

ER season 3, episode 11

excerpts

['de me go down on him! \n He gave me VD. \n He got me pregnant! \n And now he wants me
\n to pay for the abortion! \n Child molester! \n Lovely girl. \n I wanted to ask you about \n a
Pediatric surgical rotation. \n Th']

transcript

My God, it is cold!

It must be below

with the wind chill.

This is no place for a Mexican.

I thought you hated

night shift.

I'm filling in for Haleh.

We'll see plenty of

frostbite tonight.

And bum-sicles.

I hate the smell when they thaw.

Place looks dead.

Well, this guy certainly is.

Randi, you know we got

a DB in the hall?

The morgue's slow. I put him

near the door to keep cool.

– Good thinking.

– Is this right?

Not a single patient.

It's too cold to be sick.

I guess I'm gonna have time to
work on my curriculum vitae.

What's that?

It's a fancy word for résumé.

I've got tenure review this week.

– You wanna join the faculty?

– It'd be nice.

Dr. Greene? Legal sent you
this letter and charts to be signed.

They're writing me up for not
co-signing charts.

Won't that hurt your chance?

Won't help.

Competition pretty stiff?

About 5' 10", red hair, with a limp.

Lydia?

How'd you like to make
an easy 100 bucks?

How?

I'm studying how exercise affects
the circadian rhythms...

...of night shift workers.

Is that why E-Ray's

doing jumping jacks?

– Yes. But we need one more subject.

– My publishing deadline's in two days.

So I'm kind of in a bind.

Sorry. Not interested.

All right. We'll keep looking.

Wendy.

Very good!

How much are a dozen bananas?

– Very good!

– Thank you.

I left the packing till now.

I'll be here all night.

– That presents opportunities.

– I have to pack.

– Please!

– Come back at : .

Have you seen Carter?

Someone said he's in here.

Doesn't look like it.

– Sorry. Have a safe trip.

– Thank you. Bye-bye.

Carol?

Mary, what's up?

Budget just came out.

We've got a crisis conference
tomorrow morning.

– Crisis conference?

– ER nursing's \$, over.

Can't we add to it?

You're gonna have
to let two nurses go.

But I'm understaffed as it is.

Name me a department that isn't.

The county's out of money.

You've got three junior RNs:

Maylik...

– Malik.

– Malik McGrath, Chuny Marquez and Conni...

Oligario.

You can keep one.

Which two get the ax?

That's your decision.

I don't know.

I've never done this before.

I gotta have an answer by tomorrow.

Are you on tonight?

Leave it on my e-mail.

Make sure I get it by

in the morning.

If you could choose how to die,

how would you do it?

That's morbid.

If I could choose how to die,

I'd go by OD.

– A stroke is better.

– Lf you survive, you're an end table.

– Still no patients?

– Nope, but we got takeout.

We ordered you your usual.

What do I owe you, Chuny?

– Put it away.

– Come on. Conni?

– We got you covered.

– Thanks.

– My hands cold?

– Oh, God! Sadist!

I'm sorry about that

surprise Christmas morning.

Santa didn't come?

I opened my door to

a homeless street urchin.

– You opened my door.

– Right. I opened her door.

– She stole Mom's silverware.

– I'll pay for it.

– She won't take your money.

– I won't offer again.

My New Year's resolution is to

resist charitable impulses.

Risk Management said we're

overdue for a safety check.

Why tell me?

You're the safety officer.

They want it done tonight.

– I got charts to do...

– Carol and I will take it.

What happened to resisting

charitable impulses?

Speaking of, anyone wanna

sign up for a night shift study?

Boy, it is dead!

Finished my charts.

It's not even : .

– Want some action?

– What do you got in mind?

Edson's sick, you can take
his place on the code team.

Absolutely.

Hey, John.

He boned me, man!

Benton wouldn't let you off?

Two days is all I asked for.

Son of a bitch!

You know, Dennis...

...if Monique's with this other guy,

there's nothing you can do...

...even if you did fly down there.

I'd sure as hell like

the chance to try.

You wanna go to that place

and get some fries with gravy?

I wish I could.

I got all these charts to do.

