

ER season 14, episode 11

excerpts

["e gynecologist... \n ...and you can have a D and C done \n as early as tomorrow. \n I'm not getting an abortion. \n You wanna have this baby? \n Beth, I don't understand. \n Let me call a counselor down here \n to t"]

transcript

So we've got Bulls games to go to,
and deep-dish pizza to eat at Arnie's.

Hey, they've got some cool band
at the Climax Lounge too.

How about the hospital lounge?

I have to go to work today.

Oh, well, I can come with you.

And we can hit the streets after that.

Listen, Jaspreet, that sounds fun,
but I don't party when I'm working.

– But what about last night?

– Well, last night was an exception.

There's gonna be plenty of "those... "

...because while I'm here,
we're gonna be partying.

And how long is that?

Until my parents give up on the idea
of me marrying Chemmel Narayan.

– Who's that?

– Some creepy doctor Dad wants for me.

He's got a bigger muffin top

than Humpty Dumpty.

And every time

I even think about shagging him...

...I throw up in my mouth.

Your dad wants you to have an arranged

marriage? I thought he was cool.

He's a bloody w*nk*r.

He tries to act like the family man...

...but the truth is, he has some chick

half his age living in Notting Hill.

Jaspreet, your parents don't know

you're here, do they?

– I'm sure American Express will tell them.

– Oh, yeah.

Okay, come on, everybody.

Keep it going.

We're almost there. Keep it going.

Come on, Sam. You're doing good.

Come on.

I was at mile five,

but this is a little too much.

You got to run on your toes.

You land on the flat of your feet.

– Are you seeing stars yet?

– No.

I'm seeing a bench.

A bench with a pillow.

Great job, everybody.

Same drill tomorrow at 5 a. m.

– Next week, we add the bicycle.

– No.

No on the bicycle.

This is triathlon training, Sam.

Bike, swim, run.

How about a shower, or drink, nap?

That's more my speed.

Sam, you okay?

No. I need a gurney.

– I'll tell them to send one out for you.

And some O2.

Tell them everything

you've ever implemented.

Document compliance,

medication reconciliation.

– Mention when I went to Africa?

- Of course.
- Tell them how good you are in bed too.
- I should've worn that suit.
- This one's fine.
- Are these pants wrinkly?

All right, I'm wiggling out.

I don't know why.

You are gonna rock this. I know it.

Pratt, can you give me a hand?

I've got a meeting

with Anspaugh. Get Skye.

This is Beth Ackerman, 22. Fell down

the escalator at Bloomingdale's.

It was 50 percent off suede boots.

– I'm Dr. Gates, are you in pain?

– Yeah, my ankle's k*lling me.

Deformity and point tenderness

over the distal tib-fib.

– She said her stomach hurts too.

– We'll take a look.

– She took a pretty good fall.

I didn't break that glass vase, did I?

Sam, you're running a little late here.

I'll be ready in a minute.

- You okay?
- Oh, she's fine.
- Yeah?
- You're fine, right?

Shut up.

And the truth is,

I'm not some Ivy League import.

I trained here

as a med student and a resident.

I know that ER better

than any other candidate.

I've been nominated

for a med school teaching award.

I'm efficient.

And I understand the need

to balance teaching with productivity.

I'm the fastest attending on the floor,

and I have the records to prove it.

- What else would you want in a chief?

- Experience.

Come on, you've hired experience.

And all you got out of it

was a mental breakdown...

...and another guy

who didn't last three months.

I love your chutzpah.

I've told you this, but I don't see it.

You don't see what?

Some people are leaders, Dr. Pratt.

Some people aren't.

– Dr. Anspaugh, with...

– I have talked to your supervisors.

Yes, Kovac told you

to go to Africa, and you did it.

Kovac also told you what to change
in the ER. You did that too.

But, without prompting,
what have you done here?

In order to overlook
these candidates...

...I would have to see
that you are an undeniable choice.

And I'm not convinced.

Maybe I shouldn't be here at all.

– Dr. Pratt...

– No, I've been busting my butt.

If you don't see that,
why should I waste my time here?

So you're going to give up

if you don't get this?

No.

I'm gonna go somewhere I'm respected.

And my efforts aren't in vain.

Consider this my two weeks notice.

I think you're overreacting.

If they're so hung up on status quo,

why spend another day here?

– This is your family.

– No, my Aunt Ellen's family.

This is business.

Look, Morris, I love you guys.

I really do.

– But this isn't right.

What happened?

– Your people getting oppressed?

– Shut up, Frank.

They didn't say you'll never get it.

They said not now.

You think

Anspaugh will make you chief?

If I leave and jam at another hospital,

he'll change his mind.

- Then what? You'll come back?
- Hell, no.
- Fight the power.
- Shut up, Frank.
- Dr. Pratt, can you jump on this?
- Yeah.

Eight-year-old, head lac,
seems altered.

And you are?

Teacher's aide.

He fell in gym class.

– Did he pass out?

– I wasn't there.

They told me to bring him in.

Hey, I'm Dr. Pratt. What's your name?

My head hurts.

We're gonna get you checked out.

Exam 3.

What labs do you want?

– CBC for a baseline.

We were leaving the store.

She wanted me to take her home,

but she was in pain.

– Where do you live?

In Harvey.

Jack got us a weekend special.

We saw "Jersey Boys" last night.

Capped it off with a couple martinis.

Six, to be exact.

Sounds like fun. Special occasion?

Beth, can you take

a deep breath for me?

Yeah, she got back from a tour in Iraq

two weeks ago.

How long were you there?

Thirteen months.

Going back in six weeks.

– You military too?

– Marines.

After 9/11, they sent me to Guam.

– What's happening in Guam?

– Not enough.

– Any allergies?

– Walnuts.

That's about it.

Okay, a little stick here.

Looking better

than the last time I saw you.

– I was a little winded.

– A little winded.

You were sucking air like a dry guppy.

Ooh.

Oh, she has some tenderness

in the left lower quadrant.

Follow exams.

Make sure Trauma takes a look.

Okay.

I need you to go to Admit,

and fill out some paperwork.

No problem.

– Honey, I'll be right back, okay?

– I'm not going anywhere.

The icon's positive.

What does that mean?

You're pregnant.

One, two, supermodel.

Oh, that's fabulous.

Neela's like my hero.

She moved to America,

and she took it by the balls.

Yeah, she does have a way.

The rest of our family,

they have a stick up their bottoms.

But Neela said bollocks to tradition,
and she moved to the States.

– She's like our own Mick Jagger.

– I don't know.

More of a backup singer.

You know, like a Pip.

– I being Gladys, she being a Pip.

– Hi, sorry.

Radiology wanted me to stay in CT
with our diverticulitis guy.

We don't handhold here, Harold.

Let Radiology do their own job.

Harold, I'd like you

to meet my cousin, Jaspreet.

Hi, "I'm... "

– Harold, you're Harold.

– Right.

– Some people call me Jazz.

– I love jazz.

– Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie.

– Gillespie?

– Green Mill's the place for that.

– We should go sometime.

Really?

So you and me?

What's wrong with this guy?

He's having an asthma attack.

Somebody get an inhaler.

You're gonna feel

a little bit of a sting here.

Ow.

This is the numbing shot

for your stitches.

It hurts.

It will get easier after this.

Where do you think you'll go?

I'll call Northwestern.

They wanted me once.

Maybe they'll want me again.

You feel that?

Feel what?

Good.

I'll start stitching you up now, okay?

How many will I get?

About five.

Can you make it six?

I want one more than my friend Lucas.

All right, I'll see what I can do.

CT's backed up.

They said to call back in a half hour.

This place needs a second scanner.

Carlos, do you remember

how this happened?

I don't know.

I was playing kickball and fell.

Were you feeling sick today?

– No.

– Are you taking any medicine?

Epzicom, didanosine and Kaletra.

Those medicines are for HIV.

How long's your asthma?

I think it happened

because of my psychosexual stress.

Psychosexual what?

It's rare.

They don't teach it in med school.

– She's single?

– She ran away from marriage.

– Sweet.

– Harold, she's not for you.

She's a sex-crazed maniac.

Okay, come on.

Enough with the babying.

Neela and I have a rectal abscess,

and a woman versus escalator.

– Can I do the I and D?

– No.

No, Neela and I

are gonna cover the ER.

I got a lot of consults piling up,

and wanna keep the team.

– What should I do?

– You can deflate your little balloon.

And then take Bollywood

out there for a tour.

Okay. This is the uterus.

And there's the baby.

Are you sure?

Mm-hm. Look,

there's the heartbeat right there.

Hey, I called your sister

and told her everything's gonna be okay.

What's up? What are they doing?

An ultrasound.

Why? What's going on?

I'm pregnant.

You're what?

Oh, my God.

– Oh, we're pregnant.

– Yeah, pregnant.

Gonna be an adorable baby.

I can tell already.

– What? Are these the arms right there?

Yep.

And there's the fingers and toes.

So it's about eight weeks old.

– Eight weeks?

Mm-hm. At least.

The OB will do a formal ultrasound.

Give you a more accurate estimate.

Trauma's here.

This the escalator fall,

Beth Ackerman?

Yeah.

Hello. I'm Dr. Rasgotra from Surgery.

Does anything hurt?

Sounds like he wants you to be

more proactive with your own ideas.

I'll take my ideas to another hospital.

Thank you.

I never liked Anspaugh.

Well, if you need help looking,

I can make some calls.

If I can't find a job fast enough,

I might need a sugar momma.

Oh, maybe we can work

something out.

– I can cook and clean.

I'll take that into consideration.

Dawn,

did Carlos Moore's mom get in?

I left a message.

Her phone keeps going to voice mail.

Try it again.

She needs to know her kid is here.

Just because a boy steps

to me doesn't mean I'm gonna tell.

– That is not right.

– What would you do?

You gotta be up-front.

– Tell him what's up.

– Because he asked?

This is about being honest.

Damn, if that's the "case... "

"... I'll" be telling people all day
that I'm Hlv-positive.

The truth is, you're both right.

It is important to be honest.

But every guy you meet
doesn't need to know.

However, men you plan
to be intimate with do need to know.

Even if he just wants to kiss you?

Jeanie, it's Carlos.

– What?

– They called. He's at County.

Ladies, I need to cut this short.

Is there anything we can do?

– No. Thanks. I left Sydney's prescription.

No problem. I got it.

We got a 52-year-old diabetic
with a non-healing ulcer on the foot.

– What's his glucose?

– Eighty-nine.

– Excuse me, is triage still in here?

– Yeah, check in at the desk.

My kid was brought in

about an hour ago.

- You have to sign in.
- His name's Carlos Moore.
- I need to know what room.
- I'll be with you in a minute.

This guy needs a foot series
and a CBC.

Please, just look it up for me.

Hey. Hey, get back here.

I told her to wait.

What room is Carlos Moore in?

Carlos Moore.

- Ma'am, you need to sign in.

Jeanie?

- Hey, Chuny.
- What are you doing here?
- It's Carlos. He fell.
- You know her?
- Yeah, she used to work here.
- How are you?
- I'm good.
- Will you help me?
- Yeah.

Exam 3. He's Dr. Pratt's case.

Come on, I'll show you.

The ER has changed a bit.

– How have you been?

– Good. You look the same.

– Oh, you look great too.

– Hey, there you are.

Hey. Are you okay?

Were you spacing out during kickball?

I guess. It's so boring.

Yeah, I know. It doesn't look too bad.

Jeanie Boulet. She's Carlos' mom.

She was a PA on staff.

Oh, good. I'm Dr. Pratt.

We're about to take him up

to get a CT.

Really? He needs a CT?

Possible loss of consciousness.

Possible? Doesn't the school know?

The aide wasn't sure, and I wanna
play it safe and get the scan anyway.

– Is Dr. Weaver here? I know her.

– No. She doesn't work here anymore.

Carlos is a bit more complicated
than other kids.

I know. He told me about the HIV.

No offense, but I'd feel better with the most senior person taking care of him.

He hit his head. And I have a lot of experience managing head trauma.

I'm not trying to be disrespectful.

But would it be possible for me to speak to your attending?

Ma'am, I am the attending.

– Hemoglobin's stable.

– I'm not getting anything here.

Your fractured bones are blocking the blood flow.

– I'm gonna need to realign them.

Oh, whatever.

I just don't get it.

Jack, we'll talk about this when it's over. L...

Propofol's kicking in.

Good sats.

Let's stabilize posteriorly.

Okay, ready. On three.

One, two, three.

Whoa, whoa,

what's going on, Dr. Rasgotra?

Displaced tib-fib.

– I don't recall having orthopedic training.

– Well, no.

Typically, the ER waits for the Ortho team
before reducing unstable fractures.

– Had no choice.

– We lost the dorsalis pulse.

– And now it's back.

Really?

Oh. You must have
some set of hands, girl.

Call us when you've got film.

Go. We got a femur in 2.

I really would prefer an MRI.

A CT will give us the information.

Maybe, but it involves radiation.

He doesn't need that.

An MRI takes longer, and not
as good for finding a traumatic bleed.

It's gonna be okay.

I know, honey.

I just wanna do the right thing.

This is the right thing.

We can do the CT quickly

and without sedation.

And if you wanna stay, you have

to wear one of these lead aprons.

If not,

you can wait in the Control Room.

I'm not going anywhere.

This isn't gonna hurt, honey.

I know.

You ready, Carlos?

I'll be right here.

It will be over before you know it.

That reduction was impressive.

Let's not congratulate ourselves

until we see the film.

Is it over?

Your bones are in place.

Need to wrap and repeat x-ray.

How do you feel?

I'm okay.

Who is he?

It's not what you think.

Was he someone in your squad?

Was he an officer?

Was it a journalist?

The guy you wrote me about?

– Now's really not the time.

– No, Jack.

Explain to me how you've been home
two weeks and are two months pregnant.

Because I was r*ped.

Kyle...

Kyle Petterson r*ped me.

Your sergeant?

You were laughing with him
when you got off.

– I saw you.

– He did it, Jack.

– You're lying.

– It's true.

– Stay still.

– You're covering someone you screwed.

– Why don't you go outside, calm down.

– Hey, get off of me.

Jack.

– God.

– I'd wait a year or so.

– Jobs are tight.

– No, the housing market's tight.

People always need doctors.

Hey, I'd pimp my dog

if it will get you to stay.

Why don't you pimp a few charts,

and clear the board? We're packed.

– You should put Abby back.

– She's taking some personal time.

Still? It's been weeks now.

So what? She'll come back.

I saw your nephrotic syndrome patient.

Consult's on the chart.

Thank you, Dr. Daniels.

Oh, hey, hey, hey.

– How'd he do?

– He handled it like a champ.

Oh, good. I'll find you

as soon as I get the results.

Okay.

Michael Grant from Northwestern.

– Oh, hey.

– Whoa, whoa, you called already?

You snooze, you lose.

– Hello?

"Dr. Pratt?"

– Yeah.

– I'll take the neck.

You talk some sense into him.

Oh, and this is the desk.

It's kind of like the epicenter where...

Where senior attendings

like myself create the action.

More like the chaos.

– Hi.

– Hi.

I'm Jaspreet, Neela's cousin.

Oh, I'm Archie Morris, Neela's friend.

Not to be confused with boyfriend,

because we've never dated.

Why wouldn't I know?

Okay, Dr. Morris,

Jaspreet and I need to finish the tour.

Oh, tour? Tour?

Where has young Henry taken you?

– It's Harold.

– Whatever.

We went to the O.R.,

and saw this guy carrying a heart.

It was so cool.

Then we saw this awesome MRI scan,
and saw pictures of this chick's brain.

