

The Oval

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Seven

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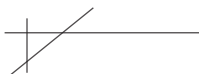
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josh hamilton

SEVEN

Hello, Dr. Caz would like to welcome you to *The Dr. Caz O'Neill Show featuring the Seven Week, Seven Addicts Road to Recovery Summer Special*©. Just so you know, you won't actually be meeting Dr. Caz, not until you're onstage, and even then you'll be reading from the script. You have been reciting the script five times a day with a partner? There are extra copies on the coffee table in the blue room if you feel the need to refresh yourself. The room is blue because it's meant to calm your nerves. There's an assortment of complimentary cookies, fruits, and coffee in the blue room, but don't eat any of the cookies or the fruits and don't drink the coffee. Do not rely on the blue room. Have a glass of water if you start to feel sick, but not too big a glass; you don't want to be onstage and have to use the restroom. But if you do feel the urge to go, cross your legs and just remember: always follow the script.

There will be teleprompters to help you out in the event you forget your lines. Don't rely on the teleprompters. The audience has cues when they need to boo and snicker, too. You, however, will not be receiving any applause.

Since you're the alcoholic you should know our network has a commercial sponsorship with Pabst Blue Ribbon®. That means when Dr. Caz asks what your alcoholic beverage of choice is always be sure to answer Pabst Blue Ribbon®. It's in our contract that their brand needs to be mentioned at a minimum of three times, so when in doubt just answer: Pabst Blue Ribbon®.

Please, allow me to show you around. That's Angus. Angus is a dairy addict. For his audition he drank a gallon of 2% milk in under ten minutes. He weighs over five hundred pounds, has a difficult time walking, and will most likely die a virgin. He carries around Kraft cheese slices in his front pock-

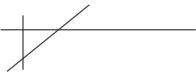
ets and snacks on them as needed. They melt in his pockets sometimes, but he also keeps a supply of cheese whiz in the console of his car. You'll notice his teeth are orange and rotting. When you meet him he'll try to shake your hand and if you take it you will end up with a coating of cheese covering your fingers. It's okay if you choose not to shake his hand, but if you do be sure to sanitize yourself immediately afterwards. Do not lick the cheese. Do not lick the cheese. Also, he only has his pinkie and thumb on his right hand after multiple accidents involving a dog and a power saw, so when he offers you his hand, and this is only if you decide to shake it, ignore the stub and try to smile. He's prone to losing his emotions very suddenly. You do not want to see Angus lose his emotions. Wait for the promo to see that.

In the corner, near the dressing room, that is Celeste. She will try to fuck you. She fucked Dr. Caz to get on the show, but don't tell anyone that, and definitely don't hint to Dr. Caz that you're aware of this. Dr. Caz, like Celeste, is an aficionado of wild sex games. The two rented a cheap motel room one Saturday night and the entire next week neither of them could walk a straight line, nor could Celeste explain the bruising on her neck and wrists.

Celeste loves to tell the story of how she lost her virginity at age nine to a Hispanic boy who was in the sixth grade and rode the same school bus as she did. She won't tell you this, but she also contracted Chlamydia at ages thirteen and sixteen and had multiple yeast infections throughout her early twenties, which made her go into a psychosis where she believed she was the reincarnation of Mary Magdalene. The Chlamydia and infections and psychosis are gone, for now, but that still doesn't mean you can fuck her. We don't need our addicts fucking each other.

The snot-nosed eighteen-year-old with braces over there is Denny. Denny cannot stop watching internet pornography. He spends at least five hours a day in front of his computer,





but Dr. Caz is going to say it's actually thirteen hours. Denny has agreed to this. Denny, like Angus, is also a virgin. Celeste will fuck neither of them, and Celeste fucks everyone. In

“The second was a meth-head, but he was deemed too good looking for a television meth-head.”



his audition, Denny told us when he was fourteen he came to the conclusion that a woman's clitoris is somewhere up her

asshole. He convinced himself that finding the woman's clit is the equivalent to dating, and that women can only be emotionally stimulated by nothing short of a daily rim-job. This led to porno, which led to Denny dropping out of high school, which led him to *The Dr. Caz O'Neill Show*©.

Denny is also an avid telescope enthusiast. For the past two years he has spied on his German neighbor's bedroom escapades. Denny then goes to local sex addict groups and tries to pass off what he observes as his own doing. Nobody believes him. Sex and lies sell, and for this information Denny will receive the best compensation of you all. Lucky for us, the compensation will come in the form of a college scholarship, which Denny will never attend.

Just so you're aware, both Angus and Denny will recover at the conclusion of the eight weeks. Denny will find Jesus Christ. Angus will become a vegan. This will happen with a highly dramatic, highly scripted breakdown that will end in joyous tears and heart-filled hugs from Dr. Caz. Never touch Dr. Caz unless he touches you first, which will most likely never happen. Whether or not you will recover is still up to the writers. And no, you cannot question the writers on what your fate will be.

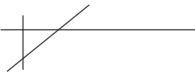
Over there with the plastic blow up doll is Chester. Chester's nature was debatable, but ultimately our staff decided that living in a fantasy world can be defined as an addiction. The blow up doll, her name is Suzie Q. Chester often strokes her

hair, massages her shoulders, and whispers jokes into her ear, which only he laughs at. If he tells you that Suzie Q. wants to talk with you, then just go with it. Suzie Q. has a French-Canadian accent and will compliment you on your ‘pizzazz.’ Be sure to thank her. Tell her she has eyes that remind you of your mother’s. Initially, Suzie Q. wanted to have a threesome with Celeste and make a video out of it, but Chester was so offended that he almost quit the show before the cameras ever started filming. Dr. Caz had to convince Chester to stay on board. That is something Dr. Caz will never do with you. You were third on our list for candidates with a substance-abuse problem. The first one died of a heroin overdose two weeks ago. The second was a meth-head, but he was deemed too good looking for a television meth-head. He even had all his teeth. But you’re an alcoholic, and you have all your teeth, so don’t forget that. Alcoholics are a dime a dozen.

Behind the one way mirror in the safe-proof room is Hannah. Our legal team has decided to keep her secluded for your, mine, and everyone else’s safety. Hannah is an animal hoarder and was volunteered by her family. And since Hannah can’t read, but can sign a contract, it’s her family who will be receiving all of her payment from *The Dr. Caz O’Neill Show*©. This will probably result in a substantial amount of money. Viewers will tune in by the millions, wanting to watch a woman who has over fifty dead and decaying chickens stuffed in bins around her kitchen. The more viewers who watch the show, and the more dead chickens, squirrels, and snakes we find in Hannah’s house, the more income the show, and Hannah’s four sons, will generate.

Hannah also has a problem with biting people on their arms, neck, and ears. This is a quality trait outside of Hannah’s expected range of dead animal hoarding, and her four sons will be paid extra for it. Last week she bit two of our camera men. Rumors are already spreading that she is involved in a satanic vampire cult. This is why she must be secured at all times. The





writers are working on a scene where she will attack Dr. Caz on stage, but they are wondering if there needs to be a script for that. Dr. Caz is prepared for this. If Hannah bites you, report it immediately and we will get the wound on camera as fresh and as bloody as it possibly can be. Medical services will also be supplied, free of charge. But always remember: audiences love blood.

The woman who is smiling, that is Ingrid. That is a fake smile. She was injected with Botox this morning and she has to keep her face in that position for at a minimum of four hours. You will also notice her chemical peel, rhinoplasty, multiple collagen injections, otoplasty, chin and cheek augmentation, rhytidectomy, lip enhancement, browplasty, hair transplant, etc., etc.

Ingrid has gone from an A cup to an EE bust size over the course of three surgeries. These surgeries cost Ingrid tens of thousands of dollars, countless bottles of Vicodin and Oxycontin, and years of her life to accomplish. Although she was against it at first, Ingrid has agreed to surgically remove her silicon breasts and return to her natural 32 A cups within the first two weeks of the show to prove that she is willing to free herself from the cosmetic world she lives in. She will be reimbursed for this inconvenience.

If Ingrid asks you how she looks, lie and tell her she looks awful. Say she looks hideous and that she reminds you of a ghoulish Halloween mask. She has low self-esteem, and our writers have determined that she needs to attempt suicide in order to draw in more viewers. This endeavor of taking her life will be staged, as will the stitches in her forearms, but Ingrid is a terrible on-camera personality so we need all the criticism aimed at her as much as we possibly can manage to make her act believable. The magazines and news outlets that are under the same corporation as *The Dr. Caz O'Neill Show*© will help us in this effort, as will Ingrid's family who it was decided that, once she has her fake breasts removed, shall be the ones to

officially push her over the edge. They have agreed to this.

The suicide attempt will not reflect the professionalism of Dr. Caz in any way imaginable. He will do everything in his power to help Ingrid. He will provide care for her at Saint Clair's Hospital for the Mentally Insane. Whether or not Ingrid actually recovers is entirely up to her. The writers have already come up with an ending that will read:

Ingrid was released by Saint Clair's Hospital for the Mentally Insane two weeks after filming concluded.

She has accepted aftercare treatment.

Ingrid is forever thankful to *The Dr. Caz O'Neill Show*© and is ready to take a new direction in her life that is free from chemical injection and silicone implants.

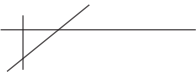
Ingrid has accepted these conditions.

As for yourself, you will agree with Dr. Caz on live television that you will enroll in a twelve step program. Dr. Caz has done episodes in the past where he challenges the set-up and rehabilitation rate of the twelve step program and this is the reason why our writers will most likely fail your recovery.

The audience will initially be on your side, as you whiz through the first three steps of admitting you are powerless to God, then agreeing with God to restore your sanity, and letting God make the decisions in your life. Whether or not you let God into your life is on your shoulders. You will fail the fourth step, unable to make amends with your father after the killing of your mother from the drunk driving accident you were involved in two years ago. You will also receive a third DUI during the show. This will be staged.

Your twin sisters, Mia and Mina, will also be on the show. We checked their birthdates, and we must know if it is true that





you are exactly nine months younger than them? You cannot lie about your biography. If you are found to be lying about your biography, or if you slip up and tell an outside source of what really happens behind the scenes of this show, then you can 100% expect to be facing a lawsuit. We will not provide legal defense for you.

You will remain sober for the first twenty-eight days of the recovery program. Whether or not you actually choose to be sober is entirely up to you. Just don't be caught drinking in public. And if you must drink in public then, please, make sure it's a Pabst Blue Ribbon®. But keep in mind that if you do drink in public and are caught on camera, then we will be forced to provide different means for recovery, of which you do not want to happen. *The Dr. Caz O'Neill Show*© also reserves the right to take legal action against you should this scenario arise. So only drink in your house with the curtains drawn. But don't worry, this is only for the first twenty-eight days.

As stipulated in your contract, you have agreed to let cameramen into your residence as often as we see fit. You also agreed to allow hidden cameras to be strategically placed in your dwelling. In the event that we televise an image with your nude body, you can rest assured that your genitalia will be blurred over. Only our editors will see your naked body. They are very discreet. Also, you cannot know the locations of these cameras. Do not try to find the cameras.

Over that way is the stage. When you're cued to go out there won't be any applause and the lights will be blinding. Just walk left until you see Dr. Caz. His seat is eight inches higher than yours. This is because on screen the camera angle will simultaneously make it seem that you two are on even ground, yet Dr. Caz will be taller. Try not to feel intimidated. Most feel intimidated, but you're the alcoholic. That means you're an asshole with a passion for Pabst Blue Ribbon® during the next few hours, so you cannot feel intimidated. And yes, we know of your crying problem. You cannot cry tonight, you're the

asshole. Rest assured though, our writers are working on a way to incorporate your crying into the show.

We cycle in different audiences for each addict. Keep in mind that the audience has been waiting in line outside in the sun since early this morning. You will be on after Denny and his internet-porn-clitoris-capade at 8 p.m. Do not mention Denny or any of the other addicts. Dr. Caz has a reputation for being an insomniac which is why we will be filming till 3 a.m. with thirty minute breaks between each addict. You are not allowed to leave until that time. Your slot will consist of forty-five minutes of filming and afterwards you will be escorted to a different backstage than here. Catering will be provided, free of charge.

For now, go sit over there. Don't talk with the rest of the addicts. If Celeste tries to fuck you, ignore her. If Ingrid says hello, tell her she's repulsive. If Angus tries to stand and his knee braces give out, alert the cameramen.

If you see a writer walk by, be nice to them, smile and, perhaps, ask how their day is going. But don't be too nice or they may write you off the show sooner than already scripted. Maybe during your third DUI you get into a major accident and break your neck. Writers can be assholes. But don't think of them as assholes. You're the asshole. An alcoholic asshole with a crying problem that has twin sisters exactly nine months older than you. Remember that and you'll be right on your way to a seven week recovery, except in your case, which will result in a massively theatrical failure.

If you need me, I'll be in Dr. Caz's dressing room, prepping him on the specifics for tonight. Do not knock on the door. Do not even wait by the door. If you need anything, go talk to Rick. He's the stage manager, over there with the clipboard. He'll relay what you say to my assistant, Jen. But don't bother Rick. Rick is a busy man. He's a good man. Just talk to Jen and whatever you need will get sorted out.

