

# **Scrubs**

**My Lame Phobia**

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FADE IN:

INT. COLD OPEN, JD'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Bright sunlight. J.D. sleeps on his side, smiling.

J.D. (V.O.)

Do you ever wake up sometimes and just  
know it's gonna be a great day?

The alarm beeps. J.D. whips off the sheets and jumps out of bed, stretching. Even his boxers have grinning cartoon faces.

J.D.

Good Mornin' Sunshine!

Rowdy just stares.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

J.D. (V.O.)

You know that luck's got your back and  
nothing's gonna go wrong.

TURK is taking a shower as J.D. enters. J.D. reaches for a toothbrush holder with two brushes. It tips over the edge of the counter. SLO-MO as J.D. lunges for the holder, saving one of the brushes as the holder goes over the edge with the other one. PLUNK! J.D. brushes his teeth.

TURK (O.S.)

Hey, hand me my toothbrush.

J.D. picks up Turk's toothbrush that's dripping with toilet water, and holds it high, handing it off-screen.

EXT. CROSSWALK - CONTINUOUS

J.D. (V.O.)

Today, I am invincible.

J.D. and Turk wait at the light, dancing and rapping.

TURK

Give it to me baby...

J.D.

Uh huh! Uh huh!

A car drives by, sending a WAVE of muddy water. REVEAL Turk, covered head-to-toe in mud. J.D. gleams, spotless.

J.D.

Oh...you've got a little...

He pulls out a hankie, wets it with his tongue, and daintily wipes a little bit of dirt off of Turk's nose. The rest of him is still covered in mud.

INT. ADMISSIONS - CONTINUOUS

J.D. (V.O.)

Today, I'm Superman. No, I'm bigger than Superman. I'm the badass who makes Superman my bitch.

J.D. and Turk enter. J.D. knocks over the JANITOR's toolbox, scattering tools across the floor. The Janitor turns.

JANITOR

I was hoping it was you.

He grabs a wrench, breaking into a run accompanied by a war cry. J.D. lets out an even fiercer war cry, and sprints towards him. The Janitor backpedals until his back hits the wall. Rather than delivering a death blow, J.D. whips out a cupcake with pink frosting and sprinkles just inches from the Janitor's face.

J.D.

Let's not fight today.  
(modestly)  
I baked them myself.

JANITOR

So what? You want me to kiss you?

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

J.D. and Turk strut past colorful banner after colorful banner on the walls that say, "Get Well, Sarah!" etc. Faint sounds of ORGANIZED CHEERS.

J.D. (V.O.)

Today, I fear nothing.

TURK

What's going on?

They round the corner. ANGLE ON pom poms. ANGLE ON tight cheerleading outfits. ANGLE ON bobbing ponytails. There's a hoard of cheerleaders filling up the hall, their young, supple bodies jumping in cheers.

J.D. (V.O.)

Except my greatest enemy.

J.D. / TURK  
Cheerleaders?

TURK  
Ah yeah, it's gonna be a good day!

J.D. screams and turns to run...slamming his face into the metal toolbox under the Janitor's arm. He goes down.

JANITOR  
Huh. I guess that makes us even.

He takes a big bite out of the cupcake and steps over J.D.

FADE TO BLACK

J.D. (V.O.)  
I knew I should have stayed in bed.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

CLOSE UP on J.D.'s face, eyes enormous.

J.D. (V.O.)

Here's a brief history. Freshman Year, High School. Lori Sanders, the cute cheerleader from homeroom, invites me to a late-night skinny dipping party.

PULL OUT to reveal a naked J.D., wearing only a duck-shaped innertube around his waist and fins, standing over a pool filled with naked older people.

J.D. (V.O.)

She forgot to mention it was a party thrown by her parents.

J.D.

Hi Mrs. Sanders. Mom. Dad.

The sound of girls laughing and a CAMERA FLASH whites out the screen.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP on J.D.'s face, eyes enormous.

J.D. (V.O.)

Junior Year, High School. Gretchen Bale, Varsity Cheer co-captain rumored to be in an "experimental phase," asks me to help her and some girls study for the SAT.

PULL OUT to reveal a naked J.D., wearing only a duck-shaped innertube and holding some SAT prep books under his arm, standing in a living room filled with butch softball players.

SOFTBALL PLAYER

Hey Gretchen, he's got bigger nipples than you!

J.D. drops his books to cover his nipples. A CAMERA FLASH.

CUT TO:

J.D. is in his car, police lights flashing behind him. He stares at A FEMALE POLICE OFFICER outside his window.

J.D. (V.O.)

Senior Year, Undergrad. Now this one wasn't really their fault but I blame them anyway.

POLICE OFFICER

I would normally let you off with a warning, but cheerleading camp's going on across the street so we're cracking down to keep them safe.

J.D.

But c'mon officer. What's the world with one less cheerleader? A better place, wouldn't you say?

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP on J.D.'s face, eyes enormous. A JAIL DOOR slams in front of him.

PULL OUT to reveal J.D., naked, wearing only a duck-shaped innertube and fins. The other prisoners in the cell stare.

J.D.

(to prisoners)  
Laundry day.

J.D. (V.O.)

I hate cheerleaders.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

J.D. opens his eyes to see Turk, CARLA and DR. COX hovering over him.

DR. COX

Here's a suggestion. You pull their pigtails and then run away. Alright, sport? Nurse, when you have a spare moment, have Mary Katherine Gallagher fitted for a helmet.

J.D. stands up. In the background, the girls run their cheer.

CHEERLEADERS (O.S.)

Sarah, Sarah she's so great, we won't leave 'til she recuperates!

J.D.

What happened?

JANITOR

(in passing)  
You started it. Called a truce and then hit me with your face.

DR. KELSO approaches.

DR. KELSO

Dr. Dorian, what's the word on the homeless coma patient? Have you found any relatives yet?

J.D.

No sir.

DR. KELSO

Well keep trying. I don't want every bum in the state throwing himself in front of a speeding truck to get free room and board and...what the hell is going?

CARLA

Sixteen year-old female checked in early this morning with a multiple of bizarre injuries. The Barbie posse arrived right after.

DR. KELSO

This is an institution of medicine not the MTV Shake Your Booty Show. I won't have my hospital disrupted by this disgusting display of wanton gaiety.

He walks away. ANGLE ON a reflection in a window of Kelso hiding behind a door, watching the girls with a big smile.

DR. COX

We can still see you, Kelso.

Dr. Kelso takes his hurt pride and leaves.

J.D.

I agree. This is totally inconsiderate to the other patients.

J.D. turns and walks away.

J.D. (V.O.)

Don't show fear. Don't show fear.

He breaks into a sprint, rounding the corner. CRASH! The Janitor's tools spill out into the hallway.

COX

I swear, if that boy doesn't habitually enjoy the Downy softness of wearing his mother's panties...

Dr. Cox exits, shaking his head. Carla looks at Turk.

TURK  
He said they were for a community play.

NURSE ROBERTS  
(in passing)  
Mmm hmmm. It's always the quiet ones.

CARLA  
(to Turk)  
Okay. Where are they.

Turk takes out the items as he calls them.

TURK  
Chocolates.

CARLA  
And.

TURK  
Card.

CARLA  
And.

TURK  
Lingerie...

CARLA  
And.

Uh oh. Turk's got nothing.

CARLA  
Just kidding. Happy anniversary, baby.

They nuzzle.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is filled with more cheerleaders. ELLIOT pushes through the crowd.

ELLIOT  
Everyone, outside. Now.

SARAH, a 16 year-old with low self-esteem, lies in bed. Her hair is bleached a very ragged and unnatural platinum, she has swollen bee stings all over her face and body, and her leg is in a bandage. She's a fast talker like a young Elliot.

ELLIOT  
What happened here?



SARAH

It was just an accident during practice this morning.

ELLIOT

That's what the girls outside said. But I don't trust people who begin and end every sentence with the word "like."

SARAH

I fell.

ELLIOT

The bee stings?

SARAH

While running from bees.

ELLIOT

The dog bite on your butt?

TANYA

He broke my fall?

ELLIOT

And your hair?

SARAH

It looked good in the salon book. What's your damage? You're the one in a grown out mullet.

ELLIOT

They're layers!

SARAH

Look, this is really embarrassing so can we just get on with it?

ELLIOT

Fine. Let's go to x-ray.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

J.D. checks the pupils of a male coma patient (JOHN DOE) with a flashlight.

J.D.

(singing into flashlight)

*This is ground control to Major Tom...*

A KNOCK on the door. J.D. looks up. CUE SEXY SAXOPHONE MUSIC. TILT UP on red spiked heels, a pair of shapely legs in pantyhose, a short leather skirt...

J.D. (V.O.)  
Ooh la la...

...to a not so attractive, weathered, heavily made-up 40 year-old woman's face. CUT MUSIC.

J.D. (V.O.)  
Okay, so she's not so hot.

J.D.  
Can I help you?

WOMAN  
Is he the John Doe?

J.D.  
Yep. They brought him in yesterday.  
Appears to be homeless, hit by a truck  
while chasing a pigeon across the street.

The woman (CONNIE) walks past J.D. and looks at the man.

CONNIE  
(tearing up)  
Oh no. What are his chances of waking up?

J.D.  
Not so good. I'm sorry, are you a  
relative?

CONNIE  
I'm his wife. This bastard stole our life  
savings and left me with three sick kids.

J.D.  
Bummer.

She leans over the bed, crying. J.D. sneaks a look at her short-skirt clothed butt and quickly looks away.

J.D. (V.O.)  
Someone forgot to wear underwear today.

Dr. Cox appears at the door.

COX  
Did you tell Mrs. Steinman she should try  
to pee standing up?  
(MORE)

COX (cont'd)  
Or should I be looking for another  
scrawny kid with a head like an eggplant  
on a toothpick?

J.D.  
Maybe.

J.D. (V.O.)  
I thought it would be funny because she's  
such a pain in the ass.

COX  
I don't know if you thought it would be  
funny because she's such a pain in the  
ass, but the old fart's just shot herself  
with a stream in the eye and I want you  
to go sit by her bedside and comfort her.

J.D. (V.O.)  
C'mon brain, gimme a brilliant excuse.

J.D.  
But I don't wanna.

Cox grabs him by the ear, pulling him on his way.

J.D.  
Ow ow ow!

COX  
(watches J.D. run off)  
God bless the little ones.

Cox turns to walk away but sees Connie. He looks her up and  
down.

COX  
Do I know you?

CONNIE  
No.

COX  
(walking away)  
Got to stop drinking so much before I  
pick up strangers.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Elliot pushes Sarah in a wheelchair.

SARAH  
So were you ever a cheerleader?

ELLIOT  
Oh yeah, I totally could have been...but  
math club took up so much of my time.

SARAH  
Too bad. You're really pretty.

ELLIOT  
Really? I always thought I have such a  
pasty face and I'm so klutzy and built  
like a boy...I mean, thank you.

J.D. approaches.

J.D.  
Mrs. Steinman in 204 is asking for you.

ELLIOT  
No way. I just sat with her for half an  
hour this morning.  
(notices Sarah watching  
them)  
Sarah, Dr. Dorian.

They shake hands.

ELLIOT  
Sarah had a freak accident at  
cheerleading practice this morning.

J.D.  
(hand freezes)  
Cheerleader.

INSERT FANTASY: J.D. pummels Sarah in her wheelchair with a  
duck-shaped innertube.

BACK TO REALITY

J.D.  
So you like torturing nice guys who don't  
know any better?

J.D. (V.O.)  
Damn. That was out loud.

J.D.  
I'll go check on Mrs. S.

J.D. hurries away. The girls watch.

SARAH  
Cute butt. Kind of weird.

ELLIOT  
I hear that, sister.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Kelso catches J.D.

DR. KELSO  
Dr. Dorian! I heard you found a relative  
of the coma patient. Good work, son.  
(hands over forms)  
I want you to have her sign these.

J.D.  
What are they?

DR. KELSO  
Release forms. Hands over responsibility  
of the patient's expenses to the family.  
This hospital gets one less parasite and  
I get to do the happy dance.

INSERT: Kelso, dressed like a leprechaun, dances a jig down  
the hall.

KELSO LEPRECHAUN  
Money money money for me hospital's pot  
o' gold!

The Kelso leprechaun gooses a passing nurse.

INT. X-RAY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sarah is lying on the table. Elliot examines her x-rays.

ELLIOT  
Well, you've got a fracture in the shaft  
of your tibia.

SARAH  
What does that mean? Am I'm out for the  
season?

ELLIOT  
I would say so.

SARAH  
This is so unfair! It's all their fault  
with their stupid--

Sarah clams up.

ELLIOT

Between you and me. How did this really happen?

SARAH

Can I trust you?

ELLIOT

Cross my heart and hope to die.

SARAH

Okay, here's the deal. Everyone on the team has to go through an initiation. I was supposed to cover myself in chocolate syrup and stand in front of the quarterback's house singing "Hey Hey I'm a Monkey..." But when I started singing, his dog came running out, tearing at me. So I climbed a tree and grabbed something to throw, but what looked like a big acorn turned out to be a bee hive. So I fell.

ELLIOT

And that's when you broke your leg.

SARAH

No, there were bees in my hair but I remembered there was a pool. So I ran for it and jumped, but it had been drained last week.

ELLIOT

This is sick! And your hair? Another twisted ritual?

SARAH

It looked good in the salon book, okay?!

ELLIOT

This is hazing, Sarah. It's illegal. You have to report it.

SARAH

I can't. They'll kick me out of the A crowd if I squeal. I'll be shunned. I'll have to get through life based on my academic merits. I MIGHT NEVER GO TO PROM!

Sarah grabs Elliot by her scrubs and pulls her close.

SARAH

You can't tell anyone. Please.

Elliot looks conflicted. Finally...

ELLIOT

Fine, but we're gonna have a long talk.

Sarah gives Elliot a long, tight hug.

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH

Elliot briefs J.D. on her day.

ELLIOT

So I talked to her for a while and I think I really got through. You should see how banged up she is. I mean, why would anyone go to so much trouble just to be accepted?

Elliot sees Dr. Kelso walk by on the other side of the room.

ELLIOT

Oh Dr. Kelso! Thanks for lending me that book on horses! I especially loved the grooming section!

J.D.

You don't even like horses.

ELLIOT

Yes I do.

J.D.

You have recurring nightmares about being trampled by rat-sized Chinese-speaking ones in clown shoes.

ELLIOT

I knew I shouldn't have told you about that.

Carla sits down with a tray of food.

J.D.

You know what I think? Cheerleaders are all evil. Walking around with all that bounce and good cheer and synchronicity...

J.D. (V.O.)

And perky boobies.

J.D.  
When it all just hides a heart of pure  
cruelty.

ELLIOT  
Bitter much?

J.D.  
Only when I'm bitter.

CARLA  
(to Elliot)  
Are you talking about the blond  
epicenter? I heard her telling the other  
fembots that you were real cool. Sounded  
like she's got a platonic crush on you.

ELLIOT  
Yeah, I think she sees me as kind of a  
role model. So what did she say about me?

Beat.

CARLA  
That you were real cool. And high strung  
like an old lady's lap dog. But I said  
the second part.

Turk comes from behind Carla and presents her with flowers.  
Carla squeals in delight.

TURK  
Look what I got you, baby.

They sit next to Elliot and J.D., kissing and nuzzling.

J.D.  
Ugh. Gross.

ELLIOT  
I think it's really sweet that they  
celebrate the little things.

J.D.  
It's self-indulgent. Watch this.  
(to the couple)  
Hey, which anniversary is this?

CARLA  
Our wonderful three month.

J.D.  
Then what was last week?



TURK  
Our first kiss.

J.D.  
What about this Friday?

CARLA  
The first time we cooked dinner together.

J.D.  
Next Monday?

Turk looks at Carla lovingly.

TURK  
The first time I accidentally farted in bed.

J.D. gives Elliot a sarcastic look as Turk and Carla get all touchy feely.

ELLIOT  
Alright. It's sick.

Connie enters the cafeteria, her make-up stained with tears.

J.D.  
I gotta go.

J.D. takes Dr. Kelso's forms and chases down Connie. Elliot turns back to Turk and Carla but they've spontaneously combusted into a fiery fight.

CARLA  
So what are you saying? That this color makes me look fat or that you don't like my mother?

TURK  
No, baby. I--mean--uh--it's like--

Elliot jams out of there.

INT. COMA PATIENT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

J.D. and Connie talk in hushed tones. Connie cries into a tissue.

CONNIE  
He took everything we had without a word and I've been trying to keep it together without dwelling on the why.  
(MORE)

CONNIE (cont'd)

But now Bobby, Lisa and little Junior not only can't have their surgeries, but we won't even have a place to live if they take away our house.

J.D.

I'm so sorry.

He looks at the forms Dr. Kelso gave him and hides them.

J.D.

If it's any consolation, don't worry about your husband's medical expenses. He's technically still a ward case.

CONNIE

I don't care about him. What am I gonna do about the kids? And the bills and the mortgage?

She strokes J.D.'s cheek tenderly.

CONNIE

You're such a sweet boy.

She approaches him, seductive, backing him into a wall. Gets a little too close to his face for comfort.

CONNIE

Can I ask you something?

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

J.D. chases down Dr. Cox.

J.D.

Dr. Cox. I need to talk to you about a patient.

COX

As opposed to about our feelings or dreams or why do birds suddenly appear, every time you're near?

J.D.

The wife of that homeless guy showed up today. They've been estranged ever since he disappeared with the family savings.

DR. COX

Still waiting for a point...

J.D.

She says she's in a bad situation. She's got three sick kids, a one-legged dog that needs prosthetics and a late mortgage that needs to be paid by the end of the week or they'll lose their house.

DR. COX

You're breaking my heart, newbie. Really. I'll go cry my eyes out just as soon as I'm done not caring.

J.D.

She asked to borrow money. What should I do?

DR. COX

How much?

J.D.

Twelve hundred.

DR. COX

Oh. Sounds reasonable.

(exploding)

You just wasted twenty seconds of my life, twenty seconds that I could have used to think about Girls Gone Wild or to go treasure-digging in my left nostril to ask if you should lend money to some suspicious woman with a dubious sob story? It's a con, you moron! Is there anything dumber that you could possibly do?

INSERT: JD'S FANTASY

J.D., looking like a total white boy, drives a brand-new hot pink VW Beetle through the rough streets of Compton, grooving to the blasted strains of "Hit Me Baby One More Time" (Britney Spears). GANGSTAS along the street glare at him. He pulls up to a house where a big buff African-American man looking eerily like Mr. T steps off his porch. J.D. gets out. In big, bold letters, his t-shirt says, "SEX MACHINE."

J.D.

Sir, I'm here to pick up your only daughter.

BACK TO REALITY

J.D.

I suppose it's a bad idea.

DR. COX

This is what you do. You call security and have her thrown out on her ass. I saw her. Trampy yet seductive, stinking all over of golddigger. I've seen a million of them and they're all alike. They swarm in here along with the ambulance chasers and the blood fetishists. Kick her out. She's wasting your time and more importantly, mine.

J.D.

But what if she's really in some trouble?

DR. COX

C'mon, three sick kids and a one-legged dog? You've been had, newbie.

Dr. Cox leaves J.D. to feel like an idiot.

J.D.

(angrily)

I knew it.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

J.D. walks quickly, with a determined stride. He's flanked by two security guards. Elliot catches up to him.

ELLIOT

I need your help. I'm on my way to see that girl who looks up to me.

J.D.

Are you wearing make-up?

ELLIOT

(self-consciously pulls a strand of hair over her face)

No...She needs a self-esteem boost. She thinks the only way boys will like her is if she's a cheerleader, so I want a cute guy to tell her it's not true.

J.D.

You think I'm cute?

ELLIOT

I mean, sure, as long as you're not standing next to any conventionally good-looking guys...

J.D.

Forget it. She's a cheerleader.

ELLIOT

What does that mean?

J.D.

They're all the same. I'll show up to help and they'll do something cruel to strip me of any dignity. It's an established pattern.

ELLIOT

You're a grown man letting your past dictate how you live.

J.D. splinters off into the coma patient's room.

J.D.

I'll think about it.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

J.D. storms in, a guard on each wing.

J.D.  
I'm on to you, Connie--

Next to Connie are THREE SICKLY-LOOKING CHILDREN (including one on crutches) and a ONE-LEGGED DOG.

J.D.  
Oh please. I'm not gonna let them fool me from your sick and twisted game. Hell, I bet he walks just fine.

J.D. grabs the crutches from underneath a boy. The boy crumples to the ground.

J.D.  
Oops.

Connie runs to the boy.

CONNIE  
What's wrong with you?

J.D.  
Trying to seduce me...

CONNIE  
What?

J.D.  
...that whole borrowing money thing... you're a con artist.

Connie looks horrified.

CONNIE  
Oh no, I knew I shouldn't have asked you for the money. I just didn't know where else to go...I'm desperate.

J.D.  
Desperate, huh? What do you do, make your rounds at all the hospitals, pretending to be married to the John Does so you can prey on unsuspecting kind-hearted, really good-looking people? I bet you don't even know this guy.

Dr. Cox enters.

CONNIE  
This is insane. He's my husband.

DR. COX  
Yeah? Then what's his name?

CONNIE  
Who are you?

DR. COX  
The guy who's gonna have you thrown out  
of his hospital for running a con.

CONNIE  
His name's Dick Berger. We've been  
married for 17 years.

DR. COX  
Dick Berger? What kind of name is that?

The coma patient stirs.

DICK  
Connie?

KIDS  
Daddy!

CONNIE  
Dick!

DR. COX  
Wow. Cruel parents.

Connie grabs Dick, roughly shaking him.

CONNIE  
Where's the money, Dick? Where's our  
money?

The security guards wrestle her off of her husband. J.D.  
looks over at Dr. Cox.

DR. COX  
(shrugs)  
I guess I was wrong.

J.D. storms out.

INT. PENTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

J.D. lays in a fetal position on the couch. Turk paces in  
front of him, AD LIB ranting.

J.D. (V.O.)

I spent the next hour feeling like crap. We'd almost thrown a distraught woman out of the hospital because of a wrong assumption. Was it possible that I was in danger of letting my own personal judgments get in the way of my ability to be a good doctor?

TURK

It's like nothing's good enough for that woman. She's always gotta spoil it by flying off the handle about one thing or another.

J.D.

You should just have make-up sex.

TURK

You're not helping.

J.D.

Hey, do you think I'm a judgmental person?

TURK

No more than I am. Why?

J.D.

I hate cheerleaders.

TURK

Not to judge, but I think you're gay.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Dr. Cox catches up to J.D.

COX

Newbie. Come here.

They huddle in the corner.

DR. COX

Listen, I made a mistake back there. I don't know what it was, that she looked the way she looked and I made a bad assumption or that ever since I divorced that castrating monster of a bear trap, all woman wear the mark of evil to me. But I jumped to the wrong conclusions.



J.D.

Hey, it's cool. I'm not the one you need to apologize to.

(beat)

So did he have the money?

DR. COX

Nope. Blew it all on aluminum foil hats. He's acutely paranoid schizophrenic, but she was too busy with the kids and the dog to notice. But...I cut her a check for the mortgage. To shut her up you know, so it doesn't get back to Admin that I flung all kinds of accusations at a grieving woman.

J.D.

That's great.

DR. COX

Yeah yeah, whatever. Now stop staring at me and get back to work. You're violating my brain space.

J.D. watches him go with a smile.

INT. SARAH'S HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Elliot talks to Sarah.

ELLIOT

If you're not going to turn them in, then at the very least, you should quit. You don't need a clique to feel good about yourself.

SARAH

But I can't quit. I'll lose my friends.

ELLIOT

If those girls outside were really your friends, they wouldn't have put you up to this stunt.

J.D. enters.

J.D.

How are we feeling.

SARAH

Like poop.

J.D.  
So you're a cheerleader, huh?

SARAH  
Was.

J.D.  
You know, I was never that hot on cheerleaders, myself. They always seemed to think and act in packs, like vicious, man-eating gazelles...plus all that jumping around and yelling frightened me a little.

SARAH  
Really? That's gay.

J.D. glares. Elliot elbows him.

J.D.  
You seem like a pretty and smart girl. I'm sure people like you for you, not for which club you belong to.

SARAH  
You really think I'm pretty?

J.D.  
Oh yeah. I would totally date you if I was your age.

SARAH  
(smiles)  
Thanks.

J.D.  
Feel better. I've gotta run.

Elliot mouths, "Thanks" and J.D. exits.

SARAH  
I never understood the point of cheerleading. I don't think the team plays any better because of us.

ELLIOT  
You should do something you enjoy. How about like, marching band?

SARAH  
(laughs)  
That's for geeks!  
(MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)  
 (off Elliot's expression)  
 Sorry.

INT. NURSE'S STATION

Turk approaches Carla.

TURK  
 Carla--

CARLA  
 I'm not talking to you.

TURK  
 C'mon, baby, it's our anniversary. I  
 thought this whole thing would have blown  
 over by now.

CARLA  
 I wouldn't expect anything to be "blown  
 over" tonight if I was you.

She turns her back on him and walks away. He pulls out a  
 piece of paper.

TURK  
 Carla, wait.  
 (reading from the paper)  
 My dear Carla, my beautiful nurse/ A life  
 without you would be a curse/ I think the  
 color plum makes your body look fine/ And  
 your mama's the bomb for giving birth to  
 an ass so divine/So will you forgive me  
 for the stupid things I say/And let's get  
 out of here and slap some boot-ay?

Turk looks at Carla hopefully, but she's got her arms crossed  
 and is giving him the "eye."

CARLA  
 (to Nurse Roberts)  
 What's the date?

NURSE ROBERTS  
 March 15th.

CARLA  
 March 15th.  
 (softens)  
 The first time you wrote me poetry.

She walks away.

TURK  
So are we cool?

CARLA  
(without turning)  
On call room in five. *Shakespeare...*

TURK  
Yes!

He high-fives Nurse Roberts and runs after Carla.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

J.D. walks down the hallway and sees lines of cheerleaders up ahead. He turns to walk in the other direction, then changes his mind. His HEART beats loudly and SWEAT beads his forehead.

J.D. (V.O.)  
Now or never. You're going to get over this.

J.D. passes the HEAD CHEERLEADER.

J.D.  
Hi.

The girls burst out into laughter.

HEAD CHEERLEADER  
Did he just try to talk to us?

J.D. suddenly morphs into a timid 17 year old nerd with thick glasses, a sweater vest and an armful of books, walking through a hallway filled with laughing and pointing popular people.

J.D. (V.O.)  
Oh God, please don't throw up.

Just as J.D. looks like he's going to cry, Elliot storms out of a room.

ELLIOT  
(to HEAD CHEERLEADER)  
Hey!

INSERT J.D.'s FANTASY: Elliot tackles the head cheerleader. People run to form a circle around the scene. Someone accidentally overturns a barrel of TOXIC CHEMICALS.

The barrel spills out a mud-like substance, coving the two girls, who mud wrestle as people around them cheer. Elliot kicks some ass.

BACK TO REALITY

Elliot is telling off the head cheerleader.

ELLIOT

And furthermore, if I get another patient in here with as much as a pompom cut, I will personally call the school and have you and your girlfriends expelled for hazing. Is that clear?

HEAD CHEERLEADER

Yes ma'am.

J.D. (V.O.)

And just like that.

DING! A SCOREBOARD shows: Geeks 1 / Hot Chicks 9924

ELLIOT

C'mon, J.D. I need your help in 14.

J.D., still looking like a 17 year-old dork, walks off with Elliot.

J.D.

You know when you were telling her off and that vein in your forehead was throbbing? That was pretty hot.

ELLIOT

Shut up, J.D.

J.D.

Yes ma'am.

INT. COMA PATIENT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

J.D. enters. Connie and her kids fill the room. Dick's asleep.

J.D.

Hi. I came by because I wanted to--

CONNIE

No no, it's okay. I want to apologize. It wasn't my place to ask you for money.

J.D.  
I was being judgmental and jumped to  
conclusions--

CONNIE  
Shhh. It happens...it's what makes us  
human.

Beat as J.D. lets this sink in.

J.D.  
So, uh, I brought some pamphlets for you.  
The hospital won't want you to know, but  
your husband and your kids are eligible  
for charity care...

We leave J.D. to explain the information to Connie.

J.D. (V.O.)  
After that, things started looking more  
positive.

INT. OUTPATIENT - AFTERNOON

J.D. (V.O.)  
Elliot got herself a fan and downshifted  
her God Complex into a Role Model  
Complex.

Elliot pushes SARAH in a wheelchair outside, handing her off  
to her parents. Sarah gives Elliot a big hug.

EXT. ON CALL ROOM - AFTERNOON

J.D. (V.O.)  
Turk and Carla got themselves another  
anniversary to celebrate.

A bra hangs on a shaking door. An intern is about to open the  
door, then thinks better of it.

TURK (O.S.)  
(from inside)  
Yeeeeeeehaaaaaaw!

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

J.D. walks by some cheerleaders. He winks and they giggle.

J.D (V.O.)  
And I got over an irrational fear left  
over from puberty.

He walks into an IV stand, getting tangled in the tubes.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

J.D.'s finished with his shift and is heading home. From behind, the Janitor calls to him.

JANITOR  
Hey Girly Man.

J.D. turns around. The Janitor quickly approaches. J.D., expecting the worst, presses himself against a wall.

JANITOR  
I...want to thank you for the cupcake  
this morning. That was thoughtful of you.

J.D.  
Is this a trick?

JANITOR  
Why would it be a trick?

J.D.  
Just because...you know...you usually--

JANITOR  
(defensive)  
What are you trying to say?

J.D.  
You're welcome?

JANITOR  
That's what I thought. Also, I mulled it  
over and I think I've been riding you  
pretty hard since Day One. What do you  
say we start all over?

J.D.  
I would really like that.

JANITOR  
Maybe you could buy me an expensive lunch  
sometime and we could, I don't know, chat  
and get to know each other.

J.D.  
(genuinely thrilled)  
That would be great! Let me give you my  
number.

J.D. unpeels himself from the wall to get a pen, literally, leaving an imprint of his body in the fresh paint. He looks down and sees a "Fresh Paint. Do Not Touch" sign. He looks back up at the Janitor who's seriously pissed off.

JANITOR  
Why'd you do that?

J.D.  
It was an accident--

JANITOR  
There's a big sign! You did that on purpose!

J.D.  
No! I--

JANITOR  
And here I was about to open up about how my mother leaving my pops for another woman made me the bitter man I am. You know what? Forget it. Payback's a bitch and you've got a ten second head start.

J.D. stares at him.

JANITOR  
10...9...

J.D.  
What, are you serious?

JANITOR  
8...7...

He revs a POWER DRILL. J.D. backs away, then turns and runs out the door.

JANITOR  
6..5...jeez, he even runs like a girl.  
4...3...

J.D. (V.O.)  
Overall, I'd say the day went pretty well.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW