

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"]

transcript

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

is officially over.

Good evening.

Can I help you?

Room 415?

End of the hall.

Helen?

Helen, it's Kerry.

I don't want to leave it

like this.

The things that we said...

Is this how you

want to leave it?

If it is, tell me,

and I'll go away...

like we never even met.

I heard it was

supposed to be sunny

and slightly warmer today.

I heard "partly cloudy,

chance of rain."

Winter.

Did you know

that most snowflakes

are less than

one-half inch across?

Uh, no, I didn't...

Do you know

why they're white?

The complex structure

of snow crystals

results in countless

tiny surfaces

from which visible light

is efficiently reflected.

What little sunlight

is absorbed

is absorbed uniformly

over the visible wavelengths

thus giving snow

its white appearance.

What's wrong with you?

(laughs)

Alex had a school report.

Luka and I got

kind of into it.

Yeah, guess so.

Excuse me...

Do you know how much longer

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 funny–
funny, 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.

She used to be my roommate.

WEAVER:

Shall we get back

to medicine here?

Atypical chest pain

waiting on a second troponin.

I'll take it.

How come Weaver's on?

How come Weaver's on?

She does two shifts a month

to keep up her skills,

to stay in touch with

the needs of the department.

Our lucky day.

Teenage ice skater

bleeding like a stuck pig

out in the waiting area.

Frank, let's get

a wheelchair.

Okay.

Someone might want

to grab the trauma

at the back door.

Carter, take Neela with you

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.

No head injury.

Guess he's

sleeping it off.

Regular or Phillips head?

What?

Stabbed with a

screwdriver, right?

Yes. At least 20 wounds,

all superficial.

I'd say regular.

Sonosite.

Mr. Scanlon, what

is Hamman's sign?

Uh...

A crunching sound heard

with pneumomediastinum,

listen for it.

TAGGART:

X-ray's back.

What is normal

intrapleural pressure?

Negative...

Negative ten to 12 millimeters

of mercury.

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

and don't listen to any of
Dr. Dubenko's suggestions.

So, Dr. Lewis...

Don't start.

Oh, okay.

No problem.

We humble surgical servants
shall leave this
in your capable hands.

Uh, Jake...

do not move

Mr. Screwdriver

without a foley,

an NG, three crits and
a four-hour chest film.

Oh, and suture
all the lacs.

All 20 of them?

Oh, yeah.

Sharon Williams, BP 124/70,
pulse ox 90.

No history of asthma
or emphysema.

Thanks, Haleh.

Sharon Williams?

You're Dr. Weaver?

I'm sorry, of course

you're Dr. Weaver.

You were in once before?

Yes.

And when was that?

Oh, God, let me think.

I don't know,

I can't quite remember.

You know, I'm actually
feeling much better now.

I probably didn't
need to come in.

Well, as long as you did...

Well, I don't...

This whole thing
is silly.

I don't know
what I was thinking.

I'm much better,
I'm breathing fine.

Why don't you
let me examine you

and we'll make sure of that.

Okay, you said you experienced
shortness of breath?

Yes.

Any cough or fever?

No.

Have you had any
prolonged periods
of immobilization
like a plane or car trip?

No.

Lungs sound good,
oxygen level is fine.

We'll check a few tests
and see what's going on.

Haleh, EKG, PA and
lateral chest, D-dimer.

Sure.

And I'll be back
to check on you later.

Dr. Weaver.

Yeah?

Is there something
you need?

No, no.

Well, yes...

It's not really
important.

What's not important?

Well, I was wondering,
the daughter
of a friend of mine
is thinking about
medical school.

Do you like
what you do?

Very much.

Did you always want
to be a doctor?

From when I was a little girl.

So you were lucky,
then, weren't you?

Getting the
opportunity to do it.

Ms. Williams,
is everything all right?

Oh, I'm fine, Kerry.

Really.

Thank you.

I don't want to take up
any more of your time.

Okay then.

Sharon Williams,
let's pull up her records
from the last time she was in.

Sure.

Can you wiggle
your fingers?

Can you wiggle
your fingers?

Why don't you just
give it a try for me?

Why don't you just
give it a try for me.

Charlotte,

Charlotte, the dinner party.

The dinner party,
they're going to be here early.

It's okay, Mom.

What are we going to do?

It's okay.

Mom, it's okay.

5:30 this morning

I hear her

crashing around

in the kitchen.

You got a bathroom

around here?

Chuny...

Mrs. Devon, you

can come with me.

You can come with me.

With me.

There is no

dinner party.

She was in the kitchen.

She thought she was

cutting chicken...

she was cutting her own hand.

Well, we're gonna take

care of that.

When did her symptoms start?

Two years ago.

She was only 58.

