

THE GREAT PROFUNDO

by Ken Bradbury



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SCOTT: *(enters the doctor's office, nervous and hesitant.)*

Excuse me.

DOCTOR: *(turning to him)* Yes?

SCOTT: I ... uh ...

DOCTOR: Could I help you?

SCOTT: Is this the doctor's office?

DOCTOR: That's me. Do you have an appointment?

SCOTT: No. I just sorta ... snuck in ... I don't want anybody to know I'm here.

DOCTOR: *(a little amused but keeping it to self)* I see.

SCOTT: You can?

DOCTOR: What?

SCOTT: *(beginning to panic)* You can see it? You can tell just by looking at me?

DOCTOR: Uh ... *(doesn't "see" at all)* ... Well, after all I am a doctor.

SCOTT: *(collapses in a chair)* Oh, gosh. I didn't know it showed. This is terrible. This is really awful.

DOCTOR: *(still mystified)* Maybe ... uh, maybe you could begin by telling me what's wrong with you.

SCOTT: I thought you knew! Didn't you say *you* could see it just by looking at me?

DOCTOR: I ... I mean, of course, I can see. But ... you know, just for the record ... perhaps you could explain
your symptoms.

SCOTT: It's hard, doc. It's really hard to ... to explain. It's like ... all over my body ... inside my brain.

Everywhere I go ... everything I do ... It's just like my whole life has turned really weird. (*earnestly*) You know what I'm talkin' about, right, doc?

DOCTOR: (*taken aback by this, a bit wide-eyed in wonder*) Uh ... oh, yes. It's uh ... just as I suspected.

SCOTT: (*relieved*) Oh, thank goodness you understand.

DOCTOR: Uh ... yes.

SCOTT: So what do I do to cure it?

DOCTOR: Do?

SCOTT: Do. What do I do?

DOCTOR: (*still mighty confused*) You know, it's not wise to diagnose these things too quickly. Perhaps if you could just sort of tell me what it feels like ...

SCOTT: (*thinks*) Well. Okay. It's ... it's like really hot ...

DOCTOR: I see.

SCOTT: I mean until it turns really cold ...

DOCTOR: Oh.

SCOTT: And then I'm feelin' just great and I'm on top of the world.

DOCTOR: Great!

SCOTT: Until I'm like ... like really depressed.

DOCTOR: Oh. (*he thinks a moment ... then it hits*) Oh!

SCOTT: (*alarmed at doctor's response*) What? Am I gonna die?

DOCTOR: Oh, yes.

SCOTT: What?!

DOCTOR: Yes ... another hundred years and you'll be deader than a doornail.

SCOTT: Huh?

DOCTOR: Let me give you a test.

SCOTT: A test?

DOCTOR: Just play along, okay? (*Scott nods*) Let's do a little role playing.

SCOTT: I'm not an actor.

DOCTOR: Oh, everyone's an actor. Some just get paid. Just play along, all right? (*Scott shrugs, apprehensive but agreeing*) Okay, let's pretend that I'm your father.

What's your name?

SCOTT: Scott.

DOCTOR: Okay, Scott ... this is your father speaking. Ready?

SCOTT: Sure.

DOCTOR: Scott, where are you going?

SCOTT: Nowhere.

DOCTOR: What are you going to do when you get there?

SCOTT: (*shrugs*) uh-uh.

DOCTOR: When will you be home?

SCOTT: I dunno.

DOCTOR: Aha!

SCOTT: What?

DOCTOR: I've found your disease!

SCOTT: You have?

DOCTOR: Terminus Adollescencia!

SCOTT: Huh?

DOCTOR: Terminal Adolescence.

SCOTT: Oh, my gosh. Is that bad?

DOCTOR: Yes. No. Maybe.

SCOTT: Wow! All three?

DOCTOR: At once. (*Scott collapses into a chair with a whimper*) Take heart, Scotty boy. It doesn't last forever.

SCOTT: (*brightening*) Good!

DOCTOR: It just seems like it. (*Scott whimpers again*) Easy, Scott.

SCOTT: (*begins to leave*) I gotta go. This is just makin' it worse.

DOCTOR: (*stopping him*) Easy, Scotty-boy.

SCOTT: You're just making fun of me. You think I'm nuts, don't you?

DOCTOR: Of course not!

SCOTT: Well, I'm not answerin' any more questions.

DOCTOR: Oh, you don't have to! (*guiding him to his seat again*) I can read minds!

SCOTT: You're kiddin'! How do I know you're tellin' the truth?

DOCTOR: I used to have a mind-reading tent at the county fair!



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