

ER season 8, episode 11

excerpts

Temperature's 95. \n No! \n Don't stick me! \n Get off of me! \n Get pregnant. \n I was pregnant.
\n I had an abortion. \n You never even \n told Richard, did you? \n (man and woman yelling
\n next door) \n (arguing cont"]

transcript

Previously on ER:

How long have you been sober?

Almost five years.

Your mother's not coming.

John, we're getting divorced.

Stop, please!

Paul, Paul...

Please stop!

Check the stylet.

We believe he may

have schizophrenia.

Paul wouldn't hurt anyone.

He couldn't.

I'm not deformed!

Temperature's 95.

No!

Don't stick me!

Get off of me!

Get pregnant.

I was pregnant.

I had an abortion.

You never even

told Richard, did you?

(man and woman yelling

next door)

(arguing continues)

Both of you, shut up.

WOMAN:

You want to know

what your problem is, Brian?

(phone ringing)

MAGGIE (on machine):

Hello, Abby?

Abby, are you there?

Hello? Abby?

I thought I'd catch you

before your shift.

Anyway, I wanted to wish you

a happy birthday.

Hi, Mom.

No, I was just getting up.

Thank you.

(shivering)

Ooh! Your feet

are like ice!

Sorry.

I put on some coffee.

What time is it?

It's about 7:30.

You sleep okay?

Yeah. You?

Mm. Except for the snoring.

I don't snore.

Oh, yeah, right.

Like a truck driver.

I don't snore.

(snoring)

Stop it.

(snoring)

(laughing)

Oh, yeah?

Oh, wait a minute.

(laughing)

I've arranged

a nurse's aide for you

for while I'm at work.

A nurse?

Just for

a couple weeks.

I've got half a dozen people

in this house every day.

Well, then one more

isn't going to hurt.

If it gets

any colder

I'm going to winter

in the Bahamas.

Alone.

I thought

I heard someone.

Is it just me

or is it

freezing in here?

Mom, what are

you doing here?

I assumed you

could use a hand

while your grandmother

recovered.

How are you

feeling, Millicent?

I've been better.

Where's Jack?

Uh, Kansas City,

I think.

You don't know?

He's on an extended

business trip.

We missed the pleasure

of your company at Christmas.

You know how

the holidays can be.

Where are you staying?

I was hoping

to stay here.

In the house?

Yes, if that's

all right.

Yeah.

It is freezing

in here.

Would somebody please

turn up the furnace.

I will go get Alger on it.

WOMAN:

It won't start.

MAN:

Did you flood it?

No, it won't

even turn over.

Did you leave your

lights on again?

No.

You probably did.

Excuse me.

No, I didn't.

Hi.

Hi.

Do you have

any jumper cables?

No, sorry.

I take the El.

I guess you're not
the only one today.

Give me the keys.

My husband's not really
a morning person.

Hi, I'm Joyce.

We just moved here
a few weeks ago
from Virginia.

Hi. Abby.

We're in 205.

I think you guys
are right beside me.

Nice meeting you.

So, I guess
we're neighbors.

Just a wall
between us.

Well, maybe, uh,
you could come over
for coffee or
something sometime.

Sure.

Hey, can we give you
a ride somewhere?

No, thank you.

Are you sure?

It's really cold
out there.

I'm fine.

I told you.

You flooded it.

Welcome to Chicago.

Oh!

Oh, son of a bitch.

You're leaving?

I phoned the Pediatric

Cancer Society

to inform them she wasn't

coming to their luncheon

and they managed

to corral me.

You don't really

have to do that.

She wasn't

planning on going.

She just does that

for effect.

I'm aware

of her behavior.

But they actually

were expecting her.

You'll be back tonight?

You're really staying?

Yes.

Unless I'm not welcome.

No, no, it's just...

I thought

you were covering.

Dad's in Denver,

actually.

Your father told you.

Well, it was

pretty obvious.

He was here for two days

at Christmas without you.

You thought

he was still here.

Uh, we, uh, left it

a little open-ended.

Really?

I'm sorry, John.

I should have

phoned you

and let you know

that I was coming.

Yeah, well.

It's good to see you.

(door opening and closing)

Sanitation guys found
him in a dumpster.

Minimally responsive
to deep pain
thready pulse
in the 50s.

You sure
he's not dead?

He's still
moving air.

Barely.

Abby, can you
bring this guy in?

I haven't even
clocked in yet.

I know, but you
have a coat on.

Hey, I know this guy.

Oh, man!

Is this great,
or what?

Empty chairs, empty racks.

Nothing like sub-arctic

temperatures
to keep the freaks
at home.

Yeah, except
it's freezing in here.

Maintenance is
checking the furnace.

This is what we get for punching
holes in the ozone layer.

Uh, isn't the
greenhouse effect
supposed to

make it warmer?

Greenhouse effect,
my ass.

It's 40 below
out there.

What's this?

This is

Icicle Andy.

You want him,
he's yours.

I thought he froze
to death last year.

The Iceman

cometh back.

Okay,

Trauma One's open.

Get his core temp

pump in some

warm saline

and throw a heating

blanket on him.

Oh, I'd keep that on

if I were you.

He's bradying down.

No, look,

now it's a-fib.

Sounds like rhonchi

on the right.

Probably pneumonia.

I think he's decreased

on the left.

Do you want to put in

a chest tube?

Uh, not if

I can help it.

This guy's got

bad vascular disease.

We'll never get

a line in him.

Fine,

prep for lavage.

Oh, man, look at

this dude's hands.

Ew.

Can you get

a pulse ox?

I don't know.

Can barely get the monitor...

(groan)

What's wrong?

It snapped off.

Ah, he gave you the

finger, huh, Abby?

Can they reattach that?

Not without superglue.

Okay, let's get

a central line kit,

betadine and some

warm blankets

to start.

No, you can't

come in here.

You have to go back.

Where's my mom?

She's not in here.

Yes, she was.

You got this?

Yeah.

You lost your mom?

It's not one of these
two ladies right here?

She was in there.

Okay, well, maybe
she's all finished.

Do you want to see
if we can find her?

I'm Abby.

What's your name?

Douglas.

Douglas what?

Douglas Leeman.

Okay, Douglas,
right this way.

What's your mom's name?

B.

B?

Is that short

for Beatrice?

Barbara?

Betty?

Just B.

Just B, okay.

Abby, can you

help me?

Uh, sure.

Frank, this is

Douglas Leeman.

He's lost his mom.

This is Frank.

He's very good

at finding people's moms.

Douglas, you like

doughnuts?

When did the

chest pains start?

This morning.

But I've been

feeling crappy for...

a couple of days.

I thought it was just a cold
or maybe the flu.

Bibasilar rales.

Have you experienced
any shortness of breath?

Yeah.

I thought I'd step outside,
catch a breath of fresh air.

I got so dizzy

I fainted.

Three plus pitting edema
on both feet.

Have you ever had anything
like this before?

Never.

Do you have
a heart condition?

No.

Are you on
birth control pills?

No, I'm trying
to get pregnant.

I've been taking

fertility dr*gs.

FSH.

For how long?

Um... what's today?

Uh, the tenth.

Yeah, then

I'm on my tenth.

All right.

Let's get a CBC

chem-20, a DIC panel,

and a d-dimer.

Am I having some

sort of reaction

to the dr*gs?

It's possible

but we need to run

some more tests

to know for sure.

You've got fluid

in your lungs

which could be

a sign of a blood clot.

A blood clot?

It's unlikely, but I

just want to make sure.

It could be a possible side
effect of the medication.

Let's do
a doppler.

I'll be back.

Do you want me
to call your husband?

I'm not married.

Oh, boyfriend?

I decided to have
a baby on my own.

Got tired of waiting
around for Mr. Right.

I know that story.

Chest x-ray
and an EKG?

Yeah.

And set her up
for a VQ.

Haven't seen you
around lately.

I've been working nights.

How was

your Christmas?

Quiet.

What'd you do

for New Year's?

I worked.

That's always fun.

Did you make

any resolutions?

Uh, I'm going

to help out more.

Help out more where?

Here?

Uh, no, Europe.

I've, uh, volunteered

to go to Bosnia

for two months with

Doctors Without Borders.

Bosnia?

Yeah, I speak

the language.

What brought this on?

I don't know.

Change of scenery.

FRANK:

Good, huh?

Hey, nice hat,

Snoop.

Hey, Frank, I thought you said

you were going to get

the heat turned up.

They're working on it.

Oh, really?

Is that why the thermostat

in the lounge says 56?

Get used to it.

We're heading into

another ice age

like the one that

k*llled the dinosaurs.

Cold didn't k*ll

the dinosaurs, Frank.

Cholesterol did.

Mr. Ellis in Curtain

Three can go home.

Miss Renfrew in Four

needs to be admitted.

Got a minute?

Uh, no, not really.

I hope your day's
shaping up
better than mine.

Doubt it.

I was picking up Rachel's
laundry after you left
and this fell out
of her jeans.

She's smoking.

I don't think she uses it
to light campfires.

What are you
going to do?

I don't know.

Did you find anything
else in her pockets?

No.

Mark, what if it's
not cigarettes?

Her boyfriend tested
positive for marijuana.

Ex-boyfriend.

I should search her room.

You think that's wise?

Well, if she's doing dr*gs,

I want to know about it.

You know, asking her

doesn't guarantee

I'm going

to get the truth.

Yeah, but searching her room--

that's such a violation

of her privacy.

You suggested that I r*fle

through her pockets.

In the course of doing laundry.

HALEH:

Dr. Greene.

EMT:

Ian Nevinger, 29,

burned in a garage...

We'll talk about this.

Looks like

some fumes ignited.

Ha, this is adorable.

Don't you think?

It's pretty cute.

You want to buy it?

No, they won't let me
send him any gifts.

He must be getting
pretty big now, huh?

Yeah.

Oh, they sent
a video of him walking
just before Christmas.

It won't be long now
before he's asking to borrow
the keys to the car.

(chuckling)

(sighing)

You know, I'm starting to wonder
if I'm making
any right decisions lately.

Eh, it's mid-year.

Something will open up
by the spring.

Yeah, well, maybe they'll
open back up at County.

Hey, cool.

Have you seen these?

These are really neat.

John, um...

What would you say

if I told you

I asked the waitress

at Doc Magoo's

if she remembered

Weaver being paged

the night we lost

the Marfan case?

I'd say that place is

full of people with pagers.

I know.

I was desperate.

So, what,

she didn't remember?

Not about

Weaver getting paged.

But she remembers

Weaver coming back in

looking for

her pager

and finding it

in the bathroom.

She couldn't answer

my page, John

because she didn't

have her pager.

Are you sure?

I believe it.

Don't you?

Yeah, that explains it.

What are you going to do?

He die?

Yup.

Did you know him?

Only as Icicle Andy.

I think he was

a Vietnam vet.

I heard bums are reincarnated

as pigeons when they die.

Really?

I think it's

the other way around.

Check it out.

Tickets to tonight's

Blackhawks game.

And they're

good seats, too.

Whoa.

Where'd he get those?

Any ID?

Mm-hmm.

Just two dollars,
some change and matches.

Are you going
to keep the tickets?

No.

Can I have them?

No.

Why not?

I think it's called
grave-robbing.

He ain't using them.

Well, somebody might
come to claim the body.

(laughing)

I'm serious.

Yeah, right.

Seriously,

I need them.

No.

Look, the tickets are

only for tonight, Abby.

Ain't nobody coming

for this guy.

Forget it.

Oh, come on, Abby.

Abby, look,

he's straight-up dead.

Abby, can you take a look

at something?

What patient?

Uh, Mr. Paninski--

unstable angina.

I called CCU.

I just wanted to make sure

I didn't miss anything.

Did you do a rectal?

No.

You better.

Because...

Because if his stool

is heme-positive...

The heparin, right.

Thank you.

Frank?

Yeah?

You said you were going
to find his mother.

I tried.

No B. Leeman
checked in today.

I'm beginning to think
somebody dumped him.

He said his mother
was in Trauma One
with a headache.

Can you double-check it
with the admit log?

Sure.

MAN:

Abby.

Hi.

Richard.

How's it going?

What are you doing here?

It's colder in here
than it is outside.

You look great.

(chuckling)

So, how are things?

They're good.

Good. That's good.

You seeing anyone or...

Oh, yeah.

I'm breaking hearts

all over town.

What do you want, X?

X?

Yeah.

Can I call you X?

'Cause it's almost

like sexy

so people might think

it's short for ecstasy

or triple-X

which stands

for porn, uh, now

except for in cartoons

where it stands for poison

which I always thought

was funny, but...

What do you want?

Oh, look, I, um...

Well, I wanted to talk
to you in person
so you didn't hear this
through the grapevine.

Oh, my God.

What?

Are you going to jail?

No.

Uh...

I'm getting married.

(chuckling)

Married.

Yeah.

You'd think I would have
learned my lesson.

I'm glad one of us did.

What is she, rich?

Hardly. She's a teacher.

Not that one you had
at the museum.

No, no... no.

Her name's Corrine.

She's, uh,
she's really great.

She's really down to earth.

I think you

might even like her.

How old is she?

She's 34.

She has

a six-year-old son, Adam.

Really great kid.

You're going

to be a father?

Stepfather, yeah.

It's kind of

hard to believe, huh?

Yeah, uh...

Instant family.

I always wanted kids, so...

Since when?

Uh, you know, just a while.

I guess we just never talked

about it, you know?

And you, uh, felt

that today was the day

you had to tell me

about all this?

Is today a bad day?

Nope.

Um... so, what?

Am I supposed to
give you my blessing?

That's up to you.

Well, I have to get
back to work.

Richard.

I hope
that it works out this time.

Thanks.

Oh, Aspen's great.

Mm.

There's three
separate mountains
so you don't have
to be an expert.

Mm-hmm.

What is that?

What?

I don't know.

Yeah, they've got runs
for every level.

Is that your jaw?

What?

That click, click,
click sound.

Oh, my God.

You can hear that?

Yeah.

I can't help it.

I think I have this
TMJ happening thing.

Here, chew.

No.

Come on. Just chew
so I can hear it.

No!

LEWIS (giggling):

Get out of here.

I'm going to get
back to work.

I'm going
to take care of this.

You should see a dentist
about that jaw.

Yeah, either that

or you should find someone else
to eat lunch with.

I'm sorry about that.

What?

I should have
said something to you sooner.

It just sort of snuck up on me.

I hate it when that happens.

Yeah.

It's really more about
friendship than anything else.

Really?

(slams locker door)

Abby...

Don't sweat it, Carter.

Where's Frank?

Hey, Douglas.

Did you find your mom?

Are you getting hungry?

Yeah.

Would you like
to eat pizza?

A hamburger?

My mom says fast food

isn't good for you.

Well... she's right

but the fast food we serve

here at the hospital

is specially formulated

to be nutritious.

So would you like

some French fries?

Okay.

Sit tight.

Frank!

I'm working on it.

Well, work harder.

He's been here for

a couple of hours.

If I find his mom,

can I have the hockey tickets

you pinched

off that stiff?

No.

Has anyone seen

Dr. Kovac?

What do you need?

Mrs. Stipes' pressure's down.

Frank, find Luka.

What happened?

She got dizzy.

Systolic's at 80.

I opened up

the saline.

How you doing, Merrill?

GALLANT:

Is it a PE?

I don't know.

Crank her oxygen up to 15 liters

and grab some dopamine

off the crash cart.

She's got muffled heart sounds

and JVD.

Malik, we need

a pericardiocentesis tray

and a sonosite.

Okay.

Pressure's down to 70.

You think it's tamponade?

Unless you got

any better ideas.

What happened?

Hypotensive

signs of

pericardial infusion.

You thought she had a clot

from hyperstimulation?

You can third space

anywhere, even

around the heart.

There it is.

Here you go, Abby.

Okay, glove up.

You can assist.

Lidocaine's ready.

Abby, I think I found

that kid's mom

if she doesn't have

the same last name as him.

I don't know.

Maybe.

Okay, hook up the

alligator clip.

Belinda Matheson, she

came in last night

with a headache.

Turned out to
be a brain bleed.
Insert subxyphoid,
45-degree angle.
Last night?
Yeah, they admitted
her to neurosurg.
Watch for injury current.

I can't believe
that little boy sat
in Chairs all night,
and nobody noticed.

There it is.

Can you take him upstairs
to his mother?

Uh, that could
be difficult.

She's dead.

What?

Blood pressure's back up to 90.

She stroked out
a few hours ago.

KOVAC:

Second syringe.

What do you
want me to do?

Abby?

Um, well, just try
to find his dad.

Systolic's 110.

And get him some French fries.

KOVAC:

Okay.

Good pickup.

ABBY:

Did you get in touch
with the father?

He said he lives
in Los Angeles.

He doesn't know
the number.

It wasn't in here?

I couldn't find it.

Did you call his school?

No.

Well, I'm sure they have
a number, Frank.

I thought

you used to be a cop.

I was.

Well, act like a cop.

Track the guy down.

Did someone from
neurosurg come down
and talk to him?

Not yet.

Which ER doc
treated his mother?

Weaver. She's working
a half shift today,
so she's not in yet.

Do you want me to page
somebody from neurosurg?

I don't know. I think
somebody should come down
and tell the little boy
his mother died.

No, she didn't.

Douglas, I need to talk to you
about your mom's headache, okay?

Let's sit down.

All right, um...

It was pretty bad.

Um... it was caused by

a blood vessel

in her brain

that... ruptured.

It broke

and the doctors

tried really hard

but they couldn't fix it.

Can she go home now?

No, Douglas, I'm sorry.

She died.

My mom has a headache.

She's not sick.

I want to see her.

Where is she?

Douglas?

Mom! Mom!

Douglas!

Mom!

Mom!

Mom, where are you?

Douglas...

Mom!

Mom!

Douglas...

Mom!

Mom!

Douglas.

She's dead.

Stop saying that.

Why do you keep
saying that?

I know it's hard
for you to understand.

I want my mom.

I know you do.

I just want my mom.

(sobbing)

Shh.

Shh, it's okay.

FRANK:

He finally went down?

ABBY:

He's exhausted.

Poor kid.

I finally got
a hold of his dad.

He's in Australia
on a business trip.

Australia?

The soonest flight he
can get is a redeye
tomorrow night.

So, Social Services are going
to have to take him till then?

Sorry. I'll call them.

That's all right.

I'll do it. Thanks.

Can you grab me
the minute he gets up?

Sure.

Abby, do we do psychiatric
transfers to other hospitals?

What?

I have a patient
in Curtain Three.

He was admitted with
a tiny scalp lac
from a slip-and-fall.

And he's insisting
he be moved out

of Curtain Three

and he wants me to call

his caseworker from

some private hospital.

Is he altered

from the fall?

No, but he seems

pretty agitated.

Did you... get

a psych consult?

Not yet.

It probably wouldn't hurt.

The paramedics brought me

to this hospital.

I didn't want to come here.

Can you just please call

my caseworker

and move me to

another room?

SOBRIKI:

You don't have

to do that.

You don't have to do that.

It's just

a precaution.

What happened?

I slipped. That's all.

Is this

your patient?

Yeah. I saw him

in the hallway.

Brief LOC after he slipped

on some ice.

History of migraine.

That's not his only history.

What's with the restraints?

I don't want

to cause any trouble.

Just, please, just

call my caseworker.

We will. Dr. Lewis.

Can you please just get me

out of this room?

Don't worry. We'll move you.

What kind of caseworker?

SOBRIKI:

Psychiatric.

He's monitoring my

conditional release.

He has the card.

Release from where?

Dr. Lewis, now.

Okay, two of IV Ativan

five of Compazine,

and a trauma panel.

He's schizophrenic.

He's been here before?

He stabbed Carter and

killed a med student

two years ago.

Him?

Yeah.

He stabbed Carter?

Yes.

What's he doing out?

I don't know. The police

are on their way

but I think we

should transfer him

before Carter sees him.

No. I need to get a CT.

He can get a CT at Mercy.

He has a head injury...

He stabbed two people
in that room...

...loss of consciousness,
vomiting...

And k*llled one of them.

I'm not transferring
a man at risk for
an intracranial bleed.

I don't care
what he did.

Am I calling this
psychiatrist or not?

No. I'll call him.

We'll find out his status,
we'll get the CT
and then we'll take it
from there, okay?

Abby, the morgue called.

They're ready for you.

Move him
to the Suture Room
close the blinds,
and don't let

I got it.

Dr. Carter see him.

And get his name

off the board.

She looks like Snow White.

Hi...

Mom.

I drew you a picture.

(whispering)

WEAVER:

You took him

to the morgue?

He didn't believe

his mother was dead.

Well, then

you call Psych.

Advice you might

have given yourself

18 hours ago.

Hey, hey, hey.

She vagalled in Triage.

No one even told me

she had a kid with her.

Well, she did.

Not yet.

Why not?

Abby, why not?

Because we're trying to find
another family member.

Who's we?

Me.

That's not your job.

But I don't
want him
to go to another
strange place.

Their holding
facility
is a lot more
comforting
than the ER
or the morgue.

He'll just be passed
from one stranger
to another stranger.

They have
the personnel
and resources

to deal with it.

Call them now.

WOMAN:

"You're honest,

forthright

"and a judge... a good

judge of character.

"You often ramble

incoherently when agitated.

Even your dog

doesn't like you."

My dog died a year ago.

It's a joke, Frank.

This amuses you?

Carter, what's your sign?

Gemini, why?

Oh, horoscopes

from the Internet.

"You're open to new ideas,

compassionate, a risk taker..."

That's true.

"You tend to overstay

your welcome at parties

and you often

smell like cheese."

Don't you have

some work to do?

Abby, your turn.

No, thanks.

What's your sign?

Come on.

"Out of Order."

CARTER:

Who moved Libertique

out of the Suture Room?

The hand surgeon

is stuck in surgery

for the next 40 minutes,

and we needed the room

for an extensor

tendon repair.

Oh, I'll do that.

No, no, no. The-the...

surgical intern's got it.

Can you take

a look at this...

expl*sive

watery diarrhea?

You need to start an IV?

Maybe. I don't know.

He's... he's

pretty miserable.

She.

She.

You okay?

Yeah. Mm-hmm.

Abby, the

light source

on the fiber-optic

is down.

Get me a spare.

Okay.

MAN:

Can I see a doctor

this century?

Hang on.

I hang on any longer,

I'll be dead.

If you're talking,

you're not dying.

He was found not guilty

by reason of insanity.

Shouldn't he be in
a state forensic hospital?
He was. He was.
He was stepped down
to a less
restrictive facility
about ten months ago
and now he's on
conditional release.
Bradying down with 60.
Mig of atropine.
I need that scope.
I've got it.
Pulse ox 78.
I need a smaller tube.
Number seven. Suction.
He's agitated.
He's nervous.
The guy's out
of board and care
less than a week
he hits his head
on some ice
and the paramedics

bring him here

of all places?

He got out in two years?

Who are you?

I was working

when he att*cked my friends.

I'm sorry.

He was a law student.

A professor there

got some colleagues

to do some

pro bono work.

They filed a writ

of habeas corpus

and won.

That's unbelievable.

But I can't say

I disagree.

Most schizophrenics

are nonviolent.

Well, this one was, wasn't he?

And when they are,

they rarely are twice.

He's not a danger

to himself or others.

Really.

Not on his meds.

There are safeguards
in place.

He needs to
be supervised
taking his medication
every day.

Did he get his head CT?

They're almost
ready for him.

Abby, can you
check this foley?

I think
it's overflowing.

Clamp it.

I did.

It's overflowing.

Just get him out of here.

Anyway, I want those
restraints removed.

Uh... no.

He is coherent

and lucid.

I have been

working with him

for over a year.

Abby.

No.

Susan, I swear to God

if you take off

those restraints...

You keep

somebody posted

outside his door.

He needs

reassurance and

respect right now.

Respect?

Yes!

I'm sorry.

He needs our respect?

Abby, go.

Looks like over a liter

in the last hour.

BP's 110/70

and her sats are up.

Good. You need
to send out her
repeat potassium.

Right.

Thanks.

He said something
about the ICU.

Yeah, maybe for
a couple of days
just for safety.

It's the fertility dr*gs,
isn't it
that's doing this to me?

The doctor has
to review your labs.

I could try to find
him now, if you like.

I'm sorry. It just...

It must be the damn hormones.

I'm not usually a crier.

It's okay.

Thanks.

Sometimes being a woman
sucks, you know?

(sighing):

It has its moments.

You grow up praying

you don't get pregnant

every time you have sex.

And then, when you finally do

want to have a baby, you can't.

It's so unfair.

You been trying

for a long time?

I just keep thinking

that maybe I had my chance

and I blew it.

You don't know that.

No, I've been pregnant.

A few years ago.

It was an accident.

I had just started a new job

and this new relationship.

It didn't seem

like the right time.

It happens.

I only waited till I was ready

so that I could be

the best mother I could be.

I'm sure you're going to be.

Unless I waited too long.

(sighing)

Weaver's

looking for you.

What?

She wants to know

why you didn't call

Family Services

on that boy.

I am. I will.

The on-call social worker

for the ER, please.

Did someone

claim them?

What?

The tickets.

Oh. No.

Lewis was asking for one.

Mmm!

Thank you!

No, just have him paged. Thanks.

Abby, when you get

a chance, I need

a thick-and-thin

smear

and a culture

in Curtain Three.

And your diarrhea patient

was heme-negative.

Just a little

PO-challenged.

I sent him home

with some Immodium.

Carter, I have

a five-year-old

with abdominal pain

and I'm worried

about intussusception.

Is there any blood

in the stool?

No, but he had a...

a palpable mass.

SOBRIKI:

Hey, sweetheart.

WOMAN:

Here's Daddy.

SOBRIKI:

Hey... mmm! Hey. Hi.

I'm okay. I'm okay.

Daddy slipped

and fell

and he hit his head

but I'm okay.

WOMAN:

They put you

in restraints?

Yeah. It's just

a precaution.

They're

a little paranoid.

Oh, it's you.

I'm sorry.

What happened?

What's he doing here?

He slipped and fell

outside his

office building.

His office building?

He's on conditional

release.

You're out.

I'm better.

I'm sorry.

That wasn't me who

did that to you...

...to your friend.

You know that, right?

You're a doctor.

You know it's a disease.

I'm being treated.

I'm okay now.

Great.

I'm glad you're okay.

Whoo.

(vomiting)

I'm starting to get it.

Although that little puck

is hard to keep track of.

They should give it a color

so your eye can follow it.

What, the puck?

Yes, I mean,

like bright pink or red

or flashing lights

or something like that.

Okay, a flashing

pink puck.

(laughing):

Why not?

'Cause it's hockey.

I love the Hawks.

You got the tickets?

MALIK:

You got the tickets.

LEWIS:

You have the tickets!

Hey, what's wrong?

Uh, nothing.

I hugged him.

You what?

Oh, yeah, I'm the Bruce Lee

of love, girl!

(laughing)

Maybe I just need

some fresh air.

Ho ho...

Wait a minute.

You're not out?

Huh? Who are

you hiding from?

I'm not hiding.

Then what the heck

was that?

You don't want your friends

to see us together?

They're not my friends.

They work for me.

How do you think

that makes me feel?

I'm sorry.

You came on to me.

You are not out.

I am not out at work...

Well, you need to be.

Sandy...

I'm sorry.

I don't got time for this.

Okay... Okay.

Bye, Dad.

He'll be here tomorrow.

Great.

Have you ever been

to Los Angeles?

Once.

Disneyland.

Oh.

I think you'll like it there

because it's sunny.

Not cold like it is here.

Excuse me.

Can you give this

to Dr. Carter?

I think

you'd better do that.

Well, they're

discharging Paul.

I have to drive him home.

They wouldn't

have released him

if he weren't better.

He's taking

his meds.

He's in therapy.

He has a disease

but it's being treated.

I mean, that's

what you do here.

You treat disease

so people can try

to move on with life.

Yep.

He's my husband.

We're his family.

I can't give up on him.

Good luck.

Hey.

Um, Lewis

discharged Sobriki

and his wife asked me

to give you this.

Guess you couldn't protect me

from her either, huh?

Uh, yeah, I'm sorry

about that.

I just, I...

Don't worry about it.

Forget it.

Are you off already?

Half shift.

I'm off in a half hour

if you want to get

something to eat.

I should get home.

Or maybe just...

coffee and pie?

I had a pretty

crappy day myself.

Gammie just got out

of the convalescent hospital.

I should go home

and check on her.

Are you going

to be okay?

Yeah,

I'm going to be fine.

Thank you for asking.

Any time.

No!

I have a real nice place

for you to stay...

No, I want

to stay here!

You can't, Douglas.

Abby!

I want to stay here...

But this is a hospital.

And you have

to go someplace

where you can get

some sleep.

No!

And get something

to eat

and maybe take a bath.

I'll stay with you!

Douglas, I don't...

No!

I don't stay here all the time,

honey

but you can come

visit me

whenever you want, okay?

I promise.

No!

I've got you.

Abby!

WOMAN:

Come on.

DOUGLAS:

Abby!

WOMAN:

We'll get you

some ice cream.

You'll be fine, Douglas.

Wait! I'll stay with you!

Abby!

Please!

Abby!

(door closing)

Abby, my cellulitis

patient is allergic

to penicillin...

No.

Can you give

IV erythromycin?

No.

What about

vancomycin?

No! I'm not

your attending.

I'm not a resident.

I'm a nurse.

You want me
to assess a patient
you want me to push meds
you want me
to check vitals
explain a situation
to a family member
that's fine.

What I will not do
is carry you through med school.

You want to be a doctor?
Start acting like one.

Rachel, can I talk to you?

RACHEL:

What are you
doing?

I was picking your stuff up.

You're searching my room.

It's a pigsty.

That doesn't give you the right
to go through
my things.

You mean these things?

I can't believe you did this!

Are you smoking now?

I asked you

a question.

Hey, Rachel!

Are these

your cigarettes?

I bought that pack like

a month ago on a dare.

To see if I could pass

for 18.

And the condoms?

What kind of a dare

is that?

They gave those out

in health class.

And you decided

to keep them?

You'd rather

I not have them?

You need to stop lying.

You don't

believe me anyway.

You go through

my private things.

I was looking

for dr*gs.

You said

you were picking up!

Who's lying now?

You're right.

The truth is I was

searching your room

because I don't know

if I can trust you.

Then fine!

Believe

whatever you want.

I'm smoking! I'm on dr*gs!

I'm having sex!

Lots of sex

with lots of guys

because I'm the school slut.

Are you happy?

(door slamming)

Yes, this is John Carter.

I have a private duty nurse

for my grandmother

who was supposed to start today.

She's not here.

Yeah.

ELEANOR:

I sent her home early.

What?

She was aggravating

Millicent

so I sent her

home early.

She'll be back

at 6:00 a.m.

It's a 24-hour service.

I'll get up...

if there's a problem.

What are you doing?

Pardon?

I mean, you show up

unannounced, uninvited...

Uninvited?

And now you're making

health care decisions?

Your grandmother asked me

to ask her to leave.

I was trying

to be helpful.

Well, do me a favor.

Don't try to be helpful.

It's not one

of your strong suits.

Excuse me, John.

I've had enough abuse

from my mother-in-law

today.

I don't need any more

from my son.

I'm sorry?

I'm sorry

but I have helped Gamma

through this.

I have tended

to her medical needs.

I have made

her health care arrangements.

So you need

to consult with me

before you do anything

like this.

Fine.

Call them back.

Yeah, you bet I will.

But I'm not leaving
this house.

And I don't care
if I'm uninvited.

I'm not going
to let your father
break up this family.

Family, huh?

What family would that be?

Don't be sarcastic.

You checked out
of this family
20 years ago.

Excuse me.

I'm going to bed.

No. I'm not going
to let you put
some kind of revisionist spin
on this
with you as
the injured party, no.
Step aside...

No, I got stabbed!

I got stabbed in the back!

Where the hell were you?

You were in the same place

you've been my entire life.

You were someplace else.

We came back.

Three weeks later.

We were stuck in Tokyo

and you said

you were fine.

Well, I wasn't fine

and it wasn't okay.

Are you going to blame me

for taking dr*gs?

No, I am blaming you

for not being my mother!

Bobby died.

And I lost a mother.

May I go to bed now?

Yeah, run away...

(sniffling)

Oh... Oh, God!

Thank you.

We've got to call the super
about that, too.

It gets stuck
in the cold.

And I'm guessing
it's going to stay cold
for a while.

Hopefully not this cold.

Good.

I told Brian
January wasn't the best time
to move
but that's when
the semester starts.

He's in law school.

Did you get locked out?

We had a fight.

So I went
to the store.

Another half hour,
he'll be asleep.

Are you from Chicago?

For a while now, yeah.

Originally?

Minnesota. You?

Idaho. The potato part,
not the white supremacist part.

You want a beer?

No, thanks.

Come on. Have a seat.

You look like you've had
a long day.

Thank you.

Mmm, you got a card.

Mm-hmm.

It's nice to get
one personal piece of mail
mixed in with all
the bills and junk.

Your birthday?

Huh?

Is it your birthday?

Yes.

(chuckling)

Today?

Mm-hmm.

8:03 p.m.

Well, congratulations.

You've made it.

Happy birthday.

(bottles clink)

Thank you.