ER

"Love's Labor Lost"

Written by
Lance A. Gentile

Directed by
Mimi Leder

Producer
Paul Manning

Produced by
Christopher Chulack

Supervising Producer
Robert Nathan

Co-Executive Producers
Mimi Leder
Robert Nathan
Lydia Woodward

Executive Producers
Michael Crichton
John Wells

WRITER'S DRAFT
January 27, 1995
ER
"Love's Labor Lost"

CAST

GREENE
ROSS
LEWIS
BENTON
CARTER
HATHAWAY

TIMMY
HALEH
GOLDMAN
WRIGHT
OLIGARIO
MALIK
MORGENSTERN
JERRY

DR. DAVID "DIV" CVETIC
DR. SARAH LANGWORTHY
JENNIFER
IVAN GREGOR
LIZ

O'BRIEN
DEB
MAE BENTON
JARVIK

NICOLE
GREGORY NELSON
PAULINE BLAIR
TATTOO MAN
TONY SCOVELLI
JODI SCOVELLI
JACKIE
AMANDA WALSH
SADIE HUBBELL
KRYSTIE LONG
RALPH BELTRAN
PAUL URAMI
JANET LIEBMAN
ER
"Love’s Labor Lost"

SETS

INTERIORS:

HOSPITAL
Ambulance Bay
Main Hallway
Trauma One
Trauma Two
Trauma Hallway
Elevator Lobby
Curtain Area Two
OR Waiting Room
OR Corridor
Doctors' Locker Room
Operating Suite
Exam Room One
Admit Desk
Main ER
Doctors' Lounge
Suture Room
Curtain Area Three
Doctors/Nurses Station
Hallway Outside Nursery
Nursery

EL CAR

EXTERIORS:

HOSPITAL
Ambulance Bay
EL PLATFORM
LAKE SIDE LOCATION
"Love's Labor Lost"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. AMBULANCE BAY - DAY (4:00PM)

GREENE's face, upside-down through his legs. Laughing.

GREENE
Doug!

ROSS (O.S.)
Hut... hut... hut!

Greene hikes a football back to ROSS, playing quarterback.

ROSS
Buttonhook at the manhole cover!

Panting, Greene executes the pass pattern and Ross drills him.

GREENE
Montana to Rice!

ROSS
They're on different teams.

Greene cocks his arm and Ross cuts across the street.

GREENE
Since when?

Greene tosses him the ball. An ambulance turns the corner.

ROSS
We watched their last game together over at Carol's.

GREENE
Wow... that goes back.

ROSS
I'll say.

Greene checks out the ambulance as it passes, catching a glimpse of BENTON inside.

GREENE
Was that Benton in there?

(CONTINUED)
ROSS
I don't know.

GREENE
Think they need us?

In the b.g., Benton jumps out of the ambulance. He and an EMT pull a gurney out of the back. They rush inside.

ROSS
They'll page us.
(cocks back his arm)
Go long!

GREENE
I'm too out of shape to go long.
You go long.

Ross flips him the ball and tears off down the street. Greene winds up, but freezes as --

GREENE POV
A beat-up car comes around the corner going awfully fast.

BACK TO SCENE

GREENE
Hey, Doug...

Ross is looking over his shoulder, oblivious.

ROSS
Too far for your Ivy League arm?

The car barrels at him. Collision course.

GREENE
Car!

Ross turns at the last second, then reflexively dives for the sidewalk as the CAR ROARS past, missing him by inches.

ROSS
Hey! Are you out of your mind?!

The CAR does a TIRE-SCREECHING 180 degree power slide in front of Greene and the back door flies open. A battered, blood-soaked gang member slams out into the street.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GREENE
Aw hell, not another one!

The driver floors the car and it rockets past Ross, who warily gives it a wide berth. These guys have guns.

Greene kneels over the body, feeling for pulses.

GREENE
He's alive... get a gurney!

As Ross races past --

ROSS
I'm not playing catch with you anymore.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE BAY/MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

The double doors slam open as Ross, Greene, WRIGHT and the trauma team race in with the VICTIM, strapped to a backboard on a gurney.

WRIGHT
Heads up!

CARTER leaps out of the way. His tray, brimming with lab samples, clatters to the floor. Samples scatter everywhere as the gurney flies past.

Carter, hot to join in, unsuccessfully tries to restack the samples as HALEH hurries past.

HALEH
Hurry, Carter!

Carter picks up a bedpan, checks that it's empty, and throws the samples in.

CARTER
Hang onto this for me, will you?

He puts it in the lap of drunk, passed out in a wheelchair, and takes off after Haleb. Fellow med student DEB appears, looking for action.

DEB
Hot trauma!

She follows Greene and his patient into Trauma Two, but Haleb steams into Trauma One, where Carter gets a glimpse of Benton. He chooses --
Where nurse and paramedics surround a patient, crying out in pain. At the center is Benton, in his street clothes.

BENTON
Easy now. You got her? Hold on, hold on.

CARTER
Dr. Benton, what can I do?

Benton ignores him.

BENTON
Okay, ease her over now. Easy...

HALEH
Peter, you've gone soft and fuzzy!

BENTON
(snaps)
It's my mother, okay.

Carter sees MAE BENTON for the first time, her face contorted with pain.

HALEH
(oops)
Oh.

CARTER
What's wrong with her? MAE
Petey. It hurts!

BENTON
She fell down the stairs and broke her damn hip.

CARTER
How'd that happen?

BENTON
Carter, get the hell out of here. See if Greene needs you.

Carter, feelings hurt, takes us into --

INT. TRAUMA TWO

The trauma team, JARVIK included, is in action, cutting off clothes, starting IVs, taking vitals, etc.

WRIGHT
Wasn't it nice of his buddies to drop him off?

(continued)
Greene expertly surveys the neck, chest and abdomen.

**GREENE**

What're friends for?

Ross goes for an IV. Carter pulls on a trauma gown.

**JARVIK**

BP's low, 60/30.

**GREENE**

Run the saline wide open. Carter, Deb, guy's out of it. You check. ABCDE. Then what?

**CARTER**

Uh... get a CT...

**GREENE**

(doing a game-show buzzer)

Ehhhhhh.

(to Jarvik)

Narcan 0.8 migs.

**DEB**

I knew that.

**CARTER**

I'm sure you did.

**JARVIK**

CBC, type and cross units. O-neg, X-ray on the way. Anything else?

**GREENE**

And run a glu ---

**WRIGHT**

Glucose 85.

**ROSS**

(off, to Carter and Deb)

Get smart nurses and nod sagely.

As the narcotic antagonist kicks in, the Victim comes to, throwing Carter off his arm.

**WRIGHT**

(wry)

Moves extremities times four!

Carter and Deb help the team restrain him.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

GREENE

O'BRIAN (VICTIM)
Get me a doc that speaks English!

That gets a laugh. Jarvik looks in the patient's wallet.

JARVIK
His name's Bill O'Brian.

Ross examines the abdomen.

ROSS
Does this hurt?

O'BRIAN
Let go!...

JARVIK
Pulse ox is bad. 85.

GREENE
Does it hurt when he pushes?

A nurse TAKES us INTO --

TRAUMA ONE

Where the nurses swarm over Mae, hanging IVs, giving meds.

BENTON
(all business)
Get her another 5 of morphine.
And a CBC, chem 7, U/A, EKG, chest, hip and pelvis. Move!

Mae won't let them undress her.

BENTON
Nelson's chief of orthopedics now, right? Call his office and tell him to get his ass down here.

MAE
Not in front of Petey!

Benton remembers Haleh's been on his case.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BENTON
I know... you're not taking verbal orders from me. Where's the chart?

HALEH
That's all right, Peter, I've got it. Go on. She doesn't want to be naked in front of her son.

Nurse NICOLE is on the wall phone.

NICOLE
Nelson's office, line one.

HALEH
Take it in the hall.

Benton reluctantly heads out to --

TRAUMA HALLWAY

He picks up the phone.

BENTON
Peter Benton here. I need Dr. Nelson down in ER.
   (beat)
I don't care where he is! Page him down here, stat!

Agitated, he slams down the phone, as a tech runs blood bags into --

TRAUMA TWO

The BP MONITOR BUZZES.

WRIGHT
He's going down the tubes. No BP!

ROSS
He barely has a pulse.

GREENE
Damn. Bag him!

Greene moves to the head of the bed. Nurses prep for intubation.

CARTER
Can I intubate? (CONTINUED)
GREENE
Not this time -- I've got to go in blind. He could have a neck fracture.

Ross rips off the C-collar and maintains in-line neck traction.

