

I Am Not My Motherland

by Emily Acker

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Characters

Mr. Irving Miller	the patient [African American, 60s]
Dr. Amina Leroy	the surgeon [Palestinian American, late 30s]
Also Yalda	[20s]
Also The Girl	[20s]
Dr. Jessica Rosel	her resident [Israeli American, 20s]
Also Jacob	[20s]
Also The Solider	[20s]

Setting

a doctor's office—
also an exam room—
also a bunker

the space feels abandoned yet thriving—
something sacrificial.

Notes

A character's name with no dialogue after it is a silent response of any duration.

A / indicates overlapping dialogue.

Dialogue in [brackets] is not spoken.

A long dividing line like this

indicates an alternate reality.

There are no blackouts in this play.

The scene titles indicate the character point of view of that scene. They should be projected at the top of each scene. Additionally, there are point of view shifts within scenes that should also be projected.

“I was never a man of great ambition
I cried too easily
I didn't have a head for science
Words often failed me
While others prayed I only moved my lips”
-- Nicole Krauss, *The History of Love*

“I and the public know
What all schoolchildren learn,
Those to whom evil is done
Do evil in return”
-- W. H. Auden, “September 1, 1939”

“There's nothing as significant as a human face. Nor as eloquent. We can never really know another person, except by our first glance at him. Because, in that glance, we know everything. Even though we're not always wise enough to unravel the knowledge.”
-- Ayn Rand, *The Fountainhead*

“History is written by the victors”
--Winston Churchill

O. Dr. Rosel
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Blackness.

*The sound of someone clearing their throat—
The tapping of a pen on a desk—
The artificial lights of a doctor's office flick on one by one.*

*JACOB plants a young tree in the sand.
He admires his work.*

A generation passes,

and then another.

His tree remains.

*From JACOB emerges
DR. JESSICA ROSEL.
There is something biological about the transition—
something simple and
something hazardous.*

*DR. ROSEL, a falsely confident woman,
sits at her desk tapping her pen—*

Dr. Rosel: People fail.
It happens, it happens all the time.
And I know you're upset
but you can take your boards again.
Lots of people take them again—
You're still going to be a doctor,
a *great* doctor.
This is just a set back.
Everyone has setbacks—

Listen.
I've been thinking a lot about this meeting, and.
I'm glad you came to me.
I still wish I could talk to my mentor when I have bad days,
she was a trailblazer—
brilliant surgeon, Dr. Amina Leroy—

Dr. Rosel: Listen.
I've been thinking a lot about this meeting, and.
I'm glad you came to me.
You need a little tough love right now.
You have to put your head down and do better—
people don't like excuses.

Dr. Rosel: Listen.
I've been thinking a lot about this meeting, and.
I'm glad you came to me.
Would it help if we just started drinking?
Rarely had a situation that a few martinis didn't fix.

Dr. Rosel: Listen.
I've been thinking a lot about this meeting, and.
I'm glad you came to me
because something like this—
something devastating like this,
happened to me when I was a young resident.
And it made me think I wasn't supposed to be a doctor anymore either, but.
I always found clarity when I thought about why I wanted to become a doctor in the
first place, and.
Well it's a personal story about my grandfather.

She admires JACOB's tree.

Dr. Rosel: The first person I ever knew who saved someone's life.

*The lights of the doctor's office flicker.
The sound of a nearby explosion—
RreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeBOOOOOOM!*

*From DR. ROSEL emerges
JACOB.
There is something biological about the transition—
something simple and
something hazardous.*

*The sound of gunfire—
CH-CH-CH-CH—POP!
He falls to the sand—*

Jacob: Aghh.

RreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeBOOOOOOM!

Jacob: Help!
 Help me!

A shift—

1a. Dr. Leroy
[project: DR. LEROY]

*MR. IRVING MILLER, an exceedingly regular sort of man,
waits in a doctor's office.*

*DR. AMINA LEROY enters wearing her lab coat.
She might be pretty, if she gave a shit what you thought about her.*

Dr. Leroy: Mr. Miller— I'm Dr. Leroy.

Mr. Miller: Call me Irv.
My friends call me Irv.

Dr. Leroy: Do you mind if I call you Mr. Miller?

Mr. Miller: Sweetheart, the way you look?
You can call me whatever you want!

Dr. Leroy: Well, Mr. Miller, you're in my seat.

Mr. Miller: This one here's your's? This one?
Nah, I'm just kidding!
I knew that. I'm just kidding.
I was just taking a look around.
Don't like comin' to the doctors,
just trying to get acquainted.

MR. MILLER sits on the examination table.

Dr. Leroy: Mr. Miller, I have your CAT scans.

Mr. Miller: Lay it on me, Sweetheart.
I got that apendeci-tosis?

Dr. Leroy: Appendicitis.
No. I'm afraid not.

Mr. Miller: I got one of them parasites?
Those tapeworms?
A tick on my balls or something?
Marcy was always telling me I shouldn't go hunting
without bug spray.
Always trying to check my head for ticks or pests or,
and look it here, she's right again. She used to say,
Irv! I may not always be right, but I'm never wrong!

Dr. Leroy: Very nice.

Mr. Miller: Shame you never met my Marcy.
She knew how to talk to doctors.
Not me though.
I don't like them much—
but she did—
Girl doctor. Very fancy.

Dr. Leroy: Mr. Miller, it's not a tick.
You have what's called Renal Cell Carcinoma.
It's a type of kidney cancer.

Mr. Miller: You saying I'm good as dead?

Dr. Leroy: No I didn't say that at all.

Mr. Miller: But thas what you mean?

Dr. Leroy: Let me explain, Sir—
It's a type of kidney cancer.
It originated in the lining of your proximal convoluted tubule,
but has begun to burrow slightly deeper into the tissue.

Mr. Miller: Like a tumor?

Dr. Leroy: Yep. Exactly.
Your CAT scan shows a small mass
but I won't know the extent of it until I see it myself
and analyze the pathology.

Mr. Miller: Well hotdog.

Dr. Leroy: The most common course of action
is to remove your kidney completely.
The cancer has not metastasized
so the prognosis after such a surgery is often quite positive.

Mr. Miller: Is that right?

Dr. Leroy: And the good news is your other kidney is in perfectly good health.

Mr. Miller: I gotta buddy who was in a roll over accident.
Something faulty about his tractor
and one day he was haulin' some dead crop,

Mr. Miller: and something faulty about the physics,
I don't know corndogs about that kinda stuff,
but he says it's in the physics—
and he says, tumbled right onto'im.
Lost his arm.
You can't lead a normal life with one arm, Sweetheart.

Dr. Leroy: No certainly not, but
I'm not amputating your arm, Mr. Miller.
I'm removing your kidney.

Mr. Miller: I was just kidding, Darling.

Dr. Leroy: I have performed hundreds of nephrectomies before.
It's a serious but fairly common operation.
A great majority of my patients
go back to life as they know it.

Mr. Miller: You don't just wanna take the tumor out and leave my kidney be?
Swear, I wiz ever twenty minutes,
Prob'ly need both of 'em for a wizzer like mine.

Dr. Leroy: You'll still be able to make urine with one kidney.
With tumors this small
it is highly difficult to resect the entire thing
which is why we generally recommend
removing the whole kidney—

Mr. Miller: I don't know about surgery—
it's necessary you think?
You not just trying to strap me down to look around?

Dr. Leroy: I'm not in the habit of operating for the fun of it, Mr. Miller.
You need this surgery to save your life.

Mr. Miller: That right?

Dr. Leroy: In my opinion, yes –
If you prefer I could leave the kidney inside you
and try to remove *just* the tumor.
I've done it before with positive results.

Mr. Miller: You saying you didn't kill the guy?

Dr. Leroy: It is however a trickier operation.
And one surgery will likely not be enough to get all of it.

Dr. Leroy: I expect you would have to return for future treatment.

Mr. Miller: You good at this surgery?

Dr. Leroy: Best in the whole city.

Mr. Miller: The best lady?

Dr. Leroy: Mr. Miller I took this case as a favor to Dr. DeGregorio.

Mr. Miller: Dr. G! Where's he at?
Can he do my surgery?

Dr. Leroy: Dr. DeGregorio moved to Los Angeles.

Mr. Miller: That's right.

Dr. Leroy: He asked me to take care of you.

Mr. Miller: What's your name, Sweetheart?

Dr. Leroy: Sir, would you mind not calling me that?

Mr. Miller: I'm sorry, Darling, what's your name?

Dr. Leroy: I told you.
My name is Dr. Leroy.

Mr. Miller: Dr. Leroy if you're gonna slice me open,
limp dick, tubes down my pie hole,
knowing all my insides—
could you not be so [doctor-y]
and let me know your real name?

Dr. Leroy:

Mr. Miller: Sister, your mama never gave you a name?

Dr. Leroy: Amina.

Mr. Miller: That's all?
My Marcy got three middle names, believe that?
Family names, you know.

Dr. Leroy: Amina Yalda Ahmed Leroy.
Yalda was my mother.

Dr. Leroy: Ahmed was her father's name.

Mr. Miller: Where she from?

Dr. Leroy: She's Palestinian.
But we grew up outside the city.

Mr. Miller: Leroy don't sound Arab.

Dr. Leroy: My father was French.

Mr. Miller: You telling me I gotta frufu French. Arab.
Lady Surgeon?

Dr. Leroy: That's what I'm telling you, Sir.

Mr. Miller: You the best though?

Dr. Leroy: Imagine that.

Mr. Miller: You the best though?

Dr. Leroy: I can reassign this case if you don't believe me.

Mr. Miller: You the best though?

Dr. Leroy: I'm not sure.

Mr. Miller: You the best though?

Dr. Leroy: I promise.

Mr. Miller: [Now she's making promises...]

Dr. Leroy: [Did I leave the lock the front door?]

Mr. Miller: You gonna ask me my name?

Dr. Leroy: Mr. Miller, I have your chart.

Mr. Miller: So that means you know me?

Dr. Leroy: I know what I need to know for now.

Mr. Miller:

Dr. Leroy: [Fine.]
What's your name?

Mr. Miller: I'm Irving Allen Miller Jr.
My friends call me Irv.

Dr. Leroy: Nice to meet you—
I'm going to get Dr. Rosel to come in and tell you more about the operation—

Mr. Miller: And you think I should chop the whole thing out?

Dr. Leroy: I do.

She exits.
A shift—

1b. Irv
[project: MR. MILLER]

*MR. IRV MILLER, a proudly simple man,
sits in a doctor's office.*

*DR. AMINA LEROY enters wearing her lab coat.
She might be pretty if she wasn't so severe looking.*

Irv: I got that apendeci-tosis?

Amina: Appendicitis.
No. I'm afraid not.

Irv: I got one of them parasites?
Those tapeworms?
A tick on my balls or something?
Marcy was always telling me I shouldn't go hunting without bug spray.
Always trying to check my head for ticks or pests or,
and look it here, she's right again. She used to say, Irv!
I may not always be right, but I'm never wrong!

Amina: Mr. Miller, it's worse than a tick I'm afraid.
You have what's called Renal Cell Carcinoma.

Irv: Chickenpox!

Amina: You have what's called Renal Cell Carcinoma.

Irv: You wanna Bend-Me-Ova?!

Amina: You have what's called Renal Cell Carcinoma.

Irv: What's that now?
I don't understand.

Amina: It's a type of kidney cancer.

*Time slows.
A dull, foggy ring, clouds over MR. MILLER.*

Amina: A tuuuuumor.

Louder now,

*like a telephone off the hook—
eeeeee eeeee eeeee.*

Amina: Operaaaaaatiooonnnnn.

*Now caustic—
like a heart monitor cutting out—
BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE—*

Amina: Llllllifffee aaaasss youuuuu knooooowww iiiitttt.

—EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP.

Amina: Nearly one hundred percent of my patients
go back to life as they know it.
Mr. Miller?
Mr. Miller, are you alright?

Irv: Tell me your name Doc.

Amina: I'm Dr. Leroy, / remember?

Irv: I know that. I remember.

Amina: Can you tell me where you are right now, Sir?

Irv: Don't talk to me like I'm stupid,
I'm not stupid.

Amina: You weren't responding for a moment.

Irv: What's your real name?
The one your mother gave you.

Amina: Amina.

Irv: Amina. That's elegant.

Amina: Thank you.

Irv: Not like Irv.
Irv, that's a working man's name. Which is fine.
I'm a working man, but.
Amina. That sounds like your mama musta knew.

Amina: Knew what, Sir?

Irv: You would want to be somebody.

Amina: I think she just liked the way it sounds.

Irv: Yeah, ok
well I've seen your face.
I got your name.
Now we know each other.

Amina:

Irv:

Amina: I'm going to get Dr. Rosel to come in and tell you more about the operation—

Irv: He any good?

Amina: *She* is, yes.
She's very good.
We're both very good.

Irv: Two ladies at the same time!
Lucky me!

Amina: Lucky you.

Irv: She as pretty as you?

Amina: You're very funny, Mr. Miller.

Irv: No I'm just kidding. I'm a kidder!
That's what my Marce said anyhow.

Amina: It's best if we operate as soon as possible.

Irv: I don't know about surgery—
it's necessary you think?
You not just trying to strap me down to look around?

Amina: I'm not in the habit of operating for the fun of it, Mr. Miller.
You need this surgery to save your life.

Irv: That right?

Amina: In my opinion, yes –

Iv: And you think I should chop the whole thing out?

Amina: That's my recommendation, yes.
 But if you'd prefer me to try and resect the tumor—

Irv: Nah, I'm with you.
 Let's annihilate this motherfucker.

A shift—

2a. Hollywood Says...

*A splitting open—
Like a bone saw to a sternum—
sucked through a vacuum into another time and space entirely.*

*White lights flare—
BOOM! WOW!
VAVOOOOM!*

*The sand is sandier!
The bunker is bunker-y-er!
This is the realest fake bunker you have ever seen.*

*The voice of a narrator, not unlike God
or Morgan Freeman,
booms:*

*Our story begins,
poised between two sides of one of the most contentious
conflicts of humankind.*

A GIRL and A SOLDIER circle each other with curiosity.

*The setting:
The land of Israel,
Formerly Palestine,
Formerly conquered by The British,
Formerly conquered by The Ottomans
Formerly invaded by The Crusaders
Formerly conquered by The Persians
 Where Muhammad ascended
Formerly conquered by The Romans
 Where Jesus was sacrificed
 When the Temple was destroyed
Formerly conquered by The Greeks
Formerly conquered by The Babylonians
 When the Temple was destroyed
Formerly conquered by The Egyptians
Formerly conquered by The Philistines
Formerly conquered by King David
The home of the Israelites
Formerly enslaved by Pharaoh.*

*The home of Mount Moriah and Marwah,
Where Isaac and Ishmael were sacrificed*

*Formerly darkness
before,
Let There Be Light.*

A great, deep history of—

*The sound of gunfire—
CH-CH-CH-CH— POP!*

A GIRL and A SOLDIER scatter.

RreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeBOOOOOOM!

love.

*A further splitting open—
Cracking open the chest cavity even wider—
Sucked further through a vacuum into another time and space
entirely—*

2b. The Media Says...

*The fierce light of a camera in the dark—
The same narrator, this time the voice of a newscaster reporting live—*

*In this hour breaking news out of the Middle East,
graphic footage of—
please be advised.*

*Throughout the briefing:
The sound of gunfire—
CH-CH-CH-CH— POP!*

A GIRL and A SOLDIER circle each other in fear.

RreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeBOOOOOOM!

*1948—
The War of Independence,
or The Nakba, meaning catastrophe.
A Jewish State is born
The Palestinian Exodus begins.
Now refugees
from the new occupation,
both forcibly removed
and decding to leave.*

*The War of 1967,
or the Six Day War,
The Israelis ambushed from all sides,
managed not only to survive,
but more than double their conquered territory,
including the city of Jerusalem.*

*Now refugees
from the new occupation,
both forcibly removed
and deciding to leave.
More and more and more.*

RreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeBOOOOOOM!

*The war of 1973
or The Yom Kippur War—*

RreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeBOOOOOOM!

1982—

More and more—

RreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeBOOOOOOM!

1987 Intifada—

2006—

More and more and more and more—

*In this hour breaking news out of the Middle East,
graphic footage of—
please be advised.*

RreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeBOOOOOOM!

*The camera light blinks out—
Heavy breath in darkness—*

*A splitting open—
The gasp of resuscitation and resurrection—
An upward, backward swirl of a drain—*

3a. Dr. Rosel
[project: DR. ROSEL]

DR. ROSEL continues her story in her office.

Dr. Rosel: Sometime after my grandfather's unit was hit
he found himself—
We're not entirely sure how he got there—

THE GIRL, wearing a hijab, appears.

Dr. Rosel: but the way he tells it,
he found himself
underground—
later learning it was an abandoned bunker,
some vestige of a war past—
and when he became conscious again
he was safely underground,
in the arms of a woman—

*From DR. ROSEL emerges
her grandfather, JACOB.*

He is passed out in THE GIRL's lap.

He wakes in a coughing fit.

The Girl: That's alright.

THE GIRL brings a pail of water to JACOB's lips.

The Girl: Steady.

JACOB drinks.

Jacob: Am I dead?

The Girl: Not anymore.

Jacob: Not *anymore*?

The Girl: I thought you might be.
Looks like you're fine now.

Jacob: How long have we been here?

The Girl: I'm not sure.
You showed up at the bunker's edge at sunrise.

Jacob: That's not too long.

The Girl: Just a day or so,
I can't remember.

Jacob: I don't remember anything.

The Girl: We should be able to leave soon.

Jacob: Thank you for taking care of me.

The Girl: I didn't do anything.

Jacob: You did.

The Girl: You kept me company.

Jacob: I didn't. I only woke just now.

The Girl: I promise you did.

He explodes into coughing fit.

The Girl: Ok, it's ok.

THE GIRL helps him drink.

Jacob: Sorry—

*From JACOB emerges
DR. ROSEL—
DR. ROSEL clears her throat—*

Dr. Rosel: Sorry—

*She reaches for some water—
She drinks.*

Dr. Rosel: Sorry, where was I?

*A shift—
And THE GIRL becomes DR. LEROY
sitting in her office.*

Dr. Rosel: Sorry—
Dr. Leroy?

*DR. ROSEL, a sensitive and skilled resident,
enters in her lab coat.*

Dr. Rosel: Sorry to bother you,
may I come in?

Dr. Leroy: Don't walk into a room apologizing, Rosel.
Mr. Miller is settling in well for tomorrow?

Dr. Rosel: Heart rate, normal.
Abdomen was soft, not tender.
Neurological in tact times three.

Dr. Leroy: Good he's lucid.
He seemed confused during my consultation last month.

Dr. Rosel: Lucid enough to ask me out to dinner twice.

Dr. Leroy: We've got a live one.

Dr. Rosel: His nurses have a running tally of Sweethearts.

Dr. Leroy: And here I thought I was special.
Fever?

Dr. Rosel: Still no.

Dr. Leroy: Blood pressure?

Dr. Rosel: 120 over 80.

Dr. Leroy: Yep, yep.
Did you talk to the wife yet?

Dr. Rosel: His wife died in a car accident last year.

*A crackling from the hospital intercom, a news anchor reports—
Top of the hour Breaking News—
An elderly woman died last night after being hit by a drunk driver.
The other passengers survived without injury.
Mrs. Marcy Miller is survived
by her husband Irving and her son, Marshall.*

Dr. Leroy: That's right.
He told me she was dead.

Dr. Rosel: He has a step-son out west though.
I'm scheduled to get on the phone with him within the hour.

Dr. Leroy: Yep, yep.

Dr. Rosel: Dr. Leroy?

Dr. Leroy: Yep?

Dr. Rosel: I'd like to scrub in.

Dr. Leroy: Good.

Dr. Rosel: Dr. Leroy?

Dr. Leroy: Yep?

Dr. Rosel: Scrub.
Sc-rubbb.
What a funny word.

Dr. Rosel: Dr. Leroy?

Dr. Leroy: Yep?

Dr. Rosel: Can I go home?

Dr. Rosel: Dr. Leroy?

Dr. Leroy: Yep?

Dr. Rosel: Would it be possible for, well.
Were you thinking I could,
scrub in?

Dr. Leroy: I don't need you.

Dr. Rosel: I thought I'd ask, because—

Dr. Leroy: You didn't ask.

Dr. Rosel: Just now—

Dr. Leroy: You apologized for asking.

Dr. Rosel: I didn't want to assume you needed me—

Dr. Leroy: I certainly don't *need* you, Rosel.
This is a teaching hospital.
You're on my service.
Assume that when you're on my service,
someone has forced me to teach you,
and against my will,
you will be scrubbing into my OR.

Dr. Rosel: Yes Ma'am.
Thank you!

Dr. Leroy: You act a lot like a pussy for wanting to be a surgeon.

Dr. Rosel: [Did she just say pussy?]

Dr. Leroy: I'm not entirely convinced this is for you.

Dr. Rosel: Of course I want to—yes it is!

Dr. Leroy: Yep.

Dr. Rosel: Do you not believe me?

Dr. Leroy: Mm.

Dr. Rosel: Of course I want to be a surgeon.

Dr. Leroy: Yep, yep.

Dr. Rosel: Did *you* always want to be a surgeon?

Dr. Leroy: I certainly didn't want to *just* go into medicine.

Dr. Rosel: Always a doctor though?

Dr. Leroy: Always.

Dr. Rosel: Right—

Dr. Leroy: But if I couldn't.
If I lost an arm in a farming accident, let's say—
I'd like to be a meteorologist.

Which is funny because in general
I think people who *know* to bring an umbrella?
In general, I think they're all rather moronic.

Dr. Rosel [You're moronic].
...It's an easy sort of news to keep up on, I guess.

Dr. Leroy: Exactly, it's a pedestrian sort of interest.

Dr. Rosel: So then why [would you choose meteorology]?

Dr. Leroy: Next to medicine, the weatherman is
the closest a person can get to studying God.

Dr. Rosel: [Is she fucking kidding me right now].
What about a priest, or—
I guess a rabbi?

DR. LEROY cracks a smile.

Dr. Rosel: Oh—

DR. LEROY has made herself laugh.

Dr. Rosel: You are joking.
Cause for a second—
I was like, weather?

DR. LEROY laughs at DR. ROSEL.

Dr. Rosel: [Ok bitch, you made a joke.
It's not that funny.]

DR. ROSEL laughs with DR. LEROY.

Dr. Leroy: What would you choose?
If you weren't a doctor.

Dr. Rosel: I'm not sure,
I've never thought about anything else.

Dr. Leroy: Don't a lot of Israelis go into tech.

Dr. Rosel: Sure—

Dr. Leroy: Or you know,
you're a good listener, you could be a teacher.
Or a mom.
You're pretty, you could be married by now.

Dr. Rosel: [Fuck you]
Just a surgeon, Ma'am.

Dr. Leroy: You can't just default into becoming a surgeon.

Dr. Rosel: It's my first choice, I mean.

Dr. Leroy: Oncology isn't for pussies, Dr. Rosel.

Dr. Rosel: I know—
I'm not ...a pussy.

Dr. Leroy: That's good to know.

Dr. Rosel: I like being on your service.

Dr. Leroy: Yep, yep.

Dr. Rosel: I do!

Dr. Leroy: That's good I said.
I'm tired of losing the skilled ones to cardio.

Dr. Rosel: [She called me skilled]!
Well, your service is, I've never met—
I think of you as my mentor, Dr. Leroy.

Dr. Leroy: Yep.

Dr. Rosel: I'm sorry Ma'am, but
I've always wondered what you mean when you say that?

Dr. Leroy: Yep.

Dr. Rosel: ...alright.

Dr. Leroy: Is there anything else, Doctor?
Do you want a hug or something?

Dr. Rosel: No Ma'am.
Sorry Ma'am—
Well, oh. I actually have—
Did you want to see his most up to date scans—

Dr. Leroy: No [moron]—
Give me those—

DR. LEROY holds the scans to light.

Dr. Leroy: You see that,
there—

Dr. Rosel: Wow—
It's grown / at least—

Dr. Leroy: At least a half a centimeter if I had to guess.

Dr. Leroy: Now I told him we could excise the tumor incrementally—

Dr. Rosel: But there's a far better chance of survival with a nephrectomy.
The tumor is growing aggressively—
an equally aggressive approach seems best.

Dr. Leroy: Exactly.

DR. LEROY pulls the scans away from the light.

Dr. Leroy: Check with nursing.
We'll operate first thing tomorrow.

*DR. ROSEL exits.
A shift—*

3b. Dr. Leroy
[project: DR. LEROY]

*DR. ROSEL, a sensitive and skilled resident,
presents MR. MILLER's chart to DR. LEROY—*

- Dr. Rosel: Heart rate, normal.
- Dr. Leroy: Yep.
- Dr. Rosel: Abdomen was soft, not tender.
- Dr. Leroy: Yep, yep.
- Dr. Rosel: Neurological in tact times three.
- Dr. Leroy: Good he's lucid.
He seemed confused during my consultation last month.
- Dr. Rosel: Lucid enough to ask me out to dinner twice.
- Dr. Leroy: Your bedside manner far exceeds what mine ever was.
- Dr. Rosel: Wow. That's um,
manners were always important to my mother, she'd um—
She'd be very happy you said that—
- Dr. Leroy: It's not meant to be a compliment, Rosel.
It's just true.
- Dr. Rosel: Right, well
thank you, Ma'am.
- Dr. Leroy: Anything else?
- Dr. Rosel: His step-son says he has a mild history of anxiety.
- Dr. Leroy: You met the step-son?
- Dr. Rosel: Marshal, yes.
We spoke on the phone.
He lives out west.
- Dr. Leroy: Not making the trip?
- Dr. Rosel: Can't afford it,

Dr. Rosel: and the wife passed last year.

Dr. Leroy: The wife died, Rosel.
She's dead.

Dr. Rosel: Right.

Dr. Leroy: Say it.

Dr. Rosel: She's dead, Ma'am.

Dr. Leroy: And how'd she die?

Dr. Rosel: Car accident, he said.

*A crackling from the hospital intercom, a news anchor reports—
Top of the hour Breaking News—
Mrs. Marcy Miller killed a family of four and herself last night
in a head on collision.
Miller had been drinking heavily,
her blood alcohol level reported at 0.18.*

Dr. Rosel: Lost control of her car.
Dead on impact.

Dr. Leroy: Terrible.

Dr. Rosel: Just wrong place wrong time, he said.

Dr. Leroy: Probably better off.
Must've been some kind of bimbo marrying a man like that.

Dr. Rosel: [Is she serious right now?!]

Dr. Leroy: I say that sensitively you know.

Dr. Rosel: Sounds like he loved her.

Dr. Leroy: Right, well.
To each their own I guess.

Dr. Rosel: He signed off on all the paperwork after a bit of convincing.

Dr. Leroy: Why's that?

Dr. Rosel: He wanted to know about alternative surgeons.

Dr. Leroy: Of course he did.

Dr. Rosel: I told him he couldn't be in better hands.

Dr. Leroy: Don't kiss my ass, Rosel.
You're already on my service.

Dr. Rosel: No ass kissing, Ma'am,
just looking forward to scrubbing in.

Dr. Leroy: You want to do it?

Dr. Rosel: Myself?

Dr. Leroy: If he wants another surgeon,
he can have you.

Dr. Rosel: *Just me?*

Dr. Leroy: You want to be a surgeon, don't you?

Dr. Rosel: More than—yes!
Of course I do.

Dr. Leroy: So I'm letting you go be one.

Dr. Rosel: You think I'm ready?

Dr. Leroy: When I offer you your first solo surgery,
you're not supposed to ask me if you're ready—
You're supposed to have to cover up the major hard on
that pops up as all your dreams come true,
and then you say,
Yes, Ma'am. Thank you, Ma'am.

Dr. Rosel: He's a DNR.
That's what I came to tell you.
He's a DNR now.

Dr. Leroy: Since when?

Dr. Rosel: He just signed the papers.

Dr. Leroy: And so now you're afraid to do a solo surgery
without permission to revive him?

Dr. Rosel: I'm not afraid—

Dr. Leroy: You're already thinking about making a mistake.

Dr. Rosel: I'm not—
I can do it.

Dr. Leroy: We're here to save his life.
If you'd rather hold his hand,
you can call social services to see if they're hiring.

Dr. Rosel: I've never operated on a DNR.
I'm sorry—
I'm fine now.

Dr. Leroy: You don't get to be sorry.

Dr. Rosel: I was just nervous.

Dr. Leroy: And you certainly don't get to be nervous.
Don't give anyone a reason to doubt your abilities, Jessica.

Dr. Rosel: I understand.

Dr. Leroy: They'll do that even when you're at your best.

Dr. Rosel: I should be able to tell you how I am feeling.

Dr. Leroy: What gave you that impression?

Dr. Rosel: I thought you were my mentor.

Dr. Leroy: Would you like a hug?

Dr. Rosel: I didn't mean to be unprofessional.

Dr. Leroy: Well if there's nothing else—

Dr. Rosel: I have his most up to date scans, if you'd like to see them?

Dr. Leroy: What'dyou mean *if I'd like to see them*—
Give me those—

DR. LEROY holds the scans to light.

Dr. Leroy: You see that,

Dr. Leroy: there—

Dr. Rosel: Wow—
It's grown / at least—

Dr. Leroy: At least a half a centimeter if I had to guess.
Now I told him we could excise the tumor incrementally—

Dr. Rosel: But there's a far better chance of survival with a nephrectomy.
The tumor is growing aggressively—
an equally aggressive approach seems best.

Dr. Leroy: Exactly.

DR. LEROY pulls the scans away from the light.

Dr. Leroy: Check with nursing
We'll operate first thing tomorrow.

*DR. ROSEL exits.
A shift—*

4 Irv.
[project: MR. MILLER]

IRV lies in a hospital bed.

Irv: Well I wipe my earwax on the living room walls
but that don't make me a bad person—
Bad husband, maybe
but not a bad person.

And I play chess with Randy every Thursday in the barn—
stupid bastard only got one arm,
lost one in a roll over accident so
we gotta play something pussylike
'stead of something sweaty—
Point is I cheat him.
Make up rules.
Randy isn't the brightest ear of corn in the field, so.
To feel good about myself, you know?
Every man wanna feel good about himself,
that's no sin.

I guess the important one to mention is
I used to be a, well... not a *drunk*, but.
Just some days I prefer the bar stool, not the milking stool—
You know just some days, hardly never really.
Except that one time—
sun went up and down and up again by the time I left, so.
But Marcy understood.
She said she preferred me
squeezing tight a glass of whiskey 'stead of
Daisy's tits all morning—let her know not to be jealous!
That's what she said.

Didn't cheat on my wife.
Marcy had an ass like, well.
Didn't never need to cheat, that's all.
Never killed nobody, stole nothing,
not on welfare like some of those people.
Look, I never went to no college,
never walked an older lady 'cross the street,
don't have any kids handing out cheer in Africa, but.

But I provided for my wife,
for her kid—

Irv: Daisy's the second fattest dairy cow west of the Schuylkill!
Beat out an Amish with no buttons on his shirt
in the Lancaster Regionals.
Got a white ribbon over the mantel even.

And listen man,
I didn't come from much
and I never planned on becoming anything else,
but just because I ain't great, doesn't make me bad.
Doesn't mean I shouldn't go to heaven,
A man can only carry so much.

*A shift—
DR. ROSEL appears.*

Jess: Mr. Miller? Are you alright?

Irv: When you get here, Junior?

Jess: That's alright, we'll clean this right up.

Irv: Oh shit.

DR. ROSEL speaks into the hospital intercom:

Jess: Nursing to suite thirty-seven.

This happens all the time.

Irv: Least there's no blood in my pee, right?

Jess: Yes, that's good.

Irv: I was having a bad dream I think.
Guess I'm nervous for tomorrow, that's all.
Cancer got me on the left side
That's where the devil lives—

*A shift—
DR. LEROY appears.
[project: DR. LEROY]*

Dr. Leroy: Your *right side*.
Bad kidney's on the right.
Nervousness can lead to confusion,
Nothing to worry about.

DR. ROSEL appears.
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Rosel: Yup! But you don't have anything to worry about—

Mr. Miller: See but I'm not a great person, see that—

Dr. Rosel: Yes you are—

Mr. Miller: I ain't saying I'm the devil,
not left handed or nothing—
but not a great person neither,
not like you. You're a good girl.
Your parents real prouda you.

Dr. Rosel: You're going to be fine, Mr. Miller.

Mr. Miller: They are aren't they?

Dr. Rosel: They are.

Mr. Miller: That's good,
that's real good.

Dr. Rosel: Did you talk to your step-son?

Mr. Miller: Yeah, Marshall called.
He says good luck.

Dr. Rosel: You're not close with him?

Mr. Miller: Marcy had him real young and
we weren't married till he was a man.
No man likes the guy screwing their mom, so.

Dr. Rosel: You never wanted kids of your own?

Mr. Miller: Nope, never wanted none.

A shift—
DR. LEROY appears.
[project: DR. LEROY]

Dr. Leroy: I don't have any kids either.

Mr. Miller: Pretty thing like you not married?

Dr. Leroy: Nope.

Mr. Miller: Doesn't suit you I guess.
You're not real motherly.

Dr. Leroy: No Sir.

Mr. Miller: That's alright.
I like you this way.

Dr. Leroy: Respectfully Sir, I don't really care what you think.

*A shift—
DR. ROSEL appears.
[project: DR. ROSEL]*

Dr. Rosel: I think you'd be a great father.

Mr. Miller: What I need kids for?
I got nothing to pass down.

Dr. Rosel: Not the farm?

Mr Miller: 'course not.

Dr. Rosel: But your father passed it on to you, you said.

Mr. Miller: He didn't *pass it on* to me—
didn't believe land belonged to anybody noway.
That's what he think.
Guess that's what I think too—
Guess that's what he passed on then...

He gave it to me cause I asked,
wasn't cause I got any right to it.

and never got to teach Marshall how to get his hands dirty anyways, so.

Dr. Rosel: Bet he learned a lot of other things from you.

Mr. Miller: What have I got to teach?

Dr. Rosel: I don't know.
Where you come from.

Who you like, who you *don't* like.

Mr. Miller: All I come from is a long line of over-reacters
and folks who cut the corn off the cob.

Dr. Rosel: You do?

Mr. Miller: Not anymore.
Learned to be a man, eat it straight off the bone.
Otherwise I'd be just like my daddy.
And his daddy and his daddy.
Nobody wants that.

Dr. Rosel: I want that.
My father was a doctor
and my grandfather was a doctor.
Lots of people want to be like their family.

Mr. Miller: We all root down long enough
and keep on like everybody before us, family or otherwise,
we gonna start moving backwards all together.
That's what I think.

Dr. Rosel:

Mr. Miller: But you're doing good for yourself,
pay no matter to me.

Dr. Rosel:

Mr. Miller: Don't go thinking of me as no-bleeding heart now.
Hand to God I voted for Bush and his daddy.
I like the way they talk like.
Dick swingers Marcy called them.
Talk and walk like that,
smile real big,
people gonna listen,
don't matter truth nor corndog.

Dr. Rosel: I'll remember that.

Mr. Miller: Nah, I know an overeducated girl
don't generally have the same way as me.
You ain't mean about it,
really you as sweet as the dandelion cotton balls—
I'm saying we're different is all.

Dr. Rosel: Doesn't matter who you are.
We're going to take care of you all the same.

Mr. Miller: Amina don't like me much.

Dr. Rosel: She does.

Mr. Miller: She thinks she's better than me.

Dr. Rosel: She thinks she's better than everyone.
She can't help it, it's of her nature.

A shift—
DR. LEROY appears.
[project: DR. LEROY]

Dr. Leroy: It's of her nature—
She aims to please.

Mr. Miller: You aim to displease?

Dr. Leroy: No, Sir. Not that.
She's a middle child from a big Jewish family, that's all I mean.

Mr. Miller: ... you lost me.

Dr. Leroy: Long line of army doctors in her family,
learned to do what's expected of her.
Which is great—
Makes for a meticulous student.

Mr. Miller: You know her family?

Dr. Leroy: Not personally.

Mr. Miller: You know 'em un-personally?
They famous or something?

Dr. Leroy: Her grandfather was a big deal in the military.
A war hero of sorts.

Mr. Miller: No shit. My Daddy served in the war.

Dr. Leroy: No, He's Israeli.
A part of the occupied forces in the Nakba—

Well, in the war of '48.

Mr. Miller: Don't know that one.
That make you enemies?

Dr. Leroy: No, Sir.

Mr. Miller: But your family enemies?

Dr. Leroy: I don't care much for politics.

Mr. Miller: Me neither, Sweetheart.
But you two got some kind of beef.

A shift—
DR. ROSEL appears.
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Rosel: That's not—
Not beef.
She's my mentor.

Mr. Miller: Girl, you say that like somebody's got a gun to your head.

Dr. Rosel: She's a brilliant surgeon—
And she did it all by herself, entirely self-made—
her mother was a refugee,
can you imagine that?

Mr. Miller: Yeah, she told me she come from Palestine.

Dr. Rosel: And she doesn't say much about it to me—
not that I think she would— or should—
maybe to other people, but.
That kind of trauma gets passed down, you know?

Mr. Miller: Seems like she's doin' alright to me.

Dr. Rosel: That's why it's so amazing—
Dr. Leroy wasn't supposed to be who she is!
She's the first female—

Mr. Miller: Your words saying one thing,
but Sister, your whole insides saying something else—

Dr. Rosel: No—

Mr. Miller: You got issues plain as milk—
Mr. Miller: Steadfast issues, something biblical about it.

Dr. Rosel: Well even if we did,

Mr. Miller: Mhm—

Dr. Rosel: I'm not saying we do—
but even if we did,
nothing would ever get in the way of your care.

A shift—
DR. ROSEL appears.
[project: DR. LEROY]

Dr. Leroy: I don't let things like that get in the way of patient care.
She's my student.
She's very good.

Mr. Miller: Girl, you say that like somebody's got a gun to your head.

Dr. Leroy: She'll be a brilliant surgeon.

Mr. Miller: Yeah, you don't like her.

Dr. Leroy:

Mr. Miller: That's alright,
you don't like most people.
Doubt she take it too personal.

A shift—
DR. ROSEL appears.
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Rosel: Plus, I don't take it personally.

A shift—
DR. LEROY appears.
[project: DR. LEROY]

Dr. Leroy: In time, she'll learn to not take it personally.
We're here to save lives, not make friends.

A shift—

A shift—
DR. LEROY appears.
[project: DR. LEROY]

Dr. Leroy: I don't think you'll make it to heaven, Sir.
The alternative is probably more fun anyway.

Mr. Miller: But I want to be with my Marcy.

Dr. Leroy: You'll be fine, Sir.

A shift—
DR. ROSEL appears.
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Rosel: You'll be fine, Sir.
Don't be afraid.

Mr. Miller: Fear doesn't work that way.

Dr. Rosel: How about I stay with you tonight?

Mr. Miller: Like in my bed?

Dr. Rosel: No, not like in your bed, Mr. Miller.

Mr. Miller: But y'know what would be real nice on my last night on earth?

Dr. Rosel: Mr. dramatic—

Mr. Miller: A little kiss goodnight.

Dr. Rosel: Get some rest.

Mr. Miller: On my cheek? / Just my forehead.

Dr. Rosel: That's enough, Mr. Miller.

Mr. Miller: Junior, if I die tomorrow
no one's gonna remember me.

Except maybe you, if you was the girl
who gave her patient his dying wish.

Dr. Rosel: You're not dying tomorrow.

Mr. Miller: That's a hard no then?

Dr. Rosel: My grandfather used to tell me
there's nothing more intimate
than staring deep into something so hard
that you press their picture into your mind—

Mr. Miller: Guessing your granddaddy didn't get it in much.

*DR. ROSEL stifles a laugh, then
stares at IRV for a long while...*

*A shift—
DR. LEROY appears.
[project: DR. LEROY]*

Dr. Leroy: You'll be fine, Sir.
Please don't be afraid—

Mr. Miller: Fear doesn't work that way.

Dr. Leroy: I can have one of the nurses stay with you tonight.

Mr. Miller: Like in my bed?

Dr. Leroy: No, not like in your bed, Mr. Miller.

Mr. Miller: What about you, will you stay with me for my last night on earth?

Dr. Leroy: That's severely dramatic, Sir.

Mr. Miller: A little kiss goodnight.

Dr. Leroy: Ok, that's enough Mr. Miller.

Mr. Miller: On my cheek? / Just my forehead.

Dr. Leroy: I SAID NO, SIR.

*From DR. LEORY emerges
YALDA.
There is something biological about the transition—
something simple and
something hazardous.*

MR. MILLER fades.

DR. ROSEL becomes THE SOLDIER.

*YALDA is huddled in the corner of the bunker.
THE SOLDIER cocks his gun in darkness.*

*CH—CH—CH—POP!
CH—CH—CH—POP!*

Yalda: NO SIR—
PLEASE!
HERE I AM! I'M HERE!
PLEASE!

The Soldier: Show me your hands—
Are you hit?

Yalda: No—

The Soldier:

Yalda:

The Soldier: You didn't say you were a woman.

Yalda:

The Soldier: How long have you been here?

Yalda: I don't know.
I found you at the bunker's edge around sunrise.

A Soldier: You've been caring for me?

Yalda: You've gotten stronger.

The Soldier: You look horrible.

Yalda: May I just go?

The Soldier: Where will you go?

Yalda: Home.

The Soldier: How will you get there?

Yalda: Please just let me go.

The Soldier: Do you know where we are?

Yalda:

The Soldier: Tell me.

Yalda:

I hide in here sometimes.
No one's ever found this place before.

*THE SOLDIER lowers his weapon—
but still obstructs the exit.*

The Soldier: But please don't leave on account of me—
I won't hurt you—

You're very beautiful.

Yalda:

The Soldier: Your eyes, they're very beautiful.

Yalda:

The Soldier: I only mean it as a compliment—

Yalda: Your eyes are blue.

The Soldier: They are.

Yalda: I've never seen blue eyes.

He gets closer to her, wide-eyed.

Yalda: I'm fine from here—

The Soldier: You said you wanted to see them—

Yalda: I said I'd never seen them—

The Soldier: So I was showing you—
I thought you wanted me to show you.

Yalda: My sister had a doll with eyes like yours.

The Soldier: That's [nice?]

Yalda: It got run over by a tank.

The Soldier: Oh—

Yalda: So did my house.

The Soldier: I'm sorry—

Yalda: So did my sister.

The Soldier:

Yalda:

The Soldier: I'm sorry.

Yalda: She was seven.

The Soldier:

Yalda:

The Soldier: I'm sure the man who—
I'm sure her face haunts him in his dreams.

Yalda: You speak as though you've killed someone.

The Soldier: —No.

Yalda:

The Soldier: Not that I know of, no.

Yalda: I shot a gun once.

The Soldier: Have you?

Yalda: My uncle's.

It knocked me over.

The Soldier: A girl, your size.
Sure it did.

Yalda: It didn't hurt me.

The Soldier: What kind of gun?

Yalda: I don't know.

The Soldier: Got bullets like these?

*He reaches into his jacket and produces a magazine.
He takes out one bullet.
He gives it to her.*

Yalda: I don't know.
I didn't see where the bullet went.

The Soldier: Yeah, well.
[That's how it goes].

YALDA clutches her thigh in pain—

The Soldier: You're not fine.
You're in pain.

Yalda: —it's just a cramp.

The Soldier: —I'm a medic.

Yalda: I'm fine!

The Soldier: Let me help you.

Yalda: I'm ok.

The Soldier: I'd like to help you.

YALDA sighs in pain.

The Soldier: Please.

Yalda: [Alright].

*THE SOLDIER massages YALDA'S thigh.
They take each other in.*

The Soldier: How's that?

Yalda:

THE SOLDIER moves his hands higher up on her groin.

Yalda: —a little lower.

THE SOLDIER pushes his hands between her legs.

Yalda: What're you— HEY!
Let go!

*He kisses her.
He holds her down.*

Yalda: Please! Sir, please.
Stop!
I'm sorry—
I'm—

*In darkness, heavy breath—
he rapes her.*

*From YALDA emerges,
DR. LEROY
THE SOLDIER fades.*

*MR. MILLER appears.
[project: MR. MILLER]*

Amina: No.

Irv: Ok, Doc you don't gotta yell.
I ain't gonna hurt you.

Amina: Sorry, Sir.

Irv: You ok now?

Amina: I'll see you in surgery.

DR. LEROY exits.

A shift—

5. Dr. Leroy
[project: DR. LEROY]

DR. LEROY reviews MR. MILLER'S post-op scans in her office.

She speaks into her tape recorder.

Dr. Leroy: Patient, Mr. Irving Miller,
African-American male, sixty,
came into the ER with blood in his urine,
reported significant weight loss,
diagnosed with renal cell carcinoma.

...I performed a successful nephrectomy on, Monday.
Dr. Rosel assisted—
Fever, 100.2 persists and
patient has not made urine since—

*DR. LEROY pauses her recorder.
She considers his scans.*

Dr. Leroy: Shit.

*She holds them to the light—
examining them more closely—*

Dr. Leroy: Holy.
Shit.

Fumbling for her cell phone—

Dr. Leroy: Rosel?
Where are you?
Have you seen these scans?
Miller's!

You wrote left on the chart—
I made the cut based on the chart!

No you did not, you NEVER said that!
That is not what happened—

DR. ROSEL bursts through the office door—

A shift—

Rapid fire, DR. LEROY and DR. ROSEL are under review:

Dr. Leroy: His urologist, Anthony DeGregorio—
Yes. Yes he's at Cedar Sinai.
Yes, the department does miss him.

A shift—
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Rosel: I feel close to all my patients.

A shift—
[project: DR. LEROY]

Dr. Leroy: A nephrectomy was the best option.
Yes, I stand by that decision.

A shift—
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Rosel: Dr. Leroy is a wonderful teacher.

A shift—
[project: DR. LEROY]

Dr. Leroy: Dr. Rosel is a skilled surgeon,
she could be quite good if she wasn't so—

A shift—
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Rosel: Her teaching methods?
They're—

A shift—
[project: DR. LEROY]

Dr. Leroy: Residents have it easy these days.
There were no rules about my bedtime when I was—
Yes I know it's a safety precaution.

A shift—
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Rosel: She's severe but not—
I know I can be honest—
I'm being honest.

A shift—
[project: DR. LEROY]

Dr. Leroy: Aren't we here to talk about Mr. Miller?

A shift—
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Rosel: I enjoyed him.
I think we got along well.

A shift—
[project: DR. LEROY]

Dr. Leroy: Dr. Rosel and I—
She's been on my service for months now—
By all accounts it was a standard procedure,
but he was a DNR—
that made her nervous.

A shift—
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Rosel: I was nervous.

A shift—
[project: DR. LEROY]

Dr. Leroy: Of course she was nervous—
She's a very technically skilled surgeon
but this was a special circumstance.
I thought it'd be best for me to take the lead.

A shift—
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Rosel: His chart said left.
I wrote down left because he made a joke about left-handed farmers—
I don't remember exactly.
The devil is a lefty. Cancer got him on the left,
that's what he said.

A shift—
[project: DR. LEROY]

Dr. Leroy: She was in charge of filling out his chart.

A shift—
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Rosel: I wrote down left.
I didn't think I was distracted?

A shift—
[project: DR. LEROY]

Dr. Leroy: No I was not distracted—
Excuse me?
I find your question inappropriate and offensive.

A shift—
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Rosel: I made a mistake.

A shift—
[project: DR. LEROY]

Dr. Leroy: She made a mistake so I made a mistake, that's why.

A shift—
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Rosel: It's my fault, not her's.

A shift—
[project: DR. LEROY]

Dr. Leroy: I'm the reason this hospital—
I've been your top grossing surgeon for three years,
more than Chief Rendack even—
Yes it is relevant!
Do you know me to be careless?!

A shift—
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Rosel: It was my mistake.
I take full responsibility.

A shift—

[project: DR. LEROY]
Dr. Leroy: I take full responsibility.

A shift—
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Rosel: But *I* messed up.
You can't do that!

A shift—
[project: DR. LEROY]

Dr. Leroy: This is outrageous.
Because I'm not done talking to you!
Please just—
I'm not leaving,
not until you finish talking to me—

They thank her and wait for her to leave.

A shift—

6. Dr. Leroy
[project: DR. LEROY]

*DR. LEROY and DR. ROSEL
stand outside MR. MILLER'S hospital room.*

Dr. Rosel: Shouldn't I be the one who does it?

Dr. Leroy: I want you to stay out here.

Dr. Rosel: But it's not your fault.

Dr. Leroy: He's my patient.

Dr. Rosel: I don't know how I let this happen—
Do you think—
Am I going to lose my license?
Are they going to take away my license?

Dr. Leroy: They're not going to take away your license.
They'll investigate,

*A BING from DR. LEROY's cell phone:
Top of the hour, Breaking News:
An investigation is underway in the case of Mr. Irving Miller...*

Dr. Leroy: they'll be a lawsuit,

*A BING from DR. LEROY's cell phone:
Breaking News:
Today the mediation began in the case of Mr. Irving Miller...*

Dr. Leroy: but you're not going to lose your license.

*A BING from DR. LEROY's cell phone:
Dr. Amina Leroy was found guilty of negligence...*

Dr. Rosel: I even double-checked the scans—
I always do,
like you taught me.

Dr. Leroy: We can never account for human error.

Dr. Rosel: I don't know what to say—

A shift—
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Rosel: I'm sorry—
I know you don't like when I say that.
But I am.
I'm so
sorry.

Dr. Leroy: Don't be sorry,
just remember this as a lesson,
and you will never do it again.

Dr. Rosel: Dr. Leroy!
Please!
Yell at me, something!
Blame me for this.

Dr. Leroy:

Dr. Rosel: Something!

Dr. Leroy: Jessica, I do blame you.

You gave me false information and I acted on it.

I might lose my job because of you,
the only thing I have in the world.

A man's life is in jeopardy because of you.

This is entirely your fault,
but you are under my watch so it falls to me.

I don't need to raise my voice.
I can make you feel like a failure
real calm and quiet
just like this.

Dr. Rosel:

Dr. Leroy:

Dr. Rosel:

Dr. Leroy: Now please,
you know better than to dawdle.

*DR. ROSEL falls in line behind DR. LEROY.
They enter MR. MILLER's room.*

[project: DR. LEROY]

Mr. Miller: Well looky-cookie here!
Both my ladies at the same time!

Dr. Leroy: How are you feeling, Mr. Miller?

Dr. Rosel: Maybe a little loopy from the pain meds?

Mr. Miller: I'm fantastic.

Dr. Leroy: Your fever has gone up.

Mr. Miller: No it ain't.
I'm fantastic, I said!
I took a shit today and everything.

*A crrshh from the hospital intercom:
Top of the hour, Breaking News:
Mr. Miller took a shit today and everything.*

Dr. Rosel: No you haven't, Sir.

*A crrshh from the hospital intercom:
Top of the hour, Breaking News:
Mr. Miller did not take a shit today.*

Dr. Leroy: Can you rate your pain from one to ten?

Mr. Miller: I'm a two.

Dr. Leroy: You don't understand the scale then, Sir.

Mr. Miller: Don't worry about what I understand, Doc.
I'm eating all my spinach—
I'm a sturdy-purdy two,
I know how I feel.

Dr. Rosel: A two!
That's good news Sir.

Dr. Leroy: So now we're neglecting the science entirely, Dr. Rosel?

Mr. Miller: You two fighting over me again?

Dr. Rosel:

Dr. Leroy:

Mr. Miller: What? What's wrong?
You got bad news, Doc?

Dr. Leroy: The operation was standard by all accounts,
but your condition has not been improving.

Mr. Miller: The cancer spread?

Dr. Rosel: No, the cancer has not spread.

Mr. Miller: That's good, right?

[project: MR. MILLER]

Jess: That's very good.

Amina: No, your cancer has not spread, but
your CT scan shows that I made an
errroooooorrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr,
I made the incision on the wrong side
and I removed the
wwwwwwrrrrrrrrroooooonnnnnnnggggggg—

Irv: Wha's that now?

Amina: Your sick kidney is still inside you.

Irv: Wha's that now?
You want me inside you?

Amina: Your sick kidney is still inside you.

Irv: Wha's that now?
You gotta speak up.
You got any docs in here that can check out my ears?

Amina: Your sick kidney is still inside you.

Irv: Wha's that now?

Amina: Your sick kidney is still inside you.

Jess: It wasn't her error—

Amina: DR. ROSEL.
That's enough.

Jess:

A shift—
[project: DR. ROSEL]

Dr. Leroy: Your sick kidney is still inside you, Sir.
I mistakenly removed your left kidney
instead of your right one.

I'll need to do another operation
to remove the tumor before it spreads—
we'll need to put you on dialysis
as well as the transplant list.

Mr. Miller: You told me you were the best doctor in the whole city.
I asked you if you were the best,
And that's what you said.

Dr. Leroy: I made a terrible mistake, Sir.

Dr. Rosel: I'm so sorry.

Mr. Miller: What's she apologizing for?
She didn't do the surgery.

Dr. Leroy: She's always apologizing.

Dr. Rosel: What else would you like me to do?
I need you to let me apologize.

Mr. Miller: I don't care about what you need—
I don't want your apology.

Dr. Leroy: The sooner we try to resect the tumor the better.
We need to put you on dialysis as soon as we can—

Mr. Miller: You got fuzz in your ears, Girl?
You're not putting your hands
anywhere near nothing of mine.

Dr. Rosel: Sir, it's important that—

Mr. Miller: I said leave me alone!

Dr. Leroy: Dr. Rosel get out of my room,
you're upsetting my patient.

Dr. Rosel: He's my patient too!

Mr. Miller: I'm nobody's patient!

A shift—
[project: DR. LEROY]

Dr. Leroy: Irv please excuse her unprofessionalism—

Mr. Miller: So now you call me *Irv*?
now cause you seen my insides, you *know* me.
Nah man, no way—
If you didn't like me,
couldn't you have killed me on the table?

Dr. Leroy: This was a mistake.
It has nothing to do with what we think about you.

Mr. Miller: But you do have thoughts—
You ain't really a fan of me.

Dr. Leroy: I don't actually know you, Sir.

Mr. Miller: Then you shoulda got to know me!

Dr. Leroy: Alright.

Mr. Miller: I asked you to get to know me

Mr. Miller: when I met you.

Dr. Leroy: You did.

Mr. Miller: And you were so caught up at hollering at Junior here—

Dr. Rosel: Wait— But Mr. Miller—
I got to know you.

Mr. Miller: No you know what, shut up.
The both of you.
All you girls do is talk talk,
big word this,
I got fourteen-hundred degrees,
I'm sooo good,
I can even *CURE CANCER*.
You know, fuck that—
You two are phonies.
You got baggage I don't even begin to understand,
but I know it's festering inside you,
because now it's festering inside me.
Ya'll have passed that shit along and killed me with it—

So *mazel tov* to you, Junior
and you Doc, I don't know,
you go celebrate by blowing yourself up—

a shift—
[project: MR. MILLER]

Irv: You two are phonies.
I spot a phony like I spot a prize calf
and I shoulda known better
getting in the middle of two girls like you.

Amina: Mr. Miller, I take full responsibility for—

Irv: I don't care whose fault it is—
You're not listening to me!
I had nothing to do with either of you before this cancer
and 'stead of doing your job—
that you're *so good* at—
you let whatever in the Good Lord is going on with ya'll
barnacle itself to me.

Your shit is now my shit,

Irv: you get that?!
 Didn't give me no choice in the matter
 and look how bad you've done to me.

I ain't smart like you all
so I was late on noticing it.
Probably *way* too late now—
Probably gonna be what kills me dead.

A shift—

7. Dr. Rosel.
[project: DR. ROSEL]

*Inside the bunker,
JACOB is passed out in THE GIRL's lap.*

He wakes in a coughing fit.

The Girl: That's alright

THE GIRL brings a pail of water to JACOB's lips.

The Girl: Steady now.

JACOB drinks.

The Girl: That's right.

Jacob: Am I dead?

The Girl: I found you at the bunker's edge around sunrise.

Jacob: Where are we?

He explodes into coughing fit.

The Girl: Ok, it's ok.

Again, THE GIRL helps him drink.

Jacob: Sorry—

He shifts out of her lap.

Jacob: Sorry—
I'm—

*He moves away from her,
suddenly afraid of his surroundings—*

Jacob: I don't know how I got here—
I got lost from my unit.
Do you know where we are?

The Girl:

Jacob: I promise I won't tell anyone.
I just want to find my unit—
I need to go home.

The Girl: You can go if you'd like to go.

Jacob: Last I knew we were traveling east towards Jerusalem.

The Girl:

Jacob: How am I to get home if you won't tell me where I am?

The Girl: Your radio said there was an attack at Dier Yassin

JACOB grabs his radio.

The Girl: It's dead now.

*A echo from days future—
crrrssshhhhh from JACOB's radio:
'May 15, 1948'
'We hereby declare the establishment of a Jewish state...'
to be known as the State of Israel'*

The Girl: Well, massacre.
A massacre at Dier Yassin—
That's what is said—

*A echo from days future—
crrrssshhhhh from JACOB's radio:
'We hereby declare the establishment of a Jewish state...'
to be known as the State of Israel'*

Jacob: What does that mean?

The Girl: It said lots of people were killed—
Lots of my people were killed, that's what it said.

Jacob: I'm sorry—

The Girl: Sure.

Jacob: I would never hurt you.

The Girl: I don't believe you.

Jacob: I wouldn't make something like that up.

In pain, THE GIRL tries to stand—

Jacob: Are you hurt—

The Girl: I'm fine—

Jacob: I'm a medic—

The Girl: I said, I'm fine.

Jacob: You have a cramp.
You need to elevate your leg.

The Girl: Don't—

Jacob: I'm a medic—

The Girl: I said don't touch me!

Jacob:

The Girl: [Your gun]

Jacob: Oh—
I'm sorry.
I'll put it down.

JACOB puts his weapon in the corner.

Jacob: If it makes you feel better,
I'm afraid of you too.

THE GIRL lights a cigarette.

Jacob:

The Girl: You want one?

Jacob: I don't smoke.

The Girl: Yeah, [I figured].
Does it bother you?

Jacob: [I'm fine].

The Girl: I thought all soldiers smoked.

Jacob: I'm not a soldier.

The Girl: You just like this outfit?

Jacob: I ran away from my unit—
I didn't get lost.

*From JACOB emerges
DR. ROSEL.*

Dr. Rosel: He got lost from his unit—
It's hard for me to recall what happened, he'd say.
He'd always clarify,
*It's not that I don't remember—
it's just hard for me to do so.*
That's what he'd say, so.
He got lost from his unit.
That's what I know.

*From DR. ROSEL emerges
JACOB.*

Jacob: I ran away.

The Girl: Please don't cry.
You're making me uncomfortable.

Jacob: My commander was lying there bleeding and
I just ran. I couldn't do it anymore—
This isn't for me—
and now I don't know where they are—

The Girl: Please stop.

Jacob: I'm sorry.

The Girl: And don't apologize.

Jacob: I left them.
I'm a coward!

The Girl: You are brave enough to walk away.
Enough is enough, right?
I don't know anyone like that.

Jacob: What do I say to my mother?
 How am I supposed to go back to her now?

The Girl: Guess you can't.

Jacob: But I want to go home!

The Girl: Yeah [who doesn't].

THE GIRL smokes.

*From JACOB emerges
DR. ROSEL.*

Dr. Rosel: There was a point towards the end of the story
 where he'd always start to cry
 and we'd have to stop.
 He was one of those men who was never afraid to cry.
 I loved that about him.

*From DR. ROSEL emerges
JACOB.*

The Girl: God, please stop crying.

Jacob: [Ok stop crying].

The Girl: [God please stop crying].

Jacob: [Stop, Ok.]
 [Stop, you idiot.]
 [Just stop].

The Girl: [Finally].

I didn't imagine you this way.

I imagined giving you a bath.

I didn't have the water, but.

I thought about what it would be like to bathe you.

Jacob:

The Girl: I guess that's not a very proper thing to say.

Jacob: Not very.

The Girl: But I said it.

Jacob: What else did you imagine?

The Girl: That you have a big family.

Jacob: I do.

The Girl: I mean a wife and a child.

Jacob: I meant brothers,
I have four brothers.

The Girl: No it's very clear to me now that you're not married.
[Have you seen yourself?]

Jacob: [Yeah, ok. I get that.]

The Girl: And you didn't have blue eyes.
When they were closed,
they were not blue to me.

Jacob: They have always been blue—

The Girl: But in my mind,
you were fully Jewish looking.

Jacob: I don't look Jewish to you?

The Girl: The only Jew I've seen up close is the one who killed my sister.
Our house was run over by a tank.

Jacob:

The Girl: She was seven.

Jacob: I'm sorry—

The Girl: Actually, that's not true.
I've seen hundreds of other Jews up close, but.
Never like that one
and never like you.

Jacob: You're not who I thought you'd be either.

The Girl: You've never had the chance to meet me before now.

Jacob: Neither have you.

The Girl: I thought I did.
When you were in my lap,
I thought I knew you.
But I'm all mixed up now—
Ouch!

Jacob: It's still cramped?

The Girl: Just when I—
Ughh

Jacob: Can I—

*JACOB puts his hands on her thigh.
He massages her cramp.*

The Girl: Owwww—
that hurts—

JACOB instantly pulls his hands away.

Jacob: I'm sorry—
It's supposed to loosen the muscle.

The Girl: Fine.

Jacob: You're sure?

The Girl: Please.

JACOB massages THE GIRL's thigh.

The Girl: It's actually higher, like—

*She takes his hands in hers
and pushes them higher on her groin.
JACOB pauses, confused.*

The Girl: Just here—

yeah right there.

*She pushes his hands between her legs.
JACOB pulls away bewildered.*

She takes his face in her hands and kisses him.

Jacob:

*JACOB stares at her for a long while before,
he kisses her back,*

*Underneath the following,
the voice of God booms through JACOB's radio:*

*The home of Mount Moriah and Marwah,
Where Isaac and Ishmael were sacrificed
Formerly darkness
before, Let There Be Light.*

*A great, deep history of
love.*

JACOB climbs on top of her—

*From JACOB emerges
DR. ROSEL.*

*THE GIRL becomes
DR. LEROY.
She's been listening to the story outside her office.
DR. ROSEL doesn't notice her.*

Dr. Rosel: Eventually the young girl lost consciousness from dehydration. My grandfather carried her on his back for two days while the war raged on around them. Eventually he came across an Arab family who had abandoned their home— They promised him they'd care for her and take her in wherever they ended up—

Dr. Rosel: but he only returned to his own home after he watched her recover and he could kiss her one last time.

So—
Likely it's entirely romanticized in some parts—
but I also believe there's a lot of truth in there too.

Because whenever I doubt myself—
my purpose, or my skills—
I always think about him, and this critical moment,
and what a truly incredible thing it is to save a life.

I'm sure you have a person who made you want to be who you are,
who motivates you.
Just try to channel that—
and I'd bet your boards will ace themselves.

So let me know if you need anything.
I'll be here.

Her student leaves.

*After a long while, she notices DR. LEROY in her office doorway.
She is unkempt in plain clothes.*

Dr. Rosel: Hello— hi.
Dr. Leroy—
good to see you.

They hug?

Dr. Rosel: How long have you been standing there?

Dr. Leroy: Not long at all.

Dr. Rosel: Sit, please.

Dr. Leroy: I'm anxious to know why you invited me here.

Dr. Rosel: Oh yes, I'm.
Well, I have a bit of news.

Dr. Leroy: You couldn't tell me over the phone?

Dr. Rosel: Sandy Miller—
Or I guess her last name is Cubich—

Dr. Leroy: I don't know that person.

Dr. Rosel: She's Marshall Cubich's wife—
Irving's step-son's wife—
Mr. Miller's step-son's / wife—

Dr. Leroy: She called you?
Why? The family wants to sue *again*.
He's been dead for years.

Dr. Rosel: No, um.
Marshall died.

Dr. Leroy: The step-son,
so what?

Dr. Rosel: Well, he uh.
Actually,
he left us their farm.

Dr. Leroy: [He did what?]

Dr. Rosel: She said that in Mr. Miller's will
he left the farm to Marshall,
under the condition that when Marshall passed,
he gave it to us—

Dr. Leroy: How about he didn't drag us through
the mud in the first place
and keep his damn farm himself.

Dr. Rosel: Yeah...
So.

Dr. Leroy: What the fuck do I need a dairy farm for?

Dr. Rosel: It's good to see you, Dr. Leroy.

Dr. Leroy: Yep.
You've grown older.

Dr. Rosel: Oh god yes—
These things—
Awful—

Dr. Leroy: Smiling scars.

Dr. Rosel: I should've specialized in dermatology.

Dr. Leroy: Or you know, opened up a barbershop.

Dr. Rosel: Became a manicurist.

They laugh a pretentious laugh.

Dr. Leroy: You're still young,
younger than me anyway.

Dr. Rosel: You weren't expecting me to have caught up to you, were you?

Dr. Leroy: [What a stupid question].

Dr. Rosel: [That was a stupid question].

Dr. Leroy: You have a family now I suppose?

Dr. Rosel: Married a doctor and everything.

Dr. Leroy: A Jewish one?
Don't tell me, a cardiologist.

Dr. Rosel: [Caught me.]

Dr. Leroy: Your father must be proud.

Dr. Rosel: [Yeah, he is.]

Dr. Leroy: Any kids?

Dr. Rosel: Twin boys.
Twenty-one months.

Dr. Leroy: If I know you at all
you're the annoying mom with too many pictures.

DR. ROSEL pulls out her phone and scrolls.

Dr. Leroy: They look just like you.

Dr. Rosel: They have their father's chin.

Dr. Leroy: He must have a beautiful chin.

Dr. Rosel: [Thank you?]

Dr. Leroy: What're their names?

Dr. Rosel: This little one is Jacob.
After my grandfather.

Dr. Leroy:

Dr. Rosel: And this is.
This is Irving.

Dr. Leroy: Jesus Christ,
no it's not.

Dr. Rosel: Excuse me?

Dr. Leroy: You know, there was a point
after they blackballed me from every hospital in this city,
where I thought you planned the whole thing—
that you didn't like the way I treated you
so you masterminded this terrible ordeal
just to get rid of me—

Dr. Rosel: I'm sorry, I don't understand.

Dr. Leroy: At least now with that baby name
you're taking responsibility for it.

Dr. Rosel: I always took responsibility for it—

Dr. Leroy: That's the opposite of what you did.
If that were true,
you would've let them fire you instead.

- Dr. Rosel: I was a first year resident—
I did what the hospital told me to do!
- Dr. Leroy: Oh sure. Sure that's great.
- Dr. Rosel: I don't want to get into this.
I'll tell Sandy neither of us want the farm—
- Dr. Leroy: The chart said left side,
because *you wrote* left side—
- Dr. Rosel: Yeah well, *you* signed off on it—
You made the cut!
- Dr. Leroy: See—
I knew you were a weasel-y little dipshit
with your false guilt—
Do you remember when
you told me you planted trees in the desert?
- Dr. Rosel: I'm sorry, what?
- Dr. Leroy: Do you remember that visit to Israel you told me about?
- Dr. Rosel: Wait, what?!
- Dr. Leroy: Do you remember when you told me that?!
About the trees?
- Dr. Rosel: So what—
- Dr. Leroy: Did you ever think that people once lived in that place?
That they had homes there?
In the middle of this beautiful thing you were doing—
reforesting, making it a sustainable place to live,
connecting to your homeland—
Did you ever think that maybe
what you were doing wasn't so benign,
wasn't benign at all even?
- Dr. Rosel: You're talking to me about politics right now?!
- Dr. Leroy: You hear on the news—
you see the headline or the photo—
you see a soldier and a young girl, alone,
no other context—

- Dr. Leroy: if it wasn't your grandfather, Rosel,
what would you think have happened there?
- Dr. Rosel: You were listening to my conversation?
- Dr. Leroy: A soldier raped my mother.
That war displaced her from her home.
- Dr. Rosel: I'm not sure what that has to do with my family.
- Dr. Leroy: What?!
- Dr. Rosel: No
I'm, sorry.
That's, that's horrific,
but that's *not* what happened with my grandfather.
- Dr. Leroy: Do you know that for sure?
Because you have no real context for it, do you?
- Dr. Rosel: Do you?
Do you even know the actual events of what happened to your mother?
Because he told me his story. I know who he was.
Whatever you're implying about my family, you're way out of line.
- Dr. Leroy: I'm saying something you don't like,
that doesn't make it not true.
- Dr. Rosel: In this case, it *isn't* true.
You have some complex,
you weren't able to save your mother,
you weren't there—
you're putting it on *me*—
because you don't like me,
because of Mr. Miller—
or before then—
because you never liked people like me
one way or the other—

I don't care—
And I used to care—
so much I did—
but I *really really* don't anymore.
So from the very bottom of my heart
fuck you for even insinuating—
you don't know anything about my grandfather.

Dr. Rosel: This isn't a version of your mother's story.
They are different circumstances entirely—
You're wrong,
and you don't like being wrong.
That's all.

Dr. Leroy: Fine, maybe it's not.

Dr. Rosel: It doesn't even make sense!
How old could your mother have been in 1948?

Dr. Leroy: Why is that relevant?

Dr. Rosel: It doesn't even make sense!
How old could your mother have been in 1948?

Dr. Leroy: You think that makes a difference to some of those men?

Dr. Rosel: It doesn't even make sense!
You're absolutely delusional!

Dr. Leroy: You're delusional!

Dr. Rosel: Fuck you!

Dr. Leroy: No, FUCK YOU!

Dr. Rosel: It doesn't even make sense!
You're presuming something to be true
with zero consideration for fact.
Your mother's instance
and my grandfather's instance
may have both happened,
but *independently*.

Dr. Rosel: They are *not the same*.

Dr. Leroy: Maybe they're not the same—

Dr. Rosel: THEY'RE NOT!

Dr. Leroy: Fine.
They're not.

Dr. Leroy: Fine.

Dr. Leroy: But Jessica,
They *could* have been.

Dr. Rosel:

A shift—

8. Dr. Leroy
[project: DR. LEROY]

*DR. LEROY and DR. ROSEL lean over MR. MILLER
asleep on the operating table.*

Dr. Rosel: Dr. Leroy?

Dr. Leroy: Yep.

Dr. Rosel: Who was your most memorable patient?

Dr. Leroy:

Well,
that's a good question.

Dr. Leroy: Alright everyone, we're going to have a time out.

*The OR comes to halt.
DR. ROSEL reads from MR. MILLER's hospital bracelet.*

Dr. Rosel: This is Mr. Irving Miller
DOB: 4/13/46

He's having a nephrectomy on his left kidney.

Dr. Leroy: Yep, yep.

The OR resumes.
DR. ROSEL takes in MR. MILLER asleep on the table.

Dr. Rosel: You don't have to answer—

Dr. Leroy: No no it's fine.
She was...
well I was a first year resident like you—
You were in diapers probably—
how old are you?

Dr. Rosel: Twenty-six.

Dr. Leroy: Yep, diapers—
Jesus Christ—
But, yes, I was a first year resident and
I was shadowing the chief of neuro at the time,

- Dr. Leroy: we were on rounds and
this really sick woman, end stage Alzheimer—
completely demented—
Didn't know where she was,
didn't know her daughter's name—
It was very hard to watch.
- Dr. Rosel: That sounds terrible.
- Dr. Leroy: She had fell and hit her head in the bathtub
which exacerbated her, well
her everything really.
And so I'm on rounds and
this woman had had a bowel movement in her bed.
Like really, well,
[*really disgusting.*]
- Dr. Rosel: Alright.
- Dr. Leroy: But suddenly there was a code on the floor
so everyone's preoccupied,
running around crazy to save this other guy,
and no one notices that
this patient really needed our help.
- Dr. Rosel: Right—
- Dr. Leroy: So by the time nursing had come back around,
our patient had scooped up the liquid, and
she was drinking it from her hands.
- Dr. Rosel: Her own [shit]?
- Dr. Leroy: I'll never forget it
dribbling down her chin...
catching in the chapped part of her lips,
in the groves of her teeth, just.
It was horrific.
- Dr. Rosel: Jesus.
- Don't cry, DR. LEROY.
Don't do it.*
- Dr. Leroy: Can you imagine?

Dr. Rosel: No, Ma'am.

Dr. Leroy: Not knowing yourself up-down-sideways—
no idea if you're drinking water or your own shit?

Dr. Rosel: Wow, yeah— no.
It's a terrible disease.

Dr. Leroy:

Dr. Rosel: It didn't make you want to go into neuro?

Dr. Leroy: I already decided I wanted to cure cancer.
You see I was a very ambitious prick.

Dr Rosel:

Dr. Leroy: It was a joke, Rosel.
You can laugh at me.

*DR. ROSEL laughs—
just a little.*

Dr. Rosel But you think about her often?

Dr. Leroy: Everyday—
Can I get some more light please?

*The artificial lights of the operating room brighten.
Buuuzzzzzzzz—*

Dr. Rosel: D'you remember the patient's name?

Dr. Leroy: Her name was Yalda Ahmed Leroy.
She was my mother—

Dr. Rosel:

Dr. Leroy: But she was happy to forget most things in her life really.

Dr. Rosel: I'm sorry I brought it up.

Dr. Leroy: It's fine.
We ready people?

Dr. Rosel: Thank you for sharing that with me.

