**SCRUBS BLUE 13**

**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.0.) 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.**

**SCRUBS PINK 14**

**CARLA**

**Okay Bambi, here's Mrs. Lenzer's tox**

**screen, Mr. Hobert's blood work...**

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

**I couldn't help wondering if Turk is having**

**the same experience I am.**

**TURK I'm such a stud.**

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

**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.**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| ***T-manl***  **J.D., Todd.** | **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.0.)

SCRUBS 15

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.0.)

We're the chess club..

As Turk waves and he and Todd quickly HEAD OFF:

**CUT TO:**

24 [INT. ER/ADMISSIONS--](http://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?

SCRUBS BLUE 16

**J.D. IN HIS SCRUBS STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF A ROAD WITH ANTLERS ON HIS HEAD, FROZEN IN HEADLIGHTS.**

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. know, we're both off Monday night, so maybe, you know, if you're not busy, I don't know, ***maybe* we could - -** | You |

**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.0.)**

**See? She just gets me.**

**DR. KELSO**

**Welcome to rounds, kids. Patient number one...**

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

**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**

**SCRUBS PINK**



**17**

2f

**28 INT. I.C.U. MAIN PATIENT'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS
  
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**

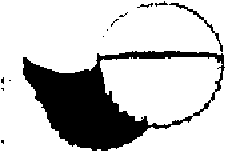
29

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

**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.0.)**

**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 (0.S.)**

**(CONTINUED)**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  | **Nice.** |

SCRUBS BLUE 17A

J.D. turns to see Turk, signals him to be quiet. He finishes looking up the procedure, then hides the book.

SCRUBS PINK 18

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.0.)

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.0.)**

**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?**

SCRUBS 19

TURK (CONT'D)

It might be good for us to branch out a little... What do you think?

J.D (V.0.)

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.

Then do

(then, So what's it doctor?

MR. BURSKI it. For you moving)

like being a young hotshot

J.D.

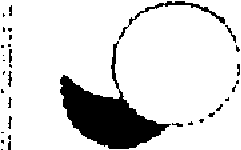
Did you ever go to see a movie that

everyone\_told you was great, then because of all those expectations, you ended up totally disappointed?

**SCRUBS . 20**

**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.0.)**  **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**  **He closes the door behind him and turns to see Elliot. J.D.** | **32** |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  | **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.0.)**  **Don't worry about the patient. Turk was already there "learning by doing".**  **TODD**  **Fire up the juice, baby.**  **TURK**  **Clear.** |

SCRUBS PINK 21

J.D (V.0.)

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. See? Damn. | J.D. ELLIOT  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