# Mrs. Proctor Goes to the Doctor

***Characters:*** Dr. Finegood, a young doctor wearing a white coat.

 Mrs. Proctor, 93 years old, a tiny little woman. She walks with a crutch.

***The Scene:*** Dr. Finegood’s office. Mrs. Proctor is sitting on the examination table.

*Dr. Finegood: (She puts a stick in Mrs. Proctor’s mouth.) Say 'Ah,' please.*

**Mrs. Proctor: Aaahhh!**

*Dr. Finegood: (She listens to Mrs. Proctor's heart with a stethoscope.) Breathe in, please. Thank you. (She looks into Mrs. Proctor's left eye. Then she looks into her right eye.) Mrs. Proctor, may I ask you how old you are?*

**Mrs. Proctor: I am ninety-three years old, Doctor.**

*Dr. Finegood: Ninety-three? Isn't that wonderful! Tell me, Mrs. Proctor, do you have any pain?*

**Mrs. Proctor: Doctor, I have terrible pain, all the time.**

*Dr. Finegood: Where is the pain?*

**Mrs. Proctor: Where is it? My head hurts as if somebody is hitting it with hammer.**

*Dr. Finegood: (She writes down what Mrs. Proctor says.) Pain in head. Where else do you have pain?*

**Mrs. Proctor: Where? Everywhere! My feet hurt. My back hurts. My stomach hurts. My neck hurts. My hands hurt. That’s not all. Some of my teeth hurt.**

*Dr. Finegood: (She is writing what Mrs. Proctor tells her as fast as she can.) Feet. Back. Stomach. Neck. (Now she stops writing and looks at Mrs. Proctor with a smile.) Mrs. Proctor, when people live to be ninety-three years old, they get some little pains here and there. That's the way life is. There isn't much anyone can do for you.*

**Mrs. Proctor: Are you saying that can't help me?**

*Dr. FInegood: Mrs. Proctor, I am only a doctor. I am not God. I can't make you grow younger.*

**Mrs. Proctor: I am not asking you to make me grow younger. What I want is to grow OLDER!**