

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 Beattles 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