

INT. SURGICAL FLOOR

DR GREEN, dressed in scrubs, approaches Dr Romano.

GREEN

(irate)

Robert! Robert! I was scrubbing in when I discovered Dale's doing my Whipple?

ROMANO

Yes, he's an arrogant ass, but he's becoming a decent surgeon.

GREEN

I thought I was back on service today.

ROMANO

No, not yet.

GREEN

Why not? I've complied with every insulting, demeaning request. I even volunteered for a damn lie detector test.

ROMANO

I know, but we have to wait til the CDC finishes their bug hunt. The good news is the criminal investigation is essentially over.

GREEN

So what does that mean? "We think you're killing patients, we just can't prove it?"

ROMANO

If it makes you feel any better, I don't think this has anything to do with you.

GREEN

Then why am I not back in surgery?

ROMANO

I'm sorry. I know this is frustrating, but what choice does either of us have? Take the opportunity to get caught up with your dictation. Spend some time with your baby. Enjoy the downtime.

Doc is having none of that - then spies nurse taking a needle to a patient and storms over.

GREEN

What are you doing?

NURSE

I'm drawing some blood.

GREEN

No, you were injecting something into her central line.

NURSE

I couldn't get a draw, it was clogged.

GREEN

What did you inject into my patient?

NURSE

I didn't...

GREEN

Don't lie to me, I saw you!

ROMANO

Is there a problem here?

GREEN

Yes, she was injecting my patient!

NURSE

with urokinase -- to bust the clot in her line.

GREEN

Let me see it. Where's the vial?

*doc digs through the table...*

ROMANO

(warning)

Dr. Green

*...and pulls out a bottle of urokinase.*

GREEN

Sorry. Excuse me.

*leaves, embarrassed.*