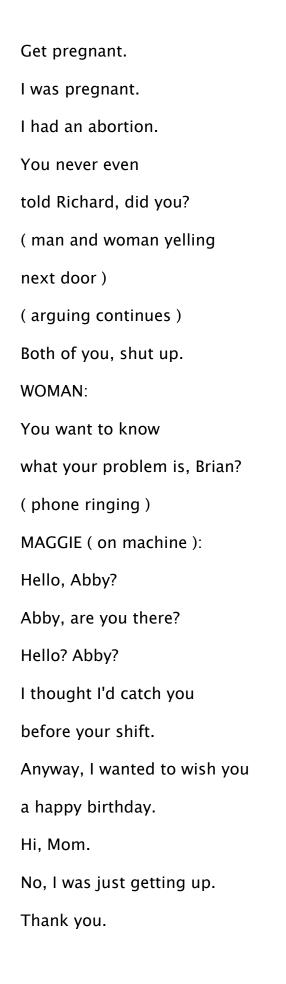
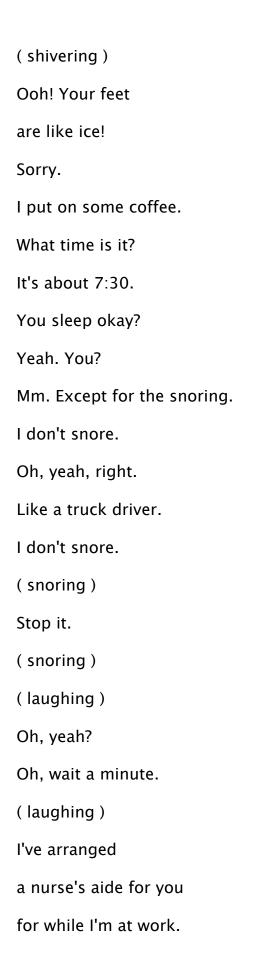
ER season 8, episode 11

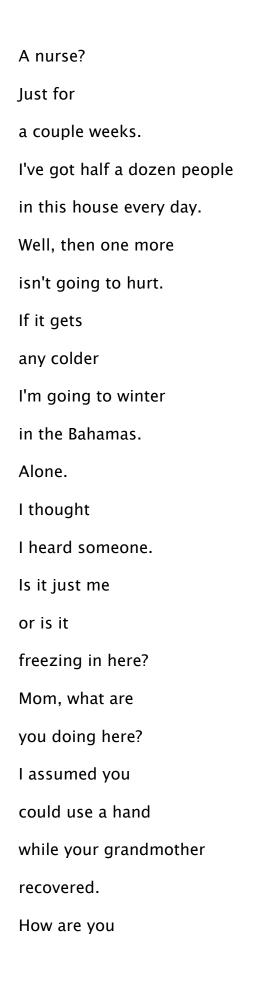
excerpts

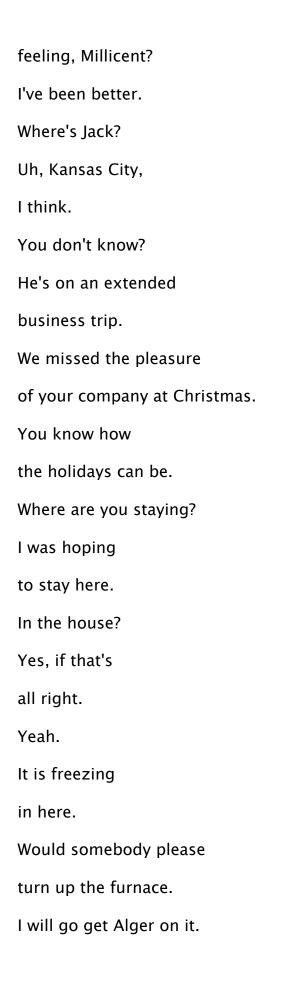
["erature's 95. \n No! \n Don't stick me! \n Get off of me! \n Get pregnant. \n I was pregnant. ıg

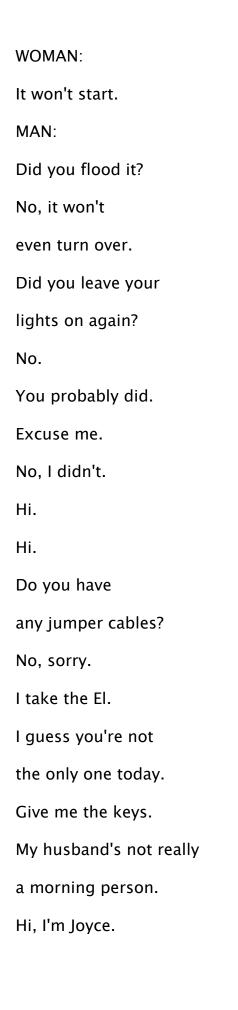
\n I had an abortion. \n You never even \n told Richard, did you? \n (man and woman yellin
\n next door) \n (arguing cont"]
transcript
Previously on ER:
How long have you been sober?
Almost five years.
Your mother's not coming.
John, we're getting divorced.
Stop, please!
Paul, Paul
Please stop!
Check 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!

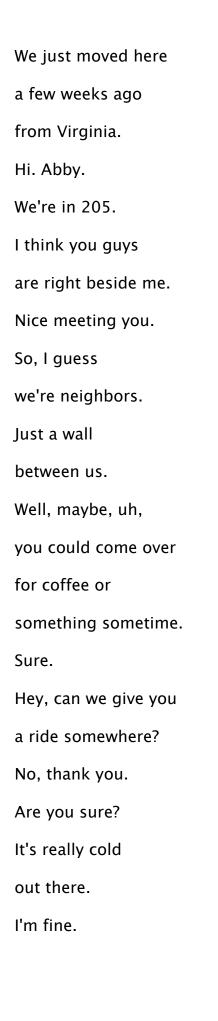


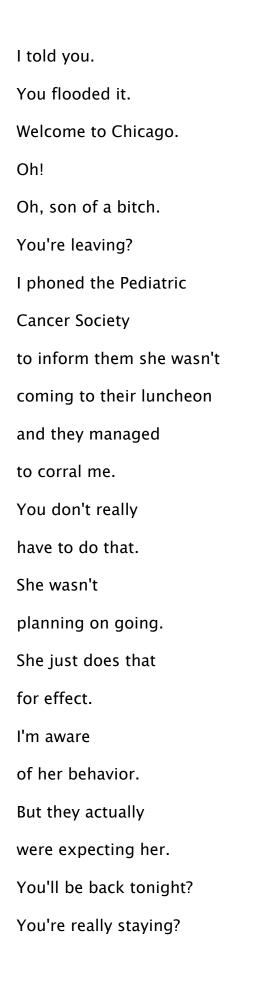






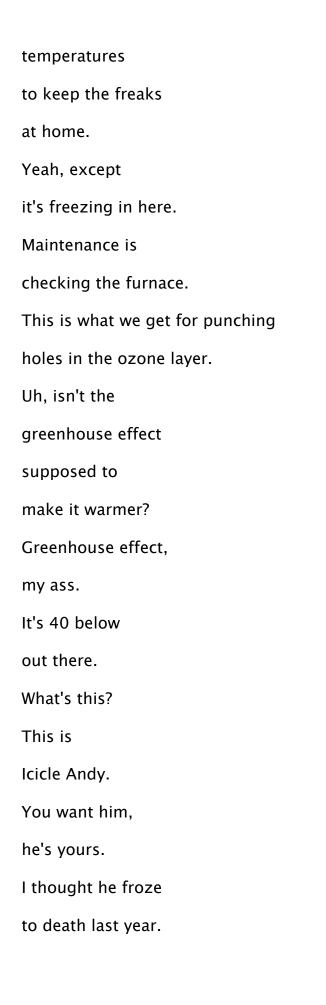


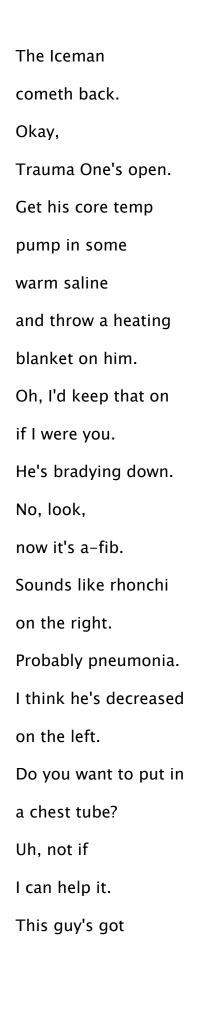


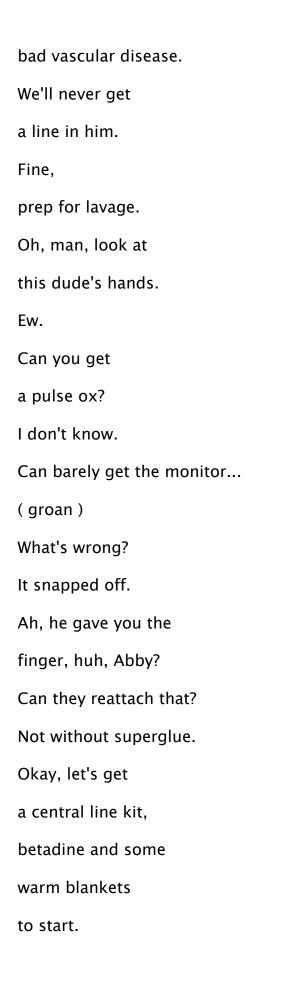


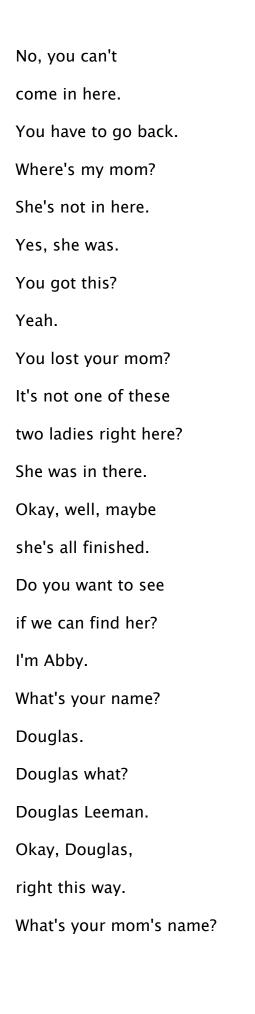
Yes. Unless I'm not welcome. No, no, it's just... I thought you were covering. Dad's in Denver, actually. Your father told you. Well, it was pretty obvious. He was here for two days at Christmas without you. You thought he was still here. Uh, we, uh, left it a little open-ended. Really? I'm sorry, John. I should have phoned you and let you know that I was coming. Yeah, well. It's good to see you.

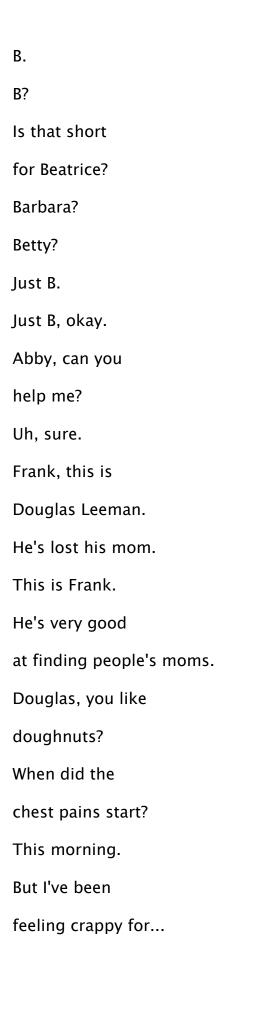
(door opening and closing)
Sanitation guys found
him in a dumpster.
Minimally responsive
to deep pain
thready pulse
in the 50s.
You sure
he's not dead?
He's still
moving air.
Barely.
Abby, can you
bring this guy in?
I haven't even
clocked in yet.
I know, but you
have a coat on.
Hey, I know this guy.
Oh, man!
Is this great,
or what?
Empty chairs, empty racks.
Nothing like sub-arctic



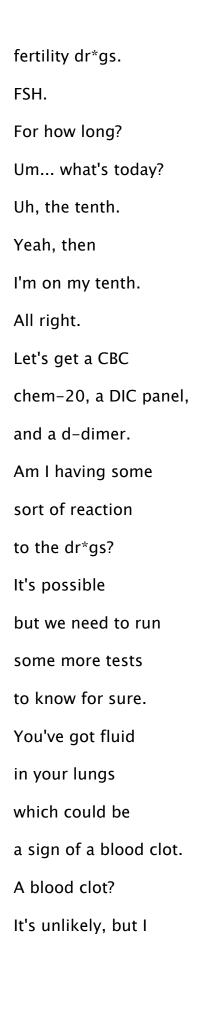




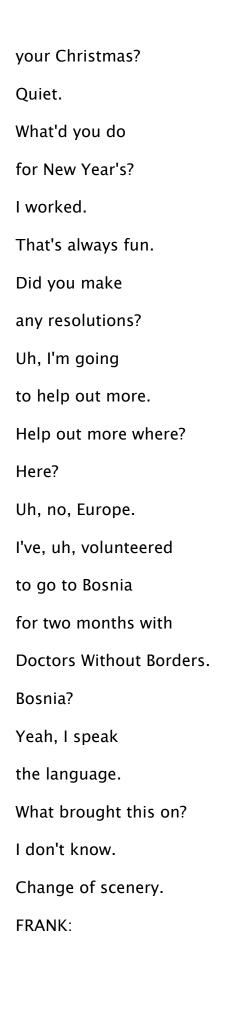




a couple of days.
I thought it was just a cold
or maybe the flu.
Bibasilar rales.
Have you experienced
any shortness of breath?
Yeah.
I thought I'd step outside,
catch a breath of fresh air.
l got so dizzy
I fainted.
Three plus pitting edema
on both feet.
Have you ever had anything
like this before?
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



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



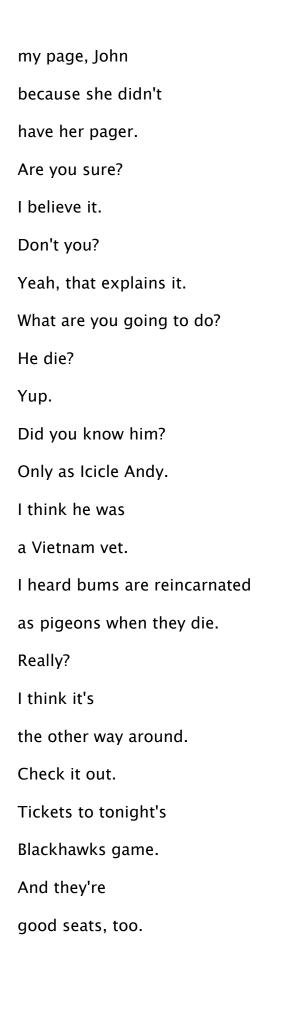
Good, huh? Hey, nice hat, Snoop. Hey, Frank, I thought you said you were going to get the heat turned up. They're working on it. Oh, really? Is that why the thermostat in the lounge says 56? Get used to it. We're heading into another ice age like the one that k*lled the dinosaurs. Cold didn't k*ll the 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?

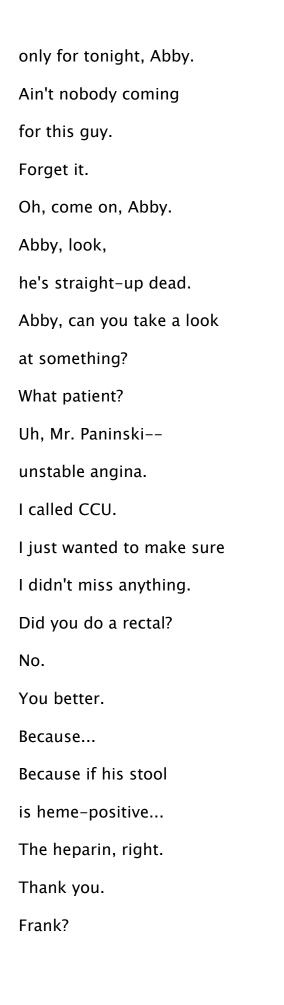
Well, if she's doing dr*gs,
I want to know about it.
You know, asking her
doesn't guarantee
I'm going
to get the truth.
Yeah, but searching her room
that's such a violation
of her privacy.
You suggested that I r*fle
through her pockets.
In the course of doing laundry.
HALEH:
Dr. Greene.
EMT:
lan Nevinger, 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

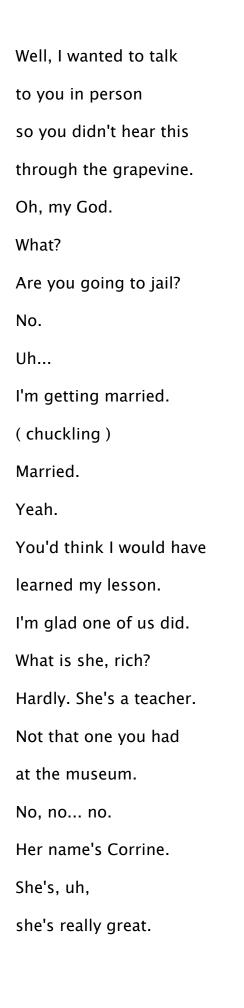


Whoa.
Where'd he get those?
Any ID?
Mm-hmm.
Just two dollars,
some change and matches.
Are you going
to keep the tickets?
No.
Can I have them?
No.
Why not?
I think it's called
grave-robbing.
He ain't using them.
Well, somebody might
come to claim the body.
(laughing)
I'm serious.
Yeah, right.
Seriously,
I need them.
No.
Look, the tickets are

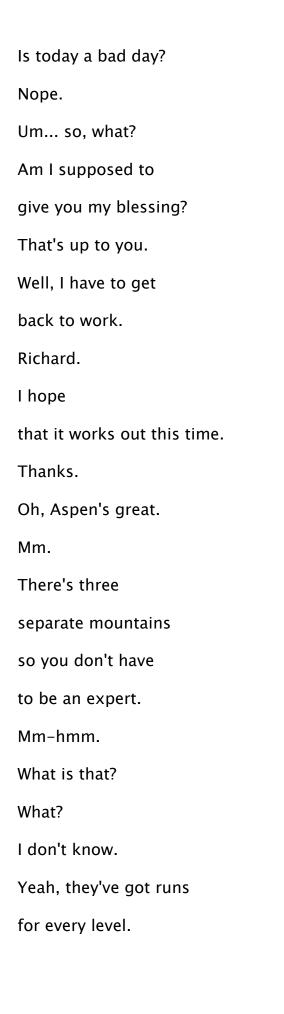


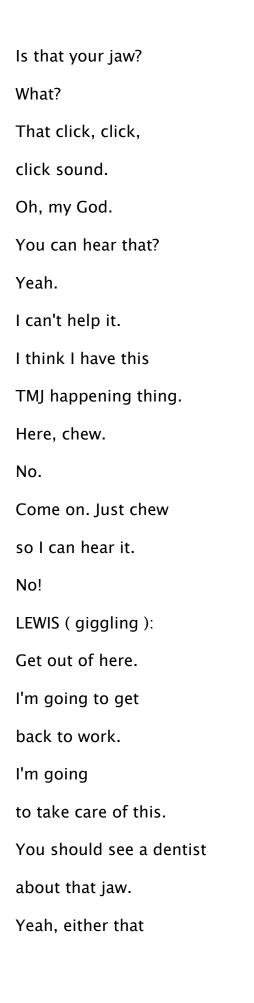
Yeah?
You said you were going
to find his mother.
I tried.
No B. Leeman
checked in today.
I'm beginning to think
somebody dumped him.
He said his mother
was in Trauma One
with a headache.
Can you double-check it
with the admit log?
Sure.
MAN:
MAN: Abby.
Abby.
Abby. Hi.
Abby. Hi. Richard.
Abby. Hi. Richard. How's it going?
Abby. Hi. Richard. How's it going? What are you doing here?
Abby. Hi. Richard. How's it going? What are you doing here? It's colder in here

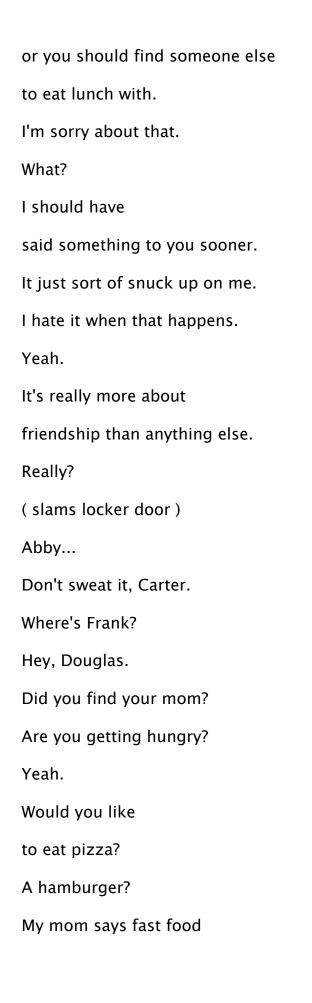
So, how are things? They're good. Good. That's good. You seeing anyone or... Oh, yeah. I'm breaking hearts all over town. What do you want, X? Χ? Yeah. Can I call you X? 'Cause it's almost like sexy so people might think it's short for ecstasy or triple-X which stands for porn, uh, now except for in cartoons where it stands for poison which I always thought was funny, but... What do you want? Oh, look, I, um...

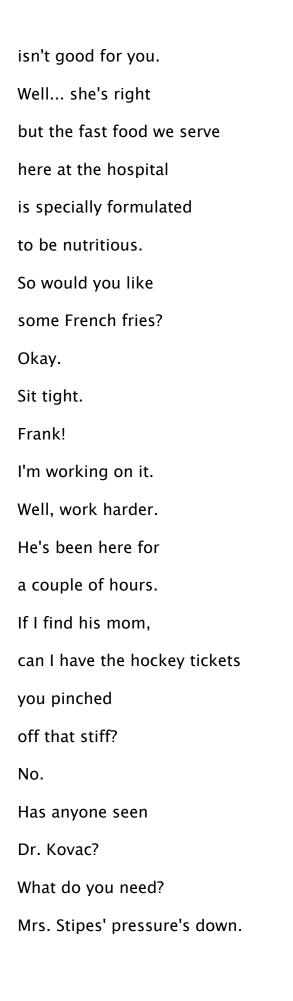


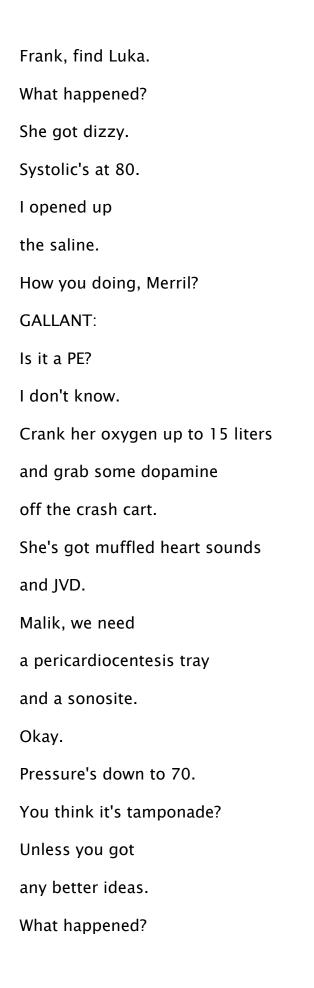
She's really down to earth. I think you might even like her. How old is she? She's 34. She has a six-year-old son, Adam. Really great kid. You're going to be a father? Stepfather, yeah. It's kind of hard to believe, huh? Yeah, uh... Instant family. I always wanted kids, so... Since when? Uh, you know, 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?

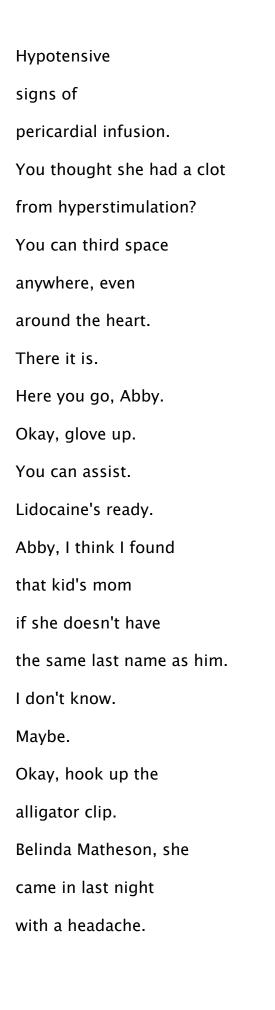




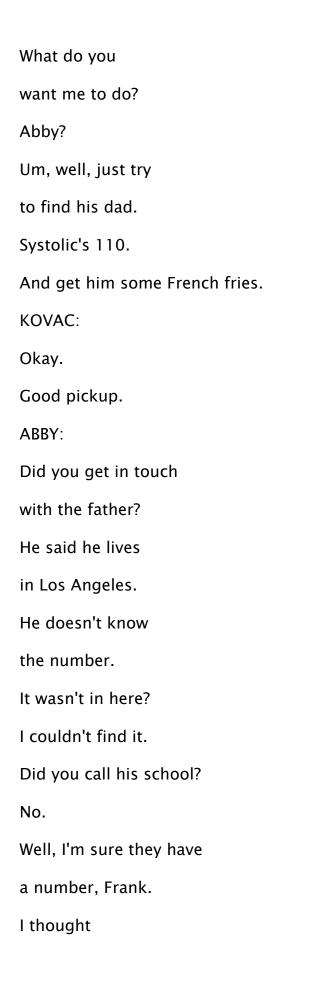








Turned out to
be a brain bleed.
Insert subxyphoid,
45-degree angle.
Last night?
Yeah, they admitted
her to neurosurg.
Watch for injury current.
I can't believe
that little boy sat
in Chairs all night,
and nobody noticed.
There it is.
Can you take him upstairs
to his mother?
Uh, that could
be difficult.
She's dead.
What?
Blood pressure's back up to 90.
She stroked out
a few hours ago.
KOVAC:
Second syringe.

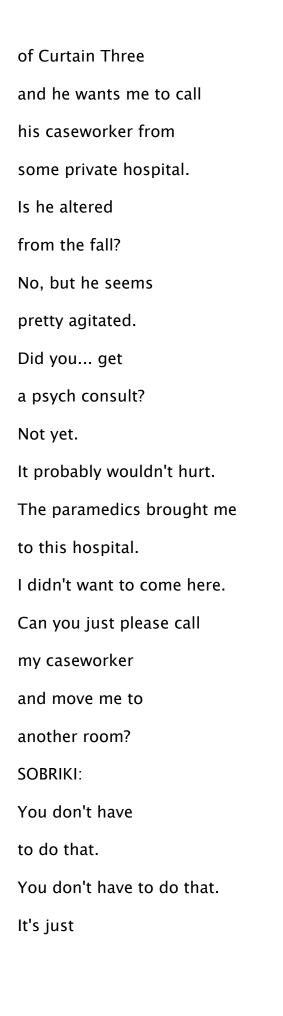


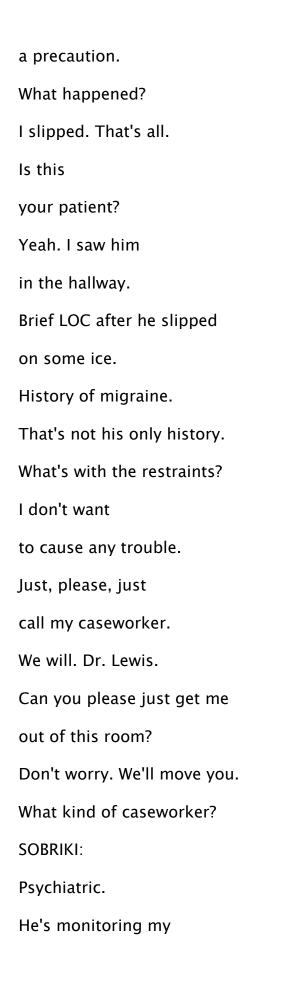
you used to be a cop. I was. Well, act like a cop. Track the guy down. Did someone from neurosurg come down and talk to him? Not yet. Which ER doc treated his mother? Weaver. She's working a half shift today, so she's not in yet. Do you want me to page somebody from neurosurg? I don't know. I think somebody 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





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
k*lled 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*lled 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.

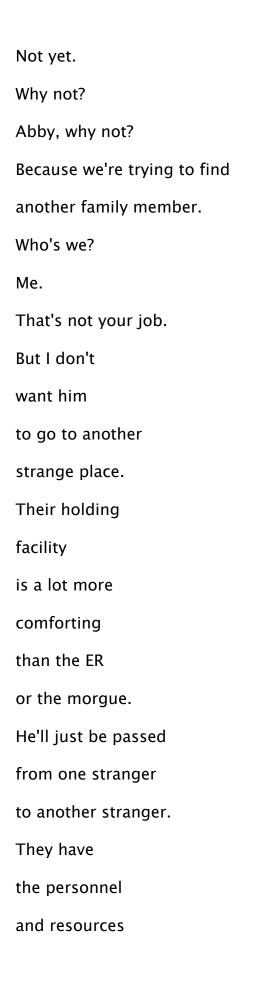
Move him

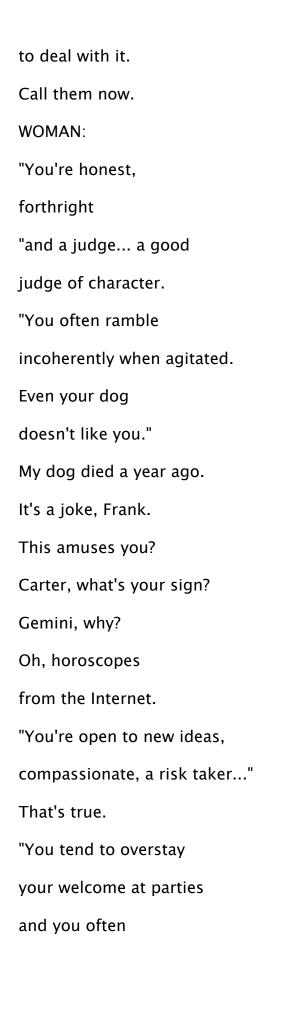
to the Suture Room

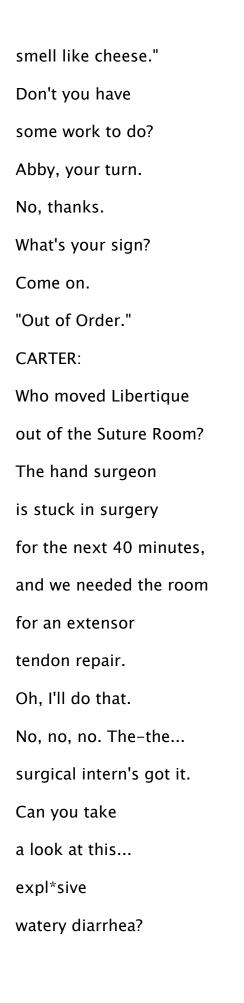
close the blinds,

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.

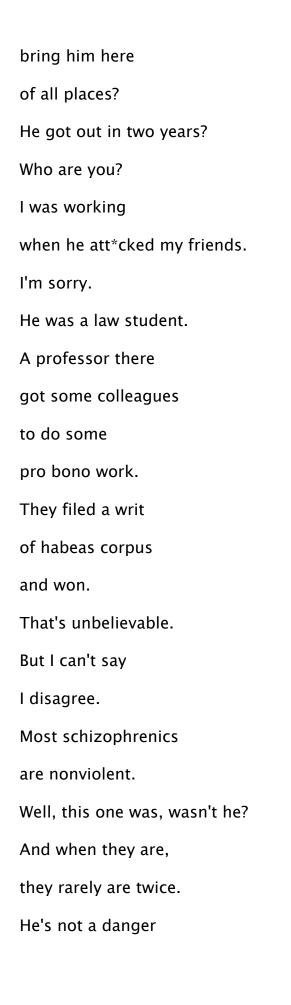


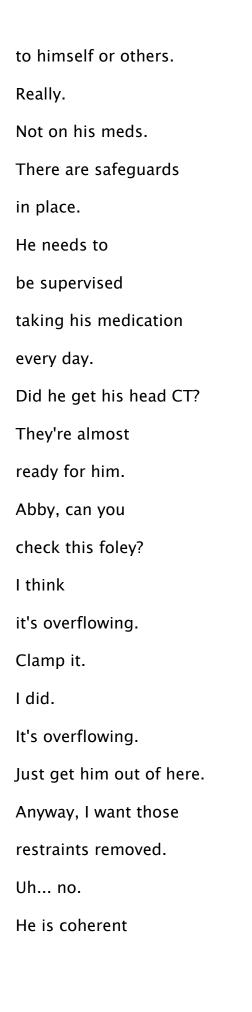


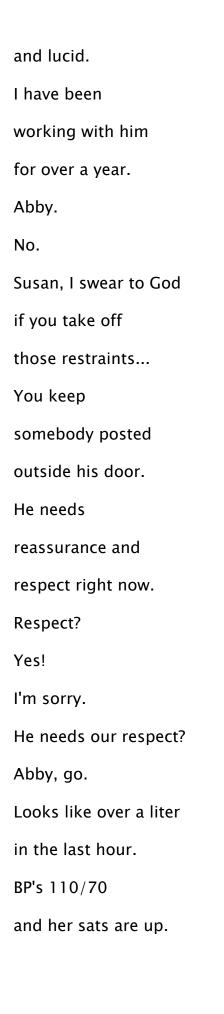


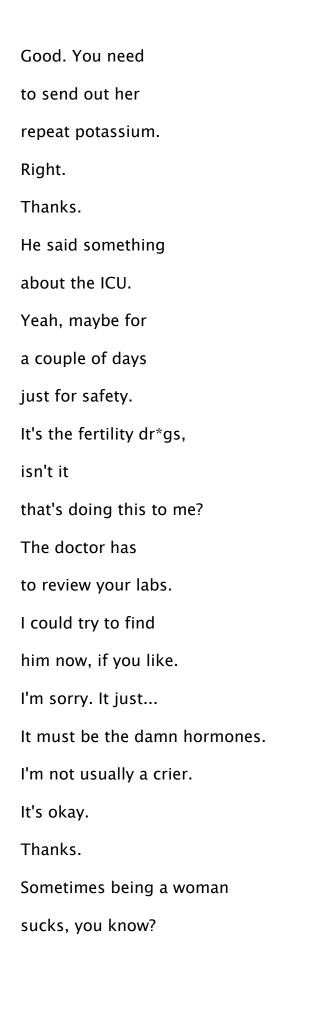
You need to start an IV?
Maybe. I don't know.
He's he's
pretty miserable.
She.
She.
You okay?
Yeah. Mm-hmm.
Abby, the
light source
on the fiber-optic
is down.
Get me a spare.
Okay.
MAN:
Can I see a doctor
this century?
Hang on.
I hang on any longer,
I'll be dead.
If you're talking,
you're not dying.
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

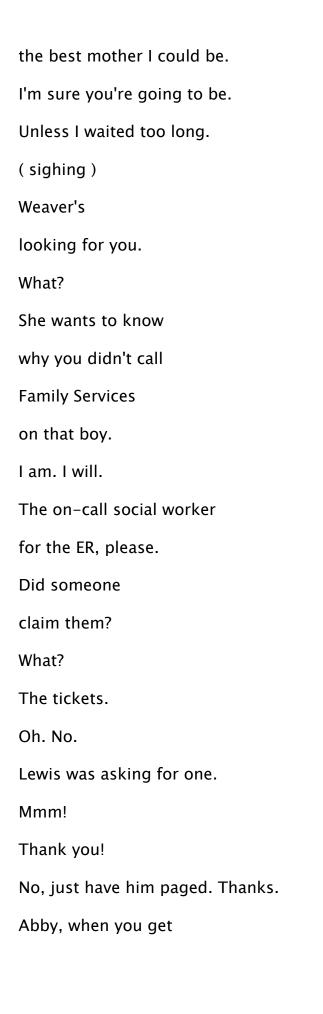


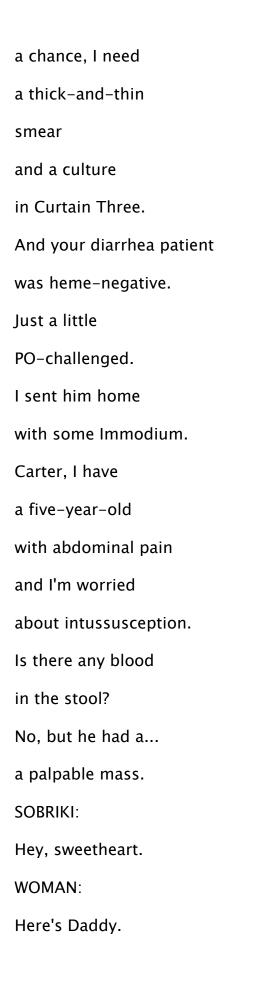




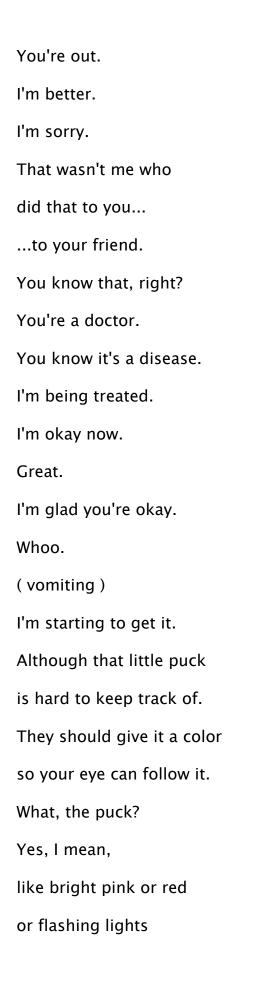


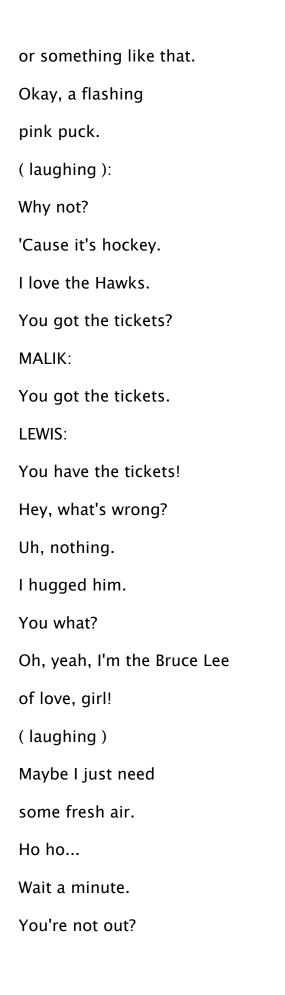
```
( sighing ):
It has its moments.
You grow up praying
you don't get pregnant
every time you have sex.
And then, when you finally do
want to have a baby, you can't.
It's so unfair.
You been trying
for a long time?
I just keep thinking
that maybe I had my chance
and I blew it.
You don't know that.
No, 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
```

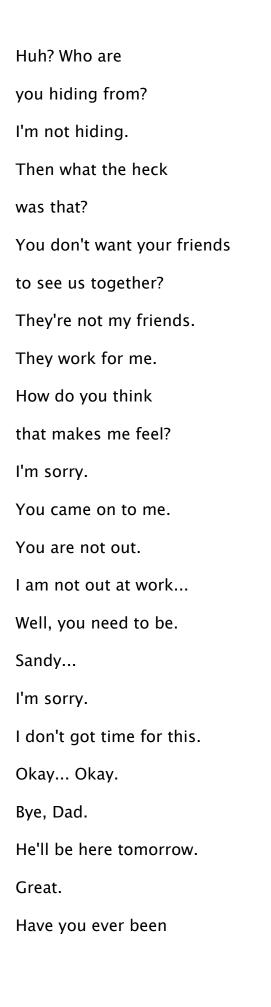


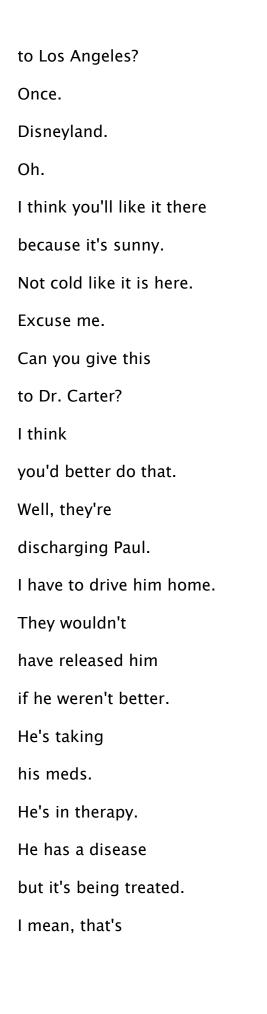


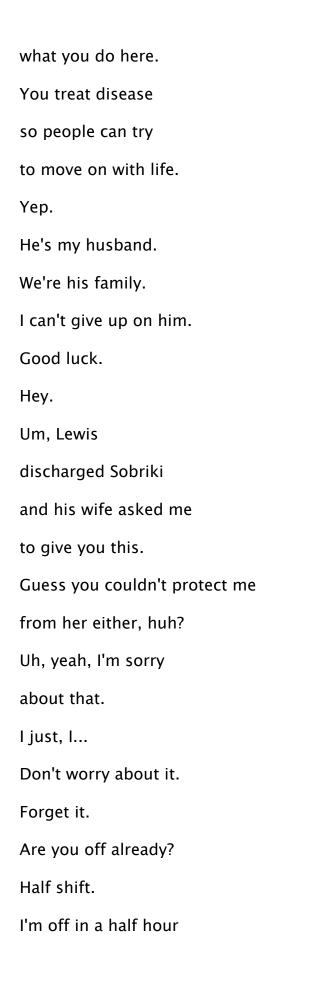
SOBRIKI:
Hey mmm! Hey. Hi.
I'm okay. I'm okay.
Daddy slipped
and fell
and he hit his head
but I'm okay.
WOMAN:
They put you
in restraints?
Yeah. It's just
a precaution.
They're
a little paranoid.
Oh, it's you.
I'm sorry.
What happened?
What's he doing here?
He slipped and fell
outside his
office building.
His office building?
He's on conditional
release.

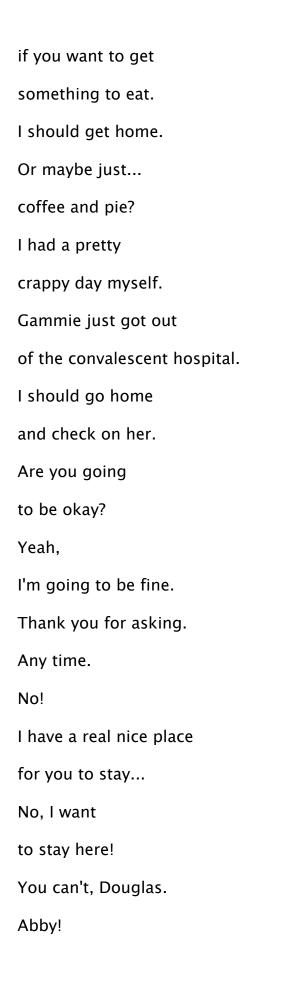


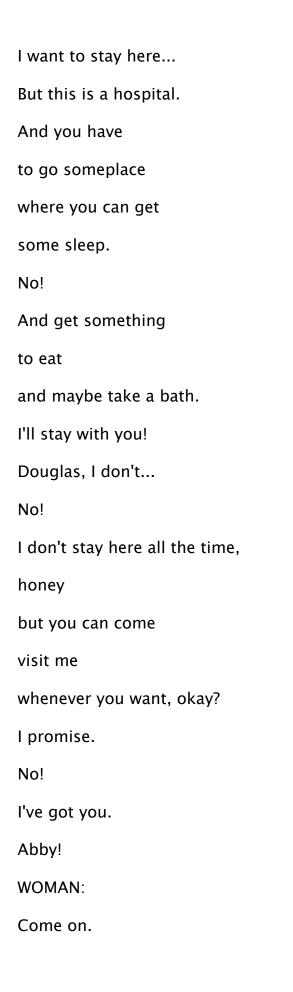






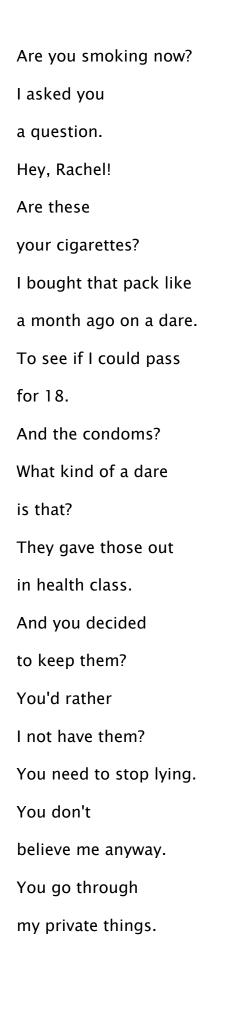


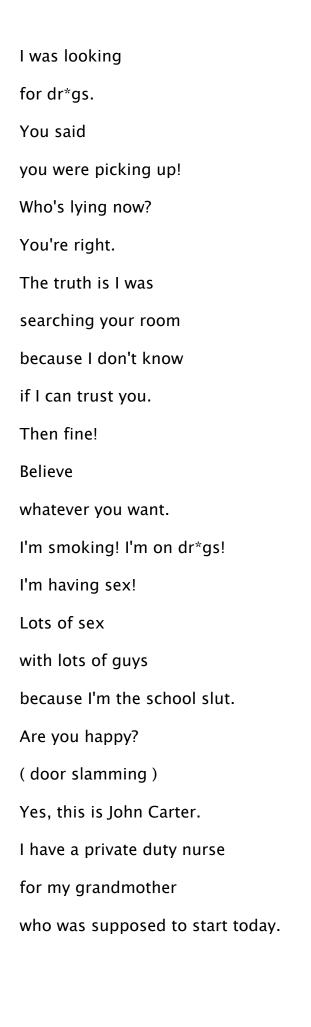


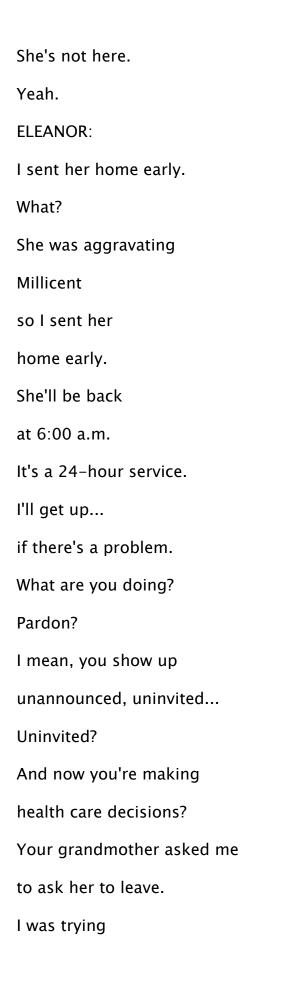


DOUGLAS:
Abby!
WOMAN:
We'll get you
some ice cream.
You'll be fine, Douglas.
Wait! I'll stay with you!
Abby!
Please!
Abby!
(door closing)
Abby, my cellulitis
patient is allergic
to penicillin
No.
Can you give
IV erythromycin?
No.
What about
vancomycin?
No! I'm not
your attending.
I'm not a resident.
I'm a nurse.

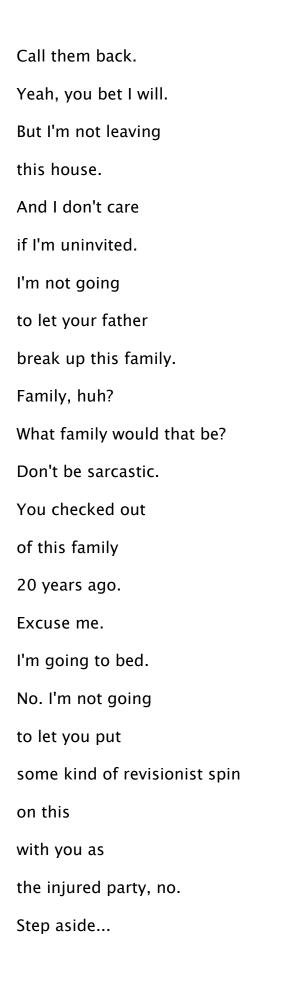
You want me
to assess a patient
you want me to push meds
you want me
to check vitals
explain a situation
to a family member
that's fine.
What I will not do
is carry you through med school.
You want to be a doctor?
Start acting like one.
Rachel, can I talk to you?
RACHEL:
What are you
doing?
I was picking 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!



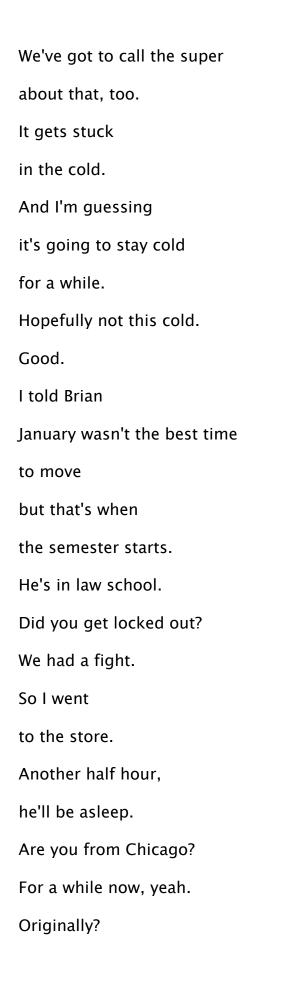


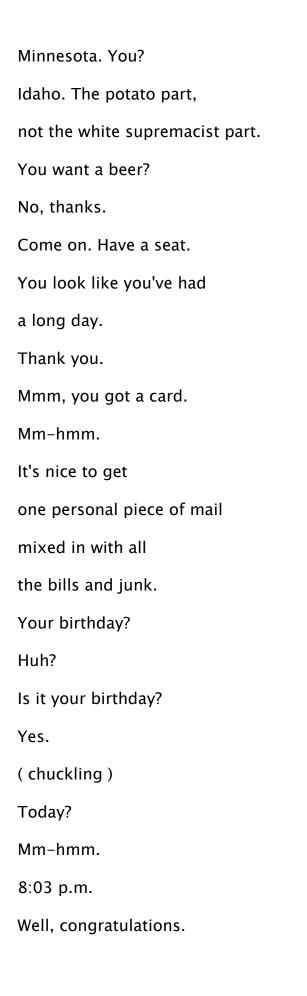


to be helpful.
Well, do me a favor.
Don't try to be helpful.
It's not one
of your strong suits.
Excuse me, John.
I've had enough abuse
from my mother-in-law
today.
I don't need any more
from my son.
I'm sorry?
I'm sorry
but I have helped Gamma
through this.
I have tended
to her medical needs.
I have made
her health care arrangements.
So you need
to consult with me
before you do anything
like this.
Fine.



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.





You've made it.

Happy birthday.

(bottles clink)

Thank you.