

Scrubs season 5, episode 16

excerpts

[End a quick text. \n (Cut to parking lot. J.D. is reading his phone.) \n J.D.: Oh no. We got a glitch. Abort the plan! Abort the surprise! Abort the babies! \n (J.D. pops the baby balloon Father Rosenberg is holding.) \n J.D.:', 'ot. J.D. is reading his phone.) \n J.D.: Oh no. We got a glitch. Abort the plan! Abort the surprise! Abort the babies! \n (J.D. pops the baby balloon Father Rosenberg is holding.) \n J.D.: EVERYBODY RUN! \n (C', 'parking lot, which is now deserted. Pan to the bushes.) \n J.D.: [whispering] Sorry about the whole "abort the babies" thing. \n Father Rosenberg: [whispering] Actually, I\'m pro-choice. \n Turk\'s and Carla\'s ']

transcript

Nurses' Station. Turk walks through with a tracking device that is beeping.

Elliot: What is that?

Turk: This here is an electronic hide and seek game. The other person wears a sensor and the closer you get, the more it beeps.

Elliot: Ah. Funsies. So Mrs. Factor here has a ??? and needs a surgical consult.

(Turk switches off the tracker.)

Turk: Fire away.

Elliot: See her red highlights?

Turk: Yes.

Elliot: Could I pull those off or am I so kidding myself?

Turk: I really don't have time for this.

Elliot: Turk, you're playing hide and seek.

Turk: with my nine year-old glioblastoma patient, Eric. He's been in the hospital for a month. I think he deserves a little fun, don't you?

Elliot: Sorry, Turk.

(Turk switches the tracker back on and walks on. The beeping gets faster as he approaches a storage cabinet.)

Turk: Hee hee hee hee!

(Turk opens the cabinet and finds J.D.)

J.D.: How bad would she look with red highlights?

Turk: I know. It is now my turn to hide.

(They exchange the tracker and sensor.)

J.D.: All right, I'll count. Close a brother up.

(Turk closes the cabinet, then runs away. Cut to ICU.)

Elliot: So, I like to remember all of the carpal bones in the hand with a simple mnemonic device: Scaphoid, Lunate, Triquetrum, Pisiform, Trapezium, Trapezoid, Capitate and Hamate. Some Lovers Try Positions that They Can't Handle.

Keith: Hey!

Elliot: That was not directed at you, Doctor. [whispering] But you should stretch first next time we try the whirlybird.

Dr. Cox: Excuse me, but does anyone here happen to have a plate of Jeebies? Because these two here just have me a big, old scoop of the Heebies. Seriously, it cannot just be me.

(Dr. Cox speaks into a pen like a microphone, imitating a talk show host.)

Dr. Cox: I want to hear from the audience, I do. Dating in the workplace: She's the boss, he's the pretty intern, tell me what's bugging you. Courage.

(Dr. Cox points the pen at Gloria. Gloria clears her throat.)

Gloria: Well, sometimes they arrive in the morning and they smell like sex.

Dr. Cox: Gloria, telling it like it smells. I'm proud of you. Barbie, who hurt you?

Elliot: Is there something you want?

(Dr. Cox throws the pen away.)

Dr. Cox: Actually, yes. It is one of those rare days where you can be of use to me. You speak German, I have a patient from Berlin, and I need to tell the gentleman he has fluid in his lungs.

Elliot: Ihre Frau hat einen schoenen busen. (Your wife has a beautiful bosom)

Dr. Cox: [muttering] Ihre Frau hat einen schunnen busen.

Elliot: Schoenen busen.

(Cut to Patient's room)

Dr. Cox: Ihre Frau hat einen schoenen busen.

German Guy: Was hast du gerade gesagt?

Dr. Cox: Schoenen busen. How are you?

(Cut to the back of an ambulance. A cell phone rings, and Turk sits up, causing the EMT to gasp in surprise.)

Turk: Relax, dude. Just playing a little electronic hide and seek. [on phone] Hey, baby...Yeah I know my shift's over...No, I'm not fooling around with J.D., I'm...OK, cool, I'm on my way home.

(Turk sticks the sensor on the shelf and exits. Cut to Turk's and Carla's apartment.)

Carla: All right, I just took the pregnancy test. Just tell me when a minute's up.

Turk: I just put some pizza rolls in the microwave. The minute that bad boy dings, we're good to go.

(They watch the microwave.)

Carla: Oh my God, I can't stand it, thirty more seconds!

Turk: OK, don't get too excited. They have to cool off for a minute. That cheese is like lava!

Carla: Is there a bigger idiot than you in the entire world?

(Cut to J.D. on his scooter with the tracker, chasing after the ambulance.)

J.D.: I'm seeking you, Turk!

(Cut back to apartment. The microwave beeps. Carla looks at the test.)

Carla: It's negative.

Turk: Look at me. Hey, look at me. It's gonna happen.

Carla: Eat your pizza rolls. I gotta get to work.

(She throws the test in the trash.)

Carla: By the way, next time buy a name-brand pregnancy test, not that cheap generic one.

Turk: If you would raise my allowance, I wouldn't have to bargain shop so I could buy pizza rolls. Secondly, this pregnancy test works just as well as the name-brand one!

(Carla exits.)

Turk: Wait a second. [reading the box] Results in three minutes.

(Cut to hallway. Dr. Cox gets ejected forcefully out of a room against the wall.)

J.D.'s Narration: Some things deserve to get tossed out on their asses.

Dr. Cox: OH! Oooh! Schoenen busen.

(Cut to Turk's and Carla's apartment. Turk digs through the trash for the pregnancy test.)

J.D.'s Narration: But the thing you shouldn't toss out is a pregnancy test that takes two minutes longer than you thought.

(Turk looks at the test. It changes from pink to blue.)

Turk: [stunned] Oh my God, we're pregnant.

(He collapses on a stool and absentmindedly eats a still-hot pizza roll.)

Turk: WAAHAAA! AAAAAHAAAAAAHAAAAAA!!

Admissions Area.

Laverne: Mr. Roberts and I just love our above ground pool. In high school I was actually an all-state swimmer.

Todd: Breaststroke five! Maybe later.

J.D.'s Narration: Every workplace has that guy who just has topped everyone's story.

Janitor: When I was 19, I was a world-class 110-meter hurdler.

(Flashback: a track meet, circa 1984. Janitor is wearing a tracksuit, an 80's style haircut and mustache and smoking a cigarette.)

Janitor: Still remember nationals like they were yesterday.

Announcer: Runners, take your positions. On your mark, set...

(A gunshot goes off. They begin the race. Janitor easily wins the race. Someone hands him his cigarette.)

Janitor: Good race.

(End flashback.)

Janitor: They offered me a full ride and Grambling, but then I slept with the President's daughter. Not the college president, the President of the United States. But, hey, if Amy Carter asks you out for a nightcap, you do not say no.

J.D.: No. No more. Here are some of the lies you've told us over the last five years: You went to Harvard. You have a wife who only has a pointer and thumb-pinky. You have a--a brother--dad, a mother--sister. You have two kids, no wait, you have one kid, no wait, you had a baby with a Chinese local, you're a deaf-mute, oh wait, now you're telling us that you're a world class hurdler and you slept with the beautiful and irreplaceable Amy Carter?

Janitor: I--I didn't sleep with Amy Carter. We did everything but.

J.D.: Ohh...

Janitor: And I really was a world-class hurdler.

J.D.: We're not buying it, are we g*ng?

Everyone: No, nah, heck no...

(Everyone departs.)

J.D.: The people have spoken. Allow me to bask in the glow.

(Turk enters, excited.)

Turk: Oh-ho! J.D., guess what?

J.D.: Not now, Turk, I'm glow-basking.

Turk: Dude, listen to me!!

(Cut to ICU. Turk enters with J.D. riding piggyback, making a lot of noise.)

Turk: Where is Carla?

Dr. Cox: She just went downstairs. What is all the excitement?

J.D.: You tell him. Aw, just wait a mi--OK, you tell him.

Turk: We're having a baby.

Dr. Cox: Red states be damned, I'm sure you're going to make great fathers.

(Elliot enters.)

Elliot: What's going on?

J.D.: Why don't I tell--

Turk: OK, you go--

J.D.: Uh, Carla, preggo!

Elliot: [emotionally] Oh, my God, Turk! Carla must be so happy!

Turk: I haven't told her yet. I'm gonna go tell her now.

J.D.: Wait, Turk! When has a man ever been able to tell his wife that she's pregnant? Allow me to paint you a picture with my imagination brush, OK? You two come out in the parking lot where all Carla's friends have gathered. They're holding a giant banner that says "Carla, you're

pregnant, and I dove you." Did I say "dove?" I did, Turk. That's when I cue the bird-wrangler who releases 500 white doves into the air. Where do they land? I don't know. But one thing Carla knows is that in her uterus is a little, soft, baby Turk.

Turk: Are you forgetting what happened when you made me have doves at my parents' anniversary party?

J.D.: This won't be indoors, Turk, and there certainly won't be all those people throwing bird seed. Why were people throwing seed? It's a--the point is that you, my friend, have a chance to be on the greatest surprise a husband has ever pulled for his wife. And you get credit for it the length of your entire marriage.

Turk: I'm in!

J.D.: Great, I'll tell everybody. You find Carla. Dr. Cox--

Dr. Cox: Halt! I will be doing nothing.

Elliot: Well, you at least won't tell Carla, right?

Dr. Cox: Ever since I was blitzkrieg'd this morning by an enraged German named Otto, a certain Dr. Barbie no longer exists for me. So, if she was to ask me a question, I wouldn't be able to hear it, and you'd have to repeat it.

J.D.: Can you just please not tell Carla?

Dr. Cox: Fine.

J.D.: And Elliot, if you see Carla, don't get emotional.

Elliot: Oh, no problem.

J.D.: Really? Baby.

Elliot: [emotionally] Oh, my God, Turk, Carla's gonna be so happy!

(Cut to Nurses' Station.)

Turk: The family wants me to do hip surgery, what are they thinking? The guy is 92!

Carla: He's their grandfather. It's not like they can go to a kennel and they can pick out another one.

(Cut to J.D.'s fantasy. A grandfather kennel full of old men.)

Woman: We just got a lot of great new grandfathers in.

J.D.: OK. Oooh, look at this one, he's so cute!

Old man: Hey! Get out of my yard!

Woman: He's not good with people.

(Cut to another cage with an old couple inside.)

Woman: He's great, but we don't want to separate them.

J.D.: I already have a grandma.

(Cut to another cage. J.D. is in a rocking chair with an old man on his lap.)

J.D.: If I get one this little, everyone's gonna think I'm gay.

(Cut to another cage. An old man is hiding behind a chair.)

J.D.: Aw, look at this fellow. Come here boy, I got a little hard candy for you.

(The old man comes out and takes the candy. J.D. reaches in and scratches him behind the ear.)

J.D.: Yes, you're a good boy. You got a candy you can unwrap in a movie theater!

(End fantasy.)

J.D.: I'd name him Sebastian.

Carla: Hey, what's up with the Janitor? He seems a little more lurky than usual.

(Pan to Janitor, his head behind an open panel.)

J.D.: Yeah, I pissed him off earlier today. How am I supposed to avoid him?

Turk: You should put the hide and seek sensor on him. That way you'll always know where he is.

J.D.: It would take a very clever plan to hide this tiny, penny-like sensor on him.

(Cut to a hallway. Turk has the sensor and a five dollar bill in his hand as Janitor walks by.)

Turk: Five bucks if you eat this penny?

Janitor: Done. And done.

(Janitor eats the sensor and snatches the money from Turk.)

Turk: We pulled it off. See if it works.

(J.D. Comes out from behind the desk with the tracker. The beeps get farther apart as Janitor walks away from them.)

J.D.: Mr friend, we have just Lo-Jacked the Janitor. Hello.

(Cut to ICU.)

Elliot: Dr. Cox, I've got a patient with osteo-myelitis who needs a bone biopsy. Who do you use?

Dr. Cox: You've put me in an awkward spot, because I'm a healer and I want to help, but speaking to you would acknowledge your existence, and you don't exist. So, I'm going to address the stapler. Hi, stapler, the red is k*ller. By the way, there's a certain Dr. Brownsfield who is just the most wonderful bone guy...

(Elliot mouths "Thank you" and turns to leave.)

Dr. Cox: ...what's that? What's that, stapler? Oh no, she's an actual doctor.

Elliot: Neither of you are very funny!

Carla: Elliot, here are you lab results.

Elliot: [emotionally] Oh, my God, Carla...

Carla: Elliot, honey, what's wrong?

(Turk gives Elliot a "cut it out" signal behind Carla.)

Turk: Yeah, Elliot, honey, what's wrong?

Elliot: [emotionally] Nothing, I'm just very emotional, because, um, Keith dumped me. I have to go.

(Elliot and Turk exit.)

Carla: Another one. sh**t.

(Carla exits. Dr. Cox walks across the room and fetches Keith in fast motion.)

Dr. Cox: Keith, I, uh, I've been watching you and you've got some potential. You do, but can I give you one piece of advice?

Keith: Please.

Dr. Cox: It is all about confidence. Hell, be a cocky bastard. Throw 'em a wink every once in a while. Show me a wink. Show me the wink. Give a me a wink.

(Keith practices winking. Dr. Cox runs to another room and fetches Carla in fast motion.)

Dr. Cox: That's the guy. That's the guy who broke our friend's heart.

Carla: Well, hey, he's probably hurting, too.

Dr. Cox: Mmm?

(Keith winks at them.)

Keith: Hey, baby!

Carla: Oh no, he did not just wink at me. For the next five minutes, I am not a nurse.

(She takes off her stethoscope and name badge and shoves them at Dr. Cox, who stops her.)

Dr. Cox: Uh, no, Carla. There is a better way. I don't like it, but Jordan tells her friends intimate details about me. Our sex lives, my parenting deficiencies, the point is, I'm sure Elliot has told you things about Keith. So instead of yelling at him, why not calmly let him know that you know things that he thinks no-one knows.

(Carla grins.)

Carla: Oh, Keith, mind taking a walk with me?

Keith: Yeah.

(Carla and Keith exit. Elliot enters.)

Elliot: Is Carla gone?

Dr. Cox: Yeah, she sure is. Say, Barbie.

Elliot: Hmm.

Dr. Cox: We're even.

(Dr. Cox exits.)

Elliot: Oh no.

(Cut to hospital parking lot. Many people are assembled with balloons and signs.)

J.D.: All right everybody, before Carla arrives I want to thank you all for turning out, especially you, Father Rosenberg. Incidentally, when all this is over, I'd love to get the back story on that name of yours, OK?

(J.D.'s tracker starts beeping.)

J.D.: Excuse me.

(J.D. ducks down as Janitor comes outside, looks around and then returns inside.)

J.D.: OK, coming through. OK, now apparently they don't have fetus balloons. Who knew? So what I've done is attach string to the belly buttons of these baby balloons to signify the umbilical cord. OK, make sure everybody gets one.

Elliot: Keith, you seem to have missed the point here. We're not really broken up.

Keith: I just can't believe you told Carla that I made out with my sister in the sixth grade.

Elliot: Yeah, I don't understand why you're so embarrassed about that. I've met Denise. She's gorgeous.

(Cut to hallway.)

Turk: We're just going to have to face that fact that you might not get pregnant for a very, very,

very long time.

Carla: I know it's going to happen, Turk. And you know what I'm looking forward to the most?

Turk: What's that?

Carla: When we can go around to our friends and tell them one by one I'm pregnant. I can't wait to see the look of surprise on each one of their faces. I think about it every day. Anyone who tries to take those moments away from me, I'll k*ll them.

Turk: Me too. Just need to send a quick text.

(Cut to parking lot. J.D. is reading his phone.)

J.D.: Oh no. We got a glitch. Abort the plan! Abort the surprise! Abort the babies!

(J.D. pops the baby balloon Father Rosenberg is holding.)

J.D.: EVERYBODY RUN!

(Cut to hallway. Turk and Carla exit to the parking lot, which is now deserted. Pan to the bushes.)

J.D.: [whispering] Sorry about the whole "abort the babies" thing.

Father Rosenberg: [whispering] Actually, I'm pro-choice.

Turk's and Carla's apartment. Turk and J.D. are in the living room. Carla brings wine for the three of them.)

J.D.'s Narration: Knowing someone's pregnant when they don't know it themselves can get a bit complicated.

Turk: You know what, let me take that from you. Um, you left the fridge open.

(Carla looks and Turk dumps her wine out on the floor.)

Turk: Aw, I spilled it.

Carla: I'll get another one.

Turk: Sorry.

(Carla goes into the kitchen. J.D. grabs a plug.)

Turk: What are you doing?

J.D.: I may have gotten over-excited and told one or two of her family members that she's pregnant.

(Carla presses the play button on the answering machine.)

Answering Machine: You have 59 messages.

Relative: Carla...

(J.D. unplugs the machine.)

Carla: Turk, I think the answering machine is broken. And I don't think we have any more wine. Can I have some of yours?

J.D.'s Narration: I felt like Turk was starting to blame me for all of this.

(Turk throws his wine in J.D.'s face.)

Turk: I spilled mine, too, honey. You know what you should do? Ask for some of J.D.'s.

(J.D. spills his wine on his pants.)

J.D.: Spilled mine, too.

Carla: I'm going to bed.

(Carla exits to the bedroom.)

J.D.: What are you going to do?

Turk: I'm gonna go tell her the truth and hope that she's so tired from being pregnant that she doesn't have the strength to kick my ass for more than a few hours.

J.D.: Wait, Turk! I have an idea.

Turk: You have another idea, huh? I gotta tell you, I'm done with your ideas. And not just for now, but forever. OK, are we clear on that?

J.D.: It's a good 'un.

Turk: I'm listening.

(Cut to cafeteria.)

J.D.: OK, we need Carla to find out she's pregnant on her own and we need your help. Can we count on you?

Dr. Cox: Absolutely not.

Elliot: No way in hell.

Dr. Kelso: Who's pregnant?

J.D.: If we go down, we're taking you with us.

Dr. Cox: What?

Elliot: Why?

Dr. Kelso: Would someone please tell me who's pregnant?

Turk: Carla.

Dr. Kelso: Another kid? My God, how many does that make?

Turk: This is her first one.

Dr. Kelso: If you say so, son.

Elliot: You can't blackmail us.

J.D.: Really? Because I think you're both very close to Carla, aren't you? And yet you chose not to tell her she was pregnant. Turk how would that go down for them?

Turk: Unpleasantly.

J.D.: Unpleasantly.

Dr. Kelso: Ha. Got you two by the short ones.

Turk: Dr. Kelso, it's true you didn't know anything, but I'm willing to bet that these guys would swear on their life that you did.

Dr. Cox: [in unison] Definitely.

Elliot: [in unison] On my life.

J.D.: [in unison] And I'd enjoy it.

Dr. Kelso: Well played, Turkleton.

Turk: Thank you.

J.D.: OK, listen up. Everyone in the hospital knows Carla's pregnant, but they don't know that she doesn't know. We need her to find out on her own before anyone congratulates her, OK? Here's the plan. The three of us are going to run interference. Dr. Cox, Dr. Kelso, I need you to get her to take another pregnancy test. This plan is foolproof.

Dr. Cox: That's impossible. You two are involved.

Turk: Heh, we'll see about that.

(Turk and J.D. move to exit, but bump into each other.)

J.D.: You go left.

Turk: OK. That was right.

J.D.: Actually, I need to come with you.

(Cut to Nurses' Station. Laverne enters with a fruit basket and card that says "You're pregnant".)

Laverne: Where's Carla?

J.D.: Uh, she went up to the roof to get some air.

Laverne: Oh.

(Laverne exits.)

J.D.: Follow her. Lock her up there.

Elliot: You got it.

(J.D.'s tracker starts beeping.)

J.D.: Hello, Janitor, waiting around the corner to grab me.

(Janitor comes out from behind a corner with a large cloth sack.)

Janitor: How'd you know that was me?

J.D.: I'm holding a GPS warning device that goes off whenever you come within a hundred meters of me. It's responding to a tiny sensor in your stomach.

Janitor: I knew that wasn't a penny.

J.D.: You'll never get anywhere near me.

Janitor: We'll see.

J.D.: Yeah, we will see.

Janitor: Oh, we're gonna see.

J.D.: The only thing left to do? See.

Janitor: You're going to pay.

J.D.: We'll see.

Janitor: No time.

J.D.: OK, bye.

(Cut to ICU.)

Turk: Dr. Cox, Dr. Kelso, look who I found.

Dr. Cox: Hey, Carla, you're glowing.

Carla: Really?

Dr. Kelso: Nurse Espinosa, have your breasts gotten bigger?

Carla: Whoa, Dr. Kelso, that is inappropriate.

Turk: Baby, that sounds like a compliment to me. Maybe you're just a little hormonal.

(Dr. Cox and Dr. Kelso walk away.)

Dr. Cox: Well done, Bob, a little direct, but I think we've definitely put the idea of pregnancy in her head.

Dr. Kelso: Oh, is that what we were doing? I was just making conversation.

(Dr. Cox and Dr. Kelso exit.)

Carla: I have been a little moody.

Turk: Yes, you have, baby.

Carla: Plus, this morning I was nauseous, but I thought it was just the pizza rolls I had for breakfast. Yes, I like them, we can get them from now on. Still, Turk, do you think that I should go home and take another pregnancy test?

Turk: It's your call, baby.

(Cut to parking lot. Laverne is on the roof.)

Laverne: Hey!! Somebody get me down from here!

Carla: What's she yelling about?

J.D.: I don't know, I'll have someone from the psych ward check her out.

(Turk and Carla drive away. An intern enters.)

Intern: Hey. Dr. Dorian, I got those batteries you asked for.

J.D.'s Narration: I was a little anxious because it was tie to change Mr. Beeper's batteries. All clear to the left, all clear to the right. You can do this.

(Camera changes to a pair of binoculars looking at J.D. Janitor is watching him from behind a bush.)

Janitor: He's 100 meters away, and it's going to take him at least ten seconds to change those batteries. That's not even a world record pace. Ready, set, go.

(Janitor takes off running. A stopwatch appears on the screen as the camera changes back and forth between Janitor hurdling obstacles in the parking lot and J.D. attempting to change the batteries. Janitor body slams J.D. and sends him flying.)

Janitor: Time!

(The clock stops at 9.98)

Janitor: Still got it.

J.D.'s Narration: As I lay there, watching Nurse Roberts hammer-throw 23 pounds of high end fruit my way, I could take solace in one thing.

(Laverne hurls the basket of fruit off the roof which lands on J.D. Cut to Turk's and Carla's apartment.)

Carla: [excited] We're having a baby!!

(Turk and Carla hug. Cut to the bar – exterior.)

J.D.'s Narration: Any second now, Carla and Turk were coming to tell me they were pregnant. Carla had to believe that I was truly surprised.

(Carla and Turk enter.)

J.D.'s Narration: I was the lynch pin of our plan. Showtime.

Carla: Hey, J.D. We have such big news!

J.D.: What's the scoop? I would have no clue what it could be.

Carla: We're having a baby!

J.D.: Oh!

(Carla and J.D. hug.)

J.D.'s Thoughts: Now give them the ten minute emotional roller coaster ride that is the speech you've been practicing all afternoon.

J.D.: Carla, when Turk first told me, I --

Carla: [interrupting] What do you mean "when Turk first told you?"

J.D.: Oh boy.

Turk: Uh...We've known for a day. That pregnancy test you took yesterday was positive. Yeah, I wanted to have everybody at the hospital gather outside and surprise you with balloons and

stuff.

J.D.: What would you have thought of doves?

Turk: J.D., not now. I just wanted to do something really memorable, you know? And I messed that up.

Carla: So everybody already knows?

(Turk nods.)

J.D.'s Narration: Then I witnessed one of those moments that let me know in my heart that these two would be together forever.

Carla: Who cares? We're having a baby. We're having a baby!

J.D.: Yeah, we are.

Carla: A baby! A little you.

Turk: Yeah, but a lot of you.

(Turk and Carla kiss. Cut to interior. Everyone is there. Carla, Turk and J.D. enter and everyone turns to look. Elliot slaps Keith upon seeing Carla.)

Carla: It's OK. I already know. I'm pregnant.

(Montage: Everyone cheers. Carla hugs Elliot. Todd high-fives Turk. Carla hugs Laverne. Keith offers a handshake to Carla, who shoves his hand away and hugs him. Carla hugs Dr. Cox.

Carla kisses J.D. and hugs him. Carla hugs Jordan. Everybody celebrates.)