

X doctors, Y patients, where $y = 3x$.

Don't make a sound, strike the band, it's Mister Billy again. Check out his hat. He's plugging all the I.V. hoses directly underneath his fingernails. He's got a t-shirt factory underneath the concrete floor. Hear him put his ear to the ground, he's listening to make sure they're still working.

I heard you used to work for him. Did his taxes.

I heard a noise coming from my ribcage. Yep, the mayor's back. Speeches on TV.

5 nurses.

Would you like your bath?

Yes.

Would you like your seat belt refastened?

Yes. It's cold here. It's goddamned Alaska.

Would you go to the train station?

Yes.

Would you tell the beggars there about me?

Yes. They'd want to know.

When do the trains leave?

Mostly in the morning, some in the afternoon, never in the evening.

I thought so.

Why are you interrogating me?

This isn't an interrogation. I'm just adjusting your bed.

My feet should be higher than my chest. No, wait.

Where's your wallet?

In safekeeping.

This isn't an interrogation. I'm just refilling your water glass.

It's cold here. Who can affix me to something?

I'm out of glue. Unless you have a horse.

I have a horse.

I know.

3 mice underneath the bed.

ALL TETHERED UP to something food-wise, necessity-wise, feelings-wise. The mice underneath the bed and their tails are knotted: this is how it is. You get used to it. You stop making decisions on your own.

King of the mice asks if light equals oxygen. The mouse scientists don't know. They blind themselves in self-defense. The king is distracted.

2 doctors, 2 patients. It's even.

I got the grass. I had to hide it in my cavities.

Excellent. Did anyone see?

Mrs. Ralphson watched it on pay-per-view. Or at least that's what her records show.

Did you get her keys?

Sure. Another fantasy: we went back to the laboratory and there was only a safety pin holding it shut.

When should we stop all this research?

1 Mayor.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Hospital:

It is with great sadness that I crinkle my forehead tonight. According to the preliminary diagnosis, Mister Billy is still at large

oh the muzak -- listen

and there are various interim transdermal remedies proposals skin-shaving petropharmaceuticals approaching Ralph and Ralph and Conscripted Ralph and all of us need to stop drinking milk and TETHER ourselves together and make sure we don't TETHER ourselves accidentally to Mister Billy

oh