THY FEARFUL SYMMETRY

A Ghost Story with Tigers

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A multi-culti ensemble of six play lots of folks

Cast of Characters –

A Chorus

DR LINGLANGCHINGCHANGWINGWANG –

> An ancient post post modern sawbones who never saws a bone
> the only one not doubled, trebled et cetera

HERMIONE –

> his assistant and the greatgreatgreat grand and so-on of Helen of Troy

A Firecracker Victim

A Firecracker Salesman

A Pack of Wolves

WHITE TIGER

PIKE, 137 years old

TY WUN ON, a rhetorically militant alcoholic golf pro, half-Asian, half-Black

A bunch of Burmese Monks

HECTOR, son of VERONICA; brother of TITANIA

VERONICA, mother of TITANIA

TITANIA, DR CHING's soon-to-be bride

CELESTE, their daughter

> TIME - Out of Joint
>
> SPACE - Where It's At

A whole ER scene, docsnursesgurneys racing.

CHORUS

He's had a stroke

Man with Stroke

A stroke of luck

CHORUS

He won't survive

Man with Stroke

What's so great? Being alive?

CHORUS

We've got to get him –

Man with Stroke

Why not just *let* him –

CHORUS

We've almost no time

Man with Stroke

Your nickel, my dime

CHORUS

Operate, open his head, go through his ear

Just as he did through chests so many

Man with Stroke

Schmoperate, protect my head, I have no fear

Just as I did through chests so many

Leave me be, my brain will work or it will not

Fin’lly free, insane - the work, the tittle, the jot

The years, the decades, centuries so long

Whate’er I did, was it right, was it wrong

How can I care, does time remain

Yes, I said, fin’lly free, insane

The work, the tittle, the jot, the bitings

The rippings, gnashings, excisings, fightings

What’s left, what’s right, my daughter, where

are you and do you forgive me

I didn’t call, you said, “It’s not fair!”

I’d no excuse; through me you looked

Main Doctor

You’re in E.R., the blood will flow

Right through your ear; I operate

I won’t suck out; I won’t suck in

You’ll hear much less; your head will clang

The tumor, heading out will bang

across your hippocanthus; din

vibrating, every noise you’ll hate

But operate I must, up high, not low

Your chest has something that I’ll leave to you

My concentration, specialty, is the head

I’m only interested in the precious few

And keeping those from being dead

I learned from you a vital lesson, but

I’ve chosen valleys mountain paths that cut

such different ways, explore such different roads

yet cut we both and fin’lly bear the loads

that weigh the same

dear Dad, I love you, proudly do I bear your name

Now, let’s get to it –

SHE has to wrestle HIM to the bed and go through his ear

with her instruments.

Success!

Lights out.

In the Darkness we hear The CHORUS –

CHORUS

ALL DOCTOR ALERT

ALL HEALER RE-CERT

Re Certify

Re Purify

Re Juvenate

Re Suscitate

Re Energize

Re Analyze

All Doctor Alert

All Healer Re Cert

Re-Pure Re-Juv Re-Susc Re-En Re-An

Fy Fy Ate Ate

Ize Ize ‘Lert ‘Cert

All Doctor Alert

All Healer Re-Cert

As lights slowly rise, we see
DRLINGLANGCHINGCHANGWINGWANG,
previously Man with Stroke,
mid-nightmare, writhing upon a rock.

A Chorus of Felines circles HIM.

CHORUS OF FELINES

Dr Ling, Dr Lang, Dr Ching, Dr Chang, Dr Wing, Dr Wang

Wake up, please, you have to go to the mountains

There’s a man, needing a huge tumor removal

There’s a woman, needing a huger tumor excision

You’re the man for the man, the man for the woman

Bite it out, excise it, o so cleanly

They need your expert ripping

Swabbing, disinfecting, swatting flies from exposed parts

Combatting viral takeovers, only your brain has the smarts

Only your steady hands can perform what's needed

DR WING -

I've been operating for three days straight

Combatting everything I hate

I haven't had a sec,

much less forty winks

A whole village of tumorous nonagenarians

will now live to be centenarians

What will we do with all these oldsters

There are those who would hold me back

Tell me to let a few drop off the face of the earth

Pushing them into the quarry as the Japanese did to the Chinese

during the occupation, tying their hands behind their backs

blindfolding them, then shooting them headside

To give more room for those who are birthing

But the oath I've taken, to save all lives where lives can be saved

Keeps me on the straight and narrow

CHORUS

There is no straight and narrow where these mountains beckon you

The roads, the paths riven with rivulets, rocky,

strewn with every fallen tree

DR. WONG

I shall take my staff

CHORUS

You have a staff? We thought you worked alone

DR WANG

The staff I lean on, the wood so carved it keeps me upright

When I yearn to keel over and saw some Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzs

But I do have a staff of which you speak, a staff of one

Her name is Hermione

CHORUS

The wronged heroine of Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale"

DR. CHANG

A more recent reference perhaps, but no matter

CHORUS

Accused of being unfaithful

DR CHING

Unjustly

CHORUS

Indeed

DR CHANG

I'm one of the lucky sort, who has no one to accuse

CHORUS

You sound wistful or perhaps dismayed

DR CHUNG

I have no time for sentiment; the mountains beckon

CHORUS

You wouldn't leave without Hermione –

DR LING

I've not seen her since the second or was it the third day of operating

I've lost track of my Hermione, well, not *my*…you understand

Where has she gotten herself to?

CHORUS

You sound dismayed or perhaps wistful

If only we'd all heeded your advice

And ate only artichokes and *peasant* under glass

Baked Alaska, Hawai'ian pineapple

DR LINGLANGCHINGCHANGWINGWANG

Pinyas!

Please

Fruits and vegetables

No meat no fish no dairy

And it's *pheasant*, not *peasant*

I eat no meat, I eat no flesh

Do not re-introduce flesh into your diet

as some prophets, notably Andre De Shields, demand

having everything else un-introduced

But leave my regimen to another time

Where over the mountains are those whose tumors need cure and destruction

Or destruction, then cure

I'll go anyplace to yank them out

They are my enemy and must be defeated

No one but me can do what I do

I'm Doc ExtraordinairO

I'm the top of The Chart

I'm Doc O So Rare-O

I'll soothe where hurts your heart

CHORUS

There is a man at the very top of the peak named Pike

He is said to be One Hundred and Thirty-Seven years old

DR. WING

And counting

CHORUS

He is said to count to One Hundred and Thirty Seven every day of his 138th year

It keeps his brain in working order

DR. WANG

And he has a tumor –

CHORUS

The size of his sternum and growing

DR. WONG

Every day of the 138th year

CHORUS

But there are dangers on the journey

DR WING

There always are

CHORUS

Wild animals

DR WANG

Have you fought the insurance companies lately?

CHORUS

They would rip you apart

DR CHING

As I was asking…

CHORUS

Your carriage awaits.

DR LING

I'll take no carriage.

CHORUS

Then this Magic Schoolbus.

DR. WING

Only in that book with Miss Frizzle. Not in or on my life.

CHORUS

Then here is your horse.

DR. WANG

A goat would serve me better on terrain that awaits

and then I could have its milk also,

and chevre as well, as did Mahatma,

the Great Gandhi who took his goat with him everywhere

CHORUS

O, please not that story again

We've heard so many times ten

And it isn't true

Please don't repeat you

DR. LANG

Little known from his days in Capetown, yes, he fasted

but when he broke his fast, he feasted on the finest chevre

But no matter, my kingdom for a Camel cigarette

I used to be a smoker, weren't we all

and still I crave those little bits of tabac stuck to my tongue

and spitting out, Patooey!

It's when I first determined to purify my saliva

the moment I quit the weed

and now my lungs are full to capacity

I'll walk as I have so many times before

and lean on my staff and hope Hermione returns

CHORUS

We'll send her your way; she's just been delayed

most likely, that is

You treat her well, we presume?

DR. WANG

As well as well is treated

CHORUS

She would have no reason to go off on her own

DR. LING

Without telling me, decidedly not

CHORUS

No undue pressure?

DR. LANG

No pressure has ever been due

CHORUS

No innuendo?

DR.LUNG

No outyouendo, nothing of the kind.

CHORUS

Only kindness?

DR.CHING

A little more of kin and nothing less than kind

CHORUS

Perhaps she's been too much in the sun and is resting in some shaded watery ditch.

DR. CHING

O, let us not allow ourselves to think

That she is wounded in the head and sink-

ing in some state brought on by too much work

CHORUS

We cannot help but think that dangers lurk

Around each bend

DR. WING

I'd never let that hap-

pen; oft at end of day she'd nestle in my lap

Together breathing, we'd take a little nap

But never long, we couldn't let the tasks

Pile up, for health and safety always asks,

Not asks, but begs us, pleads its urgent case

And never lets us turn away our face

Help is on the way; help is here

Rest can wait, get up off your arse

CHORUS

So you do admit you spoke to her so crudely

Using the "b" word, is that what you'll tell us next

Or the "p" word, as power-positioned men so often do

Did you tell her her thighs might be in need of some classic working out

Did you suggest her buttocks would not be hanging down the backs of her knees

had she been the gym rat that you told her she must be

DR. WANG

No no, what is it, of what do you speak?

I never utter those nasty slurs, I was urging myself on

When I told myself to get off my bony arse

CHORUS

Bony, is it, let us take a look

DR. WING

Keep your hands to yourself, you filthy-minded Chorus

CHORUS

Perhaps you've not seen the beginnings of filth, Herr Doktor

Would it surprise you that your fair Hermione

has visited a dominatrix, an Erotica, to discover her inner stripper

only to discover that her outer stripper would do just fine

DR. WING

You're like the wicked Calchas who told Agamemnon that the winds would not blow and fill the sails of his ships until he sacrificed his daughter Iphigenia.

CHORUS

Now Hermione is your daughter, is she?

Well, incest is still a crime in this land, kind sir

DR. WANG

When Calchas knew full well that the winds would blow of their own accord, according to the whims of nature, not the whims of the gods, those nasty, brutal creatures who don't even exist.

CHORUS

Ah ha, the gods don't exist, do they?
Well, we'll see about that

DR. WANG

Get ye behind me, Beelzebubba

CHORUS

Does that mean that you don't want us to look out for, what is her name, Domina, Domina –

DR. WANG

Hermione, the daughter of Helen of Troy!

CHORUS

The one who fell for that Parisian boy?

DR. WANG

Garcon, garcon, s'il vous plait, Paris is his name

CHORUS

Perhaps she'll ride the horse

Or take the carriage

Or El Autobus Magico

Gods may not exist, but surely the Fates

Adieu Adieu, Hermione's multiple mates

Dr. Wing Dr. Wang, see them all now

Bulls bulls more bulls and just one lone cow

DR. WANG

Out of my sight, Pandarus Pimp

Procure somewhere else, leave this barrio, this 'hood, my hutong clear and clean

She'll return, as pure as she left; she'll join me at the top of the peak

for the meek will inherit the earth, scorched 'though it may be

from oil field fires and sordid choral desires

CHORUS

You'll find we're not your enemy

As you journey higher and higher

Look within your own heart where you need to decipher desire

DR.WING

I'll break my staff across your face

You turn men of peace 'to a troglodyte race

CHORUS

Exeunt omnes

DR. WANG

You guys leave; this guy stay

CHORUS

The dog will drool and cat will have its day

CHORUS exeunt.

DR. LING

Good riddance to bad rubbish

How do these vermin get away with supping at “la basura”

The garBAJE of so-called human experience

Insisting we must gather ‘round the dungheap

and sing sad songs about the death of dictators

I must be on my way, exiting oppositely

I don’t know exactly where I’m going
But what’s the matter, what’s the diff

I’ll just head up, no but, no and, no if

I think there will be signposts on the way

I’m not a male about directions, say,

That is, I’ll ask anyone, I’m not shy

It makes me no Mr. Alpha Man, indeed

Why, Omega’s fine with me,

because why not

When one is lost, on tempest’s tossed,

One needs to ask -

Kind sir, Madame, where am I now

the road is there, which way to turn

should I twist, should I swivel.

perhaps reverse, even snivel at the prospect

of losing my way

If there's no one to ask, I'll just stumble along

on whichever foot supports me

presuming one does not and the other does

HE stumbles and almost falls.

Whoa, that was a close one

A gaggle of geese, that is, a Monkle of Monks surround him.

The Monkle of Monks take their time.

Monkle of MONKS

We saffron-robed, we monks supreme all dream

of afterlife and gods who'll beam us up

We'd help you out, you Doctor Wing or Wang

We'd pray for you, however much you said

You didn't want our prayers, we were intru –

sive, not polite, is what you said, but it's

Not so, nay, sir, it's not what may it seem

It isn't anything, it's not all fat or lean

It's what you need, it is the Tiger's fang

O, yes, let's get into each other's bed

We'll switch around, around from me to you

We'll hug and cuddle, nuzzle 'til our fits

and starts have made us warm and soft and wet

We'll kiss each other's parts as if we've first time met

DR. WING

You're thinking things of the body, I'm quite surprised

I thought you'd be all spirit, that needs to be analyzed

MONKS

We're not rational animals, as some philosophers say

We're incarnate spirits, emphasis on carnate play

We're the new kind of monk, the Monk for All Reasons

We're Sexual Celibates for all but occasional seasons

DR LING

You're Burmese monks who've shaved your heads

You're Burmese monks who've left your beds

of straw and hemp protesting rule

of colonels out of military school

so fresh their haircuts need no touching up

you're begging alms with outstretched cup

when soldiers banging truncheons 'cross your heads

the world's surprised they've left their beds

such babies as are you, such friends you all

should be, and diving for the same such ball

on fields of competition, dusty dry

and why you're at such loggerheads, no why

you can't companions be instead of foes

your only sin compounding each's woes

Burmese Monks

You little understand what is it that we do

We struggle 'gainst the government which benefits the few

We monks are tens of thousands strong

We protest single-file long

We march along while chanting loud

This much we know, we are unbowed

Though bloodied we're about to be

We'll never step aside unfree

DR. CHING

Will I see you on the downside – I have a feel I will

Burmese Monks

We've come to feel the spirit as the body starts to wane

The generals have shut the Internet causing massive cyber pain

No longer do the images of fascisti gone amuck

Fill the berries black and texting screens with SOL's and LOL's

---

It’s enuf to make us all upchuck

DR CHUNG

I’ll see you on the downside, keep the faith, my BFF’s

Grab your Ipods and Razrfones, use all four tones

and keep them close unto your bods

Whachu lissn’ to, the latest of Mos Defs?

Burmese Monks

We dig Common, usselfs, he from Chi Town,

The Great Southside My Town

‘Tho now cribbin’ i’ Brooklyn, duh Borough o’ duh Peeps

Here’s Bed Sty in your eye

Dat Manhattan mud’s for creeps

DR. LING

You hurt me with that line

On your way ‘fore I fine you

Take away yore license poesy

Burmese Monks

We dig it, homey, time for us to mosey

Burmese Monks leave, but one remains behind.

DR MUNG

Yes, my young ‘un, wassup, blood, or be you crip?

One Monk

I’m lame

Good Doctor mine, you see

I'm in disguise, my name

You know, Aung San Suu Kyi

My goal is yours the same

DR MING

Your goal?

You're under house arrest

You guard your country's soul

You've aced up every test

This life, it takes its toll

AUNG SAN SUU KYI

Toll, yes,

And now it's time for you

To join our ranks, no less

Than in the front, now, d'you

Agree, this awful mess –

DR MING

I can't

I won't, it's not my style

It's politics, all rant

I operate the while

Your monks and you, go chant

AUNG SAN SUU KYI

Farewell/Fair's all

I know it's hard to split

Your life; but if you fall

Please know the ground you hit

Might ope' and send you down the hall to hell

DR LING

I'll take

My chances; everyone

Is out to push and make

me what they want. A ton

of thanks, for heaven's sake

I'm neutral, daughter/son

AUNG SAN SUU KYI

Be not lukewarm, but hot or cold

I'll spit you off my tongue

DR WING

It cannot be, not bought or sold

I see a lump upon your lung

AUNG SAN SUU KYI

O, no

Good Doc

Don’t touch, be on your way

And yes, good Doc

There’s much much more to say

SHE’s off.

DR WANG

She tries to make me feel guilt

Whate’er I’ve built

No matter, I’ve got to be about my duties

And find where’er I can

The smallest little beauties

Voice (off)

ALL DOCTOR ALERT

ALL HEALER RE CERT

Re Pru Re Juv Re Sus Re En Re An

DR WING

This ringing in my ears

It feeds upon my fears

I’ll turn the volume down

And spare my pounding crown

HE turns down the volume.

Relief. Now for my walk

I’ll have myself a little talk

DR. LANG continues his ascent.

Ah, climbing the mountain

The clean fresh air

What's here?

Beer!

Oops!, Tsingtao cans

Good thing I've brought my big plastic bag

for over my shoulder

And my stick to stick these Mickey D wrappers

Good thing I've brought my syringes new

sure can't use those

So much for the pristine countryside

At least my tongue is immune to disease that I lick

like cats

There are those who tell me I should not walk this walk

that I should be ensconced in some carriage of the times

with chrome and wooden panels and leather seats

But if I were seated in a vehicle, however leathered, I would have to fasten my seatbelt

Speaking in tongues with The Magic Schoolbus

El Autobus Magico

Explosion!

There is an explosion.

HE has come upon a firecracker factory.

A Man with one hand and a stump where the other was once perhaps, rushes on.

Man

Dr Ching, re-attach my hand, it's what I please myself with, please

Who will please me, you, others?

DR. CHING

If your hand offend you, chop it off

Man

If my eye offend me…

Pluck out *your* eye! You are no healer, but a religious quack

Confucius would not speak that way

On your way, now let's see each other's back

There's danger, danger in this land

I'll make due with my other hand

I realize no more of pain

I'm once again completely sane

The Man rushes off, no longer in pain.

DR. CHING

Confucius? Now what do I think of him

K'ung-fu-tse, K'ung the Master, he's called K'ung

Burmese Buddhist monks, beaten bodies, broken limbs

But souls survive, no matter what junta takes their lives

And what do we see the globe over

No fun in fundamentalism, no

All these religions, many to choose from

even ones that men seem to believe in

How awkward, all this talk of infidels and faith

How un-understandable to this faithless secularist

Now sectarians, each one claims the divine

The One True Temple/Mosque/Iglesia

The Sikhs, the Hindus, all out on a limb

A Magic Tree House of Belief in ‘Tung

Tse Mao – Serve the people heart and soul

The slogans of Dear Leaders, and they know

The empty promises will fool just some

They hope, they trust those seven, eight or nine

Will be enough to cling to power tight

That no one will distinguish wrong from right

Enter the Firecracker Salesman.

Firecracker Salesman

Firecrackers for sale

Appetizing young firecrackers for sale

You look a lot like Pol Pot

Didn’t I see you at the Khmer Rouge Ball

The Year of Zero, didn't you concoct

That Dance of Death, Cambodya focked

Or are you merely the palindromic Lon Nol

You are a dread ringer for a dicator tinpot

Appetizing young firecrackers for sale

Make your own Gunpowder Plot

Screw Guy Fawkes and Fawk Guy Screws

There's cherry bombs from which to choose

Everyone's on your side, just ask those Olympic Chinese for a very fast ride

And Games without pollution

What's the Global Warm Solution

Wearing masks protects the runners

Sharing tasks, and licking butts infects the bunners

Bun Hood, Now and Forever!

Stroke my loins, Your Complete endeavor

DR. CHING

Excuse me, kind sir, perhaps you don't understand

I'm a man of the scrubs,

I'm completely professional

Though I have no confessional

Watch no TV

I'm a Radio Man, go back to the Forties

Portia Faces Life, Helen Trent, Fibber McGee and Mollie

The Lone Ranger The Green Hornet

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

The Shadow

Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men

The Shadow bloody knows!

The Firecracker Salesman slugs DR. CHING in the nose.
DR. CHING's nose bleeds.

Bloody nose!

Why did you do that?

Firecracker Salesman

To teach you a lesson.

DR. CHING

What kind of lesson cracks me in the snout

I ought to ought to call you out

Firecracker Salesman

You think you're pure, an artist doctor

scorning entrepreneurs such as me

and all my peers

You'll nothing do with business,

dirty slime to turn a quarter

DR MUNG

You're raving, man, my father had a candy stall

His jujubes and penny tapes kept us alive

Don’t put on me no anti-business jive

You want me to respond in kind

and give you a great big shiner?

