

How i Died - Pilot (Current)

written by

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TEASER

INT. JOHNS HOPKINS, BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

A sterile, empty hallway, until--

JON SPACER, 27, Korean, scrubs, careens around the corner, scrambling toward an open door with a sign reading: MORGUE.

INT. JOHNS HOPKINS, MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Jon slams the door shut. He falls back on it, closing his eyes. But not for long -- they're jolted open by a THUD.

Jon ambles off the door. MICHAELS, 50s, dressed as a doctor, is smashing his fist against the glass window.

MICHAELS

Don't touch that body, Spacer!

Jon lurches away, steeling himself. The pounding continues.

MICHAELS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Get security; now!

The morgue is cold; dark. One small overhead light HUMS in unison with the rows and rows of freezing storage drawers. But Jon meanders by; he's after a specific one. He finds it.

Shaking; reaching. His forearm tattoo reads: Do No Harm.

The metal SCREECHES as Jon pulls, exposing the legs of the nude black male inside. He stops. Something is behind him.

JON

You heard Michaels. It's too late.

Turning, Jon finds LUAN KEITA, 32, bearded, white doctor's coat; black skin; pale, purple lips. Where'd he come from?

LUAN

Goodbye med school. But if you do the autopsy, you'll go to jail.

JON

Why'd you tell me if you didn't want me to do something about it?

Luan floats closer. The deceased's face is obscured.

LUAN

I thought you'd inform Michaels.

JON
Of what? Luan says he was murdered?
I need actual evidence.

LUAN
Autopsies are against the Qur'an.

JON
And Buddhism says there are no
souls, yet here we are. I don't
feel very enlightened. Do you?

Jon plucks a scalpel from a nearby metal tray.

LUAN
Just let the police find evidence.

JON
(scoffing)
The Baltimore police. You're
another dead black man to them.

LUAN
And what am I to you, Jon?

The question throws Jon for a loop and he shoots a look back.

JON
You want me to do that now? Here?

LUAN
If you care about me, or yourself,
you'll see this hurts both of us.

Jon swipes at tears with a sleeve, fumbling to see clearly.

REVEAL: The body is Luan's. Same beard; same purple lips.

LUAN (CONT'D)
I'm dead. Proving why won't matter.

Luan caresses Jon's face with his hand. Jon leans in, but
Luan just passes through him. The realization hardens Jon.

JON
Proving why is all that matters.

He presses the scalpel into Luan's neck, making a small cut.

JON (CONT'D)
I love you, Luan.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

BZZZZZZZZZZZZ--

Jon blinks awake as his cell phone rings on the nightstand.

The hotel room is dingy, small and barely lit by the phone's blue light. But that's not what Jon notices first--

At the foot of the bed, GREG, 37, a dead man with a HOLE IN HIS HEAD is staring at Jon. Gross. BZZZZZZ--

SUPER: Six Months Later.

Unphased, Jon leans over, reaching for his cell.

It reads: 3:13 AM. He swipes, answering.

JON
Stiff's Mortuary Services.

Jon switches on the lamp next to him.

JON (CONT'D)
Did you call Henry?

REVEAL: There are three more DEAD PEOPLE around the room.

JON (CONT'D)
Okay. I'll be right there.

Jon drops the phone in his lap, reaching up to rub his temples. Luan sits up in the bed next to Jon.

LUAN
I tried to stop them, but...

JON
(groaning)
Three days.

GHOST 1
(whispering)
Can he really see us?

JON
I've only been in town for three days, and you already know.

GREG
You can see us.

Jon slides off the bed. He passes a PHOTO of JON AND LUAN in scrubs on the dresser, next to a stack of MEDICAL TEXTBOOKS.

JON
Who told you that?

GREG
You clearly just heard me.

Jon steps through two of the standing ghosts, unbothered.

JON
Duh. I meant who told you about me?

He throws open the hall closet door. He's rootching inside.

GHOST 2
Scott Graham. After his funeral.

He pokes his head back out, pulling out a button-up shirt.

JON
Knew I shouldn't have helped him.

GHOST 3
He said you could get a message to our families.

JON
He's wrong.

OVER, then UNDER -- Jon starts tying a sleek black a tie.

GREG
But you could tell my wife I forgive her for cheating.

JON
And how would I know that?

GREG
I just told you.

Jon struggles to put on a pair of suit pants.

JON
No. I mean, how would I know that to tell her? See? That's the problem with you ghosts. You think that just because I can hear you, it's my responsibility to pass on messages or finish your unfinished fucking business.

GHOST 2
 ...Isn't it?

Jon slides on a vest, not even bothering to button it.

JON
 Probably. But you have to think of
 the logistics.

GREG
 So you're not going to do it?

Jon slips on shoes, again, not tying them.

JON
 Oh I'll do it. But it needs to be
 feasible and explainable.
 (beat)
 I have a reputation to uphold.

GHOST 1
 As a... mortician?

Jon rushes out the door, slamming it.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway is even more run-down than the room. It's not a
 place anyone would like to be in the middle of the night.

Jon looks disheveled; hair a mess since he just woke up, vest
 still unbuttoned. He notices and starts to button it.

Luan phases through the door next to him.

LUAN
 You headed to work?

Jon briskly forward, like he wants to escape the conversation.

JON
 Unfortunately. Early pickup.

LUAN
 Want me to come with you?

JON
 Uhh... That's alright. I can only
 deal with one ghost at a time.

LUAN
 You don't have to deal- deal- deal
with me at all.

Jon spins around, noticing that Luan stopped. Jon gets close.

JON
Your stutter is getting worse. Are you feeling okay?

LUAN
Just side effects of being dead too long, right? No need to burden you.

Jon places a hand near Luan's chest, symbolically touching him, since he can't physically.

JON
I'm sorry. I'm just tired.
(beat)
Why don't you stay and help these guys cope? We'll catch up later.

Jon examines Luan's face. Luan reluctantly nods.

LUAN
Go... do some good.

Jon eagerly takes the opportunity, leaving and waving back to Luan from halfway down the hallway.

JON
Tell them it's a heck of a lot easier to explain something to the family if I'm doing their funeral. No funeral; no message!

LUAN
Love you...

But Jon is out of earshot.

EXT. EAST SUNSHINE STREET - NIGHT

A hearse zips down the main street of Springfield, Missouri, passing by an alleyway cordoned off with police tape.

The hearse approaches a sign that reads "City of Springfield" with a small electronic counter: "Population: 167,056." As the hearse goes by, the counter ticks down to 167,054.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The hearse screeches to a halt near the ER entrance. As it parks, the license plate is clearly readable: CALL4DEAD.

Out steps Jon, adjusting his badge as he strides into the ER.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL ER - NIGHT

Staff inside scurry toward patients in beds, packed to the gills. The entry doors slide peacefully open as Jon enters.

INT. JOHNS HOPKINS, ER - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jon shines in his white coat and HOPKINS badge, surrounded by other fresh-faced students. Michaels leads them.

MICHAELS

Welcome to clinical rotations.

Another doctor puts an arm around Jon, celebrating.

STUDENT

Year three of med-school, baby!

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, ER - NIGHT

SLAM. Jon gets railed by a gurney rushing by, snapping him back. ZOEY HAYES, 26, young and excited EMT, leads the bed.

ZOEY

Sorry!

Jon absorbs the commotion, fascinated as staff zip to action.

ER head NATHAN CLARK, 34, does chest compressions atop the gurney. FRAN CROWLEY, 48, commanding black sheriff, strolls behind. AMELIA GATZ, 32, clearly not panicked, meets the gurney. She's holding a digital record pad.

AMELIA

Hayes, what do we have?

ZOEY

Cardiac arrest on site. Low BP.

CROWLEY

He collapsed as soon as I started reading his rights. Figures.

NATHAN

Come on now, Crowley. Like I'd let him get off the hook that easy!

Amelia waves her hand, dismissing the chaos as it passes by.

AMELIA
Bed six is open, Nate.
(pointing to Jon)
You. What's your damage?

Jon follows the chaos, dazed like he's got a brain injury.

JON
Me? I, uh, I'm here for a body. I'm
the new Stiff's employee.

AMELIA
You're not Henry.

Amelia scrolls on the pad, looking up the record.

JON
I'm Jon. This is my first pickup.

AMELIA
And you thought we just... kept a
dead person in the ER for you?

JON
Oh. I got a call from the ER Head.

Amelia points behind her, not looking up. She's wearing a
WEDDING RING. Nathan and Zoey scramble in the emergency bay.

AMELIA
He's a little busy. Follow me.

Before Jon can peel his eyes from the action in the bay,
Amelia is halfway to the hall. Jon darts after her.

She smacks Nathan's butt as she walks by. He touches her
hand. They're clearly together. Jon eyes the whole thing.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The door flies open as Jon tries to catch up to Amelia.

JON
I didn't mean to prevent you from
helping your, uh... b-back there.

AMELIA
Heart attacks are boring. I like
interesting things.
(beat)
Are you interesting, Johnny?

JON
I try not to be.

AMELIA
You try not to be interesting?

JON
What's your specialty, um, doctor--

AMELIA
(without looking back)
Gatz. Amelia. And surgery. We won't be working together much. I tend to keep patients alive in my ORs.

JON
Of course. I just, uh... It's just that I find medicine very --

AMELIA
Interesting? You're an enigma.

Is she flirting? She storms through the basement door.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Amelia speeds down the stark hallway. Jon falls behind.

AMELIA
Next time, use the maintenance elevator. Always check the morgue light in case Wells is in the middle of an autopsy. Green will get you in; Red means wait.

The light is GREEN, so Amelia scans her badge, entering.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

The morgue is a mess with surgical instruments and high-tech machines strewn about. Amelia passes by, uninterested.

AMELIA
(to the back office)
Ray, we've got a pickup.

There's no one else here.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Wait here. He's probably pissing.

Amelia leaves. Jon eyes a body on a gurney near the autopsy table. He starts poking around, looking at the instruments.

He rolls up his sleeves, revealing his tattoo. Then meticulously, he unzips the top of the body bag. The BODY is of a young woman; pretty; peaceful. He zips it back quickly.

He finds a CLOSED AUTOPSY FILE on the counter. He checks back to the door -- No one yet. His gaze returns to the file.

He flips it open. He scans for a moment.

JON
Holly? Are you here?

Then--

WELLS (O.S.)
What the fuck are you doing?

Jon frantically spins to find RAYMOND WELLS, 58, eccentric, exhausted pathologist next to Amelia in the entryway.

JON
I was just--

AMELIA
Violating HIPPA?

JON
I figured if I was going to see the record anyway, that it...

AMELIA
Johnny, doctor Raymond Wells.
(beat)
Off to a great start.

Jon strides forward, arm extended for a handshake.

JON
Jon Spacer. I'm the new body transport. Sorry about that--

Wells passes him, going to the file. He flips it shut.

JON (CONT'D)
(flustered)
She had a, or, I saw it was a subarachnoid hemorrhage, right?

Wells turns to him.

WELLS

Did you fondle the body, too?

JON

Excuse me?

Wells hefts the file. Jon uncomfortably looks back at Amelia.

JON (CONT'D)

I didn't--

WELLS

I'm just fucking with you.

Wells snorts. Amelia rolls her eyes.

AMELIA

Be nice. He's nervous; look at him!

Wells moves the gurney, getting things ready for Jon.

WELLS

It was a quick, painless death; the
dream. She had saccular aneurysms.
Three. And each bleed increases--

JON

-- the likelihood of death.

WELLS (CONT'D)

-- the likelihood of death.

AMELIA

Interesting.

WELLS

Why do you know that?

JON

I went to med school. For
pathology, actually.

Wells motions toward Jon's arms with the chart.

WELLS

Explains the tattoo.

JON

It's more of a life motto now or a
religious belief. Whatever.

WELLS

Ha! Maybe I should get "Don't
Forget The Paperwork" on me.

AMELIA

Don't you miss being a doctor?

Wells hands Jon the file, triggering--

INT. JOHNS HOPKINS, BOARD ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Michaels flops a TRANSCRIPT FILE down onto the table, in front of Jon, who's in a dress shirt; not a doctor yet.

MICHAELS

You're failing class, but get 100% accuracy on practicals. How?

Jon fumbles with a reason as Michaels pulls out a chair.

JON

Cause of death is just... what I'm good at. I'm meant to do this.

MICHAELS

(tapping file)

Doctors need to study. Otherwise, I can't let you in next year.

Michaels relaxes back in his chair, smiling.

JON

To the residency?
(Jon sits up, excited)
I'm a front runner?

MICHAELS

(laughing)

Hopkins would be lucky to have you, if everything else goes well.

Jon holds up his right hand, swearing. He has no tattoo yet.

JON

Scout's honor!

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT

Wells waves the file at him -- Hello? Jon snatches it.

JON

There's was a lot more to being a doctor than just loving it.

AMELIA

That's not a no.

Jon clicks a pen, signing the paperwork Wells hands him.

WELLS

Well, maybe we can bring you for a ride along sometime.

Jon rips the paper, handing it back to Wells.

JON

T-that would be awesome. If you ever need an extra set of eyes--

Amelia claps, breaking the moment.

AMELIA

Team bonding. Yes. Love it. Are we all set? Remember: Maintenance elevator, doctor Johnny.

She pats him as she walks away. Jon wheels out the gurney.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, MAINTENANCE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The wall paneling is dingy and the lights flicker. Jon scrunches next to the gurney, which barely fits inside.

EXT. EAST SUNSHINE STREET - NIGHT

The hearse turns into the driveway of the STIFF'S FUNERAL HOME. Flowers and gaudy golden lettering dawn the building.

INT. FUNERAL HOME, EMBALMING ROOM - DAY

The room glistens with a stainless steel embalming table in the center of a concrete floor with a drain.

On the table is HOLLY'S BODY covered in a white sheet.

Now dressed in a gown, gloves and a plastic face shield, Jon cuts a small slit near the collar bone of the body.

-- A tube follows the incision, pumping in embalming fluid.

-- Blood drains from another tube and flushes down the drain.

Then, Jon places on eye caps and gently closes the eyelids.

-- He jams a needle into the top lip, sewing the mouth shut.

-- He powders the face with a little bit of blush.

Finally, Jon massages the face and puts the lips into a slight smile. They stay. He takes a step back, admiring.

JON

And that's it. Decomp is slowed.
Which is great, because your ghost
form degrades as your body does.

Holly's ghost steps forward, pale, but otherwise hard to
distinguish from a living person -- as they often are.

HOLLY

My smile looks weird.

Jon shoots back to the body, adjusting the lips.

JON

Sorry about that. I'm still getting
better at the faces.

He overdramatically presents the adjusted face.

HOLLY

When will my family be here?

INT. FUNERAL HOME OFFICE - DAY

Holly's husband and parents shift uncomfortably in their
chairs as HENRY STIFF, 76, shows them sample arrangements.

HENRY

For another five grand, we can
upgrade to the deluxe package.

Behind them, Jon leans slightly toward Holly, whispering.

JON

Is there anything I can answer for
you? Or pass along to your family?

HOLLY

I'm good.

Henry stops and turns to Jon.

HENRY

Did you say something, Jon?

Jon straightens himself, folding his hands.

JON

I'm so sorry for your loss.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jon flops into his crappy bed in the crappy hotel. Luan appears before he's even had a chance to close his eyes.

LUAN
How was it?

JON
Fine.

LUAN
Did you notice our hotel room is
ghost-free?

Jon jolts up abruptly -- His phone BUZZES in his pocket.

LUAN (CONT'D)
Greg said he'd give you some time.

JON
Who is Greg?

LUAN
With the hole. You're supposed to
deliver a message to his wife.

Jon waves the phone.

JON
Another pickup call.

LUAN
Can't Henry do it? I haven't seen-
seen-seen you all day.

Jon slugs off the bed.

JON
Moving here was a fresh start. I
know you don't need a roof or food,
but I have to work to survive.

LUAN
I'm not stopping you from working.
I'm asking to not be left alone all
day when I can't do anything.

JON
I can't do this right now.

LUAN
I'll come with you then--

Jon puts a hand up, shutting down the conversation.

JON
No! Stop. Please. Just... I don't
want to fight again. So let's...

BZZZZ. Jon swings open the hotel room door.

JON (CONT'D)
I'll be back later.

Jon slams the door shut behind him.

EXT. EAST SUNSHINE STREET - DAY

The hearse speeds toward the hospital. It passes an AMBULANCE at a CRIME SCENE. Nathan and Zoey hurriedly wheel a gurney.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, MORGUE - DAY

Jon signs paperwork. Wells pats his stomach.

WELLS
Heart attack. Terrible way to go.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, MAINTENANCE ELEVATOR - DAY

Jon sighs, leaning on the gurney next to a fat ghost.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, ER - DAY

Amelia and Nathan try to save a victim of a GSW. Nathan climbs off, shaking his head. Crowley crosses her arms.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, MORGUE - DAY

Wells hands Jon paperwork. Amelia zips the body bag, annoyed.

AMELIA
Shot himself to not get arrested.

WELLS
Smart.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, MAINTENANCE ELEVATOR - DAY

Jon stands next to the gurney. A piece of paneling falls off the wall behind him. Both he and the ghost look at it.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - DAY

Nathan and Zoey rush up a flight of stairs with a gurney.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL MORGUE - DAY

Jon hands paperwork back to Nathan. Wells waves dismissively.

WELLS (O.S.)

Old age! I'm never making it there.

NATHAN

You're there already.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL MAINTENANCE ELEVATOR - DAY

Jon, dozing off, snaps awake when the ghost lady coughs.

EXT. EAST SUNSHINE STREET - DAY

The sun sets as the hearse speeds by. Today feels different.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, MORGUE - NIGHT

Jon picks up the chart and yells to the back office.

JON

Please tell me you have an
interesting one this time.
Something I can help with.

Wells slinks out of the office. He looks dazed and tired with bags under his eyes. Jon waves the chart.

JON (CONT'D)

Wells? You had a body for me?

Wells ponders for a second and then shoots toward Jon.

WELLS

Uh. Nothing interesting, I'm
afraid. Anaphylaxis causing airway
blockage. Accidental death.

JON

Everything okay, Ray?

Wells points down at the gurney, insistently.

WELLS

This body need to be cremated.

Wells rushes back toward the office.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Immediately, Jon!

Reluctantly, Jon rolls the gurney out of the morgue.

INT. FUNERAL HOME, EMBALMING ROOM - DAY

MAGGIE HEDGER, 42, touches her face in disbelief of the face she's seeing; her body in front of her, bloated and bruised.

MAGGIE

I'm... dead.

JON

I wanted to give you a minute.
Cremation sounds like a great idea
until you realize... well... this.

She turns her gaze to him, empty; concerned.

JON (CONT'D)

Do you have any questions? Or a
message I can pass to someone?

MAGGIE

Has my husband been caught yet?

JON

What do you mean?

MAGGIE

I was poisoned.

What?! Jon picks up the chart.

JON

Your death was ruled accidental.

MAGGIE

Well it's wrong. You have to tell
someone... I've been murdered.

Jon grins to himself, letting out a single quiet chuckle.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOPKINS HOSPITAL, BOARD ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

In his Hopkins coat, Jon fidgets with a pair of handcuffs around his wrists. Luan leans on the wall. Michaels sits.

MICHAELS

What in the fuck were you thinking?

JON

Luan didn't kill himself.

Jon makes eye contact with Luan. Luan looks away.

MICHAELS

And you have evidence?

JON

Not physical evidence. I couldn't do the autopsy. I stopped. But...

Luan shoots a glance at Jon, shaking his head like a warning.

LUAN

Jon. Don't.

JON

What's going to happen to me?

Michaels pulls back.

MICHAELS

Your school attendance has been revoked. Effective immediately.

Jon melts backward into his chair. Luan comes closer.

JON

What about the residency?

MICHAELS

(scoffing)

The residency? Jon, you'll never practice medicine again. Anywhere.

Jon clenches his jaw. Luan comes closer. Michaels rises.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Security will escort you out.

He heads to the door. Jon stares straight ahead, until--

JON

Glenn.

Michaels stops. Jon is turned toward him.

JON (CONT'D)

Luan told me here was murdered.

MICHAELS

He told you.

JON

I can see him as a ghost, right now. I talk to all our bodies.

MICHAELS

Did you hit your fucking head?

Jon flies out of his chair, nearly stumbling with the cuffs.

JON

I'm-I'm like a psychic or a medium or whatever. Since I was a kid.

Michaels collapses back into his chair. Jon mimics.

MICHAELS

Christ, how did I not see it?

JON

Well, you can't--

Michaels leans in. He puts a hand on Jon's knee.

MICHAELS

Jon, we'll get you a full workup -- MRI, CT, PET scan.

JON

What?

MICHAELS

Or if it's trauma, we can get a psychologist. Anything you need.

Jon protests, but Michaels stands again, heading to the door.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Wait here. I'll get you admitted.

JON

Ask Luan a question!

Michaels turns, a puzzled look on his face.

JON (CONT'D)

Ask him something only he'd know
the answer to. He'll tell me, I'll
tell you, and you'll believe me.

Michaels opens the door. He smiles, forced but soft.

MICHAELS

I do believe you, Jon.

He exists, closing the door. Through the glass, Jon watches
Michaels motion to a security guard. Luan crouches by Jon.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, MORGUE - NIGHT

PLOP. Wells drops a bloody heart onto a scale.

WELLS

Murdered, huh?

Jon wiggles Maggie's file, standing awkwardly in the morgue.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Why do you think that?

Wells takes his gloves off, not listening. Jon steps closer.

JON

I-I noticed holes in Maggie's body
that I think you might've missed.

FLING. A glove shoots aggressively into the biohazard bin.

Jon holds out the file. Wells snatches it, scanning quickly.

WELLS

I didn't miss anything. I noted the
chest hole as an EpiPen injection
site. First responders made note of
one by the body. Accidental death.

He passes the file back.

JON

Right. But I found a second hole in
her thigh. And EMTs said the front
door was open with her dead inside.
I think someone was there.

WELLS

Like who?

JON
 Her husband and daughter.
 (beat)
 F-From the next of kin form.

WELLS
 Where'd you say you worked again?

JON
 I didn't. It was at Hopkins med.

Wells stares Jon down for a beat. Then he smiles widely.

WELLS
 Hopkins is a great school.
 (beat)
 I'll add her to my re-exam list.

JON
 Well how long is the list?

WELLS
 Ten or twenty bodies. Our cold
 drawers are packed to the brim.

JON
 But it's not a re-examination. It
 would be her first autopsy...

WELLS
 Unless it's categorized as a
 homicide, it'll have to wait.

Wells pulls out a bone saw, holding it up as he walks past.

JON
 ...But can't you categorize it?

WELLS
 If you don't mind.

Jon hefts the file, hesitating. The saw starts, so he leaves.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Maggie sits on a bench outside the door. Jon comes out.

MAGGIE
 He's not doing it, is he? Maybe
 they will when Danni shows up dead.

Jon leans on the door, defeated. He slides down a bit.

JON
Would your husband hurt her?

MAGGIE
We both had shellfish allergies,
but she used her EpiPen on me. I'm
assuming she also had a reaction.

Jon scoots back up; he's got an idea.

JON
There's one more thing I can try...

Jon darts away. BUT, around the corner is Zoey. She watches Jon talking to himself, then she slinks into a nearby closet.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, MEDICAL SUPPLY CLOSET - NIGHT

Zoey reaches into the shelves, grabbing medical supplies. Some fall as she shoves them into her backpack, but she doesn't care. She slings the bag over her shoulder and exits.

INT. SPRINGFIELD PD, INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Jon fidgets with Maggie's file, in a cold metal chair across from ERIC MENDEZ, 32, lighthearted deputy, writing in a pad.

JON
EMTs noted an EpiPen near Maggie,
but it was registered to Danni.

MENDEZ
And you know all this, how?

JON
I used to be a doctor. I read the
report and saw inconsistencies.

MENDEZ
Right. Just for the sake of being
extra sure... you didn't kill her?

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT, VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Through the one-way mirror, Crowley and Wells watch the interrogation room conversation. Crowley turns to Wells.

CROWLEY
Don't freak out.

WELLS

I'm not freaking out.

CROWLEY

Last time you made a mistake, you went on a three-day bender.

He skulks away from the mirror to the coffee table.

WELLS

I'm fine, Fran.

Crowley joins Wells. She eyes Jon through a video monitor.

CROWLEY

This guy sounds convincing enough to at least look into it.

WELLS

Then let's look into it.

Wells presses the Keurig, making a small cup of coffee.

CROWLEY

Well what do you think? Did you screw up, or did the EMTs?

WELLS

She came to me DOA. That's all I had without you crying wolf.

Wells snatches the coffee, mixing in powdered creamer.

CROWLEY

Take responsibility for your own fuck ups, and I'll take mine.

WELLS

Maybe we can blame the EMTs then.

He sips.

CROWLEY

At least I don't have morticians telling me I missed something.

WELLS

Hey now; he's legit. Former Baltimore forensics with an MD.

CROWLEY

Really? I figured he was one of those crazies trying to get near a scene. He even asked to come.

Wells sinks into a small couch, looking up at the monitor.

WELLS

Huh. You should take him.

CROWLEY

That wasn't funny the first time.

WELLS

I've got an autopsy to do, right?
I'm pretty sure he can handle
entry-level tech work.

CROWLEY

I'm pretty sure it's on you if he
fucks something up.

WELLS

He found things I missed on the
report and the body, remember?

CROWLEY

(scoffs)

Thought you didn't make a mistake.

Wells sips again, smiling. Crowley presses the intercom.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

(sighing)

Alright. Time to walk the walk,
doctor Spacer. You're with us.

INT. SPRINGFIELD PD, INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Jon jumps as the intercom comes in.

JON

Really? I'm going to the scene?

MENDEZ

I hope no one's waiting up for you.
It's gonna be a long night.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Zoey shoves her backpack in her locker. Nathan pops in.

NATHAN

There you are, Zoey.

ZOEY

Doctor Klark... Do you need me?

Another doctor exits, leaving for his shift. They're ALONE.

NATHAN

Quit the doctor Klark stuff.

He pulls her toward him for a kiss. He's wearing a RING like Amelia was. Zoey is not. She leans into him, playfully.

ZOEY

Oh, I thought you liked that.

Another doctor enters. They separate quickly. Nathan coughs.

NATHAN

Right. Uh, I just got a call for a truck accident on Route 23. Might be the one Crowley put the APB on.

ZOEY

We should hurry then.

She slams her locker shut.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

FLASH. Jon snaps a photo of the scene: A picturesque family dinner table with TWO HALF-FILLED BOWLS atop place mats. A third bowl, overturned in the earlier fray, drizzles old soup in a pool like putrid vomit, leaving a stream on the floor.

Wells pats the back of Jon's new POLICE DEPARTMENT JACKET.

MENDEZ (O.S.)

You look like you've seen a ghost.

Jon raises the camera, taking another picture. FLASH.

INT. JON'S CHILDHOOD HOME, KITCHEN - DAY - FLASHBACK

YOUNG JON, 7, sobs in the doorway to the kitchen. BRUCE SPACER, 40s, gruff, white, shakes Jon harshly. Bruce has A CUT and some BLOOD on his shirt.

BRUCE

Stop it, Jon! Mom's fine. She just needed a nap.

REVEAL: Through overturned chairs, there's a bloody knife on the floor by JI-AN SPACER's body. Blood trickles toward Jon.

JON

On the floor?

INT. MAGGIE'S HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jon lowers the camera, shaking his head.

JON

Yeah, sorry. This just reminded me of, uh... We should get started.

He steps near the bowl. Mendez jolts, putting out a hand.

MENDEZ

Aren't you forgetting something?

Jon scans the floor. When he looks back up, Mendez is holding out TWO BLUE SHOE COVERINGS. Jon takes them, embarrassed.

JON

Sorry. It's been a while.

MENDEZ

We'll keep it between us. Don't need Fran lecturing about crime scene protocol already, heh.

JON

Oh. Uh, thanks.

Jon puts on the shoe covers. Mendez, squats by a plastic tub.

MENDEZ

You bag'em, I'll tag'em? That's how Ray and I do it.

Mendez hands Jon an evidence bag. They start looking around.

JON

Does Wells come to these often?

MENDEZ

With 100 cases last year, he's pretty much trapped in the morgue.

Jon squats near the upturned bowl of soup. There's a USED EPIPEN on the floor. He picks it up like it's contaminated.

JON

This must be what the EMTs found.

MENDEZ

Crowley is scouring around for a second, registered to Maggie.

JON

Here's hoping it's with Danni...

Jon drops it in the bag, sealing it up.

JON (CONT'D)
 You guys had 100 cases last year?
 (beat)
 Here.

Jon hands Mendez the bag. Mendez places down a marker.

MENDEZ
 Welcome to Springfield - The
 overlooked death-capital of
 Missouri. St. Louis gets the
 limelight for highest murder rate,
 and we fall to the wayside because
 "accidental death" isn't as sexy.

He writes a number on the bag and then places it in the tub.

JON
 Something in the water?

Mendez pokes around. Jon follows suit, merely pretending.

MENDEZ
 Heh. I say we're cursed.

He lifts up the lid from the pot on the stove and recoils.

MENDEZ (CONT'D)
 Phew! That's a stink. You think it
 smelled like this when they ate it?

Jon slides in, smelling it too.

JON
 Maybe Wells can match this with
 whatever is in Maggie's esophagus.

MENDEZ
 Gross.

Mendez places the lid back down.

JON
 Do you believe in that stuff?
 Curses and things?

MENDEZ
 Oh yeah. Once you're here long
 enough to see the shit we've
 seen... the whole force believes.
 (beat)
 But I also believe in job security.

Mendez makes himself laugh. Jon scrunches his face in disappointment. He opens the trash can lid, peering in.

JON
Come look at this.

Mendez examines the trash can with Jon. Jon looks to him for a response. Is Jon right about what he found?

MENDEZ
Oh my... god.
(beat)
They don't recycle.

He laughs again, pulling back from the trash can.

JON
Banana peels.

Jon sticks his arms inside.

JON (CONT'D)
A box of cereal. Some mail. Seems like stuff throughout the day.

MENDEZ
So?

Jon shoots out of the trash can.

JON
So where are the scraps used in making the soup?

MENDEZ
Or takeout containers.

Crowley appears in the doorway behind them.

CROWLEY
Mendez.

Jon and Mendez turn to look at her.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)
I got a hit on a truck nearby. Might be Curtis'. You good here?

MENDEZ
We're good. We've got some trash cans to check.

She nods, then points to Jon's feet.

CROWLEY

Glad we're at least following one protocol on this scene.

She leaves. Mendez turns to Jon, grinning - "I told you so."

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, MORGUE - NIGHT

Wells leans over Maggie's body, wrist-deep inside her stomach. He runs the bowel with his fingers, squeezing something out. Squinting, he holds it to the light.

WELLS

Is that a clam? Ah shit...

EXT. OUTSIDE MAGGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In Maggie's driveway, Jon is half-inside a large trash can, mirroring Well's autopsy. Mendez munches on a granola bar.

MENDEZ

Anything?

Jon pops out, holding trash.

JON

Food scraps in a separate trash bag like they wanted to keep it apart.

(beat)

Are you eating?

MENDEZ

All this talk about soup got me hungry. I gotta fuel up.

JON

I hope you didn't find that here.

Jon folds back inside the trash can.

MENDEZ

Of course not. I keep a stockpile in my glove box. You want one?

JON

Got something!

Jon scrounges around, then shoots back out holding AN EPIPEN.

JON (CONT'D)

It's registered to Maggie Hedger... And it's been used.

Mendez chomps another bite of the granola bar.

EXT. ROUTE 23 - NIGHT

Crowley's patrol car pulls to the side of the highway. There's an ambulance parked with Nathan and Zoey nearby.

Zoey adjusts the equipment, waiting. Crowley climbs out.

NATHAN

Just you?

She marches past them. Shredded grass from TIRE TRACKS leads down a hill off the roadside into a pitch black ditch.

CROWLEY

You need more than me?

Zoey and Nathan follow, clutching their equipment.

ZOEY

Didn't this guy kill someone?

CROWLEY

I have my gun. Relax.

She un-snaps her gun holster then shuffles down the hill.

EXT. WOOD'S EDGE - CONTINUOUS

Crowley reaches the bottom. The doctors tentatively follow.

A BLACK FORD faces away from them, smashed into a large Redbud tree. The passenger door is OPEN. Crowley clicks on a flashlight, slowing her approach to a methodical pace.

CROWLEY

Wait here.

Nathan and Zoey don't need to be told twice.

Crowley motions to the right of the truck, the passenger side with the door open. She draws her RUGER BLACKHAWK REVOLVER.

She fixates on the OPEN PASSENGER DOOR, ready for anything.

-- Slowly approaching... An airbag is visible from the side.

-- She's almost there. She pops around the edge, aiming.

REVEAL: Inside, CURTIS, 37, is face-down on his airbag.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

Nate!

Crowley leans into the car, reaching. Zoey rushes up.

INT. CURTIS' TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Crowley fumbles to check for breathing as Nathan opens the driver's side door, illuminating how bloody Curtis is.

Nathan feels for a pulse. Not finding it, he scrambles for another. Crowley pulls back out to let Zoey in.

EXT. WOOD'S EDGE - CONTINUOUS

As Nathan and Zoey work inside the car, Crowley scans the woods with her flashlight: A massive expanse of trees and darkness. Where's Danni gone from the passenger side?

CROWLEY
(yelling)
Danni!

Nathan appears from the truck. Zoey's stopped working as well, but Crowley's busy -- She's found a patch of blood.

NATHAN
Fran.

CROWLEY
Danni! Where are you?

NATHAN
Fran!

She stops scanning, reeling toward Nathan with frustration.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
The ID says Curtis Hedger.
(beat)
He's dead.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, MORGUE - NIGHT

Arms crossed, Crowley takes in the two bodies; Maggie's, cut open, organs out on the autopsy table; Curtis', cold, pale, on a gurney nearby. EVIDENCE BAGS line the counters behind.

WELLS (O.S.)

It's some shit, huh?

Crowley turns to him. He's reaching down inside a cabinet.

CROWLEY

Any idea what killed him?

WELLS

I'm assuming the car accident.

He squats, searching more intensely. She grabs Curtis' chart.

CROWLEY

No allergic reaction?

WELLS

He's not allergic to the same things Maggie is. From the chart.

He's still searching. She looms over him.

CROWLEY

Well what'd you get from Maggie?

He pops back up, holding a bottle of WHISKEY. Crowley glares.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

Put the bottle away. Crack a fucking joke and get back to work.

He places the bottle on a tray as he walks past the gurneys.

WELLS

Jonathan's heaps of evidence have me not feeling like my jovial self.

CROWLEY

Amelia can fast track his credentials if you want help.

Wells pulls a ladle from a drawer. He unscrews the bottle.

He sighs. They both know what he's about to do. He pours.

WELLS

Two whole bodies worth of mistakes.
Maybe three.

He offers her the first sip. She's disgusted with him.

CROWLEY

Mendez is wrangling people for a
search party. We'll find Danni.

He retracts it, taking a shot. He pours more but Crowley
grabs the bottle. She's got an iron grip on it. He secedes.

WELLS

(looking at Maggie)
You know, I met her before.

CROWLEY

You knew the victim? Christ, Ray.
One broken protocol after another.

WELLS

Knew Danni, too. Now I misjudge one
detail and a family is dead.

Crowley huffs. She hands Wells back the bottle, saddened.

CROWLEY

We have to live with our mistakes.

Wells unscrews the cap, nodding. Crowley raises a hand to pat
him, but decides against it, leaving without saying anything.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, LOUNGE - NIGHT

Jon snores on a sofa in the empty doctor's lounge.

LUAN

This is where you've been?

Jon's startled awake. He looks over, rubbing his eyes.

JON

Reminds me of all the times I found
you sleeping in the lounge at
Hopkins...

LUAN

That's not funny. You had me
worried sick. Are you avoiding me?

Jon sits up.

JON
My last body pickup told me she was
murdered. You know I had to help.

LUAN
Are you still helping?

JON
I'm done. I'm not getting involved.

THEN: The lounge door opens. Amelia walks in.

AMELIA
Doctor Johnny. Sleeping on the job?

LUAN
Doctor Johnny?

Jon's flustered, trying to manage both conversations.

JON
Doctor Gatz--

AMELIA
Please; Amelia. We're colleagues!

LUAN
So much for being done.

Luan scoffs and starts to walk away. Jon wants to go after him, but he can't. Amelia walks through Luan to the coffee.

JON
I'm not assisting anymore.

AMELIA
Shame. I heard you were useful.
You heading to the search party?

She starts making coffee. Jon peers through the door.

JON
Crowley's hunt for Danni? Maybe.

AMELIA
Heh. Dead people, you're instantly
involved. But a missing living one
and it's a maybe.

Luan's out in the hallway now, looking around.

JON
I, uh, I have to go.

He speeds out of the room.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jon rushes to Luan, who phases into the morgue. Jon reaches for the door, but the LIGHT IS RED. He's not supposed to interrupt if it's Red. He swipes in anyway.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Luan's waiting by the door when Jon enters. It's dark.

LUAN

Is this what you've been missing so badly?

Jon ignores him, walking further in. If Wells is there, he can't respond to Luan without getting caught.

JON

Doctor Wells? Are you here?

Wells glides out of the back office. He's rubbing the front of his neck with his hand intensely. His SMILE is eerie.

WELLS

What an unexpected surprise.

JON

Is everything alright? You look--

WELLS

Finally feeling better! Who's your friend?

He motions behind Jon. Jon spins, panicked. What the fuck?

LUAN

Me?

There's no one else there, except for... Luan. Which means...

JON

You can...

Jon slowly turns back. Wells stops rubbing his throat, finally moving his hand. He recognizes worry on Jon's face.

WELLS

What's wrong?

REVEAL: Jon see's what Wells was touching: A long, thin gash across the entire base of his neck. Clearly fatal.

JON

Ray!

Jon rushes past Wells, who follows only with his gaze.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, MORGUE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

In the small back office, Jon finds Wells' body, slumped over in a chair. A bloody scalpel lay on his lap, arms dangled.

Jon reaches for Wells' neck, searching for a pulse or trying to stop the blood; something. Not even Jon's sure what to do.

JON

Doctor Gatz! Someone help!

Wells appears in the doorway. So does Luan.

WELLS

Oh yeah. That.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hospital staff jump to the sides as Amelia and Jon speed down the hall with Wells on a gurney. Jon tries desperately to stop the bleeding with a gloved hand over Wells' neck.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, OR - DAY

OR nurses rush to set up blood bags. Jon, Amelia and a MASKED DOCTOR lift Wells onto the autopsy table. They're already scrubbed in, wearing masks now. A tray of tools is slid over.

MASKED DOCTOR

Who the hell is he?

AMELIA

He's with me. Doctor Spacer, hand me a ten-blade and sutures.

Jon stares, frozen in fear from seeing Wells on the table or just being in over his head; we're not sure. Maybe both.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Wake up. Jon! Move.

He still doesn't respond. Amelia pushes him out of the way, grabbing what she needs.

Jon stumbles back, unable to look away. Jon collapses against the back wall, holding up his bloody gloves like Lady Macbeth unable to get clean.

EXT. WOOD'S EDGE - DAY

The sun begins to rise through the trees. Mendez, at the head of a pack of volunteers, hands a bullhorn to Nathan.

NATHAN

And if you do find Danni,
immediately call either myself or
Hayes, our EMT, so we can triage.

Zoey raises her hand to the crowd. She's decked out in medical bags head to toe. Mendez takes the bullhorn back.

MENDEZ

Alright, everyone. Keep pace; arms-
length apart. Limited talk please.

Mendez turns and begins walking. The group forms around him.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, MORGUE - DAY

There's a BLOOD TRAIL into the office from when they moved Wells. Jon steps on a tray, knocked over in the commotion.

Wells is busy grabbing -- and phasing through -- his whiskey.

WELLS

Jon, why didn't you tell me this
would happen after death?
(beat)
Assuming you knew, of course.

Jon squats, gathering the knocked-over surgical instruments.

JON

Why didn't I tell a coworker I can
see ghosts? Gee, I wonder.

WELLS

Hey; we were on the path to
becoming friends. We had banter!

He leans on the autopsy table, not phasing through.

WELLS (CONT'D)

These mechanics are weird. I can
lean but not grab my drink?

Luan squats next to Jon, who is nearly done cleaning.

LUAN

You shouldn't be in here, Jon.

WELLS

Relax, no one will mind.

LUAN

It's not good for your mental health. You shouldn't get wrapped up in hospital stuff anymore.

Jon sets the tray on the stand, distancing himself from Luan.

WELLS

I disagree! I get it now. Did Maggie tell you how she was killed?

The morgue door opens. Crowley enters.

CROWLEY

Spacer? What are you doing in here?

Jon places a pair of scissors back onto the tray.

JON

Fixing the mess.

She avoids the blood on her way to the sink, grabbing a sponge and a pair of gloves. She wets the sponge.

CROWLEY

This should've been cleaned up...

She drops to her knees, scrubbing the blood stain. Jon finds it odd and uncomfortable. He grabs another sponge and gloves.

WELLS

Well this isn't weird at all.

They cleans the floor together; Crowley scrubs more intensely. Jon picks up on her frustration. Is she crying?

JON

How long have you worked together?

CROWLEY

We don't need to talk.

She scrubs faster. Wells squats next to her.

WELLS

Twelve years together. She wasn't even deputy back then.

JON

Did Amelia... pronounce...

CROWLEY

He's dead.

WELLS

I could've told you that.

LUAN

Jon, let's leave. This isn't your problem. No offense.

WELLS

None taken. But again, disagree.

JON

Any idea why he...

WELLS

I told you. The guilt of making a mistake. Or... multiple mistakes.

Crowley launches the sponge and stands, frustrated.

CROWLEY

Fuck!

Jon keeps scrubbing, not wanting to engage with Crowley. She's pacing now. She stops, pointing as if in an argument.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

Fucking suicide?

Jon stops scrubbing. He holds his sponge awkwardly, standing.

JON

You don't... believe in suicide?

WELLS

I didn't believe in ghosts.

CROWLEY

I practically gave him the bottle, just so he could find the evidence.

JON

You shouldn't blame yourself.

CROWLEY

I'm not. He was a coward. You don't screw up and then run away - You take it. What if we don't find Danni now? What if Curtis left her somewhere or, I don't know--

WELLS

People make decisions with the information they have at the time.

Wells approaches. Jon squeezes his sponge, unsure of himself.

JON

I can do the tests.

LUAN

You don't know how to do the tests!
You never even finished med school.

WELLS

You didn't?

Wells comes close to Jon. He's figured it all out.

CROWLEY

Amelia said you panicked in the OR.
(beat)
And you're not credentialed here.

LUAN

Don't get into another situation where you can't explain yourself.

Luan looks at Jon with sadness on his face. Jon hardens.

JON

I've never watched someone die. I-I just see the aftermath... That's the part I'm good at. Let me help.

Crowley's thinking. Wells steps up behind Jon.

WELLS

I can coach you through the rest.

LUAN

Jon, this is a bad idea.

Then, Crowley laughs. What? Jon's confused.

CROWLEY

Protocol's already fucked, right?
Let's go save a little girl.

(MORE)

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Amelia will get you credentialed.

She leaves. Luan follows right after.

LUAN

I can't support this, Jon.

JON

You don't need to.

Jon picks up the thrown sponge. Luan gets it. He leaves.

WELLS

Let's get to work then, eh?

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Outside the morgue, Crowley sighs. She pulls out her cell, checking for notifications. Her PHONE BACKGROUND is her and a young boy, smiling wide for the camera. She locks it.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Nathan walks a little closer to Zoey than the arms-length rule. She keeps scooting over a little. Mendez is nearby.