We went to the morgue,
and saw this dead body.

And this thing was dead,
as in dead, dead.

Wow. Did he take you to the trauma room
where senior attendings save lives?

No. But I'd love to see that.

Would you? My pleasure.

Wait, wait.

– Excuse me.

But I haven't even taken you
to the pathology lab yet.

We must have been asleep
about two hours when he came in.

First, I thought

we were being att*cked.

That's why he was there.

But then he got on top of me,
and put his hand over my mouth...

...and told me to be quiet, and I froze.

Did you tell anyone?

The next day, we were out on patrol

looking for insurgents.

What was I supposed to do?

I needed those guys to have my back.

– Still, he should be punished.

– It's too late.

I pretended it didn't happen.

Like Jack said,

I was laughing with him.

It doesn't matter.

I've been through it.

Holding it in gives you nothing

but nightmares and panic att*cks.

I heard Jeanie Boulet

was in the house.

Oh, hi.

Oh, my, look at you. You look great.

Oh, you do too.

Alex, do you remember Carlos?

You were this small when we met.

– How you feeling?

– Okay.

I got a CT.

About 45 minutes ago. I wonder

if they've processed the films yet.

– Who was helping you?

– Dr. Pratt.

Let's go find out

if the radiologist has them.

Okay. I'll go with you.

You all right?

Back in a few minutes.

So, what's going on?

Are you still running the same clinic?

One on the South side,

one on the North.

How's Reggie?

Did he finally make detective?

Yeah. He sure did.

We separated two years ago.

Oh, don't tell me that.

He just... It was too much for him.

I'm at the clinic 24/7.

– Oh, so you're still close?

– Joint custody.

It's good for all of us.

– Have you heard from Doug and Carol?

– Oh, they are still loving Seattle.

Dr. Ross sent a picture of the twins.

– They just started third grade.

– Wow. I keep saying I'm gonna visit.

And how's Carter?

Is he still in Africa?

I heard he might be coming home

for a visit in the spring.

I should have everybody over

for gumbo and ?touff?e.

Do that. We'll get together

like the good old days.

Has anyone seen Dr. Pratt?

He's at the Jumbo Mart having coffee.

I was just hoping I could get

my son's CT results, and get him home.

I'll give them a call.

Name's Carlos Moore.

Line's busy.

They've been slow all day.

– I'll go upstairs, see what's taking them.

– Thanks a lot.

I started making up

the schedule myself.

Before I knew it,

I was arranging teaching conferences...

...reorganizing the appointment grid.

Yeah, well, that's just great.

But Anspaugh doesn't believe in me.

You heard it yourself.

It's not about Anspaugh.

It's about you.

Make it so they can't deny you this.

Look, there are some

Physician Leadership Programs...

...over at U of C,

coming up in about a month.

They might give some ideas.

Why would I have to jump

when Northwestern said...

...they'd die to have someone like me?

You think you're gonna walk

and run the place?

The head of the department is looking

for someone to mentor to replace him.

He wants to meet tomorrow.

You know, Dr. Pratt, when a fighter gets

knocked down in the first round...

"... he" doesn't throw in the towel.

I'm not throwing in the towel.

I'm getting into another ring.

Excuse me.

Dr. Pratt.

Yeah.

Why is she up there?

No.

Yeah. Okay, thanks.

I gotta take care of this.

Dr. Pratt, think about what I said.

Having you run this department,
that would be phenomenal.

– Have you seen our soldier's boyfriend?

– Who body slammed me?

– I'm not gonna send a search party.

– Yeah, you need to toughen up.

– You should come running with us.

– I lift weights, Sam.

I'm not into t*rture.

So why are you doing all this?

I don't know. I'm trying

to get out there a little bit more.

I'm taking wine tasting too.

– What's funny?

– Oh, I don't know.

I was just remembering a dream

I had last night.

Sam was in it.

I was? What was I doing?

– Hey, Sam, have you seen Dr. Wexler?

– Not in a while.

Hey, what was I doing, Gates?

Hey, hey, are those my films?

Yeah. I went to light a fire.

Yeah, you should've paged me first.

– I was trying to help.

– That wasn't the way to do it.

– Ms. Boulet?

– Dr. Pratt, we should talk.

– Yeah, later.

– But, Dr. Pratt.

What is it?

Mind if we go talk

in the doctor's lounge?

No, I've waited long enough.

Just give me the results.

There's a lesion by the frontal horn

of the left ventricle.

From the fall?

It's contrast enhancing

with surrounding edema.

No, it's not from the head injury.

Then, what is it?

Could be a few possibilities.

It could be toxoplasmosis,

CNS lymphoma, histoplasmosis.

Meaning AIDS.

My son has AIDS.

I never would've told her like that

had you not gone up there.

– You're blaming this on me?

– You went behind my back.

You're acting like I slept with

your girlfriend. I was helping you out.

I don't need it.

Had I gotten the results myself,

I would have pulled her.

Or if you had taken a second

to talk to me...

Because of you, what should have been

a private conversation happened here.

You know what, Dr. Pratt?

You don't get it.

What don't I get?

A micromanager in complete denial?

This should be a team.

Shouldn't be working autonomously.

Please, give me a break, okay?

I came up on this team.

Now, the next time you're bored

and you need something to do...

...try treating a patient.

Your own.

Chief.

He'd done so well for so long.

Then, over the last year,

his CD4 counts dropped.

They changed his antiretrovirals twice,

because the virus became resistant.

Let's just see

what the doctors have planned.

There are all types

of new treatments now.

Haleh's right.

Even if it means Carlos has AIDS...

...survival has improved

over the last decade.

Please don't lecture me.

I'm Hlv-positive. I know all about it.

But it's different when it's your own kid.

I know that.

It's so surreal happening here.

It's where I met Carlos.

Where I decided to adopt him.

We don't know

what this brain lesion is.

If it's toxoplasmosis,

it'll get better with antibiotics.

And if it's a lymphoma?

– Then there's chemo.

– You know that doesn't work.

If it's a lymphoma, he's got months.

Why don't we just find out

what it is first?

How will we do that?

There's no simple way.

The only way to know for sure

is to do a biopsy.

Cut into his brain?

The neurosurgeon can do it

stereotactically with a needle...

...under CT guidance.

I don't know.

It's the best way.

Ms. Boulet,

a Reggie Moore is here to see you.

It's Carlos' father. I gotta go.

Hey.

Bam, you're out.

– What are you doing?

Playing four square.

I don't even know how you play.

– Hey. Oh, okay, all right.

Let's keep it moving.

Go inside, guys. Game's over.

Jerk.

– They're not patients. I pulled them.

You whip that thing one more time,

I'll be sewing up their head lacs.

Get in.

The box, get in.

Get in.

What is your problem?

Why are you so agitated?

Morris stole my girl.

Your girl?

Jaspreet?

Two guys have taken my women
in the past two months, I'm sick of it.

Across the way,
we have the Jumbo Mart.

Down the street is Ike's,
a very fine establishment.

And there's the el,
which can take you anywhere.

That's so cool.

Hey, Neela, Jaspreet and I
were gonna grab some drinks.

– You down?

– Well, actually, I was...

Yeah, we're in. Double dates.

Be there.

Harold, come on, let's go. Come on.

How are we gonna tell him?

Let's just talk about the mass.

What about the AIDS?

You wanna tell him about that?

We should take it

just one step at a time.

– You wanna start lying to him now?

– It's not lying.

– With all due respect...

– I know what I'm doing.

You're the specialist.

You have the answers.

Think this is easy?

– Patients have the right to know.

– He's my kid.

He's mine too.

You don't think he reads?

You don't think he listens to your calls?

Carlos knows

what an AIDS-defining illness is.

Just give her a minute.

Yeah, she's stubborn.

It's either her way or no way.

Hey, Sam.

Did Ortho see the post reduction film

on the pregnant soldier?

– They signed off on it.

– Good.

