

SERIOUSLY WOUNDED

By

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FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Morning sun-rays fill the room with brightness.

A nurse, KATIE (33) tends to a patient on the bed.

The patient is NICK BONZE (30). Hard to tell what he looks like. His head is wrapped in gauze. A few dark red stains over his right eye and under his chin. Only his eyes, nose and mouth are visible. His right leg is in traction.

Katie holds a cup with a flex straw in it to Nick's mouth. Nick struggles to open his wired shut jaw enough to drink. He slurps as he drinks.

Katie pulls the straw out.

KATIE

I can't let you have any more.
You're not supposed to drink
anything before you're put under.

Nick tries to say something, but it comes out garbled.

Katie pats his hand with affection.

KATIE

Poor thing...you're lucky the
bullet was just a .22 and not one
of those that turn into a mushroom.
You would be dead now.

She pats his hand again. Nick manages a tiny nod.

DR. PORTER (57) enters the room. He wears the obligatory white coat with a stethoscope in his pocket. A patient's file in his hand.

Katie looks surprised at Dr. Porter. She smiles at him.

KATIE

Good morning Dr. Porter.

DR. PORTER

Good morning Katie.

Dr. Porter strides over to Nick. Glances quickly through the file. Flips some papers.

DR. PORTER

I'm Dr. Porter. I'm your
anesthesiologist. I was here on the
floor so I decided to take you down
to surgery myself.

His eyes meet with Nick's for a long moment.

DR. PORTER
(to Katie)
I'll take care of him.

KATIE
Yes, doctor.

Katie leaves the room.

DR. PORTER
So, we're doing a little surgery today to relieve some of that pressure on your brain...Don't worry about it. It's quite common to have swelling after brain surgery and considering that you just had a bullet removed, I'm not surprised at all.

Nick answers with a grunt.

Dr. Porter releases the brakes on the bed then pushes the IV stand next to the bed.

DR. PORTER
Think you can hold onto this?

Nick grabs the stand. Holds it tight. Dr. Porter pushes the bed towards the doorway.

DR. PORTER
Are they treating you well?...The nurses?

A small nod and a grunt from Nick. Dr. Porter pushes the bed out onto the ward.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Porter pushes Nick's bed.

DR. PORTER
My daughter was a nurse...She's dead now.

Various people move about in the ward corridor.

DR. PORTER
Was only thirty years old when someone broke into her house and raped and killed her.

Nick's eyes are fixed on the ceiling.

NICK'S P.O.V.

Ugly florescent lights stream by.

BACK TO SCENE

DR. PORTER

I was the one who found her...She
was on her bed. She had been
stabbed to death. It was a
horrendous scene.

Nick's eyes grow a little wider.

They move down the corridor towards the elevators. A pretty
nurse with admiration in her eyes smiles at the Doctor.

ROCHELLE

Good morning Dr. Porter.

He smiles back.

DR. PORTER

Good morning Rochelle.

They stop by the elevators.

DR. PORTER

Can you imagine what it feels like
for a father to find his daughter
like that?...I felt like I had been
stabbed in the heart.

Ding! The doors slide open.

The elevator is empty. Dr. Porter pushes the bed in.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Porter pushes a button. The doors slide shut.

DR. PORTER

I swore I would kill the bastard
who did it. Lucky for me the guy
was a real amateur. He'd dropped
his wallet under the bed...

Nick's nervous eyes dart back and forth.

The elevator stops. The lights flicker.

DR. PORTER

I never turned it in to the police.
Wanted to get him myself.

The elevator jolts to a start.

DR. PORTER

He was easy to find since his name,
address and picture were all on his
drivers license.

The elevator stops. The doors open. Dr. Porter pushes the bed
out into another corridor.

INT. SURGERY WARD CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Medical staff push beds with patients in them.

Nick stares at them as they go by, but their eyes are all on
the doctor. They smile at him. Nod or say good morning.

Dr. Porter lowers his voice.

DR. PORTER

I went to his apartment. I had a
gun with me and a ski-mask on. I
found him in the stairway.

Nick tries to holler, but it's muffled. Indiscernible. No one
pays attention to him. He pulls the IV out of his arm. Makes
a mess. No one cares.

DR. PORTER

My hands were shaking so badly. I'm
not used to guns, you see. I aimed
at his chest, but missed. Hit him
in the leg instead.

Dr. Porter stops by a set of double doors. He pushes a button
on the wall. The doors open. Nick tries to scream to get
attention from passers by.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Porter pushes the bed inside the operating room.

DR. PORTER

I fired off another shot. Managed
to hit him in the head...Wouldn't
you know it, the fucker still
survived!

He parks the bed in the middle of the room.

DR. PORTER

I won't screw up this time. I may
be no good with guns, but when it
comes to anesthesia, I know exactly
what I'm doing.

Nick's in a panic. Flail his arms around. Makes a lot of garbled noise.

Two nurses dressed in full surgical gear enter from another set of doors.

Dr. Porter smiles at the nurses. Pats Nick on the shoulder.

DR. PORTER

Looks like Mr. Bonze here is a little nervous about the surgery. Why don't you get him something to help him relax while we wait for the rest of the team?

NURSE NOOMIE

Of course, doctor.

Dr. Porter heads for the same doors the nurses came from. The nurses sidle up to Nick.

Nurse Sheila picks up a syringe from a tray. She jabs the needle into a bottle. Draws in the liquid.

Nick freaks. Crazy eyes stare at the nurses. Garbled screams. He tries to fight them with his arms.

NURSE SHEILA

It's okay dear. Try to relax.

Noomie holds him down while Sheila jabs the needle in him. Soon the drugs have calmed him down some.

The doors open. Dr. Porter enters dressed for surgery. He strides up to the bed. Glares into Nick's eyes.

DR. PORTER

Ready to go under?

Dr. Porter takes a seat behind Nick.

NICK'S P.O.V.

A hand with a clear plastic mask descends. A struggle then the mask covers his nose and mouth.

The nurses and the room blurs...then black...

FADE OUT: