

Malpractice

By Ian Pierce

Character List:

Doctor Rickson: He's fresh out of med school and is greeting his first patients. He has some anger problems and an odd taste in women built up from excessive raging with bros. He is a hardass from time to time, but can be really soft given the right circumstances.

Secretary: The Secretary is a difficult lady to get along with. She is a total slut, angered very much by the fact that there are no men at her office other than the main doctor (Doctor Rickson).

Nicole: Straightforward woman who has an immediate crush on the Doctor, just like all the others he meets. She is at the office for a legitimate reason and the doctor fails her because of what is going on in his head at the time.

Ranqueesha: A dirty prostitute that the doctor finds an attraction to for one reason or another. This is the most ridiculous character, supposed to stick out and give contrast to others.

Scene: (Gynecologist's office Doctor Rickson has a series of appointments with clients, the scenes move back and forth from the waiting room to the exam room)

SECRETARY: Hello miss. Are you Nicole, here for the ten o'clock appointment?

NICOLE: Yeah, I'm here for a D&C. I think somethi-

SECRETARY: Spare me the details honey, you don't know how many women I see every day just bitching about their problems. Seriously, they just can't understand how much I have to put up with all day long!

NICOLE: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to, it's just that-

SECRETARY: Just leave your papers in Doctor Rickson's box and he will be with you shortly.

(The doctor walks onto the set, calls aloud for patient)

DOCTOR RICKSON: Hi, I'm looking for Nicole.

NICOLE: Yeah, that would be me.

DOCTOR RICKSON: Great! Please step this way.

(In the room)

DOCTOR RICKSON *(Con Forza)*: So what's your problem?

NICOLE: Well...I noticed that I have been having some abnormal bleeding, like, outside of my normal period and I'm wondering what it is. The last doctor checked it out with a hysteroscopy and scheduled me a D&C.

DOCTOR RICKSON (*Looking at his clipboard trying to buy some time*): Yeah, for sure! This adds up. So what did he say you were here for again?

NICOLE: My old doctor said there could be a growth or someth-

DOCTOR RICKSON (*Calmly*): Yeah, but we could just call it off here. If it's not malignant, it's nothing big.

NICOLE (*Beginning to be flustered*): The other doctor went down on me last week and said there was definitely something in there! What if it's a tumor or something?

DOCTOR RICKSON: Well that sounds *disgusting!* I would be able to get a referral for you to another doctor for your D&C, but you should make sure you get that taken care of ASAP!

NICOLE: That's what you're supposed to be doing right now! My old doctor said it is supposed to be a quick procedure but it can only get worse if I leave it alone. Can't you just put the thing in me and check it out?

DOCTOR RICKSON: I guess I'll just have to go for it. You can take your clothes off and get ready.

NICOLE: Alright, finally. (*mutters under breath*) Why do you have to be so attractive?

DOCTOR RICKSON: What did you say?

NICOLE: Oh. I asked why it has to take so long.

DOCTOR RICKSON: Alright, well here we are (*looks through the hysteroscope*) and it definitely seems like you have something going on down here.

NICOLE: I know that already, can you just perform the operation and be done with it?

DOCTOR RICKSON: Yeah for sure. Maybe we could start by having you trim the hedge you have growing down here!

NICOLE (*Angry*): Excuse me?

DOCTOR RICKSON (*Gesticulating madly*): You know what!?! There could be crabs or other marine organisms swimming around down there! Don't expect me to risk my livelihood on your whims! I will not tolerate this kind of disrespect in my office, regardless of who you are.

NICOLE: Fine, I don't want you anyway!
(*She leaves the office*)

DOCTOR RICKSON (*Turns to audience*): Shit! I guess I blew that one.

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(The Doctor reviews his schedule for the day and goes out to call his next appointment.)

DOCTOR RICKSON *(Calls aloud to room)*: Hello. Is there a Ranqueesha here?

(Played by a mixed woman-uses ebonics regardless)

RANQUEESHA: Yes, you are the first white to get my name right on the first try. You get some mad props on that one!

DOCTOR RICKSON: Yeah, thanks. *(Doctor eyes Ranquisha up and down)* Can I please have you step this way?

(Walks in random direction does not take eyes off the Doctor)

RANQUEESHA: Dayum boy, you is *so* fine! You can have me wherever you want.

DOCTOR RICKSON: Yeah, the checkup room is right over there.

(Pointing completely different direction from where Ranqueesha is facing)

(Ranqueesha walks off the set)

DOCTOR RICKSON *(To secretary)*: I'd like for you to cancel my next few appointments

SECRETARY: Seriously? For that piece-of-trash whore?

DOCTOR RICKSON: *(Shakes finger)* Ah, clearly someone has been bitten by the jealousy bug.

SECRETARY: You're the boss sir. I'll get to it *(mutters under breath)* eventually.

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(Inside the checkup room)

DOCTOR RICKSON: Alright, so what are we here for today?

RANQUEESHA: I'm here for my biennial checkup.

DOCTOR RICKSON: Are you sure you don't mean biannual?

RANQUEESHA: Yeah, you know... It's supposed to be that but I been kinda busy recently and whatnot.

DOCTOR RICKSON: Yeah, that could be a health hazard, but I'm not worried. Can I have you take your clothes off and go over there?

RANQUEESHA *(Undresses quickly while speaking)*: I was just waiting fo you to say that! You're just too damn sexy!

DOCTOR RICKSON: *(He laughs)* bitches stay saying I'm irresistible! That last girl though, she had a mad hedge going on down there-it was terrible. I told her to bust out the weed whacker, but I feel kind of guilty about the degree of bad I went on her. It was almost out of pocket.

RANQUEESHA: Aw! I luh the way you be talkin' to me. Can't we just skip past the inspection?

DOCTOR RICKSON: Haha! I get that all the time but let's do the examination first just for kicks.

RANQUEESHA: Aw, come on baby. I don't need no examination - I already spent enough time examinin' you!

DOCTOR RICKSON: I insist though; it's protocol.

(The doctor brings his head down nearly halfway to her crotch and Ranqueesha develops a look in the face similar to that of a paralyzed squirrel, caught in headlights of an oncoming monster truck.)

DOCTOR RICKSON *(Narrows eyes)*: Shit, herpes! It's time to backhand a hoe like I liked on that Facebook group! Get out of here! You nearly compromised my livelihood!

(The doctor grabs Ranqueesha by her waist and wastes no time chucking her out of his examination room. As she goes flying out of the room, she makes an exclamation)

RANQUEESHA: I had me some shiet!

(The doctor tosses out a swanky looking purse. A strip of condoms and some herpes break out medication spill onto the floor. Doctor Rickson takes a deep swig from a flask of whiskey that emerges from his front pocket.)

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(The doctor goes back out to the waiting room and speaks to the secretary.)

DOCTOR RICKSON: Hey, forget what I said earlier about canceling the appointments.

SECRETARY: *(Laughs)* I never even touched the phone- that woman just looked like a total dick-haggler!

DOCTOR RICKSON: Yeah. *(Pauses)* Finding a good woman is hard. I feel like I'm net fishing in the ocean, but I really want to be fly fishing from a small lake.

SECRETARY: That was really spiritual *(nods head in interest)* tell me some more.

DOCTOR RICKSON: Well, I feel like I can't find the right woman to really satisfy me. They

never fail to please me, but they're never able to fill that empty space in my heart. I want to find the *right* one.

SECRETARY: That is one of the saddest things I've ever heard! What are you going to do about it?

DOCTOR RICKSON: I'm not really sure yet (*strokes beard*) but I'm forming a plan in my head. How have you been lately?

SECRETARY: Oh, me? I'm fine actually.

DOCTOR RICKSON: Yeah, you are pretty fine. Maybe I could take you out to dinner or something. Then we can strike up a more meaningful conversation.

SECRETARY: I would really love to, but I can't.

DOCTOR RICKSON (*Looks sad*): Can you at least tell me why not?

SECRETARY: I don't want you to hear all the phone calls I get from other guys! It would just make me seem ridiculously slutty.

DOCTOR RICKSON: Then I must offer my thanks for sparing me that pain. But why are you sleeping around, no offense, like a piece of trash whore?

SECRETARY: I hope you aren't comparing me to that wretched slut-

DOCTOR RICKSON: No, no, no! Of course not. You are way more beautiful than that ghastly winebutt.

SECRETARY (*Seductively puts a finger to mouth*): Oh, great! I don't take offense easily, but if you must know, I'm just searching for pleasure.

DOCTOR RICKSON: (*In a testing tone; with caution*) Well, I know I could help you, but what can you do for me?

SECRETARY: Well, that depends, but we can always work together.

DOCTOR RICKSON: Don't test me-not now. This isn't the right place, let's go back to mine...

(The two walk off the stage, looking into each other's eyes, the doctor carrying his secretary in his arms. Curtains close.)