Okay. I hear you.

If Benton asks, I'll be

back in an hour.

I thought you finished the charts.

I've listened to him moan about
that girlfriend for two weeks.

Tonight is slow enough.

Who's our first lucky customer?

Lady fell asleep at McGoo's.

Waitress brought her in.

She's kind of loopy. No I.D.

Says her name's Shelly.

No needles!

I just wanna sleep.

Temp's , and look at this.

Photophobia.

I'm Dr. Greene.

I need to examine you.

Leave me alone!

You have symptoms of meningitis,
which is really serious.

We need to do a spinal tap
just to be sure.

Let me give you
a shot of antibiotics.

No needles, I said!

If you do have meningitis and we
don't treat you, you could die.

Die, cry, let me fry.

Do you know where you are?

In the hospital, talking to Dr. Greene

with a head like a bean.

Do you know what day it is?

Thursday, January 14th.

Bing! Correct!

Alex Trebek, next:

Stupid Questions for \$10,000.

I'm 100% sure it's meningitis, which
is probably causing her mental status.

She won't let me take blood.

She can't make her own decisions.

- I need a consent override.
- Run it by Risk Management.
- No, I don't.
- Yeah, you do.

All consent overrides

go through Legal.

Fine. Tell them

I'm doing a spinal tap...

...on a demented woman

without her consent.

Well, we've got some loose tile here.

And some crumbling grout.

Faulty tile and grout.

This could be trouble

in an open wound.

Trouble indeed! Good catch.

Did you note

the wobbly IV stands?

Roger that.

You got a flair for this.

Thank you.

You know...

...this clock could fall

right off the wall.

I don't know how you do it.

It's established that night work

disrupts circadian rhythms.

I've heard that.

I hope to prove

moderate physical exertion...

...can switch circadian rhythms

back into phase.

When you say

"moderate physical exertion"...

A few minute's exercise.

Jog around the block. Not strenuous.

It's all set up.

I don't know, I'm not in good shape.

You look plenty healthy to me.

Oh, my God!

– Are you okay?

– What were you doing?

Safety check. You okay?

– I'm bleeding.

– I can stitch it up.

I would prefer Jeanie.

And you were doing so well.

Maggie, you got anything good?

Carol Hathaway dropped

a clock on Weaver's head.

– Deliberately?

– I'm foggy on the details.

We got paramedics pulling up.

Now we're talking!

– Nobody called for a surgical consult.

– I'm saving you the trouble.

Found him on the floor

in acute distress.

Chest and belly pain.

Vitals, normal.

Wouldn't let us start an IV.

Does this hurt?

Looks like a surgical abdomen.

– I haven't made that assessment.

– You don't have to.

Should I call for an Attending?

Up and over!

Let's get an IV started.

I think I hear a rub.

I may have a pulsatile mass.

Give me a –lead and a chest film.

Get me a cross-table abdomen.

– Which first?

– Chest.

Abdomen.

He could have an aneurysm.

– I don't want to miss an acute MI.

– I don't want to miss a triple-A.

If it's an MI, he needs TPA.

If it's an aneurysm,

he goes to O.R.

Time is heart muscle.

Ever have an aneurysm

blow up in your face?

Hey, guys.

I'm feeling much better.

– You need to lie down.

– You need x-rays.

No. I'm fine...

...except for a stuffy nose.

Could I have a flu shot?

I remember this dude.

To get a ride to the hospital,
he calls and plays possum.

But I'm on Social Security.

I can't afford a cab.

And it's too cold for the bus.

You want a flu shot?

If it wouldn't be too much trouble?

It's all yours.

Gee, thanks!

I'm just saying, there's no point
in me going back to general surgery.

You learned all there is?

I want another Pediatric rotation.

– Why?

– I want to be a pediatric surgeon.

She said that my technique
was excellent.

You're in luck. He's doing
a jejunal atresia tonight.

If he'll take you,
you're back in Pediatric.

Could I cover Pedes Sick-U?

Anything else?

No, thank you.

– Chuny, you got that LP tray?

– By the door.

Can you give us a hand?

We may need you.

There's someone...

Why won't you tell me your address?

Excuse me. Who are you?

Dr. Greene?

Pat Guinet, Hospital Counsel. You
want to do a spinal tap on this patient?

– That's right.

– She's not keen on the idea.

I've assessed her
as mentally incompetent.

We just had a fairly

coherent conversation.

Is that a medical diagnosis?

Look, doctor, she's clearly

a borderline case.

We have been sued

by these patients in the past.

I'm saving her life,

and you're talking legal exposure.

That's why I'm paid.

I'm paid to help sick people.

I'm not gonna wrestle

with you, doctor.

I'm writing on the chart:

"You're advised against treating
this woman without her consent."

And you and anyone...

...who assists you, will be

putting your jobs in jeopardy.

Get a psych consult.

If they agree she's incompetent,

put her on a hold and proceed.

Until then, don't touch her.

Just one more stitch.

Have you given any more thought

to participating in my study?

I've got paperwork I need to do.

It won't take much time.

Just minutes every couple hours.

– Lf we get busy, it'll be a problem.

– It's been slow so far.

My being HIV-positive

won't skew the results?

Won't make a bit of difference.

Tonight's my last night to

collect data. And if I...

My findings will be incom...

well, worthless, really.

But see, if you're too busy,

I respect your decision.

Just as I've always respected

and supported your decisions.

What would I have to do?

He scores!

– We finally get a bonafide patient?

– But we can't touch her.

She asked for another blanket

and a snack.

So we're not a hospital,

we're a bed-and-breakfast?

Psych come down?

– No, not yet.

– Try again. I'll be in the lounge.

– Call Missing Persons?

– Yeah, but no one's missed her.

We got a wheelchair with no brakes...

...and three IV stands

I think are wobbly.

What do we do with them?

Ugly!

If it isn't my favorite thief.

You got your wallet back.

My mother's silverware?

I didn't take it. I swear.

Do I call Security,

or will you leave by yourself?

No, listen, man.

I need some bread.

No, serious.

There's this dude trying to pimp me.

And I don't wanna...

He says I gotta pay him

bucks, or he'll k*ll me.

Maybe we should tell the cops.

I don't deal with cops.

And I don't deal with liars who take
advantage of people who help them.

You're a creep. You know that?

A creep and a pervert!

That's right! This doctor
made me go down on him!

He gave me VD.

He got me pregnant!

And now he wants me
to pay for the abortion!

Child molester!

Lovely girl.

I wanted to ask you about
a Pediatric surgical rotation.

This isn't a good time.

I'll be in Pedes Sick-U all night.

– You were looking for me?

– You're on Sick-U with me.

Isn't Zeidenberg on?

Order everyone's labs
and advance the drain on Bed .

Here's one for you.

"Longing for your embrace.

Financial officer seeks life

of adventure with very special lady."

– Forget it.

– Sounds like money, honey.

What are we gonna talk about?

Dow averages?

"Sensual M.D., .

– ' ".

– I like tall.

Makes up in passion what

he lacks in hair."

Not me.

I'm not so desperate to use personals.

You calling me desperate?

No. That's not what I meant.

So where do you find all your dates?

– I haven't had one in a while.

– See?

Don't knock it till you try it.

Dr. Greene,

psych's here on that lady.

Who is it? McDonald?

No, some intern.

I didn't realize we were
coming down this hallway.

Neither did I.

Which room was it, anyway?

I don't know.

It was either this door or this one.

No, Doug. It's this one.

Right. Lots of stolen
moments in there, huh?

Yes, there were.

So should we?

– What?

– Open the door.

Oh, yeah, sure.

Why not?

Come on. You got it?

– Did it always smell like this?

– I think it did.

Now, if I remember...

...I bet we still got some candles.

– What?

– Yep! Look at this.

Got a match?

Oh, my God!

Shelly, I'm gonna ask you to commit

three things to memory:

A fire engine, a mobile home

and a pen.

Why?

Just try to remember them.

Can you tell me the date?

Get away!

Temp's up to . . .

Look, we're running out of time.

Shelly? The date?

I already told Dr. Greene-bean.

Was she oriented to time?

More or less.

Oriented to time.

Shelly, can you spell "world"

backwards?

U-O-Y

W-E-R-C-S.

Screw you.

Backwards.

Right.

Good concentration.

Can you remember the things

I told you earlier?

Yes.

What are they?

A fire engine, a pen, a mobile home.

Now leave me alone, cornpone.

She's oriented to person,
time and place.

Her mental status exam is normal.

She's uncooperative,
she speaks in rhyme...

...and doesn't care that she
could die without treatment.

There are criteria for competence.

She doesn't meet them.

She's a woman with no I.D.,
found passed out in a restaurant.

She doesn't meet the criteria.

Do you realize your
decision could k*ll her?

That kind of hyperbole
isn't very helpful.

Patients have a right
to make bad decisions.

– Not when they're demented.

– That's where we disagree.

Get McDonald down here.

Tell him it's life or death.

Dr. Benton?

The Serena kid's in

second-degree heart block.

Where's his chart?

– Kenner's patient?

– Yeah, but Kenner's back in surgery.

Where are the labs?

– On the chart.

– The calcium's not here.

It wasn't picked up.

Give him of Lasix, IV push, and run

a liter of saline to diurese him.

Where's Gant?

I don't know.

Dr. Fogg at Cambridge did

a similar study with rodents...

...and could double serum cortisol

with five minutes on the treadmill.

– How many more minutes do I have?

– Fifteen.

Dr. Weaver, I'm getting

a reading of lux.

– Put the goggles on her.

– Goggles?

The lights approximate daylight.

We wanna make sure your body
thinks it's night.

What else do I have to do?

One more exertion test, heart
and lung readings, and that's it.

Wendy, let's take

the RPMs up to .

I met the guy once last summer.

Some type of mortgage broker.

I don't know when

she started seeing him.

Why are you here when a kid
is dying of hypercalcemia?

You're supposed to monitor
his calcium.

– I sent the labs in.

– Why, if you don't check them?

It takes an hour.

Look at this. . !

– He went into a bradyarrhythmia.

– I was going to get them.

Gant, that kind of excuse
kills patients.

If you can't do the job,
then you don't need to be here.

Make another stupid
mistake like that, you won't be.

Hey, you okay?

It's a code.

I'm on the code team.

Listen, we'll talk, all right?

We'll talk when I get back?

It's weird, being down here again.

Makes me realize how unhappy I was.

When you were with me?

It wasn't your fault.

I just didn't think much of myself.

– I'm sure I didn't help.

– A lot of stuff didn't help.

But it's just different now, you know?

I actually feel good.

What's different besides us not
being together?

I used to think I couldn't do things.

Now I'm taking a pre-med course.

I trust you did well
on your midterms.

B plus.

Clearly, you're not trying
hard enough.

I guess it's about feeling in control.

I guess.

Of course,
there's things you can't control.

Such as?

Administration's making me
fire two nurses.

– Really?

– But don't tell anyone.

They don't know, and I
don't know who it'll be.

I'm not gonna say a thing.

You know what's really depressing?

Being here right now...

...makes me realize how much
happier I was back then.

– God, you're pathetic.

– Yes.

– You on the code team?

– I was gonna ask you.

– Where the hell is A– ?

– I was gonna ask that too.

Do you know where A– is?

Somebody's having a heart attack.

Sorry. Have you seen the men's

room? A toilet overflowed.

Nope. Can't help you.

" , .

.

– ."

– It must be this way.

– I'll do the central line.

– I will.

– Have you run a code before?

– More than you have.

Well, here's the toilet.

Code team? You're late.

Oh, no!

– I'll take over.

– I got it.

He's got a rhythm.

– I got a good pulse.

– Thank God!

CPR course finally paid off.

Now, if I could just find that john!

Dr. Carter will show you.

– Know why I hate going to a shrink?

– Why?

Because you have to

talk about yourself.

That's the point, Doug.

It's embarrassing.

I tell her about my patients.

She lets you?

She says I prefer talking about them

because solving their problems...

...is easier than solving my own.

It's probably true.

Sometimes, yeah. Sometimes, no.

