

ER season 6, episode 18

excerpts

["t risk. \n Were you trying to terminate? \n There are safer ways to do that. \n Have you considered an abortion? \n I can't have another baby right now. \n I just can't. \n – Another Webril. \n – Poor guy slips, bre", 't's up? \n – She was starving herself to miscarry. \n – "Supermom"? \n – I may have talked her into an abortion. \n – She didn't ask for one? \n – She's scared. \n Come here. \n – She doesn't want her husband to kno', " adopt \n out. It's gonna push her over the edge. \n If she's gone to this much trouble \n to avoid an abortion... \n ...there's a part of her \n that has a problem with it. \n Or her husband does. \n – Can GYN even", "cal information is private. \n It's my wife. What can't I know? \n – Mr. Parker– \n – Is she having an abortion? \n – Is she? \n – I can't say. \n What floor is Gynecology on? \n – What floor is Gynecology on?! \n – "]

transcript

Luka! What is that,

Croatian for "lucky"?

No, Luke.

– You sure?

– Yeah.

– What's the matter? You're dragging.

– I worked four shifts in three days.

We are charts behind in coding.

I haven't done one QA.

Pull yourself together. Prove your mettle

and I'll anoint you temporary chief.

Or not. There's a hole in the schedule.

I gave you the midnight shift.

- Tonight?
- Or tomorrow morning.
- I'm not doing this.
- Luka, listen to me.

This is important.

No truer words have ever been spoken.

The last four letters in "American"  
are "I can."

Put it another way.

Cover this and I'll owe you.

Don't, and you're fired.

- When is Kerry coming back?
- Who says she is?
- I'm running across the street–
- Get me a doughnut?

Sixteen-year-old driver, MVA,  
crashed into a guardrail.

- Need help?
- I've got it.
- And the car?
- It's still there.
- They'll take it away, right?

– We'll see.

BP is    /    . Pulse    .

Complains of abdominal pain.

– Do you have neck pain?

– No.

I'll take this off. Don't move.

I've had my license two weeks.

This is the first time he let me drive it.

– Any pain here?

– No.

– Look at me. Look at the nurse.

– I'm okay.

– Can I use the phone?

– Soon as the doctor's done.

Neck is clear. Roll away from me.

We'll get you off this board.

– Pulse ox    .

– Did the airbag deploy?

It's a '    Mustang,

no airbag, just has a seat belt.

– No shoulder strap?

– No. He'll k\*ll me.

I'm sure your father

is more concerned about you.

– You don't know my father.

– Chest is clear. Does this hurt?

– Here?

– I think the belt caught me there.

It's a good thing you were wearing it.

CBC, chest x-ray...

...abdominal CT

and a surgical consult.

– Hit the brakes. I can't believe this.

– Insurance will pay.

– They can't fix a classic.

– They can.

Eli, look at me.

We call them accidents for a reason.

You might think this is a big deal,

but it'll be okay.

Really.

Can I get some extra napkins

and more water, please?

– Morning, ladies.

– No offense, but you look like hell.

If you haven't noticed, we're short.

– Yeah, it's been pretty quiet.

– For you maybe.

– Come on, Kate. You gotta finish.

– So you got them into daycare?

Yeah. They usually

don't take them this early.

They're just advanced

for their age.

I couldn't afford a nanny anymore.

Sweetie? A couple bites.

– I don't blame her.

– What?

– What is that?

– Rice cereal. She likes it.

– Yeah, I can see.

– She's mad because I fed Tess first.

– Come on, Kate, we're gonna be late.

– Here, let me try.

Good luck.

This one's gonna give me gray hair.

– Just wait till she's .

– Oh, yeah.

– Oh, how gorgeous!

– Oh, thank you.

– Girls?

– Yeah.

Oh, they look like angels.

Yeah, looks can be deceiving.

I don't believe that. No, I don't.

You don't give your mommy and daddy  
any trouble, do you? Beautiful family.

– Yes, it is. Aidan, please.

– Quit it.

– He pushed me.

– Wyatt, stop. Wyatt!

Wait. Are these all your children?

– Yes.

– No wonder you collapsed.

BP's a little low at / ,

tachy at .

– Wyatt, come here!

– A candy bar's stuck. I can get it.

– Come here.

– Babysitting?

LOC at a grocery store.

Couldn't leave them.

Here, try this.

– Say thank you, Wyatt.

– Thanks.

– You're welcome. Where we going?

- Exam . Abrasion to the temple.
- I think I hit my head on a shelf.
- Mommy, mommy.
- Have you fainted before?
- No.
- I was feeling dizzy. I'm just tired.
- She vomited and has double vision.

Mouth and lips are dry.

- Is that bad?
- Probably just dehydration.
- I think his diaper's leaking.
- I'm sorry. He pulls at it sometimes.
- I got two.
- You have to share.
- These are mine.
- Share it with him.

Your dad's nurse is on the phone.

- Okay. You got this?
- I think so.
- Here. You wanna get down?
- Yeah.
- Tech support was gonna fix this.
- I paged them twice.
- Which line?

– Two.

– I can't get labs.

– Usually Dr. Weaver yells at them.

Don't worry about what he says.

Mark, do you know where

the extra T-sheets are?

There's no abdominal pain

or shortness of breath.

It's Kerry's system.

– How long's the suspension gonna last?

– Grab a general adult form.

Listen, I understand that, of course.

No one is questioning

your qualifications.

He is? Let me speak to him.

– Call for surgical consult?

– Trauma Two.

Tell him I wanna speak to him.

Tell him that I said to knock it off.

I'm sorry, Mrs. Fredriksson.

Just bear with me, okay?

I'll be home tonight and we'll

straighten this out. Thank you.

– Everything all right?



- Yeah, fine.
- We're out of the general forms.
- Go back to the old charts.

Do we have a forwarding  
address for Lucy?

- She got something?
- The Matching Program.

They forgot to pull her application.

Yeah, so some hospital thinks  
she'll work for them next year.

- Call them.
- Should we send it to her mom?
- I don't know.
- What should I do with it?
- I'll take care of it.
- Carter, are you sure–?
- No, I got it.
- All right.

He's so cute.

- I can do that. You don't have to.
- It's not a problem.

I feel a lot better already.

Ian, put that down.

- Come here, please. I said, come here.

– Four kids under . That's ambitious.

Five, the baby's home.

I asked you to please stop, didn't I?

Stop that.

You're just exhausted.

But we're still gonna do a head CT.

– That's enough.

– And I'm giving you some saline.

– What's a CT?

– It's a picture of your brain.

A volunteer down in Pedes

agreed to watch the kids.

– I don't wanna be any trouble.

– It's no trouble.

You kids wanna go play?

– No.

– We've got Nintendo.

"Super Smash Bros. "?

I don't know.

They got something with a gorilla.

– Wyatt, hold Emily's hand.

– Okay.

– Follow your brother.

– Bye.

Okay, guitar. I need the guitar.

- Thank you.
- We're gonna have a lot of fun.

Okay, here you go.

Let's go.

- How do you do it?
- One day at a time.
- Good bowel sounds. Any nausea?
- No.
- There's no guarding or rebound.
- There was before.

Eli, what happened?

- I had an accident.
- With the car?
- I lost control–
- How fast were you going?
- I don't know!
- It's okay. Don't worry about it.
- The car is bad.
- No big deal.
- I'm Dr. Finch.
- What's wrong with him?

We may need to perform exploratory surgery to rule out internal injury.

- Oh, God...
- That's not necessary.
- You don't know?
- We'll observe him.

Let's keep him NPO

and check his CBC every six hours.

- Sure. You have a minute?
- Yep.

I'll do whatever it takes to replace it.

I promise.

I don't care about the car.

I can get another.

- He has a lap belt injury.
- Let's wait on the CT.

CT is only    percent sensitive.

You should explore him.

- No peritoneal signs.
- He did.

You asked for a surgical opinion.

I've given you one.

Let me know what the CT shows.

- ICON is positive. She's pregnant.
- The woman with the kids?

Yeah, eight weeks.

There's ketones in her urine.

No time to eat.

I guess this wasn't planned.

Maybe she wants a softball team.

– She already go to CT?

