

(a doctor's office, a glamorous lady in a wheelchair is in front on him)

Dr: Hello Carol, thank you for coming in today.

Carol: I've always got time for my favourite doctor. I haven't seen you since Oprah, right?

Dr: I believe...yes, I believe that's right

Carol: All this attention for little old me, can you believe it? You develop when little medical condition, and then you're on Oprah!

Dr: I've got some good news on that actually....

Carol: They want me back?! Oh my....well, I suppose I do have quite the unique condition, world first and all that, unseen in any other specimin, not to brag.

Dr: No, the news is

Carol: You know they bumped Janeane Garofalo, you know. I told you that, right?

Dr: Yes, plenty, that's exactly why I wanted to talk to you. Apparently Janeane Garofalo has also developed the condition too. She might have caught it off you, somehow, I don't know actually its a very unique condition as we've established, but now there's two of you with it!

Carol: Are you serious? She..she stole my condition!

Dr: I think stole's harsh.....

Carol: Is this because she had to share a dressing room with those performing dogs, and I get to use the wheelchair bathroom? Oh that is just plain petty.

Dr: Look, it's a good thing, honest! She gives a human face to the condition.

Carol: And my face?

Dr: Well....let's not dwell on who resembles a sweaty what. There's a lot of renewed media interest for Carol Harnenworth Syndrome.

Carol: Oh, really!

Dr: Now known as The Janeane Garofalo Experience. The public loves Garofalo, she is the nations sweetheart, so money has jsut come pouring into the foundation, as well as handmade cards and muffins and poems. We could have a cure within the week! Soon you'll go back to you old normal life as a struggling model, only 15 years older.

Carol: I think I'm going to be sick

Dr: Not any more! Well, actually, the cure looks like it may cause hourly nausea during the night hours, that's why you're testing it before Garofalo, but on the bright side it's not like they'll be the documentary crew around any more. Phew!

Carol: ...look, are you sure the cure will come that quick? There's no hurry, honest, don't...rush on my account.

Dr: I'll probably be sooner, actually. Hundreds of Garofalo's personal scientists are toiling all hours to get it made. I'd help myself, but I need to rehearse: Garofalo is doing a stage show based on the disease, and I'm in it! I'm going to play you! They changed the name obviously, so don't worry. The part's now called Ugly Complaint Girl.

Carol: This is the worst, the absolute worse. You don't understand doc, that condition was my identity, I don't feel me without it.

(the doctor finally understands, and puts a hand on her shoulder)

Dr: Look, hey, cheer up: maybe you'll catch something else?

Carol: Yeah...yeah! Maybe I will, maybe I will.

Dr: I'll have to wait to you're cured though: you spread a rare condition somehow, so you're on maximum quarentune. You won't be leaving this sealed building or come in contact with any human till then. Seeya! I'm off to present an award to myself.

Carol: Why aren't you quareneened, you're exposed too?

Dr: Come on: I aint missing an award show.

end

