

# Sex and the Clinic

By Jack Hall

[www.sundayschooldropouts.com](http://www.sundayschooldropouts.com)

## CHARACTERS

Carrie Bradshaw

Dr. Brown

Nurse

*The Sex and the City theme plays. A doctor's desk is on stage. There are two chairs opposite the desk. One is covered in plastic. Dr. Brown sits at the desk. His phone buzzes.*

BROWN: Yes?

NURSE: *(on intercom)* Carrie Bradshaw is here to see you.

BROWN: Carrie Bradshaw.

*Dr. Brown reaches into the desk and pulls out a thick file.*

BROWN: Send her in, please.

*Carrie enters.*

CARRIE: Hello, Dr. Brown.

BROWN: Miss Bradshaw. Won't you have a seat, please?

*Carrie starts to sit in the uncovered chair.*

BROWN: No, no, the other chair, please.

CARRIE: Oh, sorry.

BROWN: That's quite all right.

CARRIE: What's the word, Doctor? Am I healthy enough to get married?

BROWN: *(bursts out laughing)* Oh, that's a good one.

CARRIE: What do you mean?

BROWN: Miss Bradshaw, would you consider yourself to be... sexually active?

CARRIE: Well, I don't like to brag, but I have slept with a few guys.

BROWN: A few... dozen? A few hundred?

CARRIE: Confidentially?

BROWN: It won't leave this room.

CARRIE: Let's just say, I could staff at least four major league baseball teams.

BROWN: Yeah, that's about what I thought.

CARRIE: Is something the matter?

BROWN: I have the results of your lab tests.

CARRIE: Oh no. Did I catch something?

BROWN: You could say that, yes.

CARRIE: What is it? What did I get?

BROWN: A better question might be, what didn't you get?

CARRIE: I'm sorry?

BROWN: Miss Bradshaw, you have over one hundred and fifty STDs.

CARRIE: WHAT?!?!?

BROWN: That's exactly what I said. I had the tests run three times, and there's no doubt about it. You are a walking, talking STD dispenser.

CARRIE: So what have I got? Herpes? Syphilis? Gonorrhea?

BROWN: Oh, that's just the tip of the iceberg. If it's out there, you have it. Matter of fact, we discovered twenty new varieties from your blood sample.

CARRIE: I have diseases that haven't even been discovered yet??

BROWN: We just started naming them for you. Carrie Bradshaw A, Carrie Bradshaw B, Carrie Bradshaw C.

CARRIE: Why would you name them after me?

BROWN: Well, I don't want MY name associated with an STD?

CARRIE: I can't believe it. A hundred fifty-- (stands up) Is that why there's plastic on this chair?

BROWN: Miss Bradshaw, we still don't know all there is to know about Carrie Bradshaws A through T. We can't take any chances.

CARRIE: This is so unfair. I wasn't a bad person. I was just trying to express myself sexually, like every modern woman should.

BROWN: Well, that's one way of putting it.

CARRIE: How would you put it?

BROWN: Well, there's that old line about a doorknob that comes to mind.

*Carrie groans and sits on the plastic chair.*

BROWN: Look, don't worry. We have a series of shots lined up for you that'll clear up almost everything. We've even found cures for seventeen of the twenty Carrie Bradshaws. You'll be back to bed hopping in no time.

CARRIE: But I'm through with that, Doc. I'm ready to get married, to settle down with just one man. How can I tell him that I'm a walking, talking... how'd you put it?

BROWN: STD dispenser?

CARRIE: He's never going to forgive me.

BROWN: Aw, don't take it so hard. You lived life to the fullest. You didn't let anyone or anything hold you back. Why should a few little viruses ruin it for you?

*Dr. Brown pats her on the back, then wipes his hand on his coat.*

BROWN: Tell you what, step over into exam room 1. I'll have Meredith get you started on the shots.

CARRIE: Thank you, Doctor.

BROWN: No, no, thank you. Thanks to Carrie Bradshaws A through T, I'm up for the Nobel in medicine this year!

*Carrie storms out. The phone buzzes.*

BROWN: Yes?

NURSE: James Bond is here to see you.

BROWN: James Bond? Ah yes.

*Dr. Brown pulls out a HUGE file box.*

BROWN: Send him in, and cancel all my afternoon appointments. This one will take a while.