

MR ADAMS RETURNS

A SHORT PLAY SEQUEL TO "NEXT"

CAST: elderly man.

Young female doctor.

Scene: A doctors surgery room

Time: The present.

Dr: is seated at desk as Mr Adams enters.....he knocks on the door

Dr: Come in,,,,,she stands to greet him.....Ah, Mr Adams is it?

Mr Adams. Yes it is, but you're not my usual doctor

Dr: No Mr Adams, Dr: Robertson has asked me to do your cognitive tests today

Mr: Adams. Why?, I did them all the other day, wasn't he happy with them?

Dr: I'm not sure....he just asked me to do them again for him

Mr. Adams: I don't usually have a female doctor, it feels a bit strange, I've always had a man before...(nervously)you're not going to examine me are you...I don't want that?

Dr: No Mr Adams, I am not going to examine you, and we're not at all strange Mr Adams I assure you, you have no need to worry, we know all the same stuff the male doctors know...Let me introduce myself properly, I am Caroline Baker, but you can call me Caroline...

Mr. Adams: Oh, No, I don't think so, that's much too personal and non professional, I'd rather call you doctor, if you tell me you are one!

Dr: You have my word on it Mr Adams

Mr. Adams. Well, I suppose you wouldn't be sitting here in the doctor's chair if you wasn't one eh?

Dr: Exactly Mr Adams....now let's get started on these little tests shall we?

Mr. Adams. If you say so doctor

Dr: I do, Let's begin with the clock...I believe Dr: Robertson abandoned that one?

Mr. Adams. Yes, he did...I think he wanted me to draw a clock and I mustn't look at my watch to copy it

Dr: Quite right Mr Adams...so draw me a clock face please

Mr: Adams: Easy...here you go (he shows the doctor his drawing)

Dr: No Mr Adams, not that sort of face, I meant an ordinary clock face with numbers

Mr: Adams Oh, you should have said, I'll change it (he does)

Dr: Now give it some hands....No Mr Adams, not those kind of hands, clock hands that say 5.55 please

Mr: Adams say?

Dr: Oops, no not say...I mean show 5.55

Mr: Adams Is that right? (he shows her)

Dr: Yes very nice, but you didn't have to put legs and shoes on the drawing

Mr: Adams It looked unfinished somehow and needed something to stand on!

Dr: Quite!...you had an address problem I see?

Mr: Adams No, not me, but doctor Robertson did, he kept wanting me to move to Hawkes Bay...I don't know why, I don't know anyone there

Dr: Well that's wonderful you remembered it was Hawkes Bay Mr Adams!

Mr: Adams I've been worrying about it ever since....I mean, my family live in Wellington, I wouldn't want to move to Hawkes Bay would I, that's much too far away from them all, it would cost a lot of money to travel there.

Dr: I think I'll give you a pass on the address bit Mr Adams, you did remember it was Hawkes Bay...that's very good!

Mr: Adams Gosh, that's awfully nice of you doctor, thank you very much.

Dr: My pleasure Mr Adams...you had a bit of a problem going shopping, I believe?

Mr: Adams Well, I don't usually doctor, but doctor Robertson had some very odd ideas about food!

Dr: Odd ideas Mr Adams, what sort of odd ideas?

Mr: Adams Nothing fresh or real, all artificial stuff!...I always thought doctors were fussier than that about diet...he even wanted me to buy cat food for a cat I don't have!...I'm actually quite worried about doctor Robertson, I think he should pay you a visit professionally...he's definitely not well!

Dr: I think there may be a bit of confusion there Mr Adams

Mr: Adams well doctors are just real people aren't they?...they get sick too

Dr: That's very kind of you to think like that Mr Adams, but I can assure you doctor Robertson is perfectly well, I think it's just a question of mixed messages....

Mr: Adams I tried to tell him that, but I don't think he believed me.....he is getting on in years after all...I mean we all are aren't we?

Dr: I would rather that we didn't discuss doctor Robertson, Mr Adams...I think we should get on with your tests....I see numbers was a questionable area for you?

Mr: Adams Yes, I couldn't make him see there were thousands of numbers after the ones he gave me...as I said, I think he needs a holiday, he's not well

Dr: Right!...well maybe we will leave that one, I can see how it might be a tad confusing...Now, I'm going to give you 3 fruits and I want you to tell me what they are?

Mr: Adams That's impossible doctor, I can't see them!

Dr: No, Mr Adams...they are not actually here, nor are they real...I should have explained myself better...I will tell you the names of 3 fruits and you tell me what I have said, what their names are...ok?

Mr: Adams OK

Dr: Dragon fruit, Mango and passionfruit

Mr; Adams Ha Ha Ha very funny...you've made them up...there is no such thing as Dragon fruit, ços there's no such thing as Dragons anymore and nothing is called a passionfruit...that's a very cheeky name for something you eat! And as for Mangoes...that's just silly...I suppose they have some called Woman goes or Girl goes...you are just teasing me doctor, I thought this was a proper test!

Dr: No, I assure you Mr Adams, they are all real fruits

Mr: Adams Sorry, but I don't believe that...I feel you are not taking me seriously doctor...I knew it was a mistake having a woman doctor, you're just like my wife...she never took me seriously either, always making fun of me and everything I said, I could never do anything right to please her or her nosey Mother...I was always wrong, no matter what I did....You women are all the same, sticking together and always blaming us men for everything....

Dr: Come now, Mr Adams, there is no call for this sort of behaviour...I am sorry your experiences with women have caused you to think this way...I can arrange for you to see a councillor if you think that might help you...I can recommend a very good one Rachel Brownlea, I'm sure she could help you.

Mr:Adams No thank you, I don't need to see a shrink, there is nothing wrong with me...

Dr: Well, you've obviously got a few hang-ups about women Mr Adams, and, as I said, I can recommend a good councillor that could help you

Mr: Adams Yeh, and of course it's a woman!...as I said, you women all stick together...no thank you doctor, I'll wait until my real doctor comes back!

Dr: I am a real doctor Mr Adams

Mr: Adams Maybe, but you're not mine!...good day to you doctor! (he makes for the door)

Dr: (rising) Oh please don't go Mr Adams, I'm sure we can sort this misunderstanding out....

MR ADAMS, ANGRILY LEAVES THE ROOMTHE DOCTOR SITS AT THE DESK HEAD IN HANDS

DR: Oh dear!

THE END

