

ER season 12, episode 11

excerpts

[" girl's head \n is so far twisted \n she doesn't understand \n she has a choice. \n She doesn't want an abortion. \n She doesn't want \n to have the baby either. \n Anyone can see that. \n What about misoprostol? \n I", " want \n to have the baby either. \n Anyone can see that. \n What about misoprostol? \n It's used as an abortifacient \n all over the world. \n She won't consent to that. \n Just let it go, Neela. \n You're the wrong pers"]

transcript

Previously on ER:

Your East Coast

squeeze is here.

She's kind of a looker

in an interstate off-ramp

kind of way.

I'm here now, baby.

(moaning)

Bobby hit me.

What?

Broke a rib.

I'm sorry. I didn't know,

but you didn't say anything.

Why didn't you go

to the police?

He is the police.

A compass?

Seeing as how we always
find each other.

Can we talk?

What?

I'm pregnant.

What are you doing?

Christmas was
three weeks ago.

I figured it's time
to put it away.

Leave it. I like it.

You want to be one
of those people
dragging some dead brown
tree out into the street
in the middle of April?

I like those people.

They don't give up easy.

I made this for Maggie
when I was...

I think, six.

We were living in a motel:
the Minnetonka.

Don't you have a search
committee meeting this morning?

I could skip it.

We can talk some more.

No, you should go.

I have to be

in soon, so...

I guess we haven't figured
anything out yet.

Yeah, I really...

don't want

to get into it again.

Have you made a decision?

Well, we don't even know
what we are to each other.

No one ever knows that.

Oh, come on.

We've been friends
for a long time.

Good friends.

Yeah.

Been through a lot together.

That doesn't mean
we could take care of a child.

It has to be your choice.

I know that.

Ground-level fall

in the ambulance bay!

No head trauma,

no LOC.

Okay, it's all right.

I'm fine.

Complains of right hip

pain, can't bear weight.

Would you stop it.

I'm just trying

to be professional.

It's annoying.

Whose job is to

de-ice the entrance?

Just get back to work.

It's only a bruise.

I'm fine.

You know what?

I'm going to go

find you a bed.

No, no, I don't

need all that.

Acetaminophen OD--
should I give Mucomyst
before the level's back?

Dr. Weaver,
can you look over...
(all talking)

WEAVER:

I'm not even on today.

Guys, easy, easy.

Look, she had a nasty little
slip on the ice,
so let's give her
some space.

Okay?

Thank you.

All right, what?

What, what?

What do you want?

I need a few weeks off.

Why?

My band got a recording deal.

We're going to L.A.

Back away from the gurney,
or I will impale you

with my crutch.

Kerry...

Back off, Elvis.

Ah! This damn salt

ruined my shoes.

Yeah, well, New York's

been snow-free all year.

Why don't you go back there?

These are Jimmy Choos.

Timmy who, and why are

you wearing his shoes?

Choos and they cost me

about 400 bucks.

A: Number one: you

shouldn't be wearing shoes

that cost more than

other people's rent,

and B: Number two:

it's January in Chicago.

Get some damn boots.

Hey, let me

tell you something, Vic.

You're not a morning person.

No, I'm not.

Hey, excuse me.

Can I get some
more coffee please,
and some Splenda,
about a fistful?

What?

Shut up.

All I'm saying is you're
not really prepared
for winter here, are you?

So?

So?

So?

(chuckles)

So, so, so why don't you
stay at my place today?

(laughs)

I want to see Michigan Avenue.

All right, fine, just
don't buy it, will you?

I can shop
if I want to here.

On whose credit card?

(groans)

(chuckles)

You're still worried
about Bobby.

I told you
that I severed
all ties with him.

Just because you severed
all ties with Bobby
doesn't mean he severed
all ties with you, okay?

He has no idea
where I went.

No, of course not.

He has no idea.

Of course, he would never think
of you being with me.

He doesn't know where you are.

No, no.

He's a freakin' cop.

How hard you think that is, huh?

What, are you stupid?

How stupid
do you have to be?

What?

Give me some money.

What for?

For a cab.

Give me some money.

Oh, come on. Don't do this.

Don't be ridiculous, okay?

Just don't.

Give me the money.

Yeah, I need another 20.

Come on.

Don't do this.

And you know what

you should think about?

Don't touch me.

You should think about

getting into

some meditation classes

or maybe some Pilates

or something,

because you, Vic,

are getting very ugly.

And I mean that in the most

metaphorical sense, okay?

Come on, don't

walk away mad.

(laughs)

What? Now I got to go get myself

some boots, you jerk-off.

Oh, come on.

Come back here. Jody?

I'm sorry, I'm having trouble

clearing a bed.

You know, this really

isn't necessary.

I'm sure I can

get to my office.

Oh, you should let me

examine you.

All right.

Just treat me like

any other patient.

You sure?

Yeah. Get me out

of the hall.

Neela, let's run the board.

I have to take

my broken hip lady...

Hey! Not broken.

EMT Ted Cunningham, 23.

Lost his Shiley

at the nursing home.

Found him cyanotic,

put a 7-O in the neck.

Okay, Pratt,

go with them.

WOMAN:

He had a lot of mucus.

We tried to suction him,

but his trach tube came out

and he turned blue.

You from the home?

No, I'm his mother.

Ted, can you open your eyes?

He can't follow commands.

Okay, excuse us.

PRATT:

NG tube and a #6 Shiley.

94 and 15 liters.

He needs an NG?

You use it as a guide

to change the airway.

How long has he been like this?

Two years.

Ever since the night

he turned 21.

His friends took him to a bar
and made him drink 21 sh*ts.

On the way home,
he stepped into traffic
and got clipped
by a pickup truck.

You spend your whole life
raising a kid right, and then
one... stupid night
turns him into this.

LUKA:

Where are you?

It's time
to open the presents.

Just making sure.

Well, I think
you can stop now.

We could find a way
to make it work.

If that's what you want.

I don't know

what I want.

I am 37 years old.

If not now, when?

You know how I feel
about it.

Everything happens
for a reason.

It scares me, Luka.

Having it
or choosing not to?

Yeah.

PRATT:

Pull the NG and bag him.

Abby.

Bag him.

Is he all right?

He should be much better
now that he has a new tube.

Thank you.

PRATT:

Sats up to 99.

What's Coburn doing here?

Oh. Kovac's got her down
on this lady

with ovarian torsion.

Someone seems to

have left this.

So... how's

married life?

It's very nice,

thank you.

We're looking for a place

of our own.

That sounds exciting.

The army wants Michael

to finish his residency

at a military hospital.

And where's the

closest program?

Fort Hood, Texas.

I'm hoping he can end up

somewhere not too far away.

Tenderness over

the greater trochanter?

Yeah, it's probably

just a contusion

from where I hit the ground.

I'm going to check

your range of motion.

Ow!

Oh, God.

Pain with internal rotation.

You know.

That's happened before.

I just need an ice pack

for ten minutes,

and it'll stop.

And something

for the pain, perhaps?

Percocet, Vicodin?

No. No, I have

too much work to do.

800 of ibuprofen, and

call for a hip series.

Well, I'll have to run it

past my attending fir...

I'm sorry.

Hey, pull the

curtain, please.

How's she doing?

A bit cranky

at the moment.

Yeah, well, you'll soften
her up for me, right?
What?

For my TO request.

What do you need
time off for?

Neela, do you know
who Barry Ginsberg is?

Gynecologist
on fourth floor?

No. No, he's
a record producer,
a mogul, an idol-maker.

He took a listen to
a couple of tracks
my boys laid down,
and, bang, we are
going to L.A.,
and we have a gig
at the Key Club.

And if all goes well,
we get to record a demo
at his studio in Venice.

Italy?

California, on the beach.

Congratulations, Ray.

That's really awesome.

Here, super-infected

foot fungus in Four.

Uh, only thing is I'm going

to need a little time off.

How much is a little?

Eh, just a month.

That's not a little.

Hey, can you check out

this patient for me?

Amanda Ramsey, 15,

presented with vague pain.

I'm sorry, I have

to get some ibuprofen

and a hip series

for Dr. Weaver.

Please?

I'll trade you.

I didn't tell her yet.

Thanks a lot.

Amanda, I'm

Dr. Rasgotra.

How much longer
do you think it'll be?
'Cause I didn't mean
to make a big deal.
I probably just need some Motrin
or something.

We ran a test
on your urine.

Do I have a bladder infection?

You're pregnant.

Did you know that?

You didn't tell my parents,
did you?

They've been told
that you were here,
but that's all.

Who's the father?

Some guy from school.

Boyfriend?

No.

I can get our
adolescent clinic
to come down
and talk to you.

No, my parents won't like that.

There are a number
of options.

Yeah, I can keep it,
or put it up for adoption.

Or you could choose
not to have it.

I could never do that.

It'd be against God.

They stabbed me in the heart!

PP Perkins,
mugging victim.

They stabbed me...

s*ab wounds to
the chest, arms
and abdomen.

His name's PP?

I got blood coming out
everywhere!

He's only satting 82.

You guys need a hand?

No, we're on it.

Chest tube in here. Come on now.

Come on, let's move it!

Okay, we're gonna need
to remove an ovary, Sara,
but that's why

God gave you a spare.

It's gonna be fine.

Um, prep her in two.

I should be up in...

15 minutes.

How's it going?

Oh, well, good.

She's young,
and the other ovary

looks good, so...

Uh, no, I-I meant...

Oh, "How's it going?"

Oh, well, fine. You?

Good.

I just got paged
for an ultrasound.

Do you know anything
about that?

Uh, no. No.

Um, but I remember hearing
that you started

your own practice?

Yeah, yeah.

It's going, uh,

very well, you know.

The only problem's

the boss.

Ooh, what a bitch.

I'm the boss, Abby.

Right.

(laughs)

(laughs):

Now you're

patronizing me.

No. I... um...

I just...

I just, uh, might want

to come and see you.

I need an OB.

(gasps):

Congratulations.

Wow. I had no idea.

I'll shut up.

Yeah. It wasn't

something I expected.

Is it something you want?

I'm not sure

I'm at the right place

in my life for this, so...

So, you don't want

to keep it?

Oh, I'm sorry.

Okay. I'm always prepared.

Yeah.

Thanks.

(sniffles)

Listen, um, I've got

office hours every afternoon.

Just come by any time.

I can help you,

whether it's prenatal care

or termination,

whatever you decide.

Thank you.

And whatever you do, Abby--

it's gonna be

the right thing.

Thanks.

(quietly):

Oh, God.

Systolic's only 86.

Almost there. Get the thoraseal.

Okay, a little pressure now.

All right, so who really

jacked you, PP?

It was some—some guys

I know, man.

Sats coming up.

We was drinking

by this fire in this alley.

Right. Must be some real

good friends; they avoided

stabbing you in

the heart, huh?

Hey, Malik,

did somebody call the cops?

Yeah, they're on their way.

Don't call no cops.

I'm sure they're rushing

right over right now.

No cops, man.

BP's better: 110/75.

No cops? These guys

could have k*llled you.

Yeah, I got

problems, yo.

I got problems.

Cops only gonna make it worse.

I feel you, bro.

Trust me, I feel you.

Then do me a solid, man.

Anything for you, PP. Anything.

More lube.

It's cold.

Oh, sorry about that.

(sighs):

Dr. Coburn.

I called OB.

AMANDA:

Could there have been a mistake
with that other test?

COBURN:

Mm, I don't think so.

Here. You see this?

That's the

heart beating.

(sighs)

It's about seven weeks old,

I'd say.

They won't understand.

Your parents?

They'll say I've sinned.

I can help you talk

to them if you want.

Can I have

a minute?

You were in with a patient, so

I thought it was best to just...

Yeah. It would

be better if you

presented to me first.

Well, either way,

I had to call an OB.

She's 15 and scared.

Family on the way in?

They're very religious people.

Call me when

they get here.

LOCKHART:

How'd you do this?

Tried to hop a bus.

Did you slip on the ice?

I was skitching.

Fell off the fender.

Ah.

Might be easier

just to pay the fare.

Do I look like I got

surplus income to blow?

Can I get

another 3-0 ethilon?

Were you, uh,

on your way home?

I haven't been

home in a while.

Since, like, May.

Well, your folks must be worried

about you.

Yeah, they worry a lot.

Always wanting to know what

I'm doing, what I'm up to.

Gets to be a real

drag, you know.

Doesn't sound so bad.

I'm an independent spirit,

you know?

I want to be on my own.

Do they even know where you are?

No.

Just left one day.

What if I don't know

how to love it right?

KOVAC:

Abby.

(Kovac sighs)

Maybe I'm not strong enough.

Being a parent

makes you stronger.

And it breaks your heart.

You told me that.

That's not what I meant.

I'm sorry. I didn't mean...

No. Don't-Don't use that

as a reason.

(exhales)

I'm sorry.

(sniffles)

What if I go shopping and

leave it in the supermarket?

Don't worry.

I'll do all the shopping.

(exhales heavily)

I'm afraid I'd

mess it up, Luka.

(exhales loudly)

We won't.

Okay, um...

keep the wound clean and dry,

come back in a week

to have the stitches removed.

That's it?

Yeah.

Unless you want to talk

to somebody from social work.

Your daughter's right in here.

Mandy, are you okay?

I'm fine, Mom.

I'll, uh, leave you

all to talk.

Could you stay?

Sure.

Mom...

Daddy...

something happened,

and, um...

I'm real sorry.

What happened,

sweetie?

We ran a test

and did an ultrasound.

Amanda's pregnant.

We're waiting for

some blood results.

As soon as

they arrive...

That's fine.

There are a number

of places

we can refer you to

for counseling.

We'd like to be alone

with our daughter now.

Thank you.

No free fluid on ultrasound,

waiting on surgery

to evaluate.

Not anymore, Red.

What have you got?

Morning,

sunshine.

Who are you?

Clemente. Who are you?

I'm surgery.

See the badge?

Oh, yeah.

You must be the

bedside manner coach

I heard so much about.

Uh, multiple s*ab wounds--

stable after the chest tube.

Anything enter the peritoneum?

Uh, not sure.

Ultrasound's negative.

Doesn't answer my question.

Hey, I got the cops

out here.

Relax, relax.

I got your back.

If you can get a smile

out of surgery here,

I'll pay for the date.

You're right on
the cusp of sexual
harassment, Clemente.

The cusp.

That would be a new position
for me.

Hey, guys.

I'm the attending physician
on this case.

Clemente?

Yeah.

Now, the thing is,
this dude is very sick.

He's out of it,
completely out of it.

So, he's not gonna be able
to give a statement today, okay?

I'm sorry.

Hold on a sec.

You're Victor Clemente?

Yeah. Were you listening
to me?

He's not gonna be able to
give you a statement. I'm sorry.

Easy... We're not
here on your patient.
We're here for you.

MALIK:

Dubenko's feisty gofer
is at it again.

What?

The Chief Resident
from the Death Star--
she's down
on a consult.

Albright?

MORRIS:

He's hemodynamically stable
with no peritoneal signs.

So why'd you
call me?

Look, missy,
it's protocol, all right?

You didn't really just
call me missy, did you?

Okay, look, the--the case meets
trauma criteria.

Next time, call me when you know

what you got in your hands.

Are you Dr.

Albright?

He was stabbed in the belly.

I need to know

if he needs surgical repair.

Neela Rasgotra. I

heard you were here.

I wanted to catch

you about doing a

surgery elective?

Right.

Work up your patient.

Image the belly,

explore the wounds, figure

out how deep they are.

If they enter

the peritoneal

cavity, call me.

I'll be more than happy

to get involved.

One third of s*ab

wounds enter the

peritoneal cavity

and damage the viscera.

One third go in, and

don't hit anything.

And one third...

are shallow and tangential.

The trajectory was suggested

by the hilt mark of the knife.

He won't need surgery.

You should pay

more attention to

your interns, Red.

I'm an R2, actually.

Okay, R2.

Call me about

that elective.

We might be able to

work something out.

Ooh, hoo.

Parking violations. Come on,

you got to be kidding me, right?

Okay. But you had

some other problems

back East, didn't you?

What kind of problems

you talking about?

You left Newark General

under some very

serious allegations.

I never... I never, never, never

compromised a patient's care.

Do you understand me?

I never...

(laughs):

Okay, okay.

Let's just get back

to Mrs. Kenyon.

She had some issues...

What do you want me to say?

Issues? What issues?

She had no issues.

She was a nurse.

I'd ask her for 6-0 Vicryl,

and she'd bring it to me.

No issues.

Can I go now?

Thank you.

Not yet.

All right, you...

all right, you do realize
that son of bitch hits her,
right?

So, you have seen her?

You realize that?

No, I haven't seen her.

But I can see what's going on
here, and it's pretty low.

To sic you on me

'cause he can't keep
his own wife happy.

That's pretty pathetic.

Right now,

all we know is,

Mrs. Kenyon's a
missing person who
might be in trouble.

Well, she'll be in more trouble
if you find her.

Meaning what?

Meaning, sometimes
people go missing
because they feel safer
that way.

My advice to you:

stop looking for her.

Well, don't you

go missing,

okay, Vic? 'Cause I want

to talk to you.

Why would I go missing?

Why would I go missing? Why?

Are you confusing me for one of

your lowlife, fascist scumbags

you spend your days with?

Hey, you might want

to settle down

before it gets

embarrassing, huh?

You know, I hope

this conversation

doesn't throw me

off my game today,

especially after all

the cops' lives I've saved,

I'd hate to be less than 100%

when one of your brothers

comes in with a b*lllet

through his belly.

I think we're

done for now.

Take it easy.

(panting)

Hey, we got any

loperamide in stock?

Yeah, I'm sure he has.

(sighs)

Well, I got you

the good stuff.

Today was...

Hey.

Oop, sorry.

It's turkey day

in the cafeteria.

No.

No what?

Is the answer to your question.

Can I at least state

my case first?

Okay.

This is big.

This is a big

opportunity

for my band

and for me.

And you never know

when you're going to get

another shot like this

My recollection is that

you were warned last year

about your commitment

to this job.

Yes, I was.

And to your credit,

you've done an excellent job

showing us that

you want to be here.

I do.

You're a good doctor.

Thank you.

We don't need to discuss this

any further.

You're valuable,

you're valued.

Conversation over.

Have you tried

the stuffing?

It's great stuffing.

And, you know, I got you

an extra piece...

Dr. Barnett.

Look, Kerry...

Dr. Weaver.

Um...

Have you ever dreamed

about something

without ever believing

it would actually happen?

Because that's

what this is.

I've...

This is so huge to me

that if I couldn't do this,

I would seriously

consider quitting.

Far be it from me to stand in

the way of the next Springsteen

or K.C. and

the Sunshine Band.

Resignation accepted.

What?

Why do you want
to do surgery anyway?

I'm curious about it.

The hours suck,
the attendings
are sl*ve drivers,
and the residents s*ab
each other in the back.

Oh, not like down here
where we're just
one big, happy family.

What's wrong with you?

Ashlee Simpson get caught
lip-synching again?

I think I just quit.

Quit?

To go to California
with my band.

Oh, great. Yeah.

No, bold move.

I like it.

Keeping that
music dream alive.

Nah, you'll love

California.

Everybody--

Ray Barnett,

rock god!

Morris, I've already sent

my paperwork up to surgery.

Well, get it back.

I can't spare you,

especially now,

with Ray

on his way out.

If we're not

fully staffed,

you're not going

anywhere.

