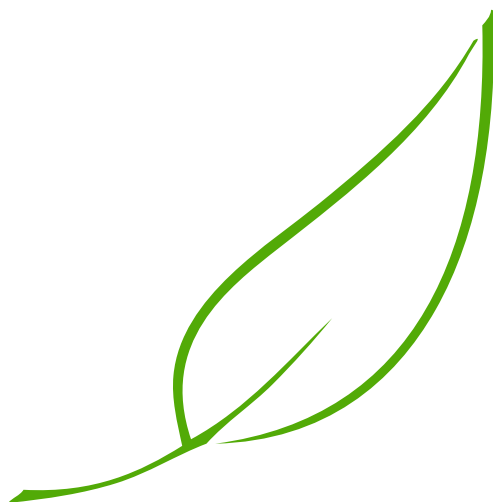


# COMPLETELY SAUCED

by Ken Bradbury



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*(The office of Dr. Psyche, a psychiatrist.)*

**DR. PSYCHE:** Come in. You must be my new patient.

**JOHNNY:** You must be my new doctor.

**DR. PSYCHE:** Dr. Psyche. Miss Feinstein said I had a new patient. *(shakes his hand)* And you are ...?

**JOHNNY:** Johnny. You can call me Johnny. Mom did.

**DR. PSYCHE:** It's customary that my patients lie down on my couch ... of course, it's not completely necessary, but ...

**JOHNNY:** I thought that was just in the movies. Cool. Yeh, I'll lie down. I've walked a long way. *(he reclines on Psyche's couch...two chairs)*

**DR. PSYCHE:** Now, Mr ...

**JOHNNY:** Johnny.

**DR. PSYCHE:** But your last name ...

**JOHNNY:** Appleseed. Johnny Appleseed.

**DR. PSYCHE:** Surely that's not your real name.

**JOHNNY:** Chapman.

**DR. PSYCHE:** Your name is John Chapman but you insist on calling yourself ...

**JOHNNY:** No. I don't insist. It's just a nickname.

**DR. PSYCHE:** I see.

**JOHNNY:** What if I fall asleep?

**DR. PSYCHE:** You won't. In the next few moments, Johnny, I will take you a journey of your imagination! An adventure of your fantasies! An excursion into the wild and unknown regions of ... *(Johnny snores loudly)* Are you asleep?

**JOHNNY:** No!

**DR. PSYCHE:** I heard you snore.

**JOHNNY:** Clearing my throat. Go ahead, Doctor.

**DR. PSYCHE:** What exactly seems to be your trouble?

**JOHNNY:** Apples.

**DR. PSYCHE:** Apples?

**JOHNNY:** Apples. I dream apples ...

**DR. PSYCHE:** That's hardly unusual, because you see ...

**JOHNNY:** I think about apples. I imagine apples. I live apples!

**DR. PSYCHE:** You live apples?

**JOHNNY:** Ask me a question.

**DR. PSYCHE:** What?

**JOHNNY:** Ask me a question. Any question.

**DR. PSYCHE:** Very well ... let's see. What's your favorite town?

**JOHNNY:** Appleton, Wisconsin.

**DR. PSYCHE:** Your favorite ... uh ... horse?

**JOHNNY:** Appaloosa.

**DR. PSYCHE:** Mountain?

**JOHNNY:** Appalachians.

**DR. PSYCHE:** Your favorite relative.

**JOHNNY:** Granny Smith.

**DR. PSYCHE:** Huh?

**JOHNNY:** That's a type of apple. See what I mean?

**DR. PSYCHE:** This is rather severe. I may need hypnosis.

**JOHNNY:** Me, too.

**DR. PSYCHE:** That's what I mean. Close your eyes ... you are feeling sleepy ... sleepy ... (*Johnny snores*) Not asleep! Sleepy!

**JOHNNY:** Uh ... sure.

**DR. PSYCHE:** Do you understand what I am saying?

**JOHNNY:** Uh-huh.

**DR. PSYCHE:** Let us go back ... back ... back to your childhood.

**JOHNNY:** Yes, Mommy.

**DR. PSYCHE:** You think I'm your Mommy?

**JOHNNY:** (*rises and becomes a little boy*) Aren't you?

**DR. PSYCHE:** Why ... certainly. Okay, Johnny. It's time to get up. Time for school, sweetheart.

**JOHNNY:** (*a little boy*) Oh, boy! School! Can I take an apple to the teacher?

**DR. PSYCHE:** Oh, everyone takes apples, Johnny. How about a nice ... uh ... ear of corn?

**JOHNNY:** (*making a small circle, indicating walking school*) Gee, I like you, Mrs. Jonathan! Here's an ear of corn. (*looks around*) Why's everybody laughing? (*begins to cry*) Make them stop laughing! I should have brought the apple!

**DR. PSYCHE:** Johnny!

**JOHNNY:** (*going into a trance, monotone*) Yes ... Doctor ...

**DR. PSYCHE:** You have a problem.

**JOHNNY:** Yes ... Doctor ...

**DR. PSYCHE:** Let's take you to your wedding day. What do you see?

**JOHNNY:** Apple blossoms.

**DR. PSYCHE:** No! Not that again!

**JOHNNY:** Crab apples blooming, Golden Delicious ...

**DR. PSYCHE:** At your wedding? What did your bride think?

**JOHNNY:** I was the apple of her eye.

**DR. PSYCHE:** Where did you get married?

**JOHNNY:** The Big Apple. (*looking at the Doctor*) Oh, sweetheart, let's get away from here! Let us go to the land where apple trees dot every hillside! Where streams of cider flow gently at our feet! Let us dance through orchards of apple blossoms!

**DR. PSYCHE:** (*becoming his bride*) Johnny, sweetheart, I don't like apples.

**JOHNNY:** (*grabs his chest, staggers around the room*) You ... you don't like ... Oh! Oh, say it isn't true! Tell me I didn't hear that!

**DR. PSYCHE:** You heard it. They give me a rash.

**JOHNNY:** But what's a little itching compared to a big slice of apple pie?

**DR. PSYCHE:** It constricts my breathing. The Doctor says eating an apple might kill me.

**JOHNNY:** But think of the funeral! Buried under a gentle grove of apple trees!

**DR. PSYCHE:** Johnny!

**JOHNNY:** (*in his trance*) Yes, Doctor.



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