Listen, I'm sorry to hear

about what you went through.

Oh, yeah. Well, I appreciate that.

But I don't think it's appropriate to share
that personal stuff with the patients.

– Excuse me?

– They're dealing with their crisis.

They don't need to listen to ours.

Hey.

Hey, doc.

I thought you split.

How's Beth?

How do you think?

I don't believe her.

– Well, you think she's telling the truth?

– Yeah, I do.

Doesn't matter what I think.

I was always afraid

of her stepping on an IED...

...or getting k*llled by a sn*per.

But something like this...

We shouldn't have to worry
about our guys.

We're all supposed to be there
defending our country.

You're right about that.

But start by defending her.

What kind of spot?

Well, we're not sure.

It could be caused by some germs.

Or it could be something else.

Can they take it out?

It's not that easy.

They have to do

some more tests first.

What kind of tests?

What we wanna do

is just take a little piece out...

...and look at it under a microscope.

You mean, I have a tumor?

Remember I told you?

God helps us

through the good times and the bad.

Well, we have to have faith.

He's gonna hold our hands

through this.

All of us together, buddy.

Carlos?

Hey, Carlos. Carlos?

- What's happening?
- Push 2 of lorazepam right now.
- Second two didn't touch him.
- He's maxed out on lorazepam.

What next?

Pentobarb.

- You wanna go straight to pentobarb?
- Yeah.
- Pulse is up to 165.

Oh, God.

Try Depakote.

Nope, it takes too long.

Get Pede's neuro down here.

Why?

He's got elevated ICP, and failed

first-line dr*gs. A no-brainer.

I'd like to get a consult

before you induce a coma.

- Coma? No, no way.
- We should avoid intubation.

Gonna need general anesthesia
for the biopsy.

Sat's dropping, 87.

All right, call respiratory.

Prep a 6-oh-ET tube.

That's excessive.

– He needs an anticonvulsant.

Pentobarbital, 300 milligrams IV.

Haleh, now.

– All right, I'm in. Bag him up.

– What about an EEG?

They'll do it in O.R.

Pentobarb drip at 30 migs...

– Does he need steroids?

– I was ordering six of Decadron.

– What's that for?

– To reduce the swelling.

– You staying while he's in surgery?

– I'm not going anywhere.

– Well done, Greg.

They're ready for him in O.R.

Hey.

– What's up?

– Beth's boyfriend never made it back.

– Yeah, I saw him outside.

I tried to talk to him,

but I wasn't persuasive.

You, not persuasive?

I thought you're a sweet talker.

Well, I guess even this situation
was beyond me.

Guess again.

He came back. Well, I knew he would.

I just wanna make sure that you knew
that I knew that, you know...

– How you doing?

I'm better now.

– How's the ankle?

– The splint's really helping.

Gotta keep it elevated, okay?

– Okay.

When can I get her out of here?

Soon.

I just wanted to talk to you
about pregnancy options.

You know,

I can make a call to the gynecologist...

...and you can have a D and C done
as early as tomorrow.

I'm not getting an abortion.

You wanna have this baby?

Beth, I don't understand.

Let me call a counselor down here
to talk to you.

I'm gonna keep it.

Pregnant soldiers don't get sent back.

I love "Earth" and "Veer-Zaara. "

They're epic.

Since when did you follow

Bollywood movies?

Since he went on the Internet

20 minutes ago.

Truth is,

I don't really watch Indian films.

When you go home to the motherland,
you've caught a few?

I've never actually been to India.

Not every Indian person

has been to India.

Like assuming every African-American
has been to Africa.

Well, I mean, just assumed.

Arranged marriages, India. Hello?

– You assumed wrong, butt-head.

– Bite me.

Rasgotra. You buying?

Dr. Grossman.

I'll be right back.

I hope you're cool about earlier.

What? About how you stole our case?

I was trying to be proactive.

That's what my girlfriend said

when she moved out.

I'm joking, Rasgotra.

I love proactivity.

In fact, how would you feel

about an ortho rotation?

– Really?

