

Uncle Leroy Takes the Cure

A Musical Farce in 5 Acts

CHARACTERS:

Uncle Leroy

Ruby (Uncle Leroy's wife)

Dr. Bergerac (chief of state mental institution)

2 Attendants

Nurse Router (head nurse of state mental institution)

Patients:

Vesta: Librarian/pyromaniac

Reverend Willy Bob Baker: Fundamentalist/bisexual pedophile

Sargeant Rolf: Nazi/Viet Nam veteran who believes he fought in WWII.

Muffin Danish: Daughter of the American Revolution/rich kleptomaniac

Harrison Huckabee: Black conservative lawyer/convicted fraudster

Cafeteria worker

Two Security Guards

The Writer

Act One

A state mental institution. A corridor with glossy institution-olive cinderblock walls. Two attendants are standing outside a closed door with a small glass window.

Attendant 1: I hope he doesn't give us so much trouble this time! What a pain in the ass this guy is!

Attendant 2: You're not kidding! I still have a bruise on my arm from our last encounter!

Attendant 1: And how about this scratch on my cheek! And my puffy lip! Do you know that when I got home yesterday, my wife accused me of still seeing Nurse Router and told me I can make my own supper? It's all that bastard's fault she's on a rampage! You remember how he struggled when we went to restrain him! You'd think she'd have shown me some wifely sympathy! Give me a hug. Bring me a tourniquet, or at least a Band-Aid. But nope, she couldn't summon the least bit of compassion for my battered ass. And to top it off, I'm in the doghouse again! That's one cold, insensitive shrew I married!

Attendant 2: Well, aren't you still seeing her? You can't blame him for that.

Attendant 1: Yeah, but I was innocent this time! I haven't seen her in 3 days.

Attendant 2: Your self-control is improving wondrously.

Attendant 1: You see! So how's that fair? Now I'm stuck out on the lawn, horny amid the dog waste, thinking about Nurse Router and a tall, cool one. Go on and tell me how that's fair!

Attendant 2: Now you're talking like him.

Attendant 1: And why not? If you're right, you're right.

Attendant 2: But what about if you're wrong?

Attendant 1: The crocodile swimming in the stream leaves no tracks.

Attendant 2: You seem to have a curious sense of what's right.

Attendant 1: Not curious. I like to call it "alternative."

Attendant 2: Let me get this straight; I'm trying to understand you: Are you saying that bonking Nurse Router on the side is all right as long as you can get away with it?

Attendant 1: All I'm saying is that my wife saw the scratch and the lip and blamed me for something that didn't happen. I was just doing my crummy job, not bonking Nurse Router. That's not fair.

Attendant 2: You really are sounding just like him.

Attendant 1: Besides, I'm a rotten cook. "Tess," I says to her, "you know perfectly well that I wouldn't know how to butter my bread even if I could toast it. You're not being very nice!" "You'll just have to learn!" the Valkyrie with the horns says back to me. "I burn water when I make tea," I says back at her. "I guess you'll need to eat out," she says to me. And that's what got me in trouble in the first place! So how's that right?

Attendant 2: Your reputation gave you away. And you and nobody but you gave her those horns.

Attendant 1: But I'm trying to tell you nothin' happened with Nursie Saucebox that day! I didn't see, hear, smell or canoodle any least bit of her! Our paths never crossed! Don't you see that I'm the victim of her unfair presumptions?

Attendant 2: Yes, but presumptions based on your flamboyant history.

Attendant 1: I'm a casualty of mistaken infidelity!

Attendant 2: You're the recipient of alternative justice.

Attendant 1: What kind of justice is that?

Attendant 2: It's called karma. In your case, karma sutra.

Attendant 1: I wish it was the couch-a-sutra. With Nurse Router.

Attendant 2: It's a different couch you need. With Dr. Bergerac.

Attendant 1: I'm horny, hungry and hurting and you're making jokes! Some pal you are! Is there no real justice in this world?

Attendant 2: I feel your pain.

Attendant 1: Thanks. There's enough of it to go around. But it's still not right. Why does her love have to be so jealous?

Attendant 2: Nurse Router's?

Attendant 1: My wife's!

Attendant 2: Ah! Well, it might have something to do with the vows you made.

Attendant 1: Don't blame me for that. I was plastered at the time.

Attendance 2: That explains it.

Attendant 1: Since then, I've taken alternative vows.

Attendant 2: Ah! And what might these alternative vows be?

Attendant 1: That love is not zero-sum. The more love you give, the more of it you have left over. And the more of it you have left over, the more of it you can spread around, just like Jesus said.

Attendant 2: Ahhh! The biblical justification!

Attendant 1: Sure. I heard it in church.

Attendant 2: May it be a proper influence on you.

Attendant 1: Like Jesus said: "Love one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another."

Attendant 2: So you were trying to love Nurse Router the way Jesus would have but got scratched and poked in the eye scuffling with Uncle Leroy instead.

Attendant 1: That's why my wife is so unfair. I was hurting and went to her for comfort, but what did I get for my wounds? Salt on my scabs.

Attendant 2: You make your case so poignantly.

Attendant 1: It isn't easy being young and misunderstood. This injustice I must bear wears me down. What is it that she doesn't understand? Sure- I have a lot of love to give, but I wasn't endowing Nurse Router with any this time. It's not right to be punished so cruelly, especially when you're innocent.

Attendant 2: What about all the times you got away with it?

Attendant 1: No harm; no foul!

Attendant 2: You can let that console you.

Attendant 1: I tried. But it's still not fair! She's blaming me for the wrong thing!

Attendant 2: So, it would be fair if she blamed you for the right thing?

Attendant 1: I never said that!

Attendant 2: But I still want to understand you: Are you saying that cheating on your wife is fair?

Attendant 1: What's the harm if she doesn't find out?

Attendant 2: A few minor things, it seems to me.

Attendant 1: Well, now that I've paid the price, I'll take my purchase. She owes me one, at least.

Attendant 2: And that's how you settle your accounts?

Attendant 1: I keep them balanced. Fair and balanced. (*Sings to the melody of "Nice 'N' Easy".*)

Let's keep things fair and balanced

It's fairer when they're balanced

And balanced when it's fair.

I'm always on a mission

To score a quick emission

I've always been this way.

Attendant 2 (*sings*): You're on the road to divorce, because you play
If you keep it up, you're gonna pay!

Attendant 1 (*sings*): Let's keep things fair and balanced
Let's not waste nature's talents
With which I'm richly endowed.
With fair and balanced everything's allowed!

Attendant 2: You're on the road to divorce, because you spurt
If you keep it up, you're bound to hurt!

Attendant 1 (*sings*): Let's keep things fair and balanced
Let's not waste nature's talents
With which I'm richly endowed
'Cause fair and balanced does it

Attendant 2 (*sings*): Fair and balanced does it?

Attendant 1 (*sings*): Fair and balanced does it every time!

(Like Fox news says one more time)

Attendants 1 and 2 (*sing*): Fair and balanced does it

Fair and balanced does it

Fair and balanced does it every time!

Attendant 1: And that's how I settle my accounts!

Attendant 2: But don't you owe her anything?

Attendant 1: Nurse Router?

Attendant 2: Your wife.

Attendant 1: Oh, her?

Attendant 2: Yes. Her. Your wife. The woman you married.

Attendant 1: I owe her the peace that comes of not knowing. The serenity of ignorance.

Attendant 2: You mean, ignorance is bliss?

Attendant 1: Think of all the things that might never have been accomplished if we had only known better. Remember what George Orwell said!

Attendant 2: What was that?

Attendant 1: "Ignorance is strength!"

Attendant 2: You've certainly displayed that. Let's see then: Ignorance is bliss and ignorance is strength.

Attendant 1: Ergo bliss is strength. Associative!

Attendant 2: And strength is bliss. Commutative!

Attendant 1: So I can't be blamed for foolin' around with Nurse Router if I'm really empowering my wife and making her happy. Distributive! Is the reasoning not mathematically sound?

Attendant 2: Checkmate. You got me there pardner, but what about Nurse Router?

Attendant 1: She's empowered and happy all right!

Attendant 2: No, no! I mean, what do you owe her?

Attendant 1: Oh! That! Adulation when I hear her siren's call is the main thing. To give as much as I receive. To feed my little pigeon's delicate ego with sweet cooing and peanuts of flattery.

Attendant 2: Did you just say "penis of flattery"?

Attendant 1: Peanuts. I was being figurative.

Attendant 2: Ah! Well then, that's both gracious and considerate.

Attendant 1: Thank you. I try to be. I wish my wife understood that. She thought I said "penis" too.

Attendant 2: That's harsh for sure, but tell me, what do you owe yourself?

Attendant 1: A little dance before the song is over. A bit of fun before the hammer falls. But, you're changing the subject! It's not about me. Or my wife or Nurse Router. It's about what's fair.

Attendant 2: Like an appropriate payback?

Attendant 1: Right!

Attendant 2: Your wife cheating on you, for example?

Attendant 1: Huh??!

Attendant 2: You know. Sweet payback.

Attendant 1: Now wait a minute!

Attendant 2: You know: Payback. Revenge. Venganza.

Attendant 1: I don't hold any grudge.

Attendant 2: Nor should you.

Attendant 1: So what's this business about payback?

Attendant 2: I'm referring to your wife, not you.

Attendant 1: You gotta be kidding!

Attendant 2: Not at all.

Attendant 1: Who's the victim here, anyway?

Attendant 2: I just want to know how you'd feel if your wife were similarly inclined to heed the love call of the Lord.

Attendant 1: So now two wrongs make a right?

Attendant 2: With all that love going around, it sounds like two rights make a wrong.

Attendant 1: Aren't you twisting things around?

Attendant 2: That's what I'm trying to figure out.

Attendant 1: First she starves me. Then she cheats on me? That's fair? And balanced?

Attendant 2: You're starting to sound more and more like Uncle Leroy. Try to remember what he's in here for.

Attendant 1: I don't get what the big deal is. He was just exercising his Constitutional rights.

Attendant 2: Spraying his backyard with 300 rounds from an AR? From the kitchen window?

Attendant 1: He says he was just frying up some bacon! Besides, nobody was injured.

Attendant 2: I like bacon as much as the next guy. But I don't wrap it raw around a gun barrel and then let 300 rounds loose in the backyard. I use a skillet when I cook the stuff.

Attendant 1: Goody for you! But don't you have any respect for the Second Amendment? Or for the little piggies who sacrificed their lives to make us happy?

Attendant 2: I have about as much respect for them as you have for your wife. But listen! I think Dr. Bergerac is coming. *(They hear Dr. Bergerac chanting "Hup hup! Hup hup! Hup hup!" as he makes his way toward them.)*

Enter Dr. Bergerac. He's a bald, goateed, pleasant-looking, youngish man in his late 50's or early 60's wearing thick, black-rimmed glasses, a tie and white jacket with a plastic pocket protector crammed with pens and pencils. He's carrying a portfolio.

Dr. Bergerac *(smiling broadly)*: Hiya fellas! How's the war going? Everything copacetic on the front lines?

Attendants 1 & 2 *(standing rigidly at attention and saluting)*: Yessir, Boss!

Dr. Bergerac *(returning salute)*: Well, that's good to hear! At ease, boys; you can loosen up the old strait jackets. The field reports are in, and you all deserve commendations for going beyond the call of duty yesterday. I'll be sure to put you in for one in lieu of a bonus. A Purple Heart should do it.

Attendants 1 & 2 *(dropping their salutes and visibly loosening up)*: Yessir! Thank you, Sir!

Dr. Bergerac: I certainly hope our patient behaves himself today. That was quite a kerfuffle we had signing him in! I understand he drew some blood, and the medico had to bandage you boys up. Well, it's unfortunate, but these are the sacrifices that make heroes out of sissies and pussyfooters. War is hell, fellas, and the wages of war are blood and glory! But the meds should be kicking in by now and there's enough tranquilizer in him to rig the Preakness. Let's try not to have a repeat of yesterday.

Attendants 1 & 2: Nosir, Boss!

Dr. Bergerac: Patience, boys, patience! We must be patient. Our hope and faith will give us that- if we let it. If we stay strong! If we believe! Remember what the Supreme Commander said: Every day, in every way, we are getting better and better!

Attendants 1 & 2 *(snapping to attention)*: Yessir, Boss! Every day and every way!

Dr. Bergerac: So stay calm and carry on! *(Sings to the melody of "The Lady Is a Tramp")*:

He likes his AR, his Colt .45
None of those coppers can take him alive
He likes his bacon on gun barrels fried
That's why our Unkie is a scamp!

Attendants 1 and 2 (*sing*): Doesn't like Librals and their fake NPR
Wants to paint 'Bama in feathers and tar
Runs over squirrels while driving his car
That's why our Unkie is a scamp!

Dr. Bergerac (*sings*): He likes to smell, sweet cordite in air
Has blowtorched his hair
He's cute, and he'll shoot
Any damn lefty that comes too near his camp
That's why our Unkie is a scamp!

He needs all the meds that insurance will buy
Electro-shock treatment we're needing to try
He'll be strapped to a bed when it fails by and by
That's why our Unkie is a scamp!

Attendants 1 and 2 (*sing*): He can't stand librals with their fake NPR
And Ronald Reagan is his favorite star
Wants to paint 'Bama with feathers and tar
That's why our Uncle is a scamp!

Dr. Bergerac (*sings*) He likes to smell sweet cordite in air
Has blowtorched his hair
He's cute- and he'll shoot

Any lefty that steps on his grass

Dr. Bergerac and Attendants 1 and 2 (*sing*):

That's why our Unkie

That's why our Unkie

That's why our Unkie's a pain in the ass!

Dr. Bergerac: So you see, fellas, how important it is for us to stay calm and carry on. We owe it to the man.

Attendants 1 & 2: Yessir, Sir! Stay calm and carry on, Sir!

Dr. Bergerac: That's swell, fellas. The Army is fueled by dedication like yours! It marches on the souls of its foot soldiers! We'll never go astray with committed warriors and golden-throated baritones like you!

Attendants 1 & 2 (*simultaneously and still at attention*):

Attendant 1: Yessir, Sir! Thank you, Sir! (*saluting*)

Attendant 2: Nosir, Sir! Thank you, Sir! (*saluting*)

Dr. Bergerac (*Saluting back.*): Now boys, I want you to slip your restraints for a moment and relax because there's a neat little job ahead of us that's going to require all the courage and fortitude a warrior can muster and I'm looking for volunteers. Fellas, this little job calls for real men. I'm talking about men with both thrassos and sensitivity. Men with balls that can take a licking and remain compassionate. I don't think I'm exaggerating by saying that when I think of men like that, I think of you.

Attendants 1 & 2: Thank you, Sir!

Dr. Bergerac: Not at all. It's you I should be thanking.

Attendants 1 & 2: Thank you, Sir!

Dr. Bergerac: This mission is dangerous, the rewards hardly compensatory. And there'll be danger at every turn. But you're men, dammit, men in the finest tradition of manhood. All I ask is: Can the old general count on you two to make him proud to be masculine?

Attendants 1 & 2 (*snapping to attention and saluting*): Yessir! Anything for you, Sir!

Dr. Bergerac (*returning their salutes*): Now boys, I'm not going to downplay the situation. We're in a tight spot. The cavalry can't save us, and we can't expect any reinforcements. Everything rests on the guts of us few manning the fort. So tell me, do you Spartans have what it takes to escort him to my office? I mean, without creating a fuss?

Attendants 1 & 2: Yessir, Boss!

Dr. Bergerac: That's fine! Fine! That's why you were the first ones I thought about. I can always depend on you. (*Pauses, forefinger on lip, head bowed, as if trying to remember something else.*)

Oh! And before I forget (*Dr. Bergerac addresses Attendant 1*), Nurse Router asked me to send you to her after you finish escorting Uncle Leroy to me. She said she needs your special touch to do something important though she didn't mention what it is. Are you up for it? Do you think you can handle it? I know how busy you are with the patients.

Attendant 1: Yessir, Boss. I'm up for it. (*Winks salaciously at Attendant 2 while Dr. Bergerac isn't looking.*)

Dr. Bergerac: All righty then. Let's synchronize watches, men, and I'll see you in my office in 5 minutes! Hup! Hup!! (*The three make a show of synchronizing their watches.*) One, two, three...Zero nine hundred twenty-seven hours. Got it?

Attendants 1 & 2: Yessir, Boss! Zero nine hundred and twenty-seven hours.

Dr. Bergerac: Zero nine hundred twenty-seven hours, not zero nine hundred AND twenty-seven hours! Drop the "AND."

Attendants 1 & 2: Yessir, Sir! Zero nine hundred twenty-seven hours, Sir!

Dr. Bergerac: We don't need those damn conjunctions!

Attendants 1 & 2: Nosir, Sir!

Dr. Bergerac: Very well, then! Diiiiiiiiissssmitted! (*Attendants salute. Dr. Bergerac returns their salute.*)

Exit Dr. Bergerac, chanting "Hup hup! Hup hup! Hup hup. Hup hup..." until the hups fade out.

Attendant 2: Well here we go again! Once more into the breech! Have you got the jacket?

Attendant 1: Right here. (*Displaying strait jacket*) I sure do hope we won't be needing it this time. I'm getting too old to have to wrestle with these nutjobs.

Attendant 2: It's been a night since he got the shots and the pills. Like Doc said, the meds should have kicked in by now.

Attendant 1: If they haven't, I know where we can get some for ourselves.

The two attendants, restraining jacket in hand, unlock the door and enter the room beyond. The door closes behind them. Lights fade into darkness.

Act Two

Uncle Leroy's room. He is sleeping soundly but noisily. He is Dr. Bergerac's age, below average height but walks like a 6-footer, trim, not bad looking, somewhat smirky, with a full head of hair, but needs a haircut and a shave. He snores, grunts, gasps. Enter Two Attendants.

Attendant 1: Look at him! Sleeping like an angel!

Attendant 2: Yes- like a fallen one.

Uncle Leroy (*muttering*): Jews will not replace us! Jews will not replace us! Jews will not replace us!

Attendant 1: Nice guy! But he might have a point there.

Attendant 2: A thousand monkeys with a thousand typewriters locked in a cage will eventually produce the Bible. But it doesn't have to be the Bible. And the cage will stink after a while.

Attendant 1: I like the Bible.

Attendant 2: I like the Jews.

Attendant 1: I like monkeys.

Attendant 2: Let's get Sleeping Beauty up.

The two attendants approach the bed.

Attendant 1 (*shaking Uncle Leroy roughly*): OK Sleeping Ugly! Up and at 'em! Time to get up! Dr. Bergerac is waiting for you in his office, dear boy, and you have a lot of explaining to do! (*Uncle Leroy begins to stir and his muttering becomes more pronounced.*)

Uncle Leroy (*still asleep*): Jews will not replace us! Jews will not replace us! Jews will not replace us!

Attendant 1 (*shakes Uncle Leroy roughly again*): Come on, Precious. Up with you!

Uncle Leroy (*still asleep*): Jews will not replace us! Jews will not replace us!

Attendant 1 (*angrily*): I'll get you up if I have to...

Attendant 2 (*interrupting*): Here now! That's not the way! Remember what Doc said: Patience! We must be patient! You don't want to upset him the way you did yesterday. (*Approaches Uncle Leroy and touches his shoulder gently.*) Hey Unk! Time to get up, Buddy! The sun is up! The birdies are singing! The dew's sparkling on the grass! Rise and shine, Old Timer!

Uncle Leroy opens his eyes, looks around and falls back asleep, snoring loudly.

Attendant 2: Come on now, Unkie. It's a beautiful morning full of hope and promise. Up and at 'em, Old Pal. You can do it!

Uncle Leroy (*chanting in his sleep*): No more bullshit! No more bullshit!! No more bullshit!! No more bullshit!!!

Attendant 2: Of course not, Unkie! Bull never gets anyone anywhere. But it is important to keep up a positive attitude and it is time to get up and go. So how about it? Waddaya say we roust ourselves up and get going!

Uncle Leroy (*chanting in his sleep*): Let's go, Brandon! Let's go, Brandon!! Let's go, Brandon!! Let's go, Brandon!!!!

Attendant 2: Yes, yes! Let's all of us go. It's a lovely day! We can get a cup of joe if you'd like.

Uncle Leroy (*chanting in his sleep*): Genocide Joe! Genocide Joe! Genocide Joe! Genocide Joe!!

Attendant 1: Now there's a charmer! I can't see why he wasn't locked up in Rikers instead of being sent here to drive us batty!

Uncle Leroy: Lock her up! Lock her up! Lock her up!

Attendant 2 (*ignoring Attendant 1*): Come, come, Uncle Leroy! It's really getting to be time to go!

Uncle Leroy (*chanting in his sleep*): Where we go one, we go all! Where we go one, we go all! Where we go one, we go all! Where we go one, we go all! Where we go one, we go all!

Attendant 1 (*sarcastically*): Every day and every way, we're getting better and better!

Attendant 2: Now, now. Be patient! Can't you see how sick he is? Just give him a chance. Be patient and hang in there.

Uncle Leroy (*still chanting in his sleep*): Hang Mike Pence!! Hang Mike Pence!! Hang Mike Pence!!! Hang Mike Pence!!!

Attendant 1 (*disparagingly*): Riiiiiiight! (*Grabs Uncle Leroy's shoulder and gives him a violent shake.*) All right, Bud! You heard the man! Get your ass up! (*Shakes him again violently.*)

Uncle Leroy (*awakens as if out of a nightmare, screaming*): Where's my piece, Ruby? Where's my damn piece? Where'd ya hide it this time, ya Hillary-humpin' skank?

Attendant 2: There, there! Everything's alright, Unkie! Everything is beautiful, in its own way!

Attendant 1 (*aside*): In its own ugly way!

Uncle Leroy (*very loudly*): Goddamit, Ruby! It's the Chinees! They're comin' for us! Gimme my piece! Gimme my piece!! I'll show them bastiches!

Attendant 1: You're gonna wish it was the Chinees!

Uncle Leroy: Shake it, Ruby! Get a move on! No time to lolly-gaggle! It's the goddam Chinees an' they're swarming us like goddam termites! Gimme my piece, you knee-knockin' scrub! Shake your ass like it's payday!

Attendant 1: We'll shake you, all right, Pal. Right into a cage!

Uncle Leroy: You'll never get me alive, Copper!

Attendant 1 (*aside*): Now we're getting somewhere!

Uncle Leroy: Dive! Dive!!

Attendant 2: Now, now, Uncle Leroy! No submarines and no cops here! Just your buddies.

Uncle Leroy (*sputtering and gasping; waking up*): Where the hell am I?

Attendant 2: With your buddies, here in the hospital.

Uncle Leroy (*more awake now*): Buddies? Buddies? You gotta be kiddin'. I got no damn buddies!

Attendant 2: Sure you do, Uncle Leroy! We're your buddies.

Uncle Leroy: I got no damn buddies! An' if I did, they wouldn't be you.

Attendant 2: You're in the hospital and we're on your side, Uncle Leroy. Just take a deep breath and relax.

Attendant 1: Yeah: Take a deep breath- and make it your last one! (*Attendant 2 glares at him.*)

Uncle Leroy (*agitated*): Don't tell me to relax! Don't tell me to relax!

Attendant 2: How about a nice cup of coffee, Unkie?

Uncle Leroy: Don't tell me to goddam relax!

Attendant 2: What you need is a nice soothing cup of coffee and a Danish- would you like that, Uncle Leroy?

Uncle Leroy: Don't tell me to relax and don't tell me what I goddam need!

Attendant 2: The coffee they make here is wonderfully good! Especially the de-caf.

Attendant 1: That's right. For you, the de-caf would be good.

Uncle Leroy (*considerably awoken*): Now they're trying to poison me!

Attendant 1 (*aside*): Now why didn't I think of that?

Attendant 2: No, no, Uncle Leroy! Just a little snack. A friendly, innocent little bite. It'll make you feel like a new man.

Uncle Leroy: They wanna brainwash me!

Attendant 1 (*aside*): I'd like to wash him with a firehose!

Attendant 2: Nobody is going to brainwash you. A little coffee and a Danish help make the therapy go down.

Attendant 1: In the most delightful way! (*Aside*): And a bullwhip would help, too! (*speaks to the melody of "A Spoonful of Sugar"*)

Whenever you are feeling down
Depression's got your tummy wound
Just take your meds and SNAP!
The pain's all gone.
(*sings*) The medication that you take
Will cure your mental ache
Get stoned! Get high! No need to moan and cry! 'cause

Attendants 1 and 2 (*sing*): A tablet of Xanax helps anxiety go down
 Your anxiety go down
 Anxiety go down
 In a most delightful way!

Attendant 1 (*sings*): High anxiety is depressing
 And there's no sense in repressing
Your delusions that will put you in high stress.
 Your shrink's advice is very wise
 But it fails to tranquilize
Medication is the cure that we suggest!

Attendants 1 and 2 (*sing*): For a tablet of Xanax helps anxiety go down
 Your anxiety go down
 Anxiety go down
 In a most delightful way!

Attendant 1 (*sings*): Though sometimes you will slip and fall,
 Your speech impaired by barbitals
 The cure for you's in easy reach.
 Because you'll take a little pill
 Say goodbye to every ill
 And so (Attendant 2: and so)
You're free (Attendant 2: you're free)
 From your anxiety!

Attendants 1 and 2: Ahhhhhhhh!

Uncle Leroy: They wanna kill me! They wanna poison me! And then they're gonna brainwash me with their drugs and lousy singing!

Attendant 2 (*softly*): Nobody's going to brainwash you, Uncle Leroy. And we certainly aren't going to poison you. I'll taste your food first- ok?

