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THE WAITING ROOM

Announcer: *(comes on stage.)* Good afternoon/evening. Welcome to the physician's waiting room in the big city. Who among us haven't been to the doctor's office and been both humored and annoyed by the patients waiting to see the doctor. Oh yes, a disclaimer. If anyone in this audience feels our presentation is aimed at them, well, it is not intentional. Well then, let's get started. It just so happens one of the Hawkins family suffers with a problem with her toes and is advised by the local physician to find a specialist for treatment, Let's look in on the family as they enter the office and approach the check in desk and speak to one of the receptionists. *(The office has 4 patients seated; the Highlanders and the Perkins. Entering stage right are Willard and Sofia and behind them are the Hawkins. Alfred shoulders his way past the couple to be first at the reception desk.*

Alfred Hawkins: *(looks back at the couple and says)* Sorry to jump ahead of you all like that but we got the first appointment of the day cause that's the one I asked fer. Don't want to be late ya know.

Martin: Don't look now but the Hawkins just walked in. Grab a magazine and don't look up. I'll just play some solitaire on my phone. I read where playing it for 10 minutes a day will make you smarter.

Martha: Huh! If that's true you should be a genius by now. Well anyhow, now we'll need to find a different doctor. I just don't care to be around those folks.

Martin: How in the world do you suppose they got connected to this group of doctors? I doubt if they have a phone book---- or any book for that matter.

Martha: Oh well, with a little bit of luck maybe this'll be a one- time visit for them. I suppose they'll notice us sooner or later so we might as well be civil to them when they spot us.

Martin: The worst that can happen is they'll find a seat next to us.

Martha: You're right, that is the worst thing that could happen to us.

Receptionist#1 (Boots) *(looks at the Hawkins)* Which one of you is here to see a doctor?

Alfred: That'd be the little misses here. Come a long way we did. Clear from Harlen county. Got a few acres to till down there---in the distilling business ya know----and *(interrupted by receptionist)*

Boots: *(pushes the sign-in sheet toward Maude)* Just sign your name, the time you arrived and the doctor you're here to see.

Maude: Let's see it's about 8:00—that's a m of course, and I'm here to see a Dr. I. C. Bottoms. *(signs it and the receptionist looks it over)*

Receptionist #2: (Saddle) One moment please. We don't see your name on our appointment list for any of our doctors. Are you sure you called in and made an appointment?

Alfred: I surly did. The lady what answered the phone musta' been awful busy cause she just said fer me to leave a message whenever I heard the ring tone and then hang up. I told her I needed the first appointment today with a Dr. I. C. Bottoms and give her the little misses name and hung up.

Boots: Sir, you were talking to the answering machine and you did not leave your phone number for us

to call you back and verify an appointment. *(thinks a moment)* We don't usually do this, but since you've come all this way we will try and work you in. It may take awhile so be patient.

Alfred: Thanks fer bein so understandin' bout me bein' so stupid as to talk to an answering machine thinkin' it were a live person and all.

Boots: That's quite alright Mr. Hawkins. We run into that all the time. Anyone could have mistaken an answering machine for a live person. It does sound very life like. *(looks at Saddle and rolls her eyes)*

Saddle: *(hands Maud a tablet)* Since you are a new patient you will need to answer the questions as they appear on this tablet. Just ask if you need any help.

Maude: *(looks at the tablet and lays it back on the counter)* I don't see no writtin' on this thing. Sides I ain't got no pencil.

Boots: You don't need a pencil. Just tap the place where you want to put your answer when the questions appear on the screen, and then tap enter. It is **very** simple you know. Just ask if you need any help.

Maude: Don't see nothin simple about these new-fangled gadgets. *(goes to a seat along with Alfred then looks around and spots the Highlanders. Elbows Alfred)* Ain't that the Highlanders seated over there?

Alfred: By golly if it ain't. Don't reckon we ought to bother them though beings as how they might not be in a visitin mood.

Maude: Iffin they look this a-way we'll just give em a head wave and say hi. I don't think they care all that much fer us anyways.

Willard and Sofia: *(approach the desk)*

Willard: If those two aren't the rudest two people---*(interrupted by Sofia)*

Sofia: Now honey we must'en judge people that have no manners. From the way they talk, they probably just don't know any better.

Willard: Look over there. Now I suppose we are going to have to sit next to that, that---*(interrupted by Sofia)*

Sofia: You need to calm down while I sign you in. Go sit down. *(he finds a chair next to Alfred)*

Saddle: I'm so sorry they were so rude, but we can't control how some of our patients act. Anyhow, just go ahead and sign in. *(Sofia signs in and sits next to Willard)*

Alfred: *(turns to Willard and says)* The doc down in Harlen county, that's where we're from, told the misses that she has hammer toes and to find a specialist up here in the city---- that's why we're here.

Willard: *(neatly dressed- looks up from magazine and says sarcastic)* How nice you found a physician that's taking new patients.

Alfred: I done told her that it ain't all that bad. *(chuckles)* I kin stand her on her head and she can

hammer in all the staples when we fix fences. *(laughs and slaps knee)*

Willard: Oh yeah, that sounds like a great idea. *(roll his eyes as he looks at Sofia)*

Alfred: Sides that, won't need to worry bout no staple a-flyin back and hittin her in the eye.

Willard: Sounds as if you've thought of everything.

Maude: *(to Alfred)* I think I'm a-gettin the hang of this contraption. This one question though where it says sex, M, F or Other. What do you reckon they mean by other? You suppose they want to know about your personal stuff like as if you were different er somethin.

Alfred: Beats me. Why don't ya just go on up and ask the gal at the desk? She kin tell ya. They know all bout them things

Maude: *(walks up to the receptionist and asks)* This question about sex, what does Other mean?

Saddle *(rolls her eyes, looks disgusted)* That does not pertain to you. Just tap the box with the F for female. When you're done, just bring it back up here to me. I'll check it for you.

Maude: Okay, but you'd think they'd make it a might simpler. *(returns to her seat)*

Alfred: *(turns head and sniffs)* Dang it all Maude, you done let me walk outta' the barn with my work boots on.

Maude: Ya' need'nt worry none Alfred cause these high falutten folks here about, probably figure that manure smell is some new kinda' high-priced perfume.

Perkins: *(from across the room, Perkins looks at his wife Norma and says)* From the way those folks over there smell, I think they should be seeing a veterinarian instead of an MD.

Norma: That's no way to talk about people that don't know any better. Just because they--
(interrupted by Perkins)

Perkins: Ok, ok, I get your point. I'm sorry I said it. How about we move to those chairs over there?

Norma: No! Besides being rude, they would know why we moved.

Perkins: Yeah, I guess so, but how rude is it to come to the doctor's office smelling like the inside of a cow barn?

Norma: Can't you just let it drop. Get a magazine to read.

Perkins: Have you looked at those magazines? They gotta be more than a year old.

Norma: Well sweetheart, the little bit you read or watch the news, it's probably all news to you.

Perkins: Be that as it may, I still think for as long as they make you wait, they could at least provide up to date stuff for a person to read.

Alfred: *(leans over and talks to Willard)* My boots is a bit on the gamey side and I hope the smell ain't bothering ya none, I done forget to take em off afore I brought the little woman into see Dr. Bottoms.

Willard: Well to be honest they do have a distinctive aroma. But I'm fine, it's just that my eyes keep watering. Makes it hard to read this magazine-----I'm trying to read.

Alfred: Sorry about that. I'd take em' off, but I don't want to walk around in my bare feet. That'd be worse than the boots. *(laughs and slaps his knee.)*

Willard: Thank you for sparing us that.

Alfred: By the way neighbor, what are you all in here for?

Willard: *(throws magazine onto lap)* We make it a point not to discuss medical issues with strangers, or with anyone except our physician.

Alfred: Sorry I asked a personal question. Didn't mean nuthin by it. Anyhow, what's yer doctor's name?

Willard: Well, since you seem intent on asking, it's Dr. Rite, that's Dr. Mae B. Rite. She is a very well-known physician.

Alfred: Might be that I should have made an appointment with her, but bein' out in the boonies, I ain't never heard of many doctors so I just picked one out of the phone book and here we are.

Willard: Our doctor isn't the type of doctor your wife would want to see anyhow, so nothing lost.

Alfred: Now that I think about it, I just looked through the phone book and picked one that was the closest to where we live. Ain't much fer traveling now days, gas prices the way they is.

Willard: I understand that and if you don't mind, I'd like to get back to reading this article. Waiting in a doctor's office is about the only time I have to read.

Alfred: Sorry iff'en I kept ya from readin that magazine. Well, it's been nice talkin to ya. Just tryin to be neighborly. *(looks over to magazine)* I know how the Brown's season ill go affore it even starts---- iff'n you want me to tell ya.

Willard: Thank you but no. It's been nice chatting with you.

Tony Markim: *(looks like a biker--enters right and walks up to desk)* Tony Markim here for my first annual physical. *(takes a double take)* Huh, Boots and Saddle. Can I ask how you two came by those names?

Boots: Go on Saddle, tell him.

Saddle: Well, okay. One miserable rainy day I came to work with my galoshes on and Millie there had on an old pair of saddle shoes. So-o-o, from then on it was Boots and Saddle.

Tony; Thanks, Just curious. Makes sense-----I guess

Boots: *(checks her list and says)* Now, for your appointment Mr. Markim, I see you are scheduled with Dr. Tration. That's Dr. Pen A. Tration

Tony: Did I hear you right? Doctor Pen A. Tration! I don't think I'll care for that. Maybe the department made a mistake on the doctor I'm to see.

Saddle: No mistake, he does all the department's physicals. *(Both receptionists giggle as Saddle hands him a small plastic bottle and cap)* The men's room is through that door *(points right)* and to your left and down the hall. *(he takes the bottle, looks confused and sits down beside Martin)*

Martin: *(looks at Tony and says)* No offense sir but I think you are supposed to take that back to the men's room and use it.

Tony: Thanks for the info man. This is all new to me. Ya know how it is; just been too busy and don't like the idea of someone poking around on me. *(gets up and exits door right)*

Alexis Towers: *(enters talking very loud on cell phone. Goes toward the desk. Other patients look at her with disgusted looks)* Well, I would tell her a thing or two. She thinks they are so high and mighty. She's certainly not in our social standing *-(just ad-lib)* Well I'm here at the doctor's office so I need to hang up now and sign in. *(at the desk)* I'm Alexis Towers and I'm here to see Doctor Well. That's doctor R. U. Well.

Saddle: Good morning Alexis. I see where you've been in before so no need to fill out a questioner, just sign your name, time and the doctor you're here to see.

Alexis: I will sign in----the proper time and the name of my physician. However, for your information, in the future I'd prefer to be addressed as Mrs. Towers. Familiarity breeds contempt you know.

Saddle: I'm so sorry if I offended you. I can assure you it won't happen again. *(Alexis finds a seat--- which is next to Alfred's wife Maude still talking loudly on phone)*

Maude: *(turns to Alexis)* Sorry to butt in on your conversation, but are you a-talkin to a body what's hard of hearing?

Alexis: *(turns to Maude and sneers)* My conversation with a dear friend is of no concern to you and I'd rather you would stop ease-dropping on our conversation.

Maude: Cain't help it, loud as you're a-shoutin into that phone. *(Alexis continues to talk loudly)*

Alexis: I'm going to sign off now. There are too many rude, ease-dropping, individuals in the waiting room.

Boots: *(to Saddle1)* I suppose that comment about breeding contempt was meant for us huh. She sure has got that right. How long do you suppose she'll have to wait to see the doctor? *(winks)*

Saddle: Could be awhile. We're awful busy you know.

Willard: *(to his wife Sofia)* Boy, am I ever glad that loud talker is off the phone. She must want everyone to know she has a cell phone----like she's the only one in the universe that has one.

Sofia: *(elbows Willard)* Not so loud dear. She can hear you.

Willard: I really don't care. I'm trying to concentrate on this article in Sports Illustrated about the Cleveland Browns football team.

Sofia: You do realize that magazine is really, really old.

Willard: So what! All these magazines are at least 6 months old. Most of them are for women or

about home making. Besides, the Browns are pretty much the same every year. *(biker returns and hands Boots the plastic bottle and says)*

Tony: You can have this back. Didn't need it. I just used the toilet.

Saddle: Mr. Markim, you were to use this and then put it in the little cabinet and close the door. The tech would have picked it up later for testing. Here's the bottle back for when you can use it.

Tony: Wish I could help you out but it's kinda' late fer that.

Boots: There's a water fountain in the lobby. I suggest you drink a lot a lot of water and give it another try later. *(hands him back the bottle and he exits right.)*

(Exam Room)

Nurse: *(enters waiting room door left and says)* Martha Highlander! *(Martha gets up and walks up to nurse)*

Nurse: Martha. How are you today. Fine, I hope?

Martha: If I was fine, I wouldn't be here to see the doctor.

Nurse: I'm sorry to hear you are not doing well, but I'm sure the doctor will be able to help you. We'll be going to room 4. *(enters exam room)* Just jump onto the scales and we'll check your weight.

Martha: I would rather not have my weight taken.

Nurse: Why is that? Any particular reason?

Martha: Yes, but I prefer to keep it personal and discuss it only with Phil. Err, I meant Dr Pusher.

Nurse: I understand. Some people are a bit sensitive about their weight, although I don't think you have any reason to be.

Martha: Well, thank you for understanding, but I'll just continue to keep my weight between me and the scales.

Nurse: Well then have a seat and I'll check your blood pressure. *(gets blood pressure gizmo)*

Martha: I'm sorry to appear difficult, but I'll have to pass on that also.

Nurse: This is highly irregular. I can't remember anyone refusing to have their blood pressure taken---but you can discuss it with the doctor when he comes in.

Martha: I knew my blood pressure would be elevated when I came in here. It always is. Doctor Pusher---I should not be saying this but you know he is a very attractive man and well---I've already said too much.

Nurse: I understand, I've heard the same from other patients. For now, just try and relax and the doctor will be in shortly.

Martha: Thank you. I will. *(reads, paces the floor etc.)*

(Waiting Room)

Saddle: *(to Boots)* Remember her----that last woman? She's the one that comes in here every month just like clockwork.

Boots: I think she watches those doctors shows and when they discuss the symptoms of a new ailment, she thinks she has it and heads for Dr. Pusher. Does hypochondriac ring a bell?

Saddle: All she wants is a prescription for those pills the doctor prescribes for her. Same thing my husband got when he was in the navy. APC pills. All Purpose Capsules.

Boots: I guess they must cure her because she never comes back for the same thing again.

Wanda: *(enters)* Wanda B. More. I'm here to see Dr. Glass, Filmore Glass:

Saddle: Just sign in and have a seat. The doctor will be right with you.

Wanda: Yeah right. Like I haven't heard that before. *(signs in goes to a seat)*

(Exam Room)

Doctor Phil Pusher: *(doctor enters)* Well hello Martha. How are you? Haven't seen you since last month. What brings you in today?

Martha: Well Phil, Oops, I mean Doctor. I believe I have some very serious issues and I haven't been feeling well.

Doctor Phil: Sorry to hear that Martha. You're usually so up-beat and feeling so good. *(turns away and rolls eyes)* Oh, I see on your chart where you refused to have your weight and blood pressure taken. Any particular reason for that?

Martha: Well, Phil. Oops, there I go again. If you must know, I'm very sensitive about my weight and every time I come in here my blood pressure is elevated. Just let it go at that.

Doctor Phil: Huh, it's a bit irregular but then you---Oh never mind. Let's see--- no weight, no blood pressure; how about I check your heart and pulse rate?

Martha: Oh Doctor, I would love for you to do that. What I mean is---- that'll be just fine. *(sits up very straight and holds her shoulders back)*

Doctor Phil: *(uses stethoscope)* Wow Martha! Now that is a heart rate and loud beating. *(takes her wrist and checks his watch)* Martha, your pulse rate is off the charts. *(looks at her and winks)* Maybe we should have the nurse check it next time.

Martha: Oh Doctor *(pushes her hand against his chest and says)* you're so funny. I just love coming in here.

Doctor Phil: Anyhow, again, what brings you in today?

Martha: Well, I was watching a doctor show on tv the other day and they were discussing post-polio syndrome. No question about it, I'm afflicted with post-polio syndrome.

Doctor Phil: *(as he flips through her chart)* Martha. I'm looking through your chart and I don't see where you indicated you've ever had polio.

Martha: Huh! Now you're going to tell me I had to have had polio to suffer from post-polio syndrome,

Doctor Phil: I'm sorry Martha, but that's usually the case.

Martha: Well then doctor, what about my symptoms?

Doctor Phil: And what are those?

Martha: Tired, muscle and joint pain, hot flashes, problems sleeping, irritable and others that I can't remember. Martin could certainly fill you in, especially the irritability part.

Doctor Phil: Well Martha, those can be systems of post-polio syndrome and also---ahh, I see you are approaching----*(interrupted by Martha)*

Martha: Don't say it, just don't say it.

Doctor Phil: Okay Martha. But I think you are going to have to face the fact that, ah, how can I put this. You're not as young as you were and certain changes **are** unavoidable.

Martha: I'm still not sure I don't have the post-polio syndrome. Besides, it makes for a much more interesting conversation at our Ladies Guild meetings.

Doctor Phil: *(says jokingly)* Maybe you can discuss your symptoms with the Ladies Guild and come up with a diagnosis that satisfies you.

Martha: Oh, now Doctor Phil, you have such a sense of humor. It's always such a pleasure to see you.

Doctor Phil: Well thank you Martha. Here's some samples of your medication. Just follow the directions and I'm sure they'll take care of your symptoms. If not give me a call after a week.

Martha: Thank you so much Doctor Phil! Until the next time. *(doctor exits left, she exits right to waiting room)*

(Waiting Room)

Martin: Well dear, how did it go?

Martha: It was just as I suspected. I do have a touch of post-polio syndrome. Dr. Phil is so wonderful. He diagnosed it right away and even gave me medication to relieve the symptoms. Of course, I'll need to see him once a month for some time, just to make sure it's under control.

Martin: *(turns away and rolls his eyes)* I'm certainly glad we've gotten to the bottom of your problem. Strange though you've never mentioned having had polio.

Martha: He did say a person could suffer the symptoms without having had the disease.

Martin: Whatever, let's go home: I've seen enough of this place. *(exits right)*

Chair Lady:*(enters right, pushed by her daughter)* I told you I do not want that flu shot or the

pneumonia shot. If that nurse comes near me with a needle, I'll scream loud enough to wake the dead.

Daughter: Stop being so difficult mother! We're here to get your shots and you're going to get them.

Mother: You know I've never been sick a day in my life----- and I don't need any shots. I especially don't need some doctor just out of medical school trying to tell me what I need.

Daughter: Evidently, you've forgotten last year when you had the flue and almost died. You said you never wanted to go through that again.

Mother: I remember no such thing of the sort. *(daughter tries to push her to the seating area as mother tries to stop the wheelchair)*

Daughter: Mother! Just stop being so difficult. You're making a scene! You are going to get your shots just like the doctor at the rest home told you.

Mother: I'm 90 years old and don't need some doctor that looks like he just got out of high school telling me what to do! He's not even old enough to have shaved.

Daughter: Mother, of course the doctor doesn't shave, she's a female doctor, and is a very highly respected physician and you are going to take her advice. *(finally gets mom to seating area.)*

Mother: Just tell me how a 25 year--old kid has become a respected doctor in a year or so. I've forgotten more about health than he'll ever know.

Daughter: She mother! The doctor at the home is a female. Regardless, you're going to get your shots!

Mother: We'll just see about that. *(daughter goes to desk and signs her in)*

Daughter: I'm sorry my mother is causing such a fuss. She's a retired nurse and second guesses everything the doctor at the nursing home tells her.

Saddle: Don't worry about it. You're not the first person that's had a problem with an elderly parent.

Daughter: Not only that, she goes around the home diagnosing all the resident's ailments----regardless of what the doctor has said. *(starts back to seating area as mother takes the brake off her wheelchair and starts toward door right)*

Daughter: *(intercepts her and struggles to take back to seating area)* Is there anyway you can take her and give her the shots so we don't continue to make a scene in the waiting room?

Mother: I can hear you all plotting. You can just forget about doing that! *(looks around room)* Isn't there anyone here that can help me?

Boots: I'll go see if there is someone available. *(goes into exam room left. Waits a few seconds and returns)* Just bring her into exam room 1, and Doctor Phil will be right with you. *(takes to exam room and returns to desk)*

(Exam Room)

Doctor Phil: *(enters)* Hello there, I'm Doctor Phil. It's so nice to meet the retired nurse that's here to get her shots? It's always such a pleasure. I'll bet you're an asset around the home, letting residents

know how important shots are. *(puts his hand on her shoulder)* And you're here to set a good example for the other residents aren't you?

Mother: Ah, well yes, I suppose I am. A lot of folks get quite stubborn in their old age. I'm just glad I'm able to do what I can to help the staff.

Doctor: I bet you've given a lot more shots than I have, haven't you?

Mother: Why yes, I probably have. I was a very good nurse and worked at the same hospital my entire career. Only been retired a few years, but I've had a wonderful, fulfilling life.

Doctor: I'll bet you were a wonderful nurse, and at 90 years old these are still your wonder years.

Mother: They sure are. I wonder where I left my glasses; I wonder where my car keys are; Huh, I wonder if I still have a car.

Doctor: You are a wonderer aren't you. I know the feeling. I'm a lot younger than you and I have the same problem at times.

Mother: Great! Now maybe you've forgotten why I'm in here and I can leave!

Doctor: I don't think so. Anyhow, now for those shots? Let me know how I do. *(holds arm and gives the shots).*

Mother: You did just fine--- for a doctor. Like we used to tell patients---this may pinch a little even when we knew it was going to hurt like, ah, well.

Doctor: Thanks for being such a good patient. Can I have a hug?

Mother: Why, why yes, *(giggles a little)* I think I may like that. *(gets a hug)* Oh baby! I just may come back for another shot next week. What say Doc?

Doctor: *(smiles and laughs)* Certainly. I can tell just because there's snow on the roof doesn't mean the fire is out inside---right?

Mother: You got that right. Thanks for re-lighting my fire Doc. Wow! *(wiggles and stamps feet)* Come on daughter, we're out of here. *(exits right—doctor follows them out to waiting room)*

Bag lady: *(enters sobbing)*

Boots: Willy, what in the world is wrong?

Willy: I'm dying, I just know I'm dying!

Saddle: You don't look like you're dying.

Willy: I know I am cause everywhere I touch myself I feel pain. Oh, I just have pain all over!

Doctor: Willy, we haven't seen you in a while---now, now just try and stop crying and show me where you hurt.

Willy: *(points to several places on herself and hollers each time)* Oh, oh that hurts something awful.

Doctor: Let me see your hand. *(checks hand and says)* Willy, you've got a splinter in your finger. *(to Boots)* You got a pair of tweezers? *(boots looks in desk and hands doctor a pair of tweezers)*

Doctor: Okay Willy, here we go.

Willy: *(starts to holler before doctor starts to pull out splinter)* Oh ouch, ouch oh that hurts

Doctor: Why you hollering? I haven't started yet.

Willy: Cause I just know it's going to hurt.

Doctor: *(removes splinter)* There now. Touch yourself and see if it hurts.

Willy: *(touches herself all over)* Wow Doc! You done cured me. You're wonderful. Thank you, thank you! *(turns and walks towards exit right, waves and says)* Bye, bye, your checks in the mail. *(Staff just shakes their heads and the doctor exits left)*

(Waiting Room)

Alexis: *(phone rings and she answer)* Well hi honey, I'm here at the doctor's office waiting for the nurse to call my name. You know how it is at the doctors. Hurry up and wait. I know how that is---*(ad lib anything)*

Tony: *(returns right and goes to the desk, gives a thumbs up and starts toward his seat. Stops in front of Alexis).* Excuse me lady but-- *(she holds her hand up in his face and keeps talking loudly)* Lady, I'm trying to talk to you. You are annoying all these----*(once again she puts her hand in his face and continues to talk)* Lady! *(hand in face)* Okay Lady, I tried to tell you. *(reaches out and snatches phone from her hand and speaks into it)* This is the loud talking police patrol and we've just confiscated this phone until the owner leaves the waiting room.

Alexis: My phone!!!! Why I've never heard of such a thing. Give me back my phone.

Tony: Certainly. *(hands her the phone)* Now, please go out in the lobby where we can't hear you.

Wanda: Ahh, at last it's quiet in here.

Tony: That old flip top isn't worth twenty bucks. I think you need a **smart** phone. One that'll tell you to talk low when you're in a waiting room.

Alexis: Well, I've never been so insulted in all my life. I'm leaving and believe me, I'm going to find a different doctor. *(goes to the desk)* I wish to cancel my appointment!

Saddle: That will be fine. However, we require 24 hours notice before cancelation. If not, you will be charged the full amount of the appointment.

Alexis: Why, Why, I've never heard of such a thing. This is outrageous. Besides, I'm not canceling my appointment. It was for ten o'clock and it's now ten thirty and the doctor has failed to keep the appointment at the scheduled time so I'm leaving with no intentions of paying. *(she stalks out right). Bumps into Mr Forthrite)*

Forthrite: Excuse me lady. You seem to be in a hurry. *(goes to desk and writes name on sheet)* Wow! Are all your patients in that big of a hurry to leave your office? *(Goes to seat and sits down)*

Boots: Not everyone, just the ones that are having a bad day.