You thinking about Charlie?

I was tough on her today.

Well, you know,

you gave her a chance.

Several. There's a certain point

you just gotta say, "No. It's over."

Why do those words

sound familiar to me?

Conni and I wrote

a personal ad for you. Wanna hear?

Sure.

"Sensitive doctor.

Tall, white and handsome."

– Handsome? Really?

– Sure. Why not?

"Loves the Cubs and Kawasakis."

Hold on. I own a bike,

I don't know if I love it.

Chicks love guys with bikes.

I got mine in the garage.

Your bike?

They let me keep it here.

But I haven't run it.

– Your battery's gonna die.

– I gotta start it up.

Don't mention the bike. I don't

wanna attract motorcycle chicks.

Someone like me?

No. I didn't mean...

Shelly's gone

and so are her clothes.

– Check the restrooms.

– I did that already.

Did you see a female

patient leave here?

Brown hair and red hat?

She just left.

I'll get Security.

Could you grab my coat?

Shelly? Shelly?

Shelly, you need to come back inside.

I want the bus.

Listen to me.

You're very sick.

We need to treat you.

– Right away.

– Go away.

Shelly, come on.

Put me down!

I wanna go on the bus!

Put me down!

Help! Help!

Why are you hurting me?

Grab her legs.

Chuny, take her shoulders.

Malik, bring her knees

up to her chest.

What are you doing?

I'm gonna give you

a shot to numb the skin.

No! No needles, please!

I don't see a psych hold.

– Help me.

– I got tired of waiting.

Hold still.

I want everyone's names.

– Chuny Marquez.

– Lydia Wright.

Malik McGrath.

No, please!

I got fluid.

There I was, baring my soul

in a way I never really had before.

– All of a sudden, I hear snoring.

– I'm sorry. I'm so tired.

Oh, God! I've got / hours

to make my big staff decision.

– What am I gonna do?

– Sorry, what?

You're hilarious.

Oh, my God!

Charlie?

Get a gurney! Let's go!

What happened?

– He found me.

– The pimp? Hang on.

Get the gurney, Conni!

Benton was out of line.

– Was he?

– Way out of line.

– I feel like punching out the bastard.

– Well, that would be unwise.

I suppose I could tell Anspaugh...

...but then again, I don't know.

I think Benton's right.

Lately, I've been one step behind,

five minutes too late.

See you.

– Aren't you covering the ER?

– It's dead.

What I wouldn't give

for a good five-car pileup.

It's : .

Time for the

Charlie Chan Mystery Movie.

What's the point of this exactly?

To compare your cortisol
after indoor and outdoor exertion.

– That's it?

– No more sweating after this.

Get your knees up, like a drum major.

That's it. There you go.

Go! Go! Go!

Okay, sweetheart.

Squeeze this hand.

Good. All right.

Now squeeze this hand.

That's okay. That's all right.

– I think she's got a broken right ulna.

– Ears are clear.

Can you move your jaw for me?

Side to side.

It hurts.

That's okay.

You're gonna be fine.

Let's get a panorex.

She's got a broken jaw.

Let's get a film of the chest,

right arm, orbits.

She has bruising around her groin.

She may have been r*ped.

All right, kiddo.

It's okay.

Your idea's gonna

make you a millionaire?

– Money in the bank.

– Let's hear it.

Flypaper in a can.

Like aerosol. You spray it on

your car so bugs stick to it.

You peel off one big sheet.

Then boom!

– Your car is clean.

– You're kidding, right?

– I'll call it "Bug Off."

– That's the dumbest idea ever.

Why not just clean it off

with a hose?

Okay, I got another one.

Stethoscope condoms.

I don't even want to know.

Take my advice.

Don't quit your day job.

How's it going?

Dr. Kenner.

We had a scare.

His calcium went up to

...which sent him into heart block.

I had to diurese him.

I got him back to a normal sinus.

Well, it looks fine now.

– Good work.

– Thank you.

I'd like to do another

Pediatric rotation...

...and I'd like to do it with you.

Correct me if I'm wrong.

I understood that Dr. Keaton

isn't recommending you.

She told you that?

Well, it is a pretty small club.

We do talk occasionally.

Dr. Kenner, I learned a lot

from Dr. Keaton...

...but our styles were very different.

We didn't quite mesh.

Why don't you talk to her
and tell her your perspective...

...about not meshing and so on.

– Maybe she'll reconsider.

– And if she did?

Then we could talk.

Without a recommendation,

I really can't help you.

Where am I going?

To Radiology to take x-rays.

We'll use a machine called a CAT scan

to make sure your head's okay.

I'm scared.

It's okay.

I'll come with you.

Hang on.

Want me to get a r*pe kit?

I'm gonna talk to her

and see what happened.

– Which bone would you choose?

– Maybe a finger.

If I had to choose a bone to

break, I'd choose a clavicle.

That's good.

No surgical intervention.

– I'd go with a skull fracture.

– Oh, you would!

Crazy!

"Venture to Karachi on the rugged...

...Grand Trunk Road which,

while breathtaking...

...is prone to landslides

and firefights...

...by warring sectarian factions."

Abby, don't go.

Put the book down.

Dr. Keaton?

– Did you lock the door?

– I thought you did.

Dr. Keaton, I...

Peter, could you wait

outside, please?

– Anything?

– Just doing the ink stain now.

I admire you, Dr. Greene.

That took guts.

Thank you for your support.

Don't worry about that lawyer.

I'm going to take full responsibility.

They can't fire all of us.

Sorry if I offended you earlier

with that motorcycle crack.

It takes a lot to offend me.

But seriously, I'd be lucky

to find someone like you.

Wanna get the lights?

Is it meningitis?

Cryptococcus.

You were right.

Randi, have you seen

a black binder?

The nursing budget?

It fell out of the cubby,

so I looked at it.

Well, where is it?

Bad news for some people, huh?

– You shouldn't have looked.

– I was curious.

I took an accounting course.

Well, that's no excuse.

– It's the overtime that's k*lling you.

– What?

ER nurses work 12-hour shifts.

After eight hours, they get overtime.

– It's screwing with your budget.

– I don't know what else we can do.

Put everybody on 12-hour shifts.

You'll save a hundred grand a year.

I know teacher/intern relationships
can undermine reputations.

The innuendo and rumors.

I need to know if you'll be
discreet about this.

I came by to see if you'd reconsider
writing me a recommendation.

You've always complimented
my surgical skills...

...and with a recommendation, I could
get another Pediatric rotation.

And if I don't?

What do you mean, if you don't?

Will you report my relationship
with Dr. Carter?

You think I'm threatening you?

Are you?

If your recommendation isn't based
on my abilities as a doctor...

...I don't want it.

I can't do that, Peter.

You've got the makings
of an excellent surgeon...

...but not a pediatric surgeon.

Dr. Greene, another letter from Legal.

What do you know?

I've been written up again.

Twice in one night.

They cc'd Anspaugh.

That was very thoughtful.

Jerks.

Why don't I just get some frames
and put these up on the wall?

You should do it.

– This is George Dunleavy.

– What can I do for you?

The police said that you
may have found my sister, Shelly.

A couple of days ago,
she said she was sick.

I told her to see a doctor.

I haven't heard from her since.

Does your sister have any
psychiatric problems?

She was pretty incoherent.

Meningitis can cause
temporary dementia.

Will she be all right?

Take a day or two,
but she should be fine.

– Thank you, doctor.

– Sure.

I want you to know, Dr. Keaton
and I never talked about you.

We never said anything about you
remotely negative, ever.

Carter, it never occurred
to me that you had.

We were just talking about you.

Dr. Gant feels that you've treated
him inappropriately in public.

Calling him lazy and stupid,
I understand?

I said what he did
was lazy and stupid.

It wasn't inappropriate.

His inattention almost k*lled a child.

That's not true.

You neglected your duties.

If you feel that way, speak

to me. Don't yell at me in public.

All right, settle down.

You were there, weren't you?

Do you feel Dr. Benton's reaction

was inappropriate?

His language was strong, and I can

understand how Dennis feels.

But given the circumstances...

...I'm not sure

I'd call it inappropriate.

Sounds like you have to

develop thicker skin, Dr. Gant.

And if similar issues arise

in the future...

...I suggest you take them up

with Dr. Benton directly...

...before you come crying to me.

The hard truth is, there's no money.

They want me to let people go.

– So who gets fired?

– Nobody.

I sent up a proposal that solves
our problems without losing jobs.

– You cutting back hours?

– No.

Instead of three –hour shifts,
everyone will work five –hour shifts.

For the same money?

A little less.

But we have to work
four hours more a week.

That sucks.

Or two of you are history.

– I don't buy that.

– They got the money.

I'm not giving up my OT.

None of us are. We got a contract
negotiation coming up.

Management pulls this, we walk.

That's right.

I didn't think you'd
really go to Anspaugh.

Look, I'm sorry.

Don't worry about it.

I didn't know what to say.

And with Benton standing there...

John, it's okay. I didn't mean

to put you on the spot.

So we're cool?

Yeah, we're cool.

I'd better get back to the ER.

I'll see you later.

It's like an x-ray of your head.

There's nothing to be afraid of.

– Will you stay with me?

– I'm gonna be in the next room.

Charlie, were you r*ped?

Promise you won't tell the cops?

I'm not gonna tell anybody.

You'll be okay.

Here we go.

Okay, let's see.

Hey, Mark! Mark!

You forgot your curriculum vitae.

Thanks!

After tonight, I figure my chances

for making tenure are about nil.

But I did my job,

and I can do my job somewhere.

– Tenure or no tenure.

– Same here.

They're messing with our overtime.

I'll go someplace else.

– That's the spirit!

– I gotta go.

Chuny, you hungry?

Wanna grab some breakfast with me?

Sure.

First I gotta take the bike for

a spin just to charge the battery.

Why don't I charge it up with you?

Sure. Hop on!

You want me to get in this box?

"This box" is a body plethysmograph.

– It accurately measures lung capacity.

– Why is that important?

I need accurate specifications,

or I can't correlate the data.

I'm sorry.

I get claustrophobic.

Look at all the windows.

You can look out.

I'm sorry. I can't.

If you don't, I have to

throw out two months' work.

– I'm not getting in.

– You're getting \$.

– Shut up.

– Please?

I'm sorry. It's final.

I can't.

How about that?

– Wendy.

– What?

– Get in the box.

– Me?

We'll test lung volume.

Then get on the bike.

But it's almost daylight.

Here, wear the goggles.

You won't know the difference.

How is she?

She's got a broken arm,

a lot of bruises.

A concussion. She was r*ped.

I'll get a kit

and call the police.

When does the social worker
get here?

They should be on now.

You want me to call?

No. I'll do it.

The eggs are burning.

Oh, well. We'll just have
to make some more.

I didn't call a surgeon.

We finally got a good one.

Some guy got hit by the El.

– What you got?

– You got a mess. Take a look.

Yuck! Which end is up?

Jumped or fell in front of a train.

Open skull fracture, multiple
extremity fractures, flailed chest.

– Any signs of life?

– He's got a weak pulse.

Now all he needs is a face.

He's / .

He ain't gonna last.

Everybody, grab hold

on my count. , , !

– What is this?

– Man versus moving El train.

suicide?

He either jumped or tripped.

Lost the pulse.

Put O-neg on the rapid infuser.

Set up a central line.

Page Gant. He's supposed to be

covering the ER.

– I'll do it.

– How are his eyes?

He's lost one,

and the other's swollen shut.

Gray matter in the hair.

Increased breath sounds.

I'll put in a tube.

It's a surgical procedure.

– French.

– Whose beeper?

It's coming from him.

– blade.

– What number did you page Gant to?

This room, .

That's the number on this pager.

Oh, my God! The patient.

It's Gant.

Dennis?

Oh, sweet Jesus!

Carter, put the tube in!

Seal him with thoraseal!

Move!

– Flat line.

– Give me an amp of epi...

...and atropine.

Let's go, Carter!

I'm trying!

Get it in! Get it in!

It's in.

Come on.