

SCRUBS

Written by

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(pilot)

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FADE IN:

1 INT. COLD OPEN, BEDROOM -- MORNING 1

As the clock turns to 6:00 AM, the alarm goes off. JOHN DORIAN, "J.D." to his friends immediately reaches out and turns it off. J.D. is 25, boyishly handsome, self-deprecatingly funny, likeable, and would probably be more self-confident if he realized any of that. As he gets out of bed, WE HEAR HIS VOICEOVER:

J.D (V.O.)

Since I was eleven years old, I've been able to sleep through anything. Storms, earthquakes, my girlfriend yelling at me to "Open the door or we're through," you name it.

2 INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS 2

WE SEE J.D. ENTER, start to undress...

J.D (V.O.)

Last night I didn't sleep.

3 OMITTED 3

4 INT. BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER 4

J.D. is now in front of the mirror, towel around his waist, shaving cream in one hand.

J.D (V.O.)

I guess I get a little goofy when I'm nervous.

TIME CUT TO:

J.D. in a towel in front of the mirror, his body and face covered with shaving cream as if it were warpaint.

J.D (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You see, today isn't just any other day...

ANGLE ON J.D.'s hand as he turns on the radio.

TIME CUT TO:

PULL BACK to see J.D. now dressed in hospital scrubs, looking at himself in the mirror.

J.D (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's my first day.

MUSIC CUE.

J.D.
(to mirror)
I'm the man.

5 EXT. SACRED HEART HOSPITAL -- MOMENTS LATER

5*

The music still plays as J.D. walks toward the entrance. The hospital itself is so old and depressing that it probably can't even remember its better days.

J.D (V.O.)
And four years of pre-med, four years of med school, and hundreds of thousands of dollars in unpaid loans have finally made me realize one important thing...

6 INT. ER/ADMISSIONS -- CONTINUOUS

6

J.D. CASUALLY ENTERS through a sliding glass door. What he sees is akin to being dropped in Vietnam, patients are whisked by, children crying; This is a real hospital with much commotion. As J.D. takes this in, a frantic NURSE APPEARS, surprising him. *

NURSE KEARNEY *

Good, could you go drop a N.G. tube on the patient in 234 and call the attending if the lavage is positive?

J.D.

(beat)
Sure.

J.D (V.O.)
I don't know jack.

AS J.D. STANDS THERE, CLUELESS: END OF COLD OPEN.

FADE OUT:

ACT ONE

7 INT. ER/ADMISSIONS - CONTINUOUS 7

J.D. still stands next to the nurse.

J.D. (V.O.)
So, this is my story...

J.D.
I'm supposed to be up in intensive care-

NURSE KEARNEY *
Good. We just turfed him there.
(explaining)
We transferred him to I.C.U.

J.D.
Was this before you turfed him?

NURSE KEARNEY *
That's what turfing means.

J.D.
I know that. I'm just having some fun
with you. Woo-hoo...

The nurse stares at him, skeptically.

J.D. (V.O.)
Look, I got into medicine because I always
wanted to help people, but orientation
yesterday didn't really focus on patient
care...

CUT TO:

8 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - THE DAY BEFORE 8

The hospital LAWYER drones on in front of a room filled with soon-to-be interns. On the chalkboard he's written the word LAWSUITS and drawn an X through it.

LAWYER
The hospital doesn't want to be sued, you
don't want to be sued - let's be honest,
no one likes being sued. Being sued is
not a good thing...

J.D. sits next to CHRIS TURK, 25, black, handsome, with the quiet confidence of a man who can't be flustered. Turk and J.D. speak with the familiarity of old friends.

J.D.
Turk, You know how I'm totally down with
the rap music...

TURK
Dude, be whiter.

WE FREEZE FRAME on TURK:

(CONTINUED)

SCRUBS

YELLOW

3*

J.D (V.O.)
Chris Turk is my best friend. We
roomed together in college.

*
*
*

8A EXT. - DAY

8A*

Two shot of Turk and J.D. (with mullet and flat top) when
they were college freshman. (William and Mary sweatshirt,
etc.)

*
*
*

8B EXT. - DAY

8B*

Two shot of Turk and J.D. in med school in similar pose.

*
*
*

J.D (V.O.)
We roomed together in med school.

*
*
*

8C EXT. - DAY

8C*

Two shot of J.D. and Turk six weeks ago.

*
*

J.D (V.O.)
Hell, we even got accepted by the
same hospital.

*
*

J.D. and Turk hold envelopes, celebrating their acceptance.
They hug then part, both extremely uncomfortable.

*
*

BACK TO FREEZE FRAME OF TURK

*
*

CUT TO: *

9 OMITTED

9*

10 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

10

Back on FREEZE FRAME of Turk reacting, then:

J.D.
Here's the thing. Tupac, DMX, Dr. Dre-
in most of their songs, these artists use
an extremely volatile word--

TURK
Nigger. Yes, I am aware of that.

J.D.
My question is this. If we're both singing
along, and knowing that otherwise I'd
never use the word, am I allowed to say--

TURK
No.

J.D.
But what if-

TURK
Nooo.

J.D.
See, that's good to know.

ANGLE ON the Lawyer, who has now written on the chalkboard:
ALCOHOL + SURGERY = NO-NO. He UNDERLINES No-No. *

LAWYER
...Finally Doctors, if you make a mistake,
call me. Please, don't admit it to the
patient, or the patient's family,
especially if there is a death involved.
Of course, if the patient is deceased,
you can feel free to tell him or her
anything.

The Lawyer LAUGHS. No one else does.

J.D.
So, hey, I found us an apartment-

J.D. is interrupted by CHIEF OF MEDICINE ROBERT KELSO, 56,
he is a kind looking man with loads of 'aw shucks' charm.

DR. KELSO
Listen up gang, I'm Dr. Bob Kelso, and
I'm your chief of medicine. We've got
some exciting times ahead, gang, so I
want you to think of me as your safety
net, because I promise you, we are a family
here. Now, I bought pizza in case you'd
like to stick around and touch base with
your fellow interns. Go get 'em, doctors.

CUT TO:

11 INT. PENTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

11

The penthouse is a room with a few ratty couches, an old tv,
a small table and an old PAC MAN video game currently in
use. J.D. and Turk eat pizza and watch.

J.D.
Can I sing black magic woman?

TURK

You can hum it.

(then)

So the surgical interns are gonna go grab a beer.

J.D.

The medical interns are having a Pac-Man tournament. Apparently we're all twelve.

ELLIOT (O.S.)

I love Pac-Man.

The guys turn to see ELLIOT REID, 26, an attractive, extremely driven young woman, so much so that she seems to live at a slightly quicker pace than normal humans. She's also the type of girl that could make the world stop if she let her hair down. It's down right now. *

J.D.

Me too. I love playing it, I love watching it played. I just love it.

ELLIOT

I'm Elliot.

TURK

(Finger out, a'la E.T.)

Ellliioott...

ELLIOT

Yeah, don't do that.

J.D.

I'm J.D., this is Turk.

TURK

So, Elliot... you medical or surgery?

TIME SLOWS. J.D. and Turk look at each other, then back to Elliot. Finally:

ELLIOT

Medical.

AS TURK REACTS and WE HEAR A PAC-MAN DIE:

CUT TO:

12 INT. CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

12

J.D. and Elliot walk up to I.C.U. Elliot gradually increases the pace.

ELLIOT

So every male in my family is a doctor. My dad, my granddad, my brother. Guess that's why Dad gave me a guy's name, made me play sports, date girls, I'm joking.

J.D.

I know, I would've laughed if you had paused.

ELLIOT

Good. It was funny. So, Turk's cute.

J.D. (V.O.)

If she likes Turk, so be it.

J.D.

He's getting married.

ELLIOT

Anyway, I got better board scores than Gramps, my dad, and my stupid brother...I know what you're thinking.

J.D. (V.O.)

Your butt looks like two pringles next to each other.

J.D.:

No you don't.

13 INT. STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

13

ELLIOT

The whole having-to-be-the-best thing, Miss "Hyper competitive," I mean it used to be a big problem for me, used to, past tense...

J.D.

(stops)

Hey. Are we racing?

Elliot gives him an "Are you crazy" look, then:

ELLIOT

Yes.

She TAKES OFF up the stairs. J.D. races after her.

14 INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

14

In J.D.'s fantasy, he now wears a MARATHONER'S OUTFIT. He RUNS past doctors and nurses, even takes a cup of coffee from one and POURS it over his own head. Finally, at the I.C.U. ward, J.D. PASSES ELLIOT and BREAKS THE FINISH LINE TAPE FIRST. A WOMAN IN A WALKER comes in third.

15 INT. I.C.U. NURSES STATION -- CONTINUOUS

15

BACK TO REALITY. J.D. bends over, gasps for breath. Elliot is not the least bit tired.

ELLIOT

So, you do a lot of cardio?

Too tired to speak, J.D. MOUTHS "YES". SECOND-YEAR RESIDENT *
 JEFFREY STEADMAN, 29, ENTERS. He is truly a weasel. *

JEFFERY

Elliot Reid and John Dorian? *
 (off nods, not thrilled)
 Great. One, I am your resident, Dr.
 Jeffery Steadman, not Jeff. Two, here
 are your Manuals...

He hands them both an Intern Manual (universal text of basic procedures given to all interns).

JEFFERY (CONT'D)

These can answer any basic questions you
 have so don't bother me, ever, kay? Three,
 don't be a moron and open your manual up
 in front of a patient, Four...

J.D. (V.O.)

You ever notice how quickly some people
 make an impression?

Note: In the following dialogue, what we hear does not match
 Jeffery's mouth movements, it's just what J.D. hears.

JEFFERY

I'm a tool, I'm a tool. I'm a tool, tool, *
 tool, tool, unbelievably annoying tool. *

J.D.

Yeah.

JEFFERY

Finally, these are your beepers. From
 now on, these control your life, kay?

J.D. stares at the beeper in his hand. It goes off.

MATCH CUT TO:

16 INT. ER/ADMISSIONS - PRESENT TIME 16

J.D. is where we left him earlier, next to the same nurse,
 staring at his beeper.

J.D.

Sorry, gotta go.

CUT TO:

17 INT. HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER 17

J.D. catches up to NURSE CARLA ESPINOZA, who is pushing an
 older patient quickly down the hall on a gurney. She is
 Hispanic, thirtyish, painfully frank, and manages to be
 motherly and sexy at the same time.

J.D.

I was beeped...

CARLA

Aww, first day Bambi? Carla will take care of you - don't look at me when we're moving someone.

J.D. walks into some equipment, FALLS OUT OF FRAME. Hops up, and follows Carla into a room.

18 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

18

CARLA

We're waiting for Dr. Cox...

