

THE DOCTOR IS DEAD

by é boylan

Episode One--Transcript

INTRO

NARRATOR

Now.

a chord

Welcome, listener. Welcome to now. Now, you have chosen to hear *The Doctor is Dead*, a contemporary fantasy for queer imaginations.

a chord

Wherever “now” takes you, I invite you to stay, make yourself comfortable, and listen.

Chime begins

What you are about to hear is a story of entirely unfamiliar people who abandoned the familiar long ago. The story you are about to hear does not begin on the surface of our world, but far below, within the roots of our belonging. Here, the world is very much different, and yet painfully the same. But here, some extraordinary individuals have begun to Recall and Reveal a new beginning. It sounds like this.

Episode 1: old things.

I. old things

*here, a place full of old things
a cold room*

*in near darkness
we hear the echo of a memory*

(Music: #1 LISTEN I)

MEMORY

LISTEN, SONGBIRD
WILL YOU SING FOR ME?
LISTEN, SONGBIRD
I AM MEMORY
I'M THE ROOTS BENEATH THE TREE THAT HOLDS THIS MEMORY.

LISTEN TO ME,
TO THE SOUND OF BEGINNING
IT SOUNDS LIKE

an eruption of beautiful sound

LISTEN, SONGBIRD,
LITTLE SONGBIRD,
THE WORLD REMEMBERS
WITHOUT END

*memories whisper until
the click of a tape recorder activated*

NIGHTINGALE

for tape

I begin.

Day One, arrival. The time is 10:04 AM and I begin the record from my workstation. I will begin, um...I will begin to look through the Old Things here and mark my observations. I believe the Retrievers prepared a written inventory...it, uh. Yes.

Mark: Four miscellaneous containers listed. Old Things should be collected inside each container, itemized inventory...uh...itemized inventory missing. It will take some time to recover the narrative...

Confirming inventory for the record. Mark: Four containers. On the table is one medium crate, 50 lbs marked...sorry, adjusting to the new lamp. It's a bit a bit a bit bright. So.

Mark: file request for a lower watt bulb with admin. I don't need all this light. uh.

Recording descriptions (again). Mark: Four containers. One medium crate, 50 lbs marked; One small wooden tray ,4 lbs marked; One medium crate, identical to the first, weight unmarked...estimated...

lifts crate

(eurg) estimated 15 lbs; and...

um.

Container Four...It's not...uh, it's not with the others here...

whispers begin

Listen.

I hear, something

here

with me.

Pausing the record while I...I'm going to follow the sound

stops tape

looks around darkness, eventually finding a coffin

ob

starts tape

Mark: Found Container Four—unusual. Container appears to be one sealed coffin, made of...wood.

Weight is. Um. Weight is unmarked.

With inventory missing, contents of containers currently unknown. They wouldn't send a body, I don't think.

I will

I will

try to recover the narrative.

It will take—umm some time to recover the narrative.

a low hum

But even now,

the Old Things in this room...

I hear...

Listen: the sound of a beginning.

Textured like the beating of wings, like the, uh, the turning of a page.

Listen: the turning of a page.

Listen: a recitation.

Listen: the beginning of a recitation, the sound of a beginning. It sounds like, like, like... a voice. A voice that passes through me. The voices of a congregation. The sounds that speak of Revelation.

Listen: a Revelation. The sounds come from Container Four. I hear what came before this coffin, what came before, or what began. The imprint is a eulogy so listen to the memory.

Listen: a beginning in the object of an ending. Or...!

the hum lifts

(Music: #2 LISTEN II)

MEMORY

SING FOR ME, SING FOR
ME

ECHO

SING AN ENDING

SING FOR ME, SING FOR ME

END
TO ME,
AND
I REMEMBER
THEY LISTEN

THEY LISTEN FOR AN
END

I
REMEMBER

MEMORY

THEY LISTEN FOR THE RECORD OF HER MEMORY
BUT THEY DON'T KNOW HER MEMORY
THEY ONLY HEAR WHAT THEY THINK THEY HEAR
YOU'VE HEARD FROM ME!
HER MEMORY IS THE SONG INSIDE THIS TREE, MY BODY.

ECHO

SING FOR ME, SING FOR ME (SING AN ENDING)

MEMORY
SING FOR ME, SING FOR ME
END
TO ME,
AND
I REMEMBER
TO LISTEN

ECHO
THEY LISTEN FOR AN
END
I
REMEMBER

MEMORY

LISTEN, SONGBIRD,
THERE IS PAIN IN ME
AND THAT PAIN THEY THINK WILL END WHEN YOU CAN SING THE END
THERE IS NO END
TO THE SOUND OF BEGINNING

*memories whisper until
the door opens*

SWALLOW

Good morning, Nightingale.

NIGHTINGALE

Director Swallow. Good, good uh good/morning

SWALLOW

Yes. Let's go over your morning record.
We'll start from the beginning.

OUTRO

NARRATOR

A chord

The Doctor is Dead is written, composed, and directed by é boylan.

A chord

Sound mixing and editing is by Katherine Cartusciello and Jay Eigenmann, with sound design and engineering by Charlie Freedman.

A chime begins

The voices you hear belong to marcos rené ospina, Genesis Adelia Collado, Joshuah Dominique, é boylan, and myself, Chris Okawa. Music is directed and performed by Sofia Geck, along with Kasey Blezinger, Yuka Tadano, and Matt Wong. Production management and coordination is by Lauren Durán Grajewski and Dinah Rokhinson. This audio presentation is produced by Musical Theatre Factory and made possible, in part, by generous support from The National Endowment for the Arts, the Jerome Foundation, the Howard Gilman Foundation, Musical Theatre International, and listeners like you.

Next week: we'll return with another installment of *The Doctor is Dead*. If you liked what you heard, please support us by telling your friends and by leaving us a rating or review- and most importantly subscribe to hear what's coming next. Until then, thank you for listening.

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