
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 chatty doctor breaks one too many social rules.

GUY. Good to meet you.

DONNA. Same here!

GUY. So on your listing it said you're a doctor?

DONNA. Yes.

GUY. That's fantastic.

DONNA. (*Modestly:*) Thank you. It's rewarding work and I feel like I'm making a difference, as cliché as that sounds. How about you?

GUY. I work at a—

(Donna's cell phone starts ringing immediately after GUY begins to speak. It should be a distracting ring—perhaps a well-known pop or hip-hop song.)

DONNA. Hold on a second.

(DONNA takes out her phone and opens it.)

Oh, I gotta take this. I'll be really quick.

GUY. No problem.

(She hits the button to answer the call.)

Stac-ayyyy! What's up, girl? ... Yeah. ... Yeah!! ... No no, tell me. (*She's being told a knock-knock joke.*) Who's there. Mel Gibson who. (*She yelps.*) That is funny.

Offensive, but funny. Anyway, I can't talk, but call me later, K? ... Love you, byeeeeeee!!

(She puts the phone down.)

I hate her.

GUY. You do?

DONNA. Yeah, but it was important. So what were we talking about... Right! So yeah, medicine was my dream ever since I was ten. I love the hospital staff, the patients—everything.

GUY. That's great!

DONNA. What about you?

GUY. W—

(Donna's phone rings.)

DONNA. Ugghhh, is that me again? One sec.

(DONNA takes out her phone and opens it.)

Ohhh! (*To GUY, as if he would have any clue:*) It's Gina!!

(She hits the button to answer the call.)

Gina Bina Fo Fina!! What's goin' on, woman? ... Noooo! ... What?? That's insane ... Oh I'm on a date. ... It's going all right. He's decent-looking. ... I dunno, kinda boring. He's barely said anything. ... Seriously, right? ... All right I'll call you when it's over,

(Obviously saying nearly the same thing as Gina and finding it amusing with her:) which should hopefully be soon! Exactly! ... Okay lata!!

(She hangs up.)

GUY. You know I could hear you, right?

DONNA. Were you *eavesdropping*? Not to be rude?, but that's really rude.

GUY. You were talking right in front of me.

DONNA. Let's order some *food*! I love the duck here. I get it delivered to the hospital all the time.

GUY. That sounds –

(Donna's phone rings.)

DONNA. Ugh, I should really turn that off!

GUY. (Chuckling:) Yeah!

DONNA. (Laughing with him:) Right?

(DONNA takes out her phone and sees who's calling.)

Oooooooh...!

(She holds up one finger to GUY as she answers it.)

Hi, Richie baby. ... I'm goooood. Even *better* now that *you* called. ... (She giggles flirtatiously.) Well you'll just have to wait and find out, won't you? ... Fine, then. Okay, how about later tonight? ... Sounds *delicious*. You better be ready for me, 'cause I'm *definitely* ready for *you*. ... Ciao, sexy.

(She makes a loud kissy noise into the phone, and then hangs up.)

So the *duck*...

GUY. Who's Richie?

DONNA. Um, that is *personal*.

(Donna's phone rings.)

DONNA. Again? I am *blowing up*!

(She takes it out, opens it, and listens.)

GUY. Okay, can you please hang up? We're on a date and you've spent most of it with everyone but me. It's pretty rude.

(She puts down the phone.)

DONNA. (Quietly grave:) That was the hospital.

GUY. Oh.

DONNA. A ten-year-old needs a heart transplant.

GUY. Oh no.

DONNA. So thank you. Thank you for completely disrespecting a child's life.

GUY. I had no idea...

DONNA. No, you didn't.

GUY. I am so sorry. I feel terrible.

DONNA. Just kidding!! It's Gina again. (To the phone:) GINNAAAAAAAAA!

(Blackout.)