NATHAN

Sucks that we're looking for a kid.

ZOEY

It sucks we're looking for anyone.

Nathan clears his throat.

NATHAN

Do... you want kids?

ZOEY

Really, Nate? Now?

Mendez butts in.

MENDEZ

My brother Alex went missing in the 1989 fire. But I'm one-of-seven kids, so my mom wasn't that upset.

Nathan looks at Mendez, then at Zoey. Is he serious?

ZOEY

Maybe we should keep talking to a minimum so we don't miss something.

A VOLUNTEER nearby yells.

VOLUNTEER

I found her!

Nathan and Zoey exchange a quick glance before rushing over.

NATHAN

Clear the area.

A small crowd makes way as Nathan and Zoey dart to Danni's side -- she's collapsed on the ground, barely breathing.

Nathan drops to his knees, checking pulse and breathing. Zoey hands Nate a BVM ventilator, which he starts pumping.

ZOEY

Respiratory failure?

NATHAN

Could be pulmonary infiltration from the car accident. Or a delayed allergic reaction. She needs adrenaline either way.

Mendez crouches down. Zoey uses a STETHOSCOPE, to listen to Danni's chest. Nathan motions toward the bag. Mendez reacts.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Hand me an EpiPen, quick.

Mendez finds the EpiPen and Nathan nods. They switch places.

ZOEY

Doctor Klark...

He's about to inject Danni, but Zoey throws her arm in front.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

Stop!

NATHAN

Hayes; what are you doing?

ZOEY

There's an irregularity. Listen.

Nathan pulls back. He puts on the stethoscope.

NATHAN
Hold on the vent.

Mendez stops. There's nothing. Zoey's killing this little girl by delaying, until... Nathan hears it.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Cardiac arrhythmias...

MENDEZ
What's that mean?

NATHAN
It means if I'd used the EpiPen--

ZOEY
Her heart would've stopped.

Mendez, worried, begins the vent again.

NATHAN
This isn't an allergic reaction.
It's something else.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL ICU, HALLWAY - DAY

Amelia walks the halls as an ADMINISTRATOR tracks her down. He's carrying a file.

ADMINISTRATOR
Doctor Gatz. Those credentials you ordered came back disapproved.

AMELIA
Really? Why?

He hands her the file.

ADMINISTRATOR
No idea. Hopkins faxed a ton of documents: transcripts; reprimand logs. Good luck sorting it out.

The administrator leaves. Amelia opens the file, browsing.

AMELIA
Interesting.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, MORGUE - DAY

Jon, now in scrubs and gloves, reaches for the overhead mic.

JON

This is Jonathan Spacer, continuing
autopsy on Maggie Hedger. Case 201.

He examines Well's autopsy notes.

JON (CONT'D)

(pointing)

What's this note say?

Wells hovers over his shoulder.

WELLS

Heart failure.

JON

You have terrible handwriting.

WELLS

It's a doctoral requirement.

JON

If you noted heart failure... Does
that change the cause of death?

WELLS

The mic is still on, Jon.

Jon fumbles with it. Maggie storms through the morgue door.

MAGGIE

What the hell is happening? You
found Curtis? What about Danni?

JON

Maggie... uh, I didn't want you to
see the autopsy.

MAGGIE

That explains why you didn't tell
me. But you're helping him now?

WELLS

Actually, I'm assisting Jon. And
I'm dead, so I can hear your tone.

MAGGIE

(scoffing)

Couldn't take living without me?

Um, excuse me? Jon looks at Wells for an explanation.

WELLS

We were in love.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

We were fucking.

JON

That... certainly changes things.
Is that why you didn't want to do
the autopsy on her initially?

WELLS

(feigning sniffles)
Yes, it just hurt... too... bad.

MAGGIE

My husband was abusive. I wanted a
divorce, and he threatened me and
Danni. So, yeah, I cheated.

WELLS

You don't need to explain it.
Curtis was a piece of shit.

Jon motions to Curtis' body, still UNTOUCHED and pale.

JON

Crowley has people out there
looking for Danni right now.
They'll find her. Just... hopefully
in time enough for an EpiPen.

MAGGIE

It doesn't matter. I told you,
there was poison in the soup. It
won't be an allergy that kills her.

Jon touches the notes, reading along. He's puzzled.

JON

Wells did the blood test, but...

WELLS

No traces.

JON

Why are you so sure there's poison?

She stares at Wells, dead in the eyes. He breaks the gaze.

MAGGIE

Because I put it in.

Jon turns, mouth open. What the fuck?!

WELLS

Wow... I picked a winner, huh?

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL ICU, DANNI'S ROOM - DAY

In bed, Danni breathes through a ventilator. The machines beep with low but stable vitals. She's alive, for now.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - DAY

Through the window, Nathan and Crowley watch Danni breath. Jon, Wells and Amelia are scattered through the room.

CROWLEY

(turning)

If it's not an allergy, what is it?

AMELIA

We're not sure.

NATHAN

Maybe there's an outside cause.
Something environmental?

WELLS

There was no outside cause.

Jon chimes in meekly from the back.

JON

I really think it was the soup.

CROWLEY

Did you find anything in it?

JON

I-I haven't tested it yet. I was going to do Curtis' autopsy next.

AMELIA

Why would Curtis take the poison?

CROWLEY

He wouldn't. The crash killed him.

Jon steps forward, still not confident.

JON

Actually, there isn't enough external injury to say for sure.

WELLS

Plus, Maggie totally admitted trying to kill her family before she disappeared.

CROWLEY

So what's your theory?

Jon's thrown off.

JON

You care about my theory?

CROWLEY

I care about saving a little girl.

All eyes are on him.

JON

Maggie didn't die from an allergic reaction. Her heart exploded from too much adrenaline. And we didn't find any poison in her stomach.

CROWLEY

We?

WELLS

Yes, Fran. We.

JON

Wells did the first test. No poison. So, that, plus her EpiPen in the trash next to soup ingredients... I think she made dinner, pre-empting her allergic reaction by using her own EpiPen.

NATHAN

Jesus...

WELLS

Genius!

Jon rolls his eyes at Wells. He knows Maggie told them.

CROWLEY

A mother wouldn't kill her kid.

Amelia and Nathan share a look. Amelia proceeds with caution.

AMELIA

It's not... unprecedented.

Crowley pushes off the wall.

CROWLEY
Can you prove that theory?

JON
Not yet.

CROWLEY
Then let's go do an autopsy.

She storms out, demanding Jon follow.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL MORGUE - DAY

Curtis' body lies on the morgue table. By all accounts, HE LOOKS DEAD -- No breathing and he's a pale blue color.

Jon eagerly buzzes around the body. Amelia and Crowley disappointedly hover over the other side of the table.

CROWLEY
What are you waiting for?

JON
I haven't done an external exam..

CROWLEY
Can you just--

She gestures like a pair of scissors. "Snip, snip."

Nodding, Jon plucks a scalpel from the tray. Deep breath.

AMELIA
Uh, doctor Johnny, a scalpel won't cut through bone. You need a--

JON
Vibrating Stryker saw.

WELLS
Vibrating Stryker saw.

JON (CONT'D)
Sorry. I'm just nervous.

CROWLEY
That's always what you wanna hear.

Jon grabs the electric bone saw. He lines up the blade.

WELLS
Y-incision, belly-button up.

Jon turns on the saw and starts cutting through Curtis' sternum. He cuts from neck to abs. Nothing happens, then --
Blood bubbles up from the gash and flows over the table.

JON
What the...

AMELIA
Is that blood?

CROWLEY
What did you do, Spacer?

Curtis jolts, gasping. Blood pours out of the gash. Jon and Crowley jump backward, screaming.

THEN: Curtis collapses back onto the table. Amelia laughs.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, OR - DAY

Curtis' body is on a table with his chest opened up. Amelia, Nathan and nurses work furiously to sew his heart.

AMELIA
I thought you said he was dead!

NATHAN
Well he's dead now.

Amelia packs Curtis' chest with gauze, stopping the bleeds.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - DAY

Crowley has cornered Jon, furiously.

CROWLEY
So let me get this straight... He was sitting in the morgue, alive for hours?! Our key witness.

JON
Apparently his heart rate and breathing were so decreased... he appeared dead on the scene.

She's frustrated, rubbing her temple and pacing again.

CROWLEY
This is gonna be so much paperwork. Do you even know what you're doing?

JON

At least we can narrow down a type of poison with those symptoms...

CROWLEY

Oh good. And if he lives, I can arrest him.

JON

But he's not a suspect.

CROWLEY

Don't you dare tell me how to run my case, kid. I appreciate your theory, but Maggie wouldn't poison her child.

JON

You can't just put a little girl in foster care without being sure. Do you know how bad the system is?

Crowley huffs, not sure if she wants to yell or not.

CROWLEY

Do you?

JON

Yes. I do.

Crowley stops. She knows she struck a chord.

CROWLEY

Just -- I don't want any more surprises on this case. Got it?

Crowley impatiently presses for a response. Jon nods softly.

JON

No more surprises.

Jon pushes the observation room door open, heading inside.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL OR OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Curtis, completely nude as a ghost, attempts to punch Wells, but falls through him instead. Jon scurries over.

WELLS

Really? You see this, Jon?

JON

You were supposed to bring Curtis up to speed.

Jon kneels to help Curtis, but obviously can't touch him.

WELLS

I did. I said he's an ass who deserved to die for hitting his wife.

JON

Unhelpful.

CURTIS

Whatever she told you, I didn't do.

WELLS

You seemed pretty eager to hit me.

Curtis stands, steadying himself.

CURTIS

She told people I was abusive or cheating to force me to sign divorce papers. I had some anger issues, but I'd never hit my family.

WELLS

I saw the bruises, while I was fu--

Jon quickly averts his gaze because Curtis is naked.

JON

Enough. Maggie lied to me, too. We originally thought you killed her, but after we found you, she admitted she poisoned the food.

CURTIS

What about Danni? Is she okay?

JON

She's alive, in the ICU while we try to figure out what did this.

CURTIS

I don't know. I ate half a bowl, then Maggie was on the floor. You really think it was poisoned?

Jon nods. Curtis' gaze trails off, like he's reliving it.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Danni used her EpiPen, but Maggie wasn't moving. And then Danni was having trouble breathing. She didn't have time, and I couldn't carry them both. I tried...

JON

Maggie died immediately after that EpiPen. She was gone already.

Curtis nods, trying to stop himself from crying.

CURTIS

I put Danni in my truck and sped toward the hospital. And then I lost control of the car.

Jon taps his nose with a hand over his mouth, thinking.

JON

Why though? Did you swerve, or lose your vision? Any numbness?

CURTIS

Yes! Numbness. My hands and feet started tingling while I was driving. I tried to... I tried--

Curtis clutches his heart.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Ugh! My chest is tight.

Jon jolts toward him. Curtis drops to his knees.

JON

Curtis? What's happening?

CURTIS

My heart... hurts.

WELLS

My neck felt funny when I woke up. Could this be residual?

Curtis falls onto his stomach. Jon panics; this is new.

THEN: Curtis slowly fades away. Jon rushes to the OR window.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, OR - CONTINUOUS

The HEARTRATE MONITOR shows that Curtis is alive with a strong pulse. Amelia faces the observation room. Thumbs up.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - DAY

Nathan pushes Curtis on a hospital bed. Crowley walks nearby.

CROWLEY

You okay?

NATHAN

Are you?

She huffs.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I let Zoey get to me.

CROWLEY

(laughing awkwardly)

More than once, I bet.

Nathan gives her a look. She shuts up quickly.

NATHAN

You know what I mean. Zoey chases zebras and exciting saves. I see a symptom and the treatment. That's it. Maybe I'm burnt out like Wells.

CROWLEY

Wells was being selfish.

Crowley stops. Nathan does after a few steps, looking back.

NATHAN

I don't agree with how, but I get why. I'm fucking tired, Fran.

CROWLEY

We're not here to save people. As much as we want to believe it - cops, doctors, whoever - we're here to clean up the mess. Put away criminals after the fact; identify a symptom and treat. You're lying to yourself if it's anything more.

She actually pats Nathan this time.

CROWLEY (CONT'D)

So if you've got nothing left to give, then quit. But don't act like we're supposed to be super heroes.

She walks away, leaving him to reflect.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL ICU, HALLWAY - DAY

Jon paces by the OR door. Wells leans, carefree. Then, Amelia exits, taking off her surgical cap. Jon pounces.

JON

You revived him.

Amelia shoots him a look and continues walking. They follow.

AMELIA

Was I not supposed to?

WELLS

I wouldn't have.

JON

Just, um, thanks for fixing my mistake.

AMELIA

You say that word like it's bad.

JON

Isn't it?

AMELIA

(scoffing)

I get why you left medicine.

JON

What's that supposed to mean?

She stops, turning toward him. Wells accidentally keeps going and walks through her. Jon shudders a bit.

AMELIA

You panic in the OR. You suck with people. And that tattoo of yours -- Your life motto?

Jon looks down at his arm. Amelia makes a buzzing sound.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Ehhh. That's the worst thing to take from the Hippocratic Oath.

(MORE)

AMELIA (CONT'D)

You don't become a doctor to avoid harm. If that's all you wanted, you should've just been a librarian.

She gets in his face.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Being paralyzed by the fear of doing something wrong just makes you miss the chance to do anything right. Nut up or shut up, Johnny.

She strides off. Jon is dumbstruck as Wells appears by him.

WELLS

A librarian?

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL ICU, CURTIS' ROOM - DAY

Curtis struggles to breath through a ventilator. He's handcuffed to the bed even though he's not conscious.

Crowley leans on the wall with her arms crossed. Nathan sits in the chair, defeated. Amelia is looking at Curtis' vitals.

Jon and Wells are by the door.

NATHAN

Now we have two patients on vents.

JON

But we learned something. Low heart rate, breathing issues from the poison, and numbness in the hands.

CROWLEY

Where'd you get numbness?

WELLS

Yeah, Jon. Where'd you get that?

JON

Just a guess... from the car crash.

CROWLEY

Great. Now we're guessing.

AMELIA

Okay, so all of that means... What?

The group is out of answers, thinking and not able to speak.

CROWLEY

Anything, people? God damnit. Wells would've figured this out by now.

NATHAN

What was in the soup?

JON

I haven't tested it yet. With everything going on--

NATHAN

No, I mean... What type of soup?

JON

Clam.

WELLS

Supposed to be pufferfish.

CROWLEY

You haven't tested it for poison?

JON

There's no test for poison. I have to run individual tests for each, of which there are thousands.

CROWLEY

Then go get started!

AMELIA

Fran, relax.

JON

So hundreds now. Without some idea of what to test, it won't matter.

CROWLEY

Why are you even here?

JON

Screw you.

CROWLEY

Excuse me?

Nathan leans forward, breaking the tension.

NATHAN

Saxitoxin.

CROWLEY

What?

She spins toward him aggressively. He stands, triumphant.

NATHAN

It's paralytic shellfish poisoning.
I've seen a few cases. Uncleaned
clams can sometimes contain
Saxitoxin which causes paralysis,
respiratory failure... even death.

CROWLEY

Is it curable?

NATHAN

With activated charcoal and a
gastric lavage, they should be.

AMELIA

Charcoal is safe. It can't hurt to
try, so I say do it.

Nathan rushes to the medical supply cart, searching through.

CROWLEY

How soon will we know?

NATHAN

Within hours.

JON

I can test the soup and Curtis for
Saxitoxin. I just need a little bit
of his blood...

AMELIA

I'm sure he'll give it to you if
you ask like that.

Jon exits as Nathan treats Danni. Crowley looks relieved.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL ICU, HALLWAY - DAY

Jon heads down the hallway. Wells keeps up.

WELLS

Nate was close. It's Tetrodotoxin,
another type of fish-based poison.
But it requires neostigmine along
with charcoal.

JON

I'll go test to confirm...

Jon continues down the hallway.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY

Jon bends over a set of glass vials on the testing table in the morgue. He picks up a dropper of a LIGHT PINK colored liquid. Wells, behind him, expresses his annoyance.

WELLS

You're wasting time. They won't recover fully without neostigmine.

JON

We need to be sure. I can't just rely on your best guess this time.

He squeezes the dropper onto two of the vials. Wells scoffs.

WELLS

Best guess? You wouldn't even know how to do this test without me.

Jon turns to engage Wells.

JON

I get it!
(beat)
I don't know what I'm doing.

WELLS

You don't need to know what you're doing. You just need to trust me.

He faces away, frustrated.

JON

Ghosts confirming the story doesn't make great evidence.

WELLS

Then use that as evidence.

Wells nods toward the vial. It's a DEEP PURPLE color now. Jon's dismayed reaction confirms that Wells was correct.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Go tell them Maggie poisoned her family with Tetrodotoxin.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL ICU, DANNI'S ROOM - DAY

Danni is alive and breathing on her own, doing so much better that she's eating a Jell-O cup as Crowley asks her questions.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL ICU, HALLWAY - DAY

Amelia watches through the window. Crowley exits the room.

CROWLEY

It's confirmed. Maggie made dinner.
You wanna tell Spacer?

AMELIA

It'll be better coming from you.

Crowley flips her notepad closed with a grunt. Amelia grins.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jon crawls onto the bed of the hotel room. He collapses, crying next to Luan. Luan tries to comfort him. On the dresser in the background are Jon's MEDICAL TEXTBOOKS.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL ICU, CURTIS' ROOM - DAY

Curtis is awake. Danni sits in a wheelchair by his bed. He looks over at her and smiles. She leans up to hug him in bed. He places a loving hand on her head. They're okay.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL ICU, HALLWAY - DAY

Through the glass walls, Nathan and Zoey watch the happy exchange. Zoey is dressed in street clothes with a BACKPACK.

