

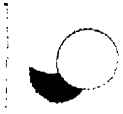
SCRUBS

PINK

25A

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

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

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

45 INT. PENTHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

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 clock as it hits 8:00. After a beat, his BEEPER GOES

TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

MONTAGE starts with J.D. timidly looking at a crowded 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

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  
i  
like that once in awhile...

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--

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

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.

Normal rhythm. CARLA

No way.

J.D.

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)