



Touchstone  
Television

DOOZER

# [scrubs]

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My New Coat

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. ADMISSIONS -- DAY (DAY 1)

The doors open. J.D. ENTERS wearing a white lab coat, very doctorly.

J.D. (V.O.)

Work seems different now that I'm a resident. I feel more confident -- more like a... hell, I'll say it... A doctor.

J.D. (CONT'D)

Good morning, people.

No one responds. J.D. turns to a sitting WOMAN.

J.D. (CONT'D)

You're going to be fine, ma'am.

WOMAN

I work here.

J.D.

Still doesn't change the fact that you're going to be fine.

DR. COX

Why in the hell are you wearing a coat?

J.D.

(proudly)

Because I'm a doctor.

DR. COX

Look, Babs, if you're truly worried about people seeing your ass, just go ahead and do what the other girls do and tie a sweater around your waist.

J.D.

Well, I look doctorly.

DR. COX

No, you look like the guy who goes to a garage sale, buys a bronze star, pins it to his lapel, and tells everybody to call him "serge." And, Newbie, nobody likes that guy. Not a soul.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Dr. Cox WALKS OFF, the Janitor suddenly appears in the hallway.

JANITOR

I was in the military.

J.D.

Where did you come from?!?

JANITOR

If I find out you're wearing a bronzie, without having served, I'm going to make things uncomfortable for you.

As the Janitor turns away:

J.D. (V.O.)

Coat-wearing doctors do not take this crap.

J.D. (CONT'D)

You were never in the military.

JANITOR

(thrown)

Yes, I was.

J.D.

Which branch?

JANITOR

(beat, then weakly)

The janitor branch.

J.D.

I'm watching you. That's right, Sasquach.

J.D. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You see, things have changed...

CUT TO:

INT. O.R. -- DAY

A very short attending surgeon, DR. AMATO, works over a patient. The table is very low.

J.D. (V.O.)

We've begun to adapt to new situations...

Turk holds his back in pain and speaks aside to a nurse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TURK

My back is on fire. If Dr. Amato was any shorter, I'd be passing him instruments with my feet.

DR. AMATO

(oblivious)

Dr. Turk, I need you down here.

TURK

Coming down.

Turk braces himself and leans back down.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

Elliot stands in line with other doctors and staff, among them a handsome surgeon, DR. DI STEFANO. He EYES Elliot.

J.D. (V.O.)

Even other people are starting to see us differently...

DR. DI STEFANO

Hey there, Doctor.

Elliot looks behind her.

ELLIOT

Oh, me. Of course. Because I'm a doctor. I mean, I've got the outfit. I've got the heart-hearing thingy.

DR. DI STEFANO

Stethoscope.

ELLIOT

Oooh. Paging Dr. Know-it-all to the cafeteria.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR -- NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

J.D., Turk, Carla, and Elliot are there. J.D. wears his coat. Turk sits with considerable pain.

TURK

Oh, sweet baby James.

J.D. (V.O.)

Most importantly, we've started to treat each other with respect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TURK

(to J.D., re: coat)

Dude, you are such a loser, man.

J.D.

I think I look spiffy.

(then)

I'm trying to separate myself from the pack.

CARLA

Aw, you already have, Bambi. You're the biggest geek to ever come through here.

(off Turk's laugh)

Don't laugh. You're the jocky frat boy with a back problem.

TURK

Yeah, I am.

ELLIOT

Do me! Do me! Do me!

J.D.

You're going to want to be careful about yelling that out in a bar.

ELLIOT

I'm serious. All you guys get to be something. The dork, the jock, the spicy firecracker from the school of hard knocks. No offense, Carla. Dammit, what am I?

They're all silent for a beat, then:

CARLA

You're white.

TURK

The whitest.

J.D.

Yeah, you are.

ELLIOT

(sadly)

Come on. J.D.'s white.

As J.D. talks he does a 'breakdance arm pop' over to Turk:

J.D.

I ain't hearing that woman because I'm talking to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TURK  
(beat, then)  
Okay, it's a tie.

J.D.  
T-Ditty?

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. I.C.U. -- THE NEXT DAY (DAY 2)

J.D., in his coat, speaks to a patient, MR. BLAIR. Nurse Roberts is there.

MR. BLAIR

You've got me in the I.C.U. for a cold.

J.D.

Mr. Blair, you have a severe sinus infection with orbital extension. You were admitted delirious from your 106-degree temperature, completely naked, and very adamant about staying that way.

MR. BLAIR

I was hot.

NURSE ROBERTS

I'll second that.

As Nurse Roberts works on the patient, Dr. Kelso WALKS BY (without stopping).

DR. KELSO

Sharp coat, sport.

J.D.

Yeah. It's spiffy.

Dr. Kelso keeps walking past Dr. Cox who is at the I.C.U. nurses' station.

DR. COX

Shocker, Big Bob. You care more about appearances than actual --

DR. KELSO

(still walking)

Better finish that thought quickly, Perry. I'm not breaking my gait.

DR. COX

(calling off)

I'm just saying... substance... style... what's important... coat, not...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. KELSO

Ha! Too slow.

Dr. Kelso is gone. After a silent beat we hear his satisfied cackle and see Dr. Cox's frustration, then:

J.D.

I think you really got through to him.

Dr. Cox turns angrily toward J.D.

J.D. (CONT'D)

Oh my God, you hear like a bat.

J.D.'s voiceover bridges the cut into the FANTASY:

J.D. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Idiot. I wish I had a guy in my life that would stop me before I did something stupid.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR (FANTASY) -- NIGHT (NIGHT X)

A drunken J.D. leans in to kiss an attractive woman. Before he does, an arm grabs him. REVEAL a tuxedoed OPERA SINGER, DANA GOULD, who reaches over, grabs the woman's hair, and removes a WIG, revealing that it's actually a MAN.

DANA

(singing)

Mistaaaaaaake!

BACK TO REALITY:

INT. I.C.U. -- CONTINUOUS

J.D. (V.O.)

I don't know why he's an opera singer.

DR. COX

Listen closely, tiny dancer.

(then, off chart)

I wouldn't be flapping my mouth if I had forgotten to get blood cultures on Mr. Blair. And for the love of God, do you at least remember what you were doing the day they were passing out common sense? Oh Gosh, maybe you were running late that day because you couldn't find the right thong for those low-rider jeans you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DR. COX (CONT'D)

love so much. Maybe you were busy bopping along to whatever boy band really makes your heart race nowadays and you just drove on by. Of course, I don't know, I'm just guessing. But one thing is sure as shooting. You wound up at the dumb-dumb store, and just went ahead and put as much of that in the car as you could fit, didn't you?

J.D. (V.O.)

And then I did something I've never done before.

J.D. steps closer to Dr. Cox.

J.D. (CONT'D)

Look, Doctor. If you flip the page on that chart, you'd see that I pan cultured him yesterday, but that would probably get in the way of the perverse pleasure you take in pointing out other people's slip-ups. Well, too bad, Buster Brown, because I'm a resident now, and I'm not going to make the same little silly intern mistakes I made last year. I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't stand here and yell at me in front of my patient.

DR. COX

Buster Brown?

J.D.

Buster Brown.

They stand toe to toe, staring each other down.

J.D. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(straining)

Focus all energy on lip not quivering.

Dr. Cox sighs, frustrated and WALKS OFF.

J.D. (CONT'D)

Wow.

CUT TO:

INT. NURSES' STATION -- DAY

Carla is there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLA

How's the back, sweetness?

REVEAL Turk on the floor with his feet up on a chair.

TURK

Perfect.

(then)

Baby, I'm sorry that the last couple nights I haven't been able to give you your regular dosage of Turkey-Jerkey, but you rest assured, your man will be back in action before you know it.

CARLA

You go ahead and take your time.

She EXITS. Suddenly, from Turk's P.O.V., Dr. Amato's face is RIGHT ABOVE HIM.

DR. AMATO

Hey there, big fella. Just checked the board. We're together on a thyroidectomy this afternoon. Could be a long one.

TURK

Oh, that's great, Dr. Amato.

J.D. walks up.

J.D.

Domo-arragato, Dr. Amato.

Dr. Amato gives J.D. a blank look and EXITS.

J.D. (CONT'D)

How's that not funny?

TURK

I don't know, dude.

Turk painfully gets up.

J.D.

You know, you guys are getting to be like Starsky and Hutch.

TURK

That would be true if Starsky was a ventriloquist and Hutch was a tiny puppet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J.D.

I would watch that show.

(then)

Why do you keep ending up with that guy?

TURK

Because the other surgeons are busting my chops for skipping guys night out.

J.D.

So what, ending up with Dr. Amato is like a punishment or something?

TURK

No, dude, I actually enjoy needing you to lower me onto the toilet in the morning.

(then)

Check that out.

J.D. turns to see Elliot and Dr. Di Stefano talking.

J.D. (V.O.)

I know it looks innocent, but Elliot was late this morning. Plus, once you've been here a while, you learn to read between the lines.

In J.D.'s FANTASY, Elliot, still animatedly talking, suddenly pulls up her scrubs shirt, wraps her legs around Dr. Di Stefano, and sloppily makes out with him, then dismounts, pulls her shirt down, waves, and WALKS OFF. In REALITY, J.D. looks to Turk and makes an inquisitive noise ("Did they have sex?"). Turk responds with an affirmative noise.

CUT TO:

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Elliot has just entered. Carla is there with the patient, MRS. BUMBRY, a woman in her early fifties.

ELLIOT

Well, Mrs. Bumbry, I wish I had better news, but unfortunately, you didn't qualify for the G.I. clinical trial. So we'll just keep plugging away.

MRS. BUMBRY

Great. So, how was the sex with that guy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLIOT

What guy? I wasn't with any --

CARLA

Elliot, I have other patients. Mrs. Bumbry needs a nap. We're all very busy.

ELLIOT

(very excited)

I've never done anything like this. I just met him and slept with him. Pow.

MRS. BUMBRY

God, I miss one-night stands.

ELLIOT

The best thing was, since I knew it was just a fling, I wasn't afraid to ask him for exactly what I wanted.

CARLA

Which was?

ELLIOT

Shirt on, lights off, no talking.

CARLA

Well, you just be careful. You wouldn't believe how quickly a reputation can be made in this hospital.

MRS. BUMBRY

You're a bit of a slut, aren't you?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- LATER

MUSIC CUE: "Here Comes My Baby" by Cat Stevens

Elliot walks purposefully down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. O.R. -- DAY

In the middle of surgery, Todd and Dr. Di Stefano watch Elliot walk by outside the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

As soon as we get out of this sterile field, I'm going to need the man who hit that...

(holds up high-five)

To hit that.

As Dr. Di Stefano winks, we start a quick MATCH CUT MONTAGE.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. VARIOUS HOSPITAL LOCATIONS -- LATER

A series of QUICK CUTS around the hospital -- orderlies, doctors, and numerous extras whisper to each other, ending on a:

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ADMISSIONS -- DAY

An orderly whispers to a smiling Elliot.

MUSIC CUE: End music

ELLIOT

(realizing)

Wait, I'm Elliot Reid.

(to surrounding staff)

People, listen up. This rumor ends right now.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. I.C.U. -- DAY

Nurse Roberts is talking to Mr. Blair. J.D. is there, looking at the chart.

NURSE ROBERTS

She slept with him and she hardly even knew him.

MR. BLAIR

Does that happen a lot around here?

NURSE ROBERTS

(walking away)

Not enough.

J.D.

Mr. Blair, that infection keeps hanging around, so I want to put you on a broader spectrum antibiotic that we'd administer intravenously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BLAIR

But I'm feeling a lot better.

J.D.

I'm going to tell you something that my mom used to tell me whenever I was scared. "In the case of severe sinus infection not responding to a three-day cycle of abx, the recommended protocol is imipenem 500 milligrams I.V. Q six hours."

(then)

It got me through a lot of hard times.

As Mr. Blair smiles and nods:

CUT TO:

INT. I.C.U. -- DAY

CLOSE ON J.D., who leans against a wall in his white coat.  
(Mr. Blair is there.)

J.D. (V.O.)

I love it that Mr. Blair trusted me.  
It's one of the best feelings you  
can have as a doctor.

Pull back to REVEAL the Janitor, also wearing a white coat.

JANITOR

How's it going?

J.D.

You can't wear that.

JANITOR

You mean after Labor Day?

J.D.

You know what I mean.

JANITOR

It's a white coat. Anybody can wear  
a white coat.

J.D.

Jerk.

J.D. storms off.

JANITOR

(to patient)

You're what we call "a goner."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANITOR (CONT'D)

I'm kidding.  
(re: clipboard)  
There's nothing here.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Carla walks with Dr. Cox, who is wheeling Mrs. Bumbry. She listens to a walkman.

DR. COX

So Mrs. Bumbry here has inflammatory bowel disease, huh?

CARLA

Yeah, and the new drug they're testing in that clinical trial could really help her out, but of course she doesn't qualify.

(lifts Mrs. Bumbry's  
earpiece)

You okay, Mrs. Bumbry?

MRS. BUMBRY

I liked Bow Wow when he was L'il Bow Wow.

Carla puts her earpiece back.

DR. COX

She's right. Rappers, they grow up so fast.

(then)

Look Carla, if you're going to survive in medicine, you've got to accept the fact that rules are rules.

(then, yelling)

Hey, anyone from that clinical trial around? Hello? Hello?

An ORDERLY approaches.

DR. COX (CONT'D)

Yeah, this lady is supposed to be in this trial.

ORDERLY

Okay.

As she's wheeled away:

CARLA

What the hell did you just do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. COX

When you speak of this, and I know you will, could I be shirtless? I think it would be even more impressive if I were shirtless.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

J.D. and Turk walk and talk.

J.D.

All I'm saying is that if you're a criminal, even if you aren't afraid of Starsky, if you round a corner and a tiny little Hutch puppet jumps out at your face, "Freeze!" You're done for. It's over.

TURK

Does he have a real gun or a puppet gun?

J.D.

Puppet gun. They'd sew it to his hand.

TURK

Okay. I'd watch that.

As Turk nods, they round the corner to see the surgical guys around the assignment board.

TURK (CONT'D)

What up, fellas?

As Turk moves to the group:

J.D. (V.O.)

I don't care what hospital you go to, surgery is still a boys club.

In a choreographed FANTASY, Turk high-fives all ten guys in five seconds ending with Todd.

FLASH BACK TO REALITY:

J.D. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm just as cool as those guys.

J.D. (CONT'D)

(childish wave)

Bye, Turk.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

As J.D. EXITS, Todd, Dr. Di Stefano, and others talk to Turk.

TODD

T-Dog, settle a little medical debate for us. I think Elliot's got a modest rack at best, but my favorite attending here says that when he was tuning in Tokyo the other night -- the reception was excellent.

TURK

Guys, Elliot's a friend of mine, so I really don't want to talk about that, okay?

Dr. Di Stefano stands next to the assignment board holding a marker. Next to Dr. Amato's name is the word "assisting," then a blank space.

DR. DI STEFANO

So, Dr. Turk, how's your back?

TURK

My back's as swollen as Elliot's big-ass breasts, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. I.C.U. -- DAY

J.D. HURRIES IN. Nurse Roberts is there with Mr. Blair.

J.D.

I was paged.

NURSE ROBERTS

Patient's complaining of anosmia.

J.D.

Anosmia?

(nervously checking patient)

You know, I always thought it was very funny that losing your sense of smell is called anosmia.

(points to nose)

Anosmia. You know, like schnozmia.

Don't you find that very funny?

(off Mr. Blair's look, to Nurse Roberts)

He doesn't.

NURSE ROBERTS

I'm calling Dr. Cox.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J.D.

Nobody needs to call Dr. Cox.

MR. BLAIR

This is only temporary, right?

J.D.

Of course it's temporary. It also could be slightly more untemporary.

MR. BLAIR

You mean permanent?

As J.D. sighs, the voiceover bridges the cut:

J.D. (V.O.)

Just when you think you have this place figured out, it finds a new way to get you.

CUT TO:

INT. NURSES' STATION -- DAY

Ted talks to Dr. Cox. Dr. Kelso stands by. Carla watches.

DR. COX

I'm waiting.

TED

Unfortunately, you've put us in somewhat of a legal bind.

DR. KELSO

Way to go, Ted. Good God, man, you couldn't scare a child.

TED

Who would want to?

DR. KELSO

Dr. Cox, do you have any idea how much money this hospital makes on the G.I. trial that you took the liberty of enrolling your patient in?

DR. COX

I'm going to guess seven dollars.

J.D. (V.O.)

Sometimes it comes right at you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. KELSO

Keep smiling, tough guy. First, I'm reporting you to the ethics committee, then --

DR. COX

(walking off)

Better finish that thought quickly, Bobcat, I'm not breaking my gait.

ANGLE ON Dr. Kelso steaming.

DR. KELSO

What are you looking at?

TED

Nothing.

ANGLE ON CARLA AS WE:

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Turk talks to the surgeons.

J.D. (V.O.)

Sometimes it sneaks up on you...

TURK

...Plus, when she dated J.D., she would just wear a T-shirt in the morning. So every time she reached up high to grab a box of cereal, everyone in the room got two scoops of booty flakes. And the two scoops -- they were packed with flavor. You know what I'm saying? Right? Right?

Turk smiles, then turns to see Elliot. She looks crushed.

CUT TO:

INT. I.C.U. -- DAY

MR. BLAIR

(off I.V.)

I told you I didn't want these antibiotics. Tell you what, when your first grandkid is born and you pick him up and smell his head, why don't you give me a call and tell me how great it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J.D.

Mr. Blair, I'm really sorry this happened.

J.D. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And sometimes it hits you in places you didn't even know you were vulnerable.

MR. BLAIR

Yeah, well you should be. It's your fault.

REVEAL Dr. Cox in the doorway.

DR. COX

No silly medical mistakes, huh?  
How's it going there, Newbie?

J.D. (V.O.)

Damn.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE -- DAY

J.D. is there. Ted, the lawyer, looks calm.

J.D.

Ted, you seem different.

TED

I bought some relaxation tapes.  
They're working.

J.D.

A patient's blaming me for losing  
his sense of smell.

TED

(panicked)

Oh my God, you cut off someone's  
nose. Where is it? Do you have it  
on you? You're disgusting.

J.D.

No, I just gave him I.V. imipenem.

Ted frantically looks through his files.

TED

Kelso's going to blame me. Just get  
rid of the nose.

J.D.

Ted, I don't have the nose. Maybe  
you should calm down.

TED

Maybe you should calm down.

J.D.

My bad.

TED

(then reading file)

"Unlike gentamicin and tetrocycline,  
imipenem has never been associated  
with anosmia."

(then)

My God, we're okay. We're okay.

J.D.

Great. Thank you, Ted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As J.D. turns to go, quietly:

TED  
It's my birthday.

J.D.  
What?

TED  
Nothing.

The door closes.. Ted, singing quietly to himself:

TED (CONT'D)  
And many more...

As Ted sits perfectly still for a very long beat:

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Turk's talking to Elliot.

TURK  
Elliot, Elliot, come one. It's so  
tough to be a surgeon. If you're  
not in, you're out.

She just walks away. Turk watches her go, then hears:

DR. AMATO (O.S.)  
Dr. Turk.

Turk looks around -- sees nothing.

DR. AMATO (CONT'D)  
Down here.

He finally looks down. It's Dr. Amato.

DR. AMATO (CONT'D)  
I saw you switched off our exploratory  
laparotomy this afternoon.

TURK  
Yeah, it was because I had to do a --

DR. AMATO  
It's because I'm short.

TURK  
(beat)  
You're not short.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON Dr. Amato's reaction from a high P.O.V.

DR. AMATO

Look, I know I'm the surgical assignment booby prize, but if my only other choice is being in that stupid boys club, I'd rather have them all make fun of me.

TURK

What could they possibly make fun of you for?

DR. AMATO

Stop it.

(then)

All I'm saying is, it's possible to be a good surgeon without playing their game, okay?

TURK

(beat)

You're really short.

DR. AMATO

I know.

CUT TO:

INT. NURSES' STATION -- DAY

Elliot walks down the hall calling back to someone.

ELLIOT

No, Dr. Murray, I don't want any fries to go with this shake. I don't even know what that means.

Noelle, a young, meek nurse approaches.

NOELLE

Excuse me, Dr. Reid...

ELLIOT

What, you want to ask me how many ceiling tiles I counted this week? Maybe you just want to call me a name like "tramp" or "ho" or "slesident," which apparently is half slut and half resident...

NOELLE

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLIOT

Then what is it, Noelle? What do you want?

NOELLE

I just wanted to know where the G-spot is.

ELLIOT

The what spot?

Dr. Cox and Carla pass. We follow them.

DR. COX

For the hundredth time, you're right. You had absolutely nothing to do with me getting involved in this Mrs. Bumbry case. But, for God's sake, Carla, the much bigger problem facing us right now is just exactly how do we get you to stop annoying me?

CARLA

Oh yeah, I'm the problem. Look, can't you just for once stay out of your own way?

DR. COX

Can't you just for once not be such a busybody?

Carla shoots a look at him.

DR. COX (CONT'D)

Oooh. Sore spot.

Elliot pokes her head into frame.

ELLIOT

A what spot?

DR. COX

Sore spot.

ELLIOT

Dammit.

As Elliot MOVES OFF:

CUT TO:



INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

J.D., in his white jacket, has a bunch of books spread out in front of him. He's drinking a juice box.

J.D. (V.O.)

Okay, the next step is to find out what did cause Mr. Blair's loss of smell.

Just then, the Janitor, also in a white jacket, sits down across from J.D. with his tray.

JANITOR

Hey, fella.

J.D. looks up, as A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN stops at the table.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Excuse me, Doctor --

JANITOR

Oh, no, I'm not a doctor. I'm a janitor.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Oh, I just assumed because of the coat...

JANITOR

Right. Well, janitors wear white coats around here too.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(to both of them)

Oh. You guys do a great job keeping the place clean.

JANITOR

We thank you.

J.D.

No, I'm a doctor. Look at the books, woman.

CUT TO:

INT. O.R. -- DAY

Turk assists Dr. Di Stefano as they operate on a heavysset, very hairy man.

TURK

Whoa. Is that a man's back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. DI STEFANO

Hey, check out who I have assisting  
Dr. Rumplesurgeon.

Turk looks to the scrub room to see Todd and Dr. Amato  
scrubbing up. Todd pretends to lean on his head.

TURK

You know what? His name's Dr. Amato.  
And that girl you slept with -- her  
name is Dr. Reid. You should show  
them both some respect.

DR. DI STEFANO

Yeah? Says who?

ANGLE ON scrub room, where Todd pretends to eat food off Dr.  
Amato's head.

TURK

Says me.

In the b.g., Dr. Amato elbows Todd and EXITS. As Todd doubles  
over in pain:

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA -- LATER

Carla walks up to Dr. Kelso who puts food on his tray.

CARLA

Dr. Kelso.

DR. KELSO

Oh, Carla. You look as good as I  
feel.

CARLA

Mrs. Bumbry is fifty-three.

DR. KELSO

Mrs. Who is what?

CARLA

The patient Dr. Cox sent into the  
G.I. clinical trial. She was  
disqualified because her chart said  
she was 63 and the cut-off is 55.  
But the genius who admitted her  
calculated her age wrong. She's  
actually a perfect candidate.

DR. KELSO

And Dr. Cox knew this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLA

He knew the whole time.

DR. KELSO

(seething)

Fandamtastic. Sweetheart, you better do the ol' heel-toe out of here because you know as well as I do that I'm going to take this out on somebody.

CARLA

Bye-bye.

As Carla quickly EXITS, Ted ENTERS FRAME holding a plate with a cupcake (lit candle in it) trying to keep the candle from going out.

TED

May I join you?

DR. KELSO

(cold)

By all means.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

J.D. walks down the hallway toward Dr. Cox.

J.D. (V.O.)

Armed with the knowledge that I was right and he was wrong, I thought I'd enjoy this walk more. Still, I couldn't help but empathize because I've been there, and I saw the signs. The shameful averted gaze.

(Dr. Cox does so)

The nervous shifting.

(Dr. Cox does so)

And, of course, the wild, uncontrollable urination.

As a wet spot spreads on the front of Dr. Cox's scrubs and J.D. watches, nodding, we:

FLASH TO REALITY:

DR. COX

Just thrilled you approve, but for the last time, I'm up here. I'm up here. I'm up here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J.D.

You were wrong and I was right.

DR. COX

I beg your pardon?

J.D.

(blurts)

Anosmia isn't a side effect of I.V. imipenem, plus Mr. Blair had multiple nasal polypectomies, and septoplasty, and his loss of smell is most likely caused by repeated manipulation of the sinuses along with the concurrent infection, so I didn't make a mistake and you were wrong when you said "nice going, Newbie."

DR. COX

Here you've put me in a tough situation. I can't honestly decide whether to say "Duh," "Aday," or a very sarcastic "Oh, really." My God, Fiona, I know it wasn't your fault. Hell, the patient probably knows. But he seemed a little distraught, like maybe being able to blame somebody for a second or two just might make him feel a little better, and I know, maybe it's me, but doesn't that seem like something that goes right along with wearing that fancy white coat? It does, doesn't it?

J.D.

Kinda.

DR. COX

So proud of you.

(re: hand)

Put it here.

As Dr. Cox pulls his hand away:

DR. COX (CONT'D)

Woof.

J.D. (V.O.)

Woof?

As Dr. Cox EXITS and J.D. reacts:

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

Turk is sitting alone. Elliot walks over, waving at a girl.

ELLIOT

That girl just asked me to tell her my top ten sexual positions and after the two that I knew, I just started naming insects.

TURK

Elliot, that really sucks. I'm sorry.

ELLIOT

I'm not sure. I mean, I was mad at you at first, but it's actually kind of empowering, you know? To have this persona, this identity. I'm not just some nameless, faceless, white doctor. I'm Elliot Reid.

(proud)

Tramp.

TURK

Well, that's great. If you're happy, I'm happy.

ELLIOT

(beat, then)

The weird thing is she said she had already tried stink bug.

CUT TO:

INT. I.C.U. -- DAY

J.D. watches as Carla and Dr. Kelso cross to Dr. Cox.

J.D. (V.O.)

I still don't know why I was so desperate for everyone to know it wasn't my fault.

Carla crosses with Dr. Kelso to Dr. Cox.

CARLA

Dr. Cox, Dr. Kelso has something he wants to say to you.

DR. KELSO

So I hear there was an age mix-up that I was unaware of, and, anyway...

CARLA

You're okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. KELSO  
(begrudgingly)  
I'm sorry.

From behind Dr. Kelso, Carla mouths "You're welcome."

J.D. (V.O.)  
I guess it comes down to how we want  
to be seen by other people.

DR. COX  
I'm proud of you, Robert.  
(re: hand)  
Put her there.

Dr. Cox pulls his hand away as Dr. Kelso's about to shake.  
Carla hangs her head.

DR. COX (CONT'D)  
Oh, I think it's important you  
understand that I had no idea how  
old that patient was. And for the  
record, she could have been 170, and  
I still would've stuck her in that  
trial so fast it would make your  
teeth fall out all over again.

CARLA  
That's perfect.

DR. COX  
I would too.

J.D. (V.O.)  
Some people want to be seen as the  
rebel.

DR. COX  
Right in, baby.

Dr. Cox smiles as Dr. Kelso starts laying into him.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Elliot walks down the hallway. She passes some male doctors  
who ogle her like construction workers. She shoots them an  
offended look.

J.D. (V.O.)  
Some people just want to be seen,  
period.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Once Elliot turns away from them, she SMILES.

CUT TO:

INT. O.R. -- DAY

Turk's doing surgery again with Dr. Amato.

J.D. (V.O.)

Some people have limits on how far  
they'll go to protect their image.

DR. AMATO

Dr. Turk, I need you down here.

TURK

Coming.

Turk braces himself and gets into an even more uncomfortable  
position.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMISSIONS, HALLWAY -- DAY

J.D. in street clothes wheels Mr. Blair to the exit.

J.D. (V.O.)

For me, it was when I stopped worrying  
about how other people saw me that I  
finally started to look better.

J.D. (CONT'D)

Mr. Blair, I just want to say again,  
I made a mistake and I'm sorry.

MR. BLAIR

(they shake)

It's all right.

J.D.

Good luck.

NURSE ROBERTS

C'mon, baby, let's see if we can  
find you a ride.

J.D.

Laverne.

(then)

Careful.

She wheels Mr. Blair out. J.D. turns to see the Janitor  
still in a white coat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANITOR

(removing coat)

Oh, so we're done with the coats?  
Well, it was a fun day, though, wasn't  
it? See you tomorrow.

J.D.

You know, maybe tomorrow I'll get a  
bad haircut and push around a mop  
all day.

The Janitor stops short, angry. In his FANTASY, J.D. turns  
to see the Opera Singer having a squirt of Binaca.

J.D. (CONT'D)

I know. You don't have to do it,  
okay?

The Opera Singer nods, then, the longest one yet (with J.D.  
reacting):

DANA

Mistaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaake!

J.D.

Yeah.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW