

(STEVEN steps back. NURSE #2 hands a tazer to NURSE #1, who then "tazers" PETER. He flails to the ground and shakes a bit before becoming still. The NURSES drag him off.)

STEVEN. Wow. That was great T.V. Back to you, nurse.

BETH. I ~~refuse to acknowledge that name, but you're right, that was great T.V.~~ Thank you, Steven. I'm now joined by a Doctor Stergen-Spergen. I don't know if I'm pronouncing that correctly.

DOCTOR. Yah, correct. I is Stergen-Spergen from Luxenhosen. I have medical license to perform da sergeries. I frame certificate. (He produces a framed certificate.) You like?

BETH. Yes, that's very nice.

DOCTOR. Go, take.

BETH. No, that's alright, thank you.

DOCTOR. Take. Is copy. Is copy. Take.

BETH. (Taking it.) Alright then. Thank you for joining us on such short notice, Doctor. I realize you must be a very busy man.

DOCTOR. Yes, da people like da sergeries.

BETH. Yes, I understand they do. Can you tell us a little more about some sergeries you recently performed on a particular client? Or set of clients I should say. Three. Three blind mice.

DOCTOR. De blind mice is no blind no more!

BETH. Is that so? So let me get this straight, you were able to restore sight to the three blind mice. How is this possible?

DOCTOR. I am corrective eye sergery.

BETH. Yes, but how is that possible? They're mice.

DOCTOR. I use very small tools.

BETH. Uh-huh.

DOCTOR. I give tails, too. Prosthetic, yes? They come to me, the three mice. No sight. No tails. No nothing. They look not even mice. Just like little fur thing. And they say, Doctor Stergen Spergen, help

# Beth / Doctor

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Jason Pizzarello

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us. First, we are blind. Then de farmer's wife chop off tails. Very sad. Very said. I say, okay mice, sit down, fill out papers, I be back. I go eat san-de-wich, I come back, I say "you have papers?" They say we give to nurse. But I don't have nurse. We laugh. We make joke together. I like them. So, I say "okay, don't worry about papers, I do sergeries now." I do sergeries, I send bill.

BETH. Fascinating.

DOCTOR. I am professional. I do skin care for you, yes?

BETH. No.

DOCTOR. You decide later. Any time.

BETH. Thank you for stopping by, Doctor.

DOCTOR. I wait outside.

BETH. Please don't.

DOCTOR. I be in your car. } END

(DOCTOR is gone. PHIL hands BETH a stack of papers.)

BETH. No word yet from Mother Goose. Let's go back out into the field. Judy, I understand you're with the Old Woman who lives in the shoe.

JUDY. That's right, Ms. Nuckerpants.

BETH. Wait, Judy?

JUDY. That's right. It's an unusual—

BETH. Judy the intern Judy?

JUDY. Well, yes. I have been enrolled in the internship program this semester.

BETH. That's great. (Looking off stage:) Phil, what did we run out of reporters? (Back to the camera:) I guess so. Judy our intern, ladies and gentlemen, is apparently suddenly qualified to handle a professional assignment.

JUDY. Please, Ms. Nuckerpants, give me a chance. I mean, I did take a journalism course last semester.