We've been able to keep

her at home, but now

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

a med-surg bed for the guy
with holes in his back.
I'd like very much
to do that.
Dr. Weaver. That patient,
Sharon Williams?
There's no record of
her being here before.
I asked her about it
and she got pretty nervous.
Wants to leave AMA.
Now?
Yeah.
"Gathering supplies"?
Yeah. I know. Okay. I know.
Excuse me. Uh, that
woman who was here.
Did you see her leave?
Yeah, just now.
Kind of bolted.
You want me to try
and catch her?
Ms. Williams.
Please wait.

Your test results

aren't back yet.

I don't need 'em.

It shouldn't be

much longer.

I don't need 'em.

You could have

a blood clot in the lung

or fluid around

your heart.

Stop, please.

I don't have any

of those things,

There's nothing

wrong with me.

I don't understand.

I've never been

to this hospital before.

My name's not

Sharon Williams.

It's... Helen Kingsley.

I'm your mother.

WEAVER:

Who'd you say, Kovac?

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

arm, though. Don't forget that.

NEELA:

I was going to order

some morphine.

PATIENT:

Makes me sick

to my stomach.

HUSBAND:

Demerol's the only thing that
works when she gets like this.

We could try Toradol.

Allergic.

Demerol.

Okay, we will be right back.

Neck pain with radiculopathy
consistent with herniated
disk syndrome.

Allergic to Toradol--

she may as well have told us
she's a Demerol addict.

We have no objective test
for pain.

Shouldn't we err on the side
of believing 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

the whole time?

Yep.

I'm going out.

Carter, would you

take over

this bowel obstruction

in Four...

Retinoschisis in Two...

Mr. Langstaff with pyleo,

he's waiting

on an admit to medicine.

A 72 year-old female

with nausea

and I need an LP

on the fever in Six.

You're signing

out a spinal tap?

So much for every case.

(choir crooning harmonies)

(choir continues)

* Just as I am

* Without one plea

* But that Thy blood

was shed for me *

* 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

out of college.

Free spirit,

bouncing around.

And I'm... divorced.

I always had

this image of you

living somewhere with this

happily-ever-after family.

Ending the marriage was more

difficult than I imagined.

The church saved me,

gave me back my life.

Except for that

part of my life

that's taken up

with my business.

I own an auto parts store.

That's unusual.

I know. Nobody

can quite believe it.

But it was part of the

divorce settlement.

Oh.

Thank you.

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...

Kinda pushed a
button, huh?
I guess I'd always
thought about him
over the years...
although not as much as
I thought about you.

(beeping)

Oh.

That would be work.

She's concerned,
and so am I.

I understand,

Mr. Bulowski.

The pain is still
in her neck.

And still in my arm.

Yes, I understand
that, too.

I thought that you were
going to help her.

Dr. Rasgotra?

Excuse me.

Mrs. Bulowski complained

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.

We've got charts
in the rack for four hours,
12 patients on the board,
and we're 50 behind in triage.

You're back.

Yes.

Are you
going out again?

Yes.

Yes?

I irrigated
the obnoxious bald
guy with the head lac.

Got moved into Trauma Two.

I can take
that, Susan.

Okay. Thank you.

ABBY:

I don't know.

I don't understand.

JAKE:

Well, after I
explain, you will.

Dr. Weaver.

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.

You know what?

4:30 and it's already dark.

Winter.

You really are

leaving, aren't you?

You know that patient

who was here this morning,

Sharon Williams?

Yeah.

She wasn't really

a patient.

Yeah?

Do you remember when I was

looking for my birth mother?

Oh, my God. You found her?

She found me.

Kerry...

Oh, I'm so happy for you.

Is it weird?

There's a lot to take in.

I mean, there are certain things

that she's told me, and...

there are a lot of things

I still have to tell her.

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?

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)

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.

She was a firefighter,
and she died last year.

You're gay?

Yes.

I wanted to tell you earlier,
but I was afraid.

My mom and dad died before
I came to accept it,
so I never got a chance
to tell them.

Uh...

uh, so they never knew
you made this choice.

It's not a choice.

It's who I am,
who I was born as.

Will you pray with me?

No. No. I am not
gonna do this.

Kerry, please...

Kerry...

HELEN:

I didn't mean to offend you.

I was just so glad

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

what real pain is.

I'm not sure that's really fair.

MR. BULOWSKI:

What do you know
about fair?

Mr. Bulowski.

You think it's fair
that my wife has
this kind of pain?

You said you would
bring her another shot,
and you never came back.

Mr. Bulowski...

I'm not talking to you!

Jerry, call Security.

You like stringing
people along, is that it?

Okay, you need to...

Will you get the
hell away from me?!

(grunting)

RAY:

Come on!

(Mrs. Bulowski grunting)

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...

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

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)