Uncle Leroy (*aghast*): And spread your germs all over me? You gotta be kiddin'!

Attendant 1 (*aside, pointing at Uncle Leroy with his thumb*): As if his germs are so healthy!

Attendant 2: We'll use separate cups and plates. Ok?

Attendant 1 (*aside*): And brain 'im with 'em!

Uncle Leroy: You'll gimme a poison spoon!

Attendant 2: I'll stir both our cups with it.

Attendant 1 (*aside*): And I'll knock you over the head with it!

Uncle Leroy: You'll slip me a mickey!

Attendant 1 (*aside*): I'll slip him the whole bottle!

Attendant 2: We don't use mickies here, Unkie. This is a hospital.

Uncle Leroy: And Guantanamo is Club Med!

Attendant 2: Please, Uncle Leroy! This is a hospital. We are trying to help you. Don't you want to feel better?

Uncle Leroy: Feel better! That's a good one! I was feeling pretty good until you took me hostage!

Attendant 2: You are here because you need help. We are here to serve you.

Attendant 1 (*aside, rolling his eyes*): I'd like to serve him. To a hungry cannibal!

Attendant 2: You are a patient in a hospital, not a hostage in Guantanamo. And you will be released just as soon as you feel better. That's up to you.

Uncle Leroy (*with a grotesquely insincere smile*): I feel great. Just peachy. I'm goosepimply from all the peachiness. (*Sings to the music of "I Feel Pretty"*):

I feel peachy

Oh, so peachy

I feel peachy and cheechee and fine

I don't need-y

Your lousy benzodiazepine.

I feel normal
Nearly normal
It's abnormal how normal I feel.
So I'll warn ya
That I'm never gonna take your pills!

See this normal guy sitting over here?
Who can that normal fellow be?
Such a normal face
It's a great disgrace
That you wanna
Rehab me!

I'm adjusted
You can trust it
Well-adjusted like all normal guys
I'm rock steady
American as apple pie!

Attendant 1 (*sings*):

Have you met my dear friend Nurse Router?
The sweetest nurse on the block?
Before long you might need to see her,
She's the one who does electric shock.

Attendant 2 (*sings*):

She's always in love.
Her heart is in pain.

But being in love
Has addled her brain.

Perhaps she's in heat,
But she's never a phoney.
She's always discreet
If you're needing a lo-bah-ah!-toe-mee!

Attendant 1 (*sings*):

We depend on her,
Both below and above!
Our lovely Nurse Router,
Who's always in love!

Kind and demure
And highly respected
I can't understand
Why she's always rejected!

Uncle Leroy (*sings*):

I feel normal
Nearly normal
I can model such prime normalcy.
In this city
There's no one as normal as me!

Attendants 1 and 2 (*sing*):

La la la la la la la la!

Uncle Leroy (*sings*):

I'm adjusted
You can trust it

I'm well-balanced, my mood is sublime
And so normal
Ronald Reagan sent me a valentine!

Attendants 1 and 2 (*sing*):

La la la la la la la la la!

Uncle Leroy (*sings*):

See that handscum guy sitting over here?

Attendants 1 and 2 (*sing*):

What handscum guy where?

Uncle Leroy (*sings*):

Who can that handscum guy be?

Attendants 1 and 2 (*sing*):

Who? What? Where? Why?

Uncle Leroy (*sings*):

Such a normal face

Full of noble grace

It's a great disgrace

That you wanna

Rehab me!

I feel peachy

Oh so peachy

I feel peachy and fine in the brain.

But I'm stuck here

With the criminally insane!

Uncle Leroy (*Suddenly outraged*): Now get me the hell outta here!

Attendant 1 (*aside*): I wish I could get outta here!

Attendant 2: Of course you feel great! That's what we're here for! And you can have a slice of peach pie instead of that Danish, if you'd like.

Uncle Leroy: Yeah- this is all so dandy.

Attendant 2: See? You're getting better already!

Attendant 1 (*aside*): And I'm getting a bonus for my excellent singing!

Uncle Leroy: I am?

Attendant 2: Sure you are! Look how cheerful you are!

Uncle Leroy (*scowling*): So, if I'm so damn cheerful, lemme go! I came. I saw. I took the cure. Now get me outta here! I'm allergic to goddam peaches!

Attendant 1 (*aside*): I'll make him allergic to my fist!

Attendant 2: I surely would if it was up to me, Unk. Unfortunately, it isn't my call.

Uncle Leroy: But you just said it's up to me! So I repeat: get me outta here!

Attendant 1: We would, with pleasure, believe you me. But you're not being very cooperative. You've got to be cooperative before we can help or release you.

Uncle Leroy: How am I not being cooperative?

Attendant 2: You're trying to be cooperative. We can see that. And it's a grand start. A wonderful start. Now how can we help you be even more cooperative?

Uncle Leroy: You want me to help you help me be more cooperative?

Attendant 2: That's exactly right, Uncle Leroy.

Uncle Leroy: How the hell can I cooperate to help you help me be more cooperative if I'm not being cooperative in the first place? You're making no sense.

Attendant 1 (*showing Uncle Leroy the restraining jacket*): Maybe this will help you help us help you.

Attendant 2: Please, Unkie! In the spirit of fellowship, we don't want to resort to that. Your rehabilitation is our number one priority. Remember that we're on your side. We're just trying to help you, but we can't succeed without your cooperation. Won't you please demonstrate your good faith and help us as best you can?

Uncle Leroy: You want me to demonstrate my good faith, eh? You want me to help you as best I can?

Attendant 2: That's right, Unkie.

Uncle Leroy: Then take me to the head honcho around here and stop wasting my time! You'll see how very cooperative I can be. And obliging. I can be very obliging with the right people. Even charming if need be.

Attendant 1 (*aside*): I'd like to see that!

Attendant 2: Now we're making progress! Your suggestion is excellent, and in compromising you're showing your willingness to cooperate! That's the proper spirit, Uncle Leroy! If you want to see Dr. Bergerac, we'll take you to him right now! He'll be delighted to talk with you!

Uncle Leroy: And make it snappy! My charm has its limits.

Attendant 2: That's only human, Unkie. Shall we go?

Uncle Leroy: Yeah- but don't try nothin' funny! I'll be watchin' you!

The three of them exit arm in arm with Uncle Leroy between the two attendants, Attendant 1 tucking the strait jacket under his free arm. They sing to the melody of "We're Off to See the Wizard" which fades away as they disappear.)

Uncle Leroy/Attendants 1 and 2 (*sing*):

Follow the line on the floor!

Follow the line on the floor!

Follow, follow, follow, follow

Follow the line on the floor!

We're off to see the doctor

That wonderful doctor of ours!

With Rorschack stills and happy pills

He does what a doctor does!

As only as only a doctor does!

We're off to see the doctor

That wonderful doctor of ours!

He gives us pills to cure our ills

His patients appreciate the buzz!

That doctor of ours is great because

Because, because, because, because
Because of his wonderful pills he plugs!

We're off to see the doctor
That wonderful doctor of ours!

Act Three

Dr. Bergerac's cozy office. A desk, an easy chair, a couch, built-in bookcases. Dimly lit, except for desktop. Dr. Bergerac is sitting at the desk reading Uncle Leroy's dossier. The Two Attendants and patient enter and the Attendants salute. Dr. Bergerac returns their salute. Uncle Leroy sits on the easy chair.

Uncle Leroy: I ain't layin' down on no damn couch!

Dr. Bergerac (*rising and smiling*): That's fine- you don't have to. We don't have a seating plan here. Sit wherever you'd like and make yourself comfortable.

Uncle Leroy: I already did, thank you very much.

Dr. Bergerac: Ha ha! Of course! And how is our Uncle Leroy feeling today?

Uncle Leroy (*looking at Dr. Bergerac as if he's an idiot*): I'll have to ask him when I see him!

Dr. Bergerac: Ha ha! Very good! There's nothing as healthful as a mirthful spirit! (*Addresses the Two Attendants*) Thank you very much, fellas! You can leave us now! (*Attendants bow and straighten, hold salute. To Attendant 1*) Don't forget to look in on Nurse Router! She's expecting you! (*He returns their salute. Attendants drop their hands and shut the door behind them. To Uncle Leroy, solicitously.*) So! Did you have a peaceful slumber, Uncle Leroy?

Uncle Leroy (*looking around the office*): Very pleasant. Slept like the dead. Better in fact. Like I was deader than them. Whachoo gave me, anyway?

Dr. Bergerac: Just a sedative. To relax you, and help you fall asleep. You were... restless, let's say.

Uncle Leroy: Restless?

Dr. Bergerac: Somewhat so.

Uncle Leroy: Was I surly?

Dr. Bergerac: Well, not as genteel as you could have been.

Uncle Leroy: Was I disagreeable?

Dr. Bergerac: You weren't exactly cooperative.

Uncle Leroy: More chalant than non?

Dr. Bergerac: You might say so.

Uncle Leroy: Was I gruff and discourteous? Irritable and short-tempered? Was I dismissive and curt?

Dr. Bergerac: Curt? Why, you weren't curt at all!

Uncle Leroy: Well thank goodness I wasn't curt!

Dr. Bergerac: Oh no! Not at all! You had plenty to say.

Uncle Leroy: But not long-winded? I wasn't long-winded, was I?

Dr. Bergerac: Let's call it emphatic. You were very emphatic.

Uncle Leroy: Because I wouldn't want to be long-winded. It's important to be concise during speech without being repetitive since repetition leads to long-windedness and nobody wants to hear the same old, worn-out thing said over and over. Too much repetition weakens the argument and people get bored and stop paying attention. I know that some people feel that it's important to go into everything in the most minute detail, but the fact is that too much explanation just turns the listener off and their minds start to wander no matter how sincerely they bob their heads up and down. There's a certain irony there, but still, there's no point in speaking to people who aren't paying attention because they're not hearing you. And who can blame them for not listening to all those words, especially the prepositions, articles and conjunctions, when your idea can be presented in a succinct manner? It's self-defeating to go on forever with all those unnecessary frou-frou's, frills and falbalas. After all, we're trying to make a point here, not filibuster. In the final analysis, you don't want your ideas to fall on deaf ears, do you? That's why I try to keep my arguments as concise and tight as I can possibly make them. And that's why I don't want to be wordy and long-winded and try to stick to verbs and nouns mostly. Does that make sense? Get what I mean? Have I made myself clear? Or should I go into more detail? I can explain long-windedness more if you'd like. Just say the word and I'll do so. All you have to do is ask me and I will.

Dr. Bergerac: You were polymorphically emphatic, Uncle Leroy. With a certain dash of aplomb.

Uncle Leroy: Just a dash?

Dr. Bergerac: Perhaps it was a smidgeon.

Uncle Leroy: That's good. I wouldn't want to overdo it.

Dr. Bergerac: Oh no! Not at all! You have every right to express your opinion be it in the form of a dash or a smidgeon.

Uncle Leroy: Well that's comforting. I'm glad you respect my First Amendment rights.

Dr. Bergerac: Of course we do! And your emotional and medical rights as well! Speaking of which, I do hope you were comfortable last night, and that the accommodations were to your liking.

Uncle Leroy: Very soothing, very soothing, except for the strait jacket. It got in the way when I needed to take a leak.

Dr. Bergerac: So sorry about that, Uncle Leroy. But other than that?

Uncle Leroy: I feel like a new man, Doc, but better. I feel so good, in fact, that I'm ready to check outta this stinkin' hell-hole.

Dr. Bergerac: Now, now, Uncle Leroy. This stinkin' hell-hole as you called it is far preferable to Rikers, where you could have wound up. You know, you don't have a permit for that AR- and it's fully automatic. What were you thinking, anyway, discharging a modified weapon like that in a crowded residential neighborhood? Someone could have been injured- or killed.

Uncle Leroy: I wasn't thinking about nothing except that I wanted some bacon, and I wanted it hot, crispy and quick.

Dr. Bergerac: Well, why didn't you fry a mess of it up on the stove? Don't you think that would have been a more considerate alternative?

Uncle Leroy: The bacon really did come out too crispy.

Dr. Bergerac: You scared your neighbors half to death!

Uncle Leroy: Well, you'd think the surviving half would know better than to complain.

Dr. Bergerac: Don't you think that they're entitled to a safe neighborhood?

Uncle Leroy: They got their rights, and I got my rights. The bacon got its rights, too. I prob'ly overcooked it with the 300-round clip.

Dr. Bergerac: That's all well and good as far as the bacon goes. But can't you understand that what you did violates the law, and that the law has been established to protect everyone's rights: Yours, your neighbors', and given the mood of our Supreme Court, potentially the bacon's?

Uncle Leroy: The law? Don't talk to me about no law. The law don't grant me no rights I wasn't born with! It takes away my liberty! It restricts my freedom of action! And as far as the bacon's rights, I'll try a 200-rounder next time.

Dr. Bergerac: The law is a compromise we all agree on for the betterment of society.

Uncle Leroy: Regulations? You wanna talk about regulations?

Dr. Bergerac: If they protect the greater good, yes.

Uncle Leroy: Well, they won't deregulate me!

Dr. Bergerac: There, there, Uncle Leroy!

Uncle Leroy: I goddam regulate myself! Ain't nobody gonna goddam deregulate me with their kindly there there's!

Dr. Bergerac: Please, Uncle Leroy! We wouldn't think of it!

Uncle Leroy: And this is why the country's in the crapper! This is how it starts! With guys like me deregulated by regulators like you!

Dr. Bergerac: But what about your neighbors' legitimate fear that a stray bullet might harm or even kill someone? Especially in such a closely packed community.

Uncle Leroy: People get shot all the time, Doc. Think of the chaos we'd have if we didn't have guns protecting us from getting shot.

Dr. Bergerac: But the loss of life! The bloodshed!

Uncle Leroy: Loss of life? Bloodshed? You should have seen us in Nam! *(smiles rapturously as if reminiscing of better days)* Sure ya spill a little blood- but ya gotta get over it! Ya gotta move on! Ya can't let the man tell ya how to breathe. Because after a while, he'll tell ya which nostril to use.

Dr. Bergerac: Thank you for your service, Uncle Leroy!

Uncle Leroy: Those were the days!

Dr. Bergerac: I'm sure they were.

Uncle Leroy: Keep your gun clean, loaded and handy- that was the best advice I ever got.

Dr. Bergerac: But you're not in Nam anymore.

Uncle Leroy: And don't trust none of 'em if ya wanna survive. Especially the smilers with the bucktooth grins. They're the worst.

Dr. Bergerac: But Uncle Leroy- the war has been over for more than 50 years. Don't you think you can put your gun down finally and enjoy the peace?

Uncle Leroy *(mockingly)*: "Enjoy the peace!" That's a good one!

Dr. Bergerac: But the war is over, Uncle Leroy.

Uncle Leroy: Yeah? So who won?

Dr. Bergerac: In war, there are not always clear winners. And everyone loses something... or someone. *(Dr. Bergerac becomes emotional, like a tough guy who cries.)*

Uncle Leroy: You mean that after everything we went through, we lost? No way!

Dr. Bergerac *(recovering)*: Nevertheless, the war is over. We're friends and trading partners with Viet Nam now.

Uncle Leroy: That's easy for a long-hair, draft-card-burning, STD-infected peacenik with recurring bone spurs to accept. But how 'bout us regular grunts who were out there romping in the muck while you philosophized in your ivory towers that you now claim were actually not ivory but eco-friendly stone and mortar? Maybe the war's been over for you, Palsy, but it's not over for me. It will never be over for me. Not as long as liberty needs defendin' an' my trigger finger can still twitch.

Dr. Bergerac: Don't you think the victims of gun violence would like your war to be over?

Uncle Leroy: What victims? They're not victims: They're heroes.

Dr. Bergerac (*briefly losing it*): Heroes!

Uncle Leroy: Yes. And patriots. Not victims.

Dr. Bergerac (*shaking his head*): Patriots... not victims...

Uncle Leroy: And what do you mean by 'your war?' It's all our war. It always was. It always will be.

Dr. Bergerac: Always is a long time to wait for peace, Uncle Leroy.

Uncle Leroy: This war will never be over. Not as long as I can take a breath through my personally chosen nostrile and spit.

Dr. Bergerac: And innocent people will continue to die senselessly.

Uncle Leroy: 'Senselessly'? I doubt it.

Dr. Bergerac: You mean that there's some kind of sense to their premature and unnecessary deaths? That slaughtered children die in classrooms for a good purpose?

Uncle Leroy: Look, Doc. Nobody wants to see their little hides so chopped up that even their mommies can't recognize them but by their shoelaces. We're not monsters, after all. We love our children. But that's the price we pay to keep our Second Amendment rights.

Dr. Bergerac: 'We pay?' Seems as if they're the ones who are paying the most.

Uncle Leroy: Really? So much for your 'thank you for your service' crap.

Dr. Bergerac: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sound disrespectful.

Uncle Leroy: Sure. It's ok to be disrespectful as long as you don't sound that way.

Dr. Bergerac: I don't mean any disrespect at all, Uncle Leroy. It's just that mass killings happen almost every day. Gun violence is the leading cause of children's premature deaths. That's quite a price to pay so that you can own an AR.

Uncle Leroy: Nobody ever said our freedom comes easy. Our founding fathers learned that the hard way. We should respect the sacrifices they made and in turn honor the sacrifices our children are making for us today. The intruder drills they practice in school are as sacred as the pledge of allegiance they say every morning with their little hands over their hearts. You don't see that kind of selflessness anywhere else on earth. It's a tradition seen only here in this great country. Their noble deaths are not any more 'senseless' than Dien Bien Phu was.

Dr. Bergerac: Are you suggesting that children give up their lives willingly for the cause of gun rights? That they martyr themselves so that you can fry bacon on the barrel of an AR?

Uncle Leroy: You insult their heroism by suggesting they die in vain. These martyrs die for a good reason. They die so that we can stay strong and free to fry bacon or anything else any old way we want. And we can't be strong and free without an armed militia. It says so right in the Constitution.

Dr. Bergerac: A "well-regulated militia" is how I remember it.

Uncle Leroy: Certainly. Every army must have rules. Otherwise guns would be in the hands of lunatics.

Dr. Bergerac: Please, Uncle Leroy! Aren't you being a touch extreme?

Uncle Leroy: Extreme? How else can you expect the free red states to protect themselves from the federal deep state? The Constitution guarantees their sovereignty through the Second Amendment. That's why the heroic sacrifices your so-called victims make are the highest form of patriotism.

Dr. Bergerac: It seems we fought a war over that issue.

Uncle Leroy: Yeah- and sometimes I wonder if the good guys won.

Dr. Bergerac: Can you really support a policy by which a nation is policed by unregulated militias? We used to call them lynch mobs.

Uncle Leroy: There you go again! How woke can you libs get?

Dr. Bergerac: I don't know what you mean.

Uncle Leroy: Sure you do.

Dr. Bergerac: Honestly I don't.

Uncle Leroy: Of course you do!

Dr. Bergerac: I'm telling you I don't!

Uncle Leroy: And I'm telling you, you do!

Dr. Bergerac (*becoming frustrated*): I'm sorry but I don't!

Uncle Leroy: Do!

Dr. Bergerac: Don't!

Uncle Leroy: Do!

Dr. Bergerac: Don't!

Uncle Leroy: Do!

Dr. Bergerac (*making the supreme effort to comport himself*): Really, Uncle Leroy! Why don't you simply tell me what 'woke' is?

Uncle Leroy: You could have asked me nicely.

Dr. Bergerac: I did ask you nicely.

Uncle Leroy: I mean before you got upset.

Dr. Bergerac: I was not upset!

Uncle Leroy: Oh yes you were! Very upset!

Dr. Bergerac (*becoming upset*): I certainly was not upset!

Uncle Leroy: The way you're not upset now?

Dr. Bergerac (*upset*): Exactly. The way I'm not upset now.

Uncle Leroy: Well, if you simmer down, I'll tell you.

Dr. Bergerac (*takes a deep breath, counts to 10, mutters "patience, patience, patience" to himself, recovers*): OK. OK. All right. I've simmered down.

Uncle Leroy: Are you sure you've calmed down?

Dr. Bergerac: Yes, yes, I'm sure. Thank you. Now suppose you tell me what "woke" means to you, Uncle Leroy.

Uncle Leroy: That's much better. We can't accomplish anything if you keep getting upset all the time. And I gotta get outta here. Are you sure you're calm enough to continue now?

Dr. Bergerac: I'm calm. I'm calm. Thank you.

Uncle Leroy: You're absolutely sure you're sure?

Dr. Bergerac: I'm sure that I'm sure I'm calm. Thank you. Just tell me: What is 'woke'?

Uncle Leroy: Alright then. Just stay calm and control yourself and I'll tell you. OK?

Dr. Bergerac: OK.

Uncle Leroy: Promise?

Dr. Bergerac: Yes, Uncle Leroy: I promise.

Uncle Leroy: OK, then. I'll believe you this time. Woke, Doc, is when people like you take away the rights of people like me and give them to the illegals, the Welfare moochers, the pinko commies, morphydites, ayabs, fudgesicles, eggheads, pencil-neck geeks, preverts and atheists.

Dr. Bergerac (*with a pretense of sympathy*): Nobody's taking away your rights, Uncle Leroy.

Uncle Leroy (*ignoring Dr. Bergerac's last statement*): You do believe that we Christians have rights, don't you?

Dr. Bergerac: Sure you have rights. They do, too. We all do.

Uncle Leroy: And white people too?

Dr. Bergerac: And white people too.

Uncle Leroy: Especially white people?

Dr. Bergerac: Every American is entitled to the rights and privileges guaranteed him by the Constitution. I don't know what you mean by "especially white people."

Uncle Leroy: Well I'll be dipped! The great doctor doesn't know what I mean by "especially white people!" You must have heard about the war against Christians. Why haven't you heard about the

war on white people? You know, the one going on at this very moment right outside your palace? It must be nice for you to sit in this plush office insulated from the kill-or-be-killed mentality on the street, but what about guys like me who have to face the riffraff on both fronts every day? While my taxes pay for these scums' Welfare checks and electric bills as they drive me out of my home? While smart guys like you lounge in your luxurious castles, ignorant of what it's like to keep your sanity from the daily abuse I gotta put up with? Drain your moat, Doc. Lift your own gate for a change and let 'em in and see how you'll like it!

Dr Bergerac: But what about simple consideration for how those people feel? And what about the neighborhood children? Don't you care about how shooting an AR out your window is going to influence their development?

Uncle Leroy: There you go, Doc. Just like any other pathetic whimpering lib. Takin' the side of my neighbors: The illegals and the Blacks and the gays and the Chinees and the Jews and the commie/socialist/Marxist/baby-killing/drug smuggling terrorists that have driven the decent God-fearing Caucasians off my street and into the boonies. Don't we rate? Where's our consideration?

Dr. Bergerac: We all have a place under the Sun.

Uncle Leroy: Well I ain't leavin' my sunspot! And as long as I have God, my rifle an' plenty of ammo, you and your bleedin'-heart pals ain't gonna make me go nowhere I don't wanna go!

Dr. Bergerac: That's very provocative, Uncle Leroy.

Uncle Leroy: Oh, Hell! I didn't do two and a half stints in Nam just to surrender here at home! Provocative? My ass!

Dr. Bergerac: Thank you for your service, Sir.

Uncle Leroy: And you can keep your fake thank-you-for-your-services to yourself!

Dr. Bergerac: I mean it, Uncle Leroy, sincerely.

Uncle Leroy: Sincerely/sinshmearily! You hate America! You hate the Constitution! You hate the Bible! And it all starts with your hate for the Second Amendment!

Dr. Bergerac: Not at all! I'm as patriotic as the next guy, depending on who the next guy is. But the AR is a dangerous man-killer and using one to fry up some bacon seems a bit extreme.

Uncle Leroy: You think I can't handle an AR?! You should see me with explosives!

Dr. Bergerac: I'm sure you're quite skillful.

Uncle Leroy: I can blow a wart off your heinie with a quarter stick of trinitrotoluene.

Dr. Bergerac: You must be very popular on the 4th of July.

Uncle Leroy: Bet your ass I am! That's America to me, son! And that's the spirit these scum traitors are trying to destroy! That's the spirit they'll never understand! Well, Palsy, they'll have to get past me and my AR first!

Dr. Bergerac: Would you care for a cup of coffee, Uncle Leroy? Decaf perhaps? Very light, with lots of sugar substitute?

Uncle Leroy: What?! So you can drug me again? So you can slip me another mickey? I know your mind games and all about the psychwar you been wagin'. We were trained for this kind of interrogation back in boot camp. Name, rank and serial number. That's all you're getting from this soldier-boy!

Dr. Bergerac: Come now, Uncle! This is hardly an interrogation. We call it talk therapy.

Uncle Leroy: Is that right? So why do the windows have bars on them? And why was I locked in last night in a strait jacket instead of my jammies? I couldn't even take a leak- and me with my enlarged prostate and weak bladder.

Dr. Bergerac: For your own protection. We're on your side, after all.

Uncle Leroy: Gee, now ain't that swell. A buncha same-sex, Mr. Rogers-humpin' lefties on my side protectin' my ass! "Thank you for your service, Sir!" That's just swell, ain't it!

Dr. Bergerac: We're just trying to help. Why can't you accept that?

Uncle Leroy: Some help! I hadda hold it all night!

Dr. Bergerac: I regret that you were uncomfortable. But we really are here trying to help you. Please believe that.

Uncle Leroy: I don't need YOUR help! You need MY help! Freedom is all I need! Why can't you understand that and leave me alone?

Dr. Bergerac: We want to leave you alone, Uncle Leroy. Please believe that. And our work will be successfully finished when we can do so. But to be successful, we must be sure that no harm will come to you or the people you may encounter. After all, the police did find an arsenal stashed away at your house.

Uncle Leroy: An arsenal! A gun cabinet and a little ammo. What's the big deal? (*Sings "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition"*):

You gotta

Stockpile guns and store the ammunition

Stockpile guns and store the ammunition

Stockpile guns and store the ammunition

And we'll all stay free

Load your guns and swing into position

Can't afford no inhibitions

Load your guns, and blast us to perdition
And the cemetery.

Yes, the Proud Boy said it, an' you know he really meant it
For a Klexter man of the Ku Klux Klan was he.
Shouting, "Praise the Lord, we're on a mighty mission
Grab a noose, we ain't a-goin' fishin'.
Grab your guns and load the ammunition
And we'll stay free.

	Grab your gun!
Dr. Bergerac:	Praise the Lord!
Uncle Leroy:	And store the ammunition!
	Grab your gun!
Dr. Bergerac:	Praise the Lord!
Uncle Leroy:	And store the ammunition!
	Grab your gun!
Dr. Bergerac:	Praise the Lord!
Uncle Leroy:	Loosen your inhibitions!
Dr. Bergerac and Uncle Leroy:	And we'll all stay free!

Uncle Leroy:

Stockpile guns and store the ammunition
Stockpile guns and store the ammunition
Stockpile guns and store the ammunition

Uncle Leroy and Dr. Bergerac: And we'll all stay free!

Dr. Bergerac (*beaming*): That was wonderfully exhilarating, Uncle Leroy! You have a fabulous voice!
But to get back to the matter in hand: Do you really need several fully automatic assault rifles like

the ones you used in the service, including a Kalashnikov? And what about the two dozen 300-round magazines fully loaded and 23 cases of dum-dums the police found in your garage? The fifteen handguns? A Smith and Wesson .500, 2 Desert Eagles, A Marlin BFR, and an XVR 460 Magnum? You had a drawerful of push daggers, trench knives, machetes, and Glock 78's, all razor sharp, and a lovely collection of katanas, nine-section whips and hand claws. And what was so important about collecting C-4 plastic explosives and detonators?

Uncle Leroy (*proudly*): An' how 'bout that QBZ-95? What a beauty! Chinks got that right!

Dr. Bergerac: But what do you need all that for?

Uncle Leroy (*ignoring him as if in a trance*): Light, powerful, deadly. Fits your hand like it was molded for it. Absolutely reliable...

Dr. Bergerac: Yes, yes! But why do you need it?

Uncle Leroy (*still to himself*): They send their cheap, poorly made crap here. Their slave labor camps replace American factories. And then they build a masterpiece like the Type-95 Automatic Rifle, arguably the deadliest long gun in the world. It's disheartening!

Dr. Bergerac: I can sense your pain, Uncle Leroy. Really I can. The unemployment situation is untenable. But the question remains: Why do you need all that armament?

Uncle Leroy (*as if awaking from a dream*): How the hell else am I supposed to protect myself? And other patriots like me? What do you think I need 'em for? Ya think I'm gonna plant petunias with them hand claws?

Dr. Bergerac: Don't you think that protecting us is the job for the police?

Uncle Leroy: After they broke into my house?

Dr. Bergerac: They didn't "break in." They had an official, legal, court-ordered warrant that a judge had signed off on. The police executed an official search.

Uncle Leroy: Let me get this straight, smart guy. They raid the house of a veteran who put himself in harm's way to defend our nation and its Constitution, but they let hundreds of thousands of fentanyl-smuggling illegal terrorists through our open borders and give 'em a housing voucher, legal representation, a get-out-of-jail-free card, a bagged lunch and a rousin' cheer? Then they let 'em murder, rape, collect Welfare and take our jobs but throw me in jail?

Dr. Bergerac: This is not a jail, Uncle Leroy. It's a hospital.

Uncle Leroy: You've turned patriots into political prisoners!

Dr. Bergerac: Come now, Sir!

Uncle Leroy: No. YOU come on!

Dr. Bergerac: We're trying to help you.

Uncle Leroy: Well, I like a man who helps himself.

Dr. Bergerac: Certainly. It's a partnership, you and we.

Uncle Leroy: I don't need your kind of partnering. I'm a straight American, and don't you go thinking anything different!

Dr. Bergerac: No one is suggesting you're not.

Uncle Leroy: Uncle Leroy don't swing that way!

Dr. Bergerac: Of course not- but no man is an island!

Uncle Leroy: If this keeps up, I'll soon be lookin' for one!

Dr. Bergerac: You don't need an island, Uncle Leroy. Tell you what: Let me call Nurse Router and she can escort you to the cafeteria. We've had a very productive session and I think some nourishment is in order. A stimulating conversation like ours is like an appetizer: It's bound to make you hungry. You two can share a cup of coffee, a bite to eat and have a relaxing conversation. She's a lovely lady really and I know you'll like her- and I'm sure you two will make great progress leading to your speedy discharge.

Uncle Leroy: What kind of joint are you runnin' here, Doc? I don't even know her an' already you think I'm ready to discharge! An' what makes you think my discharges are speedy? I take my time. You can ask Ruby.

Dr. Bergerac: Ha ha! Good one! I'm not referring to that kind of discharge! From the hospital I mean, Uncle Leroy! To release you. Besides, Nurse Router is a model of virtue.

Uncle Leroy: And I ain't sharin' my cup with no one, except my poodle, Coochie.

Dr. Bergerac (*amused*): Ha ha! No, no! You can have your own cup! That was just a figure of speech!

Uncle Leroy: Well figure your speech better next time. I ain't no sap.

Dr. Bergerac: Of course you're not! I just thought all this talk might be getting you hungry, that's all. Why, you haven't had your breakfast yet!

Uncle Leroy: And I won't be having it here!

Dr. Bergerac: Going on a hunger strike isn't going to solve anything.

Uncle Leroy: Who said anything about a hunger strike? I'm sendin' out to MacDonald's.

Dr. Bergerac: Ok, ok! I'll arrange it. Now can we have a reasonable compromise? Will you talk with Nurse Router?

Uncle Leroy: Compromise? Don't you mean 'collaborate'?

Dr. Bergerac: Not at all! Name, rank and serial number. That's it.

Uncle Leroy: I only eat from MacDonald's, and sometimes Wendy's.

Dr. Bergerac: That's fine, Uncle Leroy.

Uncle Leroy: To keep my sacred masculine essence pure.

Dr. Bergerac: I get it.

Uncle Leroy: To stop lefties like you from fouling my God-given, Constitutionally protected mojo with their polluted unguents and added ingredients.

Dr. Bergerac: Certainly. That is your right.

Uncle Leroy: Damn straight it is! I fought for it and I'm gonna keep it that way!

Dr. Bergerac: Of course! Such is your privilege, and we will respect it. Shall I summon Nurse Router and place an order for a McMuffin and a breakfast burrito? And how about some nice hot coffee?

Uncle Leroy: Light and sweet. And make sure they staple the bag shut!

Dr. Bergerac: As you wish. *(Pushes a button on his desk and speaks into the microphone.)* Yes, this is Dr. Bergerac. *(Squawking from the box in response.)* No. No. You don't have to salute me over the intercom. *(More squawking.)* Only when you actually see me. *(More squawking.)* Yes: When I'm in your presence. *(More squawking.)* That's right- now doesn't count. *(More squawking.)* Fine, fine. You can salute me when you see me. Thank you. Now please send out for a McMuffin, 2 breakfast burritos and a sweet, light decaf. Sealed in the bag. And ask Nurse Router to please step in here. Thank you! *(More squawking.)* That's right- salute only when I see you. *(Returns to Uncle Leroy)* All set, Uncle Leroy! You'll have a nice breakfast in a jiffy, and a pleasant chat with a really great lady, Nurse Router! She has a wonderfully palliating way about her. Everyone here is just crazy about her. *(Catches himself)* I mean crazy in a good way. Ha ha!

Uncle Leroy: Well I ain't crazy in any way, good or bad. Remember that!

Dr. Bergerac: Of course not! Of course not, Uncle Leroy.

There's a knock on the door. *Enter Nurse Router.* Attendant 1 is visible standing by the office door, watching. Nurse Router is of medium height, a few pounds overweight and very curvy, like a fertility goddess with bedroom hair. Not beautiful and just barely pretty, but very attractive. She wears high heels and so much makeup that it's not possible to imagine what she really looks like. Her white nurse's outfit is tight, exposing some significant cleavage. The skirt is short so the slip beneath it can usually be seen. She speaks in a treacly-sweet singsong. Every mannerism about her is affected. As she steps in, one of her hands is buttoning her blouse and the other is straightening her hair.

Dr. Bergerac: Do come in, dear Nurse Router!

Nurse Router *(hurriedly finishing with the blouse and hair)*: Yessir. *(Salutes Dr. Bergerac awkwardly)* Do you need me, Dr. Bergerac?

Dr. Bergerac *(returning salute)*: The whole world needs you, Nurse Router, and a blissful good morning! I'd like you to meet our new patient, Uncle Leroy. You seem to have been otherwise occupied when he checked in yesterday. Would you be so kind to escort him to the cafeteria for breakfast and give him an introduction to our facility and methodology? Please familiarize him with our core beliefs and mission goals. I'm not quite sure if he is fully aware of what we are trying to accomplish here yet. We want him to feel as if he's home, among friends and family. Can I count on you to do that, Nurse Router?

Nurse Router (*checking her lipstick in a small hand mirror*): Of course, Sir!

Dr. Bergerac: Fine, fine! (*To Uncle Leroy*) I'd like you to meet Nurse Router, Uncle Leroy. She'll be playing a major role in your therapy. With her good ministrations, you'll be happy and healthy and on your way home in a flash.

Attendant 1 (*aside*): Or to empty room, or a dark, secluded corner!

Uncle Leroy (*suspiciously, to Nurse Router*): Mini.. mini... mini... mini... strations... Say- haven't I seen you before?

Nurse Router: I don't believe so, Sir.

Uncle Leroy (*eying her*): Are you sure?

Nurse Router (*a bit flustered*): I've never seen you before, Sir.

Uncle Leroy (*clearly not believing her*): I don't care if you've never seen ME. I wanna remember where I've seen YOU.

Nurse Router (*nervously*): I can't imagine where you could possibly have seen me.

Attendant 1 (*aside*): I sure can!

Uncle Leroy (*staring and leering at her. To himself*): HMMMMMMMMMM... now where do I know her from?

Dr. Bergerac: Well, you'll shortly become good friends, I'm sure!

Attendant 1 (*aside*): Good something or other, and that's a fact.

Dr. Bergerac: Then goodbye for now! It's been a pleasure speaking with you, Uncle Leroy!

Uncle Leroy: Uh-huh.

Dr. Bergerac: We'll meet shortly and discuss your progress.

Uncle Leroy: Uh-huh.

Nurse Router accompanies Uncle Leroy to the door where Attendant 1 is waiting. The three of them leave, arm-in-arm, Uncle Leroy in the middle, shutting the door behind them. Dr. Bergerac is smiling beatifically. Lights out; curtain drawn.

Act Four

Nurse Router and Uncle Leroy are seated at a cafeteria table. Attendant 1 is standing several feet away, watching the two. A cafeteria worker approaches with a bag for Uncle Leroy and a cup of coffee for Nurse Router. Uncle Leroy snatches the bag and grunts as he examines it carefully.

Uncle Leroy: This looks to be sealed regulation tight. I guess I'll have to risk it or starve.

Nurse Router: Really, Uncle Leroy! The food here is perfectly edible.

Uncle Leroy: I bet. That's what David Koresh told his followers about the lemonade.

Nurse Router: This facility is checked by the health inspector every week.

Uncle Leroy: Let me guess: Every Friday.

Nurse Router (*surprised*): How'd you know?

Uncle Leroy (*ignoring her*): Right on schedule, I'll bet.

Nurse Router: Of course! Every Friday morning! You should see the cafeteria workers scramble on Thursdays. The place sparkles! Antiseptic's in the air!

Uncle Leroy: Well, it feels like Wednesday, so I'll send out for my food, thank you very much.

Nurse Router: Oh, Uncle Leroy, nobody ever gets sick eating here!

Uncle Leroy: Nobody, eh?

Nurse Router: No. Nobody.

Uncle Leroy: Not if you're an opossum.

Nurse Router (*nonplussed*): I eat here every day, and I'm no opossum. Just look at me! Do I look like an opossum to you? Huh? Do I look sick? Do I look fuzzy?

Uncle Leroy (*seriously; with pity for her*): There was a family of opossums living in my basement years ago. At first, I thought it was just another rat infestation. So I left cubes of rat poison out for them every day. Big blue cubes. Chew on this, you bastards, I told 'em. Well, I'd come down every morning and the poison would be gone. Every day it would be gone. No matter how much I left it would be gone. This went on for months an' I never found a dead rat. Must have gone through a coupla hunnert cubes- and these were large cubes, lemme tell ya- until I finally set out a big rat snap trap. And pow! I came down to check in the morning as usual and there he was, the bastard, chewing his leg off. Yep. It was opossums all right. (*Takes a big bite out of his McMuffin.*) A family of 'em. All living in the basement.

Nurse Router (*clearly drawn to him*): Fascinating.

Uncle Leroy: Yep. They ate all the snakes.

Nurse Router (*nervously*): Snakes?

Uncle Leroy: Certainly. The ones hiding under Ruby's laundry basket.

Nurse Router: Come on now!

Uncle Leroy: She'd pick it up and they'd be underneath, squirming an' squiggling their little black tails, and she'd be screamin' her head off. "Uncle Leroy! Uncle Leroy!" she'd screech, "I see snakes! Snakes! Thousands of 'em!" That's how I knew the laundry was done.

Nurse Router: Snakes!

Uncle Leroy: Yep. Especially when she was binging. Then she'd see 'em everywhere.

Nurse Router (*as if she's going under a spell*): I, I... like snakes.

Uncle Leroy: I know you do. Girls like you always do.

Nurse Router (*mesmerized*): They're so... long. Long, and sleek.

Uncle Leroy: That's right: long and sleek. Without being icky-sticky.

Nurse Router (*enthralled*): Yes, yes! So smooth and firm and long and sleek, and not icky-sticky at all! How else should I put it?

Uncle Leroy: Don't you mean, where else should you put it?

Nurse Router (*suddenly confused*): What do you mean, where else?

Uncle Leroy: Come on now, my little lollipop- you can't be that dumb.

Attendant 1 (*aside*): You'd be amazed!

Nurse Router (*coming to her senses*): Well, I'm not sure...

Uncle Leroy: You're sure, all right.

Nurse Router (*finally understanding Uncle Leroy's suggestive remarks*): Oh Uncle Leroy! Whatever do you mean by that?

Uncle Leroy and Attendant 1 (*together, addressing audience*): As if she doesn't know!

Nurse Router: I simply can't make you out!

Uncle Leroy: Keep trying, Pookie. I have all day.

Nurse Router (*checking her lipstick in a hand mirror*): But really, Uncle Leroy. I don't know how to take you.

Attendant 1 (*aside*): And I don't know how to take an aspirin!

Uncle Leroy: Try taking me like you take everyone else.

Nurse Router (*applying lipstick*): But you're not like everyone else. There's something special about you. I can't put my finger on it.

Uncle Leroy (*imitating Charlie Chan*): Smart fly keep out of gravy. Ancient Chineese proverb. (*Takes a big bite from his sandwich and points to the burrito*) Can I interest you in a bite? I'd enjoy watching you eat it.

Nurse Router (*modestly*): No thank you. I had my breakfast already.

Attendant 1 (*aside, checking his zipper*): I'll say she did!

Uncle Leroy: That's too bad. I was looking forward to it.

Nurse Router: I do hate to disappoint you.

Attendant 1 (*aside*): She'd hate to disappoint anybody...

Uncle Leroy: I'm never disappointed. You can never be disappointed if you don't expect anything from anyone. And I never do. The sooner you learn that, the sooner you'll be a happy little hindoo.

Nurse Router (*surprised*): Not expect anything from anyone? Is that possible?

Uncle Leroy: Possible and necessary.

Nurse Router (*appalled and attracted*): You're surely joking, Uncle Leroy! Everybody needs somebody sometime.

Uncle Leroy: And as long as you pay his bills, you can count on him next time, too.

Nurse Router: But don't you get lonely ever?

Uncle Leroy: Sure. That's why I have my poodle Coochie. She never disappoints me.

Nurse Router (*solicitously*): A little Coochie is fine as far as it goes, but what you really need is the love of a good woman...

Uncle Leroy: Like I need toilet seat backwash. Listen carefully, Pumpkin, and get this into your skull: You can't expect anything from dames or nobody else- unless you got the dough. Even my poodle wants a biscuit. I'm being realistic.

Nurse Router: Nobody can be that cynical! Not even the Hindus!

Uncle Leroy: What??! You've never been in a convenience store? Not even for a quick condom or a bicarb?

Nurse Router (*aside, addresses audience*): What a man! I think I love him!

Uncle Leroy: Find your comfort in independence. Don't compromise your freedom for anyone.

Nurse Router: But isn't life's greatest joy to love, and to be loved in return?

Attendant 1 (*aside*): She just said a mouthful!

Uncle Leroy: Love is slavery! (*Points to Attendant 1*): Just ask him.

Nurse Router (*shocked, but strangely attracted*): You can't mean that, Uncle Leroy!

Uncle Leroy: It's like that old song: Only fools fall in love- and you better believe it, Cutie.

Nurse Router: No, no, no! Don't say that!

Uncle Leroy: You can't depend on anyone except yourself, Missy. This system is true because no one's perfect- and it's faulty for the same reason.

Nurse Router: I don't understand: Don't we need other people in our lives to make up for our shortcomings? To help and advise us?

Attendant 1 (*aside*): She can help me anytime!

Nurse Router: Aren't two heads better than one?

Attendant 1 (*aside*): Especially when positioned comfortably!

Uncle Leroy: Two heads are fine maybe in a freak show. As if I need any help or advice from a bunch of losers!

Nurse Router: To console us when times get hard?

Attendant 1 (*aside*): Console me! Console me!

Uncle Leroy: Claptrap!

Nurse Router: To guide us when we're lost?

Uncle Leroy: I'm gonna puke, Sweetie!

Nurse Router: To have and to hold?

Uncle Leroy: My arms are too short to go around your huge butt.

Nurse Router: To love and obey?

Uncle Leroy: Until you start telling me what to do.

Nurse Router: To honor and respect?

Uncle Leroy: As much as you deserve.

Nurse Router: For better, for worse?

Uncle Leroy: Depends on what the worse is.

Nurse Router: For richer, for poorer?

Uncle Leroy: Fine. As long as we split the tab.

Nurse Router: In sickness and in health?

Uncle Leroy: Who's the nurse here?

Nurse Router: Forsaking all others?

Uncle Leroy and Attendant 1 together: Ha! That's a good one!

Nurse Router: But haven't you heard that people who need people are the luckiest people in the world?

Attendant 1 (*aside*): Need me! Need me!

Uncle Leroy: People who need people are idiots.

Nurse Router: That to love and be loved is what life's all about?

Attendant 1 (*aside*): Love me! Love me!

Uncle Leroy: If you wanna be miserable!

Nurse Router (*smitten*): You're so funny, Uncle Leroy! Too marvelous for words! (*Aside*): I think I'm mad about the boy!

Uncle Leroy: And I'm the one who's locked up!

Nurse Router: How about makin' whoopee? *(Aside)*: This is almost like being in love!

Uncle Leroy: Your whoopee reminds me of poopee.

Nurse Router: You're getting to be a habit with me! *(Aside)*: What a sweet guy!

Uncle Leroy: Try crack. It's safer.

Nurse Router: You stepped out of a dream...

Uncle Leroy: Yeah? And see what I stepped into.

Nurse Router: You've brought a new kind of love to me... *(Aside)*: I think I'm falling in love!

Uncle Leroy: Nobody could get that kinky!

Nurse Router: You make me feel so young!

Uncle Leroy: You suck the life out of me.

Nurse Router: I only have eyes for you!

Uncle Leroy: Better see your optometrist. You need a stronger prescription. Or maybe a needle in your eye.

Nurse Router: How cute can you be?

Uncle Leroy: Very cute. You ain't seen nothin' yet. Wait 'til I put on my easter bonnet.

Nurse Router: It's that old black magic!

Uncle Leroy: Don't even start me on mixed couples!

Nurse Router: You bring out the geeepsie in me!

Uncle Leroy: You bring out the gas attack in me.

Nurse Router: I'm walkin' in the sunshine!

Uncle Leroy: Keep walkin'.

Nurse Router: Shake down the stars!

Uncle Leroy: I hope one lands on your fat head.

Nurse Router: You do something to me! How about you?

Uncle Leroy: I gotta use the john. Feel free to continue without me.

Nurse Router: Do do the voodoo that you do do so well!

Uncle Leroy: I get enough do-do oughtta my poodle. I don't need no more to scoop up.

Nurse Router *(sings to the melody of "Some Enchanted Evening")*:

Some enchanted nuthouse, where you meet a patient
Or you might meet this patient, in a psycho ward.
And though you might try, so hard to deny,
You have to admit he's a wonderful guy!

Uncle Leroy (*singing to Nurse Router*):

Some enchanted nuthouse, where you hear him ranting
You may see him puking, across a crowded ward.
And after he's done, his eyes start to gleam
You'll know his intentions are strictly obscene.

Nurse Router and Uncle Leroy (*duet*):

Men prefer girlfriends. Women want Niagara.
Women want to cuddle. Men prefer Viagra.

Nurse Router (*singing to Uncle Leroy*):

Some enchanted nuthouse, where you find your true love,
Where you hear her call you, across a psycho ward.
Then fly to her side though your mouth starts to foam,

Uncle Leroy (*interrupting, singing to Nurse Router*):

And all through your life you'll wish you'd stayed home.

Nurse Router (*singing to Uncle Leroy*):

Once you have found her, you'll not go amuck.
Once you have found her, you will not upchuck.

Uncle Leroy (*singing to Nurse Router*):

If you try to find her, you're plumb outta luck.
If you try to find her, you're a friggin' shmuck!

Nurse Router (*snapping out of her love reverie*): But everybody loves somebody sometime!

Uncle Leroy: Those suckers have my sympathy!

Nurse Router: Wouldn't you bring me violets for my furs?

Uncle Leroy: No. But how 'bout a ferret for your petunias, my fuzzy-brained little pancake?

Nurse Router: How about taking a chance on love?

Uncle Leroy: The Lottery's a better bet.

Nurse Router: I get a kick out of you!

Uncle Leroy: You'll get a kick out of me alright.

Nurse Router: But why not take all of me?

Uncle Leroy: There's too much of you to take.

Nurse Router: At least send me a funny valentine!

Uncle Leroy: Would you settle for an amusing death notice?

Nurse Router: Though I've got a crush on you?

Uncle Leroy: You get crushed? Don't even think of sitting on my lap!

Nurse Router: But I've got you under my skin!

Uncle Leroy: I was wondering what that lump was.

Nurse Router: When I've found you just in time?

Uncle Leroy: Just in time for what? A colonoscopy?

Nurse Router: When at last my love has come along?

Uncle Leroy: Is that what it was? And all along I thought it was gas and heartburn.

Nurse Router: I could make you care!

Uncle Leroy: You couldn't make me care less.

Nurse Router: But if I had you...

Uncle Leroy: I'd need all my shots.

Nurse Router: I'll never smile again!

Uncle Leroy: I'd be laughing if you didn't make me so sick.

Nurse Router: Can it be that the one I love belongs to somebody else?

Uncle Leroy: You better not let Ruby hear you saying that.

Nurse Router: It's the same old dream...

Uncle Leroy: Tell it to your shrink. Leave me out of it.

Nurse Router: What do you do when no one cares?

Uncle Leroy: You oughtta be used to it by now.

Nurse Router: Love is the tender trap!

Uncle Leroy: Yeah, and it works on rats, too.

Nurse Router: Farewell, farewell to love!

Uncle Leroy: Good riddance to love.

Nurse Router: I got plenty of nothing!

Uncle Leroy: And nothin's plenty for you.

Nurse Router: Well, here's that rainy day!

Uncle Leroy: Don't you worry. Love's drip-dry.

Nurse Router: Guess I'll have to dream the rest.

Uncle Leroy: Good guess work!

Nurse Router: Oh! What is this thing called love?

Uncle Leroy (*pointing to various objects*): That's called a burrito. And that's an ashtray. This is a napkin. And here's a spoon.

Nurse Router: Shadows in the sand... just shadows in the sand.

Uncle Leroy: And that's called true grit.

Nurse Router: I guess I'll sit right down and write myself a letter.

Uncle Leroy: Why not? Lots of crayons and felt-tipped markers in this place.

Nurse Router: I gotta right to sing the blues!

Uncle Leroy: You gotta right to shut up.

Nurse Router: They can't take that away from me!

Uncle Leroy: How much are you charging?

Nurse Router: I've heard that song before.

Uncle Leroy: It'll never make the top 10.

Nurse Router: I'm a fool to want you!

Uncle Leroy: Not to mention, an idiot.

Nurse Router: Time after time, I fall in love too easily.

Uncle Leroy: You oughtta know by now. (*Aside, addressing the audience*): See? I know a few song titles too!

Nurse Router: Guess I'll hang my tears out to dry.

Uncle Leroy: Better do it before a pound of make-up slides off your face.

Nurse Router: This is the beginning of the end...

Uncle Leroy: It should have ended right at the beginning.

Nurse Router: No more polka dots and moonbeams...

Uncle Leroy: Or spray-on tan I hope.