– Five minutes ago.

Call Radiology and talk to her

about her diet.

Carol, do we have

any Materna vitamins?

Try drug lockup.

Can you sign for central-line kits?

– Sure. Where?

– Right there.

Now sign out three cases

and put two and initial.

It's a game I play.

I need two, so I ask for three.

– So every time–

– Don't ask, Mark. I get what I need.

Okay, whatever it takes.

Thanks. Maybe I'll have you sign off

on crash carts too.

Bring it on. I'm easy.

Hey, Carol.

Can you give a dose of Levaquin?

– Sure.

– Did the girls settle in?

– They seem to like it?

– I don't know. They're babies.

I'd worry about the staff.

"The Hathaway twins hit daycare. "

– Ross. Their last name is Ross.

– Right.

– Sorry.

– No, don't worry. They're fine.

Good. Good.

And run in a liter of saline.

Okay.

– Mr. Simpson?

– Yes.

Dr. Kovac.

You experience some chest pain?

It's not really pain. It feels tight.

– How long does it last?

– Few seconds.

I think I'm having anxiety att\*cks.

I can't breathe,

my heart starts pounding.

– History of heart disease?

– No.

– What brings it on?

– I'm going through a bad divorce.

I see. Does the pain move

anywhere else?

I got aches and pains all over.

She gets up every morning thinking

how she can screw with me.

Okay, let's get a 12-lead EKG

and draw cardiac labs.

– You married, doc?

– No.

Stay that way.

It's not enough she bankrupts me...

– ... she's putting me in the grave.

– We'll see what we can do.

Yeah.

Yeah.

There.

Looks like a good heartbeat.

By the time one gets to sleep,

another one's hungry or needs changing.

Or somebody's into something

he shouldn't be.

Do you have any help?

My husband works a lot.

You should see our grocery bill.

Well, you have to take

better care of yourself.

You're malnourished.

You have to eat more and take vitamins.

Did you know you were pregnant?

How long have you known?

I don't know.

Have you told your husband?

No.

– And you were fasting?

– No! I don't have time to eat.

You weren't starving yourself

to induce a miscarriage, were you?

We both wanted a big family.

I just thought I'd get a break.

Your body protects the fetus first.

But you're putting your

own heart and kidneys at risk.

Were you trying to terminate?



There are safer ways to do that.

Have you considered an abortion?

I can't have another baby right now.

I just can't.

– Another Webril.

– Poor guy slips, breaks his neck.

This woman falls down concrete steps  
and cracks her wrist.

The benefits of alcohol consumption.

I could do with a margarita.

I don't remember the last time

I had a drink.

It's the "no caffeine"

I couldn't deal with.

– Thanks, Mark.

– Three-inch roll.

I'm thinking of weaning them.

It's been six months. I don't know  
how much longer I can deal.

– I can't believe you've lasted this long.

– So I'm not a terrible mother?

If you planned on being

the perfect parent, fail now...

...while they can't remember.

Another three-inch.

You okay?

– They deserve a father, Mark.

– Doug's been seeing them.

He asked me to move to Seattle again.

And I think he's serious this time.

What did you tell him?

– Do you have a second?

– Go ahead. I got this.

Okay.

– What's up?

– She was starving herself to miscarry.

– "Supermom"?

– I may have talked her into an abortion.

– She didn't ask for one?

– She's scared.

Come here.

– She doesn't want her husband to know.

– Refer her to the GYN clinic.

I offered to arrange things

for her upstairs. Today.

– What's the rush?

– This might be her only opportunity.

– She can't get out of the house?

– She needed me to make it happen.

She's not in a state

to make her own decision?

– No, she just needed a push.

– And you pushed her?

– I don't know.

– Did you give her options?

Yes. The husband won't let her adopt

out. It's gonna push her over the edge.

If she's gone to this much trouble

to avoid an abortion...

...there's a part of her

that has a problem with it.

Or her husband does.

– Can GYN even do it?

– I haven't asked them.

All right. Talk to them.

It might not even be possible.

– Thank you.

– Be careful, Abby. Make sure.

– Your surgical consult is here.

– And who might that be?

– How about a clue?

– Dr. Romano?

Okay. See?

Need a doctor to take a look?

Don't worry about me.

I'm getting some Lasix.

- Belt injury?
- CT is clear. But he's guarding.

You know, just discussing a patient.

I could use a discussion.

- Maybe I should see the patient.
- Good idea.

Eli, Mr. Emerson, this is Dr. Benton.

He's a surgeon.

- How's your belly?
- A little sore.
- Does this hurt?
- Only when you press hard.
- Any back pain?
- No.
- His white count is up.
- Was the other surgeon wrong?
- What other surgeon?
- Dr. Corday.

Could you give us a second?

- Elizabeth saw him?

– I didn't get a chance to tell you.

I disagreed with her.

I wanted a second opinion.

His belly is fairly benign.

No back or flank pain.

– He could have a bowel leak.

– There's no fever.

Delay can raise mortality

from five to    percent.

Okay. I'll do an ex-lap, okay?

Thank you, Peter.

– One, two, three.

– Oh, God! Watch my back, would you?

How far did you fall?

– Six, eight feet.

– Coworkers said four.

Four, my ass! I felt a pop.

I think I blew out a disk.

Complains of leg weakness, LOC.

I passed out. Everything went black.

BP's    /    . Pulse    .

– Is that bad?

– That's normal.

Press on my hands with your feet.

Jeez!

– That hurt?

– Yeah! What do you think?

Does your employer cover  
on-the-job injury?

– He better.

– I'm gonna press down.

Tell me if it increases  
the pain in your back.

– Oh, stop, stop!

– Pain is MU.

– What's that?

– We're gonna check it all out.

Better get a CBC  
and a lumbar-spine series.

– What exactly is MU?

– Made-up.

– You think he's faking?

– Oh, yeah.

Hey. So is it anxiety att\*cks?

I'm not sure.

But your cardiac enzymes are normal.

And I'm not seeing  
irregularities on the EKG.

– I didn't think it was my heart.

– You might be stressed.

I could've told you that.

I still need to monitor you

for six hours to eight hours.

You said everything was okay.

Heart damage may not

show up right away.

The way you came in,

I wanna make sure.

I just got myself all worked up.

You see, she's...

She's driving me crazy.

I never wanted a divorce.

– Hell...

– Mr. Simpson. Mr. Simpson.

Every time. I'm sorry.

It just hits me.

I don't know what I'm doing.

I'm sorry.

– No, don't worry. It's okay.

– Every day...

Every day another damn letter

or phone call from her lawyer.

More threats, more demands.

I don't know what I did wrong.

I love my son.

I loved her, I still do.

I understand.

I'm sorry.

It's not your problem.

Maybe I can get a clinical  
psychologist to talk to you.

Clinical psychologist?

That worse than the ordinary kind?

Hi.

I checked on your kids.

They're having a great time.

They need to eat.

They're eating now.

Kids don't complain about hospital food.

You sure this is what you want?

No, it's not what I want.

It's what I need.

Okay. I worked it out with GYN.

There's a doctor who can  
squeeze you in now.

Take me up before I change my mind.



Yeah. Well, the thing is...

...I'd hate for you to change  
your mind later on.

No, I know.

I meant... Forget it.

No, tell me.

I feel like such a hypocrite.

I know that this is so wrong.

I keep telling myself I'm doing  
this for my family.

Maybe you better take more time.

My husband is a good man

but he'd never understand.

It's better if he doesn't know.

Let's just get it over with.

Okay.

Thank you.

This isn't easy to do alone.

An hour of continuous nebs

should do it.

– It's that nurse.

– Now what?

– Your dad made racial slurs.

– She's Swedish.

– Maybe he called her a meatball.

– Say I'm on my way.

I put the shoulder back in.

Check the films.

– Does he have an orthopedist?

– Give it to Ortho.

– You leaving?

– I've been on since : .

Can you take Exam ?

– Yeah, sure.

– Thanks.

– Pull these.

– You have a critical value.

White count's , : leukemia.

– Who?

– Fazio.

– Workers' comp guy?

– What?

He fell off a ladder.

Look, % blasts.

– Get a Hema–Onc consult.

– Where's Carol?

– Upstairs.

– Again?

- She's on break.
- Again?
- Are you a hall monitor?
- I need an NG tube.
- So do it.
- You let this go on?
- Let her be.
- The chief wouldn't.

You try raising two children.

Why should I suffer?

- Quit whining. I'll do it.
- Thanks.
- Where's my MVA?
- Cleo's?
- Yes.
- Benton took him.
- Benton?
- Yeah.

Hey. How are you feeling?

Something's wrong.

I'm having back spasms.

The x-ray shows no fractures.

- But I still have pain.
- I'm sure you do.

– I can't work like this.

– You're not going to work.

Yeah? For how long?

You have acute

myelogenous leukemia.

Leukemia? You mean like the cancer?

– Yes. And it can cause bone pain.

– Come on. Get out of here!

– I fell down!

– It's in your blood.

Hematology will admit you...

– ... and start chemo.

– Wait a second.

– I'm sorry.

– We need you now.

– I'll be back.

– Doc!

I'll be right back.

– Push. epi.

– What is it?

– Ten-year-old in shock.

– No response to albuterol.

– Allergies?

– Peanuts. Pressure's dropping.

Draw ketamine, sux.

- Pulse ox .
- Start rapid induction.

No, I've got it.

BP is palp.

- Come on. Let's go.
- Hold on.
- You want cricoid pressure?
- I can't pass it.

Set up for fiber-optic intubation.

mg of Solu-Medrol.

- Okay, out of the way.
- I've got it.
- You've done one?
- Two.
- Keep gentle tension.
- I know. I'm feeding it in.
- There's the epiglottis.
- What are you doing?
- Keep going.
- I can't see.
- Pulse ox .
- Bag her.
- I just need to–

- I said, get out.
- What? I almost had it.
- I'm taking over.

John!

- Up to .
- All right. Let's go again.
- Thank you. He'll be better tomorrow.
- He couldn't be worse.

Is she gone?

Yeah, okay? She's gone.

- We'll be lucky if she returns.
- Says you.

We need her.

Someone has to be here.

Not if I went to the hospice.

You'd be surrounded by strangers.

No stranger than Nurse Von Bülow.

And look at this room.

It's like a damn hospital!

- How much is this costing?
- Don't worry.
- What the hell is that?
- A portable toilet.
- You got me a Johnny-on-the-spot?

– It's just for convenience.

I am not taking a dump

in your living room, Mark!

I am not an invalid!

I can still make it to the bathroom!

Dad. Sit down. Come on, sit down.

– Sit and relax.

– This is what I didn't want happening.

– Relax.

– I won't use it.

I'll get your albuterol, okay?

I'll take it back, all right?

Here. Just take a few puffs.

Nice and easy. Calm down.

– Where is he?

– The suit.

– Mr. Parker? I'm Abby.

– Hi. You're taking care of my wife?

Yes. She was a little dehydrated

and tired.

She came by ambulance.

It's standard when patients

lose consciousness.

– God.

– It's okay.

Mostly, she just needs to rest.

She overdoes it.

She does too much.

– You should get her some help at home.

– Yeah. Can I see her?

– She went upstairs for tests.

– What kind of tests?

She was anemic.

We checked her heart and blood.

– Let's find your kids.

– Okay.

– But she only needs rest.

– She does. We're being thorough.

– I should be there.

– That'd be difficult.

– What's all this?

– I've got an ex-lap.

– Were you going to call me?

– I didn't know I needed permission.

Did your friend tell you

I'd examined the patient?

– Dr. Finch advised me of your opinion.

– I bet she did.



- I made my assessment.
- That boy is asymptomatic...
- ... except for a bruise.
- His white count rose.
- She should've called me.
- You'd made up your mind.

I was observing him.

She may not be as comfortable  
with me as you...

...but I might have changed my mind.

Maybe.

Stop scrubbing.

- What?
- You heard me, I said stop.
- I'm operating on him.
- No, you're not. I am.
- I'm ready.
- Sorry to have wasted your time.

It's my prerogative  
to schedule cases...

...especially ones I've seen first.

- You mean you're pulling rank on me?
- Absolutely.
- Carter?

