Scrubs

125 (202)

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.

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

DR. DI STEFANO
Stethoscope.

ELLIOI
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:

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 havc, 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.

ELLIOl
Do me! Do me! Do me!

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

ELLIOl
I'm serious. All you guys got 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.

ELLIOl
(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.
Ycah. 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 COULD, 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
perversion 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-aragato, 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 loyally 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.

ELLIOIIT
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:

ELLIO T
What guy? I wasn't with any --

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

ELLIO T
(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.

ELLIO T
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?

ELLIO T
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

ELLIO\T
(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.
(rc: 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.

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?

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

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:

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 unttemporary.

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:

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 steamng.

DR. KELSO

What are you looking at?

TED

Nothing.

ANGLE ON CARLA AS WE:

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:

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
(than reading file)
"Unlike gentamicin and tetracycline, imipenem has never been associated with anosmia."

(than)
My God, we're okay. We're okay.

J.D.
Great. Thank you, Ted.
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:

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

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

ELLIO
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.

ELLIO
A what spot?

DR. COX
Sore spot.

ELLIO
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, folla.

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 heavyset, very hairy man.

   TURK
   Whoa. Is that a man's back?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DR. DI STEFANO
Hey, check out who I have assisting
Dr. Rumplestiltskin.

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:

CARLA
He knew the whole time.

DR. KELSO
(seething)
Fandamastic. 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," "Adoy," 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:

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

Mistaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaake!

J.D.

Yeah.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW