

THE ADDRESS BOOK

MIKE

[Bending down to pick up a card that has fallen out of an address book]

God, I forgot this card was in here. It's a picture of Tammy Faye Baker. It's not really her. It's a woman who looks like her. Real big toothy smile. It says "when you laugh". . . and the next picture is of her smiling even bigger. . ." the whole world laughs with you. But when you cry" and there's another picture of her crying -- "You look like shit." God, what a great picture of her masscara going all over the place. I hope I don't look this bad with my masscara going all over the place recently.

I forgot about this card. I forgot about this book. There's so many people I haven't been in contact with. Peter, he's in Paris trying to get some new drug treatment. I wrote to Alan, but I got it back. It said: "No forwarding address." I don't know what that means. That he's not around anymore, I guess. I called Sam and he told me that Ricky was dead. Ricky was my first lover in New York. I don't know, what are you supposed to do, cross people out of your address book when they're dead? I never had to deal with that before. What would Amy Vanderbilt say?

Wait. I have a great idea. I'll go through this thing once snapping up all the people who are alive and put them in my word processor. That way, when they die, I'll just have to hit the delete key and nobody will accuse me of being crass for crossing them out.

Look at this book. It's a fucking mess. Plus the fact that every fag I know has moved twenty times in the last year and I have twenty phone numbers for her. "Call me at this one's house, don't call me anymore at that one's house, here's my phone number in Key West, here's my phone number in Maui, I've disconnected my phone number at my mother's, I don't have a phone."

I think I'll just dump this whole book. I'm not going to write anymore. I go through this all the time. I get real excited at first, meeting someone and thinking we'll stay in touch. But now it's too much work. Too much work telling people what's going on with you. Too much. Too much.

[tossing book away]

You call me. I haven't left yet.

WHICH ONE FOR ME?

JIMMY

(Talking to the audience)

I kept saying, "well, if I ever get that white stuff on my tongue, then I'd do something." Well, I got that white stuff on my tongue. Then I got shingles. Have you ever felt like someone was playing with matches. . .on your chest. . .for a lunar month? That's when I started watching my T-cells. My doctor kept saying, "well, as long as they don't go below 200." They went to 280. He said, "as long as they don't go below 200." Then went to 220. I decided it was time to confront my doctor. You know, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. I went back to see him.

(Jimmy circles the stage as "traveling music" is heard in the background and Dr. moves onto the stage with seat and phone)

DOCTOR

(On phone and motioning for Jimmy to sit)

Yeah, but even if he buys as twenty and a quarter, he'll still have to sell the Merck short.

(To Jimmy)

How's your hemorrhoids, Chuck?

JIMMY

Jimmy. I don't have hemorrhoids.

DOCTOR

(Nodding in understanding)

Yeah. But I kept telling him he'd be better off with Triple A munis, double tax free. Hold on a minute, Mike, will you?

(To Jimmy)

Take your pants off.

(Back to the phone)

No, I'm not propositioning anyone. I've got a patient here.

JIMMY

Why should I take my pants off? It's the white stuff on my tongue.

DOCTOR

The white stuff is back?

(to phone)

No, this is not an obscene phone call, Mike? I got this kid. . . just hang on, will ya?

(To Jimmy)

Have you changed your toothpaste?

JIMMY

(tentatively)

No.

DOCTOR

Try changing your toothpaste. Take off those trousers, now, son.

(Back on phone as Jimmy begins to pull down his pants)

So, Mike, why don't you tell him to have a drink with us and my guy from E.F. Hutton. Yeah, sure. Best to Muriel.

(Hangs up and eyes Jimmy's thighs)

What are those spots you got there?

JIMMY

These? I was going to ask you the same question.

DOCTOR

Looks like you've been bumping into tables, have you now? Unless it's an AIDS related condition.

JIMMY

That's what you said last time,

DOCTOR

I did? What about your hemmorhoids?

JIMMY

I don't have any. . (PHONE RINGS]

DOCTOR

Doctor Carter speaking. Yeah. Genetech? Well, okay, but not a penny over fifty and a quarter.

JIMMY

. . .any hemmorhoids.

DOCTOR

No?

JIMMY

No.

DOCTOR
[Picking up a chart]
Moskowitz?

JIMMY
No, Smith.

DOCTOR
(the realization sinking in)
HIV. . .
(Jimmy nods)
So?

JIMMY
Don't you think with this white stuff coming back again on my
tongue, I should be taking something?

DOCTOR
What's your T-cell?

JIMMY
Last time you said it was 220.

DOCTOR
As long as they don't go below 200.

JIMMY
And if they do go below 200?

DOCTOR
AZT.

JIMMY
That! I heard that it can have some awful side effects.

DOCTOR
Sometimes. . .

JIMMY
Isn't there something else?

DOCTOR

No, nothing else. AZT. It's approved. Pick up your pants. Come back and see me if they go below 200. I'll start you on AZT. Approved, you know.

JIMMY

How will I know if they go below 200?

DOCTOR

Good question. In that case, come back and see me in a month.

JIMMY

For AZT?

DOCTOR

(Exiting. Mumbling to himself)

I was sure this damn chart said hemmorhoids. Where the hell did I see the word hemmorhoids. I know I was it somewhere. . . .

JIMMY

I was beginning to get a little sophisticated by this point. After having seen eight doctors to finally get an accurate diagnosis, I wasn't going to just blindly accept the first one who suggested some medicine. Particularly when everyone said it had some pretty bad side effects. And particularly when it looked as if I would have to take this medical chemical for a very long time, probably screwing my body up more than it was. So I decided to get myself another opinion. I went to see this woman doctor who had quite a reputation among the AIDS community. Of course, I wasn't quite sure what her reputation was for. But it seemed like everyone I mustered up the courage to tell I had ARC, their first response was "Oh, have you seen that woman doctor?" So, I made an appointment and four months later, I got to see her.

[Traveling music. Woman Doctor enters and begins to fix her hair]

Excuse me doctor, your nurse said. . .

WOMAN DOCTOR

Yes?

JIMMY

I have this white stuff on my tongue, these purple things on my thighs, and my eyes are pink. I'm trying to color coordinate my living room to my body but my interior decorator says, "forget it." What do you think?

WOMAN DOCTOR

(very earnestly)
Surely you must be joking.

JIMMY

I think it's my interior decorator who's joking. But in a more lighthearted vein, do you advise your ARC patients to automatically go onto AZT?

WOMAN DOCTOR

AZT? It's aproooooved

JIMMY

I know it's aprooved, but not everything I've heard about AZT has been good.

WOMAN DOCTOR

The most important factor at the moment, Jimmy, is your health mainenance and maintaining the best health possible. Your doctor has forwarded your chart to me. . .

JIMMY

It doesn't say hemmorhoids, does it?

WOMAN DOCTOR

Certainly not. It quite clearly spells out that you have an Aids related condition and it suggests AZT. So, I suggest you and I have a little chat about AZT. But first we need to do a thorough exam. Ok. Sit here.

(Jimmy sits)

Good.

(Pause)

Relax.

(Pause)

Good.

(She shines flashlight into his ear)

Now, say, "A-H-H"

JIMMY

A-h-h.

WOMAN DOCTOR

Good.

(Pause)

Say, "A-E-E"

A-E-E.

JIMMY

WOMAN DOCTOR

Good.

(Pause)

Say "O-H-H'.

JIMMY

O-H-H.

WOMAN DOCTOR

Good.

(Pause. She pulls flashlight away)
How many sounds did you make?

JIMMY

Three.

WOMAN DOCTOR

Good.

(Pause)

What were those sounds?

JIMMY

A-H-H. A-E-E. O-H-H.

WOMAN DOCTOR

Good.

(Pause)

Could you hear yourself saying those sounds?

JIMMY

Yes.

WOMAN DOCTOR

Good.

(Pause)

Now stand.

(Jimmy stands. Pause)

Good.

(Pause)

Relax.

(Pause)

Good.

(Pause)
Now lift your right leg.
(Jimmy lifts right leg. Pause)

Good.

(Pause)
Lean forward and touch the floor in front of your left foot with
your left hand.

(Jimmy does this. Pause)

Good.

(Pause)
Now blink your eyes quick three times.
(Jimmy does this. Pause)

Good.

(Pause]
Did the blinking make you dizzy or nauseous?

JIMMY

No.

WOMAN DOCTOR

Good.

(Pause)
Now, stand.
(Jimmy stands. Pause).
Now please sit back down in the chair and relax.
(Jimmy does this. Pause)

Good.

(Pause)
How do you feel?

JIMMY
LOOKING VERY CONFUSED I feel just fine.

MD
Good. PAUSE My determination is that your health, despite your precarious condition, is quite good. PAUSE Quite good! PAUSE Now, about AZT.....Jimmy, the AMA and the FDA are looking out for your best interest. They have very stringent practices and policies. Why do you suppose they never aprooooooved LSD & MDA?

JIMMY
Well,...

MD
INTERRUPTING Well, I'll tell you. They never aprooooooved alot of drugs because they were more harmful than good PAUSE and you don't want to take the risk of the possible ramifications of guerilla black-market medications and therapies. Stick with the AMA and the FDA; you can trust them. AND be careful of strangers out there professing to have magic cures and potents.

JIMMY
VERY QUIZZICALLY What?

MD
Good. PAUSE It's good PAUSE for you to be skeptical. It's safe. And remember: "If it's not aprooooooved, it's not for you!"

JIMMY
THINKING SHE MUST BE A LUNATIC Oh, sure. TO AUDIENCE AS MS DOCTOR EXITS It was beginning to sound like a chant. UP ON PEDISTAL "AZT. It's apro-oved!" DOWN OFF PEDESTAL Finally, it hit me. If I had waited for everything I ever put in my mouth to be apro-oved, I would have missed out on alot. I started asking around. What were other people taking? I heard about this guy named Al. I went to see him. TRAVELLING MUSIC

WALKS OVER TO AL - WE COME IN ON A CONVERSATION ALREADY IN PROGRESS (Inset A

JIMMY
So you say it's made out of eggs. totally from eggs?

AL ^{his}
Totally. ^{he} cells it my Viricidal Omelet.

JIMMY
Well what do the letters and numbers mean?

AL
A L - active lipids. and 7-2-1 stand for the ratio of theto theIt's a bunch of bio-chemical mumbo jumbo that you don't need ... all you have to know is that it helps to keep the virus from reproducing and it doesn't fuck you up in the meantime.

JIMMY
Sounds great I wonder why my doctor hasn't told me about it:

AL. For what? For what, huh? For what?

JIMMY. For. . .

AL. For your AIDS, right? You need help for your AIDS?

JIMMY: No, for my . . . T-cell count. I don't have AIDS.
Just a high T-cell count.

AL: Around this neighborhood there is good words and there
is bad words. AIDS is a good word. It's good for my. . .I mean,
Nathan's, business.

JIMMY: But I don't have AIDS, just a high T-cell count. I
was hoping to avoid AZT.

AL: Shhh. Keep your voice down. Them are the bad words. You
say words like that around here, you'll dry up my business.

JIMMY: Your business?

AL: I mean Nathan's business.

JIMMY: Anyway, I was hoping to avoid AZT.

AL (mocking): You was hoping to avoid AZT.

JIMMY: Yes, so do you know when this Al will be back?

AL: How could he be back if he ain't here?

JIMMY: Well, he could ain't be here temporarily?

AL: But he ain't here permanently.

JIMMY: Oh.

AL(after studying Jimmy) How do I know you ain't working for them.

JIMMY: I'm not.

AL: Not what?

JIMMY: Working.

AL: For who?

JIMMY: For anyone.

AL: Oh, then you ain't working for anyone?

JIMMY: Right.

AL: So you ain't working for them.

JIMMY: Right.

AL: Good. And how do I know you got the bucks?

Jimmy (pondering): You take credit?

AL: Only for the vitamin therapy.

JIMMY: What's that?

AL: Well, you lay on this couch made of vitamins, you know, all these little things in this gel capsule. You heard of a water bed? This is a gel couch. You roll around there for a while. Then you tell me. . .I mean, Nathan, your dreams. And then, you know, like we kind of figure out which vitamin you're deficient in by the kind of dream you had. Like if you dreamt last night of

being on some tropical island with lots of fruit trees, we would definitely know you got a vitamin C deficiency. And like if you dreamt about death, we'd know you're deficient in vitamin B.

JIMMY: How would you know that?

AL: Well, you know, dying means somebody is not going to "be". So there's no "b". So that means "b" deficient.

JIMMY: Suppose you don't dream?

AL: Are you asking me, "suppose you don't dream and you ain't got the bucks" or are you asking me "suppose you don't dream and you got the bucks?"

JIMMY: Well, I have credit.

AL: Then you ain't got the bucks.

JIMMY: Not at this minute.

AL (thumbing through a little book and reading). Does not dream. Does not have bucks. Needs special omelet. Obviously my. . .I mean, Nathan's vitamin therapy is not for you. What you then need is Jacques'^{AL 721}egg treatment. It's made totally from eggs.

AL
(SCRIBBLES ON A PIECE OF PAPER AND HANDS IT TO JIMMY)
Here's where you can get it. The password is souffle.

JIMMY
(JIMMY MOVES ALONG TO THE NEXT PERSON AND GENTLY KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.)
Is this 711 Alagheny street?

JACQUE
(APPEARING IN A WHITE CHEF'S HAT)
What's the password?

JIMMY
Souffle?

JACQUE
Come in. Did you bring the money?

JIMMY
Yes, a hundred dollars in unmarked fives.

JACQUE
Good. (TAKES THE MONEY AND GIVES HIM THE STUFF)
Have you been diagnosed? (JIMMY NODS) What else you takin'?

JIMMY
What else? (SHRUGS) I haven't been taking anything. isn't this going to be enough?
(A GIGGLE IS AGAIN HEARD THROUGHOUT THE GROUP)

JACQUE
This is just an anti-viral, one anti-viral, you gotta be takin an immune enhancer besides or it'll be like playing ping pong without any balls - you know what I mean? You need some DNCE- (SCRIBBLES ON A PIECE OF PAPER AND HANDS IT TO HIM) here, ask for Willie at the guerilla clinic.

JIMMY
(WALKS AROUND LOOKING FOR THE PLACE DESCRIBED IN THE DIRECTIONS- HE STOPS AND BEGINS TO WHISTLE, ' I AM WHAT I AM '. A MAN POPS OUT FROM BEHIND A PILLAR CARRYING A MACHINE GUN SCARING HIM HALF TO DEATH)

Is this where I get the DNCE?

WILLIE
SHHHHHH! (LOOKS AROUND SUSPICIOUSLY)
Anybody follow you here?

JIMMY
No, i don't think so. I.I.I'm not sure i'm in the right

WILLIE
Did Al send you? (JIMMY NODS) You're in the right place

JIMMY
Why is this all so secretive? (THE GROUP GIGGLES)

WILLIE
(LOOKING AROUND AGAIN AND IN A LOUD BUT WHISPERED VOICE)
It's the F.D.A., they're in cahootz with the A.I. trying to make us all D.O.A. Role up your sleeve.

JIMMY
What are you going to do ? I don't want a shot. I'll

WILLIE
I ain't givin you a shot. this is a photo-chemical on your arm once a week, it'll cause a slight that's good. lots of people have doubled and trip counts this way but you should really try to get the good shit.

JIMMY
There's more?

WILLIE
Yeah. what you need is some DTC.

JIMMY
What's that?

WILLIE

Sodium diethyldithiocarbamate. Whatcha been in the Doctor's office? It's some good shit, cells coming out of your ears, you don't need an immune modulator!

JIMMY

No, of course not. (NOT KNOWING WHAT THE HELL I WAS GOING TO TAKE THEM ALL.)

WILLIE

Here, take this (SCRIBBLES ON A PIECE OF PAPER) JIMMY) and go see Madame WooWoo. She's on Chakra boulevard. Can't miss it. a big red aura.

JIMMY

What do I owe you Willie?

WILLIE

(GRABS JIMMY AND PLANTS A BIG KISS ON HIS LIP) Stay healthy kid, and send me some more (DISAPPEARS)

JIMMY

(CALLING AFTER HIM) Do I need a password AGAIN ON THE JOURNEY, FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS TO WOO'S HOUSE. HE RINGS THE DOORBELL AND A MELANCHOLIC - MISS WOO WOO APPEARS LOOKING LIKE A CONFUSED FORTUNE TELLER AND A CRYSTAL CHANDLERE)

MADAM WOO WOO

You gonged darling?

JIMMY

Willie sent me, he said you had some (WHISPER)

MADAM W. W.

How is Willie? Isn't he adorable in that G.

JIMMY
(STILL WHISPERING) He seems like a very nice n

MADAM W. W.
Why are you whispering?

JIMMY
The FDA, (LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER) they'
NRA, or is it the PTA. I don't know. Willie se
...(LAUGHS. A LITTLE EMBARRASSED) So do you ha

MADAM W. W.
DTC! Ofcourse! We got DTC. Peptide-F, HPA-
it's not approved we got it.

JIMMY
Do you have any red M. & M.'s?

MADAM W. W.
Let's have a look. Come on in.

JIMMY
(TO HIMSELF) Great, no password.

MADAM W.W.
Oh wait, do you know the secret handshake?

JIMMY
No, Willie just kissed me and ran back inside.

MADAM W. W.
That's Willie, O.K. watch, I'll show it to
SOME WIERD HANDSHAKE FOLLOWED BY THREE 'THYMUS

JIMMY
Why do you beat your chest at the end?

MADAM W. W.

This is not chest beating, this is 'T encourages your thymus to release extra always do it at the end of your visualizatio You're doing visualizations of course?

JIMMY

Is that sort of like phone sex?

MADAM W. W.

(PINCHING HIS CHEEK)

Cute. I love it when he sends me one with a or these boys are soooo serious. Sit down he a program plan.

JIMMY

Wait, is this going to cost much? I've aires I have.

MADAM W. W.

haw. i do this for everyone. it's a jungle gotta sort through this stuff for you.

JIMMY

Maybe my doctor should be in on this. (CHORUS GIGGLES)

MADAM W. W.

Always with the jokes, ha, ha, you're a r laughs going. they're very healing. O.K., he book list. read till you puke. (BEGINS FILES)

JIMMY

What a regimen!

MADAM W.W.

...and speaking of puke, whatcha been eatin

JIMMY

Oh, you know, regular food.

MADAM W.W.

Well stop it, that stuff'll kill ya. (HANDING HIM ANOTHER PAPER)
Here's your new diet.

JIMMY

But there's nothing on here but brown rice.

MADAM W.W.

Look pleser dear, you get seaweed three times a week. Now for your meditation practice, you should always meditate right before and after your acupuncture treatments - it makes the points more - (WAVING HER HANDS) pointy. Next Tuesday at 8:00 I'm going to be conducting a T-Cell Transmogrification Astral Plane Transgression with a group of people just like you - be there or may your B-lymphocytes rest in peace.

(JIMMY MOVES BACK DOWNSTAGE CENTER AND TALKS TO AUDIENCE)

JIMMY

Well even though she seemed pretty wacko I went that Tuesday night, in fact I've been going for awhile now. It's a little strange but I meet real nice people and learn about things I can do to take care of myself. It's nice to know I have some options. Oh, guess who was there last week - my doctor! I think he was embarrassed., he kept muttering something about the NIH, CDC, the AMA - boy, you never know who you'll meet at Madame woo woo's.

THE END