

Infarcation

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I. Heartbeat in Seven

Drummer plays quietly in 7/4.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
thmthm	- thmthm	- -	- thmthm	- thm	-	-

bomthabomp	thabomb	rrrr	bomthabom	thabomb	rrrrrrrrrr	bomp
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Awwwwwww....

Drummer stops mid-beat. Lights up full

II. The Cold Air

The cold air hurt my skin
 The air
 Hurt
 Cold

Where did you go? Where'd you go?
 Where did you go when you were...out?

I dunno.
 I was out...

Cold
 I was...back

Back where?
 Back where you go when you go
 Under...
 When you go black
 for a long time.

30 seconds
 could have been the rest of my life.
 30 seconds?
 Could have been the rest of my life,
 like THAT!

Drummer in 5/4

1	2	3	4	5
pthm pthm	- pthm pthm	- pthm pthm	-	-

And I was glad to be back.
 Back here?
 Back with us?
 No. No.
 Back with them...the first people.

The first people?
 You mean the ones who brought you ...
High above me...
 Back?

Angels
 With flippers
 And little white uniforms

I saw them

It was like the old days
 When the earth was wild
 When the whole earth was wild and the first people sang
 I heard their song

When I was coming back.

(starting slow pure high Gregorian with overtones)

Beep Beep Beep Beep Beep Beep Beep Beep....

I'm Back! On muh back
 Looking up at the big eyes
 Of the Med Techs.

"Hey...keep your eyes open
 you're doing fine.
(Whispered) Ohhhhhhhh...that was close.
 "You're doing fine.'
 That was clossssssssssssssssse.

III. Heartbeat in Five (coming back)

Drums in the dark In 5/4

Some of our mothers thought of us
 though they never knew the sum of us or the din of us.
 Under the covers the others were done with us
 and the dung of us is anonymous isn't it?
 Dunning us of all that was coming to us
 stunning us with honey
 stuh...stuh...stuh...stunting us and hunting us.

All that our lovers had done for which one of us
would be left bereft with the brunt of becoming?
None of us.

IV. So then the Doctor...

So then the doctor comes in and tells you and the missus what the story is, and how you almost bought the farm and how lucky you were and how they went up there and did this and that and they left a little something up in there, which might or might work, twenty-five percent of them don't after a while, but most of them do, and again how lucky you were, and you shouldn't be worrying about insurance, you should lying flat on your back for two days, and the pain is from the rib they broke when they were saving your life and not from the heart, there are no nerves in the heart, but if you do feel chest pains don't waste a minute, just ring the bell and take some of these and those and do this and that, but not *that*, you won't be doing any of *that* anymore, so don't worry, and above all relax and then he leaves and so the doctor comes in...

...and tells you and the missus what the story is, and how you almost bought the farm and how lucky you were and how they went up there and did this and that and they left a little something up in there, which might or might work, twenty-five percent of them don't after a while, but most of them do, and again how lucky you were, and you shouldn't be worrying about insurance, you should lying flat on your back for two days, and the pain is from the rib they broke when they were saving your life and not from the heart, there are no nerves in the heart, but if you do feel chest pains don't waste a minute, just ring the bell and take some of these and those and do this and that, but not *that*, you won't be

doing any of *that* anymore, so don't worry, and above all
relax and then he leaves and so the doctor comes in...

V. I will not die standing up (with percussion)

"I will not die standing up."

That's what Bob said when the hammer hit him.

So, will this be the last....

SIT DOWN, they'll see you,

SIT DOWN, they'll see you

keel over.

Will I keel over?

Keel over, keel over, will David keel over?

GET DRESSED!

It's taking too long to

GET DRESSED!

It's taking too long to...

ASK FOR HELP.

You cannot drive.

I could try.

You cannot drive.

I could try.

ASK FOR HELP.

STAND UP.

You can't

STAND UP.

This will pass.

STAND UP.

Ask for help.

This will pass.

Oh my Gawd.
It's not that bad
you're just scared.

YOU'RE GOING TO DIE.
Shut up!
It's just a muscle, not, just a muscle, not,
just a muscle, not...
YOU'RE GOING TO DIE
Shut up!
...that bad.

Oh my Gawd.
YOU'RE GOING TO DIE.
SHUT UP!!!!!!

Don't kid yourself.
Stand up.
Get your coat.
Now, walk.
Got your wallet?
Keep walking...
...to the desk.

Hi Fred, Hi Roy.
ASK FOR HELP.
Tsup?
They don't know. He can't tell.

Oh Gawd!
Here it comes, the big one.

Mister, please...

It's not something I ate...

that killed my father.

VI. Not Now

No, not now, just
when I'm falling
in love again,
just when I'm
just learning
how. Not now,
just when I've
got some things
under my belt,
when I'm finally
making sense
and starting to
make my way,
when the things
I've done are
adding up, when
I'm becoming
known, when I'm
finally beginning
to get some
reward...

Not now, I'm
too young,
later, when I'm
old, when I'm
ready, when
I've done the
things I set out
to do, when
I've built the
foundation,
when I've
made the
harvest, when
the children
have grown,
when I've
made the trip
to China,
when I've
made enough
love, when
I've set the
body of the
dream in
stone...

Not now, I'm
not ready now,
I'm not going
now, I'm not.
This cannot be
IT, this cannot
be the final
bell, last
round, lights
out, closing
whistle, early
curtain down.
No, not the
end, not like
this, not now,
the end of my
time, not now,
not here, this
cannot be the
last thing I will
see, this
hospital room,
that man...no,
not now...

VII. I'm Back (Reprise)

I'm Back.
From fucking...where?
From where I came back from.
From...
 where I don't remember.
Back from...

I was out...
and I was so happy.

You're doing fine.
You're doing fine.

That was close.
That was close.

VIII. Inside My Heart (with percussion)

Insighhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhide my heart is a camera.
In the heart of my heart of my heart of my heart at the end
of a catheter
is a camera.

shooooooooooooo ting sonar
like a blind eye on a stick.

It nosed its way
uptheaortaandaroundthebendanddownintothe
Left descending anterior coronary artery

bouncing SOW WOUNDS
off the walls of the avalanching avalanche

bouncing WAY YAYVES
off the sides of the underwater volcano

bursting in the writhing tunnel
tunnel in the tunnel in the tunnel
tunnel.

“INFLATE!” said the surgeon in the purple turban
and the white worm of the balloon butted its way
down the left anterior intercontinental arterial bloodway
as I watched it
on a screen.

If there are no nerves in the heart how can it hurt if there
are no nerves in the heart how can it hurt if there are no
nerves in the heart?

It didn't hurt
I felt a scraping
 more like a tickling
 no, la scratching
as the turbaned surgeon
snaked the piece of metal into its place.

DEFLATE! said the surgeon in the purple turban
and the larval balloon
 condom on a straw
 slipped through the metal ring.

Where the rain never rains and the sun never shines
It's dark as a dungeon way down in the...

left
 anterior
 descending
 arterial
 coronary
 mine.

I saw the sound of it
I saw the sound of it
watched it pump squish around
 on the screen
 like a fish.

IX. I'm Not Going To Try To Be Fine **(Heartbeat in 7 in 7/4 with drummer)**

I'm not going to try to be fine.
I'm not trying to go over any line.

I'm not living for anyone.
I'm not dying for a reason.

I wanted the world to forget me.
I taunted a sperm to beget me.
The weight of my years contracts me.
The waste of my prayers attacks me.

I'm not going to try to be fine.
I'm not trying to go over any line.
I'm not living for anyone.
I'm not dying for a reason.

X. Smoke Fat (Shuffle Soft-Shoe)

You Smoke Fat Saturated Baby Wimp Whiner Face
breakfast sausage man with that telltale hand on yer
chest and yer eye on yer watch, watch your numbers!

How can you dissolve those mural thrombi
that are gumming you up now even as we speak? Oh yeah!

They're stacked round a core of necrotic material
topped with a fibrous cap, that means,
sclerotic lipids have laminated tight
to yer all too hospitable subintimal regions.
Even worse, the success of percutaneous transmyocardial
revascularization is dependent on you
finding a certified practitioner of the latest modalities
and, oh lord, they're so hard to find!

Infarctic occlusions such as yours
indicate severe stenosis, and that ain't the half of it:

Thrombic instability and lumen compromise
 indicate the possibility of severe reocclusion,
 formation of lesions, anginal impaction,
 necrotic secretions, the end of illusions.

We indicate a cardiac pathology
 which we'll now address in layman's terminology.

XI. And So The Guy Next To Me

And so the guy next to me says, he's about sixty and lean as a fucking greyhound and he's running real fast without even breaking a sweat, while me I'm huffing and puffing on the treadmill like an out-of-shape hamster on the wheel, and I'm thinking, this guy, he's got ten years on me and look at him go.

And so we're having a conversation about what brought us both to rehab, and he tells me a story about the lesion in his ventricle, like a wart on his heart he says, he's losing his memory and getting tired all the time, so he goes for a check up and they find this thing, like a potato he says, like a potato blocking his heart, and then he asks me and so I tell him about keeling over at the Y and so he says, "Did they take it out?"

And I'm thinking. Take it out? What? He can't be talking about...but he is, of course, my Ha ha ha ha heart. That's what they do these days; they take it out to work on it, they take it out so they can have more room, like with a motor job, they take it out, they work on it, they clean out all the old rusty shit, put in new parts, they oil and wax it, lube it up, then hook up all the tubes and valves and shit, put it back in and close you up. Mine was out, he says, not missing a beat on the fucking treadmill, for 57 minutes he says, like it's some sort of record and he's just full of wonder that it was out and now it's back and

pumping away while he does six miles an hour on the treadmill and I'm only doing 4.5.

And as he's speaking I can't help but thinking these crazy thoughts, like when they take the heart out, where do they put it? They've got to put it somewhere. There's got to be a special dish the surgeons have for the hearts they take out. And I then I start to visualize it, the heart dish I'll make a fortune with.

It has porcelain loops for all the straps and clamps you need to hold the heart steady so it doesn't pump itself off the dish, onto the floor, out the door and down the hall; it has contoured slots at different levels to secure the various vessels and aortas that come in and out of you, and fluted drains for all the blood. The outside, now this is real high end, it's a collectors item; it's got beautiful butterfly calligraphy on the lid and on the sides, wow, hand-painted pictures of scenes from heart history, starting with the Greeks, you know, Herodotus, the first diagrams, and then, of course, scenes from the Aztec sacrifices, a priest ripping the heart out of some poor stooge and tossing it down the steps of the pyramid, and then, you know, pictures of the first bypass, a golden stent, and then the first transplant, the face of Dr. Christian Barnard. And who would make them? The Chinese, of course, what, with the normalization of trade, they make porcelain, they got painters up the butt. You could get set up in a factory on the outskirts of Shanghai, hire forty artisans to hand craft these suckers, probably cost you \$800 per, go for the real high end market, sell them for 4K to every heart surgeon and cardiac department in the world, with a 30% discount to the patient whose very heart was in the dish, you know, like they could take it home and use it for fondue.

I was gonna ask the potato guy on the treadmill where'd they stash his ticker for 57 minutes but the buzzer went off and we had to get off the machines and have blood pressure taken and then they made us listen to a lecture on avoiding stress, which went on so long it got me really pissed off, and then he left and I didn't get a chance to ask him.

I'm doing the R & D now, working with an artist friend of mine, but if any of you know, you know, what they put hearts in when they take them out, let me know, I'll *cut you in*, Ha Ha, don't worry, my word is my bond, *cross my heart*, Ha Ha. I'm thinking of calling it the Heart Plate. Get it? Like *hot plate*? Heart Plate? Once I get it up, you know, the heart plate, me and my buddy, we're going to go public, get out an IPO, it's so exciting you know, like if I don't keel over just working on the Heart Plate, you know, I'll make a killing.

XII. Tomorrow I'll go Home (with percussion

Tomorrow I'll go home and live...thirty
 no, twenty
 no, forty
 more years
 If I eat right and take my pills
 every day
 for the rest of my life
 and avoid bad fats
 and don't get hit by a bus just thinking about
 slowing down
 every day
 for the rest of my life
 and good fats and BAD FATS and how you should

n't n't n't n't n't n't n't
need nuts

or get too upset

about cheese.

If I forget may I still be resuscitated?

There's a lot of information *for which I'm very thankful* about AutoZone Displays that shows what percentage of your maximum heart rate you're using, with an alarm feature that goes off when you reach your target zone not to mention when your brain-dead, and if you were, would you want to *have to drink a bottle of FAT* that occurs naturally in fish such as salmon, halibut and *holy mackerel* everyday for the rest of your life?

There's a lot of information *for which I'm very thankful*, about medicines like Zocor and Lipitor, ACE inhibitors HI Fivers, Beta Blockers Metropolol, Toporol, 2B and 2A antagonists, keelation therapy and the benefits of Prune Bread, *for which I'm very thankful*, so don't give any more of your *lip*-ids mister, and hey, did you know that **RED WINE** is an excellent anti-oxidant? So hey, waiter-nurse, let's have a glass, or 2 or 3 or 4, how bout another BOTTLE, every day for the rest of my life and while you're at it, *MORE BUTTER!*

You lucky bastard, what are you complaining about,
just because you've

got to got to got to got to

START NOW,

making changes like

avoiding STRESS
management

every day for the rest of your life

and taking the time because you've

got to got to got to got to

take the time to exercise
 every day for the rest of your life.
 Yes, you've *got to*
 make love vigorously
 every day for the rest of your life

SLOW BABY SLOW BABY SLOW BABY SLOW

Down

and Eat Slow.

But Don't Eat!

for the rest of your life.

Just live! Quit your job! Give up your stuff! Go naked in the street. Dance in the snow.

Remember, you could be

 You almost were

 Maybe you ARE

Dead.

YES, and this is where you went, your life is where you went when you died.

That's when you really lived,
 that's when you really danced,
 when you keeled over.
 That's when you drank red wine.

Right! And you were out for a long time, lucky bastard,
 50 years,

you poor shit,
 That's not half as long as a sea turtle
 but it's a whole lot longer than a tiger.

So don't forget to take your medi

sin

phor

physics.

Hey waiter-nurse. I forgot to take my meta-sin-phor

twice a day,

for the rest of my life,

along with my daily

cloud –gazing

fucking

music

and none of it matters because

THERE'S THAT BUS

and that bus

and that bus

and that bus

Drummer plays 7/4

There's always a bus

to forget about

hitting you.

What about somebody else?

Who?

I don't know.

Anyone else.

The surgeon? Right, then where'd you be?

Anything remembered will stop that bus.

The way the light hit the water
 His remarkable nose
 The melody of crows
 The screeching of trains
 The way she used her hands
 The smell of corn
 The day she was born
 The man sobbing in a window you saw from the El

on this day,
 this day,
 this day,
 this day,
 this day,
 this day,
 this day,
 this day...

in 7/4 with drummer

All of those adored who have gone before
 are summoning us, humming to us.
 On the rim of falling off the face of us,
 the let's be done with this, come with us
 to the quietus of us.
 The stuh...stuh...stuh...uttering of the base of us,
 The stifling of the ba-ba- boom of us,
 The muffling of the ...

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
thmthm	-	thmthm	-	-	thmthm	-
bomthabomp	thabomb	rrrr	bomthabom	thabomb	rrrrrrrr	bomp
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

FINIS