I don't care what

Dr. Cruella says.

Um... 3:45.

That'll work.

Yeah, thank you.

Ray's on his way out?

Yeah, just

up and quit,

not going to let The Man

keep him down.

I don't think

he meant to.

Hey, guys?

Guys, guys, come here.

You know the girl

I been hanging out with?

Jodie?

Yeah, we love Jodie.

She taught me

how to tie a knot

in a cherry stem

using only my tongue.

Really?

All right, come on,

come on, guys.

Anybody ask

for her?

No.

You never saw her, okay?

And is anybody asks,

the same goes for me.

What?

Pretend you never

heard of me.

Lockhart, Pratt's

bringing in a patient.

Get with him, okay?

Okay.

He gets weirder every day.

Look, Morris,

you heard what

Dr. Albright said...

So what? She's the

chief resident upstairs.

I'm the chief down here.

You work for me.

Oh, come on.

That's not fair.

Fair? What's fair?

Excuse me, Doctor?

Mr. Ramsey.

I can sign

whatever I need to

and we'll

get out of your way.

Would you like me to call anyone

for further treatment?

Thank you. I think we'll arrange
our own prenatal care.

Amanda decided
to keep it?

The, uh... baby.

It's just that
she's young,
and it was
an accident.

No. No.

I don't believe in accidents.

Now, I know you may not
understand this,
but it is God's will
for her to have this child.

I only mean, you may want to
consider the long-term effects.

And you might want to consider
the spiritual effects
of what you're suggesting.

It's my job to make sure
the patient understands
all the options

available to her.

A human life has

just been created,

and, I'm sorry, but anything

that interferes with that

is morally indefensible.

MAN (weakly):

Finished a cycle of chemo

two days ago.

BARDELLI:

Couldn't get an IV.

He's too dry.

MARQUEZ:

Pratt? OR needs

an attending to sign off

on your pancreatic

pseudo cyst.

Where's Clemente?

On the roof.

We getting

a chopper patient?

No. He just says that

his cell phone

gets better reception

up there.

All right,

place a subclavian

and bolus him.

I'll be back.

Okay.

Triple lumen tray

and 1% lido.

He's tachy

at 132.

Little bit cold here.

I was never the sickly type,

you know?

Yeah?

Always very healthy.

Used to do triathlons,

you believe that?

Me, too.

Really?

Smoking, drinking

and watching TV.

You should stop that.

I have.

Six years ago,

I find out I inherited
the Philadelphia chromosome.

Ran on my mother's
side of the family.

I never knew.

Screwed by
genetics.

LOCKHART:

The first time,
I was panicked
the baby would be bipolar.

And I'm not so sure
I've changed that much.

KOVAC:

Well, the chances
are slim,
you know that.

Crossing the street
is a risk.

If you let it
get to you,
you'd never
have children.

Nobody would.

Well, maybe some people

aren't supposed to.

Well, I don't think

you're one of them.

(sighs)

Yeah, well, you don't know

what it was like...

with Maggie and Eric.

You're looking

for reasons again.

And what are you looking for?

Someone to have a baby with?

Is that

what you think?

Because if it is, then

what the hell are we doing here?

(sighs)

Happy New Year.

A whole cascade of things have

to happen to cause CML.

Philadelphia chromosome

doesn't mean instant cancer.

No.

Just that you're born

with a big strike against you.

As soon as you get this message,
you call me, okay?

I want to talk to you.

Immediately. Right away.

Maybe you're trying me
right now,

so I'm just going to hang up,
and...

and you got to call me.

You going to jump?

It's not

a trick question.

Yeah, sure, it's not.

Here, I need you

to sign off on this.

What the hell

you doing up here, man?

It's freezing.

Yeah, well, I got

a very high core temp.

It's a Latin thing.

You want to talk

or something?

No. Why would I?

I don't know.

You seem a little ragged.

Yeah, well, I just got
some chick trouble,
that's all.

Then I'm your man.

Except I don't like
to share.

You know, I heard
you never stick anyplace.