GREENE
ABCD... E: Expose. Roll him.

They log roll him, and Greene checks his back.

GREENE
There is it. Single gunshot.
Set up for lavage.

The HEART MONITOR ALARMS. Greene is cool, in command.

WRIGHT
Heart's racing. 180.

GREENE
Put the blood in a pressure bag.
Open the IVs wide.

(instructing Carter)
For naso-tracheal intubation, use a 6.5 or above. Plenty of K-Y, no tube guide. Maintain sniffing position. Advance gently, rotate to midline when the tip's in the posterior naso-pharynx.

He expertly works the tube in.

GREENE
Watch and listen to the air column.
When he inhales, go for it. It's a matter of feel.

(beat)
Got it.

ROSS
Slick.

Nurses tape the tube as Greene moves to the abdomen.
Pulling on sterile gloves, he grabs a syringe from the lavage tray.

GREENE
Let's just see.

Wright finishes the prep and drape as Greene does a quick tap. Blood fills the syringe.
CONTINUED: (2)

GREENE
Bingo! Tell OR we’ve got a hot one.

The HEART MONITOR ALARMS.

JARVIK
No pulse. He’s arrested!

GREENE
Start CPR, let’s crack his chest.

Ross starts CPR. Nurses splash Betadine and rip open the thoracotomy tray. Greene instructs Carter and Deb.

GREENE
Which we do for...?

DEB
Penetrating trauma and full arrest?

GREENE
Exactamundo.

Greene expertly makes the incision in the chest wall. Ross assists.

GREENE
Is there an OR team on alert?

WRIGHT
They just finished that perfed appy.

GREENE
I’m in.
(to Wright)
Tell ‘em they’ve got another customer.
(to Ross)
Let’s see... aorta... Statinsky.

Ross hands off the clamp. Greene clamps the vessel.

GREENE
We’re there... Hold CPR a sec.

Greene feels for a carotid pulse.

GREENE
Okay, faint pulse... let’s go!

The team throws a sterile drape over the incision, attach a portable monitor, and roll him out into the...
As Wright, Ross, Carter and Greene pull off their trauma gowns, a very pissed-off chief of orthopedics, GREGORY NELSON, steams up, trailed by his orthopedic resident, PAULINE BLAIR.

NELSON
Who the hell stat-paged me down here?

Ross, Greene and Carter slide away as Benton comes up.

BENTON
Dr. Nelson, I'm Peter Benton, one --

NELSON
Pulle me out of a damned department head meeting.

He blows past Benton into --

Where a portable X-ray machine stands at Mae's bedside. She's in a gown, sedated.

BENTON
It's my mother. She broke her hip.

Nelson looks at the X-ray, softens.

NELSON
That she did. Dr. Benton. Blair, get her upstairs, put her on your schedule.

They ready Mae for transfer. Nelson starts off.

BENTON
Sir, I want you to do the surgery.

NELSON
ER admits go to the teaching service.

Nelson heads off to the --

Benton dogs Nelson.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BENTON
I don't want a resident operating on her.

Nelson stops and glares at Benton, as Blair pushes Mae past.

BENTON
She's my mother.

NELSON
(giving an inch)
I'll scrub in.

As Nelson follows the gurney to the --

ELEVATOR LOBBY

Benton persists as they load Mae onto the elevator.

BENTON
So you'll be the one holding the knife.

Patience taxed, Nelson blows.

NELSON
Who the hell do you think you're talking to?!

He pushes the elevator button.

BENTON
Sir, I --

NELSON
Don't you dare try to tell me how to run the orthopedic service!

They load Mae into the elevator.

NELSON
And, son... I'd better not see you anywhere near that OR. Is that clear?

The elevator door closes in Benton's face.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

A FIELD OF TATTOOS

On a naked back.

CARTER (O.S.)
So you tried to sand it off?

We're in --

CURTAIN AREA TWO

Where Carter peeks at TATTOO MAN'S bicep. A nurse stands by.

TATTOO MAN
Isn't that what you do?

CARTER
Yeah, but we don't use a power sander.

Greene enters.

GREENE
Hm.

CARTER
Mr. Longen is a diabetic and an amateur dermatologist.

TATTOO MAN
Vera didn't want me just crossing it out.

On his arm are tattoos of four crossed-out women's names and a very infected abrasion.

GREENE
Give him a gram of Ancef IV, update his tetanus and have plastics see him.
(to patient)
That may need a graft. Maybe move that dragon's head.

TATTOO MAN
Onto a parrot's body?

Greene shrugs as he and Carter move into --
Greene co-signs Carter's chart as they walk.

GREENE
Borrow your pen?

CARTER
I checked on that gunshot guy. He's in recovery.

GREENE
Great.

CARTER
That was an amazing save.

GREENE
Yeah, it was fun.

CARTER
Word's out that you're our next ER attending. Congratulations.

GREENE
It's not quite a lock.

CARTER
Could I have my pen back?

GREENE
Oh, sure.

CARTER
I'm starting to think about a specialty.

GREENE
Which way are you leaning?

CARTER
Why'd you do ER?

GREENE
You get skilled in every aspect of medicine, see a wide variety of exciting cases, effect real change in your patients' lives, your free time's your own. But mainly... I'm an adrenaline junkie.

A fat man in a tutu wheels past on a gurney.

GREENE
Plus, it's like joining the circus.
OR WAITING ROOM

Benton paces the room. A smattering of other anxious families sit on uncomfortable plastic chairs waiting for word on their loved ones. The OR doors open, but it's a housekeeper. False alarm.

Benton sits down, picks up a tattered magazine. For two seconds.

He walks through the OR doors into the --

OR CORRIDOR

Pulling off his coat, he enters the --

DOCTORS' LOCKER ROOM

Nodding to a couple of residents, he changes into a set of blue scrubs.

He pulls on a pair of booties, grabs a hat and mask and heads into the OR.

CUT TO:

OPERATING SUITE - POV TO CORRIDOR

Mae Benton's face on the OR table fills the f.g. as Benton enters the OR corridor. CAMERA TRACKS, revealing Nelson and Blair operating as Benton stops and peers through the window.

NELSON
Okay, fine. Now divide the ilio-tibial tract... Hemostat.

BLAIR
Here?

NELSON
No, no, no! Where the hell did you learn your surgical anatomy? Here. Bovie.

Tying on a mask, Benton moves down the corridor to the double doors. Nelson sees him coming.

As Benton opens the doors --

NELSON
Freeze right there!

(CONTINUED)
BENTON
I'm a surgical --

NELSON
Take one more step and not only will I have security drag your ass out of here, I'll have it hanging on my wall... along with your residency!

BENTON
I want --

NELSON
Don't test me.

Benton backs out the doors, and watches for a beat.

NELSON
Out!

Benton walks back along the OR corridor, takes a last look in and disappears.

NELSON
All right. We have hemostasis. Proceed.

Mae Benton's face FILLS FRAME.

CUT TO:

EXAM ROOM ONE

Greene looks in, sees TONY and JODI COVELLI in mid-laugh, wrestling with her hospital gown. He's 45, a travel writer. She's 37, a photographer and very pregnant.

TONY
I'm telling you, the opening goes in the back!

Greene enters, reading Jodi's chart.

JODI
Oh, God... Tie it! Oy, I'm like a house!

TONY
A house, no. A condominium maybe.

Greene clears his throat. They notice him and snap to, like kids.

(CONTINUED)
JODI
Oops. Hello, Doctor...

GREENE
Greene. Mark Greene.

TONY
(doing Bond)
Scovelli. Tony Scovelli. We're all secret agents here.

JODI
Tony, Dr. Greene's too busy to fool around. I'm Jodi Katz --

TONY
Scovelli. You the intern?

GREENE
No, I'm the chief resident of the ER.

TONY
(reassured)
Oh... Okay. Good.

GREENE
What brings you to the ER, Ms. Katz-Scovelli.

JODI
A real diplomat. Baby's due in two weeks and I have to pee every thirty seconds, it burns, and my stomach hurts.

GREENE
Let me see.

Greene leans her back in bed, pushes on her abdomen, measures the uterus size with a tape measure, under --

GREENE
Sounds like a bladder infection. This hurt?

JODI
No. Just don't push too hard, I gotta go again.

He checks the tape measure.

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
36 minus four... Baby's maybe five or six pounds. Any other medical problems?

TONY
Five years ago, before she lost twenty pounds, she had mildly high blood pressure.

JODI
And a butt the size of Montana.

Greene presses a Doppler device on her abdomen. A steady heartbeat is heard.

GREENE
Any cramping, vaginal bleeding?

JODI
No.

GREENE
Feel the baby move?

JODI
Move? He's doing the Funky Chicken.

He?

TONY
Oh, yeah.

He pulls out a series of ultrasound photos.

TONY
Hey, is that a boy, or what?

GREENE
Four plus turtle sign.

JODI
What's that?

GREENE
(pointing)
Kind of looks like a little turtle head peeking out.

JODI
(smiling)
Yeah, okay...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

GREENE
Think you could give us a urine sample?

JODI
Are you kidding?

CUT TO:

CURTAIN TWO
Carter does a neuro exam on an elderly man.

CARTER
Follow my finger with your eyes.
Good... Squeeze your eyes shut...

Carter demonstrates as he goes.

CARTER
Good... Show me your teeth...

Instead of mimicking Carter's grimace, the old man reaches into his mouth and, with some difficulty, pulls out his upper dentures and hands them to Carter.

OFF Carter's surprise we --

CUT TO:

OR WAITING ROOM
Benton's sister, JACKIE, sits in stony silence, her kids on either side. Benton paces in front of her. Others in the waiting room surreptitiously watch him.

BENTON
I know what you're thinking.
Say it, Jackie. Just say it!

She looks up at him.

JACKIE
(evenly)
Shut up, Peter.

BENTON
It's my fault this happened. You shouldn't have listened to me. I was self-centered, pig-headed --

JACKIE
Peter, sit down and shut up.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Benton stops pacing and meets her glare a beat. Then sinks dejectedly into a plastic chair, and buries his face in his hands.

CUT TO:

ADMIT DESK

Three Chicago Bulls tickets FILL FRAME. As he lowers them, JERRY's lust-filled face is revealed.

JERRY
Oh, man. Courtside.

ROSS
C'mon, Jerry, don't droll on them.

Ross grabs them. Jerry follows Ross, who walks away with a set of ankle X-rays.

JERRY
(dripping envy)
Are you taking Inga and Gretchen again?

ROSS
I'm taking my pal Jake and his lovely mom, Diane.

Ross snaps the X-rays into the viewbox.

ROSS
No more twins, Jerry.

JERRY
Bummer.

Ross moves to --

CURTAIN AREA TWO

Where high school cheerleader AMANDA WALSH sits on a gurney, her mom next to her. Haleh applies a new ice pack to her swollen ankle.

AMANDA
Is it broken?

Ross does a cheer, shaping the letters with his body.

ROSS
Gimme an S! Gimme a P! Gimme an R! Gimme an A! Gimme an I! Gimme an N! What's that spell?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

This one's not a speller.

AMANDA

(beat)
Sprain?

ROSS
Yes. Good.
(to mom)
Ace, ice, and elevation should
take care of it. Haleh, would you
fit her with crutches?

AMANDA
You a Poly fan?

ROSS
Yes, a huge Poly fan. Go,
Polliwogs!

As Ross leaves, trailed by Haleh --

AMANDA
They're the Tigers.

He enters the --

MAIN ER

Where he signs off the chart to Haleh as Greene and Carter pass.

ROSS
Have her follow up with ortho in
3-5 days. And thank you, in the
extreme, Nurse Haleh.

GREENE
You're in an awfully good mood.

ROSS
Yes, well... I'm Doug Ross, and
unfortunately for you, you're not.

Ross moves off, a spring in his step. We FOLLOW Greene
and Carter.

GREENE
She's thirty-eight weeks but I
think her dates are off -- baby's
small on exam.

(MORE)
Continued:

Greene (cont'd)
Initial BP 130/90, but over a couple hours her BP's been fine, around 120/80. FHT's normal, no cramps or spotting.

They enter --

Exam One

Where pregnant Jodi and husband Tony are busy disagreeing.

Jodi
We'll put your five names and my five names in a hat and pick one!

Tony
That's not how you name a kid!

Greene
Your tests are back.

Tony tries to enlist Greene's aid.

Tony
Irving Scovelli. Can you imagine?

Jodi
It's my grandfather's name.

Tony
He'd be so confused he'd be in group therapy before he was out of diapers!

Greene
This is John Carter, he's a student --

Jodi
Pretty well-dressed.

Carter
Thank you.

Greene
(to Carter)
U/A showed white cells too numerous to count, bacteria, 2 plus protein. CBC normal. No fever.

(continued)
CARTER
Flank or abdominal pain?

JODI
A little here, but it went away with that antacid.

CARTER
Simple cystitis. Fluids, rest, a course of Bactrim.
(to Jodi)
A bladder infection.

Greene grabs Carter's pen, scribbles a prescription.

GREENE
Near term, the antibiotic of choice becomes macrodantin. The sulfas compete with bilirubin for the binding sites on albumin, increasing the risk of neonatal jaundice.

The Scovellis don't understand a word, but it sure is impressive.

GREENE
Take these, drink plenty of fluids, rest, and follow up with your doctor in the morning.

JODI
The fertility doctor or our regular OB?

GREENE
Your family doctor's fine.

Greene and Carter head out.

TONY
Say, Doc, do you have a private practice?

GREENE
No, but thanks for asking. Take care.

They exit into the --

MAIN ER

Where a little old lady, SADIE HUBBELL, holds out a greeting card.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SADIE

Doctors, would you sign a get
well card?

GREENE

Sure.

Greene signs it. Carter grabs back his pen and signs
it, too.

CARTER

Who's it for?

SADIE

Me.

She moves off. As they head for the admit desk, Haleh
holds up a chart.

HALEH

Hemmorhoids.

Greene points to Carter and walks away. Carter sighs,
takes the chart and heads off, past --

CURTAIN AREA TWO

Where he hears a COMMOTION behind the curtain. It's Deb,
struggling to replace a set of dentures in an elderly
man's mouth.

DEB

Come on, Mr. Banks.

CARTER

Deb...

DEB

Mr. Banks... Open up!

CARTER

Uh... Deb...

DEB

What?!

CARTER

Those aren't his dentures.

DEB

Oh.

Carter pulls the curtain closed and starts down the --
Deb catches up to him.

DEB
(re: chart)
Whatta you have?

CARTER
Old guy with hemmorhoids.

DEB
Yuck. Everybody's so old and
sick and needy.

CARTER
This is a hospital.

DEB
Yeah, I guess. Where's Benton?

CARTER
His mother broke her hip and
she's having surgery. He's off
today.

DEB
Really? Then I'm outta here.
(re: patient)
Well, glove up and dig in. Bye.

CUT TO:

ADMIT DESK

Shift change. A fifty-ish bowling alley queen wearing
only a hospital gown and heels comes behind the desk
where Ross, dressed casually in a turtle neck and jeans,
finishes his charts.

He watches bemusedly as she corrects the spelling of her
name on the erase board and teeters off, half-heartedly
holding the back of her gown closed. Jerry passes on
his way out.

JERRY
You wouldn't still have their
number, would you?

ROSS
Who? Oh. No, Jerry -- they were
visiting from Sweden.

JERRY
Oh. Well, have fun at the game.

Ross waves good night and heads into the --
Where HATHAWAY enters through the ambulance bay doors. Ross waves to her and disappears into the doctors' lounge. Hathaway stops a beat. She takes a deep breath and enters the --

DOCTORS' LOUNGE

Where Ross, checking out his image, sees her enter in the mirror.

HATHAWAY

Hi.

ROSS

Working graveyard?

HATHAWAY

Luckily. I spent all day driving the porcelain bus.

ROSS

You were pretty sloshed.

HATHAWAY

I can't drink like I used to.

ROSS

Who can?

(smiles)

Well, good night.

As he heads off --

HATHAWAY

Doug...

ROSS

Yeah?

HATHAWAY

I'm sorry.

ROSS

For what?

HATHAWAY

You know... showing up... 3 AM... drunk... I don't know...

ROSS

It's okay. It evens up the apology score. Ninety-nine for me, one for you.

They move out into the --
MAIN HALLWAY

Where Greene stands on the phone at the admit desk. Hathaway kisses Ross on the cheek.

HATHAWAY

Thanks.

She moves off as Ross rounds the corner at the --

ADMIT DESK

Where Greene eyes him curiously.

GREENE

What was that about?

ROSS (casual)

I covered for her.

GREENE

What, you played charge nurse for a night?

ROSS

Kind of.

As Ross heads for the employee entrance, he looks back toward Curtain Area One, where Hathaway is getting report. She looks up at him and smiles. Greene notices.

ROSS (to Greene)

Good night.

GREENE

See ya.

As Greene puts up a chart and puts on his coat, Tony Scovelli, the soon-to-be-father, slams through the ambulance bay doors.

TONY

Somebody help me!

He races up to the admit desk window.

TONY

My wife's unconscious in the car!

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

SMASH CUT:

TRAUMA ONE

The doors slam open and the trauma team, including Greene, Carter and Hathaway, rush in with Jodi Katz, agitated and moaning incoherently. Her husband Tony is frantic.

GREENE
Get a stat BP.

Hathaway slaps on a cuff as the nurses hook up oxygen, IV's and a monitor. Greene checks her heart, lungs.

JODI
Never take it... Put it... No... no...!

TONY
My God, what's going on?

As he pushes in --

GREENE
Carter, help Mr. Scovelli.

Carter restrains Tony.

CARTER
Mr. Scovelli, we need to work.

HATHAWAY
BP's high -- 160 over 110!

GREENE
Damn, she's pre-eclamptic. Load her with mag sulfate, four grams IV.

Wright enters, stripping off her coat.

WRIGHT
Need a hand?

HATHAWAY
Yeah -- draw up four mag sulfate IV. Get your coffee yet?

WRIGHT
Ha.

GREENE
Draw a chem 24 and a coag panel. Let's get the fetal monitor on her.

(CONTINUED)
Greene sees Tony hovering.

**GREENE**
Mr. Scovelli, your wife has eclampsia --

**TONY**
Is she going to die?

**GREENE**
No, but we need to get her admitted and medicated so she --

Jodi erupts into a grand mal seizure!

**HATHAWAY**
She's seizing!

**GREENE**
Carter, grab a bite block! Is the mag in?

**WRIGHT**
Yeah.

Jodi continues violent spasms. Tony pushes to the bedside.

**TONY**
Do something!

**GREENE**
Push another four of mag sulfate.

**HATHAWAY**
Are you sure?

**GREENE**
Just do it!

Tony holds onto his seizing wife, as Carter tries to move him off.

**CARTER**
Mr. Scovelli --

**TONY**
Get your hands off me!

**WRIGHT**
IV's out!

(continued)
GREENE
Damn! I'll throw in an external jugular.

He moves to her head as Wright hands him an angiocath.

GREENE
(to Hathaway)
Get four migs Ativan.

Hathaway bolts for the crash cart. Wright holds Jodi's head still as Greene pops in the IV in the side of her neck. Tony is horrified.

GREENE
It's in.

HATHAWAY
Four Ativan.

She injects. After agonizing seconds, the seizures abate.

GREENE
(relieved)
Okay, hyperventilate her. Get doptones. Let me do a quick pelvic.

Hathaway eases Tony away.

WRIGHT
Fetal heart tones strong at 140.

HATHAWAY
(to Tony)
That's good news.

TONY
Is she brain damaged? Is the baby dead?

HATHAWAY
We need to finish evaluating her. Please, let us work.

Greene does a pelvic exam as Hathaway and Wright hold her legs.

GREENE
She's two centimeters dilated and 80 percent effaced. Membrane's intact.

He pulls off his gloves and turns to Tony.
TONY
Oh God, did she have a stroke?

Greene leads him away.

GREENE
Your wife has a disorder of late pregnancy called eclampsia.

Carter, closing his pocket manual, pipes in.

CARTER
The underlying pathophysiology of eclampsia is vasospasm. The seizure's etiology is cerebral anoxia. Magnesium sulfate increases cerebral and uterine arterial flow.

TONY
What'd he say?

GREENE
The blood vessels squeeze shut, causing lack of oxygen to the brain, which leads to seizures. We're realaxing them with this medicine.

TONY
Oh... what about the baby?

GREENE
He's going to need to be delivered.

TONY
When?

GREENE
Soon.

Tony returns to the bedside. Jodi's eyes flutter open, although still unfocused.

TONY
Jodi?

Relieved, Greene watches Tony hug his wife.

CUT TO:
LEWIS entering for her night shift. Jerry and Hathaway share a laugh.

HATHAWAY
Oh, yeah...
(funny voice)
'Havoc with my spleen.'

Lewis looks over the dry erase board. It's not a pretty sight.

LEWIS
Is it too late to call in sick?

JERRY
Yep. Wanna play 'Guess the Frequent Flyer'?

LEWIS
Okay.
(thinks)
Baaaah. Baaaah.

HATHAWAY
Max Schultz, Chicago V.A.!

LEWIS
Yes.

Jerry surprises Hathaway by snapping her bra strap.

HATHAWAY
Hey!

LEWIS
(knowingly)
Jake Moon!

Greene comes up.

GREENE
(re: the erase board)
We're backed up. I got tied up in Trauma One.

As Lewis grabs a chart and moves off with Greene, Hathaway reaches below the counter and gooses Jerry! He jumps a mile.

HATHAWAY
Edna Barker, Sunnyvale Convalescent.

CUT TO:
Lewis and Green walk and talk.

LEWIS
So what's in Trauma One?

GREENE
A thirty-seven-year-old nullip with an eclamptic seizure. She's post-ictal, but she's coming around.

LEWIS
BP's stabilized? Mag sulfate going?
(off Greene's nod)
Okay, I'll take over. Go home.

She reaches for the chart in Greene's hand.

GREENE
No, that's okay. I'll see it through 'til she goes up to OB.

LEWIS
Why?

GREENE
I saw her earlier, diagnosed a UTI and sent her out. She seized in the parking lot.

LEWIS
Oops.

GREENE
Yeah, oops. I attributed the protein in her urine to the cystitis, and blew off one borderline BP reading.

Lewis checks the chart.

LEWIS
Hey, that's a subtle presentation. Just be glad she crashed right outside, and gave you the chance to get a handle on it right away.

GREENE
Just the same, I'd feel better seeing it through.

Greene moves off and Lewis heads into the --
Where Hathaway, stifling a smile, takes an ear temp on five-year-old Krystie Long. She has her tongue stuck in a soda can.

**Krystie**

(muffled)

It's stuck... Ow!

**Lewis**

What?

**Hathaway**

'It's stuck.' Don't try to talk, Krystie.

Lewis peers inside the little girl's mouth.

**Lewis**

We'll have to cut it off.

**Krystie**

(shrieks)

Not your tongue!

**Lewis**

Not your tongue, honey. The can.

CUT TO:

**An Ultrasound**

of a term fetus: Moving, breathing, heart beating. A very real baby.

**Greene (O.S.)**

Fundal placenta. Looks okay.

**Hathaway (O.S.)**

BP 120/70. Very nice.

We PULL BACK and we're in --

**Trauma One**

Where Jodi, considerably more awake, holds Tony's hand as Greene does the ultrasound. Carter observes.

**Hathaway**

You want me to call OB?

(Continued)
GREENE
I did two OB rotations, I think I can do an ultrasound.

HATHAWAY
Okay, just asking.

Carter, Tony and Jodi watch the monitor with fascination.

JODI
Oh, look...

GREENE
(to Carter)
You give a score of zero or two in each of four categories.
Movement...

TONY
There's that Funky Chicken!

GREENE
Yeah... score two. Also breathing, tone, and amount of fluid... He's an eight. Less than six, you worry.

He hands Carter the transducer, but guides his hand.

GREENE
Okay, you do the AFI. Divide the abdomen in four, find the deepest pocket of fluid without fetal parts or umbilical cord...

On the ultrasound screen, an X and a dotted line appear.

GREENE (O.S.)
You mark all four quadrants, measure them and add them up.

Carter continues to work as Tony points to the red "140" indicated on the monitor.

TONY
What's this number?

GREENE
That's the baby's heart rate. It should be between 120 and 160.

TONY
120 and 160. So 140's perfect.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

GREENE
(smil es)
Yeah.

Lewis enters and grabs a pair of tin snips from a drawer, brandishing them.

LEWIS
Brain surgery.

As she leaves, Tony raises his eyebrows.

TONY
Wow, she could do my lobotomy any day!

JODI
Down boy.

TONY
Oh, honey, you're back!

CUT TO:

SUTURE ROOM

Hathaway holds Krystie's tongue out with a gauze sponge as Lewis sews.

KRYSTIE
Uugh ughhh ugghh?

LEWIS
Yeah, we're almost done.

She shrugs at Hathaway, who smiles.

LEWIS
It's so great that you and Tag are going forward with adopting Tatiana.

Hathaway doesn't answer.

LEWIS
So when do you get custody?

HATHAWAY
We... um... soon. Really soon.

Lewis, finished sewing, eyes Hathaway, who gets awfully busy with Krystie...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HATHAWAY
There. All done. That wasn't so bad, was it?

CUT TO:

ADMIT DESK

Greene's on the phone as Lewis walks up.

GREENE
The baby looks great; biophysical profile's eight, AFI 14. Cervix is favorable, I've got a non-stress test started...
(edgy)
Of course I feel comfortable. I've delivered maybe 250 babies... See you later.

He falls in step with her, down the --

MAIN HALLWAY

LEWIS
What did Liebman say?

GREENE
(pinched voice)
I'm at St. Luke's. Start induction, and I'll be by after I finish this repeat C-section. That is, if you feel comfortable.

LEWIS
She doesn't talk like that.

GREENE
No, she thinks like that.

Greene enters --

CURTAIN AREA THREE

Where brand new OB intern RALPH BELTRAN ponders the strip from the monitor attached to Jodi's belly. Lewis is in the b.g. sewing up another patient.

GREENE
Hey, Ralph. What do you think?

(CONTINUED)
RALPH
(clueless)
Uh... yeah. Looks great.

Jodi and Tony are sharing a secret laugh. When Ralph's not looking, Jodi bears down.

RALPH
(sweating)
Uh, Dr. Greene? Every once in awhile, she's having these contractions...

When Ralph looks up, Jodi quickly relaxes, all innocent. Greene puts two and two together.

GREENE
(smiling to Jodi)
That's mean.

Ralph's BEEPER GOES OFF.

RALPH
Excuse me.

As he moves off --

JODI
He's twelve years old!

GREENE
I spoke with the OB attending Dr. Liebman. You're eclampsia's under control, and your baby's ready. We need to deliver you soon.

TONY
C-section, right?

GREENE
These days, with all our monitoring capabilities, if all signs are good, we do a trial of labor.

TONY
Isn't C-section safer?

JODI
Hang on, bub. You're not the one getting cut open. I want to try to deliver naturally.
TONY
(sighs)
Can I talk to you a minute?

He takes Greene's arm.

JODI
Hey. None of that male conspiracy crap!

TONY
Of course not, pussycat.

They exit into the --

ELEVATOR LOBBY

Tony stops.

TONY
Let's say it's your wife. You tried to get pregnant for five years: I.V.F., GIFT, ZIFT... the works. What would you do?

Greene's answer is measured. Confident.

GREENE
I would go with the latest literature -- and my wife's wishes -- and induce.

TONY
(beat)
Okay. That's good enough for me. Do it.

Beltran comes up.

RALPH
Mark, do you feel competent to handle this down here for awhile without me? We're getting slammed upstairs.

Greene and Tony exchange a smile.

GREENE
I think I can muddle through.

Tony heads into the room as Greene intercepts Hathaway in the hallway.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GREENE
Carol, would you please put 10
units Pitocin in Ms. Katz's IV?

Lewis comes out of the room.

HATHAWAY
You're inducing down here?

GREENE
They'll take her up soon.

CUT TO:

CURTAIN AREA THREE - TWO HOURS LATER

She and Tony exchange slips of paper as Greene, Carter and Hathaway enter.

GREENE
Contractions started?

JODI
Oh, yeah.
(reading)
Oy... Carlo Scovelli!

Greene picks up the monitor strips to show Carter.

TONY
It's a beautiful name.

JODI
It's too ethnic, Tony.

TONY
So? Irving isn't?

JODI
So... it feels too removed from me.

GREENE
This is a time line of labor. Contractions are every ten minutes or so...

CARTER
You look how the baby's heart rate reacts, right?

GREENE
Exactly. A wavy baseline is normal reactivity.

Hathaway pulls the curtain around, as Greene puts on gloves.

JODI
(re: Greene)
Let's have him decide -- he's a diplomat.

She has a contraction.

(CONTINUED)
TONY
That's ridiculous!

JODI
Owwww. Tony, the baby's coming. We gonna call him 'Baby X' when we call our parents?

GREENE
(to Carter)
Okay, she's five centimeters, 90 percent effaced, station, minus two. Membranes intact.

JODI
You a med student?
(off Carter's nod)
You want to look, too?

CARTER
(taken aback)
May I?

JODI
Listen to him, so polite. Why not? Everybody else is poking around in there.

As Carter gingerly steps between her legs, she hands Greene two lists.

GREENE
(reading)
'Carlo, Anthony, Enzo...'

JODI
Oy, it sounds like the cast of The Godfather.

TONY
You're 'oying' a lot lately, you know that?

JODI
I'm turning into my mother -- get used to it. Ouch!

CARTER
Sorry.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

GREENE (reading) 'Hunter...'

TONY Hunter Scovelli. It's like 'Sheriff Bob'!

Carter finishes.

GREENE Agree with my assessment?

CARTER (clueless) Uh... yeah...

GREENE Your labor's progressing nicely... and quickly. Baby's doing great.

TONY (re: monitor) 130, 150... 130, 150.

GREENE Yup. (re: lists) 'Jared's' on both lists...

TONY JODI Yeah... I don't know... It's not my fave...

GREENE Compromise is the soul of marriage. 'Jared' it is.

TONY JODI Jared... Jared...

CUT TO:

MAIN HALLWAY

Lewis walks along with Mrs. Hubbell, signing her self-addressed greeting card.

LEWIS Hope you feel better.

She enters --
CURTAIN AREA THREE

Passing Tony, eyes glued to the fetal monitor. Jodi rests between contractions.

TONY
Excuse me, Doctor?

LEWIS
Uh-huh?

TONY
Is it normal for the baby's heart rate to be going down?

Lewis scans the strip.

LEWIS
As long as it's brief, and over 120.

She goes to the patient in the next bed.

LEWIS (O.S.)
Mr. Best, all your tests are back.

Tony goes back to staring at the glowing red number.

CUT TO:

MAIN HALLWAY

Lewis catches up to Greene.

LEWIS
Why's that OB case still here?

GREENE
OB was busy upstairs. I'll give them a call.

They move to the --

DOCTORS/NURSES STATION

Where Carter fills out lab slips. Greene picks up the phone.

LEWIS
Why'd you choose induction over C-section?

(CONTINUED)
 CONTINUED:

GREENE
You think I'm wrong?

LEWIS
No, no... I sure wouldn't want to
do a C-section, either. OB scares
the hell out of me.

Just as --

TONY
Dr. Greene!

Tony bolts toward them from Curtain Area Three.

TONY
Her bag of water's broke, and the
baby's heart rate's 95!

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

CURTAIN AREA THREE

Greene bursts through the door, trailed by Lewis and Carter. Jodi is in the middle of a contraction.

TONY
(demonstrating)
Take a deep cleansing breath...
Breathe out in two... No. Don't
hold your breath...

JODI
Shut up, Tony!

Greene scans the monitor strips. Hathaway enters.

GREENE
(to Hathaway)
Call OB, and bring the FAS in.
(to Jodi)
How're you doing, Ms. Katz?

JODI
I believe I'll have an epidural.

LEWIS
Contractions are two to three
minutes apart.

JODI
No kidding.

LEWIS
Tracing's showing decreased
reactivity.

TONY
What the hell's that?

Hathaway returns with the FAS device -- the medical
version of a buzzer.

GREENE
The baby's heart rate is reacting,
or varying, less than it should,
but babies sleep in twenty minute
cycles. Let's wake him up.
(applying the FAS)
Rise and shine!

The DEVICE emits a BUZZ.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GREENE
There we go, he was just asleep. 
His strip's normal.

Greene turns to Hathaway, masking his growing concern.

GREENE
Let's get an ETA on Liebman.

In comes baby-faced anesthesiology resident PAUL URAMI.

URAMI
(nervous)
I'm Dr. Urami, anesthesiology intern. I'm to do your epidural.

Tony and Jodi exchange a look. Uh-oh.

CUT TO:

CURTAIN AREA THREE - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Urami is sweating bullets. Tony holds Jodi on her side, in fetal position, as she is being un成功fully needled in the spine.

JODI
Ohhh. Another contraction.

URAMI
You are really tough to get in. Stay still.

JODI
(wincing)
The anesthetic is wearing off.

TONY
That's five misses. Can someone else do this? Please.

GREENE
Let me try.

Greene puts on gloves. Jodi's contraction is peaking.

JODI
Your fantasy about me having a bunch of kids, staying home and quitting work? Forget it. This is it!

(Continued)
GREENE  
(off, to Hathaway)  
That sounds familiar.

HATHAWAY  
Yeah. Too familiar.

GREENE  
More local anesthetic.

Hathaway holds the bottle, which Greene draws from. Urami rolls the stool into a corner, defeated.

URAMI  
I could kick my own ass...

Greene injects the local, takes the epidural introducer and carefully threads it in.

GREENE  
Got it. How much Marcaine?

URAMI  
(dejected)  
20 ccs 1/4 percent...

GREENE  
Stay on your left side -- it'll take the pressure off your vena cava. Carol, find out what's keeping OB.

CUT TO:

FETAL MONITOR STRIPS  
Running through Lewis's hands.

TONY (O.S.)  
Little Jared's going to be so confused.

We're in --

CURTAIN AREA THREE - THIRTY MINUTES LATER  
Where Greene is skillfully inserting a IUPC, an intrauterine pressure catheter, into her uterus. Hathaway assists.

(CONTINUED)
LEWIS
A lot of kids are from mixed religious backgrounds.

TONY
It gets worse. I'm IBM and she's Mac.

LEWIS
That is bad.

Carter leans in to watch Greene work.

GREENE
Now we've got a pressure reading inside the uterus...

He takes the fetal scalp monitor and attaches it to the baby's scalp.

GREENE
And this scalp electrode monitors the pulse more exactly.

CARTER
Where'd you learn this?

GREENE
I did a four week anesthesiology elective and two OB rotations.

JODI
(teasing Carter)
Enjoying the show?

CARTER
Uh... yeah... I mean, no...

GREENE
She's eight centimeters and completely dilated. We're getting close.

Lewis scans the monitor, concerned.

LEWIS
There's another decel.

Greene scans the strip.

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
Hm. Variable with a late component.
(to Hathaway)
Let's infuse 500 cc's of normal saline through the uterine catheter.

HATHAWAY
Like a regular IV?

GREENE
Yeah. We need to get her up to OB.

HATHAWAY
I'll see if I can light a fire under someone's butt.

TONY
Is something wrong?

Greene covers his growing anxiety.

GREENE
No, we're okay.
(to Hathaway)
And page Liebman again.

CUT TO:

ELEVATOR LOBBY - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Greene is on a desk phone. Inside Curtain Area Three, Jodi is in active labor.

GREENE
Why can't I just send her up...? Damn... Hurry up.

He heads into --

CURTAIN AREA THREE

Jodi is having a major contraction. Lewis is scanning the strips with concern as Carter watches.

JODI
The epidural's wearing off!

Greene looks over Lewis's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GREENE

(low)
Strip looks bad. Repetitive lates.
We need to deliver.

He moves to the bedside, pulling on gloves, his anxiety
masked.

GREENE
Let's see... Okay... You're fully
dilated and 100 percent effaced.
It's time to push.

JODI
Already?

GREENE
Yeah.

JODI
Here?

GREENE
Here.
(to nurse)
More Marcaine.
(to Carter)
Run and get Carol.

CUT TO:

MAIN HALLWAY

Hathaway, trailed by Carter, hurries down the hall. She
hails a passing nurse.

HATHAWAY
Get the baby warmer and a newborn
resuscitation tray in Three, stat.

She bursts into --

CURTAIN AREA THREE

Where nurses prep for delivery, stirrups up, drapes,
shields.

GREENE
Okay, push! Push him out!

(CONTINUED)
TONY
Push... One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!

JODI
I can't... he's too big...

TONY
Sure you can, baby... billions of women have done it...

JODI
I'm gonna kill you, Tony!

CUT TO:

CURTAIN AREA THREE - TEN MINUTES LATER

A nurse slams in with the baby warmer. Jodi's contracting again. Hathaway pushes on her abdomen, as Carter watches with awe.

JODI
I'm not ready to be a mother yet!

GREENE
Bear down and push... push...
push...

JODI
Yaaaaaaaaaa! I'm gonna rip apart!
Oh, God! I can't!

TONY
Come on, Jodi... just control your breathing. Exhale on a five count...

She focuse on him as he counts off.

TONY
One, two, three, four, five...

GREENE
He's got a full head of black hair!

Tony peers between her legs.

TONY
Oh, God, look at that! We're almost there, baby!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Sweat-drenched, Jodi manages a weak grin.

GREENE
How's the strip?

Lewis rips off the strip. Greene turns away to look at it.

GREENE
(concerned)
Late variable decelerations. Could be umbilical cord compression. We gotta get this baby out.

CUT TO:

CURTAIN AREA THREE - TEN MINUTES LATER

Lewis scans the monitor strip as Jodi moans.

JODI
I can't... I can't. Please, get it out!

GREENE
She's not progressing. Baby's heart rate's dangerously low...
(to Carter)
Carter, run to OB and bring some forceps. Go!

As Carter takes off, Greene reaches for a long needle and syringe.

GREENE
I'll need a pudendal block.

CUT TO:

MAIN HALLWAY

Carter runs down the stairs with a pair of forceps, into --

CURTAIN AREA THREE

Where Jodi lays exhausted, Tony hugging her. Carter hands the forceps to Hathaway, who moves to the instrument tray.

(CONTINUED)
CARTER
OB's got two C-sections and three imminent deliveries.

Greene turns, Hathaway leans close to him, out of the Scovellis' earshot. Carter listens in.

HATHAWAY
(low)
Prudence says, wait for OB. You did what they asked, you've made the calls, no one will blame you for waiting.

GREENE
The baby's monitor says 'now or never.'

HATHAWAY
You're beyond your sphere of practice. If there's a bad outcome --

GREENE
I've gone this far on my choices, and I'm going to see it through.

Hathaway looks at him a beat, then tears open the forceps package for him.

Greene fumbles a beat getting the forceps ready.

TONY
You know what you're doing with those things?

GREENE
I've used them before.
(to Hathaway)
What about Liebman?

HATHAWAY
In transit.

GREENE
She coming by camel? What's her BP?

Greene carefully applies a forceps blade to the infant's head, following it with the second one.

GREENE
Okay...

(CONTINUED)
HATHAWAY
BP's climbing again. 150/100.

LEWIS
Go, Mark. Baby's bradying down.

Greene takes a deep breath.

GREENE
Here we go... Now, don't push.
(to Lewis)
Before I break the blades, cut a median episiotomy.

Lewis grabs a scissors as Greene starts to pull.

GREENE
(relieved)
Head's coming...
(to Lewis)
Now.

She reaches in and incises as Greene pulls off the left blade. As he continues to pull, his relief evaporates.

GREENE
Damn. He's blue.

TONY
Is something wrong?

LEWIS
Get him out!

Greene tugs, sweating it.

GREENE
He's stuck.

HATHAWAY
Damn.

GREENE
It's a shoulder distocia! Shoulder's hung up on the pubic bone.

LEWIS
Monitor's not reading!

GREENE
Lead's off. Flex her legs toward her head. Straight up in the air.

(Continued)
JODI
Oh, God, what are you doing?

GREENE
It's called a MacRobert's maneuver.
I need to free his shoulder.

Lewis and Hathaway raise her legs, while Carter starts to push on Jodi's abdomen.

GREENE
Carter, not fundal pressure! Push down here.

He demonstrates briefly. Carter takes over.

GREENE
Jammed.

TONY
Oh, my God, do something!

GREENE
Let me try a Woods. I need to extend the episiotomy.

Hathaway slaps a scissors in his hands. He makes quick cuts. He reaches his hand inside.

GREENE
If I can rotate the posterior shoulder medially...

LEWIS
Hurry up, Mark.

GREENE
Won't move.

LEWIS
Try to deliver the posterior shoulder!

Greene leans in, sweat pouring off his face.

GREENE
Come on... come on... come on...
he's jammed in. If I snap his collarbone, maybe he'll fit...

Greene makes a quick move, breaking the baby's collarbone.

TONY
What the hell are you doing?

(CONTINUED)
HATHAWAY
Mr. Scovelli, please. Seconds count!

GREENE
It's not working. Let her go.

Greene starts to push the baby back in.

CARTER
What are you doing?

GREENE
Zavenelli maneuver. Push the baby back in.

CARTER
Then what?

As Greene completes the maneuver.

GREENE
(to Hathaway)
Get her on her left side. Susan, get your hand in here.
(to a nurse)
Grab us a Cesarean tray. Run!

Lewis reaches between Jodi's legs.

GREENE
Okay, climb up there and hold his head in. Throw a sheet over her and move her to Trauma One... Splash and crash!

The nurses fly into action. Lewis climbs on the bed.

TONY
Where are you taking her?

GREENE
We need to do an emergency C-section. I need your consent.

TONY
You don't know what the hell you're doing! Get someone else in here!

GREENE
In five minutes, max, your son'll be brain dead.

TONY
Oh, my God. All right. All right.

The gurney blasts out into the --
With Lewis hanging on. Greene stops Tony as the gurney slams through the door into Trauma One.

**GREENE**

Please, Mr. Scovelli. Please wait out here. I need to concentrate 100 percent on the work. Please!

Tony stops. Greene pushes into --

**TRAUMA ONE**

Where the team is in frantic action around the gurney. A nurse splashes Betadine on Jodi's abdomen, another throws on a drape.

Hathaway does a quick BP.

**HATHAWAY**

BP’s sky high. 170/120!

**LEWIS**

What about anesthesia?

**GREENE**

There's no time. I'll throw in a local.

Jodi erupts into a violent seizure!

**HATHAWAY**

She's seizing!

**GREENE**


Greene moves to the head of the bed. Hathaway pulls in the intubation tray. The meds are injected and she stops seizing in seconds. As Greene intubates --

**GREENE**

7.5. 02 at fifteen. We'll just bag her for now. Get that typed blood cross-matched and down here. Where's that coag panel?

He slips in the tube as a nurse arrives with the surgical instrument kit. Another pulls in the baby warmer.

**LEWIS**


(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She guides his hand, taking over holding the head in.

Instruments are spread out on a draped table. Greene holds out his hands and a nurse helps him into a surgical gown and gloves. Hathaway and Lewis also gown up.

The BP MONITOR SCREAMS.

CARTER
Her BP's 200/130.

LEWIS
She's going to stroke out!

A nurse races to hit the alarm switch, bumps the intubation TRAY, sending it CRASHING to the floor.

GREENE
(commanding)
Hold it! Everyone! Take a breath.

With his words, the frenzy abates.

GREENE
Okay... Give her hydralazine ten migs IV push, and another bolus of mag sulfate. Call NICU and get somebody down here for the baby.

He moves the table. The nurses complete a rapid drape and prep. She's ready.

Hathaway slaps a scalpel in his hand.

Greene hesitates. Looks from face to face.

Lewis.

Hathaway.

Carter.

He makes the vertical cut. Blood wells.

LEWIS
Suction!

GREENE
Just throw hemostats on the big ones.

He drops the skin scalpel.

(CONTINUED)
Scalpel.

Hathaway slaps a fresh one in his hand.

Let's see... is that fascia?

Yeah, that looks right.

Here. Grab with those clippies.

Lewis clips on two Kocher clamps.

Metz.

Hathaway looks confused.

Those long scissors.

She hands them over. He picks up skin and cuts.

I'm in.

Is there something about a bladder flap?

Yeah, damn. I don't remember. Grab that side and pull.

Greene grabs his side of the incision, Lewis hers. They lean back and stretch the incision open wide.

Oh, man.

Okay. That's wide enough.

He grabs a scalpel.

You cut the uterus across the lower segment?

You asking me?
GREENE
I'm asking God.

LEWIS
You're not all the way through.

GREENE
I don't want to cut the baby!
(tense)
Here. I think I'm in.

Blood erupts from the incision.

LEWIS
Oh, my God!

GREENE
There's two liters in there. She's got an abruption!

LEWIS
She's bleeding out!

GREENE
Carter, gown up.

HATHAWAY
Get the baby!

As Greene fishes in the uterus --

GREENE
Forget the cross-match. Get eight units O-neg down here stat!
(beat)
I've got him. Oh, he's big!

LEWIS
Get him out!

GREENE
He's blue!

LEWIS
Hurry up!

GREENE
Grab an umbilical clamp.

Greene, sweat dripping, maneuvers and pulls. Finally, the baby pulls free.

(CONTINUED)
GREENE
Oh, my God. He's not breathing!

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

TRAUMA ONE

Lewis snaps a clamp on the umbilical cord and Greene cuts it. Lewis takes the lifeless infant in her hands.

GREENE

Bag him.
(to Carter)

Get in here.

Carter gingerly steps up to the table. Greene is elbow deep in Jodi's abdomen.

GREENE

Follow my hand down...

Carter reaches in.

GREENE

Feel the aorta?

CARTER

I don't know.

GREENE

It's pulsing.

CARTER

Oh yeah. I do.

GREENE

Push down on it and don't let go. Got it?

CARTER

Yeah... I think.

GREENE

Don't think. Do.

CARTER

Yeah, I have it.

Greene moves to the baby warmer, where Lewis suctions the baby's airway. Hathaway dries him. The infant looks dead.

LEWIS

APGAR's one.

Greene rips through the equipment.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GREENE
Start CPR.
Lewis starts one finger CPR as she bags.

GREENE
Let me intubate. Heel stick a glucose.
Greene takes an impossibly small tube and laryngoscope and moves above the baby's head. He puts the scope in.

GREENE
I can't see. Suction.
Lewis threads a suction catheter in. A tense beat, Greene struggles to thread the tube...

HATHAWAY
O-neg's here.

GREENE
Pump it in!
   (beat)
I think it's in. Bag him.
Lewis hooks up the bag and pumps as Greene listens to the lungs.

GREENE
Yeah. Tape it. Bag him.

HATHAWAY
Blood sugar's 20.

GREENE
Draw up some D-10.

LEWIS
Kiddie's got no veins.

GREENE
Hyperventilate him. Let me try an umbilical line. Give him 0.4 epi down the tube.

He pulls on sterile gloves as Hathaway opens the kit. She attaches a catheter to a syringe and stopcock. Greene ties umbilical tape around the base of the cord, then carefully makes an incision at the base of the umbilical cord. Blood wells.

LEWIS
How can you see?

(CONTINUED)
He dissects with a lacrimal forceps.

**GREENE**

I don’t know. Grab one of the O-neg bags. We’ll give him 10 per kilo. 40 ccs.
(re: the vein)
There it is.

He threads the catheter in. Hathaway attaches the syringe and aspirates.

**HATHAWAY**

It’s going. Glucose at 5 ml per kilo -- 20 mils.

**GREENE**

Right. Come on, little guy...

Hathaway changes syringes and starts to inject the blood.

The baby makes a miniscule move.

**LEWIS**

He moved. I swear to God, he moved.

Hathaway leans in, takes a femoral pulse.

**HATHAWAY**

It’s going. 100!

The baby makes a more distinct move.

**LEWIS**

He’s pinking up.

For Greene, there’s no celebration. He rips off the gown.

**GREENE**

Re-gown me.

A nurse spins him into a gown and gloves and he moves back to Jodi’s bedside, where Carter stands statue still, his hand pressing her aorta.

**CARTER**

She’s had three units, and two liters of normal saline.

**GREENE**

Vitals?

(Continued)
WRIGHT
BP's 80/50. Pulse 112.

GREENE
Okay, I can live with that, and so can she.

LEWIS
Baby's five minute APGAR's much better -- eight!

GREENE
Okay, good. Gown up.

The cavalry arrives, way too late. DR. JANET LIEBMAN blasts through the doors, as Tony paces nervously outside, desperately trying to see in.

She takes in the overwhelming scenario.

LIEBMAN
What the hell's going on in here?

GREENE
My worst nightmare. I induced per your instructions, but the baby went bad. I tried forceps and got a shoulder distocia. She seized, I paralyzed and did a crash section. There were two liters of blood in her uterus.

LIEBMAN
You knew she's abruptly?

GREENE
No, that's when I found out. The baby nearly died.

Liebman moves to the bed.

LIEBMAN
(re: Carter)
Who the hell's this? And what's he doing in there?

CARTER
I'm John Carter, med student, and I'm pressing on the aorta.

Liebman looks into the surgical field.

LIEBMAN
What'd you use, a chain saw? It's a damned mess!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (4)

GREENE
I couldn't just stand there
waiting for you while that baby
died!

She heads for the sink and starts scrubbing.

LIEBMAN
You should have let me know you
were in over your head.

CUT TO:

TRAUMA HALLWAY

Tony is frantic with worry as the team from the peds ICU
blasts past him and enters --

TRAUMA ONE

Where Greene, Liebman and Lewis peer into the surgical
field.

LIEBMAN
Okay, Carson. Let go.

LEWIS
Looks good... looks excellent.

GREENE
Can I go talk to the father?

LIEBMAN
Go.

The NICU team has baby Jared ready to transfer. A nurse
takes over bagging. IV lines and monitors are attached.
They push him into the hallway.

As he pulls off his bloody gown, Greene looks into the
trauma hallway where Scovelli looks at his son for the
first time -- a mixture of horror and joy on his face.
He looks up and locks eyes with Greene.

Greene steels himself and heads into the --

TRAUMA HALLWAY

Where Scovelli registers the tubes, the wires, the ambu
bag, the monitor --

(CONTINUED)
TONY
He's brain damaged, isn't he?

GREENE
He was apneic at first, but his five minute APGAR was very encouraging --

TONY
Stop hiding behind medical jargon, you son of a bitch!

GREENE
I think your baby will be fine.

As the ped's team tries to move off --

TONY
Don't you take my son!
       (in Greene's face)
And Jodi?!

GREENE
       (this his hard)
There was bleeding. The placenta separated from the uterine wall. She's had transfusions, and she's stable right now. Dr. Liebman, the OB specialist, is with her, closing the incision.

TONY
How could this happen? She was perfectly healthy when we came here! Why didn't you do a C-section right away?

GREENE
What we need to do now is get your son upstairs.

Greene signals and the team starts to move.

TONY
What made you think you could handle this case?!

GREENE
Go with your baby. We need to finish with your wife. There's nothing you can do here.

TONY
Why won't you answer me!

They move toward the --
Where Greene tries to explain. Needs to explain.

**GREENE**

Medicine's inexact, Mr. Scovelli.  
I made my best judgments, based on --

**TONY**

Best?! They were all wrong...  
(dripping contempt)  
Doctor Greene!

The elevator door slams in Greene's face. After a beat he turns and heads toward the --

---

**TRAUMA HALLWAY**

Where passing staff throw him sidelong glances. Word of disaster spreads fast. Liebmam bursts out of the room, pulling off her surgical gown.

**LIEBMAN**

I have never seen such a chain of errors in judgment. Who the hell did you think you were?!

**GREENE**

I did as you asked. Where were you?

**LIEBMAN**

You miss a pre-eclampsia, under-estimate the fetal weight --

She tosses the ultrasound pictures at him.

**LIEBMAN**

Miss a placental abruption --

**GREENE**

What?

She points.

**LIEBMAN**

Blood clot. Right there. You try an ill-advised forceps delivery on a macrosomic baby, then do a hack job of a C-section!

She steams toward the --
With Greene following.

**GREENE**
I'm the one in the barrel, with a baby going down the tubes --

She turns on him.

**LIEBMAN**
The only thing that saved you from a disastrous outcome was dumb luck!

**GREENE**
I applied the skills I --

Lewis slams out of Trauma One.

**LEWIS**
Mark, get in here. She's crashing!

Greene races into --

Where a flurry of nurse activity surrounds Jodi, now on a respirator.

**HATHAWAY**
Her O2 saturation took a dive. It's 75!

**GREENE**
How many units has she had?

**WRIGHT**
BP's falling, 70/40!

**HATHAWAY**
Two O-neg, two cross-matched.

**WRIGHT**
Pulse is too thready, I can't get a blood gas.

Greene grabs surgical gloves as Liebman trails him in.

**LIEBMAN**
You run the resuscitation.

**GREENE**
I'll throw in an arterial line. Put the blood bags on pressure pumps.

(continued)
HATHAWAY
Get the kit.

Nurses pull in the arterial line kit on a tray as Greene punctures her wrist artery. The HEART MONITOR ALARMS.

WRIGHT
Her heart rate's slowing -- 48.

GREENE
Give her a mig of atropine. Check a manual BP!

He threads the line and Hathaway readies the IV hook up.

GREENE
She's really bleeding from the puncture site. Put pressure on it.

WRIGHT
I don't hear it. 60 by palp.

GREENE
Hang a dopamine drip. Pull her off the respirator and bag her!

Jodi starts retching. Then vomits a bucket of blood.

LIEBMAN
Blood's stopped clotting -- she's going into DIC!

GREENE
Damn. Order 10 units cryoprecipitate and platelets.

The MONITOR ALARMS.

WRIGHT
(off monitor)
Uh oh. Multifocal PVCs.

GREENE
Lidocaine 100 migs IV push. Start a drip.

HATHAWAY
I don't get a pulse, Mark!

Another ALARM WAILS.

WRIGHT
She's in fib!

(CONTINUED)
Carter, CPR!

As Carter starts compressions, Hathaway charges the defibrillator paddles.

HATHAWAY

260.

Greene applies them.

GREENE

Clear!

ZAP.

CUT TO:

TRAUMA ONE - 20 MINUTES LATER

As Wright slams into the room carrying blood products.

WRIGHT

Here's more platelets and cryo.

Greene and Liebman have re-opened her abdominal incision. Lewis works the respirator. There's blood everywhere.

GREENE

She's oozing from every cut surface.

LIEBMAN

We're chasing our tails in here.

The MONITOR ALARMS.

HATHAWAY

More PVCs! She's maxed out on Lidocaine.

GREENE

Add Pronestyl, 30 migs a minute, up to 200.

WRIGHT

No pulse -- we're losing her!

Greene pushes the instrument trays out of the way and starts CPR. Another ALARM.

LEWIS

Fib! Charging to 300.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She applies the paddles.

LEWIS

Off!

ZAP. No change.

LEWIS

Again. 360. Off!

ZAP.

OFF Greene's anguish --

CUT TO:

TRAUMA ONE - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

The EKG spits a long flatline strip in to a growing pile on the floor. Greene is still doing CPR, Lewis is bagging. Wright checks a chart.

WRIGHT

It's been five minutes since her last high dose epi.

GREENE

Give her another seven.

LEWIS

Mark, she's gone. We're thirty minutes past too late.

Still Greene pumps.

LIEBMAN

I'm calling it. Time of death 0535.

She strips off her gloves and walks out.

Greene pumps.

GREENE

It's not flatline, it's fine V-fib.

Another 7 migs epi.

The rest of the team backs off.

GREENE

We can't give up.

Still Greene pumps.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Everyone stands still, watching him. His pumping slows. Stops.
The machines turn off. Dead silence. All eyes on Greene.

    GREEENE
    (a long beat)
    Where's Mr. Scovelli?

    LEWIS
    In the nursery.

Still, Greene doesn't move.

    GREEENE
    I was playing God.

Finally, he pulls off his gloves and heads off. Outside the doors, he turns for a beat and looks inside.

CUT TO:

TRAUMA HALLWAY/MAIN HALLWAY

Silent, sidelong glances follow Greene as he moves to the --

ELEVATOR LOBBY

Where he pushes the button and waits. He gets in, and as the doors close, we glimpse his pain.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY OUTSIDE NURSERY

Greene makes the long walk down the hall, dread etched in his face. He stops at the nursery window and looks into --

GREEENE POV - INTO NURSERY

In a daze, Tony sits slowly rocking, holding a bottle for his motherless son. The baby's eyes are open. Only one IV remains.

CUT TO:
Motionless, Greene stares inside, the reflection of father and child across his face. He finally moves...

CUT TO:

Greene slowly crosses the room. He speaks to Tony, but we don't hear what he says. After an agonizing beat, Tony lowers his head...

CUT TO:

Jodi's corpse lies on the gurney. The sheet covering her has been peeled back.

Greene stands alone. Gazing at her still face.

Carter silently enters the room, but Greene doesn't move.

CARTER

Dr. Greene?

Finally Greene looks up.

CARTER

Dr. Greene... I... uh... just wanted to let you... to tell you... I think you did a heroic thing.

Greene cannot answer him. He just turns and walks out the door.

Greene and Lewis climb the stairs to the platform. Greene is in a daze.

LEWIS

It's one stop the other way, right by the station.

GREENE

I gotta get going.
LEWIS
Come on... Not only does Shorty's
have the greasiest eggs in town,
stuff falls from the ceiling every
time the El goes by!

GREENE
Sounds very attractive... but
really, Susan, I've got a million
things to do.

The El pulls in.

LEWIS
You sure you're okay?

GREENE
I'm fine.
(a Boy Scout
salute)
Scout's honor.

Greene gets on the last car.

LEWIS
Is Jen home?

GREENE
Bye, Susan.

The doors close behind him.

Greene appears at the back window of the last car, his
face no longer masking his devastation.

As the train pulls away, Lewis watches with concern until
Greene's face recedes down the tracks and disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. EL CAR - DAY

Greene takes a seat, burying his face in his hands a
beat. Finally, he leans back and stares numbly out the
window at the city flashing by.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE LOCATION - HELICOPTER SHOT - DAY

Greene walks alone, oblivious to the bitter cold.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He idly skips a stone across the gray, wind-whipped waves.

A few old fishermen, bundled against the chill, eye him as he walks numbly past.

Greene passes them without a glance.

Reaching the water's edge, he stops, leaning into the biting wind...

Alone...

CAMERA RISES and Greene's figure slowly shrinks away, diminishing to a speck on the waterline.

He finally disappears, dwarfed by the looming Chicago skyline.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END