

INT. GYNECOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

MEGAN (20's) in a paper gown, sits on the examination table. She fidgets in her seat and coughs once.

DR. ANDREA (40's) with hair pulled back in a pony tail and horn-rimmed glasses, steps in.

DR.ANDREA

Megan, you were here a month ago.  
Is everything alright?

MEGAN

I'm fine, Dr. Andrea. I just have  
an itch down there...  
(points to crotch)  
... and in my throat.

With one eyebrow raised she glances at Megan.

DR.ANDREA

You didn't have unprotected sex did  
you?

Megan cringes, nods with embarrassment.

DR.ANDREA

Let's have a look.

Megan lies down, puts her feet in the stirrups.

Dr. Andrea takes her seat between Megan's legs. With her brow furrowed she leans in.

DR.ANDREA

Hmmm...

She pokes around some, puts something in a jar, stares at the contents closely.

MEGAN

Did I tell you I'm getting married?

DR.ANDREA

No you didn't! Congratulations!

She gets up, removes her gloves and puts on a new pair then moves over to Megan's face, touches her chin.

DR.ANDREA

Open wide.

Dr. Andrea takes samples from Megan's throat, places them in a different jar.

DR.ANDREA  
So, who's the lucky guy?

MEGAN  
His name is Jim. He's amazing!  
Works for the county coroner.

DR.ANDREA  
Sounds a bit morbid.

MEGAN  
He says he loves it there. Says  
dead people never complain about  
anything.

Dr. Andrea studies the specimens under a microscope.

Megan fidgets again.

MEGAN  
(embarrassed)  
My ass itches too.

Dr. Andrea gives Megan a look of disapproval then gestures  
for her to lie down again.

She takes samples from Megan's ass while Megan makes a face  
of discomfort.

Dr. Andrea strides back to the microscope, checks the samples  
again, turns to Megan. Shows her the glass jar.

DR.ANDREA  
Maybe Jim likes his job a little  
too much.

Megan stares at the jar with small white lumps in it.

MEGAN  
What is that?

DR.ANDREA  
Maggots!

Megan screams then her eyes roll back into her head. She  
faints and falls off the table with a big thud.

FADE OUT: