S**CRUB**S

**Written by
  
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**(pilot)**

**Final Draft: Revision: Blue**

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March 8, 2001**

**FADE IN:**

**1 INT. COLD OPEN, BEDROOM -- MORNING 1**

**As the clock turns to 6:00 AM, the alarm goes off. JOHN DORIAN, "J.D." to his friends immediately reaches out and turns it off. J.D. is 25, boyishly handsome, self-**

**deprecatingly funny, likeable, and would probably be more self-confident if he realized any of that. As he gets out of bed, WE HEAR HIS VOICEOVER:**

**J.D (V.0.)**

**Since I was eleven years old, I've been able to sleep through anything. Storms, earthquakes, my girlfriend yelling at me to "Open the door or we're through," you name it.**

**2 INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

**WE SEE J.D. ENTER, start to undress...**

**J.D (V.0.)**

**Last night I didn't sleep.**

**3 OMITTED 3**

**4 INT. BATHROOM -- MOMENTS. LATER**

**J.D. is now in front of the mirror, towel around his waist, shaving cream in one hand.**

**J.D (V.0.)**

**I guess I get a little goofy when I'm *nervous.***

**TIME CUT TO:**

**J.D. in a towel in front of• the mirror, his body and face covered with shaving cream as if it were warpaint.**

**J.D (V.0.) (CONTID)**

**You see, today isn't just any other day...**

***ANGLE ON J.D.'s hand* as he turns on the radio. TIME CUT TO:**

**PULL BACK to see J.D. now dressed in hospital scrubs, looking at himself in the mirror.**

**J.D (V.0.) (CONT'D) It's my first day.**

**MUSIC CUE.**

**SCRUBS PINK**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | **J.D**  (to mirror) I'm the man.  **5 EXT. SACRED HEART HOSPITAL -- MOMENTS LATER** | 5 |

**The music still plays as J.D. walks toward the entrance.**

**The hospital itself is so old and depressing that it probably can't even remember its better days.**

**J.D (V.0.)**

**And four years of pre-med, four years of med school, and hundreds of thousands of dollars in unpaid loans have finally made me realize one important thing...**

**6** [**INT. ER/ADMISSIONS**](http://INT.ER/ADMISSIONS) **-- CONTINUOUS**

6

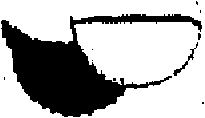
**J.D. CASUALLY ENTERS through a sliding glass door. What he sees is akin to being dropped in Vietnam, patients are whisked by, children crying; This is a real hospital with much commotion. As J.D. takes this in, a frantic NURSE'APPEARS, \* surprising him.**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| ***NURSE KEARNEY***  **Good, could you go drop a N.G. tube on the patient in 234 and call the attending if the lavage is positive?** | \* |

**J.D.**

**(beat)**

**Sure.**



**J.D (V.0.) I don't know jack.**

**AS J.D. STANDS THERE, CLUELESS: END OF COLD OPEN.**

**FADE OUT:**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  | **SCRUBS PINK 2**  **ACT ONE**  **7** [**INT.**](http://INT.ER/ADMISSIONS) ***ER/ADMISSIONS -* CONTINUOUS**  **J.D. still stands next to the nurse.**  **J.D. (V.0.)**  **So, this is my story...**  ***J.D***  **I'm supposed to be up in intensive care-** |

**NURSE KEARNEY**

**Good. We just turfed him there. (explaining)**

**We transferred him to I.C.U.**

**J.D.**

**Was this before you turfed him?**

**NURSE KEARNEY**

**That's what turfing means.**

**J.D.**

**I know that. I'm just having some fun with you. Woo-hoo...**

**The nurse stares at him, skeptically.**

**J.D (V.0.)**

**Look, I got into medicine because I always**

**46:71 wanted to help people, but orientation
  
yesterday didn't really focus on patient care...**

**CUT TO:**

**8 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - THE DAY BEFORE**

**The hospital LAWYER drones on in front of a room filled with soon-to-be interns. On the chalkboard he's written the word LAWSUITS and drawn an X through it.**

**LAWYER**

**The hospital doesn't want to be sued, you don't want to *be sued - let's be honest,* no one likes being sued. Being sued is not .a good thing...**

**J.D. sits next to CHRIS TURK, 25, black, handsome, with the quiet confidence of a man who can't be flustered. Turk and J.D. speak with the familiarity of old friends.**

**J.D.**

**Turk, You know how I'm totally down with the rap music...**

**TURK Dude, be whiter.**

**WE FREEZE FRAME on TURK:**

**(CONTINUED)**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **SCRUBS YELLOW**  **J.D (V.0.)**  **Chris Turk is my best friend. We roomed together in college.**  **8A EXT. - DAY.**  **Two shot of Turk and J.D. (with mullet and flat top) when they were college freshman. (William and Mary sweatshirt, etc.)**  **8B EXT. - DAY** |  |
|
| **Two shot of Turk and J.D. in med school in similar pose.** |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **J.D (V.0.)**  **We roomed together in med school.** | \*  \* |

**8C EXT. - DAY 8C\***

\*

**Two shot of J.D. and Turk six weeks ago.**

**J.D (V.0.)**

**Hell, we even got accepted by the**

**same hospital.**

\*

**J.D. and Turk hold envelopes, celebrating their acceptance. They hug then part, both extremely uncomfortable.**

\*

**BACK TO FREEZE-FRAME OF TURK**

**CUT TO: \***

**9 OMITTED 9\***

**10 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 10**

**Back on FREEZE FRAME of Turk reacting, then:**

**J.D.**

**Here's the thing. Tupac, DMX, Dr. Dre­in most of their songs, these artists use an extremely volatile word- -**

**TURK**

**Nigger. Yes, I am aware of that.**

SCRUBS PINK 4

J.D.

My question is this. If we're both singing

along, and knowing that otherwise I'd never use the word, am I allowed to say--

TURK

No.

J.D.

**But what if-**

**TURK**

**N000.**

J.D.

See, that's good to know.

**ANGLE ON the Lawyer, who has now written on the chalkboard: ALCOHOL + SURGERY = NO-NO. He UNDERLINES No-No. \_\***

**LAWYER**

**...Finally Doctors, if you make a mistake, call me. Please, don't admit it to the patient, or the patient's family,**

**especially if there is .a death involved.**

**Of course, if the patient is deceased, you can feel free to tell him or her anything.**

**The Lawyer LAUGHS. No one else does.**

**J.D.**

**So, hey, I found us an apartment-**

J.D. is **interrupted by CHIEF OF MEDICINE ROBERT KELSO, 56, he is a kind looking man with loads of law shucks' charm.**

**DR. KELSO**

**Listen up gang, I'm Dr. Bob Kelso, and I'm your chief of medicine. We've got some exciting times ahead, gang, so I want you to think of me as your safety**

**net, because I promise you, we are a family here. Now, I bought pizza in case you'd like to stick around and touch base with your fellow interns. Go get 'em, doctors.**

**CUT TO:**

**11 INT. PENTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 11**

**The penthouse is a room with a few ratty couches, an old tv, a small table and an old PAC MAN video game currently in use. J.D. and Turk eat pizza and watch.**

J.D.

**Can I sing black magic woman?**

**SCRUBS PINK 5**

**TURK**

**You can hum it.**

**(then)**

**So the surgical interns are gonna go grab a beer.**

**J.D.**

**The medical interns are having a Pac-Man tournament. Apparently we're all twelve.**

**ELLIOT (0.S.)**

**I love Pac-Man.**

**The guys turn to see ELLIOT REID, 26, an attractive, extremely driven young woman, so much so that she seems, to live at a slightly quicker pace than normal humans. She's also the type of girl that could make the world stop if she let her hair down. It's down right now.**

**J.D.**

**Me too. I love playing it, I love watching it played. I just love it.**

**ELLIOT**

**I'm Elliot.**

**TURK**

**(Finger out, a'la E.T.)**

**Ellliioott...**

**ELLIOT**

**Yeah, don't do that.**

**J.D.**

**I'm J.D., this is Turk.**

**TURK**

**So, Elliot... you medical or surgery?**

**TIME.SLOWS. J.D. and Turk look at each other, then back to Elliot. Finally:**

**ELLIOT**

**Medical.**

**AS TURK REACTS and WE HEAR A PAC-MAN DIE:**

**CUT TO:**

**12 INT. CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER**

**J.D. and Elliot walk up to I.C.U. Elliot gradually increases the pace.**

**ELLIOT**

**So every male in my family is a doctor. My dad, my granddad, my brother. Guess that's why Dad gave me a guy's name, made me play sports, date girls, I'm joking.**

**SCRUBS BLUE 6**

**J.D.**

**I know, I would've laughed if you had paused.**

**ELLIOT**

**Good. It was funny. So, Turk's cute.**

**J.D (V.0.)**

**If she likes Turk, so be it.**

**J.D.**

**He's getting married.**

**ELLIOT**

**Anyway, I got better board scores than Gramps, my dad, and my stupid brother...I know what you're thinking.**

**J.D (V.0.)**

**Your butt looks like two pringles next to *each* other.**

**J.D:**

**No you don't.**

**13 INT. STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS**

**13**

**14**

**ELLIOT**

**The whole having-to-be-the-best thing, Miss "Hyper competitive," I mean it used to be a big problem for me, used to, past tense...**

**J.D.**

**(stops)**

**Hey. Are we racing?**

**Elliot gives him an "Are you crazy" look, then:**

**ELLIOT**

**Yes.**

**She TAKES OFF up the stairs. J.D. races after her.**

**14 INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS**

**In J.D.'s fantasy, he now wears a MARATHONER'S OUTFIT. He RUNS past doctors and nurses, even takes a cup of coffee**

**from one and POURS it over his own head. Finally, at the I.C.U. ward, J.D. PASSES ELLIOT and BREAKS THE FINISH LINE TAPE FIRST. A WOMAN IN A WALKER comes in third.**

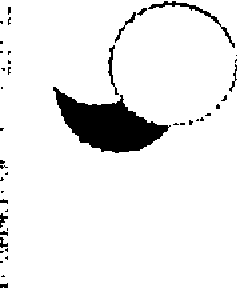
**15 INT. I.C.U. NURSES STATION -- CONTINUOUS 15**

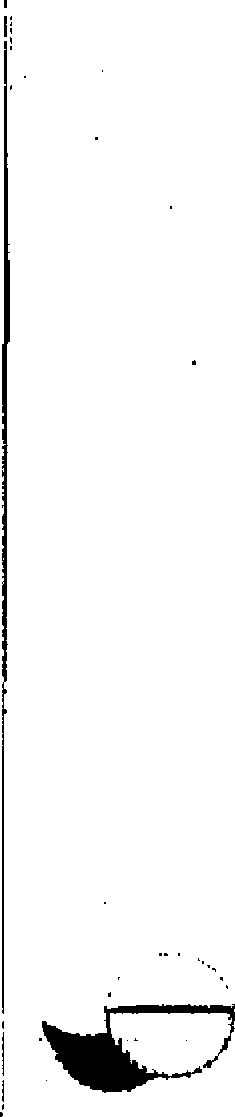
**BACK TO REALITY. J.D. bends over, gasps for breath. Elliot is not the least bit tired.**

**ELLIOT**

**So, you do a lot of cardio?**

**SCRUBS PINK** 7





\*

\*

**16**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Too tired to speak, J.D. MOUTHS "YES". .SECOND-YEAR RESIDENT JEFFREY STEADMAN,29, ENTERS. He is truly a weasel.** | \*  \* |

**JEFFERY**

**Elliot Reid and John Dorian?**

**(of f nods, not thrilled)**

**Great. One, I am your resident, Dr. *Jeffery* Steadman, not Jeff. Two, here are your Manuals..,**

**He hands them both an Intern Manual (universal text of basic procedures given to all interns). .**

**JEFFERY (CONT'D)**

**These can answer any basic questions you have so don't bother me, ever, kay? Three,**

**don't be a moron and open your manual up in front of a patient, Four...**

**J.D. (V.0.)**

**You ever notice how quickly some people make an impression?**

**Note: In the following dialogue, what we hear does not match Jeffery's mouth movements, it's just what J.D. hears.**

**JEFFERY**

**I'm a tool, I'm a tool. I'm a tool, tool, tool, tool, unbelievably annoying tool.**

**J.D.**

**Yeah.**

**JEFFERY**

**Finally, these are your beepers. From now on, these control your life, kay?**

**J.D. stares at the beeper in his hand. It goes off.**

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**16** [**INT. ER/ADMISSIONS**](http://INT.ER/ADMISSIONS) **- PRESENT TIME**

**J.D. is where we left him earlier, next to the same nurse, staring at his beeper.**

**J.D. Sorry, gotta go.**

**CUT TO:**

**17 INT. HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER 17**

**J.D. catches up to NURSE CARLA ESPINOZA, who is pushing an older patient quickly down the hall on a gurney.. She is Hispanic, thirtyish, painfully frank, and manages to be motherly and sexy at the same time.**

**SCRUBS PINK** 8

**J.D.**

**I was beeped...**

**CARLA**

**Aww, first day Bambi? Carla will take**

**care of you - don't look at me when we're moving someone.**

**J.D. walks into some equipment, FALLS OUT OF FRAME. Hops up, and follows Carla into a room.**

**18 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

**CARLA**

**We're waiting for Dr. Cox...**

**DR. PHIL COX ENTERS. He is an ATTENDING PHYSICIAN in his late-thirties, and a steamroller of a man.**

J.D.

**Hi, Dr., I'm--**

**DR. COX**

**Place an I.V. for me.**

**J.D. We'll talk later.**

**DR. COX**

**Carla, a personal question. Do you spray your perfume on or do you keep a tub full of the crap and slosh around in it?**

**CARLA (unfazed)**

**I smell nice.**

**J.D. is STRUGGLING WITH THE I.V.**

**J.D (V.0.)**

**C'mon, you've done this to cadavers before.**

**So this guy's alive,, just poke it through his skin, poke it through - Now!**

**J.D. makes a move, but CAN'T DO IT. Dr. Cox notices.**

**DR. COX**

**Time's up. Do that for him, please. I'm also gonna need to get an ABG.**

**J.D.**

**Why are you telling her?**

**DR. COX Shut up and watch.**

**CARLA**

**Awwww, be nice to Bambi.**

**(CONTINUED)**