# *Le Molière Imaginaire*
# *(Or: Keep Your Enemas Closer)*
# Text for Music by Andrew Schultz
# By Timothy Knapman

**Voices from afar and entering**
Savantissimi doctores,
Medicinae professores,
Qui hic assemblati estis;

Et vos, altri messiores,
Sententiarum Facultatis
Chirurgiani et apothicari
Atque tota compagnia aussi,

**Spoken introduction onstage**
Do you like the sight of blood
In a trickle, spurt or flood?
And would you like to disembowel,
Amputate and do such foul
Things that, in the aftermath,
Would get you labelled "psychopath"?
You could go on a torture spree,
Be as wicked as can be,
And generally go off half-cocked or…

You could learn to be a doctor.
Causing pain's their stock-in-trade!
The scrubs are cute – you might get laid.
The money isn't bad as well;
So come on, fiends: say "What the Hell?"
And think perhaps one day you might
Take part in this: the ancient rite
In which the cut-throat faculty
Tests a young doctor-to-be…

**The President and Doctors onstage**
Most erudite doctors, professors of medicine, who are here assembled.
And you others: apothecaries, pharmacists, acupuncturists, acupressurists, aromatherapists, osteopaths, sociopaths, colonic irrigators, moronic irrigators and other washouts.

Salus, honor et argentum,
Hello, good evening, and money.

*Enter the Candidate.*

**President and Doctors**
Et credo quod trovabitis
In savanti homine que voici;

I recommend for election to this noble order a newly-qualified doctor whose great care and skill mean he can be relied upon…

Sed non Rupertus Murdochio
In magnum merdam cascado.
Not to drop us in it with the papers every time we mess up and kill someone.

Ergo medicus natus est
In other words, a born doctor.

**Chorus**
Vivat bonus conspiratio exiguous!
Long live our nice little racket!

**President**
Primus Doctor
First Doctor

**First Doctor**
Très savanti bacheliero,
Domandabo causam quare
Maximus pericoloso
Pharmacon nuovo
Would you ever prescribe a potentially dangerous new drug to your patients?

**Candidate**
Solus sub res bizarro
Only under very exceptional circumstances.

**Candidate**
Id est luncheonicus
cum venditor pharmacologicus
corporazzione et golfo victor ludorum.
That is, if the salesman from the drug company had bought me a good lunch and let me win a round of golf.

**Chorus**
Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.
Dignus, dignus est intrare
In nostro docto corpore.
Bene, bene respondere.

Well done, mate! Just what the doctors ordered!

**President**
Secundus Doctor
Second Doctor

**Second Doctor**
Homo cum molto wonga
Veuillas tibi dire,
Docte bacheliere,
Quid illi facere.
What would you say if a very rich man asked you to treat him?

**Candidate**
Commendaro patiens privatus
Only as a private patient.

**President**
Et Quasimodo?
And what if that gave him the hump?

**Candidate**
Rectum purgatorio
I'd give him an enema. That'll teach him to ignore the advice of a medical professional.

**Second Doctor**
Et quomodo donare rectum purgatorio?
And how would you administer this enema?

**Candidate**
Magna libros medico consultans et anus adspicero
I would open my medical encyclopaedia and look up "arse".

**Chorus**
Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.
Cum anus mirabilis.
Full marks again. Nice bum too.

**President**
Tertius Doctor
Third Doctor

**Third Doctor**
Venit ad me una stella
Hollywoodens jadis bella,
qui est holistic looney tunes comme Renée Zellweger
A fading Hollywood star came to me.

Visagium apparebat botox
Her face seemed strangely smooth.

et coloris quackum cackum
And as green as duck shit.

Unus ultra visagium-viagra
One more face lift

Barba habeat
She'd have a beard.

Sed insisticans holisticans
But she demanded that I treat her holistically,
Cum mumbo-jumbo toto loco cuckoo
In line with her deeply-held spiritual beliefs.

Veuillas mihi dire quid superest, illi facere.
So tell me what should I do?

**Candidate**
Rectum purgartorio
Give her an enema.

**Fifth Doctor**
Si interficere?
And if it kills her?

**Candidate**
Semper in antecessum dare
Always insist on being paid in advance

**Chorus**
Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere.
Dignus, dignus est intrare
In nostro docto corpore

**President**
Quartus Doctor
Fourth Doctor. Tom Baker! My favourite!
Medicus Qui!

**Fourth Doctor**
Maladus unus
Quis vitam expirens
A grande vitesse
Et imperat quantus longus?
What would you say to a very sick man who asks how long he has to live?

**Candidate**
Inquam "quinque".
I would say five

**Fourth Doctor**
Quinque quis? anni, menses, dies?
Five whats? Years, months, days?

**Candidate**
Quattuor… tres… duo…
Four… three… two…

**Chorus**
Vivat, vivat bonus conspiratio exiguous!

**President and Doctors**
Juras gardare statuta
Per Facultatem praescripta,
Cum sensu et jugeamento?

Do you swear that, by our statutes,
You will be forever bound?
And if you see us cocking stuff up
Promise it won't get around?

**Candidate**
In nomine Hippocratis benedictam juro.
By the blessèd Hypocrite,
I'll keep schtum, I swear it!

**President and Doctors**
Ego, cum isto boneto
Dono tibi et concedo
Medicinam cum methodo faciendi
Seignandi,
Purgandi,
Brulandi
Sangsuandi,
Coupandi
(cum liberandi)
Rectum purgatorio
Trepanandi,
Percandi
atque impune occidendi
Parisiis et per totem terram;

I here present the cap of medicine
And give you power to heal the sick
By means of bleeding, purging, burning,
Leeching, slicing (take your pick),
Enemas, trepanning, piercing,
In this town, or where you will:
Throughout the whole great world around us
You now have leave to go and kill.

**Candidate**
Mere words are not enough to praise
A group of doctors nowadays.
How could I to the sun add light?
To heaven, stars? To hell add fright?
Could I waves to the ocean bring?
With roses deck the verdant spring?
Nature and my father made me:
A man who's poor, and that's a bitch.
But thanks to you, I'm now a doctor,
And made for life, 'cause I'll be rich!

**Chorus**
Vivat, vivat, vivat, vivat,
Novus doctor!
Mille annis, et manget et bibat,
Et seignet et tuat!

> Long live the new doctor!
> For a thousand years may he cure the ill
> For a thousand years let him eat and drink
> For a thousand years let him bleed and kill!

**All**
Viva cent fois aussi vivat
pluresias, pulmonias
Et in vessia pierras,
Fievras, gouttas, rhumatismos
Schrei, et skrik, schreeuw, clamar
Fluxus sangue para sempre
Scrotpox scrotum omnipotens
Et dios miraculoso
Pantes verolas parvas et grossas
Lago del schleim et merda bjerg
Et uber alles nunc et semper
Atque maladie fontaine
longas, duras callidopissas!

> A hundred times we wish long life for
> Lung diseases, bladder stones,
> Fevers, gout and rheumatism,
> Cries and shrieks and screams and moans!
> May haemorrhages ever happen,
> May VD always have a ball.
> May God keep sending us his wonders:
> That is, all pustules great and small,
> The lake of phlegm, the poo-poo mountain,
> And best of all of them is this:
> Infirmity's eternal fountain,
> Long hard bouts of burning piss!