

$$\sqrt{1 + \tan^2 \mathcal{C}}$$

A Short Musical

Book, Music, and Lyrics by D. Q. Pham

Cast of Characters

CURVICE:

Mathematician.

Place

Classroom

Time

Evening

Musical Numbers

TRIANGULATE

COMPLEX PLANE

SIMPLIFY

Curvice

Setting: A classroom contains a board. The piano and drum set are stationed. Stacks of papers on music stands contain a list of trigonometric identities and  $\sqrt{1 + \tan^2 C}$ .

At Rise: The lights fade in. PIANIST and DRUMMER position themselves with their instruments.

(Song: "TRIANGULATE")

(CURVICE belatedly enters.)

CURVICE

Triangulate. I know. I am not in the best shape.

(Shifting attention towards AUDIENCE.)

Welcome to trigonometry. I will be your instructor. Professor Curvice.

(Heading to the board.)

Compared to this quadrilateral here, our class is one-sided-*less*.

(Picking up a writing instrument.)

Trigonometry one.

(Drawing a line.)

O.

(Skipping a line.)

One.

(Drawing another line to form a two-sided triangle.)

Let's call this course number one, one, one from now on.

(Drawing another line to complete the triangle.)

(GUITARIST, lugging their guitar, joins PIANIST and DRUMMER.)

It feels like one minute. But three weeks have already passed. And so far, you all are *passing*. Isn't that what mathematics supposed to feel like?

(Dropping the writing instrument.)

## CURVICE (Cont.)

So, it is an appropriate time for the *pop* exam.

(PIANIST, DRUMMER, and GUITARIST pass around the exams to AUDIENCE MEMBERS. After handing out all the papers, they return to their stations.)

You have one minute. Begin.

(Song: “COMPLEX PLANE”)

(CURVICE scans the room.)

You all didn’t bring a writing utensil? What do you think evenings are for? Righting your wrongs?

(Heading to the dropped writing instrument.)

At least, write some wrong answers.

(Kicking the writing instrument into the open.)

Fight for it.

(Disappointedly scanning the room.)

What is wrong with you all?

(Taking a paper from an AUDIENCE MEMBER.)

Just simplify square root of one plus tangent squared C. I know it does not have the pizazz of three-dimensional geometry.

(Evaluating and flipping around the paper.)

You all are two-dimensional. You... TRIGONOME—

(Feeling the weight of emotions.)

It is me who is two-dimensional... In fact, I am bent out of shape. I am going on a tangent.

(Wiping away the tears with the paper.)

There is nothing *integral* that can piece me together.

(Looking deeper into the paper.)

Except our fundamental identities.

(Returning the paper to AUDIENCE MEMBER.)

(Song: "SIMPLIFY")

CURVICE (Cont.)

LOOK BACK AT OURSELVES.

(Retrieving the writing instrument.)

ONE.

(Heading to the board.)

SINE. COS.

(Writing " $1 = \cos^2 C + \sin^2 C$ ".)

COS SQUARED C PLUS SINE  
SQUARED C.

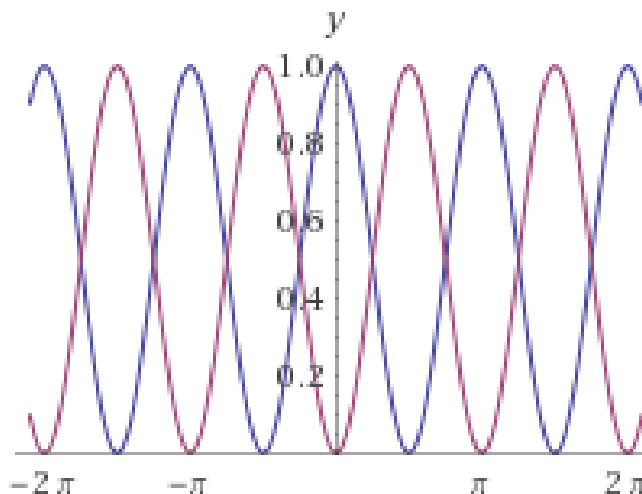
(Dropping the writing instrument, leaving a mess on their  
jacket.)

YOU ALL SINE'D...

(Removing jacket.)

UP FOR THIS.

(Drawing a sine-squared wave and a cosine-squared wave.)



COSINE'D.

(Scanning the room.)

## CURVICE (Cont.)

THERE'RE THREE POINTS IN  
TRIGO. HOWEVER, THERE'RE  
INFINITE SIDES. KNOW YOUR  
UNIT CIRCLES?

(Disappointedly return to the board.)

SECANT...

(Writing " $\sec C = \frac{1}{\cos C}$ ". They carefully set down the  
writing instrument. They turn to AUDIENCE.)

PI...

(Removing their blouse or shirt.)

TIMES...

(Exploring and interacting with the room.)

ONE BY TWO. ONE BY FOUR. TWO  
BY ONE. SEV BY FOUR. THREE BY  
TWO. FIVE BY FOUR. ONE BY ONE.  
WE'RE JUST THREE-QUARTERS  
AROUND. THREE BY FOUR.

(Demonstrating two spheres using their hands optionally  
with their other anatomical parts.)

SOUL...

(Removing their shoes and socks.)

THERE'S A HOLE.

(Holding their chest.)

TRIANGLES FILL.

(Balancing on the tip of their toes.)

YOU ALL PUSH ME TO GO ON...

(Heading to the board.)

TANGENTS.

(Writing " $\tan C = \frac{\sin C}{\cos C}$ ".)

TOA SOH CAH IT UP.

(Standing with one of their sides towards the board.)

## CURVICE (Cont.)

HYPOT-NUSE.

(Stretching back.)

RIGHT ANGLES.

(Extending their arms down and back.)

YOU'RE THE SHARPEST TWO DS.

(Finishing their stretch.)

TRIANGULATE.

(Shrugging it off. They write " $\sqrt{1 + \tan^2 C} = \sqrt{1 + \frac{\sin^2 C}{\cos^2 C}}$ ".

They then write " $\sqrt{\frac{\cos^2 C}{\cos^2 C} + \frac{\sin^2 C}{\cos^2 C}}$ ". They then cross the denominator of " $\frac{\cos^2 C}{\cos^2 C}$ ". They then cross the numerators of " $\sqrt{\frac{\cos^2 C}{\cos^2 C} + \frac{\sin^2 C}{\cos^2 C}}$ ". They lastly write "1" in between the numerators. They set down the writing instrument. They turn to AUDIENCE.)

YOUR FUND-MENTAL IDENT-TIES.

(They feel themselves.)

ROOT.

(Descending their self-touch.)

SQUARELY ON...

(Grasping thighs.)

ANSWER.

(Ripping off their pants.)

IT IS SEX

(Heading to the board. They draw two vertical lines. They write "sec C" in between the lines. They return to their pose.)

C.

(Realizing they are vulnerable.)

Now let us address it... *C*, otherwise known as, *the speed of light*. A demonstration...

(Frantically running away.)



BLACKOUT

FIN