

Psychiatrist, a skit for staff

Psychiatrist and his patient.

Scene:

Design the stage to look like a Psychiatrist's office. Include a couch (for the patient to lie down on) and a chair for the doctor.

The skit begins with a knock on the doctor's door, and the doctor answers.

- **MAN:** Oh, ah, hello there... are you Dr. Kaseltzer, the psychiatrist?
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- **DOC:** Yes I am, and that will be 20 dollars. What other questions can I help you with?
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- **MAN:** Well my name is Mr. Gaspocket. I have an appointment.
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- **DOC:** Oh yes, what's the nature of your problem?
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- **MAN:** Well I'm trying to break - bark!- a nervous habit.
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- **DOC:** Well, maybe I can help you.
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- **MAN:** Thanks, doc. - bark!
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- **DOC:** How long has this been going on?
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- **MAN:** Oh, ever since I was a teenager - bark!
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- **DOC:** Hmm... Think back. Did a vicious dog ever frighten you?
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- **MAN:** Huh? I don't get it.
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- **DOC:** Well, these problems can often be traced to a single event.
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- **MAN:** No. This is just a - bark!- nervous habit.
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- **DOC:** Have you ever tried to break it?

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- **MAN:** Oh yes! I've tried lots of things, such as wearing gloves.
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- **DOC:** Wait a minute. You've tried wearing gloves?
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- **MAN:** Yes, well, you know, I thought if I would start wearing gloves, I might stop biting my nails.
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- **DOC:** Biting your nails?
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- **MAN:** Well, yes. That's the nervous habit I was telling you about.
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- **DOC:** You mean you came to see me just because you bite your nails?
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- **MAN:** Well, certainly. What else- bark!- what else in the world - bark!- would I have on my mind?
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- **DOC:** Maybe you should lie down and tell me all about it.
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- **MAN:** Well, I'm not allowed on the furniture.
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- **DOC:** That's all right, I don't mind.
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- **MAN:** Well, all right. You see, one reason I get nervous and bite my nails is -bark!- because of my mother.
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- **DOC:** Your mother?
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- **MAN:** Well, she always makes sleep on a bunch of newspapers down in the cellar. Somehow, she got this crazy quirk, you know, she got it in her mind, now you won't believe this, but she got to the point that she imagined that I went around the house, now listen to this, that I went around the house barking like a dog!
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- **DOC:** You think she imagined this?
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- **MAN:** Well, I know she did, you know, she finally wrote to a doctor about me... a Veterinarian.
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- **DOC:** Oh really? And what did he say?
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- **MAN:** I don't know. I never let the mailman near the house. -bark!
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- **DOC:** This goes deeper than I thought. I'm going to try the word association test. I'll say a word and you say the first word that comes to your mind...Table!
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- **MAN:** Chair.
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- **DOC:** Ball.
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- **MAN:** Bat.
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- **DOC:** Flower.
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- **MAN:** Rose.
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- **DOC:** Cat.
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- **MAN:** Bark!
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- **DOC:** Dog Catcher.
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- **MAN:** Bark! Bark! Bark!
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- **DOC:** I'll tell you what. This is going to require some consultation. Why don't you come in next Thursday morning?
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- **MAN:** Oh, no, Doc, couldn't you make it another day? I don't want to miss the movie "Lassie."
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- **DOC:** Okay. How about Monday night around 7:30?

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- **MAN:** Nope, that's Find the Staff.
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- **DOC:** Okay, let's make it Tuesday. Good day, sir.
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- **MAN:** *(exits)* Bark! Bark!
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- **DOC:** *(to the audience)* That's the weirdest thing I ever saw. *(He picks up his cell phone and calls his wife as he's walking out of the office)* Hey honey, that was my last appointment. *(pause)* Yeah, a real nutbar. He BAaaaaaaaaa *(like a sheep)* always barked in the middle of his sentences! Baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa! Yeah... like a dog. Go figure. Baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!
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- *(He exits.)*