

AWAITING PATIENTS

Christopher
Cartwright



AWAITING PATIENTS

A ONE ACT COMEDY PLAY

BY CHRISTOPHER CARTWRIGHT

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARTHA. 45, female. Very level-headed Always trying to keep calm and keep the peace.

TOM. 32, male. Very prone to nervous breakdowns and has frequent anxiety problems.

JENNIFER. Late 20's, female. Pregnant and prone to large mood swings.

ANDY. Late 20's, male. Jennifer's husband. Attractive.

DALE. 77, male. Very opinionated about society and people in general.

RECEPTIONIST. Early 20's, female. Very flirtatious.

DR. FERRARIO. 40's-50's, male or female.

TIME

Present day. Late morning.

PLACE

Small waiting room of a doctor's office. St. Paul, MN.

Awaiting Patients first premiered at Eastview High School in Apple Valley, MN. It opened on May 23rd, 2014 and was directed by Christopher Cartwright; The production manager was Ellen Plumb; the stage manager was Holly Hepp; the sound designer was Brian Coan; and the lighting designer was Noah Skantz . The cast was as follows:

RECEPTIONIST.....Maren Beach

DALE.....Cody Abel

MARTHA.....Rachel Williams

JENNIFER.....Grace Mayer

ANDY.....Mason Swain

TOM.....Tate Sheppard

DR. FERRARIO.....Joe Cunningham

Awaiting Patients

(Lights come up on a small waiting room in a doctor's office. This is your typical waiting room - chairs placed uncomfortably close together, end tables with obviously fake plants, etc. There is a receptionist's desk upstage right and a door upstage center next to the desk. Music is playing in the background, lightly. DALE is sitting in one of the chairs reading a newspaper. RECEPTIONIST is lounging behind her desk, reading a Cosmopolitan magazine. MARTHA enters.)

MARTHA. Hi, I'm here for an appointment with Dr. Ferrario. *(no response)* Ahem. *(still no response)* Excuse me. *(yet again, no response)* HEY!

(RECEPTIONIST finally looks up from her magazine.)

RECEPTIONIST. *(deadpan)* Can I help you?

MARTHA. Yes, my name is Martha Livingston and I'm here for an appointment with Dr. Ferrario. *(no response from RECEPTIONIST who has returned to her reading)* So do I need to fill out any forms or..?

RECEPTIONIST. Oh, right. Umm... *(shuffles around some papers on the desk)* Here.

MARTHA. *(looks over the paper)* This is a job application to become a janitor here.

RECEPTIONIST. Oh, sorry. Let's see here...oh, this looks like the right one...I think. Just look it over and make sure your information is correct.

MARTHA. *(reads it over)* This makes more sense. Thank you!

(MARTHA sits down next to DALE)

MARTHA. Hi there!

(DALE ignores her greeting and continues reading. MARTHA is not totally phased or affected by this rude ignorance. She starts to look over the form that the RECEPTIONIST gave her)

MARTHA. Excuse me, ma'am? I'm finished reading the form. Everything's dandy.
(walks over to RECEPTIONIST)

RECEPTIONIST. Oh. The doctor will be with you in a little bit. You here for a checkup or something?

MARTHA. Yes I am.

RECEPTIONIST. Why are all the 60 year olds coming in for checkups these days, it's not like y'all are gonna live for much longer anyway...

MARTHA. I beg your pardon? I'm 45.

RECEPTIONIST. *(looks at MARTHA with a confused look on her face and squints a little)* Are you sure? Here, I have the perfect thing for you. *(hands MARTHA a business card)*

MARTHA. *(reads it)* "Phillip Donnatelli. Professional plastic surgeon."

(DALE hears this and lets out a chuckle)

MARTHA. Thanks...

(MARTHA walks back to seat while quietly ripping up the card. She sits down and begins reading a magazine)

MARTHA. *(after a beat)* You don't think I look 60, do you?

