

When Doctors get too personal

By

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INT. DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION ROOM, DAY

ANDRE, 20s, awkward and nerdy, sits on an examination table.

Holding an Otoscope to his ear is DOCTOR PHALLON, 50s, a bearded and bespectacled man resembling Sigmund Freud.

ANDRE

---So yeah, I had a stomach bug a few weeks back, but didn't think it was worth bothering you about. Other than that, I've been great.

Doctor Phallon removes the otoscope and nods.

DOCTOR PHALLON

Sexually active?

Doctor Phallon sets down the otoscope on a desk nearby.

ANDRE

Uh, yeah, casually. But I'm always safe.

DOCTOR PHALLON

Good, good.

Doctor Phallon turns to his desk. He picks up a clipboard of charts and notes and examines it.

DOCTOR PHALLON

Your liver count is normal... Ever had a woman sit on your face during sex?

Doctor Phallon continues examining the charts, as though he had just asked a perfectly normal question.

ANDRE

(insulted)

What! How are those things related?

Doctor Phallon turns to him, very stern and serious.

DOCTOR PHALLON

They are. Very integrally related.

ANDRE

Are you sure? That seems... unlikely.

Doctor Phallon stares at him, smoldering with anger. A BEAT.

DOCTOR PHALLON
I'm the medical expert here,
dammit! Trust me, or get out of my
clinic.

Andre stares at him, in disbelief, but acquiesces.

ANDRE
Right, sorry... Well, alright... If
you must know... Yes, I've been
with a few girls... who've, um...
Sat on my face.

Doctor Phallon jots down something on a notepad.

DOCTOR PHALLON
Excellent, excellent.

He finishes writing something and looks back up.

DOCTOR PHALLON
What's your diet been like lately?

ANDRE
(relieved at a normal
question)
Oh! Mostly pizza, beans, rice--

DOCTOR PHALLON
(interjecting)
Ever been fisted?

ANDRE
---broccoli-- uh-- wait, what?!

DOCTOR PHALLON
According to the nurse's
measurements, you have an unusually
wide asshole.

ANDRE
What measurements?! How did she
even-- Hey, fuck you man!

Andre gets up and frantically puts on his jacket.

DOCTOR PHALLON
Woah woah woah, I'm just trying to
diagnose you here. These questions
are purely for the sake of
medicine. If you're interpreting
them otherwise, you're highly
mistaken.

Andre slows down, letting go of his jacket.

ANDRE

Yeah, I... I guess I'm
over-reacting... Sorry.

Andre sits down.

ANDRE

I... Well, once I had a
skateboarding accident and my-- I
landed... on a pole. It went up
my... uh.

Doctor Phallon jots down some more notes on his clipboard.

DOCTOR PHALLON

Good, good, great.

ANDRE

(annoyed at his casual
response)
What are you writing?

DOCTOR PHALLON

Very important notes.

Andre peers down at the clipboard. Dr. Phallon draws a
turtle.

ANDRE

No you're not. You're drawing a
turtle.

Doctor Phallon turns away, hiding his clipboard.

DOCTOR PHALLON

How dare you look at my private
notes! Get out!

Andre, confused, stays seated. Doctor Phallon shoos him
towards the door. He gets up slowly.

DOCTOR PHALLON

Out! Out! I'll have none of this
disrespect!

Andre walks out of the room, Doctor Phallon following
behind.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, HALLWAY. DAY

A busy hallway between examination rooms. Another DOCTOR and PATIENT walk past, smiling to Dr. Phallon and Andre.

Doctor Phallon switches back to professional doctor mode.

He shakes Andre's hand.

DOCTOR PHALLON
Great, well, you're looking
healthy. See you next time.

Andre's jaw is dropped, unable to speak.

He watches Doctor Phallon walk away down the hallway.

Andre, in a daze of confusion, like "Did that really just happen?"-- turns slowly and walks off screen.

END