

# fools

## MAGISTRATE / DOCTOR

*The home of DR. ZUBRITSKY. The DOCTOR is examining a patient, MAGISTRATE KUPCHIK. The DOCTOR is administering an eye-chart test.*

MAGISTRATE. (*Covering one eye.*) K . . . E . . . S . . . L . . . A . . . R . . . V . . . Is that right?

DOCTOR. I don't know. It sounds good to me. (*Listening to the MAGISTRATE's heart.*) Yes . . . Yes . . . Very interesting.

MAGISTRATE. Then I'm in good health?

DOCTOR. The best. The best of health. You'll live to be eighty.

MAGISTRATE. I'm seventy-nine now.

DOCTOR. Well, you've got a wonderful year ahead of you.

MAGISTRATE. (*Gets dressed.*) Good. I must keep up my strength. I'm a magistrate. Law and order must be preserved.

DOCTOR. Did you want a prescription?

MAGISTRATE. For what?

DOCTOR. I don't know. Some people like prescriptions. Here, take this to the druggist. Pick out something you like and take it three times a day with a little water. Goodbye, sir.

MAGISTRATE. How much do I owe you, Doctor?

DOCTOR. Oh, forget it. Forget it. If I ever go to medical school you can send me a little something.

MAGISTRATE. Oh, thank you. Goodbye.