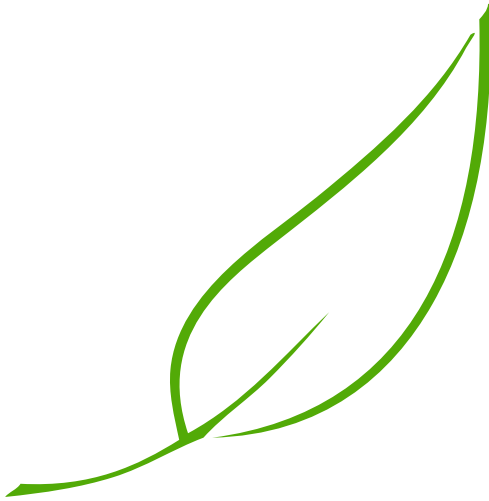


THE DOC SHOP

by Ken Bradbury



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(A scene for three females and two males who know how to move quickly.)

NURSE FARQUAR: *(sitting at a desk of a doctor's waiting room, answers the phone)* Good morning, this is Dr. Misery's office. May I help you? *(listens)* I'm sorry. The doctor has a very full schedule today. Could I schedule you for next month? *(listens)* You cut off your foot? *(listens)* Look, I can't hear you if you're going to scream like that. *(listens)* *(hangs up)* He seemed upset.

BEASLEY: *(enters in a rush)* I've got to see the doctor!

NURSE FARQUAR: Take a seat please.

BEASLEY: I've got to see him now!

NURSE FARQUAR: That's impossible. How can you see him when he's behind that door? What seems to be your problem?

BEASLEY: Which one?

NURSE FARQUAR: What?

BEASLEY: Which problem?

NURSE FARQUAR: Medical.

BEASLEY: My leg is broken.

NURSE FARQUAR: Have you seen a doctor?

BEASLEY: What!?

NURSE FARQUAR: Never mind. Please have a seat.

BEASLEY: I can't. My leg is broken.

NURSE FARQUAR: Then don't sit on your leg. How did it happen?

BEASLEY: I was backing out of the grocery store when this lady tried to cross behind me with her shopping cart. I backed into her.

NURSE FARQUAR: And broke your leg?

BEASLEY: I got out of the car, she chased me across the parking lot, I jumped the fence at the hardware store and landed in a display of garden tractors.

NURSE FARQUAR: And you broke your leg on a garden tractor?

BEASLEY: No. She was still after me so I jumped on a tractor, took off down the highway and pulled out in front of a UPS truck.

NURSE FARQUAR: And broke your leg?

BEASLEY: No. The truck swerved, hit a telephone pole and the pole came down on my tractor.

NURSE FARQUAR: Then you broke your leg.

BEASLEY: No. I saw it coming and jumped off. I ran through five lanes of traffic with this crazy lady pushing a shopping cart right behind me so I jumped into the back of a passing pickup ...

NURSE FARQUAR: And broke your leg.

BEASLEY: No. The pickup was stopped. I came running into the only building I could find ... this doctor's office. I broke my leg coming up the steps.

NURSE FARQUAR: And the lady ...?

MRS. TORRENT: (*offstage*) Did he come in here?

BEASLEY: Oh no. Where's your restroom?

NURSE FARQUAR: Right there, but ...

BEASLEY: I gotta hide! (*and Beasley quickly exits into the restroom*)

MRS. TORRENT: (*entering in a torrent, pushing an imaginary shopping cart*) I saw him come in here! Where'd he go?

NURSE FARQUAR: M'am, do you have to bring the shopping cart into the office?

MRS. TORRENT: Got to. I've got fresh produce in here. Is the doctor in?

NURSE FARQUAR: Yes, but he's very busy.

MRS. TORRENT: Then I'll wait. I sprained my back jumping over a UPS truck. (*sits painfully*)

NURSE FARQUAR: Please ... perhaps if you went to the hospital.

MRS. TORRENT: Yeh. And then my ice cream would be melted all over my hot rolls. I'll just wait here.

BEASLEY: (*sticking his head in*) Is she here?

NURSE FARQUAR: What?

BEASLEY: Ohno! (*he exits*)

MRS. TORRENT: What was that?

NURSE FARQUAR: Uh ... the doctor.

MRS. TORRENT: (*getting up, painfully*) Good. I'll see him now.

NURSE FARQUAR: (*jumping up and stopping her*) No!

MRS. TORRENT: But he just asked for me.

NURSE FARQUAR: His wife! He was looking for his wife!

MRS. TORRENT: How can you lose a wife? Was she small?

NURSE FARQUAR: Please have a seat. (*helping her to a chair*) Easy now ... easy ...

DOCTOR MISERY: (*entering*) Nurse, has my wife called?

MRS. TORRENT: I thought you lost her.

DOCTOR MISERY: What's she talking about?

NURSE FARQUAR: Nothing. No, Doctor, Mrs. Misery hasn't called.

DOCTOR MISERY: Good. I'm in trouble. I was supposed to take her to lunch today and I forgot. If she calls, I'm not in.

NURSE FARQUAR: Yes, Doctor. (*Doctor exits*)

MRS. MISERY: (*storming in*) Is he here?

NURSE FARQUAR: Mrs. Misery!

MRS. TORRENT: You're husband just said he wasn't in.

MRS. MISERY: Oh. (*begins to leave, then stops*) What?

NURSE FARQUAR: He's very, very busy.

MRS. MISERY: He's always busy! He promises me this and he promises me that and ... nothing! He always forgets me! (*begins to sob*)

MRS. TORRENT: (*painfully standing and comforting her*) Oh, there, there. You want some ice cream? Hot rolls?

MRS. MISERY: I need to powder my nose. (*she heads for the restroom*)

NURSE FARQUAR: Don't go in the restroom!

MRS. MISERY: I think I have a right. Is somebody in there?

NURSE FARQUAR: Ye ... uh ... no. Nobody in there.

MRS. MISERY: Then get out of my way.

NURSE FARQUAR: (*blocking the restroom with her outstretched arm*) This restroom is off limits.

MRS. MISERY: What?

NURSE FARQUAR: It's being repaired!

MRS. MISERY: I'm not going to sleep there, I just need a tissue. (*brushes the Nurse aside and enters*)

NURSE FARQUAR: Oh, no. (*listens at the door of the restroom*)

MRS. TORRENT: What are you doing?

NURSE FARQUAR: Listening.

MRS. TORRENT: A little personal, don't you think? You always do that?

NURSE FARQUAR: I'm waiting for an explosion.

MRS. TORRENT: She just wanted to blow her nose.

NURSE FARQUAR: (*leaning more closely on the restroom door*) Shhh ...

MRS. TORRENT: Good. While you're busy, I'll see the Doctor. (*she exits into the Doctor's office.*)

NURSE FARQUAR: Don't go in there! (*but it's too late ... Mrs. Torrent has entered his office*)

BEASLEY: (*bursting through the front door and landing on the floor*) Oooh!

NURSE FARQUAR: Where did you come from?

BEASLEY: I crawled out the window. There's a woman in there!

NURSE FARQUAR: I know.

BEASLEY: Thanks a lot.

NURSE FARQUAR: And your cart lady in the Doctor's office.

BEASLEY: She's still here?!

DOCTOR MISERY: (*entering*) Nurse, did I tell you to send in another patient? I was just in the middle of Mr. Bradbury's exam. He wasn't dressed.

MRS. MISERY: (*coming out of the restroom, wiping her nose*) Oh, I feel better now.

DOCTOR MISERY: Oh, no. (*he exits*)

MRS. MISERY: (*to Beasley*) Who are you?

BEASLEY: I ... uh ... I drive a UPS truck.

MRS. MISERY: *(to the Nurse)* When's my husband coming in? We're an hour late for our lunch.

NURSE FARQUAR: He ... uh ... he didn't say ...

BEASLEY: But he was just ...

NURSE FARQUAR: *(grabbing Beasley and throwing him into the restroom)* Go to the restroom! *(he's gone)*

MRS. TORRENT: *(entering from the Doctor's office)* There's a naked man in there!

NURSE FARQUAR: My husband!?

MRS. TORRENT: Does he have a mole right above his ...

NURSE FARQUAR: That's a patient, Mrs. Misery.

MRS. MISERY: Then the Doctor's in?

BEASLEY: *(sticking his head out)* Is she ...?

NURSE FARQUAR: Yes! *(his head pops back in)*

MRS. TORRENT: Who was that?

MRS. MISERY: The UPS man.

MRS. TORRENT: In the restroom?

NURSE FARQUAR: He's ... resting.

DOCTOR MISERY: *(sticking his head in)* Is she ...

NURSE FARQUAR: Yes!

MRS. MISERY: Was that ...?

NURSE FARQUAR: No!

MRS. MISERY: *(looking out a window)* Why are the police surrounding my husband's office?

NURSE FARQUAR: What?

MRS. TORRENT: Thank goodness, they're here!

NURSE FARQUAR: You called them?

MRS. TORRENT: I told them I was chasing an attempted murderer. Told 'em I was heading this direction. *(shouting off to the police as she exits)* He's around here somewhere! Draw your guns, boys! Get the dogs and the teargas!

NURSE FARQUAR: Oh, no.

BEASLEY: *(sticking his head out)* What's going on?

MRS. MISERY: Are you all rested up?

BEASLEY: What's she talking about?

NURSE FARQUAR: You've got to get out of here.

BEASLEY: *(begins to exit out the front door)* Good idea ...



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