City of Angels

Maggie  Excuse me, are you a visitor?
Seth   Yes.
Maggie  Well, visiting hours have been over since 8.
Seth   Why do they have that?
Maggie  What?
Seth   Hours. Does it help the patient to be visited?
Maggie  Well… who are you visiting? Mr. Messenger?
Seth   Right now?
Maggie  Yeah.
Seth   You.
Maggie  I don’t need a visitor
Seth   You’re not ill?
Maggie  No. I’m one of the doctors here.
Seth   Are you in despair?
Maggie  I lost a patient.
Seth   You did everything you could?
Maggie  I was holding his heart in my hand when he died.
Seth   He wasn’t alone.
Maggie  Yes he was.
Seth   People die.
Maggie  Not on my table
Seth   People die when their bodies give out.
Maggie  My job is to keep their bodies from giving out, or what am I doing here?
Seth   It wasn’t your fault, Maggie.
Maggie  I wanted him to live.
Seth   He is living, just not the way you think.
Maggie  I don’t believe that.
Seth   Some things are true whether you believe in them or not.
Maggie  How did you know my name?
Seth   (points to badge)
Maggie  And what is your name?
Seth   Seth
Maggie: Seth. Hmm, how can I be sure you’re not one of the psych patients who somehow got out from the ward?

Seth: You like Hemingway?

Maggie: Yeah. Yeah, I’m starting to.

Seth: May I?

Maggie: Yeah.

Seth: “As I ate the oysters with their strong taste of the sea, and their faint metallic taste, as I drank their cold liquid from each shell and washed it down with the crisp taste of wine, I lost the empty feeling and began to be happy.” He never forgets how to describe how things taste. I like that.

How is Mr. Messenger?

Maggie: He’s good. Yeah, the operation went really well.

Seth: It was a good day.

Maggie: It was a good day, yeah. I didn’t kill anyone today.

Seth: You’re an excellent doctor.

Maggie: You know?

Seth: I have this feeling.

Maggie: That’s pretty flimsy evidence.

Seth: Close your eyes, just for a moment.

(holds her hand and caresses her palm)

What am I doing?

Maggie: You’re touching me.

Seth: Touch. How do you know?

Maggie: Because I feel it.

Seth: And these are the books you read when you’re not reading Hemingway?

Maggie: You know, when I read my first science book, that’s when I knew I wanted to become a doctor. Here, look at this. That’s us. All those cells.

Seth: That’s all you are?

Maggie: That and all the space between.

Seth: If this is all you are, these cells, then when they die, that’s the end?

Maggie: I don’t know. I think so.

Seth: So you don’t really know?
Maggie  Well, I used to think I had it figured out.
Seth  But you didn’t?
Maggie  No. No, because something happened. Something happened in my O.R. and I got 
this jolt, this feeling, that there’s something bigger than me out there.
There is 
something bigger than me, and bigger than you, and it… Does this sound 
crazy?
Seth  No.
Maggie  I couldn’t fix him. I did everything right and I couldn’t fix him. That’s not 
supposed to happen. And I…
Seth  You cried.
Maggie  Yeah.
Seth  Why do people cry?
Maggie  What do you mean?
Seth  I mean, what happens physically?
Maggie  Well, tear ducts operate on a normal basis to lubricate and protect the 
eye, and 
when there’s a strong emotion, they overreact and create tears.
Seth  Why? Why do they overreact?
Maggie  I don’t know.
Seth  Maybe emotion becomes so intense, your body can’t contain it. Your 
feelings become too powerful. Your body weeps.
Maggie  (is paged) I have to go. I’ve gotta go. Stay right here. Don’t go 
anywhere. Stay 
right here.