My leg! My leg!
My leg!
My leg! My leg!
- Okay, here.
- Oh, God!
My leg!
My leg! My leg!
My leg!
That's me!
What the hell's going on?
It's time to return.
Look into his eyes.
Look.
I can't believe it.
- caused by development of fatty fibrotic deposits in the arterial wall.
The endothelial cell damage in the inside surface of the artery... ...causes a twofold effect.
So the smooth muscle cells lying deep in the endothelium start to multiply...
...and protrude against the endothelium cell lining.
Fatty substances begin to deposit around the muscle cells...
...causing development of a fibrotic lesion.
Now, when the aortic or pulmonary arteries are obstructed...
...you're into the area of myocardial infarctions or neurosis...
- ...of the myocardium. Got it, Chris?
- Yeah.
Sounds more difficult than it is.
- Let's go over it.
- No, I understand-
When the aortic or pulmonary arteries are obstructed...
...you're into the area of myocardial infarctions or-
Dad, I got it.
Chris, you can't get anything.
You have to know it. What would
the faculty at Northwestern say?
- I'm in the 12th grade.
- When I was your age...
- ...I was in my second year-
- At Oxford.
Angiocromatic menosis.
Nothing fascinates me more than the human body.
And no part of the human body is quite as mysterious...
...and wondrous as the heart.
So let's start with the aorta...
...and work our way through the entire system...
...by which blood is distributed...
...through the body. Shit! Damn!
But when the aortic or pulmonary arteries are obstructed...
...you're into the area of myocard-
Riveting.
This is Mr. Racine. He's 47.
Two days ago, he underwent an aortic-valve replacement.
How are you feeling today?
I don't know, doc. My right leg hurts, and I'm burning up.
Mr. Racine has a low-grade fever...
...and is exhibiting tenderness in his lower right calf.
Undoubtedly phlebitis.
In su-
Such cases, an anticoagulant is prescribed.
For such a minor incidence I suggest-
Seventy-five milligrams of Synkavite.
Very good, Dr. Spellner, but as death is not our objective here...
...I would suggest 10 milligrams of Coumadin.
Hernia. It's all in the chart.
That rectangular thing that Dr. O'Donald...
...is presently fondling. Let's go.
Hospital policy prohibits treatment—
This gentleman doesn't care about
hospital policy and neither do I.
A hospital's a place where
people come to get well.

- Scurry off.
- You think only rich people get sick.
- But it doesn't work that way.
- I'm sorry, but there's nothing I can do.

Keep shouting. There's a few patients
you haven't disturbed. What's wrong?
I've got a man with chest pains.
He's got to be admitted.
This is a man with no insurance.
I don't know where she finds them.

- Send him to County.
- There.
- What?
- You know the policy—
Policy schmolicy!
This man needs medical attention.
Remember how to do that?
You used to. You used to be
the best surgeon in this city.
Still am. Send him to County.
Good morning.
What seems to be the problem?
Oh, money and my patient's lack of it.
If you wanna carry
this crusade further...
...bring it up again
at the board meeting.
- And have them kick my ass again?
- If the shoe fits.
- Mind if I join you on rounds, Jack?
- No.
Sorry. County will treat you fine.
Chris, it was a great speech.
It started out about the heart...
...and ended about the brain damage.
- Oh, there she is.
- There she is.
- Lori? Where? Lori?
- Where?
- Trigger, Trigger.
All right, man.
All I have to do is ask her.
Split up the tickets and give her one.
And she'll sit next to you,
and then let the fun begin.
No, she is great. She is so great.
- No, I can't do it.
- Chris.
- I'm selling the tickets.
- You can do it. Now walk up to her.
Look her in the eye and say,
'Will you go to the concert tomorrow?
- If not, I'll set fire to you.'
- How can she stand to...
...be so close to her own body
without feeling herself up?
Chris, go.
Oh, right.
- Do I look all right?
- Look good.
No, no, no, Trigger. I can't. I can't.
Just go up and ask her out for me.
Tell her I injured my voice...
...rescuing hostages or something.
Hi.
- Hi.
- Hi, Charlie.
No, it's Chris.
Lori, I was just wondering,
tomorrow night...
...if you weren't doing anything,
maybe we could go out?
Or if you were doing something,
I understand.
Or even if you weren't and just
didn't want to, that'd be okay too.
- Are you serious?
- No, not really.
But it's just that I wound up with two
tickets to a concert tomorrow night...
...and I thought that since you remind
me so much of Heather Thomas-
- Locklear.
- Locklear, that-
What are the seats like?
Aisle or center?
- Center.
- Look.
Sorry I cancelled our date
tomorrow night.
My parents are forcing me to go
to my grandmother's for dinner.
- It's a big deal to her.
- It doesn't matter.
- I'm going to the concert with...
- Chris.
- Hey, Rick.
- Him?
He considers me more important
than his grandmother. Right, Chris?
Right. She means nothing to me.
Right, Trigger?
- Hates her.
- Fine, if that's how you want to play.
Larry, I have been in your office
for 15 minutes. Don't keep me waiting.
Oh, I'm sorry, Ginnie.
I was making rounds with Jack.
His wife is dead, so he can
take all the time he likes.
- Hello, Jack. It's been a while.
- Far too long, Ginnie.
Dear, I hope you take my advice
and make Jack the next chief of staff.
- I may just do that. He's a good man.
- Lord knows they're hard to find.
Well, I'll be happy to serve this
hospital in any capacity you see fit.
Either of you.
Excuse me, Dr. Armbruster.
- May I interrupt you?
- Of course. I'll be right back.
Jack, entertain my wife
in your patented manner.
- I shall make the attempt.
- Modesty, thy name is Jack.
I wonder if you know what you
could do to really entertain me.
Well, wait a minute. Let me think.
- Why are you always so shy?
- Why are you always so married?
You were performing a very delicate
operation in a dream I had last night.
Then I suppose I'd be wrong
to bill you.
You had very sure hands.
I wonder what it would
be like if I were awake.
Most operations are best performed
with the patient asleep. Yes.
Dear, he definitely has
the ability to handle people.
- I think he's a born administrator.
- Jack, you should...
...appoint her
your campaign manager.
I would, if I was campaigning
for chief of staff.
Instead, I remain quasi-available
and fashionably aloof.
Oh, that's good. That's very good.
- Aren't you late for surgery?
- Yes, I am.
Well, then.
Well, then.
Oh, so cool. You wanna stick it
in Tisdale's lunch for a laugh?
No, I can't do this. I'm sorry.
This is wrong. No.
Dr. Hammond...
...you seem to be hoping this frog
will commit suicide.
I suggest you overcome your
delicate sensibilities...
...or fail class for the day.
Do I make myself clear?
- Crystal clear, sir.
- Attaboy, Hammond.
Start at the gizzard...
...slice the sucker open...
...and scoop out the intestines.
Piece of cake.
Kill, kill, kill, kill.
Kill, kill, kill, kill.
Sorry.
- Blood pressure is too low.
- You want him on dopamine?
- I want his pressure up.
- Aye, aye, captain.
Let's get him stable.
I want him off bypass.
You're in a good mood.
I had to tutor Chris
for his biology midterm...
...and spent the night getting
the equipment forecasts...
...for this bloody hospital, no pun
intended. Let's come off bypass.
We're off, Dr. Hammond.
When you're chief of staff,
do I call you 'chief'?
- 'O, Exalted One' will do.
- We're losing one hell of a surgeon.
- You're right.
- Let's go out for drinks tonight.
You never socialize anymore.
You haven't been out
since Jan passed away.
No, I don't think so.
Close for me, please.
50.5. Way to gut it out, Hammond.
You're pacing yourself.
- I like the kick you're using.
- It's the Hammond kick!
Hammond kick, huh?
Well, it's official.
Hammond, you're on anchor
at district tomorrow.
- Anderson, you lead off.
- Come on, it was a fluke!
- You can't make Hammond anchor.
- I just did.
- Hit the showers!
- I'm warning you, Hammond.
You're getting in my face too often.
You better watch your step,
dickhead!
We're on the same team.
What do you say we call a truce?
Yeah, okay, for the good
of the school, asshole!
- Hey, Rick.
- What?
- Nice race.
- Rick, whatever you want.
Come on, Rick, leave him alone.
He's a good kid.
Yeah, well, you better watch
your step, dickhead.
That guy is huge. What is it,
a glandular disorder or what?
I don't know, but sooner or later,
he is going to freak.
And I wouldn't wanna be here
when he does.
I think there should be a size
requirement for high school.
Oh, God!
- How bad?
- The worst. Look, a C.
- A C?
- A C. I am dead meat.
I am sitting on a hook,
rotting in the sun.
Flies are, like, gathering around me.
I am dead meat.
For what? For a C? My dad would give
me his porno collection if I got a C.
A C? I cannot believe a C.
Thanks for the ride.
Good luck at home.
Hey, man, there is no good luck
at home. Only death by lasers...
...emitted from my father's eyes.
You'll get into a med program
somewhere.
- Hey, man, what's that?
- That's my Uncle Earl.
He's been staying with us for a couple
of days, stinking up the house.

He's leaving today.

Probably on his way to Venus.

Hey, Earl, how you doing?
- Pretty creepy-looking to me, Trigger.
- Yeah, he's an archaeologist.

Creepy is his life's work.

Hey, listen, I gotta get home
so my father can end my life.

Let's see if I can get him talking
about his brain-transference serum.

It could make med school obsolete.

Brain-transference serum?

He was talking about it last night.

It's up in those boxes.

Oh, yeah, yeah. The one marked
"brain-transference serum."

You gotta keep an open mind about it.

You should see the scar on his leg.

Hey, Earl, can you tell my friend...

...about how Indians operated on
your leg and you didn't feel anything?
- No.
- Great talking to you, Earl.
- I'll get him to talk. Wait.
- Forget it. I'll see you tomorrow.

If brain transference has to do with
having your head handed to you...

...you and Uncle Earl can come
to my house and watch.
- See you tomorrow.
- Later.

MTV.
- It's an attitude.
- MTV.
- Hi, man. I thought you were my dad.
- Nope, taller.
- Tabasco sauce?
- Brain-transference serum.

Oh, shit.
- Trigger, what are you doing?
- I went to a lot of trouble siphoning...

...this stuff off from my uncle without
him seeing it. We can at least try it.
Yeah, right.
I'm gonna try this stuff. Come on.
No, you're not gonna try anything.
Hello, Seymour.
I have a little present for you.
Come on. Give it to me.
Give it to me.
That looks like cooking oil.
Yeah, well, let's see what it can do.
Come on, open up.
Be careful, be careful.
Come on, this is stupid.
Trigger, how did that happen?
Did you ever see
The Emerald Forest...
...where the guy, he swallows some
stuff and turns into a panther?
  - No.
  - Same principle.
Did either of you
notice anything unusual...
...about Seymour and Sparky today?
  - No.
  - No.
  - Oh, God, it's my dad.
  - I'm out of here.
Terrific.
Come on, just stay for dinner
and lessen the blow. Help me out.
Will you relax?
I don't see what the big deal is.
  - You blew an assignment.
  - It's a big deal. You know my dad.
You don't want to be in med school
anyway. If I was you...
...I'd say, ''Get off my back, Jack,
or there's gonna be hell to pay.''
Dr. Hammond,
what a delightful surprise.
  - Isn't it?
  - Trigger, stay for dinner.
Well, how'd you do, Chris?
Doc, that's a great jacket.
It really brings out the color-
The color in my eyes.
Yeah, right. Chris?
The grades aren't posted till Monday.
l don't know.
Monday?
Oh, l was hoping you'd hear
before the weekend.
Yeah, l know, but-
Oh, Dad, l'm running anchor...
...in the mile relay at the district
championships tomorrow.
Good. Be sure to mention that to the
guys from Northwestern on Friday.
Dr. Hammond, l'm leaving in a minute.
The spaghetti's nearly ready.
Bread is in the oven...
...and the salad's in the fridge.
- See you later, Phyllis.
- What?
- Right.
- Dad, l need to talk to you about...
- ...the interview with Northwestern.
- How about the interview with Lori?
- Didn't you reconfirm it?
- Yeah.
Damn right. Let's face it,
you lucked out.
She's major-league action.
l didn't think you had a prayer.
- You said l was the ultra-dude.
- l didn't mean it.
She's used to guys that are
a cross between Don Johnson...
- ...and Sylvester Stallone.
- What does that make me?
You're more of a cross between
Sylvester Stallone and Don Knotts.
Oh, yeah? Well, you're
like a cross between Don Knotts...
...and Sylvester the Cat with
a lint ball mixed in for lQ purposes.
After what you got on
that biology presentation...
...l don't think you qualify
to be making lQ judgments.
I mentioned that jacket already, haven't I?
Herringbone or something?
What the hell did you get?
Oh, you mean the actual grades.
Those are gonna be posted on Monday.
But Trigger's talking about the...
Temporary.
They can change anytime.
I got a temporary grade.
Those are gonna change without notice. So for the time being...
...it may appear that I may have gotten a-
- A C.
- A C. When actually-
A C? You got a C?
Thanks for the chow, Chris, and glad I could be of help.
Doc, again, great wardrobe.
Thousands of herrings must have died for that jacket.
- A C?
- Yeah, I'm sorry. I tried my best.
But I'm just not good in biology.
Chris?
Dad?
I don't fucking believe it.
Chris?
Dad?
Oh, shit.
Are you in there?
Yeah, Dad. I'm old.
I don't believe it.
All right, just stay calm.
There's bound to be a very rational scientific explanation for all of this.
There is. You put Tabasco sauce in your bloody mary.
- Oh, God.
- Dr. Hammond.
Dr. Hammond.
I feel a little responsible
about what's happened here.
It started out when I fooled around with
my uncle's brain-transference serum.
There's no such thing
as a brain transference.
No sweat.
I remember my uncle
saying something...
...about it not lasting very long.
I can ask him, but he's gone.
- Well, not dead. Just gone.
- Listen to me, you little asshole.
I don't care where your uncle is
or what you have to do to find him.
But you go now and do whatever you
have to do to get us out of this thing.
And if you don't, you'll never finish
puberty. Do I make myself clear?
Sorry, Dad.
Trigger.
Trigger.
Dr. Hammond? Is that you?
No! Yes. I was just wondering
if you'd seen my cat.
- No.
- No. Damn cat.
Well, then, Walter...
...I wonder, could I have a word
alone with your fine boy, Clarence?
- Sure.
- I'll see you at the front door!
Hello.
- What's up?
- What can I get you?
Drinks.
- I'll have a martini.
- You want that on the rocks?
No, in a glass is fine.
Could I have some ice
with that, please?
And what would be your finest
champagne?
Louis Roederer Cristal,
and you're not getting any.
Yeah.
This sucks. I'm gonna cruise
the joint and get me a woman.
And you guys know each other?
Well, well, well. Who have we here?
We have moi.
- Me.
- You know, when I saw you...
...a moment ago, a shiver
ran through my body.
Think I need something
to warm up?
You mean like a hot chocolate?
I was thinking of something a little
more personal and a lot more private.
- Private as in just you and me?
- Can't think of anyone else to invite.
- Okay.
- Okay?
The place is full of nuns.
Hello, there. How you doing?
The name's Trigger. As in ''horse.''
As in ''hung like.''
This is my son's friend.
- Yeah, see, we're inseparable.
- Yeah.
The age difference doesn't matter,
because I think like an adult.
- I also do other things like an adult.
- Yeah.
I have to go.
- Charming to meet your son's friend.
- The charm was all mine.
- I'll see you.
- Yeah, sure. Anytime.
- Anytime?
- Sure.
Let's rock 'n' roll!
On the house!
We have some lines open right now,
so give us a call.
