

The Audacity of Nope

John: That's it! I have had it up to here with this! I can't take it anymore! I'm done with it!

Alex: Done with what?

John: Yes.

Alex: Uh, that wasn't really a yes or no question.

John: No, I mean I'm done with yes. My whole life people have pushed me around to the point where I've said yes to everything.

Alex: Oh come on, that's a little bit of an exaggeration.

John: Alex, remember three years ago when I was talked into cosigning some guy's mortgage?

Alex: Don't you think you're being a little bit impersonal, John? So your brother asked you to cosign his mortgage. That's no reason to call him "some guy".

John: Alex, that was a homeless man. A bum. A hobo. How could you possibly confuse a hobo for my brother?

Alex: Well he was grungy and smelled like a dead raccoon, so there was *some* resemblance.

John: Ok, maybe you have a point there. But either way, some bum talked me into cosigning his mortgage. And I actually did it? And do you know why? Because I was absent that day back in school when they were giving out spines, and now I'm a spineless wuss who can't stand up to anyone. But I'm not just gonna roll over for people anymore. I'm done with yes. Today begins a new era: the era of no.

Alex: Ok, John, let's just put aside the fact that this is marginally insane. I mean you can't go the rest of your life without saying yes. But beyond that, what happened that convinced you to enter this "era of no"?

John: Well, remember how I had a doctor's appointment earlier?

(Flashback to doctor's office)

Man: Ok, John, let me just start by giving you a routine colonoscopy.

John: Uh... is that really necessary?

Man: John, the sooner you let me do what I need to do the sooner you can get along with your life. So take off your pants.

John: Well... ok... yes that sounds reasonable. *(John pulls down pants and Man puts on gloves)*

Alex: *(Interrupting flashback)* Wait, so just because you had to get a colonoscopy you're never gonna say yes again? It's just a routine procedure.

John: Well maybe if you would let me finish my flashback you might understand.
(Back into flashback to doctor's office; Man is removing his gloves and washing his hands; John is pulling up his pants with a pained expression)

John: That... was... unpleasant.

Man: Yes, most people have that reaction. Well I'm done here. The doctor will be in shortly.

John: Wait, what?

(End flashback)

Alex: Ew... so who was he?

John: Just some random guy. And I let him stick his hand up my butt because I was too much of a coward to say no

Alex: Oh my god, John, do you realize how crazy it is what you're saying? Of course you let him give you a colonoscopy. How were you supposed to know he wasn't a doctor?

John: Doctors don't wear leather jeans and denim jackets.

Alex: Don't you mean denim jeans and leather jackets?

John: No, I mean leather jeans and denim jackets.

Alex: Huh...

John: Yeah...

Alex: You know what? Let's just not talk about this anymore.

John: No. *(suddenly excited)* See? See how confident I seem when I say no?

Alex: Yeah, I guess. But what do you mean no? Why don't we just let this be and move on?

John: No, I'm not gonna just move on. I'm going down to that doctor's office and giving that doctor a piece of my mind.

Alex: Which doctor, the real one or the one with the leather jeans?

John: Well... you know what, I'm not really sure. I guess I'll just go down to the hospital and yell at whoever I bump into first.

Alex: Well, good luck I guess. Do you want me to go with you?

John: You're just trying to get me to say... the y-word... aren't you?

Alex: Yes...

John: I have to do this myself. See you later Alex.

(Cut to John entering hospital and talking to receptionist)

John: Excuse me, ma'am, I would like to issue a complaint.

Reception: Take a number and go sit down.

John: Take a number? Are you serious? Is this a hospital or a butcher shop?

Reception: Sometimes it's one, sometimes it's the other, but most times is both. I could get you a good deal on liver if you're interested.

John: No, that's disgusting! Listen lady, either you get me my doctor right now or I'll sue this hospital for malpractice.

Chief: *(performing a heart transplant)* My lawsuit senses are tingling. *(turns to an intern)* Here, hold the heart until I get back.

Intern: Huh? Wait! I'm just an intern. I can't perform a heart transplant!

Chief: Oh you'll get the hang of it. It's just like riding a bike... but bloodier. *(Leaves operating room and runs up to John)* Hello, sir. I'm the Chief of Medicine. Please step into my office. I hope everyone has been treating you well.

John: No, it's been a nightmare. This morning a man posing as a doctor stuck his hand up my butt.

Chief: Right in the old pooper, you say? Well that doesn't sound right. Let me check the tapes.

Man: *(fast-forwards)* Take off your pants.

John: *(fast-forwards)* That... was... unpleasant.

Man: *(fast-forwards)* The doctor will be in shortly.

Chief: Hmm... nothing out of the ordinary. Thank you for expressing your concerns and come back soon.

John: Ok, one, you just asked me to come back soon *to the hospital*. Two, you'd have to be dumber than Oprah's nutritionist *(person can be changed as performer sees fit)* to say that there was nothing wrong with that situation. And three, why are you recording the conversations in the patients rooms? That's a very Nixonian thing to do.

Chief: Well... um... that's an outrageous accusation... you can't just go around calling people Nixon... you don't have any proof of these things.

John: Wait a second, I didn't call you Nixon.

Chief: Well you shouldn't have! It was completely uncalled for! I didn't want to answer any questions about Nixon!

John: Wait... are you Nixon?

Chief: Aw, damn it all!

John: *What are you doing here? Didn't you die in like the early 90's?*

Chief: Well, it's a long story. In April of 94, President Clinton found out I was taping his conversations with Monica Lewinsky. He threatened to have Hillary go all Cambodian on me, so I had to fake a stroke to get out of it. It wasn't too difficult. Groucho Marx taught me how. It's too bad he died. I thought he was just joking. Anyway, I changed my name and I've been a doctor here ever since.

John: So what did you change your name to?

Chief: Richard Rixon. Pretty sneaky, huh? There's no way anyone could see through it.

John: Right...

Chief: That's how I've been able to swindle and scheme my way to the top of this hospital. It makes me feel young, like it's 1972 all over again.

John: So you used these tapes to blackmail the other doctors until you were Chief of Medicine? That's horrible!

Chief: Damn, now you know too much. I can't let you get to the press with this. The liberal media will eat me alive. SECURITY!

John: Wait, no! You can't just throw me out. I sympathize with you.

Chief: What do you mean?

John: All my life people have pushed me around... the way the liberal media pushed you around. The whole world was against us. And we just let them dictate the way we live our lives because of our cowardice... or our treason, but it's the same idea.

Chief: Johnny boy, if you know one thing about me, know this: *no one* sympathizes with Richard Nixon. SECURITY!

John: Oh no you don't. I'm not just gonna let you get away with this now. *(Takes the tapes out of the recorder and runs out)*

Chief: Someone catch that thief! Stop!

John: No! *(keeps running; knocks an old man out of the way as he runs)*

Old Man: OW, my hip! That's my third hip fracture this week. Get back here, you whippersnapper!

John: Never! *(keeps running; runs into Intern who is still holding the heart)*

Intern: Is Doctor Nixon coming back soon? This heart is having an attack in my bare hands.

John: Get out of my way! *(Elbows Intern in the face and knocks heart out of his hands)*

Intern: Ow! Jerk. *(Notices heart splattered on the floor) Oh... (picks up broom and sweeps it away)*

John: You're not getting away with this, Nixon! *(runs into a police officer)*

Police: Ok, bub. You're comin' with me downtown.

John: No...

Chief: Not so fast, officer. Let me talk to him for a second.

Police: Whatever you say, Doctor Nixon.

Chief: That's Presi... yes, yes, Doctor Rixon. Anyway, John, I like your style. It reminds me of a young, less sweaty me. I'll drop any charges if you just answer one question.

John: Oh, anything, Doctor Rixon. What is it?

Chief: Are you sorry?

John: Excuse me?

Chief: You heard me. Are you sorry? Just say yes and I'll let you go.

John: I... I can't.

Chief: What do you mean, you can't? You're not sorry?

John: I... no.

Chief: Take him away, officer.

(Cut to Alex sitting at home; the phone rings)

Alex: Hello?

John: Alex, it's John. I'm at the police station.

Alex: The police station? What is it?

John: It's a building downtown with officers, but that's not important right now.

Alex: So I take it your little trip to the hospital didn't go over very well.

John: Let's see, how can I put this?... I got arrested for stealing from Richard Nixon and then refusing to apologize.

Alex: Because you wouldn't say yes.

John: Let's just move on, ok?

Alex: Oh no. I gave you a chance to just move on, and you didn't take it. So now I'm gonna tell everyone about you and Colongate.

John: Colongate? Really?

Alex: Yeah, I'm actually pretty proud of that. Anyway, I don't want you to have anymore colonoscopies down in the big house.

John: Ok, you can stop now.

Alex: Maybe you'll even run into that "doctor" there.

John: That's enough, Alex.

Alex: Ok, I'm just messing with you. Do you want me to come down there and bail you out?

John: Yes...