

ER season 7, episode 17

excerpts

["ndom! \n – He didn't want to. \n – No need to shout. \n Who is the little bastard? \n You're getting an abortion. \n – I am not. \n – Yes, you are! \n – Leave me alone. \n – Why don't we calm down. \n You can't take c"]

transcript

I haven't had a contraction in two weeks,
you know?

You still need to take it easy.

You seem to have taken on several
additional responsibilities in my absence.

Romano told me
to keep this place running.

I don't usually do this.

– Bring somebody home.

– Trust me. I don't either.

Lool, I appointed you Associate Chief...

...so that I have a lieutenant
on the front lines that I could count on.

Now, you want to be barefoot
and pregnant in the kitchen,
you have my blessing, go forth and multiply.

– How old are you?

– Twenty.

- In September.
- She's a teenager.
- Carter.
- I didn't know.
- I like you a lot, Rena.
- You wish I was older.

Can't keep me here. I need to go!

You've got to let me go.

My kids are coming home from school.

I meet them at the bus stop

at : every day.

Relax. It's only in the morning.

My icebox is empty.

I've got nothing to cook for dinner.

You're in the hospital, ma'am.

We're going to take care of you.

I could get some ground chuck.

But they want cents a pound.

- Peter!
- Have you heard of such a thing?
- I remember paying cents a pound.
- Where have you been?
- Don't even think about T-bone.

I had to put a Swan in upstairs.

This the consult?

– Mrs. Howard.

– So, what's the problem?

Nursing home sent her in

because she's not eating.

Doesn't sound surgical.

Could be. You took out

her gallbladder last month.

– But there's macaroni and cheese.

– Hello, Mrs. Howard.

– So nice to see you.

– I'm Dr. Benton.

I know. I never forget

a handsome face.

– Simon?

– She's afebrile.

I've ordered a hemogram...

Simon! Simon!

Simon!

– Who are you?

– Simon!

Are you Simon? No?

Yosh, you seen a little guy

running through here?

- Sorry.
- Hey, Carter.
- Lose something?
- Simon.
- Where's his mom?
- Mom went to the cafeteria...

...to get some chocolate milk.

But Simon's not getting any treats...

- ... until he lets me draw his blood.
- I don't want you to take my blood.

We're only gonna take
about this much.

- If you sit still, this won't hurt.
- I don't want a needle.
- How about a papoose?
- I think we're okay.

You sure?

Hate for you to lose him again.

- Will you just hold his arm still?
- Okay.

Be brave and do not move.

- Good one at the wrist.
- Antecube looks better.

No!

– Want to try an arm board?

– No. Let's take a break.

Abby, I need another nurse.

– You okay here?

– Go.

– He kicked me in the face.

– We need some Haldol.

Careful. He bit

a nurse's finger in Psych.

– What's he doing down here?

– He cut up his face.

– You want some help?

– Yeah.

Hey! Man, what'd you do that for?

– It was an April Fools' joke.

– April Fools'?

Was that Haldol?

E.R.

The board is full, gurneys are lining the

halls, we got another in the rack.

We desperately need to clear out the

rooms, and you're wasting your time...

...on April Fools' pranks. No more

shenanigans for the rest of the day.

- Have I made myself clear?
- Yes, ma'am.
- Dave!
- Yeah.
- How much did you give him?
- Ten milligrams.
- Okay. I want you to take a nap.
- I'm fine.
- What did I just say?
- Go take a nap.
- Before that?
- No more fooling around.

That's right. Now, get back to work.

- Malucci!
- It wasn't me, I swear.
- What?
- Nothing.
- What's the matter with him?
- Ten of Haldol.

Oh, yeah?

- Hey.
- Dr. Carter.

You were supposed to get this
after we took blood.

- I'm sorry. I can get another one.
- No. That's okay.
- You want another chocolate milk?
- No, really-

I don't mind. Be a good boy, Simon.

I'll be right back.

- I didn't call you down here.
- The nurses did.
- They said you were having some trouble.
- Not me.

Well, he's ready now.

- Malik, can you give me a hand?
- Yeah, sure.
- It's better if you don't hold onto him.
- Yeah. We tried that once.
- Ended up in the closet.
- Trust me.

Purple and a red top.

Okay, Simon. Are you ready?

You might want to give

Simon here a friendly hug.

Keep blowing bubbles, Simon.

Blow right through the pain, okay?

Fine.

Good. That's it.

– Good boy.

– What do you want for the labs?

A CBC, lytes, BUN,

creatinine and glucose.

Okay. We are done.

You were very brave.

Let me hook you up with a

Band-Aid, and you are good to go.

– Thank you.

– No problem.

– So how's your internship going?

– It's good.

Yeah? I haven't seen you

around lately. You been busy?

Yeah.

– I should probably get back.

– Nice to see you again.

You too.

Is this the trauma?

Yeah. Eddie Palcynski, ,

single g*nsh*t wound to the belly.

– Hypotensive initially.

– I take it he's not an innocent victim.

- Tried to hold up a liquor store.
- Wasn't me. That other dude had a knife.
- Any pain in the chest?
- Just my stomach.
- What happened to you?
- Chased his partner.
- You get him?
- Not exactly.

No, you actually

would have had to run.

- Heard you had a GSW.
- Right upper quadrant.
- Can you get this?
- No problem.
- Need a hand?
- Take a look at that arm injury.
- You just need a Band-Aid.
- Yeah, over your mouth.
- Officer?
- Be good, they'll give you a lollipop.

On my count. One, two, three...

- Where is my purse? I've lost my purse!
- Hey, who's got the screamer?
- Dr. Finch. Benton cleared her belly.

- Can we put her in a room?
- If we had one.
- Nurse, I need my wallet and car keys.
- Nice outfit you got there, Randi.
- Thanks, Dr. Carter.
- I can't go anywhere without my keys!
- You look nice too.

So are you Dr. Carter

now or Mr. Hyde?

I'm sorry about that. I guess

I just needed a cup of coffee.

And I suppose seeing Miss Bubbles

had nothing to do...

- ... with your sudden mood change?

- No.

No? Come on. You've been

moping around here for days.

And then the minute she shows up,

you turn into Mr. Congeniality?

I was just being friendly.

I was!

Did somebody order a school bus?

Grace Linden.

Stuart's having an asthma attack.

Get a gurney and a hand-held neb.

You use an inhaler?

- Empty.
- How long's he been bad?

About minutes.

There are fumes on the bus.

- Exhaust fumes?
- No, something else.
- Some of the kids are throwing up.
- We can't bring them in.

It's a HAZMAT situation. Until

we know there's no contamination...

- ... you have to wait outside.
- In the cold?

A gram of cefotetan and

repeat the CBC in pre-op.

- What's this?
- Small-caliber g*nsh*t to the liver.

I want four units

of type-specific in the O.R.

- Thought Benton was on.
- Yeah. You need something?

How long's the case?

Couple of hepatic drains,

couple of sutures and we'll be done.

– Sounds quick.

– Should be.

Hope so.

– He needs of Solu-Medrol...

– We are walking. We are not talking.

Let's get him into a gown

and bag his clothes.

Okay. Can you hop up here?

Stu, Stu, stupid!

I think you broke your ass.

I can see the crack.

When the hand goes up,

the mouth goes shut.

– Arms up.

– You guys on a field trip?

– Art Institute.

– Oh, yeah? The Gauguin exhibit?

– We never made it.

– Hey, nice rack, Stu.

– Make them bounce.

– Okay, that's enough!

Hey, doc, you do liposuction?

Toby, next time it is you,

me and the principal.

- Keep moving. We are walking...
- Don't even listen to them.

Anything else?

Some number-one chromic
on a liver needle.

Lizzie, I heard you're doing
an ex-lap on a GSW?

- You heard correctly.
- Sure you can still reach the table?

Least I can see the table.

Well, I was gonna offer
to assist after my AV shunt...
...but not if you' re gonna go
prenatal on me.

Actually, if you really want to help, you
can order me some pizza and ice cream.

Think you need it?

- Razor wire.
- More like a cyclone fence.
- It's pretty deep.
- We can help you.
- I need to use the toilet.
- We're gonna move you to a quiet room.

I need you to
spread your fingers like this.

Dr. Weaver, we got
a status asthmaticus.

Chuny, can you help her
with the bedpan, please?

He needs continuous nebs.

Where do you want to put him?

- One second.
- Sit up for me, Stuart.
- Hey, your guy is seizing in .
- Okay.
- Cock your wrist back like this:
- I'll go by myself.
- Can't keep me here or where to go.
- Stand up.
- You can let me go if I want to go.
- Hold your hands like this:
- A prisoner I'm not.
- I'm gonna press down.
- Just keep them up, all right?
- Let me go. I don't need to be here.
- Hey!
- This is not right.

- Drop the g*n, ma'am.
- Can't do this to me.
- Drop the g*n, ma'am. Drop it now.
- Just leave me alone!

Everybody calm down.

Put it down now

and no one will get hurt.

- Leave me alone! Just leave me alone!
- Drop the g*n.

Leave me-

blade. Set up a cell saver

and try for a pulse ox.

Central line is in.

- Two units on the infuser.
- Rib spreader.
- We asked three times.
- She didn't respond.
- Asystole.
- Start internal compressions.

How'd she get your g*n?

- What are you gonna say?
- Put the suction on high.
- We'll talk about it.
- Right atrium is shredded.

- We should figure it out.
- Aortic root is blown away.
- Guess one shot wasn't enough.
- Come here.

Another amp of epi.

Side-biting clamp and pick-ups.

I need a cordis introducer for the atrium.

- I need a lap pad. Let's go!
- Hope they get their story straight.

It's okay.

All clear. No carbon monoxide,
no flammables.

The kids smelled something?

Maybe, but it's gone now.

Probably just mass hysteria.

That's it?

Kids smell nail-polish remover, pretty

soon everybody thinks they're sick.

- Do we need to scrub them down?
- No one's contaminated.

All right. Let's split them up.

Who had vomiting?

- Me.
- So did I.

Luka, postural vitals and a pulse ox.

Okay. Come with me.

What's your name?

– Emily.

– Are you still nauseated?

– Yeah.

– Any stiff neck or double vision?

– No.

– Are you really a doctor?

When I'm not out fighting crime.

This way.

All right, guys. Let's go.

– We like it out here.

– They say fresh air's good for you.

– Put out your cigarette.

– You got a spare ashtray?

Come on.

– Beck's suture.

– Fifth and sixth units are in.

How's she doing?

Heart's empty. Not so good.

Looks like hamburger in here.

Officer Kimball,

did you discharge your w*apon?

- Go with Detective Westland.
- Satinsky.
- Officer Grant, you're with me.
- Push another atropine.

I need the names of the
treating physicians.

- Dr. Weaver.
- French Foley. Let's move, people.
- And Dr. Benton.
- Okay. Inflate balloon.
- Did you witness the sh**ting?
- We both did.

B- E-N-T-E-N?

- O-N.
- Okay. Hold compressions.
- Still asystole.
- Is she gonna make it?
- Not if you don't let us do our job.
- Let me know if she expires.
- Resume compressions.
- You want some more blood?
- How long has she been down?
- Half an hour.

All right, let's get two more units, and

I need some more silk. Come on.

Deep breath.

Excuse me.

– Once again.

– Is that stuff still in my lungs?

I don't think so.

Everything sounds good.

– What kind of chemical was it?

– We don't know.

Well, then how do you know it's safe?

Because your oxygen level is normal
and your lungs are clear.

Do you think it could hurt my baby?

You're pregnant?

I think so.

Laura Beckton, . Put her car
into a fire hydrant. She's altered.

– This is a crime scene.

– We have a critical–

– Go around.

– Let us through!

I can't.

– BP, / . Pulse, .

– What's with all the cops?

We had a sh**ting. Let's get X-ray
down here. Laura, open your eyes.
Pupils are equal and reactive. Let's get
a portable C-spine, chest and pelvis.
Head CT to follow. Looks like
Peter's patient didn't make it.

- What patient?
- Little old lady from the hall.
- That's my patient.
- Cop shot her.

What?

Feeling better?

Starting to. Did that lady die?

- Think it'll be on the news?
- Yeah.

She could have blown my head off.

Weren't you scared?

- A little.
- Then why'd you get in front of me?

Guess I wasn't thinking.

I was really scared.

Me too.

You're still wheezing.

- Have you had a cold?

– No.

Well, something triggered your asthma.

Think it was the fumes?

– Maybe. I don't know.

– You're not sure?

I'm just trying to help.

It was the fumes.

Where'd they come from?

You know that anything that
you tell me, it's a secret.

Another . . . proline.

– Shirley, can you rub my back for me?

– Excuse me?

Yeah, just above the waist
on the right.

Oh, yes. Yeah, that's it.

Okay. Release the vessel loop.

Oh, yeah. That's it.

I'm sorry. This must be the day spa.

I was looking for the O.R.

Everything's under control.

I hope so.

You've been in here long enough.

I've repaired the liver, the diaphragm

and now the IVC.

What about the defect
to the ascending colon?

Where?

Little lower.

Yeah, right there.

I hadn't fully run the bowel yet.

Or maybe this is too big a case,
given your delicate condition?

We were doing perfectly well
until you came in, thank you.

– Are you crying?

– No.

We don't cry in the O.R.,
that's what the ladies' room is for.

I'm not crying!

Good. Then you
won't mind if I scrub in.

– Where's Malucci?

– He's with his new fan club.

– As if.

– Find him.

– Right now?

– No, sometime in the next two weeks.

- Don't be so snippy.
- Some kids on the bus...
- ... had a can of solvent.
- Huffing?
- Trying to get high.
- I've got a pregnant girl.
- What were they using?
- I don't know.

They held a rag over my patient's face and forced him to take a hit.

- Tox screens are negative.
- Solvents don't show up.
- We need to find out.
- I know where to start.

Don't implicate Stuart.

He's afraid of payback.

- Tell him.
- Dr. Dave was talking to me...
- ... and he fell asleep in the chair.
- Now he's drooling.

Okay, Mr. Gunderson, you need to change into a gown.

The doctor will be in to examine you.

Just have a seat on the... bed.

Dave.

Dave. Dave!

I'm good.

I'm good.

No, man. You gotta

stick it up his butt.

– Okay, guys. What were you sniffing?

– What?

– On the bus.

– You smell something on the bus, Eric?

Yeah, Mrs. Linden's farts.

We found chemical solvents

in your bloodstream.

Some of your classmates

are really sick.

Can I get another Band-Aid?

I need to know what it was.

Butane, paint thinner, adhesive?

Okay, fine. We'll do more tests.

Bo? Come here.

– What kind of tests?

– Just lie still, man.

We take the blood and label it

with radioactive hydrogen.

Then we re-inject it into your body...

– ... and do a nuclear scan.

– Really?

It's the only way

to identify the chemicals.

It was spot remover.

– What kind?

– Carbon tet.

Carbon tetrachloride?

Order liver panels on all three of them.

Got it.

– We gonna be okay?

– I hope so.

– Can I help you?

– Yeah, I'm looking for Rena.

She's just finishing up with a patient.

Dr. Carter, right?

– Yeah. Have we met?

– No. I'll let her know you're here.

We didn't have– We didn't...

– Dr. Carter?

– Yeah, hi. I...

Don't worry about it.

This is always falling apart.

Okay, actually, it goes like this.

Are you sure you're a doctor?

I was a surgical resident for a year.

I guess it's easier taking things out
than putting it back in.

I was waiting and I accidentally
eviscerated this guy.

I heard about the sh**ting.

Are you okay?

Did you need something?

I've been doing some thinking
about you and me.

And I realize that I may have been...

Stupid?

I was gonna say wrong.

But maybe I was a little of both.

Look, I enjoyed the time that we
spent together. I'd like to do it again.

So I was wondering if you
would have lunch with me.

What about the age thing?

Not an issue.

Anymore.

You dropped your spleen.

Right. So is that a no?

I'll think about it.

Okay.

I was just up at grand rounds.

Why didn't anyone get me?

There wasn't any time.

She wasn't that agitated when I left.

What did she want with the g*n?

She didn't want anything.

She was altered—

Dr. Benton, the cop is still

waiting for his sutures.

Yeah. I'll see you.

– Got the film.

– I have to get out of here now.

You need to sit down. You were
unconscious from a car accident.

– I'm gonna be late.

– For what?

My gynecologist. They have to
harvest my eggs by : .

– Are you on fertility dr*gs?

– Yeah.

I had days of FSH injections.

And yesterday they gave me Beta HCG.

Look, I'm ovulating now. There's only a two-hour window to retrieve the eggs.

I don't think that's

gonna be possible now.

– Why, did I damage my ovaries?

– Head CT looks normal.

We think you may have had

a small blood clot in your brain...

...which caused you to pass out

and crash your car.

But I'm okay now?

We need to give you blood thinners

to prevent more clotting.

I'll go to the clinic and come back.

You need heparin now, which means

you can't have an invasive procedure.

When I come back,

you can do whatever.

I have to harvest these eggs.

– Hold on. Who's your gynecologist?

– Her name is Dr. Alexander.

Let's call her and maybe

she'll come here.

What is taking so long?

Have a seat.

Did you do the test?

– You are pregnant.

– I knew it.

– What about the fumes?

– Shouldn't be a problem.

Good. I want a healthy baby.

Have you thought about your options?

– What do you mean?

– Can you take care of a baby?

Well, there's daycare in high school.

And my mom can help out

until I'm in ninth grade.

Does your mom know?

– Maybe you should tell her.

– No. Don't tell her.

She'll freak out completely.

It's a big decision.

No, it's not.

All my life I wanted a baby.

She's a good cop.

Saved my ass a couple of times.

No one ever wants to draw their g*n.

She was forced to make...

– ... a split-second decision.

– Was she?

She followed the guidelines.

They teach you

to sh**t little old ladies?

She could have shot anyone

in that hallway. You know that.

All I know is that an elderly

black woman is dead.

No, man. Lisa's not like that at all.

I would have done the same thing.

Yeah, well...

Hold still.

You don't know her. You can trust her.

She's a good person. She–

Look. She's been raising two kids

on her own ever since her husband died.

She's had it rough. I'm telling you,

this investigation goes the wrong way...

...you could ruin a good cop's life.

She was trying to protect you and

your patients. That's all she was doing.

You might want to consider that,

talk to these detectives.

I know she's in the middle of a
procedure. Page Dr. Alexander.

Have her call Dr. Greene at
County General. Hold on, Malik.

Yeah. The patient's name
is Laura Beckton. Thanks.

– Robert Borsellino?

– Yeah.

– This is Bo?

– Yeah.

We need a ProTime,
type and cross for four.

– You gonna admit him?

– Pedes ICU.

– She's in seventh grade.

– They're emancipated for a reason.

When they're pregnant,
you can't tell her mother.

– She'll have to eventually.

– Yes, she will.

Don't you think it's better
to tell her now?

– Well, yeah. I do.

- So you'll talk to her?
- What?
- Maybe she'll listen to you.
- What room?
- Exam .

I don't need this.

I can just go home and rest.

- What we need is to find your parents.
- They don't get back till or .
- They have a cell phone or a pager?
- No. Don't even bother.

We really do.

Well, what is it?

You're in liver failure.

- How'd that happen?
- You need to huff pretty much...
- ... every day to hurt your liver.
- People drink every day.

This is worse. We have to start
looking for a donor.

A donor?

You could die if you don't have
a liver transplant.

Is this another one

of your scare tactics?

No.

Mark, Laura's crashing.

I'll be back. What happened?

– She slumped over, stopped breathing.

– I should have heparinized.

– Pavulon and sux. Let's paralyze.

– I don't think you have to.

Number ET tube, suction.

No muscle tone in the legs either.

Blood clot knocked out the
corticospinal tracts.

She's a quadriplegic.

How about TPA?

Maybe we can bust the clot.

Not after a car crash. Pulmonary
contusions. She can bleed into her lungs.

Dr. Greene? I took a message.

Dr. Alexander can come see the patient.

Forget it. She stroked out.

And you also heard Officer Kimball
ask the woman to drop the w*apon?

Yeah.

What happened next?

Mrs. Howard was startled,

and she raised the g*n.

– Pointed at anyone in particular?

– No, no one specifically.

Okay.

We'll notify you

if we need anything else.

That's it?

Yeah.

– Something you'd like to add?

– Yeah, they could have grabbed the g*n.

– What makes you say that?

– She was a frail, frightened, demented...

...elderly woman. She didn't know

what she was doing.

– But she still could have fired it.

– Maybe.

But?

They didn't need to sh**t her.

– Was she huffing?

– No. No.

I've talked to her about dr*gs.

But you never know.

I don't think she does dr*gs.

I shouldn't have let her go
on that field trip.

– Why?

– She's been sick.

She tells me she's been
throwing up every morning.

Could that be gallstones?

My mother had them.

Do you know

when was her last period?

I don't keep track.

She has a boyfriend?

Is she pregnant?

– That little slut.

– Mrs. Perault.

– How could you be so stupid?

– What?

– This is your mother?

– Yes. I'm her mother.

If you're gonna sleep around,
use a condom!

– He didn't want to.

– No need to shout.

Who is the little bastard?

You're getting an abortion.

– I am not.

– Yes, you are!

– Leave me alone.

– Why don't we calm down.

You can't take care of a baby.

You can't even take care of yourself!

– Get her out.

– I need you to step outside.

– I need you to mind your own business.

– Mrs. Perault.

– Told you not to tell. She's psycho.

– She's not leaving here pregnant!

Yes, I am. I'm having this baby.

And I'm gonna be a much better

mother than you, you bitch.

You doing your homework?

– No, that lady brought it in.

– What lady?

The really cute one with the curly hair.

She works in Pediatrics.

– Oh, yeah. Rena.

– Yeah.

Hey, we found out exactly

what caused your asthma.

- You tell them I told you?
- Didn't have to. They told us.
- They told you, or you asked?
- Either way, it's not a problem.

They think I squealed.

Bo is gonna kick the crap out of me!

Don't worry about Bo.

Everything is gonna be all right.

- No. It won't. They saw me naked!
- They just saw you from the waist up.
- They're gonna make fun of me forever.
- Listen, I knew a boy who...

...was a little husky.

He didn't have many friends...

...all the kids used to make fun of him.

So he spent most of his time studying.

And he went on to college

and he became a surgeon.

And at his high-school reunion,

he took out his scalpel...

...and he cut the tongues off of

every kid who ever made fun of him.

That supposed to cheer me up, doc?

Okay. Help me immobilize

the small intestine.

Pancreas is fine.

– Take a look at this.

– It's a hematoma of the duodenum.

Yeah. The bullet went through the
medial aspect of the second portion.

You're kidding.

Have you known me to kid? Okay,
open a pancreaticoduodenectomy tray.

– He needs a Whipple.

– That's a five-hour procedure.

I'll call in Peter.

– No, no. It's my patient. I'll finish.

– No, no, no. No need to torture yourself.

– I just need a bathroom break.

– A bathroom break?

Well, I am seven months pregnant.

Should have considered that
before you started.

I'll be back in five minutes.

Fine. Shirley, call in another scrub tech.

I need an extra pair of hands.

– Okay. Forget it. I won't go.

– Go.

No! I won't!

Bovie, pickups.

Shirley, can you crawl between

my legs and insert a Foley?

All right, all right, go on. Go on. Get out.

Go on. Get out of here. Go ahead.

Don't you need a cable or something?

Nope. It just sends it right

to your phone. Done.

– Okay, okay. Call me.

– Okay.

– Papa Roach. That is so cool!

– Stuart, do one for me. Blink– .

– Looks like he's found some new friends.

– How'd you do that?

Well, I guess it's a little late for lunch.

– Well, we got busy with all these kids.

– How about dinner?

I'll probably grab a Happy Meal

on the way home.

Okay, I deserve that.

Now you can forgive me.

I don't know.

Come on. I'm starving.

You, me, a couple of big steaks.

– I'm a vegetarian.

– Or Brussels sprouts.

It's a school night. No, seriously.

I've got a midterm tomorrow.

Well, I can help you study.

Might have to pull an all nighter.

So is that a yes?

Excuse me.

So where and when?

Let me think about it. I'll call you

when I know something more specific.

– I thought you were over this age thing.

– I am.

So, what was that about?

– Do you know Abby?

– No, but she seems nice.

She's nice. Yeah. No, she's just–

She's always had this thing for me.

You used to go out with her?

She's got some issues. She gets

weird around other nurses...

...and stuff, so it's probably best

not to let her on–

Let on about us.

I'll meet you down here

after your shift.

– Yeah. Sounds like a plan.

– Okay.

When you have a chance,

her family wants to talk to you.

Peter.

Hey.

– Mrs. Howard's sodium was .

– What?

She was delirious because of

profound dehydration.

Did you check

her mucous membranes?

I examined her abdomen

for post-op complications.

– That's it?

– Well, didn't you examine her?

I shotgunned her labs

and gave her to you.

Come here.

This whole thing was preventable.

If I had recognized the problem

and started an IV...

...hell, given her a glass of water,

she might still be alive.

You don't know. Takes time to

make a diagnosis when we're busy.

– She wouldn't have grabbed the g*n.

– No reason for them to sh**t her.

You'll see a tube in her mouth

hooked up to a ventilator.

Well, she's not breathing?

The stroke affected the part of her brain

that controls breathing.

Will that get better?

We'll have to wait and see. Here.

You can sit down.

Laura? It's Greg.

I'm right here.

God, she's only .

How could she have a stroke?

We think the fertility dr*gs

caused the blood clot.

Fertility dr*gs?

The injections.

What are you talking about?

I talked to her gynecologist.

Your wife was trying

to be an egg donor.

She was selling her eggs?

There was an infertile couple

willing to pay \$, .

We have this little hardware store.

Bills are stacking up.

Business is down...

We're about to file for bankruptcy.

I guess she was trying to help.

I'm sorry.

You didn't have to do this, honey.

You didn't have to do this.

– Is Dr. Carter around?

– He was here a minute ago.

Will you tell him I'll be late?

There's a new admission to the PICU.

No problem.

– Hi.

– Hi.

– I'm Rena.

– Abby.

– You're Dr. Carter's friend?

– That's right.

I hope you don't mind me

spending time with John.

Why would I?

– Well, he told me.

– Told you what?

About you and him.

Me and him?

I don't want there

to be any hard feelings.

I understand how some relationships

take longer to get over than others.

He told you we had a relationship?

I find his honesty refreshing.

He's different than most guys.

Oh, yeah.

He's special.

Good view of the heartbeat.

There's the head.

"Explore new places. Even though

Taureans cringe at the thought...

...of change, trust what lies ahead as a

once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. "

– That's so perfect.

– What?

My horoscope. What's your sign?

– I don't know.

– Well, when's your birthday?

Looks like you're about

weeks along.

– So when will I have it?

– November.

Early Christmas present.

Look, how cute.

Babies are a lot of responsibility.

I know.

It's hard work getting up

in the middle of the night.

It's easy if you love them.

How old was your mom

when you were born?

Sixteen.

Maybe if she had waited a couple years

she would have been a better mother.

I'm way more mature

than she was at .

I'm gonna have a social worker

stop by to see you.

– Good. I need to sign up.

– For what?

Money. When my friend Gina

had her baby...

...she started getting a check

every month.

– Your wife wanted...

– Randi, any word from the O.R.?

– They're still working.

– No, no! I said no!

– We won't harm her in any way.

– Stay the hell away from my wife!

Dr. Alexander, Mark Greene.

Could you keep her

out of here, please?

– What are you doing?

– Discussing his wife's condition.

Right now you're a consultant.

Talk to me first.

I couldn't find you. I was reviewing

her records when he walked in.

You were twisting his arm because

you want to harvest the eggs.

– I was presenting it as an option.

– He'll never let you do it.

She's already given her consent.

He just lost his wife. Leave him alone.

She's gonna need

a lengthy hospitalization.

And then round-the-clock home care.

That's a tremendous financial burden.

Thanks to your fertility dr*gs.

I don't think so. I've been doing

IVF for years...

...and I've never seen this happen.

She must have a protein S

or an anti-thrombin deficiency.

Those are pretty rare conditions.

Not as rare as a vascular occlusion

from FSH.

I'll send up the labs.

There's an hour left to retrieve

the eggs. It's a 15-minute procedure...

...but it'll give them

a nice financial cushion.

Why don't you try and calm

him down, discuss the situation.

Another Vicryl.

- Why don't you go take a nap?
- Because I've got my second wind.
- Well, it's about time.
- I'm happy to close.

Be my guest.

Skin stapler.

Dr. Greene called again. He'd like you
to phone him when the case is over.

How sweet. You are one lucky lady.

Couple of ABDs.

You gonna write post-op orders?

- Yes. Leave the clipboard for me.
- Okay. Here we go. One, two, three.

ABG in minutes.

I'll meet you in Recovery.

His brother's in the Waiting Room.

Can you talk to him?

Yeah.

Hey, Abby. Can you update
the tetanus on my foot lac?

Sure, why not?

- You okay?
- Oh, yeah. I'm peachy.

What's wrong?

I don't know, maybe I'm still
getting over our breakup.

– You talked to Rena.

– Yeah.

I'm sorry. I panicked. I–

What did you say to her?

– Nothing.

– No, really.

Really. Against my better judgment
and everything I hold sacred in life...
...I covered for you. So you owe me.

– Thank you.

– Sure.

Also, I told her I dumped you.

You dumped me? She believe you?

Of course she did. Why wouldn't she?

Well, it's just...

You'd never dump me.

– I would dump you like a bad habit.

– Oh, no.

– I definitely think I'd dump you first.

– In your dreams, maybe.

– I would dump you.

– No, you wouldn't.

You're acting crazy now.

– What's that?

– Pulse ox came off.

That's it for the right side.

She in any pain?

No.

Left ovary looks good.

She wrote children's books.

Did you know that?

Those were our bedtime stories.

I still can't believe this is happening.

She's had dementia for such a long time.

I know.

Usually she's forgetful or thinks

she's still living at home.

But she's never been

agitated or violent.

I can't imagine her fighting

with the police.

So you're sure it's nothing

from the surgery?

No, no.

Dementia is a progressive illness.

Over time there's worsening
psychiatric symptoms.

You know, it's been so hard
to watch her deteriorate.

Even little things can lead to agitation.

Sleep deprivation, a bladder infection.

– Actually, we think it was dehydration.

– From not drinking enough?

There's too many people
at that nursing home.

They weren't even giving her water.

– I never should have moved her out.

– It was too much for you.

I could have done it.

I could have cared for her.

– I was the one who put her in there.

– This is not your fault.

Thank you, Dr. Benton.

I know she appreciated your kindness.

I was looking everywhere for you.

Is that Dermabond?

How's he gonna get it off?

Maybe he'll find some acetone.

Carter, could you pitch in

with some chart reviews?

- It's okay.
- I promised Rena I'd help her study.
- Tutoring?
- Yeah. It's a midterm, right?
- Family Studies.
- Psychology.

Good night, Dr. Carter.

- Randi, could you call up to the O.R.?
- Again?
- Yes.
- Don't bother.
- I thought you'd never get out.
- Neither did I.

How are you?

If I don't get off my feet,
my ankles are going to explode.

Did your patient make it?

- Yeah. How was your day?
- The usual.
- You save any lives?
- I hope so.
- Thank you. That's wonderful.
- Dr. Corday, your dinner has arrived.

"Nice work, Mom. " It's from Robert.

Maybe we should

have someone taste it first.

– I'm so hungry.

– Pepperoni pizza.

– And ice cream.

– Cherry Garcia.

Let's go with the ice cream first.

I had the most difficult case today,

and I got through it.

That's good. Have some.

Now that it's over, I'm thinking...

...why do I have to prove that a

pregnant surgeon can be competent?

I don't know.

I can operate until the day I deliver.

But what the hell for?

So, as of now,

I'm officially on maternity leave.

I'm going to rest...

...I'm gonna take care of myself

and my baby.

No napkins.

Mark, can I just sleep here? I don't

think I have the strength to move.

I don't think I have the strength
to carry you.

– Keep it coming.

– Sorry.