

## Scrubs season 6, episode 2

### excerpts

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had an abortion! \n My mommy had an abortion. How you doing? \n Okay, Janitor, Carla's starting to push. Tell Turk. \n", "\n My mommy had an abortion! \n My mommy had an abortion! My mommy had an abortion! \n My mommy had an abortion. How you doing? \n Okay, Janitor, Carla's starting to push. Tell Turk. \n Got it. Your baby has a tai", "ng? \n Maybe that's your answer. \n Carla's having a C-section. \n Jordan, you okay? \n My mommy had an abortion. She sure did, sweetie. \n How are my boys? \n What's going on? \n They're about to start. Turkleton! "]"

#### transcript

You're a fatty fatty fatty...

What's your son doing?

Apparently, he's doing the "fatty" dance.

Inappropriate?

Well, maybe, but I'm raising my son to be a straight sh\*\*t.

That's his mom right over there. Oh, thanks for including me.

J.D.: Dr. Cox and Jordan weren't the only ones with kid troubles.

My brand-new girlfriend was pregnant, and we were trying to decide what to do.

Should we keep it or get rid of it? I don't know.

If we keep it, it'll just end up in the dumpster.

Okay, enough pizza talk. I mean, we're clearly stalling here.

You're right. So let's go. Do you like kids?

Of course I do. What about you? Any nieces or nephews?

Yeah, I have a nephew, although he's 45.

But occasionally, I do have to change his diaper.

He was kicked by a horse. Oh, no.

Yeah. Now, how do you feel about adoption?

So, beautiful, I hope you keep some ice in this locket

'cause you're making me hot all over.

Actually, it's the only picture I have of my biological father.

Do you want to see it? What? Oh, sure.

I'll take a look at it first thing tomorrow morning, huh?

Yeah, I'm not a big fan of adoption.

You think if it's a girl you'd doink her? I know I will.

Yup. All right. Well, look, we don't need to make this decision tonight, right?

I mean, plenty of time... I'm totally fine with stalling.

Great, because if I hear the word "baby" one more time, I'm gonna lose it!

Dude, Carla's in labor! Meet me at the apartment!

Go, go, go!

Is he coming? Is he coming? Turk, she's barely in labor.

Oh, he's not talking about the baby.

He's here, and now we can have our baby!

Okay, Brown Bear, commence Operation Brown Cub.

Suitcase. Check.

Stylish big daddy hat. Check.

Big-time collegiate drum line. Check.

I want the whole world to know my baby's having a baby!

Maybe we should just take your car.

Okay, ladies, we're here. Calm down.

What the hell took you so long? Oh, my God. Did you stop for food?

We had to, honey. J.D. Promised the band that we'd feed them.

Yeah, let me get 23 cheeseburgers, 23 milkshakes...

Miguel, if you don't stop drumming, you're not getting fries.

Twenty-three... You know what? Twenty-two fries.

Twenty-two fries. You didn't think I'd do it, did you?

Miguel has such raw talent, but his attitude keeps getting in the way.

Yay, congratulations, whoopee. All right, see you.

We are so happy for you.

He's so sweet.

You put one of those inside me. What are we going to do?

Turk, you brought my suitcase, right?

Of course I have your suitcase, honey.

What are you doing?

Sometimes, when you need a miracle, you have to pray extra, extra hard.

You wanna help me out? Fo' shizzle.

Please, Lord...

Nothing.

Baby, changed my mind.

I don't have your suitcase. Turk, what the hell?

It's okay, it's okay, Carla, because I packed you an extra overnight bag, and you're all checked in and I got you an orderly to take you to your room.

Yeah, I'm only four months pregnant, ace.

Yeah, I think you're looking for me.

Move it along before I eat you! Chop-chop!

Sorry, Jack, the machine's broken.

Looks like you're gonna have to guzzle your juice down without any ice.

Pretend... You know, pretend it's gin. What's gin?

Gin is an alcoholic beverage, which, if your mommy's strong genes are any indication, you'll eventually learn to love as it slowly destroys a giant portion of your adult life.

First the fat lady, now this?

He's three, Perry. Do you have to be so blunt with him?

I'm not gonna BS my own kid. What's the big deal?

Hiya, sport!

Your skin is wrinkly. Yeah?

Well, that shirt you're wearing is gay.

Hey, baby, I know things haven't exactly gone smoothly so far, but I promise you I'm about to make it up to you.

I spent all weekend talking to my cousin, who just so happens to be the world's biggest blerd.

That's a black nerd.

Anyway, he taught me everything about streaming video and now, thanks to me, your sisters in Chicago will be able to witness the birth of our child live via webcam.

Turk, that's so sweet. You know, I do what I do.

All we gotta do is wait for the cameraman to get here.

"Cameraman"?

No man's gonna be filming my pooter unless he's completely asexual.

Hello! Oh, hey, Ted. Cool.

All right, I'm gonna go tell your sisters that this bad boy is about to pop off.

All right, Carla, let's check how dilated you are.

Looking real good, Carla. Okay, we're live in three, two, one...

Okay, looks like you're at about three centimeters.

Greatest show ever.

And record.

Cool, Swamp Thing.

What's that, Daddy?

Oh, that's the vag\*na of a 35-year-old Latina woman.

Baby?

What the...

J.D., we have to talk about all of our pregnancy options, even if they make us uncomfortable.

There's one way of dealing with this that no one's mentioned yet.

The "A" word. I know.

Abortion. Appletinis.

What?

I thought that we could discuss abortion over Appletinis.

Did somebody just say "abortion"?

Laverne, with all due respect, this is none of your business or Jesus'.

I believe he would beg to differ.

She's right, J.D. Every life is precious.

But what if having this baby is a huge mistake for us?

Okay, I'm gonna make this real simple. No abortions, okay?

But what if... No abortions.

Let me finish.

What if the parents were, like, abusive drug-addicts who would neglect their kid?

Oh, well, in that case, it'd be okay.

Really? No abortions!

How are you not getting this?

This sucks.

I mean, the hardest decision I've had to make in the last year was what hairstyle to get, and even then all I did was open up an Us Magazine, close my eyes and pick a random celebrity.

Kirsten Dunst? Owen Wilson. Yeah.

You know what's making this so hard?

This relationship is so new, we can't tell if we have a chance of making this work long-term.

You know what might give us an inkling?

We haven't technically had sex yet.

That might help us find out if we're on the same page, you know, in the boudoir. Are you hitting on me?

I'm sorry. I'm being an idiot, aren't I? No. Clothes off, we're doing it.

Yeah!

All right, we are definitely sexually compatible.

I'm putting that down in the pro "let's have a baby" category.

That's exactly what we should do.

We should make a list of pros and cons.

What did you two just do?

Because I sure don't see any wedding rings!

Laverne, is this your Jesus?

Turk, I got your shift covered so you could hang here.

Oh, and Carla, there's something I wanted to tell you.

Great vag\*na.

So helpful! Don't take it out on The Todd.

He was just giving me a compliment.

Thank you, Todd. Hey, happy to say it.

So, what's next, Turk?

Because so far I'm half-deaf from a drum line, I have no suitcase, and the entire hospital has seen Ms. Priscilla.

I named her after my high school art teacher.

Oh, my God, so did I!

Mr. Hebler.

(IMITATING MAN'S VOICE) "It's nice to meet you."

Okay, let me just read the last of the cons.

We're not married, we're both totally focused on our careers, babies are known to be sticky, and the average cost of raising a child is \$400,000.

Okay. Here are the final pros.

Kids are great, we both make good money, your boobs will get huge, I can finally buy Beanie Babies without feeling weird, and kids are great...

Which you already said. ...tax deductions.

Oh, yeah, awesome. Oh, nice one.

All right, so then what's the final tally? Nice. Let's see.

That's 20 cons and 19 pros.

I guess we gotta abort. Yup.

Wait, I'm sorry. That's an eyelash, I made a wish.

It's a tie. Abortion's off. Okay.



So now what?

J.D.: Every couple has its share of problems.

Congrats, Perry. My son just asked me if my vag\*na had ever been on television.

And did you tell him not since the late '80s when you were trying to make it as an "actress"?

Whether it's someone digging in...

Will you just cut the crap and stop treating your son like he's your drinking buddy?

Jordan, I'm not going to change who I am, all right?

End of story. Jackie.

(WHISTLING)

Or someone's stealing your thunder...

Okay, candles are all lit, lavender-scented, your favorite.

And here's a picture of your mom to watch over you.

And then I got this kit in case you want to bronze the umbilical cord and use it as a key chain. I practiced at home on some calamari.

Elliot, you're amazing.

Well, is there anything I can do to help?

Elliot's got everything covered.

Still, nothing's worse than facing the biggest decision of your life and not getting anywhere.

Don't you wish it was this easy? Heads yes, tails no.

You don't see that every day.

You know what? We're getting nowhere.

Let's split up for an hour and do some soul-searching.

Where are you going? I was just gonna walk around.

Why, where do you go when you soul-search?

All right, Justin, what should my specialty be?

Oncology or radiology?

I go someplace wonderful.

Anyway, I was thinking we need new table linens for the dining room.

Well, not so much table linens as place mats.

What do you think's prettier, burgundy or mauve?

What the hell's with her? She's mad, but she can't give me the silent treatment because she knows I'd actually love that.

So she's giving me talk-until-I-want-to- commit-sulc1de treatment.

Sucks to be you. You have no idea.

What else do I need for that? Oh, I need new pillow shams and I like cotton, but I think we should get a cotton blend because that's easier to clean and I hate ironing.

Maybe we need a new housekeeper.

Maybe the housekeeper should come every single day now.

Look, Elliot, I'm really trying to be involved in the birth of my child, but you just keep boxing me out.

That is not true. Now, out of my way, I've gotta order the birth announcements, put in the car seat and find a yard to bury the placenta...

Oh, my God, I'm a monster. Turk, I am so sorry.

I just love babies so much. It's true.

Sometimes she makes me wear a diaper.

Keith, private!

So, what is Elliot's plan? Oh, it's really simple.

See, when Carla says, "I'm thirsty,"

Elliot'll say, "Oh, no, I forgot the ice chips."

That's when I walk in, ice in hand, and I say, "Christopher Turk, at your cervix."

Should I have a baby, too?

You know, I'm a little preoccupied right now.

Why don't you ask your unicorn? This is way over Justin's head.

He's never even been in love. Not real love, anyway.

What's up with the ice?

I don't know what to do.

I mean, having a baby can completely ruin your life, you know?

Not to mention, as a urologist, I have seen what childbirth can do to you down there.

I mean, I examined this one woman last month and it was like, (IMITATING ECHO) "Hello, hello, hello..."

Not a good time, Kim.

Oh, God, I'm thirsty. Really?

Unfortunately, I forgot the ice chips.

Ice chips!

Dude, help. I'm totally stuck. Why don't you just yank it out?

I would not do that.

BOTH: That's how it happened!

Ice chips, ice chips, ice-ice chips-chips!

Hey, guys.

Carla, let me just see how far you can reach here.

Okay, perfect.

Turk would like you to call him because he's stuck in an ice machine.

What?

See, that's why I took the precaution.

Kim, would you be a sweetie and give Turk a call for me?

Yes, ma'am.

Hey, baby, look, I... Yeah, he's right here.

Hold on. She won't talk to me. Hi.

Yes, I know, he missed your wedding, too.

All right, hold on.

That was from her, not me. Go.

Relax, I'll have him out in one second.

All right, now hold still. Nobody likes a jagged stump.

No!

He's being unreasonable. Okay.

That was from me.

Hey, there. Hey.

So, have you decided what you want to do?

You know what? Neither one of us should have to go first.

How about, on the count of three, we both say what we think we should do?

Okay. One, two, three...

I got nothing. Appletinis.

So, you guys gonna keep it?

There's a lot to... Maybe, but if we do, we can...

Because... Then we can...

Probably. BOTH: Maybe not.

You know, I had an abortion.

All right, Jackie. As promised, let's go find ourselves a little stethoscope so you can hear what your butt sounds like.

Daddy, what's an abortion? Enjoy.

My mommy had an abortion!

My mommy had an abortion! My mommy had an abortion!

My mommy had an abortion. How you doing?

Okay, Janitor, Carla's starting to push. Tell Turk.

Got it. Your baby has a tail.

I told her to stay away from the microwave.

Elliot, I can't do it! Okay, okay, I want you to imagine that your uterus is like a tube of toothpaste and you're just trying to squeeze out all that minty-fresh gel, but instead of minty-fresh gel inside, there's a little black baby.

We have a prolapsed umbilical cord. She needs a C-section, right now.

Put Turk on the phone, damn it! It's okay.

Baby, listen. I'm not angry that you got stuck.

I know you were just trying to be nice because you're a good-hearted, wonderful, thoughtful man, but listen to me.

They're giving me a C-section, and I'm really scared and I need you to be here right now.

Something about a C-section. Smile.

Almost there? Almost there.

Baby! I'm here! Turk, I'm scared!

Sorry, Dr. Turk, no ice machines. No!

I was 19 and working in Nantucket as a waitress and dating this amazing guy named Andy.

Curly blond hair and dimples and eyes that were either sky blue, powder blue, I could never figure out which.

Anyway, his best friend, Curt, knocked me up.

Don't look at me like that. That was the first guy I had ever slept with. Oh, we're not judging you.

J.D.: Whore!

I think about it from time to time, but it would have been the biggest mistake to have that baby.

We've talked, we've made lists, and we've been as logical as we can here, and we've still got nothing.

It's not a logical decision. If it's right, you'll feel it in your heart.

Yeah, but what if we don't feel anything?

Maybe that's your answer.

Carla's having a C-section.

Jordan, you okay?

My mommy had an abortion. She sure did, sweetie.

How are my boys?

What's going on?

They're about to start. Turkleton!

If you are trying to get the same \$5 million settlement that damn hook-handed security guard got, you're out of luck, stud, 'cause I put a release button right here on top.

Well, what are you waiting for, son? Get in there.

How you doing, beautiful? Turk, you're here.

I'm so hot.

Don't sweat it. I got you.

Guys, I have an announcement.

(DRUM ROLL)

Miguel, please!

The baby's out, but the cord was wrapped around its neck, so we had to take it to the NICU.

They say you never realize your capacity to love until you have a child. It can change who you are.

Where do babies come from?

Where do babies come from? Well...

When a mommy and a daddy love each other very, very much, sometimes they close their eyes and they make a wish.

It can fill you with joy.

Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to introduce you to Isabella Turk.

I'm a daddy! I'm a daddy!

It can even give your heart the answer you thought you'd never find.

Let's do this.