- You're on the air.
- Hi, Wally?
Hi.
Hi. I'm a first-time caller.
Thanks. Turn off your radio.
The key is in the ignition.
The key is in the ignition.
The key is in the ignition.
The key is in the ignition.
Just what I mean. What do you mean,
''Leave it or live with it''?
Like an alligator, some alligators
have teeth and some don't.
What happens when the good guys
have no guns, and the bad guys-?
The key is in the ignition.
Right. That's the type of moronic
answer that I get every morning.
You're talking about alligators
and amphibians.
Oh, shit.
The key is in the ignition.
The key is in the ignition.
What the hell have you done to me?
- Hold it down a little.
- You're drunk.
- You're drunk!
- No. I'm dead.
You're damn right you're dead.
Jesus, look at you!
You've been out all night doing
God knows what in my body!
- Right!
- Using my cash, boozing it up.
Where in the hell did you get the
money to pay for an outfit like that?
I only had $20 in my wallet.
- Well, Dad-
- My credit card.
You used my credit card.
Get in the house. You are grounded.
For the rest of your life!
- Yeah, all right! Lean on him!
- Up yours.
The key is in the ignition.
Do you mind? I'm on a diet.
So sorry. I forgot.
Hey, good morning, Dr. Hammond.
Or Chris. Whatever.
What happened with Uncle Earl?
You look like a geek.
What about Earl?
Well, it seems there's no phones...
in the Zocolo Rain Forest...
...but I left a message with their police.
Earl should get back to us pronto.
Well, pronto isn't good enough.
Don't worry, I'll find him.
Chris, here's your excuse
for missing work today.
I want you to call my off-
I want you to call my office at precisely
9 a.m. and read this note, okay?
Hey, Dad, where are you going?
To school.
What?
Dad, you'll wreck everything!
What are you doing?
Chris, it's the best thing.
Come on!
You can't do this! That's my school!
You'll ruin it!
This is the best thing, son. Trust me.
You can't go to my school!
Stop!
I don't want you leaving this house...
...under any circumstances,
until I'm home.
Dad, I'm not gonna let you do this!
All right, kill your own son!
All right, have a good time.
Dad!
No! Now, I told you already.
You had your chance.
I'm going to the concert with Chris.
Come on, that guy's a dork.
What's he got that I haven't got?
Excuse me, son.
A Jaguar, for starters.
I'm gonna park there.
- May I advise you not to do that, sir?
- That's Rick Anderson.
- Never heard of him. Let's go!
Oh, boy. I wouldn't do that, sir.
Chris, are you all right?
You look kind of funny.
- Yes, I'm fine-
- I'm looking forward to the concert.
- What concert?
- Are mag wheels optional on the XJ6?
See you.
Does this sort of thing happen often?
Doc, it's really not cool to scam
on your own son's date.
Look!
Dr. Hammond, it's nearly 9:30.
You should be at work.
Yeah.
Hi, Norma. Yeah. This is Chris-
His father, Dr. Hammond.
''Norma, I'm gonna be unable to come
to the hospital for the next few days...
...because I'm suffering from
an acute attack of the 120-hour flu...
...and a very severe case
of laryngitis.''
Yeah. ''Please refer all my calls and
appointments to Dr. Roger Hartwood.
Thank you.''
The main bronchi are distributed...
...around the whole circumference
of the tubes.
Excuse me.
- Excuse me.
- What, did you fart?
Move. Stop that!
''Stop that! Stop that!''
- Excuse me, is that seat taken?
- No, we saved it just for you, dude.
- Well, thank you.
- Well, well. Good morning, Hammond.
I do apologize for dragging
you in here so early.
That's quite all right.
Hammond, do you have a strong grasp of the respiratory system?
- Very strong.
- Well, then, up to the board.
- Okay.
- Well, Dr. Hammond says...
  ...he has a strong grasp of today's material.
  We'll give him a chance to prove it...
  ...by sharing his vast knowledge of the respiratory system with us.
  Hammond, why don't you complete the diagram for all of us.
Okay.
Well, your sketch work here is a bit remedial...
...although it does have a certain kindergarten charm.
The main bronchi and its branches...
...present only irregular cartilaginous plates.
Oh, Dr. Armbruster? Dr. Armbruster?
Dr. Hammond called. Said he wasn't feeling well, wouldn't be coming in.
That's a first. It must be serious.
I'm having lunch out that way.
I'll drop by and check on him.
Dr. Hammond?
Dr. Hammond?
I'm going out for some groceries.
I will be back in about an hour.
Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah!
A quasi-humorous side note to this election...
...is that Martin Van Buren, who'd been born and raised...
...in Kinderhook, New York, and was known as ''Old Kinderhook''...
...issued campaign materials shortening ''Old Kinderhook'' to ''O.K."
Martin Van Buren is O.K., which is where we get the term, ''okay.''
Thank you, Chris, for that footnote.
Can anyone tell me what effect...
Martin Van Buren's election had on the country?
Anyone else?
The effect of this election on the country was fascinating.
Yeah!
Yeah!
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!
- Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!
- Jack?
- Dr. Armbruster.
- Looks like you're feeling much better.
Yeah, I was just checking the light bulb.
Good. That's good.
All right, then. Well, we'll see you back at the hospital in, say...
- ...an hour.
- Right.
Bye.
Shit.
What we're doing here is trying to define...
...the distance between two points.
This is the formula we use to define that distance.
- Who did that?
- He did.
Holy shit! Is that Hammond?
Hello, Dr. Hammond.
- Nice jeep. Your son's?
- No, it's mine.
His. I mean, I just...
...keep it around to, you know, haul stuff.
- That's great.
- You like it?
Yeah. Yeah, I used to have a '78 just like it, only it was black. It was jacked up. It had these great old roll bars...
...heavy-duty shocks, four-on-the-floor-
- Great.
- Sir.
This is a complete overhaul job.
l did it myself.
l got it from some chick who
burned out the transmission.
- Sir, you're chewing gum.
- Oh, yeah. You want some?
- No, thanks. l-
- No, thank you.
Okay, listen, l gotta bail.
l'll catch you guys later.
Okay.
''Bail''?
- Good morning, Dr. Hammond.
- Hey, what's happening?
- Good morning, sir.
- Hey.
Good morning, Jack.
- Take him to Ward 3.
- Out of the way. Move.
Can you see?
Dr. Hammond. Dr. Hammond,
l've been looking everywhere-
- No. l can't.
- Look in on your bypass patient.
- l've gotta go to the office.
- His angiogram seems to be-
- Isn't that Bob over there? Bob, yeah.
Where did you go off to?
l made some phone calls. l've
now left messages for Uncle Earl...
...with every tribal chief
in the hemisphere. He'll turn up.
Or your ass. So, what are we eating?
l don't know you, doc.
No offence, but get away from me.
- Trigger, that is loaded with nitrates.
- l like nitrates.
You might as well lick
the floor of a slaughterhouse.
Goodbye, doc.
l'll see you at graduation.
Listen, it's rough out there
in the real world.
I know. I'm trying to get
Chris into a good college.
And you should be
thinking about that also.
You're both seniors now. Later,
you can have all the fun you want.
When?
- Excuse me.
- Later, guys.
Congratulations, doc.
You made it to total outcast...
in three hours and 42 minutes,
beating a record...
set a few decades back
by a young Charles Manson.
Dr. Abrams, call 6105.
Dr. Abrams, call 6105.
Dr. Helmand to Nursing Central.
Dr. Helmand to Nursing Central.
No calls, no visitors, okay?
I'm gonna be real busy.
Test-
How are you feeling today?
"Oh, not so bad, thank you."
Now, then.
I have some bad news for you,
Mr. or Mrs. Matsil.
Jack?
Yeah?
I was hoping you could
do rounds for me today?
Rounds of-? Rounds of-?
Rounds of what?
Great rounds.
- Well...
- Dr. Hammond?
- Mr. Racine? He's over there.
- Who?
Racine. We're supposed to see him.
Yeah.
Dr. Hammond? Dr. Hammond?
- Mr. Racine.
- Oh, hi, doc.
Hi.
''Doc.''
- What's your name?
- Me, sir?
- Yeah.
- It's O'Donald, sir.
Yeah, I know that. Your first name.
- You wanna know my first name?
- Yeah.
- It's Mike, sir.
- Mike?
Okay, why don't you take this, Mike.
''Subject, age 47, underwent an aortic-valve replacement.''
- God!
- ''During post-op, he complained...
...of pain in his lower right calf and exhibited low-grade fever.
- Phlebitis was diagnosed.''
- What do you think we should do?
- You want my opinion?
- Sure.
I think...
I think we should increase his daily dosage of Coumadin to 12 milligrams.
- Does this sound right to you guys?
- Yes.
- Sure.
- Yes.
- Anybody think that that's a bad idea?
- No.
Sounds good to me. Okay. That's it.
Twelve milligrams of Coumadin.
And don't worry, Mr. Racine...
...we're not gonna let you die.
Are we, guys?
- No.
- God, this is great! I love it!
Okay, who's next?
Come on, you take a crack at this one.
He's got a machine.
Yo! Come on, look.
It's good you're going home now, while
there's still a few kids who like you.
They'll learn to like me
once they get to know me.
Most of them will be out
in four years.
- Hey, Chris, good luck today.
- Good luck?
In the track meet.
No, doc. Don't even think about it.
- Why not?
- Because-
In this body,
I can run like the wind.
Damn. Doc!
In his latest report,
Mr. Taylor made a similar conclusion.
In this particular case,
the financial burdens on the hospital...
...might cause a budgetary strain.
I believe this is something
we should all think about.
And in regards
to the Sudbury matter...
...they did find that the low thyroxine
levels caused the rate of oxidation...
...to produce a sulfite-ionic goiter...
...manifesting the comprising ganglia...
...of the lower autonomic nervous system...
...which would, in all probability,
produce sulfitania.
Well, actually,
that concludes my report.
Very interesting, what you were say-
What you were saying.
And...
...I think that a lot of good things
can be said about the stuff...
...that guy said.
And really, very interesting.
Very interesting, what we have here.
Right?
Great.
Thank you, Jack.
You bet.
Right, now,
well, I think we should...
...send Dr. Selwyn's proposal
to committee.
Do we have a second for that?
All right, fine.
May the record show that Dr. Gilden
seconded the motion.
Let's- Oh, now, let's see
what's next on the agenda.
Oh, yeah.
The matter of indigent care.
Here it comes.
Now, perhaps we can be brief.
The material's in front of you.
I think they speak for themselves.
Do we have a motion to-?
You do.
I thought we might.
Dr. Larkin, do you have a seconder?
All right, then, next item.
Wait a minute, hold on.
You haven't thought about this.
People are sick and dying...
...and their only sin is that they don't
have the money to get in here.
I thought that our first obligation
as doctors was to help people...
...who need medical attention.
We are shirking that duty.
I realize that this is a
private hospital, but surely-
We've been through this many times.
The insurance rules are strict.
They're not unreasonably-
Will you send it to committee?
We can't send everything.
Do you have a seconder? You have
to have a seconder. Do you have one?
Oh, come on.
Are you all so afraid
of offending Dr. Armbruster...
...that you won't send this
to committee?
Well, Dr. Larkin, you are,
as they say...
...in the vernacular
of your indigent people:
- "'You're shit out of luck.'"
- Hey, I'll second it.
Screw the insurance.
Well, Jack...
...you're full of surprises today.
First the gum...
...and the cigarette trick
and the fire.
Now this, huh? Well, let the record
show that Dr. Hammond...
...seconded the motion.
Dr. Larkin, it would appear that
your issue's gonna go to committee.
Hey, are we out of here or what?
Jack? Jack?
You are a revelation.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
- Oh, sure, Amy.
- Amy?
- Let's see some ID.
- What do you mean?
Well- No, I mean, I just can't believe
that that was you back there.
Since when did you
start taking sides with me?
It seems to me that if people are sick,
you have to try and help them.
Screw the insurance.
It's part of the hypocritical oath.
"'Hypocritical oath.'"
That took a lot of courage,
what you did in there...
...and frankly, I-
Well, I didn't think you had it in you.
- It was nothing.
- Nothing?
To say that in front of Armbruster?
lt took guts even if the chief-of-staff job wasn't on the line.
Big balls, Jack. Big ones.
Huge.
Dr. Hammond, you're a godsend.
I can't stabilize him.
- I'm not Dr. Hammond.
- His rate's increasing.
- Whack him one.
- What?
Hit him, Dr. Hammond! Hit him!
- Did you hit him yet?
- Yeah.
- I'm getting nothing. Whack him more.
- I don't know him.
Beat the son of a bitch hard.
- Dr. Hammond.
- We're losing him. He's in defib.
Right now, while he's in defib.
Give me the backboard now.
Stand by with 1 amp of bicarb.
I need 1 amp of bicarb standing by.
No response. Let's defib.
All right, stand clear and clear!
Hello. Good to see you.
How are you?
- Good running.
- Good luck.
- Don't need it.
- Right.
Runners to the block.
Take your mark.
Set.
All right, Rick! Way to gain!
Hammond! Hammond! Come on!
- Hey, get to your mark. Go on.
- Right.
Take it easy!
Rick's got us a nice lead!
Don't blow it, asshole.
Looking good, Hammond!
It's a cakewalk!
Give me it, guys! There you go!
What are you doing, Chris?
Come here! Come back here!
Hammond, get back there!
Come on! Just beat one team,
Hammond! Just one!
Come on, Hammond!
Use the kick! Use the kick!
Where the hell is the Hammond kick?
Come on! Come on, run hard!
Oh, no!
- Did I win?
- Close.
You dove 10 yards too soon, doc.
You still haven't crossed
the finish line.
- Hi, Dr. Hammond.
- Hi, Jack.
Hi, Jack.
Hey, you guys all right?
Yes, sir. We're all right.
Hey, I've got jumper cables.
Great.
- I wonder what Chris is doing now.
- Hey, dickhead!
- Here comes more pain.
- Your ass is mine!
- I gave at the track.
- Just agree with him.
- Agree with him that you're a dickhead.
- Come on, buddy, let's go. Right now.
- You want a fistfight?
- You got it, dork vomit.
- "Dork vomit"?
- Apologize.
Why? I didn't do anything wrong.
What's that have to do with it?
He'd mangle you.
- He's only a kid.
- So are you.
Let's rock 'n' roll.
I'm gonna teach you a lesson.
Come on. Come on, get out
of the car, man. Come on, get out!
Let's go.
Let's rock 'n' roll. Come on.
Hey, where you going, you little suck?
You running, huh? Come on, man.
God!
Oh, yeah? Come back,
you little bastard!
Chris?
Chris?
Chris- is home!
Chris is home. Phyllis, where's Dad?
Your father left for the hospital
four or five hours ago.
He did what?
Damn it, that little bastard
can't follow the simp-
- Hi, Pop.
- What were you doing with my interns?
Oh, you know, hanging out.
A couple of pizzas, couple of beers.
You ate pizza with my interns?
It wasn't my idea. They asked me.
Dad, what happened in school today?
Nothing. School was easy.
You didn't see patients?
No, no, I just went on some rounds.
Did you talk to Lori?
Wait a minute, rounds?
You went on rounds?
I gave out some pills.
Everybody feels fine.
What kind of pills, Chris? You didn't
talk to Armbruster, did you?
I didn't talk to anybody. Anybody asked
questions, I gave them a pill. You lost?
- Not by very much.
- Lost is lost. I mean, what happened?
- I won that spot.
- I'm pretty sure someone cheated.
What are you talking about?
False start or something?
- Dr. Hammond.
- I don't believe it.
No. Chris.
Hello. No, this is Chris.
Lori! No, no, this is Chris. Really.
Hold on a minute. I've got to clear my throat.
Talk to her.
She thinks she's talking to you.
- She is.
- Yeah, but she wants to talk to me.
Hello?
- No.
- No.
Lori, could you hold for a moment?
My father wants to speak to me.
- Dad, you can't cancel.
- She's your date.
But it's our first date. If I cancel now, she may never ever say yes again.
Ever! Please.
- What do you want me to do?
- Pick her up in 15 minutes.
- Fifteen minutes-?
- Tell her!
Come on, please.
Lori, I'll pick you up in 15 minutes.
Thanks, Dad. Oh, what a guy.
Thanks, really.
I have no time to get ready.
- Be back by 10.
- Believe me, I'll be back by 9 if I can.
No, no, no.
- Make it 11.
- Right.
And make sure you have a good time.
- Let's go.
- What are you doing? It's only 9:30!
Haven't you heard enough?
These chords are all very similar.
It's about-
You said anytime.
Here I am.
I've been wanting to do that all night.
Me too.
Sorry, I'm normally a bit taller.
- Jack.
- Yeah?
Oh, Jack.

What?

This is really very special.
And you are really very special.
I don't want you to forget that.

No.

No.

You know,

there is a magic between us.

It's a tenderness and sort of a childlike
caring that I really need in my life.

Okay.

I'm learning something tonight, Jack.

I feel so free.

So unchained,

so able to feel a warm emotion...

...without being compelled to perform

some mindless act. Am I right?

No question about-

Reality is so much better than fantasy.

I go around saying that all the-

Warmth is more valuable than heat.

My motto.

Because...

...we could just go at it, Jack.

And we will.

You know it, and I know it.

We can.

Yeah, we can- We-

Right now.

Yeah, we can.

Right here, right now.

Just take off our clothes and go at it.

We could just be like animals.

Rubbing and feeling and touching...

...and kissing and sucking and eating.

Eating. Screaming.

For hours.

Just do it.

Do it, yeah.

Do it. Do it.

Yeah.

Do it.

Do it.
That would be so darn easy...
...but rushing's never been our style.

Oh, you.
Jack.
- Jack.
- Yeah?
Jack.
- How about a drink?
- You got it.
- A little music?
- You bet.
Loud.
Too loud. Loud.
- It's a little bright, don't you think?
- Too bright. Yeah, bright.
Yeah. Bright.
Yo!
- Thank you.
- Yo.
No problem.
There we go. Almost out.
It happens every so often.
Right. Let me just move this out of the way.
- Give this a little push.
- I'm uncomfortable, Jack.
I'll have this out in a jiffy.
- It's getting a little late.
- It's early.
Pull up another chair.
- How about the couch?
- It's out.
Let me just get this fire completely out.
Go ahead and help yourself to another beer.
I have beer at home.
- Good night, Jack.
- You're leaving?
See, and you still have the shank of the evening to do with as you wish.
- I want out of here!
- Not nearly as much as I do.
You're ruining my life!
Just look at you!
I have got the living shit beat
out of me, and it is your fault!
No, you've got the shit
beat out of me!
You are screwing up my life, mister!
And I can kiss
that chief-of-staff job goodbye!
I have had it with you, pal!
Tomorrow morning, the woman from
Northwestern has to interview me...
...to get you into a medical program,
and look how I look.
Why don't you leave me alone
and let me lead my own life.
You've never let me lead my own life!
How can you lead your own life?
You can't even lead my life!
- Oh, hi.
- Uncle Earl. You found Uncle Earl.
- He's got the antidote.
- Oh, thank God.
He doesn't exactly
have the antidote with him.
- Trigger.
- But he knows where it grows...
...so I guess we're going
on a little trip.
Hey, Earl. How close are we
to this carrot root?
- Taro root.
- How close?
Real close.
Real close, how close?
Well, maybe not absolutely close.
- Where, damn it?
- Death Valley.
- Is this taro root?
- No, that's piccoli cacti.
Taro root is brown.
- Oh, how about this one?
- No. Sand rot.
Taro root is tiny.
Hey, I think I got something.
lt's brown and tiny.
That's curler snake.
Looks just like taro root.
Earl, forget the fire.
Help us look for this root.
Need the fire.
We got some cooking to do.
You're going to mix
this stuff out here?
You yaboos are in a hurry...
- ...to get out of each other?
- Yeah.
l do have an interview
with Northwestern tomorrow.
- Hey, you want to go back or not?
- Yes.
You see how easy it is
to let school slide.
- Root.
- Right.
- Brown and tiny! Is this it?
- Jackpot.
Hey, great going, Chris.
- Now, everybody squat.
- Earl.
Squat, squat.
l'm sorry, Earl, l don't squat.
Squat.
Now, everybody settle.
This is just us and the desert.
Let all your worldly cares
just blow away.
- Let the wind just clean you out.
- Skip the mumbo jumbo. Let's get to it.
- This is it.
- Well, l feel damn silly.
Yeah, well, we're all damn silly
in the desert and in the world.
Whether we know it or not
or whether we like it or not.
Okay. Here we go.
Cheers.
Sometimes it takes a while.
Mumbo jumbo. Damn.
Shit.
What does ''shit'' mean, Earl?
It means they've put up some confusing signs on this highway.
- Well, haven't we got any maps?
- Sure. Here.
Plenty.
Hey, there's a gas station or something.
Great. Great, Earl.
Is anybody here?
- Let's get back on the bus.
- Excellent idea.
- Earl?
- Somebody's in trouble.
One person in trouble, Earl.
Let's not make it a bus full.
Doc, you better get in here.
lt's the perfect crime. l kill him...
- ...you go to jail for it.
- l'm beginning to love it out here.
We've got a doctor.
The lady's having a baby.
- How long has she been in labor?
- Hell, two, three hours, l guess.
- But we need a doctor.
- Get some towels...
- ...and some fresh water, Mr...
- Freemont.
- Thank you, kid, but l need a doctor.
- You've got a doctor.
- Who is this kid?
- He's the doctor.
Oh, shit. This is crazy.
Come here, help me hold her head.
Hold her head, Freemont.
Help me out here, please.
There you go. lt's okay. lt's okay.
lt's all right. lt's okay.
Hang on, hang on.
- A little young, aren't you?
- Not as young as you think.
- What's your name?
- Corky.
Corky, is this your first?
- I've got a son.
- Good, I do too.
Got the water.
I got the water. No towels.
- Do you have any newspapers, then?
- Nope. Nope.
- There's some on the bus.
- I got it. I got it. I got it.
Now, hold her head.
Make her comfortable.
Everything is going just fine.
Push. Push hard like you want this baby out of you and into this world.
That's it. Push. I know it hurts.
Doc, I got them!
I got them, doc, I got them.
- Lifestyle section.
- Bring them over.
Push. Chris, come on.
That's it, that's it.
That's it. Come on, Chris.
Come on.
That's it, that's it, that's it.
Chris, come here.
Get around back of me
and watch this.
Here it comes.
That's it. That's it. That's it.
All right.
All right, now push harder.
That's it. That's it, push.
Chris. Chris, look at this.
Damn, this is-
Push, push. Damn, is this something or what? Chris.
Chris, can you see this?
That's it. Here it comes.
I haven't done this in years, and it still gets me. Chris.
- Chris- Earl?
- I'll take care of him.
There.
We've got a boy.
You're gonna make one hell of a doctor when you grow up, boy.
- Are you okay?
- Yeah.
All right.
What do you say we celebrate the kid's birthday and ditch school?
I've got Chris' interview at 10:00.
We should just make that.
- Good luck. I'm going home.
- No.
You're going to the hospital to make an acceptance speech...
...as the new chief of staff.
Then you go home.
Chief of staff of a major medical facility, grounded.
Oh, Dr. Armbruster.
- Larry. God-
- Hi, Jack. Didn't mean to wake you.
No. No, you didn't.
I was just catching up on a little shuteye.
I had a rough night.
So I heard.
You heard?
I wanted to drop by and have a chat with you...
...before the board meets.
I'll give it to you straight.
I'm supporting someone else for chief of staff.
No, please. Oh, God, please.
This isn't happening.
Larry. Dr. Armbruster, I mean-
You're making a terrible mistake.
My father, he-
I want this more than I can tell you.
I mean, it's the most important thing in my life.
I mean, I love medicine. I love blood.
Jack, nobody's doubting your sincerity.
I admire the way you said,
''Screw the insurance.''
Please, you don't understand.
I mean, chief of staff.
It's what my father's worked for and slaved for. It's all he has left.
- I didn't realize your father's still alive.
- He won't be for long. This'll kill him.
Jack. Buck up, Jack.
Jack, it's all right, now.
You're still my guy.
Come on down to the boardroom, and we'll start the meeting.
What-? What-?
Where would the Northwestern interview be?
Guidance office, second floor.
Hurry up, doc.
You're 15 minutes late.
Run, doc. It's okay.
- Guidance counselor's office.
- End of the hall.
Oh, my God. Oh, my God.
Oh, my God. Oh, my God.
Oh, my God. Oh, God.
Oh, my God. Oh, my God.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I can't tell you-
I'm terribly sorry. You all right?
I was sliding. I was out of control.
I'm Dr. Jack Hammond.
I'm late for an appointment.
Hi, Jack. Janice Stenfield, Northwestern University.
I just want to know one thing.
What would possess you to fool around with my wife?
I did not screw your wife!
I was airborne.
I was out of control.
What?
I'm back.
Oh, my God, I'm back!
Oh, I'm back.
And I wanna be a doctor.
This is me. It's me.
Yes, indeed. Dance with me.
Here I am,
and I wanna be a doctor.
I wanna be a doctor.
- I wanna be a doc-
- What?
What? I wanna be a doctor.
I wanna be a doctor.
But, Jack. Jack, you are a doctor.
Yes. I- What?
- Just found out I won't be chief of staff.
- You're not even in medical school yet.
I don't want to be.
I want to be a doctor.
I mean, my father,
he wants to be a doctor—
I'm a doctor, for God's sake.
I am a doctor. I am a doctor.
It's Chris who doesn't want

