

ER season 5, episode 10

excerpts

["oices: \n You can have the baby, keep it... \n ...have the baby, put it up for adoption, \n or have an abortion. \n I can't have a baby. \n There's no way. \n Can you help me? \n Yes, I can. I'll be right back. \n St", 'nie, can you...? Thanks. \n Hey, Carol. \n I got a pregnant \n -year-old in there... \n ...who wants an abortion \n on the holidays. \n God! Thirteen. \n Well, you think you can arrange that? \n Merry Christmas. Yeah']

transcript

Previously on ER:

We'd be better off as friends.

Mark, thanks again for dinner.

God forbid you listen to me and learn!

Yes, I was engaged once.

To a really lovely man.

And he was k*llled in a freak

horseback riding accident.

You bring a child into this world,

and you think they're helpless.

But, actually, I think it's us.

We're the ones that are helpless.

– What time's that big do at your mom's?

– Right after church.

I promised her we'd be there for

Christmas caroling with Uncle Ted.

That the old guy with the banjo?

It's a family tradition, kind of

like going to Mass on Christmas Eve.

If I go, I'll feel like a hypocrite.

– Kneeling and standing and...

– You could just sit.

Everybody gives me dirty looks.

Like I'm a pagan.

You are a pagan.

Oh, what a glorious day!

Did you see the sky?

– It's like a painting.

– Makes you glad to be alive.

– Unless you're being persecuted.

– What?

– He doesn't like Dr. Lee's new system.

– What new system?

Patients get two charts:

For docs and for nurses.

We get to do our notes

at the same time.

Orders get in quicker,

patients get meds faster.

Docs don't waste time chasing charts.

So, what's the problem?

"Someone" has to keep track

of twice as many charts as normal...

...doubling his workload.

Not that anyone cares.

Good morning, g*ng.

Oh, my God, Amanda!

What have you done?

Christmas nibblies: Dried fruit,

mixed nuts, little chocolate reindeer.

Don't mind if I do.

Wait. First dibs should go to Jerry.

It's only fair since he's bearing

the brunt of the new charting system.

No, thank you. I'm not hungry.

As you wish. Seriously, if you find

yourself in the weeds, call me.

– I'll make sure you get support.

– Sure.

Excuse me.

That's a Christmas card image,

the sight of you wrapping a book.

Something educational

for one of your nieces?

No. Actually, it's for you.

It's T.S. Eliot.

I know you said you liked him,

so I got it last month...

...when we were still, you know...

Peter, that's so sweet.

I can't think of

a more thoughtful gift.

Thank you.

Oh, please, forget it.

Listen, I was wondering...

...if we could finish

our workups around noon.

I need to get out of here

early tonight.

Oh, you've got big

Christmas Eve plans.

Yeah. My sister's hosting a dinner.

Carla's gonna bring Reece by.

– I haven't seen him all week.

– I understand.

I absolutely hate being away

from my family during the holidays.

In fact, I'm so desperate not to be

alone this Christmas Eve...

...that I bought a ticket

to the Surgeons' Society Gala.

Oh, golly.

Yep. And you won't believe

who's sitting next to me.

Hey, there she is!

So I checked around.

We definitely have the coolest table.

It's lucky we're both able to make it.

A little trouble in paradise?

Anyway, so tonight's dinner

is semiformal...

...so any slinky black number will do.

If I may voice my preference...

...something short

and off-the-shoulder would be ideal.

Peter, by the way, that reminds me.

I have a lot of charts

and I want to get out of here early.

– I need you to cover my rounds.

– That'll mess up my morning.

Look at it this way. I get a life...

...and you earn a special place

in my heart.

Do you know a garage that's open?

My crappy car died on the Dan Ryan.

On Christmas Eve? Good luck.

- Lydia, is that...?
- Card from Jen.
- My ex-wife sent you a Christmas card?
- No. She sent one to me.

We've exchanged cards for years.

Christmas, birthdays...

- I was reading the newsletter.
- "Merry Christmas from the Simons."
- What?
- Their new house sounds amazing.
- I know. square feet?
- Six bedrooms, three baths?

That sounds just like Jen

to be bragging about her house.

- I wouldn't call it bragging.
- She's sharing good news.
- Yeah, Jen made partner.
- Jen made partner?
- The firm even got her a new Beemer.
- I love those convertibles.

Oh, you know what?

Mack's Garage on Wacker is open.

– They'll tow your piece-of-crap car.

– Thanks, Jerry.

"Dear Dr. Carter, I'm sure

you don't remember me.

I wouldn't be around this Christmas

if not for you.

You're a lifesaver.

The Lord's instrument on earth."

– Pacer pads?

– Third drawer on the left.

"May God bless you and keep you.

Merry Christmas. Emily Ropella."

– Do you remember her?

– Not a clue.

It's a nice card, though.

Does it bother you

that God gets the credit?

One can be called worse things

than "an instrument of God."

So you believe in...?

I give Him the benefit of the doubt.

– You?

– I don't know.

Sometimes I think that God
is just this comforting illusion.

We want everything to have meaning,
so we create this puppet master...

...when everything is just arbitrary:

Life, death, natural disasters...

The Master is displeased.

I'm so sorry. I can't believe
he foisted this on you.

No use worrying about it now.

I'll start the preops.

That'll save time.

Whatever.

Hello, Mr. Gardner.

I have the results of your MRI.

Good. So, how's it look?

Good news. It appears the cancer
hasn't spread beyond the capsule.

Great. So does this mean

I can hold on to my prostate?

I'm afraid not.

Dr. Romano does want to continue...

...with the radical prostatectomy

tomorrow morning as scheduled.

But with the surgery, you stand an excellent chance of beating the cancer.

It really is very good news.

– Is Dr. Romano around?

– He's in surgery.

Is it something I can help you with?

He had mentioned the operation could result in my losing sexual function.

I take it that's still the case?

We'll do our best to do

a nerve-sparing procedure.

– But there is that possibility, yes.

– How strong a possibility?

Well, according to Dr. Romano's notes, as high as to percent.

Eighty percent.

Has Dr. Romano discussed your options...

...about having children in the future?

No.

Well, you might want to consider...

...paying a visit to a sperm bank.

That way, if there's
a loss of function...
...you can still have children
through alternative means.

Right.

Dr. Lee?

You startled me.

Sorry. Dr. Anspaugh would
like you to call him.

What's wrong with Dr. Greene's locker?

I found it ajar. I shut it
before something walked away.

– Thanks for the message.

– Sure.

I've got supraventricular tachycardia.

It happens all the time.

Rate's . BP's palp.

Just cardiovert me at

and I'm on my way.

Let's put him on a monitor
and get a strip.

I'm trying to tell you,

I've got SVTs.

Just cardiovert me at .

It works every time.

I appreciate the tip.

But I need to examine you myself.

– I'm trying to save some time here.

– Stop talking.

Would you tell him that I have SVTs?

I've got SVTs!

– Let go.

– I've got SVTs!

I heard you!

I need to examine you myself.

– I'm gonna be late for work!

– Let go!

Are you one of Santa's helpers?

The helpers just pass out the goody

bags. I'm an elf. A singing elf.

– Oh, part of a choir?

– There's four of us.

But thanks to "Super Doc," the

Elf Tones are gonna be a tenor short.

– Here you go.

– It says I have SVTs, right?

I knew it! You want to shock me

at now, smart-ass?

I got an 18-year-old, flatline!

- How long down?
- Unknown. Mother found him.

Gave him two rounds of epi,
two of atropine.

- Got any signs of life?
- Got him back once.

Get him on a monitor.

Carter, check ventilation.

- What can I do?
- Rectal temp.
- Great.
- All right.

On my count. Watch your hand there.

One, two, three, go.

Any signs of drugs, suicide?

Said he had a killer headache.

Took a nap and never woke up.