DALE. *(Let's out another chuckle and continues reading)*

MARTHA. Alrighty then.

(JENNIFER and ANDY enter slowly and carefully, as JENNIFER is clearly pregnant)

JENNIFER. Hi, I have an appointment with Dr. Ferrario today. Doing an ultrasound. You see, I'm pregnant and-

RECEPTIONIST. *(sarcastically)* You're kidding!!

JENNIFER. Excuse me?

(RECEPTIONIST notices how attractive ANDY is and starts flirting with him)

JENNIFER. *(notices the flirtation)* Ahem! So how long do you think the wait will be?

RECEPTIONIST. The wait? Oh I don't know, Dr. Ferrario is pretty busy today. Just have a seat and he'll *(or she'll)* be with you shortly.

JENNIFER. Thanks.

(As JENNIFER and ANDY go to sit down, RECEPTIONIST tries to get ANDY's attention by seductively putting her leg up on the desk, waving, putting her pen in her mouth, etc. ANDY pauses, looking at her quite stunned. After noticing this, JENNIFER yanks his arm and drags him to their seat.)

MARTHA. Oh my lanta! How far along are you?

JENNIFER. 8 months.

MARTHA. Goodness gracious, I sure remember my first pregnancy like it was yesterday. I remember the excitement of being a new mother! Buying all the cute little baby clothes and decorating a nursery, and picking names. *(Stays in this period of nostalgia for a beat.)*

JENNIFER. Oh that's so nice. Andy and I are actually decorating the nursery right now! Although we haven't selected names or bought baby clothes yet. You see, we don't know if it's going to be a boy or a girl yet. If it's a girl, I think we're going to name her-

ANDY. Agnes.

JENNIFER. *(Sudden change of emotion and freaks out at ANDY)* ANDY. FOR THE LAST TIME WE ARE NOT NAMING OUR CHILD AGNES. Why do you even think that would be a good name?!? AGHH! *(Suddenly returns to her sensitive side)* We'll name her Lillian.

MARTHA. Aww, what a sweet n-

ANDY. LILLIAN?! I am not naming my baby after your mother.

JENNIFER. WHAT ARE YOU SAYING ABOUT MY MOTHER?!

ANDY. Well remember the Thanksgiving incident last year? You do remember don't you? I spent nine days in the hospital after that one!

JENNIFER. Well you can only expect to have a wine bottle thrown at you after the joke you made about her world famous "Homegrown Mushed Sweet Potato Supreme"!

ANDY. Ugh let's not even bring that "food" up ever again, it tastes like dog sh-

DR. FERRARIO *(enters from stage left, cutting ANDY off before he can finish the last word of his sentence)* Cartwright? *(no response from any of the patients in the waiting room. DR. FERRARIO exits)*

(Things in the waiting room seem to have settled down by this point)

MARTHA. Well anyway, congratulations, I'm so happy for you. The first baby is such an exciting time in a woman's life.

JENNIFER. Thank you so much. We're really excited. Andy, honey, would it be at all possible for you to please run over to Aldi and buy me a watermelon? I am just *craving* some watermelon right now.

ANDY. Well I mean-

JENNIFER. Actually no, make that cantaloupe. I am just *craving* a big old cantaloupe right now.

ANDY. Well-

JENNIFER. Wait wait wait! Actually if you could just buy me a cantaloupe and a jar of Nutella, I'd be the happiest woman ever. I am just *craving* a big ol' cantaloupe and some Nutella right now.

ANDY. Well, Jennifer, I mean the nearest Aldi is about 35 minutes away with traffic and-

JENNIFER. (*sudden change of emotion*) ARE YOU SAYING YOU WON'T BE SO KIND AS TO DRIVE A LOUSY 35 MINUTES TO BUY YOUR PREGNANT WIFE SOMETHING TO EAT?! What am I, not good enough for you anymore? Now that I'm pregnant and all? I mean it's no big deal that our future child is soon to be born and my emotions mean nothing to you!

ANDY. (*cutting her off*) Shhh okay okay I'm sorry shhh I'm sorry, I'll go out to Aldi and I'll buy you the biggest, juiciest cantaloupe you've ever seen in your life, and I'll get you the biggest, chocolatiest jar of Nutella I can find. I'll be back honey, don't you go anywhere now! (*exits the waiting room in a hurry*)

MARTHA. Aww that's so sweet of your husband to do that for you!

JENNIFER. Well he knows that if he doesn't, he'll be punished when we get home.

MARTHA. Oh my. (*nervous laugh*)

JENNIFER. I swear if he doesn't get here in time with my cantaloupe and Nutella, I'm gonna kill-

(ANDY enters)

ANDY. You're gonna what?

JENNIFER. Oh, I was just about to say that I'm gonna...kill...Bill! I'm gonna watch *Kill Bill*. That's what I'm gonna do.

ANDY. I forgot my wallet. I'll be back as soon as possible! *(Exits)*

JENNIFER. I'm. Gonna. Kill. Him.

DALE. Gonna take a stab at it, eh?

JENNIFER. Hey, my Andy is not an *it*, my Andy is a *he*.

DALE. I apologize. Gonna take a stab at *he*, eh?

RECEPTIONIST. I'm pretty sure it's illegal to kill hot men in this state.

JENNIFER. WHO EVEN ARE YOU, LADY? I'M GONNA KILL-

(DR. FERRARIO enters cutting her off)

DR. FERRARIO. Cartwright? *(beat)* Cartwright?

(DR. FERRARIO exits)

RECEPTIONIST. Okay seriously, which one of you is Cartwright?

JENNIFER. Well *you're* the one that has all of our forms, so *you* should know!

RECEPTIONIST. (*searches desk*) Let's see....forms, forms, forms....forms...a-ha! Forms! Oh wait no, this is a job application for a janitor. I'll find them sometime. But nobody checked in under the name Cartwright today, so it can't be any of you....I don't know, wish I could help you guys.

(*TOM enters tripping over his own two feet.*)

DALE. (*laughs uproariously*)

TOM. (*addressing his feet*) I can't believe you two! You guys just made me look like a fool right there. That was supposed to be my grand entrance and you two ruined it! (*slaps both of his feet*) That's strike two today, you only have one... more...chance.

RECEPTIONIST. You look like you could use some...help...

TOM. Oh no no! I trip all the time. Tripped at my 5th grade graduation ceremony, tripped while walking up to the altar at my Uncle's funeral, tripped at the grand march at my senior prom, and tripped while getting my diploma from college. I usually only fall when there are pretty girls around. (*obviously suggesting that he is interested in the RECEPTIONIST*) The name's Thomas. You can call me Tom. I've got an appointment today.

RECEPTIONIST. With Dr. Ferrario?

TOM. With you. (*struggling as he stammers*) I mean yes! Yes I have an appointment with the Doctor — Dr. Ferrari or whatever. Yeah.

RECEPTIONIST. What for?

TOM. See how my vertigo is doin'.

RECEPTIONIST. I can test that for you right now if you want. (*holds out his form in front of him and moves it around to see if he starts to get dizzy. Just as he is about to fall down, she hands him the form*) Here ya go.

TOM. (*voice cracks*) Thank you! (*immediately tries to cover it up by sounding suave. Voice deepens*) I mean, uh, gracias...mamasita.

(*RECEPTIONIST is obviously concerned with what has just happened, so she buries her face in her Cosmopolitan again. TOM attempts to “swagger” away but ends up tripping over his own two feet*)

TOM. (*addressing his two feet again*) GENTLEMEN!! What did I just tell you guys about behaving in public places? Ugh! (*notices that everyone in the waiting room is staring at him. He laughs sheepishly*) Haha....feet these days..

MARTHA. (*not irritated, more cheerful*) Well, I wonder what’s taking the doctor so long?

DALE. Yeah, I wouldn’t be surprised if I died right here in this shit-hole. Which reminds me, I need to use a restroom. (*gets up to exit*)

TOM. Have a safe trip! Don’t fall in!

DALE. Funny.

TOM. No, I’m being serious. I fell in yesterday. And last Friday. Come to think of it, I think I fell in twice that day...hmm...

(*DALE exits*)

RECEPTIONIST. (*screams*) Oh my gosh! So I just took this quiz to find out which celebrity shares my same personality, and you’ll never guess who I got.

JENNIFER. Courtney Love?

RECEPTIONIST. (*makes a face*) Ew no. My number one idol-

JENNIFER. Monica Lewinsky?

RECEPTIONIST. Paris Hilton! It says here: “Congratulations! You share a personality with Paris Hilton. You’re laid back and introverted at times, but when you’re around the right people, you can party harder than the Chilean miners after they were found and rescued”.

MARTHA. Oh my.

(TOM walks up to the RECEPTIONIST and snags the magazine)

RECEPTIONIST. Hey!

TOM. If you don’t mind, I think I’m gonna take this test as well. I want to get in touch with my personality a bit more. Let’s see here...question one - When you’re embarrassed, do you A: Flaunt your embarrassment and laugh it off, B: Get upset for a week, or C: Move far away to a third world country where nobody knows your name?

RECEPTIONIST. Let’s hope it’s C.

TOM. I *have* always liked Mozambique. It’s just so fun to say! *(pronounces the word with different accents and inflections)* Mozambique. MozamBIQUE.

MOZambique. Mo-Zam-Bee-Quay. I’m gonna have to go with C, move to a third world country. Next question - You would describe yourself as A: Weird, B: Hilarious, or C: Kind. Come on Cosmo, I’m a triple threat, here! I’ll mark all of ‘em. Next one - What’s your typical *second* date activity? A: Restaurant, B: Concert or movie, C: Skydiving, or D: “let’s head back to my place and *(whistles)*”. I don’t know, I’ve never even gotten to the *first* date yet.

JENNIFER. I wonder why.

TOM. Whatever, I’ll just mark D. Next one - What music do you like to listen to? A: Rock and pop, B: Country and folk, C: Jazz and classical, or D: Show-tunes and polka. Well that’s a no-brainer. *(starts singing)* “THE HILLS ARE ALIIIIIVE WITH THE SOUND OF MUUUUUSIIIIIC...”

MARTHA. Why don’t we move on to the next question?

TOM. Final question! You go to a bar with some friends. What's the most likely outcome of your night? A: Nothing. Just having a good time with your friends, B: Meet an incredible guy who buys you a drink, C: Get too drunk and start a karaoke contest, or D: Go home with a random guy for a one-night stand. You know, I'm starting to feel like this magazine might be directed toward women. Anyway, I'll mark C, start a karaoke contest.

JENNIFER. Why?

TOM. 'Cause I've done it before. Several times. I love karaoke! Oh do you guys want to hear my rendition of "Are You Gonna Be My Girl"? But first I need a tambourine, anybody got a spare tambourine handy?

JENNIFER. Yeah, I usually carry around a tambourine next to the cowbell in my purse.

TOM. Fantastic!

MARTHA. You should tabulate the results.

TOM. Right. Let's see here...*(beat as he tallies up the points)* Who's Betty White?

(everyone bursts out laughing)

TOM. What, what's so funny?

MARTHA. Oh we're not laughing *at* you, we're laughing *with*-

JENNIFER. *(still laughing uproariously)* You got Betty White! Betty frickin' White!

(TOM is obviously upset by everyone's laughter and throws the Cosmopolitan at the RECEPTIONIST)

MARTHA. I'm sorry, we really shouldn't have laughed at you. Betty White is a great person, you should feel proud to share a personality with such a wonderful lady! (*awkward silence*) Well, I wonder what's taking the doctor so long?

TOM. Oh I'm sure he'll (*or she'll*) be here in no time. Let me double check with that ferociously attractive lady over there. AYYYY YO! MAMASITAAAA! When's the doc gonna be around to check us all up? Cause if it's pretty soon, there's a possibility that I may be taking you on a date tonight.

RECEPTIONIST. No thank you.

TOM. Aww come on, it'll be fun! We could go swing dancing. You ever been swing dancing at the Caves? No wait! Better yet, we could go to White Castle. You ever been to White Castle? White Castle's my fave!

RECEPTIONIST. I'll go on a date with you when the Timberwolves win the Superbowl.

TOM. (*excitedly*) It's a deal!

(*DALE storms in*)

DALE. You know how long I had to walk in the blistering cold to find a store with a restroom? I had to walk down to the local Walgreens, 6 blocks away! A homeless man asked me if I had any condoms on me that I could spare. Condoms! What's up with this clinic, why don't you have any restrooms. That's absurd, it's sick really. I already have to go again!

RECEPTIONIST. Okay first of all, it isn't that cold out, sir. It's 72 degrees.

TOM. (*seductively*) It's hotter in here than it is out there, my little listeria....if you know what I mean.

RECEPTIONIST. Umm how 'bout no. Second of all, we have restrooms, but they are kind of hard to find. They're actually located back there in the doctor's office.

DALE. Amateurs!

(awkward silence as everyone starts to cool down)

MARTHA. So uhh...anyone have any big summer vacations planned?

TOM. Oh no. Nothing huge, just visiting my sister.

MARTHA. Oh how nice! Where does your sister live?

TOM. In a house.

MARTHA. How nice, where's the house?

TOM. On a street.

MARTHA. Where is the street located?

TOM. *(stumped)* Uhhhh.....

DALE. She means what city does your sister live in, you idiot.

MARTHA. I'm so sorry, I should have rephrased the question. What city does your sister live in?

TOM. Right here in St. Paul.

MARTHA. That's convenient! You won't have to pay for much gas.

TOM. Oh it's alright either way. My segway gets *great* gas mileage!

MARTHA. How about the rest of you? Any other exciting vacation plans?

JENNIFER. Andy and I are going to Honolulu, Hawaii! That is, if our baby is born before we plan on going...and if I can convince Andy to go to Hawaii. He wants us to go to Hatch, New Mexico.

MARTHA. Why's that?

JENNIFER. It's supposedly the "Chili Pepper Capital of the World" or something.
(sighs)

RECEPTIONIST. My girlfriends and I are renting out a beach house in San Diego.
Right next door to a major UCSD frat house!

MARTHA. Oh how...fun! What about you? I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name.
Where are you going?

DALE. The name's Dale. And if I'm lucky, I'll be going to the bathroom.

MARTHA. (beat) Fair enough.

(ANDY enters carrying a shopping bag of Nutella, a Cantaloupe and a spoon)

JENNIFER. Oh Andy thank you so so so much! You're the best! Wait, but how did you get back so quickly if the closest Aldi is 35 minutes away? With traffic?

ANDY. Well funny story-

JENNIFER. And *what* does that grocery bag say on the side?

ANDY. Well you see-

JENNIFER. DID YOU BUY THESE THINGS AT WALMART?!

ANDY. I mean, it was right next door, and the nearest Aldi is about 35 minutes away, so naturally I thought-

JENNIFER. Nobody buys their groceries at Walmart, that's like buying Advil from the dollar store. It just doesn't work! AGHHHH!

MARTHA. Well, I'd be happy to drive to Aldi to get something for you, what do you need?

JENNIFER. A new man.

MARTHA. I cannot get that for you.

RECEPTIONIST. Wait...are you serious? Cause I mean if he's single, I'd like to-

JENNIFER. DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH HIM, BARBIE

TOM. Hey, that is really rude, ma'am! Don't worry mamasita, I've got your back.

JENNIFER. Andy, I'm feeling a little heated right now. Do you think you could ask the receptionist to stick my pillow in the freezer?

ANDY. What?

JENNIFER. Ask her if she can stick my pillow in a freezer back there.

ANDY. Jen, don't you think that's kind of a weird favor to ask-

JENNIFER. Andy, my neck is warm.

ANDY. But-

JENNIFER. DO YOU NOT CARE ABOUT THE HEALTH OF MY NECK? ALL YOU CARE ABOUT IS YOURSELF AND YOUR REPUTATION AND HOW MANY CHEERIOS YOU CAN FIT INTO THAT SPACE BETWEEN YOUR SHOULDER AND YOUR NECK.

ANDY. I made it to 7 yesterday!

JENNIFER. I will personally crash your Coupe Deville.

ANDY. (*sudden change of heart*) Jennifer, my beautiful wife, I will do anything you want me to do. Because I love you so much. (*looks back at RECEPTIONIST who is acting flirtatious. He starts walking up to her desk*) Excuse me-

JENNIFER. Nope, not gonna happen! (*walks up to ANDY and snatches the pillow away*) You guys have a refrigerator back there?

RECEPTIONIST. Yeah.

JENNIFER. Put this in the freezer. We'll be back for it in a little while.

(*RECEPTIONIST takes the pillow and goes offstage to put it in the freezer*)

ANDY. Honey, what if we forget that it's in there and-

JENNIFER. Calm down, Andy. Gosh.

TOM. (*who has been talking to MARTHA*) ...and the Fish Slider, the Chicken Breast Slider, the Chicken Ring Slider, the Double Jalapeño Cheese Slider...and I think that's about it for the slider menu.

MARTHA. Wow, you sure know a lot about White Castle, don't you?

TOM. Well I don't mean to brag, but the White Castle I live near named a burger after me.

MARTHA. Oh really, what's it called?

TOM. The Peeping Tom. You see, it's a burger, but made with *chicken* meat instead. Y'know, like chickens go "PEEP PEEP PEEP"? Also, during the weeks leading up to Easter, they have what's called the PEEPing Tom, which is the same thing, but with those little marshmallow Peeps on it. It's to *die* for.

ANDY. How many people have died from eating it?

TOM. Ha-ha, very funny. Nobody's died from it, silly, people just get violently nauseous sometimes. It's fine.

JENNIFER. That's repulsive.

TOM. *You're repulsive!* Anyway, I made up this dance called the "Peeping Tom Dance", and I just *know* you guys wanna see it! It goes like this. *(he does an insanely odd dance while making really loud and obnoxious chicken noises)*

ANDY. Alright buddy, you can stop now.

(TOM keeps doing the "Peeping Tom Dance" and is now singing a song about it too. As everyone is trying to get him to stop, DALE pulls out a whistle and blows)

DALE. Everyone be quiet for at least half a minute! Can't a guy get some sleep in here?

RECEPTIONIST. You're not supposed to sleep in a waiting room.

TOM. And where did you even get that whistle?

DALE. Oh this? It came with my happy meal from McDonalds. Anyway, y'all are so loud and obnoxious. Y'all are like a bunch of animals from the Como Zoo drunk on a few too many Heinekens!

MARTHA. I think what Dale is trying to say is that we should all just calm down a little bit. Why don't we all introduce ourselves? Get to know each other a little bit. I can start. My name is Martha Livingston, and I live in Minnetonka with my husband Jeff. We have 2 beautiful children and a dog named Buster.

TOM. Funny...I have 2 beautiful fish and a rock named Buster!

MARTHA. Oh. Anyway, I'm a 1st grade teacher. I love scrapbooking, photography, and spending time with my family.

JENNIFER. (*sweetly*) Hi, I'm Jennifer. I'm 27, and...well obviously pregnant with my first child. Andy here, is my f...my f...fff..fffff

TOM. Fireman?

JENNIFER. What? No! Andy is my (*struggling to say the "disgusting" word*) fiancé.

MARTHA. Congratulations you two! Oh how I absolutely *love* weddings!

JENNIFER. Who knows if we'll even be having one? (*shoots a death glare at ANDY*) But I'm studying to be a guidance counselor, so hopefully that all pans out.

ANDY. Well, as you guys already know, my name is Andy, and I am Jennifer's fiancé. (*JENNIFER physically and verbally cringes*) I'm 28 and I'm a mechanic.

RECEPTIONIST. I've got a leaky faucet...would you mind coming over sometime and fixing it?

ANDY. Well I could try, but I'm a *mechanic*, not a *plumber*.

RECEPTIONIST. Well then I have a...bed that needs fixing.

ANDY. Like I said, I'm a mechanic. I fix cars and boats and trucks and stuff.

RECEPTIONIST. Well then I have a Toyota Corolla that needs fix-

JENNIFER. I swear, lady, you try to hit on him one more time, and I'm gonna f-

MARTHA. (*peacefully breaking up the growing argument*) Okay, okay, okay! Uhh...how about you?

TOM. The name's Tom! I live at 2233 43rd Street West way the hay that way in St. Paul! I'm 32, single, and ready to mingle. I've got 3 ferrets 2 fish, 2 turtles, a tarantula, some neighborhood squirrels, and a pet rock. I'm a sandwich deliverer at Jimmy Johns.

JENNIFER. Do you deliver on your segway?

TOM. No, I use the Jimmy Johns company car. But besides that, I transport everywhere by segway. I don't even own a car. Segways are the transportation of the future!

JENNIFER. What good is a license without a car?

TOM. *(laughs)* Who said I have a license?

(everyone looks at him with a shocked expression on their face)

TOM. *(realizes what he just admitted)* Please don't tell my boss! *(changing the subject)* Anyway, umm...well I like cheese tasting parties, watching the Scripps National Spelling Bee on ESPN, and long walks on the beach. I participate in a community glee club, the neighborhood bunco club, and I'm a proud honorary member of the NHL.

ANDY. Whoa! I'm sorry but I just didn't pin you as a hockey guy.

TOM. Hockey? Oh no no no! Not the National *Hockey* League. The National *Hopscotch* League!

MARTHA. *(beat)* Well it's very nice to meet you, Tom. What about you?

RECEPTIONIST. Me? Well my name's Charisse. I'm 22 years young and I obviously work here in this hell hole. I'm an undeclared sorority girl at the U of M. Hoping to either be a professional exotic dancer or a stay-at-home mom.

TOM. You can stay at *my* home, mamasita.

RECEPTIONIST. Oh, you mean your parents' home?

ANDY. Damn! Shots fired!

TOM. Come and knock on our door. We'll be waiting for you.

(DR. FERRARIO enters)

DR. FERRARIO. Cartwright? Cartwright?

JENNIFER. You listen up, buster. None of us are Cartwright, you understand? I don't think he's here, just move on to the next patient!

DR. FERRARIO. I'm afraid I can't do that, ma'am. I am obligated to give everyone at this clinic equal time, therefore I will wait for this Cartwright fellow to show up. *(he/she exits)*

MARTHA. Well anyway, best of luck to you on your...endeavors! I'm sure you'll do great at whatever your heart settles on.

RECEPTIONIST. I'm really hoping I get that job at the Vixen Club. Oh how I envy the women that work there.

MARTHA. How about you, Dale? Dale? Oh my goodness, he isn't dead is he? Oh my gosh.

TOM. Don't worry everyone, let's all just stay calm. I know what to do! *(walks over to DALE and violently shakes him screaming)* ARE YOU ALIVE?!

DALE. Good God, son, get your hands off me!

MARTHA. I am so sorry, we just didn't know if you were-

DALE. Dead? What just because I'm 77 years old, that means I'm in danger of dying soon?