

ER season 7, episode 21

excerpts

["– I was married! \n – Get pregnant. \n – I was pregnant! \n What happened? \n What happened? \n I had an abortion. \n Some people aren't meant \n to be mothers. \n Abby... \n ...I was a lot younger than you are now \n "]

transcript

You should know you're being  
considered for chief resident next year.

I'm pregnant.

– Roger's out of town.

– Yeah, is he ever around?

We haven't been getting along  
too well lately.

– What do you want, Kerry?

– I thought you might be hungry.

No. No, I'm not, and I have  
a ton of work to do. So...

Your mother was just transported  
to her commitment hearing.

Aren't you supposed to testify?

Mrs. Wyczenski is released  
on her own recognizance.

– She needs hospitalization!

– I'm not debating it with you, Miss.

Why do you think I'm here?

Because you know she needs your help,  
even if she doesn't want it.

I just hope you didn't order  
from that Thai place again.

Very good. My turn now? My turn?

Did he finish his breakfast?

No, but I got him

to eat some strawberries.

Cleo, he's supposed to have hot cereal  
before he gets treats.

These are just as nutritious,  
if not more so. And they' re yummy too.

Tell the babysitter to make sure  
he has a good lunch.

– I cancelled the sitter.

– What?

I'm off today.

Cleo, Reece needs a lot of attention.

Peter, I'm a pediatrician.

All right.

Hey, see you, man.

Say, "See you at the game, Daddy. "

What? I didn't say

I was gonna play tonight.

You're not. You're going

to sit in the bleachers with Reece.

Come on. It'll be fun.

I'm playing first base.

– He doesn't have a jacket here.

– I'll go to Carla's and pick one up.

– No. You know what? I'll do it.

– I can go.

I said I'd go.

– I'm on the cell.

– Okay.

Want to play trains?

God, I slept so great. And the dreams.

It's so wonderful to be able

to dream again.

Obviously, the therapy sessions

are helping, and these walks.

Good.

You know what? You don't

have to stay home all the time.

– I'm sure Luka would love to see you.

– It's only been a couple of weeks.

– He's a good man.

– Yeah.

– So is your friend John.

– Yeah.

Must be fun to have two men  
interested in you.

– Mom!

– I've had men interested in me...

...all my life, you know.

Just not good ones.

Actually, I think your father  
was the best compared to all the rest.

– But I certainly blew that.

– Think we should head home?

– Why is it we can't talk?

– We're talking.

No. I mean about important things.

You know, Dr. Legaspi says

it might be easier...

...for us to do it

in a therapy session.

– Do what?

– Talk.

She wants you to come  
to one of the sessions.

- I don't think so.
- I want you to come too.
- You could come during lunch break.
- I'm gonna head back.
- Abby, will you come?
- I'm gonna go to work.

Come on. Just think about it.

All right?

- Hi.
- Hi.

Can I help you?

I was just dropping something off.

For Kim? She's in the shower.

I can give her that if you want.

No, thanks. I'll pass it on later.

- You're welcome to come in and wait.
- No. That won't be necessary. Thanks.

Give me your name.

I can tell her you stopped by.

E.R.

Dr. Greene? Yeah, sorry.

I need to get some lab slips.

Oh, sure. Sorry.

- Baby keeping you up, huh?

– Not really.

She slept for six hours last night,  
ten minutes at a time.

I've been in the hall for five minutes.

– I can't find a doc to save my life.

– What do you got?

Seven-year-old boy tried to put out a fire  
in a can. Thickness burns on both hands.

– Need some help?

– Sure.

– BP, / .

– Get it out!

– Is that him? He sounds agitated.

– You could say that.

I'm Dr. Mark Greene.

You want to tell me your name?

– No!

– It's Ben.

– I want this out of my nose!

– That's to help you breathe.

– It's only for a little while.

– You his mother?

– Neighbor. He's a friend of my son's.

– No answer at the kid's house.

- Good air entry. Both lungs are clear.
- Any way to contact the parents?
- He just has a father. I left a message.
- I want to go home!
- Let's go.
- Get it out!

What do you see me in?

A Beemer or a Porsche?

- Most of the time I see you walking.
- Okay. You can forget about a ride.

Carter, buy or lease?

- Dr. Dave behind the wheel, huh?
- This is topaz-blue metallic.
- What do you think?
- I think it's out of your price range.

I'm moonlighting

at a doc in the box, my friend.

- Three months, I got my down payment.
- Then what happens?

Fake my own death.

You playing ball tonight?

We'll kick Sanitation's ass.

- Maybe.
- Neck pain in Curtain is asking for you.

I'll be right there.

Black or sand interior?

I hope you're not keeping patients  
waiting while you shop for a car.

No, no, no.

I'm all over that board, chief.

Don't worry. He still has  
to pass his driver's test.

– Dr. Carter, can I speak to you a minute?

– Sure.

– Morning.

– Morning, Dr. Chen.

– Hey.

– Deb.

– Could you excuse us a minute?

– Sure.

Your application was intercepted  
by administration.

Processing time has improved.

You realize you're still  
in a probationary period?

Which will be completed by the time the  
chief resident's slot needs to be filled.

Why do you want to do this?



It gets me closer to a junior faculty position. Looks good on the CV.

No. I mean why risk compromising your recovery...

...by taking on a new and very demanding position?

I guess I don't see it as a risk.

Having teaching and administrative responsibilities...

– ... along with your clinical shifts?

– I'm in the program.

I've been managing my stress.

I got myself back up to speed.

Carter, you'd all but give up nights and weekends.

– It's a tremendous amount of work.

– I'm ready for it.

We can't just gloss over what happened last year.

– Neither can the committee.

– You're returning my application?

Did you honestly think that you'd make the first cut?

– Get your hands off me!

- He's all yours.
- Here. Let me take a closer look.
- Don't touch me!
- It'll feel better in a second. I promise.
- Mild erythema, no blistering.
- It hurts! Stop!
- Let the doctor finish. Okay?
- You want to tell me what happened?
- No!
- I think he lit the fire himself.
- Shut up!
- Why don't we get a burn tray for Ben?
- Sure.
- He's home by himself a lot.
- I said shut up!

I just wish he would stop  
hanging around my son.

Hey. Good news. Our second baseman  
has the stomach flu.

- Luka, I'm not playing softball.
- Well, you don't have to be great.
- It's just for fun.
- Actually, I happen to play very well.
- So go. It'll be good for you.

– I can't.

One night away from your mother  
isn't gonna do anything.

I miss you.

Have a good time tonight.

Conni, can you dispense some  
ketoconazole to Exam ?

– Sure.

– Thanks.

– Emergency ringworm, huh?

– Pretty hard to avoid.

– The guy has cats.

– You might want to give him a flea bath.

So, what was going on  
between you and Weaver?

Not much.

Except for her denying my application  
for chief resident.

Apparently, I still have  
a scarlet A on my chest.

Wow. I'm really sorry, John.

– Don't be. It makes you a shoo-in.

– There are other candidates.

Not really. I guess

congratulations are in order.

– Congratulations. You deserve it.

– Thanks.

– Not as much as me, but...

– Yeah, right.

– Hey.

– It's on the chair.

– I put a cap in there too.

– Good.

Just stay a while,

and have some coffee, maybe.

You know what? I need to get back.

– You all right?

– Yeah.

Roger moved out a few days ago.

I'll be okay.

Are you sure?

It would have saved us both a lot of  
trouble if we had just stayed together.

You know, Peter?

Would have been better  
for Reece, anyway.

He said he never loved me.

Carla, people say a lot of things

they don't mean when they're fighting.

I don't know. I think it's true.

Maybe we never had anything.

It will work itself out.

You and I...

...we had something.

Didn't we, Peter?

– Sometimes I think we still do.

– I'm not doing this, Carla.

Peter, don't go.

– Yeah?

– That's a nice hello.

Cleo.

– Did you make it to Carla's yet?

– A few minutes ago.

Hey, how about picking up deli  
on the way home?

– We can have a picnic on the field.

– Sure. Yeah. Whatever.

– You all right?

– Yeah, why?

I don't know. You sound funny.

– Is she giving you a hard time again?

– Who?

- Carla.
- You know, I'm sorry. I'm just in a rush.
- Reece, wait!
- What's he doing?

Hang on, Peter. Oh, my God!

- Cleo, what happened?
- Is there something wrong?

Read it and weep.

No bleeding, no hydrocephalus,  
no midline shift...

...no subarachnoid hemorrhage.

Okay. Do an LP.

You got a chronic neck pain patient.

Wait. You want me to give  
a Demerol junkie a spinal tap?

CTs are only    percent  
sensitive, Dave.

What are you two? A tag team?

I know what I'm doing.

- Oh, to be a junior resident again.
- Not.
- Dr. Chen, can I see you?
- Sure.
- Good luck.

– Thanks.

Chief residency

is typically an extra year...

...completing the emergency

medicine program.

In rare cases, we make an exception

and allow a senior to be in the position.

– Right.

– Unfortunately, your maternity leave...

...put you three months behind

on shifts and procedures...

...keeping you just shy

of senior status.

But I'm in the process

of making that up.

Yes, but the academic year

ends June .

And I'm planning on working every

weekend and every holiday until then.

Hospital policy actively discourages

work weeks in excess of hours.

And given that limitation,

it doesn't seem feasible...

...that you'd succeed

in making the deadline.

And as a result, I'm afraid you won't be  
a candidate for chief resident this year.

I'm sorry. I know it doesn't seem fair.

Wait. This is completely sexist  
and discriminatory!

– Excuse me?

– You all but offered me this position...

– ... prior to my pregnancy.

– Yes. And at that time...

...I anticipated your completion  
of the program.

I had a baby. I think I made a choice  
that was both legal and responsible.

Of course you did.

I made a sacrifice, largely  
for the sake of my career...

...and becoming chief resident  
is a huge part of that.

– Jing-Mei.

– I'm a good doctor.

I've offered to make up for lost time.

And I didn't screw up.

Under the circumstances,



I think I deserve a chance.

I appreciate your thoughts.

And I'll take them under advisement.

I'd hope you would.

– What is that stuff?

– Thermazine cream.

Make you feel better, and it helps

keep it from getting infected.

– My fingers feel funny.

– How?

– I can't feel the ends.

– No?

– Maybe with this hand.

– Hey!

– You know, that's not funny.

– Everything okay in here?

Yeah. Little Ben here

just tried to grab me.

– She was hurting my hand.

– Oh, yeah? Let me take a look.

He says he can't feel his fingers.

Here, let me see your hand.

What's wrong?

It hurts there, huh? Did you fall?

I don't know. Maybe.

Let's get an x-ray  
of this left hand just in case.

Hey, hey, hey.

– Hey, hey, hey.

– Settle down.

– My head.

– Yeah.

Okay, let me take a look at your head.

Okay. Do you remember  
when you hurt your ear?

– Huh?

– You got a pretty bad bruise back here.

Six-disk CD changer, tinted windows.

That's– Hello?

– There's an ACL tear in Exam .

– Yeah. I was on my way, chief.

Yeah? Dr. Malucci, you're a resident.

You can't afford a car!

What was all that about?

Misguided sense of job security.

Lot of that going around.

I heard you came by the house.

Yeah, I was in the area,

and on a whim, I thought I'd stop by.

Lori said that you had a letter,

but that you didn't leave it.

It just didn't seem like

the timing was very good.

I can see how

you would feel that way.

How long have you two

been seeing each other?

Not long.

I'm sorry. I know this

must be painful for you.

– No, I'm fine. I mean, it's fine.

– Okay.

Kerry?

– You take care of yourself.

– You too.

I've got an AMA form

I need you to cosign.

– I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt.

– You didn't.

You two okay?

– Dr. Legaspi.

– Hi.

Hi. I was wondering if you could tell me  
how it's going with my mother.

I'm sorry, Abby. I really can't discuss  
her therapy with you.

Even if she said you said I should  
attend one of her sessions?

I think that it would be  
mutually beneficial. Yeah.

Okay.

Could you give me a little bit  
of an idea what to expect?

Well, it's not an ambush.

I'm sorry. It's just that she lies a lot.

We meet at .

You don't have to come  
if you don't want to.

Still hurt? I'm sorry.

Oh, baby! Look at you.

– It's all right. Your mommy's here.

– How bad is it?

He's got a fracture  
of the fifth metacarpal.

– His hand is broken?

– He's gonna have to wear a cast.

– How is he gonna sign?

– He's not.

All right. It's okay. Mommy's here.

I'm sorry. I just looked away

for a second, and he was at the piano.

Listen, why don't you give us

a few minutes, okay?

Of course.

– Hey. This is your fault, you know.

– I am so sorry.

– Reece is not like other children.

– I know.

Then how come you didn't stay

in his eye line?

It was an accident, Carla.

I don't know what else to say.

I feel horrible about this.

– I want you to stay away from my son.

– Carla, can we just–?

What would have happened

if you turned away again?

What would have happened if Reece

had run out into the street? He is deaf!

You cannot just call him!

You have to be with–!

- All right, Carla.
- I don't want to see this bitch...
- I said back off!
- ... anywhere near Reece again!

Go.

- Hey.
- Hi.

Hit and run. ETA's five minutes.

Kind of like waiting for thunder  
after the lightning strikes.

Dr. Legaspi and I...

It ended.

I'm sorry.

Something changed?

Yes.

Do you love her?

Then you should go forward, not back.

Fifty-year-old male changing  
a blowout got sideswiped by a car.

LOC at the scene, but started  
coming around in the rig.

- Obvious femur fracture. Vitals?
- Initially, palp.

BP's up to /

after cc's of saline.

– Sir, can you tell us your name?

– Jim Vogel. God! My legs!

– Trauma . Go.

– Serial crits, type and cross times .

We got one more, doc.

She won't come out.

Restrained, but got a forehead lac  
from the mirror.

Brother says she's  
developmentally challenged.

– What's her name?

– Won't say.

I'm not sure she understands  
the question.

Hi. I'm Dr. Weaver.

Can you tell me who you are?

– Jim's sister.

– Okay.

We need to make sure you're not  
seriously hurt. Can you come out?

– I want to go again.

– I'm sorry?

- On a ride. It's fun.
  - She's been smiling like this...
- ...ever since I got her in the rig.

Here we go.

Crepitations on the right, with decreased air entry. I need that chest tube.

- Tachy at     . I'll set it up.
- God, I can't stand it.
- What do you got so far?
- Pneumo on the right, unstable pelvis...
- ... fractured right hip.
- Where's Bonnie?
- Is that your sister's name?
- Yeah.

Another doctor's checking. She appears to have only minor injuries.

Does Bonnie have any medical conditions other than her developmental delay?

- No. She's always been healthy.
- Okay.
- Sorry I'm late.
- It's fine. We're glad you could join us.
- Hi.
- Hi.



Please know that we both understand

how awkward it can be...

– ... to step into someone else's therapy.

– It's okay. I'm fine.

– Maggie, do you want to continue?

– Sure.

So Dr. Legaspi and I

were talking about...

We talked about a lot. But we were

talking about ways I could stay healthy.

You know, how to position myself

to get it together, keep on track. And...

...part of that is that

I've decided to go home.

– Have you talked to Eric?

– No, not Florida.

"Home" home.

I'm going back to Minnesota.

You haven't been to Minneapolis

in years, Mom.

I know that. I know. I haven't.

But I grew up there.

And I feel like I belong there. I've got

a little bit of family and some friends.

– What friends?

– Gina.

You remember Gina?

Well, I'm gonna stay with her.

She has a spare room.

She thinks she could get me a job in the  
convalescent hospital where she works.

Really? When did you arrange all this?

Last week. I... She accepted  
a collect phone call from me.

She was glad to hear from me, Abby.

She was glad to talk to me.

Anyway, I'll save enough money,  
and I'll get a place of my own.

– A place of your own?

– Yes. A place of my own...

...with no roommates, no men.

Just me. Maybe a cat.

– A cat? That would be a great pet. Cat.

– Are you reacting to your mother's plans?

I'm not reacting.

I'm just...

– Just what?

– Nothing.

Abby, I can't stay here in Chicago.

I don't want to go to Florida.

It's just too easy for me

to be a drain on you and–

You know, I think we're

way past that at this point.

What is your objection

to your mother going home?

Nothing.

It's very romantic.

You're not happy about it?

I don't know what you want me to say.

Yippee, she's going home?

Fabulous, that solves

all the problems? What?

– Then what is your solution?

– I don't have a solution.

I don't... I don't think

there is a solution.

To talk about this as if it were some

life-management problem...

...that you can plan

your way out of, well, it's absurd.

– Then what do you suggest?

– I don't know.

You know what? I don't know.

I don't know.

So I guess you're right. You have  
to do something, Mom. Good luck.

– So, what? You're leaving?

– You wanted to tell me. You told me.

– Well, I'm not going for a week or so.

– Okay, great. See you later.

– When did Ben Fossen's father arrive?

– While ago.

Someone should have told me.

– Hi. I'm Dr. Greene.

– Derek Fossen.

– Thanks for taking care of him.

– Sure. Can we talk outside?

Yeah. We'll be right outside, Ben.

Mrs. Shayatovich told me

about the fire.

– Your neighbor?

– Yeah. He's always getting into trouble.

– Yeah?

– Yeah. His mom's out of the picture.

– And I think it makes him act out.

– Well, those burns will heal.

Good. Thanks.

I'm just waiting on the psychiatrist

to come talk to Ben.

Psychiatrist? Why?

We found some unusual bruising

on your son, Mr. Fossen.

Do you know about that?

– No.

– You've never noticed the bruises?

– Well, he gets into scrapes at school.

– Fights?

– Yeah.

– Any serious injuries?

No more than any kid.

– I'm sure he'll tell that to the doctor.

– Look, he doesn't need a psychiatrist.

– And I have to get back to work. So...

– I know. I know. This won't take long.

We're supposed to be at the park.

Is that where you were driving?

Two to : we go to the park.

But we had a crash.

– I know.

- My parents had a crash.
- When's Jimmy coming back?
- I don't know.

Did they die in the crash?

Your parents?

So, what do you do

in the park, Bonnie?

The slide.

Anything else?

The swing. You know,

Jimmy pushes me.

Not too high, though.

Do you have

any other brothers or sisters?

Nope.

- C-spine is clear.
- No perihepatic fluid...
- ... but I can't see the spleen.
- Where's Bonnie?
- She's fine. She's getting some sutures.
- Thank God.

Minimal blood in the Thora-Seal,

but his repeat crit is .

- He's bleeding from somewhere.

- Probably here.
- What's wrong?
- You shattered your pelvis.
- That'll heal though, right?
- Yes.

But the bone may be cutting  
an artery. We need a CAT scan...  
...to see where the bleeding  
is coming from.

Lydia, call Radiology. Tell them we need  
abdomen and pelvis with contrast.

- Will I need surgery?
- We'll know after the scan.
- I can't be laid up. My sister...
- Yes, I know.

We'll try to stop the bleeding by injecting  
a clotting agent into the artery.

- BP's down to    /    .
- Okay. Hang another two units.
- And call for six type-specific.
- Okay. We need to go now.

I'm gonna bring Carla home, and then  
go by your place and pick up his stuff.  
Fine.

Listen, I told you. Reece,  
he needs special attention.

– Peter, I know that. I made a mistake.

– All right.

You know, but you're acting  
like I deliberately let him get hurt.

I'm sorry about what happened.

Carla gets upset.

Well, I don't get called  
a bitch by anyone.

Bonnie, where are you  
supposed to be?

– Finding my brother.

– Okay.

– Jing–Mei?

– You're supposed to stay in that room.

I have to tell my brother  
what I want for dinner.

– Why is he back?

– He dropped his pressure upstairs.

– There he is. Jimmy!

– BP's only palp.

Hang another two units on the infuser.

What did the scan show?



He crashed before we even

got him on the table.

– Dr. Weaver?

– Open a peritoneal lavage kit.

We'll go supra-umbilical.

Lydia, drop an NG.

– My sister has special needs.

– Let's worry about you right now.

– HemoCue is ten.

– Okay, we need central access.

– Somebody get Dr. Chen!

– There's no one else but me.

Okay, Jim.

Dr. Chen, put in subclavian.

– Got it.

– Pressure's down to .

– Pulse ox dropped to .

– Jim? Jim?

He's not breathing.

Give me a – tube.

– Bag him on percent.

– Get in that line!

Luka, if the tap is positive,

he goes to the O.R.

If not, maybe we can embolize  
the pelvic bleeders.

– I'm in.

– Squeeze all the blood you can.

Call for eight more units.

– Well, the hand's okay.

– Look at the wrist.

– Is that a Colles' fracture?

– Ben says he never hurt his wrist.

– Maybe he's too young to remember it.

– His dad doesn't remember, either.

– How did your talk go with him?

– Well, he's a pretty hostile kid.

– Clammed up when Dad showed up.

– Yeah. It was hard to talk to him.

His dad was standing outside  
the whole time, and Ben knew it.

– He's terrified of him.

– I think he is.

But he says there's no v\*olence  
in the home.

You saw that bruising.

That's him getting pulled by his ear.

He says he doesn't remember

how it happened.

You don't forget a broken bone  
or bruising like that.

- Lost his pulse.
- He'll never make it to Angio.

Pump in that blood.

Order two units of FFP. He's in V-fib!

- Starting compressions.
- Okay, charge to . Clear.
- V-fib.
- Thoracotomy tray.
- It's blunt trauma.
- It's an isolated pelvic injury. Clear.
- Lydia, close the blinds to Suture.
- Still in fib.

Three-sixty. Clear.

I'm starving.

We could pick something up  
from Doc Magoo's.

If I were smart, I would  
have gone to lunch...

...instead of getting reamed  
by my mother and Legaspi.

I don't get it. A week ago

she wanted her committed.

- And now she's completely on her side.
- It's not about sides.

Well, it felt like it was.

All of a sudden it was all about me.

What was my problem that I couldn't get onboard with this plan she figured out?

- Would any plan have made you happy?
- No.

When was the last time

your mom was in therapy?

- I don't know. Like ten years ago.
- That's different.
- Yeah.
- So you got a choice.

You can either hope

that she makes it this time...

- ... or give up.
- Right.
- Doesn't seem like you want to do that.
- I don't know what I want to do.
- Weaver dropped a b\*mb this morning.
- What happened?
- She bagged me for chief resident.

– Really?

Apparently my rehab  
has caught up to me.

– Oh, no. I'm sorry.

– It's not your fault.

Not exactly.

I guess part of facing the problem is  
accepting some people won't get over it.

– I'm sorry, John.

– Me too.

For you.

Get a –pack of platelets.

– Heart's not filling.

– Units and are in.

– Hold compressions.

– Still in fib.

– Vasopressin?

– Onboard.

Another of lido.

I'll take the internal paddles.

– How long has he been down?

– minutes.

– Charge to .

– Jimmy?

– Bonnie, you have to go outside.

– Clear.

– I don't like that.

– Charge again.

– Lydia?

– I don't want you to do that.

– We're trying to help him.

– But it hurts him.

– Clear.

– It hurts him.

Charge again.

Clear!

Heart's empty. Asystole.

Should we try pacing him?

Okay. That's it.

Time of death : .

– Can you close the chest up?

– Yeah.

Clean him up but leave the tubes

in for the coroner.

I'll tell the sister.

– Want me to come with you?

– Yeah.

I'm tired of it here. I think

Jimmy and me should go home.

The doctors are going  
to talk to you now.

– Hi, Bonnie.

– Hi.

Bonnie, this is your brother's doctor.

Is he ready to go?

Bonnie, Jim was very hurt.

And he couldn't recover  
from his injuries.

– Cover?

– Get better.

Your brother died, Bonnie.

I'm sorry.

Do you understand?

Like Ernie. He died.

– Who's Ernie?

– My hamster.

We put him in a box.

Okay.

Well, like your hamster,

Jim won't be with you anymore.

I got a new hamster.

His name is Ernie too.

You know how  
your parents went away?  
In the crash?

Jimmy went away like that too.

- But it's library night.
- I know.

And I get scared at night.

Bonnie, you're gonna  
have to be very brave.

Where's Jimmy?

There you are.

- Hi.
  - Do you have a minute?
- Sure. Am I in trouble or something?
- I don't usually do this.
- But I think it's important.
- I think you need to give your mom  
one more chance.
- Didn't I do that today?
  - You started to. And then you ran away.

Maybe because I've heard it  
about     times before.

- I think this time's different.
- Do you? Why?



Well, she hasn't been willing

to go to therapy for years.

- Now she's embracing it.
- I'd love to believe that meant something.

Don't let your mom go away  
without being able to talk to you.

- That won't make either of you happy.
- I don't think "happy" is on the table.
- Why not?
- Look, I'm not in therapy.

Fair enough.

But I'll consider it.

- What you said.
- Okay.
- She has the mind of a -year-old.
- And no other relatives?

Her brother was her only family.

I've tried ARC, Protection,  
and Advocacy. No luck.

The facilities are all full. She'll have  
to take a place at a group home.

No. I don't want her sent  
to a place like that.

They've got four or five people

in every room.

Unless you take her home,  
this is all I can offer.

Okay. But I don't want her  
sleeping on the couch or on the floor.

Well, I'll pass that along.

You'll have to get her there.

They're too backed up to pick her up.

– Oh, come on!

– I'm just the messenger.

– Look, in time she'll adjust.

– Adele, this stinks.

They have got job-training programs.

Hopefully she'll learn a skill.

– Adele, ready?

– Yeah.

Sorry.

It's about time.

Ben has not eaten since noon.

– We'll get him something.

– We'd rather go.

This is Adele Neuman.

She's a social worker.

– Hi. Hi, Ben.

– Hi.

My kid does not need  
any more counseling or whatever.

I'm afraid Ben's gonna  
have to stay for a few days.

– What?

– We're taking him into custody.

What are you talking about?

I'm not comfortable  
with the bruising I found.

God forbid you're not comfortable.

I also found evidence of a broken wrist  
which neither of you mentioned.

I told you that he fights!

– Would you tell them?

– I fight a lot.

If that's true, then you'll get  
to go home in three days.

– But now I need you to come with me.

– I don't want to.

You're not doing this to us!

Security!

– Get your hands off of me!

– You don't have a choice here.

- If you think I hurt my kid, you're crazy.
- I suggest you contact a lawyer.
- To sue your ass!
- It's for your protection.

I don't want to!

Let me stay with him!

- I'm sorry.
- Leave him alone!
- No! Dad! Please!
- You bastard!
- Please! Dad!
- Why are you doing this to us?

Dad!

- Hi.
- Hi.

Guess what? The super finally fixed  
the stove fan. So I cooked dinner.

Cucumber soup, a little salmon.

- Why don't you invite Luka to dinner?
- He's playing softball.
- That sounds like fun. Are you gonna go?
- I don't want to play.

The reason why I ran out today  
like that is because it's just...

It's scary to hope too much,

you know?

Yeah, I know.

I know I might not make it.

But, Abby...

...something happened to me in that  
ICU room.

I realized I don't want to die.

And more than that...

...I don't want my little girl to watch me  
die. I can't do that to you. Not ever.

That's what I wanted

to tell you today.

I'm gonna handle my life.

And I want you to get on with yours.

Okay.

– You can't put your life on hold anymore.

– It's not on hold.

You won't play softball

with your boyfriend.

– So? I don't want to play.

– Stop sitting things out, Abby.

I don't.

Yes, you do.

You can't use me as the reason  
for not doing the things you want to do.

- Go to medical school.
- That's not so easy.
- Get married.
- I was married!
- Get pregnant.
- I was pregnant!

What happened?

What happened?

I had an abortion.

Some people aren't meant  
to be mothers.

Abby...

...I was a lot younger than you are now  
when I had my first manic episode.

I've watched you since you were  
a little girl. You're not bipolar.

No. But my kids could be.

But they might not be.

They could be anything.

And you will just love them.

That's all.

You never even told Richard, did you?

No, I think that was  
the beginning of the end for us...  
...because we just stopped talking  
about everything.  
I just was too scared.  
I couldn't risk it.  
I just- I didn't want to...  
- Turn into me?  
- Yeah.  
Or have to end up  
taking care of another me?  
Oh, honey.  
Oh, sweetie, sweetie, sweetie.  
That's all there is is risk.  
You just have to take a chance  
and leap into life.  
Otherwise, sweetheart, you're gonna  
miss out on all the great things.  
Abby, you deserve all the great things.  
Do you hear me?  
But I like my home.  
Someone there  
will take good care of you.  
This man's gonna drive you, okay?

Jimmy was gonna make me hot dogs.

Take this woman to this address.

Make sure she's met

by an adult before you leave.

– Yeah, all right.

– Will they have hot dogs?

I don't know. But I'm sure they'll have

something good. Here you go.

I had better go to my home.

I'm sorry. You can't.

But I like my home.

I like my bed and my blanket.

Bonnie, you can't live alone.

But I need my blanket.

– Jimmy always gives me my blanket.

– Someone there will give you one.

And he gives me hot dogs

when I want.

– I like my home. I don't want a new one.

– Bonnie...

Zip your jacket, sweetie.

It's chilly.

Hey, batter, batter.

No batter. No batter.



Strike one!

- That's good, right?
- That's good.
- Put it right here, doc.
- You got it, big guy.
- That's strike two.
- That's all right.

Luka, look alive, man.

Hey, batter, batter.

No batter. No batter.

- You change your mind?
- I even brought my own glove.
- Hey, Abby. You playing?
- Yeah.

Pick your w\*apon

because you're up after Carter.

All right. Keep your head  
in the game.

You brought your mom?

- Go get them, John.
- Thank you, Maggie.

All right, Carter. Get in there, man.

- Luka, I didn't know you played softball.
- I don't. I'm last in the batting order.

You should put Abby up. She was  
an all-star on her Little League team.

– How about you?

– I'm just gonna watch.

All-star?

I like you in that hat.

– I almost look American, huh?

– Almost.

Some vocabulary for a –year-old.

Bone survey turned up bilateral  
healed spiral fractures of the radius.

– So you were right.

– Pin a rose on me.

Kim?

Hi, Kerry.

– This is for you.

– What is it?

It's how I feel about things, about you.

And I never really told you.

And maybe it doesn't matter now.

But I wanted you to know.

Okay.

You broke both your arms, Ben.

No, they're fine.

These are your x-rays.

These lines are fractures.

That was a long time ago.

I tripped at school.

No. You don't get these

kinds of breaks from falling.

After I tripped, I fell down the stairs.

No, Ben. You know

what I think happened?

I think somebody grabbed your arm

with two hands...

...and then twisted it

like you do with a wet towel.

I'm bad a lot.

You are?

I make too much noise playing.

I leave messes.

And Dad punishes you?

Well, how does he punish you?

Sometimes like you said.

He calls them Indian burns.

Yeah?

It's my fault. He wouldn't do it

if I wasn't bad.

No, Ben.

Nobody should break your arm...

...no matter how bad you are.

You understand?

I don't care. I just want to go home.

You can't go home right now, Ben.

I'm sorry.

Come on, Malik!

Show them where you live!

Run, Abby! Run, Abby!

Abby, go! Abby!

– Way to go!

– Brought your cheering section, I see.

That's my girl! That's great!

Go get them.

All right, Luka. Just meet the ball

like we talked about, all right?

– Hey.

– Strike one!

You were so great. You were great.

Did you hear me cheering?

Yes. I think everybody

heard you cheering.

– Strike two.

- Luka, don't crowd the plate!
- What?
- The plate! Get back!
- He's cute but he's no Mickey Mantle.
- No.

Ball one.

- Are you cold?
- No, no. I love it.

Thank you for bringing me here.

- You looked like you were having fun.
- I was.

That's good. That's really good.

Foul ball.

That's a foul ball. That's a foul ball!

- Where are you going?
- I don't think he knows that.

Run, Luka! Run!

Luka!