Nurse Router (*abruptly, looking at her watch*): Jeepers creepers! Where's the time gone? We gotta hurry if we're not gonna be late! The group is meeting! Oh give me 5 minutes more! Only 5 minutes more! Only 5 minutes more of your charm!

Exit the three of them. Scene fades; curtain drawn.

Intermission

(To a 10-minute medley of tunes used in this play)

Act Five

Group therapy session. The room is empty of furniture save several chairs arranged in a semi-circle, whose open mouth faces the audience. The walls are the same as the ones in Scene 1, glossy institution-olive painted cinderblock. Dr. Bergerac and Nurse Router are seated in the middle with 3 patients on either side of them. These consist of a librarian (Vesta), an Evangelical (Reverend Willy Bob Baker), a Nazi (Sargeant Rolf), a millionairess (Muffin Danish), a Black conservative lawyer (Harrison Huckabee) and Uncle Leroy, who sits at the very end. Patients all exhibit peculiar mannerisms, tics, spasms, etc. The Two Attendants can be seen in the background, leaning against the wall.

Dr. Bergerac: Now that we are all in attendance, I'd like to begin the session by commending you for the fine progress we are making. (*Grunts and groans from the patients, who will be making differing comical and ironic facial expressions throughout the session.*) Now I want to emphasize that the road of therapy that leads to recovery is not always direct. (*More grunts and groans.*) Sometimes it has its potholes and detours. Sometimes it isn't even paved. But we travel upon it because we recognize that it ultimately leads to our well-being. (*grunts and groans*) It is our hope to attain the inner peace and happiness that make our lives pleasant and worthwhile. The faith we have in the clinical process heals and sustains us. (*grunts and groans*) We persevere with conviction that we truly can find contentment and consolation as we walk this bumpy road. (*Grunts and groans.*) Yes,

we get tired sometimes, frustrated, and yes, even angry. *(More grunts and groans.)* Yes, we often take the wrong fork when we come to it- and we've been known to stumble- even get off the track. *(More grunts and groans.)* We are merely human after all. We must remember that we are not gods! *(Grunts and groans.)* But then we bandage our blistered feet and move on, our resolve shaken but intact. *(Grunts and groans)* Yes, despite the hardships and missteps we move on, confident that "Every day..." *(He pauses, and signals to the others with his hands and facial expression)* "...Every day..." *(waits for them to join him)* "...Every day..." *(waits)* "... Every day..." *(waits but gets frustrated)* Come on now, guys! You know the routine! Help a fella out! *(Grunts and groans)* "...Every day... *(a few, including the attendants and Nurse Router, grudgingly join in.)* That's it! That's what we're talking about! Altogether now: "...Every day, and in every way, *(everyone reluctantly joins in)* we are getting better and better." *(Pauses and looks beseechingly at them.)* Now doesn't that lift the spirit? *(Waits. Gets no response. Uncle Leroy belches. Dr. Bergerac takes this as a sign of approval.)* That's right! Of course it does! *(Waits for confirmation. Gets none.)* So here we are again, doing our sincere best for ourselves and our comrades, buoyed by our faith in the process. *(Grunts and groans.)* Let's each of us put his best feet forward as we continue this good work! *(Pause. From the background is heard an echoing "YaaaaaaaahhhhHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" as if someone literally put both feet forward, stumbled and nosedived precipitously.)* I salute you for your enduring faith and fortitude! *(Dr. Bergerac stands and salutes. The 2 attendants snap to attention and salute. Nurse Router, still sitting, who has been examining her make-up in a small hand mirror, fumbles with her handbag and eventually salutes. The patients just sit there with a variety of ironic expressions, some smiling, some scowling. They do not salute. Dr. Bergerac drops his hand sharply. Nurse Router and the 2 attendants do the same. Nurse Router's handbag falls from her knees to the floor with a noticeable thud.)*

Dr. Bergerac: So, with your kind permission *(a few grunts)*, I'd like to start off by introducing an exciting new member to our group who I'm sure will help enlighten us with his valuable insights. You're really going to like him! I do too, but then again...

Attendant 1 *(aside)*: But then again, he never got an enema he didn't like.

Dr. Bergerac: But then again... what's there not to like about him? Let's welcome Uncle Leroy into the fold with our customary cheerful fellowship *(grunts and groans)* and a few words. Who'd like to introduce himself first? *(Awkward pause. Nobody volunteers.)* Well, that's ok. It's still early. Let's begin then, as we usually do, at the 9 o'clock position *(sexually suggestive grunts and groans. Nurse Router titters.)* and work our way one-by-one until we reach Uncle Leroy. When we finish, he'll tell us a bit about himself. Won't you please start us on our way, Sargeant Rolf, with a few salient points about your life that will help us understand you better?

Sargeant Rolf *(The Nazi/Aryan supremacist/Viet Nam veteran. He speaks with a German accent as if English were his second language. His speech increasingly becomes a caricature of the German language as the dialogue progresses. In his most excited moments he uses German and Yiddish expressions interchangeably. Though he served in Viet Nam, he thinks of himself as a veteran of World War II. He dresses militarily- he wears a vintage Wehrmacht army helmet with twin lightning bolt emblems on each side. There's a large smiley pin on his lapel.)*: Vhy me again? Vhy do I always haf to be ze first? Five others are sitting here, und ze first to shpeak must always be me! Always me! Ich bin total frustriert! *(Literally: I am totally frustrated!)* Das geht mir wirklich auf die Nerven!

(Literally: "This really gets on my nerves!" He pauses, catches his breath, drops head down on his lap, hands on temples, and finally pulls himself upright.) Vhy... vhy (indicating Dr. Bergerac) do you hate me? Vhy are you always picking on me? Ikh farshtey dos nit! (Mistaking Yiddish for German, literally: I don't understand! As the dialogue progresses, Sargeant Rolf will continue mixing up the two similar languages.)

Attendant 1 *(aside)*: Can it possibly be because you're a goddamn Nazi?

Dr. Bergerac: Now Sargeant Rolf, you know I don't hate anyone. I don't have the energy to waste on hate. I hate, hate and I love, love. If it seems that I call on you oftentimes, it's because in many ways I respect you. I, and everybody else here, I'm sure, want to benefit from what you have to say. We need to hear from every point of view if we expect to make healthful compromises. After all, there are always good people on every side whose points of view demand deference. *(louder grunts and groans)* So please, Sargeant Rolf, the favor of your words would be much appreciated by myself and, I'm certain, everyone here. *(A few pig-like grunts.)*

Attendant 1 *(aside)*: Doc's tongue is slicker than a buttered banana peel!

Sargeant Rolf: Ja wohl! Ja wohl! I shall make ze supreme sacrifice, ze vay all good soldiers do, ze vay I did when I served in ze army.

Vesta *(The young librarian/pyromaniac. She appears to be prim, prudish and proper, but there's a very energetic and outspoken side to her. She wears a white blouse buttoned up to her chin, a cameo, a long, dull dress belted at the waist, flat shoes with wide heels, horn-rimmed glasses.):* Yes? And which army was that?

Sargeant Rolf: Vhy, tell me vhy, must you always torment me? Das ist zum Verrucktwerden! *(Literally: This is maddening!)* How haf I offended you?

Vesta: Just trying to get the facts straight, Rolfy. Whose side did you say you were on again?

Sargeant Rolf: Vy must you taunt me? Vy must I forever be ze subject of your perzekution?

Muffin Danish *(Young, elite millionairess/kleptomaniac. She is dressed in an expensive designer dress, 2-inch thick-heeled pumps with matching bag, glittering jewelry and long, white kid gloves: not sexy, but rich. Her snooty, aristocratic accent is a mix of Greenwich and Bel Aire.):* Don't be evasive, Rolfy. Just answer the lady's question like a proper goose-stepper.

(Uncle Leroy is starting to take interest in the conversation. He watches intently, eyes gleaming. The others are used to these attacks and barely react.)

Sargeant Rolf: Nein! Nein! Ich schwore, dass ich nichts weib! *(Literally: I swear, I know nothing!)* Nichts! Bupkis! Gornisht! I swear, I know nothing! Nothing! *(pauses miserably)* Torment me! Torture me! Tie me to ze rack und tickle me until I vet mein lederhosen! I still know nichts! Und I shall tell you nichts of the nichts zat I know!

Muffin Danish: He's sounding more like a collaborator every day.

Vesta: A turncoat!

Muffin Danish: A double agent!

Sgt. Rolf (*helplessly*): Nein! Nein! Nein I tell you! Das ist unertraglich! (*Literally: This is unbearable!*)

Muffin Danish: A defector!

Sgt. Rolf: Nein! Nein!

Vesta: A shpy!

Sgt. Rolf: Nein, nein! How many times must I tell you! I chust did mein duty like any gudt soldier vould! Vy von't you belief me?

Muffin Danish: Face it, Rolfy: You're nothing but a traitor to your country and your race! Stop your Teutonic blathering and explain yourself like a man.

(Uncle Leroy is quite animated. He claps his hands once loudly and chortles but does not speak. The others, startled by the clap, stare at him.)

Sgt. Rolf: A traitor to ze Fatherland? A traitor to ze Aryan race? Me? Sargeant Rolf you are shpeaking of? Nie! Nein! Niemals! Never!

Vesta: You were captured after all, weren't you Rolfy?

Muffin Danish: Don't even try to deny it. It's a matter of public record.

Vesta: Admit it, Rolfy. Like the Doc says, you'll feel better when you do.

Uncle Leroy: I like Nazis who don't get captured.

Muffin Danish: Tell us, Rolfy: How did they finally get to you?

Vesta: What did they do to make you crack?

Muffin Danish: Take away your Wienerschnitzel?

Vesta: Give your lederhosen a wedgie?

Muffin Danish: Bribe you with an autographed copy of Mein Kampf?

(Uncle Leroy laughs. Others, who had been passive, are regarding him with increasing curiosity.)

Sgt. Rolf (*His accent becoming desperately comic*): Keineswegs! (*Literally: By no means!*) I bought it on ze Ebay!

Vesta: Then how do you explain your complicity?

Sgt. Rolf: Vat complicity? I vas faithful to ze party und ze fatherland! I followed ze orders I vas giffen! Ich habe nur Befehle befolgt! (*Literally: I was only following orders!*) Ich iz bloyz orders! (*Same, but in Yiddish.*)

Vesta: Enthusiastically, I'll bet!

Muffin Danish: Whole-heartedly!

Vesta: Devotedly!

Muffin Danish: Ardently!

Vesta: And whose orders were you only following?

Sgt. Rolf: Whose orders? Vy, ze orders uf mein fuhr...*(pauses)*... uf mein president na sicher! *(of course)* Zikher! *(Same, but in Yiddish.)*

Attendant 1 *(aside)*: He was right the first time.

(Uncle Leroy overhears Attendant 1 and laughs loudly.)

Muffin Danish: Well, which one was it, Rolfy?

Vesta: As if we don't know!

Muffin Danish: Come on now, Rolfy; don't be shy! Tell us true: Which one was it?

Vesta: Look at that bashful little Nazi! He's so cute!

Muffin Danish: So timid!

Vesta: So coy!

Muffin Danish: How sweet can he be?

Vesta: In those shiny black leather jackboots!

Muffin Danish: With that fashionable armband!

Vesta: And that neat little Svastika he hides behind his lapel!

Muffin Danish: Don't you just love that swagger stick he carries?

Sargeant Rolf: Vot schvagger schtick?

Vesta: Just like a drum majorette in lederhosen.

Muffin Danish: Where's your monocle today, Rolfy? Are you sitting on it? Or are you hiding it under your helmet?

Sgt. Rolf: Nein! Nein! Oy vey iz mir! *(Literally: Oh woe is me!)* Vy do you persecute me? I vas chust a soldier doing ze soldier's duty!

Muffin Danish: So was it your duty that landed you here? Or did you just get lost on your way to Disneyworld?

Vesta: Or was it during your pilgrimage to Auschwitz?

Sargeant Rolf: How vas I to know ze Viking River Cruise made ze shtop zer?

Muffin Danish: Uh huh! Explain yourself, you Nazi rat!

Sgt. Rolf: I only visited zer for von day!

Vesta: Only one day!

Muffin Danish: How disappointing! You must have been so frustrated!

Sgt. Rolf: On mein vacation to ze Fatherland! *(Begins to hum the German national anthem the "Deutschlandlied.")*

Vesta: Reliving your happy memories for one sweet, fleeting moment!

Muffin Danish: In balmy Germany!

Uncle Leroy *(explosively)*: Balmy! They're all balmy! *(Everyone, except Sgt. Rolf who is still humming, laughs loudly.)*

Muffin English: Oh! I forgot to thank you for the postcard! The view of the ovens is breath-taking!

Vesta: And how about those chic skinny girls in the bathing suits by the sand dunes!

Uncle Leroy: I don't think that was sand.

Sgt. Rolf *(stops humming)*: Vas it my fault zat zey traced ze flyers to me? I took ze precautions! It vas zat shweinhundt dummkopf shmuck Kaufmann who informed! How vas I supposed to know zat a mole had infiltrated ze bundt?

Vesta: Poor victimized patriot! And tell me, were you the one who wrote that message on those flyers praising Dolphy? Or were you merely in the circulation department?

Muffin Danish: Quite a fanboy, aren't you?

Sgt. Rolf: He is *(catches himself)* ... vas mein Fuhrer!

Vesta and Muffin Danish: Sure he is!

Sgt. Rolf: Ze vorldt vasn't ready for him!

Vesta: Poor misunderstood Nazi!

Muffin Danish: They just don't get it, do they, Rolfy?

Sgt. Rolf: Zat ist correct! He vas... a cheenius!

Vesta and Muffin Danish: Sure he was!

Sgt. Rolf: He vas a cheenius! He had ze vunderbar ideas!

Vesta and Muffin Danish: Sure he did!

Sgt. Rolf: Und he vas a great artist! His vorks hung alongzide ze great masters!

Vesta: Which he stole from the countries he invaded.

Muffin Danish: He should have been hung alongside the great masters as well.

Sargeant Rolf: He vas a man of vision! A humanitarian! He loved ze little Aryan babies und zer little Aryan puppies!

Muffin Danish: I'm touched!

Attendant 1 (*aside, circling ear with forefinger*): They're all touched!

Sargeant Rolf: He vas a mensch!

Vesta: Sure he was, now that you mention him.

Sargeant Rolf: His great ideas should have lasted one zousand years! But zey didn't let him go far enough!

Muffin Danish/Vesta: They didn't let him go far enough!

Sargeant Rolf: Ach, ja! Ze tyranny of ze small-minded is vat all great men must suffer.

Uncle Leroy: They didn't let him go far enough! They didn't let him go far enough! They didn't let him go far enough!

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja. Zey did not let him go far enough.

The other 5 patients join in the chant: They didn't let him go far enough! They didn't let him go far enough! They didn't let him go far enough!...

Vesta: His genius was thwarted!

Muffin Danish: All those seig heils wasted! How tragic!

Rolf: Ja, ja! Now you undershtand! Finally, you undershtand! A shaynem dank! (*Yiddish: "Thank you very much!" Can also mean "Thanks for nothing!"*)

Vesta and Muffin Danish: Sure we do!

Rolf: Achh mein sheifale! (German/Yiddish for "Oh my little lambkin!") I feel zo much better! Danke schein, mein schotts! Danke! Danke! (*Sings to the music of "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen"*):

Uf all ze fraulein here, some ugly und some yum-yum

Zey all say ze same, zat I'm loathsome.

But zey'd locked me in und, I'd take it on ze chin.

But now mein herz ist doing fine.

You've really helped, zere's nothing left to doubt

Zat you've become mein mini-Krauts.

Und zo I've looked deep, into mein herz

To tell you how I feel about you.

Bei mir bist du Schoen, I cannot complain
Bei mir bist du Schoen means you're divine.
Bei mir bist du Schoen, I'll never complain
It means you're like cabbage off ze vine.

I'm feeling mashuge, mashuge. Ich bin mentali imperd (*German/Yiddish: I am mentally impaired.*)

But these words fall short describing, how much I truly care.

Vesta/Muffin Danish (*sing*):

You've heard us opine, bei mir bist du Schvine
So pork off and leave us girls alone.

Bei mir bist du Schvine, because you've lost your mind

We hate to be unkind

Bei mir bist du Schvine means you're a piggy.

Bei mir bist du Schvine, repeated many times

And yet let us opine

Won't make the pork more jiggy.

It means that you are just a piggy.

We could say "Jawohl, jawohl! But "Dein Verstand ist kaput!" (*Your mind is kaput!*)

No matter how we say it, you're still a Nazi poot.

Ree-dee

Ree-dee-ree-dee

Ree-dee-ree-dee-ree-dee!

We could say "Jawohl, jawohl" But your mind is kaput.

No matter how we say it, you're still a Nazi shnook.

So we will decline, our dear Hoffman Schvine,

So please drop dead, you and your shtinking Bundt too.

Dr. Bergerac (*interrupting*): Wow! That was really something! But let's leave your stimulating discussion on that positive but somewhat out of tune note and move on to our next participant. What do you say, Reverend Baker? Are you ready to tell us about yourself?

Reverend Willy Bob Baker (*Evangelical/pedophile. He is the very model of an unctuous television evangelist who uses the Bible hypocritically for his own purposes and more than likely does not believe in the God he exploits.*): Thank you, Dr. Bergerac, Nurse Router and thank you, my fellow congregants, for the opportunity to un-... I mean, to, uhhhhh... address you! (*Nurse Router titters.*) I must tell you that I always look forward to our helpful discussions. I find them most stimulating, informative, and therapeutic. (*grunts and groans*) You are so right, Dr. Bergerac, when you say that every day, and every way, we are getting better and better! (*louder grunts and groans*) I can tell you with certainty that my experience here has been most salutary, and I expect that with your continued caring and professional support, I shall soon be exonerated and released. (*yet louder grunts and groans*) Let me begin then, with your kind indulgence, my story with a prayer of devotion and gratitude. Let us join together and pray. (*Nobody bows their head or responds in a prayerful manner. Nurse Router touches up her lipstick. Dr. Bergerac takes notes. Uncle Leroy, amused, is studying the patients, who, in turn, are watching him curiously, wondering what he'll do next.*)

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me,
Because the Lord has anointed me
To bring good news to the afflicted;
He has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted,
To proclaim liberty to captives
And freedom to prisoners..." (*Isaiah 61:1*)

Uncle Leroy: Liberty and freedom! You go Rev!

Harrison Huckabee (*Teflon-slick lawyer/grifter. He's wearing an Armani suit, hand-sewn Italian shirt, \$200 dollar silk tie with a gold clip representing the scales of justice, alligator-hide wing-tipped brogues, Rolex watch and Cartier bracelet and rings. He's perfectly groomed and has a cultivated professorial accent, though he reverts to a street voice when he gets overly excited*): That's right! That's right! Now you're talking my language!

Reverend Willy Bob:

"To open blind eyes,
To bring out prisoners from the dungeon
And those who dwell in darkness from the prison." (*Isaiah 42:7*)

Uncle Leroy: Bring them out! Bring them out! Bring us all out!

Harrison Huckabee: From the dungeon! From the prison!

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja! It was so dark in dere! Vy it got to be so dim?

Reverend Willy Bob: “To hear the groaning of the prisoner;
 To set free those who were doomed to death.” (*Psalms 102:20*)

Uncle Leroy: I hear ya groanin’, Rev!

Sargeant Rolf: Ach, ze poor prisoner!

Harrison Huckabee: Doomed to death! Doooooomed to death!

Reverend Willy Bob: Know you not, My Children, that:
 “‘They put Him in a cage with hooks

Nurse Router (*sexy moaning*): Hooooks! Ooooooooooooooooooooo!

Reverend Willy Bob:
 And brought Him to the King of Babylon;
 They brought him in hunting nets
 So that His voice would be heard no more
 On the mountains of Israel!” (*Ezekiel 19: 9*)

Uncle Leroy: Them coppers’ll never shut me up, Rev!

Sargeant Rolf: Nothing! I told zem nothing!

Harrison Huckabee: Go on an’ pray it, Rev!

Reverend Willy Bob: And, My Children:
 “‘They laid hands on the Apostles and put them in a public jail.” (*Acts 5:18*)
And
 “...during the night an angel of the Lord opened the gates of the prison...” (*Acts 5:19*)

Uncle Leroy: They can’t hold us all! They can’t hold us all! They can’t hold us all!! (*The patients, including the women, join the chanting.*) They can’t hold us all! They can’t hold us all! They can’t hold us all!

Reverend Willy Bob: Can it not be said of each of us that we were:
 “...naked, and You clothed me; (*Nurse Router lets out a dreamy, sexy moan.*) I was sick, and You visited me; I was in prison, and You came to me!” (*Matthew 25:36*)

Uncle Leroy: And you’d better make it quick!

Harrison Huckabee: Lead me out of bondage, oh sweet Jesus!

Sargeant Rolf: Nobody ever visited me! I was so lonely!

Reverend Willy Bob: Oh Lord, hear our prayer!

“Let the groaning of the prisoner come before You; *(everyone groans)*

According to the greatness of Your Power preserve those who are doomed to die!”
(Psalm 79:11)

Harrison Huckabee: Dooooomed to die! Doooooomed to die!

Reverend Willy Bob:

“Bring my soul out of prison,
So I may give thanks to Your name;
The righteous shall surround me...

Muffin Danish: Not where you're headed, Pal!

Reverend Willy Bob:

...for You will deal bountifully with me.” *(Psalm 142:7)*

Vesta: I'd like to deal bountifully with you!

Reverend Willy Bob: Amen! And bless you all, my children!

Vesta: If I were your child, I'd be sprouting horns!

Muffin Danish: All these blessings are pretty slick, coming from you, Willy Bob! Or should we call you 'Reverend?'

Vesta: Or would "Prevrend" be more appropriate?

Reverend Willy Bob: What? Am I sensing a disparaging tone?

Vesta: How do you like this guy? 'A disparaging tone'!

Muffin Danish: You'd think he took his dictionary as intravenously as he takes his Bible!

Vesta: Like a scholar and a saint!

Muffin Danish: Like a virgin willy!

Vesta: But we know different, don't we, Willy Bob?

Muffin Danish: That virgin willy's been a wittle wooly, don't you think, Willy Bob?

Vesta: That wily willy's been a wicked wanker, hasn't it Willy Bob?

Muffin Danish: A naughty nookster!

Vesta: A cheeky little cherub!

Muffin Danish: Insinuating itself in all the wrong places.

Vesta: And we're not just talking about the wrong hole.

Muffin Danish: Though that's not necessarily excluded.

Vesta: And being exposed on live tv, Willy Bob! On a popular prime time tv show for all of us to enjoy and be uplifted!

Attendant 1 (*aside*): Exposed is right!

Muffin Danish: Caught in flagrante delicto for all your followers to see you for what you really are!

Vesta: And what you really have!

Muffin Danish: And understand what your words truly amount to!

Reverend Willy Bob: I am not understanding your reference, dear ladies.

Muffin Danish: Drop your hifalutin' speech, Willy Bob!

Vesta: Stop hiding behind your heart-felt thoughts and prayers, Rev!

Muffin Danish: Explain yourself, you selfish sleaze! Tell us why you're here!

Reverend Willy Bob (*Becoming upset. Begins to stutter but tries to control it.*): I I It w w w w wasn't m m m m my fault! I'm in n n n n nocent! It was a s s s set up! The cops en n n t t t t trapped m m me! I was only m m m ministering to the ch ch ch child!

Attendant 1 (*aside*): Yeah. The way I'd like to minister to Nurse Router!

Vesta: With your Fruit of the Loomies down at your ankles?

Muffin Danish: And your bare knobby knees all a-quiver?

Reverend Willy Bob: I was tucking in my shirt!

Muffin Danish: With a dick-pic in your hand?

Vesta: Except that wasn't a pic.

Reverend Willy Bob (*recovering*): I was f f f framed!

Muffin Danish: The innocent lambkin was framed!

Vesta: He should be framed.

Muffin Danish: In every police precinct in the country.

Reverend Willy Bob: But I'm the victim here!

Vesta: Really? Guess what, Mr. Victim. The cops have all your demure emails and upright texts!

Muffin Danish: But the only thing up right about you was your...

Harrison Huckabee (*interrupting*): Watch your mouth! Have no respect for the cloth?

Muffin Danish (*ignoring Harrison Huckabee*): They recorded your irreproachable phone calls!

Vesta: Face it, Rev: You drove to the assignation of your own free will.

Muffin Danish: You yourself chose to go. Nobody forced you! Nobody put a gun to your blessed head!

Reverend Willy Bob (*fully recovered and self-righteously formal*): My lawsuit against the police department that entrapped me and the tv show that profited off my suffering will prove that their plant was not a minor but a fully grown woman! How can they blame me for being with a minor when it was an adult police officer that I met up with?

Muffin Danish: How can they blame you? Because of your not-so-holy intentions!

Vesta: Because of your diseased lust for a child you thought was waiting for you!

Muffin Danish: Because of your impure thoughts, Prevrend!

Uncle Leroy: Thought police! Thought police! Thought police!

Harrison Huckabee (*passing Reverend Baker his business card*): If I can be of any service to you, Sir, please don't hesitate to contact me.

Reverend Willy Bob: I shall be vindicated!

Uncle Leroy: He said 'Vin-DICK-ate-it!

Nurse Router (*moaning*): Oooooooooooooooooo!

Reverend Willy Bob: "I have hidden your word in my heart that I might not sin against you!" Psalm 119:11!

Uncle Leroy: "For nothing is hidden that will not be revealed, nor anything hidden that will not be known and come to light!" Luke 8:17. We can do this all day long, Rev.

Reverend Willy Bob (*ignoring Uncle Leroy and Nurse Router*): King David married Abishag when she was 12.

Vesta: So you were planning to propose? You wanted her for your queen, did you?

Muffin Danish: Is that why you brought that box of condoms? For the glorious nuptials?

Uncle Leroy: Semper paratus! (*Always prepared!*)

Harrison Huckabee: Semper paratus! Semper paratus!

Muffin Danish: Semper piranha!

Vesta/Muffin Danish: Semper piranhus! Semper piranhus! Semper piranhus!

Reverend Willy Bob: Mohammed married Aisha when she was 6.

Vesta: So did Cousin Pervis when he married his half-sister Roxy-Mae!

Muffin Danish: He always said he'd make an honest woman out of her, though it took him 5 years to do it.

Reverend Willy Bob: The road of life is paved with the unfortunate intentions of its imperfect inhabitants. That's why we turn to the Lord!

Uncle Leroy: "Unfortunate intentions of its imperfect inhabitants! Unfortunate intentions of its imperfect inhabitants!" Say that 5 times fast!

Harrison Huckabee: "We turn to the Lord! We turn to the Lord!"

Vesta: That's why you hide behind the Lord, Willy!

Muffin Danish: That's why you invented your self-exculpatory excuse of a mock religion!

Harrison Huckabee: No sir! Don't you mock my religion!

Uncle Leroy: No sir! Gimme the real thing! Gimme that old time religion! (*Singing to the music of "Old Time Religion"*):

Gimme that old time religion!

Harrison Huckabee (*joining in, singing*):

Some of that old time religion!

Uncle Leroy (*singing*):

Gimme that old time religion!

Both Uncle Leroy and Harrison Huckabee (*duet*):

It's good enough for us:

Reverend Willy Bob (*sings*):

It consoled in the fiery furnace! It consoled in the fiery furnace! It consoled in the fiery furnace!

Uncle Leroy and Harrison Huckabee join in:

And it's good enough for us!

Muffin Danish (*sings*):

You're gonna need consolation! Need consolation! Need consolation!

Vesta (*sings*):

In the pe-ni-ten-tia-ry!

Reverend Willy Bob (*sings*):

Makes me love everybody! Makes me love ev-er-eeeebody! Makes me love eeeeevrybody!

Muffin Danish and Vesta (*sing*):

In the nur-ur-ur-se-ry!

Reverend Willy Bob, Harrison Huckabee, Sargeant Rolf, Uncle Leroy (*sing*):

Gimme that old time religion! Gimme that old time religion!

Gimme that old time religion! It's good enough for us!

Vesta (*sings*):

It was tried in the mouths of liars. It was tried in the mouths of liars. It was tried in the mouths of liars...

Uncle Leroy and Harrison Huckabee:

And it's good enough for us!

Muffin Danish (*sings*):

It will do when he's a'lyin'! It will do when he's a'lyin'! It will do when he's a'lyin'!

Uncle Leroy, Harrison and Sargeant Rolf join in:

And it's good enough for us!

Reverend Willy Bob, Harrison Huckabee, Sargeant Rolf, Uncle Leroy (*sing*):

Gimme that old time religion! Gimme that old time religion!

Gimme that old time religion! It's good enough for us!

Reverend Willy Bob (*sings*):

It will take us all to Heaven! It will take us all to Heaven! It will take us all to Heaven!

Uncle Leroy, Harrison Huckabee and Sargeant Rolf join in:

And it's good enough for us!

Vesta: It won't get them out of prison! Get them out of prison! Get them out of prison!

Uncle Leroy, Harrison Huckabee, Sargeant Rolf:

And it's good enough for us!

Reverend Willy Bob/Uncle Leroy/ Harrison Huckabee/Sargeant Rolf (*sing*):

Gimme that old time religion!

Gimme that old time religion!

Gimme that old time religion!

It's good enough for us!

Reverend Willy Bob (*sings*):

It will get me out of trouble!

Vesta/Muffin Danish (*sing*):

Get him out of trouble??!

Reverend Willy Bob (*sings*):

Get me out of trouble!

Vesta/Muffin Danish (*sing*):

Get him out on the double

To the pen-i-ten-tia-ry!

Reverend Willy Bob, Harrison Huckabee, Sargeant Rolf, Uncle Leroy (*sing*):

Gimme that old time religion! Gimme that old time religion!

Gimme that old time religion! It's good enough for us!

(The four men stand up, approach each other, high-five, and sit back down. Vesta and Muffin Danish glare at them. Nurse Router pauses from powdering her nose and sighs like a woman in love. Dr. Bergerac is still scribbling in his notebook. Harrison Huckabee closes his eyes and falls asleep.)

Reverend Willy Bob: Amen, brethren and sistren! Amen!

Vesta: Don't you sistren me, you cradle robber!

Muffin Danish: Child molester!

Vesta: Off-key crooner!

Harrison Huckabee snores.

Muffin Danish: Cacaphonous cock-a-doodler!

Reverend Willy Bob (*chanting*): They hung him from the Cross! They hung him from the Cross! They hung him from the cross!

Harrison Huckabee snores.

Vesta: Predator! And it was on the cross, not from the cross, you twit!

Muffin Danish: False prophet! False grammarian!

Reverend Willy Bob: Forgive them, Oh Lord, for they know not what they know!

Vesta: But you sure knew what you were doing when you rang that doorbell, didn't you, you silver-tongued slimeball.

Muffin Danish: With those Pop Tarts, Mountain Dew and chewable edibles!

Uncle Leroy (*excitedly*): Mountain Dew! America's most patriotic sody pop!

Vesta: Quite a party you had planned there, Rev.

Harrison Huckabee snores.

Muffin Danish: You sure know how to have a good time!

Reverend Willy Bob: I was just being polite! It's only proper to bring a little something when one is visiting.

Vesta: "When one is visiting."

Muffin Danish: How thoughtful!

Vesta: You were just being polite! Look at yourself! A polite predator! How uplifting! What about those THC-infused gummies? Just "a little something"?

Reverend Willy Bob: It's what those people at the convenience store gave me! How was I to know they were spiked?

Harrison Huckabee snores.

Muffin Danish: Listen to this innocent lambkin! And what about that box of condoms? Do you always bring those along when you come calling on 12-year-olds?

Vesta: A dozen condoms! One for each year, eh, Rev?

Muffin Danish: Pretty frisky for an old guy, aren't you.

Vesta: Is it the gypsy in you? Or are you from Havana?

Muffin Danish: There's only one explanation. (*Sings to the melody of "Nature Boy"*):

There was a perv

A very maladjusted perv

He went a bit too far, bit too far

In the nursery.

A horny guy, and very sly

And sleazy as can be.

And then one day

The men in white took him away.

He denied the accusations

Of assignations

This he said to me:

Reverend Willy Bob Baker (*sings*):

“The greatest thing you’ll ever learn
Is just to love and be loved in return.”
“The greatest thing you’ll ever learn
Is just to love and be loved in return.”

Muffin Danish: And what kind of loving do a dozen condoms suggest?

Vesta: The Mountain Dew and THC-infused gummies?

Reverend Willy Bob: “You must not testify falsely against your neighbor!” That’s Exodus 20:16!

Muffin Danish: You just can’t get any respect, can you Rev?

Harrison Huckabee (*singing shreds of “Respect” in his sleep*):

R-E-S-P-E-C-T: Find out what it means to me.

R-E-S-P-E-C-T

Take care, TCB, oh!

Muffin Danish (*ignoring HH*): What? No gummies? No condoms?

Harrison Huckabee (*singing in his sleep*):

Sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me
A little respect!

Uncle Leroy (*ignoring HH*): No Mountain Dew?

Muffin Danish: No police report?

Harrison Huckabee (*singing in his sleep*):

Sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me
Whoa, babe!

Vesta (*ignoring HH*): “A false witness will not go unpunished,” Willy. Proverbs 19:9 says so!

Reverend Willy Bob: “Do not contend with a man for no reason when he has done you no harm.”
Proverbs 3:30! And that goes for women, too!

Vesta: Yeah- because the show’s host and the cops caught you before you were able to do any.

Muffin Danish: “Now the deeds of the flesh are evident, which are immorality, impurity, sensuality!” That’s Galatians 5:19 in case you’ve forgotten.

Harrison Huckabee (*singing in his sleep*):

Oooh your kisses, sweeter than honey

And guess what? So is my money.

All I want you to do for me, is give it to me when I get home.

Reverend Willy Bob (*ignoring her/HH*): Do harm to who? Nothing happened! And how many times do I have to tell you I was set up? There was no child there, just a fully grown adult woman who enticed my weak flesh. Remember Matthew in Chapter 22, Verse 18: “But Jesus, knowing their evil intent, said, “You hypocrites, why are you trying to trap me?”

Uncle Leroy (*using mock Chinese accent*): “Man who flirt with dynamite sometime fly with angels.” (*resumes normal voice*) That’s Charlie Chan, At the Race Track, Rev.

Harrison Huckabee (*singing in his sleep*):

I’m about to give you all of my money

All I’m askin’ in return, honey

Is to give me my props when I get home.

Muffin Danish (*ignoring Uncle Leroy/HH*): And as Psalm 70, Verse 3 points out: “Let them be horrified by their shame, for they said, ‘Aha! We’ve got him now!’”

Reverend Willy Bob: “Do not let those gloat over me who are my enemies without cause; do not let those who hate me without reason maliciously wink the eye. They do not speak peaceably but devise false accusations against those who live quietly in the land.” Psalm 35: 19-20, for your information!

Uncle Leroy (*using mock Chinese accent*): “Always happens- when conscience tries to speak, telephone out of order.” (*resumes normal voice*) That’s Charlie Chan in “The Black Camel” Rev, in case you missed it.

Harrison Huckabee (*singing in his sleep*):

Re, re, re, re- yeah, baby!

Re, re, re, re- whip it to me!

Muffin Danish (*ignoring Uncle Leroy/HH*): It’s amazing how just one mouth can accommodate so many lies and justify them with so many great insights!

Vesta: “With his mouth the godless man would destroy his neighbor, but by knowledge the righteous are delivered.” Proverbs 11:9!

Reverend Willy Bob: “God blesses those who are persecuted for doing right, for the Kingdom of Heaven is theirs. God blesses you when people mock you and persecute you and lie about you and say all sorts of evil things against you because you are my followers.” Matthew 5: 11-12!

Muffin Danish: The only followers you have are on the sex offender roster.

Vesta: But don’t worry- you’ll probably pick up more when they send you upriver.

Muffin Danish: Where the pilgrims warmly welcome sanctimonious sleazeballs like yourself.

Harrison Huckabee (*singing in his sleep*):

I ain’t gonna do you wrong while you’re gone
I ain’t gonna do you wrong ‘cause I don’t wanna
All I’m askin’ is for a little respect when you get home
Just a little bit baby
Just a little bit when you get home
Just a little bit yeah
Just a little bit.

Reverend Willy Bob (*ignoring HH*): “Consider it pure joy, my brothers and sisters, whenever you face trials of many kinds, because you know the testing of your faith produces perseverance.” That’s James 1: 2-3!

Vesta: And the testing of your DNA should produce 15 to 20 in the slammer! That’s 15 to 20, Willy!

Uncle Leroy (*using mock Chinese accent*): “Foolish roster who stick head in lawnmower end up in stew.” (*resumes normal voice*) That’s what Charlie Chan said in “At the Race Track,” Rev.

Vesta: Someone oughtta put a tariff on ancient Chinese wisdom.

Reverend Willy Bob: “Do not repay evil for evil or reviling for reviling, but on the contrary, bless, for this you were called, that you may obtain a blessing.” Peter 3:9!

Muffin Danish: And that you may obtain a cellmate like Bubba.

Vesta: With big hairy hands. And a big hairy...

Harrison Huckabee (*singing in his sleep*):

Sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me
Sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me!

Awakens abruptly: You shut your mouth!

Muffin Danish: Well will you look at who’s finally woken up! Did all that strenuous singing tucker you out, Hucky?

Vesta: Good morning, Sunshine!

Muffin Danish: And how was your nap?

Vesta: Did you have sweet dreams?

Muffin Danish: Or are you still having nightmares?

Vesta: About all those suckers who lost their pensions when you defrauded them?

Muffin Danish: You know. Those poor, staggering saps you see working in the big box stores who barely have the energy to speak when you ask them for help. The ones bent over at the cash registers who'll never walk upright again. The baggers who struggle to lift a gallon of milk. The zombies who just stand there dazed and confused but can't afford to quit their minimum wage jobs.

Vesta: Who aren't pleasant to look at. Who make you fear for your own future.

Muffin Danish: The ones who should have retired 12 years ago if not for your brilliant scheme to swindle them of their life's savings.

Vesta: Whose golden years you turned to lead.

Muffin Danish: Who can't afford the nursing home they should be in.

Harrison Huckabee: Hey! Just a minute now! Let's look at the whole picture! You can't put the blame entirely on me! What about their own greed? Doesn't everyone want free money?

Vesta: Sucker beware, huh? Stultus emptor, right?

Harrison Huckabee: Exactly right! You might just as well indict the whole capitalist system! Illud est quod est! (*"It is what it is"*.)

Vesta: That's the Latin version of the American way, is it? What's next? That it's all good?

Harrison Huckabee: How do you think Wall Street operates? Illud bonum! (*It's all good*)

Vesta: A worthy model, that paragon of compassion- if you believe in kindhearted sharks on a sympathetic feeding frenzy!

Muffin Danish (*raps*):

It's like a jungle!

Vesta (*raps*):

Sometimes it makes us wonder...

Muffin Danish/Vesta (*rapping*):

How we keep from going under!

Harrison Huckabee: Ladies, please!

Muffin Danish: As if you trade on Wall Street! Your so-called clients thought you were a legitimate broker! You called them your "people." You presented yourself as one of them.

Vesta: You portrayed yourself as their financial champion. You claimed that their secure financial future would be their moral retribution for the inequities they suffered all their lives. You told them that their long wait for reparations was finally over. And you betrayed their trust in you!

Harrison Huckabee: To be precise, I never said I was or wasn't a registered broker!

Muffin Danish: Your advertisement promised they could double their money in 5 months!

Harrison Huckabee: It said 'could,' not 'would.' "Could" is not a promise. They should have read the contract carefully. Diabolus est in Details! (*The Devil is in the details!*)

Muffin Danish: How exacting this grifter is!

Vesta: So thorough and clear-cut!

Muffin Danish: So academic, in a fine-print way.

Vesta: How credible his references! Sic semper hucksterus!

Muffin Danish: They were blinded by your luxurious office, Hucky- and by that buxom blonde Swedish secretary you keep (*Nurse Router adjusts her blouse*), your two-thousand-dollar suit, the alligator shoes and the bling that just drips off of you. (*Sings to the melody of "Tramp" in the manner of Carla Thomas with Otis Redding*):

Shyster!

Harrison Huckabee (*imitating Otis Redding*): What you call me?

Muffin Danish: Shyster!

Harrison Huckabee: Oh no you didn't!

Muffin Danish: A shyster in continental clothes and a Stetson hat!

Harrison Huckabee: Well I tell you one doggone thing

It makes me feel good to know one thing.

I know I'm a lawyer!

Vesta: Not for long, Baby!

Harrison Huckabee: That's all right. Papa was!

Muffin Danish: So?

Harrison Huckabee: My uncle, too!

And I'm the only shyster?

Lawyerin's all I know to do!

Vesta: You know what, Hucky?

Harrison Huckabee: What?

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Harrison Huckabee: I'll do the lawyering 'round here, yeah, and you can kiss my...

Vesta: Shyster, Hucky! Yes you are!

Harrison Huckabee: No I'm not!

Vesta: I don't care what you say: you're still a shyster!

Harrison Huckabee: Don't call me that!

Muffin Danish: Look here: You ain't got no clients! You ain't got no ethics! You ain't got no money!

Harrison Huckabee: I got everything!

Muffin Danish: You can't buy no more minks and sables

And all that stuff your ladies want.

Harrison Huckabee: I can buy 'em minks, rats, frogs, squirrels, rabbits-

Anything they want, woman!

Muffin Danish: You can go out in the Georgia woods catch them and a weasel too, Baby!

Harrison Huckabee: Oh, now you frontin'!

Muffin Danish/Vesta (*wagging forefinger at him, other hand on waist*):

And you're still a shyster, Hucky!

Harrison Huckabee: That's alright!

Muffin Danish/Vesta (*same poses*): You a shyster, Hucky, you just a shyster!

Harrison Huckabee (*resumes normal speech*): They should have consulted their attorneys! They could have called their CPA's! Nobody took their rights away from them! Everything was spelled out and 100% legal! They could have done their homework instead of being lazy.

Muffin Danish: "Consulted their attorneys and CPA's!" These are gaga-eyed working stiffs you stiffed, you louse! They thought YOU were their attorney!

Vesta: With your 'limited-time get-rich-quick offer'!

Harrison Huckabee: They had 24 hours to change their minds! Isn't that "limited time"? How can I be held responsible for their lack of vigilance? Noli reprehendo mihi! (*"Don't blame me!"*)

Vesta: How can you be held responsible?! You claimed to be a fiduciary!

Muffin Danish: Then you threw tacks on the highway and blamed the motorists for not seeing them.

Harrison Huckabee: Yes- but so what?

Vesta: Ah!

Harrison Huckabee: They didn't know what 'fiduciary' means! So how can I be accused of breaking a promise if they didn't know what I had promised them in the first place? Mumbum jumbum vicit!

Vesta: And so one deception justifies another? Frickus frackus, smackus?

Harrison Huckabee: Words people do not understand cannot be construed as conditions they contractually agreed to abide by. *lenta fortuna ad illiteratus! (Tough luck to the illiterate!)*

Vesta: *Huiusmodi culus non habet honorem. (This anus has no honor.)*

Harrison Huckabee: Come on now! Shouldn't they have known that a fool and his money are soon parted? Not that I don't respect my clients.

Muffin Danish (*sarcastically*): Of course you respect your "lazy" clients! What are you gonna call your cherished victims next? Shiftless?

Vesta: Would you be less of a shmuck if they had a stronger vocabulary?

Muffin Danish: As if you yourself know what the word 'fiduciary' means!

Harrison Huckabee (*answering each woman in turn*): Of course I would be, if their vocabulary allowed it. And of course I know what "fiduciary" means!

Vesta: I bet you do!

Muffin Danish: Oh no he doesn't!

Harrison Huckabee: Certainly I do!

Vesta: I doubt that!

Harrison Huckabee: That's your problem. I know my vocabulary. *Feeus fuis, foeus fumus!* And that means 'tough cookies' to you!

Muffin Danish: Well then, Mr. Fiduciary, if you know what the word means, how is it that you were caught swindling your clients, all of whom are low wage-earning minorities?

Vesta: Explain that, Mr. Fiduciary.

Harrison Huckabee: You all are missing the salient point that nobody seems to want to discuss. Please recall that a fiduciary shares his clients' losses as well as their gains. Who can argue that in this case we did not all lose something? Look at me, locked up here in this psychiatric institute. Do I look contented? Do I appear gratified by my appearance here? *Hokum yokum, smokum!*

Vesta: Contented? Gratified? You should be happy you're under a roof, enjoying 3 meals and 2 snacks every day on the government tab.

Muffin English: You should be contented, looking forward to a cozy cell at Rikers where the room service might be somewhat lacking, but the meals are served hot. *Hubbus grubbus, Bubbus!* And that means 'Your cellmate beckons!'

Harrison Huckabee: My former clients might not be in their former homes any longer; they might be living in cardboard boxes under the overpass or huddling in a doorway when the cold wind blows.

They might be skipping a meal or two. But are they confined? Are they locked up with their only hope of release dependent on the judgment of the fickle powers that be?

Uncle Leroy: Deep state! Deep state! Deep state!

Harrison Huckabee: Are they the only ones discommoded? Are they the only ones suffering? Are they the only ones who have lost money?

Vesta: Their homes? Their pensions? Their credit rating?

Uncle Leroy: Their stashes of small arms and hollow-points?

Harrison Huckabee: Has even one of them been disbarred? Or, for that matter, even been charged with a crime? No, my friends: My association with my clientele has been of a most fiduciary nature. As a matter of fact, they have benefited far beyond any paltry gains I may have achieved. Please recall that they willingly participated in the scheme. Nobody, for instance, has suggested that they too face prison time as accessories in the program. Certainly not I. Never would I propose that they too are culpable in a shady intrigue to augment their personal wealth. That's simply not in my nature.

Muffin Danish: Whatta nice guy!

Vesta: Another genuine mensch!

Harrison Huckabee: When did I ever claim that their own ignorance and avarice led them into complicity in a conspiracy designed to commit a fraud? I have taken full responsibility for all our sins, mine and theirs, pathetically portrayed as my clients may be in the press! And now I'm paying for it.

Reverend Willy Bob: This spirit of sacrificial devotion shows the extent of the brotherly love Mr. Huckabee feels for the suffering parties and his willingness to put their needs before his very own. "For even the Son of Man did not come to be served, but to serve, and give his life as a ransom for many." Mark 10:45!

Uncle Leroy (*adopting mock Chinese accent*): "Smart rats know when to leave sinking ship."
(*resumes normal voice*) Charlie Chan said that in "Shanghai".

Muffin Danish (*ignoring Uncle Leroy; to Reverend Willy Bob*): Will you please shut up, you unctuous hypocrite!

Reverend Willy Bob: "A time to tear, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak." Ecclesiastes 3:7!

Harrison Huckabee: Thank you for that, Brother.

Reverend Willy Bob: "When justice is done, it brings joy to the righteous but terror to evildoers." Proverbs 21:15!

Harrison Huckabee: Amen, Rev!

Muffin Danish: Shut up! Shut up! Shut up you nondenominational nincompoops!

Vesta: Isn't it just like two creepy old men sticking up for each other! (*Pointing at them*) And I'm talking about you two sick lowlifes!

Muffin Danish: Disgusting!

Vesta: Predictable!

Muffin Danish: Insufferable!

Harrison Huckabee: Now just slow down a little, ladies. Everything I did is regulated by the government. I play by the rules, even those written in small print. Ipsus factus exactus. Don't blame me. Blame the regulations. Blame the regulators.

Uncle Leroy: I won't be fenced in by no damn regulations!

Muffin Danish (*ignoring Uncle Leroy*): It will be chain link and barbed wire fencing you in!

Harrison Huckabee: How can you expect anything to go right when we're hamstrung by all these regulations?

Muffin Danish: Hamstrung!

Uncle Leroy (*singing to the tune of "Don't Fence Me In"*):

Oh, keep your rules, your lousy rules, which free men can't abide:

Don't reg me in!

Don't be snide or deride the Constitution that I prize:

Don't reg me in!

Let me in-sur-rect with no regulatin'

And love what I love, and hate what I'm hatin'

Step aside you libs 'cause I can't be relatin':

Don't reg me in!

Just turn me loose, let me jigger my hair-trigger

'Til the Deep State cries.

With my Smith and Wesson, I'll teach a simple lesson

While the Proud Boys rise!

I want to blast my rod when the war commences

Shoot the revenuer and skip the census

And get shnookered on two 6-packs 'til I lose my senses

I can't look at liberals and I can't stand Pences

Don't reg me in!

Oh, keep you rules, your lousy rules which free men can't abide:

Don't reg me in!

Don't be snide or deride the Constitution that I prize:

Don't reg me in!

Let me in-sur-rect with no regulatin'

And love what I love, and hate what I'm hatin'

Step aside you libs 'cause I can't be relatin'

Don't reg me in!

Harrison Huckabee joins Uncle Leroy:

Pop, oh, don't you reg us in!

All the patients stare at Uncle Leroy and Harrison Huckabee open-mouthed in silent disbelief.

Muffin English: Now there a ham that needs to be strung up!

Harrison Huckabee: Not at all. Except for the "Proud Boys" part.

Sargeant Rolf: But I like ze Proud Boys.

Vesta: You would.

Muffin Danish: What a manifesto!

Uncle Leroy: We don't need no damn regulatin'!

Harrison Huckabee (*ignoring Uncle Leroy*): Aren't you being overly judgmental, Ms. Danish? Especially you? Do we need to remind you of your own trifling peccadilloes?

Uncle Leroy: I'll Mike Pence them damn regulators!

Muffin Danish (*ignoring Uncle Leroy*): Are you addressing me?

Harrison Huckabee: You know perfectly well that I am.

Muffin Danish: How dare you!

Harrison Huckabee: Come now, Ms. Danish. This is not one of those obscenely luxurious spas that you frequent on your father's ill-gained wealth! Self-indulgent outrage won't change the facts. You know perfectly well what I am referring to.

Muffin Danish: You, Sir, are impertinent and certainly no gentleman.

Harrison Huckabee: Perhaps. Perhaps. But neither am I a rich, spoiled kleptomaniac.

Muffin Danish: What are you implying?

Harrison Huckabee: You know. You know perfectly well.

Muffin Danish: I most certainly do not speak the language of impudent innuendo. Or fake Latin!

Harrison Huckabee: Don't be coy, Ms. Danish. Outside of this institution, where your daddy and his kind purchase their well-disposed politicians like so many bags of Cheetos and suck the nipple of legally sanctioned fraud (*Nurse Router giggles, the other characters, except for Dr Bergerac who has his head down, taking notes, all react with renewed interest*), perhaps you can ignore the hypocrisy, but in this room, you are not above those of us aspiring for parity and an equal shot at opportunity.

Uncle Leroy: Every crook wants a slice of the pie. That's Affirmative Action for you!

Muffin Danish (*ignoring Uncle Leroy*): "His kind"? You'll have to speak clearly for once in your shyster life. I still don't understand what you are trying to say.

Harrison Huckabee: We are all inmates here, Ms. Danish, and here for a reason. This includes you. You are merely fortunate to have a father who has enough pull to send you to rehab instead of to prison.

Uncle Leroy (*using a mock Chinese accent*): Trouble with modern children, they do not smart in right places. (*resumes normal voice*) Charlie Chan said that in "The Secret Service."

Muffin Danish (*ignoring Uncle Leroy*): Whatever are you raving about?

Harrison Huckabee: Come on now! You know! You most assuredly know! A certain scandalous incident in a big box store... You will recall the headlines you made: "Cough Drop Klepto-Heiress Caught Cadging Cosmetics."

Muffin Danish: I am not a klepto! You, however, are insolent.

Harrison Huckabee: Oh? So what do you call someone who gets caught shoplifting underarm deodorant at Walmart? For the seventh time?

Muffin Danish: You brazen huckster! Do I look like the type who uses Walmart brand underarm deodorant?

Harrison Huckabee: Security found enough of it in your Gucci bag when they detained you.

Reverend Willy Bob: This is what comes from the worship of Mammon!

Uncle Leroy: I'll bet she can pick 6 different pockets at the same time!

Muffin Danish: I am not a pickpocket!

Uncle Leroy: That's a whole lotta armpits for just one bag of deodorant!

Muffin Danish (*ignoring them*): Oh big whoops! So what's that supposed to prove? The deodorant might have dropped in my bag when I brushed by it in the aisle.

Harrison Huckabee: A whole case load?

Muffin Danish: It's a large handbag.

Uncle Leroy: Whole lotta armpits!

Harrison Huckabee: They have you on camera putting it into that handbag.

Uncle Leroy: They got those cameras everywhere! Me an' Freddie used to smoke weed in front of the police station all the time an' never got caught once! Try that now!

Muffin Danish (*ignoring Uncle Leroy*): A.I.-generated trash! That's how low they'll stoop to defame first my father and then me!

Uncle Leroy: That's how it starts. Wait 'til the robots get A.I.! They'll take over the world! Then them an' the aliens will battle it out for domination! It'll be the end of humanity!

Harrison Huckabee (*Ignoring Uncle Leroy; Addressing Muffin Danish*): All seven times?

Uncle Leroy: There'll be seven headless horsemen in that Apocalypse!

Reverend Willy Bob:

“For behold, the Lord will come in fire
And His chariots like the whirlwind,
To render His anger with fury,
And His rebuke with flames of fire!
For the Lord will execute judgment by fire
And His sword on all flesh,
And those slain by the Lord will be many!”

And I'm not kidding either! That's Isaiah 66:15-16!

Uncle Leroy: You can keep His sword, Rev. Gimme my AR!

Sargeant Rolf: Und me mein Mauser! I vill shoot ze shwein robots und all ze verdammt non-Aryan und Jewish aliens und zey better like it!

Harrison Huckabee (*ignoring them; to Muffin Danish*): The first step to recovery is admitting you have a problem.

Reverend Willy Bob: “Repent therefore, and turn again, that your sins may be blotted out!” Acts 3:19, My Children!

Uncle Leroy: Repent!

Harrison Huckabee: Repent!

Sargeant Rolf: Rebent!

Reverend Willy Bob: “Repent, therefore, of this wickedness of yours, and pray to the Lord that, if possible, the intent of your heart may be forgiven you.” (Acts 8:22)

Uncle Leroy/Harrison Huckabee/Sargeant Rolf: Repent! Repent! Rebent!

Muffin Danish (*ironically*): If possible.

Vesta (*ironically*): Repent! Repent the intent of your heart!

Muffin Danish (*ironically*): Repent! Repent! Ha! Tell me, was your sense of irony shot off in the war, Rolfy? Have you no shame at all, Willy? Has rationalizing displaced any decency you ever felt, Hucky?

Vesta: Since when have any of you taken responsibility for your own misdeeds? You, Sargeant Rolf, who praises a mass murderer and hides behind the orders of your superiors! And you, Willy Bob, with your lust for innocent children! Then you, Harrison Huckabee, who defrauded your trusting clients of their assets and left them penniless in their old age! It’s so easy for you to gang up on a single woman, especially one who was born into privilege and wealth. But when are you going to take your own advice? When will you finally stop making excuses and confess your many crimes and immorality?

Harrison Huckabee: You speak as one who has never strayed, Ms. Vesta, but here you are among us. How do you explain what you are doing here?

Vesta: You’d be amazed at how much trouble one can get into working in a library these days!

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja! Und how much trouble I got into serving in der camp!

Harrison Huckabee: And I got into, for enriching my clients!

Reverend Willy Bob: And I, for uplifting the youth!

Muffin Danish: And I, for being rich and hygienic!

Uncle Leroy: And me, for frying bacon!

Vesta: And I, for doing my job! The Head Librarian culls books all the time! But when I do it...

Uncle Leroy: That’s the deep state for you.

Harrison Huckabee (*interrupting; to Vesta*): But inviting the citizenry to a public book burning?

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja! Zose ver ze days! Achh! Ze comradery! Ze varm companionship! Vee vould burn ze books und roast ze blutwurst und ze bratwurst, ze knockwurst und ze bockwurst...

Muffin Danish (*interrupting*): And don’t forget the knishes.

Sargeant Rolf: Ach ja! Delicious! Zey vent so gudt mit all ze little wursts...

Muffin Danish (*interrupting*): And the matzah ball soup...

Sargeant Rolf: It vas ze best! Ach, how vee ate undt drank ze beer until vee ver shnookered! Und zen vee vould march through ze streets mit our flags und our shticks und show zem how vee operate! Achhhh. How vell do I remember zose nights!

Muffin Danish: Cerulean, I'm sure.

Vesta (*to Harrison Huckabee*): Public book burning! Isn't it just like a dollar-store grifter to confabulate what really happened! Let's set the record straight, Hucky: There was no money in the budget for a dumpster! There's never enough money for any worthy cause in the budget! What was I supposed to do with all the books that had to be discarded? How was I to fund the important holidays coming up? So I organized a little demonstration- an exhibit of how censorship is carried out in authoritarian countries... made it B.Y.O.B. and charged admission to benefit the library fund.

Harrison Huckabee: B.Y.O.B.?

Vesta: Bring your own books. It was a great success!

Reverend Willy Bob: Like the coming-out gala you arranged during Gay Pride Month?

Vesta: I had help for that one from a young man who made it his Eagle Scout project.

Reverend Willy Bob: I wish I could have seen him... I mean seen it.

Vesta: Over two hundred people showed up from all over the state! We were able to raise enough money to pay for nine 6-month subscriptions to children's e-books written by gay authors!

Muffin Danish (*aside*): Which nobody will read anyway.

Reverend Willy Bob: And even have some left over for the disgusting display in the main lobby?

Vesta: Yes! It made the display free of charge to anyone who wanted to view it.

Reverend Willy Bob: "If there is a man who lies with a male as those who lie with a woman, both of them have committed a detestable act; they shall surely be put to death. Their bloodguiltiness is upon them." Leviticus: 20:13.

Uncle Leroy (*aside*): "Put to death"! Man he's starchy!

Sargeant Rolf: Zer blut ist contaminated! It ist not ze Aryan way!

Reverend Willy Bob: And that goes for both of them, the woman as well! After all, both sexes committed that detestable act.

Muffin Danish: Lying with you would be a detestable act. It would arouse something in a woman; that's true. But who needs more heartburn and acid indigestion?

Vesta: But the Bible tells you that lying with a child is acceptable, right Willy?

Reverend Willy Bob: The Bible does not prohibit child marriage. But it is not tolerant of the abomination that is homosexuality.

Vesta: I heard the same criticisms over the library's Civil Rights presentations during Black History Month.

Muffin Danish: The Bible doesn't prohibit Civil Rights, does it, Rev?

Harrison Huckabee (*interrupting*): Excuse me, Ms. Vesta, but what makes you think the historic struggle Black folk have endured is equivalent to the plight of the gays? Do you really believe that persons of color sympathize with homosexuals and their issues? You liberals lump the oppressed of all differing types into one big pile and expect us to accept and defend them all. You suggest that being Black is like being gay. Well, I'm Black, but I'm certainly not gay!

Uncle Leroy: You think one out of two's not so bad?

Sargeant Rolf: Ze liberal fraulein ist right! Zey are ze same! Und zey must be dealt vith equally!

Uncle Leroy (*aside*): Now that's what I call equal rights.

Muffin Danish: What about your Aryan gays, Rolfy?

Sargeant Rolf: Vot Aryan gays? Zer are no Aryan gays left! Zer are only ze non-Aryan gays!

Harrison Huckabee: What about all those blue-eyed, blonde-haired gays we see marching in their pride parades?

Sargeant Rolf: Hair color und ze contact lenses! Ze true Aryan lives to procreate ze race with ze little Aryan wunderkind. He cannot be ze gay.

Vesta: As much as he'd like to be, his duty comes first.

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja! His duty comes first!

Muffin Danish: Because how can he fail to be attracted to Aryan perfection?

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja! Aryan beauty uber alles! But ze duty comes first. Always ze duty!

Vesta: Perfect self-control: right?

Sargeant Rolf: Das ist richtig!

Muffin Danish: All those perfect Aryan bodies! It must be frustrating.

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja!

Vesta: But duty comes first?

Muffin Danish: Duty first, fun later?

Sargeant Rolf: Ze duty und ze Fuhrer come first!

Vesta: We can't forget about him!

Muffin Danish: Hitler was so handsome, after all.

Vesta: And stylish!

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja! More stylish zan zat schtupp Churchill mit der shtinking cigar! Und let's not shpeak of zat shweinhundt Shtalin! Vos a farshfunken slob! (*Yiddish: What a stinking slob!*)
Ptteeew!! (*spits*)

Harrison Huckabee: You did have the best clothing designers creating your perfectly tailored uniforms. Too bad they were all shot. It would have been a great loss to Bond Street if you'd won the war.

Sargeant Rolf: Zey were not all shot!

Muffin Danish: That's true. The others were gassed.

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja. Zey ver ze gay und zat's how it goes. But at least zey ver separated from ze Jews. Zat much reshpect zey earnt. Zo vee shpared zem zat final disgrace.

Vesta: That was very considerate of you.

Sargeant Rolf: Danke shein, Fraulein, danke.

Muffin Danish: It must have consoled them enormously.

Sargeant Rolf: Ja ja...

Vesta: As they were herded into the pits.

Muffin Danish: To be shot.

Uncle Leroy (*addressing Dr. Bergerac with pretended diffidence*): May I ask a question, Doc?

Dr. Bergerac (*looking up from his notebook*): I was hoping that you would, Uncle Leroy. Getting into the spirit of our discussion is the first step to achieving mental and emotional health. It's essential for your complete rehabilitation. So you go ahead and feel free to ask any question that you want. It's good for you, me and all of us.

Uncle Leroy (*with false respect*): Thank you, Sir. I'm grateful for that.

Dr. Bergerac: Of course, Uncle Leroy. My pleasure.

Uncle Leroy: Thank you, Sir.

Dr. Bergerac: That's quite all right.

Uncle Leroy (*with false humility, addressing Sargeant Rolf*): So if you separated the gays from the Jews, where'd you put the gay Jews?

Overall commotion. The two women and attendants break out in laughter. Sargeant Rolf, flustered, stammers incomprehensibly. Reverend Willy Bob looks up to the ceiling, as if to Heaven, and repeats "Forgive them, O Lord, for they know not what they do. Forgive them, O Lord, for they know not what they do..." Harrison Huckabee stares in disbelief and mutters "Crazy white people! Crazy white people! Crazy white people!..." Nurse Router, roused from her nail file as if by genius, sighs dreamily and blows Uncle Leroy a kiss. Dr. Bergerac smiles knowingly as if an essential breakthrough has been made and then scribbles furiously in his notebook.

Uncle Leroy: Come on now, people! How do you expect me to get well if you don't take my questions seriously?

Ruckus continues.

Uncle Leroy: What?!! That was a legitimate question! They had to put them somewhere!

Muffin Danish (*barely controlling her laughter*): I'm so sorry, Uncle Leroy.

Vesta (*barely controlling her laughter*): I'm sorry too. I don't mean to stunt your rehabilitation, but you asked it so seriously.

Uncle Leroy: Well, it's a serious question.

Assorted snorting and giggling and grunting.

Uncle Leroy: Well it was!

More snickering.

Muffin Danish (*to Sargeant Rolf*): So answer the man, Rolfy. Where'd you stick the gay Jews?

Vesta: Go on, Rolfy, answer. Don't leave us hanging.

Sargeant Rolf: Vat hangink?

Muffin Danish: Stop your teasing, Rolfy! We need a resolution. Where'd you put the gay Jews?

Sargeant Rolf (*regaining his composure somewhat*): It is not zo funny vaht you ask.

Muffin Danish: You're right. It's not so funny. So where'd you stick 'em?

Sargeant Rolf: Ve could not shtick zem anyvere. Zey offended everybody!

Vesta: They offended the other gays?

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja.

Muffin Danish: And the straight Jews as well?

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja. Zat ist true.

Uncle Leroy: So what did you do with them? Don't tell me you shot them as soon as you identified them?

Sargeant Rolf: Vat else could be done? Ve didn't vant to offend everyone.

Muffin Danish: That would have been wrong.

Vesta: Against all the rules of established decorum.

Muffin Danish: What would Lord Chesterfield have said?

Vesta: "Manners are too little; morals are too much."

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja. Zat ist correct. Ze true Aryan ist always polite. Especially mit der frau.

Muffin Danish: It's encouraging to see that chivalry's not dead.

Vesta: Unlike all those gays and Jews.

Reverend Willy Bob: You're right, Miss Vesta. Gays can't by definition be chivalrous.

Harrison Huckabee: It would seem to be a contradiction in terms.

Reverend Willy Bob: And as for the Jews, well... let's just say that they had other priorities.

Muffin Danish: Those crazy mixed-up kids.

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja!

Vesta: And she means crazy the good way.

Everyone erupts in laughter, which goes on for a good while.

Dr. Bergerac (*interrupting*): Well, not to interrupt, but we seem to have reached an accord and I'm especially excited by the exceptional progress we've made. (*grunts and groans*) You should be congratulated for reaching out and sincerely listening to your neighbor's viewpoint. (*grunts and groans*) This is the process that ultimately leads to the compromises we must make in order to live in an enlightened society. (*grunts and groans*) Compromise showcases the health of each of us who is willing to tolerate views he might not agree with. (*grunts and groans*) Compromise blends compassion with practicality. It's the fundamental backstop of respect. (*grunts and groans*) But compromise requires paying sincere, open-minded attention to the people one disagrees with. (*grunts and groans*) We must understand where they're coming from before we can compromise in good faith (*grunts and groans*) and they must do the same. (*Gets sentimental*) Now I don't want you to think that I'm getting overly mushy in my old age, (*getting more sentimental; more grunts and groans*) but as I grow older I find it pressing to express my gratitude for things that I once took for granted, things that slipped past me when I was a callow youth. (*grunts and groans*) So allow me a moment to thank you for the good it does me to see you all sitting here, six people with vastly differing ideas about almost everything, coming together and working out your issues compassionately and thoughtfully. (*grunts and groans*)

Attendant 1 (*aside*): As long as they don't slit each other's throat!

Dr. Bergerac: The world is made so much more wonderful by reflective, caring people like you! (*grunts and groans*) I hate to imagine how boorish and brutal humanity would be otherwise! (*grunts and groans*) Thank you for everything that you do to make ours a wonderful world! (*Begins to sing to the music of 'What a Wonderful World.'*)

We have bipolar disorders, dissociative too

Anxiety and schizophrenia, and low-down blues

And I think to myself

What a wonderful world!

Harrison Huckabee (*singing*):

I see bills of green, and greedy whites

Sleazy shady scams that sound all right

And I think to myself
What a wonderful world!

Reverend Willy Bob (*singing*):

I hear babies sigh, I watch them grow
They're so much cuter than you'll ever know.

And I think to myself
What a wonderful world!

Sargeant Rolf (*singing*):

Ze colors of ze svastika, zo pretty in ze sky
Are alzo on ze armbands of ze brown-shirts passing by
I see friends clicking heels, sayin' "Heil Hitler" to you
Ze're really saying "I love you!"

Vesta (*singing*):

I read books obscene, gay lit too
I'm never bored, and neither should you
And I think to myself
What a wonderful world!

Muffin Danish (*singing*):

I prowl cosmetic aisles, though I have lots of dough
Why do I do it? I'll never know
And I think to myself
What a wonderful world!

Uncle Leroy (*singing*):

The coloreds on the stoops want some crack to fry
Waitin' for their checks to get 'em high
I see friends shaking heads, wondrin' what to do
They're really saying "Va-affancul."

Nurse Router (*standing*) and the Two Attendants, *sing*:

We see nuts on the streets, some in here too

If we can't help ourselves, how we gonna help you?

And we think to ourselves

What a wonderful world!

Yes we think to ourselves

What a wonderful world!

All singers join in:

Ohhhhhh Yessssss!!!!!!

Everyone applauds raucously. The singers take turns shaking hands, patting each other on the back, hugging, kissing cheeks, etc.

Dr. Bergerac: That was fabulous! Strictly first rate! This interlude was clearly one of those special break-through moments in therapy when the progress we've been making shines like Broadway's brightest star! *(grunts and groans)* Let it inspire you as you move on with your rehabilitation- a cure that can seem unobtainable and take so long to achieve. *(grunts and groans)* Today, you have confirmed my greatest ambitions for both you and a peaceful world populated by happy, well-adjusted, tolerant folks of many disparate beliefs who, through compromise, can live side-by-side in harmony! *(grunts and groans)* Don't ever doubt that this will be our greatest achievement, and our inevitable destiny! *(grunts and groans)* Now say it with me! Come on, people, and don't be shy! Say it with me! You can do it! *(grunts and groans)* Say it proudly!- that every day- *(no response from anyone)*- come on guys! Don't let an old man down! Say it with me!- *(everyone grudgingly joins in)*- everyday- there you go!- and in every way- that's the spirit, folks!- we are getting better and better! *(Pauses and looks around.)* Doesn't that make you feel great? *(Nobody responds.)* Of course it does! *(grunts and groans)* Now I believe that it's Uncle Leroy's turn to tell us about himself. So without any further ado, take it away, Uncle Leroy!

Uncle Leroy: Huh? Whacha said?

Dr. Bergerac: I said, "So without any further ado, take it away, Uncle Leroy!"

Uncle Leroy: Now hold on, Doc. Whachoo mean by "ah do"? Because I ain't admittin' tuh nothin' without consultin' my mouthpiece. I got my rights.

Harrison Huckabee *(passing Uncle Leroy his card)*: If you require legal representation, Sir.

Dr. Bergerac *(ignoring Harrison Huckabee)*: Of course you have your rights, Uncle Leroy. And your privileges as well. Nobody's disputing that. It's just that we've all had our turn to speak our mind and now it's your turn.

Uncle Leroy: Then why didn't you say "you do" instead of "ah do" in the first place? Show some consideration for the people, why doncha.

Dr. Bergerac: I'll remember next time. Thank you for pointing it out.

Uncle Leroy: Well, don't go around sayin' "Ah do" 'cause maybe you do but Ah don't.

Dr. Bergerac: Certainly, Uncle Leroy. Nobody's accusing you of anything you don't want to be accused of.

Uncle Leroy: 'Cause maybe you been conspirin' with Ruby...

Vesta and Muffin Danish: Blame it on the woman!

Uncle Leroy: Consultating with her...

Dr. Bergerac: I can assure you, Uncle Leroy, that we've never spoken. As a matter of fact, we've never even met.

Uncle Leroy: 'Cause that's one loose-mouth, big-butt, nosey slag.

Vesta and Muffin Danish (*outraged*): OOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Dr. Bergerac: Now, now...

Uncle Leroy: An' I ain't gonna snitch nobody out, neither.

Dr. Bergerac: Of course not. Talk therapy is strictly confidential. Nothing said here goes past these walls.

Uncle Leroy: 'Cause I don't squeal on nobody.

Dr. Bergerac: Certainly not. This is pure therapy.

Uncle Leroy: Especially on myself.

Dr. Bergerac: We're only concerned with your well-being, Uncle Leroy. You can trust the staff to respect your confidentiality at all times.

Uncle Leroy: And I ain't no baby daddy. I don't care what either of 'em said!

Harrison Huckabee: Don't lose my card!

Dr. Bergerac (*Ignoring Harrison Huckabee*): Nobody's accusing you of that!

Uncle Leroy: 'Cause I ain't done nothin' Ruby knows about! And she couldn't prove nothin' if she did.

Attendant 1 (*aside*): I guess he's not all bad!

Nurse Router *giggling*.

Dr. Bergerac: I'm sure you haven't.

Uncle Leroy: Girls talk too much.

Vesta and Muffin Danish (*growling*): RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!

Dr. Bergerac: Well, I can assure you that we haven't spoken at all.

Uncle Leroy: I tried hiding her teeth one night, and she still gummed up a twister.

Dr. Bergerac (*ignoring Vesta and Muffin Danish*): You must have been mortified.

Uncle Leroy: I don't know 'bout all that, but I was humiliated. You'd think she'd be satisfied and apple-a-gise. Oh no, the retired slut just kept pressin' me an' pressin' me. "Who it was if it warn't you?" she says to me. "How the hell would I know?" I says to the ketchup on her chin. I tell ya, even Maury couldn't get the truth outta her thick skull.

Harrison Huckabee: And that's why a lawyer is worthy of his fee. Thick skulls are my specialty. Res ipsa loquitor. (*The thing speaks for itself.*)

Dr. Bergerac (*ignoring Harrison Huckabee*): That's rough, Uncle Leroy.

Uncle Leroy (*shaking his fists*): I'll show that pimple-ass scrub what's rough.

Nurse Router (*hopelessly enamored*): OOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Vesta/Muffin Danish (*viciously*): RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!

Dr. Bergerac: Now, now, Uncle Leroy. Don't take it so badly. At least you know the truth.

Uncle Leroy: Yeah. Me and Maury and 25 million viewers. But not that fat ass, dollar-a-gallon flooze. Anybody who says there ain't no perpetual motion machine ain't seen her mouth jibby-jabbin'! An' I gotta live with her.

Harrison Huckabee: We can always sue Maury for slandering you... jibbrus jabbrus jurus.

Dr. Bergerac (*ignoring Harrison Huckabee*): Well, you know how she is and you must have known how she'd react when you agreed to go on the show. Try to find consolation in knowing your blamelessness and don't expect any apologies or comfort from her or you'll only end up being more upset.

Harrison Huckabee: ... or you could find plenty of consolation in a fat settlement check.

Uncle Leroy (*ignoring Harrison Huckabee*): Yeah, you make it sound so simple. But you try livin' with her.

Uncle Leroy (*sings to the theme music of the TV show "Branded"*):

All I did was try
To sneak a little peek
But they say I went astray...
Branded!
Dirty old man's to blame.
What would you do when you're handed
A birth certificate in your name?

I was innocent,
Not a charge was true,
But the DNA did show...

Branded!
It all started as a little play
What do you do when you're branded?
Every day is Father's Day!

Harrison Huckabee (*singing*):

I was innocent,
Not a charge was true,
But they jailed me anyway
Now I'm a felon too!

Vesta (*singing*):

I was innocent
Not a charge was true,
The burning books had long expired
And some were overdue!

Reverend Willy Bob (*singing*):

I was innocent,
Not a charge was true,
'Cause the cops had set me up,
And they'll set you up too!

Muffin Danish (*singing*):

I was innocent,
Not a charge was true,
But they got me anyway,
Until Daddy came through.

Sargeant Rolf (*singing*):

I was innocent
Not a charge was true
I was following orders
Like good Nazis do!

Uncle Leroy (*singing*):

I was innocent
Fryin' bacon charred,
You can cook it in a pan,
Or by sprayin' an AR!

Dr. Bergerac:

They were innocent,
Not a charge was true
But they landed in the tank...
Branded!
In the looney bin you're stuck
What do you do when you're branded
And you know you're no shmuck?

Everyone sings:

And wherever you go
For the rest of your life
You must prove
You're no shmuck!
Wherever you go
For the rest of your life
You must prove
You're no shmuck!

Stripped of all our rank,

Stripped of all our pride,
Still we hold our heads up high!

Branded!
And you know you're not nuts!

Patients sit quietly, downcast, hands folded, etc.

Dr. Bergerac (to Uncle Leroy): I feel you, Man.

Uncle Leroy (suddenly suspicious): Whachoo mean, "feel me"?

Nurse Router tittering. Crosses her legs a few times. Adjusts her blouse, pulls the hem of her short skirt, smoothes her hair back.

Dr. Bergerac: I mean I feel your frustration, Uncle Leroy. I simply lapsed into the colloquial. That's all.

Uncle Leroy: Well you best be mindin' your lapsin', cause Uncle Leroy don't swing that way!

Dr. Bergerac: I never meant to suggest that you do. We were merely discussing the unfair way that Ruby treated you.

Vesta and Muffin Danish (outraged): RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!

Uncle Leroy (not hearing Dr. Bergerac or Vesta and Muffin Danish): Sure, I was young once, like we all were. I even tried playin' doctor with the other fellas- and maybe we did get carried away by all that the probin' an' proddin'. But that's all there was to it, and I only tried it once. Nothin' more than that.

Sargeant Rolf: Und I tried to shpeak mit ze Jewish fraulein vonce. Neffer again!

Vesta and Muffin Danish (outraged): RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!

Dr. Bergerac (compassionately): Young people experiment. That's basic human nature. Nothing to be ashamed of.

Uncle Leroy (still not hearing Dr. Bergerac): I never even think about it, 'cept when I'm with that sorry-ass lush.

Vesta and Muffin Danish (outraged): RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!

Dr. Bergerac: Again, that's perfectly normal and nothing to perseverate over.

Uncle Leroy (still not hearing Dr. Bergerac): 'Cause it's not fair.

Dr. Bergerac: Of course it isn't, but you can't let it get you down.

Uncle Leroy: Curiosity's why cats need seven lives. I heard Charlie Chan say that once.

Harrison Huckabee: You only have one, so don't lose my card.

Uncle Leroy (*ignoring Harrison Huckabee*): Still, it's just like that bitch to make my life miserable. Her an' them goddamn aliens, too.

Dr. Bergerac: Aliens? What aliens?

Uncle Leroy: Them aliens. Like I toldja. Them goddamn aliens.

Dr. Bergerac: You've lost me there, Uncle Leroy.

Uncle Leroy: That bitch, I already toldja. An' them goddamn aliens. Are you listenin' to me?

Vesta and Muffin Danish: RRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!

Dr. Bergerac: I still don't understand what aliens you're talking about.

Uncle Leroy: Them aliens. The ones takin' 'way my inalienable rights. She ain't the only one.

Vesta and Muffin Danish: RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!

Dr. Bergerac: Your inalienable rights...?

Uncle Leroy: Do I gotta explain everything to you? My inalienable rights.

Dr. Bergerac: What do your inalienable rights have to do with aliens?

Uncle Leroy (*getting frustrated*): Are you sure ya graduated from school, Doc?

Dr. Bergerac: Come on now!

Uncle Leroy: Let's see your diploma.

Dr. Bergerac: I can assure you that it's hanging on the wall.

Uncle Leroy: Let's see your birth certificate!

Dr. Bergerac: No need for you to get testy, Uncle Leroy. I'm simply trying to understand you.

Uncle Leroy: Well maybe if you paid more attention to what's goin' on instead of doodlin' all day long you'd know about your inalienable rights.

Dr. Bergerac (*controlling his annoyance*): What do you mean, "paying more attention"?

Uncle Leroy (*rising*): Here, let me demonstrate. (*Uncle Leroy approaches Dr. Bergerac and snatches his notebook on which he has been drawing a caricature of an alien from outer space. He holds it up for everyone (audience and players) to see. All the characters except the two Attendants break out in laughter at the comic image.*) I guess you have been payin' attention, Doc. That's pretty damn close to what they look like.

Dr. Bergerac (*flustered and embarrassed*): I thought you were talking about undocumented aliens, not aliens from outer space.

Vesta (*aside*): And that's why he drew a space alien?

Uncle Leroy: Have you ever seen a documented space alien... *(slight pause)*... Doc?

Dr. Bergerac: Well, no. But then again, I've never seen any kind of space alien.

Uncle Leroy: Not that you know of, Doc. Not that you know of.

Dr. Bergerac: Well, I'm pretty sure I've never seen a space alien, Uncle Leroy.

Uncle Leroy: They're really all around you.

Dr. Bergerac: Even if that's so, which I cannot grant you, what can we do about it?

Uncle Leroy: That's where your inalienable rights come in: They protect we the people from all kinds of aliens: foreign, interplanetary and domestic.

Dr. Bergerac: Ahh!

Uncle Leroy: I ain't surrendrin' my life, liberty and pursuit of happiness to no goddamn space monkeys! An' neither should you!

Dr. Bergerac: Our Constitutional rights are sacrosanct.

Uncle Leroy: I don't know 'bout all that, but nobody's gonna take 'em away from me! Especially no furriners from outer space. "Alien" is in inalienable rights.

Dr. Bergerac: Ah! I'm beginning to see...

Uncle Leroy: Well, hurry it up.

Dr. Bergerac *(dreamily)*: Alien is in inalienable rights.

Uncle Leroy: Correck. And they're all undocumented. They're all here illegal.

Dr. Bergerac: But from outer space?

Uncle Leroy: Certainly. Ain't no legal space critters mentioned in the Constitution that get special rights and privileges is there? Am I right Hucky?

Harrison Huckabee: Though I am loathe to render my professional opinion *quin solvit (without being paid)*, the Constitution does not provide any accommodation for space aliens, though I believe that a case might be made on the basis of the 9th Amendment which guarantees that citizens have rights that are not otherwise stipulated in the aforementioned document. However, the space aliens in question would have to apply for citizenship first.

Dr. Bergerac *(ignoring Harrison Huckabee)*: Space aliens! And they're here? On earth?

Uncle Leroy: Well, where the hell else are we for them to be?

Dr. Bergerac: You're not joking? Do you actually believe they have landed?

Uncle Leroy: Here and amongst us.

Dr. Bergerac: Here and amongst us...

Uncle Leroy: Betcha ass, Palsy.

Dr. Bergerac: Actually here? Already?

Uncle Leroy: Yep.

Dr. Bergerac: How can that be?

Uncle Leroy: How can it not be? The govment's been covering it up!

Dr. Bergerac: But... but... but...

Uncle Leroy: Stop sputterin' like my old Evinrude and think. Why doesn't the govment spill the truth? Huh? How come? 'Cause the aliens have infiltrated it already; that's why! Haven't you been listenin' to them lefty politicians? Where do you think they come from? Hollywood?

Dr. Bergerac: But, but, but... how can they pull off such a massive coverup?

Uncle Leroy: Come on, Doc! Doncha get the news?

Dr. Bergerac: I find it so depressing!

Uncle Leroy: That figures. You lefty, sensitive types just listen to what you want to listen to and hear what you want to hear!

Dr. Bergerac: I listen to NPR when I'm driving sometimes.

Uncle Leroy: Bingo! And that's why you know squats. Haven't you heard about the vaccinations and the fake COVID scare? Huh? Haven't ya?

Dr. Bergerac: Let me assure you, Uncle Leroy, that COVID is no scare and that all of us on staff are fully vaccinated against the latest variation.

Uncle Leroy: And you haven't seen any aliens, have ya?

Dr. Bergerac: No, to the best of my knowledge.

Uncle Leroy: There's your proof the vaccine is brainwashin' ya.

Dr. Bergerac: Excuse me?

Uncle Leroy: Ya don't really think the deep state cares about your health, do you?

Dr. Bergerac: I don't know about the deep state, but I do know that that Dr. Fauci and the AMA care.

Uncle Leroy: They really got their little green hooks in ya deep, don't they?

Dr. Bergerac: I still don't quite understand, Uncle Leroy.

Uncle Leroy: Who do you think is behind all these vaccinations, Doc?

Dr. Bergerac: Why, medical professionals, of course!

Uncle Leroy: Maybe that's what your lefty NPR an' commie MSNBC is tellin' ya, Pal, but when ya finally wake up and get your news fair and balanced, you'll find out that it's them aliens, and it's been them aliens all along what's behind the vaccines.

Dr. Bergerac: Really, Uncle Leroy!

Uncle Leroy: Ya just don't wanna hear this, do ya Doc?

Dr. Bergerac: But it seems so far-fetched!

Uncle Leroy: Sure it does. That's what they want ya to think- that it's too far-out to be for real. Them aliens might not be human, but they been studyin' humanoid psychology. They're sneaky little green devils.

Dr. Bergerac: Really, Uncle Leroy!

Uncle Leroy: It takes an illegal from Deep Space to know just how to make a Deep State. They been preparin' and now they're ready.

Dr. Bergerac: Uncle Leroy!

Uncle Leroy: Don't let 'em play ya, Doc! For the sake of humanity, Doc, don't let 'em sucker ya! For the sake of all of the unborn children, who still have white skin an' two eyes an' a tailbone instead of antennas, ya gotta resist!

Harrison Huckabee, Reverend Willy Bob, Sargeant Rolf (*chanting*): Resist! Resist! Resist! Resist! Resist!

Uncle Leroy: 'Cause when they finally take over, waddaya think's gonna happen to all the freedom and liberty you been takin' for granted? Ya think that after all the effort they've put into world domination they won't want nothin'?

Dr. Bergerac (*stunned*): I don't know what to think.

Uncle Leroy: Well ya better start. We're slidin' down the razor edge of life as we've known it. Everything's on the line.

Dr. Bergerac (*shocked*): My God... What do you think they want from us?

Uncle Leroy: What do they want from us! What do all aliens want from us? Do ya really believe that bellyachin' for equal rights is somethin' only the gays, coloreds, non-Christians and women do?

Muffin Danish/Vesta: Grrrrrrrrrr...

Uncle Leroy: Who do you think will be next to complain about bein' discriminated? Who's gonna gripe about their civil liberties bein' violated when you try to explain to them that only a.m. and f.m. antennas are allowed in public facilities? Who'll be suin' the board of education when they tell him that their child's tentacles are a distraction, and he'll need to be bussed to a special school? Who's gonna be the next whinin' 'bout how unfairly they been treated an' demandin' reparations? Who'll be the first to cut ahead of ya in line at the voting booth? Huh? Who? Tell me that, Doc. Who's it gonna be?

Dr. Bergerac: The aliens?

Uncle Leroy: Now you're getting' it! Them goddamn lefty aliens, Pal, that's who! And what do you think'll happen to your sappy ass when they get 'em?

Dr. Bergerac: I have no idea.

Uncle Leroy: Exackly. They don't want you to know. They don't want you to think about it. They're countin' on us bein' deca... deca... dedacant, like when they took over the Roman Empire. Bet you didn't read that in your college history book.

Dr. Bergerac: It wasn't mentioned in the texts, but how do you know for sure that they've landed?

Uncle Leroy: What makes you think they haven't landed, watchin' us with their bulgin' eyes- watchin'... and waitin'.

Dr. Bergerac: Watching... and waiting...

Uncle Leroy: Yessir! An' whacha think they're waitin' for? Just for equal rights? Just to hop into the meltin' pot with the rest of us so's they can collec' their Welfare checks and tour Disneyworld?

Dr. Bergerac: I don't know, Uncle Leroy. I never even thought about it before. What do you think?

Uncle Leroy: What do I think! *(pauses thoughtfully)* Now lookit here: What do all aliens do? Huh? *(Waits for a response, gets none.)* What's the matter with you, Doc? Do I gotta tell ya everything?

Dr. Bergerac *(helplessly)*: What do all aliens do, Uncle Leroy?

Uncle Leroy: An' you call yourself a doctor! Ain't ya ever seen "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" or "The Thing From Outta Space"? Doncha know nothin'? Can you ever get mo' ignorant listenin' to your goddamn NPR?

Dr. Bergerac: Please tell me what all aliens do, Uncle Leroy.

Uncle Leroy: What do all aliens do? Only preparin' for the final phase of their Master Plan, of course. That's what Ming the Merciless did. That's what all aliens do!

Dr. Bergerac: Master Plan...

Sargeant Rolf *(involuntarily rises and snaps a salute in Nazi fashion)*: Ja, ja! Der Master Plan!

Reverend Willy Bob *(rises; raises both hands high)*: The Master Plan! Prepare yourselves for the end is near! Repent ye sinners for the day of judgment is upon us!

Sargeant Rolf *(catches himself; sits)*: Ja, ja! Ming der Merciless! He ist mein favorite non-Aryan!

Uncle Leroy *(ignoring Sargeant Rolf)*: We know they're among us now, infiltratin' the government and the military and our schools, takin' our jobs, livin' next door. They're preparin' for the final phase, that's what.

Dr. Bergerac: Final phase... of the Master Plan...

Uncle Leroy: Yessir- the final phase.

Dr. Bergerac: Which is?

Uncle Leroy: Which is what?

Dr. Bergerac: The final phase, Uncle Leroy. Of the Master Plan.

Uncle Leroy: Why didn't you say so?

Dr. Bergerac: I'm saying so now.

Uncle Leroy: You know, Doc, sometimes I worry about you.

Dr. Bergerac: Thank you. So what is the final phase of the Master Plan?

Uncle Leroy: Well then, if you really wanna know, I'll tell ya. But ya gotta getta grip on yourself.

Dr. Bergerac: I'm ready, Uncle Leroy. Let me have it.

{Uncle Leroy: Are you sure?

Dr. Bergerac: Yessir: let me have the bad news.

Uncle Leroy: It's good to see you take it like a man, Doc. I was startin' to wonder aboutcha.

Dr. Bergerac: Thank you for caring, Uncle Leroy.

Uncle Leroy: That's ok, Doc. The final phase of the Master Plan is just this: They wanna interbreed with us. They wanna create a master race of humaliens that will take over the world, of course.

Sargeant Rolf (*slamming his knees with his hands*): Ach! Der vermin! Der verdammt schwein!

Reverend Willy Bob (*hands in the air*): Abomination!

Vesta/Muffin Danish (*fists in the air*): Chauvinist pigs!

Nurse Router (*hands over her heart*): OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Dr. Bergerac (*shaking head as if in disbelief*): Interbreeding!

Uncle Leroy (*calmly*): Ask yourself: How do you know one of 'em ain't datin' your daughter?

Dr. Bergerac: Oh my God!

Uncle Leroy: Ya don't think you're the only one attracted to all those fine white women, do you?

Dr. Bergerac: I suppose not.

Uncle Leroy: You betcha, Pal. So whaddaya expect's gonna happen? Ya gotta ask yourself if ya want grandchildren who look like that pichur you drew, with antennas stickin' out their foreheads. Huh? Do ya? Do ya? (*sings to the melody of "Doin' What Comes Natur'lly"*):

When the aliens come, ya won't have fun when they start procreatin'

But they'll be happy as can be, makin' love unnaturally.

All Patients: Makin' love unnaturally!

Uncle Leroy: You might not think we're on the brink of alien domination

All patients: Makin' love unnaturally!

All patients: Wag unnaturally!

All patients: Makin' love unnaturally!

All patients: A critter more atrocious!

All Patients: Makin' love unnaturally!

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But you'll be sorry when the condom leaks.

All Patients: So unnaturally!

Uncle Leroy: So don't you take no chances, from aliens refrain.
Avoid their bug-eyed glances, decline green candy canes.
But if they do contam'nate you, you better see a doctor.
Or you'll get sick when the baby kicks, from makin' love unnaturally.

All patients: From makin' love unnaturally!

Dr. Bergerac (*muttering*): Antennas...

Uncle Leroy: Now open your box of crayons, Doc, an' color your alien green. Then ask yourself what color ya get when ya mix green an' red blood. Go on an' try it. See how ya like it!

Dr. Bergerac (*as if snapping out of a spell, regaining his composure*): I, I don't think interbreeding is very likely, Uncle Leroy.

Uncle Leroy: But ya don't know for sure, do ya? An' ya won't know 'til those little green half-breed antenna-headed freaks are born, will ya?

Dr. Bergerac: Truthfully, no.

Uncle Leroy: An' by then it'll be too late, won't it? Or are ya willin' to abort 'em after they're born?

Dr. Bergerac: Honestly, Uncle Leroy: I just don't know.

Uncle Leroy: So if you don't know, how can ya deny it? You see, when they finally take over: (*Begins to sing to the music of "Bein' Green"*):

It won't be easy bein' green
Having to spend each day
The color of a creepy crawler
When I think it would be nicer
Bein' Caucasian white
Or something with a spray-on tan

It won't be easy bein' green
You won't blend in

With traditionally white Americans

And they will hang you high

‘Cause you’ll never be accepted

Like ketchup on your waffle

Or a needle in the eye

‘Cause green is the color of moldy cheese

And green is the color of gangrene

And green is the color of the seasick

Or the color of Godzilla or the color of spew.

And when greenies are all there’ll be

It’ll be too late to wonder why

So you’d better wonder now, wonder now

‘Cause they’re green, like icky slime

It’s disgusting, and that’s what we’re gonna be.

(General uproar. Muffin Danish and Vesta protest. The men applaud. Nurse Ratchet sighs dreamily, smitten by Uncle Leroy.)

Sargeant Rolf: Ve’ll rrrrause zem und zer green Jews too!

Reverend Willy Bob: They’ll bring their own space-god. We’ll never be able to convert them!

Harrison Huckabee: Let’s see them try to pass!

Muffin Danish: You know what they say about guys with big antennas!

Vesta: And 6 fingers!

Nurse Router *(barely able to restrain herself)*: OOOOOOOOOOOOOO...

Sargeant Rolf: Und ve’ll haf zumzing zpecial for der Jewish zpace aliens!

Reverend Willy Bob: And the atheist space aliens, too!

Sargeant Rolf: Und zer gay space aliens!

Vesta: Can’t we all just get along?

Dr. Bergerac: There, there, Uncle Leroy! I haven't seen any anyone with antennas sticking out of their forehead.

Uncle Leroy: Of course you haven't. That's because they wear scarfs and turbines to disguise them.

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja. Und der yarmulkas, too.

Dr. Bergerac: You are describing cultural and religious apparel, Uncle Leroy: chadors and turbans.

Uncle Leroy: We gotta ban 'em before it's too late!

Dr. Bergerac: Now, now, Uncle Leroy.

Uncle Leroy: They're smugglin' fentanyl across the border in their flyin' saucers while you sit here playin' with yourself an' now-nowin' an' there-therein' me to death! We gotta ban 'em before it's too late! We got no time to waste!

Dr. Bergerac: Fentanyl is certainly an issue we must deal with.

Uncle Leroy (*mockingly*): "Fentanyl is certainly an issue we must deal with"! Can you get any smuggler? I bet you have Chinee solar collectors on your roof!

Dr. Bergerac: What do my solar collectors have to do with fentanyl?

Uncle Leroy: Can ya get any more ignorant? How do ya think the Chinee are funding their fentanyl production?

Dr. Bergerac: With solar energy?

Uncle Leroy: With the profits from the collectors that Trader Joe humpers like you buy from 'em! Doncha know nothin', smart guy?

Dr. Bergerac: But I haven't heard it on the news, Uncle Leroy.

Uncle Leroy: That's because the deep state don't want you to know! Because your news is rigged. Because your news ain't fair and balanced.

Dr. Bergerac: My, my, Uncle Leroy...

Uncle Leroy: What I wanna know is how come we ain't buildin' a wall to keep 'em out.

Sargeant Rolf: Mit der razor vire und chain links. Mit der watch towers und machine gun nests. Mit ze sentries und ze Doberman pinschers und Aryan Zheperts.

Dr. Bergerac (*ignoring Sargeant Rolf*): A wall? You want to build a wall?

Uncle Leroy: Yeah, that's right. A wall. A great big wall right there in outer space to keep them aliens outta here. Before they team up with the Russkies an' the Chinee an' them Iraniums.

Sargeant Rolf: Ja ja! Mit ze moat mit der crocodiles und ze piranja fishes!

Dr. Bergerac: Uncle Leroy...

Sargeant Rolf: Let zem chust try to escape und zey vill all be shot!

Dr. Bergerac: Uncle Leroy...

Sargeant Rolf: Vee vill feed zem to the crocodiles und to ze piranja fishes!

Dr. Bergerac: Uncle Leroy...

Uncle Leroy: An' it won't cost us a dime 'cause we'll make them aliens pay for it.

Sargeant Rolf: Jawohl! Zey vill pay!

Dr. Bergerac: Uncle Leroy...

Uncle Leroy: We gotta send 'em back to where they came from! We gotta! The future of humanity depends on it!

Sargeant Rolf: Ja ja! Ze future of ze master race!

Dr. Bergerac: Come on now, Uncle Leroy...

Uncle Leroy: Stealin' our jobs an' seducin' our women! Stupidifyin' our youth with their drugs, fashions and weird techno music! What ever happened to melody? It's the end of life as we know it!

Dr. Bergerac: Please, Uncle Leroy...

Uncle Leroy: Ain't no space Elvis out there!

Dr. Bergerac: Uncle Leroy...

Uncle Leroy: Ain't no space-squirrel stew an' ain't no space Mountain Dew to wash it down with!

Sargeant Rolf: Und latkes! Zer is no space latkes!

Reverend Willy Bob/Harrison Huckabee: That's right, brother, that's right!

Uncle Leroy: Ain't no space-baby Jesus!

Reverend Willy Bob: Say Amen!

All Patients: Amen!

Uncle Leroy: We gotta make America great again!

Sargeant Rolf (*Rises. Clicks his heels together and salutes Nazi-style*): Seig heil! Seig heil! Seig heil!

Reverend Willy Bob: Say Hallelujah! Say Hallelujah!!

All Patients: Hallelujah!

Dr. Bergerac: Things can't be as bad as that can they? Can't we also mention all the positives?

Uncle Leroy: Make America great again! Make America great again! Make America great again!

Reverend Willy Bob/Harrison Huckabee (*standing and saluting*): Make America great again! Make America great again! Make America great again!

Sargeant Rolf (*At attention. Holding Nazi salute.*): Seig heil! Seig heil! Seig heil!

Uncle Leroy: Make America great again! Make America great again! Make America great again!

Sargeant Rolf (*Still at attention, holding fascist salute*): Und Chermany too! Heil Hi.... I mean... Ach, mein Liebchen!

Muffin Danish: I like patriotism as much as the next gal, but isn't this alt-patriot shmaltz a bit overdone?

Vesta: There must be a more subtle way to display one's loyalty. Maybe they can try hanging the flag upside down.

Uncle Leroy: Us Americans wear baseball caps, not no damn turbines an' shadows. An' we sure as hell don't wear no damn yarmulkies!

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja! No yarmulkies mit der schwein bobby pins und verdamnt Velcro!

Big commotion in the hallway. Sounds of a struggle between a woman and two men increasing in volume as they approach. A one-woman riot fighting off the two Attendants with an umbrella and a handbag breaks through the doorway followed by the two men who are hopelessly trying to restrain her- unsuccessfully as she appears bigger, stronger and more energetic than they are- clearly an Ethel Merman type. She beats them with her umbrella in one hand and handbag in the other. They are helpless before her, but don't give up. Huge uproar.

Ruby: Getcher filthy mitts offa me, ya friggin' slobs! Can'tcha show a lady some respect? (*Beats Attendant 1 with umbrella. Clobbers Attendant 2 with swinging handbag. Uncle Leroy hides behind a stage curtain; only his head visible to the audience.*)

Dr. Bergerac: And what's this?

Ruby (*furiously*): What's this!?! I'll ask the questions around here, baldy boy. Where the hell's my old man? Huh? Where's he at?

Dr. Bergerac: See here! What is the meaning of this bru ha ha?

Ruby: Ya heard me, ya 4-eye doofus! Where the hell's my old man? Whacha done with 'im this time? An' doncha go callin' me no bruha nothin'! Your ha-ha's ain't funny an' I ain't jokin'!

Dr. Bergerac: Calm down and explain yourself, Madam!

Ruby: Calm down? Calm down? Dontcha be telling me no calm downs! Who the hell are you kidnappin' my ol' man an' bossin' me around an' then tellin' ME to calm down? I'll goddam calm down when I'm goddam good an' ready to calm down, ya straw-neck squab!

Dr. Bergerac: Madam, please...

Ruby: An' I ain't no goddam madam! I'ze gone respecttable!

Dr. Bergerac: I didn't mean to imply anything unsavory, Miss.

Ruby: An' I ain't no miss. I'ze a missus- an' I wanna know where's my man at!

Dr. Bergerac: Whom, exactly, are you seeking? You are interrupting a very productive session of group therapy, I'll have you know.

Ruby (*warily*): Wait a moment, Mr. Bright Eyes, whom is so very smart... whacha mean by "group therapy"? Huh? What that?

Dr. Bergerac: Group therapy, dear lady, is a highly effective technique employed in the rehabilitation of many treatable syndromes. It is not healthy to repress the troubling issues that must be confronted before we can fully recover and lead healthy, fulfilling lives. The relief of expressing these issues in a supportive and compassionate public forum rather than harboring them secretly where they can fester and multiply is highly therapeutic.

Ruby: I don't know 'bout no syndrones, but are you sayin' youse all are constipated?

Dr. Bergerac (*trying to appease her*): Well, in a sense that's one way of putting it, I suppose. But not the way you might be thinking.

Ruby: So this group therapy thing you're doin' is like takin' a public laxative?

Dr. Bergerac: In a way, I guess it is. But let me assure you that our bowels are functioning perfectly well- just as they're supposed to.

Ruby: Hold on a moment, Doc. Lemme get this straight in my own 7th grade drop-out way: You're sayin' youse constipated an' takin' a laxative but your bowels are just hunky-dunky?

Dr. Bergerac: We're just employing figurative language here, Ma'am. We're not physically constipated.

Ruby: So there's nothin' wrong wicha?

Dr. Bergerac: As I said before, not physically.

Ruby: Not physicy? So are ya tellin me youse a buncha nutjobs an' syndrones?

Dr. Bergerac: Well, I wouldn't quite characterize us that way.

Ruby: Whackos?

Dr. Bergerac: Not that way either.

Ruby: Weirdos?

Dr. Bergerac: Not exactly.

Ruby: Kooks?

Dr. Bergerac: Sorry. No.

Ruby: Loonies?

Dr. Bergerac: Nope.

Ruby: Screwballs?

Dr. Bergerac: Uh uh.

Ruby: Psychos?

Dr. Bergerac: No, but you're getting closer.

Ruby: Yeah. Yeah. I gotcha figured now. A buncha nutjobs is what you are. An' my poor Uncle Leroy casted among youse... how depressifyin'! How will I ever survive this? (*Sings to the music of "My Man."*):

Oh, Unkie, I love him so!

He'll never know

All his life he's been a bum

But I like scum

When he takes me in his arms

I welcome death, what breath!

What's the difference if I say "Please go away"

When I know he'll come back for his meals next day

But whatever Unkie is, he'll get his

Forever more.

It bums me a lot and you know I'd rather not, but

He's my man.

Drunk and loud, dumb and proud

But all that I must allow, with my man.

He lacks basic brains

Toilet manners I must train, he's my man

Two or three kids has he, so I brought him to Maury, but I love him!

Vesta and Muffin Danish (*harmonizing with Ruby*):

Oh Unkie I love him so, he'll never know.

All his life he's been a bum, but I like scum.

When he takes me in his arms
I welcome death, what breath!
What's the difference if I say, "Please go away"?
When I know he'll come back for his meals next day.
But whatever Unkie is, he'll get his
Forever more!

Uncle Leroy (who has been concealing himself, unsure of Ruby's attitude and intentions, finally reveals himself and rushes toward her singing to the music of "You're Just in Love"):

I hear bitchin' could it be Ruby there?
I smell armpits and soiled underwear.
I'd rather lounge in the electric chair.
Don't ask me why: don't ask me why!

She keeps snoring in her sleep at night
And her teeth don't seem to fit her right.
Chicken fat ballooning out her thighs
Her bulging blood-shot eyes
Don't ask me why.

When she starts belly-achin'
'Bout the dough that I ain't makin'
Then I will slap her once or twice.
To let the honest truth out
She'll spit a tooth or two out
Though I know that's not very nice.

Ruby (singing):

Doncha fret, little darlin'
Don't get upset, stop alarmin'
I still got at least twenty left
You can cuss an' fight an' stew
But I'll always stick whichoo
We're not nuts, we're just in love.

(Uncle Leroy singing simultaneously: I hear a lotta bitchin') He starts belly-achin'

(Uncle Leroy singing simultaneously: Is that Ruby there?) 'bout the money he ain't makin'

(Uncle Leroy simultaneously: I smell armpits and soiled underwear) Then he slaps me once or twice!

To let the whole truth out

(Uncle Leroy singing simultaneously: I'd rather lounge in the electric chair) I'll spit a tooth or two out

Though I know that's not very nice. *(Uncle Leroy: Don't ask me why)*

(Uncle Leroy singing simultaneously: She keeps snoring in her sleep at night) Doncha fret, little darlin'

Don't get mad, stop alarmin'

(Uncle Leroy simultaneously: And her teeth don't seem to fit her right) I still got at least twenty left

(Uncle Leroy simultaneously: Chicken fat ballooning out her thighs) He will cuss an' fight an' stew

(Uncle Leroy simultaneously: Her bulgin' blood-) But that's what we always do

We're not nuts, *(Uncle Leroy simultaneously: -shot eyes, don't ask me why)* we're just in love!

Don't ask us why

Uncle Leroy: We don't know why

Uncle Leroy and Ruby: We're in love!

Ruby *(ecstatically)*: Baby Boy!

Uncle Leroy *(joyfully)*: Mountain Mama! *(The two of them embrace passionately, as if they'd been separated for years.)*

Uncle Leroy (*singing to the music of "At Last"*):

At last
Ru-by has come along
My jail time will be over
'Cause I ain't done no wrong.

Uncle Leroy/Ruby/all the characters except Dr. Bergerac, who is scribbling furiously in his notebook (*singing together*):

Oh yeah, yeah!

Ruby (*singing*):

A-gain
I'm stuck like crazy glue
My brains warped with tequila
Out of my love for you.

Uncle Leroy (*singing*):

I found a sleaze I could appeal to.
A sleaze to make my very own.
I caught the crabs, and some V.D. too
Diseases of our passion grown.

Uncle Leroy/Ruby/all the characters except Dr. Bergerac who is still writing in his notebook (*singing together*):

Oh yeah, yeah!

Ruby (*singing*):

You pooted, how you pooted
Oh and when the air had cleared
We knew we'd be together
And it's been
Alotta years!

All the characters applaud raucously. Ruby is a huge hit. Gets a standing ovation. Clapping and cheers. Only Nurse Router appears less than happy. She wipes away a tear and pouts. She stands and sings to the music of "When Your Lover Has Gone."

Nurse Router (*singing*):

What good is the screwin', that wild hoop-de-doin'
That come with each new love affair?
The guy that you're ballin's not very enthrallin'
When you find cooties in your hair.

All the characters, except Dr. Bergerac (who is still writing excitedly in his notebook) and Nurse Router (who is clearly downcast) sing:

When you're alone, who needs their lousy lies?
When you're alone, there are no tragic sighs
When you wake at dawn, there's no surprise
That your lover has gone.

Nurse Router (*singing*):

What lonely hours, the evening shadows bring!
What lonely hours, with memories lingering.
Like faded flowers, life can't mean anything.
When your lover has gone.

Attendant 1 claps ardently and begins to cheer but stops abruptly when he recognizes the melancholy silence of everyone else.

Ruby (*solicitously, sympathetically, to Nurse Router*): Now, now, Dearie. Dry them sad tears- your day will come too! Until then, trust me: They're not worth the agita. (*She sings to the music of "Our Day Will Come"*):

Your day will come (*Vesta/Muffin Danish join in*: Your day will come!)
And you'll have everything!

You'll share the joy! (*Vesta/Muffin Danish join in: You'll share the joy!*)

Falling in love can bring!

No one can tell me

That you're too young to know! (*Vesta/Muffin Danish join in: Young to know!*)

You love him so! (*Vesta/Muffin Danish join in: Love him so!*)

And you'll get yours!

Your day will come! (*Vesta/Muffin Danish join in: Your day will come!*)

Doncha sit and blubber

No tears for you! (*Vesta/Muffin Danish join in: No tears for you!*)

Be sure he wears a rubber!

Your dreams are tragic

Because you'll always stay

In love this way!

Your day will come! (*Everyone but Nurse Router and Dr. Bergerac who is still writing sings: Your day will come!*)

Your day will come! (*Everyone but Nurse Router and Dr. Bergerac who is still writing sings: Your day will come!*)

Repeat 3 more times.

Ruby: Your day will come!

Everyone claps, applauds, cheers Ruby. Nurse Router runs up to her and gives her a hug.

Uncle Leroy: All this hoop-de-doo is fine an' dandy, but the fac' remains that I'm still stuck here in this humanzee compost pile. Ain't no justice for Uncle Leroy!

Ruby: Why that's what I been tryin' to tell ya', ya busted lugnut. But you been too busy interruptin' to hear me.

Uncle Leroy (*who has not been interrupting*): I'll goddamn interrupt' all I want to interrupt'. An' ain't no sleazy skank gonna stop me, neither.

Ruby: Well mebbe I'm jus' that sleazy skank what's gonna do it.

Uncle Leroy: Mebbe ya is, and mebbe ya isn't. But if I need any interruptin', I'll interrupt' my own damn self without any help from you an' your mail order chompers.

Ruby (*teasingly*): Then I guess ya ain't interested in what I was gonna tell ya!

Uncle Leroy (*very interested*): The DNA test was a false positive?

Ruby: Ya wish that was so, ya mug!

Uncle Leroy: The coppers didn't find the pipe bomb under the chiff-o-robe?

Ruby: Nah, ya'll have tuh make anudder.

Uncle Leroy: Coochie got da woims?

Ruby: Nah. I cleaned off the grass.

Uncle Leroy: Ya mama croaked an' lef' ya disinherected?

Ruby: Nah, nah, nah, ya handscum slob! It's better than all that!

Uncle Leroy: Well ya better tell me then, babycakes, and get it over with. 'Cuz I'm getting' sick of this damn play! All these words we been spoutin' an' we still ain't accomplished nothin'! When do we get to the "cure" part's what I wanna know.

(All the patients grumble their assent.)

Harrison Huckabee (*inspired*): That's right! That's right! Without a cure, the play's been mislabeled and as such, misrepresented. We can sue the writer and the producers for damages in accordance with truth in advertising laws. Remedium populo! *(Cure the people!)*

Reverend Willy Bob: The Word is a beautiful thing. "But be doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving yourselves." (James 1:22)

Uncle Leroy: People rattin' out their own damn selves! An' this they call therapy! Well I ain't no fink! An' lemme tell ya, ain't no finkiness gonna cure me!

Muffin Danish: We do seem to be caught spinning our wheels in this production.

Sargeant Rolf: Ve are shtuck!

Reverend Willy Bob: It will never replace the Bible! Who does the writer think he is? God? The foul blasphemer!

Vesta: I'm sorry this play was written after our bonfire.

Harrison Huckabee: Well, we can't sue the author for bad writing, but there's also a case to be made for defamation and libel. I'll add him to the list I'm already suing and include you all pro bono, for a small percentage, in loco Montanus Compensatio. *(Poor Latin grammar for "In place of monetary compensation")*

Uncle Leroy: Loco nothin'! Suin's too good for the bastard. Look at what he's done to us! Made me a baby daddy!

Harrison Huckabee: That's right. And me a fraudster.

Vesta: And me a pyromaniac.

Reverend Willy Bob: And me a child molester.

Sargeant Rolf: Und me a Nazi.

Muffin Danish: And I a Daughter of the American Revolution.

Uncle Leroy: I'd string 'im up if I had a string...

Vesta: Brain him if he had a brain.

Sargeant Rolf: Gas him if only der showers ver not zo overcrowded.

Muffin Danish: I'd keelhaul him if I had a keel. *(To Harrison Huckabee)* You wouldn't happen to have a spare keel on you, would you?

Harrison Huckabee: We can always sue him for the royalties, though you'd have to be out of your mind to think there could be any for trash like this! Who would pay to see such useless, pointless garbage? Or bother to read it? There is no charge for this professional opinion.

Uncle Leroy *(recognizing the author sitting in the audience)*: Hey! Over there on the left, sittin' in the audience! I think that's the rat who done this injustice to us!

Muffin Danish *(looking carefully)*: I think you're right, Uncle Leroy!

Uncle Leroy: Course I'm right! I'm always right! That's the conceited bastard hisself!

Vesta: Look at him! Just like all those other egotistical writers, sitting comfortably air-conditioned in the audience waiting for someone to recognize him and tell them how great his lousy play is while we swelter under these blistering stage lamps with grease paint doing a Giuliani down our chins! I feel like a slice of Uncle Leroy's burnt bacon.

Muffin Danish: He should think about how it feels to be a character stuck in his miserable play.

Uncle Leroy: Yeah, that's right. But clods like him ain't got no sensitivity.

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja! Making jokes out of our sufferink!

Reverend Willy Bob: Detain the foul profaner therefore, for he has sinned against us all!

Harrison Huckabee *(calling out to the audience and pointing out The Writer)*: Security! Security! Bind that man and bring him up here on the stage!

Sargeant Rolf: Rause und mach shnell mit you!

Two Security Officers push past seated audience members and forcibly pull The Writer up from his mid-row seat. The Security Officers push The Writer past seated audience members surrounding him and drag him up to the stage. He is the literary equivalent of Dr. Bergerac and bears a physical resemblance to him. They rough him up. He stumbles, catches himself and stares at his creation and then the audience.

The Writer: Hey! What's all this rough stuff about? Who's in charge of the writing around here anyway? This isn't in the script.

Uncle Leroy: Is that right? Well, pal, we're takin' charge now.

Ruby: Ya had your chance, bud, an' ya blew it.

The Writer: This is an outrage! Wait until I inform the Union about this!

Uncle Leroy: Fat lot a good that'll do ya, pal.

Harrison Huckabee: After a comprehensive review of your contract, Sir, it appears that you have no stipulated recourse for this peculiar contingency. You must therefore be found in violation of your mandamus to make sense out of the chaos you have presented and as such move to resolve the damages incurred by the concerned parties, quam celerrime. *(quickly)* My associates and I are confident that even if you have the means to appeal our case to a higher court, any further adjudication is sure to go against you. As such, I must advise you that your best recourse would be to settle our claims as expeditiously as possible to avoid late charges, interest penalties, added fees, etc., etc.

Vesta: That's the spirit, Hucky!

Muffin Danish: We've suffered enough!

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja! Achhh! Has zere ever been greater torment?

Reverend Willy Bob: Go get 'im, Boy! *(Everyone freezes and stares at him)* I mean *(in a craven but pontificating manner)*:

Open your mouth for the mute, Sir, for the rights of all who are destitute, Sir.

Open your mouth, Sir; judge righteously, Sir.

Defend the rights of the poor and needy... Sir! (Proverbs 31: 8-9)

(Pauses thoughtfully) I'm sorry for the "boy" slip-up, Mr. Huckabee! I can assure you no disrespect was meant. Please accept my sincerest apologies.

Vesta: Oh? Do you have any apologies that are less sincere?

Muffin Danish: Do I detect the odor of a new lawsuit?

Vesta: Or is that just Uncle Leroy stretching?

The Writer *(self-righteously addressing the audience)*: See? That's what happens when characters try writing their own lines.

Vesta: Keep up the sarcasm and next time we sponsor a bonfire we might throw you in too!

Muffin Danish: All that greasy egoism will make good fuel, but the air won't be the same for days.

Sargeant Rolf: Ach, ja ja! How vell I remember der shmell of ze ovens! Zo aromatic! Like ze pork roast.

Uncle Leroy: Like hot gun oil and crispy bacon fresh off the muzzle.

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja! I feel invigorated!

The Writer: You can complain all you want, but we still have a play to finish and you're just stretching it out with your whining. Don't you want to know how Uncle Leroy's cure finally works out for him?

Ruby: An' that's what I've been tryin' tuh tell yuh, but now all of youse is interuptin' witcher own personal beefs. I might as well have left my teeth in the glass this mornin'.

The Writer: I mean, come on now! Listen to yourselves! This play is not a tragedy!

Muffin Danish (*aside*): Though sitting through it is!

The Writer: What was I thinking when I birthed such thankless bellyachers? I would rather have caught my foreskin in a zipper than listen to your pathetic whining! If you are the best my imagination can come up with, I need to get my creativity tubes tied and find a new job. Can you be any more pathetic? You grumble about being keyboarded like it was a Guantanamo waterboarding. If you'd just have had the patience to see this play to the end, all your concerns would have been resolved. But no, you've made me, your creator, into your personal Dr. Frankenstein. The self-pity that appeals to you so much has blinded you to your finer virtues which, in the end, are the finest recourse any of us has to find meaning in our lunatic world. And your absurd whining has reduced any sublime pathos you were meant for into trivial mawkishness lesser characters would find embarrassing. All right then, my whimpering children. Can you assemble any fragments of courage left lingering about you and steady your frayed nerves? Shall I get you a tongue-depressor to clamp your teeth around as I give you the explanation you've demanded? Well? Can you handle the truth?

(Pauses. No one responds. The Writer sighs like an indulgent parent of children he has tried but failed to influence.) Please- you must forgive me. *(Sorrowfully shakes his head from side to side.)* It's just that I get very frustrated at times. I suppose it's only fair that I do owe you an explanation. So let's start with you, Reverend Baker. As a man of the cloth, you, after all, have little cause to complain! Is your faith not sufficient to sustain and redeem you, to enlighten and inspire you? Yet your petulance over how you are perceived surpasses any remorse you feel for your misdeeds. Indeed, you deny you've ever made any. You'd do better to remember that it's in redemption that so many of us have found salvation and peace! Jesus is not a poor model to emulate once you truly understand him and repent your own fall from grace. And there's always the hope that someday, you will, just as the apostle Paul did when he left Jerusalem for Damascus.

You, Ms. Danish, argue that the kleptomania I imposed upon you is a defamation of your status. But as Dr. Bergerac would tell you, it was really love that you were seeking as you prowled the aisles of Walmart. And in evidencing your own suppressed love for your fellow man throughout our play- especially for those you claim to despise- it's only a matter of time before love will be returned to you. Be receptive to it: you will find your true love- and fulfilled by its nurturing warmth, your obsessive drive to filch cosmetics will be extinguished. A new, happy and productive life will be yours as you find joy and peace in the give and take of love.

As for you, Sargeant Rolf, yes, I made you a Nazi. But then try to explain how a Viet Nam vet who believes he was a guard at Buchenwald and worships Hitler has become perhaps our most beloved character in the entire script. You are fortunate indeed that there's something to the American psyche that makes us prefer jolly Nazis to tragically heroic Viet Nam vets. I sure don't understand

this phenomenon, but you're the beneficiary of our enigmatic attitude, so enjoy it and take comfort that I didn't make you a progressive.

Harrison Huckabee, you I made a grifting scoundrel and rogue, it's true. But I defy you to exhibit even one aspect of psychosis. In fact, if we examine your character even casually, we have to ask ourselves if it isn't run-away capitalism itself that should have been institutionalized instead of you. But how does one institutionalize a concept? So, as capitalism's most stereotypical representative, you became its fall guy. But lawyers and venture capitalists enjoy privileges denied most other citizens: You were admitted into a hospital for the criminally insane instead of being sent to Rikers where guys like you and the Bernie Madoff's of Wall Street really belong. You should thank your lucky stars the audience didn't object to that non-Papal indulgence society has granted your profession, blame my weak writing for exploiting it, edit the play to your detriment and send you packing to prison!

Now when it comes to you, Ms. Vesta, it's true that the flame holds you in its spell. But you've always had the strength of character to put it to a good use. If ever you were a true pyromaniac, you seem to have applied your affliction in the most healthful manner. That great strength of character and your profound social consciousness is on par with other great souls who put mankind's needs ahead of their own. Yes, Ms. Vesta, the flame fascinates, but it's the shining of enlightenment such as yours that guides the seeker of wisdom. You can bet that the letter "L" in the word "noble" stands for "librarian," for there are few callings as honorable.

As to the hero of our play, I think it's best for me to stay mum rather than spoil the ending that's been so long in coming. We've waited this long- let's let the play speak for itself. Of the staff, I feel less inclined to talk insofar as they are not being treated for any form of neurosis, and strange as their behaviors might have seemed to be at times, they really aren't any different from most functioning people. I whole-heartedly believe, for instance, that Attendant 1 will find complete satisfaction with his wife as he grows older, and as for dear Nurse Router- well, what healthy, loving man would not find fulfillment as her beloved? As for my part, I only write happy endings. And in our shared compassion, I feel great comradery with Dr. Bergerac to the extent that he often reminds me of a projection of my own personality, quirky as he may be. Perhaps it's our common vision that there's already enough suffering to be depressed over in this world. You don't need either of us to add more misery to it.

Ruby: Well then why woncha shut the hell up an' let me tell youse what happened? Sheeesh!

The Writer: You were the ones who dragged me up here and demanded an explanation!

Uncle Leroy, Vesta, Muffin Danish, Harrison Huckabee, Reverend Willy Bob, Sargeant Rolf, the Two Attendants, Nurse Router (*in unison, to The Writer*): Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

Uncle Leroy (*losing his patience, addressing Ruby*): So stop ya teasin' an' tell us already, ya fifty-cent skank!

Ruby (*greatly pleased*): Well, it's like this. After you was sent off, Unkie, the public defender had a brain storm. He went before the judge and complained that your rights was violated when Coochie bit the copper what was suppose' tuh Miran... Mirand... Mi, Mi, Mi... aw, fuck it! They forgot tuh read ya your rights is what I'm tryin' tuh tell yuh, Unkie! The judge said the coppers should of known

better, so he dropped the charges an' ditched your case with prejudice. And accordin' to your mouthpiece, since they was prejudiced against ya, they can't arrest ya again. Youse as free as the slaves! (*Ruby dances like a nymph and waves release papers under Dr. Bergerac's nose.*) Read this, yuh over-educated goofus! (*Hands the document to Dr. Bergerac*) Read it an' then free Uncle Leroy! Free Uncle Leroy! Free Uncle Leroy!

Harrison Huckabee/Reverend Willy Bob/Sargeant Rolf/Vesta/Muffin Danish (*chanting*): Free Uncle Leroy! Free Uncle Leroy! Free Uncle Leroy!

Uncle Leroy: Ain't no prejudice gonna hold me!

Harrison Huckabee/Reverend Willy Bob/Sargeant Rolf/Vesta/Muffin Danish: Free Uncle Leroy! Free Uncle Leroy! Free Uncle Leroy!

Uncle Leroy: Ain't no injustice gonna discriminate me!

Harrison Huckabee/Reverend Willy Bob/Sargeant Rolf/Vesta/Muffin Danish: Free Uncle Leroy! Free Uncle Leroy! Free Uncle Leroy!

Uncle Leroy: Ain't no bias gonna out-bias me!

Harrison Huckabee/Reverend Willy Bob/Sargeant Rolf/Vesta/Muffin Danish: Free Uncle Leroy! Free Uncle Leroy! Free Uncle Leroy!

Uncle Leroy: Ain't no cell strong enough tuh hold me!

Ruby: Free Uncle Leroy now! Free Uncle Leroy now!!

Uncle Leroy: Ain't no copper tough enough to take me!

Harrison Huckabee/Reverend Willy Bob/Sargeant Rolf/Vesta/Muffin Danish: Free Uncle Leroy Now! Free Uncle Leroy Now! Free Uncle Leroy Now!

Uncle Leroy: Ain't no strait-jacket tight enough to restrain me!

Harrison Huckabee/Reverend Willy Bob/ Sargeant Rolf/ Vesta/Muffin Danish: Free Uncle Leroy Now! Free Uncle Leroy Now! Free Uncle Leroy Now!

Uncle Leroy: Ain't no 'lectric chair hot enough tuh fry me!

Harrison Huckabee/Reverend Willy Bob/Sargeant Rolf/Vesta/Muffin Danish: Free Uncle Leroy now! Free Uncle Leroy now! Free Uncle Leroy now!

Uncle Leroy: When I smoke, the cigs get lung cancer!

Harrison Huckabee/Reverend Willy Bob/Sargeant Rolf/Vesta/Muffin Danish: Free Uncle Leroy Now! Free Uncle Leroy Now! Free Uncle Leroy Now!

Dr. Bergerac (*examining the court documents*): The paperwork appears to be in proper order. Your discharge is just a matter of pro forma.

Uncle Leroy: Yeah? Whazzat?

Ruby: Yeah! Whazzat?

Dr. Bergerac: You can go home as soon as you wish.

Ruby: No shit, Dockie?

Uncle Leroy: You serious, Doc?

Dr. Bergerac: As soon as you wish. I have no legal authority to detain you.

Uncle Leroy: Ya mean I'm free?

Dr. Bergerac: Free as a jay bird!

Uncle Leroy: Who's a jail bird?

Dr. Bergerac: Jay bird. Jay bird, Uncle Leroy!

Ruby: No jail can hold him!

Uncle Leroy: Free! Free! I'm free at last!

Ruby: No strait jacket can restrain him!

All the patients: Free at last! Free at last! Free at last!

Ruby: No prejudice can discriminate him!

All the Patients: Free at last! Free at last! Free at last!

Ruby: When he makes love, all the dogs in the hood commence a-howlin'.

All the Patients: Free at last! Free at last! Free at last!

The Writer (*self-righteously*): See? That wasn't so bad, was it?

Dr. Bergerac (*delightedly*): Not bad at all! It looks like Uncle Leroy has been cured after all!

Ruby: An' they tol' me there was no cure!

The Writer: And they said they didn't like the script!

Vesta: Everyone's gotta be a critic!

Muffin Danish: That's the fickle public for you!

Harrison Huckabee (*addressing The Writer*): Given this new development, I recant my earlier remarks, Sir, ex post retractus, and am pleased to inform you that we shall be withdrawing our lawsuit seeking compensation for any and all damages incurred. Errare humanum est, Sir! (*To err is human!*)

Sargeant Rolf: Ja, ja! Ve ver chust following der shcript!

Uncle Leroy: Like I always tell 'em, "You'll never get me alive, Coppers!" (*Sings to the melody of "My Way"*):

And now, our play is done
And you can leave, not in a hurry
My friends, it does appear
Unkie is cured, so don't you worry
I seemed insane at first
I broke the rules, seemed certifiable
But you can trust that I am cured, it's
Undeniable!

They said that I was nuts
They said I needed intervention
They said I'd lost my mind
But I came through, and got redemption.
I'll still shoot my AR
My weaponry won't be forsaken
Because it is the fastest way
To fry the bacon.

Yes, there are aliens, and weirdos too
Who'd like to make an in-law of you.
They locked me up, said I was nuts
Restrained my ass, called me a putz.
I loaded up, would not shut up
And fried my bacon.

I stood up to those shnooks
Who thought I was unstable
But now the table's turned
They find I'm well and educable.

They said I was a nut
They said I needed medication
But no, they were the ones
With aberrations!

For when is a man proclaimed insane?
When is he nuts? When straights complain!
And call him things he'll never be
And cure him with psychiatry.
The tasting proves, bacon improves
When it's cooked my way!
Yes, I fried it my way!

Harrison Huckabee/Sargeant Rolf/Reverend Willy Bob/The Writer hoist Uncle Leroy up on their shoulders. He lies above them prone, the palm of his hand supporting his head, his bent elbow braced on the helmet of Sargeant Rolf. A procession forms and winds about the room. Vesta and Muffin Danish prancing at its head like nymphs, sprinkle rose blossoms as it circles the stage and makes its way to the exit. The Two Attendants and the Two Security guards march in strict military formation along the flanks like an armed escort. Ruby and Nurse Router trail along after them, skipping and dancing like fairies, sprinkling more rose petals (or confetti) in the wake. Uncle Leroy, still prone on the men's shoulders, salutes the audience, winks and is carried out. Dr. Bergerac, left alone, facing the audience in mid-stage, smiles the sublime smile of the all-knowing, stands at attention and salutes the public. He bows and exits, hup-hupping triumphantly. The hup-hups fade like echoes until there is silence.

And that's all, Folks!

Gene Burshuliak

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