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Television



[scrubs]

Episode #108

My Fifteen Minutes

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SCRUBS
#108
"My Fifteen Minutes"
Yellow Draft
9/24/01

J.D. ZACH BRAFF
ELLIOT SARAH CHALKE
TURK DONALD FAISON
CARLA JUDY REYES
DR. COX JOHN C. MCGINLEY
DR. KELSO KEN JENKINS
JANITOR NEIL FLYNN
NURSE ROBERTS ALOMA WRIGHT
LAWYER SAM LLOYD
PATRICIA ALEX WRIGHT
DARRYL MAÑE R. ANDREWS
ANCHORWOMAN BRONWÉN BOOTH
BARTENDER JOHN VALDETERO
TEACHER ANDY FORREST
YOUNG TURK T.J. HALL
HUMMING BOY CAYDEN BOYD

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON, DAY 1 1

J.D. and Turk, in their scrubs and open coats, are walking down the sidewalk.

J.D. (V.O.)

One of the best things about my friendship with Turk is that we're always pushing ourselves to grow as people... challenging each other to try new things.

J.D. (CONT'D)

I can't believe we're going to a strip club for lunch.

TURK

Man, don't think of it like that. This is just a brand new place to grab a burger that's a short, convenient, two and a half mile walk from the hospital.

They round the corner, REVEALING the STRIP CLUB. There are PROTESTERS, some holding up signs: "NO SKIN, WE ALL WIN," etc. There is a local TV crew present. As J.D. and Turk check this out:

J.D. (V.O.)

Most of the times that we push ourselves to grow as people, it blows up in our face.

J.D. (CONT'D)

Hey, Turk, let's get the hell out of here before we end up on the six o'clock --

WHAM! We're now through the POV of a hand-held news camera, J.D. and Turk LOOK CAUGHT. An attractive ANCHORWOMAN thrusts a MIC in their faces.

ANCHORWOMAN

Are you gentlemen visiting the club?

TURK

No, protesting.

J.D.

We're outraged.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

ANCHORWOMAN

(to J.D.)

What's that in your pocket?

J.D.'s scrub pocket has a WAD OF BILLS sticking out.

J.D.

(straight)

Thirty-eight dollars in singles.
You see, I bought a newspaper and
this is the change he gave me for my
forty.

TURK

Nice save.

ANCHORWOMAN

So as regular customers, do you think
the effect on the community will
eventually --

The camera (still POV) FALLS to the ground so only Turk and
J.D.'s feet are showing. We then CUT OUT to see that the
CAMERAMAN has COLLAPSED, unconscious. As J.D. and Turk rush
to him:

ANCHORWOMAN (CONT'D)

Neil?

J.D.

(to Turk)

No pulse.

TURK

Starting CPR.

Turk pumps his chest, and J.D. does mouth to mouth. As
ONLOOKERS GATHER, and the anchorwoman PICKS UP THE CAMERA
AND STARTS TAPING:

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 INT. ADMISSIONS - A LITTLE LATER 2

Dr. Kelso talks to some print reporters as they scribble in notebooks.

DR. KELSO
Well, maybe I'm biased. But to me,
every doctor here at Sacred Heart is
a hero. Does that make me a hero?
I don't know.

J.D. and Turk walk by the hallway. Dr. Kelso sees them.

DR. KELSO (CONT'D)
Ah, there's my dynamic duo.

In J.D.'s FANTASY, Turk is dressed as BATMAN, and J.D.'s
ROBIN.

J.D.
(to Turk)
How low is my self-esteem that I'm
Robin in my own fantasy?

TURK
At least you're not Alfred the butler.

BACK ON J.D. who's now dressed as Alfred the butler.

J.D.
(to Turk)
Damn you.

BACK TO REALITY:

As the reporters move toward J.D. and Turk and they react:

J.D. (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Life in a hospital moves so fast.
One second you're a hero...

CUT TO:

3 INT. HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER 3

Elliot and J.D. are walking in mid-conversation.

J.D. (V.O.)
...The next you're obsessing about
intern evaluations.

ELLIOT
Who cares? It's only a grade.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

J.D.
Really. What'd you get?

ELLIOT
An A+. But then I turned on the waterworks and the resident changed it to an A++.