Maybe people don't
go to the mat for you
because they have
no idea who you are.

All right.

All right,

so there was...

there was this crazy nurse
at my last hospital.

In Newark?

Yeah. She's just
a piece of work,
and it just...

just ended bad.

(scoffs)

It usually does.

So, you know, I came here...

I came here just to focus,

and stay on the straight

and narrow, you know?

Sounds like

a good idea.

Yeah... one would think.

Except it's easier said

than done,

'cause this girl...

she's got my number,

if you know what I mean--

and a very

pissed-off husband.

(laughing)

Yeah.

See? I'm starting

to like you more already.

Yeah.

Damn, so many patients.

God...

Don't you

feel better now?

Not really, no.

Can't say that I do.

Type and Rh are
back on Amanda.

Oh.

Then we're done.

You off already?

Yeah.

I have a doctor's
appointment.

Oh.

I'm going to see

Coburn.

Coburn?

At her practice.

Uh...

I'll, uh, I'll get

Clemente to cover.

It's okay.

You're working.

No, I should

come with you.

It probably would be
easier if you didn't.

Hey...

Hey?

When I say I want us
to keep it,
you don't like
the way it sounds.

But anything else
is a lie.

Luka? Neela's waiting
for you to sign off
on the Ramsey
girl.

KOVAC:

Get Clemente
to do it.

He's MIA.

I don't know
what else to say.

Don't say anything.

Take one of these
every day.

It'll help keep you

and your baby healthy.

Okay.

Where are your parents?

My mom's making

some calls,

and my dad had to go

to a meeting.

Okay, if it

makes you nauseous,

try taking it at night

before you go to bed, okay?

This is some more information

that might be useful.

And we got this for you

from the

ultrasound.

(sighs)

I wish this didn't happen.

I wish I could

make it go away.

Well, everything happens

for a reason.

There was this party...

at my friend Ginny's house.

And I drank some beer
and I did some other stuff
with a couple of guys, and...
And I must have passed out
in a bedroom because...
when I woke up...
my jeans were on the floor
and there was blood
all over the sheets.

(sobbing):

I tried to change
the covers...

RASGOTRA:

Amanda...

were you r*ped?

I always thought
the first time would be
with someone I loved.

Why didn't you say something?

I don't want this.

Please.

You need to explain
to your parents what happened.
They'll understand.

You have to tell them.

I did tell them.

Mrs. Ramsey.

I'll call you back.

Amanda told you
what happened to her?

Yes.

And you still
want her to do this?

That baby can't be punished
for how it was conceived.

It's not up to us to determine
who gets to be born.

We're talking about
a 15-year-old girl,
your daughter, who was r*ped.

Neela.

You'd force her
to carry this to term
and change the course
of her life?

I—I wouldn't force
her to do anything.

She believes the same

things that we believe.

This is an inappropriate
conversation.

Inappropriate?

She's terrified.

She doesn't want to keep it.

Okay, let's take a walk.

Think for one minute
about what's in
your daughter's best interests.

KOVAC:

Neela!

You think it's in her best
interest to k*ll the baby?

Because I can assure you
that in the eyes of God,
it most certainly is not.

Excuse me.

Okay, leave these
people alone now.

They've made a decision.

The parents have
no legal rights.

The pregnancy emancipates her.

There's nothing else you can do.

That girl's head

is so far twisted

she doesn't understand

she has a choice.

She doesn't want an abortion.

She doesn't want

to have the baby either.

Anyone can see that.

What about misoprostol?

It's used as an abortifacient

all over the world.

She won't consent to that.

Just let it go, Neela.

You're the wrong person

to talk to about this.

Excuse me?

I would like your permission

to consult another attending.

Someone who's not Catholic.

Listen to me very seriously.

I'm a doctor first,

above and beyond anything else.

And I don't let

my personal beliefs

get in the way

of a patient's best interests.

Ever!

Now give me that chart

and move on to the next one.

I'm sorry.

It's just that there's got to be

something that we can do.

You're done here.

