

LU: (sings—tune of *Ke-wei*)
*Don't you laugh at this beggar wearing a goatskin,
 You, the leader of beggars, don't mistake it as a bedding sheet.*
 (speaks) Ma-erh, I have drank three cups of tea. Not one was real.
 KUO: How come "not one was real?"
 LÜ: (sings—tune of *Ke-wei*)
*I'll throw up the date in the quince, the fat in the cream, the
 pit in the almond.*
 (speaks) Ma-erh, you eat them.
 KUO: I can't eat.
 LÜ: (sings)
It seems so difficult for him.
 (speaks) Ma-erh, eat!
 KUO: Really, I can't eat.
 LÜ: If you don't eat, then take the cup. (Lü teases Kuo by pretending
 to drop the cup) Alas, I almost broke the cup!
 KUO: You scared me to death!
 LÜ: (sings again)
I'll see how you dispose of this pine-wind-rabbit-hair cup.
 (speaks) Ma-erh, Look! What a vomit I have made . . .
 (Sings—tune of *Mu-yang-kuan*)
*This vomit, unlike a bamboo-leaf floating on cloud waves;
 Nor like a stone-block churning up snow-like waves.
 This vomit, with my mouth opened, has dispersed the fragrance
 inside the screen.
 With its sacred wine, it would lengthen life,
 And it keeps a peach-like face youthful.
 One does not need to gather snow on Meng's Peak;
 Or to make tea in a cuckoo-bird cup.⁵²
 It is like the water one draws from the Yang-tze River.*
 (speaks) Oh, Ma-erh . . .
 (sings again)
It is better than boiled water producing crab eyes.
 (speaks) Ma-erh, eat.
 KUO: I cannot eat.
 LÜ: (to Kuo's wife) Ho La-mei, you eat.
 HO: (eats; then to Lü) I bow to you, master. Your disciple has awaken-
 ed.

LÜ: (to Ho) I am afraid you may not awaken. But Kuo Ma-erh has not
 yet awakened (to Kuo) Give me the cup. (with his fingers, Lü
 scoops up the remaining from the bottom of the cup and smears it
 on Kuo's mouth)
 KUO: Oh, this is wonderful stuff. Like milk anointing the head, sweet
 dew cleansing the heart, it is truly good stuff. (to Lü) Sir, the stuff
 you just smeared on my mouth—what is it?
 LÜ: The stuff I just smeared on your mouth was the leftover tea.
 KUO: Where is the rest of it? Give me some more.
 LÜ: There is no more.
 KUO: Where could it have gone to?
 LÜ: Ho La-mei ate it.
 KUO: She ate it? What does it mean?
 LÜ: It means that she obtained the *Tao* first.
 KUO: What about me?
 LÜ: You remain by the roadside.⁵³
 KUO: It sounds that I am a willow tree.
 LÜ: Who said that you are an elm tree?
 KUO: I drank your leftover tea, what would you say? My wife drank
 your leftover tea, what would you say?
 LÜ: You have drank my tea, you are my Taoist companion; your
 wife drank my tea, she is my immortal friend.
 KUO: Just a minute. (to the audience) I drank his tea; I become his
 Taoist companion. My wife drank his tea, she becomes an immortal
 friend of his. Taoist companion sounds innocuous enough, but
 immortal friend sounds suspicious. (to Lü) You are making me a
 cuckold, are you not? (angry, Kuo beats Lü)
 LÜ: (sings—tune of *Hung-shao-yao*)
*A year-end cold has turned into a volcano.
 As my disciple, you are so cross-grained.*
 (Kuo tears Lü's gown; Lü continues to sing)
*He grabbed this plain cloth, and won't let it go.
 Ripping it to shreds, it looks like funeral banners.*
 (Kuo continues the beating and Lü the singing)
*He beat me like a spring-cow without a piece of board.
 I should not persuade him to nurture his virtues, and open my
 heart to him.*
 (speaks) Kuo Ma-erh, don't make me angry.
 KUO: If I made you angry, what would you do?