

Audition Side B

MARY. However the receptionist—a very young, very blonde sorority-sister—assures me that Dr. John left hours ago. (*To RECEPTIONIST*) Hours? Are you sure?

RECEPTIONIST. So, hey, Dr. Hogan, did you know what time it was when Dr. Sullivan left?

DR. HOGAN. I pay no attention to what Dr. Sullivan does, Caitlyn, and you won't either if you know what's best for you.

MARY. Caitlyn—seemingly more capable of ordering Strawberry Daiquiris than manning the pediatric front desk—blushes.

DR. HOGAN. Caitlyn. You must know by now that it is Dr. John Sullivan's hobby to...*date* his fellow hospital employees?

CAITLYN. Euhh! I wasn't asking for myself, I was asking for her!

DR. HOGAN. Do I know you?

MARY. ...asks "Dr. Hogan" with her miles-long legs.

(*Beat*)

Dr. Hogan is the lady from the restaurant!

(*To DR. HOGAN*)

Yeah. You know me. You don't know you know me, but you know me.

(*To Audience*)

"Pi Beta Caitlyn" bursts into tears and bolts from her station at the front desk.

(*MARY dodges the shattered CAITLYN hastily rushing by, and watches her go.*)

DR. HOGAN. I am off the clock in five minutes. If I may be so bold as to assume you don't have plans this evening, I'd like to buy you a drink.