



## Song 3: What's up, Doc?

The Press:

What's up Doc? What'll you tell?  
Rumours are rife that the boy is most unwell.  
Tell us!  
What's up Doc? Wha'd'you say?  
Folks are baying for an exposé.  
What's up Doc? Give us the seam;  
Should we be seared? Or should we just keep calm?  
Tell us!  
What's up Doc? Give it out straight.  
We've got deadlines Doc, we cannot wait.  
And we come with one intent:  
For the truth we represent.  
But when the truth's a little dull we're happy to invent.  
Headlines! We need headlines, give us juicy gossip please.  
When you're writing headlines,  
You need sordidness and sleaze.  
So let's hit the headlines with a scoop that aims to please.  
A boy unwell – there's a tale to tell;  
We'll slay 'em with disease!  
What's up doc? Feed us a line.  
Just a whisper of painful death is fine.  
Well doc? Talk the talk – don't be vague  
We've got readers who want global plague.  
What's up doc? Tell us the worst.  
Mention blisters and boils about to burst.  
Please doc, just a hint – give us a clue.  
You speak volumes with that frown; something's going down,  
What has hit this town?

Doctor 1:

Gentlemen and ladies, we urge you to show a little respect  
We are not playing games here –  
But as you'd expect, we're fighting death and disease.  
So let us get on with it please.  
We must keep our patients at ease.



The Press:                   Gee Doc, lighten up Doc. Why the long face? Why the fears?  
You can't frighten us Doc – we've no sympathy or tears.  
So just tell the tale Doc, pour some honey in our ears.  
And dish the dirt – telling tales won't hurt:  
This one might run for years!

*This last section is sung against each other:*

The Press:

Headlines! We need headlines,  
Give us juicy gossip please.  
When you're writing headlines,  
You need sordidness and sleaze.  
So let's hit the headlines  
With a scoop that aims to please:  
A brush with death, or a final breath;  
A pain endured, that cannot be cured;  
The mugs will buy if you make 'em cry.  
So slay 'em with disease!

The Medics:

Please, you have to leave  
We have work to do  
Nothing gets achieved  
talking here with you  
No more pictures please –  
This is not a Zoo!