

NIGHT TRAUMA

Written by
Athena Frost

FADE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL - E.R. ENTRANCE - DAY

Establishing shot toward the hospital sign "Seattle West Hospital" and then down to: RAPHAEL GORALCZYK (late 30s, pretty blonde but gangly) stands outside the ER doors waiting expectantly. Dr. Foster (40s) the visual incarnation of Prince Charming; runs out of the ER doors to meet her.

DR. FOSTER
What've we got?

RAPHAEL
GSW in the chest.

DR. FOSTER
It's slightly disturbing how excited you get about bullet wounds.

RAPHAEL
Then I'm sure you will concede to any surgeries needed?

DR. FOSTER
Not a chance.

Sirens, and an ambulance stops close to the doors, a little too close to the doctors. The ambulance doors BURST open and the driver, SCORNED FEMALE PARAMEDIC, helps NEWBIE PARAMEDIC drop the gurney to the ground.

SCORNED FEMALE PARAMEDIC
GSW to the shoulder.

RAPHAEL
Only the shoulder?

SCORNED FEMALE PARAMEDIC
Wow, don't look so disappointed.

They push through the ER doors and toward the critical care room as Scorned Female Paramedic applies pressure to the gun shot wound in the patient's shoulder. The patient, ASIAN ASSHOLE (20s), screams as they careen down the hallway.

ASIAN ASSHOLE
That bitch! That bitch shot me!

(CONTINUED)

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NEWBIE PARAMEDIC
Pressure is ninety over forty and dropping... But not really, it's kinda fine. I mean it seems to be dropping a little bit...

DR. FOSTER
(to SCORNED PARAMEDIC)
What? Who is this guy?

SCORNED FEMALE PARAMEDIC
First day.

RAPHAEL
Hey, congratulations. GSW on the first day. Too bad it wasn't a real chest wound.

NEWBIE PARAMEDIC smiles weakly.

SCORNED FEMALE PARAMEDIC
You're a sociopath.

ASIAN ASSHOLE
Someone get this thing outta me!

DR. FOSTER
Enjoys her job is all.

SCORNED FEMALE PARAMEDIC
You do not need to talk about enjoying anything.

They enter as TWO NURSES follow behind and prep the patient.

SHEEPISH NURSE
Should we call upstairs?

DR. FOSTER
Maybe-

RAPHAEL
No. He'll be fine here. Just get him some blood.
(to Asian Asshole)
Sir, what is your blood type?

ASIAN ASSHOLE
Blood type?

He screams again as JADED NURSE cuts away his shirt.

INT. HOUSE - BOY'S ROOM - DAY

TITLE: CHICAGO

Raimond (50s) looks a bit Rastafarian at first glance with his dreads and dark skin, but he carries himself more like a black Dumbledore. He pulls out a small gray puck from his bag and lights it on top of an incense burner. He creeps precariously into the room.

MOTHER
What is he doing?

Aimee (20s) is petite and fair skinned for a black woman. She appears weak. She is not. She stands as back-up with the family in the hallway.

AIMEE
He's trying to find out where it is.

MOTHER
Do we have to be here for this?

AIMEE
I'm sorry, but the boy has to be here to draw it out.

The Young Boy (7ish) hugs close to the mother's waist. Aimee puts her hand on the mother's arm reassuringly.

AIMEE (cont'd)
Don't worry, I won't let it past this door.

Connor (30s) nods to Aimee as he follows Raimond into the room. He's a handsome, corn-fed Midwesterner, accent and all.

RAIMOND
You really shouldn't be following me.

CONNOR
My monster, my fight. You could've left me to it. Under the bed or in the closet?

RAIMOND
Closet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Raimond takes a deep breath and mutters words in MEDU. It follows most closely to ancient Egyptian, words such as "KEMET" and "ISHAT".

Raimond amasses some sort of power in the room that everyone can feel. A small rumble begins in the closet. At first it only sounds like a rat might be shuffling in there. Then it becomes DEAFENING. The young boy screams.

AIMEE

Go! Leave the house. Now!

She pushes the family away. Turns back to the fight.

AIMEE (cont'd)

Connor! Get out of there!

