

Menstruation Tepid,
Or the St. Agnes Mundanity

A short play

By Jarred Corona

AT RISE: A doctor's office. On the examination table, a DOCTOR has sex with MR. JERENDING. The Doctor is acting as the top.

A NURSE enters.

NURSE

The tests came back, Doctor. What are you doing?

ING

I do the doctor. He's about to give me a come-back. Does she always talk like that?

DOCTOR

Occasionally she stops talking.

ING

Women be talking.

NURSE

That's sexist.

DOCTOR

I'd say it's more than sex-ish. It's quite clearly actual sex. You should know this.

NURSE

If it was clear, I wouldn't see it at all.

DOCTOR

That's a fair point.

ING

You have a fair point.

DOCTOR

Thank you, Mr. Ing. You mentioned tests, Nurse.

NURSE

Yes, I did.

DOCTOR

Good, good. Tests do get so insecure when they go even an hour unmentioned.

NURSE

Would you two like a room?

DOCTOR

We're already in a room.

ING

Are you sure you're qualified to be a nurse?

NURSE

I don't like you.

DOCTOR

No matter. You don't have to fuck Ing.

ING

I know I don't have to. Don't stop.

DOCTOR

I was talking to her.

NURSE

The tests, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Are they positive?

NURSE

They're quite depressed.

DOCTOR

Obviously.

ING

Anyone with good sense would be.

DOCTOR

Yes. That's why only the poor are happy.

NURSE

Their cents aren't bad; they just don't have much.

ING

Of course poor people have scents. Everyone has a scent. Doctor, is she dumb or does she have the Corona virus?

DOCTOR

She is in one of his plays.

ING

My condolences.

NURSE

Thank you. It's terminal. I'm doomed to non-sequiturs and weird sex things for the rest of my life.

ING

Then don't take a rest.

NURSE

I have to take arrests. I work as a receptionist at the county jail at night. The country would go to shit if I stopped taking arrests.

ING

Your country thanks you for your service, I'm sure.

NURSE

Is his name not Jerend Ing?

DOCTOR

It is. I believe you had something to say about depressed tests.

NURSE

Yes.

DOCTOR

Get on with it, then. As you can see, I'm preoccupied.

ING

If you were occupied with pre, we wouldn't have needed so much lube.

NURSE

Mr. Ing's blood tests came back.

DOCTOR

Did we lose them?

NURSE

No, unless you're using the royal we.

DOCTOR

I am.

NURSE

Very well. In that case, yes. You lost them.

ING

Wait, you're of royal blood?

DOCTOR

And you're of tepid blood.

ING

Is it still tepid?

DOCTOR

I'm adding plenty of friction, and yet it is.

NURSE

Our guesses were correct.

DOCTOR

Are they no longer?

NURSE

The tepid blood leaking from Mr. Ing's anus is in fact menstrual blood.

DOCTOR

Well that's good.

NURSE

Is it?

DOCTOR

It's why I'm fucking Ing.

NURSE

Did you develop a stutter?

ING

I'm just that good of a lay.

NURSE

I would say that explains the doctor's grin.

ING

Then say it, because it does.

NURSE

It's a creepy grin, though.

ING

I have that effect on men.

NURSE

Aaaah-ffect. Aah.

ING

Are you scared?

NURSE

I told you it's creepy.

DOCTOR

You don't understand, Nurse, because you're a woman, but this is the deepest desire of mankind come true. Mr. Ing here is the beginning of male pregnancy. I will fill him with my seed, and he will give me a son.

ING

You want me to give you a star? Pregnancy isn't enough?

DOCTOR

Any child of mine will be a star.

ING

I guess I'll be passing a different sort of gas, then.