

VIRAL INFECTION
By Gene Kato

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Dedicated to the memory of
Dr. James R. Miller and Dr. Thomas F. Soare

These two men were the quirkiest "Dr.'s" I ever knew. Yet, still were
quiet titans in their field.

May you Rest in Peace.

**Cast Of Characters
(in order of appearance)**

Jennings

Beryl

Gretchen

Candice Runyan

Dexter Runyan IX

Bibi Runyan

Thad

Yellowfeather

Nookienana

Bernie G. Feltzenhopperoptomopolitz

SCENE 1

The Scene: *The living room area of a summer lake house in Runyun, Kentucky. The place is very stylish. Scattered about the room is numerous artifacts that suggest the good taste of the man who owns this cabin. We are looking at the temporary residence of DEXTER P. RUNYUN IX. Yes, the town was named after him because he bought it. Being the richest man in the world has its advantages.*

At Rise: *It is about 10:00 p.m. on a fair August night. Two butlers, JENNINGS and BERYL, are pacing back and forth nervously. The lighting should suggest an almost unreal quality. The butlers cross a few times, then speak . . .*

JENNINGS. Terrible. It's absolutely . . .

BERYL. *(Overlapping)* Terrible. I know.

JENNINGS. It's awful. It's absolutely . . .

BERYL. *(Overlapping)* Awful. I know.

JENNINGS. Horrible. It's absolutely . . .

BERYL. *(Overlapping)* Horrible. I know.

JENNINGS. Pitiful. It's absolutely . . .

BERYL. *(Overlapping)* Pitiful. I know. *(A door opens and GRETCHEN, the maid, comes in screaming uncontrollably. She stops, smiles, and says)*

GRETCHEN. SHUTUP! I'VE GOT A HEADACHE, A NERVOUS STOMACH, AND THE POTENTIAL FOR A DIARRHEA ATTACK! OH! GOD! WHAT'S TODAY'S DATE?!

JENNINGS. What?

GRETCHEN. I THINK I JUST OVULATED! WHERE'S THE TV GUIDE?!!!! *(She exits screaming)*

BERYL. What did she say?

JENNINGS. I don't know. I'm too frazzled to listen.

BERYL. It doesn't matter. She's just hired help.

JENNINGS. When is the family supposed to be here? Did you call them and tell them that Mr. Runyun bit the onion?

BERYL. Yes, they have been notified. His daughter, Candice, is coming in this evening on the 9:10 train.

JENNINGS. Train? She was in Jamaica! Who takes a train from the Caribbean to Kentucky?

BERYL. Well, she didn't have cab fare.

JENNINGS. Oh, well, in that case it's alright then. What time is it?

BERYL. Ding Dang Doo Ramalamadingdong Boo wap shoo wadawada bing bang boom.

JENNINGS. Oh, well, then. You know what time that is.

BERYL. MILLER TIME?!!!

JENNINGS. Yeah. No. WAIT! (He gets on his knees and puts an ear to the floor)

BERYL. You hear-em wooly mammoth? (*JENNINGS gets up and walks to the door and opens it. An absolutely stunning young woman enters, bags in hand. It is CANDICE RUNYUN. Need more be said?*)

CANDICE. (*Very Fast*) Thank you, Jennings. I'm so glad to be home. How are you? Is my father ok? Oh, my. Silly me. Of course he isn't. If he was then I'd still be making love with Jollie the bartender on some tropical island beach. Oh, well. That's life you know? C'est la vie. That's just the way it is baby. You know? What can ya do? Really. It's for the better. My thighs were hurting anyway. Oh, my goodness. What word choices. I meant that my thighs were hurting from riding my horse. Oh, who cares? Are you two jealous? Want me real bad again do you? Look at the two of you drool. Well, that's another subject, altogether.

FULL CAST AND CREW. (*From every possible entry*) THAT'S ANOTHER SUBJECT!

CANDICE. (*Even faster*) The train ride was bumpy. Oh, what a world! Do you two realize how I'm speaking?

JENNINGS. Yes . . .

CANDICE. I . . .

JENNINGS. Am . . .

CANDICE. Speak . . .

BERYL. Ing . . .

JENNINGS. Very . . .

CANDICE. Fast . . .

JENNINGS. And . . .

CANDICE. Also . . .

JENNINGS. Very . . .

CANDICE. Very . . .

BERYL. Choppy . . .

CANDICE. I . . .

JENNINGS. Seem . . .

CANDICE. To . . .

JENNINGS. Be . . .

CANDICE. Caught . . .

JENNINGS. In . . .

CANDICE. A . . .

JENNINGS. Flux . . .

BERYL. And . . .

CANDICE. I . . .

JENNINGS. Can't . . .

CANDICE. Get . . .

ALL. Out . . . (*GRETCHEN opens a door and slams it again*)

CANDICE. Ah! That's better! Now what was I saying? Oh, yes. Has there been any change in my father's condition?

JENNINGS. He's dead!

CANDICE. Now Jennings, that's not what I asked you, now is it?

BERYL. No, it wasn't.

CANDICE. Now, what was the answer to my question?

JENNINGS. Popcorn! Peanuts! Programs! Cotton Candy!

CANDICE. Thank you. Now where is my father? I want to see him.

Wheel him on! (*GRETCHEN wheels on DEXTER in a wheelchair*)

DEXTER. Hello, Candice.

CANDICE. Father, I thought you were dead.

DEXTER. No reason to be rude is it?

CANDICE. Absolutely not. Daddy, I have news!

DEXTER. What is it my little wholesome bran muffin?

CANDICE. I'm a man.

DEXTER. NO! ANYTHING BUT THAT! (*BERYL steps forward.*

CANDICE and JENNINGS lock in a sloppy, lusty, almost downright disgusting kiss.)

BERYL. Sir, I have news.

DEXTER. What can it be?

BERYL. I resign! I'm having an operation tonight.

DEXTER. An operation? Good heavens! What's wrong?

BERYL. Nothing serious. I'm just going to be turned into a horse.

CANDICE. Congratulations.

BERYL. You're a sexy little whore of Babylon, aren't you?

CANDICE. *(Getting excited)* I love it when you talk dirty to me! Do it some more!

BERYL. Mud! Poo Poo! Mildew! Toilet! Geraldo Rivera!

CANDICE. *(Producing a present)* I got this for you. It's just a little token.

BERYL. What is it?

CANDICE. Matzo Ball Soup Mix.

BERYL. You're a considerate little heifer, aren't you?

DEXTER. Hey! You can't talk to my daughter like that!

BERYL. I'm terribly sorry, Dead Sir. *(To CANDICE in a slight Irish accent)* You're a considerate little heifer, aren't you?

DEXTER. That's better. No! WHAT AM I SAYING?! THIS IS LUNACY! LUNACY!

ALL. *(Singing. Including GRETCHEN, who steps through the doorway)* LUNACY! *(GRETCHEN disappears)*

DEXTER. *(Getting up from the wheelchair)* I'm going to faint.

CANDICE. *(To JENNINGS and BERYL)* You two are servants! Do something! *(BERYL and JENNINGS run off, yelling . . .)*

BERYL / JENNINGS. TIMBER! *(DEXTER falls. Lights change as the pace slows down to a normal level.)*

CANDICE. *(Rushing to DEXTER'S aid)* Daddy? Oh! No! Jennings! Beryl! Come quick! *(JENNINGS and BERYL rush on)*

JENNINGS. What is it, Miss Runyun?! Oh, dear! Beryl! Quickly! Onto the sofa! *(BERYL leaps onto the sofa)* Not you, you idiot! Mr. Runyun! Help me! *(They hoist DEXTER onto the sofa)*

CANDICE. He just fell over. No warning at all.

JENNINGS. Doesn't surprise me. He's very ill. The virus is spreading at an alarming rate.

CANDICE. Oh, Daddy. Please wake up and speak to me.

BERYL. We need smelling salts. Gretchen! *(GRETCHEN appears)*

GRETCHEN. Yes, Beryl. What can I do for you?

BERYL. We need smelling salts to rouse Mr. Runyun. Will you retrieve them?

GRETCHEN. Absolutely. Is there anything else I can do?

BERYL. Yes. Hurry up.

GRETCHEN. Yes, Beryl. *(She exits)*

JENNINGS. Miss Runyun?

CANDICE. Yes?

JENNINGS. What were you and your father discussing before he passed out? Maybe there was something in the conversation that could have triggered this blackout?

CANDICE. Nothing really out of the ordinary. We were discussing my mother, the stock market, price of tea in China . . .you know, everyday things.

JENNINGS. Hmmmmm. *(Beat)* This is very queer – and when I say queer I don't mean Boy George queer – I mean peculiar. The blackouts are starting to come at times of non-stress.

BERYL. That's not good.

JENNINGS. Your power of observation and reason amazes me, Beryl.

BERYL. Thank you, Jennings.

CANDICE. Has he seen many doctors?

BERYL. In the past few weeks, he has seen 8,394 of the world's best physicians. General Practitioners, Internal Specialists, Cardiologists, even a world renowned Colon Specialist from Peoria, Illinois. Nothing. They found absolutely nothing.

CANDICE. Why so many doctors?

JENNINGS. Money. He promised ten million dollars to the doctor that could not only diagnose his disease . . .but could cure him as well. Not one of these doctors could do it. They all fought, complained, challenged, bickered, poked, prodded, and stuck him . . .but all of the results were the same. A big fat blank.

CANDICE. Oh, dear. *(GRETCHEN returns with the smelling salts)*

GRETCHEN. Here you are. This was the last one in the box.

JENNINGS. *(Taking the salt)* This will do fine. Prepare yourselves. There is no telling what he will say. *(JENNINGS takes the salt and waves it under DEXTER'S nose. He jumps up, wide eyed and yells . . .)*

DEXTER. MY DAUGHTER'S HAD COITUS WITH THE HIRED HELP! *(He faints again)*

CANDICE. Daddy?

BERYL. He's alright, Miss Runyun. This has happened a lot here lately.

CANDICE. What do you mean? Why did he just yell that?

JENNINGS. *(To BERYL)* Do you want to explain or should I?
(JENNINGS and BERYL do the rock, scissors, paper game. BERYL puts out a rock, JENNINGS puts out paper.)

BERYL. Blast it! I always lose.

GRETCHEN. Excuse me, everyone. Would you all like me to put some tea on to boil?

CANDICE. Yes, Gretchen, I think tea would be nice. Thank you.
(GRETCHEN nods and exits)

JENNINGS. Now, as Beryl was saying.

BERYL. No need to be an ass, Jennings. I'm getting to it.

JENNINGS. Quite.

CANDICE. Gentlemen, please! Could we get down to the grist of this conversation?

BERYL. Absolutely. *(To JENNINGS)* Grist? What did she mean by that?

JENNINGS. She means talk. *(He rolls his eyes)* And you went to Julliard.

BERYL. Excuse me.

CANDICE. I didn't know that you went to Julliard, Beryl.

BERYL. Well, I just worked registration. \$3.35 an hour job. No vacation time acquired or anything. To be honest, it's not even on my resume.

CANDICE. That's terrific. The story?

BERYL. *(Continuous)* Wasn't much for employment. Actually, my great-uncle went there. Great man. Top of his class. Died in a mysterious accident involving 3 Q-tips and an orange. My family doesn't speak of it. *(JENNINGS slaps BERYL in the face)*

JENNINGS. I apologize for my counterpart's ramblings, Miss Runyun. What your father has been suffering from appears to be delusions of a very high magnitude.

CANDICE. Delusions? Brought on by the virus?

JENNINGS. It would appear so. He seems to be getting worse. I've seen people sick before, but this is quite strange. Usually, one can experience delirium if one has a high fever. You've seen people experience that, haven't you? *(CANDICE nods)* Well, here we have all of the same symptoms . . . only no fever. There also seems to be no pain, no stings, no weakness, no real fatigue, no vomiting, no bleeding, no real

headaches, no stomachaches, just loss of consciousness and strange sentences that jump out of his mouth that seem to come from nowhere. In my years as a butler, I have seen all kinds of illness. Nothing, however, can hold a candle to this. He needs a doctor that can get answers for him.

CANDICE. And a cure.

JENNINGS. Of course. A cure. First and foremost, though, he needs a definite diagnosis. That seems to be the most elusive factor of all.

CANDICE. Yes, you're right. I don't know what to do. I'm open for suggestions if either of you have them.

JENNINGS. Well, I'm afraid I can't be of great service to you. He's seen all of the regular doctors.

BERYL. Well, then the only thing left is to try again. Only this time, we shouldn't shoot so high on the educational scale.

JENNINGS. What? Are you going to cure him, Mr. Julliard.

CANDICE. Wait a second, Jennings. What exactly are you saying, Beryl?

BERYL. I'm saying that we should just follow along the rosy path. Take the next step, if you like. We've seen that brilliant doctors can't cure him. So, what about incompetent ones?

CANDICE. I see your point. I guess it can't hurt. Do you have someone in mind?

BERYL. I have two in mind. In New Mexico, there is an Indian tribe about 100 miles south of Santa Fe. The Marakahopifenopi tribe. Dr. Mordecai Rodriguez Jackson Yellowfeather lives there. He can be sent for tonight. The other could be a bit harder to find.

CANDICE. Who is it?

BERYL. Dr. Bernie Q. Feltzenhopperoptomopolitz. He's a genuine idiot.

JENNINGS. Dr. Feltza-who?

BERYL. Feltzenhopperoptomopolitz. He lives in the borough of Queens in New York. I think.

CANDICE. What do you mean, "you think"?

BERYL. Well, I've actually only heard of the good doctor. The brother of my uncle's best friend's nephew's daughter knew of a man who walked with someone everyday who had a grandson who knew of a girl that lived next door to a mutual friend of a mutual friend of a mutual friend of the doctor's mother, Betty Samuels.

GRETCHEN. (*Entering*) What about Betty Samuels?

JENNINGS. You know Betty Samuels?

GRETCHEN. Not personally. I have a friend that used to baby sit for a woman that knew a man that liked to listen to the same music as a woman that like to travel with a young girl that had a friend who's boyfriend was in the same fraternity with Betty Samuel's next door neighbor's bastard stepson, Ralph Jameson.

JENNINGS. Oh, my god!

CANDICE. What?

JENNINGS. I have a distant relative who knows a telephone repairman that lives near a lake that a girlfriend of a mutual enemy skis on with a daughter of the best friend of the grandfather of a young boy who's baby sister is looked after by the son of a half-brother of the owner of the boat house that Ralph Jameson stores his boat at.

CANDICE. Really? What lake is that?

JENNINGS. Lake Slippery Duck.

ALL. Lake Slippery Duck?!

CANDICE. This is a sign, Gentlemen. Good or bad? I haven't a clue. The only thing I know to do is send for these men and hope that they can help. By the look of things here, they can't fare any worse than the others. Beryl? How much do you think they will want to cure my father? If they can . . . I mean.

BERYL. Neither of these men want money from what I understand.

CANDICE. Explain, please.

JENNINGS. Yes, Beryl. Please explain that last statement.

BERYL. Well, from what I can gather from all of the rumors that I heard about them, the reason that they are considered "quacks" is because they want a wife and they will only take a woman for payment.

(There is a stunned silence)

CANDICE. Could you please elaborate on that last statement?

BERYL. From what I've heard, they will only take a woman as payment.

CANDICE. That's absurd! A woman? No one takes a woman as payment for services rendered! Gretchen is the tea ready?

GRETCHEN. No, Miss. Not yet.

CANDICE. Never mind. I want three fingers of bourbon instead.

GRETCHEN. Yes, Miss.

CANDICE. No, four fingers.

GRETCHEN. Yes, Miss.

CANDICE. Oh, to hell with it. Make it the whole fist.

GRETCHEN. Yes, Miss. (*GRETCHEN exits*)

BERYL. All of this information is purely speculative, you have to understand. I cannot completely speak for two men who are not here. I am just relaying what I was told by my chain of people. Nothing more. Nothing less.

JENNINGS. This is all so trying. Miss Runyun, do you require my assistance any longer? I would like to retire for the evening. Unless you would like for us to relocate your father.

CANDICE. No, Jennings, you may call it a day if you wish. I think we should leave him where he is.

JENNINGS. Very well, goodnight then.

BERYL / CANDICE. Goodnight. (*JENNINGS exits*)

CANDICE. This has me concerned, Beryl. I don't know anything about these two people. What if they cause my father to . . .to . . .

BERYL. You don't have to say it. However, is there really any guarantee that he won't . . .you know . . .if they don't see him?

CANDICE. You think I should call them, don't you?

BERYL. I think that you should be the one to think. I don't wish to have the responsibility of the outcome on my shoulders.

CANDICE. I can understand that. Would you please go and check on that bourbon?

BERYL. Yes, Miss Runyun. Absolutely.

CANDICE. And when you're done, would you please call New Mexico and send for Dr. Yellowfeather?

BERYL. Of course.

CANDICE. And then, after that, would you try and locate our elusive Dr. Fossilsarehoppinatheoptomologist?

BERYL. Affirmative, Miss Runyun.

CANDICE. Thank you. (*She calls offstage*) Jennings! (*BERYL exits as JENNINGS enters*)

JENNINGS. Is something wrong, Miss Runyun?

CANDICE. No.

JENNINGS. Oh . . .alright. (He exits)

CANDICE. (*Sitting next to DEXTER*) Oh, Daddy. Look at you. You are really a mess. What have you been doing to yourself lately, huh? There is a name for this disease that you have. And if not, Dr.

Yellowfeather or Dr. Flappinfloppin will find it and give it a name. I can't think of another way to resolve this. The best doctors in the world couldn't cure you. *(She strokes his hair. Then sits him up. He is still unconscious. She positions him and he looks like a department store mannequin)* There that's better. Don't look so hopeless. Come on. Smile. *(He doesn't)* Please. *(She takes her fingers and forces his mouth into a smile. It looks really stupid and the funnier thing is . . .it stays that way)* That's much better. Now, you must still be wondering what I am going to do about the payment? *(She has a very apprehensive look on her face)* I have no choice. I will give myself up to be the wife of the man who can cure you. Plain and simple. *(Pause)* Well, I'm going to go to bed. I think that I'm going to leave you here. I'm afraid to have you moved. *(She kisses his cheek)* I love you, Daddy. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you. *(She calls offstage)* Beryl! If you would, please bring my drink upstairs when it's ready.

BERYL. *(Poking his head through the doorway)* Certainly. *(All exit. CANDICE turns the lights out as she goes, leaving DEXTER on the stage alone. He continues to sit and smile. After a few seconds, the door opens and BIBI RUNYUN enters. The best way to describe BIBI is nothing more than a reckless, oversexed, highly intellectual could-be that never wanted to, that's stuck in a body that most young males spend countless hours dreaming about. She looks perfect. However, she only wants two things in life . . .sex and money.)*

BIBI. *(After quickly looking around)* Ok, it's clear. Come on in. Everyone must have gone to bed. *(A very dangerous looking young man enters. It's BIBI'S fling for the week, Thadeus Estigaribia . . .THAD (pronounced like it's spelled) for short.)*

THAD. I don't like this place. It's too . . .uppy.

BIBI. Shutup. Quit acting like a baby. Just move it.

THAD. Yeah? Where? Pick your palate of pleasure.

BIBI. Thad, quit trying to be romantic. You sound like a diaphragm salesman. Come on, onto the sofa. I have to be on something soft.

THAD. Well, then we're doing the wrong thing, Baby. *(They both laugh at his little joke. THAD takes off his leather jacket and throws it onto the sofa. Because it's dark, their eyes haven't picked up on DEXTER yet. The jacket covers DEXTER up and the two of them start at it.)*

BIBI. Oh, god. This is good.

THAD. Sure is. Except your knee is crushing my balls.

BIBI. I guess you want me to rub them and make it all better?

THAD. Would you please? *(BIBI places her hand between his legs and grips hard.)* OOOOOOOHH!

BIBI. Don't you get obscene with me! You understand?!

THAD. Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Ok! Ok!

BIBI. I'm not a whore! Got it?! Just because a girl may dress like one, walk like one, talk like one, and hang around with other girls that are . . . that still does not make her easy. I just date a lot! Ok?! Do I make myself clear?!

THAD. Whatever you say!

BIBI. Believe it!

THAD. I do! I do! I do! Oh! God! My nuts!

BIBI. *(Letting go)* Better?

THAD. *(In a high voice)* Yes, thank you.

BIBI. Good. Then let's get back to business. *(They resume their foreplay. THAD'S shirt is the first thing to come off and it is thrown onto DEXTER. BIBI's shirt follows shortly after. Next, BIBI pulls THAD'S pants down, but they get caught on his boots and are stuck inside out around his ankles. He wears boxer shorts, so he looks really ridiculous. BIBI tries to get his pants off, can't, so she decides "forget it" and pushes him over onto the sofa . . .rolling over on top of him. The weight of their impact causes DEXTER to slump over on top of them. They scream. BERYL and GRETCHEN rush in. They scream. BIBI and THAD see BERYL and GRETCHEN and they scream again. JENNINGS and CANDICE run on. They scream. BERYL and GRETCHEN scream again. Then everyone screams. JENNINGS rushes into the room. CANDICE switches on the light. To prevent further noise, JENNINGS covers BERYL'S mouth, who in turn covers BIBI'S mouth, who covers GRETCHEN'S mouth, who covers THAD'S mouth. They all scream one last time . . .mouths covered. There is a pause as DEXTER slumps over onto the floor)*

CANDICE. *(Trying to help DEXTER back up)* What is going on here, Bibi?

BIBI. *(Mouth covered)* Mfmgmffmgm.

CANDICE. What?

BIBI. *(Mouth covered)* Mfmgmffmgm.

JENNINGS. *(To BERYL. Mouth covered)* Mfmgmffmgm!

BERYL. *(Mouth covered)* Mfmg?

JENNINGS. *(Mouth covered)* Mfmgmffmfm!

BERYL. *(Mouth covered)* Mfmg? Mfmgmffmfm.

JENNINGS. *(Mouth covered)* Mfmg?

BERYL. *(Mouth covered)* Mfmg? *(ALL begin arguing with their mouths covered. CANDICE makes a valiant attempt at getting some sort of order to the place. However, no one is listening to her. While they are arguing, DEXTER snaps out of his unconscious state.)*

DEXTER. Hello? Where am I? What's going on here? *(The lights change back to the unreal lighting. Everyone turns and looks at DEXTER.)*

BIBI. *(Like a Southern Belle)* Daddy, you're back from the battle.

DEXTER. What?

BIBI. We all placed bets on whether or not your ass got shot off at Bunker Hill.

JENNINGS. His rumpus-diddly-yi-yo doesn't look shot off to me.

BERYL. No, not shot off. . . A little cracked, maybe.

GRETCHEN. *(Producing a large muffin and a tiny one as well)*
Hello, Sir. Welcome home. You must be famished. Would you like a large muffin or just a little muff?

MEN. TAKE THE MUFF! TAKE THE MUFF!

DEXTER. I don't want a muff. *(The men look at DEXTER and move as far away from him as possible.)*

THAD. No muff? That's ok, too. *(ALL except DEXTER gasp loudly)*

DEXTER. WHAT?! WHAT IS IT?!

CANDICE. We . . .

THAD. Could . . .

BIBI. Feel . . .

BERYL. This . . .

JENNINGS. Part . . .

GRETCHEN. Coming . . .

BERYL. On . . .

CANDICE. Again . . .

THAD. And . . .

JENNINGS. It . . .

BERYL. Fright . . .

BIBI. Ens . . .

GRETCHEN. Us . . .

THAD. Be . . .

BERYL. Cause . . .

JENNINGS. Play . . .

BIBI. Wrights . . .

JENNINGS. Some . . .

BIBI. Times . . .

THAD. Write . . .

CANDICE. Crap . . .

THAD. Like . . .

BIBI. This . . .

BERYL. Just . . .

CANDICE. To . . .

JENNINGS. Be . . .

BIBI. Ass . . .

THAD. Holes . . .

DEXTER. (*Shouting*) STOP!

EVERYONE ELSE. (*Singing*). . .IN THE NAME OF LOVE BEFORE
YOU BREAK MY HEART.

DEXTER. Candice, my darling daughter, please explain to me what's
happened.

CANDICE. Well, in the beginning, God created the heavens and the
Earth.

DEXTER. NO! NOT THAT FAR BACK!

BERYL. In fourteen hundred and ninety-two, Columbus sailed the
ocean blue?

JENNINGS. For score and twenty years ago?

THAD. A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far, away?

BIBI. Any of those ring a bell with you?

DEXTER. NO! HAVE YOU ALL GONE INSANE?! DO YOU
KNOW WHAT I WANT?!

CANDICE. Quite a lotta Roman teracotta?

GRETCHEN. Woodchucks who chuck wood?

BERYL. The big, black, bug that made the big, black, bear bleed blood?

DEXTER. This is unreal.

BERYL. Relax, Sir. Do you know what you need? You need unique
boy toys for toy boats that sit in solemn silence in pestilential prisons.

JENNINGS. Absolutely right, Beryl. You sure did hit the nail right on
the beak of the fish.

DEXTER. (*Looking at THAD*) Who are you? I don't know you. And

why do you have your pants on inside out?

BIBI. He was waiting for the mail to arrive via satellite. *(Long Pause)*

DEXTER. What? *(Everyone applauds)*

JENNINGS. *(To DEXTER)* Well put, Sir.

THAD. Couldn't have said it better myself.

BERYL. Of course not. Your breath stinks.

GRETCHEN. Well, everyone, shall we head to the kitchen? My tuna cupcakes should be about ready to come out of the refrigerator.

ALL. HOORAY!! *(ALL exit to the kitchen. DEXTER remains on stage)*

DEXTER. *(Trying to get up, but unable to)* Help! I can't get up! Wait! Someone come and help me!

CANDICE'S VOICE. Daddy. Daddy, can you hear me? I hear that you're suffering from delusions and your mind is running rampant. Don't worry. We have contacted two people who may be able to help you. Don't believe what you're seeing. It isn't real.

DEXTER. Not real? A delusion?

CANDICE'S VOICE. You're sick. Remember that. Dr. Yellowfeather and Dr. Fleeganflagan will be here tomorrow. Be strong and wait. Try to relax. Keep in mind that help is on the way.

DEXTER. *(After a pause. He begins to look worried)* Candice? Candice? Where are you? Please don't leave me! I'm afraid! I'm afraid. And I'm . . . alone. Candice?! **CANDICE!!!!** *(He begins to weep as the lights fade)*

SCENE 2

AT RISE:

It is 6:00 p.m. the next evening. GRETCHEN is busy preparing the living room for the visit of the two doctors. She sets a tray of snack foods down on the coffee table then exits. BERYL enters, looks around the room, sees the tray of food, walks over and repositions the tray. Satisfied with its new position, he takes a piece of food off it and eats it. BERYL exits. After a few seconds, JENNINGS enters, looks

around the room, straightens a few pillows, sees the tray, repositions it, takes a piece of food off of it, eats it, then exits. BIBI enters, looks around the room, sees the tray, runs over and takes food off of it, then dashes out. The front door opens and THAD peers in, sees his leather jacket sitting on the chair. He crosses happily to it, picks it up, smells the air, turns and sees the tray, takes the rest of the food from it, then exits out the front door. GRETHCHEN crosses into the room, making one final pass. Pleased with what she sees (and yet, not seeing the empty tray) she goes back out. The front door opens and THAD rushes in, excited.

THAD. He's here! Hey, everyone! The car just arrived! (*EVERYONE enters from all directions.*)

JENNINGS. Alright! Thank you, Urchin.

THAD. Sure.

CANDICE. I want everyone to show Dr. Yellowfeather the highest respect while he is here. Is that understood?

JENNINGS. I believe that I speak for all of us when I say . . .

BIBI. (*Overlapping*) Excuse me. I am a Runyun. Underlings and staff never speak for me. Is that understood, Jennings?

CANDICE. Bibi, quit being a little bitch.

BERYL. (*Looking out a window*) He's getting out of the car.

CANDICE. Beryl, come away from that window. I don't want us to appear too anxious.

BERYL. Oh, good thinking.

CANDICE. Ok everyone, now remember, Dr. Yellowfeather doesn't know about Dr. Flagerbrusher.

BIBI. Fothombothom.

JENNINGS. Frankenplanken.

THAD. Frankenstein.

BERYL. Feltzenhopperoptomopolitz.

CANDICE. Whatever. Anyway, we haven't been able to locate him just yet so keep a lid on it about his coming. Dr. Yellowfeather thinks he's the only one that was called.

BERYL. I left a message with Dr. F's service. They said that when he got the message, he would either call or just go ahead and take the job and come on down.

JENNINGS. You mean this other doctor could show up at any time?

CANDICE. That's right. Or he could never show up. (The doorbell rings)

CANDICE. Anyway, just be nice and be quiet. Beryl, answer the door.

BERYL. *(Crossing to the door)* Very well. Here goes, everyone. *(He opens the door and DR. YELLOWFEATHER enters. Music plays as he enters. A highly cultural piece that should reflect the style of the American Indian. He's a stocky man that looks to be in his forties. A pretty young woman accompanies him. It's his daughter, NOOKIENANA (NOOKIE for short))*

CANDICE. Welcome, Dr. Yellowfeather. I am Candice Runyun and I would like to say that it's an honor to have you in our home. *(YELLOWFEATHER gives a loud cry. EVERYONE jumps. He waves his hand and the music stops.)*

YELLOWFEATHER. Sorry, my theme music follows me everywhere.

BERYL. *(To JENNINGS)* He doesn't sound like an Indian.

YELLOWFEATHER. *(To CANDICE)* You are to be wife?

BERYL. Oh, that's better.

CANDICE. Well, yes, IF you cure my father.

YELLOWFEATHER. First, we lookem at merchandise.

CANDICE. *(Presenting herself like a fashion model)* Ok. Here I am.

YELLOWFEATHER. *(Crossing to her)* No, we checkum out personally. *(YELLOWFEATHER crosses to CANDICE, who has no idea what he is going to do. He puts both hands on her breasts. CANDICE jumps. Next, he grabs her arm and spins her around and slaps her on the butt. He then spins her back around and looks at her eyes. EVERYONE except NOOKIE is repulsed and shocked by this whole thing. However, no one interferes because he is the guest. Next, YELLOWFEATHER wets his mouth with his tongue. ALL close their eyes so they won't have to watch what is happening next. He pulls poor CANDICE into a sloppy kiss. When they break apart, she looks like she*

is about to faint.)

JENNINGS. *(After a long pause)* Would anyone care for a crumpet?

YELLOWFEATHER. *(To CANDICE)* You will make good wife. I want many sons. We start tonight.

CANDICE. WHAT?!

YELLOWFEATHER. NOOKIE!

ALL. WHAT?!

YELLOWFEATHER. This my daughter. Nookienana. We call her Nookie for short.

BERYL. Wait a minute! You're married?

YELLOWFEATHER. My wife only give daughters. Seventeen daughters. I wantum son!

THAD. *(To BIBI)* He talks cool. *(BIBI grabs THAD'S crotch. He winces and falls silent.)*

JENNINGS. Dr. Yellowfeather, would you care to come inside and sit down?

YELLOWFEATHER. *(Sarcastic)* No, I wantum standum here for the rest of life.

JENNINGS. *(Gesturing to the sofa)* This way, Sir. Beryl, get the door would you please? *(YELLOWFEATHER walks to the sofa. NOOKIE stays two steps behind him. EVERYONE remains upstage of the doctor and looks at him in horrified amazement.)*

JENNINGS. We have a little something that you may like on the table. Our maid, Gretchen . . . *(GRETCHEN waves)* made it especially for you. *(He gestures to the empty tray on the coffee table.)*

YELLOWFEATHER. *(Picking up the tray)* This nice. Many thanks. *(He takes the tray and puts it in a bag that he is carrying)*

JENNINGS. Um . . . *(He looks to CANDICE for help. She shakes her head indicating that "it's just a tray")* Is there anything I can get or do for you, Doctor?

YELLOWFEATHER. Yes, get me food and leave me with her. *(He points to CANDICE)* Do you likeum Nookie?

JENNINGS. I beg your pardon?

YELLOWFEATHER. *(Pointing to his daughter)* NOOKIE!

NOOKIE! Do you likeum Nookie?

JENNINGS. Yes, the young lady is quite attractive.

YELLOWFEATHER. Then go makeum grandson of Yellowfeather.

THAD. Whoa.

BIBI. Oh, my god.

JENNINGS. Well. . . actually. . . Sir. . . I

YELLOWFEATHER. Food! Leave me! All! *(Everyone starts off. BIBI grabs BERYL and JENNINGS.)*

BIBI. You can't just leave Candice out here with that tribal monster.

BERYL. We are just following orders, Miss. If you want your father cured I suggest you do the same.

BIBI. But . . .

BERYL. No . . .

BIBI. But . . .

BERYL. Miss . . .

BIBI. But . . .

BERYL. Please . . .

BIBI. But . . .

BERYL. Come . . .

BIBI. But . . .

BERYL. This . . .

BIBI. But . . .

BERYL. Way . . .

BIBI. But . . .

BERYL. Miss

BIBI. But . . .

BERYL. Bee . . .

BIBI. But . . .

BERYL. Bee . . .

YELLOWFEATHER. GO!

CANDICE. It's ok, Bibi. I'll be fine. Go ahead and go to the kitchen.

BIBI. Are you sure?

CANDICE. I'll sum that up in one word . . .Daddy. *(Long pause)*

BIBI. Ok. Just call out if you two *need* anything.

CANDICE. I will. Thank you.

YELLOWFEATHER. Take Nookie with you.

JENNINGS. Very good, Sir. *(To NOOKIE)* Miss Nookienana would you be so kind as to accompany us to the dining room?

NOOKIE. *(Teeth bucked out and eyes crossed)* Huh? *(All stare at NOOKIE, dumbfounded by this.)*

JENNINGS. Dr. Yellowfeather? May I be so bold as to ask you if your daughter speaks English?

YELLOWFEATHER. No.

JENNINGS. No, I can't ask or no she doesn't speak English?