Something bursts out of the closet. Cheap plywood shatters around the room. Everyone protects their eyes as splinters fly everywhere. Connor, closest to the closet, sees something out of the corner of his eye.

CONNOR

It's out!

RAIMOND

Don't touch it!

The sound is continually getting louder. It is in the room somewhere but we can't see it directly. A flash here. In the corner of the eye there.

Raimond motions for everyone to stop moving. No one can hear anything anymore. He stands calmly in the middle of the room and pushes the incense away from him, talking quietly.

All sound stops.

CONNOR

There.

Connor points to a corner by the closet where the MONSTER stands. Over six feet tall but as thin as a broomstick, it glares at the three of them through shiny black eyes. Tufts of lint hang on to its glistening body. Its skin looks like it's wet with syrupy tar. It spews out its previous meal of skin and hair and cloth.

It goes for Connor.

AIMEE

No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It moves quickly, it's limbs moving like an anthropomorphized bug. On top of Connor, it tries to rip apart Connor's chest with its knife-like fingertips and sharp teeth. Clothes rip away to body armor.

RAIMOND
Cut off its head!

Raimond works, holding back the monster's powers. Connor struggles to get his arm to the knife on his thigh.

Aimee gets there instead.

She pulls out a knife from the sheath on his thigh that looks like a small scimitar only about a foot long. The blade is red and somehow looks fluid and solid at the same time. She easily cuts off the monster's head. The body falls on Connor, still twitching like a dying bug.

Raimond sits on the bed, tired. Connor laughs in a nervous but triumphant way. Aimee just shakes her head and glares at Connor.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - ER INTAKE ROOM - DAY

It's been a busy day at this hospital as most of the seats are taken up. There is an irritating television showing daytime TV and an ANNOYED NURSE behind the intake window.

A woman (30s) and her child (9ish) are buzzed into the ER. As they walk in, an Asian man (20s) pushes past them.

ANNOYED NURSE
Hey! You can't go in there!

INT. E.R. - CRITICAL CARE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Things go smoothly as Raphael, Dr. Foster, and the two nurses work on their patient.

ASIAN ASSHOLE
I can't believe that bitch shot me!
Dammit! Gimme some painkillers!

DR. FOSTER
Nurse, please give him two
milligrams dilauded I.V. so he'll
shut up.

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JADED NURSE

Yes sir.

BURSTING through the door, Asian Brother pulls out a gun.

ASIAN BROTHER

Everyone move away! Get out!

TITLE OVER
BLACK: NIGHT
TRAUMA

END OF TEASER

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

INT. E.R. - CRITICAL CARE ROOM - DAY

Raphael's eyes carefully examine the bullet wound while everyone is falling over each other to escape the gunman. Raphael, with her back to the shooter and between the patient, continues to pull fragments out of his shoulder.

ASIAN BROTHER

I said get out!

Dr. Foster stands at the door, realizing that Raphael has not left.

DR. FOSTER

Goralcyk, let's go!

RAPHAEL

I'm not leaving a patient here to die.

DR. FOSTER

And I'd rather we don't all get shot. Don't be a hero Goralcyk, come on!

RAPHAEL

Go doctor. I'm staying.

Dr. Foster stands there a moment, really wanting to stay, but wanting to live more. He hits the molding, looks at her one more time, and leaves.

ASIAN BROTHER

I'll shoot you! Move!

We watch as Raphael works on her patient, over her shoulder we see the brother.

RAPHAEL

You don't have to shoot him.

ASIAN BROTHER

That fucking bastard raped my sister! I'm going to fucking kill him!

Raphael, continuing to pull out fragments, pauses for just the slightest moment on the word "rape." In her eye, for a split second, we see the emotion it caused.

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ASIAN ASSHOLE
That bitch was begging for it!

The Asian Brother, already shaking and sweaty, tries to move around her so he can get his shot.

ASIAN BROTHER
I'm going to kill you! I'll fucking
kill you!

RAPHAEL
You don't have to kill him, he's
dying anyway.

ASIAN ASSHOLE
What?

ASIAN BROTHER
What?

RAPHAEL
This bullet fragmented. A tiny
sliver of it is going to reach his
heart and stop it. He has maybe an
hour tops. And its going to hurt a
lot for that hour.

As she says this her eyes tell the Asian Asshole that this is all a lie. She presses into his wound and he screams out.

RAPHAEL (cont'd)
See? All you have to do is leave.
Leave now before the cops get here.
Go take care of your sister.

She finally turns to the Asian Brother.

RAPHAEL (cont'd)
Go! Go while you still can.

The Asian Brother looks at her and then back at the Asian Asshole. He drops the gun and sprints out the door. Raphael is remembering to breath now. She concentrates on it; the in, the out. A scuffle is heard outside of the room.

Leaving the room she watches as the police take away the brother. Sheepish Nurse sees her and slowly claps. Everyone looks at her, clapping and slapping her on the back. She tries (and fails) at pretending that she doesn't hate being touched.

EXT. HOSPITAL - E.R. ENTRANCE - DAY

Raphael sits quietly on a bench staring directly ahead. The quiet calms her. Cars pass. Small birds hop along.

Dr. Foster bursts through the doors chatting and laughing with another doctor and a few nurses in tow.

DR. FOSTER

Raph! Jesus! There you are! We were celebrating without you.

OLDER DOCTOR

We thought maybe the guy came back for you.

DR. FOSTER

Wow, man. Too soon.

Dr. Foster lights a cigarette and takes a deep drag.

DR. FOSTER (cont'd)

Let's go get a drink, shall we?

RAPHAEL

What, you want me to drink away the day?

OLDER DOCTOR

Works for me every time.

RAPHAEL

Thanks guys, really. But I just finished a double. I think I just want to sleep away the nerves.

DR. FOSTER

Come on, your adrenaline's got to still be pumping, don't puss out on us now. You've got to tell us what happened in there. How the hell did you get him to leave?

OLDER DOCTOR

Without getting the patient shot?

ANNOYED NURSE

Or yourself?

DR. FOSTER

A captive audience is waiting.

Raphael smiles tiredly.

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CONTINUED:

RAPHAEL

Let me get changed guys. And then,
I don't know, maybe.

INT. HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S CHANGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The comfortable changing room feels less like a gym changing room and more like a hotel. Free gifts and stationary sit on a table. A sign-up sheet for the yearly retreat is posted on the door with each doctor's name and a check mark.

Except hers.

Raphael sits on the bench and finishes tying her shoe laces. She drops that foot to the floor. Getting up the gumption, she finally gets to her feet and grabs her coat.

DR. AGBEO

We need to talk Dr. Goralczyk.

Dr. Agbeo (60s, Nigerian) stands foreboding in the doorway. His crossed arms exude bureaucracy incarnate.

RAPHAEL

Please Dr. Agbeo, I was just
leaving.

DR. AGBEO

Dr. Goralczyk, this behavior cannot
continue any longer.

RAPHAEL

What, saving lives?

DR. AGBEO

And if you hadn't? The hospital
would be liable.

RAPHAEL

Please, I just want to-

DR. AGBEO

(he puts up a finger)
And this isn't the first time. This
isn't even the second. Doctor, if
this behavior continues it won't
just be me talking to you, it will
be H.R.

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CONTINUED:

RAPHAEL

I'm just doing my job. I'm not trying to make the hospital liable for anything.

He puts his splayed out fingers between him and Raphael.

DR. AGBEO

Dr. Goralczyk, I need you to take a break.

RAPHAEL

That's fine. I've got two days off starting tomorrow.

DR. AGBEO

Take two weeks.

RAPHAEL

What?! No!

DR. AGBEO

Two weeks doctor, and then we'll discuss this. Don't push it. I'm not one hundred percent sure that I won't still be calling H.R.

Raphael falls onto the bench. Agbeo walks back to the door and pauses at the threshold.

DR. AGBEO (cont'd)

You're a good doctor. Just leave it at healing patients' bodies, not their lives.

He closes the door. Raphael puts her head in her hands.

INT. AIMEE'S SAAB - DAY

AIMEE

Are you dripping? You're not dripping are you?

CONNOR

(grunts)

Mhm, I ain't dripping.

Connor spies a few drops of goo that fall onto the floor. He quickly swipes it up with his finger.

CONNOR (cont'd)

Definitely not dripping.

(CONTINUED)

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Raimond maneuvers himself, trying to get more comfortable. He's unsuccessful.

RAIMOND
Hard to sit in this toy car.

CONNOR
Sure is a piddly amount of room back here.

AIMEE
I didn't buy this car for hunting, or for ridiculously tall people. You want a better car, get one yourself.

RAIMOND
Aimee.

Aimee knows this tone. She prepares for a fight.

RAIMOND (cont'd)
Aimee.

AIMEE
What Dad? I'm waiting for you to say something.

RAIMOND
I think you know what I'm going to say.

AIMEE
Then let's just skip over this part.

RAIMOND
Aimee, you shouldn't have picked up that dagger.

AIMEE
I know Dad, I know.

RAIMOND
That dagger is only for Connor.

CONNOR
She was just helping me Sir.

Raimond turns around and gives Connor a shut-the-fuck-up look. Connor moves to respond further, and instead settles back into his seat.

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CONTINUED:

RAIMOND

You shouldn't touch something spelled for another. You shouldn't touch something spelled at all.

AIMEE

Dad, what else was I supposed to do? Let Connor get hurt?

RAIMOND

Connor has been doing this on his own for a long time, he can handle himself.

Aimee turns her head out the window and lets her words fly into the wind.

AIMEE

(sotto voce)

No he can't.

RAIMOND

I don't want this happening again.

AIMEE

Then tell me why not. Explain why I can't and I'll stop. I won't even touch holy water when I go to church.

RAIMOND

It's not that simple.

AIMEE

I'm tired of this conversation! We talk about everything from menstrual cycles to Malbec but you can't tell me why I can't use magic?!

RAIMOND

No.

AIMEE

So I should have just let Connor die?

RAIMOND

No.

AIMEE

Then what the hell should I have done? Huh? You tell me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They all sit in uncomfortable silence.

EXT. SEATTLE HOSPITAL - E.R. ENTRANCE - DAY

Foster, still smoking, flirts with a young nurse. He sees Raphael, stomps out the cigarette, and runs after her. The nurse looks after him disappointed.

DR. FOSTER

Raph, wait!

He catches up with her. He reaches for her arm but doesn't grab it in the last moment.

DR. FOSTER (cont'd)

Where are you going? Aren't we going out to celebrate our hero?

RAPHAEL

Come on. You knew I wasn't going to do that.

DR. FOSTER

Something wrong?

RAPHAEL

I just can't talk about it right now because if I do I might start crying and that would not be professional.

DR. FOSTER

Alright, I'll let you give me a rain check if you tell me what's going on.

RAPHAEL

I'm taking two weeks off.

Foster gives mock sorrow, an arrow in his heart.

DR. FOSTER

How can this happen? What will we do without you?... Actually, does this mean I have to fill in for you? Heroes are great 'n' all but I do need my beauty sleep.

RAPHAEL

It's more than that. I'm being... forced to take a break. Agbeo may not let me come back.

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CONTINUED:

DR. FOSTER

Oh. Raph, I'm sorry.

RAPHAEL

Apparently being a hero doesn't look good for the hospital. I don't know what I'm going to do with myself. Two weeks! What the hell do I do for two weeks?!

DR. FOSTER

Go home.

RAPHAEL

What?

DR. FOSTER

Yeah, go home. Say hi to your parents. Have them stuff you with good home cooking and clear your mind. I'm sure Agbeo will be cooled down by then.

RAPHAEL

Your home looks a lot different than mine, Foster.

He shrugs.

DR. FOSTER

Up to you, kid. I imagine anything is better than two weeks reorganizing your rock collection.

RAPHAEL

You don't know my family. We're... it's complicated.

DR. FOSTER

Every family is complicated.

RAPHAEL

Okay. I've got to go. I'll see you later.

Raphael turns on her heel and walks into the parking lot. Foster stares after her and lights another cigarette.

INT. CONNOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

White marble and expensive fixtures show off a double sink, full bath tub, and separate shower.

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Connor sits on a stool in a lavish bathroom wearing only a towel. Aimee stands behind him, checking for wounds and cleaning the ones she finds.

The atmosphere is not quite that of a doctor's visit. Aimee's hands deftly go across Connor's back, probing. As her hands move through his hair, he desperately tries not to enjoy it.

AIMEE

You have to stop doing this Connor.
If my dad knew, he wouldn't be
helping at all.

Connor is tired of this constant argument.

CONNOR

I ain't gonna leave no kid to be
eaten by some monster, Aimee. I
ain't seekin' 'em out but I ain't
runnin' from no fight neither.

Aimee puts her hands up in mock defense.

AIMEE

This just isn't sustainable. One
day I'm going to miss something and
so are you. And we won't find it
'til its too late.

She doesn't look at him for a moment. She shakes off her anger and gives him a look of defiance that concedes into warmth. She places her hands on Connor's shoulders.

AIMEE (cont'd)

If that happened...when that
happens...

He puts one of his hands on top of hers, consoling.

CONNOR

Keep looking.

Aimee playfully slaps him in the head.

AIMEE

It's just too adorable when you
start talking all country on me.

CONNOR

Aimee, don't tell a man he's
'adorable.'

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CONTINUED:

Connor settles back in.

CONNOR (cont'd)
And watch it! You could be making
the fracture in my skull worse.

AIMEE
Well then I guess you need a full
scan then, don't you?

CONNOR
Ah come on. It wasn't even a hard
fight!

INT. SEATTLE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Raphael stumbles tiredly into her one bedroom apartment. This apartment is a little too clean and orderly. It's smaller than you would expect a doctor to live in.

She takes out her phone, searches the contacts list for her mother. Her finger hovers over the number. Instead, she goes to her favorites list and calls Gramma. A candid picture of a prim old woman shows up on the screen.

As the phone rings, she walks the whole apartment checking windows to confirm they are still locked. Still, no one picks up.

RAPHAEL
Dammit Gramma, get voice mail.

She finally flops down on the couch and picks up NATURE. She throws it back down and pinches her nose in fatigue.

RAPHAEL (cont'd)
I'm way too tired to be reading
this.

She calls her grandmother again. Waits less time, throws her phone on the couch.

She gets up, paces a bit. She moves to the kitchen, begins taking each dish out. She wipes down each shelf and puts them back.

TIME LAPSE.

As she puts the last dishes back in the last cabinet, she leans back on the counter and takes a relaxing sigh. She opens the silverware drawer, stares.

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CONTINUED:

RAPHAEL (cont'd)

No.

She closes the drawer.

She moves back into the living room. Staring at the phone, she makes another call to her grandmother. While waiting, she pulls out an iPad and starts searching for plane tickets to Chicago.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

It's a busy summer day in the Bronzeville neighborhood and it's baseball season. People walk along the packed sidewalks past boutiques, bars, and specialty coffee shops. A White Sox game is about to begin and fans clad in black pin-striped whites have already started drinking.

A homeless looking man wanders into the street, confused. No one notices him. He wanders in front of a car. It doesn't stop. He stares at it angrily as it passes through him. His form wisps into barely nothing. His ragged clothes flare out.

He SCREAMS. A scream that shakes the trees. A child cries. A dog wines. But no one notices. He walks up to a couple drinking iced coffees on a bench. He glares, his dirty flaking face inches from the woman's. His head moves at unnatural angles. This is KAI (30s) tall, dirty, and fucking scary.

KAI

Is this what we've come to? Will
you own my soul for all existence?

The woman laughs at something the man said.

JOHN

Hey Dad! We're over here!

John (20s), white, well-bred kid. He waves his Father (40s) over to the bar next door. Kai blinks himself next to John and circles him. He watches the exchange between John and his father.

FATHER

Why are we here so early? The game
doesn't start for four hours, son.

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CONTINUED:

JOHN

You know, we've got to get the whole experience. Including starting out in a good sports bar.

FATHER

So, this is what I'm paying twenty grand a year for? The bar experience?

JOHN

Dad...

FATHER

Let's just sit down.

John takes a seat across from his father, looking less excited about the rest of the day. Kai smiles a broken toothed grin, black eyes burning like massive black holes.

KAI

You'll do.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE