ER season 9, episode 18

excerpts

["sion, \n you're going to have \n to do it quickly. \n The GYN team here is standing by \n to perform an abortion. \n (gasping) \n I want her to live. \n Your wife is going to die. \n She's going to fight this. $\n Do$ "]

g	oing to fight this. \n Do"]
	transcript
P	reviously on ER:
	'Il take him up myself.
	Dr. Romano, your arm.
	Damn it!
	'm fine.
	Let's just, let's go.
	Let's roll.
,	We're going to Las Vegas
i	tonight.
	Are you ready?
	've asked Robert
i	to consider
,	sharing the Chief of Staff
	position with you.
	'd rather cut
,	off my good arm.
	Fine. Congratulations, Kerry.
,	You've just become

Chief of Staff.
That was a gift.
From a grateful patient?
Grateful girlfriend.
I have a few meetings with
department heads later.
Otherwise, I
would have waited.
Oh, yeah, of course.
I'll have all this
sent to your home
by week's end.
Dr. Weaver?
Yeah.
Maintenance is here.
Send them in.
What happened
to Brenda?
We had to let her go.
She seemed unwilling
to make the transition.
Centered, right
above the backs
of the chairs,

and at museum level.

I always hated

the Impressionists.

Look, it's a

lateral move, Robert.

All that sugar-coating

of the truth.

Believe me, it

wasn't my idea.

Dr. Anspaugh thought

it might be a

good interim step.

That's strange, because

this little power play

smacks of a certain

estrogen-based malice

I've grown

all too familiar with

over the years.

You know... I really

wish you'd try to

appreciate the fact

that we're trying to

do you a favor here.

What you're doing

is bending me over

and driving it

up the chocolate highway--

let's be honest.

You're a one-handed

surgeon, Robert,

not to mention a human

resources nightmare,

and a lousy

administrator

who's burned more bridges

than you've ever built.

You're lucky to

have options at all.

Oh, you're suggesting

I have some.

Yes, you do; you have three.

It's this, it's teaching

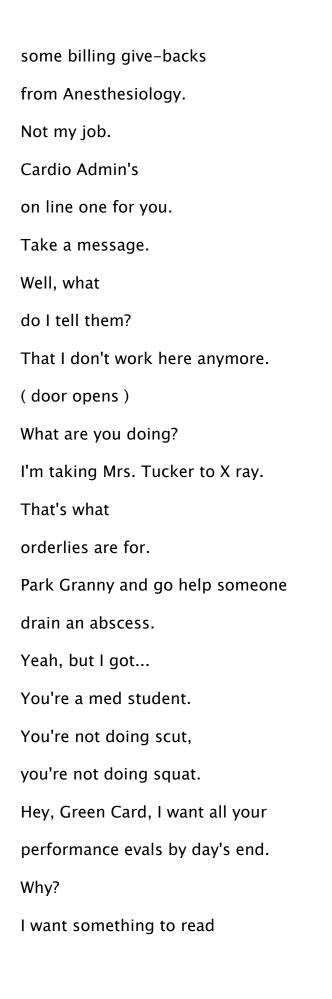
or it's out.

Could I get your

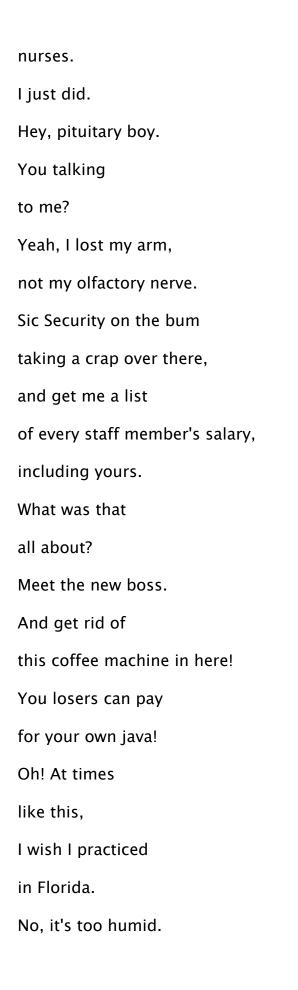
home address...?

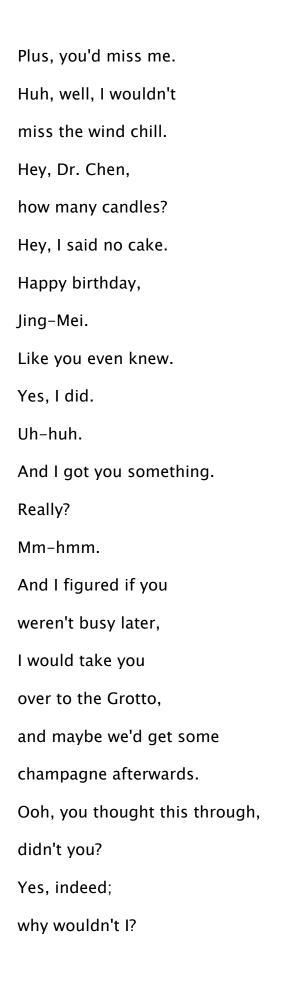
Bite me, Nancy.

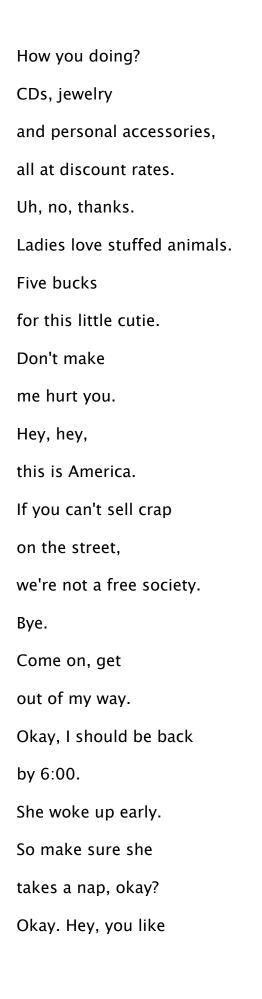
Dr. Romano, I have



when I'm on the can.
Why do you think, Igor?
You're on my hit list.
Who supplies
the nurses' scrubs?
Allied.
Switch to Lindeman's.
They hug booty better.
What the hell are
you looking at?
Oh, hey, hey, everybody!
Great news
pinata out in the parking lot.
Andale, andale.
They're here for
one of their kids.
Yeah? Well, they need
to stop having kids.
Clear them out
or you're fired.
What?!
Let me rephrase that;
you're fired.
You can't fire







the sign I put up? Yeah. It's, uh, sweet. Okay, my darling, bye-bye. Hey, kids love stuffed animals. Five bucks for this little cutie. No, thank you. Comes in pink. You're scaring her. I got dolls in here, too. Go, go! (screaming) My foot! My foot! Told Haleh she was fired. Said it was a management tool. Always fire someone the first day. Lets them know who's boss. He can call himself king as long as I get severance. Hey, Abby, can you park Mrs. Strohm here in Exam One? Uh, no. We lost

another exam room.
(sighing)
Go park her in the hall.
Weaver never had an office.
Said he'd take the lounge
if we're not careful.
And put our lockers where?
Triage?
Oh, that's great.
So, now our personal stuff
can get stolen, too.
Too late.
Brand new leather gloves
right out of my locker.
Real leather?
Yeah. Why?
Animals died to make them.
Right, and we should all wear
canvas shoes.
Oh, God!
I could use
a little help here.
CARTER:
What happened?

Corday's nanny ran over his foot. With her freakin' minivan. I'm crippled. How did this become your problem? Elizabeth decided that it was an E.R. case. Yeah, it's typical. We got any open beds? **ROMANO**: Yeah, if he's a paying customer. Otherwise, park him in the hall. For anyone late for his or her shift, be advised that I am now in charge of this human cesspool. Say good-bye to the warm fuzzies of the Weaver era, and hello to the age of efficiency and cost effectiveness.

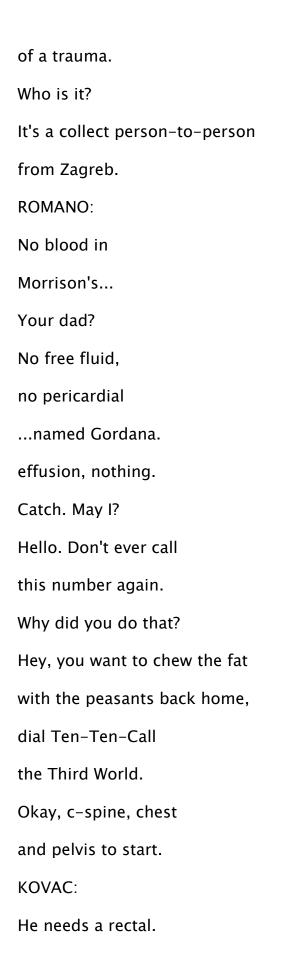
Future tardiness will result in a docked paycheck and/or letter to file. And once you do get to work on time, you will treat, you will street, and you will do so as quickly as humanly possible. Any questions? Didn't think so. Medivac, two minutes out; auto versus ped. Kovac and Carter, and keep dispositions under 20 minutes. Doctors Lewis, Chen and Pratt can focus on clearing the board, and you can get me a breakfast burrito, extra cheese, hold the salsa. Please? Get your love at home.

Should be

interesting.
Romano in charge.
Seen any movies
lately?
Nope.
Tried that sushi place
at Navy Pier yet?
No.
It's good.
Long time now
that you've been together.
Yeah, a year?
Almost.
That's nice.
Josh Rushing, 37.
Long way from County.
Busy day; we go
where they tell us.
Scalp lac,
multiple contusions.
Probable
hit-and-run.
He's suffering
from exposure.

He's been down a while. Homeless? After a couple of days out, everybody looks homeless. Is Susan Lewis working today? Yeah. Why? Jack-knifed rig on the Dan Ryan with an SUV trapped underneath. Damn it, we got to go! Okay, on my count-one, two, three. CBC, lytes, bun, creatinine, and let's get an accu-check. His wallet says he's an accountant from Indiana. What's he doing walking the back roads of Illinois? Got a clavicle deformity

on the left.
Exercise? 18 in the right A.C.
with a liter up.
Accu-check is 96.
Not in loafers.
Pretty isolated
out that way.
Lucky they found him
at all.
All right, what have we got?
A possible car
versus pedestrian.
Vitals stable
but unresponsive.
This is why
I went to med school
so I could practice
veterinary medicine.
Sonosite.
Both lungs are up.
He doesn't need
a chest tube.
I'll be the judge of that.
Not in the middle



Oh, um, I took the liberty of checking the union manual.

You can't fire nurses.

They have their own

administrative authority.

You have to lodge

a complaint with

the nurse manager.

Fine. Tell Hally,

or whatever her name is,

that she can stay.

She already went home.

Uh, good, good, good.

Then have her come back,

but make sure she deducts

for the time she was gone.

And give me

b*llet points

on who I can pink slip,

and for what reasons.

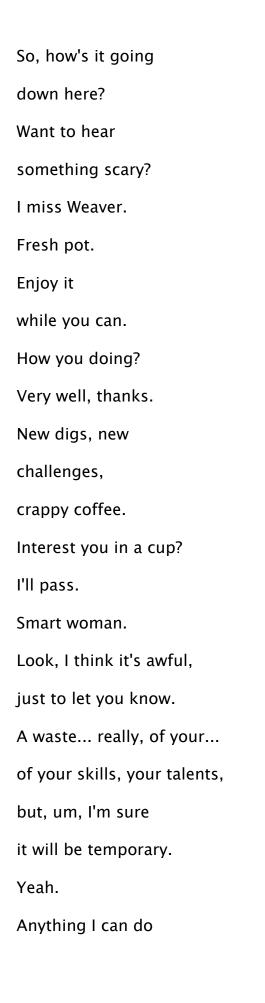
There are six unions

on the floor.

That's 12 volumes

of material.

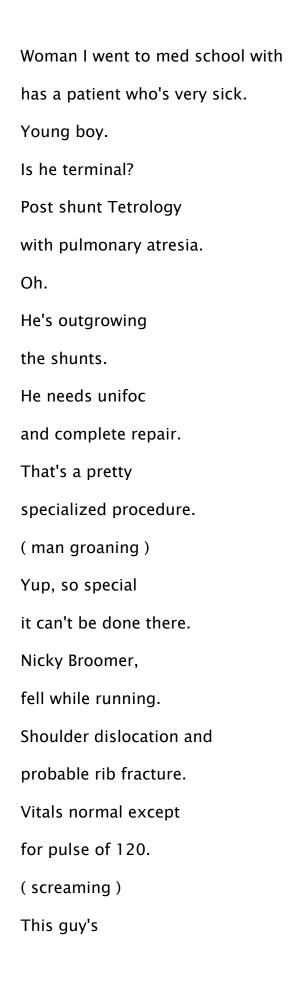
Fine, do yours last. So, uh... so, what's the story here? Sammy got ahold of Dad's nail g*n. Who knew he'd use it as a w*apon? He's a seven-year-old boy. Everything's a w*apon. This the nail g*n injury? Yeah. Well, Dr. Corday's got this now. Apparently, Sammy didn't think it was loaded. No. I knew. Well, the puncture appears to have glanced off the rib. You'll be fine. D.T. and a gram of Ancef? Yeah... and, uh, a psych consult for the son, perhaps.



```
to help?
(clattering)
You could sh**t me now.
B.P. stable 120/78,
and the tox screen's back.
No dr*gs or alcohol
in his system, crit's 50.
Hemoconcentrated.
Neuro exam looks non-focal.
I don't know.
On his own, no car,
out in the middle of nowhere.
You think he
was robbed?
Still had his wallet
with him.
Maybe he got dumped.
Maybe his
wife knows.
He's wearing
a wedding ring.
They're trying
to track her down.
100 of thiamine,
```

