

# COACHING LAB SIDES - NOTES

- Choose just one role to work on
- If there are multiple scenes for a character, choose just one of them to work on (unless very short).
- When choosing a role, feel free to ignore gender, pronoun, age or ethnicity references and make the role your own.

# DR. HOLLIS

THE EIGHTH FLOOR - "STITCHED" - 2ND REVISED PINK

3.

24 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

The trauma bay is chaos – flashing monitors, overlapping voices. DR. HOLLIS (sharp, grounded) bursts through swinging doors, tugging gloves on mid-stride.

A YOUNG NURSE hurries at his side.

START



NURSE

Teen male, shot in the stomach. Lost a ton of blood. Coded once in the ambulance.

HOLLIS

Who's coming to fix it?

NURSE

Surgeon's still twenty minutes out.

HOLLIS

Great. Then it's us.

He pushes through a curtain where a BLOODY TEENAGER lies on the table, barely conscious. A MED STUDENT stands frozen near the foot of the bed.

HOLLIS

(to Med Student)

Either move or make yourself useful.

The student fumbles to grab gauze. Hollis doesn't wait, leans in, applies pressure with both hands. Blood coats his arms.

HOLLIS

We're not losing him. Not tonight.

NURSE

Blood pressure's crashing.

HOLLIS

I can see that.

The boy starts to shake violently. Hollis braces him down with his arm.

MED STUDENT

What do I do?

HOLLIS

(calm but firm)

Breathe. Press here. Don't stop unless I say.

The student nods, terrified. Hollis locks eyes with the boy.

HOLLIS

You hear me? You're gonna stay awake,  
alright? You're gonna breathe.

The monitor flatlines. Silence. Everyone looks to Hollis. He grabs the paddles from the cart, charge.

HOLLIS

Clear.

JOLT. Nothing.

NURSE

Still nothing.

HOLLIS

Again.

JOLT. Still flat. Hollis drops the paddles. Beat. Then slams both hands down on the boy's chest.

BEEP. Then another. The line steadies. Relief floods the room. Hollis doesn't react – just breathes.

HOLLIS

Somebody go find that damn surgeon.

He walks away, blood on his face, hands shaking just a little.

CUT TO:

END

# BLAIR

42 INT. SEDAN - DAY

Blair drives. Dolan stares out the passenger window, lost in his own thoughts. Blair looks over to him.

START 

BLAIR

You should have kept your mouth shut.

Dolan turns.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

You embarrassed him, that's why Thompson stuck you with me. You're a babysitter, Dolan. Your job is to keep me away from this investigation.

DOLAN

My only job is to find Alana Hutchins.

Beat. Blair studies him.

BLAIR

I've checked up on you. You cracked the Yemeni Brotherhood bombing. Then you went on administrative leave for six months. That's a long time, considering you were on your way up.

DOLAN

You're mistaken, Blair. I'm a government employee - there is no way up.

BLAIR

I'm guessing it was a personal issue. You don't look like a drunk or an addict.

(beat)

I heard rumors. Family problem. Something to do with your wife?

Dolan shakes his head.

DOLAN

I don't talk about my private life.

BLAIR

I like to know who I'm dealing with.  
It's not like I'm asking you to play  
Doctor, Dolan.

DOLAN

Now that I have no problem showing you.

BLAIR

Okay, I'll shut up.

Dolan considers Blair.

DOLAN

I checked on you, too. Prodigy, right?  
Graduated Brown at seventeen. Master  
and Doctorate at Princeton by twenty-one.  
With that resume, you should be on a fast  
track to Assistant Director.

BLAIR

Yeah, but I've got a reputation.

DOLAN

There might have been some comments about  
you being "intense."

BLAIR

No, I'm sure they said I was "crazy."  
But let me ask you this - out of the  
thousands of supernatural cases reported  
each year, is it possible not a single  
one is true? Or are we just ignoring  
the obvious? There are extraordinary things  
that can't be explained by science alone.

DOLAN

Yes, and the Kings won the Stanley Cup one  
time - doesn't mean there are demons in the world.

Blair pauses. Looks at Dolan, considering...



END