

ER season 8, episode 5

excerpts

["go anywhere. \n Take your time, \n and think it over. \n No, you don't understand. \n I have to have an abortion. \n You have other \n options, you know. \n No, not for me. \n My parents are so strict. \n They'll k*ll", "\n Not exactly. \n It's where the fetus grows \n in the Fallopian tube. \n So, then I have \n to have an abortion. \n It's more complicated \n than that. \n You'll need surgery. \n An operation? \n Right now. \n Well, h"]

transcript

Previously on ER

Who's that?

GREENE:

It's Susan Lewis.

We're supposed to have lunch.

You didn't say anything
about having a lunch.

If you want the Chief Residency
it's yours.

Jackie, it's Peter.

If you're there, pick up.

Hey, Roger, it's Peter.

I need you to pick up Reese
from school.

I found her.

It's your mother.

Is that breast milk?

You're contaminated.

Scrub out,

Elizabeth.

What do you want me to do,

Rachel?

You could let me stay here.

It's a big move.

Do you guys

have a satellite dish?

Well, you're not

winning me over.

Signed you up for Tuesday.

You serious?

Yeah, it's, uh...

No, it's my pager number.

Yes, Dr. Kerry Weaver.

No. It's nothing serious.

I just, uh, have some

personal information for her.

All right. Thank you.

Oh, good morning.

Good morning.

You all set?

Oh, yeah.

I forgot how jammed
the El can be

during rush hour.

Is there any chance

I could get a locker?

Oh, sure.

Fourth to the right.

I'll have them

take the name off.

Welcome back.

Thanks.

MAN:

Hey!

Watch out, coming through.

I heard it,

but I didn't believe.

Malik.

Oh, we missed you.

They actually talked you

into coming back

and working here?

Bad idea?

I didn't say that.

Frank, could you call

housekeeping?

Someone took a dump

in Exam Two.

Hey, Frank, our mad

crapper's back, huh?

If I catch him, he'll

be pooping in a bag.

What happened to the board?

Weaver.

Weaver.

Hey, Spanky's in

Curtain Three

complaining of

incontinence.

I'm not

touching him.

I'll take him.

I don't think you want that

on your first day back.

Here. Leg injury,

Curtain One.

Oh.

MALIK:

Welcome back, Dr. L.

Thanks, Malik.

So what's the
story with Spanky?

He likes nurses...

a lot.

Oh.

Oh.

Dr. Lewis?

Are you Susan Lewis?

Yes.

Cleo Finch.

I'm the Senior
on nights this week.

Nice to meet you.

I have a few
pass-ons.

Okay.

Curtain Three, worst
headache of his life.

Do a spinal tap if the
head C.T.'s negative.

Okay, no problem.

Well, well, well,

Dr. Susan Lewis.

Dr. Benton.

Just when I thought it was safe

to come to the E.R.

I missed you, too, Peter.

I know.

So, can I buy

you breakfast?

I just got here,

but you can get me lunch.

Oh, sorry.

I have to sign out

and get to Schaumburg.

Another interview?

Nope. The job's all mine.

I'm meeting the medical director

today.

Oh, congratulations.

Nosebleed and sutures--

Scott Marisol.

Check on him in 20 minutes

and wear a mask. He's a spitter.

Right? Are you

going somewhere?

I've been offered
the chance
to run a pediatric
urgent care.

Five doctors,
eight-hour shifts.

No overnights.

Yeah, but it's...

What?

In Schaumburg.

It's 40 minutes away.

Uh, I.V. drug user with
a sh**t's abscess.

Whisked off to eco
before I could drain him.

Anything else?

Yeah, they just
brought in
a homeless lady
with maggots
and I'd see her
before they start
crawling away.

Oh.

Thanks.

(loud whistling over TV news)

CORDAY:

Mark, can you get the water?

Have you seen

my vertigo notes?

I got it.

What?

My vertigo notes.

They were right here.

We need to leave

in ten minutes.

Oh, I'm ready as soon

as I find my notes.

Hello. Uh-huh.

Oh, hi.

When did you last have them?

Last night.

Yeah. Uh-huh.

That'll be fun.

Okay, hold on.

Uh, Dad, can I go

to a party tonight?

It's a school night.

Something's burning.

Just for dinner.

It's Claire's birthday.

Who's Claire?

A girl from the school.

Sorry. Do you want some cereal
or something?

Uh, no.

I'll get
something later.

Dad.

Uh, let me talk to her mother.

Is your mom there?

Mark, I have an 8:00
thyroidectomy.

Hi, this is Mark Greene.

Yeah, Rachel's dad. Yeah.

I just was wanting to see
that you were going to be there.

How did you meet Claire?

She's my partner in art class.

Mm-hmm. What are you working on?

Yeah, okay,

All right.

Sculpture.

Call me after dinner

and I'll come pick you up.

Cool.

Mmm.

(doorbell rings)

Katherine's early.

Good. I don't need

to get dressed in the car.

Hi. Is Rachel ready?

Who are you?

Dad, this is Andrew.

He's giving me

a ride to school.

It's nice to meet you.

Here are your notes.

Dining room table.

When did this happen?

Oh, sorry, I forgot.

Andrew has a car

while his dad's out of town.

You have a license?

Yeah, well, I got it in June.

I have no accidents, you know.

Yeah, we can take you to school.

No, it's good.

Now you guys won't

be late for work.

Well, I guess she's

making friends.

I don't like

taking my clothes off.

LEWIS:

You'll have to if you

want to be examined.

Can't you just listen

to my stomach?

I think something's,

like, blown loose.

It keeps making

these weird noises.

Maybe you're hungry.

Yeah, and maybe

I'm bleeding into my belly.

Could it be a complication

from my surgery?

I don't know.

My X-ray vision

isn't working.

Are you mocking me?

No.

'Cause it sounds

like you're mocking me.

No, I'm taking you

very seriously

which is why I'm

going to examine you

as soon as you

get undressed.

You just want

to see me naked.

I want to examine you.

Yeah, examine me naked.

Can I get a male

doctor in here?

A straight one?

First day of school

and you're already

making new friends?

Oh, yeah, I'm a shoo-in

for homecoming queen.

So far, so good.

Oh, yeah. A
foul abscess
a neurotic granny,
naked boy here
and I had to break
into Chen's locker.
Did you steal
her stuff?
Weaver gave it to me.
Oh, what are you using
for maggots these days?
Cetacaine?
Good thought,
but Kerry's immune to it.
You're enjoying this,
aren't you?
Colonel Dixon's
Magical Maggot Mix.
Seriously. You paint
it on with milk.
The admit desk,
the patient status board.
The paramedic radio
is over this.

Dr. Greene and

Dr. Lewis--

two of our

attendings.

Welcome. Don't k*ll anyone

and I'll mix you up

a fresh batch.

Dr. Lewis is a wealth

of medical knowledge

but do not ask her

where anything is.

She is just

getting reoriented

after a five-year

sabbatical herself.

Five years?

Post-traumatic stress.

What happened?

You don't want

to know.

Here, fill these out,

and then come find me.

Do you have a pen?

Come prepared.

Want the tour?

I think I can find
my way around again.

All right.

New group of
neophytes?

Yeah, I get
to baby-sit 'em, too.

Hey, it's the burden
of being Chief Resident.

You've heard.

Yes, I have.

Yes.

Oh, uh, nurse, nurse?

Nurse?

Are you talking to me?

I'm sorry. I don't
know your name.

Oh, you haven't met Abby yet.

No.

Abby Lockhart, Dr. Susan Lewis.

Dr. Susan Lewis, Abby Lockhart.

Hi.

Susan used to work here.

That's the rumor.

Abby, could you set
me up for suturing
in Exam Three?

Set you up?

Open a kit, some 4-0 nylon,
#7 gloves, betadine.

It's all in the room.

New chest pain in two.

Altered LOC over here.

Hey, Mooney.

I'll take it.

I want you to get started on
the chest pain here with Abby.

You know the routine.

Yay!

Oxygen, aspirin, nitro,
times three.

I can't believe
you are back.

Stanley, you're
with us.

You look great.

I love your hair.

Thanks.

My brother could
be dying here.

Oh, Howard Norden.

Ready, steady, lift.

No response to Narcan.

We were just talking.

That's it.

Talking.

Is he taking
any medications?

Uh, not that
he's told me about.

Lack of disconjugate gaze
and conjugate deviation
rules out a
structural lesion.

LEWIS:

CBC, chem panel, 12 lead
tox screen
and a Head CT.

Did he have a stroke or...

It's too early
to say.

The abrupt onset suggests
CNS bleed, seizure, even
cardiopulmonary anoxia.

Pulse ox is 99.

Don't let him die.

No tremor, asterixis,
of myoclonus
suggestive of a
metabolic encephalopathy.

I'm trying to listen.

You want a portable chest?

Ask Professor Carter.

MOONEY:

How would you describe
your pain?

It hurts.

Is it stabbing,
burning, tearing?

What's the freaking difference?

Okay. I'm going to give you
some medicine under your tongue.

And open.

Let me know
if it's better.

Was that three sprays?

Yeah, nitro times three.

At once?

I don't feel so good.

What's happening?

We're just going

to put your head down

for a minute there,

Mr. Stegman.

I feel so dizzy.

What?

Everything's blurry.

Okay, you're going to feel

a little bit more oxygen

flowing through your nose.

How's the pain

in your chest?

Worse. Oh!

80/60.

Is it bad?

No, just a little bit low.

Was that the wrong medicine?

No. Everything's okay.

This just happens sometimes.

Dr. Mooney is one

of our best.

I'll got write

my note.

Yeah, do that.

Neuroleptic malignant

syndrome.

It's in the differential.

Where did you come

up with that?

Photographic memory.

Mm-hmm.

Oh, and I delivered a lecture

on coma last week.

Ridiculous.

What?

Time. Yesterday, it

seems you couldn't

start an IV.

Oh, it was longer

than yesterday.

LOCKHART:

Carter!

Yeah.

That kid Mooney

saw my patient.

Oh, how did he do?

What did you tell

him about nitro?

The basics. Three sprays.

Three sprays--

that's right.

Bam, bam, bam.

All at once?

No, no. You're supposed

to give them every five minutes.

I think you left

that part out.

How's his pressure?

Zero over zero. He's dead.

I'm kidding.

Ha, ha.

I pulled him through.

Keep a short

leash on your

students, huh?

All clear.

I'm going to go check

on this guy.

You got this?

Yeah, I think so.

Did you see him get hit?

No, um, I went
to return the shopping cart
and he was just laying
by the car.

What have you got?

Weak pulse,
shallow resps.

What's your dad's name?

It's Alan.

Alan, can you
open your eyes?

GCS is 245.

Is he waking up?

Uh, not just yet.

Mark, look at this.

We need a backboard.

Blood count's normal.

(metallic drilling)

Chemistry is okay.

Nothing on

the tox screen.

All his labs

look good.

Why is he still in a coma?

How much longer

up there?

Has he ever seen

a psychiatrist?

I don't think so.

Sorry.

GREENE:

Whoa, whoa, whoa,

whoa, whoa, whoa.

Coming through. Need a portable
chest and pelvis.

Your brother has signs
of psychogenic coma.

What's that?

When we try to open his
eyelids, they flutter.

He responds to a
Q-tip in the nose.

I don't think
it's a real coma.

What do you mean,

he's faking?

(drilling stops)

What about the...

shaking and the frothing

at the mouth and everything?

I'd like to get

a psychiatric

consultation.

Yeah, yeah,

that'd be great.

He has been under

a lot of pressure lately.

Hey, what's

taking so long?

You're still dressed.

We'll move him

to a quieter room.

Great.

Don't I get a

gown at least?

I could catch cold.

It's bad enough

I'm bleeding out.

Go back to your bed

and the nurse

will bring you one.

How long till the psychiatrist

gets here?

I'll let you know.

Can I just talk

to my surgeon?

A British chick

with red hair.

Will you shut up?

Systolic's up to 100.

All right, let's roll him.

Set up the Sonosite for six.

Large abrasions to the back.

Did a car crush him

against something?

Uh, I-I didn't see.

Tracy?

Daddy.

GREENE:

Sir, you're in a hospital.

Do you know

what the date is?

Daddy, I'm so sorry, Daddy.

She didn't see me.

Alan.

What's he saying?

I don't know.

Sorry for what?

Were you in the car?

I'm sorry.

Looks like a liver lac.

I'll got get her.

All right, let's intubate,

etomidate, and sux.

Where were you stationed?

In Birmingham.

I have an uncle

in Birmingham.

Does he work

in the steel mills?

The university.

We handled mail

for seven million soldiers.

65,000 pieces every eight hours.

My goodness.

Nothing beats a letter

from home.

Mm-hmm.

(groaning):

Ooh!

What do you think?

It's a perforation.

A small hole in the colon.

It's from her diverticular
disease.

I'm afraid you'll need
an operation to fix it.

But she's so weak.

It's really the
only option.

Well, can't we wait
a few days?

Then she'll become
extremely ill
and surgery could
be dangerous.

If I were your mother
would you recommend
the operation?

Absolutely.

Then we'll do it.

LEWIS:

Dr. Corday?

I have a Mr. Ashman, says
you repaired his hernia.

Chubby, drug-seeking
hypochondriac.

I don't know
about drug-seeking.

Complains of
abdominal pain.

What's his exam like?

Didn't do one.

Then why are you
talking to me?

Some surgeons like to treat
their patients primarily.

Not this one.

Well, he's going to
say he's tender.

You'll be seeing
him eventually.

Maybe, maybe not.

Oh, I'm pretty certain.

Abby?

Malik.

Who gets the vent?

Curtain Three.

I have to start

a dopamine drip.

Curtain Two,

abdominal pain.

He's still

fully clothed.

Okay.

He needs a gown,

don't you think?

Sure.

(loud whacking)

Stop!

Ow!

Hey!

Somebody! Ah!

You thought you could fool me?

Is that it?

Mr. Norden.

(screaming)

Stop it!

Security.

You take a loan

from Mr. Bennett

he expects his money back.

You pay it by Monday

or next time

it's going

to be your head.

You understand?

I need a nurse

in here.

Oh, my God.

Are you all right?

He broke my legs.

He's not your

brother?

Would you like me

to call your mom?

No.

It's just us.

God, we were having

such a great day, too.

He just...

He took me out to lunch

'cause I got into law school.

Early acceptance?

He even...

He even laminated a copy
of the letter to his toolbox.

Well, what is that?

What are they doing?

They're just
taking X-rays.

Oh, is something broken?

He may have a
crushed pelvis.

I mean, is that really bad?

Possibly.

He might need surgery.

Oh, God.

He had to have been run over
or pinned against something.

It...

It was a wall.

What?

Look, I...

I thought I was in reverse.

It was such a tight space.

He was out front,
waiting for me to back out.
I thought...

I thought it was in reverse.

Mr. Stegman's
troponin is positive.

I sent Mooney
to the library.

Good call.

C.P.K. on Norton.

That's Susan's
patient.

Dr. Lewis.

She always been so
high-maintenance?

She's not high-maintenance.

She's great.

I like her.

Abby, could you get
a rectal temp in Room Four?

Anything else?

That should do it.

Hey, I heard about
your hit man.

Oh, more like

an enforcer.

Well, never

a dull moment.

I could use

a dull moment.

Okay, pick a chart,

any chart.

This is a setup.

No, just go

ahead. Pick.

You sure?

No.

(giggles softly)

Female abdominal pain?

What you got?

Suture removal.

This is definitely

a setup.

On a scrotum.

Oh, maybe not.

All right,

where is he?

Who?

Mr. Ashman, I assume.

You paged

for a consult.

Curtain Two.

Epigastric tenderness

on exam.

As predicted.

I have the touch.

Better hurry

before he finds his clothes.

Dr. Corday, there's a code

in the S.I.C.U.

One of your patients.

You'll have to

keep them hidden.

Amal?

WOMAN:

Yes.

Hi, I'm Dr. Lewis.

How long have you had

your stomach trouble?

Since yesterday.

How long is this

going to take?

Well, I don't know.

It depends

on what's wrong.

Well, I need to be

home in two hours.

No matter what.

MAN:

Pressure's good: 110/60.

BENTON:

T.K.O. the saline.

Send up the

last two O-neg.

Is he going

to be okay?

He's responding

to blood transfusions

but he needs surgery

to repair his liver.

Hold the elevator.

Well, can I go

up with him?

Malik, can you take her

to the surgical waiting room?

Why don't you

just wait right here
and I'll come back
and get you.

MAN:

Dr. Greene.

You want

one shot I.V.P?

We'll do it upstairs.

That's two-plus
for heme.

Got it.

Dr. Greene.

Did you get a B.A.L.
on the daughter?

What?

I smelled alcohol
on her breath.

D.U.I. with bodily injuries
is a felony.

She wasn't driving.

Now she says she was.

Did you get the C.T.?

Radiology's waiting.

Peter took him

straight to the O.R.

She's changing

her story.

It's an admission

of guilt.

Kerry, did you smell

alcohol on the daughter?

Uh, I don't know.

Maybe.

Okay, is she

in custody?

Are you arresting her?

You could still draw

a level.

Give her a break.

Her father's

in critical condition.

Because she hit him

with the car

while under the influence.

Doesn't seem drunk to me.

Forget it.

I was asking a favor.

But I'll call

a phlebotomist from...

Wait, hold on.

You'll get your draw.

Just wait until her dad's

out of surgery.

How long is that

going to be?

Couple hours.

My sergeant wants me back

on the streets.

I can't stay here

and baby-sit.

Well, come back.

She's not going to go anywhere.

Take your time,

and think it over.

No, you don't understand.

I have to have an abortion.

You have other

options, you know.

No, not for me.

My parents are so strict.

They'll k*ll me.

Everybody thinks that.

No, it's
different for us.
I have to be a virgin
on my wedding day.
I think if you
give them the chance...

No. If they find out
that I've had sex...

I'm no longer
their daughter.

They'll send me away...
out of the country
and I don't want
to live there.

I can't.

Hmm...

What?

Do you know what
an ectopic pregnancy is?

A miscarriage?

Not exactly.

It's where the fetus grows
in the Fallopian tube.

So, then I have

to have an abortion.

It's more complicated
than that.

You'll need surgery.

An operation?

Right now.

Well, how long
does it take?

You leave the hospital
by tomorrow.

No, I have to be home
for dinner in an hour.

If you don't have surgery
immediately, it could rupture
and you'll bleed to death.

Then I'll come back Saturday.

You may not make it
to Saturday.

I don't care.

I need a doctor
in Trauma One right now.

You know what, we'll
figure something out.

Pregnancy is confidential.

We don't have to tell

your parents.

Dr. Lewis,

status epilepticus.

Okay. You stay right there.

I'll be right back,

okay, Amal?

Amal, okay?

TAKATA:

Paramedics gave

four of Ativan

but she's

still seizing.

How's the airway?

Pulse ox is borderline.

You may have to tube her.

Give another two

of Ativan.

Oh, you got this one?

Who are you?

Susan Lewis.

It's, uh, my first day.

Oh. Resident?

Attending.

Tachy at 130.

Right.

We'll do it together.

Okay.

How long has
she been seizing?

MAN:

We got the call
20 minutes ago.

Any history?

Husband only speaks Spanish.

Okay, let's prep
a gram of Dilantin.

I'll intubate.

We should intubate.

Go ahead.

Push 70 of Zemuron.

TAKATA:

What?

Rocuronium.

I have to go
to the pharmacy.

It's the best
nondepolarizing agent.

Maybe, but we

don't stock it.

100 of sux.

I'll get the airway.

(clears throat)

Push the Dilantin.

360. Clear.

Still in fib.

How long since

Cordarone?

20 minutes.

360 again.

Give an amp of epi.

I just did.

Trying to raise

the dead, Lizzie?

Clear.

Septic hemoclectomy

maxed out on Dopamine

and Levophed.

Asystole.

Go directly to the morgue.

Do not pass "Go."

Do not collect \$200.

Okay, that's it.

I'll call the family.

Not that I'm

keeping score

but isn't this your

third postop death

this week?

Congratulations.

We call that

a hat trick.

Thousand of Dilantin

on board.

Get ready with phenobarb.

The husband.

Sir, does your wife

have epilepsy?

?Epilepsia¿

Creo que no.

Can we get a

translator?

No, it's okay.

?Esta tomando medicinas¿

Solamente una.

Es una droga

para prevenir

tuberculosis.

?Come se llama medicina?

Tengo la botella.

She's on an anti-TB med.

Isoniazid.

?Toma algunas mas?

No. Como dice alli,

once cada dia.

?Once pastillas?

Si.

No, solamente una al dia.

What?

It's an overdose

because the label

is in English.

It says, "Take once a day."

"O-n-c-e."

In Spanish that means 11-- once.

She took 11 pills a day?

We need Pyridoxine.

At least six grams.

It's the only way

we're going to stop this.

?Doctora

puedes ayadarla?

Si, vamos a ayudar.

Pavulon while we wait.

What did you say?

I said we'd help her.

I am diabetic.

I need water.

Well, then, we'll

start an I.V. for you.

Oh, nyet.

I drink, I throw up,

I feel better.

No, no,

nothing to drink.

You have gall stones

the size of golf balls.

(speaking Russian)

I have golf stones?

You have gallstones.

Abby, can you

start a line here?

What?

The crash cart.

He's crashing.

What happened?

It looks like V-tach.

CARTER:

Does he have a pulse?

I don't think so.

Charge to 200.

Stanley, have you ever
shocked a patient before?

Uh, no.

Okay, this one's
all yours.

No, that's okay.

I am right here.

Charged and ready.

I want you to apply
firm pressure
and before you press
the buttons

back off...

say "clear."

Okay.

Clear!

(Carter groans)

Did you get shocked?

You were supposed to say "clear"
before, not after.

Normal sinus rhythm!

I've got a pulse!

Well, so does he,
thank God.

Were you touching
the bedframe?

E.K.G. lead?

No, his arm,
right here...

Ouch! Hold on.

I'll get you
an ice pack.

Feels like someone
kicked me in the chest.

Well.. consider yourself
lucky, Mr. Stegman.

How long
has she been seizing?

Almost an hour.

Four grams of
Pyridoxine on board.

She needs one gram

per gram ingested.

Give another four.

We don't have

another four.

Go to the pharmacy.

I can't.

Send another nurse.

This is all we had

in the whole hospital.

Okay, send couriers to Mercy,

Northwestern, Parkside...

Parkside closed last year.

Every nearby hospital.

We need all

the Pyridoxine

we can get.

V-fib. Starting compressions.

Charge to 200.

(sighs)

Damn it.

The daughter was driving?

Yeah. Crushed him up

against a brick wall.

You wonder why
I don't have kids.
Lizzie, what you got?
Perfed diverticulum.
Yeah, well, be sure
you clean under
your fingernails.
Don't want another
postop infection.
Dr. Benton, there's
a Roger McGrath
on the phone.
Dr. Benton's in surgery.
Take a message.
He says it's important.
All right,
hold the phone.
He's crashing!
Get me four more units
of packed cells!
Let's go, Peter.
Good news can wait.
Bad news
will never go away.

I'll call him back.

LEWIS:

Hold compressions.

Asystole.

Start pacing at 140.

Courier's got

Pyridozine from Mercy.

Will be here

in ten minutes.

Turn up the gain.

No capture.

Resume compressions.

How long has she been down?

No cardiac activity

for 35 minutes.

You want to keep going?

pH is 6.8.

(sighs)

We'll never get her back.

I'm calling it.

Stop C.P.R.

Put the husband

in a quiet room.

I'll be right there.

Good pickup.

Once.

I would have missed

the diagnosis.

Lot of good it did.

Feeling any better?

Yeah, the boys bounce back

quick.

Ow! Oh, I think I might've

tweaked it again.

You want to have

another doctor take

a look at your back?

How about your front?

(woman retching violently)

She's tossing

her cookies.

No, cookies.

Chicken, potato, and ice cream.

Oh, Dr. Carter.

I'm really sorry.

It's not your fault.

Should we order an X-ray?

No. It's just a spasm.

It could be somatic dysfunction
at the myofascial junction.

What?

I studied alternative medicine
in Hong Kong.

I could try a muscle
energy technique.

You know, I think
you've done enough
for one day.

Okay, help me mobilize
the liver.

Bovie and pickups.

Peter! Where's Reese?

What?

Reese isn't in the playroom.

You were supposed
to pick him up
at school.

I tried; he wasn't there.

Free up
the falciform.

Where is he?

I thought you had him here

in daycare.

No.

Who let this guy in?

Carla's mother pick him up?

No.

Systolic's down to 60.

Four-sucker bleed.

Lap pads, let's pack

off the liver.

All right.

Her name is, uh,

on the card at school.

Okay. I'll try her.

Yeah, good idea. You call

Grandma, you call Grandpa

and I'll roll

this guy over

so we can all kiss his ass

good-bye!

Sign here.

Corday finally see him?

No. I drank that

Russian water.

Yetna's water?

Yeah, I'm better now.

No thanks to you.

Here, take this;

you're going to need it later.

Have you seen the

girl in Exam One?

She took off.

What?!

She said she'd be back

at 9:00.

Why didn't

anyone get me?

Because you were busy

with the arrest.

She has an ectopic.

Well, you didn't

tell me that.

Where's her chart?

It's here, somewhere.

Could you find it,

please?

Okay.

Could you pull up Razavi

on the computer

Sure.

and print out

her "redge" sheet?

Excuse me. We're here

to see Dr. Carter.

She fainted.

I did not faint.

I was dizzy.

You'll need to see

a triage nurse.

Is that you?

Through those doors

and to the right.

I think we should go

through those doors

and right back to the car.

Please, John Carter...

Dr. Carter's very busy.

John!

Excuse me. If you want

to see a doctor

you need to sign in

at Triage.

Gamma, what are you

doing here?

Ask him.

She fainted outside

Marshal Fields.

I did not.

Did you hit your head?

No. I didn't faint.

This is your grandmother?

Uh, Gamma,

this is Susan Lewis.

Pleasure.

I'm terribly sorry,

ma'am.

Well, I guess you're

only rude to strangers.

Mrs. Wilson!

Mrs. Wilson,

your surgery

went very well.

(mumbling):

Yeah.

You're finished?

Yes. You're on your

way to Recovery.

Good.

I need your address.

I got to send you
at thank-you note.

Dr. Corday?

Dr. Corday?

Yes.

Carmen Torino from
Infection Control.

Do you have a minute?

What do you need?

To speak to you
in private.

Okay. Keep her fluids
at 125 an hour.

Vitals Q-15, CBC in 30.

You lost another patient
today, from sepsis.

Uh, yes, but, uh, he was
debilitated before surgery.

I understand.

However, his death triggered
a formal investigation
by my department.

Excuse me?

You need to be cultured.

Cultured?

In case your body's

carrying bacteria

that's infecting

your patients.

Can you stop by the clinic

in an hour?

I'm afraid that's

impossible.

I have a patient waiting

for me downstairs.

Your surgical privileges

could be suspended

if you don't cooperate.

If you have concerns,

talk to my chairman.

I already have.

Drs. Romano and Anspaugh

have given us

their full support.

GREENE:

Did she sign out AMA?

No.

Call her back.

She thinks she'll

be deported if her

parents find out.

Tell her parents that she needs

surgery for an ovarian cyst.

And falsify

a consent form?

I'd rather keep them

in the dark.

She's pregnant.

They don't have

to know anything.

Hmm. You trust her

to come back?

I think so.

I hope so.

Dr. Greene,

Dr. Corday on Two.

You home yet?

Susan, hi.

Uh, I heard you lost one,

the INH overdose.

Yeah.

Yeah, those can be tough.

How long is

it going to take?

Um, anyway, I've been meaning

to talk to you

Uh-huh.

about the nursing shortage.

That blood alcohol came back

just over the limit.

What?

The girl,

who hit her father-- .092.

Is he still in surgery?

Want me to tell a cop?

No. I will.

Anyway, if you could

pitch in a little

it'll make

everyone happy.

The nurses are complaining?

Yeah, I explained

that you're used

to better staffing

so, you know,
they'll cut
you some slack
until you're up
to speed.

Okay, okay. No problem.

Can you cover my last hour?

Aw, my first day back
you're already
dumping on me.

Elizabeth's stuck.

I have to get home to the baby.

L.P. results are pending
on Etzler

and Nguyen's getting a V.Q.

Anything else?

Yeah, you could pick me up
some milk and Huggies
on the way home.

B.P.'s 120/80.

ROMANO:

Excellent.

Take down the packing.

Peter!

Carla's mom has been
home all day.

Try Jackie.

I tried. I got Joanie.

Did she pick him up?

No.

Retrohepatic caval injury.

More suction.

Call the police, now.

I got to go.

Lost another two liters.

Sternal saw. Peter,

do a pringle before

the guy bleeds out.

Shirley, go get Edson.

Prep a number

eight atrial shunt.

I need to be relieved.

Peter, you take your hands

off his liver

and he's going to die!

Your EKG looks good.

I told you, I'm fine.

Alger means well

but sometimes,
he's annoyingly
condescending.

You gave him a scare.

I was a little woozy
getting out of the car.

We call that near syncope.

I call it
skipping lunch.

You need to eat.

I'll do it.

You been sleeping okay?

(sighs)

Are you, uh, depressed?

I miss him, John.

Me, too.

Have you thought
about therapy?

I said, I miss him.

I'm not mentally unstable.

Sometimes, it's good
to talk about it.

What's to talk about?

He's gone.

And I have things to do.

If I leave now,

I can still make

the Donor's Reception.

Whoa. We need to monitor

your heart overnight.

In here?

I don't think so.

Well, let's just wait

I've been waiting.

I've already missed

two appointments.

If everything checks out

you'll be back

on your feet tomorrow.

There are no more tomorrows,

John.

This is it.

Your grandfather and I used

to think

we had a lifetime of tomorrows.

Hello, is Amal there?

Oh, I'm sorry.

Uh, this is Susan,

her friend from school.

I just had a question

about our math homework.

Oh, okay, great.

Yeah, I'll call back after

dinner. Okay, thanks.

Dr. Lewis,

Mr. Gadasco's still waiting?

Who?

His wife died--

the overdose.

Oh, my... Oh, damn it!

I completely forgot.

Señor Gadasco...

¿Como sigue, doctora?

Le dimos el antidoto,

pero seguido convulsionando.

Parace grave.

Convulsiono tanto que le dio

un ataque del corazon.

Dios mio.

Le dimos choque electrico

y todo el medicamento

para salvarla,

pero no respondio.

Trabajamos con ella

por dos horas

pero se murio.

No.

No!

No! No! No!

Lo siento mucho.

¿Como es posible

que eso paso?

Emilio...

¿Que voy a hacer, señora?

¿Que voy a hacer?

Once. La bottella decia once.

Yo se. Calmate, por favor.

Calmate.

Seguimos las direcciones.

Pensabamos que estamos

haciendo todo bien.

Yo se... que debe

ser dificil...

¿Que les digo

a mis hijos?

¿Porque tuvo que pasar?

Lo siento.

¿Porque tuvo que pasar?

Lo siento mucho.

(gasping)

Sorry.

It has to be

a nasopharyngeal sample.

Oh!

Ooh, sorry.

Felt more like

a brain biopsy.

The enterobacter

from you patients is

a very resistant strain.

I'm aware of that.

You may be colonized.

Open wide.

Quick swab

of the tonsils.

(choking)

God...

So, are we finished?

Just need to do a pelvic.

You've got be kidding.

A surgical tech in Ohio
was passing nocardia
from her vaginal flora.

Thank you for sharing that.

I'm nursing.

You want a sample
of my milk as well?

Absolutely.

Then a cath'd urine
and a stool sample.

If you can't go now,
you can take it home
and bring it back
in the morning.

ROMANO:

Inflate the balloon
and tighten the rumel.

WOMAN:

How is he? Is he
going to be okay?

They're still
working on him.

Why did you leave him?

There's another surgeon

with him.

How much longer?

Look, I have

another emergency

so just wait

in the room, okay.

They want us to come

to the station and

make out a report.

This is Dr. Benton

at County General.

Listen, I need you to send

a detective down here.

I don't care!

My son is missing!

So get off your ass, do your job

and send someone down now!

What's the ETA?

Two minutes.

Flip you for the airway.

He's already

intubated.

What are we getting?

Mercy's sending us a GSW,

and we're out of beds.

You coming?

Yeah, I need gloves.

Move Trauma One to Exam One...

Whose chart is this?

Oh, that's mine.

Code the charts

at the time of discharge

so they can go to billing.

I'll do it right now.

Yeah, and be sure

the nurse's notes...

Did this patient leave

the hospital?

I'm not sure.

You're not sure?

She an ectopic.

It's under control.

What do you mean?

She's not here.

It's complicated.

I'm trying to protect

her privacy.

You should be trying

to protect her life.

She'll be back

in two hours.

If she's

still alive!

Lost his pulse

on the scene.

I gave her my word

I wouldn't tell her parents.

You're putting her

life at risk

so she doesn't

get into trouble.

You have to trust me

on this one.

Prep for a thoracotomy.

Okay, give me the gown.

Call your patient

right now.

You're being completely

irresponsible.

If she's sick,

they can bring her in.

Not if she's dead.

You got too many names

on the list.

Everyone helps out.

How's the school supposed

to keep track of ten people?

Any stranger could say

he was his uncle.

We've never had

a problem before.

You sure you got

there on time?

Yes.

Hey, what are

you doing here?

Where were you?

Hey.

(sighs)

What's going on?

You picked him

up from school?

Yeah.

He was acting out.

He bit a little girl.

You were in surgery,

so they called me.

Yeah, well, you had us worried.

I left a message

on your voice mail.

It wasn't Peter's

night to pick him

up, it was mine.

You're still picking him up?

We have dinner every

Tuesday and Thursday.

He's had three fights

at recess this week.

Hey, you fighting?

The teacher wants to know

if there are any problems

at home.

She thinks he may need

a little more stability.

What are you

trying to say?

Just telling you

what she said.

He wasn't getting

in fights when he

was living with us.

Know what? Maybe he

should just live in

one home for a while.

Peter, he's my stepson.

We've got an agreement.

Yeah, but we need to think

about what's best for Reese.

Well, if he's

acting out

maybe it's because

he lost his mother.

Hey, hey, hey, look.

We'll talk about this later.

I just need to go call

the police and get him home.

All right?

Dr. Weaver?

Yeah?

O.R. called.

They don't think

Mr. Pomeroy's

going to make it.

Okay, I'll go up.

Can you do the coroner's forms?

Yeah. Hey, Chuni,

can you tell my grandmother

I'll be about

five more minutes?

And see if Dr. Lewis called

that ectopic girl.

(sighs)

Gamma!

What are you doing?

It's late, John.

I've been a good sport.

No, no, no, you

cannot leave.

Fainting can be

a warning sign

for a heart attack,

for stroke...

I'll take my chances.

Well, if you leave now,

you're going to be

signing out against

medical advice.

I've already done that.

Come on, there's still
some more tests
we can do.

I'll see you
at home, John.

Don't forget
to turn out
the porch light
when you come in.

Check on her in
about an hour.

Good night.

Sorry if I offended her.

Oh, don't worry
about it.

She never takes
me seriously.

What do you expect?

She changed your diapers.

That's true.

Any focal neuro findings?

EKG changes?

No, I monitored her
for three hours.

Yeah, she should be okay.

Weaver's looking for you.

Did you call your

ectopic girl?

I'm going to give her

till 9:00.

It's a bit of a risk.

Danger is my middle name.

Any other catastrophes?

It's been like

an acid flashback

without the good parts.

I don't know

what I was thinking

when I said I'd come back.

You weren't, but at least

you're working with friends.

Yes.

Excuse me, uh, Pickman's got

a woman in active labor.

Show time.

(woman groans)

Denise Frankel.

Full-term.

She's crowning.

"Show time"

is right.

(screams)

Oh, I need to push.

Go ahead, push.

(moans)

Membrane's ruptured,

fluid looks clear.

How many other

kids have you had?

Two.

ABBY:

This one's coming fast.

(sighs)

Take your foot off the pedal.

I'm not on it.

The bed's rising.

Your foot must...

I'm nowhere near it.

Must be... a short?

What's happening?

Just a little

technical difficulty.

Oh, man.

Water broke, it must have
flooded the switch.

Late decel. Okay, we have to get
this baby out.

I can't deliver
the baby like this.

Well, get Luka.

He's tall.

Carter,
take over.

What-- where
are you going?

What are you doing?

Excuse me?

Get down. Get down.

Okay, just blow, just
blow through the pain.

Drop your arm over the side.

I need to start an IV.

Give me a hand.

Oh, you're
kidding me?

What are you doing?

Just setting up
some equipment.

Fetal heart
rate's 140.

Don't drop my baby.

Don't worry,

Dr. Carter

used to be

in the circus.

Yeah, as

a clown, right?

Human cannonball...

until I got fired.

Okay, give a big push.

Push.

Push.

Head's out.

Relax.

Cord's tight

around the neck.

Can you reduce it?

Uh, I don't think so.

How about a clamp?

Toss it.

Second clamp.

Scissors.

Is it a boy or a girl?

One more push,
and we're about to find out.

(groans)

(yells)

It's a boy.

Is he okay?

Oh, he's beautiful.

Can I see him?

Yeah, as soon as we strap on
a parachute.

Ooh, yeah.

Hi, Mom.

(sighs)

(laughs)

(sobbing):

I k*llled him.

I k*llled him.

I k*llled him.

I'm so sorry.

I k*llled him.

I'm so sorry.

No. No...

I need to see him.

I need to see him.

Miss Pomeroy?

What?

We're going to

have to leave now.

What? What do you mean?

What are you talk--

I'm required to place

you under arrest.

It was an accident.

He was my father.

Is this really

necessary?

We only had a couple

of glasses of wine.

We only had a couple

of glasses of wine.

Let her say good-bye.

Where is he? Where

did you put him?

Let her say good-bye.

Where is he?

This way.

Oh, God, I'm sorry.

I'm sorry.

I got Ella's

diaper culture.

Oh, you didn't need

to do that, Mark.

Hey, not with the food.

I triple-bagged them.

Did I hear

a phone ring?

No.

She still

hasn't called?

Not yet.

The party was

over at 8:00.

I know.

So, call her.

I don't have her

phone number.

Look it up.

I didn't get

Claire's last name.

Mark, if your
daughter's
at a party
you need to know
these things.

Yeah, well,
I talked to the parents.
I thought everything
was okay.

We don't even know
where she is.

RACHEL:

I told you
about the party.

Do you know
what time it is?

It's only 10:15.

You were supposed
to call me two hours ago.

I'm sorry.

How'd you get home?

Andrew.

I think I'll check on
the little one.

All they had were
hot dogs and burgers
so some of us
went out to eat.

Uh-huh, "some of us,"
or you and Andrew?

Dad?

I need to know these things.

That sounds
like something
Mom would say.

I wasn't drinking.

I'm not doing dr*gs.

I'm just making some
new friends, okay?

All you had to do was call.

I tried.

The pay phone was broken.

If you don't believe me,
call the restaurant.

Don't ever let
this happen again.

Okay?

Okay.

You know, if I had
a cell phone
we could keep in touch.

Yeah, right.

Seriously, just
for emergencies.

We'll see.

Thanks.

You guys do good work.

So do you.

I'll call you when
it's time to build
his tree house.

(laughs)

Amal?

Dr. Lewis.

I'm so sorry I'm late.

It was really hard
to sneak out.

I am so glad
you came back.

I told the nurse

I'd be here at 9:00.

Well, people say

a lot of things.

You said it

was important.

Mm-hmm. Abby,

can you find us a room?

Yeah.

Good to see you.

Uh... where's her chart?

Weaver's got it.

Amal's chart?

Yeah.

Why?

I don't know.

Where is she?

I don't know.

She's on a call

in the lounge.

Oh, damn it.

Get off the phone.

Yeah, I work at

the E.R. in County...

She's here, you don't

have to call.

Susan...

I told you,

she'd be back.

Who?

Amal, the ectopic.

I didn't call her.

Oh.

Hello. Hi.

I'm sorry we got disconnected.

No, actually, I got your number

from an investigator

who specializes

in finding birth parents.

Did you give up

a daughter for adoption?

I understand.

No, I-I...

I am sorry.

I thought this was

from a reliable source.

I won't--

I will not bother you again.

Good night.