NATHAN

I was wrong again.

ZOEY

The charcoal bought them time.
You've still got some saves in you.

NATHAN

Maybe.

Zoey pushes off from the wall. She touches him playfully.

ZOEY
Dinner later?

He perks up, smiling at her.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Crowley carefully places a box of HEDGER evidence on the shelf. The room is loaded with other boxes for open cases.

Mendez appears in the doorway.

MENDEZ
Case closed? Can't arrest a dead woman. Kind of a disappointing end.

She picks up WELLS' DEATH CERTIFICATE from on top of the box.

CROWLEY
One last thing to file.

Mendez moves into the evidence room. Crowley squeezes by him. They hesitate, creating a charged moment. Mendez coughs.

MENDEZ
Want to go grab a beer? Seems like you could use one.

CROWLEY
It's 9 a.m.

MENDEZ
Breakfast then?
(sighing)
Tell Jason I said hi.

Crowley hefts the folder in her hand, motioning toward Mendez in a "you got it" motion as she leaves.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL MORGUE - DAY

Jon enters the morgue, carrying a chart. Wells has been waiting. He jumps up from the autopsy table.

WELLS
What's that?

He motions to the chart. Jon hefts it in his hand.

JON
Danni and Curtis are going to make a full recovery. Thanks to you.

WELLS

We do good work. My expertise,
your... alive-ness.

Jon drops the chart on top of the autopsy table.

JON

I was wondering, though: How'd you
know to test for Tetrodotoxin when
everything pointed to Saxitoxin?

Wells looks at Jon, then at the chart.

WELLS

I have a gift for cause of death.

JON

And then all those mentions of
pufferfish versus clams...

WELLS

Even I make mistakes. Remember?

JON

Right... But I have a bunch of
medical textbooks, and I read that
Tetrodotoxin isn't found in clams.
It's found in pufferfish. So I
checked for any other sources, and
guess what? Synthetic TTX is used
in hospitals. And our pharmacy logs
show three bottles are missing.

Jon points to the CHART.

JON (CONT'D)

You gave TTX to Maggie, didn't you?

Jon scans Wells' face, looking for the truth. THEN: Wells
smiles. For the first time, Jon knows he was right.

WELLS

Look at that -- You're better at
this than I thought.

Jon leans on the rolling chair, defeated.

JON

Crowley thinks you killed yourself
out of guilt from screwing up the
case. But... the mistake you've
been trying to fix was this.

WELLS

I loved her. And believed her about Curtis, and wanting to start over.

Jon pops back up. He gesticulates angrily at Wells.

JON

You almost killed a whole family!

WELLS

Danni shouldn't have been home! Maggie was supposed to buy pufferfish, dose the meal and then use an EpiPen on herself. I'd rule Curtis' death as accidental after attempting to kill Maggie.

JON

And instead, Maggie got a double dose of adrenaline and died. So when she rolled into the morgue...

WELLS

I told you before. People make decisions with the information--

JON

Shut. Up.

(beat)

Crowley was right. You are a fucking coward. Both you and Maggie. She's not even coming back to face what she did.

WELLS

At least I stayed to help, right?

JON

You could've given me the answer from the start.

WELLS

Then you wouldn't have learned anything. Now you can play pretend.

He throws the file at Wells. It goes through him.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Oh don't be like that, Jon. We have dozens of unsolved cases; serial killers, hit-and-runs. A fire in the 80's killed dozens of people and no one knows the cause. Think of all the good we can do together!

JON
I'm turning you in.

WELLS
Sure, yeah. If those pharmacy logs weren't anything more than circumstantial evidence. Of if you could explain why you tested for TTX after we had a diagnosis...

JON
There's another way to explain it.

Jon storms off.

WELLS
Some decisions you can't come back from, Jon! Trust me.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT, MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Mendez is heading out. Jon barges in, spotting him.

MENDEZ
Doc! What a night, huh? What's up?

JON
Mendez, I don't know how say this, but... I think doctor Wells was involved in killing Maggie. He committed suicide because he was afraid of getting caught.

MENDEZ
Wow... that would be one hell of a wrap up. Do you have any evidence?

Mendez starts walking toward the exit. Jon follows along.

JON
Not anything concrete, but--

MENDEZ
Then how do you know?

Jon stops in his tracks. Mendez does too, turning around.

JON
Mendez... I can speak to...

He stops. Mendez stares at him very intensely. He sighs.

JON (CONT'D)
 I can speak to Crowley about it
 later. Thanks for helping me today.

Mendez passes Jon with a friendly jab as he goes.

MENDEZ
 You want breakfast? Fran bailed.

JON
 Next time.

INT. CROWLEY'S HOME, HALLWAY - DAY

Crowley tosses her keys down a small table. She slugs down the hallway, stopping in front of a door with a bright-colored sign that reads: JASON'S ROOM. She squeaks it open.

INT. CROWLEY'S HOME, JASON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The posters, trophies and pictures are snapshots of another time. Crowley strokes a PICTURE of her son, resting on the dresser next to a funeral urn.

THEN: Crowley flops down on top of the blanket.

CROWLEY
 Hey buddy; it's mom... I thought
 about you a lot today. We had a
 little girl who--

Crowley's walkie squawks.

DISPATCH
 We've got a call for a body found
 near Stamford avenue.

Crowley reaches up, she's going to turn off the walkie, but... instead she holds the button to respond with a sigh.

CROWLEY
 I'm nearby. Send me the address.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL ICU, CURTIS' ROOM - DAY

Nathan checks Curtis' vitals. Danni rests next to the bed.

NATHAN
 How are you both feeling?

DANNI
 Much better!

Nathan picks up the chart. Curtis sits up.

CURTIS
 Thank you, doctor Klark.
 (beat)
 Can also you thank Jon for me?

NATHAN
 Doctor Spacer? Of course. I didn't
 realize you two had met.

Curtis is puzzled. He remembers something hazily...

CURTIS
 We did. At least... I think we did.

Nathan nods and puts down the chart.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL, BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Jon saunters toward the morgue, only to find Amelia standing outside the door with a file. She looks troubled.

AMELIA
 You're in so much trouble.

Jon eyes the file. She gives him a questioning look -- is she about to confront him? Then she hands him the paperwork.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
 I'm not doing the autopsy while
 you're on a lunch break. Autopsies
 are boring!

She laughs, walking away. He takes the file, confused but blissfully unaware. He swipes into the morgue.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Jon bee-lines to the new body awaiting him. Wells follows.

WELLS
 Oh good; you're back. Since you're
 not in the psych ward, I assume you
 didn't fall on your sword.

JON
 I'll find more concrete evidence.
 Then I'll tell Crowley.

WELLS

Mhm. The desire for self-preservation is a little stronger than even our morals at times, huh?

JON

I am nothing like you.

Jon stops; there are three new ghosts watching him. He sighs.

WELLS

Right. Well... we've got some new guests. Should we get started?

Jon starts putting on gloves.

JON

If this is going to work, I need you to be honest with me.

WELLS

Of course.

JON

We stick to the science and that's it. I don't want your opinions or your twisted morals in the way.

WELLS

(laughs)

What's the matter, doctor - Worried I'll make you kill someone too?

Jon pulls down the mic. He raises an eyebrow to Wells - Deal? Wells motions to proceed. Jon flips open the file, starting.

JON

This is doctor Jonathan Spacer conducting autopsy on Mark Hughes, found in the Springfield dump.

Jon leans in. The BUZZING of overhead lights grows louder...

WELLS

Start with the external exam...

JON

I know!

END ACT FIVE

TAG

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT

BUZZZZZZING medical lights overtake the room and A WALL CLOCK paces out the seconds of each more disturbing sight. Tick.

BODY PARTS floating in glass jars line the counters. Tick.

COLD DRAWERS are opened haphazardly, protruding the toe tags of the freshly deceased. There shouldn't be this many. Tick.

THE PUTRID FLESH of a bloated, dead woman on the table. Tick.

BLOOD SPATTER all over the wall and the ceiling.

Jon hyperventilates, covered in blood. He stares down, behind the table, not at the woman on it. Wells peers over.

On the ground, Curtis lies, bubbling blood from his mouth. On his chest are a dozen stab wounds from a scalpel.

WELLS

What did you...

REVEAL: A bloody scalpel falls from Jon's hand, crashing to the floor next to Crowley's unmistakable RUGAR BLACKHAWK REVOLVER.

JON

I don't--

Wells spins; fuming and terrified. Jon can't stop shaking.

WELLS

What did you do?!

JON

He said-- and then you--

Wells points, eerily raising a finger toward Jon's stomach.

WELLS

Jon... He shot you.

Jon's gaze pans downward. Then he finds it. He's bleeding. Was he really shot? He touches the blood, breathing heavily.

FADE TO BLACK