

. . . 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*

START → . . . Calls out.) Oh, Nurse! Nursey! (*The NURSE enters. She is a tall, voluptuous and over-stacked blonde in a tight dress.*)

NURSE
WILLY

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.

STOP

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