

SCRUBS

"My Special J"

by

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10 INT. HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

10

Turk is heading toward the cafeteria. He passes the Janitor.

JANITOR

Hey. Where's my apology?

TURK

I'm not going to apologize for walking on a floor it's your job to clean.

Turk WALKS OFF. The Janitor looks on threateningly.

JANITOR

I may seem like just a mild-mannered janitor. Little do you know....

CUT TO:

11 INT. CAFETERIA -- MOMENTS LATER

11

Turk, Carla, a cleaned-up Elliot, Keith and J.D. are eating.

J.D. (V.O.)

While I was mild-manneredly waiting to serve Dr. Kelso, one more solid pair was getting wobbly.

CARLA

Maybe you should have apologized.

TURK

Baby, I wasn't doing anything wrong! I was walking. A man can walk, right?

CARLA

You don't just walk when you're excited, Turk. You strut, you sashay, you bounce.

TURK

Didn't you want that last night?

CARLA

(smiling)

Yes.

They cuddle briefly.

CARLA (CONT'D)

(serious again)

But don't rub your booty-gettin' in people's faces! Apologize to the janitor!

Turk looks back wearily, unconvinced.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT
Tell him, Carla! No booty boasting.

J.D. (V.O.)
Another pair was annoyingly stable.

ELLIOT
(girlish, to Keith)
Because nothing can compare to ours.

J.D. rolls his eyes.

TURK
(to Keith)
Dude, I'm telling you, beware the boss ladies. When they know what they want from you, they aren't afraid to get right into the mix and grab it. Or make you grab it for them.

KEITH
Okay.

CARLA
You're calling me bossy?

TURK
No! You just...tend to take over situations that aren't your business and make people do things your way.

Carla glares.

TURK (CONT'D)
(hasty)
Maybe when you're dealing with others, but it works when it's just us.
(plaintive)
Baby.

Carla stares him down.

TURK (CONT'D)
("next subject!")
Speaking of grabbing things, Elliot, did you really think you were trading up by replacing K-for-Keith with K-for-Kelso?

Elliot reacts unhappily. J.D. takes notice.

J.D.
That's already old news, Turk.

ELLIOT
Thank you, J.D.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

(mushy)

Besides, Keith is my special K.

J.D. scoffs.

CUT TO:

12 INT. KITCHEN (FANTASY)

12

Keith is FLOATING in a giant bowl of cornflakes and milk, a la Honey, I Shrunk the Kids. J.D.'s giant grinning face LOOMS above. He SPOONS Keith up toward his mouth.

KEITH

J.D.! Don't eat me! Noooooo!

BACK TO REALITY:

13 INT. CAFETERIA -- CONTINUOUS

13

ELLIOT

Well, back to rounds. Let's go, Keith.

KEITH

Yup, back to rounds.

J.D.

(dreamy)

"K" is for "crunchy."

Keith and Elliot react.

ELLIOT

Later.

She EXITS with Keith close behind.

J.D. (V.O.)

As I watched Elliot leave with her doesn't-get-soggy-in-milk boy toy and Carla wrap Turk around her wagging little finger, I felt a strange rush of pride for my independence.

J.D. (CONT'D)

No offense, Carla--or Turk--but seeing how easily you and Elliot whip your men into shape, I'm glad I'm no one's bitch.

Turk and Carla react.

TURK

Hey, don't you be calling me a--

(CONTINUED)

CARLA

Turk, we've gotta go. Hush and eat.

Turk quickly does.

Dr. Kelso and Dr. Cox ARRIVE. They approach J.D.'s table.

DR. KELSO

Dr. Dorian! I know you've been eager to tend to my needs, so why don't you fetch me a hamburger, no pickles, curly fries, lemonade, taste-test them all for proper meatiness, crispness and tartness and bring them to my table with due speed?

J.D.

(to Turk and Carla)

Gotta go.

With LIGHTNING SPEED, J.D. obliges, snatching food and drink, tasting a bit of each and laying the tray before the now-seated Dr. Kelso and Dr. Cox.

END OF EXCERPT