

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

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.

*Tman1*

TODD

J.D., Todd.

TURK

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

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

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

[REDACTED]

2f

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

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

29

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.)) (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 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.

Okay.

J.D.

See?

ELLIOT

Damn.

J.D.

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