. Olivia walks in carrying some tissues. She hands these to Sam who looks up; tears stream down Sam's face.

OLIVIA

I really didn't want to hurt you. But you know I had to break up with you to get you to understand how serious this all is.

Sam takes the tissues and wipes her face. Olivia sits down and puts her arms around Sam.

SAM

I know.

OLIVIA

If we want this to work, you'll have to make some changes.

SAM

I know.

OLIVIA

You would have to change so much. You would have to learn to control your emotions. I need that.

SAM

I know. I know.

OLIVIA

You have a lot of growing to do. But if that happens, then this could work. I want this to work; you know that right?

SAM

Yeah.

OLIVIA

But I'm glad you persuaded me to stay.

Olivia leans in and kisses Sam on the forehead.

OLIVIA CONT'D

I really love you Sam. And I think we can make this work. I believe in you. I know you can do this work.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. OD ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MID DAY

Sam rolls over to ignore them both.

ALE

(To Steph)

I'll leave you to it.

(To Sam)

I'll catch you later Sam.

Ale leaves and Steph gets up and closes Sam's curtain as far as it goes. He returns to his desk.

After a few seconds, another curtain opens. Mrs. Coreen emerges next to Sam's bed. Steph does not notice this.

Sam rolls over to face Mrs. Coreen.

SAM

What the..

MRS. COREEN

Don't you dare swear to me chile'. Don't you say nuthing. Time for you to listen to me.

SAM

Sorry but what are you doing?

Mrs. Coreen stares straight at Sam.

MRS. COREEN

I'mma tell you something straight. No one, not even a sinning devil like you, survives upstairs. Get out. GO HOME!

Mrs. Coreen's loud shouting alerts Steph to the commotion.

STEPH

Oh good god. Mrs. Coreen. Let's get you back into bed.

Mrs. Coreen does not look at Steph; she holds her intent and stares at Sam. Sam does not move either.

MRS. COREEN

Go home, Sam.

Steph guides Mrs. Coreen back to her bed.

STEPH
OK, back to bed.

Steph glances back at Sam.

STEPH
(Mouthing)
I'm so sorry.

STEPH (CONT'D)
(To Mrs. Coreen)
What's all this commotion for?

Steph guides Mrs. Coreen back to her bed. Sam turns over and stares at the ceiling. She starts to cry again.

Steph returns and sits back on the chair again.

STEPH
You know my husband was once in
your shoes.

Sam leans up and faces Steph.

SAM
In this bed?

STEPH
Yup. Well not that one exactly. And
he has better shoes than you. But
yeah. He was once here.

SAM
What did he do?

STEPH
Vodka and valium. V and V. Classic
combo but doomed to fail.

SAM
Why did he do it?

STEPH
Same as you. Break up. Trauma.
Shitty parents. He didn't really
know who he was. He... You know...
He was just fucked up. And ended up
here. This was before we met.

SAM
You saying I'm fucked up?

STEPH
No. That is not what I'm saying.
But I'm saying there's a future for
you.

SAM

I have nothing.

STEPH

You got me don't you? And you got your cat. And you said you got friends in England? Kevin, my man, had none of those. And he climbed back up and look at him now!

SAM

What does he have now?

STEPH

Well me for starters!

SAM

Also, I am definitely fucked up.

STEPH

Seriously. Kevin rebuilt his life. He struggled for years afterwards, I ain't gonna lie. But he rebuilt his life.

Sam shifts in her bed with intrigue.

SAM

And how did he rebuild? How the fuck is that possible for me??

STEPH

He decided he wanted to live. That's all. That's all you have to decide.

SAM

Yup. It's all so easy.

STEPH

It took him years. Phew. It was hard. It was so much work. And he's still working. We still have issues from it. But he still wants to live. He decides that every day. But honestly, I think everyone walking this earth has a story like this or knows someone.

SAM

Really?

STEPH

Most of the nurses here do. It's why we do this. We see pain and want to help.

SAM

That doesn't make any sense. You get reminded of all this shit all day long.

STEPH

Some people drink. Some get addicted to work. We try to help people. You find your way to get through this wonderful, beautiful, traumatic world. We're all suffering Sam. We just face it differently.

SAM

Or hide it.

STEPH

Or hide it. Anyway. That's my story. That's Kevin's. And sometimes he battles it again but he knows he's loved, as you are. He knows he's gonna make it, as you are and he gets through the day and then faces the next one. One day at a...

SAM

(Interrupting))

..fucking time. Everyone says that.

STEPH

That's all we got. All we got is now. All we got is today.

SAM

Is that enough?

As she asks this, Dr. Martin returns. Steph returns to his seat at the desk as Dr. Martin heads toward Sam's bed.

DR. MARTIN

Hello again.

SAM

Thank fuck. I need your help.

DR. MARTIN

What's up Sam?

SAM

I have to get out of here.

DR. MARTIN

Well, I can't make that call but I can let you know that you did no damage and your organs are all in the clear.

SAM

To be honest, I don't really care about that right now. Do you know I'm trapped here?

DR. MARTIN

Well, it's probably best for you to be monitored.

SAM

Monitored? Are you joking?

DR. MARTIN

Well, no. I mean..

SAM

Do you really think that placing me here in front of a real-life fucking trauma unit is a smart idea?

DR. MARTIN

I hear you on that. We've been trying to get this moved for months.

SAM

Well, you didn't try hard enough mate. No offense but this is a joke. And then I've got a batty homophobe next to me.

DR. MARTIN

There's not much..

SAM

(Interrupting)

How is this a safe place to monitor someone who wants to end their life? Fuck it, how is this safe for anyone?

DR. MARTIN

You've got a point.

SAM

I need to go home.

DR. MARTIN

Sadly, I can't make that call.

SAM

Come on. Of course you can.

DR. MARTIN

Sam.

SAM

This is so fucked up. For fucks sake. Just let me go.

DR. MARTIN

The thing is we don't know if you're safe at home.

SAM

Do you know what I don't have at my house? I don't have a motherfucking trauma unit in my living room. I don't have any people bleeding to death or any fucking homophobes shouting the bible at me. I don't have any fucking cancer motherfucking patients.

DR. MARTIN

Yeah I get that but we have to follow protocol.

As he says this, another doctor arrives - this is DR. AGUIRRE - a young female doctor. Sam turns to speak to this doctor.

SAM

Can you make the call and let me out of here?

DOCTOR AGUIRRE

Hello there. What's going on here?

DR. MARTIN

This is Sam. She has been here since this morning and wants to leave.

SAM

Too right. This place is bonkers.

DR. AGUIRRE

I hear you on that one Sam. We can't make the call... Only..

SAM

Yeah. Only Dr. Ellingsworth can make that call. I know. But come on. Wait. Who are you?

DR. AGUIRRE

I'm Dr. Aguirre, the senior toxicologist here and...

SAM

(Interrupting)

Then you can talk to Dr. Ellingsworth?

DR. AGUIRRE
Technically I..

SAM
Technically no one should be in bed opposite an open trauma unit and you know it. This is a lawsuit waiting to happen. I don't get it. My house is safe. I have an appointment with my therapist tomorrow. I have food. Friends. And no trauma unit. How is this not the best option for me? Are you telling me that keeping me here in front of this trauma unit all day and then transferring me upstairs is in my best interest?

DR. AGUIRRE
I can't really argue with this. Listen, I can talk to her but I can't promise anything.

Dr. Aguirre turns to Dr. Martin.

DR. AGUIRRE (CONT'D)
What do we have from the tests?

DR. MARTIN
All clear. No damage.

DR. AGUIRRE
Would you agree to this?

DR. MARTIN
I would agree to this.

DR. AGUIRRE
OK. I'll see what I can do. But let's get a follow up in two weeks.

SAM
Finally. Thank you Dr. Aguirre.

DR. AGUIRRE
No promises.

DR. MARTIN
Right. As much as we would like to keep talking with you Sam, we have to go.

DR. AGUIRRE
All the best Sam.

SAM
Thank you to both of you. And please change all of this. This is just bonkers.

DR. AGUIRRE
Bonkers. That's a great word.

DR. MARTIN
Take care Sam.

The two doctors turn and walk away. As they do, Steph walks toward Sam.

STEPH
Girl. I have never in all my life seen anything like that before! Are you telling me you convinced two whole doctors to get you released?

SAM
What do you mean? No one has requested this before?

STEPH
Protocol. You were headed upstairs. Dr. Aguirre is above Dr. Ellingsworth. You gonna get released for sure.

As Steph says this, another patient is pushed into the trauma unit by two different TRAUMA NURSES. There is little fuss and it is quiet.

The patient's eyes are closed; their skin is sallow and drawn tight over sharp cheekbones, with deep shadows under their eyes.

Their lips are pale against the stark white of the oxygen mask, and their skeletal frame is gaunt under a think hospital blanket.

The nurses wheeling them in are silent. They park the patient and then walk away.

STEPH
Before you say anything Sam.

SAM
I mean I just made this whole point and here's another patient.

STEPH
This one will be quiet.

SAM
How do you know?

STEPH
Cancer. Likely stage 4.

SAM
Fuck.

STEPH
Yup. Likely end-of-life.

SAM
Where us three want to be.

STEPH
Come on - you can't say that.

SAM
Isn't that why Coreen and I and our
guy to the left want?

STEPH
Is that what you really want Sam?

SAM
I have no idea.

Across the room, a nurse arrives with a new oxygen machine for the cancer patient.

INT. HOSPITAL. CANCER HOSPICE WARD. BRISTOL, ENGLAND. 2016

The room is brightly lit but heavy with stillness. A thick blanket covers the fragile figure of SAM'S DAD, in his late 70s, lying motionless.

His eyes are sunken and closed, his breathing is labored. The oxygen tubes of the small oxygen machine curl into his nose but his breathes are shallow, rattling softly with each exhale.

The time between each inhalation stretches apart as his slow breathing fills the silence.

Standing next to him, his daughter, NATASHA, holds his hand gingerly. There is a commotion as someone comes rushing in. His other daughter, BEATRICE, runs into the room with a deep look of fear.

BEATRICE
Is he....

She trails off as she rushes to her father's side.

NATASHA
He's still here.

BEATRICE
Where's Sam?

NATASHA
She sent a message. She's not coming.

BEATRICE
Does he know?

NATASHA

He's too far gone to know.

Sam's dad takes a final breath; it is thin, barely audible. Then... Nothing. The breathes stop and his body is still. The oxygen machine continues to hum. The two sisters start to cry.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. OD ROOM. SAN DIEGO. MID DAY

As the nurses set up the oxygen machine, Dr. Ellingsworth returns. She walks nervously and is not as confident as before. She ignores Steph and walks straight to Sam.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

Yeah. Well OK. Good afternoon Sam.

SAM

Dr. Ellingsworth.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

Do you have any more drugs at home?

SAM

No. I threw them out. My mate helped me to do it.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

And when are you seeing your therapist?

SAM

I have an appointment booked for tomorrow.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

And who is nearby for support?

SAM

I have two mates who said they would come and see me.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

And can you come to an appointment here in two weeks?

SAM

Well, no. I'll be in England. But I can get the tests done there.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

So I, yeah well OK, spoke to Dr. Aguirre and we both agree that as your toxicology is so good, you can be discharged. The paper work has started and so you should be allowed to go home soon.

SAM

Oh my god. Thank you so much. Thank you.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

Yeah well OK. we'll need you to leave us the details of your therapist and for you to come back in two weeks for um some well some more tests.

Sam sits up and folds her arms.

SAM

Dr. Ellingsworth. Do you see what's going on behind you?

Dr. Ellingsworth turns around to look at the patient in the trauma unit. She turns back to Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)

Stage 4 cancer by the look of it. My dad died of cancer.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

Yeah well like I said, please make an appointment to return in two weeks.

SAM

I'll be in England in two weeks.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

Yeah well OK. We can make the appointment sooner.

She turns to Steph.

STEPH

I can arrange that.

DR. ELLINGSWORTH

Thank you. OK. All the best Sam.

She turns away and walks out of the room. Steph starts to collect Sam's charts.

STEPH

You didn't tell me about your dad.

SAM

What would you have done? Moved the trauma unit?

Steph pulls a paper bag out from under the bed and places it on a chair next to Sam. He holds Sam's arm.

STEPH
Good point. Right. Let's get you
out of here.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. ER HALLWAY. SAN DIEGO. AFTERNOON

Sam and Steph walk down a hallway. Sam is in her dressing gown and carries a paper bag with her clothes. They soon arrive at a changing room. Steph opens the door and Sam walks in. Steph holds the door open.

STEPH
Sam. I have to keep the door open.

Steph holds the changing room door open.

SAM
I'm sorry what?

STEPH
Girl. This is the rule. I have to
make sure you don't harm yourself.

SAM
I'm literally leaving in five
minutes.

STEPH
I know.

SAM
This is ridiculous. This whole
place is just fucking ridiculous.
I'm about to leave! I'm about to be
on my own!

STEPH
I know girl, I know. But I have to
keep the door open.

SAM
For fucks sake. This is just fucked
up.

Steph looks away. Reluctantly, Sam starts to get undressed. People walk past the open door as she changes.

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL. RECEPTION. SAN DIEGO. AFTERNOON

Sam is dressed in the same clothes as when she arrived that morning. She waits near the reception area. Steph appears with some paperwork.

STEPH
OK. So here are your discharge
papers. You'll want to give these
to your doctor. I also booked you
in for some appointments to come
and get more tests.

SAM

But..

STEPH

I know you'll be in England soon but I needed to book those. Also, I'm not supposed to do this but I put my number in there. If you need to talk at any time, call me. If you don't feel safe at any time, call me.

Sam is visibly emotional.

SAM

Thanks Steph.

STEPH

And girl, keep me posted. I want to hear how you're doing when you get home OK?

SAM

I will. Thanks Steph.

Sam starts to cry. Steph opens his arms and pulls her in. He hugs her with intention.

STEPH

You're going to be just fine.
Everything will be just fine.

SAM

Thanks Steph.

Steph releases her after a long hug.

STEPH

OK. I have to get back. You take care of yourself Sam. It was so lovely meeting you.

SAM

Same Steph.

Sam turns around and walks away. Steph watches her leave the hospital.

EXT. LARGE HOSPITAL. SAN DIEGO. AFTERNOON

Sam emerges from the hospital entrance through the same doors she walked through earlier that day. She gets out her phone and scrolls through to her WhatsApp messages. She finds a new one from Olivia sent that day:

WHATSAPP MESSAGE:

Hey Sam. Thanks for your message. I'm feeling lots of things. I don't just feel peace. We're going through a

grieving process and it's hard for me too. As you said, one day we're married, the next day we're unlinking from each other and that's tough. But in between waves of sadness, I've feel quite good. I feel relief and peace. I think this is the right decision. You were just not able to grow. And although this is hurting, I think my life will be better without you.

Sam closes the app and stares around her.

People walk around her and get on with their lives.

Cars drive bye.

People laugh.

Seagulls call out.

She is alone.

She puts her phone away and stands still and takes it all in.

FADE OUT.