to be a doctor.
- Holy shit, I've gotta get out of here.
- We still have a few minutes.
- Hey, doc. Doc.
- Trigger, Trigger, come on.
- Hey, it's me. It's Chris.
- Chris, you're back.
Yeah. We gotta get to the hospital.
Come on. Let's go.
There you are, you little chickenshit!
Lori left me. You satisfied, huh?
Look, Rick,
I wanna help you out here.
I'm gonna finish
what I started last night.
- Wait a minute, you did this to me?
- I'm gonna do it again too.
- Look, I don't wanna fight.
- Oh, you don't want to fight now, huh?
Tell you what. I'll fight you
with one hand behind my back.
Come on, man!
Oh, what, are you afraid, little boy?
Okay, I'll fight you with two hands
behind my back.
What do you say?
Two?
Two?
That one was for my dad.
- Doc.
- Trigger. Trigger, where's the car?
- Where's the car, Trigger?
- Wait. Your dad brought the Jag.
- Hurry up.
- The Jag, right.
Look, I've gotta talk to him.
Yes, Chris Hammond.
How can he not be there?
I just left him.
position on liability insurance...
...is dangerous to the financial
success of this hospital.
Therefore, I cannot- I will not
recommend Jack Hammond...
...to succeed me as chief of staff.
My recommendation is
for the man I know will continue-
Ladies and gentlemen...
...everybody seems to have a ballot
in front of them.
Take your time.
And...
...vote your conscience.
A little touchup paint.
A new front bumper.
A new rear bumper.
Well, you might as well
finish her off.
You done well.
Where's Jack?
Would somebody get Jack?
Jack, they're- They're ready.
Oh, okay.
I just want to tell you
that I think you're a great guy.
- And I'm real glad I know you.
- Well, thank-
- Big ones, Jack.
- Big ones?
- Huge.
- Huge?

Policy stands as amended.

Freeze, everybody!

Hold it right where you are.

All right, now, what is this?

- What the hell is this?
- Shut up, moose breath.
- Will someone remove this boy?
- I'm Jack Hammond's kid.

My Dad wants to be chief of staff more than anything.

If he hasn't been himself lately, it's because he's had a lot on his mind.

He's been helping me with school and trying to get me into college.

And I've kind of let him down.

My dad knows medicine.

I mean, he spends all his spare time here at this hospital.

And he's always bringing home those boring medical magazines.

He doesn't do it because he has to.

He does it because he loves it.

He cares so much about his patients and his work.

He cares so much about me.

You guys have all seen him work.

My dad is a great doctor.

You should've seen him out in the desert.

Under pressure, he was so calm and cool. So together.

For you to keep him from being chief of staff because of yesterday...

...that's not fair. It wasn't his fault.

It wasn't even him. It was me.

I would love to explain this to you, but I can't. You wouldn't understand.

You gotta take my word for it.

By the way, it wasn't my dad who was screwing around with your wife.

- It was me.
- Sid...
...read the name
of the new chief of staff.
The new chief of staff is Hal Gilden.
No, no. This is wrong.
This is so wrong. Didn't you hear me?
- You can leave.
- Didn't you hear what I said?
Didn't you hear what I said?
You can't do this.
Please, guys, you-
Dr. Armbruster, I...
I need to make
a very public apology.
It won't change things.
I'm hoping it will
because I have been an ass.
I've been disrespectful
to a very important person.
And if I'm forgiven,
I promise to make amends.
I've changed...
...in some ways,
and I hope to change more.
I'll have to think about that.
I'll really have to think about that.
Why? This really has nothing
to do with you.
Listen, about the chief-of-staff job-
Oh, you can shove
the chief-of-staff job.
This is about me and my son.
Anything left on my credit card?
Enough to get us home.
- Come on, let's go home.
- Yeah. Oh, sorry.
My son and I have
some celebrating to do.
I'm celebrating being a doctor,
and my son is celebrating not.
I presume you drove my car.
You want to drive us home?
I think I'll grab a cab.
- Dad, about your car?
- What?
Well, you know, I was a very forgiving person when I was your age. Look what I brought. Want another shot?
- Hey, Trigger.
- I'll throw it away.
Rick.
I have a little present for you. Do you have insurance, son? No, dickhead. BJ.