

*[A mother and a father waiting in (what else) a waiting room. They look tense.]*

Mother: If she gets out of this...

Father: There's no point getting angry now.

*[The Mother sighs.]*

Mother: I know, I'm just so-... Why wouldn't she *tell* us?

Father: She's always been rebellious. We can't expect that to stop once she goes to college!

Mother: But we can *hope*, Anthony!

*[A doctor walks through the door, the two parents look up hopefully.]*

Doctor: Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin?

Mother: That's us!

*[They stand up to approach the doctor as he moves towards them. The doctor's face is set and not pleasant.]*

Father: How is she?

Mother: Is she going to be okay?

Doctor: I understand that this has been a long day for both of you, but I need you to know that I don't have all the answers. Is she okay? She's stable. For now. Is she going to be okay? I don't know. Now, you too seem pretty tough, so I'm just going to tell you- it's bad. This is one of the worst cases of poopmouth I've ever seen.

Father: So that's... that's definitely what it is?

Doctor: Yes, it's poopmouth. That's got to be hard to hear, as her parents.

Mother: Well, how do you know? How can you be sure?

Doctor: We have some very strong indicators. The poop in her mouth, the poop traces on her hands and in her stomach lining. She even has poop on her butt.

Father: Well isn't that normal?

Doctor: The poop on her butt is not *her* poop. It's poop that she ate and which was wholly digested. It's someone else's poop all over your daughter's buttcrack.

*[The Father starts crying.]*

*[There's a pause.]*

Doctor (*more tender*): I'm sorry. *[puts his hand on Father's shoulder]* I know how hard this is for you.

Father: We... we just taught her, you know, not to do that. You see it on the news but you never... you never really--

Doctor: My son had poopmouth. He hid it from my wife and I for four years- had a net in the toilet, to catch our poops so he could eat them. He ate... he ate our poops, the dog's poops. He had a poop stash. He and his friends would eat each other's poops on weekends, apparently sometimes they would have so much they would vomit up the poop and then eat it again.

*[The doctor is tearing up.]*

Mother: How is he now? Is he fully recovered?

*[Beat.]*

Doctor: The surgeon told me his odds going in, so the blow wasn't as bad. I'll never forget the look on my son's face as he flatlined, and the poop trickled out of his mouth.

*[Everyone is in tears now. Not sobbing, just quiet tears.]*

Father: Why are you telling us this *now*? Our daughter is in there, poop on her face and clothes, and you're --

Doctor: Because I want you to understand what I mean when I say I will do *anything* to save your daughter. I want you to know that I am pulling out all the stops to give her as good a chance as I can. But I don't want you thinking I can perform miracles.

*[The parents are calmed. They understand.]*

Mother: We understand. Thank you doctor. I'm sorry.

*[The doctor nods.]*

Doctor: I have to get back now, make sure she's getting the treatment she needs. Because your

daughter shovelled a lot of poop into her mouth. She ate a whole lot of doodoo caca.

Father: I understand.

*[Mother nods solemnly.]*

*[Doctor nods, walks away.]*