just in case. Did you know about it? What? The Romano coup d'état. No idea. Does it mean anything? Yeah, we're screwed. Dr. Weaver. John, I have to turn over a number of outstanding projects. Resident's time study, a Q/A of our portable ultrasound training. I'd be really grateful if you'd see them through. Sure. Excellent. So... how long is Romano going to be down here? What makes you think it's not permanent? Because whoever runs the department

has to have good communication and clinical skills. He is, uh... he's an experienced physician. His background is entirely surgical. John, you have to be associate professor before you can be considered for department head. I don't want his job, Kerry. I just don't want to have to do two of them. All right. Which one of you smartasses stole my crutch? (speaking Croatian) Do you have any plans for tonight? Oh, me and this guy named TiVo. We're going to curl up in front of the tube. You? Nah. Everything okay?



a runner? He's a junkie. He gets chased by the cops on a regular basis. He fell on the sidewalk, all right? It was wet. Are you high now, Nicky? No, and he's staying that way. Mint condition. The entire lot. The sky's the limit as far as mark up and the whole shebang's yours for only 30 bucks. Hey. I thought you said you couldn't walk, your foot hurt so bad. I hopped. I'm on the phone here. Yeah, take two Tylenol

every four hours and get a real job. Hey, it's at 3:00. What? Cake for Chen. Oh, right, right. So, Chuny, what do you think-flowers or candy? Ah, it's got to be something she can wear or what's the point? Okay, let's see who's losing the dispo race. Why that would be... Dr. Pratt, who will now be punished for his indolent ways. Lower back pain in Two, and an unknown intestinal disturbance in Four. Chop, chop. In second to last place we have Dr. Lewis. Well that's to be expected

from one who ovulates. She gets the maggot infestation in Two and then of course we have Mr. Gallant who's doing Cadillac work ups on Yugo patients. How are you, hun? Don't tell me. Don't tell me. Says right here, "My blood pressure is high." Well, hell, so's mine. But rather than go to a busy ER, I stay home and take my prescribed medication. Have you tried that at all? She's also diabetic and her EKG... Is entirely unnecessary. Give he a sublingual Nifedipine

and send her to clinic. Yeah, but that's not a... Are you filling some sort of special needs quota here, Mr. Gallant? You need me to say it slowly in the language of your people? (slurred): Sublingual Nifedipine. And when you're done with her, pick up six more. She's your patient, not your mother. They're letting any bottom feeder with a check into med school these days? Actually, Gallant is one of our best med students. Well that doesn't bode well for the future

of emergency medicine

but maybe by the time

he gets his license

we'll all be dead.

Typical, as Chief Resident,

I assign the med students

their cases.

Oh, when,

every other Tuesday?

Any patient here

over six hours

is a failure of your

management skills, not mine.

Treat, turf, or dispo.

With all due respect,

you don't have a background

in emergency medicine,

and quite frankly,

it isn't all that simple.

Feast or famine?

Hey, you're back.

Yeah, another chopper

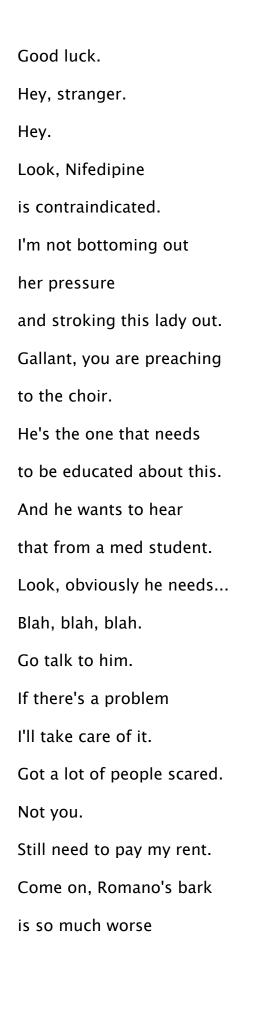
beat us to the punch.

Is Susan around?

```
Yeah.
(screaming)
Okay, your screaming isn't
making our job any easier.
This is hard for him.
Settle down, okay?
It hurts like a son of a bitch.
It's going
to continue to hurt
unless we pull
your arm out.
Radial pulse
is still strong.
Oh, God, please help me!
Maybe you should
just go ahead
and give him more
of versed or Fent.
Yes! Yes!
We already did,
he should be unconscious.
Then why is he
still screaming?
I don't know.
```

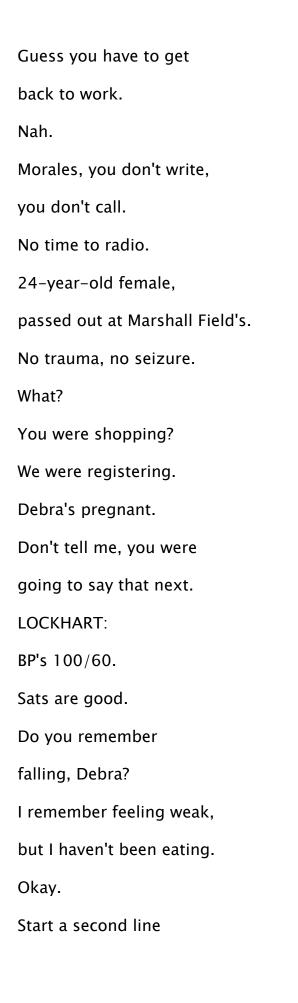
His ribs are broken. Yeah, that and he's going through withdrawal. I can't take it, baby! Hey, Susan. What?! I got a guy here who says he's your husband. What's he look like? Uh... tall, dark hair, flight nurse. Yeah, that's him. (man continues screaming) You were in Las Vegas for, like, two days. And three nights. We met on the plane on the way over there. Hung out all weekend. Were you sober at any point? Sunday night, we wanted burgers so we took a cab

to this drive through.
Turns out to be a mini-chapel.
Ah, so you figured,
"What the hell,
let's get married."
I know, it was impulsive.
Impulsive?
Okay, it was really,
really stupid.
Susan
I'm getting it
annulled anyway.
I haven't seen him
since the wedding night.
Well my flight
left the next morning,
he stayed there for a week.
He could have married
six other women by now.
Hey, do even remember
his name at least?
Uh, Chuck
Martin?
I think.

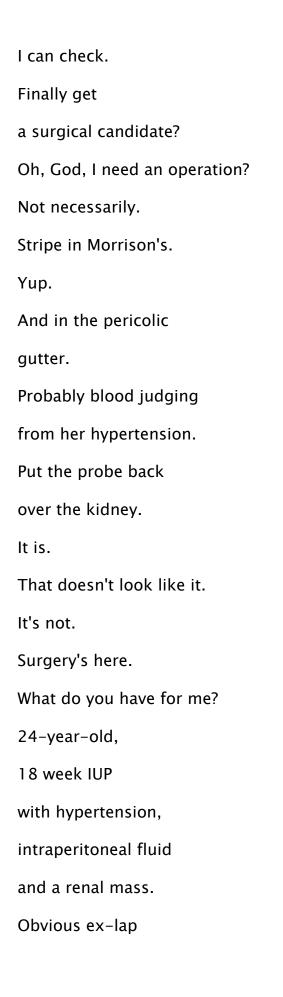


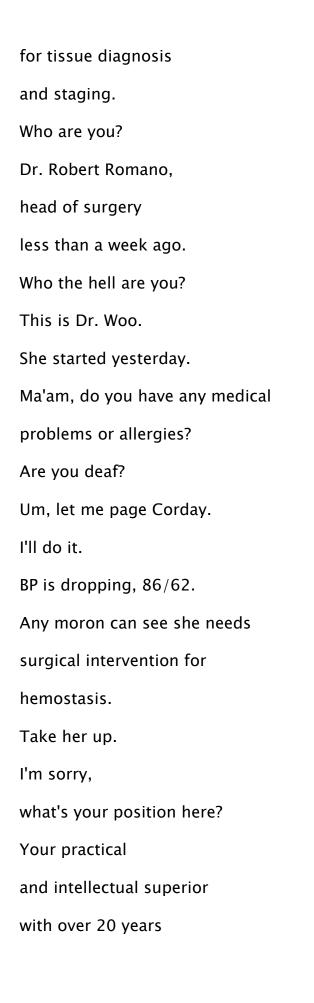
than his bite.
Easy for you to say.
You can walk away
if you want to.
So, Susan got married,
huh?
Can't call her indecisive.
Call her crazy.
When are you people
going to do something?
Oh, God
So I spoke
to an attorney.
Yeah, me, too.
He said annulling
the marriage should
be fairly easy.
That's what my guy said.
I have to admit,
I was a little worried.
Why?
Well, you know.
It was consummated.
Oh, yeah, right.

A few times, as I remember. More than a few times. The cabana? Right, right. Right, but since we never lived together, I figure it shouldn't be a problem. You say anything to anyone? Like who? My mom? She'd kick my ass if she knew I deprived her of a wedding. Same with mine. I kind of figured it wasn't anyone's business, you know? Exactly. And pretty tough to explain, too. Please, who are you telling? Kind of had to have been there. Yeah, made sense at the time.



and put up another liter.
Morning sickness?
Oh, bad.
My first wife had three kids.
She never even burped.
Maybe I'm not cut out for this.
What have we got?
Debra Strickland,
pregnant syncope, 18 weeks.
Hi, Debra.
Any cramping or spotting?
No.
Okay, let's spin a crit,
check a glucose and dip
a urine to start.
Ow!
That hurts?
Mm-hmm. And my belly.
It never did before.
How about when I do this?
Ow!
Yeah.
Abby, can you see if
Linda Woo is still here?

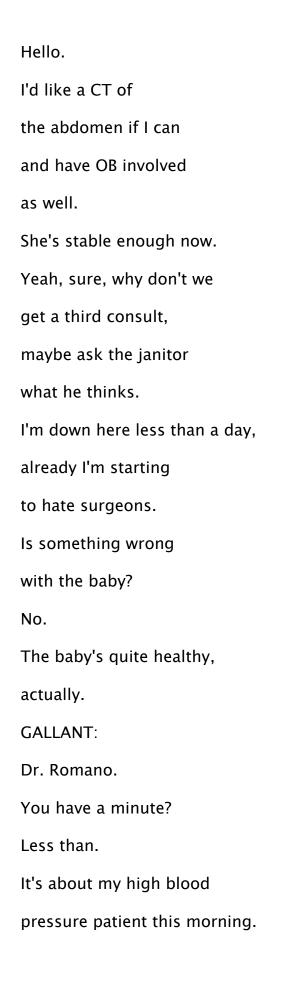




of surgical experience versus the two years of ass wiping you call residency. Take her up. Done. He was diagnosed at birth, but access to any kind of care has been limited at best. He's been revised? Twice. The last time, five years ago and the surgical team that performed it in Croatia has disbanded since then. And there's nothing else in Europe? Nothing they can afford. And County's pediatric thoracic group does unifocalization all the time.

Free of charge. Yes, but he's not a citizen. Neither are we, but we are here. Look, even if you get a surgical team to donate services, who's going to pick up the hospital tab? With some PR, charitable contributions could cover it. Yeah, but Kerry would still have to sign off on it. Are you on good terms with her? Uh, not really. Well neither am I. Look, leave it with me, I'll see what I can do. Thanks. Where's Dr. Woo? She... left. You need to teach

your residents to have thicker skin, Lizzie. She only cried a little. Pratt's consoling her. Oh, dear. Crit's 19, type and cross for eight and transfer two as soon as we get them. Right. Interperotineal fluid and a mass. And pregnant with profound hypertension. My guess, renal cell CA. **Necrotic mass** obscuring and deforming the capsule of the left kidney. Bleeding across the peritoneum, more like metastases. She'll definitely need surgery.



I should have

pointed it out to you,

but the use of

sublingual Nifedipine

is no longer indicated

because of a number

of case fatalities

from stroke.

I never said Nifedipine,

I said up her Metroprolol.

Works fine for

hypertension.

No, actually you said

Nifedipine and you said...

Okay, okay, listen,

okay, Goofus.

I'm the doctor, you're not.

It seems to me that

if it is your intention...

My intention is to serve

out my time in this hell hole

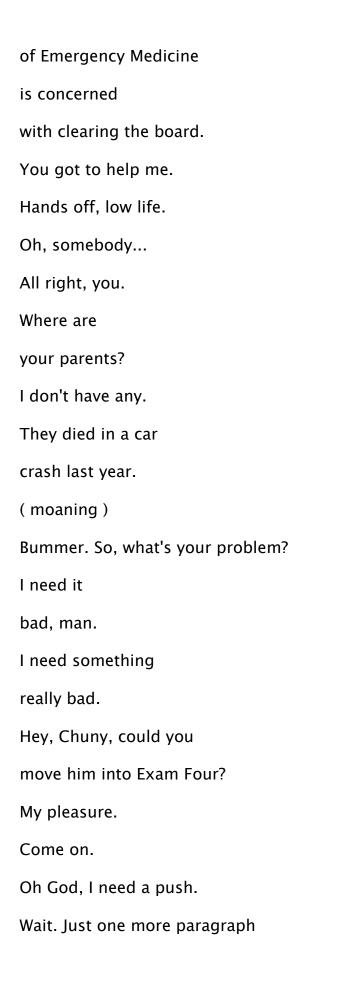
without having Affirmative

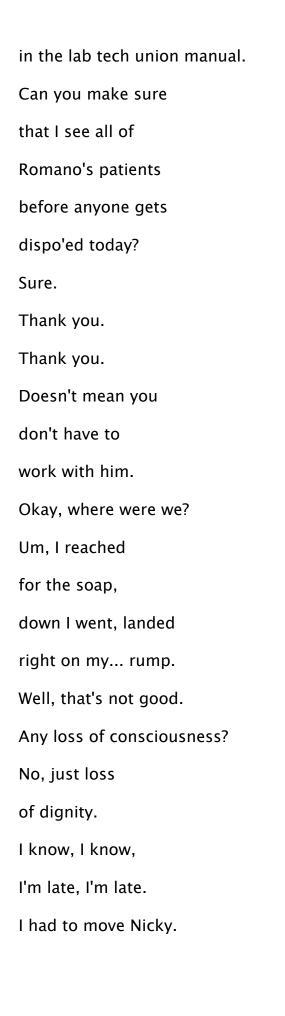
Action imbeciles like you

make me regret ever

having gone into medicine.
Your minute's up.
Hey, where are my b*llet points?
Uh, right.
Well, obviously you can't fire
medical students,
but failing them is a bad idea,
because then they just have
to repeat the rotation.
I'd suggest a marginal pass.
All right, what else?
(Nicky groaning)
You can, however,
fire care partners.
What the hell's
a care partner?
I can't stand it.
I'm in pain.
It's like a
non-union orderly.
Hey, you.
What's your name?
Ah, I can't stand
I'm in pain

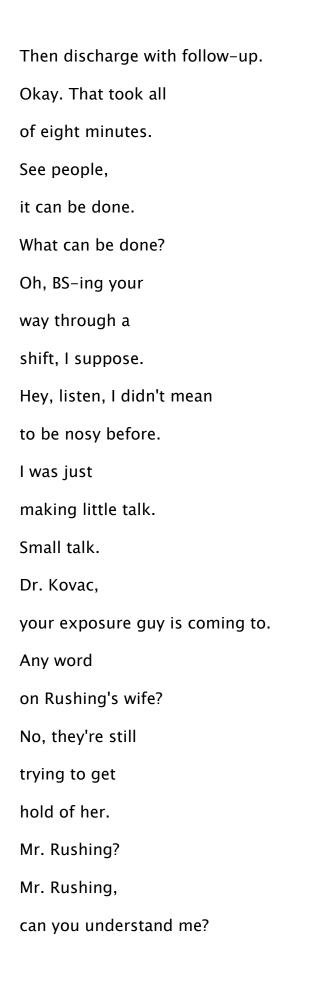
```
Jim.
Yeah, you pay
union dues, Jim?
No.
Good. You're fired.
I need something!
That is putting me on edge.
Yeah, well, it was a lot worse
when his girlfriend was here.
Tell Lewis to gag him,
sedate him, or k*ll him.
She's on break.
What? Is there some prerequisite
for working here?
You have to be
a know-nothing drag ass
who doesn't
wear a watch?
I always suspected
Weaver would k*ll her own mother
to get out of this dung heap,
and now I know why.
Because apparently,
only the Chief
```





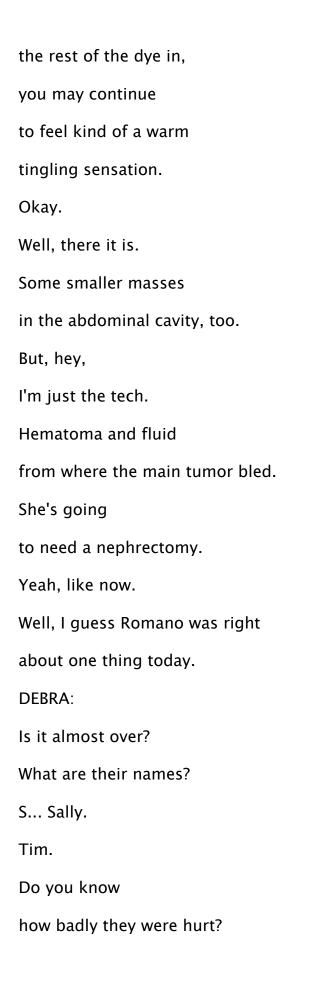
He was driving everybody crazy. Oh, sorry, thank you. And I sent up labs on your hyperemesis patient, dispo'ed your "no longer itchy" rash guy. Yikes, was I gone that long? I'll tell you what. If you take Sandra here, we'll call it even. I got to go check on a patient up in CT. Done. Slip-and-fall in the shower, possible wrist fracture. Congratulations. On what? Your newlywed status. Ooh, lucky. Excuse me. Oh, I've probably been looking for Mr. Right ten years longer than you,

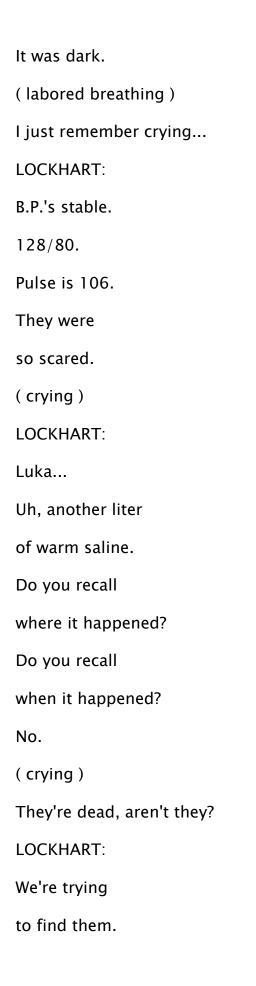
and still haven't found him. (coughing) Last time it happened, they kept me here. (coughing) You're done? I think so. What happened to your arm? Are you physically incapable of keeping your mouth shut? I mean, were you born that way or something? None of your beeswax. Breathe deep. Hey. What do you do for soft asthma? A couple of nebs and some prednisone? You're asking a nurse? Yeah, what you said, only I take an adult dose now. What he said I said.



```
Yeah.
Do you know
what happened to you?
Car...
(labored breathing)
...crashed.
Your car?
(labored breathing)
Where are they?
Who?
My kids.
We were driving...
Walked to get help.
Oh, my God.
Go get the police.
His kids are still
out there somewhere.
(shuddering)
(soft groan)
So, how long
have you been married?
Um, two years.
Some people think the age
difference is a problem,
```

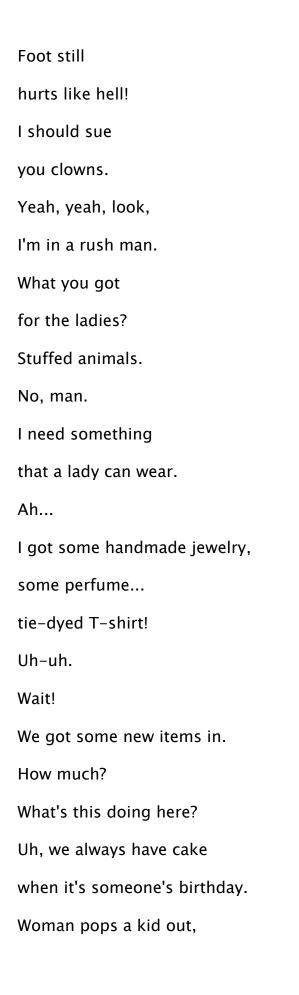
but I can't keep up with him. We're going to minimize the exposure to protect the baby. "Our little accident," Bill likes to call him. Oh, you're having a boy? Just a guess. Will you be able to tell? No, not with this. Oh, good. I want to be surprised. Okay, you have to lay very still, and there's an intercom in case you want to talk. Okay. CT Abdo/Pelvis with... and without. Fine cuts right through the kidney. Debra, when we sh**t





OFFICER: I'm going to start calling some of this in. Okay, this guy's approaching the six hour mark. Is he stable? Just finishing up a Heimlich. Which is the cheesy ER way of dealing with a pneumothorax. I did it so he could stay here in case his family's found. So turf him to medicine. Let them hold hands and sing "Kumbaya" there. His kids could be seriously hurt. That's right. But he's not, so get him the hell out of my trauma room. Look... What, what, what? Is this mandatory therapy crap making you a little soft, Kovac?

Do us both a favor. Stop seeing your shrink. I don't believe in it, and frankly, if you're that screwed up, quit. Where the hell have you been? Get back to work. Hey, welcome back. Right. X ray's backed up, and she's complaining of a headache. Let's get her to curtain area three and give her some Tylenol. You could probably use a lunch tray by now. What I could use is a husband. Does yours have a brother? Oh, no. Damn! Kippy, my man!



what the hell difference

does it make what day it is?

No more official

or unofficial recognition

of birthdays.

Oh, you can't be serious.

Singing, blowing out candles,

eating.

By the time

it's all said and done,

everybody's had a half-hour

break with pay.

It fosters community.

Yeah, and lethargy

by the looks of things.

Sandra Haycox.

What about her?

She has a broken wrist.

Cast her and cast her off.

She's complaining

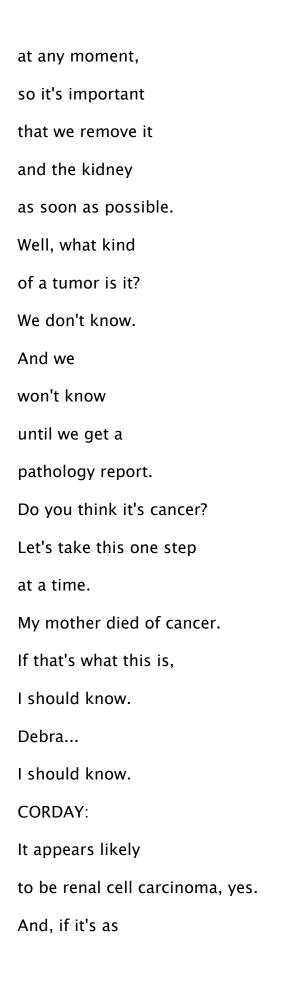
of a headache now.

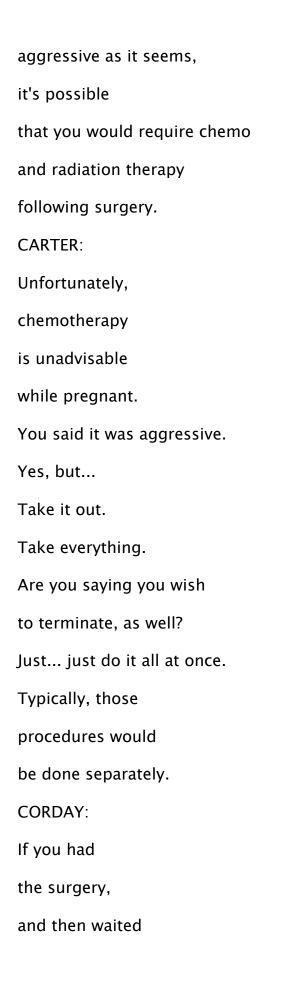
Uh-uh. Tell her to take a number

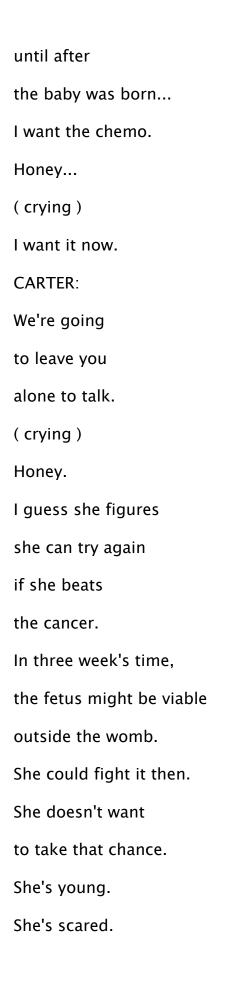
and get back in line.

One complaint per visit.