KOVAC:

Do you want to have this baby?

I have to.

Is it what you want?

No.

No, it isn't.

This is called a laminaria.

It goes into the cervix

where it absorbs water

and swells,

(baby crying)

creating a larger opening.

(children laughing)

After that happens,

it's possible that the fetus
might fall out.

Possible?

You might have a miscarriage.

Does it hurt?

A little.

There might be some cramping.

Is it a sin?

It's just a medical way

we have of, uh...

giving God a chance

to reconsider.

WOMAN:

Abigail Lockhart?

Oh, my God!

Nobody was out today.

I had a pick of the litter!

Hey, come on.

You've got to leave.

Hey, what the hell

is wrong with you?

Hey!

Cops are on me.

They're on my ass.

And why? Because your ...
of a husband Bobby's
put out a missing persons
report, that's why.

He did?

Yeah. How long you think we got
till he traces you to me?

How long you think
before I'm walking around
with my testicles in a jar?

Vicky, Vic, Vic...

Ooh. I love you.

But sometimes you can be
such a little f*gg*t.

Oh, yeah?

Mm-hmm.

Well, I'm gonna get
a big boyfriend
who's gonna kick
your maniac of a husband's ass.

How do you like that, huh?

Huh?! How do you like that?

Hey... ow!

You're ripping the leather!

Just quiet, will you?

(laughs)

Yeah, that's great.

This is just great.

You got to pay your tickets.

Just great, damn it.

Hey, Vic, what's going on?

Hey, X-Ray, how's it going?

So this must be Jodie, huh?

Who, her?

That's not Jodie.

Hi.

Hi.

You know what's weird?

I've parked here a lot of times,

I never had a problem.

Yeah, that's really weird, huh?

But we're gonna take the el.

All right.

Nice meeting you.

Likewise.

BRET:

Yo, Ray.

Bret.

Hey, how was practice?

Thanks for meeting me, man.

Can we grab some coffee?

Yeah. So I took care

of everything.

Schedule's all cleared up.

I thought we were gonna talk

before you did anything.

Did something happen?

Don't tell me Ginsberg

isn't interested.

No, it's still on.

Here's the thing, Ray--

you've been pretty busy

with this whole

doctor thing lately

and kind of distracted,

you know?

Oh, true, true.

But I'm 100%

on board now, okay?

110, actually.

Well, we all got together

and talked about it.

Who did?

The guys. This morning.

Kind of decided the band's
got to make some changes.

Changes?

What do you mean changes?

You'll need to come back to
have the laminaria removed.

Probably feel a little pain,
but nothing to worry about.

You can take ibuprofen.

That should help.

"Before I formed thee
in the belly,

"I knew thee.

"And before thou camest forth
out of the womb

"I sanctified thee
and ordained thee a prophet
unto the nations."

Jeremiah 1:5.

"Man was born of dust.

"It was only when God
breathed life into Adam

that he became a living soul."

Genesis.

You're a Christian.

What do I tell my mom?

She'll think

you're having a miscarriage.

And you will be.

All done.

You can take her home now.

Okay. Thank you,

doctor.

Weaver's MRI results are back.

What happened?

Sorry?

What were you doing in there?

Taking care

of the patient, Neela.

(dialing)

Hey, Abby, it's me.

Um... I guess I've missed you.

Um... nothing.

I'll... I'll see you soon.

Okay?

Advanced degeneration

with a cartilaginous flap.

At least that explains the pain.

I've seen

that kind of thing heal

with enough bed rest

and physical therapy.

I've been putting this off

for years.

Maybe it's time

to face the music.

I'll need

a total hip replacement.

Not necessarily.

Just when Henry's starting

to run around like a crazy man.

How is he?

He's great.

You should see him.

He looks just like Sandy.

I went by your place,

but I figured you might

come home this way.

I don't want

everything we have

to come down to

this one decision.

We can get past it.

You did what

you had to do.

Doesn't mean

we can't be together.

I didn't do it.

I couldn't.

I want to keep it.

I want us to have this baby.