

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Emma's son, who is unconscious after having taken a bite of apple turnover, has been brought to the hospital. Emma frantically speaks to the doctor.

EMMA:

He took a bite of this, and then he just collapsed, so run the test for arsenic or bleach or drano, or whatever could've done this to him!

DR. WHALE:

The boy is showing no symptoms that would suggest neurotoxins, so whatever's going on, this is not the culprit!

*[Dr. Whale to the apple turnover]*

EMMA:

Well, what else could it be?

DR. WHALE:

I don't know. That's what I'm trying to find out.

EMMA:

He's gonna be okay, though, right?

DR. WHALE:

Right now we just need to stabilize him, 'cause he's slipping away. Is there anything else that you can remember, any little detail?

EMMA:

I already told you everything. Do something!

DR. WHALE:

Look, I understand you're frustrated, Ms. Swan. I do, but I need something to treat, and right now there is no explanation. It's like... like...

EMMA:

Like magic.