- A subarachnoid hemorrhage.
- killer headache is right.
- Monitor's up.
- No femoral pulse.
- Asystole.
- No spontaneous respirations.

- No response to pain.
- Anybody got any good news?

Pupils are...

...fixed and dilated.

No corneal reflex.

He's only .

Zadro got him back once, maybe we

can do it again. High dose of epi.

Put him on a pulse ox.

An end-tidal CO₂ detector.

- Paddles, please.
- Crank it to . Let's go!
- Let's start at .
- Twenty? Why?

Because I said so, that's why.

Oh, that's mature.

- Charged to .
- Clear.
- How did we do?
- No change.

Fifty? Do I hear ?

- Let's go to .
- Oh, for crying out loud!

Why not just go to ?

Because he has a sensitive rhythm.

I don't want to overshock him.

– Charge to .

– Clear.

Anything?

– Nothing.

– I don't want to question your genius.

But can we go to while I still

got some hair on my chest?

– Let's go to .

– It's about time!

– Charged.

– Clear.

That did it.

Back to normal sinus.

Watch him for

and then let him go.

Thanks for nothing, Dr. Mengele!

Time?

Twelve minutes.

– Check his rhythm.

– Still no pulse.

– Asystole.

– Keep at it.

Ten of epi onboard.

The boy's mother is in Chairs.

– She wants to talk to someone.

– Carter, you want to do that?

Don't get her hopes up.

All right.

Give me another epi, milligrams.

– Mrs. Richards?

– My son?

Hi. I'm Dr. Carter.

Your son's heart stopped beating.

We're doing everything

to start it again.

We're giving him medicine

and doing CPR.

Why would his heart stop?

He's years old.

There's a sign that he had

a brain hemorrhage...

...which could've

caused the cardiac arrest.

How? He's the picture of health.

It could be a weak artery, possibly

something that's existed since birth.

The thing is,

he's been down a long time.

The longer he goes without oxygen,

the less likely we can bring him back.

– We might need to have a conversation...

– Please don't give up on him.

He's all that I have.

Please.

Okay.

I'll be back.

Hold it. Hold the compressions.

Any sign of a rhythm?

– Flatline.

– Let's call it.

Not yet. Keep bagging.

You got a reason to keep flogging him?

He's , his mother's only child.

And it's Christmas.

Want a miracle?

He's been down for .

– So, what's five more?

– Okay, doctor. Let's go.

Resuming compressions. Keep bagging.

And another round of high-dose epi.

Start a dopamine drip.

Get those paddles ready.

- He's in asystole.
- He may be in fine V-fib.

Charge to . No, .

- Charging.
- Let's hold a really positive thought.
- Ready.
- Clear!
- Was that a beat?
- My God!
- Two beats does not a rhythm make.
- Slap some pads on him.

All right. Here you go.

Can you roll him?

- Set it at .
- You're on.
- It's not capturing.
- Dial up the gain.

Come on.

Just gotta get it to capture.

- He's throwing PVCs.
- Hold that lidocaine.

Maximum gain.

Come on.

Come on.

– We got it!

– He's got a rhythm!

– Take a carotid.

– Pulse?

– Strong at .

– BP is .

Send him to CT,

find out where he's bleeding.

– How'd you...?

– I'm an instrument!

– Way to go!

– Hope he's got some brain left.

You want contrast?

No, but call Respiratory.

Make sure they got a vent and scanner.

Looks like we got our miracle.

If he wakes up. Even if he does,

he'll probably have brain damage.

Carter.

Better prepare the mother.

Yes, Ma.

Of course we're coming.

Uncle Ted wants Doug to play

"Silent Night" on the tambourine?

I think he'd love it.

Yeah. Hey, do you have

any videotape left in the videocam?

Yep. Yes, I am coming to Mass.

No, he is not. But, you know what?

We should probably respect his choice.

It would be nice

if we all went together.

If I'm needed,

I'll be out at the roach coach.

I'll be here suffocating

under a mountain of charts.

That's odd. I swear I had

my gloves in my pocket.

Dr. Lee took them.

