

VALERIE. I'm sorry, I just... I have a question. Do guys like you come on to girls like me, just to punish us?

JACKSON. I told you. It's been a long day.

VALERIE. Seriously, what did I do to you?

JACKSON. So here's what I do. I'm a surgeon. I've been studying to be a surgeon for the last eight years. That's not including all of the pre-meds in college. And I did well. Straight A's. It seems I have a natural proclivity for just about anything I do. You know a residency is a hazing, an endurance test. They put us on these crazy hours in emergency. It's just barfing, blood, crying babies, and boys trying to kill themselves via one another... We're supposed to pay our dues for a couple of years and then follow around a real surgeon. Who's supposed to teach me. Except they don't like me. We don't need to waste time deconstructing why the Black guy can't get a decent mentor in Boston.

VALERIE. In America, it's not just Boston...

JACKSON. Yeah, OK. So, every now and then I don't feel like being treated like Sambo that day, and I push back, just a little. So today I say... "No...when I wrote that about that patient on that chart there that you're holding...it's because I knew what I was doing...and when that nurse came up behind me and called Doctor Whoever-the-fuck to come in and second-guess me, and he decided that I'm stucky and so arbitrarily prescribed some kind of bullshit course of action... And now the patient's worse, and you will not pin that on me..." It doesn't matter how I say it... I'm "angry" and "volatile" and "not good at working with others," so I get written up and have to do the whole fucking bedpan thing again. *(beat)* So today, I went to work, to the emergency room and I worked for ten straight hours, then I went to my clinic and worked another six... Because someone has to take care of those people... And then I made your ass dinner. And you're trippin' because I tease you about hot sauce. I don't have time for that.