

VOICE. Well, get it for him.

ASSISTANT. Where? They stopped making it thirty-four years ago...

VOICE. Christ!

ASSISTANT. And Mr. Lewis says the “ahh” sticks are too short.

VOICE. The what?

ASSISTANT. The “ahh” sticks. Don’t ask me. I’m still trying to figure out what a “look” stick is.

VOICE. What the hell are we making, *Nicholas and Alexandra*? ...Tell them it’s just a dress rehearsal, we’ll worry about the props later. Let’s get moving, Eddie. Christ Almighty.

*(The nephew BEN appears on stage, talks up into overhead mike.)*

BEN. Mr. Schaefer... Mr. Schaefer, I’m awfully sorry about the delay. Mr. Lewis and Mr. Clark have had a few technical problems backstage.

VOICE. Yeah, well, we’ve had it all week... I’m afraid we’re running out of time here. I’ve got twelve Goddamned other numbers to get through today.

BEN. I’ll get them right out. There’s no problem.

VOICE. Tell them I want to run straight through, no stopping. They can clean up whatever they want afterwards.

BEN. Absolutely.

VOICE. I haven’t seen past “Knock knock, knock, come-in” since Tuesday.

BEN. *(Looks off.)* Right... There they are. *(Into mike.)* We’re ready, Mr. Schaefer. I’ll tell them we’re gonna go straight through, no stopping... Thank you very much.

*(BEN exits very quickly.)*

VOICE. Alright, Eddie, bring in the curtains.

EDDIE. What?

VOICE. Bring in the curtains. Let's run it from the top with the voice over.

EDDIE. *(Calls up.)* Let's have the curtains.

*(The curtains come in.)*

VOICE. Voice over!

ANNOUNCER. ...The golden age of comedy reached its zenith during a fabulous and glorious era known as Vaudeville... Fanny Brice, W.C. Fields, Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Will Rogers and a host of other greats fill its Hall of Fame... There are two other names that belong on this list, but they can never be listed separately... They are more than a team... They are two comic shining lights that beam as one... For Lewis without Clark is like laughter without joy... We are privileged to present tonight, in their first public performance in over eleven years, for half a century known as the "Sunshine Boys," Mr. Al Lewis and Mr. Willie Clark, in their beloved scene... "The Doctor Will See You Now."

*(The curtain rises and the set is fully lit. The frail MAN in the hat is sitting on the chair as WILLIE, the doctor, dressed in a floor-length white doctor's jacket, a mirror attached to his head and a stethoscope around his neck is looking into the MAN's mouth, holding his tongue down with an "ahh" stick.)*

WILLIE. Open wider and say "Ahh."

MAN. Ahhh.

WILLIE. Wider.

MAN. Ahhh!

WILLIE. *(Moves with his back to audience.)* A little wider.

MAN. Ahhh!

WILLIE. *(Steps away.)* Your throat is alright but you're gonna have some trouble with your stomach.

MAN. How come?

WILLIE. You just swallowed the stick.

*(The MAN feels his stomach.)*

MAN. Is that bad?

WILLIE. It's terrible. I only got two left.

MAN. What about getting the stick out?

WILLIE. What am I, a tree surgeon? ...Alright, for another ten dollars, I'll take it out.

MAN. That's robbery.

WILLIE. Then forget it. Keep the stick.

MAN. No, no. I'll pay. Take the stick out.

WILLIE. Come back tomorrow. On Thursdays I do woodwork.

*(MAN gets up, crosses to door. The MAN exits...)*

*(Calls out.)* Oh, Nurse! Nursey!

*(The NURSE enters. She is a tall, voluptuous and over-stacked blonde in a tight dress.)*

NURSE. Did you want me, Doctor?

WILLIE. *(He looks at her, knowingly.)* Why do you think I hired you? ...What's your name again?

NURSE. Miss MacKintosh. You know, like the apples.

WILLIE. *(Nods.)* The name I forgot, the apples I remembered... Look in my appointment book, see who's next?

NURSE. It's a Mr. Kornheiser.

WILLIE. Maybe you're wrong. Look in the book. It's better that way.

*(She crosses to desk and bends way over as she looks through the appointment book. Her firm, round rear end faces us and WILLIE. WILLIE shakes his head from side to side in wonderful contemplation.)*

NURSE. *(Still down.)* No, I was right.

WILLIE. So was I.

NURSE. (*Straightens up and turns around.*) It's Mr. Kornheiser.

WILLIE. Are you sure? Spell it.

NURSE. (*Turns, bends and gives us the same wonderful view again.*) K-o-r-n-h-e-i-s-e-r! (*She turns and straightens up.*)

WILLIE. (*Nods.*) ...What's the first name?

NURSE. (*Turns, bends.*) Walter.

WILLIE. Stay down for the middle name.

NURSE. (*Remains down.*) Benjamin.

WILLIE. Don't move and give me the whole thing.

NURSE. (*Still rear end up, reading.*) Walter Benjamin Kornsheiser. (*She turns and straightens up.*)

WILLIE. Oh, boy. From now on I only want to see patients with long names.

NURSE. Is there anything else you want?

WILLIE. Yeah. Call a carpenter and have him make my desk lower.

*(The NURSE walks sexily right up to WILLIE and stands with her chest practically on his, breathing and heaving, then pouts her mouth and says:)*

NURSE. Yes, Doctor.

WILLIE. (*Wipes brow.*) Whew, it's hot in here. Did you turn the steam on?

NURSE. (*Sexily.*) No, Doctor.

WILLIE. In that case, take a five dollar raise... Send in the next patient before I'm the next patient.

NURSE. Yes, Doctor. (*She coughs.*) Excuse me, I think I have a chest cold.

WILLIE. Looks more like an epidemic to me.

NURSE. Yes, Doctor. (*She wiggles her way to the door.*) Is there anything else you can think of?

WILLIE. I can *think* of it but I'm not so sure I can *do* it.

NURSE. Well, if I *can* help you, Doctor, that's what the nurse is for. (*She exits and closes door with an enticing look.*)

WILLIE. I'm glad I didn't go to law school.

(*Then we hear three knocks on the door.  
"Knock knock knock."*)

...Aha. That must be my next patient. (*Calls out.*) Come in!

(*The door starts to open.*)

- and enter!

(*AL steps in and glares angrily at WILLIE.  
He is in a business suit and carries a cheap  
attaché case.*)

AL. I'm looking for the doctor.

WILLIE. Are you sick?

AL. Are *you* the doctor?

WILLIE. Yes.

AL. I'm not *that* sick.

WILLIE. ...What's your name, please?

AL. Kornheiser. Walter Benjamin Kornheiser. You want me to spell it?

WILLIE. Never mind. I got a better speller than you... (*Takes tongue depressor from pocket.*) Sit down and open your mouth, please.

AL. There's nothing wrong with my mouth.

WILLIE. Then just sit down.

AL. There's nothing wrong with that either.

WILLIE. Then what are you doing here?

AL. I came to examine you.

WILLIE. I think you got everything backwards.

AL. It's possible. I dressed in a hurry this morning.

WILLIE. You mean you came here for me to examine *you*.

AL. No, I came here for me to examine *you*. I'm a Tax Collector.

WILLIE. (*Nods.*) That's nice. I'm a Stamp Collector. What do you do for a living?

AL. I find out how much money people make.

WILLIE. Oh, a busybody... Make an appointment with the nurse.

AL. I did. I'm seeing her Friday night...

WILLIE. (*Jumps up and down angrily.*) Don't fool around with my nurse. DON'T FOOL AROUND WITH MY NURSE! She's a nice girl. She's a *Virginian!*

AL. A what?

WILLIE. A *Virginian*. That's where she's from.

AL. Well, she ain't going *back*, I can tell you that. (*He sits, opens attaché case.*) I got some questions to ask you.

WILLIE. I'm too busy to answer questions. I'm a doctor. If you wanna see me, you gotta be a patient.

AL. But I'm not sick.

WILLIE. Don't worry. We'll find something.

AL. Alright, you examine me and I'll examine you... (*Takes out tax form as WILLIE takes out a tongue depressor.*) The first question is, how much money did you make last year?

WILLIE. Last year I made - (*He moves his lips mouthing a sum but it's not audible.*)

AL. I didn't hear that.

WILLIE. Oh. Hard of hearing. I knew we'd find something... Did you ever have any childhood diseases?

AL. Not lately.

WILLIE. Father living or deceased?

AL. Both.

WILLIE. What do you mean, both?

AL. First he was living, now he's deceased.

WILLIE. What did your father die from?

AL. My mother... Now it's my turn... Are you married?

WILLIE. I'm looking.

AL. Looking to get married?