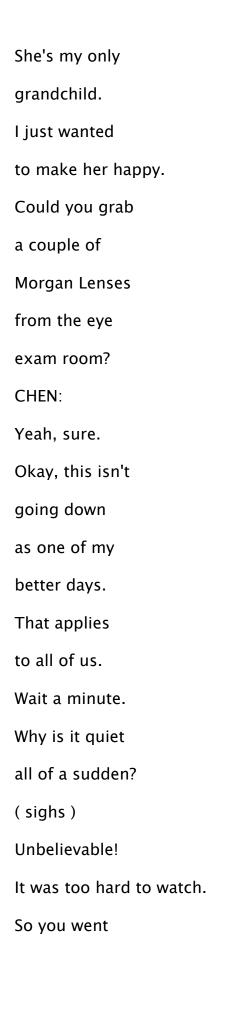
Hey, who ate my cake? (girl screaming) What happened? Eight-year-old front passenger in a single-car MVA. Seat belt, shoulder harness. Air bag deployed. Pretty hard from the looks of it. Facial abrasions. May have a ruptured globe. Why was she sitting in the front seat? Ask Grandma. The tumor outgrew it's blood supply, then part of it died, ruptured and bled. That's why you passed out. It could rupture again







Yeah.
* La gallina busca
el maize y el trigo *
pH is still over nine.
Pilar, how many fingers
do I have?
No veo nada!
* Los pollitos dicen
pio, pio, pio *
Do you think
the blindness
is temporary?
I've seen alkali keratitis
go both ways,
but this doesn't look good.
How's Grandma?
Well, she needs an immobilizer
for her knee.
Otherwise, she's fine.
What a difference
height makes, huh?
Why would anybody put their kid
in the front seat?
She begged me to.



out and scored? You weren't doing anything. I had to. You want Narcan? Put him on a monitor. At least someone's happy. Of course, it would be pro bono. Have you looked at our budget lately? Every time we open our doors, we're working pro bono. We're in a deep deficit, Elizabeth. I could contact local cardiac surgeons and specialists, ask them to donate their services. Which would account for about 25% of the total costs, and forget about Medicaid. The boy's not even

a U.S. citizen. Well, that might be something that would interest the media. I mean, look at the-the separation of the Guatemalan conjoined twins. Well, somehow, I don't think a Croatian kid needing a Tet Repair is going to get the same draw. Kerry, he's nine years old. He'll die without it. And we're just not able to help right now, I'm sorry. (pager beeping) Kerry, can I ask you something? Are you as concerned about Robert as I am? Uh, more precisely... his mental health.

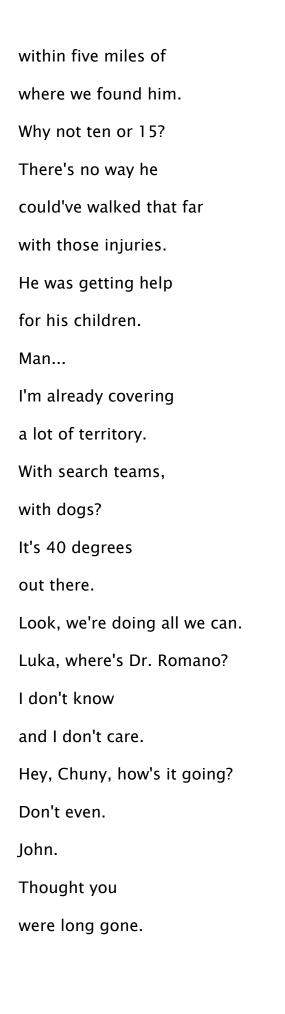
He seems... broken by this assignment. He's a cockroach. He'll refuse to evolve, and yet survive us all. Talk to me about residents. Um, you need beaucoup documentation, but you have a more powerful w*apon in scheduling. As long as they don't pull more than 16 shifts a month, or work more than three nights in a row, you can book them for every weekend, holiday, or playoff night you want. That's good stuff. Thank you.

How come the delinquent hasn't

been dispo'ed yet? Uh... that wasn't on my list of things to do. You didn't give Eddie enough prednisone with his albuterol. Let me get something straight. You overrode my orders? Yeah. Before he can leave, he needs to be able to walk and hold normal sats, which he can't do. Uh-oh, you screwed up. No, I did not. Maybe you haven't been listening. There's a lot of basic medical treatments... Because I believe I've made myself clear.

Because I believe
I've made myself clear.
a surgeon wouldn't
do every day,
and a lot of people here

who can help you... You don't question my judgment. keep from making critical mistakes... You do not override my orders... that would result in serious injury... and you sure as hell don't get too comfortable here, Dr. Carter. This is my ER now. And it stands for one thing--Everyone's Replaceable... even you. I need to know what to tell the guy. That better be a local call. It's a police matter. They haven't found the car yet? We checked every road, bridge, and river



Yeah, I just wanted to check

and see how Robert

was doing.

As expected,

he was abysmal.

He has no patient rapport,

severely stunted

interpersonal skills,

and he's incredibly

hostile.

Qualities consistent

with most surgeons.

Kerry, the guy doesn't

know what he's doing,

and he doesn't

want to learn.

And he almost k*lled

a patient today

by prescribing

an antiquated treatment.

But obviously, you stopped

him from doing so.

Yeah, but I can't stay

on top of the guy 24-7.

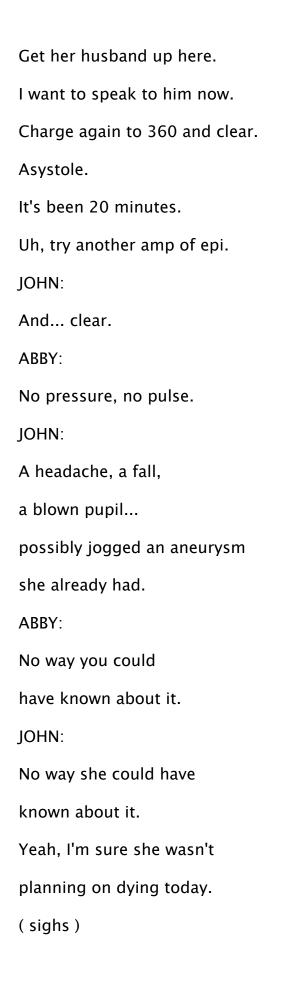
I'm trying to shift him to a more administrative role. What are you going to do, chain him to his desk? Look, the ER may not be the best fit for Dr. Romano, but it's all the man has. Just make it work, or better yet, work around him. Okay. Excuse me. I'm Diana Rushing. I got a message saying my husband was brought here. Yeah, Dr. Kovac; he treated your husband. What is it? Rushing's wife. I'll take you to him. Is he okay? Been worried sick

the whole drive over here-- I'm from Indiana. He's stable, but he's obviously very upset. When did you see them last? Josh left home four days ago. Who's "them"? Your husband and your children. What children? He said he was with them in the car when he crashed. We don't have children. Her caretaker says she's been complaining of white discharge. She have her period yet? Says she's a real woman. Mindy, hi, I'm Dr. Lewis. How are you feeling? Good.

We're going to do a test

on your private parts, okay? Set up for a pelvic. It's probably a simple yeast infection. Sandra? How's your headache. Did the acetaminophen help? Sandra... Sandra? I need a crash cart. I thought she came in with a broken wrist. She did. What happened? I don't know. Pulseless and apneic. V-fib. Charging to 200. And clear. Unit number six, going up. Tumor mass has invaded the renal artery wall and sections of the vena cava. You want me to call again? They won't tell me anything I don't already know--

it's stage 4B by the size and the spread of it. Let's take the kidney out. INTERCOM: Dr. Corday, call on line one. If it's Path, put it on speaker. Pedicle clamp in place. Metz to divide the vessels. Dr. Corday? Yes, Dr. Meechum, what are your findings? Furhman Grad four with sarcomatoid pattern and a high mitotic picture. (sighs) Sorry. Thank you. Done. Steel bowl. That's bad, I take it. Irresectable. We'd be doing her a favor if she bled to death. Her chance of survival is less than 2% at this point.



18:27.

Well, he's depressed.

That, combined with aspects

of disassociative disorder

allowed him to create this

weird, negative amnesia.

Was it a psychotic break?

Mm, not per se, but

he definitely needs

inpatient psych care.

When he talked about them,

he made them sound so real.

Well, to him they are.

Right now, anyway.

But they won't always be.

With the right meds,

it'll all fade away.

Ow!

Cervical motion

tenderness.

PID?

Yup.

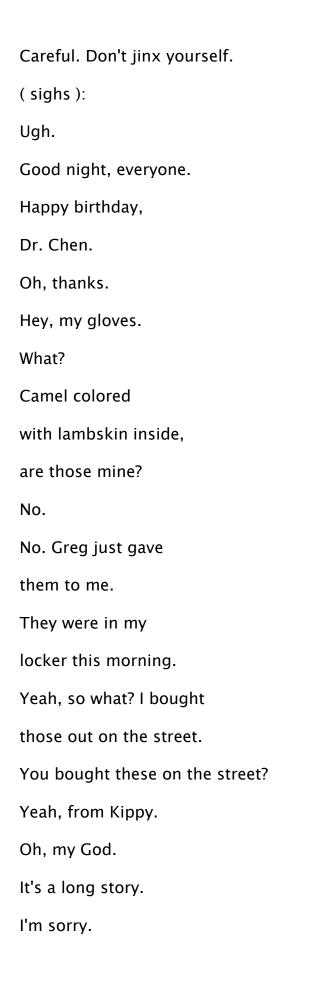
Mindy, do you have

a boyfriend?

Uh-huh. You're pretty young to be having sex, much less unprotected sex. You need to tell him to use condoms. What are those? That's not a good sign. Can you tell me his name so we can make sure he gets checked? He cleans floors. He says he loves me. 400 of cefixime and a gram of azithro. We're just going to help you get dressed, okay? Oh, man. You want me to call the facility? Nah, call the police first.

It's official. This has been one

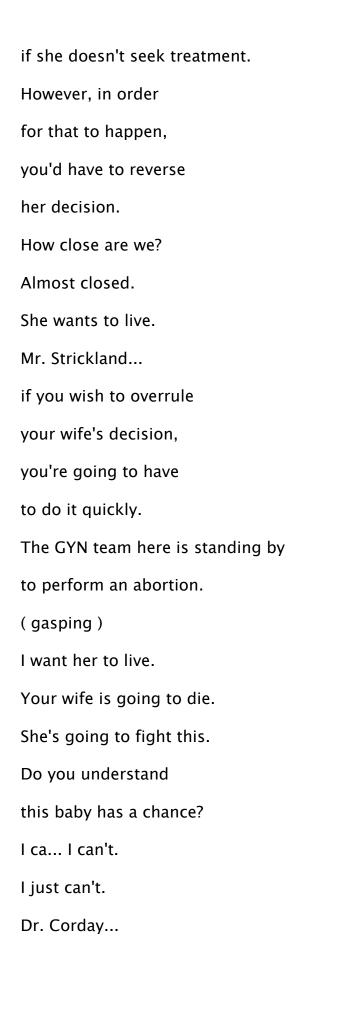
of the worst days of my life.

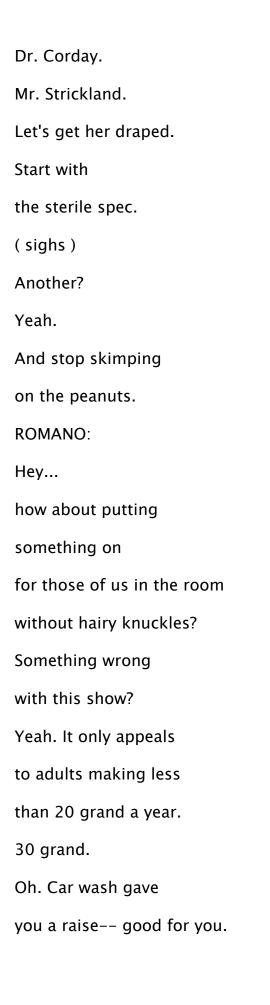


```
I'm sorry, I mean...
(scoffs):
I can't believe you bought my
birthday present on the street.
Yeah, but it was a good deal.
I mean, they're genuine leather.
If I were you, I'd put
them under a Wood's lamp.
(chuckles):
Nice.
Hey.
Hey.
What are you doing here?
Well, I know we're
not supposed to
see each other
until the lawyer's office,
but I figured if your day
was half as bad as mine,
maybe you could
use some company.
Well, eight-year-old
blinded by an air bag,
woman keels over
```

```
of an aneurysm,
junkie sh**ting up
in the E.R.,
and a teenage Down's Syndrome
girl with the clap.
Hmm. We had a family of four
trapped in a burning vehicle,
only one kid survived;
he's 18 months old.
You win.
What'd you get?
Oh, the, uh, burger
and fries we never got.
Knit one, purl two?
You take much longer,
you're going to be sewing scabs.
If I go faster, the edges
don't evert well.
I love watching
med students suture.
It reminds me
how good I am.
Was.
What did you say?
```

He said "was." Loose stools in Exam Four. Knock yourself out. We're almost there. Skin stapler will be next. Cut, please. Pressure's steady at 110/68. He's here. Mr. Strickland... (sighs): ...I'm afraid we've discovered a highly malignant and inoperable cancer. Stapler ready. Your-your wife's chance of survival, even with the most aggressive form of chemotherapy, is extremely poor. But not impossible? The one sure thing is that she will survive long enough to deliver your baby





I'm a copier tech.

Well, that explains

the dirty fingernails,

but not why you enjoy watching

half-naked chunky-trunks

pull tractors

with their teeth--

must be some sort

of h*m*-erotic thing

for you, I guess?