

Private Patient's Room

Elliot is at the bed of the patient, Mr. Bragen.

Elliot: Mr. Bragen, it is so great to see you back in the hospital!

Mr. Bragen: Woo-hoo! I've got a tube in my penis.

Elliot: Come on, you're just a little dehydrated from the chemo. Plus, there are no signs whatsoever of your pancreatic cancer! You should be ecstatic! I mean, nine months ago, I told you you only had eight months to live, remember?

Mr. Bragen: I vaguely recall that.

Elliot: Yeah, of course you do. That is totally my fault! Who knew we could cure cancer!

Mr. Bragen: I prepared myself, you know? I was really ready.

Elliot: Yeah.

Mr. Bragen: Dr. Reid, have you ever had to face your own mortality?

She thinks.

Elliot: Before senior prom, I tried to wax my own eyebrows, and took them both clean off. Fft! Yeah!

He looks at her.

Elliot: And by that, I mean no. Never.

Mr. Bragen: Must have been a tough time for you, though.

Elliot: Ohhh, sure.

She touches her eyebrow, thinking back.

Mr. Bragen's Room

Elliot: A lawsuit!? So, you're suing me because you're not dying?

Mr. Bragen: Dr. Reid, I didn't want to face my mortality; you forced me to. And now, I can't earn any money because my job seems trivial. I can't be in a relationship because, what's the point? Oh, and here's the topper: Remember my horrible, judgmental father I hadn't spoken to in fifteen years? Well, good news, Doc -- we patched things up! And guess who's coming over Saturday to watch the game and tell me what a jerk I am!

Elliot: Well, you asked me to estimate how much time you had left!

Mr. Bragen: And you told me I'd be dead by now!

Elliot: Well, you're not! So, sue me!

Mr. Bragen: I am!

Elliot: It was a figure of speech! And your dad was right about you!

She begins to storm out.

Mr. Bragen's Room

Mr. Bragen is punching the buttons on his bed controller.

Elliot comes in.

Elliot: You know what, Mr. Bragen? I figured something out.

Mr. Bragen: That damn nurse broke my bed.

Elliot: That's just it -- you blame everyone else for anything that goes wrong in your life. Like this. The nurse didn't break your bed, you just press this button.

She snatches the controller out of his hand and pushes the button. Nothing happens.

Elliot: All right, it is...broken. The point is, if you hate your job, maybe you need to switch careers; if you can't get into a relationship, maybe you have problems with commitment, huh? And I know that I'm right, 'cause I'm the exact same way: I blame my parents for not preparing me for the real world, I blame this hospital for taking up all of my time; I'm even blaming you for jeopardizing my future! But, you know what? It's time for me to grow up and start holding myself accountable. And I'm doing it.

Mr. Bragen: [smiling] Good for you!

Elliot: You're, um, still suing me, aren't you.

Mr. Bragen: Yeah. But I feel like now you'll be able to handle it!

He grins at her and clicks his tongue.