SPITTING IMAGE
by
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PROPS
A chair that leans back
Plastic dental tools can be used, or the dental work can be mimed.
A fake drill that makes a noise. Optionally, sound effects may be used.
A few magazines
A pile of papers (to use as medical forms)

CAST: ED, CLAIRE, and DR. MATTHEWS

AT RISE: ED enters and is greeted by the receptionist, CLAIRE. The dentist chair may be off to the side of stage, serving as the actual examination room.

CLAIRE: Hello, may I help you?
ED: Yeah, I have an appointment to see Dr. Matthews. Ed Casey.
CLAIRE: Let me see. Casey? Yes, here we go. I have you down for two o’clock.
ED: Right. That’s what time it is.
CLAIRE: Yes. Have you seen Dr. Matthews before?
ED: No.
CLAIRE: So this is your first time here?
ED: Right. That’s what I said.
CLAIRE: Then I need you to fill out this paperwork.

(Gives him a huge pile of papers)

ED: All this?
CLAIRE: Just the highlighted pages.
ED: I have dental insurance. Shouldn’t they do this?
CLAIRE: You have insurance? Oh, that’s very good. Please fill this out, also.

(hands him more)

ED: Okay. (pauses, as HE looks over forms) Why do you need my shoe size?
CLAIRE: I don’t know, sir.
ED: My grandmother’s maiden name? Have you ever smoked marijuana? Did you inhale? When was the last time you practiced Zen Buddhism?
CLAIRE: I don’t make up the questions, sir.
ED: And what about this little I.Q. test?
CLAIRE: That’s for extra credit.
ED: I don’t have to take this?
CLAIRE: No, you don’t. Are you finished?
ED: Yeah, well, I guess so.

(hands paperwork back to her)

CLAIRE: Thank you. Please have a seat.
ED: (sits and thumbs through magazines) Let’s see. New Woman. Cosmopolitan. American Feminist Quarterly. Excuse me. Excuse me. Do you have anything just a little more…uh…manly, to read?
CLAIRE: You mean Sports Illustrated, Monster Trucks, Guns & Ammo? Something like that?
ED: Right. Yeah.
CLAIRE: No. But I do have the Wall Street Journal.
ED: No thanks. That’s fine. I’ll wait. I’ll just sit here quietly and think. I’ve got a lot of thinking to do.
CLAIRE: Good luck.
ED: Thanks.

(crosses legs and whistles)

CLAIRE: Excuse me, sir?
ED: Yes?
CLAIRE: Could you please stop that? You’re disturbing the other patients.
ED: There aren’t any other patients.
CLAIRE: Well, you’re disturbing me.

(walks off)

ED: Sorry.

(taps fingers and sighs)

DR. M: (enters) Claire, who’s next?
ED: Me. I’m next. I’m the only one here.
DR. M: Mr. Casey, I’m ready for you.
ED: Well, I tell ya’, Doc. I'm ready for you, too.