

ER season 9, episode 18

excerpts

["sion, \n you're going to have \n to do it quickly. \n The GYN team here is standing by \n to perform an abortion. \n (gasping) \n I want her to live. \n Your wife is going to die. \n She's going to fight this. \n Do"]

transcript

Previously on ER:

I'll take him up myself.

Dr. Romano, your arm.

Damn it!

I'm fine.

Let's just, let's go.

Let's roll.

We're going to Las Vegas
tonight.

Are you ready?

I've asked Robert

to consider

sharing the Chief of Staff
position with you.

I'd rather cut

off my good arm.

Fine. Congratulations, Kerry.

You've just become

Chief of Staff.

That was a gift.

From a grateful patient?

Grateful girlfriend.

I have a few meetings with

department heads later.

Otherwise, I

would have waited.

Oh, yeah, of course.

I'll have all this

sent to your home

by week's end.

Dr. Weaver?

Yeah.

Maintenance is here.

Send them in.

What happened

to Brenda?

We had to let her go.

She seemed unwilling

to make the transition.

Centered, right

above the backs

of the chairs,

and at museum level.

I always hated
the Impressionists.

Look, it's a
lateral move, Robert.

All that sugar-coating
of the truth.

Believe me, it
wasn't my idea.

Dr. Anspaugh thought
it might be a
good interim step.

That's strange, because
this little power play
smacks of a certain
estrogen-based malice
I've grown
all too familiar with
over the years.

You know... I really
wish you'd try to
appreciate the fact
that we're trying to
do you a favor here.

What you're doing
is bending me over
and driving it
up the chocolate highway--
let's be honest.

You're a one-handed
surgeon, Robert,
not to mention a human
resources nightmare,
and a lousy
administrator
who's burned more bridges
than you've ever built.

You're lucky to
have options at all.
Oh, you're suggesting
I have some.

Yes, you do; you have three.
It's this, it's teaching
or it's out.

Could I get your
home address...?

Bite me, Nancy.

Dr. Romano, I have

some billing give-backs

from Anesthesiology.

Not my job.

Cardio Admin's

on line one for you.

Take a message.

Well, what

do I tell them?

That I don't work here anymore.

(door opens)

What are you doing?

I'm taking Mrs. Tucker to X ray.

That's what

orderlies are for.

Park Granny and go help someone

drain an abscess.

Yeah, but I got...

You're a med student.

You're not doing scut,

you're not doing squat.

Hey, Green Card, I want all your

performance evals by day's end.

Why?

I want something to read

when I'm on the can.

Why do you think, Igor?

You're on my hit list.

Who supplies

the nurses' scrubs?

Allied.

Switch to Lindeman's.

They hug booty better.

What the hell are

you looking at?

Oh, hey, hey, hey, everybody!

Great news--

pinata out in the parking lot.

Andale, andale.

They're here for

one of their kids.

Yeah? Well, they need

to stop having kids.

Clear them out

or you're fired.

What?!

Let me rephrase that;

you're fired.

You can't fire

nurses.

I just did.

Hey, pituitary boy.

You talking

to me?

Yeah, I lost my arm,

not my olfactory nerve.

Sic Security on the bum

taking a crap over there,

and get me a list

of every staff member's salary,

including yours.

What was that

all about?

Meet the new boss.

And get rid of

this coffee machine in here!

You losers can pay

for your own java!

Oh! At times

like this,

I wish I practiced

in Florida.

No, it's too humid.

Plus, you'd miss me.

Huh, well, I wouldn't
miss the wind chill.

Hey, Dr. Chen,
how many candles?

Hey, I said no cake.

Happy birthday,

Jing-Mei.

Like you even knew.

Yes, I did.

Uh-huh.

And I got you something.

Really?

Mm-hmm.

And I figured if you
weren't busy later,
I would take you
over to the Grotto,
and maybe we'd get some
champagne afterwards.

Ooh, you thought this through,
didn't you?

Yes, indeed;
why wouldn't I?

How you doing?

CDs, jewelry

and personal accessories,

all at discount rates.

Uh, no, thanks.

Ladies love stuffed animals.

Five bucks

for this little cutie.

Don't make

me hurt you.

Hey, hey,

this is America.

If you can't sell crap

on the street,

we're not a free society.

Bye.

Come on, get

out of my way.

Okay, I should be back

by 6:00.

She woke up early.

So make sure she

takes a nap, okay?

Okay. Hey, you like

the sign I put up?

Yeah. It's, uh, sweet.

Okay, my darling, bye-bye.

Hey, kids love stuffed animals.

Five bucks

for this little cutie.

No, thank you.

Comes in pink.

You're scaring her.

I got dolls in here, too.

Go, go!

(screaming)

My foot! My foot!

Told Haleh she was fired.

Said it was a management tool.

Always fire someone

the first day.

Lets them know

who's boss.

He can call himself king

as long as I get severance.

Hey, Abby, can you park

Mrs. Strohm here in Exam One?

Uh, no. We lost

another exam room.

(sighing)

Go park her in the hall.

Weaver never had an office.

Said he'd take the lounge

if we're not careful.

And put our lockers where?

Triage?

Oh, that's great.

So, now our personal stuff

can get stolen, too.

Too late.

Brand new leather gloves

right out of my locker.

Real leather?

Yeah. Why?

Animals died to make them.

Right, and we should all wear

canvas shoes.

Oh, God!

I could use

a little help here.

CARTER:

What happened?

Corday's nanny
ran over his foot.
With her freakin' minivan.
I'm crippled.

How did this become
your problem?
Elizabeth decided
that it was an E.R. case.

Yeah, it's typical.
We got any open beds?

ROMANO:

Yeah, if he's a
paying customer.
Otherwise, park him in the hall.
For anyone late
for his or her shift,
be advised
that I am now in charge
of this human cesspool.
Say good-bye to the warm fuzzies
of the Weaver era,
and hello
to the age of efficiency
and cost effectiveness.

Future tardiness will result
in a docked paycheck
and/or letter to file.

And once you do get to work
on time,
you will treat, you will street,
and you will do so
as quickly as humanly possible.

Any questions?

Didn't think so.

Medivac, two minutes out;
auto versus ped.

Kovac and Carter,
and keep dispositions
under 20 minutes.

Doctors Lewis, Chen and Pratt
can focus on clearing the board,
and you can get me
a breakfast burrito,
extra cheese,
hold the salsa.

Please?

Get your love at home.

Should be

interesting.

Romano in charge.

Seen any movies

lately?

Nope.

Tried that sushi place

at Navy Pier yet?

No.

It's good.

Long time now...

that you've been together.

Yeah, a year?

Almost.

That's nice.

Josh Rushing, 37.

Long way from County.

Busy day; we go

where they tell us.

Scalp lac,

multiple contusions.

Probable

hit-and-run.

He's suffering

from exposure.

He's been down
a while. Homeless?

After a couple
of days out,
everybody
looks homeless.

Is Susan Lewis
working today?

Yeah. Why?

Jack-knifed rig on the Dan Ryan
with an SUV
trapped underneath.

Damn it, we got to go!

Okay, on my count--
one, two, three.

CBC, lytes, bun,
creatinine,
and let's get an accu-check.

His wallet says he's
an accountant from Indiana.

What's he doing
walking the back
roads of Illinois?

Got a clavicle deformity

on the left.

Exercise? 18 in the right A.C.

with a liter up.

Accu-check is 96.

Not in loafers.

Pretty isolated

out that way.

Lucky they found him

at all.

All right, what have we got?

A possible car

versus pedestrian.

Vitals stable

but unresponsive.

This is why

I went to med school--

so I could practice

veterinary medicine.

Sonosite.

Both lungs are up.

He doesn't need

a chest tube.

I'll be the judge of that.

Not in the middle

of a trauma.

Who is it?

It's a collect person-to-person

from Zagreb.

ROMANO:

No blood in

Morrison's...

Your dad?

No free fluid,

no pericardial

...named Gordana.

effusion, nothing.

Catch. May I?

Hello. Don't ever call

this number again.

Why did you do that?

Hey, you want to chew the fat

with the peasants back home,

dial Ten-Ten-Call

the Third World.

Okay, c-spine, chest

and pelvis to start.

KOVAC:

He needs a rectal.

Oh, um, I took the liberty
of checking the union manual.

You can't fire nurses.

They have their own
administrative authority.

You have to lodge
a complaint with
the nurse manager.

Fine. Tell Hally,
or whatever her name is,
that she can stay.

She already went home.

Uh, good, good, good.

Then have her come back,
but make sure she deducts
for the time she was gone.

And give me

b*ll points

on who I can pink slip,
and for what reasons.

There are six unions
on the floor.

That's 12 volumes
of material.

Fine, do yours last.

So, uh...

so, what's the story here?

Sammy got ahold

of Dad's nail g*n.

Who knew he'd use it

as a w*apon?

He's a seven-year-old boy.

Everything's a w*apon.

This the nail g*n injury?

Yeah.

Well, Dr. Corday's

got this now.

Apparently, Sammy didn't think

it was loaded.

No. I knew.

Well, the puncture appears

to have glanced off the rib.

You'll be fine.

D.T. and a

gram of Ancef?

Yeah... and, uh,

a psych consult

for the son, perhaps.

So, how's it going

down here?

Want to hear

something scary?

I miss Weaver.

Fresh pot.

Enjoy it

while you can.

How you doing?

Very well, thanks.

New digs, new

challenges,

crappy coffee.

Interest you in a cup?

I'll pass.

Smart woman.

Look, I think it's awful,

just to let you know.

A waste... really, of your...

of your skills, your talents,

but, um, I'm sure

it will be temporary.

Yeah.

Anything I can do

to help?

(clattering)

You could sh**t me now.

B.P. stable 120/78,

and the tox screen's back.

No dr*gs or alcohol

in his system, crit's 50.

Hemoconcentrated.

Neuro exam looks non-focal.

I don't know.

On his own, no car,

out in the middle of nowhere.

You think he

was robbed?

Still had his wallet

with him.

Maybe he got dumped.