Firecracker Salesman

Racist!

DR. CHING

I did not say, Shine!

Firecracker Salesman

Next you’ll be singing “Zippadeedoodah…”

DR. CHING (nasally)

I don’t think I will be. I badly sing

‘Specially after a slug in the nose

I’m starting to bleed on the thorns of life

My Proboscis of Peace, I always scent

When war’s near, back to the Dynasty Ming

You’ve injured me beyond repair, my toes

All twisted, why not stab me with a knife

Why don’t you, sir, it’s all I’ve ever meant

To be, my Pax Probiscum, church bells ring

Pagodas, temples, shrines, the peace wind blows

In every synagogue I lay a rose

A sign of reconciliation sent

To all the round and slanted kind and mean

Me Ching treats every one as though they're King and Queen

Firecracker Salesman

Your god –

DR.CHING

I have no god or gods or even goddesses

Firecracker Salesman

Aesculapius?

DR. CHING

Aeschylus?

Firecracker Salesman

Asklepios in Greek

DR. CHING

O, that sawbones, who had his temple in a grove in Corinth

He used sacred dogs to lick the wounds of the sick petitioners

I lick the wounds of the sick and then I bite them out

In honor of Asclepios, snakes were often used in healing rituals

Non-venomous snakes were left to crawl on the floor

in dormitories where the sick and injured slept.

and reported their dreams to a priest the following day.

He prescribed a cure, often a visit to the baths or a gymnasium.

I got that direct from Schtickopedia or some such

My God, Hippocrates, Hippocrates, He's Our Doc

If Hippo can't do it, Shen Nung rocks

Shen Nung, Shen Nung, Farmer Shen

He tested grains and killed no beasts

He said, Taste this, it’s for your feasts

Divine Husbandman, Farmer Shen

My hero - zero, no drop of blood

Every cow is some cow’s daughter

Let’s spare the flesh and leave the bone

Don’t tear the skin, it’s not your own

Respect the bovine as it chews its cud

Say no to abbatoirs, and banish all slaughter



DR. CHING simul Firecracker Salesman

Divine Husbandman, Farmer Shen,

Reveres all life again again

Firecracker Salesman

I’m so so sorry I hit you, Doc

Let’s make it up, next time, you sock me

DR WANG

No no, we’ll right our wrongs

The world moves on; when next we meet, we’ll sing sweet songs

The Firecracker Salesman slides away.

A pack of wolves appears.

DR. LING doesn’t see them.

DR. LING

A pack of wolves has been in my dreams

They all surround me, leaping about, bounding over every barrier

as fast as I can set them up

They're closer to me as they penetrate each circle of walls

I place between myself and them

They're about to pounce, yet something holds them back

I'm terrified, but yet – suddenly - a White Tiger appears and stares them down

A White Tiger appears.

DR. CHING doesn't see The Tiger.

He wants me, I think, for himself, yes

Why my flesh is so appealing

A pack, indeed, of wolves can do great harm, if so inclined,

to a tiger, however fiercely he rears his gorgeous head

And then the fight crashes down

No fighting occurs, as the Tiger and the Wolves listen intently.

wolves taking their chances

hoping to distract

climbing his back

digging their claws into his neck

yet cowardly

hoping the tiger will retreat

But he knows that they'll pull back

and he without question shakes them off

he, though wounded

A wound appears across the Tiger's neck.

and they do retreat for they don't possess his firm resolve

they are, in fact, cowards, scurrying off

leaving me with the Tiger

and my terror does not subside

He paces about, as in a zoo, caged, coiled

Then he stops, yawns high and wide,

And to my great surprise, he lowers his frame to the ground

and promptly falls asleep

I'm drawn to him and move closer

He has, in fact, saved my life

I lean down and smell his powerful, but sweet, breath

I'm about to leave, when…

The Tiger, who has not at all been asleep, comes to DR. WING.

WHITE TIGER

I'm here for what you fear

But it's not what you think

It's not what your fear

Has to do with any bloody thing

Nor does what I have to do with any bloody thing

have fear to do with you

DR. WANG

My good beast, you're wounded, bleeding

Let me lick you clean

I shall bring my tongue to bear

I shall bear my tongue to bring

Hygiene extraordinare

Since the Dynasty Ming

Years ago it was discovered that my saliva

was as pure as the driven snow

As the driven snow used to be

Before it was driven

Before we were driving

Driven snow-spit so pure it brought analgesia

I mean anesthesiology to new heights of painlessness

new no-pain neuralgia, pain of the brain

nostalgia, pain for the past,

disinfecting everything in the way of my expectorations

But my saliva is beyond natural, it's Lourdes-like

People come to me, I come to people, I make house calls,

hut calls, cave calls, they are on crutches, in wheel chairs, on stretchers,

on gurneys, boils on their backs, goiters on their necks

My tongue is at the ready, my spit's it

Don't take pills for your ills; green at the gills?

And don't believe disclaimers

If erection lasts more than four hours

Call this number – 1 288 826 2633 – that's C-U-T-u-c-o-k-o-f-f

Dr. Cutucokoff with his merry band will arrive instantly

She and He and They will banish your worries once and for once

Do not take if nursing, pregnant, thinking of getting pregnant

not sure about getting pregnant,

thinking of impregnating,

not thinking of impregnating but impregnating nonetheless

ambivalent about life

living with ambivalence, or eating grapefruit

Do not mix with nitrates, nitrites, naytrates, notrates, neetrates

or the "lots-of-pulp" juice of pomegranates or persimmons

Avoid getting sloppy drunk and pissing on your shoes from Jimmy Choos

At all costs call your doctor on the golf course and piss him off as he putts

the Little Putz in his Beemer SUV – Suck U Vacant

WHITE TIGER

Herr Doktor, you need a Freudian Sheiss

An enema included o so nice

These ravings rantings are the product of

Misguided nay derided toughest love

My wound is surface but instead of your

Attending to it, you give us, you're sure,

What's needed is a lecture, 'bout the poor

Who're getting bilked by advertisers lur-

ing them to take these products, roll the dice

and spend their hard-earned cash beyond above

What's anything that's needed, will suffice

or help them any way to take the tour

Of painlessness. The time is out of joint, O cursed spite,

That ever You were born to set it right.

But you're not setting it right, I'm bleeding

I'm in need, I'm in need, I'm needing!

DR. WANG

Dr Ling, Dr Lang, Dr Ching, Dr Chang, Dr Wing, Dr Wang

to the rescue!

DR. WING wrestles WHITE TIGER to the ground.

This is a struggle, but finally WHITE TIGER realizes he must succumb.

DR. LANG licks WHITE TIGER's wound clean.

WHITE TIGER shakes HIM off.

WHITE TIGER

So clean, I'm newest tiger on the block

Those awful wolves, those dreadful cowards all

Now that I'm cured so perfectly all whole

I wonder if you'd give me some advice

I'm hurting in a different way, please hear.

My tigress of so many years, she's sad

Unlike whatever sadness we have had

We've gone from youth to middle age, no fear

That we would ever be apart, but ice

Has come between us, fire has scorched the soul

Of love. Yes, ice and fire, though they call,

Dear Lord, upon us something o so shock -

ing, dear, so far apart, the diff is not

What we can't bridge, we love it need it hot

It's ice between us, o so cold and mean

Please, God of Cats, please intervene

DR. WING

Why do you think I'm God of Cats, since when

And what she says, perhaps she likes not men

WHITE TIGER

My tigress was slinking about our lair

tossing about her golden mane not yet imprisoned in curlers

she suddenly dropped to her haunches and peered about in crannies

I said, "What are you looking for?"

And she said, “I’m looking for what I’m looking for.”

Have you noticed that’s the way humans speak these days

It has infected animal speech

It has reached, it has leached into

the sewers of their mouths

because all felines have furious germs in their mouths

their gums, their molars, incisors,

all furiously stinking

from carnivorous tearings, gulpings

they do not brush, floss

flies all about their lips

Io, the woman attacked by flies

These humans say, “It is what it is.”

What is that?

Should I say “It is what is that; what is that is that?”

Makes it not that much sense?

“I’m looking for what I’m looking for!”

Makes it any sense at all?

I’m biting off more than I can chew

I’m licking your golden arse, sniffing your golden cave

I have only tautology to thank, as in –

all tigers are tigers

and we’re all looking for what we’re looking for

MEAT!

Carnivores are what we're for, what we are

We carve our meat, down to the feet, and far

We roam from home, securing what we must

My whiteness tigerness is what I trust

No, nothing else I won't accept , no less

Than perfect sleekness; spots from leopards, yes

I will allow those other cats, felines

Civets, cheetahs, panthers, JAG-YOU-ARES

Bobcats, lions, ocelots, perhaps the domestic cat

As long as she never hisses, mewles or whines

Kicks up her litter as though she's from Mars

And catches the occasional bat

These meowing, scratching, snakes in furs

What each of us is, as each of us purrs

DR. CHING

My good beast, are you saving me now

Only to eat me a moment from now

Whatever, please, do you want from me now

O, good Lord below, in whom I don't believe

A goddess above, are you the one I love

And where is Hermione to save me

She who operated by me side by side

Where is the daughter of Helen of Troy

I need you more than I admit, I grieve -

Your silk, though never have I touched above,

Below your wondrous parts, your silk, to see

You sway, I swoon, in you I would confide

You are the girl I want, I'm just a boy

Come back, I need you more than ever now

WHITE TIGER

I can't help you there, frightened one, dismay

Chagrin, call it what you wish, simply fright

Perhaps, your love has not returned –

DR. CHANG

My love? I don't allow myself that keen

Sensation. Must I feel it sharply now

To have a life complete apart from work?

WHITE TIGER

If life is work, work life, work it I say

Go hammer hard and screw yourself all night

Light candles every which way 'til they've burned -

DR. LING

To nubs, with birthday wishes never seen

Come true, alone on stage, a single bow

In front of no one clapping for this jerk

DR. LING simul WHITE TIGER
No, pity, please; it gets one nowhere fast

The future bleeds right into distant past

WHITE TIGER
Voila! The wolves are gone and with them I

Will vanish too, Thy Fearful Symmetry

WHITE TIGER starts to go.

