

WOWSERS

By Ann M. Pearson

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ISBN 1-60003-397-0

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PATIENT: (*enters DOCTOR's waiting room, sees large note. Reads note out loud*) Hello, sir. We've been waiting for you. The doctor will see you soon. Please take a seat. Fine. Fantastic. Fine (*sits and feels chair*) Fits fine. Frankly, its firm functionality feels fabulous! Fan-tas-tico! Fee, fie, fo, fum. (*Loud bell rings. PATIENT moves into the inner doctor's office, slowly at first, steadily increasing speed*) Doctor, I'm afraid I have a problem. Very afraid.

DOCTOR: Yes? Don't worry; I'm here to help you.

PATIENT: It's a particularly perplexing and pressing problem.

DOCTOR: Indeed. Do tell me.

PATIENT: Perhaps I probably should pause, but as you are my physician, I'm pretty prone to partake in your patience.

DOCTOR: Pray do; I'm partial to my patients.

PATIENT: Yes. Odd though your phrasing may be in this particular case. Anyway. Well, almost always, I act abnormally awkward.

DOCTOR: Well, now . . . I think I should be the judge of that! What exactly is the nature of your complaint?

PATIENT: I'm beginning to babble like a baby --- speaking in broken bits and bringing up books about buying beautiful begonias for the bountiful beds, and borrowing brownish bananas. See? It's consistently constant and is causing me to go crazy. (*Pausing slightly for breath, PATIENT runs his hand through his hair absently*) The dad-blasted disorder is depressing and driving me to distraction. I've decided not to despair, but I'm determined to dedicate my devotion to doing whatever deeds I must do to decipher this dreaded destiny, Doctor. Arggh!

DOCTOR: (*Scribbling furiously on a note pad.*) Do go on. I'm listening.

PATIENT: Exactly how exciting this estimable enterprise may end up being, I cannot entirely estimate!

DOCTOR: My, my. Fascinating!

PATIENT: Hey, wait! I was going to say that! Formerly, I've found that fewer false fantasies about the fair fortune in which I may find myself are fortuitous in dealing with this fear of mine.

DOCTOR: That's wise certainly. (*DOCTOR stands slowly and begins cautiously circling PATIENT.*)

PATIENT: (*gasping*) I go great guns when I get the gumption, but good grades were never granted generously to me, so I grin and gather as gently as I can, then go on.

DOCTOR: HmMMMMMM. I say.

PATIENT: I can't agree more; I itch with the inequities of this icy inducement.

DOCTOR: Let's not get ahead of ourselves here.

PATIENT: Jumping to judicious judgments is justified. (*PATIENT slaps his hand across his mouth; shouts as if involuntarily*) Katie's kangaroos kept Kansas from keeling! (*Now weeping dramatically*) Leaping lizards, oh learned one! I lose sight of the lessons to be learned, longing not to languish in this lasting loop. (*slowly*) Moreover, I try to move on, but mainly I mumble morosely and mutter that mine is a miserable malady!

DOCTOR: Indeed . . . in-deed.

PATIENT: No one now notices that I neglect to notify them of nights when I may next not neatly nose into a naturally noisy neighborhood. Or the other option of openly objecting to the obtuse opinions of others outside my outlandish oval of octogenarian orthopedists.

DOCTOR: Obviously, this occasion calls for outstanding action!

PATIENT: Perhaps I am presently performing problematic presentiments.

DOCTOR: Stop! You'll simply have to stop this nonsense. Right now!

PATIENT: Quite a lot of quality questioning may quell my fear of this queasiness I have . . . Stop? Surely stopping satisfies! Are you sure?

DOCTOR: No! I mean, yes. Yes, I'm sure. Yes, certainly. No, this may not continue. You must fight this urge (*moving toward PATIENT*). It will control your life otherwise. (*Struggling and slowly*) I'll put my hand just so—on . . . your . . . windpipe, see?

(*Choking PATIENT, fighting together. DOCTOR lets go of PATIENT with a flourish, throwing arms in the air.*)

PATIENT: (*Sputtering from choking, rubbing throat, but brightening as if now cheerful*) Yes . . . yes! That's it, Doctor. Regardless, reality reminds me of the ruins that rend racy reflections ridiculous.

DOCTOR: Confound it, man!

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