– Yeah.

Dan Shine.

You sent me a patient for a biopsy.

– How'd it go?

– His bone marrow is normal.

– No. He had % blasts.

– Someone else did. He's normal.

What?

They mixed up records.

Do you have a patient named Simpson?

– Can you find Dr. Kovac?

– Just a second.

No, now!

– Did you talk to him?

– You might want to go up.

I stuck him,

then told him we were wrong.

That he wouldn't die.

He wants to sue.

I'm sure he did.

Excuse me? They took my wife up.

I wanted to see if she was back.

The name's Parker.

Gynecology Clinic.

Wait. Gynecology Clinic?

I thought she was anemic.

I didn't take care of her.

You can wait right over there.

– Call me if you find Simpson.

– Yeah.

– Excuse me, what's your name?

– Abby.

Abby, yeah. It says "GYN"

by my wife's name. Is that right?

Why don't you have a seat?

I'll check.

– Is there something wrong?

– No, she's fine.

Why is she in Gynecology?

Is she pregnant?

You should wait.

I don't want to wait anymore!

Tell me what's wrong with her.

– I can't.

– Why?

Medical information is private.

It's my wife. What can't I know?

– Mr. Parker–

- Is she having an abortion?
- Is she?
- I can't say.

What floor is Gynecology on?

- What floor is Gynecology on?!
- Ninth.
- You needed me, Carter?
- Yeah.
- You're sure it's not another mistake?
- We double-checked.

How long?

- It's hard for me to say.
- Ballpark, best guess.

With a bone-marrow transplant...

...there's a    percent survival rate  
at five years.

Without one?

Chemotherapy alone?

About half of that.

We'll do what we can  
to find a match.

Type your family: brothers, sisters–

I don't have any brothers or sisters.

- Are your parents living?

– I have an uncle.

That's good.

And your son.

He's only .

Probably the best chance.

I should call my wife.

Yeah.

– You called for a consult?

– Yeah. Abdominal pain.

– A hot appy.

– Didn't bring them to the O.R. yourself?

– Temp's .

– I just closed Eli Emerson's belly.

– I thought Peter was–

– No, he was my consult.

– There's no perforation.

– What a relief.

– Pity I had to cut him open.

– Better to know than regret it later.

Yes.

You may have special access

to Peter...

...but from now on,

come to me if you have a problem.

Obviously you agreed with him.

- "Yes, Elizabeth," will do.
- Do you want this?
- Which room?
- Four.
- Hey, what's going on?
- They took all my stuff.

The city swept his street.

- When was your last drink?
- I tried to get up on a dumpster.
- They pushed me down.
- How much have you had?

They took my pillows.

I had a tarp for rain.

- Have you eaten?
- No money.

Let's get a banana bag.

CBC and blood alcohol.

- Did you hit your head?
- What?
- Did you hit your head?
- Hold still, Pablo.
- Let me go.
- Hold still.

No.

- Soft restraints.
- It's okay.
- Call Security.
- It was an accident. Pablo, be still.
- What's that?
- Haldol.
- What? No!
- Let me go.
- Carter, what are you doing?
- No. Carter.
- What's wrong?
- He's violent.

It was an accident.

They don't come any gentler.

- Are you going to help?
- No!

All right, fine.

Call me when he calms down.

- You got any four-by-fours in here?
- Let me check.
- Xeroform, Adaptic...
- If not, in the suture room.

Hold on, I'm still looking.

Here we go.

– What's going on?

– What, with Pablo?

Your overreaction to Pablo.

Or am I now overreacting?

I was being careful.

Maybe it was a bad call.

– Are you okay?

– Yeah, I think so.

I know what it's like

to have life change.

A year ago I was living with Doug.

Now I'm living alone with two babies.

Go figure.

– Yeah.

– It takes a while to deal with it...

...to get used to it.

You still need to get used to it.

– Lucy matched.

– Oh, God. Where?

Here. Got a spot in Psych.

Go figure.

There's always gonna be something.

Well, what are you gonna do?



Go back to work.

– She's not really Swedish.

– What?

Fredriksson. She's married to a Swede.

She's Dutch.

– So you did talk to her.

– No, I didn't talk.

She yapped and yapped.

Finally, about halfway through

watching Rosie O 'Donnell...

...I said to stick her thumb

in her dike and shut up.

– You didn't.

– Sure, I did.

To stick her thumb in her dike?

She got what I meant.

And it worked. Not another word.

– What is this?

– Meatloaf.

The only recipe of Mom's

I remember.

– Where's the egg?

– What egg?

Your mom cooked it with an egg.

You'd get a sliver per slice.

I forgot.

I never much liked the egg,

always ate around it.

Okay.

– Work was pretty decent today.

– That's good.

So anything happen here?

Like what?

I don't know.

Maybe you and she did something.

What the hell would we do?

Play Parcheesi?

Dad, forget it. Okay?

I was just making conversation.

Yeah, okay. Whatever.

Your mom served it with peas.

Not with string beans.

Yeah. I guess so.

– Hey, Abby.

– Hey.

How's she doing?

– Pretty well. She's gonna be okay.

– That's good.

I want to apologize.

I let my emotions get the best of me.

Of course.

Lynn let herself get rundown.

She just got depressed.

I guess I didn't see.

It's easy for that to happen.

She's resting now.

I'm gonna check on my kids.

Sure.

– Hi, how are you doing?

– I'm okay.

– I saw your husband.

– He was upset, but he's better now.

He forgave me.

– He forgave you?

– We all make mistakes sometimes.

What you did today

was a mistake?

He didn't call it that.

Just a moment of weakness.

– Well, what do you think?

– He talked to a doctor. I'll be fine.

– We'll be able to try again soon.

– For another baby?

Ken's a wonderful father.

We both love kids.

We've always wanted a big family.

Kids are great.

– Why don't you rest, okay?

– Thanks.

– Look at Kate's hat. She's so cute.

– Isn't that Tess?

Nope. Tess is the one eating the hat.

– Hey, Luka. You off?

– No.

Heading out to meet a trauma. You?

– After I pick up the girls.

– Isn't that adorable?

Yeah. Very beautiful.

– See you.

– Bye.

– Has anyone seen Benton?

– I think he crashed.

– Oh, God! Dr. Kovac...

– What?

– He had two children. Two, wasn't it?

– Yeah.

– Hey.

– Hey. Where are the girls?

I'm on my way up to get them.

How much longer are you on?

If Romano has his way,

probably forever.

Luka, I just realized,

looking at those pictures...

I've never seen

any pictures of your children.

– You want to see one?

– That'd be great.

Jasna. That was her birthday party.

She was .

– She's beautiful. So is your wife.

– Yeah, she was.

– Can I see your son?

– I don't have any.

You don't have any now, or at all?

I'm lucky to have this.

No, to see Marco...

...I just have to close my eyes

and he's there.

Usually with chocolate ice cream

on his face and hands.

– I'm sorry.

– No, no, no. Thank you for asking.

Oh, here I go. Back to work.

– See you tomorrow.

– Bye.

– What is it?

– It's me.

Cleo.

– What's wrong?

– Nothing. Lie down.

– I thought you were going home.

– Maybe later.

This is okay for now.

Dr. John. I thought the dog got in.

No, it's just me, Corrine.

– Couldn't sleep?

– No.

– You want me to make something?

– I'm fine. Thanks.

Okay.

– Good night.

– Good night.

Mark!

Mark!

– Dad?

– Mark!

Just a second.

– What's wrong?

– I told you this would get in the way.

What happened?

I was trying to go to the bathroom.

I got tangled up in these.

– Damn!

– I should've moved this stuff.

I should be able to go to

the bathroom by myself.

It's my fault.

I didn't leave a lamp on.

I tried. But I got tangled up...

It's no big deal, Dad.

My pajamas are soaked!

Well, don't worry.

I haven't wet the bed

since I was !

All right. Just sit down here, okay?

I'll put the shower on.

You shouldn't have to do this, Mark.

Think how many times  
you did this for me when I was little.

Well, I'm a grown man.

Whoa, wait, wait.

This isn't right, Mark.

– It just isn't right.

– I know, Dad.

I know.

Let's just rest for a minute.