DR. LANG
I cannot let you go without this word

While licking you I felt a little bump

It could be nothing, but perhaps it's not

I would have torn it out; you threw me off

Before I had the chance to look and tell

If it's for worry or nothing like

Please stay a little bit and let me see

These lumps get bigger, bigger by the sec

You mustn't run the risk, you're far too young

To let a smallish mole become a mount

WHITE TIGER
It's nothing, Doc, I've had it all my life

It's grown as grown have I

DR. LANG
What you pay attention to is what

Can save your life, no, will. You say it's grown

I'm here to tell that's no good sign

WHITE TIGER

I've had enough of healing arts today

Perhaps we'll meet again. It's time to play.

And just like that, WHITE TIGER is gone.

DR. CHING

His breath was powerful and sweet, but sour

'round the rim

It's no good sign I say again – I do not envy him

A Voice comes from a loudspeaker.

Voice

Dr Ling, Dr Lang, Dr Ching, Dr Chang, Dr Wing, Dr Wang

Voice

'Tis time to be examined; it's rumor that you're not so pure

It's just a rumor, we're not sure of anything until we send out to the lab

A specimen of your micturition

Are you ready to give?

DR. CHING

Micturition? You've never needed that before.

Voice

You were told to be ready to give.

DR. WING

I was not

I am Dr. ChingChangLingLangWingWang, kind sir,

and I refuse to mictir on demand

I do so only in private and not for some disembodied voice

Voice

You're in danger of losing your license

DR. LANG

You belong to licensing DisEmbody

I am not under your non-existent jurisdiction

Voice

The rumors are flying you've lost your stuff

You're WingWang impure, balls hit in the rough

Your balls are dirty, they must be cleaned

Your club is muddy, your bag's driver's lost

Chipping and putting, wedging you're dubbing

Your green is brown, your lie is laid

your club dues unpaid

Your caddy's a gimpy girl who's badly clubbing you,

Sand's trapped in your bunker, divots crammed up your arse

You're hooking, you're slicing, your game's a farce

You'll never be Tiger, you're lost in the woods

You think you're Black, you think you're Hawai'ian

You think you're so pure, well, your patients are dyin'

DR. WING

I’m, yes, such a mix, but I’ll not micturite

I’ll do in good time, now go fly a kite

In fact, I’m more than that mix you suggest, Hungarian too

A bit here and there, I’m also a Jew

Russian like Pushkin, Sephardic, African

Lines from Eugene Onegin I recite in the original

I speak every language, although it be Pigeonal

I’m not just a doctor, a swinger of irons

I’m an actor aspiring to be Jeremy Irons

Or Jonathan Price, but not for his bloody work in Miss Saigon

shameless, does anyone remember?

O, well, the protests of the future or the past, which is it

Do they do any good, are they sodas with fizzit

Did the Left stop the war in Vietnam

Or did KissyKissy/Nixon stop giving a damn

Why do we try to fight the good fight

It’s all we can do not to go gently

into that indigo night

Voice

Be ready next time

We give one chance more

Dime to a doughnut

Your job's on the floor

DR. WANG

Thanks a bloody lot, fascisti everywhere

Let's hie to my journey, who said life is fair

A Voice from the wilderness.

Voice

One hundred thirty-one
One hundred thirty-two
One hundred thirty-three
One hundred thirty-four
One hundred thirty-five
One hundred thirty-six
One hundred thirty-seven
What comes next?

DR LING

I think I've reached the peak.

Voice

I said, What comes next?

We now see an Ancient Man, or is it Woman, wearing many layers.

DR. WANG

One hundred thirty-eight!

Man/Woman

With a little help from, who are you, Dr. Who?

DR WANG

You're Pike?

Man/Woman/PIKE

I used to be. Who Boo Loo Soo Foo Koo?

DR WING

Something like that. Let's take a gander at that tumor.

PIKE

Take a goose, I'm cross-gendered and love every minute,
once my comma stopped, that is.

DR LING

This is a trap, but what you mean, your 'comma'?

PIKE

Gracie Allen. She said, God doesn't know from periods.

DR. LANG

Because He's a male.

PIKE

Only commas. One thirty how many and counting?

DR LING

One thirty-seven. As George Burns said, it's only a number.

PIKE

Did he die yet?

DR CHING examines the tumor.

DR WANG

I'll have to get my mouth around this immedjetly. Lift your layers and let me under.

PIKE

Just like Oskar in the Tin Drum, under his grandmother's skirts keeping the potatoes warm. Or my tomatoes, as the case may be.

DR WING

We feed tomatoes to the pigs in the Old Country. Strictly poison. Here goes.

HE dives under her layers. A furious skirmish.
Gallons of pus fill the stage.
And suddenly it's dry.
DR WANG emerges, looking cleansed and happy.
PIKE is not so sure.

You'll live a while longer, that's for sure, Pike.
What's that long look for?

PIKE

I miss it.

DR WANG

Sometimes a patient misses her/his disease.

It's not so rare. A variation on the 'phantom limb' that's been amputated.

Now as far as payment –

PIKE

You do take insurance.

DR WING

You didn't ask me that at the beginning.

PIKE

Of time? No, I did not.

DR WANG

It's a freebie. I take no compensation from anyone over one hundred and twenty-five.

Only a bucket of veggies, if you have them.

PIKE

Tomatoes?

DR LING

They're a fruit, but no matter. Now let me ask you what keeps you on this mountain?

PIKE

I give you permission to ask.

DR LANG

Clever by half.

PIKE

You describe yourself, perhaps?

DR CHING

And how do I return? The way I came?

PIKE

You could climb on my back and we could both tumble down together?

I haven't had a good tumble since my 90's

DR CHANG

I'm not your person for that, I'm afraid.

PIKE

Don't be, I bet you never thought you'd go to bed with a transgendered one hundred something.

DR WING

Thirty-seven and I don't bet.

PIKE

You liked it under my layers, I could tell.

DR WANG

I like my work; I'd be lost without it.

PIKE

But you can't go on doing it.

DR WING

Porque?

PIKE

I don't speak Cantonese; Shanghainese a little.

DR LANG

Espagnol!

PIKE

Same difference.

DR LING

Why not?

PIKE

Why not what?

DR WING

Why can't I go on doing it?

PIKE

Because the writing is on the bloody wall of the cave. Plato himself put it there.

DR WANG

He didn't write it; he just put it there.

PIKE

Give in, Lung, crawl beneath my layers and discover my inner tomatoes.

DR WING

That's tempting, except finally I'm not sure, even though it's unprofessional to remark such, I'm not sure the odor is what I can stomach.

PIKE

Are you an age-ist? Would you like to be brought up on charges? I could wipe you off the interface of the cyber earth. You don't like my stink?

DR WANG

No, I don't and you ought to do something about it.

PIKE

I don't either. It's even gotten to me. What can I do about it?

DR LUNG

Boil down a vat of turnips, parsnips, beets and rutabaga and bathe, baby, bathe.

PIKE

I'll do it and add a tomato and a bit of mince meat.

DR WANG

No meat. It will upset the balance. I can tell from your breath you've just had a burger.

PIKE

Does this mean that you'll be visiting me regularly to check on my progress?

DR WANG

I'll see you for One Hundred Fifty

Never seen death yet, Pikey, now is your time to learn

PIKE

Don't speak of death

"If any question why we died

PIKE simul DR WANG
"Tell them because our fathers lied"

DR WANG
World War One, no that was a war to end all wars

Do you like Kipling?

PIKE
How does one kipple?

DR WUNG
Thank you, Rudyard, and now I'm off.

DR WING leaves PIKE behind and descends.

My mouth was not as steady; should I be alarmed?

Is my central nervous system irreparably harmed?

Is my neurology suspicious

Does this bode auspiciously awful

Do I feel the slightest terror

Is my mouth-eye coordination out of whack

And if it is, will I ever get it back

A Young Man enters, a bit tipsily.

Young Man
Dr You –

DR WANG

That sounds a bit rude, but I trust you don't mean it that way,
and who do you want me to cure?

Young Man

My mother's hump –

DR. WING

I do lumps and bumps; humps, well, I can refer you –

Young Man

Her hump won't wait.

DR. WANG

How long has she had it?

Young Man

It appeared overnight.

DR LING

Qualifying as a lump/bump. Where is she?

We hear a Woman moaning.

We've found her.

THEY have come upon a Woman of, as the French say, une certaine age.
And not unattractive, with a Veronica Lake hairswoop,
but nonetheless with a pronounced hump.

Alright, young man, what's your name?

Young Man

Hector.

DR.WANG
Leave me with her and try not to drink so much.

HECTOR
I know, it's bad for my central nervous system.

HECTOR leaves.

DR WING
Now, young lady –

The Woman
I am a woman of, as the French say, 'une certaine age'.

I trust you don't find that unappealing

DR WANG
Irrelevant to your present condition

This just emerged last night?

The Woman
I've had it all my life, it's just that now it bothers me. My name is Veronica.

DR CHING
I guessed as much.
As well it should. It's malignant and needs immediate attention.

The Woman
Doesn't everything? May we step behind this scrim?

DR CHANG
Pourquoi pas? We're all in this theater together.

THEY step behind a scrim. We see their outline as HE operates.

We hear the opening minute of Mozart's DIE ZAUBER FLOETE.

They emerge, humpless.

VERONICA
Was your mouth quivering, or does it always?

DR CHANG
I don't discuss professional secrets.

VERONICA
One more thing I want you to do for me.

Titania?

Enter TITANIA, clearly the daughter of.

Titania also has a bit of a lump, this one's on her chest and I'd like you to operate. A sort of twofer. She's comely and efficient, but starting to get the curse so early, the curse that has claimed my mother's mother's mother's mother and beyond, so many operations I cannot count. Whereas no one the side maternal has died before one hundred, Titania will be gone before she's twenty if her tumor is not excised.

DR CHING
Then I'll do it.

VERONCA
There's just this tiny hitch before you're hitched.

DR WING
Hitched?

VERONICA
The horse before the cart, I didn't mean. You see she is a maiden.

DR CHANG
I'm delighted and I've operated on maidens before, in the clinical sense of course.

And as long as I'm here –

VERONICA

There is one catch.

DR CHING

She's untouched, indeed. I shall be most careful, I assure.

VERONICA

Then you've been married many times?

DR WANG

Never.

VERONICA

Then you've been dealing with unscrupulous cads and caddesses.

You will not operate upon Titania unless you marry her first.

DR CHANG

To save her life I must get hitched. It smacks a bit of manipulation

'Though I'm not averse to being handled, ma'am

It's just, you know, perhaps you don't, well, damn

I never thought that anyone but Herm –

VERONICA

Who Herm?

DR CHANG

Hermione so-called, so firm's

been my commitment to a life with only her

Although I've not yet plighted troth – what purring

do I hear? It's like a cat who's being stroked

VERONICA

O, yes, the sound you hear is from Celeste

She's one of many cats who want their bellies rubbed

each day. Titania's the one who does the deed

DR CHING

To whom you'd have me yoked

VERONICA

I'll give you a minute to decide

We shall repair behind the scrim

Titania, come along, you may see where my hump has been removed

so beautifully smoothed.

TITANIA

Goodie

THEY repair behind the scrim. We see as through a glass darkly.

DR CHANG

I've felt vertiginous during recent operations

such a new feeling

Perhaps telepathically dizzy at the prospect of getting hitched

Hermione I would have asked, once, or twice, let's face it thousands

I never knew what was in store, so never did I broach, approach/the subject/her

Too shy, too busy, tied my tongue in knots

But as we'd operate, I'd feel this queasiness

Her screams, my screams in sync with patient screams

I didn't dare bite down too hard

I'd lose my objectivity and my patients' patience all to boot

But here's my subjectivity and my patients' patience button's mute

Hermione, forgive me, I'm either won or lost

I cannot wait a second more, 'though I fear I'm being bossed

Yes, I'll marry, then operate

No, operate, then marry

What's that smell of meat roasting

Or is it marriage toasting

Yes, I'm being burned

Yes, I've nothing learned

Yes, I'll go ahead

Nothing gained when dead

VERONICA and TITANIA have returned.

VERONICA

Your decision has been made.

Do you take

Do you take

DR CHANG & TITANIA

Yes.

VERONICA

I, as Justice of the Peace for this whole valley, pronounce you.

Let the operation procede.

DR WING

Kissing the bride?

VERONICA & TITANIA

Later.

DR CHING ushers TITANIA behind the scrim and the operation begins.

VERONICA

Let the marriage feast begin; Bring on the meats!

Platters of every imaginable meat coming piling on.

The operation behind the scrim goes without a hitch, so to speak.

DR WANG and TITANIA emerge hand-in-hand, happy for an instant.

Drink! Meat! Meat! Drink!

HECTOR comes on with dozens of bottles.

All, including the Good Doctor, gorge THEMselves.

Passage of time; the wee hours. Everyone passed out.

DR stirs and rises.

DR CHANG

I need a walk in the moonlight

Look at that moon

I've never seen a moon or had a night like this

What's that gentle snoring I hear

WHITE TIGER is illuminated by the side of the road.

My White Tiger

I must get close and smell his sweetest breath

HE sniffs the WHITE TIGER's mouth.

No vegetables there; just meat which used to sicken me, but now smells sweet

And what else? Whiskey.

A drunken sleeping cat

What will they think of next?

I need my sleep, 'though I'm uncommonly awake

I will repair to the marriage bed

And see if it's all that's cracked up to be

or at least for her and me

and see if it's not what everyone's said

CHORUS

Titania told him that night in their bed

CHORUS and TITANIA

You can lead a horse to water but a penis must be lead

You're a Doc for all reasons, pop a pill get more squeezin's

Why did you take me to this bed, if you knew, so knew

You'd not be entirely able, love

Let's try again, you licked my lump clean

Perhaps I'm too harsh, I'll try it above

For no one else I'd do this but you

Let's make a porno flick, scene after scene

I want my baby, this the way now

DR. WING

Our baby. This the way now, I show you how

TITANIA

Show me, I've read but in books

Men give me these looks

DR. WANG

How do you know, what is this "porn" you say

What is it? Pornucopia? The Porn of Plenty?

TITANIA

Just get it on. On top you I'm

Just get it up. Your nick, my dime

CHORUS

If you DEcrease the size of the doughnut, you INcrease the size of the hole

If you INcrease the size of the doughnut, you DEcrease the size of the hole

DR. CHING

That's what my urologist said

CHORUS

Dr. Yu?

DR. CHANG

Dr. Who?

CHORUS

One moment

Why not make a bigger doughnut with a bigger hole

Bigger plus Bigger smaller minus smaller

Dollars to doughnuts –

TITANIA

Please let me be me; on top makes me free

My doctor, good doctor, ChingChangLingLangWingWung

All the great operas wish we had sung

Inseminate me great, let's both come times eight

You'd never thought you'd do it, I know from your ecstatic look

And you're aroused, yourself arisen, wow!

You never thought you could, you never thought you would

I'm feeling your surging, tumors they grow

They never stop, no caution, just go

Your world's 'bout to shake, let's have a big malt

Pieprze!, it's Polish, please pour the salt

Ev'rything 'bout our world's now shook

Who would have thunk it, 'twas anyone's guess

It means, it means that baby's coming, Yes!

DR. CHUNGKING

My God My God, Buddha notwithstanding, Buddha standing

Buddhas smashed, O, No, not Buddhas smashed

We want all Buddhas standing, all Buddha Babes

Who is my child, who is my Babe

Let me see her, beautiful fur

So soft, so striped, so tawny,

Cut the umbilical cord

How oft in mind I've wiped, each dawn,

She's my love, I never mind, take quite delight

in wiping her bottom

Dressing her in the softest of clothes

Her yellowest of feet next to my nose

Perfect kitten's toes

What's happ'ning, happ'ning, haven't a clue

O baby, o baby, I only need you

TITANIA

Our baby needs tending; our baby needs you

Please, let me get sleep, take her from my breast

She's finished, she's sated; she's stopped saying 'Goo'

Exhausted, depleted, let's all take a rest

TITANIA curls up and sleeps.

CHORUS

This baby's now standing, no diapers needed

No crawling but walking, loping, running like a gazelle

No sucking, no chewing, teeth coming in fast

This baby likes meat, great slabs of flesh

Washed down with pitchers of goat's milk

Loaves of bread slathered with kosher butter

Not a vegetable in sight, no greens, fruits, legumes

Sides of beef piled up in ten rooms

Dr Ling can't believe his eyes, barely able to utter

a syllable of objection, this vegetarian, he and his ilk,

if he has an ilk, now it's an elk

such a loner he's been,

confession he makes just to himself,

is he a closet carnivore?

Would he cry for more steak tartare if tied to the mast

Would he take many lashes 'fore he'd damn himself to hell

In blazes of meat; now wond'ring just what he had seeded

TITANIA awakes and rises.

TITANIA

Now that was refreshing

DR. WING

What?

TITANIA
That protein all, which cannot be replaced

Yes, red meat, veggies not

You are so right

DR. LANG
Right? About what?

TITANIA
I must have spaced

It's time to visit my family.

DR. WUNG
When shall we go?

TITANIA
Darling Ching, I go alone

DR. WANG
It's too dangerous - cuidado,

Es peligroso, mi esposa

And what of la ninya, who will take care

TITANIA
She's almost weaned, besides I'll pump

Just like my heart, thump thump thump thump

I'll leave ten bottles, that'll be enough

'Til I get back. It's not so tough

To be without me for a little bit

DR. LING

Already we make love less, is that it?

TITANIA

Those halcyon days, you're pining for

They will return, the flame will blaze anew

Just let me have this aventura, I mean visit to my family's core

Though three of us, it will be just us two

TITANIA leaves.

DR. LING

Celeste, your mommy will be gone

A little while, three days or four

I'll stay with you, make sure you suck

Her milk she's pumped, thump thump thump thump

Now where are you, Celeste, my dear

It's time you're fed, I nowhere find

CELESTE, nine, enters.

CELESTE

I'm here, o father dear, it's dawn

I've spent all night, have practiced for

My first recital, wish me luck

No longer need that scrumptious pump

The violin is what I fear

The time has come, I'll lose my mind

DR. WANG

You won't, my dear, precocious child

My precious love, you're tame but wild

My my, your mother's gone, did she

Kiss you goodbye, she didn't me

CELESTE

That's Mother for you, always fleet

To better places down the street

DR. LING

You've grown so fast, a baby then

A little girl –

CELESTE

I'm almost ten

DR. CHING

Does college loom, applying soon

CELESTE

I'm taking off, soon for Nepal

DR. WING

No, no, you can't,

another tune I'll sing, a lullabye

I'll balance you about my shoulders

We'll climb and hike across the boulders

---

of famous rivers, Yellow, Yangtze and Mississippi,

Hudson, Grande Rio,

Please stay mine be myo mio

CELESTE
I'm always yours, it's just I've grown

Like Topsy,

DR. WING
Turvy I'm

CELESTE
Is there any wine?

DR. LING
I beg your pardon?

CELESTE
Just to soothe my gums and put my head to rest

DR. LANG
There's something 'bout your family, alcohol

Is what they crave, Addiction City's all

The place you live, the pace you give

I've worried from the start

CELESTE
O, father, please don't be a smelly fart

DR. WING
Please don't speak that way. I've hoped to raise you to distinguish

'tween speech that's kind and speech that's cruel

I would have sent you to the finest schools

except you've grown so fast , the schools they're left behind

CELESTE
O, daddy dear, you'll drive me out my mind

DR. WANG
You said that 'bout the violin – whatever happened in that first concert

and are you playing every day

CELESTE
I'm playing every day and madly

O, Daddy dear. You text so badly

Can't you get the message clear

I'm ever yours, but let me go

Titania's gone, she won't come back

Perhaps she will, she'll change her mind

DR. LING
It's what I fear, it's that she won't

And now you're grown

CELESTE
I'm still your own; I may regress

DR. LANG
That surely's not the longest dress

CELESTE
You've ever seen, you shoulda seen what mother wore

DR. CHING

You saw her dressed for ‘Aventura’?

More tell me, daughter, sure as blazes I’ve had suspicions

Though never should I utter prohibitions

CELESTE

Prohibitions, what are they?

DR. WANG

I forget you are a child, say, despite all these sophistications

but lack of knowledge nonetheless

Now can’t you something do about that dress

CELESTE

O, Daddy, does it matter if there’s more or less of me to see?