J.D.
It's a proud day for women everywhere.

ELLIOT
What're you worrying about? With the whole hero thing, whoever evaluates you is going to give you a gold star.

FLASHBACK TO:

4 INT. TBD -- EARLIER

4 *

DR. COX
(into camera)
Listen, Supergirl, I'm going to break you down into so many little pieces that my grandmother, who can do a thousand piece puzzle of clear blue sky in less than an hour, will never be able to finish putting you back together, even if she went back in time and started when her vision was perfect.

*
*
*
*

BACK TO:

5 INT. HALLWAY -- PRESENT

5

J.D.
I'm not so sure you're right.

As they walk toward the penthouse:

CUT TO:

6 INT. PENTHOUSE -- SAME TIME

6

Carla and Turk are there.

CARLA
Before you deny that you like looking at strange naked women again, I should remind you that when you stay at my place, it's not a hotel. The movie titles do show up on the bill.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

TURK

(beat)
I'm sticking with "we were protesting."

As Carla reacts, J.D. and Elliot ENTER, having heard nothing.

TURK (CONT'D)

J.D.?

J.D.
We were outraged.

CARLA
(smiles, then)
You should take Bambi out tonight. Maybe with all the hype you can finally get him a girl.

TURK
Baby, I'm only one man.

J.D.
Hey, I'm realistic about all this.

CUT TO:

7 INT. BAR (FANTASY)

7

Turk and J.D. sit on the bar surrounded by beautiful cheering women.

J.D.
Who hasn't bought us a drink yet?

As they all hold up money:

BACK TO REALITY:

8 INT. PENTHOUSE -- SAME TIME

8

J.D.
(to everyone)
It could happen.

TURK
(to Carla)
Don't wait up for me tonight, baby.

CARLA
Okay. So, do you want to get drunk and beg me to have sex now, or should we just do it tonight at two?

TURK
Let's save it.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

ELLIOT

You know, I'm off tonight. What're you doing, Carla?

CARLA

I'm just going out to dinner with a friend.

There's an uncomfortable silence.

J.D. (V.O.)

Oh, man. She's not getting the invite. This is so uncomfortable. Just hold your breath until it's over.

J.D. (CONT'D)

(exhales, then to Carla)

Why don't you take Elliot with you?

Carla glares at J.D., then holds her hands up, both of them full of Chinese throwing stars. ANGLE ON J.D., reacting confused, then back to Carla as she throws them one after the other in fast motion.

BACK TO REALITY:

ELLIOT

Great, I can't wait.

Elliot EXITS past J.D. REVEAL he's pinned against the wall by the throwing stars.

J.D.

Have fun tonight.

CUT TO:

9 INT. HALLWAY - LATER

9

The Janitor looks over his supply cart.

J.D.

Did you lose something?

JANITOR

No. Why? Did you take something?

J.D.

No.

JANITOR

What'd you take?

J.D.

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

JANITOR
(nods, then)
What'd you take?

J.D.
Look, from day one you've had it in for me. Or, I don't know, maybe you think I've had it in for you. But I can assure you -- and I mean this with no disrespect -- I don't have any feelings toward you, positive or negative, okay? So I say we just move past this nonsense and start fresh.

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JANITOR
(beat)
What'd you take?

*
*
*

As J.D. reacts, Dr. Cox pokes his head out of a room.

DR. COX
Newbie, come.

J.D. (V.O.)
(as he walks)
Now that I think about it, I'm psyched to have Dr. Cox do my evaluation. It'll give me a chance to finally see what he truly thinks of me.

J.D. enters the patient's room.

10 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

10

Dr. Cox is holding up a form.

J.D. (V.O.)
Judgment day.

DR. COX
Look, Doogie, I'm up to my cha-chas in busywork, so I'm gonna go ahead and take a rain check on your report card and have you fill it out yourself.

Dr. Cox hands the evaluation form to J.D.

J.D.
(re: form)
You didn't even fill out my name.

DR. COX
I think it's either John or Jimmy, but if you get stuck, just ask one of the nurses.

10 CONTINUED: 10

As J.D. sadly EXITS:

CUT TO:

11 INT. ADMISSIONS - LATER 11

Dr. Kelso talks to the hospital LAWYER.

LAWYER

Sir, I've been the hospital's legal counsel for, well, let's just say when I started I had hair...

(laughs weakly, then)

...and a wife and family. The point is I'll never get a raise without the support of senior staff like yourself.

DR. KELSO

Can't do it.

LAWYER

Well, you did what you could.

As the Lawyer SLUMPS OFF, defeated, J.D. APPROACHES.

DR. KELSO

Dr. Dorian, how are you?

J.D.

Actually, sir, these evaluations --

DR. KELSO

It was just a pleasantry sport, let's keep it moving. I was thinking that with all the publicity you and your friend have been getting that it would be silly not to milk it a little bit, see if we can't promote the hospital. What do you say?

As J.D. thinks:

CUT TO:

12 INT. BAR (FANTASY) 12

The same setup as before (minus Turk). J.D. sits on the bar surrounded by the same pretty women. He has a snifter of brandy in one hand and a Sharpie in the other. *

J.D.

Okay, whose breasts haven't I signed yet?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 12

As several hands go up:

BACK TO REALITY:

13 INT. ADMISSIONS -- CONTINUOUS 13

J.D.
(to himself)
It could happen.

DR. KELSO
Excuse me?

J.D.
Anything for the hospital, sir.

DR. KELSO
Great. In fact, we have some extra money in the budget just sitting there, and we had no idea how we were going to spend it.

Kelso EXITS. We see that the Lawyer has been eavesdropping.

LAWYER
(to himself)
Be strong, Ted. Keep it together.

PAN DOWN TO REVEAL a six-year-old boy standing in front of the Lawyer, squirting him on the crotch on his khakis with a water pistol. As the Lawyer reacts.

CUT TO:

14 INT. HALLWAY/NURSES STATION - LATE AFTERNOON 14*

Carla and Elliot walk, both in street clothes.

ELLIOT
(excited)
So, what are we doing tonight?

CARLA
Go out for dinner, I guess.

ELLIOT
Ooh, dinner! Where are we eating?

CARLA
I don't know, some restaurant.

ELLIOT
Ooh, some restaurant!
(then)
I'm so excited. Be honest, do I look hip enough?

(CONTINUED)

CARLA
When are khakis, a white shirt and a
neckerchief not hip?

ELLIOT
(considering)
True.

They arrive at the nurses' station to see Patricia, 31, black,
attractive, and her son, Darryl, 17. Carla's BEEPER GOES OFF.

CARLA
(off beeps)
I have to make a quick call. This
is Patricia and Darryl.

Carla goes to the phone.

ELLIOT
Hi:

DARRYL
(to Patricia)
I'm gonna take off.

PATRICIA
Thanks for the ride.

He kisses Patricia on the cheek and EXITS.

ELLIOT
Someone's a cradle-robber.

PATRICIA
Darryl's my son.

ELLIOT
Come on! The only way he could be
your son is if you had him when you
were, like, fifteen.

PATRICIA
I was fourteen.

ELLIOT
(awkward)
Oh. I was close.

Carla RETURNS.

CARLA
That was my mom. I'm sorry, I have
to cancel.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

ELLIOT
(disappointed)
Oh... well, that's okay.

PATRICIA
Don't sweat it.
(then, leaving)
I'm gonna go try to catch my son --
maybe he wants to get a motel room.

CARLA
What does that mean?

ELLIOT
I don't know. She's your friend.

CUT TO:

15 INT. PENTHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

15*

J.D. sits in the back of the penthouse, looking at a piece of paper. A soap opera is on the TV.

J.D. (V.O.)
I can't evaluate myself.

J.D. (CONT'D)
Would you describe me as: "warm,"
"professional," or both?

NURSE ROBERTS
I'd describe you as "I'm on my lunch
break."

J.D.
I don't know whether to be easy or
hard on myself. I mean, either way --

NURSE ROBERTS
(cutting him off, re:
television)
Can't you see I'm watching my stories? *

As J.D. HEADS OUT, REVEAL Dr. Cox lying on the couch.

J.D.
Dr. Cox. Have you been here the
whole time?

DR. COX
No, I came in through the couch door.

J.D.
But you said you didn't have any
time to do my evaluation.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

DR. COX

I don't.

(then, off TV)

I thought her daddy sold the coal mine.

NURSE ROBERTS

Contract didn't stick.

Dr. Cox nods as J.D. turns and EXITS in a huff.

CUT TO:

16 INT. HOSPITAL -- EVENING

16*

J.D. and Turk are with the Anchorwoman from before as she preps for a follow-up interview.

ANCHORWOMAN

Okay. Anything you want to say before we get started?

In J.D.'s fantasy, J.D. stands up, now dressed as a PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER, "The Intern." He grabs a microphone from her and rants directly into the camera.

J.D.

Yeah, I got something to say. Dr. Cox, I'm gonna give myself the best damn evaluation you ever did see. And this Friday, at the Steel Cage Medi-Slam, you're gettin' a physical you'll never forget! 'Cause I am... The Intern!

He flexes.

BACK TO REALITY:

17 INT. HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

17*

J.D. is flexing a little.

ANCHORWOMAN

Nothing? Okay, it'll just be a minute.

J.D.

(sotto to Turk)

This news lady is tasty. Watch me play a little cat and mouse with her.

TURK

She's married to the sound guy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 INT. BAR - SAME TIME (NIGHT)

18*

ANGLE ON the TV. Turk still talks as J.D.'s head finally creeps into the frame. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Elliot sitting at a bar. The noise drowns out the interview.

ELLIOT
(to bartender,
desperate)
Excuse me, could you... I really
want to hear this. Is it possible
to turn the volume up a little?

BARTENDER
It's as high as it can go.

Elliot turns to three guys in suits who are socializing next to her.

ELLIOT
Guys, can you quiet down a smidge?

BARTENDER
(helping out)
Everyone, shut up for the lady!

A HUSH falls over the entire bar.

CHEESY V.O. (O.S.)
Coming up next: Can a nose be a
musical instrument? This little boy
thinks so.

On TV, we see a cute seven-year-old kid pressing a nostril shut with his index finger and nose-humming "Mary Had a Little Lamb." (We will describe the scene to the director.) As it cuts to commercial, the bartender turns the TV off. The patrons silently glare at Elliot.

ELLIOT
(off their looks)
That's not what I was watching.

People turn away and resume talking. Elliot sighs, defeated, and looks at the bartender.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Can I at least buy you a beer?

BARTENDER
I'm eight years sober.

ELLIOT
Of course you are.

Elliot turns just as Carla and Patricia ENTER (right next to her). She gets up.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

CARLA
Elliot, listen, here's what
happened...

There is a long pause as Carla tries to think of something.
Elliot then nods and LEAVES.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Great.

As Carla stands there, mortified:

CUT TO:

19 INT. HALLWAY -- THE NEXT DAY, DAY 2

19*

J.D. walks purposefully down the hall. The Janitor steps
out, BLOCKING HIM with his cart.

JANITOR
When I saw it was missing, did you
not think I'd come to you?

J.D.
I don't know what you're talking
about.

JANITOR
Ah, so that's how you're gonna play
it. Touché.

The Janitor pushes his cart away.

CUT TO:

20 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM -- LATER

20

J.D. ENTERS to find Dr. Cox attending to a patient.

J.D.
So, I finished my evaluation.

DR. COX
Great. I thought it would take you
longer so the marching band won't be
here until this evening.

J.D.
(hands it over)
Enjoy. I think it's a good read.

As J.D. HEADS OUT, Dr. Cox still holds the paper away from
his body.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

DR. COX
Hey, Newbie, this thing actually
does matter, so tell me this: were
you completely honest with yourself?

*
*

J.D.
(stops, then, looking
down)
Yeah.

Dr. Cox whistles and points to his own two eyes.

DR. COX
Say it right into the camera, Hotshot.

As J.D. steels himself and looks Dr. Cox right in the eyes:

J.D.
Yes.

In J.D.'s FANTASY, he's hooked up to a polygraph machine.
The needle swings wildly.

J.D. (CONT'D)
(off graph)
I must've misunderstood the question.

The needle swings wildly.

J.D. (CONT'D)
I'm so screwed.

The needle stops swinging and draws a straight line.

BACK TO REALITY:

21 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

21

Dr. Cox still holds the paper out.

DR. COX
You can have it back. Just bark
like a dog.

J.D.
What? I'm not gonna --

DR. COX
Your call.

J.D.
Woof.

As J.D. grabs it and EXITS:

CUT TO:

22 INT. CAR - THAT EVENING

22

J.D. and Turk are driving home, J.D. behind the wheel.

J.D. (V.O.)

At the very least I'm going to end today on a good note.

J.D. (CONT'D)

There's something I gotta show you.

TURK

This isn't one of those uncomfortable moments that'll change our friendship, is it?

J.D.

Naw, man. It's much cooler than that.

TURK

I could use some good news. Could you believe that news lady? "How's it feel to be a black doctor?..." I just want this to go away.

(then)

Hey, why are we stopped?

J.D.

No reason. Let me just turn us around.

Turk looks up, reacts, and quickly gets out of the car. He stands, staring at a HUGE BILLBOARD with him and J.D. smiling on it. It reads, "SACRED HEART -- WELLNESS THROUGH DIVERSITY." As Turk looks angrily back and J.D. locks the door and furiously rolls up his window:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

23 INT. J.D. AND TURK'S LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

23

Turk places a bowl of water in front of Rowdy.

TURK

I'm telling you, man, it's exploitation.

J.D.

C'mon. It just said "Wellness Through Diversity."

TURK

Yeah, to you. To me, I might as well be wearing a loin cloth and saying, " Aboriginal clicking noise), go to Sacred Heart."

(then)

Besides, they didn't even get my color right -- I'm more café au lait with a twist of caramel.

J.D.

(off his skin)

I'm kind of banana smoothie.

TURK

Why would you think that I would want to be part of this?

J.D.

Kelso said it would make us role models for the community. So I just assumed --

TURK

Yeah, well people are always assuming things. I'm a good athlete, I grew up poor, I like "Sanford and Son"...

J.D.

But you do love "Sanford and Son."
We both do.

Tentatively, J.D. hums the first two bars of the "Sanford and Son" theme. After a beat, Turk reluctantly hums the next two bars. Then together, they RAUCOUSLY start HUMMING the theme.

ANGLE ON a clock. The second hand travels (in fast motion) three full revolutions (three minutes). Then we go BACK TO Turk and J.D. enthusiastically finishing the song.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

TURK
(immediately back to
business)
Look, man. If Kelso wanted me to be
a "role model for the community"
because he thought I was a great
doctor, I'd sign on the dotted line.
But it's not about that. All my
life, I've been singled out just
because I'm black.

FLASHBACK TO:

24 INT. ANY SCHOOL-TYPE PLACE (YEARS AGO)

24

A TEACHER hands seven-year-old Turk a BLUE RIBBON at the
Science Fair.

LITTLE TURK
(confused)
But I wasn't even in the contest.

TEACHER
Shhhh...

BACK TO:

25 INT. APARTMENT -- SAME TIME

25

Turk holds a brochure.

TURK
And remember our college brochure?

J.D.
So, your face was on the cover.

TURK
Twice?

INSERT A PICTURE of a group of students hanging out in a
quad. Turk's FINGER POINTS OUT that he is in two different
places (identically posed). He's the only black person in
the picture.

J.D.
C'mon, it's different this time. I
mean, it's both of us, right?

*

SMASH CUT TO:

26 EXT. ANYWHERE - THE NEXT DAY, DAY 3 26

There's a poster that is the same photo from before, except J.D. has been removed. Turk is next to the caption: "WAZZUP? YOUR WHITE BLOOD CELL COUNT AT SACRED HEART."

CUT TO:

27 EXT. BUS STOP BENCH - DAY 27

Another POSTER of TURK: "OUR MD'S HAVE MAD SKILLS."

CUT TO:

28 INT. ADMISSIONS - LATER 28

Another POSTER of TURK: "TIME TO GET AN EKG, G."

PULL BACK TO REVEAL J.D. and Turk looking at it.

J.D.
(re: poster)
You can still see my hand on your shoulder.

Not amused, Turk marches off past Dr. Kelso. Dr. Kelso gives J.D. a little salute, and EXITS.

J.D. (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And that's when I realized, I'm not gonna let people take advantage of me anymore.

CUT TO:

29 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER 29

J.D. ENTERS to find Dr. Cox.

J.D.
This is so unfair of you. You're supposed to do my evaluation, not me. And you know what, you're going to do it, Buddy Boy.

DR. COX
Buddy Boy?
(then, à la "Little Rascals")
Why I oughta...

J.D.
Look, I'm serious.

DR. COX
Aw, is our little Newbie becoming a man?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

SFX: "BOING!"

J.D. looks down and sees a SINGLE HAIR SPROUTED FROM HIS CHEST, then looks back at Dr. Cox confidently.

DR. COX (CONT'D)

To be honest, Gloria, I didn't think you had it in you to...

SFX: Many "BOINGS!", followed by the SOUND OF J.D.'s SHIRT RIPPING. J.D. now stands shirtless with an unbelievably hairy chest.

J.D. (V.O.)

(re: chest)

What am I, Hungarian?

BACK TO REALITY:

DR. COX

(bemused)

Relax, Newbie. It's only an evaluation. It should be easy.

J.D.

I'm not you, okay? I can't just write "I hate myself" on a big piece of paper.

Dr. Cox has a RAPID MOOD SWING.

DR. COX

Well then, don't you worry another second. I'll evaluate you. I'll evaluate the hell out of you.

*
*
*

J.D.

(swallows, then)

When?

DR. COX

The second I get off work.

J.D.

Fine.

DR. COX

Fine.

J.D.

Great.

DR. COX

Great.

J.D. STORMS OFF, then STOPS.

(CONTINUED)

J.D.
You're usually done around six-ish,
right?

DR. COX
(without looking up)
Danger.

J.D. nods and EXITS.

CUT TO:

30 INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

30

Elliot EXITS the cafeteria past Turk (he's at a table).

TURK
She's gone.

Carla EMERGES from her hiding place.

TURK (CONT'D)
You have to see her eventually.

CARLA
No, I don't. I know the layout of
the air duct system here like the
back of my hand.
(then, as Turk examines
the ceiling)
Of course I have to see her again
(in Spanish)
you big jerk.

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TURK
Is this when it somehow becomes my
fault?

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*

CARLA
Look, I just can't deal. Turk, if
you could've seen the look on her
face... I'm telling you, if I think
about it again, it's gonna make me
cry.

*

(then)
What am I going to do?

TURK
Just keep doing what you're doing
and eventually she'll quit and move.

*
*

CARLA
Why am I talking to you? You're
such a guy, you can't even begin to
understand something this deep on
any kind of real emotional level.

30 CONTINUED:

30

J.D. stops at the table. The whole exchange between him and Turk is fast and without thought.

J.D.

Hey, Turk, that was totally my fault on the poster thing. It was racially insensitive of me and I should've been much more aware of your feelings before I went ahead and spoke for you.

TURK

That's okay, man.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

TURK (CONT'D)

Your intentions were good, and there's never been any issues of race between us 'cause, since the day I met you, you've treated me as nothing but a friend.

J.D.

I love you, man.

TURK

Love you, too.

J.D. quickly EXITS.

TURK (CONT'D)

(off Carla's look,
re: J.D.)

We still have some work to do, but we'll get there.

31 INT. PENTHOUSE -- LATER

31

Elliot talks to Nurse Roberts, who sits on the couch, apparently listening. She reacts throughout.

ELLIOT

Sure, it hurt. But y'know what? I'm not gonna wallow in self-pity. Right after work, I'm going to go downtown and just tear it up, you know? Just go crazy, head wherever the night takes me.

*
*

When Elliot EXITS, we REVEAL that the TV was behind her. As Nurse Roberts' soap opera goes to commercial...

NURSE ROBERTS

(off TV)

Wow.

(then, to no one)

What's that now?

CUT TO:

32 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- NIGHT

32

Elliot GETS OUT of a CAB, looks around, then does a Mary Tyler Moore spin (she's aware of what she's doing). She stops, then takes in the imposing nature of the city. A person YELLS at someone, a CAR HONKS, someone rudely BUMPS INTO her. She turns, scared, and gets in the same cab she just left and it PULLS OFF.

CUT TO:

33 INT. HALLWAY -- THE NEXT DAY, DAY 4 33

J.D. walks down the hallway. Again, the Janitor pushes his cart out.

JANITOR

Here's what I'm going to do. I'm gonna leave my cart in the closet and the door unlocked. If by magic it should happen to reappear, I won't ask questions.

J.D.

I don't even know what "it" is.

JANITOR

Then why take it?

CUT TO:

34 INT. ADMISSIONS - LATER 34

Turk approaches Dr. Kelso. Behind them is the poster from before.

DR. KELSO

Well, if it isn't Dr. Turk. The friendly face of Sacred Heart.

ANGLE ON Turk looking very UNFRIENDLY. *

TURK

Look, Dr. Kelso. All these posters -- well, sir, they're making me really uncomfortable. *

DR. KELSO

(sincere)

Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't realize you felt that way. Here's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna leave 'em up.

The LAWYER walks by.

TURK

No problem, sir. I guess I'll just live with it... or I'll sue you and this stupid hospital. *

With a SCREECH, the LAWYER does a U-TURN and stands at the shoulder of Dr. Kelso, who chuckles.

DR. KELSO

Dr. Turk. You're an employee here. I can advertise however I wish.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

DR. KELSO (CONT'D)

I can use your image, your name, I
can manufacture tiny little Dr. Turk
action figures.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. KELSO (CONT'D)
It'll cost \$12.95 and when you pull
the string it'll say "I don't like
these posters of me."
(then, to Lawyer)
Isn't that right, Ted?

LAWYER
Definitely, sir... Of course, you'd
certainly be vulnerable from a legal
standpoint.

DR. KELSO
(through a smile)
How vulnerable?

LAWYER
(quickly, with
surprising confidence)
Sir, that lawsuit would be over so
quickly, I'd advise you to bring cab
fare to the courthouse since Dr.
Turk will be driving your Beamer
home to his place.

DR. KELSO
(beat, then to Lawyer)
Hippie.

As Dr. Kelso WALKS OFF:

LAWYER
(sotto)
God, that felt good.

*
*

Kelso's GONE.

TURK
Who's the man?

LAWYER
(beat)
Is it me?

Turk nods and high-fives the Lawyer who's not quite ready
for it.

CUT TO:

34A INT. VARIOUS HOSPITAL LOCATIONS -- DAY
Quick cuts of posters being torn down.

34A*

*

35 INT. PENTHOUSE -- LATER

35

Elliot is sitting alone. Carla ENTERS, and takes a deep
breath.

(CONTINUED)

CARLA

Elliot, there's no excuse for what I did.

ELLIOT

No, there's not. Are we done?

CARLA

I'm really sorry. *

ELLIOT

Don't be. If I was going out with my friend I wouldn't invite you. Who am I kidding? Yes I would, and my friend would like you better and eventually neither one of you would talk to me again.

CARLA

Look, I just did it because Patricia and I hadn't seen each other for a long --

ELLIOT

Carla. You did it because I don't fit in with you and your friend. It's not a surprise, I've never really fit in anywhere. *

Carla takes this in as Nurse Roberts ENTERS.

NURSE ROBERTS

(to Carla)

Your friend Patricia's here. There's a little problem with her son.

Carla EXITS. Nurse Roberts looks over at Elliot, then:

NURSE ROBERTS (CONT'D)

(sincere)

Why so sad, Marshmallow?

CUT TO:

36 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- LATER

36

ANGLE ON a clock that reads 6:00pm. J.D. WALKS INTO a dimly lit empty room.

J.D. (V.O.)

(looking around)

Stay calm, stay calm, stay calm. Oh good, he's not here.

Suddenly a BRIGHT WHITE SPOTLIGHT hits J.D. dead in the face, blinding him.

(CONTINUED)

J.D. (CONT'D)
(shielding his eyes)
Dr. Cox?

Dr. Cox STEPS INTO THE LIGHT, silhouetted from behind ("X-Files"-ish).

DR. COX
It's time.

BACK TO REALITY:

Dr. Cox stands there.

DR. COX (CONT'D)
So what do you want me to say --
that you're great? That you're
raising the bar for interns
everywhere?

J.D.
(beat)
I'm cool with that. *

DR. COX
Well, I'm not going to. You're okay. *
You might be better than that someday,
but right now all I see is someone
who's so worried what everyone thinks
of him that he doesn't have any real
belief in himself.

(then)
I mean, did you even wonder why I
told you to do your own evaluation?

J.D.
I can't think of a safe answer.

DR. COX
Shut up. I wanted you to think about
yourself -- I mean really think.
What are you good at? What do you
suck at? And then I wanted you to
put it down on paper. Not so that I
could see it, or anybody else could
see it -- so you could see it.
Because, ultimately, you don't have
to answer to me, or to Kelso, or
even to your patients -- you only
have to answer to yourself, Newbie.
(then)
There, you're evaluated. Now, get
the hell out of my sight. You make
me so angry I'm honestly afraid I
might hurt myself.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

J.D. LEAVES.

CUT TO:

37 INT. EXAM ROOM - LATER

37*

Turk is stitching up Darryl's arm.

DARRYL

What are you, a male nurse or something?

TURK

No, I'm a surgeon. Carla asked me to do this as a favor.

DARRYL

Dude, Carla is fine. What's she doing with you?

TURK

Slumming a little, God bless her heart.

(then, off wound)

Knife cut, huh?

DARRYL

Yeah. It happens. It's cool.

TURK

(smiling to himself)

Man, you remind me of this kid I knew in high school.

DARRYL

Here comes the after-school special. What, is he dead? Is he in jail?

TURK

No, he's fine. He works the graveyard shift at the gas station on 26th Street.

DARRYL

That sucks.

TURK

For him. I get a free jumbo freeze every time I fill up.

(then, joking)

And, you know, I toss him some free stitches every time he gets robbed and beaten.

CUT TO:

38 INT. NURSES' STATION -- LATER

38

Elliot is talking to Patricia.

ELLIOT

Look, Darryl's gonna be fine, but I'm worried about you. You're a little upset, so I'm gonna set you up in a room and get you some fluids, maybe give you a valium.

*
*

Patricia nods.

CARLA

Thanks, Elliot.

Carla and Elliot WALK AWAY.

J.D. (V.O.)

It's funny how our perceptions can be so off.

Nurse Roberts gives Elliot a cup of hot chocolate.

NURSE ROBERTS

Hot cocoa, Sweetie.

Elliot smiles.

J.D. (V.O.)

Like when you're searching for a place to fit in, and you don't even realize you've been there the whole time.

J.D. waves at Elliot. She waves back at him, looks around and smiles.

CUT TO:

39 INT. EXAM ROOM -- LATER

39

J.D. (V.O.)

Or how a bunch of posters can't turn you into a role model if you've already been one for years.

Turk and Darryl, as they talk, casually toss a nerf football to each other.

CUT TO:

40 INT. HALLWAY -- LATER

40

J.D. forlornly leans against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

J.D. (V.O.)

Of course, in my case I knew exactly where I stood. And it didn't feel that good.

CUT TO:

41 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

41

Dr. Cox stands up in front of the Board of Directors of the hospital. We don't see their faces.

DR. COX

I just want to make special mention of one intern here. John Dorian. He's a smart kid, extremely competent. And his enthusiasm and his determination to always be better is something I see in him twenty-four hours a day. He cares. He probably cares too much. But he's definitely someone you don't want to lose.

CUT TO:

42 INT. HALLWAY -- LATER

42

ANGLE ON J.D. digging in a trash can. He pulls something out with one hand while Dr. Cox walks by.

DR. COX

Oh, good, you picked a specialty.

With J.D.'s free hand, he reaches back in the trash can and pulls out a pen.

J.D.

No, I just dropped my pen.

He turns to show it to Dr. Cox, but he's gone. REVEAL the Janitor standing right there with his cart.

JANITOR

(holding up a container of blue liquid)

Look what magically found its way back home.

J.D.

I don't know, what? Your window cleaner?

JANITOR

No, this is ammonia. I always keep the winder cleaner right --

(MORE)

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

JANITOR (CONT'D)
(he searches cart,
then)
Why?

*
*
*

OVER BLACK WE HEAR:

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

J.D. (V.O.)
Now, that's just bad luck.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW