

# The Middle Finger

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*A Hospital Drama*

By Peter Mangiaracina

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Interior of a doctor's office. A doctor is sitting at his desk writing at the computer.

(voice offstage)

NURSE

Mr. Juan Smithers?

(a few seconds pass)

Mr. Juan Smithers? Mr. Smithers?

SMITHERS

That's me!

NURSE

The doctor will see you now. Will you come with me, please?

(A few more seconds pass and the door to the doctor's office opens. Speaks to doctor.)

Your 2 o'clock, Mr. Smithers, is here.

(A man walks into the room. He is short, bald, and is carrying a small plastic bag filled with chipped ice. The NURSE leaves, closing the door behind her.)

SMITHERS

Are you Dr. Slash?

DR. STAB

I'm Dr. Stab, a third year plastic surgery resident at the hospital.

SMITHERS

A resident? Are you sure you know what you're doing?

DR. STAB

No. That's why I'm still a resident. But if it's something I can't handle, we'll refer you back to Dr. Slash, okay?

SMITHERS

Well, I guess that's all right.

DR. STAB

Have a seat please, Mr. Smithers.

(Smithers sits down)

Now...What Is the problem?

SMITHERS

(He lifts his right hand, which  
is missing the middle finger)

I lost my finger.

DR. STAB

Ah, yes. It seems you have. How did  
it happen?

SMITHERS

It got sliced off in a tragic pillow  
fight.

DR. STAB

(incredulous)

In a pillow fight!?

SMITHERS

Yes, it was very violent.

DR. STAB

(examining the scar)

Well, there's not much we can do.  
The wound seems to have healed quite  
a while ago.

SMITHERS

I want you to re-attach the finger.

DR. STAB

Re-attach the finger? But how? This  
wound is several years old.

SMITHERS

Yes. It happened 10 years ago on my  
wedding night.

DR. STAB

Mr. Smithers...In order to re-attach  
a finger, the accident would have  
had to have happened very recently,  
and...and then, well, first of all we  
would need the detached finger.

SMITHERS

I've got it right here.

DR. STAB  
You have the finger?

SMITHERS  
Yes, right here in this bag.  
(He holds up the plastic  
baggie)

DR. STAB  
That's impossible. The finger would  
be completely desiccated by now.

SMITHERS  
It's quite fresh, really.

DR. STAB  
(takes the bag from Smithers,  
opens it, extracts a finger. He  
examines it for several  
seconds)  
This is not your finger, Mr.  
Smithers.

SMITHERS  
Yes it is.

DR. STAB  
Um, no. It's not. It's slender and  
delicately tapered. This is a  
woman's finger, Mr. Smithers.

SMITHERS  
No it's not. It's mine.

DR. STAB  
It has a long, red fingernail.

SMITHERS  
No, it doesn't.

DR. STAB  
I'm looking right at it, Mr.  
Smithers. This finger has had a  
French manicure very recently.

SMITHERS  
I admit it. I gave the finger a  
French manicure.

DR. STAB  
Ten years ago?

SMITHERS  
No. Last week.

DR. STAB

You want me to believe that you took a decade-old, perfectly preserved severed finger to a nail salon and gave it a manicure?

SMITHERS

It's my God-given right as a man.

DR. STAB

Mr. Smithers. This is not your finger. It doesn't even fit on your hand.

(he grabs Smithers hand and places the finger over the wound)

You've got a big, fat hand, Mr. Smithers and this finger is too small.

OFFSTAGE FEMALE VOICE

(screaming)

Bastard! Where is he?

(A woman bursts into the room. She's carrying a large shopping bag in her left hand. Her right hand is heavily bandaged.)

MRS. SMITHERS

There you are, you son of a bitch.

SMITHERS

(meekly)

Oh. Hello, dear.

MRS. SMITHERS

Don't "hello, dear" me! Where is it?

SMITHERS

Um...Where is what?

MRS. SMITHERS

My middle finger, you swine! You stole it.

SMITHERS

No I didn't.

MRS. SMITHERS

Oh, yeah? What's that, then?  
(she goes to the desk and snatches the finger from the

doctor's hand, holding it in  
front of Smithers' face)

DR. STAB  
What's going on here?

MRS. SMITHERS  
He took my finger while I was  
sleeping. Cut it right off like a  
hunk of sausage.

SMITHERS  
Did not!

MRS. SMITHERS  
Then who did?

SMITHERS  
(thinking quickly)  
It must have been the wild monkeys.

MRS. SMITHERS  
There were no wild monkeys in our  
house last night.

SMITHERS  
Yes there were! I heard them  
gibbering in the hallway.

MRS. SMITHERS  
Liar!

(She throws the finger at Smithers)

DR. STAB  
All right! Let's calm down everyone.

MRS. SMITHERS  
Calm down? Don't tell ME to calm  
down. I spent 150 dollars for a  
manicure yesterday and now one tenth  
of it is lying over there on the  
floor.

DR. STAB  
Mr. Smithers...Did you cut off your  
wife's finger and try to pass it off  
as your own?

SMITHERS  
What?

DR. STAB  
Does that finger belong to your  
wife, Mr. Smithers?

SMITHERS

I don't remember.

MRS. SMITHERS

Wait. I'll give you something to jog  
your memory.

(She removes a big pillow from her shopping bag and begins

to

throttle Smithers with it)

This will teach you to run off with  
my body parts you ghoul!

SMITHERS

Please! No, my love. Don't you  
remember what happened the last  
time?