The flesh is weak or strong; the hemline’s short, the hemline’s long

I’m wearing kneesocks or pantyhose

Or nylons, thongs, they’re only clothes

DR. CHING

Boys looking up; boys looking down

Boys everywhere all over town

I’m worried ‘bout you, I’ve hardly had the chance

And just as soon there’ll be the wedding dance

The first with bride, my bringing up baby will be done

And now I’m thinking of a son

CELESTE

Talk to Mom, she’s prob’ly game, big game that is

It’s not too late, start over with a date

Romance, entrance her with everything marked Hers and His

But don't count on me marrying soon or ever

O, Dad, Poor Dad don't be so uncool

Mama'll hang you in the closet

'n I feelin'such a fool

It's not too late to change your fate

Though Mom know no shit from Shinola

No, Daddy, don't play so OuttaSchool

DR. CHANG

Don't know zacly what you mean

But darling, precious baby love, please stop

This growing, taller than me you've gotten to be

I can't stand it, 'specially when you slouch

It makes me just a silly grouch
I'm looking up your tallest height

I'm getting nosebleeds, help me, fly a kite

we used to do when you were six

I held you loft, aloft, I'm used to licks

I was a doc, whose patients died

Unless I bit and tore their chests, they cried

To me, "please save me, I'll hate you if you don't

"You awful sawbones, wretched piece of sh*te

"I want to, need to, never say I won't

“Achieve great things, that’s what I would have done

“Had you not failed to operate beneath the gun

“You awful piece of dung, you could have saved

“Me from an awful death and awful pain

That’s what I heard so many times, that I’d betrayed them, as I licked

unless they had such full recov’ry, they’d felt as if I’d kicked

them int’ the nevermind, I never did the least I could

I always did the most I could

I would to this day, if ever I could get back to operating

I love my familia, tus amo muchos, muy muy

But also I love my pastest life, when I was alone

CELESTE

What about this Hermione

Mommy was jealous beyond belief

She’d cry to me at night, while I suckled –

“Celeste, why does your father pine away

“For this what’s her name, what kind of name is that

“It’s sounds male, do you suppose he’s happy, or perhaps even smiley

“Joyful, delighted, effervescent beyond belief

“Do you suppose he’s the worst of the worst,

“The evilest of the evilest, vilest of the vilest

“Most reprehensiblest of the youknowwhat

“Do you suppose that your father’s, how do they say it, GAY? “

O, Mother, I couldn't imagine

How could he be

You think he's limp of wrist, wrist of limp

Does he look at The Goodyear Blimp

And say, I want to fuck it

DR. CHANG

Don't use that language in my house!

CELESTE

Is that what you're asking me, Mama, as I bite down on your nip

And you shriek, "Is he speeding up the Hershey Highway,

whenever he leaves the house?

"Is he leading me down the garden path, playing me for a chump

because he bit out my lump

"I'm supposed to be the unquestioning wife

"Yes, I came to him in need, but now I need a life."

DR CHING

What was she wearing?

CELESTE

What does it matter; she'll come back, and perhaps she'll chastened be

DR WANG

I think she'll be emboldened; that is, as soon as she sees me

But of course, I want her back; all will be forgiven

CELESTE

What are you forgiving her for?

DR. WING

That's a good question. If I knew how to answer it, then I'd know what she had done.

Or what she's doing this very minute. Did she take her cell? Is she out of range

Do I think she'll ever change?

CELESTE

If you knew zacly what she's doing now…

DR LING

Then I'd know how or why I was forgiving

CELESTE

It should just be forgiveness blanket, a security thaing

DR LANG

You're right. I shouldn't bother to find out

CELESTE

It really doesn't matter, you'd just shout –

DR WUNG

Is it that bad –

CELESTE

Precious Papa, no!

A Messenger darts in.

Messenger

A rapist's been killed!

DR. CHANG and CELESTE

Where and by whom?

Messenger

The Khyber Pass. We don't know.

DR. CHANG

Wasn't that Titania's/mother's route?

Messenger

There are conflicting reports –

Some say it was Tet before the offensive

Mylai before the massacre

The mining of Haiphong Harbor was heard in the distance

The islands of Quemoy and Matsu –

People were watching the Kennedy-Nixon debates when word came

Nixon's five o'clock shadow grew at an alarming

before our very eyes

DR CHING and CELESTE

Just who was it who was killed?

Messenger

Pepe Cacahuates.

DR. CHANG and CELESTE

He's a rich playboy

Stole his mother's rings for drugs

Never paid 'til now

Polo ponies were his lust

Swinging mallets and his cries for more

Turned the ladies upside down

DR WANG and CELESTE

Are you sure Momma's O.K.?

Messenger

Your wife/mother has arrived safely at her mother's.

The two incidents – killing of rapist, arrival of mother

are completely separate

DR WONG and CELESTE

We don't think so. We don't think anything is completely separate.

We find everything interconnected. We must know who did the deed.

Messenger

There are no leads except for the maul marks. His throat had been slit cleanly with something like a saber, deep gashes in his shoulders where he'd been clawed.

DR CHANG and CELESTE

How do you know with such exactitude about his wounds when you don't even know where he was found?

Messenger

So many groups who wanted him dead are all making claims.

DR CHANG and CELESTE

How do we even know he's dead?

Messenger

Of that we can be sure. His undoctored image has just appeared on YouTube, MySpace and al-Jazeera.

DR CHUNG and CELESTE

Next you'll be telling us he was dragged from a network of caves in the Tora Bora Mountains.

Messenger

That also has been reported.

DR CHANG and CELESTE

A saber-toothed tiger from the Himalayas has done the deed.

Pepe Cacahuates tried to rape the tiger and she would have none of it.

Messenger

The saber-toothed tiger is extinct. The last was killed for sport last week. Her head hangs on a trophy wall of the last Maharajah of Monostatos placed squarely between his Scottie Pablo and his West Highland terrier Chiquita.
I must return to the Front.

DR CHANG and CELESTE

Where's that?

Messenger

The Base, so-called. Al-Quaeda of Manchuria, Freedonia, Hangzhou, Erewhon, Shanghai, Xi'an, Beijing and Dystopia all threaten our well-being.
May The Base not be with you.

Messenger exits.

DR CHUNG

We must call your mother.

CELESTE

You know there are no fones, no cell towers. We might as well tie two cans together with a string. There's nothing we can do, Daddy, unless we make the journey and Mommy has expressly forbidden that. We simply have to wait and go shopping. There's a sale on Christian Louboutins at the outlet mall. The making of Asia, whether by not so extinct saber-toothed tigers or not.

DR WANG

Not *so* extinct?

CELESTE

Trust me, Daddy. Don't you have an operation to perform or something?

Love you, bye bye, besos, besitos, abrazos

Did you get those besos through the fone?

DR WANG

You're not talking through the fone.

CELESTE

But I will be. How about these seis abrazos?

Uhm Uhhmmm UmUmUmUm…did you get those?

DR WUNG

Yes, darling, now who are you going with?

CELESTE

Maddie.

DR CHANG

She's –

CELESTE

The anorexic who cuts herself, but she's stopping. Her mother ran off to London with the gardener and her father is with an eighteen year old, one year younger than me and Maddie, can you believe. He just hands her $2000 and goes to the Carlyle to hear Bobby Short who died a hundred years ago with his kid girlfriend.

DR CHANG

Bobby Short died a hundred years ago with his kidgirlfriend?

I thought Bobby was –

CELESTE

As Maddie says, “Girlfriend, whatever.”

‘Bye, Father.

DR CHING

‘Bye, daughter. Cuidado. El mundo es peligroso. La casa?

CELESTE

La casa, padre.

SHE’s gone.

Offstage TITANIA’s Voice

TITANIA (off)

Honey, I’m home.

DR CHANG

Titania, daughter of Titans, home at last.

TITANIA (entering)

I’m wiped. You must be all out of bottles, dear.

DR WANG

Bottles?

TITANIA

From my pumping thump thump thump thump

Did you remember to take the last from the fridge

warming it up so the chill is off?

You have to hold her head that special way we practiced, darling,

You're looking, shall I say, incredulous

Is she asleep in her basinet?

DR CHUNG

She's trying on Jimmie Choos in the mall

away from the mauling tigers

TITANIA

Such a jokester. I'll go see her now. She probably needs changing.

DR CHANG

Titania, delay a moment.

TITANIA

I won't.

DR CHUNG

Please.

TITANIA

Don't restrain me.

DR WING

I won't, it's just…

TITANIA

Just what?

DR CHING

You seem perfectly intact.

TITANIA
That's a rather odd turn of phrase.

DR LING
You heard about Pepe?

TITANIA
Cacahuates, the nutjob, good riddance to worst rubbish

Is there anything to drink before observing my beautiful babe

DR LANG
Some sherry in the sideboard

TITANIA
I suppose Celeste can wait a sec. What's new with you?

DR WING
Celeste has grown remarkably.

TITANIA
I'm sure I won't recognize her. What kind of mother am I? I'll see her now.

We hear a baby cry.

My gorgeous girl!

TITANIA exits.
DR CHING has a drink HIMself.
TITANIA returns with Baby CELESTE.

She's grown indeed. I couldn't pick her out in a crowd of hospital babes.

Beauteous beautyness, your father is the oddest of Peking Ducks.

Oooo, you need a changing. Off we go.

TITANIA exits with CELESTE, who's starting to growl.

CELESTE, 19, enters, a bit worse for the wear.

DR WANG confronts HER.

DR WING

Celeste –

CELESTE

O, father, I'm home, that's all the matter, don't start

DR WANG

My darling, precious baby love, you'll break my heart

Your mother's home and looks no worse for wear

If we had fears, they were allayed last night

CELESTE

Did you get laid last night?

DR LING

What?

CELESTE

I said, Did you get in late last night?

Daddy, you're just not hearing me

It's an old vaudeville routine, I thought you knew all those

Twat you say, I cunt hear you

DR LANG

O, please, Celeste, don't speak that way

Not e'en in jest, it's lie not lay

Celeste, your mother thinks –

CELESTE

Mother thinks, that's a new one.

DR LUNG

Your mother –

CELESTE

Daddy, I just hate her

DR WING

Don't say that, mein Schatz, you don't hate her

CELESTE

Yes, I do, she's always bullying

DR WUNG

You know she loves, she just doesn't always know the gentleness that's needed

CELESTE (a bit tipsily)

She's a lush

DR WANG

Your mother… is not a lush. She may tipple –

CELESTE

Bloody fond of the glass, she is, where do you think I…O, Daddy, I'm so tired

---

DR WING

Get some rest, Schatzie; “tomorrow and tomorrow

DR WING and CELESTE

“And tomorrow creeps this petty pace”

CELESTE

“And the rest is silence”

DR LING

You’re mixing up your plays again, but I suppose…

CELESTE

that’s not such a bad thing

“wherein I’ll catch the conscience of the king”

DR LANG

You’re such a good thing

The best thing that is ever

As is your mother

CELESTE

Besos, besitos y abrazos fuerte, papi

DR LING

Besos, ninya. Buenos noches. Schlaf gut, mein Kind.

CELESTE

Ich liebe dich, Vati.

SHE’s off to bed. We hope.

DR WANG

Celeste , what would I do without

Titania, your hands, I see your face

I've never been a finer place

TITANIA enters slowly.

TITANIA

How would you describe my musical tastes?

DR WANG

Do you mean kindly, euphemistically or bluntly directly.

TITANIA

You choose, Jimmie.

DR. WANG

Pedestrian

From off we hear CELESTE in her sleep. We hope.

CELESTE

O, Dad, it's the heels, Jimmy Choos, gimme a break

TITANIA

Where's the drink?

DR CHANG

Don't you think…

TITANIA

I plenty think

DR CHUNG

You've had enough?

TITANIA

Not 'nuf enuf

DR WANG

Stuffed up your nose

TITANIA

I'll throw my clothes off

DR WING

For Pepe Cacahuates?

TITANIA

For Tequila-lattes spiked I hiked my skirt

DR WANG

Your skirt was hiked enuf. Your daughter

TITANIA

My daughter is protected from all sorts of vicious bile

No one will spit upon her, at least not for a while

She has this coating, this sheathe that keeps her pure

She'll be for many years to come so comely and demure

DR WUNG

But what when she finds out about her mother so impure

Will she then continue being so demure

Or will she take to these mean mountains, as has her Muti, compromised,

Will she then anorexic go, bulimic, or supersized Big Mac

Or will she cut herself, bite herself as she develops her overbite

Will she follow in her father's footsteps,

become a surgeon, or a dentista mujer, even

It's what I hope for her, that she will find a calling

or a calling will call her

She'll shed what I increasingly see is your animalistic fur

TITANIA

You - animal - hate, it's your *problema* many languages, Spanish and Russian

You're some sort of throwback, you're positively Prussian

DR. LING

And you, you're some throwforward?

why speak of back and forth

It's not too late for us to feel some genuine emotion

I thought we had it once, and now it's rotten

I smell it, virus, pus-sy

TITANIA

Pussy you

DR. CHUNG

How come you've gotten

'Though I'm 'fraid to ask this question –

TITANIA

Don't be afraid. You've nothing to fear but fear itself

DR CHANG

Really? You phrasemaker, you deeply deep faker

I found the textings from you and Cacahuates

TITANIA

How did you find them?

DR CHANG

How did you kill him?

TITANIA

I mauled him, as you know.

DR WUNG

You threw him from the ledge of the highest peak

And Pike was there to cheer you on

So what have you gained from this?

TITANIA

What have you gained from marrying me?

DR. WANG

Only my beautiful daughter –

A baby's shriek.

TITANIA rushes off.

Probably only a diaper pin

I shouldn't worry, it just stuck in

It isn't colic, she'll live to frolic

Make her father happy, delirious, proud

Dance at her wedding, with her clinging to my arm

Applause from guests deafening loud

Throwing bride's bouquet, everyone singing

And children on the way, so grand

O, darling, Celeste, my beauty, take my hand

TITANIA rushes back on.

TITANIA

She's gone; my darling, precious, beauty love

It's all your fault; now I will have to right it from above

DR. WUNG

No, I will do it; she's my daughter to protect

You're not fit to do it; you have soiled yourself

with Pepe you have necked

TITANIA

Celeste has been abducted because you sleep

I've necked alright, I've sunk my teeth into his neck

you awful bloody creep

DR. CHUNG

Call the guards, my baby's been abducted!

Guards rush on.

Guard

A ransom note –

Guard hands DR CHANG a note.
TITANIA snatches it away; DR CHANG snatches it back.
A struggle for the note. It tears in half.

TITANIA
"Wretched

DR CHUNG
"Couple

TITANIA
"Give us

DR. WANG
"Yuans

TITANIA
"Barrels

DR WUNG
"Or you'll

TITANIA
"Never

DR WING
"See her

TITANIA simul DR CHING
"Again!" Again!"

TITANIA
I'm off to the rescue!

TITANIA rushes out.

DR. LING

But how do you know where to go?

Voice offstage.

Voice

Dr. Jing, it's your very last warning. Either you're tested for purity immedjetly or you will lose your license to operate.

DR JING

Operate schmoperate. Is there an address on this note, a drop-off point? She dropped her half. Two halves do make a right turn onto 79 Wistful Vista! I didn't notice this before, but it's addressed to Dr Bone-Bender!

Voice

Dr. Bone-Bender, your last chance is slipping away.

DR JANG

What they called me in school –

Voice

We didn't know you went to school.

DR. JUNG

Well, I did, sort of. I apprenticed certainly. This handwriting, it looks somewhat like Dr's scrawl, it looks like, it's mine! I've not been forced to write this!

TITANIA rushes on again.

TITANIA

What's that address again?

DR. JING

Seventy-nine –

DR. JANG simul TITANIA
Wistful Vista! Wistful Vista!

We haven't a moment to waste

"No time to say hello goodbye

"We're late we're late, for a very important date"

With all the hatchets buried

We'll probably just stay married

But where the hell is Wistful

I thought you knew, a fistful

A knuckle sandwich, you knucklehead

You birdbrain, I thought you said

I never said I knew, you

always never have a clue

to where we're going

Your mind is slowing

But there's a map upon the other side

What's it say, 'Tis time for your tiger ride

The WHITE TIGER appears.

WHITE TIGER

I zacly know the zacly place

Jump on my back, we've got to race

DR. WING and TITANIA

I'm in the front — You're in the back
You backseat drive — This is my hack
We'll never get there — We'll never get there
You foulsome beast — You fulsome beast

TITANIA

You're worser than infections yeast

My daughter's life's at stake

DR. LANG

You win this time, it's all Celeste

I bow to you, dear Mom knows best

TITANIA

O.K., you drive, I'm in the back

You s'ppose they put her in a sack?

WHITE TIGER

I'm saying zackly, homies you

We's got to leave, the words more few

Both scramble to climb aboard, TITANIA in back; DR. WING in front. The WHITE TIGER roars off.

DR. WING

Where will the yuans come from, dear?

Your little shopping sprees have left us dry

TITANIA

I've still got plenty credit here

My trusty flask, here's mud i' your eye

DR. WANG

O, great, drinking again…

TITANIA

Still, from my private still

DR. WANG

Next time you crave a drink, stop, count to ten

TITANIA

Not ‘til I’ve had my fill

DR. WUNG

You sure can swill it down

TITANIA

Pigs eat swill and never frown

DR LING

They only oink and suckle their young

The WHITE TIGER

The ride’s getting rougher, now hold your tongue

The ride’s indeed getting rougher as it starts to snow.

DR. LANG

I know this way, been here, done that

TITANIA

I’m cold, so cold, please warm me up

DR. LING

If only we could cuddle more

TITANIA

You think I'm fat; just fat in store

for such a trip, I want another babe

in arms, smell baby's feet and all her charms

I want my baby, 'Leste, Celeste

White Tiger, where are we? Seventy-nine

That's Wistful Vista, there's a sign

It's fallen over in the snow

Pick it up, pick it up, c'mon, let's go

DR CHUNG

I can't read it, can't read it, don't push me over

What are you doing –

TITANIA

I've just read the sign, my Tiger Tiger burning bright

Charge us charge us in the forests of the night

The WHITE TIGER charges off with TITANIA.

DR CHINGCHANGLINGLANGSINGSANGWINGWANGWUNG

is left holding the bag of someone else's tricks.

DR. WANG

I'm left with what I started with

a lonely man whose work continues hard

I sound as if I want some pity, no

I want my daughter safe and sound

I'll trudge along and sing a song

I cannot move so quickly, please

Abate, you snow and blizzard, pith

and moment, enterprises disregard

And lose the name of action, go not slow

I must be firm, I must resolve, go round

This bend, I'm sure it's just along

This path, no good to rush, I cannot squeeze

Another drop of sweat, my head's come off, it rolls

And rocks, Celeste, my precious love, our souls -

An avalanche buries DR CHANG.

Wistful Vista # 79.

We're in the Hollywood Hills, Hollywood, California.

DR WINGWANGJINGJANGSINGSANG,

asleep on a rock in the middle of a lemon/lime grove.

His assistant HERMIONE (a)rouses HIM.

HERMIONE

Dr. Ling and all the rest

Your operation's 'nother test

You must be must be best

If you're to pass –

I'm only kidding, Doc

I know your dream is that you'll fail

and Moby Dick's just another whale

and Melville Hawthorne couldn't write a book

and Edith Wharton's just a schnook

But buck up, man, you're best at what you do

I'll kiss your balls, and later then we'll screw

And then you'll write me recs and rods

And then I'll wreck your rod

And I'll get into schools and pass all golden rules

And come out with summa cum laude

with the biggest booma zoom Gaude Igitur

and get the biggest practice ever

and pull the biggest lever

DR LINGLANG

This nightmare stop; you are Hermione Top

Awake I am now fully; your words no longer fool me

Because they are not yours; they're mine, was dreaming

Wanted to be screaming, but I couldn't, I was trapped

You were dancing, I was lapped

What's now, forever more. Where's my daughter, what for

am I? Who am I now?

Where is she, beauteous, precious love

She’s buying shoes, she’s trying gloves

HERMIONE
Your daughter called from Burma, she’s OK

She’s there with the great great granddaughter of Daw Aung San Suu Kyi

DR. WING
She’s become a freedom fighter which worries me madly, but yet I’m so proud.

And Titania, where is she?

HERMIONE
I’ve told you this so many times

She perished saving daughter yours

She fought like a tiger

As we see TITANIA turn into a tiger and save CELESTE

from her abductors, DR. CHUNG describes the scene.

TITANIA sustains injuries and dies forthwith, her baby in her arms,

with DR. CHANG embracing THEM both.

DR. CHANG
That’s no surprise/because she’s one

Before my eyes/they lost, she won

Yes, I saw it all, having gnawed my way out from the avalanche

and finding myself in front of 79, inadvertently,

I’d taken the shortcut and arrived just as she and the White Tiger did

We stole into the hideout

Kidnappers asleep

Guns at the ready, all cocked

Titania, throwing back her mane

Snarling, my darling, sloughed, pounced

Furious fighting

Grinding their teeth in the dust

Not a one survived

Arms hanging by bits of skin

The mother and her cub united

She and she, harmed and unharmed

Clinging for dear life

Mother grasp/gasping her last

Daughter in water

Grabbing them both, abrazos

Fuerte fuerte, weep

For my beautiful babies

The sun blood orange squeezing out its tears

Flesh torn from Titania

Who knew it would come to this at last

When I gnashed that little lump

Did her mother know

Did her brother know also

And where is he now?

CELESTE, 26, appears.

CELESTE

Daddy, Daddy, you're the one

I know you never had a son

But you loved me nonetheless

You always said "Yes Yes Yes Yes"

DR CHANG

Celeste Celeste, bi-beastial you're

My perfect love, you are the cure

for all my ills

I'm never one to take no pills

You Tiger Girl, you go you go

I'll never say "No No No No"

CELESTE

Perhaps you should, Daddy dear.

Daw Aung San Suu Kyi has said it years.

It's what has made her so so free

I've got to go, the Burmese monks are here

I've shaved my head, I've never been so clear

DR. WINGWANG

And so my daughter's on her way

I want to lift her, I used to raise her

Above my head. No way I can no more

She’s heavy now, I’m not so strong no more

She’s lithe. Not heavy for her length

This long drink of water

My beauteous magnificent daughter

It’s just I haven’t strength

To lift one hundred pounds

And put upon my shoulders

So many many boulders

Pushing up these snowy mountains

HERMIONE

Doctor Ling, these are the hills called Hollywood

There is no snow, unless you want to snort

Presume you don’t, you’re still so sure

I still resist, ‘though tempts me much

It’s much like Queens, the rest L.A.

There’re dental clinics, three a block

Chateau Marmont, up there upon a hill

We drive on by, we take another pill

We drive we drive, there’s nothing do us shock

The nights are cool, and then there’s always day

With sunshine, smog, some rain, but just a touch

I’m speaking Valley Girl like like like pure

Such rich men standing on their wallets, short

And tanned, bejeweled woulda coulda shoulda

when I had the chance I should have asked you for this dance

DR. WANG

Ask me now

Indulge me in every way and I'll indulge you back and forth

HERMIONE

But first you must come out of retirement

DR. CHUNG

Is that what I am? I thought I was just tired, not re-tired

HERMIONE

The terms of the agreement right here in sunny Caforlornia

When plucked you were from Olde Cathay some twenty centuries ago

You were the most revered of surgeons

Your fame had spread across continents and down the rolling aeons

And the most important folks in Tinsel Town said they had to have you

There had developed in the late 21st an epidemic of goiters, gout and gonorrh

The Three G's, so-called, resistant to every strain of every strain

Only your certified, 99 and 44/100 % pure –

DR. CHUNG

What happened to the 56/100% pure missing? I'm outed/outraged!

HERMIONE

Shutup. Only your certified, et cetera, saliva

and your saber-toothed sawing, excising

would save the day for the moguls and mavens

And so you decided –

DR. WANG

Against my better judgement

HERMIONE

To accept their offer to set up shop here at the Sportsmen's Lodge

where you had free rein and the finest perks

You'd gotten tired of the simple/rural life and wanted

DR. WING

Some leisure

HERMIONE

Instead, you got

DR WANG

More work

HERMIONE

Every mogul's uncle, every maven's raven developed a lump whether they did or not

We worked, yes, *we* worked

DR. LUNG

We worked, I agree

HERMIONE

Our fingers to the bloody bone

DR. CHANG

My bite went into overdrive, night and day –

HERMIONE & DR CHUNG (singing)
You are the one

DR. CHANG
I was the bloody one

HERMIONE
But now it's over and you can write your memoirs

DR. CHANG
Of course, I won't

HERMIONE
And then they finally relented and let you relax – a bit

with the understanding, after round-the-clock union negotiations

that when you were desperately needed

DR. WING
Arbitrated by a panel of three, me you and the hole in the wall

I would come forth

HERMIONE
And now is the time

DR. WANG
Who is the patient? You. You, Dr Wang, have a lump

HERMIONE
Yours truly

DR. LANG
You have a lump?

HERMIONE
Come feel – with your tongue of course

DR. LING
I can’t do it

HERMIONE
Why?

DR. CHANG
I could not be dispassionate

HERMIONE
Were you dispassionate when it was Titania ?

DR. CHUNG
Enough.

Enter CELESTE.

CELESTE
Will you be dispassionate when it’s your daughter?

DR. CHING
You both have lumps?

CELESTE & HERMIONE
You must do us both at once
and all for us to see

DR. WANG
I’m dreaming there’s a white Christmas in the Hollywood Hills

CELESTE & HERMIONE

You're not dreaming

DR CHING

Let's get to it

DR CHANG operates, dispassionately, passionately.

And then, it's over.

DR LINGLANGCHINGCHANGWINGWANG, exhausted.

HE crawls into a simple wood coffin and lies in state.

CELESTE & HERMIONE

He'd finally had enough
Of yanking excising
Lumpings arising
He could no longer remain
This side of sane
His daughter, his would-be lover
He couldn't be above her
Another second beyond the cure
And that's for bloody well sure
We loved him, both of us
'Though a cantankerous cuss
You may not have seen
But we know what we mean
We've lost a father/would-be lover
He had a special gift, a talent beyond all others
He was willing to put his juices in the service
of all mothers in need
All fathers, robbers, buskers, three card monte dealers
He did not discriminate
He sometimes even *ate* the lump
When it was too toxic
He took it into his own gullet and down into his gut
Esophageal godawful meal
He wanted only best for every patient who he ate
however she or he emaciate
We loved him both of us
'Though a cantankerous cuss
You may not have seen
But we know what we mean

We've lost a father/would-be lover
He had a special gift, a talent beyond all others
Sisters, cousins, extended family, brothers, mothers

DR. CHING arises from lying in state.

DR. CHING

I'd like to give them the very last word

but I won't

It's just a part of me, may seem absurd

and I don't

Want to press it, except I will

I did what I did and I'd do what I did

all over again, many times ten

I'd pull all those out, without any doubt

They needed excising, they'd reached oversizing

I have no regrets

Let's call off all bets

I'm here for you now, whatthehell

Got a lump?, call my cell

I'm back to lying in state

Very restful, I recommend

Got a bump, we got a date

Look at your screen and press 'Send'

O, one last matter

Before you get fatter

Bring on the veggies

Ixnay the meat

Vegan Vegan

Eat Eat EAT!

DR goes back to lying in state.

WHITE TIGER enters with TITANIA upon HIM.

HE circles the DR, as if HE's about to pounce.

HE does a circle with HIMself, drops to his haunches,

TITANIA alighting,

WHITE TIGER stretches, yawns hugely, softly,

alcoholically belches and goes to sleep.

TITANIA climbs in with The Good Doctor and THEY both lie in state.

HERMIONE and CELESTE look to each other.

That's all, folks.

To say that doesn't

"Pusimos los respaldares de sillas en posicion vertical"

HERMIONE tells DR. CHANG how famous HE is in the Hollywood Hills.

Sit upon my breast

Somehow they go to the Hollywood Hills – palm trees – white tigers being walked

---

before it ends we must revisit all the characters –

IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS

the Firecracker salesman et alia

To

(***T***
of



You Rappers

this legendary emperor is attributed the earliest known Chinese medical writing, ***Huang-ti Nei ching he Canon of Internal Medicine***). This work consists two treatises, one a dialogue about living matter

between **Huang Ti** and his minister **Qibo**, and the other a description of medical physiology, anatomy, and acupuncture. This famous classic is considered to be the bible of traditional Chinese medicine but its true authorship is unkown.

Li Shizhen, a great physician and pharmacologist of the Ming Dynasty (1368w1644), after a long time of thorough research, got a clear understanding of growing forms of many herbs by going up mountains to pick up them, dissecting some medicinal ingredients from animals and watching out for the effects. Li Shizhen devoted 27 years to compiling his book Bencao Gangmu (Compendium of Materia Medica). This medical encyclopedia, made up of 52 volumes, contains descriptions of 1,892 medicines with illustrations and 11,000 prescriptions in 16 different categories. This work involves in many fields such as geology, botany, zoology, mineralogy and geography. It has been translated into more than 10 foreign languages. The English scientist Charles Darwin called it "the ancient Chinese encyclopedia."

Shen Nung, the 'Divine Husbandman'

Considered to be the father of Chinese agriculture, this legendary emperor taught his people how to cultivate grains as food, so as to avoid killing animals. He is said to have tasted hundreds of herbs to test their medicinal value, and is assumed to be the author of ***Shen-nung pen ts'ao ching*** (***Divine Husbandman's Materia Medica***), the earliest extant Chinese pharmacopoeia. This text includes 365 medicines derived from minerals, plants, and animals. The true authorship of this work is also unknown.

Shen Nung is venerated as the Father of Chinese medicine. He is believed to have introduced the technique of acupuncture.

Chang Chung-ching, fl. 168-196 AD



Regarded as one of the great physicians of the Han dynasty (206 BC-220 AD), the most glorious period in Chinese medical history, Chang Chung-ching wrote ***Shang han lun*** (***Treatise on Colds and Fevers***). This work had a profound influence on Chinese medicine and is considered to be the most important medical classic after the ***Huang-ti Nei ching***. Chang Chung-ching is called the Hippocrates of China.

Li Shih-chen, 1518-1593

Chinese medicine seems to have reached its peak during the Ming dynasty (1368-1644) when Li Shih-chen wrote his ***Pen ts'ao kang mu*** (***The Great Herbal***). This great pharmacopoeia, which summarizes what was known of herbal medicine up to the late 16th century, describes in detail more than 1800 plants, animal substances, minerals, and metals, along with their medicinal properties and applications. Li Shih-chen was 35 years old when he began to compile his ***Pen ts'ao kang mu***. He took 27 years to finish it.

The portraits from Ch'en Hsueh-lou, ***Chung-kuo li tai ming i t'u chua (Biographies and Portraits of Chinese Famous Doctors in Past Dynasties)***, Nan-ching, 1987.

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Last updated: 10 January 2008