YELLOWFEATHER. Both! NOW LEAVE US! GRAB NOOKIE AND THROW HER OVER SHOULDER! GO!!!!

JENNINGS. Beryl, please bring Miss Nookienana into the dining room.

BERYL. You're kidding me right?

JENNINGS. Quickly, Beryl. (*BERYL walks over to NOOKIE and she smiles at him. A big, goofy looking smile. He clears his throat and throws her over his shoulder. She remains quiet and he carries her to the door. Before he exits he says . . .*)

BERYL. This is lunacy. (*ALL exit, leaving CANDICE and YELLOWFEATHER alone.*)

YELLOWFEATHER. New wife! Come rubum my feet.

CANDICE. Rub your feet? You must be joking. I . .

YELLOWFEATHER. (*Overlapping*) You wantum father cured, woman?!

CANDICE. Of course I do, but . . .!

YELLOWFEATHER. Then rubum feet! Now! (*CANDICE finally relents and sits next to the doctor, pulls off his moccasins, and begins rubbing his feet.*)

CANDICE. Dr. Yellowfeather?

YELLOWFEATHER. Mordecai.

CANDICE. Um, Mordecai, do you have any ideas of what could be wrong with my father?

YELLOWFEATHER. No, seeum, father yet. It hard to tell when no seeum patient.

CANDICE. Would you like to see him? I can have him brought down.

YELLOWFEATHER. Best not to move patient.

CANDICE. We could go up to his room, then.

YELLOWFEATHER. Best not to interrupt new wife rubbing feet of new husband about to cure old father.

CANDICE. But . . .

YELLOWFEATHER. No! New wife useum mouth too much. Need to learn to shutum upum.

CANDICE. (*Throwing YELLOWFEATHER'S feet off of her lap*)

Look ,here Chief-um! I am not your wife yet! The bargain was that I would become your wife *after* you cured my father. So far, all you've done is come in here, throw rude remarks at my family and staff, order

everyone around, and piss me off! (*YELLOWFEATHER looks at her*) I am not a slave. I am an educated woman! Independent! Intelligent! Self-sufficient! I don't need a man!

YELLOWFEATHER. Can you cureum father?

CANDICE. No.

YELLOWFEATHER. (*Points to himself*) Then you needum this man.

CANDICE. Then do something!

YELLOWFEATHER. I likeum you.

CANDICE. Great. (*Pause*) Can I ask you a question? Why do you talk like that?

YELLOWFEATHER. Likeum what?

CANDICE. You stick "um" on the end of a lot of your words. I've met Indians before, they don't talk like that.

YELLOWFEATHER. You don't likeum the way I talk? I'll change it and see if you buy it. (*English accent*) Well, what do you think? (*French accent*) I cahn shange my voice to anyzing you whont. (*German accent*) Ze onlee problem iz zat you myheet not . . . (*Irish accent*) . . . believe mee if ya heer mee token in anathur laingwage. (*Australian accent*) Ya see, Mate, some times iht helps if an Indian sounds lyke an Indian. (*Back to his own voice*) You seeum what I mean?

CANDICE. I want you to start on my father, doctor. He needs your help! I demand that you see him at once. I'm tired of your pussy-footing around!

YELLOWFEATHER. (*Looks at his foot*) Pussy-footing? (*Pause*) Meow! (*He shakes his head, confused*)

CANDICE. Please! We're paying you for this!

YELLOWFEATHER. I know. My payment has done nothing but yell at me since I got here. I need to rest. I start on father tomorrow.

CANDICE. Tomorrow?! Why?!

YELLOWFEATHER. Because Yellowfeather says so!

CANDICE. Well, I say that . . .!

YELLOWFEATHER. (*Overlapping*) You are in no position to say anything! I am the only one that can help father!

CANDICE. Not the only one.

YELLOWFEATHER. What you mean? Maybe you help him?!

CANDICE. No. Not I. Dr. Bernie Q. Feltmopanizolium.

YELLOWFEATHER. God blessum you.

CANDICE. I didn't sneeze.

YELLOWFEATHER. Oh, then excusum me. I wantum to go to room.

CANDICE. NO! You'll look at my father now!

YELLOWFEATHER. And if not?

CANDICE. Then you are out of here!

YELLOWFEATHER. What about father? Sick, sick, sick.

CANDICE. Yeah? Well, you're a . . .

BIBI. (*Popping her head in*) Dick, dick, dick. (*BIBI disappears*)

YELLOWFEATHER. Dick, dick, dick? What means "dick, dick, dick"?

CANDICE. It means that we want results! Fast! Now, I've tried to be nice! If you *can't* or *won't* help my father, then fine! We have another doctor coming as well!

YELLOWFEATHER. Another doctor?

CANDICE. That is correct!

YELLOWFEATHER. That was not in agreement.

CANDICE. Yeah? Well neither was the fondling that I received a little while ago! If you want to leave . . .then leave! If you want to help a fellow human being . . .then stay!

YELLOWFEATHER. Who is this "other doctor"?

CANDICE. BERYL!

BERYL. (*Entering the room*) Yes, Miss Runyun?

CANDICE. What's the name of the other doctor? (*To YELLOWFEATHER*) I can never remember how to pronounce his name.

BERYL. Bernie Q. Feltzenhopperoptomopolitz. (*There is a small pause. Suddenly, the Chief bursts into hysterical laughter*)

YELLOWFEATHER. Feltzenhopperoptomopolitz?

BERYL / CANDICE. (*A little hesitant*) Yes?

YELLOWFEATHER. You would do better getting mailman to cureum father.

BERYL. I beg your pardon?

YELLOWFEATHER. He couldn't cureum a cut finger! I remember one time he removed a man's appendix with an empty coke can and a pair of tweezers.

BERYL. How wonderful! Was the operation a success?

YELLOWFEATHER. Yes, operation came out ok.

CANDICE. There, you see?

YELLOWFEATHER. Was wrong diagnoses. Man complained of a strange pain in his nose.

CANDICE / BERYL. Oh.

YELLOWFEATHER. If you want me to leave, ok, enough said. I goum home. I suggest that you reconsider, however, about other doctor choice. Other doctor liable to sew nose onto foot. Then every time he sneeze, he will blowum shoe off. *(Pause)* Was little joke.

THAD. *(Entering laughing)* Blow his shoe off! Did you hear that?
(BIBI enters and pushes him off)

CANDICE. Am I to assume, Doctor, that you know Dr. Feltzenheimer personally?

BERYL. Feltzenhopperoptomopolitz.

CANDICE. Whatever.

YELLOWFEATHER. Um-hmm. Quack. Like duck.

BERYL. That's funny that you mention that, Doctor, because we heard that you were a quack, too.

YELLOWFEATHER. Unimportant! Yellowfeather much better quack than Feltzenhopperoptomopolitz!

BERYL. Is that better meaning better or better meaning worse?

CANDICE. I think it's better meaning better.

BERYL. But in this context, doesn't better mean worse? If a quack is a negative term, then being a better quack would mean you were a better negative which would mean that you were worse.

YELLOWFEATHER. I'm getting headache. I wantum to go to room. See father in an hour. Want peace and quiet. *(He exits)*

CANDICE. He's a lunatic, Beryl!

BERYL. Yes, he doesn't have a magnetic personality.

CANDICE. Never in my life have I met a more stubborn, pushy, inconsiderate, self-serving, conceited . . .!

YELLOWFEATHER. *(Leaning in)* Indian.

CANDICE. INDIAN!

GRETCHEN. *(Entering)* Miss Runyun, we need to do something about Miss Nookienana. She's upsetting the dog.

CANDICE. What is she doing? *(NOOKIE enters carrying a beagle)*

NOOKIE. *(Looking into the dog's eyes)* Meow! Meow! Meow! Kitty! Kitty! Kitty! *(She takes the dog off towards the bedrooms)*

GRETCHEN. What should I do?

CANDICE. Nothing. We'll handle this later.

GRETCHEN. Ok, but I thought I heard the dog purr once. *(JENNINGS, THAD, and BIBI enter.)*

THAD. That dog is messed up now.

BIBI. Did you see what that girl was doing to our dog? He's going to go through an identity crisis.

JENNINGS. I don't like those two. The girl is a basket case and the doctor is a cretin! Excuse me, I need an Alka-Seltzer! Anyone else?

ALL. Yes! (*JENNINGS exits to kitchen*)

BIBI. He can't stay here, Candice! He's disrupting our home life!

CANDICE. He also is supposed to cure our father.

BIBI. Look, we have that other doctor coming! Why don't we just let him cure Dad?

CANDICE. I don't know if he can.

BERYL. Remember, Miss Bibi, we have no guarantee that Dr. Feltzenhopperoptomopolitz will even show up.

NOOKIE. (*Entering with the dog*) Kitty! Kitty! Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!
(*NOOKIE runs off into the kitchen*)

BIBI. That girl needs extensive therapy.

CANDICE. Well, Dr. Yellowfeather says that he is going to look at Daddy in an hour. Hopefully, we will have a little more to go on soon.

BIBI. I don't know if I can stand to be around him much longer!
(*JENNINGS enters with glasses fizzing.*)

JENNINGS. Here you are. Relief is on the way. (*Everyone takes a glass*) I propose a toast to a man that has caused our hopes to rise, our mouths to fall, and our stomach acid to flow. Dr. Yellowfeather.
(*They ALL raise their glasses*)

ALL. Hear! Hear!

CANDICE. I hope the other doctor shows up.

BERYL. All we can do is hope and . . .

ALL. Wait. (*The lights fade out*)

SCENE 3

AT RISE:

It is about an hour and fifteen minutes later. DEXTER is sitting on the sofa, still smiling. YELLOWFEATHER is looking at his foot. CANDICE is a short distance away looking on rather timidly. BERYL and JENNINGS are

serving coffee to everyone. THAD is playing cards with NOOKIE . . . she's winning. BIBI sits on the sofa next to DEXTER eyeing YELLOWFEATHER suspiciously. The only sound we hear is a clock ticking. YELLOWFEATHER makes a small noise that sounds like an "ohhh". EVERYONE halts and looks hopeful. Then, he shakes his head and EVERYONE goes back to their business. GRETCHEN leans in from the kitchen.

GRETCHEN. Miss Runyun? (*CANDICE holds up a hand shushing GRETCHEN*)

YELLOWFEATHER. I thinkum that he must have gas.

BERYL. How can you tell that?

YELLOWFEATHER. Lookum at the smile on his face.

BIBI. Oh, my god. Candice, this is ridiculous. He's looked at Dad for fifteen minutes and all he can do is make butt cracks.

THAD. (*Bursting out laughing*) BUTT CRACKS! That's funny, Bibi. (*BIBI spins around and glares at THAD. THAD jumps up and covers his crotch*) I'll shutup! I'll shutup!

CANDICE. What did you need, Gretchen?

GRETCHEN. Well, I'm worried about the dog. He's rubbing up against me, purring, and I heard him meow once. What should I do?

CANDICE. Oh, give him some milk. We'll work it out later.

NOOKIE. Ruff Ruff go meow meow. (*ALL look at NOOKIE, then turn back to DEXTER.*)

YELLOWFEATHER. Ok, I needum help to cureum father.

CANDICE. You need my help?

YELLOWFEATHER. All. Needum help of everyone.

BIBI. Finally.

CANDICE. What can we do?

YELLOWFEATHER. Needum supplies. Needum thirteen teaspoons, four cans of beets, one volleyball, croquet mallet, domino set, one Rubik's cube, bag of marshmallows, and three flashlights.

BIBI. What the hell are you going to do? Cure a man? Or go camping

at Milton Bradley?

YELLOWFEATHER. All ingredients important! DO NOT MOCKUM ME!

CANDICE. Bibi, please.

BIBI. Alright, alright. What do I have to do?

YELLOWFEATHER. First, get-um ingredients. . .then you do-um.

CANDICE. Ok. Gretchen? Go get the spoons, beets, and marshmallows out of the kitchen. Beryl, get the domino set and the Rubik's cube from the study. Jennings, get me an aspirin. Thad, go outside to the garage and get the volleyball and the croquet mallet. Bibi, get the flashlights.

(ALL nod and exit) Is there anything else I can do for you, Doctor?

YELLOWFEATHER. Yes, putum muzzle on sister.

NOOKIE. *(Singing)*

Nookie Nookienana

Nookie Na Na

Na Na Na Na

Nookie Nookie Na Na

Nookie Nookinana

Na Na Na

Nookie Nookie Nookie Nookie Nookie

Na Na Na *(Pause. Bucked-teeth and cross-eyed)*Huh?

YELLOWFEATHER. See? That is the ideal woman. *(CANDICE looks at NOOKIE, then back to YELLOWFEATHER)*

CANDICE. *(Pointing at DEXTER)* What do you think is wrong with him, Doctor, now that you've had time to examine him.

YELLOWFEATHER. Look like virus attacked the brain. *(Pause)*

CANDICE. Yeaaaaaaaah?

YELLOWFEATHER. Yeah.

CANDICE. *(Beat)* Never mind. *(GRETCHEN enters with her items)*

GRETCHEN. Where should I put these?

YELLOWFEATHER. On coffee table. All ingredients go onto coffee table. *(CANDICE nods and she sets the items down)*

GRETCHEN. I would like to help. Can I be of service, Mr. Yellowfeather?

YELLOWFEATHER. DOCTOR! I'M A DOCTOR! NOT MISTER!

GRETCHEN. I meant doctor.

YELLOWFEATHER. *(Smiling sweetly)* Yes, you may help. GO

OVER THERE AND WAIT!

GRETCHEN. *(To CANDICE)* I'm scared of him. *(THAD, BERYL, BIBI, and JENNINGS enter)*

JENNINGS. Your aspirin, Miss.

YELLOWFEATHER. Ok. Set things on coffee table. *(They do)* Now, father is suffering from wake-up dreams.

JENNINGS. We know that.

YELLOWFEATHER. Shutum-upum. Now, I makeum potion to snap father out of sleepy state.

BIBI. That's what I like about you, Doctor, you use such professional terminology. Wake-up dreams, potion, and sleepy state. Great.

CANDICE. Bibi.

BIBI. Alright, I'm sorry. Continue, Crazy Horse.

YELLOWFEATHER. Now, first we need to get stupid looking smile off of father face. You! *(To THAD)* Come punch father in face.

THAD. He's not my father.

YELLOWFEATHER. Does not matter. Punch him anyway.

THAD. I can't punch him. I hardly know the man.

YELLOWFEATHER. PUNCH!

THAD. Can I slap him?

BIBI. For crying out loud, Thad. Just hit him. Oh, my god. I don't believe that I just said that.

JENNINGS. I'm sure your father will understand why you told Thad to hit him. It was to help.

BIBI. No, not that. I can't believe that I said, "For crying out loud."

THAD. Hit him?

ALL. YES!

THAD. Ok, just remember that all of you made me. *(THAD decks DEXTER right in the jaw. He falls over and the smile disappears)*

YELLOWFEATHER. Now, open cans of beets and put in bowl.

THAD. I'll do that. I need ice for my hand, anyway. *(He exits into the kitchen.)*

YELLOWFEATHER. *(Pointing to the butlers)* You two! *(BERYL and JENNINGS look at one another, then at YELLOWFEATHER)*

JENNINGS. Yes, Sir, how may we be of service?

YELLOWFEATHER. Take ball. *(He points to BERYL)*

You go over there. *(He points to one side of the room)* Other butler, go over there *(He points to the other side of the room. Both butlers go to*

their respective sides) Now, throw ball back and forth.

BERYL / JENNINGS. *What?!*

YELLOWFEATHER. Throw ball.

JENNINGS. This is absurd. I feel like I'm back in gym class.

CANDICE. Please, just do it.

BERYL. *(To JENNINGS)* Do you want to serve or should I?

JENNINGS. Just toss me the ball. I don't have time for this nonsense.

(JENNINGS and BERYL begin tossing the ball back and forth)

CANDICE. What should I do?

YELLOWFEATHER. Take dominoes and line them up in circle on coffee table.

BIBI. This is stupid.

CANDICE. Line them up?

YELLOWFEATHER. Yes. *(CANDICE begins lining up the dominoes)*

BIBI. Ok, what do you want me to do?

YELLOWFEATHER. Here. Solve this while holding it over head of father. *(He tosses her the Rubik's Cube)*

BIBI. I knew that you were going to pull some shit on me! I knew it! How in the hell am I supposed to solve this thing?

YELLOWFEATHER. Use brain.

BIBI. Oh, that's good. Really good.

YELLOWFEATHER. Solve! *(BIBI glares at YELLOWFEATHER then begins the fruitless task of attempting to solve the puzzle. THAD enters with the bowl of beets. His hand is wrapped up.)*

THAD. Here you go, Chief. *(YELLOWFEATHER glares at him)* Doc.

YELLOWFEATHER. Give me bowl. *(YELLOWFEATHER takes the bowl of beets and puts DEXTER'S hand into the bowl.)* Now, go get marshmallows and hand me a handful.

NOOKIE. *(Singing)* Nookie Nookie Na Na. *(THAD opens the bag of marshmallows and hands YELLOWFEATHER a handful of them.*

YELLOWFEATHER sits DEXTER up stuffs the marshmallows into his mouth.)

YELLOWFEATHER. Good. Stuffed good. *(To THAD)* Now, takeum mallet and hold at 45 degrees pointing due south. When I chant, startum spinning to the left.

NOOKIE / THAD. Huh?

YELLOWFEATHER. I work-um with idiots. Hold mallet and spin.

THAD. I know that. I mean why?

YELLOWFEATHER. Because-um.

THAD. Oh, ok.

NOOKIE. *(Eyes crossed and buck-teethed)* Huh? Huh? Huh?

CANDICE. *(Finishing lining up the dominoes)* Ok, the dominoes are lined up, what should I do now?

YELLOWFEATHER. Stand on head at end of sofa. *(CANDICE looks at YELLOWFEATHER. THAD goes to his spot and holds up the mallet.)*

CANDICE. On my head? Why?

YELLOWFEATHER. Important that aura ofum Liliganda, the healing goddess, have something to reflect off of as it enters room. Bottom of shoes are perfect.

CANDICE. Can't I just hold my shoes up in the air?

YELLOWFEATHER. Need to be on feet and upside down. Must be closest family member.

NOOKIE. Kitty! Kitty! Kitty! *(CANDICE looks at NOOKIE, then flips over onto her head.)*

GRETCHEN. What should I do, Doctor?

YELLOWFEATHER. Get spoons and beat them together. You will be the guide for the aura.

GRETCHEN. *(Picking up spoons)* Oh, I love to play spoons! I was really good at it as a child. I used to be in a jug band.

YELLOWFEATHER. That's nice. It's nice. It isn't interesting . . .but it's nice

GRETCHEN. Spoons.

YELLOWFEATHER. Spoons. *(GRETCHEN takes the spoons and begins playing.)*

CANDICE. The blood is running to my head!

YELLOWFEATHER. Ok, now Nookie is going to be the channel for energy of aura. We needum to let energy know who to come through. So join me in chant.

NOOKIE NA NA

NOOKIE NA NA

A A A

REACH HIGH

ALL. *(Continuing their jobs)*

NOOKIE NA NA

NOOKIE NA NA

A A A

REACH HIGH *(The lights begin to flicker and go out completely. The women scream. Suddenly, a strobe light starts. YELLOWFEATHER clicks on the flashlights, but drops them and they go scuttling off in different directions. Eerie music starts. The butlers drop their ball, THAD drops the mallet, CANDICE falls over, GRETCHEN drops the spoons, NOOKIE screams and falls over, unconscious, BIBI is thrown over backwards by some unforeseen force. DEXTER suddenly stands up and begins clucking like a chicken.)*

CANDICE. Oh, no! Daddy! *(At YELLOWFEATHER)* What have you done?!

YELLOWFEATHER. Circuit is broken! Cure spell unleashed in chaotic manner. Nothing I can do! Liliganda is angry!

BERYL. What are we going to do? *(Music swells as the front door flies open and a very geeky looking man enters. He has a cape and goggles on. His attire is that of plaid pants and pink shirt with an "F" monogrammed on the pocket. Inside the pocket is a pocket protector complete with pencils in it. A stethoscope dangles around his neck and a headlamp is strapped across his forehead. The headlamp is holding in about twelve tongue depressors, which surround his head like an Indian headdress. He carries a huge suitcase in one hand and a tennis racquet in the other)*

FELTZENHOPPEROPTOMOPOLITZ. There's no need to fear! Feltzenhopperoptomopolitz is here!

INTERMISSION

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