

WAITING ROOM

Written by

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CAST:

Scott: Early 20's

Stacy: Early 20's

Brock: Early 20's

Dr. Quinn: Late 40's

Setting: Waiting room.

At rise: Three metal fold out chairs are lined up against a honey colored wall. In the far stage right chair sits, SCOTT, his head is down and he is anxiously tapping his foot. On either side of the waiting room there is a door.

A door on the stage right opens and enters a girl, STACY, she is wearing jeans, a sweatshirt and has a backpack. She sits on the farthest stage left chair and puts her backpack at her feet. She begins scrolling through her phone. It's silent, until she begins laughing and staring down Scott.

STACY

Oh my God, are you serious? You actually think you have a chance with me?

SCOTT

What?

STACY

You actually think you would ever have a chance with me?

SCOTT

I'm sorry, what?

STACY

You actually think I would ever fuck you?

SCOTT

What? No I-

STACY

Are you serious?

SCOTT

I'm so confused. Did I do something?

STACY  
In a waiting room? You sick  
pervert! You want to do it in a  
waiting room?

SCOTT  
I-

STACY  
Fine! You want to fuck me so bad  
here!

Stacy stands up, and bends over resting her forearms on the  
chair.

STACY  
Then fuck me! Fuck me right here  
right now in the waiting room! Do  
it!

SCOTT  
Ma'am please, I have no idea what-

STACY  
Ma'am? Did you just call me ma'am?  
I'm younger than you!

SCOTT  
I'm sorry, I was just trying to be  
polite.

STACY  
Oh, oh I get it! You have a mommy  
kink, you had a bad relationship  
with your mom and now you have a  
mommy kink. So you want me to  
pretend to be your mommy and call  
you a good boy while you fuck me!

SCOTT  
What is going on? I'm sorry if I-

STACY  
Fuck you! Fuck you you fucking  
pervert! You sick fucking  
disgusting low life pervert! I hope  
you fucking die!

Blackout.

Lights up, the waiting room is the same as before. Scott is  
sitting in the same spot and Stacy is scrolling through her  
phone. Scott looks up and peers his head around the room.

Stacy takes off her sweatshirt revealing a t-shirt that has a coiled up snake on it. She turns to Scott.

STACY  
Hi, I'm Stacy.

SCOTT  
Hey. Um, Scott.

STACY  
Nice to meet you.

SCOTT  
Nice to meet you.

STACY  
So what do you do?

SCOTT  
I'm just in school right now.

STACY  
Oh cool, what are you majoring in?

SCOTT  
Psychology.

STACY  
Why psychology?

SCOTT  
I guess I just-

STACY  
Wanna see something cool?

Stacy opens up her backpack, pulls out a snake and throws it on Scott. He jumps up and gets the snake off. Stacy laughs.

STACY  
Oh my God, what? It's just a snake.  
Here, see?

Stack picks up the snake. Scott is breathing heavily.

SCOTT  
I'm sorry, I just have a fear of  
snakes.

STACY  
It's okay.

Stacy throws the snake at Scott again. He jumps again in fear trying to get the snake off.

SCOTT  
Please, stop!

STACY  
This is fucking hilarious. One  
second.

Stacy pulls out her phone and begins recording.

STACY  
I have to post this.

SCOTT  
Please don't.

Stacy picks up the snake again.

SCOTT  
Please!

STACY  
(To camera)  
Guys look, look! He's so scared  
watch this.

She is stepping closer and closer to Scott with the snake in  
her hand.

STACY  
He's gonna get you watch out!

SCOTT  
Stop!

STACY  
He's gonna bite you! Oh no, watch  
out!

SCOTT  
I'm begging you! Seriously, I have  
a irrational fear of snakes,  
please!

STACY  
Three.

SCOTT  
No, no, no!

STACY  
Two.

SCOTT  
I'll do anything!

STACY

One!

She throws the snake at Scott again, and it lands across his neck like a scarf. Scott, again, desperately tries to get the snake off while Stacy is still laughing.

STACY

Oh my God you are such a fucking pussy!

SCOTT

Why are you doing this!

STACY

This is legit the funniest thing ever. Wait one second.

Stacy puts her phone down.

STACY

Can you go sit on the corner?

SCOTT

Why?

STACY

I promise I won't throw it again.

SCOTT

If I sit in the corner you won't throw it again?

STACY

Catholic honor.

SCOTT

Okay.

Scott goes to the corner of the room and sits down. Stacy starts recording again, pointing the camera towards her. She starts talking to her phone.

STACY

(To camera)

Okay so guys, I'm sitting in this waiting room right? And there's this guy next to me and he's all like, "Hey I'm Scott", so I pull out my snake and throw it at him right? And he got like super scared of it and now look at him.

She points the camera to Scott in the corner.

STACY

Now he's in the corner sitting down  
all scared and shit. I think he's  
about to cry.

SCOTT

What is happening?

STACY

I told him to go sit there and I  
promised him I wouldn't throw the  
snake again and he actually  
believed me. He literally fell for  
it.

SCOTT

What?

Stacy, with the camera on Scott, picks up the snake and  
throws it at Scott. Scott screams and again throws the snake  
off. When he throws it off it ends up hitting Stacy and she  
drops her phone. She is no longer laughing. She is furious.

STACY

Are you fucking kidding me!

She runs up to Scott in the corner.

STACY

Are you serious! You ruined my  
video! You ruined the entire thing!  
Fuck you! I have nothing now,  
nothing! You ruin everything!  
You're whole life you've done  
nothing but ruin everything! You  
fucked it up! You fucked it all up,  
I hate you! I hate you!

Blackout.

Lights up, the waiting room is the same as before. Scott is  
sitting in the same chair, and Stacy with her sweatshirt off  
is scrolling through her phone. The door on stage right  
opens and enters a young man, BROCK, he sits down in between  
Scott and Stacy and sets his backpack on the floor, he turns  
to Scott.

BROCK

Hey you don't happen to have a  
computer charger I could borrow do  
you?

SCOTT

Sorry, I don't have one.

BROCK  
(To Stacy)  
Excuse me, do you happen to have a  
computer charger I could borrow?

STACY  
Yeah for sure.

BROCK  
Awesome, thank you.

Stacy goes into her backpack and takes out a charger. She  
hands it to Brock.

BROCK  
Hey, you see the guy next to me?

STACY  
Yeah?

BROCK  
He didn't have a charger.

STACY  
I bet he does, but he's too selfish  
to share it.

BROCK  
What a fucking asshole.

SCOTT  
Sorry, I don't mean to eavesdrop or  
anything but I really don't have  
one.

BROCK  
Yeah, whatever. Fuck you.

Brock goes into his backpack and pulls out a joint of some  
sort, lights it up and smokes it.

BROCK  
(To Stacy)  
Want a hit?

STACY  
Hell yeah.

He hands it to Stacy and she starts smoking.

BROCK  
What about you geed? Want a hit?



SCOTT  
No thank you. Thanks though.

STACY  
Pussy.

BROCK  
Actually, I think you do want a hit.

SCOTT  
Oh no, I'm actually fine, but thank you.

BROCK  
No. You want a hit. The same way I wanted to use your charger, but you wouldn't give it to me!

SCOTT  
I don't have a charger you can check, I swear.

BROCK  
Yeah? I can check?

SCOTT  
If you really want.

BROCK  
Stand up then.

SCOTT  
You actually want to check me?

BROCK  
Did I stutter? Stand the fuck up!

Scott quickly stands up and so does Brock.

BROCK  
Spread your arms out to the side.

Scott listens and Brock does a pat down of Scott's entire body.

BROCK  
I know your hiding it.

SCOTT  
Keep checking I have nothing.

BROCK  
Put your arms down.  
(MORE)

BROCK (CONT'D)  
(Pause)  
Fuck! He doesn't have it.

STACY  
Do an anal cavity search.

BROCK  
Good call.

Brock grabs his chair and puts it in front of Scott, pushing him down so he is bending over the chair.

BROCK  
I've never done one before have you?

STACY  
Few times.

BROCK  
Would you mind?

STACY  
Not at all.

Stacy stands up, still smoking and goes behind Scott. She attempts to pull down his pants but Scott jumps up and gets away.

SCOTT  
Wow okay, don't you think this is getting a little out of hand?

BROCK  
It is up your ass isn't it! You  
lair!

SCOTT  
No, no, no. I just don't want that search is all. Makes me feel uncomfortable, I don't have a charger I swear.

BROCK  
Do we trust him?

STACY  
I dunno.

BROCK  
I think I might.  
(MORE)

BROCK (CONT'D)

(Pause)

Okay how about this, you have two options. You either let her search inside your asshole or you have to smoke the rest of my joint.

SCOTT

Those are the only two options?

BROCK

Yes.

Scott is frozen and thinks for a second.

SCOTT

I mean, I guess I would prefer smoking a little if I have too.

Stacy hands the joint to Scott. He takes a deep anxious breath before taking a little hit.

SCOTT

Okay, is it over?

BROCK

You have to smoke the whole thing.

SCOTT

The whole thing?

BROCK

Yeah, come on.

STACY

Everyone does it.

BROCK

Everyone loves it.

STACY

You have too.

BROCK

It's what cool people do.

STACY

Everyone I know does it.

BROCK

Everyone I know can't get enough of it.

SCOTT  
I've never done this before.

BROCK  
Jesus Christ, smoke it!

STACY  
Smoke it!

BROCK  
All of it!

STACY  
Hurry!

Scott inhales. He smokes it all the way down and just before he exhales Brock covers Scott's mouth with his hand, stopping Scott from exhaling.

BROCK  
Hold it in! Hold it in! Don't you dare exhale!

Scott begins shaking and his face is beat red. Brock takes away his hand and Scott exhales all the smoke. He falls to the ground coughing violently.

BROCK  
You done yet princess?

SCOTT  
What's going to happen to me?

BROCK  
Don't worry, it's not weed.

SCOTT  
What is it?

BROCK  
DMT.

SCOTT  
What is that?

BROCK  
Don't worry about it. Now, stand up.

Scott stands up. Stacy and Brock both grab a hold of him.

BROCK  
(To Stacy)  
Whenever you're ready.

STACY

Ready.

They begin to shake Scott as hard as they can.

STACY

Nobody loves you!

BROCK

You're going to die alone!

STACY

Everyone laughs at you!

BROCK

People talk behind your back!

STACY

You'll never be good enough!

BROCK

You're a loser!

STACY

You're nothing!

BROCK

You're so dramatic!

STACY

You can't do anything right!

BROCK

You're a failure!

STACY

You disappoint everyone!

BROCK

You should kill yourself!

SCOTT

Please for the love of God just  
make it fucking stop!

Blackout.

Lights up, Scott is sitting alone in the waiting room. There is no Stacy and no Brock. He sits alone in the same chair, holding back tears. A door on stage left opens, there, DR. QUINN, stands.

DR. QUINN

Hey Scott, how you are doing?

SCOTT  
Alright.

DR. QUINN  
Is it happening again?

SCOTT  
Yes.

DR. QUINN  
Okay. Come on in and let's talk  
about it.

Scott stands up and goes into Dr. Quinn's office. He shuts  
the door behind him. Light out.

END