
A scene from *Check Please: Take 2* by Jonathan Rand
(For the entire play, visit playscripts.com)

1 male, 1 female
GUY, 20s/30s
DONNA, 20s/30s

On a blind date, a doctor struggles to separate her work and social life

(DONNA is terse and serious throughout—even on her personal calls.)

GUY. So on your profile it said you're an E.R. doctor?

DONNA. Yes. Trauma surgeon.

GUY. That's amazing.

DONNA. Thank you for saying so. It is rewarding work. What do you do?

GUY. Well it's gonna sound trivial in comparison, but...

(Donna's cell rings.)

DONNA. One moment.

(DONNA looks at her phone.)

This is rather important. *(Answers:)* Dr. Johnson. ... Yes. ... Yes. ... Yes. ... Who's there? Mel Gibson who. ... That is a relatively amusing knock-knock joke. Also quite offensive. ... We will speak later. ... Thank you. ... Good evening. *(Hangs up.)* Where did we leave off? Ah yes, trauma surgery. It was my aspiration from a young age and it remains a genuine passion.

GUY. That's great.

DONNA. You were saying what you do.

(Donna's phone rings.)

One moment. *(Answers.)* Dr. Johnson ... Yes ... Yes ... I'm unavailable at present. ... A virtual date ... It's going fine. ... 4 out of 10. ... Moderately attractive. ... He's contributed nothing to the conversation. ... Good evening.

GUY. You know I could hear you.

DONNA. That is a flagrant breach of doctor-patient confidentiality.

(Her phone rings.)

Dr. Johnson. ... David, yes. ... I concur that we never should have terminated our relationship. Will gladly resume. Regroup in one hour. ... I love you, too.

(She hangs up.)

GUY. Who's David?

(Her phone rings.)

DONNA. One moment. *(Answers.)* Dr. Johnson...

GUY. Okay, can you please turn off your phone? It's just rude.

DONNA. It's the hospital. A ten-year-old needs a heart transplant.

GUY. Oh no...

DONNA. Try and have a least some respect for a child's life.

GUY. I am so sorry.

DONNA. In actuality, I just punked you. It's David again. *(To the phone:)* Marry me tonight.

(Blackout.)