**STACY/ MITCHELL SIDE ONE**

**MITCHELL So, how was your day?**

**STACY: A little weird, now that you mention it.**

**MITCHELL Oh, yeah?**

**STACY: Yeah, my office announced it was closing in a few months.**

**MITCHELL What? Jesus.**

**STACY: That’s what everyone said, except me.**

**MITCHELL What did you say?**

**STACY: I laughed.**

**MITCHELL That was probably inappropriate.**

**STACY: Sounded like a good idea at the time.**

**MITCHELL Maybe. Some peoples’ reaction to shock and grief is laughter, after all.**

**STACY: Grief? Are you kidding me? I hated that job, Mitchell. *Hated*, and I don’t use that term lightly.**

**MITCHELL What did you do, exactly?**

**STACY: You know, I don’t even know if I could tell you exactly what I do. I work for a company that educates people.**

**MITCHELL So you work in education?**

**STACY: No, not really. I just sold stuff to people that were studying---Look at me, I’m already saying things in the past tense. Look, I worked for a huge corporation that had an incredibly rude client base made up of the worst kind of nouveau riche swine. In short, I worked in customer service.**

**MITCHELL Congratulations on being downsized, then.**

**STACY: I know, right? I feel so adult now.**

**MITCHELL Not to change the subject, but am I totally bombing on this date?**

**STACY: Nah, you’re doing okay. That may be the gin talking, though, so don't let your guard down.**

**STACY/MITCHELL SIDE TWO**

**MITCHELL I botched my first breast exam completely and it has ruined my whole day, which is why I'm such a tool right now..**

**STACY: What happened? Did you pop a chubby or something?**

**MITCHELL These sure are some good drinks, aren’t they?**

**STACY: I can't believe you're telling me you became aroused during your first breast exam on our first date.**

**MITCHELL No, I didn't. Really, I didn't.**

**STACY: So what happened? What did you do?**

**MITCHELL No. No way. I’ll sound like a complete tool.**

**STACY: You do sound like a tool. You just said so yourself. Come on. You can’t say something like that and then not spill it. Spill it.**

**MITCHELL No.**

**STACY: Spill it or we are so going dutch here, mister.**

**MITCHELL All right, All right. I’ll talk.**

**STACY: Effin’ right you are.**

**MITCHELL This is kind of a big deal in med school. It’s almost like this is the Final in some kind of “bedside manner” class. The general feeling is if you can do this, you can do pretty much anything in terms of doctor-patient relations. At least as a male doctor.**

**STACY: Sure, I can see that. Unless you’re becoming a gynecologist.**

**MITCHELL Right, but as a regular doctor, this is pretty much the peak.**

**STACY: Okay.**

**MITCHELL So they put us through all this sensitivity training before we did the actual exam. There are certain words you don’t use. You don’t say “I’m now going to feel you”, or “I’m going to rub you here or there.” You don’t say “caress” and you sure as hell never use the word “stroke”. In fact, we were told not even to talk about cardiology at all, because you get into words like “stroke”, “beat”, and so on and so on.**

**STACY: Okay, okay, so you did all the sensitivity training.**

**MITCHELL Right. They don’t tell you what to say, but they drilled us pretty seriously about what we weren’t supposed to say.**

**MITCHELL So there I am, it's me and the paitient. And the instructor. And the patient's breast. I’m wracking my brain, trying to find a word that’s going to work.**

**STACY: I bet.**

**MITCHELL And I’m just completely blanking. Her breast is staring at me, and I know I have to speak, and I have no idea what to say. This actually goes on so long that the patient—*the patient*—says “Are you okay?” And you know, I’m trying to be cool, and then I say “I’m going to...encounter your nipple now.”**

**It was so awful. What’s weird is that there was none of that kind of sensitivity stuff before we did the prostate exam. Not even so much as a “brace yourself.” You just locked in on the target and --*(rectal exam gesture)*.**

**STACY: Jeez. “Encounter your nipple.”**

**MITCHELL I know. In that moment I knew I should really stick to folding proteins.**

**STACY: Definitely. That was even worse than the time my last boyfriend got drunk at a bar and called the bouncer the Jolly Green Giant.**

**MITCHELL What happened there?**

**STACY: Oh, I talked the guy out of kicking his ass. He got home in one piece.**

**MITCHELL No, I mean, what happened with the relationship? If that’s not too personal of a question.**

**STACY: No, no. It's just a long story.**

**MITCHELL Well, at least you didn’t encounter his nipple. Am I bombing yet?**

**STACY: No, Mitchell. You are definitely not bombing.**

**MITCHELL Good. I'll be right back. *(exits to bathroom, Stacy runs to the bar)***