

DASH 11 Opening Skit

Patient hobbles, in holding his/her head and stomach, grimacing in pain.

PATIENT: Doc, I don't feel so good.

DOCTOR: What seems to be the problem?

PATIENT: Well, I was doing this day-long puzzle hunt – it was a blast! – but it was so hard it made my brain hurt. Then my ears started ringing, and I couldn't breathe, and my bones got all achy, and...and I just feel weird all over. My lungs, my heart, my kidney, my stomach, my intestines, hands, ears, pancreas, bones, brain...they're all *killing* me!

DOCTOR: Ahhhh yes, it sounds like you've contracted a bad case of Pneumo-oto-cardio-adreno-gastroentero-manu-pancrea-osteo-cerebrosis, otherwise known as Incluenza. I'm afraid it's spread throughout the body, and all of your organs are slowly turning into puzzles. But you've come to the right place! We can fix you up, no problem.

PATIENT: Are you going to have to cut me open?

DOCTOR: Not at all! See, this is one of the few hospitals in the country that has a DASH on call at all times.

PATIENT: A DASH? What's that?

DOCTOR: A Diminutive Assembly of Solvers and Healers. See these people?
<*gestures to audience*>

PATIENT: Er, yeah, I was wondering what they were doing here.

DOCTOR: They will provide a small team of internists that will sort you out. A very small team. In fact...they'll be microscopic. You see, I've invented a shrink ray, which I use to miniaturize the medicos. You just have to take a deep breath, inhale them into your body, and they can solve all of your problems and meta-problems from within.

PATIENT: Wow! That's some amazing technology. You're really going to shrink down a whole team of people just to help *me*?

DOCTOR: You bet! Our motto is "No job too small!" Now walk this way and we'll get you set up in the treatment chamber. It will be a marvelous adventure! For them, I mean. You'll be unconscious.

PATIENT: Well, okay! <*to audience*> Uh, thanks! Please be careful in there?

They go offstage together.