What did you say?

I saw her at your locker earlier.

– That is ridiculous, Jerry.

– What's ridiculous?

He's accusing Amanda

of stealing my gloves.

I tell you she had your locker open,

and she was very suspicious.

I know you're angry at Amanda
for the new chart system...

...but to accuse her of
being a thief...

You didn't see how weird
she was acting.

Can it, Jerry.

I finished the work on Landis.

How are you?

- Two more preops, then postops.
- You may make your dinner after all.

What'll it be? Goose in
chestnut sauce or roast venison?

We gotta call in our entr Áes.

Dr. Romano, Mr. DeMisa is coming back
in with postoperative pain.

What a pain in the ass!

You assisted on his gastroplasty,
didn't you?

- What? Yeah.
- Great! When he comes in, take him.

I'm already busy.

I'm trying to get home for dinner.

Sometimes being a Resident just sucks.

So, what'll it be?

Mother Goose or Bambi?

Are these leads on?

The leads are on.

Nothing in the alpha, theta or

delta frequencies. He's brain-dead.

Well, maybe he can be an organ donor.

Not too likely. He has type AB blood.

That's, what, % of the population?

I doubt you'll find

many compatible candidates.

– It's worth a try.

– Sure it is. Talk to the mother.

If she won't go for it,

try to persuade her to pull the plug.

So much for my miracle.

Dr. Corday, the fertility

clinic just called.

Your patient, David Gardner,

is having an MI.

His EKG was normal this morning.

Is he upstairs?

They're taking him to the ER.

Okay.

I just took an unusual complaint.

An irate elf claims you tortured him

with the cardioversion paddles?

We differed over treatment strategies.

I wouldn't quite call it t*rture.

I know. I read the chart.

He's clearly a nut case.

– I'm just making sure you're all right.

– I'm okay.

Although, to be honest,

I could've handled it better.

I'm a little off my game today.

Blame it on the holidays.

– Is it a rough time of year for you?

– Not usually.

My ex-wife, she sent out this

newsletter saying how happy she is.

I can't help but see it as her saying,

"Look how well I traded up."

– I got it.

– Thanks.

– It's a tough time of year for me too.

– Really?

This is the first Christmas
since my brother committed suicide.
Oh, jeez! I'm sorry.

Yeah.

It was one of those apocalyptic cult
things. The guys with the sneakers?

Oh, yeah. I thought that
was a couple of years ago.

He missed the big event,
so he decided to follow on his own.

Wow! Sorry. I gotta say you're
handling it better than I would've.

I credit that to my Grandma Lee.

She always said:

"Whatever life throws at you,
greet it with a smile.

There's nothing as contagious
as a positive attitude."

I think we'd all be better off
if we followed Grandma's advice.

Here we go.

Coming through.

- Let's get him into Trauma .
- Mr. Gardner, how are you?

My chest feels tight.

I can't breathe.

Is he your patient?

Yes, and he's hyperventilating
like crazy.

Hook him up to a 12-lead EKG
and a pulse ox. Start a line.

Get a mask on him.

We need to get your breathing under
control. Concentrate on the breaths.

Let the breath out slowly.

Slowly.

– Monitor's up.

– All right.

Yep, pulse is up to 100.

That's a good sign.

You're gonna be fine.

Breathe in on the count of five.

One.

Two.

Oh, my! You're David...

You're David Gardner, right?

The trumpet soloist?

I saw your guest performance

with the Chicago Symphony.

I'm sorry. I'm Kerry Weaver,
season ticket holder.

Breathe out.

I just loved your featured
performance in Mahler .

It gave me shivers.

Slowly.

– Where do you go next?

– Boston.

– Breathe in.

– The BSO! Yes!

– I got your –lead.

– Breathe out.

David, your heart looks just fine.

We'll run a few tests
just to make sure.

But I think that you were
just having an anxiety attack.

Are you a bit nervous
about playing for Ozawa?

Breathe in.

How long have you had the pain?

Ever since the surgery.

I wish I'd never had it.

I heard stapling my stomach would help
me reduce, but I haven't lost a pound.

Have you been sticking
to the all-liquid diet?

– What did you have today?

– A little blended tea.

What was in it?

Bacon and eggs.

Mr. DeMisa!

But I blended it up.

– What else did you have?

– A smoothie.

And what was in that?

Low-fat milk...

...some butternut squash...

...sweet potato pancakes,

a honey-glazed ham...

...and a caramel-orange Buche de Noel.

– That's a full Christmas dinner.

– Oh, also, I'm a little backed up.

– What do you mean a little backed up?

– Constipated.

Okay. He probably busted a staple.

Set him up for a gastrograph

and give him a laxative.

I like the chocolate ones.

If that's all right?

Dr. Carter...

...I was talking to Steven

and he moved his arm.

He's having involuntary muscle spasms.

I think he was trying

to tell me something.

I'm afraid that's not possible.

We did a test on Steven to check for

brain activity. We didn't find any.

Well, then...

...it'll take some time and...

Time isn't going to help.

Steven is brain-dead.

No possibility of recovery.

I know this is a really difficult
thing to think about right now.

One way to salvage something
positive out of this...

...is to donate Steven's organs.

No, I...

I can't let you take out his organs

when his heart is still beating.

If that's the case, I'd ask you...

...to consider signing

a "do not resuscitate" order.

That way, if Steven's heart

fails again...

...we won't subject him

to overly aggressive procedures...

...by prolonging his life

in a vegetative state.

I can hope for a miracle, can't I?

Well, who do we have here?

Mrs. Hutton fainted

while shopping at Lakewood Mall.

I'm sorry. Don't worry, we'll have

you back on your feet in a jiff.

All right.

You been hitting the nitrous?

You gotta greet life with a smile.

I do?

Yeah. A positive attitude

is contagious.

So why don't you

tell me what happened?

I went to Field's

Night Before Christmas sale.

It was crowded. It was hot.

It was stuffy. I passed out.

– Very nicely put.

– Thanks.

Why don't we order Mrs. Hutton some
cardiac enzymes, CBC and a Chem- ?

Hold it!

How much do those things cost?

Gosh! I don't know.

– You won't tell me?

– No, I mean I really don't know.

– Please sit up.

– Oh, I got your number now.

– Excuse me?

– You think you're pretty smart, huh?

Sweet-talking me into buying all those
expensive tests I don't need.

Just trying to make a diagnosis.

I'm trying to survive

on Social Security.

We can't all make a doctor's salary.

Your insurance will pay for the tests.

Oh, so that's your racket!

Ripping off insurance companies.

It's crooks like you

that keep my premiums so high.

Get me another doctor!

He's the best doctor we have.

Well, I don't like the look of him.

The way he smiles and talks.

I want another doctor!

Any doctor as long as it isn't him!

Mr. Gardner, your labs look stunning.

We should probably wait on the cardiac
enzymes before letting you go.

At this rate, I should

check in for the night.

It would certainly save you

the drive in for surgery tomorrow.

No, the less time I spend here

the better. No offense.

None taken.

So how are you feeling?

Like an idiot. Here I thought

I was having this big heart attack...

...turns out I'm just a nervous wreck.

If you want,

you could postpone surgery.

No. I have to be

recovered by January 1st.

I'm doing a televised special

with the Boston Symphony.

Oh, I'll have to mark my calendar.

Symphony fan?

I know very little

about orchestral music.

So, what do you like?

Well...

...I'm embarrassed to say.

How bad can it be?

I'm in a disco phase at the moment.

Yes, well, I can see why

you would be embarrassed.

– You paged me?

– We've got a problem. He's stuck.

– Stuck?

– He's wedged in. I can't get him out.

– What do you expect me to do?

– Help me get him out?

I don't have time for that.

Have Maintenance

take the chair apart.

– What?

– I gotta go to the bathroom.

– You'll have to hold it.

– Help!

– Help me get him out, please?

– Please!

