SCRUBS

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(pilot)

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FADE IN:

1 INT. COLD OPEN, BEDROOM -- MORNING

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.O.)
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.O.)
Last night I didn't sleep.

3 OMITTED

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.O.)
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.O.) (CONT'D)
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.O.) (CONT'D)
It's my first day.

MUSIC CUE.
J.D.
(to mirror)
I'm the man.

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.O.)
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...

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.O.)
I don't know jack.

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

FADE OUT:
INT. ER/ADMISSIONS - CONTINUOUS

J.D. still stands next to the nurse.

J.D. (V.O.)
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.O.)
Look, I got into medicine because I always
wanted to help people, but orientation
yesterday didn't really focus on patient
care...

CUT TO:

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

J.D (V.O.)

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.O.)

We roomed together in med school.

8C  EXT. - DAY

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

J.D (V.O.)

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

10  INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Back on FREEZE FRAME of Turk reacting, then:

J.D.

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

TURK

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

J.D.
See, that's good to know.

ANGLE ON the Lawyer, who has now written on the chalkboard:
ALCOHOL + SURGERY = NC-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 'aw 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:

INT. PENTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

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?
SCUBS

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 (O.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.) Ellliicot...

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 12

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

ELLIO T
Good. It was funny. So, Turk's cute.

J.D (V.O.)
If she likes Turk, so be it.

J.D.
He's getting married.

ELLIO T
Anyway, I got better board scores than Gramps, my dad, and my stupid brother... I know what you're thinking.

J.D (V.O.)
Your butt looks like two pringles next to each other.

J.D.
No you don't.

13 INT. STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

ELLIO T
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:

ELLIO T
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

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

ELLIO T
So, you do a lot of cardio?
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?
(off 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.O.)
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 - 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

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.
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.O.)
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)
DR. COX
This gomer has got to stop trying to die
while I'm eating lunch.
J.D.
(under his breath)
That's a little insensitive.

Dr. Cox looks up.

J.D (V.O.)
Mistake.

DR. COX
This man is ninety-two, and has full dementia. He doesn't even know we're here. For Christ sake, he's inches away from Carla's rack and he hasn't even flinched.

CARLA
(sincerely)
That's so sweet.

J.D.
What about his subconscious?

DR. COX
(into patient's ear)
Eisenhower was a sissy.

Dr. Cox waits in a fighting stance for a beat.

DR. COX (CONT'D)
By the grace of God, I think we're gonna be okay.
(then, to J.D.)
From now on, when I'm in the room, you're not allowed to talk.

As J.D. gives him the thumbs up and DR. COX EXITS:

CUT TO:

19 INT. I.C.U. MAIN PATIENT'S ROOM -- MORNING, DAY 2

Dr. Kelso moves from patient to patient conducting rounds.

DR. KELSO
Now, Mr. Dorian, can you tell me what ailment...

J.D (V.O.)
I'm gonna love rounds. The constant questions, it's like being on a gameshow.

J.D. clicks his pen as if it were a Jeopardy buzzer, then:

J.D.
What is uremia?

DR. KELSO
That's my boy.
J.D.
Uremia may lead to a symmetric sensorimotor polyneuropathy that tends to affect the lower limbs more than upper limbs, and is more marked aistally than proximally...

DR. KELSO
Whoa, sport. Who stuck a quarter in you? (then re. patient)
Nice, clean job with the foley catheter.

J.D (V.O.)
I had a nurse do it.

J.D.
Thank you, sir.

J.D (V.O.)
Unfortunately, I'm still afraid to touch anybody.

ELLIOT ENTERS. Her hair is up, glasses are on, and she is obviously frazzled. As she tries to SNEAK IN:

J.D (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'd been thinking a lot about Elliot. She's an anal-retentive, crazy, smartypants, but in kind of a sexy way, you know?

DR. KELSO
(without turning)
Dr. Reid, you're late.

ELLIOT
I got puked on, and seeing as it was already the fifth time today, I needed to cry for a few minutes.

DR. KELSO
Nothing wrong with squirting out a few. You're off the hook if you can tell me what to look out for in a uremic patient.

Elliot is silent, clueless.

J.D (V.O.)
Anyway, I decided to go for it.

J.D.
(whispers)
Infection.

ELLIOT
Infection?

DR. KELSO
That's my girl. Moving on...

As they move to the next bed Elliot and J.D. hang back.
ELLIOI
I knew the answer.

J.D.
I'm sure you did.

ELLIOI
I was just frazzled--

J.D.
How could you not be?

ELLIOI
You know, with the--

J.D.
I know.

ELLIOI
Good. But thanks, if I can ever do anything for you--

J.D.
You could let your hair down again.

ELLIOI
(looks at him, then)
Can I wash the puke out first?

J.D.
If you want.

ELLIOI
(smiles, then all business)
We'll see.

CUT TO:

20  INT. PENTHOUSE -- DAY  20

J.D. daydreaming. He looks at the TV and sees HIMSELF AND ELLIOT ON THE SCREEN. We GO INTO the TV.

21  INT. SITCOM LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS  21

J.D. sits next to Elliot. They are being questioned by a six-year-old boy. There is a laugh track.

BOY
Daddy, why did you marry Mommy?

J.D.
Well Tiger, I gave her an answer during rounds and she immediately had sex with me.
ELLiot
(with sitcom smile)
Now go do your homework so I can continue
to satisfy your father sexually while
never questioning his authority.

As the boy exits, Elliot straddles J.D. and starts kissing him. DR. COX ENTERS the fantasy in medical scrubs, pushing an old woman in a wheelchair.

DR. COX
What the hell are you doing?

22
INT. PENTHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

BACK TO REALITY. J.D. turns to see Dr. Cox pushing an older woman in a wheelchair. He pushes her to the side.

DR. COX
Did you actually page me to ask how much tylenol to give Mrs. Lenzer?

J.D.
I was worried that it could exacerbate the patient's...

DR. COX
It's regular strength tylenol! Have her open her mouth, throw a handful at her, and whatever lands in there is the correct dosage.

J.D.
But--

DR. COX
And by no means are you to compromise our no talking agreement.

Dr. Cox sits, works on a chart.

J.D.
Dr. Cox, if you could give me any advice--

DR. COX
Try not to kill anyone.

J.D.
Uh-huh. Dr. Kelso tells us all to stay positive.

DR. COX
Look, I'm going to be careful because I don't want to overstate this: Dr. Kelso is the most evil human being on the face of the earth and may actually be the devil himself.

J.D.
Super.
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.

TODD
T-man!

TURK
J.D., Todd.

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    24

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.

ELLIO T 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

26 INT. I.C.U. MAIN PATIENT'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

J.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

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

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT
J.D. with antlers gets RUN OVER BY TRUCK.

INT. FOUR BED PATIENT'S ROOM -- DAY
A patient, MS. PRATT, reads the newspaper and listens to a walkman in bed.

J.D (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.
(them)
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 peek under the gauze - it squirts out again. He sighs.

CUT TO:

31 INT. ELEVATOR -- MOMENTS LATER

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

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 I'll 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
He closes the door behind him and turns to see Elliot.

J.D.
You chicken.

ELLIO T
Me? Look at you.

33 INT. SURGERY MAIN PATIENT ROOM -- CONTINUOUS
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

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.

J.D.
Okay.

ELLIOT
See?

J.D.
Damn.

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:
ACT TWO

35 INT. ON-CALL FOYER -- AFTERNOON

J.D. sits on the floor, leans against the door of the on-call room (a tiny room with makeshift beds).

J.D (V.O.)
I was sitting on the floor for two reasons.
One, I tried to lock Elliot in that supply closet and she kicked me. Hard. And
two, the on-call room was locked.

J.D.
C'mon, I've got like ten minutes to sleep.

36 INT. ON-CALL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Carla and Turk are kissing.

TURK
Tell me if I'm going too fast.

CARLA
Lose the clothes.

Turk considers this for a beat then UNDRESSES FRANTICALLY.

37 INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

J.D (V.O.)
I heard that Turk was going to move in with Todd. I'm surprised that high-fiving freak isn't in there with him.

38 INT. ON-CALL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

In J.D.'S FANTASY - We see Turk and Carla tenderly making love (under the covers) as a fully dressed Todd cheers Turk on, giving him HIGH-FIVES:

TODD
Look at you, T-man! You're on fire!

39 INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Back to reality as J.D. chuckles and leans back.

40 INT. ON-CALL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Turk is undressed. Carla checks him out.

CARLA
Nice.

TURK
Your turn.

CARLA
Nah, I've gotta get back. But very nice.

(CONTINUED)
TURK
I'm off Friday, you feel like making me dinner?

CARLA
Que me estas Biciendo?

TURK
Or I could take you out. Your call.

CARLA
Date a surgeon? With the God complex and the married-to-the-work?

CARLA CHUCKLES, OPENS THE DOOR, ruffles J.D.'s hair.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Hey Bambi.

Turk and J.D. watch her EXIT, then:

TURK
You coming in?

J.D.
Thought I might wait for you not be naked.

AS TURK NODS IN AGREEMENT AND CLOSES THE DOOR:

CUT TO:

INT. I.C.U. NURSES STATION -- LATER

Carla is there. An orderly pushes Mr. Burski down the hall. J.D. ENTERS, checks out Mr. Burski's flowery gown.

J.D.
You look adorable.

MR. BURSKI
Ah, the hell with everything.

J.D.
Hey, I got your test results. You're gonna be fine. One more night and you're out of here.

Mr. Burski covers J.D.'s hand with his.

MR. BURSKI
Thank you. Thank you so much.

J.D.
No problem.

* *

J.D. enjoys the moment, then SIGNS THE ORDERLY'S CHART. ELLIOT ENTERS from the other side. A male patient calls out:

PATIENT (O.S.)
Nurse... Nursey... Cutie pie...

(CONTINUED)
I'm a doctor, okay. The white coat, the stethoscope - a doctor, got it?
CARLA

Relax.

ELLiot

I just hate it. I hate the "darlin's", I hate the "sweethearts"...

CARLA

You don't need to tell me how hard it is being a woman around here.

Bored, Mr. Burski sighs and WHEELS OUT OF FRAME.

ELLiot

Well, you're certainly furthering the cause by wearing a thong to work and hooking up in the on-call room.

Excited, Mr. Burski WHEELS BACK INTO FRAME.

ELLiot (CONT'D)

Word gets around.

CARLA

(slow build)
You talk like that, do you even know my name? I'm 34, I spend every second of my life either here, or taking care of my mom, so yeah, maybe I needed a little closeness. I'm sure you never had a quickie at the club, or snuck some skinny, flat-butted, college boy up to your sorority room, and you judge me? And my thong - I like to think it makes my ass look good, and some days I need to feel good about something around here, and you judge me? Well, guess what. Word does get around, Ms. "Out for herself", so you can dump on everyone here if you want, but you will not hurt me.

(then, weakly)
You will not hurt me...

As she EXITS, hurt, they all stay frozen for a beat, then:

J.D.
Look at you making new friends.

CUT TO:
INT. EXAM ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Dr. Cox is with Billy, an eight-year-old, when J.D. enters.

J.D.
I couldn't get any sleep 'cause Turk practically had sex in the on-call room.

DR. COX
You are aware that I have no idea who Turk is, but good for him. 'Cause Billy, sex is life-affirming. Now, how bout you give me a urine sample, captain.

BILLY
But I just did five minutes ago.

DR. COX
Tell you what. This time put the cup on the ground and just go nuts.

Billy exits excitedly to the bathroom.

J.D.
Seems like a good kid.

DR. COX
Yeah. Why are you here?

J.D (V.O.)
I'm worried about being on call tonight.

DR. COX
You're worried about being on call tonight.

J.D.
No.

J.D (V.O.)
I don't think I can handle it.

DR. COX
You don't think you can handle it, do you?

J.D (V.O.)
Stop doing that.

DR. COX
Look, worst case scenario, you kill someone and it hangs over your head your whole life, but that's absolute worst case. (off J.D.'s reaction) Jeez, Newbie, just use the nurses for all the stuff you're still too chicken to do, which is, I'm guessing, everything. And if there's a really tough admission--

J.D.
Call you?

(CONTINUED)
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 the clock as it hits 8:00. After a beat, his BEEPER GOES OFF.

CUT TO:

46

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

The MONTAGE starts with J.D. timidly looking at a crowded room full of latenight admissions. (Drunks, homeless, etc.)
47 INT. EXAM ROOM -- NIGHT
A DOCTOR does a spinal tap. J.D. flinches at the procedure. *

48 INT. I.C.U. MAIN PATIENT'S ROOM -- NIGHT
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
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
J.D. nods off while doing an abdominal exam. Nurse Roberts flicks his ear, wakes him.

50 OMITTED

51 INT. ER/WAITING ROOM -- NIGHT
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. -- LATE NIGHT
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
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:
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 like that once in a while...

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

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

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--

(CONTINUED)
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:
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.

CARLA

Normal rhythm.

J.D.

No way.

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

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)
ELLIO T (CONT'D)
you and they said fine, and to thank you,
and I'm sorry... They didn't say that
last part, I did.

J.D (V.O.)
The worst part was knowing right then
that I could never forgive her.

ELLIO T
I'm really sorry.

She KISSES him gently on the cheek, walks off.

J.D (V.O.)
I forgive her... You see, I can't survive
on my own.

JEFFERY PASSES, snottily says "Good-night":

JEFFERY
I'm a tool-I'm a tool.

J.D. watches him go, then looks around, takes it all in.

J.D (V.O.)
Even now, when I finally get to go home
and go to sleep, in the back of my head,
I'll know the hospital's still here.
Wide awake. Waiting for me to come back
tomorrow so it can try to beat me.

CARLA
Bambi, get out while you still can.

J.D. snaps out of it, turns his beeper off, HEADS OUT:

J.D (V.O.)
But what the hell. The most important
thing is that I got through my first three
days without looking like a complete idiot.

Coming right toward us, J.D.'S FACE IS SMUSHED against the
glass as he WALKS INTO THE BROKEN SLIDING GLASS DOOR.

J.D.'S POV as things are blurred and hazy.

ELLIO T
Get a gurney!

CARLA
Damn door...

JANITOR
If you ask me he had it coming.

Blackness.

J.D (V.O.)
I'm the man.

END OF SHOW