

Scrubs season 6, episode 10

excerpts

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transcript

J.D.: My license had been suspended for a month for drunkenly pushing my scooter home.

So old Sasha had become a perch for a local bird g*ng.

(CAR HONKING)

Luckily, I found another way to get around.

What's up?

Thanks for the ride, Lloyd. This DUI is such a hassle.

Been there, bro. Been there.

Alcohol? Crack.

Hey, by any chance, do you like speed metal?

I did not.

(HEAVY METAL SONG PLAYING)

(LIP-SYNCHING)

I know... Here, sweetie.

Oh, babe, I didn't want whipped cream.

Oh, well, let me fix it for you, babe.

And this isn't soy. Sucks to be you.

I'll go get your coffee.

Do you know how lucky you are to have a husband?

I mean, I've got a brand new home, I am totally ready to start my life, but I just don't know if Keith is marriage material.

My mom thinks I should test his love by saying I'm knocked up.

If he doesn't propose on the spot, I just demand that he gives me \$600 for the abortion, dump him, and ease my sadness with a brand-new pair of Jimmy Choos.

That's how she got her rad shoe collection in college.

Elliot, you can't test love. When I met Turk, it seemed he was more in love with his best friend than with me.

Honey, they got that almond biscotti J.D. Loves.

I was wondering if I could borrow some money so I could get him some.

No, you got him a present yesterday.

The point is, you can't force it, okay? Yeah.

Here you go, babe.

I think we should move in together. Awesome!

Oh, babe! Turk, where's my coffee?

Turk?

(GIGGLING)

Turk?

Hey, thanks for the biscotti, Obi-Brown.

No problem, Luke.

And thanks for answering my page. I really want to rent this place, but once I told the landlord about my DUI and how I sometimes pass out when I poo, he said I need someone to co-sign the lease.

What's with that? I have no idea.

Awesome ceiling fan.

What happened, are you okay? It was a totally unavoidable accident.

Check out the hand skills.

(GRUNTING)

That is awesome.

Yeah, you want to see awesome? Turn it up.

(CRUNCHING)

(SCREAMING)

(WHOOPIING)

Turn it off! Turn it off! This thing came off.

This thing came off.

He was a beautiful black blur.

J.D.: There is not a doctor in the world that would disagree with Brian Dancer when he said...

Head wounds suck.

I mean, I feel better, but I still can't concentrate and my motor skills are shot. Hell, I can't even write.

ANNE: Hi, Brian.

Oh, my God. It's an angel.

That nasty burlesque dancer with syphilis forgot her damn ostrich feathers.

We're a little busy in here, Laverne.

That was a weird one.

Hi, I'm Anne Chase, Brian's physical therapist.

(GREETING IN JAPANESE)

I'd love to put my ear on her butt to see if I could hear the ocean.

Brian, you're doing that thing where you say your thoughts out loud.

It's a side-effect of his injury.

Oh.

It wasn't, but we'd been having fun since we came up with that.

All right, Brian, what do you think we should set as a goal?

I want to be able to write my name by the end of the month.

Yup, the next month was gonna be really difficult for a lot of us.

See, this way, I will know if Keith and I have a future in a month.

So, anyway, I can't do surgery for a month.

Hey, Dr. Kelso, I was wondering, how does one apply for paid disability leave?

Nice try, Turkleton, but the medical staff is shorthanded, what with Gloria on bed rest.

Gloria's having twins! My lady's having my babies!

Damn right.

I'm gonna have your babies so hard, baby.

So, you're saying I'm going to be a medical attending for a month?

Attending? You don't have the training for that.

You're going to be a resident again.

Good morning, reasons why I drink.

You may have noticed that we have a new face in our group.

Oh, these glasses, they're not prescription, but I figured I'd wear them so I could fit in with you medical geeks.

Know what I'm saying?

Cool, a new black resident!

Oh, it's just Turk.

Hey, Turk! What's happening, J.D.?

Hey, hey, hey! What is up with the giant novelty pen?

It's an occupational therapy pen. Brian can't hold small objects.

I had an ex-girlfriend who had the same problem.

Kidding, no she didn't. That's... That's awkward.

Son of a bitch, that's hot.

Brian, such foul language should never be uttered in front of a lady with such delicate, soft ears.

I have another appointment.

Right? Man, why don't you just ask her out?

Brian, expertly flirting is one thing, but I'm not ready to get back in the game yet.

I just got out of a serious relationship, plus I'm a tent-dwelling poop-fainter who can't drive.

I have a fiberglass skull. It's always a competition with you.

(MOANING)

Oh, my God, that was amazing.

I know. Were you thinking about me? Totally. Were you thinking about me?

I always think about you when I'm in the box, you know that.

Oh, babe.

Sweetie? This is actually my grandmother's coffee table, so if you could just use coaster from now on.

Oh, the coaster argument.

You would not believe the stuff I had to put up with when Turk and I first moved in together.

Do you know what I caught him doing in bed, even though I was sleeping right next to him?

(TURK MOANING)

(GASPING)

Hot wing?

(EXCLAIMING IN DISGUST)

Look, the point is, it's an adjustment. Get ready for some arguing.

Not us. He doesn't even mind sleeping in separate rooms.

Living with a guy before marriage makes me feel too whorey.

You can live in separate states, but if you're doing the nasty before you get married, your ass is gonna burn.

Okay, kids, time to put the spotlight on Mr. Cocky-Pants.

Name a test, any test, that you would run for lupus.

Lupus...

Does she live on the second floor?

Does she live upstairs from you?

I think you have seen her before...

Still waiting.

Antinuclear antibody test. Anti-something, something test.

It really is just super that you're here with us as a reminder that surgeons really are simply ignorant scalpel jocks.

Hell, after surgery, if there's the slightest medical issue, you just turf the patient right down to us, the real doctors, so we can pick up your slack. You cut and run, if you will.

That's right, it's not just a phrase used by political pundits who wear bow ties.

It is also the number one reason that all of you should pray to God, or in your case, Rex, Moko the Samoan Bird King, that you never have to be treated by these flesh-hungry butchers.

Jenny, take his glasses as a trophy.

I don't understand why you're so devoted to that guy.

He's got this strange power.

You wait, eventually you'll crave his approval and become just like me.

(SCOFFS)

TURK: And still, as I thought about Dr. Cox, I knew J.D. was right.

See?

Hey! Looks like I caught you admiring the old facial hair, huh?

Oh, God! Thank you.

I just found out that my great, great, great grandfather was mutton chop enthusiast Ambrose Burnside.

I'm bringing back the look to honor his memory.

It looks like tiny hamsters died all over your face.

That happened once, but no, this is just how I grow facial hair.

It starts out patchy, then it gloriously erupts, you'll see.

When this fills in, this look's gonna spread like wildfire.

Read 'em and weep.

What are you doing in here? Hiding from Anne, man.

Physical therapy is too hard. I'm getting nowhere.

I know you're scared, but you gotta stick with it.

That means a lot coming from someone who's scared to ask girls out on dates.

You know what, I'll make you a deal.

You stick with the physical therapy and I will ask Anne out.

Deal? Yeah.

J.D.: I wonder what the odds are of Anne saying yes.

Never gonna happen, Q-Tip.

Kelso just had his car washed. I'm on it.

What did I eat last night?

Wow, everything's unpacked. Your stuff looks great, by the way.

You mean her stuff. She wouldn't let me put up my stuff.

(SHUSHING)

Everything's awesome, we're great, everything's great.

What do you mean we're great? We haven't had box sex in days.

Everything was fine until Elliot broke out her unending list of insane rules, like "Put all open cereal in giant Ziploc bags."

Yeah, I don't see what's insane about not wanting spiders to lay eggs in my Corn Flakes. That's how Carla's mom died.

No, it wasn't. You're supposed to be my best friend!

Elliot, you gotta cut each other a little bit of slack.

You know what, Keith? Carla's right. I mean, if we're gonna try...

Oh, my God!

How hard is it for you to use a fricking coaster, you fricking fricky-frick?

What... Calm down, all right? So I forget once in a while.

Oh, "Once in a while"?

ELLIOT: There.

(PANTING)

J.D.: As I went to ask Anne out and felt the familiar light-headedness I get right before a poo-faint...

All better.

... I thought about the deals we sometimes make.

Hello. Okay.

You know, Dr. Cox, I wouldn't mind all the crap you've been giving me if I was actually doing anything. You haven't asked me for help once.

J.D.: Sometimes deals sting.

Because you can't.

Make a deal there, Gandhi. I will stop mocking you if you just shut up and stay out of our way.

And sometimes a deal can ruin everything.

Here's the deal, Keith. My house, my rules.

Well, I thought this was our place.

No, Keith, this is my place. You just rent a room.

Still, my deal with Brian was to ask Anne out and he was watching, so I only had one option, ask her a random question I knew she'd say yes to.

Was Papa Smurf the leader? Yes.

She said yes! We're going out Friday.

(HEAVY METAL MUSIC PLAYING)

J.D.: (SHOUTING) I felt bad about my lie to Brian! Still, I...

(MUSIC STOPS)

I felt bad about my lie to Brian. Still, I knew I had to keep it going.

(MUSIC PLAYING)

Done.

Later, babe.

Check out the back scratches.

Wow. Good first date, I take it.

Okay, go.

(SCREAMING)

(SCREAMS)

Let's just say, "Kitty like to scratchy." Oh, yeah, she does.

Hey, but don't tell her that you know about us, okay?

Trying to keep it on the DL. That's how I roll.

Oh, yeah, sure.

Now, Dr. Cox, there's gotta be something I can do to help.

Well, now, Gandhi, since you don't grasp the fact that I think you're incompetent...

Ladies and gentlemen, pay attention, please.

Presenting, the world's longest shush.

(INHALING HEAVILY)

(MOANING)

(SHUSHING)

I'm gonna go ahead and stop.

I'm not committing the way I normally do.

I'm gonna go away, regroup, maybe see you later.

TURK: I knew right then that somehow I'd make Dr. Cox...

Seriously, dude, stop doing that. That's my thing.

So, since I told Keith he only rents a room, he refuses to come out of it. It doesn't matter, he'll crack.

Probably not until after his party next week.

A party in his room?

Well, I'm off to my family vacation in Bermuda.

Every God-awful year Enid's wheelchair rusts in the salt water, Harrison spends my money getting his hair braided by trannies and I fall asleep in the sun. Don't page me.

Damned trannies got me in my sleep. That's just wrong.

What are you up to, baby?

I've been using all my down time to study medicine, so I can prove to Dr. Cox I'm not just another dumb surgeon.

But every time I crack open these books, my brain says, "Who cares about this crap?"

Then I wonder if we have any frozen sugar-free fruit juice pops at home.

I'm gonna help you study tonight and for every right answer that you get, I'm gonna give you a bite of frozen fruit juice pop or, if you'd prefer, I can remove an item of clothing.

Okay, a major indicator of hypokalemia is?

A potassium level under 3.5. Right! And here comes your reward!

Yeah, come to daddy! Yeah.

Say, baby, what happened to your shirt?

Oh, Izzy spit up on me earlier.

Well, how come you ain't put a new one on?

(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)

(PEOPLE CLAMORING)

To mutton chops!

(ALL CHEERING)

Actually, these are fake. You all look ridiculous.

Now, I did this to make a point, okay?

You have to think for yourself, don't be a sheep, follow the fold.

I want you to repeat after me, I think for myself.

I think for myself. I think for myself.

You can't tell me what say.

You can't tell me what say. You can't tell me what say.

I won't say this.

I won't say this. I won't say this.

(SPEAKING GIBBERISH)

(ALL SPEAKING GIBBERISH)

Unbelievable.

Unbelievable. Unbelievable.

Hello. It's a little noisy, Keith.

Hey, everyone, my landlord wants us to keep quiet.

(ALL BOOING)

Carla?

Give me a break. I haven't partied since the baby was born.

I told Brian I was taking Anne to the Poconos, now he wants pictures.

You have to help me morph the photos I secretly took of her on my camera phone onto the pictures from our fall foliage getaway.

Dude, why don't you just ask Anne out?

I don't know.

That way you don't have to lie to Brian.

It's the right thing to do, just like me studying my ass off.

Now, if you'll excuse me, watch me drop some knowledge on Dr. Kizz-ox.

Good luck.

Excuse me, coming through.

So, this patient has fever of 103, renal failure and platelets of 25,000.

What is the diagnosis and management?

Put them down!

It's obvious the patient is septic. I'd treat him with an activated protein C.

(EXCLAIMING)

Dr. Turk, that's just an excellent diagnosis.

(EXCLAIMING)

However, with his low platelet count, treatment with activated protein C would cause what, class?

Brain hemorrhage! Brain hemorrhage!

And what would that cause? His death!

Sorry, I got so excited. Everyone's yelling things out.

Hey, Ron.

CARLA: I told you this would happen.

I can't take you seriously until you take off the janitor's mutton chops.

Why is it that when it comes to relationships, people can't take advice from someone that's already been through it?

We're different than you and Turk. You aren't.

We're not gonna go through the same things you did.

You are.

Our love is special. It isn't.

How can you say that? Well, she doesn't get it, babe.

Oh, babe.

(MOANING)

(EXCLAIMING IN DISGUST)

I need some new people in my life.

Okay, it's now or never.

Excuse me, Anne? Hey.

My life really hasn't been in the best place lately.

I recently broke up with my girlfriend, who I impregnated on the first date.

Don't worry, she miscarried, okay.

And I haven't even begun to think about asking anyone else out, mostly because I'm concerned that the stress that lovemaking would put on my body might cause me to pass out, much like I do when I defecate. I also live in a tent and just got a DUI.

I know that as a physical therapist, you can appreciate someone who's trying to get their life back on track.

Will you please let me take you to dinner and show you that I'm really just a nice guy who's fallen on some hard times?

No.

Well, just no? Do you wanna elaborate on the "no"?

Nope.

So, I lied.

And when I finally did ask Anne out, she said no.

Well, did she elaborate? She did not.

J.D.: The thing about failure is how supportive the people close to you can be.

Well, hey, man, it's no big deal.

At least you got back in the game, right?

So, Dr. Cox, the cast comes off tomorrow.

Any last-minute sh*ts you want to take at me?

You have diabetes and you can't eat cupcakes.

Wow!

Look, you may never have the same grasp on medicine as we real doctors do, but you're miles ahead of your fellow numb-nut surgeons.

We're okay for now, but I still don't know if Keith is marriage material.

You guys made it through a month and you still wanna live together.

A lot of couples never make it that far.

Yeah, but...

ALL: I don't feel like I accomplished anything.

(TURN PLAYING)

Ladies and gentlemen, Brian would like to sign his name on the insurance papers.

Here you go. All right.

Not bad, huh? That's great.

J.D.: Brian made us realize how huge our smallest accomplishments really are.

Whether it's having a little more knowledge than your colleagues...

Todd, our appendectomy patient may be hypertensive.

Let the medical wienies deal with it. Wienie-roast five!

Dude, don't be such a surgeon. Let's go check her out.

... or easing up on the rules for the sake of your relationship,
or finally being ready to get back in the game.

Hey, Katie. You wanna grab a drink? Yeah, but not with you.

I'm back!

So, they let you back on the road, huh?

Well, sort of.

They hooked up this nifty breathalyzer on my scooter.

If there's any trace of alcohol at all on my breath, it won't start for 24 hours.

Yeah, that's where you blow.

(ENGINE MISFIRING)

Well, better start my shift.