– Mm–hm.

Well, I'm flattered.

– I'll have to talk to Dr. Dubenko first.

– I already did that.

You have a surgical–elective requirement,

so now you're all mine.

– Really?

– Mm–hm.

And he's gonna just let me out

that easily?

You're gonna be with the cool kids

next week. Be ready.

I'm pretty tough.

- Having the baby is not the answer.
- Beth, there are other ways.

I am not going back over there.

- I don't believe in it anymore.

So report him.

I can't prove anything.

What if he's hurting other people too?

Think about that.

Yeah, he's right.

I know it's scary, but you can do it.

I love you. And I support you.

The last thing that I'm gonna do
is let anything else bad happen to you...
...including going back over there.

I promise.

Okay.

- Yeah.
- What are you looking at?

You fools.

Neela's crazy cousin took these.

We are the most idiotic,
dysfunctional family ever.

If anybody's looking for me,

I'll be upstairs.

Yeah, okay.

Hey.

They're still working on him.

I was gonna go get some coffee.

You okay?

That's our boy.

I mean, she can sit there and watch it.

I can't.

I know it's tough

seeing your kid in there like that.

You would think her getting HIV

would've crippled her.

But she turned it into a mission.

The clinics, the patients.

If she's not mentoring someone,

she's following up with a "teenager... "

...making sure

they're taking their medicine.

She seems pretty committed.

Yeah.

Yeah, she sure is.

If you have any questions

or you need anything...

...don't hesitate to page me.

Aren't you supposed to tell me
everything's gonna be all right?

Hang in there, my friend.

Ice is all you can do.

Are you sure you can't give me
some more tips over dinner?

What? I thought it was pretty good
when we're hanging out.

– It was, but...

– Oh, don't tell me.

– You hooked up with an elf?

– No.

I was kind of bummed you didn't call.

I went home to D.C.

Got tied up with the family.

But, look, this weekend, we could catch
a movie, get some drinks.

Sounds good.

What happened to the cop?

I thought he was your new lover.

– We're dating, we're not married.

– So this is a modern thing.

– Juggle more than one guy?

- Men do it all the time.
- Wanna hear about my dream?
- Not particularly.
- Earlier, you were begging for it.
- I don't beg.

In my dream you did.

- Ew! Was it sexual?
- Ew. No, it wasn't.

You were begging to do my laundry.

Bye, Tony.

You washed one load, eight times.

- You're insane.
- What do you think?

You think you're like a clean freak
or something?

The biopsy's going well.

They've localized the lesion
and are getting tissue.

His vitals are great.

He hasn't had
any more seizure activity.

Jeanie, that's good news.

It's just the beginning.

He'll fight. He's a tough kid.

When I tested positive 12 years ago...

...people were so freaked by it.

Some of the doctors didn't think

I should work here anymore.

The nurses had problems with it too.

Even my family.

I would go home for Christmas,

and I'd hear my aunts talking:

"Well, at least

she doesn't have AIDS, girl.

We'd have to sit her

in the other room to eat. "

I don't want Carlos to go through that.

He doesn't deserve it.

You'll make sure that doesn't happen.

You know what scares me

about all this?

What if everything I've been fighting for

is a bunch of bull?

It's not.

I tell my patients

they won't end up here, but they do.

My ex, Al, died two years ago.

He was 78 pounds.

He didn't even recognize me.

And my friend Paulette.

She's the first person I met.

– Ms. Boulet...

– If I lose him, I'm done with it.

Don't say that.

It's true. I won't do it anymore.

You have to.

Do it for Carlos.

Do it for yourself.

But whatever you decide,

you keep doing it...

...because you are exactly

what we need.

You're not so bad, Dr. Pratt.

I know.

It usually takes people a while,

but I eventually win them over.

I wanna say a prayer for him.

Say one for us both.

All right.

Dr. Daniels.

Yeah, it's Dr. Pratt.

I was thinking

about what you said earlier, and...

Yeah.

I'm gonna stick around for round two.

Good.

I'll be right up.