

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ENTRANCE, SACRED HEART HOSPITAL - MORNING, DAY 1 1

J.D. walks up the hospital ramp.

J.D. (V.O.)

The key to being a great doctor is identifying problems and finding solutions. And with all due modesty, I was rapidly becoming the greatest problem-solver the world had ever seen.

CUT TO:

2 INT. ADMISSIONS - CONTINUOUS 2

J.D. enters and sees the Janitor holding his mop in one hand and trying to work out a cramp in his other. J.D. offers him a package.

J.D.

For you.

JANITOR

Really?

J.D.

Yes.

JANITOR

What do you want?

J.D.

Nothing.

JANITOR

Fine.

The Janitor opens up the box and removes two grips.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

What are these?

J.D.

They're a little something we in the healing industry like to call ergonomic grips. You can wrap them around anything you might need to grip, say a broom or a mop, and they adjust to the natural contours of your hands.

(CONTINUED)

JANITOR

(beat)
Alright, then.

J.D.

You're welcome.

JANITOR

What do you want?

J.D.

Nothing.

JANITOR

You want nothing?

J.D.

Nothing, nothing...No quid pro quo here.

JANITOR

Oh, so you think you're better than me because you can speak a little Spanish?

J.D.

Actually, it's Latin.

The Janitor reacts.

J.D. (V.O.)

Why, brain, why?

JANITOR

Oh, I get it. You're a doctor, I'm a janitor. You're a Rhodes scholar, I'm a sweep-the-roads dumbass. Is that what you think?

J.D. fakes a page.

J.D.

Yeah, I've got to run.

He takes off down the hall.

JANITOR

Yeah, you better run, college boy.

J.D. (V.O.)

Janitors are tricky.

CUT TO:

3 INT. DR. KELSO'S OFFICE - DAY

3

Carla leads Dr. Cox over to Kelso's computer.

DR. COX
Why am I here again?

CARLA
Turk and I are trying to have a romantic dinner every week, and I can't make our next reservation because Kelso forgot to post next week's nurses' schedule.

DR. COX
No, why am *I* here?

CARLA
You hate Kelso.

DR. COX
Oh, right.

CARLA
Now, all you have to do is hack into his computer and show me the file.

DR. COX
Hack? Who do you think I am?

CARLA
An egomaniac who claims to be an expert on absolutely everything.

DR. COX
Fair enough.

He sits in Kelso's chair, cracks his knuckles, and looks at the screen.

DR. COX (CONT'D)
Password. Password, password. What would Kelso's password be? Well, he eats, drinks, breathes, sleeps and smells evil, he's the embodiment of evil, and he's trademarked and patented evil, so that anyone who thinks about evil owes him money, which is, of course, the root of all evil, so I'm going to go ahead and guess 'evil.'

He types it in.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

DR. COX (CONT'D)

Oh my god. His password is actually
'evil.'

Carla cheers and pushes Dr. Cox out of the way, taking charge of the computer.

CARLA

And there's the nurses' schedule. Hello,
Thursday off!

(beat)

Huh.

DR. COX

Huh what?

CARLA

Look at all the stuff on Kelso's desktop.

Dr. Cox looks at Kelso's desk.

CARLA (CONT'D)

His computer desktop, Grandpa. Pension
plan information, actuarial charts,
cruise packages...I think Dr. Kelso might
be planning to retire.

They look at each other.

CUT TO:

4 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

4

J.D. walks down the hallway past Dr. Kelso's office. From inside the office, Carla and Dr. Cox scream with glee, and the loud noise causes J.D. to fall down. He hops up and continues down the hallway.

J.D. (V.O.)

Janitors, security guards, that weird guy
who rides a unicycle, and loud noises are
all tricky. But none of that matters,
because it's all about the patients, and
that's where my skills really shine.

He turns into a patient's room.

CUT TO:

5 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

5

In the bed lies Melissa Pfaff. In her early twenties, she is reasonably attractive and hooked up to several monitors.

(CONTINUED)

J.D.
Hello there, Miss...
(reading the chart)
Puh-faff.

MELISSA
Melissa. And it's Pfaff. The P is
silent.

J.D.
Of course. How stu-id of me.
(off her look)
See, what I did there was--

MELISSA
You made that P silent too. Very clever.

J.D.
Thank you, I thought so. So, what seems
to be--

MELISSA
Recurrent sinus bradycardia, with
weakness, vertigo, and collapses.

J.D.
Wow, listen to you.

MELISSA
Second-year med school. And both my
parents are doctors.

J.D.
Okay, well, it sounds to me like--

MELISSA
Probably symptomatic sick-sinus syndrome,
possibly myocarditis.

J.D.
Right, well, I'll just--

MELISSA
Order tests for cardiac enzymes,
infection parameters, and thyroid
hormones, and get you an ECG.

J.D.
And tonight's winning lottery numbers
are...

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

MELISSA

Six, thirteen, seventeen, thirty, thirty-seven, forty-one.

J.D.

Really?

MELISSA

Don't know. Maybe.

J.D. ponders this.

J.D. (V.O.)

Hmmm, what's the worst that could happen?

CUT TO FANTASY:

6 INT. HOSPITAL GIFT SHOP - DAY

6

J.D. stands in front of the cash register. The cashier is reading a slip of paper.

CASHIER

Hey, these are my numbers!

The cashier pulls out a gun from under the counter and shoots J.D.

J.D.

(falling down)

Why?

BACK TO REALITY:

7 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

7

J.D., still lost in thought.

J.D. (V.O.)

On the other hand...

CUT TO FANTASY:

8 INT. STATELY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

8

J.D. and Turk sit at a grand wooden table. They are both in diamond tuxedos, complete with diamond cummerbunds and diamond top hats. The table is covered in yellow crumbs. A butler stands next to them.

BUTLER

Would Sirs care for another giant twinkie?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

J.D.

Turk?

Turk smiles and nods. His teeth have all been replaced with diamonds.

BACK TO REALITY:

9 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

9

J.D. smiles broadly.

J.D.

(to himself)

Bling bling.

(to Melissa, while taking out a pad)

Yeah, I'm going to need those lottery numbers again.

(off her look)

Stat!

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

I love being a doctor.

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

10 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

10

J.D. exits his patient's room.

J.D. (V.O.)
Even though Melissa's self-diagnosis was right on the money, something about it wasn't sitting right with me.

Dr. Cox races by, J.D. follows.

J.D. (CONT'D)
Dr. Cox, have you ever had a patient who completely diagnosed herself?

DR. COX
No, but unlike you, I'm a good doctor who actually knows more about medicine than my patients do. But don't worry there, Belinda, I'm sure eventually someone will come in with some sort of prom dress emergency, and you'll be all over it.

J.D.
Chiffon is chiff-on. So here's the thing-

DR. COX
Newbie, much as I'd love to stay here and do your job for you for the millionth time, I don't have time for your Nancy Drew Becomes a Doctor adventure. I have a small window of opportunity to make this miserable hellhole a marginally more tolerable hellhole, so here's a thought: figure it out for yourself.

J.D.
Thank you, you've been helpful as always.

Dr. Cox growls and continues his march down the hallway.
J.D. turns the corner and heads to the nurses' station.

CUT TO:

11 INT. NURSES' STATION - CONTINUOUS

11

Nurse Roberts is on the phone, Elliot, Turk, and Carla are hanging out as J.D. approaches.

(CONTINUED)

J.D. (V.O.)

When Dr. Cox blows me off, I find it's usually helpful to talk to my friends.

J.D.

Say--

The Janitor enters.

JANITOR

Who here thinks I'm stupid?

Everyone but Elliot and the Janitor disappear in an instant, leaving loose phones and spinning chairs in their wake.

J.D. (V.O.)

It can wait.

JANITOR

Wow.

Elliot looks around and realizes that everyone else has split.

ELLIOT

Frick!

JANITOR

Et tu, Blonde Doctor?

(beat)

That's French. I looked it up.

ELLIOT

Actually, it's Latin.

JANITOR

What kind of crazy dead language is this?!?

(beat)

So I suppose you think I'm stupid too?

ELLIOT

Of course not. After all, there are all different kinds of smart. For instance, I've always wondered how one would go about cleaning soap.

JANITOR

You don't. It's soap.

ELLIOT

See? I did not know that.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

JANITOR

Oh, please. You have no idea what it's like working in a place where no one respects you.

ELLIOT

It must be very hard on you.

TODD (P.A. SYSTEM)

I'd like to be very hard, on you.

ELLIOT

(to herself)

How does he do that?

JANITOR

Forget about it.

He starts to wander away.

ELLIOT

Janitor!

He turns around to face her.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Look, it's not hard to make people respect you. You just need to change the way you deal with them.

JANITOR

Teach me.

ELLIOT

(after some consideration)

Alright. I'm on it.

TODD (P.A. SYSTEM)

Not yet, but you will be.

ELLIOT

Frick!

CUT TO:

12 INT CAFETERIA - DAY

12

Dr. Cox sits at a table with Carla and Ted.

DR. COX

Carla, it is very important to me that this plan go off without a hitch. Why is Floppy McSweatington here?

(CONTINUED)

CARLA

Oh, c'mon, he's earned this.

TED

My whole life has been about this moment!

DR. COX

That is so sad.

Dr. Kelso reaches the end of the cafeteria line. Dr. Cox whistles at him.

DR. COX (CONT'D)

Bobbo, have a seat.

Dr. Kelso comes to the table.

DR. KELSO

Fine.

(beat)

Ted, go away.

TED

But--

DR. COX

Take a hike, useless!

Ted slinks off. Kelso sits.

CARLA

Dr. Cox, didn't you say you had some vacation pictures to show me?

DR. COX

Why, yes, Carla, yes, I did.

Dr. Cox produces a photo album from under his chair and lays it out on the table.

DR. COX (CONT'D)

This is my trip to Aruba. It felt so good to get away, and just let all my problems disappear. I tell you, I was tempted to stay there forever.

DR. KELSO

Perry, I'm the Chief of Medicine, and I'm well aware that you haven't been away from this hospital for more than a day in decades. What gives?

(CONTINUED)

CARLA

I'm out.

Carla dashes off.

DR. KELSO

Well?

DR. COX

Alright, Bob, I didn't really go on a vacation.

DR. KELSO

No kidding.

(inspecting the photo album)

Did you cut these out of a magazine?

DR. COX

The point is, it's come to my attention that you might be considering retirement, and I just wanted to make sure you were thinking about the potential joys that await you.

DR. KELSO

Where did you hear that?

DR. COX

That's not important, Bobbo. The important thing is that you go away, far, far, far, far away, somewhere where I will never see or hear from you again.

DR. KELSO

It's not going to happen.

DR. COX

Oh, c'mon now. It's true that I loathe you and even as I'm saying this, I'm dreaming of a universe without you, but the fact is you've been fighting this battle for a long time, and I hope when I'm an old soldier like you, I have the courage to walk away from it all and give myself my just rewards.

DR. KELSO

Perry, I'm not going anywhere because this place would fall apart without me. The only person around here who I would even remotely trust to replace me is you, and you don't have the stones for it.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

DR. COX

And if I did? If I could do your job,
you'd slip away to whatever Hell
Dimension you choose to spend your
twilight years in, and close the evil
portal behind you?

DR. KELSO

I'd think about it.

DR. COX

Game on.

They shake hands, loathsome as it is to both of them.

CUT TO:

13 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - DAY

13

Melissa lies in bed, reading an Elle magazine. J.D. enters
with Turk.

J.D.

Turk, I'd like you to meet Melissa, the
medical whiz kid I was telling you about.

TURK

Wassup, whiz kid?

MELISSA

Please, don't call me 'whiz kid'. My
parents call me that, and I hate it.

J.D.

Alright, let me just note that on your
chart.

(jotting it down)

Anyhoo, Dr. Turk is one of our finest
surgeons, and he's going to be implanting
a...

MELISSA

No.

J.D.

(to Turk)

I swear she was better at this before.

(to Melissa)

C'mon...starts with a 'p'...and not a
silent 'p'...

(CONTINUED)

MELISSA

Yeah, pacemaker, I get it. I don't want it.

J.D.

Melissa, this surgery is--

MELISSA

(to Turk)

It's an elective procedure, right?

TURK

Well, yeah, but--

MELISSA

Then no.

TURK

Look, I know surgery can be scary, putting your life in another person's hands, but there's nothing to worry about when those hands are attached to Doctor Turk, know what I'm saying, know what I'm saying?

MELISSA

Yeah, still no.

TURK

But you have to know that--

J.D.

Turk. Melissa's said her piece.

(to Melissa)

If you say you don't want the surgery, I understand and respect that.

CUT TO:

14 INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

14

Carla and Turk rest on the couches. J.D. is at the table, poring over files.

J.D.

What the hell is she thinking?

TURK

Maybe baby likes her Neapolitan ice cream without the chocolate, know what I'm saying, know what I'm saying?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

CARLA

Stop saying that, know what I'm saying,
know what I'm saying?

J.D.

I don't think it's that, Brown Bear, she
seems down with the swirl. She's
probably just scared.

CARLA

J.D., have you ever been scared?

FLASHBACK TO:

15 INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

15

College-aged J.D. sits on the floor, playing the board game
Perfection. He scrambles to get all the pieces in place
while the timer ticks away. Suddenly, the tray pops up and
the pieces go flying, causing J.D. to shriek.

BACK TO PRESENT:

16 INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

16

Carla looks at J.D. with mild contempt.

CARLA

Seriously?

J.D.

Sometimes I wake up screaming.

CARLA

Fine. But if playing Perfection could
save your life, would you do it?

J.D.

Of course.

CARLA

Well then, if your patient knows as much
about medicine as you say she does, and
she doesn't want this surgery, then it's
not fear. So either she's crazy, or
there's something you're missing.

TURK

Know what she's saying, know what she's
saying?

(off her reaction)

Baby, that one was for you.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

J.D. returns his attention to his files.

CUT TO:

17 INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAY

17

The Janitor sits on an overturned bucket, with a binder on his lap and pen in hand. Elliot has set up a whiteboard. On it she has written three words: Topics, Language, Courtesy. She uses a pointer.

ELLIOT

Good afternoon, class. Today's lesson is about how anyone can use a little TLC to make a good impression. First, topics of conversation. Tell me, what is your primary news source?

JANITOR

I hear things. Sometimes voices.

ELLIOT

Alright then, and what was the last book you read?

JANITOR

I, Janitor: The Chuck Swiffer Story.

ELLIOT

Okay, and what was the last book you read that you didn't make up?

JANITOR

Can't remember.

ELLIOT

That's fine, I was prepared for this. If you'll look at pages one through twenty-seven of your binder, you'll see a selection of popular quotations with which you can pepper your conversation, creating the illusion of vast knowledge.

JANITOR

Fake knowing stuff, got it.

ELLIOT

Next, language. Pages twenty-eight to seventy-four is a list I've compiled over the years, a potty-mouth-to-proper-talk dictionary.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

This way, you'll never accidentally say something which will make the more sensitive doctors cry and/or not be able to make twosies for a week.

JANITOR

'Lavatory' instead of 'crapper,' right.

ELLIOT

Lastly, courtesy. Well, I've noticed that sometimes, with some of the other doctors, your manner can be a little gruff...

JANITOR

Who told you that? I'll choke him with his own intestines!

ELLIOT

See, that's the kind of thing that's a TLC no-no. What you have to do is focus on the needs of the people you're dealing with.

JANITOR

Suck up...makes sense. Hey, I graduated. Hooray!

ELLIOT

Yay!

JANITOR

Let's go celebrate with some of your doctor friends.

ELLIOT

What?

JANITOR

You've taught me everything I need to know to be a gentleman. I'll duck out a little early, head down to the bar, study my binder, and then I'll swing back here and we can spend some time with your doctor friends.

ELLIOT

Well, I don't know what their plans are...

JANITOR

Oh, I see. I'm good enough to teach in your Janitor's Closet Etiquette School, but I'm still the last person you'd want hanging out with you and your friends.

The door opens, and a man on a unicycle rides in to the narrow space.

UNICYCLING MAN

Go to hell!

He turns around and rides his unicycle out and around the corner.

UNICYCLING MAN (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Go to hell!

ELLIOT

Not the last person...

CUT TO:

Kelso lies on his couch, reading the comics. Cox sits at his desk, which is now covered with files and papers.

DR. KELSO

Oh, Marmaduke, you're so true to life, I can practically smell you.

DR. COX

Alright there, Bob, I've finished the M-and-M summaries, the certification paperwork on the new cardiac ward equipment, scheduled next week's surgery rotation, and have jotted down some preliminary opinions for the transplant committee. Anything else I can do for you there?

DR. KELSO

Well, there is one thing. I need you to cut five per cent out of the oncology department's budget.

DR. COX

Oncology. You do know that means cancer, right?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

DR. KELSO

Really? I thought it meant doctors who specialized in being on call.

(beat)

Look, the department's losing money, and it's the Chief of Medicine's job to bite it in the ass. But, if you don't think you're up to it...

DR. COX

Where's the file?

Dr. Kelso gets up and pulls the file out from the bottom of a stack, and lays it in front of Dr. Cox.

DR. KELSO

Great stuff, sport. I've got to tell you, so far, I'm loving this retirement thing. Let's see if I still feel that way after a night with Enid.

Dr. Kelso skips his way out the door, while Dr. Cox digs into the file.

CUT TO:

19 INT. BREAK ROOM - EVENING

19

J.D. is poring over the same papers he was before. Turk enters.

TURK

Dude, have you been in here the whole time?

J.D. thinks.

FLASHBACK TO:

20 INT. HALLWAY - EVENING

20

J.D. and the unicycling man ride unicycles down the hallway. When they reach a corner, the unicycling man takes it, while J.D. smashes into the wall.

BACK TO PRESENT:

21 INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

21

J.D. returns his attention to the files.

J.D.

I took a small break.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

TURK

Why are you still going over those files?

J.D.

Carla's right. I'm missing something.

TURK

So go talk to your patient.

J.D.

I think she made it pretty clear she didn't want to talk about it.

FLASHBACK TO:

22 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - EVENING

22

Melissa addresses the camera (J.D.)

MELISSA

I thought I made it pretty clear that I didn't want to talk about it.

BACK TO PRESENT:

23 INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

23

J.D. fishes out his notes from the pile.

J.D.

Plus I already tried.

TURK

J.D., you're a doctor. Take charge.
When a man--

Carla enters.

CARLA

Turk?

TURK

Coming, dear.
(to J.D.)
Good luck, buddy.

Carla and Turk are about to exit the break room, when Elliot pops into the door.

ELLIOT

I've got good news. I'm coming with you to dinner.

(CONTINUED)

CARLA

Elliot, this is supposed to be a romantic dinner. How is that good news?

ELLIOT

Oh, then you're really not going to like the bad news.

The Janitor appears in the doorway. He wears a jacket with elbow patches, and holds a pipe.

JANITOR

Good eve, chap. Chappelle.

Carla pushes through them in a snit, and Turk follows meekly. Elliot and the Janitor quick-step to catch up. J.D. returns to the file. He stares blankly at the pages and shakes his head.

J.D.

Turk's right.

He stands up and leaves the break room.

CUT TO:

24 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - LATER

24

J.D. bursts into Melissa's room, and sees her in the process of opening a bottle of pills. She is clearly busted. J.D. takes the pills away from her and inspects them.

J.D. (V.O.)

A lot of things can go wrong when you're trying to solve a problem.

CUT TO:

25 INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - EVENING

25

Carla, Turk, Elliot, and the Janitor at a restaurant, menus in front of them. Carla and Turk give Elliot the evil eye, and Elliot is embarrassed. The Janitor is oblivious to the tension and lays on the sophistication quite thick, complete with affectation.

J.D. (V.O.)

Sometimes, a solution just leads to a brand new problem.

(CONTINUED)

25 Dan Hershfield - Scrubs, "My Limitations" 22.
CONTINUED: 25

JANITOR
--So the dead midget says, "I'd love to
play some polo, but I'm a little stiff."

CUT TO:

26 INT. DR. KELSO'S OFFICE - EVENING 26

Dr. Cox repeatedly bangs his head on Kelso's desk.

J.D. (V.O.)
Sometimes, there is no good solution.

CUT TO:

27 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 27

J.D. looks away from the bottle and towards Melissa.

J.D. (V.O.)
And sometimes, the problem turns out to
be worse than you imagined.

J.D. (CONT'D)
Beta Blockers. You're making yourself
sick.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

28 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

28

J.D. holds the pill bottle and waves it at Melissa.

J.D.
You could have killed yourself.

MELISSA
I was careful. Besides, is what I did really that much worse than the cancer patient who smokes or the liver patient who drinks?

J.D.
Yes.

MELISSA
Fair enough. Can you get me a cigarette and some beer?

J.D.
Melissa, this is serious. Now, I know that it can feel good to have the attention of a doctor, particularly a young, handsome doctor--

MELISSA
Yeah, if you see one, could you send him in?
(beat)
I get enough attention from doctors. Believe me.

J.D.
Well then, why?

MELISSA
What does it matter? You caught me. It's over, I promise I won't do it again.

J.D.
I'd like for you to talk to one of our psychiatrists.

(CONTINUED)

MELISSA

Yeah, I don't see it happening. What I do see happening is me going to sleep and checking myself out in the morning, against doctor's recommendation if necessary. Good night.

J.D.

But--

Melissa takes out a sleep mask and puts it on, then lies back.

MELISSA

Don't make me put in my ear plugs.

J.D. starts as if to speak, but then doesn't, and slinks away.

CUT TO:

29 INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - EVENING

29

Carla, Turk, Elliot and the Janitor sit at the restaurant. The menus are gone but they still have not been served.

JANITOR

Well, I'm having a smashing time. Are you all having a smashing time?

CARLA

It's okay. I kind of wish the food would get here.

JANITOR

You're right, the service here is simply atrocious.

(snapping his fingers)

Garcon!

The waiter comes over to the table, dripping with attitude.

WAITER

Yes?

JANITOR

Good sir, we ordered our food nearly four-score and seven years ago. What's the holdup?

WAITER

You ordered ten minutes ago.

(CONTINUED)

JANITOR

I had a dream. I had a dream that tonight, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners would be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood, and the lack of food is turning my dream into a nightmare.

WAITER

Sir, the restaurant is very busy tonight...

JANITOR

I don't give a twosie! I demand satisfaction!

CUT TO:

30 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - LATER

30

Carla, Turk, Elliot and the Janitor stand outside the restaurant. It is a cold night.

JANITOR

What horrible service! Where to now?

CARLA

Good night. Thanks a lot, Elliot.

Carla wanders off.

ELLIOT

I'm so sorry.

TURK

Thanks a lot, Elliot.

ELLIOT

I'm so, so sorry.

TURK

No, I mean it, you saved me a fortune. See ya.

Turk scampers off after Carla.

JANITOR

And then there were two.

ELLIOT

What's the matter with you?

(CONTINUED)

JANITOR

(defensive)

What?

ELLIOT

Why do you act like that?

JANITOR

I was only following your rules. Scary Nurse Lady was hungry, I tried to get her her food faster: that's courtesy. And I tried to do it using references and civilized language.

ELLIOT

I didn't tell you to be slightly British. I didn't tell you to slap that waiter with a glove.

JANITOR

Oh, he had it coming.

ELLIOT

You're always trying so hard to intimidate people or impress them, you never actually pay any attention to them. It's always about you. If you really care about having people respect you, just be yourself and be nice.

JANITOR

Wait, which should I be: myself or nice?

ELLIOT

Good night.

Elliot leaves.

JANITOR

Yep. There goes my ride.

CUT TO:

31 INT. HALLWAY, SACRED HEART - MORNING, DAY 2

31

J.D. walks through the hallways with purpose.

J.D. (V.O.)

Having spent a sleepless night trying to think of a way to help Melissa, I knew there was only one man I could turn to for help.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

He opens a door and walks into an office. A second later, he comes flying out.

DR. COX (O.S.)
And stay out!

J.D. picks himself off the floor and continues on to the next office over.

J.D. (V.O.)
Well, beggars can't be choosers...

He opens the door and enters.

CUT TO:

32 INT. TED'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

32

Ted is trying to do a Sudoku and looks as if his head is going to explode as J.D. enters.

J.D.
Ted, I've got this patient--

TED
Oh my god, you killed him!

J.D.
First of all, my patient's a woman--

TED
Oh my god, you gave him an unwanted sex change!

J.D.
Ted. Relax. The problem is that my patient is making herself sick.

TED
Oh. Now, do you mean that literally, or do you mean like the way I make myself sick?

J.D.
Literally. And she's about to check herself out, and I think until we know what's going on, she'd be safer here.

TED
Well, is she healthy now?

J.D.
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

TED

And does she seem in any way incompetent?
And not like the way I'm incompetent, but
you know, the other way...mentally?

J.D.

No.

TED

Well, I'm no lawyer...

J.D.

Yes, Ted, you are.

TED

It's just an expression. Well, I'm no
lawyer, but for God's sake, if she's
willing to go, why would you keep her
here against her will? Who would want
that kind of stress?

Ted's words trigger a thought process in J.D. As J.D.
thinks:

TED (V.O.)

(like an echo)

Who would want that kind of stress?

Dramatic montage music swells.

FLASHBACK TO:

33 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - DAY

33

Melissa addresses J.D.

MELISSA

Second-year med school. And both my
parents are doctors.

FLASHBACK TO:

34 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - DAY

34

Melissa addresses J.D. and Turk

MELISSA

Please, don't call me 'whiz kid'. My
parents call me that, and I hate it.

FLASHBACK TO:

35 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - NIGHT 35

Melissa addresses J.D.

MELISSA

I get enough attention from doctors.
Believe me.

BACK TO PRESENT:

36 INT. TED'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 36

The dramatic music continues. Slow motion, as J.D. runs out of the office.

CUT TO:

37 INT. ADMISSIONS - MOMENTS LATER 37

Still in slow motion and with the dramatic music, J.D. turns the corner and spots Melissa signing forms. She finishes and moves towards the door and J.D. runs to her, catching her just at the precipice.

J.D.

Melissa, I know why you've been making yourself sick. You're stressed out about becoming a doctor, and you don't know how to tell your parents.

MELISSA

Yeah. So?

The dramatic music stops suddenly with a screech.

J.D.

Well...I figured it out, so--

MELISSA

So what?

J.D.

Ummm. So let the healing begin!

MELISSA

Here's the skinny: I'm beyond stressed about becoming a doctor. I'm not becoming a doctor. I'm dropping out of med school and I made myself sick so it would be easier to tell my parents. And do you know why I don't want to be a doctor?

(CONTINUED)

J.D.

Long hours?

MELISSA

Because I know I'd end up just like you. One of those doctors who needs to fix absolutely everything, and every time something is beyond their control, a little piece of them dies until eventually they end up just a burnt-out, hollow shell.

The speech lands hard on J.D.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

But hey, thanks for everything. See ya. Or not. Who's to say?

She leaves.

CUT TO:

38 INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

38

J.D. sits at the table with his head resting on it, all collapsed. Turk and Carla stand behind him.

J.D.

But you guys don't think I'm too obsessive, do you?

CARLA

For the millionth time, yes, we do.

TURK

Dude, you can't keep coming in here to mope. You're totally bringing down the break room. Go to the on-call room, you can totally gently sob in there...I presume...

J.D.

But you don't think I'm going to burn out and go crazy, do you?

CARLA

Well, we've got two of the later dates in the "When Will J.D. Snap?" pool...

J.D.

The thing is, I know I could have helped this girl more if she'd just given me the chance.

(CONTINUED)

The Janitor enters.

JANITOR
Everyone not him,
(indicating J.D.)
come with me.

CARLA
What do you want?

JANITOR
You'll find out when you come with me.

Carla and Turk check in with each other, and simultaneously shrug a 'Why not?' The Janitor leaves, Carla follows, as does Turk, though he turns back in the doorway.

TURK
You okay, Vanilla Wafer?

J.D.
I'll be fine.

CUT TO:

39 INT. ON-CALL ROOM - DAY

39

J.D. lies in the bottom bunk, gently sobbing.

J.D. (V.O.)
Good call, Turk.

Dr. Cox bursts in and drops a file on the bed.

DR. COX
Alright, Sophie, what say we skip the part where you tell me about the brutish cad of a man who broke your heart, and you go ahead and give my proposed budget cuts a look-see?

J.D.
Oh, so when I have a problem, it's my own problem, but when you have a problem, I'm supposed to drop whatever I'm dealing with and help you?

DR. COX
That pretty much covers it, yeah.

J.D.
I'm not in the mood.

(CONTINUED)

DR. COX

Ah geez, Agnes, fine. Twenty-five words or less.

J.D.

Patient, making herself sick, left, worried might do it again, worried didn't help, worried about being worried, worried will burnout.

DR. COX

Wow, it's amazing: even when you talk like Tarzan, you still manage to come across as a little girl. But let's see if I can summarize: Someone came in here sick, you made her healthy, and you're worried she'll get sick again. I hate to tell you this, Judy, but in this game we call medicine, that counts as a victory. That's pretty much as good as it gets. We take 'em one at a time, and hope that somehow they manage to leave this place upright. As for burning out, yeah, you're a prime candidate, but the fact that you care so much about your patients, annoying though it almost always is, is what makes you, on very rare occasions, a good doctor.

J.D.

Thanks.

(beat)

So what was your thing?

Dr. Cox grabs the file off the bed.

DR. COX

Don't worry about it.

Dr. Cox heads out.

CUT TO:

40 INT. CAFETERIA DOOR - DAY

40

The Janitor stands in front of the door, facing Turk and Carla.

TURK

You brought us to the cafeteria?

JANITOR

No. I brought you to Le Cafeteria!

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

The Janitor spins and pushes open the door.

CUT TO:

41 INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

41

The Janitor enters, with a stunned Carla and Turk in tow. The cafeteria has been made all classy, with one central table adorned with candles and flowers. Troy is there in a tuxedo with towel over arm, and Ted's band softly sings a romantic ditty.

CARLA

Janitor!

JANITOR

It's all yours for half-an-hour. Plus it turns out the unicycling man is a world-class chef.

UNICYCLING MAN (O.S.)

Go to hell!

JANITOR

Yeah, he may yell that every now and then. Bon appetit.

He leaves.

CARLA

(calling after him)

Thank you.

Carla and Turk sit at the table and hold hands.

CUT TO:

42 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

42

The Janitor runs into Elliot, who is waiting for him.

ELLIOT

I heard what you did.

JANITOR

Yeah, well...

ELLIOT

How does it feel?

JANITOR

Not so great. Yeah, being nice to people all the time feels like work.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

JANITOR (CONT'D)

And I really don't like work. I just wanted to make things up to you, and now I can go back to being me.

ELLIOT

Glad to hear it.

She smiles at him, and they walk off down the hall together.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - DAY

43

Kelso sits in a lawn chair, in Bermuda shorts and Hawaiian shirt, enjoying the sun. Cox emerges from the stairwell, and drops the file in his lap.

DR. COX

Here you go, Bobbo. Budget cuts for oncology. But I'm out. Much as I want you gone, I wouldn't take your job for all the world. You'll have to find someone else to deal with the hospital; I'm here to deal with the patients.

DR. KELSO

Ah well, it was fun while it lasted. But Perry, I was never retiring. All that stuff on my computer was for Dr. Samuels. I want him to retire.

DR. COX

Why?

DR. KELSO

I want his parking spot.

DR. COX

You already have the best parking spot here.

DR. KELSO

And he has the second-best parking spot. And when he's gone, I'll have the best extra-wide parking spot.

DR. COX

And you made me go through all this to teach me what, exactly?

DR. KELSO

Oh, maybe that my job isn't as easy as it looks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

DR. KELSO (CONT'D)

Or maybe I just wanted to make sure that when people come to complain about the oncology budget cuts, I'll be able to point them in your direction. But mostly, I wanted you to remember this: Only one person touches Bob Kelso's computer, and that's Bob Kelso.

(beat)

Enjoy the sun.

Dr. Kelso gets up and, with a skip in his step, heads to the stairwell, leaving Dr. Cox staring after him.

CUT TO:

44 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PATIENT'S ROOM - DAY

44

J.D. stands outside a patient's room, steeling up the courage to enter. The Janitor comes up behind him.

JANITOR

Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear - not absence of fear. Mark Twain.

J.D. turns to face him, touched.

J.D.

Thanks.

The Janitor rears back as if to punch J.D., who flinches.

JANITOR

Ha. Scaredy flinched.

The Janitor moves on. J.D. turns again to face the room.

J.D. (V.O.)

In a hospital, you can't always control everything you'd like to. But there are ways to cope.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - DAY

45

Dr. Cox sits in Kelso's lawn chair. He tries to enjoy the sun, though a grimace lingers on his face.

J.D. (V.O.)

Like grudgingly accepting the things you don't like.

CUT TO:

46 INT. ADMISSIONS - DAY

46

The Janitor mops the floor. He has put the ergonomic grips on the mop and is enjoying them. A doctor passes towards the exit.

J.D. (V.O.)
Or making small adjustments to make things a bit more pleasant.

JANITOR
(to the leaving doctor)
Have a good one.

CUT TO:

47 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PATIENT'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

47

J.D. remains outside the patient's room.

J.D. (V.O.)
Or remembering that your next opportunity to prove yourself is always right around the corner.

J.D. finally brings himself to enter the patient's room.

CUT TO:

48 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

48

J.D. addresses the patient.

J.D.
Hi, I'm Doctor Dorian. What seems to be the problem?

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW