

Lost in Space
By Vivian Lee

JUDY: *(into her wrist band communicator)*

I just dropped off a patient.
I'm heading back to you now.

She hears his responses throughout.

Poked? Impaled. Can you, uh, tell me where the puncture wound is exactly?

How much blood have you lost?

Okay, can you read me your vitals?

Your temp and BP are normal. Heart rate is high but that's to be expected. I can't tell if you punctured a vital organ, but it sounds like the rod is holding its position, that's why you didn't bleed out instantly. Dad, it's important that you don't move.

Further damage could cause the infected vessels to bleed more freely, sending you into hypovolemic shock. You're gonna need an epinephrine shot ASAP to keep your blood pressure up, and antibiotics for the impending sepsis.

[panting] Hey Dad, do you copy? Hey. How you doin'?

A little warm? What's your temperature?

Dad! A hundred and three is not a little warm! What's your BP and heart rate?

Are you still bleeding?

You're bleeding into your abdominal compartment.

Um... I found a faster route. I'll be there soon.

Read me your vitals.

[panting] Read me your vitals.

She listens for a long time. He is telling her goodbye.

Why are you telling me this? Now?

Let me tell you what life will be like without you.
Mom... will throw herself into work. She'll grow cold and distant.
Penny's snark will turn bitter and she'll act out.

And Will... will retreat into himself.

All that hope, that light he carries inside of him, it'll die the second I tell him that you didn't make it.

And me, well, I'll just-- [panting] I'll just do what I always do; I'll try and keep the family together because that is my duty. That's my job because I love them, but I will hate you. I will hate you for giving up. [panting] I will hate you for taking another father away from me.] -I will hate you for not loving me enough -to try harder... -[crying] because I need you. I'm always gonna need you. And I'm not gonna hate you, and I'm not letting you go. Don't let go. Don't let go.. I'm coming, Dad. Stay with me!

She has reached the site of the accident. She pulls out her medical bag, kneels, assembles the shots, and drops them into the delivery tube.

Dad? You have the shots.
Give yourself the epinephrine first, then the antibiotics.

Dad?

Dad? Do you copy?

Dad?

She hears the response: [John] I got it. Now get me out of this damn well.

All right, Dad.
I'm just gonna give you an IV, all right?
[whispering] I am here, Dad. –

I'm right here.

I'm right here.