Maybe his

wife knows.

He's wearing

a wedding ring.

They're trying

to track her down.

100 of thiamine,

just in case.

Did you know about it?

What?

The Romano coup d'état.

No idea.

Does it mean anything?

Yeah, we're screwed.

Dr. Weaver.

John, I have to

turn over a number of
outstanding projects.

Resident's time study,
a Q/A of our portable
ultrasound training.

I'd be really grateful
if you'd see them through.

Sure.

Excellent.

So... how long is Romano
going to be down here?

What makes you think
it's not permanent?

Because whoever
runs the department

has to have good communication
and clinical skills.

He is, uh... he's
an experienced physician.

His background
is entirely surgical.

John, you have to be
associate professor
before you can be considered
for department head.

I don't want his job, Kerry.

I just don't want
to have to do two of them.

All right.

Which one of you smartasses
stole my crutch?

(speaking Croatian)

Do you have any plans
for tonight?

Oh, me and this guy named TiVo.

We're going to curl up
in front of the tube. You?

Nah.

Everything okay?

Woman I went to med school with

has a patient who's very sick.

Young boy.

Is he terminal?

Post shunt Tetralogy

with pulmonary atresia.

Oh.

He's outgrowing

the shunts.

He needs unifoc

and complete repair.

That's a pretty

specialized procedure.

(man groaning)

Yup, so special

it can't be done there.

Nicky Broome,

fell while running.

Shoulder dislocation and

probable rib fracture.

Vitals normal except

for pulse of 120.

(screaming)

This guy's

a runner?

He's a junkie.

He gets chased

by the cops

on a regular basis.

He fell on the sidewalk,

all right? It was wet.

Are you high now,

Nicky?

No, and he's staying

that way.

Mint condition.

The entire lot.

The sky's the limit

as far as mark up

and the whole shebang's

yours for only 30 bucks.

Hey.

I thought you said

you couldn't walk,

your foot hurt so bad.

I hopped.

I'm on the phone here.

Yeah, take two Tylenol

every four hours

and get a real job.

Hey, it's at 3:00.

What?

Cake for Chen.

Oh, right, right.

So, Chuny, what do you think--

flowers or candy?

Ah, it's got to be

something she can wear

or what's the point?

Okay, let's see

who's losing the dispo race.

Why that would be...

Dr. Pratt,

who will now be punished

for his indolent ways.

Lower back pain in Two,

and an unknown intestinal

disturbance in Four.

Chop, chop.

In second to last place

we have Dr. Lewis.

Well that's to be expected

from one who ovulates.

She gets the maggot

infestation in Two

and then of course

we have Mr. Gallant

who's doing Cadillac work ups

on Yugo patients.

How are you, hun?

Don't tell me.

Don't tell me.

Says right here,

"My blood pressure is high."

Well, hell, so's mine.

But rather than go

to a busy ER,

I stay home and take

my prescribed medication.

Have you tried that

at all?

She's also diabetic

and her EKG...

Is entirely unnecessary.

Give he a sublingual

Nifedipine

and send her to clinic.

Yeah, but that's not a...

Are you filling

some sort of

special needs quota

here, Mr. Gallant?

You need me to say it slowly in

the language of your people?

(slurred):

Sublingual Nifedipine.

And when you're

done with her,

pick up six more.

She's your patient,

not your mother.

They're letting any

bottom feeder

with a check into

med school these days?

Actually, Gallant is one

of our best med students.

Well that

doesn't bode well

for the future

of emergency medicine

but maybe by the time

he gets his license

we'll all be dead.

Typical, as Chief Resident,

I assign the med students

their cases.

Oh, when,

every other Tuesday?

Any patient here

over six hours

is a failure of your

management skills, not mine.

Treat, turf, or dispo.

With all due respect,

you don't have a background

in emergency medicine,

and quite frankly,

it isn't all that simple.

Feast or famine?

Hey, you're back.

Yeah, another chopper

beat us to the punch.

Is Susan around?

Yeah.

(screaming)

Okay, your screaming isn't
making our job any easier.

This is hard for him.

Settle down, okay?

It hurts like a son of a bitch.

It's going

to continue to hurt

unless we pull

your arm out.

Radial pulse

is still strong.

Oh, God, please help me!

Maybe you should

just go ahead

and give him more

of versed or Fent.

Yes! Yes!

We already did,

he should be unconscious.

Then why is he

still screaming?

I don't know.

His ribs are broken.

Yeah, that and he's
going through withdrawal.

I can't take it, baby!

Hey, Susan.

What?!

I got a guy here
who says he's your husband.

What's he look like?

Uh...

tall, dark hair, flight nurse.

Yeah, that's him.

(man continues screaming)

You were in Las Vegas
for, like, two days.

And three nights.

We met on the plane
on the way over there.

Hung out all weekend.

Were you sober
at any point?

Sunday night,
we wanted burgers
so we took a cab

to this drive through.

Turns out to be a mini-chapel.

Ah, so you figured,

"What the hell,

let's get married."

I know, it was impulsive.

Impulsive?

Okay, it was really,

really stupid.

Susan...

I'm getting it

annulled anyway.

I haven't seen him

since the wedding night.

Well my flight

left the next morning,

he stayed there for a week.

He could have married

six other women by now.

Hey, do even remember

his name at least?

Uh, Chuck...

Martin?

I think.

Good luck.

Hey, stranger.

Hey.

Look, Nifedipine

is contraindicated.

I'm not bottoming out

her pressure

and stroking this lady out.

Gallant, you are preaching

to the choir.

He's the one that needs

to be educated about this.

And he wants to hear

that from a med student.

Look, obviously he needs...

Blah, blah, blah.

Go talk to him.

If there's a problem

I'll take care of it.

Got a lot of people scared.

Not you.

Still need to pay my rent.

Come on, Romano's bark

is so much worse

than his bite.

Easy for you to say.

You can walk away

if you want to.

So, Susan got married,

huh?

Can't call her indecisive.

Call her crazy.

When are you people

going to do something?

Oh, God...

So I spoke

to an attorney.

Yeah, me, too.

He said annulling

the marriage should

be fairly easy.

That's what my guy said.

I have to admit,

I was a little worried.

Why?

Well, you know.

It was consummated.

Oh, yeah, right.

A few times, as I remember.

More than a few times.

The cabana?

Right, right.

Right, but since we
never lived together,

I figure it shouldn't
be a problem.

You say anything to anyone?

Like who? My mom?

She'd kick my ass if she knew
I deprived her of a wedding.

Same with mine.

I kind of figured it wasn't
anyone's business, you know?

Exactly.

And pretty tough
to explain, too.

Please,
who are you telling?

Kind of had
to have been there.

Yeah, made sense
at the time.

Guess you have to get

back to work.

Nah.

Morales, you don't write,

you don't call.

No time to radio.

24-year-old female,

passed out at Marshall Field's.

No trauma, no seizure.

What?

You were shopping?

We were registering.

Debra's pregnant.

Don't tell me, you were

going to say that next.

LOCKHART:

BP's 100/60.

Sats are good.

Do you remember

falling, Debra?

I remember feeling weak,

but I haven't been eating.

Okay.

Start a second line

and put up another liter.

Morning sickness?

Oh, bad.

My first wife had three kids.

She never even burped.

Maybe I'm not cut out for this.

What have we got?

Debra Strickland,

pregnant syncope, 18 weeks.

Hi, Debra.

Any cramping or spotting?

No.

Okay, let's spin a crit,

check a glucose and dip

a urine to start.

Ow!

That hurts?

Mm-hmm. And my belly.

It never did before.

How about when I do this?

Ow!

Yeah.

Abby, can you see if

Linda Woo is still here?

I can check.

Finally get

a surgical candidate?

Oh, God, I need an operation?

Not necessarily.

Stripe in Morrison's.

Yup.

And in the pericolic

gutter.

Probably blood judging

from her hypertension.

Put the probe back

over the kidney.

It is.

That doesn't look like it.

It's not.

Surgery's here.

What do you have for me?

24-year-old,

18 week IUP

with hypertension,

intraperitoneal fluid

and a renal mass.

Obvious ex-lap

for tissue diagnosis

and staging.

Who are you?

Dr. Robert Romano,

head of surgery

less than a week ago.

Who the hell are you?

This is Dr. Woo.

She started yesterday.

Ma'am, do you have any medical

problems or allergies?

Are you deaf?

Um, let me page Corday.

I'll do it.

BP is dropping, 86/62.

Any moron can see she needs

surgical intervention for

hemostasis.

Take her up.

I'm sorry,

what's your position here?

Your practical

and intellectual superior

with over 20 years

of surgical experience

versus the two years

of ass wiping

you call residency.

Take her up.

Done.

He was diagnosed

at birth,

but access to any kind of care

has been limited at best.

He's been revised?

Twice.

The last time,

five years ago

and the surgical team that

performed it in Croatia

has disbanded since then.

And there's

nothing else in Europe?

Nothing they

can afford.

And County's pediatric

thoracic group does

unifocalization all the time.

Free of charge.

Yes, but he's not a citizen.

Neither are we,

but we are here.

Look, even if you get

a surgical team

to donate services,

who's going to pick

up the hospital tab?

With some PR,

charitable contributions

could cover it.

Yeah, but Kerry would still

have to sign off on it.

Are you on

good terms with her?

Uh, not really.

Well neither am I.

Look, leave it with me,

I'll see what I can do.

Thanks.

Where's Dr. Woo?

She... left.

You need to teach

your residents
to have thicker
skin, Lizzie.

She only cried a little.
Pratt's consoling her.
Oh, dear.

Crit's 19, type and
cross for eight
and transfer two as
soon as we get them.

Right.

Interperitoneal fluid
and a mass.

And pregnant with
profound hypertension.

My guess, renal cell CA.

Necrotic mass
obscuring and deforming
the capsule of the left kidney.

Bleeding across
the peritoneum,
more like metastases.

She'll definitely
need surgery.

Hello.

I'd like a CT of
the abdomen if I can
and have OB involved
as well.

She's stable enough now.

Yeah, sure, why don't we
get a third consult,
maybe ask the janitor
what he thinks.

I'm down here less than a day,
already I'm starting
to hate surgeons.

Is something wrong
with the baby?

No.

The baby's quite healthy,
actually.

GALLANT:

Dr. Romano.

You have a minute?

Less than.

It's about my high blood
pressure patient this morning.

I should have
pointed it out to you,
but the use of
sublingual Nifedipine
is no longer indicated
because of a number
of case fatalities
from stroke.

I never said Nifedipine,
I said up her Metoprolol.
Works fine for
hypertension.

No, actually you said
Nifedipine and you said...

Okay, okay, listen,
okay, Goofus.

I'm the doctor, you're not.

It seems to me that
if it is your intention...

My intention is to serve
out my time in this hell hole
without having Affirmative
Action imbeciles like you
make me regret ever

having gone into medicine.

Your minute's up.

Hey, where are my bullet points?

Uh, right.

Well, obviously you can't fire
medical students,
but failing them is a bad idea,
because then they just have
to repeat the rotation.

I'd suggest a marginal pass.

All right, what else?

(Nicky groaning)

You can, however,
fire care partners.

What the hell's
a care partner?

I can't stand it.

I'm in pain.

It's like a...
non-union orderly.

Hey, you.

What's your name?

Ah, I can't stand...

I'm in pain...

Jim.

Yeah, you pay
union dues, Jim?

No.

Good. You're fired.

I need something!

That is putting me on edge.

Yeah, well, it was a lot worse
when his girlfriend was here.

Tell Lewis to gag him,
sedate him, or k*ll him.

She's on break.

What? Is there some prerequisite
for working here?

You have to be
a know-nothing drag ass
who doesn't
wear a watch?

I always suspected
Weaver would k*ll her own mother
to get out of this dung heap,
and now I know why.
Because apparently,
only the Chief

of Emergency Medicine

is concerned

with clearing the board.

You got to help me.

Hands off, low life.

Oh, somebody...

All right, you.

Where are

your parents?

I don't have any.

They died in a car

crash last year.

(moaning)

Bummer. So, what's your problem?

I need it

bad, man.

I need something

really bad.

Hey, Chuny, could you

move him into Exam Four?

My pleasure.

Come on.

Oh God, I need a push.

Wait. Just one more paragraph

in the lab tech union manual.

Can you make sure

that I see all of

Romano's patients

before anyone gets

dispo'ed today?

Sure.

Thank you.

Thank you.

Doesn't mean you

don't have to

work with him.

Okay, where were we?

Um, I reached

for the soap,

down I went, landed

right on my... rump.

Well, that's not good.

Any loss of consciousness?

No, just loss

of dignity.

I know, I know,

I'm late, I'm late.

I had to move Nicky.

He was driving everybody crazy.

Oh, sorry,

thank you.

And I sent up labs on your

hyperemesis patient,

dispo'ed your "no longer itchy"

rash guy.

Yikes, was I gone that long?

I'll tell you what.

If you take Sandra here,

we'll call it even.

I got to go check

on a patient up in CT.

Done.

Slip-and-fall in the shower,

possible wrist fracture.

Congratulations.

On what?

Your newlywed status.

Ooh, lucky.

Excuse me.

Oh, I've probably

been looking for Mr. Right

ten years longer than you,

and still haven't found him.

(coughing)

Last time it happened,

they kept me here.

(coughing)

You're done?

I think so.

What happened

to your arm?

Are you physically incapable
of keeping your mouth shut?

I mean, were you born
that way or something?

None of your beeswax.

Breathe deep.

Hey. What do you do
for soft asthma?

A couple of nebs
and some prednisone?

You're asking a nurse?

Yeah, what you said,
only I take an
adult dose now.

What he said I said.

Then discharge with follow-up.

Okay. That took all
of eight minutes.

See people,
it can be done.

What can be done?

Oh, BS-ing your
way through a
shift, I suppose.

Hey, listen, I didn't mean
to be nosy before.

I was just
making little talk.

Small talk.

Dr. Kovac,
your exposure guy is coming to.

Any word
on Rushing's wife?

No, they're still
trying to get
hold of her.

Mr. Rushing?

Mr. Rushing,
can you understand me?

Yeah.

Do you know
what happened to you?

Car...

(labored breathing)

...crashed.

Your car?

(labored breathing)

Where are they?

Who?

My kids.

We were driving...

Walked to get help.

Oh, my God.

Go get the police.

His kids are still
out there somewhere.

(shuddering)

(soft groan)

So, how long
have you been married?

Um, two years.

Some people think the age
difference is a problem,

but I can't keep

up with him.

We're going to minimize

the exposure

to protect the baby.

"Our little accident,"

Bill likes to call him.

Oh, you're having a boy?

Just a guess.

Will you be

able to tell?

No, not with this.

Oh, good.

I want to be surprised.

Okay, you have

to lay very still,

and there's an intercom

in case you want to talk.

Okay.

CT Abdo/Pelvis with...

and without.

Fine cuts right

through the kidney.

Debra, when we sh**t

the rest of the dye in,
you may continue
to feel kind of a warm
tingling sensation.

Okay.

Well, there it is.

Some smaller masses
in the abdominal cavity, too.

But, hey,

I'm just the tech.

Hematoma and fluid
from where the main tumor bled.

She's going
to need a nephrectomy.

Yeah, like now.

Well, I guess Romano was right
about one thing today.

DEBRA:

Is it almost over?

What are their names?

S... Sally.

Tim.

Do you know
how badly they were hurt?

It was dark.

(labored breathing)

I just remember crying...

LOCKHART:

B.P.'s stable.

128/80.

Pulse is 106.

They were

so scared.

(crying)

LOCKHART:

Luka...

Uh, another liter

of warm saline.

Do you recall

where it happened?

Do you recall

when it happened?

No.

(crying)

They're dead, aren't they?

LOCKHART:

We're trying

to find them.

OFFICER:

I'm going to start
calling some of this in.

Okay, this guy's
approaching the six hour mark.

Is he stable?

Just finishing up a Heimlich.

Which is the cheesy ER way
of dealing with a pneumothorax.

I did it so he could stay here
in case his

family's found.

So turf him to medicine.

Let them hold hands
and sing "Kumbaya" there.

His kids could
be seriously hurt.

That's right.

But he's not, so get him
the hell out of my trauma room.

Look...

What, what, what?

Is this mandatory therapy crap
making you a little soft, Kovac?

Do us both a favor.

Stop seeing your shrink.

I don't believe in it,

and frankly,

if you're that screwed up, quit.

Where the hell

have you been?

Get back to work.

Hey, welcome back.

Right. X ray's

backed up,

and she's complaining

of a headache.

Let's get her

to curtain area three

and give her some Tylenol.

You could probably

use a lunch tray by now.

What I could

use is a husband.

Does yours

have a brother?

Oh, no. Damn!

Kippy, my man!

Foot still

hurts like hell!

I should sue

you clowns.

Yeah, yeah, look,

I'm in a rush man.

What you got

for the ladies?

Stuffed animals.

No, man.

I need something

that a lady can wear.

Ah...

I got some handmade jewelry,

some perfume...

tie-dyed T-shirt!

Uh-uh.

Wait!

We got some new items in.

How much?

What's this doing here?

Uh, we always have cake

when it's someone's birthday.

Woman pops a kid out,

what the hell difference
does it make what day it is?
No more official
or unofficial recognition
of birthdays.
Oh, you can't be serious.
Singing, blowing out candles,
eating.
By the time
it's all said and done,
everybody's had a half-hour
break with pay.
It fosters community.
Yeah, and lethargy
by the looks of things.
Sandra Haycox.
What about her?
She has a broken wrist.
Cast her and cast her off.
She's complaining
of a headache now.
Uh-uh. Tell her to take a number
and get back in line.
One complaint per visit.

Hey, who ate my cake?

(girl screaming)

What happened?

Eight-year-old

front passenger in

a single-car MVA.

Seat belt,

shoulder harness.

Air bag deployed.

Pretty hard

from the looks of it.

Facial abrasions.

May have a

ruptured globe.

Why was she sitting

in the front seat?

Ask Grandma.

The tumor outgrew

it's blood supply,

then part of it died,

ruptured and bled.

That's why

you passed out.

It could rupture again

at any moment,
so it's important
that we remove it
and the kidney
as soon as possible.

Well, what kind
of a tumor is it?

We don't know.

And we
won't know
until we get a
pathology report.

Do you think it's cancer?

Let's take this one step
at a time.

My mother died of cancer.

If that's what this is,

I should know.

Debra...

I should know.

CORDAY:

It appears likely
to be renal cell carcinoma, yes.

And, if it's as

aggressive as it seems,
it's possible
that you would require chemo
and radiation therapy
following surgery.

CARTER:

Unfortunately,
chemotherapy
is inadvisable
while pregnant.

You said it was aggressive.

Yes, but...

Take it out.

Take everything.

Are you saying you wish
to terminate, as well?

Just... just do it all at once.

Typically, those
procedures would
be done separately.

CORDAY:

If you had
the surgery,
and then waited

until after

the baby was born...

I want the chemo.

Honey...

(crying)

I want it now.

CARTER:

We're going

to leave you

alone to talk.

(crying)

Honey.

I guess she figures

she can try again

if she beats

the cancer.

In three week's time,

the fetus might be viable

outside the womb.

She could fight it then.

She doesn't want

to take that chance.

She's young.

She's scared.

Yeah.

* La gallina busca

el maize y el trigo *

pH is still over nine.

Pilar, how many fingers

do I have?

No veo nada!

* Los pollitos dicen

pio, pio, pio *

Do you think

the blindness

is temporary?

I've seen alkali keratitis

go both ways,

but this doesn't look good.

How's Grandma?

Well, she needs an immobilizer

for her knee.

Otherwise, she's fine.

What a difference

height makes, huh?

Why would anybody put their kid

in the front seat?

She begged me to.

She's my only
grandchild.
I just wanted
to make her happy.

Could you grab
a couple of
Morgan Lenses
from the eye
exam room?

CHEN:

Yeah, sure.
Okay, this isn't
going down
as one of my
better days.

That applies
to all of us.

Wait a minute.

Why is it quiet
all of a sudden?

(sighs)

Unbelievable!

It was too hard to watch.

So you went

out and scored?

You weren't doing anything.

I had to.

You want Narcan?

Put him on

a monitor.

At least

someone's happy.

Of course, it would be pro bono.

Have you looked

at our budget lately?

Every time we open our doors,

we're working pro bono.

We're in a deep deficit,

Elizabeth.

I could contact local

cardiac surgeons

and specialists, ask them

to donate their services.

Which would account

for about 25%

of the total costs,

and forget about Medicaid.

The boy's not even

a U.S. citizen.

Well, that might

be something

that would

interest the media.

I mean, look at

the--the separation

of the Guatemalan

conjoined twins.

Well, somehow,

I don't think

a Croatian kid needing

a Tet Repair is going

to get the same draw.

Kerry, he's nine years old.

He'll die without it.

And we're just not able

to help right now, I'm sorry.

(pager beeping)

Kerry, can I ask you something?

Are you as concerned

about Robert as I am?

Uh, more precisely...

his mental health.

He seems...

broken by this assignment.

He's a cockroach.

He'll refuse to evolve,

and yet survive us all.

Talk to me

about residents.

Um, you need beaucoup

documentation,

but you have a more

powerful w*apon

in scheduling.

As long as they

don't pull more

than 16 shifts a month,

or work more than

three nights in a row,

you can book them

for every weekend,

holiday, or playoff

night you want.

That's good stuff.

Thank you.

How come the delinquent hasn't

been dispo'ed yet?

Uh... that wasn't on my
list of things to do.

You didn't give Eddie
enough prednisone
with his albuterol.

Let me get something straight.

You overrode my orders?

Yeah.

Before he can leave,
he needs to be able to walk
and hold normal sats,
which he can't do.

Uh-oh, you screwed up.

No, I did not.

Maybe you haven't
been listening.

There's a lot of basic
medical treatments...

Because I believe
I've made myself clear.

a surgeon wouldn't
do every day,
and a lot of people here

who can help you...

You don't question my judgment.

keep from making

critical mistakes...

You do not

override my orders...

that would result

in serious injury...

and you sure as hell don't

get too comfortable here,

Dr. Carter.

This is my ER now.

And it stands for one thing--

Everyone's Replaceable...

even you.

I need to know what

to tell the guy.

That better be

a local call.

It's a police matter.

They haven't found

the car yet?

We checked every road,

bridge, and river

within five miles of
where we found him.

Why not ten or 15?

There's no way he
could've walked that far
with those injuries.

He was getting help
for his children.

Man...

I'm already covering
a lot of territory.

With search teams,
with dogs?

It's 40 degrees
out there.

Look, we're doing all we can.

Luka, where's Dr. Romano?

I don't know
and I don't care.

Hey, Chuny, how's it going?

Don't even.

John.

Thought you
were long gone.

Yeah, I just wanted to check
and see how Robert
was doing.

As expected,
he was abysmal.

He has no patient rapport,
severely stunted
interpersonal skills,
and he's incredibly
hostile.

Qualities consistent
with most surgeons.

Kerry, the guy doesn't
know what he's doing,
and he doesn't
want to learn.

And he almost k*lled
a patient today
by prescribing
an antiquated treatment.

But obviously, you stopped
him from doing so.

Yeah, but I can't stay
on top of the guy 24-7.

I'm trying to shift him to
a more administrative role.

What are you going to do,
chain him to his desk?

Look, the ER may
not be the best
fit for Dr. Romano,
but it's all
the man has.

Just make it work,
or better yet,
work around him.

Okay.

Excuse me. I'm Diana Rushing.

I got a message
saying my husband
was brought here.

Yeah, Dr. Kovac;
he treated your husband.

What is it?

Rushing's wife.

I'll take you to him.

Is he okay? Been
worried sick

the whole drive over
here-- I'm from Indiana.

He's stable, but he's
obviously very upset.

When did you see
them last?

Josh left home four
days ago. Who's "them"?

Your husband
and your children.

What children?

He said he was with them
in the car when he crashed.

We don't have children.

Her caretaker says
she's been complaining
of white discharge.

She have her
period yet?

Says she's a real woman.

Mindy, hi, I'm Dr. Lewis.

How are you feeling?

Good.

We're going to do a test

on your private parts, okay?

Set up for a pelvic.

It's probably a simple

yeast infection.

Sandra? How's your headache.

Did the acetaminophen help?

Sandra... Sandra?

I need a crash cart.

I thought she came in

with a broken wrist.

She did.

What happened?

I don't know.

Pulseless and apneic.

V-fib. Charging to 200.

And clear.

Unit number six, going up.

Tumor mass has invaded

the renal artery wall

and sections of the vena cava.

You want me

to call again?

They won't tell me anything

I don't already know--

it's stage 4B by the size

and the spread of it.

Let's take the kidney out.

INTERCOM:

Dr. Corday, call on line one.

If it's Path, put it on speaker.

Pedicle clamp in place.

Metz to divide the vessels.

Dr. Corday?

Yes, Dr. Meechum,

what are your findings?

Furhman Grad four

with sarcomatoid pattern

and a high mitotic picture.

(sighs)

Sorry.

Thank you.

Done. Steel bowl.

That's bad,

I take it.

Irresectable. We'd be doing her

a favor if she bled to death.

Her chance of survival is less

than 2% at this point.

Get her husband up here.

I want to speak to him now.

Charge again to 360 and clear.

Asystole.

It's been 20 minutes.

Uh, try another amp of epi.

JOHN:

And... clear.

ABBY:

No pressure, no pulse.

JOHN:

A headache, a fall,

a blown pupil...

possibly jogged an aneurysm

she already had.

ABBY:

No way you could

have known about it.

JOHN:

No way she could have

known about it.

Yeah, I'm sure she wasn't

planning on dying today.

(sighs)

18:27.

Well, he's depressed.

That, combined with aspects
of disassociative disorder
allowed him to create this
weird, negative amnesia.

Was it a psychotic break?

Mm, not per se, but
he definitely needs
inpatient psych care.

When he talked about them,
he made them sound so real.

Well, to him they are.

Right now, anyway.

But they won't always be.

With the right meds,
it'll all fade away.

Ow!

Cervical motion
tenderness.

PID?

Yup.

Mindy, do you have
a boyfriend?

Uh-huh.

You're pretty young
to be having sex,
much less
unprotected sex.

You need to tell him
to use condoms.

What are those?

That's not a good sign.

Can you tell me his name
so we can make sure
he gets checked?

He cleans floors.

He says he loves me.

400 of cefixime
and a gram of azithro.

We're just going to help
you get dressed, okay?

Oh, man.

You want me to call
the facility?

Nah, call the police first.

It's official. This has been one
of the worst days of my life.

Careful. Don't jinx yourself.

(sighs):

Ugh.

Good night, everyone.

Happy birthday,

Dr. Chen.

Oh, thanks.

Hey, my gloves.

What?

Camel colored

with lambskin inside,

are those mine?

No.

No. Greg just gave

them to me.

They were in my

locker this morning.

Yeah, so what? I bought

those out on the street.

You bought these on the street?

Yeah, from Kippy.

Oh, my God.

It's a long story.

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry, I mean...

(scoffs):

I can't believe you bought my
birthday present on the street.

Yeah, but it was a good deal.

I mean, they're genuine leather.

If I were you, I'd put
them under a Wood's lamp.

(chuckles):

Nice.

Hey.

Hey.

What are you doing here?

Well, I know we're
not supposed to
see each other
until the lawyer's office,
but I figured if your day
was half as bad as mine,
maybe you could
use some company.

Well, eight-year-old
blinded by an air bag,
woman keels over

of an aneurysm,
junkie sh**ting up
in the E.R.,
and a teenage Down's Syndrome
girl with the clap.

Hmm. We had a family of four
trapped in a burning vehicle,
only one kid survived;
he's 18 months old.

You win.

What'd you get?

Oh, the, uh, burger
and fries we never got.

Knit one, purl two?

You take much longer,
you're going to be sewing scabs.

If I go faster, the edges
don't evert well.

I love watching
med students suture.

It reminds me
how good I am.

Was.

What did you say?

He said "was."

Loose stools in Exam Four.

Knock yourself out.

We're almost there.

Skin stapler will be next.

Cut, please.

Pressure's steady

at 110/68.

He's here.

Mr. Strickland...

(sighs):

...I'm afraid we've discovered

a highly malignant

and inoperable cancer.

Stapler ready.

Your—your wife's

chance of survival,

even with the most aggressive

form of chemotherapy,

is extremely poor.

But not impossible?

The one sure thing is that she

will survive long enough

to deliver your baby

if she doesn't seek treatment.

However, in order
for that to happen,
you'd have to reverse
her decision.

How close are we?

Almost closed.

She wants to live.

Mr. Strickland...

if you wish to overrule
your wife's decision,
you're going to have
to do it quickly.

The GYN team here is standing by
to perform an abortion.

(gasping)

I want her to live.

Your wife is going to die.

She's going to fight this.

Do you understand
this baby has a chance?

I ca... I can't.

I just can't.

Dr. Corday...

Dr. Corday.

Mr. Strickland.

Let's get her draped.

Start with

the sterile spec.

(sighs)

Another?

Yeah.

And stop skimping

on the peanuts.

ROMANO:

Hey...

how about putting

something on

for those of us in the room

without hairy knuckles?

Something wrong

with this show?

Yeah. It only appeals

to adults making less

than 20 grand a year.

30 grand.

Oh. Car wash gave

you a raise-- good for you.

I'm a copier tech.

Well, that explains

the dirty fingernails,

but not why you enjoy watching

half-naked chunky-trunks

pull tractors

with their teeth--

must be some sort

of h*m*-erotic thing

for you, I guess?