

# Scrubs, I'm Dominican

Carla:

I've had it up to here so let me make it very clear.  
Cause I swear I'll never clue you in again.  
Every time that you profess  
I come from Puerto Rico...

Turk:

Yes?

Carla:

For the last time turk, I'm Dominican!

Turk:

Don't make a big to do,  
I was simply testing you.

Carla:

Then why'd you tell J.D. our baby's blaxican?

Turk:

Babe, you know I know the truth.

Carla:

Well I need a little proof.  
So list all you know about me or no sex again.

Turk:

Ok, lets see. Your name is Carla

Carla:

Oh, yes.

Turk:

You are Latina.

Carla:

Impressive.

Turk:

You're a nurse,  
your mother's dead, and wait...I got it.  
Three sisters

Carla:

Turk!

Turk:

Two Sisters? Well I'm sure you have a brother who's a huge jerk off.

Carla:

Tell me, what's my middle name?

Turk:

Ok, I'm tired of this game.  
Let's forget it, I give up,  
I guess you win again.  
But it's not just me who get mixed up by all  
this crazy ethnic stuff

Todd:

Sorry, Even I know, she's Dominican. Boo-ya!

Carla:

Did I grow up in Illinois or was it Michigan?

How long before we met was I in medicine?  
Was our wedding song the Beatles or  
Led Zeplin? Am I freakin Puerto Rican or Dominican?

Turk:  
The thing is guys remember facts,  
like when Derek Jeter hit last year which was three-o-three.  
And that is why our brains  
are maxed! And there's no room for things like birthdays or ethnicities.

Carla:  
Well thank you for that glimpse into the workings of the inner man.

Turk:  
Let's talk about your job, and not the fact that your

Carla:  
Dominican!

Turk:  
You're not staying home from work.

Carla:  
Will that make you happy turk?

Turk:  
I'll support you if you choose to earn the pingements.

Carla:  
Then I'll return to work today! Now you're sure that that's ok?

Turk:  
I say ci which is yes in Dominican, and Puerto Rican

Carla:  
Turk...

Turk:  
But you're Dominican