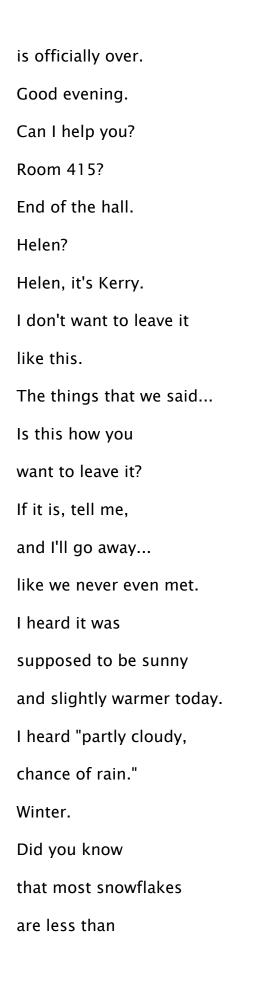
ER season 11, episode 14

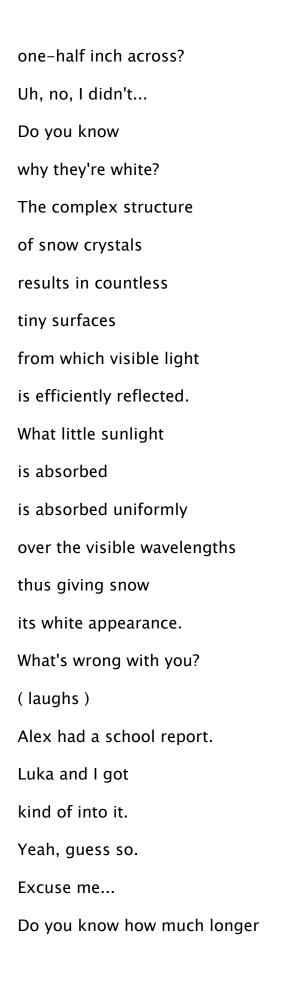
excerpts

["ned? \n Nothing fancy. \n I got pregnant. \n All the parents pitched \n a fit, and rightfully so. \n And abortion wasn't legal. \n Oh, I never would \n have done that. \n Back then they had these homes \n for girls in"]

these homes \n for girls in"]	
tr	ranscript
Previously on ER	
Who's that?	
LEWIS:	
Med student.	
Jane, why didn't you	
say anything?	
No one listens to me.	
No one even remembers	
I was in the room.	
Third year resident, I've	
been ordering my own scans	
since I been here.	
What's that about?	
It's about me	
making the rules.	
Come on, that's stupid.	
Congratulations, Jake.	

Your ER rotation





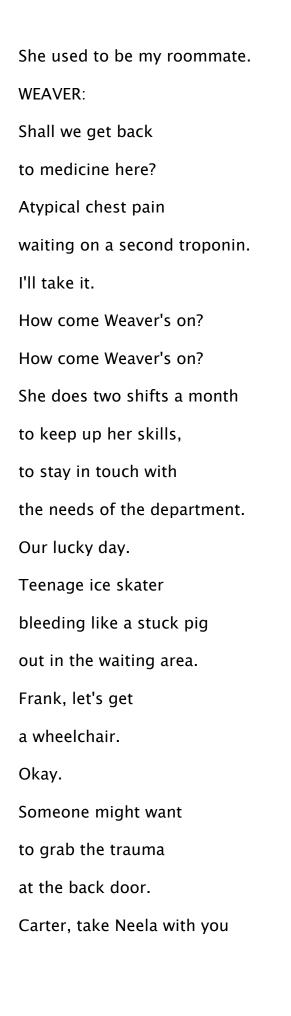
I'll have to wait? Ooh, that's nasty. One of the other skaters ripped into me. This morning? Skating club. We only get the ice from 5:30 to 7:00. We'll get you checked in in a couple of minutes, okay? Thanks. Ugh, winter. So it's already an every-night kind of thing? Since he started his surgical rotation, yeah. Dubenko's working him pretty hard, and my place is closer to the hospital. Oh, I see, so sleeping over is basically a convenience. No, we do like

each other. And, do you know, his real name isn't Jake, it's George? It's actually kind of a funny story. I mean, it's not funnyfunny, but it's... sorry. Tibial plateau fracture, ortho's taking to the OR. Make sure he's NPO. Got it. Cellulitis following cat bite, admit to medicine. Already did. Antibiotics on board? Three grams of unasyn. DKA on an insulin drip, going up to the ICU. Last glucose? 534. And they just brought back a 60-year-old lady,

Pick's Disease

with agitation.

I'm officially out of here. Thank you, Luka. Hasta la vista, suckers. Dr. Barnett. Ray, when you get home, take the back stairs, front ones are kind of frozen. You didn't shovel? You're kidding, right? Oh, and the kitchen window, I couldn't get it to close all the way. Meaning? Meaning there's snow in the kitchen. Bit of a build-up, actually, so you might want to try turning the oven on and leaving the door open. So it'll melt. It's just a suggestion.



on that chest pain.

Susan, 50-something woman,

dyspnea, curtain four.

Abby, Jane, you're with me.

Must be awkward for Dr. Lewis,

being chief, then having

Dr. Weaver back.

What, are you kidding?

Weaver comes in, takes

charge, runs all the cases.

Lewis loves it.

It's like having a day off.

Not so, however,

for the rest of us.

Altercation at someone's

all-night-turned-out-badly

birthday party.

Good morning, Dr. Pratt.

Yeah, half an inch of snow

and traffic grinds to a halt.

Multiple s*ab wounds

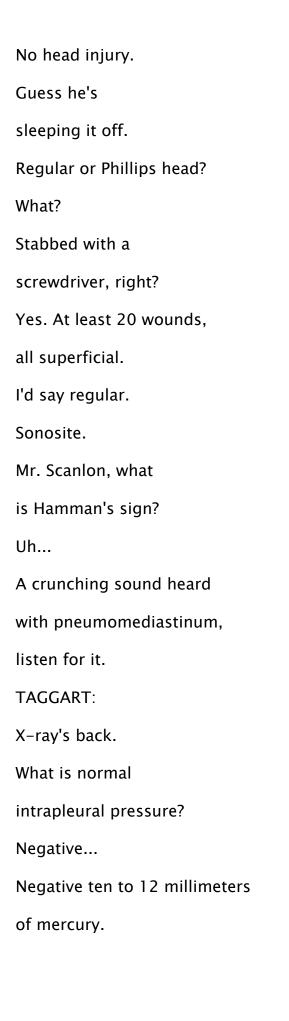
to the back with

a screwdriver.

You think he

dropped a lung? Probably not, sats are 100. Abby and I have got this one. There's a woman there with Pick's Disease. Why don't you grab that. Oh, and take Jane with you. It's a good teaching case. I'm sure Jane has seen more than her share of combative patients with dementia. But not with you as her teacher. Have you, Jane? You could start by reviewing the key elements of the history, physical, genetics, differences from Alzheimer's. Okay, okay, we're on it. If it's any consolation, I'm a blank slate when it comes to Pick's Disease. I know we studied it maybe first year. No, I think it was second year. No, it was first year. What did she say about Alzheimer's? Man, talk about your short-term memory loss. Lousy son-of-a... I'll get a piece, you stupid fat piece of sh... Nice language. Equal breath sounds. Pulse ox 98. First hemocue? 13.8. Okay, let's roll him.

We're going to roll you onto your side, sir.



And what's the intra-alveolar pressure?

Fluctuates.

Minus three with inspiration, plus three with expiration.

So, Jake, tell me:

How does this poor guy
end up with a pneumothorax?
Penetrating trauma allows air
to enter the pleural space,

raising the pressure,

collapsing the alveoli.

Well done, Mr. Scanlon.

Fantastic.

BP 124/82.

Let's get him a floor bed.

He needs the ICU.

He's stable.

No, the guy's Swiss cheese.

He needs close observation.

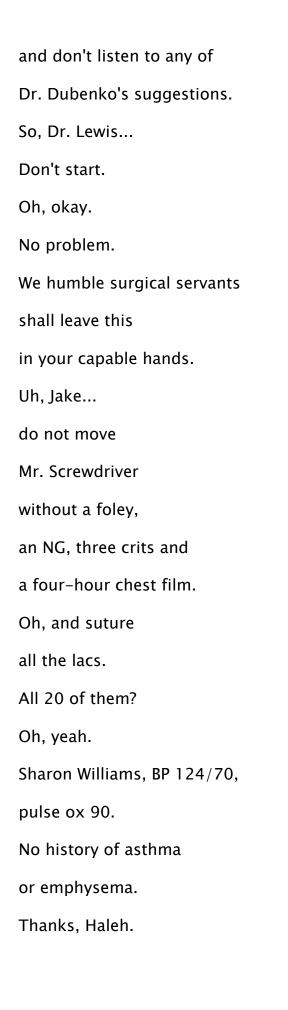
We'll never get an ICU bed.

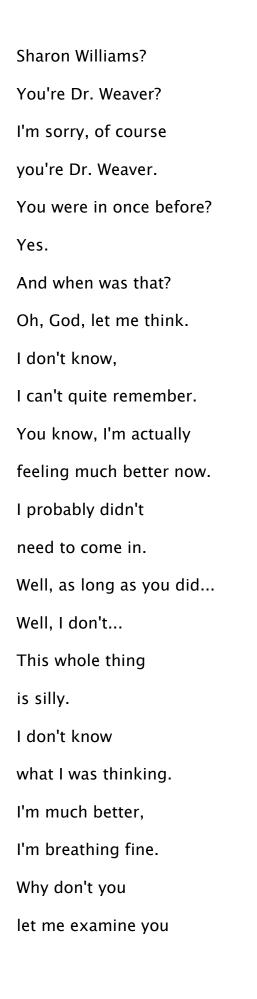
He doesn't need one,

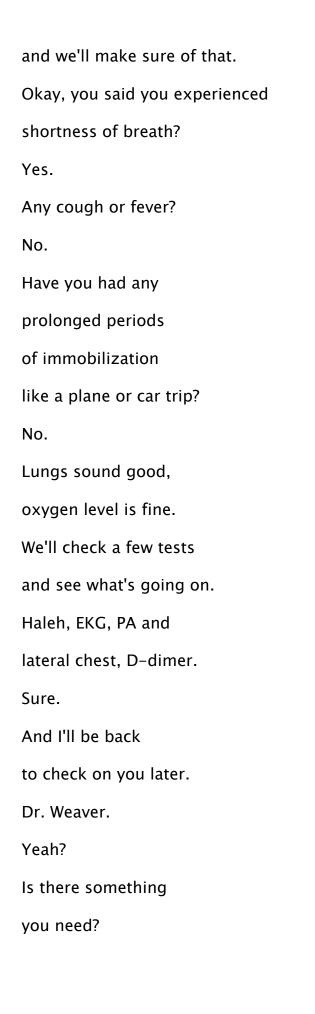
no pneumo, his crit

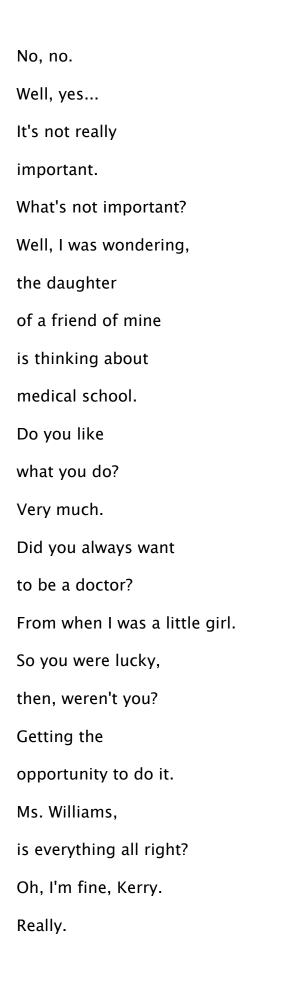
and vitals are stable,

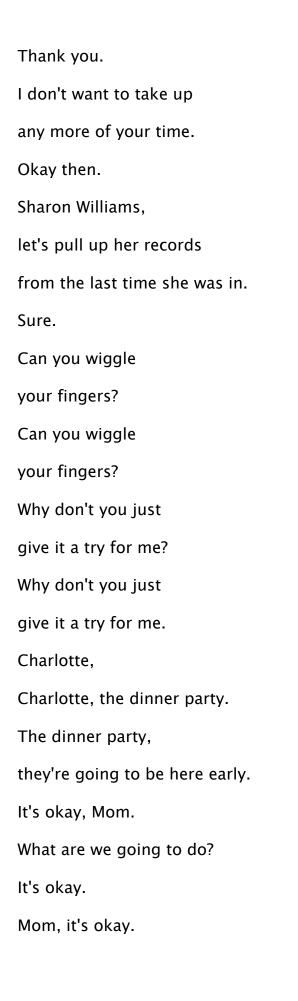
no blood in the pericardium or Morrison's. He could have an occult solid organ injury or a delayed pneumothorax. Are you going to bludgeon us with the differential? Occasionally, I can be thorough. How about a tele admit? Maybe after four hours. Four hours? Uh, Kerry, that lady with dyspnea, Sharon Williams, she's asking for you. Said she here before, you were her doc. Okay. This "Swiss cheese" is stable. Let's get him admitted to a med-surg bed

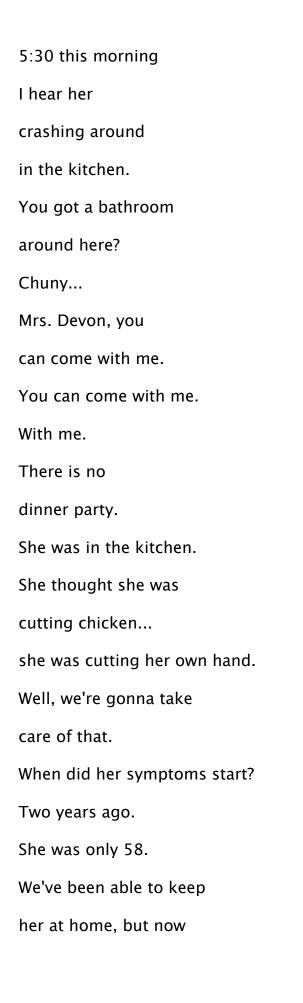












I've got three kids. What am I supposed to do? WEAVER: Labs back yet on that syncope? No. still waiting. Call them again and ask nicely. "Nicely"? We're never nicely. Pratt, Pick's Disease? Jane? Uh, similarities with Alzheimer's, but with an earlier age of onset and a faster progression of symptoms. Mainly causes damage to the frontal lobes of the brain resulting in disinhibition. Patient can be extremely rude, which we have seen, and then can become

extremely loving,

which we have not seen.

Uh, often has a tendency

to repeat statements

spoken to them,

you know, but I'd actually

say it's a bit more...

Thank you, Jane.

Good job, good job.

Yes, and let me see--

was that Dr. Pratt's

extremely efficient teaching

or was it...

"eMedicine."

She learned about it,

didn't she?

She learned the facts,

not necessarily how to handle

the patients or the family.

Yeah, but she will.

The woman's got

some lacerations.

We're going to suture her as

soon as the Ativan kicks in.

Dr. Pratt said that...

What about the family?