Okay, come on. Grab his arms.

Oh, man!

All right, on my count.

One, two, three.

What a waste.

Why did I do it? Why did I do it?

I know... I know better.

You tried to save a life.

I let that "instrument of God"

stuff go to my head.

Maybe it is all arbitrary.

Why does he deserve

a brain hemorrhage?

And why does it blow on Christmas Eve?

What's the point?

I got the tests back

on that teenager in .

A little Christmas present

from the stork.

Well, I'd better

go give the good news.

– Oh, my God!

– Here.

Oh, Dr. Weaver, you have to read this.

– Read what?

– A triple-X sex fantasy.

Excuse me?

I found it in Dr. Lee's charts.

It's her handwriting.

"I took M.G.'s gloved hand and placed
it on my heaving pink stippled breast."

Why am I reading this?

Don't you get it?

"M.G." is Mark Greene.

Come on!

What about the glove reference?

You have completely lost your mind.

You found my notes on Mrs. Condrell.

I've looked up and down.

– Mrs. Condrell?

– That psych patient? It's a sad case.

She's psychotic,

extremely hypersexual...

...and has these obsessive fantasies

about Merv Griffin, of all people.

Anyway, thank you.

Next time you want to make an ass

out of yourself, leave me out of it.

– Could there be a mistake?

– No mistake, Laura. You're pregnant.

Oh, God!

What do I do?

– Can you talk to your mother?

– No way. She'll k*ll me.

Your dad?

– No.

– Thanks.

I had to sneak out even to come here.

Are you gonna tell them?

Not if you don't want me to.

I don't.

You have some choices:

You can have the baby, keep it...

...have the baby, put it up for adoption,
or have an abortion.

I can't have a baby.

There's no way.

Can you help me?

Yes, I can. I'll be right back.

Stephanie, can you...? Thanks.

Hey, Carol.

I got a pregnant

-year-old in there...

...who wants an abortion

on the holidays.

God! Thirteen.

Well, you think you can arrange that?

Merry Christmas. Yeah.

You can take it from here?

Sure.

Carla, I know his bedtime is at : .

I might not be able

to make it until then.

Yeah, I know.

Listen, listen. Okay, okay.

It's Christmas Eve.

I just want see my son, okay?

Okay. Thank you so much.

I promise. I will. Yeah, bye.

– How's it going?

– Don't ask.

– You call the ER for DeMisa?

– He's still on the toilet.

Lizzie, if you're ready,

we can go together.

I have a couple of patients

to finish with.

– Is Peter trying to ruin our evening?

– No, not at all.

It was a joke.

Look, I'll see you there.

I left these unfinished

dictations for you.

They need to be in by .

Appreciate the help. See you later.

–year-old, unconscious,

history of biliary atresia.

– Hepatic coma?

– Looks like it.

– She was fine until six months ago.

– What medication is she on?

Ampicillin, tobramycin,

vitamins A, D and K.

The skin's jaundiced.

Same with sclera.

Her breath smells sweet.

– Fetor hepaticus?

– Yep.

– What's that?

– Liver's shut down. Dip a urine.

It's getting crowded in here.

Can you deal with the parents?

Start lactulose, cc's per NG.

We're giving her medicine

to clean her blood.

– Blood in the urine.

– She's bleeding inside?

The liver failure's

causing her blood not to clot.

Oh, God!

Is she on the transplant list?

She's been Status A for six months.

But they haven't found a match.

– Why not? What's her blood type?

– AB.

What are you doing?

Are you hiding back here?

Exactly.

I tried your grandma's "greet with
a smile" approach on a patient...

...and she threw me out.

– No!

Yep.

I've restricted myself to the
unconscious for the rest of the day.

Now, now.

There's something about me that
brings out the worst in people.

I've noticed that.

I'm like a magnet for negativity.

People get too close...

...I'll pull the positive
right out of them.

– Oh, my God!

– What?

– I suddenly feel sad.

– Low blood sugar?

No. It's definitely you.

Hey, shut the hell up.

I'm trying to sleep here.

Another satisfied customer.

Two kids come in. One's brain-dead,
the other needs a liver.

They're both AB. A godsend!

- The mother won't consent.
- She will when I get through with her.
- Where's his mother?
- Not here.
- Is he throwing PVCs?
- Yeah.

Why didn't you call me?

Get the pacer...

- Can't. DNR.
- What?
- She said you talked her into it.
- There goes your godsend.
- She say where she's going?
- No.

If she comes back, keep her here.

Laura, Dr. Sarafini can take you.

What's wrong?

I just keep thinking.

It's a mortal sin.

Do you believe that?

It doesn't matter what I believe.

What do you think?

I don't know.

Anyone in your family you can talk to?

A sister maybe?

What about your mom?

She'll k*ll me.

Look, Laura, this isn't gonna be easy.

But it's a very big decision.

I don't think you know what to do.

You really need to talk to someone.

Can you call my mom?

Yeah. I can. I'll call her.

I'll call her.

– She's not back yet?

– No. He just went into V-tach.

Damn it!

I got a faint pulse.

Give him of lidocaine. Get the
paddles, I'll take responsibility.

Yeah, and I'll lose my license.

– What are you doing?

– I'll code him myself.

- You're crazy.
- You can't ignore her wishes.

You wanted a miracle?

These two kids arriving on
the same day is as close as it gets.

She may not see it the way you do.

I'll bet she does.

- You're only thinking of yourself.
- And a dying –year–old girl.

Charging at .

Move them. Move them!

- Clear!
- You're both crazy.
- Back in sinus.
- Oh, now you did it!

Page me if he goes south.

I'm going to find his mother.

So which section of the orchestra
are you going out with now?

I've been unattached since

I started the tour. Six months now.

- That's a long time to be on the road.
- Yeah. Sure is.

Swarms of groupies in every city?

Well, a classical soloist

doesn't quite...

...lead the life of a Rolling Stone.

But if I'd known I was gonna

lose my prostate...

...I would have made more

of an effort. Believe me.

Are you still anxious

about the surgery tomorrow?

I was never all that anxious about the

surgery, per se. It was more the...

What?

– You really want to know?

– Yes.

Well, I went up to your clinic

to deposit my...

...DNA.

Of course, they directed me to

the cubicle where they'd set up...

...the specimen jar and the...

...men's magazine.

And I...

And I just kept thinking:

"Well, this is it.

This is my last sexual experience."

And I... Well, you know the rest.

First time in history somebody's had
performance anxiety while by himself.

David, would you like to grab
a bite to eat somewhere?

Yes, Elizabeth.

I would like that very much.

Mr. DeMisa, we got your x-rays back.

They're clear, so you are...

Mr. DeMisa?

Mr. DeMisa?

Takata, have you seen
our -pound patient?

– What?

– I'm missing five patient dinners.

Damn it!

– Over here.

– What is it?

Cake crumbs.

Looks like German chocolate.

Mr. DeMisa? Damn it!

He's unconscious.

He vomited. There's at least

a half a gallon here.

No bowel sounds, abdomen's rigid.

He really did it.

– He blew a staple?

– Yeah.

– Need a gurney!

– Prep an O.R., get an x-ray.

Get Romano's ass back here.

Mrs. Richards?

I'm sorry to bother you...

...but an extraordinary

thing has happened.

A –year-old girl with the exact

same rare blood type as Steven's...

...came into the ER in liver failure.

Now, I can't help but to think...

...that if God meant

for Steven to die tonight...

...at Christmas...

...then it must be

so that this girl can live.

I'm sorry.

But I can't think about

another child's problems right now.

All I want is for my son

to die peacefully...

...and to be buried whole.

Excuse me.

– Lots of free air under the diaphragm.

– Yeah, he's perfed his stomach.

– Romano?

– I paged him five times.

– Who's on call?

– Guthrie. Just started a Triple A.

BP's dropped to palp.

We can't wait much longer.

He's got a fever.

Give him a gram of cefotaxime,
of Flagyl.

Hand me a scalpel.

– You're starting without an Attending?

– He's septic.

We keep him on the table, he'll die.

What the hell? Hey, Carol?

Hey, you see there's a priest

in there with that girl?

He'll pressure her

into having the kid.

– Maybe he'll counsel her too.

– How'd he find out?

She asked me to call her mom.

He came with her.

– I wish you'd told me about it.

– Why?

Because I would've tried

to keep him out.

Are those baked beans?

Yeah.

And French fries.

That's rank!

What's this?

Coleslaw.

Here's a good one.

What's that, mystery meat?

What the hell are you doing

operating on him?

Saving his life.

You jerk.

Get me a gown and gloves now!

Peter, get your hands

out of my patient!

– Give me a little suction here.

– Sucker's clogged.

Yeah. It's a cranberry.

Let's go, Shirley, gloves!

– Where the hell is she?

– Who?

Who do you think?

What'd you do, give her extra work?

What are you talking about?

Step away.

– Fine.

– Who gave you permission to start?

– He was going into septic shock.

– You are a Resident.

You don't take a piss

without permission.

Where the hell's Lizzie?

Off doing your scut?

She left an hour ago.

What'd you use to make this incision?

A chain saw?

He's been drinking.

– What?

– He's drunk.

Go. Call Anspaugh now.

Retract the bowel.

Retract the bowel, please.

Have you been drinking?

Are you questioning

my surgical fitness?

– How many drinks have you had?

– Go to hell.

I'm gonna ask you

to step back, please.

– Sponge.

– Dr. Romano!

– Touch me again, I'll deck you.

– Look, you're drunk!

All right, Shirley.

Get me some clean gloves and a gown.

Coming right up.

– Who ordered all this stuff?

– What is it?

Pizza, beer, brandy,

whole bunch of spices...

The provisions have arrived.

How much do I owe?

\$, plus a tip.

– What's going on?

- Christmas party.
- I didn't know there was one.
- There is now. My treat.

It's really crowded. Can we take
this stuff into the lounge?

Grouch.

Thanks, guys.

Remember to punch out
before boozing. Thanks.

- Why do we need brandy and spices?
- Hot toddies.
- Sultan of Jahore's favorite.
- Lf it's good enough for him...

Yeah, make mine a double.

- Jerry, where's my lab coat?
- It was here a minute ago.

Where did it go?

- I don't even want to hazard a guess.
- That's a wise choice, Jerry.

I admit it.

There's no such thing as miracles.

You don't really believe that.

I don't know what I believe.

I was so sure that I was right.

That I had the Big Kahuna on my side.

– That's pretty arrogant, huh?

– Very.

What's going on?

Apparently, Mrs. Richards bumped

into the Mikamis in the hallway...

...and they got to talking.

She consented to the liver transplant.

Oh, my God!

Before you give Him all the credit

you should know something.

– What?

– I introduced them.

What do you know?

You're an instrument of God.

Oh, please.

Sorry.

How sorry?

Well...

Not sorry enough to go to Mass

tonight, if that's what you mean.

What I don't understand is...

...how I can care so much for a

hot-tempered, pig-headed heathen.

I'd prefer "pagan."

Heathen.

I'm finishing up

my disciplinary report...

...recommending you be terminated...

...for operating without an Attending.

– You turn that in, I'll defend myself.

– Well, good luck, Peter.

I'll have to turn in these labs

showing your blood alcohol was. .

You shouldn't have been driving,

let alone operating.

Don't bluff me, Peter.

You didn't draw my blood.

Not from there.

Mark, look here!

– Gotcha.

– These hot toddies are delicious.

– I want the recipe.

– No problem.

Hey, Jerry. Want to try one

of Dr. Lee's hot toddies?

Just give me a beer.

– Christian soul out of this world.

In the name of God the Father

who created you.

In the name of Jesus Christ

who redeemed you.

In the name of the Holy Spirit

who sanctifies you...

Merry Christmas, Amanda.