DR. PHIL COX ENTERS. He is an ATTENDING PHYSICIAN in his late-thirties, and a steamroller of a man.

J.D.

Hi, Dr., I'm--

DR. COX

Place an I.V. for me.

J.D.

We'll talk later.

*
*

DR. COX

Carla, a personal question. Do you spray your perfume on or do you keep a tub full of the crap and slosh around in it?

CARLA

(unfazed)

I smell nice.

J.D. is STRUGGLING WITH THE I.V.

J.D (V.O.)

C'mon, you've done this to cadavers before. So this guy's alive, just poke it through his skin, poke it through - Now!

J.D. makes a move, but CAN'T DO IT. Dr. Cox notices.

DR. COX

Time's up. Do that for him, please. I'm also gonna need to get an ABG.

J.D.

Why are you telling her?

DR. COX

Shut up and watch.

CARLA

Awwww, be nice to Bambi.

(CONTINUED)

DR. COX

This gomer has got to stop trying to die
while I'm eating lunch.

J.D.
 (under his breath)
 That's a little insensitive.

Dr. Cox looks up.

J.D (V.O.)
 Mistake.

DR. COX
 This man is ninety-two, and has full
 dementia. He doesn't even know we're
 here. For Christ sake, he's inches away
 from Carla's rack and he hasn't even
 flinched.

CARLA
 (sincerely)
 That's so sweet.

J.D.
 What about his subconscious?

DR. COX
 (into patient's ear)
 Eisenhower was a sissy.

Dr. Cox waits in a fighting stance for a beat.

DR. COX (CONT'D)
 By the grace of God, I think we're gonna
 be okay.
 (then, to J.D.)
 From now on, when I'm in the room, you're
 not allowed to talk.

As J.D. gives him the thumbs up and DR. COX EXITS:

CUT TO:

19 INT. I.C.U. MAIN PATIENT'S ROOM -- MORNING, DAY 2

19

Dr. Kelso moves from patient to patient conducting rounds.

DR. KELSO
 Now, Mr. Dorian, can you tell me what
 ailment...

J.D (V.O.)
 I'm gonna love rounds. The constant
 questions, it's like being on a gameshow.

J.D. clicks his pen as if it were a Jeopardy buzzer, then:

J.D.
 What is uremia?

DR. KELSO
 That's my boy.

J.D.

Uremia may lead to a symmetric sensorimotor polyneuropathy that tends to affect the lower limbs more than upper limbs, and is more marked distally than proximally...

DR. KELSO

Whoa, sport. Who stuck a quarter in you?
(then re. patient)

Nice, clean job with the foley catheter.

J.D (V.O.)

I had a nurse do it.

J.D.

Thank you, sir.

J.D (V.O.)

Unfortunately, I'm still afraid to touch anybody.

ELLIOT ENTERS. Her hair is up, glasses are on, and she is obviously frazzled. As she tries to SNEAK IN:

J.D (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'd been thinking a lot about Elliot. She's an anal-retentive, crazy, smartypants, but in kind of a sexy way, you know?

DR. KELSO

(without turning)

Dr. Reid, you're late.

ELLIOT

I got puked on, and seeing as it was already the fifth time today, I needed to cry for a few minutes.

DR. KELSO

Nothing wrong with squirting out a few. You're off the hook if you can tell me what to look out for in a uremic patient.

Elliot is silent, clueless.

J.D (V.O.)

Anyway, I decided to go for it.

J.D.

(whispers)

Infection.

ELLIOT

Infection?

DR. KELSO

That's my girl. Moving on...

As they move to the next bed Elliot and J.D. hang back.

ELLIOT
I knew the answer.

J.D.
I'm sure you did.

ELLIOT
I was just frazzled--

J.D.
How could you not be?

ELLIOT
You know, with the--

J.D.
I know.

ELLIOT
Good. But thanks, if I can ever do
anything for you--

J.D.
You could let your hair down again.

ELLIOT
(looks at him, then)
Can I wash the puke out first?

J.D.
If you want.

ELLIOT
(smiles, then all
business)
We'll see.

CUT TO:

20 INT. PENTHOUSE -- DAY 20

J.D. daydreaming. He looks at the TV and sees HIMSELF AND
ELLIOT ON THE SCREEN. We GO INTO the TV.

21 INT. SITCOM LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 21

J.D. sits next to Elliot. They are being questioned by a
six-year-old boy. There is a laugh track.

BOY
Daddy, why did you marry Mommy?

J.D.
Well Tiger, I gave her an answer during
rounds and she immediately had sex with
me.

ELLIOT
(with sitcom smile)
Now go do your homework so I can continue
to satisfy your father sexually while
never questioning his authority.

As the boy exits, Elliot straddles J.D. and starts kissing
him. DR. COX ENTERS the fantasy in medical scrubs, pushing
an old woman in a wheelchair.

DR. COX
What the hell are you doing?

22 INT. PENTHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

22

BACK TO REALITY. J.D. turns to see Dr. Cox pushing an older
woman in a wheelchair. He pushes her to the side.

DR. COX
Did you actually page me to ask how much
tylenol to give Mrs. Lenzer? *

J.D.
I was worried that it could exacerbate
the patient's...

DR. COX
It's regular strength tylenol! Have her
open her mouth, throw a handful at her,
and whatever lands in there is the correct
dosage.

J.D.
But--

DR. COX
And by no means are you to compromise our
no talking agreement.

Dr. Cox sits, works on a chart.

J.D.
Dr. Cox, if you could give me any advice--

DR. COX
Try not to kill anyone.

J.D.
Uh-huh. Dr. Kelso tells us all to stay
positive.

DR. COX
Look, I'm going to be careful because I
don't want to overstate this: Dr. Kelso
is the most evil human being on the face
of the earth and may actually be the devil
himself.

J.D.
Super.

J.D. (CONT'D)

It's just that this isn't what I expected.
Labs and tests and charts - it's all scut
work. Plus most of my patients are...

(re. old woman, sotto)

Older and kind of checked out mentally...

DR. COX

Pumpkin, that's modern medicine.
Bureaucratic nightmares, paperwork out
the ass, and advances that keep people
alive who should have died years ago,
back when they lost what made them people.
Your job is to stay sane enough so that
when someone comes in that you actually
can help, you're not too braindead to
function, what!?!?

J.D.

Do you think we should talk about this in
front of--

DR. COX

Her? She's dead. Write this down, Newbie.
You push around a stiff, nobody asks you
to do anything.

J.D.

Thanks, you've been like a father to me.

DR. COX

Fine, you want some real advice? They
find out that you're making nurses do all
your procedures they'll throw you out on
your ass so quick it'll make you dizzy.

J.D (V.O.)

And there it is.

DR. COX

Have a terrific day.

DR. COX EXITS and J.D. stares into the old woman's lifeless
face, then:

OLD WOMAN

Stop staring at me.

23

INT. I.C.U. NURSES STATION -- LATER

23

Carla hands J.D. one chart after another.

CARLA

Okay Bambi, here's Mrs. Lenzer's tox screen, Mr. Hobert's blood work...

J.D (V.O.)

I couldn't help wondering if Turk is having the same experience I am.

TURK

I'm such a stud.

J.D (V.O.)

Probably not.

TURK

This morning, I had my hands inside a guy's chest. All the way inside; I couldn't even see them... I shouldn't be allowed to do that.

J.D.

And you weren't scared?

TURK

What's there to be scared of? You know what the attending said: "One way or another, everyone stops bleeding". That's deep man.

CARLA

No it's not.

TURK

It's a little deep.

Carla rolls HER EYES. Turk watches her EXIT. *

J.D.

So, hey, we never finished before. I have to tell you about our apartment-

Another surgical intern, TODD QUINLAN, crosses by, HIGH FIVES TURK.

TODD

T-man!

TURK

J.D., Todd.

J.D.

Hey, how're you do--

J.D. raises his hand in a slight wave and TODD HIGH FIVES THE HELL out of it. J.D. reacts, in pain.

TODD

(to Turk)

Can I talk to you?

They talk as J.D. stands against the wall.

J.D. (V.O.)
 And like that, I was back in high school.
 You see, surgical interns, they're all
 slice 'em and dice 'em. They're the jocks.
 Medical interns - we're trained to think
 about the body. Diagnose, test, keep
 everything on a little notecard. The
 medical interns, well...

TODD
 (points)
 You've got a stain.

When J.D. looks down, Todd drags his finger up to J.D.'s
 face ('made you look').

J.D. (V.O.)
 We're the chess club.

As Turk waves and he and Todd quickly HEAD OFF:

CUT TO:

24 INT. ER/ADMISSIONS-- MORNING, DAY 3

24

J.D. stands next to a JANITOR, who works on the sliding glass
 door. After an awkward beat:

J.D.
 I'm waiting for someone.

JANITOR
 Door's broke. Every fifth time or so it
 don't open.

J.D.
 Maybe there's a penny stuck in there.

JANITOR
 Why a penny?

J.D.
 I don't know...

JANITOR
 Did you stick a penny in there?

J.D.
 I was just making small talk.

JANITOR
 If I find a penny, I'm taking you down.

ELLIOT ENTERS talking. THEY WALK to rounds.

ELLIOT
 Oh my God being on call sucks. You're
 all alone, all night - it's terrifying,
 you know?

J.D.
The janitor wants to kill me.

ELLIOT
Anyway, about eleven hours into being on call last night, my twentieth admission was this young girl who was throwing up blood, and... I actually wished it was me.

J.D.
You know, I'll bet he's killed before.

ELLIOT
Seriously, I'd gladly be that sick to lie in bed, watch TV, get to eat hospital pudding, right? Right?

J.D.
(regains focus)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, blood for pudding. You know, we're both off Monday night, so maybe, you know, if you're not busy, I don't know, maybe we could--

ELLIOT
I like Italian food, the movie we're seeing starts at 9, so we'll eat at 7:30, and please don't wear those shoes.

Elliot EXITS into the stairwell.

CUT TO:

25 OMITTED 25

26 INT. I.C.U. MAIN PATIENT'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER 26

J.D. and Elliot enter. J.D. looks at her.

J.D. (V.O.)
See? She just gets me.

DR. KELSO
Welcome to rounds, kids. Patient number one...

J.D. (V.O.)
Bottom line, Elliot is the girl of my dreams.

DR. KELSO
...the necrosis, and infected stool most likely indicate what, Dr. Dorian?

27 EXT. STREET -- NIGHT 27

J.D. IN HIS SCRUBS STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF A ROAD WITH ANTLERS ON HIS HEAD, FROZEN IN HEADLIGHTS.

28 INT. I.C.U. MAIN PATIENT'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 28

Panicked, J.D. looks at Elliot.

ELLIOT

(whispers)

I don't know.

J.D.

Sir... I have no idea.

DR. KELSO

Well, I'm very disappointed in you, son.
Dr. Reid, can you help him out? *

ELLIOT

I'd say it's superior mesenteric
insufficiency.

DR. KELSO

That's my girl. Patient number two...

Elliot makes no eye contact and moves on.

29 EXT. STREET -- NIGHT 29

J.D. with antlers gets RUN OVER BY TRUCK.

CUT TO:

30 INT. FOUR BED PATIENT'S ROOM -- DAY 30

A patient, MS. PRATT, reads the newspaper and listens to a
walkman in bed.

J.D (V.O.)

The only way to bounce back is to stay
positive.

J.D.

(cheery)

Ms. Pratt, I'm here to remove some of
that fluid from your belly, relieve a
little of that tightness.

MS. PRATT

Shut up and do it.

J.D.

Fantastic.

(then)

Ma'am, I'm going to need you to roll over
for just a second.

Ms. Pratt begrudgingly does so. As soon as she's turned,
J.D. pulls out his Intern Manual, starts reading. *

TURK (O.S.)

Nice.

(CONTINUED)

J.D. turns to see Turk, signals him to be quiet. He finishes looking up the procedure, then hides the book.

J.D.
You can roll back, ma'am. Now this'll
just take a second...

She goes back to her paper. J.D. starts to put the needle
in her stomach, hesitates, afraid.

J.D (V.O.)
C'mon. Not in front of Turk. Just jam
the razor sharp needle into her gut.

Then, chickening out, to Turk:

J.D.
I think this needle is too big. I'm gonna
get a nurse.

TURK
Learn by doing, man. Learn by doing.

Turk takes the needle and pushes it into her stomach.

J.D (V.O.)
I hated him at that moment. For being
able to do that, for being happy...

Turk removes the needle. A stream of fluid, though, SQUIRTS
OUT of her belly, like a water-balloon with a pinprick. As *
J.D. presses gauze on the spot: *

TURK
Maybe it was too big a needle.

J.D.
You think? How do I seal this up?

TURK
You want my gum?

MS. PRATT
(puts down paper)
What's going on down there?

TURK
(trying not to laugh)
This is totally normal, ma'am. Just have
to put some pressure on it.

She goes back to reading.

J.D.
So, you going to move your stuff in
tonight?

TURK
That's why I came by. I just feel like
we've done that already, you know?

TURK (CONT'D)

It might be good for us to branch out a little... What do you think?

J.D. (V.O.)

Tell him you miss him. Tell him you need him to look into your eyes and say that everything's going to be fine just like he did when the cop pulled you over. Tell him.

J.D.

Yeah, I feel the same way.

Turk nods, EXITS. J.D. takes a peak under the gauze - it squirts out again. He sighs.

CUT TO:

31 INT. ELEVATOR -- MOMENTS LATER 31

J.D. and MR. BURSKI, mid-sixties, talk.

MR. BURSKI

I just have bad gas. What're you testing me for?

J.D.

We need to know if your gas could be harmful to others.

As the other passengers react, they exit.

31A INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS 31A

J.D.

Look, Mr. Burski, I heard a systolic murmur in your heart, which is most likely nothing, but if you don't let me check it out I'm gonna worry about you all day.

MR. BURSKI

Seriously?

J.D.

(sincere)

Yeah, it would drive me crazy.

MR. BURSKI

Then I'll do it. For you.

(then, moving)

So what's it like being a young hotshot doctor?

J.D.

Did you ever go to see a movie that everyone told you was great, then because of all those expectations, you ended up totally disappointed?

MR. BURSKI
 Movies nowadays have too many special effects.

J.D.
 Yeah, that was pretty much my point.

MR. BURSKI
 Kid, you want to know my philosophy of life? It might help.

J.D.
 Lay it on me, Mr. Burski.

MR. BURSKI
 The hell with everything.

J.D.
 I like that.

J.D.'S BEEPER GOES OFF. He hands the wheelchair to an orderly, sprints purposefully down the hall.

J.D (V.O.)
 My first code. See, here's how it works. Someone's heart fails, they beep everyone, the first doctor in has to run the room, tell everyone what to do, basically decide if the patient lives or dies...

(He stops, panicked)
 What, am I crazy?

J.D. ducks into a closet, HIDING.

32 INT. CLOSET -- CONTINUOUS

32

He closes the door behind him and turns to see Elliot.

J.D.
 You chicken.

ELLIOT
 Me? Look at you.

33 INT. SURGERY MAIN PATIENT ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

33

Turk and Todd are with the patient, firing up the defibrillator.

J.D (V.O.)
 Don't worry about the patient. Turk was already there "learning by doing".

TODD
 Fire up the juice, baby.

TURK
 Clear.

J.D. (V.O.)

Plus it turns out the guy was just slightly anesthetized attached to a faulty monitor.

Turk SHOCKS THE PATIENT, who SITS UP SCREAMING. Everyone freaks out.

34 INT. CLOSET -- CONTINUOUS

34

J.D.

I thought, I don't know, maybe we cared about each other.

ELLIOT

Oh please, if you didn't want to sleep with me you would've done the same thing.

J.D.

I didn't want to sleep with you.

ELLIOT

Uh-huh. And Turk's getting married?

J.D.

Yes, he is... eventually. I'll tell you one thing. There's nothing in the world that would make me sleep with you now.

ELLIOT

(sexy)

Do me right here.

J.D.

Okay.

ELLIOT

See?

J.D.

Damn.

AS J.D. REACTS FRUSTRATED, The DOOR OPENS. It's Dr. Cox.

DR. COX

Right. Hand me a trach kit, please? *

J.D. does so and Dr. Cox closes the door.

ELLIOT

Great.

J.D.

Our date is totally canceled.

As Elliot reacts:

FADE OUT:

ACT TWO

35 INT. ON-CALL FOYER -- AFTERNOON 35

J.D. sits on the floor, leans against the door of the on-call room (a tiny room with makeshift beds).

J.D. (V.O.)

I was sitting on the floor for two reasons. One, I tried to lock Elliot in that supply closet and she kicked me. Hard. And two, the on-call room was locked.

J.D.

C'mon, I've got like ten minutes to sleep.

36 INT. ON-CALL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 36

Carla and Turk are kissing.

TURK

Tell me if I'm going too fast.

CARLA

Lose the clothes.

Turk considers this for a beat then UNDRESSES FRANTICALLY.

37 INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS 37

J.D. (V.O.)

I heard that Turk was going to move in with Todd. I'm surprised that high-fiving freak isn't in there with him.

38 INT. ON-CALL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 38

In J.D.'S FANTASY - We see Turk and Carla tenderly making love (under the covers) as a fully dressed Todd cheers Turk on, giving him HIGH-FIVES:

TODD

Look at you, T-man! You're on fire!

39 INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS 39

Back to reality as J.D. chuckles and leans back.

40 INT. ON-CALL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 40

Turk is undressed. Carla checks him out.

CARLA

Nice.

TURK

Your turn.

CARLA

Nah, I've gotta get back. But very nice.

(CONTINUED)

TURK
I'm off Friday, you feel like making me dinner?

CARLA
Que me estas Biciendo?

TURK
Or I could take you out. Your call.

CARLA
Date a surgeon? With the God complex and the married-to-the-work?

CARLA CHUCKLES, OPENS THE DOOR, ruffles J.D.'s hair.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Hey Bambi.

Turk and J.D. watch her EXIT, then:

TURK
You coming in?

J.D.
Thought I might wait for you not be naked.

AS TURK NODS IN AGREEMENT AND CLOSES THE DOOR:

CUT TO:

41 INT. I.C.U. NURSES STATION -- LATER

41

Carla is there. An orderly pushes Mr. Burski down the hall.
J.D. ENTERS, checks out Mr. Burski's flowery gown.

J.D.
You look adorable.

MR. BURSKI
Ah, the hell with everything.

J.D.
Hey, I got your test results. You're gonna be fine. One more night and you're out of here.

Mr. Burski covers J.D.'s hand with his.

MR. BURSKI
Thank you. Thank you so much.

J.D.
No problem.

*
*

J.D. enjoys the moment, then SIGNS THE ORDERLY'S CHART.
ELLIOT ENTERS from the other side. A male patient calls out:

PATIENT (O.S.)
Nurse... Nursey... Cutie pie...

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT

I'm a doctor, okay. The white coat, the
stethoscope - a doctor, got it?

CARLA

Relax.

ELLIOT

I just hate it. I hate the "darlin's", I hate the "sweethearts"...

CARLA

You don't need to tell me how hard it is being a woman around here.

Bored, Mr. Burski sighs and WHEELS OUT OF FRAME.

ELLIOT

Well, you're certainly furthering the cause by wearing a thong to work and hooking up in the on-call room.

Excited, Mr. Burski WHEELS BACK INTO FRAME.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Word gets around.

CARLA

(slow build)

You talk like that, do you even know my name? I'm 34, I spend every second of my life either here, or taking care of my mom, so yeah, maybe I needed a little closeness. I'm sure you never had a quickie at the club, or snuck some skinny, flat-butted, college boy up to your sorority room, and you judge me? And my thong - I like to think it makes my ass look good, and some days I need to feel good about something around here, and you judge me? Well, guess what. Word does get around, Ms. "Out for herself", so you can dump on everyone here if you want, but you will not hurt me.

(then, weakly)

You will not hurt me...

As she EXITS, hurt, they all stay frozen for a beat, then:

J.D.

Look at you making new friends.

CUT TO:

42 INT. EXAM ROOM -- AFTERNOON

42

Dr. Cox is with Billy, an eight-year-old, when J.D. enters.

J.D.

I couldn't get any sleep 'cause Turk practically had sex in the on-call room.

DR. COX

You are aware that I have no idea who Turk is, but good for him. 'Cause Billy, sex is life-affirming. Now, how bout you give me a urine sample, captain.

BILLY

But I just did five minutes ago.

DR. COX

Tell you what. This time put the cup on the ground and just go nuts.

Billy exits excitedly to the bathroom.

J.D.

Seems like a good kid.

DR. COX

Yeah. Why are you here?

J.D (V.O.)

I'm worried about being on call tonight.

DR. COX

You're worried about being on call tonight.

J.D.

No.

J.D (V.O.)

I don't think I can handle it.

DR. COX

You don't think you can handle it, do you?

J.D (V.O.)

Stop doing that.

DR. COX

Look, worst case scenario, you kill someone and it hangs over your head your whole life, but that's absolute worst case.

(off J.D.'s reaction)

Jeez, Newbie, just use the nurses for all the stuff you're still too chicken to do, which is, I'm guessing, everything. And if there's a really tough admission--

J.D.

Call you?

(CONTINUED)

DR. COX

God, no. I was going to say you can hide
in the closet again.

*

J.D. exits as Dr. Cox LAUGHS, then turns to see that Billy has RE-ENTERED.

BILLY
That was mean.

DR. COX
Yeah, maybe... You forgive me, pal?

BILLY
I will if you talk about sex some more.

DR. COX
(beat, then)
Boobies.

As BILLY GIGGLES:

CUT TO:

43 INT. PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT 43

J.D. stares at the clock. It's two minutes until eight.
Dr. Kelso enters.

DR. KELSO
Hey champ. First night on call starts soon, huh? Gosh, you must be excited.

44 INT. UTILITY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 44

J.D. on his knees puking into a sink/toilet.

45 INT. PENTHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS 45

J.D.
You betcha.

DR. KELSO
Oh, About Mrs. Pratt - I heard that you want to put her on the hospital's transplant list. Just thought I'd recommend sticking with dialysis a while longer. Maybe we'll get lucky.

J.D.
No problem.

DR. KELSO
Great. Have a ball, on-call. Little poem for ya.

J.D. fake laughs as Dr. Kelso EXITS, then LOOKS BACK to the clock as it hits 8:00. After a beat, his BEEPER GOES OFF.

CUT TO:

46 INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE -- NIGHT 46

The MONTAGE starts with J.D. timidly looking at a crowded room full of latenight admissions. (Drunks, homeless, etc.)

- 47 INT. EXAM ROOM -- NIGHT 47
A DOCTOR does a spinal tap. J.D. flinches at the procedure. *
- 48 INT. I.C.U. MAIN PATIENT'S ROOM -- NIGHT 48
J.D. checking a patient's heart monitor. Notices the guy is asleep, and grabs a half eaten burger off his tray.
- 48A INT. ON-CALL ROOM -- NIGHT 48A
J.D. settles onto a cot, flicks off the light. Immediately, Carla flicks it on, beckons him.
- 49 INT. FOUR BED PATIENT'S ROOM -- NIGHT 49
J.D. nods off while doing an abdominal exam. Nurse Roberts flicks his ear, wakes him. *
- 50 OMITTED 50
- 51 INT. ER/WAITING ROOM -- NIGHT 51
J.D. attempts to place an I.V., can't. The annoyed NURSE TAKES OVER. Chaos all around him. J.D. rubs his temples as everyone MOVES AT SURREAL SPEED.

CUT TO:

- 52 INT. HALLWAY/I.C.U. -- LATENIGHT 52
The BING of the elevator door opening. J.D. gets out pushing a patient, talking sweetly to her:

J.D.
I'll check on you every ten minutes, okay, Mrs. Marino?

NURSE ROBERTS *
(cold, stonefaced)
I need you in Mr. Burski's room.

J.D.
Are you flirting with me?

CUT TO:

- 53 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 53
Mr. Burski is dead.

NURSE ROBERTS *
He crashed while you were admitting in the E.R. The attending thinks it was a pulmonary embolism, no way anyone could've caught it. Anyway, you have to pronounce him.

J.D.
But the tests said he was fine.

NURSE ROBERTS

Could you just pronounce him so I can go home?

*

J.D. (V.O.)

I'll never forget that moment. The moonlight on his face. The stillness. The shame that all I could think about was how hard this was for me.

*

*

*

J.D.

(beat)

Time of death 0200.

The nurse EXITS. J.D. stands there motionless.

J.D. (V.O.)

The hell with everything.

CUT TO:

54 INT. CATSCAN ROOM -- NIGHT

54

It's late. J.D. is tending to a pizza delivery kid.

PIZZA GUY

What happened?

J.D.

You were delivering a pizza to the emergency room, and apparently our sliding glass door malfunctioned, and you just ran right into the glass. You're going to be fine, but you gave yourself a good concussion, so you might have a little short term memory loss, maybe some nausea.

PIZZA GUY

(nods, then)

What happened?

J.D. (V.O.)

Oh, make it stop.

TURK (O.S.)

Man, I lied before, I'm scared every second.

J.D. turns to see Turk in street clothes.

J.D.

Really?

TURK

Jeez, J.D., all the blood. Thank God for the surgical mask, man, 'cause without it everyone would know that I look like this whole time.

Turk OPENS HIS MOUTH WIDE in exaggerated terror. J.D. laughs.

J.D.

I think it's okay to be scared.

TURK

Yeah? I really need you to tell me stuff like that once in a while...

J.D. (V.O.)

He needs me?

TURK
Anyway, I just wanted to check on you.

J.D (V.O.)
Just say it.

J.D.
You know the offer still stands if you want to move in with--

TURK
Already took the keys from your bag.

As Turk EXITS:

PIZZA GUY
What happened?

J.D.
I'll tell you later.

CUT TO:

55 INT. HALLWAY -- EARLY MORNING

55

J.D. sits on a gurney working on a chart as an orderly pushes him down the hallway.

J.D (V.O.)
And like that, I got a second wind.

J.D. passes the JANITOR, who menacingly HOLDS UP A PENNY.
J.D. hops off the gurney, enters the penthouse.

56 INT. PENTHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

56

Elliot removes her coat, having just arrived for work.

ELLIOT
Are you telling everyone that I screwed you over at rounds?

J.D.
Not everyone. Only the people that work here. Oh, and my parents.

Angry, she turns to her locker as Dr. Kelso ENTERS.

DR. KELSO
Morning. How're you holding up?

J.D (V.O.)
Ahh, there he is. My safety net.

DR. KELSO
I saw that you're still pushing for putting Mrs. Pratt on the transplant list. Bad news though, sport, she doesn't have the insurance to cover it--

(CONTINUED)

J.D.

Yeah, but the lady's a second away from
total renal failure--

DR. KELSO

Uh-huh, Okay. Did you ask the Burski
family for permission to do an autopsy?

J.D.
They're still in there with him...

DR. KELSO
This is a teaching hospital, son. Gotta ask.

J.D (V.O.)
Just tell him how you'll ask every time from now on, but you can't face those people again. He'll understand.

J.D.
Sir, do you think I could just skip this one?

DR. KELSO
Sure, sport.

J.D (V.O.)
See? Every story needs a good guy.

DR. KELSO
In fact, why don't you just head home, you look tired.

J.D.
I am pretty tired.

DR. KELSO
Mr. Dorian, do you not realize that you're nothing but a couple of large pairs of surgical scrubs to me? For God's sake, the reason I carry this chart around is so I can pretend to remember all your damn names. Now, if the patient has insurance, treat them, if not, show them the door. And if someone dies, you get the autopsy. You get it by rounds tomorrow, or I'll be crossing your name off my chart, are we clear...? Answer me.

J.D. looks up to see Dr. Kelso's suddenly RED DEVIL EYES:

J.D.
Crystal clear, sir.

DR. KELSO
Great, sport.

DR. KELSO EXITS and J.D. and Elliot share a look, then:

J.D (V.O.)
I don't get it. If he's a jerk, then who's the good guy?

As J.D.'s beeper goes off:

CUT TO:

57 INT. I.C.U. ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

57

DR. COX pumps a young man's chest as J.D. ENTERS.

CARLA

Car accident, he was stable in the E.R.,
went into arrest about twenty seconds
ago.

*
*

DR. COX

We need to relieve the pressure in the
chest. J.D., do it.

J.D (V.O.)

Oh, God, no.

DR. COX

Look at me. You can do this.

J.D (V.O.)

And I believed him...

J.D.

(to Carla, voice
cracking)

Chest tube tray.

J.D (V.O.)

Kinda.

She gives him the equipment. J.D. takes a deep breath and
MAKES AN INCISION above a rib. He then tries to put the
clamped tube in through the lining of the chest.

J.D (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Oh man, oh man, oh man--

J.D.

I can't pop it through the pleura.

DR. COX

Don't be gentle, c'mon now...

With a big strain, J.D PUSHES THE CLAMP in all the way.

J.D.

Connect it, please Carla.

Carla plugs the open end of the tube into the vacuum and it
immediately fills with blood. The monitor beeps stronger.

CARLA

Normal rhythm.

J.D.

No way.

DR. COX

See? Piece of cake.
(then, backing off)
Your patient.

J.D.
You don't have to go if you don't want
to...

DR. COX
Your patient, Doctor.

Dr. Cox gives him an AWKWARD PAT ON THE BACK, EXITS. J.D.
and Carla continue working for a few beats, then:

CARLA
Go ahead.

J.D. raises his arms like he just won the Tour De France.

CUT TO:

58 INT. ER/ADMISSIONS -- MORNING

58

Dr. Cox is with BILLY and his ANGRY PARENTS.

DR. COX
Billy, apparently your parents are upset
about some language they think you might
have picked up here.

BILLY
Boobies.

DR. COX
(to parents)
Let me scare some sense into him.
(as the parents exit)
Let's hear it.

BILLY
(sounds like vagina)
Bagima.

DR. COX
Atta boy.

Dr. Cox NODS CONSPIRATORIALLY at - REVEAL J.D.:

J.D. (V.O.)
So I guess that's it for now. Thirty-one
hours, twelve minutes and I am--

ELLIOT (O.S.)
You finally off?

J.D. turns to see Elliot.

J.D.
Almost. I have one more really annoying
thing to do.

ELLIOT
If you're talking about getting the Burski
autopsy, I already called the family for
(MORE)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

you and they said fine, and to thank you,
and I'm sorry... They didn't say that
last part, I did.

J.D (V.O.)

The worst part was knowing right then
that I could never forgive her.

ELLIOT

I'm really sorry.

She KISSES him gently on the cheek, walks off.

J.D (V.O.)

I forgive her... You see, I can't survive
on my own.

JEFFERY PASSES, snottily says "Good-night":

JEFFERY

I'm a tool-I'm a tool. *

J.D. watches him go, then looks around, takes it all in.

J.D (V.O.)

Even now, when I finally get to go home
and go to sleep, in the back of my head,
I'll know the hospital's still here.
Wide awake. Waiting for me to come back
tomorrow so it can try to beat me.

CARLA

Bambi, get out while you still can.

J.D. snaps out of it, turns his beeper off, HEADS OUT:

J.D (V.O.)

But what the hell. The most important
thing is that I got through my first three
days without looking like a complete idiot.

Coming right toward us, J.D.'S FACE IS SMUSHED against the
glass as he WALKS INTO THE BROKEN SLIDING GLASS DOOR.

J.D.'S POV as things are blurred and hazy.

ELLIOT

Get a gurney!

CARLA

Damn door...

JANITOR

If you ask me he had it coming.

Blackness.

J.D (V.O.)

I'm the man.

END OF SHOW