The daughter's trying to line

up a skilled nursing facility.

You should help her with that.

Isn't that

a social worker thing?

Just dive in.

See what you can do.

Hey, Sam, did that

screwdriver stabbing guy

get sent upstairs yet?

Uh, well, Dr. Dubenko

wanted a few things

taken care of first.

In what possible universe

would I say the words,

"Let's polka"?

I'm telling you, in

your sleep two nights ago.

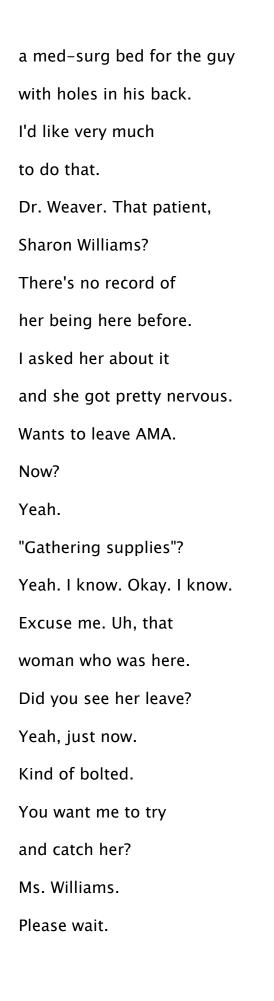
Look, I'm not making

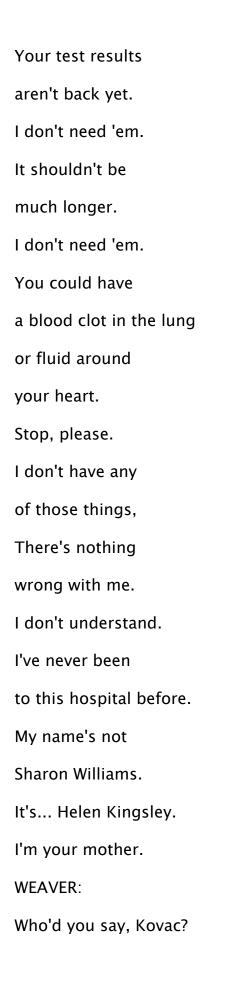
this up.

You don't think

I was surprised?

I don't talk in my sleep. How do you know? Even if I did, I wouldn't say "polka." I wouldn't even say "dance." I don't dance. I mean, maybe once when I was a kid I did the limbo. Yeah, maybe that was it. Maybe it was the limbo. Ah, see? And you're making it up. (both laughing) I'm sorry! Dr. Lockhart. Mr. Scanlon. Kerry. Dr. Weaver. ...um, mixing up some Ancef. I'm just gathering up supplies, so... I thought you were gathering up





Yeah. His wanting Saturday off is potentially a problem. Well, however you want to handle it. Kerry, they can take **Sharon Williams** for her chest x-ray now. That won't be necessary. You can cancel her labs, too. Cancel all of it? Yeah. Kerry, about earlier... Susan, could you follow up on this migraine in Two? I know we were supposed to take the screwdriver guy upstairs. Don't worry about it. Dubenko wanted serial crits and the UA showed 10 red cells. Do we need to work that up? That's probably just from the foley.

So he doesn't need a CT? Frank, I'm gonna take a break. What?! "Break"? Well... they say it isn't good for your arteries. I guess you'd know about that. But I like it anyway. How did you find me? The letter you sent. But that was four years ago. Why-Why all this pretense? Why didn't you just write back? I wanted to see you first. That poor little ice skater girl. Her leg looked awful. She's young. She'll heal. What you do, it's so important. I guess I was scared. I'm here in Chicago

for a week, so... You're still in Indiana? Terre Haute. That's next door. You could've been to Chicago a hundred times. I'm sorry. I looked for you. I hired an investigator. I finally found the right address, you knew where I was and, still, you waited so long? I can't explain it. I know it wasn't fair. I'm truly, truly sorry. Oh, plea... please. Please. Don't go yet. So, um... have you always lived in Indiana? South Carolina, originally. I'm here in Chicago with my choir.

Your choir?	
There's a Christ Crusade	
and we were chosen to sing	
in the festival chorus.	
That that sounds	
like quite an honor.	
When's the concert?	
Tomorrow afternoon,	
Community Baptist	
on Dearborn.	
Oh as a matter of fact,	
they're going to be	
looking for me.	
We've got a rehearsal.	
Um	
I'd like to talk	
to you again, Kerry.	
If you want to, that is.	
Yeah, I would.	
So I can call you	
after I'm done?	
Do you have the number	
of the hospital?	
No.	

Just wait one second. There's a separate number for the ER. Uh... one second. Here you go. There you are. So you'll call. In a couple of hours. Great. Pressure's only 72 palp. Left pupil is 6 millimeters and sluggish. Hang 80 of mannitol. Multiple rib fractures with sub q air. Glove up for a chest tube. So, our drunk vs. screwdriver is having some more trouble? This isn't the screwdriver guy. Oh, I heard he was still down here, so naturally I assumed there was some

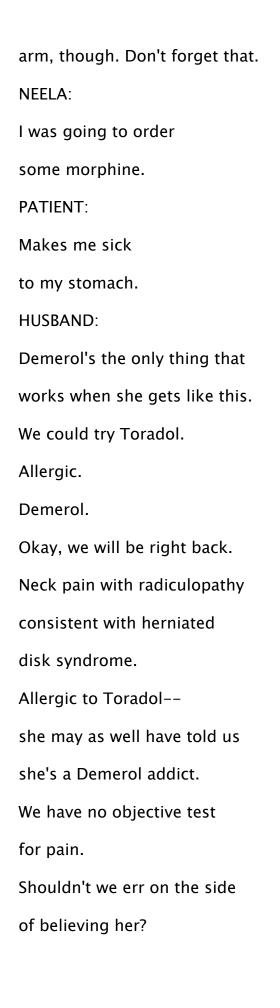
emergent situation. No. This would be the motorcycle vs. tree guy. Blunt head, chest... Looks like a fractured spleen. Mr. Scanlon, your patient's bleeding in the head and belly. What's your plan? Uh... quick head CT before going to the OR for an exlap. Good call if you want him to bleed out in the scanner. Betadine and steri-drape. What's the Monroe-Kelly hypothesis? Uh, I don't know. Abby? I don't know. CPP equals MAP minus ICP. Cerebral Perfusion Pressure equals Mean Arterial Pressure minus Intracranial Pressure. Spleen's a bigger threat

to the MAP. Two units on the infuser. Guidewire's ready. Stop what you're doing. Have you even read about this procedure? I supervised Jake putting in a chest tube last week. Oh, good. Because I'm sure you told him you always insert a gloved finger and feel lung tissue before... before inserting the tube. Why is that, Mr. Scanlon? Uh... First, to break up any adhesions. Second, if there is a diaphragmatic injury, you could be in the abdominal

cavity and chest tubes

don't work very well

in the stomach. Line is primed. Kerry, I think we can take this from here. Uh... yes, I'm sure you can. That was fun. Would you like to tell me why she's so pissed off at the two of you? Man, and I thought I knew how to pimp. When did your neck pain start? Came in from Cleveland yesterday to help my brother move. I was lifting a chair. She had an MRI last year-three slipped disks in her neck. Any neuro findings? Motor and sensory intact. The pain goes down into her



Give her the Demerol

and get her out the door.

See what I mean?

She's on every case.

Looks good.

Did Dr. Pratt show the

two-layer repair?

Where is Dr. Pratt?

I think he's looking

for supplies.

Looking for supplies.

Didn't this woman have

her daughter with her?

That's where he is.

He's, uh, with the daughter.

He's helping her locate

a skilled

nursing facility.

CVP is 10, MAP is 80

and we're transfusing

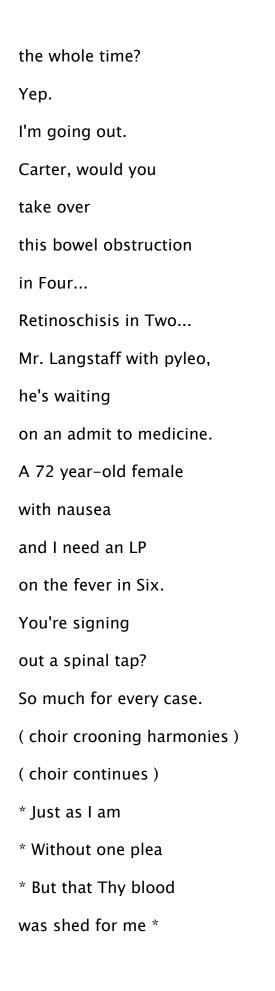
to an SCV O2 of 70.

Once the crit is 30,

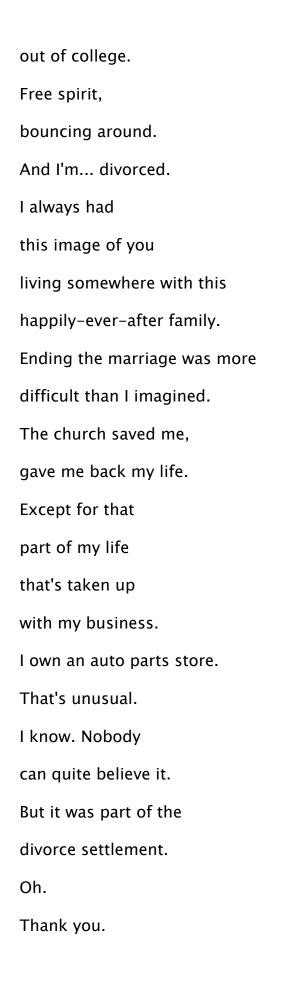
consider dopamine.

Dr. Pratt, is there some

good reason why you've left your student unsupervised? Other patients? Look, I've got a 75-year-old man with urosepsis, a woman in pulmonary edema and a kid with anaphylaxis from a peanut allergy. And "my student" should be supervised by an intern. Except that I asked you to do it. You've got to stay on these residents. Dr. Pratt isn't the problem. You know that break you took? You may want to take another one. Frank, have I gotten any calls? Nope. You've been here



* And that Thou bidst me come to Thee * * O lamb of God * I come * I come. Thank you. Thanks, Ann. (all talking at once) Has it already been two hours? I, I just thought I'd catch some of the rehearsal. It was beautiful. It stopped snowing. I gotta get my coat. Seems like a lot of people brought their families. I have two children-two other children. Carl's 26. He does something with the county court system that I don't understand, and Lorie's a year



Why do you need it? You don't know? Uh, congenital hip dysplasia. In common parlance, it's a birth defect. Birth defect? Yes. Something I gave you. Well, well, there's really no way to know. It's not that clear-cut. Helen? I was thinking about what you said, about how I could've been in Chicago a hundred times, why this time? I think it's because I just recently got the news that

your daddy died.

Oh, no, my father

died years ago. That's not who I mean. Your other father. His name was Cody Boone. Should've been a character in some old Western TV show. We were 15. Well, I was almost 15. And that was in South Carolina? Myrtle Beach. My daddy had a miniature golf course. Cody worked there after school. So what happened? Nothing fancy. I got pregnant. All the parents pitched a fit, and rightfully so. And abortion wasn't legal. Oh, I never would have done that. Back then they had these homes for girls in my condition. There was one up in Indiana

where my aunt lived,

so they sent me up there.

That's where you were born.

Did you ever want to keep me?

Oh, of course.

Cody and I had a whole plan.

He was gonna quit school,

get work.

There was a room over

his parents' garage

where we could live...

but in the end,

you're 14, 15,

you got no money.

So.

I came to believe

that the best thing for you

would be to be with people

who could care for you

and do things for you.

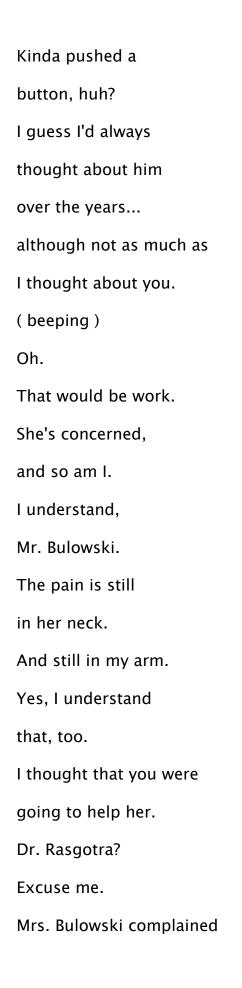
It was true, right?

I don't know.

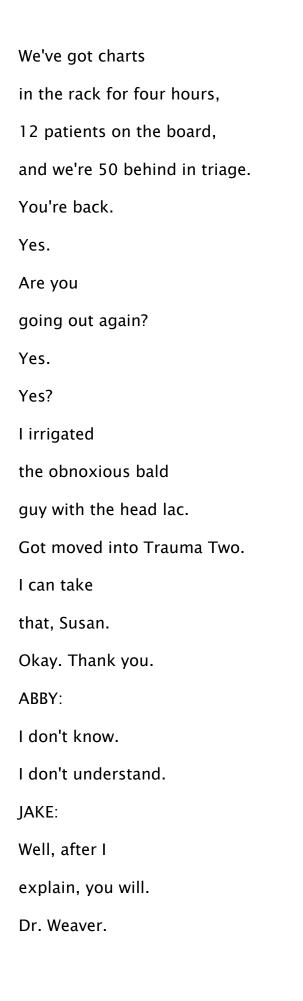
Well, what

I mean is...

I know what you mean. I had two loving parents. I was happy, but even with that, it somehow always... felt like rejection. Does that make sense? They took you so fast. I never held you. I never even saw you, and nobody ever told me anything about the birth defect. When I was a little girl, I used to wonder if that's why I was given away-not quite perfect. All Jesus' children are perfect. An-and my father, Cody, he nev... he didn't go with you? I never saw him again. Ever? But when you heard he'd died...



that she was still in pain. And you explained to her that she had already had her Demerol? So she suckered you into a second shot. Well, one could look at it that way. Jerry, I'm back! I didn't even know you'd been gone. Uh, Kerry, I hope you don't take this the wrong way but when I said to take a break, I didn't mean it literally. I didn't think I'd be gone so long. We're getting slammed here. Morris is out sick. We're boarding ten ICU patients.



Kerry.
I was looking for some obnoxious
bald guy who needs suturing?
Yeah, he was
here, but
We put him
next door.
Hey, hey, hey, hey.
Do you work here?
My head is throbbing,
throbbing,
throbbing.
No one will
even give me
an aspirin. Whoa, whoa, whoa.
What the hell
is going on?!
Mr. Screwdriver, so
nice to see you again.
Okay, Kerry
I-I, I take
full responsibility
for this patient
still being in the ER.

You don't think Dr. Dubenko

deserves just a soupçon of that?

He ordered an NG, a foley,

three serial crits

and a four-hour chest film.

I hear everything,

Mr. Scanlon.

She pretty much does.

So, do we have some hope

that this gentleman

will be sent upstairs

in, let's say-- our lifetime?

Ten minutes.

Thank you, and when you're done

with him, do the guy next door.

Does she have multiple

personalities?

You're not on, bro.

No, Dr. Morris has

failed to be on.

I was rather

unceremoniously

told to bring my ass

back in here.

Have you seen Neela or Carter? No. Dr. Barnett, you got your first case. The well-fed, well-drugged Bulowskis in Curtain Two. Review the chart and kick their asses out of here. JANE: They're both good facilities. Locked doors so patients can't wander, and the nursing staffs are specially trained in handling dementia patients. Thank you so much. Jane? Uh... Mrs. Devon's daughter, the Pick's disease. I was going over some of the nursing facilities with her.

And Dr. Pratt, is

he even remotely

involved with this

patient anymore?

Yeah. We're

swamped, you know.

One of the docs

is out sick,

so he's been

really busy,

but he's involved. Sort of.

Wow. Wound edges

are everted nicely.

Excellent approximation.

Jane does good work.

Were you waiting on

a Unasyn piggyback?

Yeah, thanks, Haleh.

Don't worry, I got this.

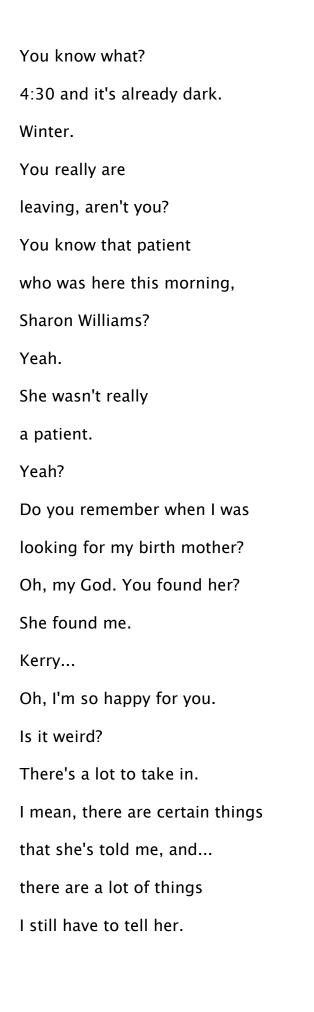
Okay. Okay, I get it,

Mrs. Devon, but please,

do not play with

the Kleenex box, all right?

All right.



I gotta go. I'm going to go home and change, and, uh, I'm gonna go have some dinner. Well, yeah. Don't worry about this place. We'll be fine. I'll try to stop by later. Susan, thanks. You said you had pictures of some relatives? I want to hear about Africa. Okay, we lived there when I was little. The adoption people said the family, your family, were involved in the church. Were they actually missionaries? More like wannabe missionaries. My-my mom worked to

set up new schools

and my dad was

a civil engineer.

He taught me how

to build a canal,

not that I've had

much use for that.

Well, did you like

living over there?

I was different simply

for being white.

No one seemed to even

notice the crutch,

and then... my parents

were older.

Their health wasn't so great,

so we moved back

to Minneapolis

when I was 12, and

they both passed away

when I was in college.

So they never got to see

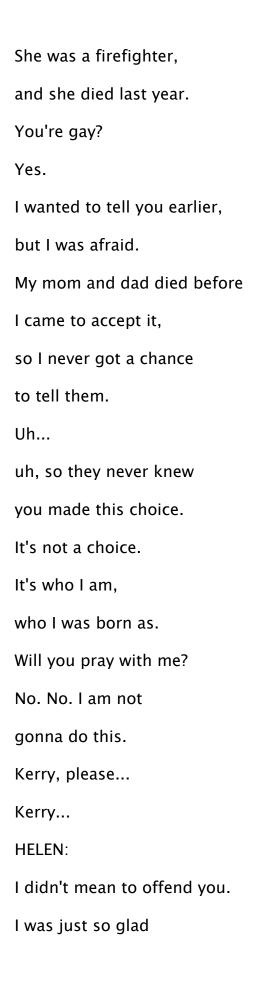
you become a doctor?

Mm-mm.

Oh. They would have been so proud of you. I'm proud of you. My biggest regret is that they never got to meet their grandson. You have a family? Uh, my son... Henry. He's named after my dad. There he is. Oh, my heavens, what a little doll. 13 months. Oh, that's a handful. Between him and a full-time job, no wonder you need a nanny. Is your husband a doctor, too? I'm alone now. There was an accident. Oh, my God, Kerry. I'm so sorry. Was it recent?

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Last year.
Oh, Kerry. My dear Kerry.
We are tested,
but the Lord gives us strength.
I can only imagine
how difficult this has been.
But you have
to have faith.
Paul wrote
in Romans 8:
"I am convinced
that neither death nor life,
"nor angels nor rulers,
"nor things present,
nor things to come
"can separate us
from the love of God
in Christ Jesus, our Lord."
(sighs)
(taking deep breaths)
Are you waiting?
What?
Oh, no, go ahead.
(sighs)
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This is my Uncle Jackson. Loved stealing cars. Just had a real passion for it. Do you have any pictures of my father? Just one. When I was away in Indiana, Cody drove all the way up to see me. Didn't even have a license yet. For the life of me, I don't know what we thought we had to smile about. This is my family, Helen. This woman's name is Sandy Lopez, and she's not my nanny. She was my partner. Your partner. My lover, my wife. The mother of my child.



to find you. And my being gay changes that? This is who I am. It's wrong, Kerry. I knew this was a mistake. It's not what God created. Why are people like you always saying things like that? Why are people like you so dismissive of people of faith? Because you have no faith that God knew what he was doing, that God created me, too. God did create you and He loves you. What is it about us that is so much more threatening than all the really terrible things in the world? Don't dismiss me

so easily, Kerry.

People are starving,

people are being shot at,

men are flying planes

into buildings,

yet the faithful are saying,

"Watch out for those lesbians,

they're gonna destroy

our God-gifted lives."

Well, the world

isn't perfect, it's

what we make it.

You just finished telling me

how perfect it was.

That neither life nor death,

angels nor rulers

can separate us

from the love of God

in Christ Jesus, our Lord.

I know the words, Helen,

I was raised in the church.

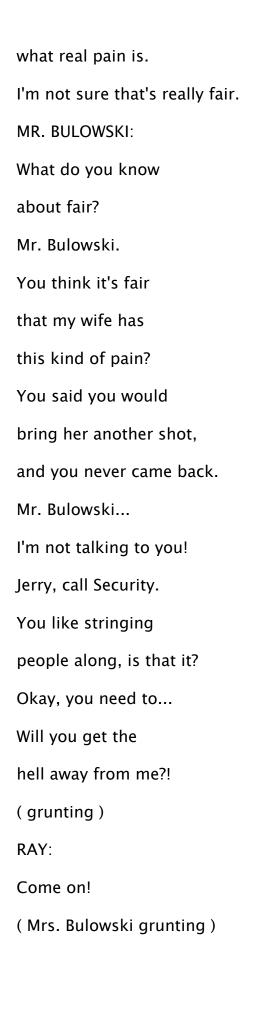
Then you know it's

healing mission.

Except that the welcome sign's

not out for everyone, is it? Do you hate all faith? No. No, of course not. I hate that my own faith now excludes me, tries to tell me I'm a sinner because of the people I love. It's the people you've chosen to love. I have made a choice: to stop living a lie about who I am. I was alone in my soul. Do you know what that feels like? My... my hotel's nearby. I think I'll walk. They won't budge. And I called Cleveland Memorial. She goes there twice a week asking for Demerol. She's in their turkey files. We're not gonna cure her habit

by denying her dr*gs today. Just kick her out, please? Weaver's gonna be pissed. Watch and learn. Mrs. Bulowski... I understand you're still experiencing some pain. It's better, but I think one more shot of Demerol would really do it. You've already had two. Hey. CARTER: Well, the problem is, is that when you use it regularly, as... I think that you do, it doesn't work as well, and you can grow dependent on it. Are you saying that my wife is some kind of drug addict? You don't know



Get him off of me! Beth! Come on, Beth! Where the hell are you? Beth! Beth! Get him off of me, Beth! (bedpan clangs) (panicked shouts continue) What the hell am I doing? (grunting) Who's winning? Neela was about to deck somebody with a bedpan. JERRY: I've always wanted to see something like that. Hard to let go of a dream, isn't it, Jerry? So, are we under control? Yeah, I'd say so. Thought you were gone for the day. Yeah. Me, too. Charlotte? Charlotte? It's okay, she's gonna be

right back, Mrs. Devon. Hey, where's her daughter? She had to pick up her kids. What's she doing? Is the roast... is the roast going to be ready? Don't worry, the roast is gonna be just fine, okay? She's folding napkins for her dinner party. The literature says that, generally, you shouldn't play into this kind of delusional thinking, but I don't really get the point of that in this case, do you? You got this? I think so. Dr. Weaver. What's going on with

the Pick's Disease? Found a bed for her tonight. Her daughter managed a placement, but they won't be able to take her till tomorrow. Thanks. Hey, I just wanted you to know that, um, I'm willing to have Jane assigned to me anytime. I'll bet. She's good. (chuckles): Yeah, no kidding. Hey, so, did you hear? They're bringing in a fisherman vs. horse. Vs. horse? Yeah, I know. You'd think it'd be vs. fish, which doesn't make sense, either, but...

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Go.
Hey, Kerry.
Hey. Aren't you in
a little early?
An hour. But with Sam on days
and me on nights,
we're just trying to steal
a moment when we can.
Have a good night.
Thanks.
Good evening.
Can I help you?
Helen?
Helen?
( muttering ):
That's the wrong...
They tell you
the coffee's free.
(chuckles):
You just got to pay for
the room, that's all.
You think about a day like this
for a long time.
You play out every scenario
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in your head. Except for this one. Is it because I gave you up? No. No, of course not. Is it because I didn't come looking for you for so many years? You don't get to paint the whole picture yourself, Helen. Feel guilty because you gave up a child, and then... get all warm and fuzzy because it turned out all right: she had a good family, became a doctor. If you're disappointed, it should be with the limitations of your faith, not in the way

that I've lived my life. I gave birth to a child who I abandoned. For all the right reasons, they told me. But I thought about you. And I came to realize that by giving you up, I'd broken my own heart. And faith is the only thing that gave me hope. Gave me courage. I can't abandon it, too. Can you accept me for who I am? I can love you, whoever you are. I don't want love without acceptance. It was so good to finally meet you. (choir crooning harmonies)