

DOCTOR, DOCTOR

By Rod

Based on Luke 5 vv 30-31 and similar passages in Mark and Matthew where the Pharisees challenge Jesus for befriending 'outcasts and sinners'.

CAST

Doctor *Could be male or female*

Mal *Male. Probably best played as a pompous 'Colonel Blimp' type. He has an obvious limp [he could have a walking-stick] and can't see very well. To exaggerate the absurdity of the situation he could even have a large object across his eye [e.g. an eye patch].*

The scene is a doctor's consulting room. The doctor awaits his next patient. There is a knock at the door.

Doctor *Come in. [Enter Mal. He has an obvious limp and has trouble seeing. He gropes his way to the doctor's desk]*

Mal *[Cheerfully. He is unaware of his physical weaknesses] Good morning, doctor. [They shake hands] And how are you this morning? [He sits down]*

Doc *I'm fine, er [looking down at notes] Mr Right-Jack, is it?*

Mal *Yes, that's right. Or should I say that's Right-Jack? [He laughs exaggeratedly]*

Doc *[Reading] Ian Malcolm Right-Jack.*

Mal *Yes, that's my full name – but my friends call me Mal.*

Doc *Mal Right-Jack?*

Mal *Yes, although I like to retain the initial I. I think it sounds more distinguished.*

Doc *So it's Mr I. Mal Right-Jack? [Said to sound like 'I'm all right Jack']*

Mal *That's it.*

Doc *So, what seems to be the problem?*

Mal *Come again?*

Doc *What's wrong with you?*

Mal *With me?*

Doc Yes, I assume that's why you came to see me.

Mal What on earth gave you that impression?

Doc Well, I am a doctor.

Mal Oh, I see! Oh, no, no, no there's nothing wrong with me. Fit as a fiddle. Always have been.

Doc I couldn't help noticing your limp [*Stands and points to Mal's leg by dropping his wrist in 'camp' fashion*].

Mal [*Rising. Angry*] Now look here. My handshake's as firm as the next man's. I will not have you making such insinuations.

Doc No, not your handshake – your leg. You appear to be limping.

Mal [*Looking at leg as he limps around.*] Am I? Nonsense. Just a bit of stiffness. Nothing to worry about. [*Sits*]

Doc Is it your eye then?

Mal My eye? What ever do you mean?

Doc You appear to have something in it. It must be hard to see.

Mal Hard to see? What are you talking about? My vision is 20-20.

Doc [*Holding up optician's eyesight test board*] Can you read the third line down on this?

Mal Of course I can't *read* it. It's just a jumble of letters. Now stop this tomfoolery at once.

Doc [*Rising to approach Mal*] At least let me have a look at your eye.

Mal Keep your hands off me.

Doc I may be able to remove the object that's impairing your vision.

Mal Now look here. I don't know who you think you are but I will not have you poking about in my eye. That's not why I came to see you.

Doc Well, why did you come to see me?

Mal I came because I have a complaint.

Doc *[Resuming seat]* Ah, now we're getting somewhere. So there is something wrong with you. What is the nature of your complaint? Upset stomach? Skin rash?

Mal No, my complaint is about all the people who come to visit you.

Doc *[Surprised]* I'm sorry?

Mal And so you should be. It's quite disgraceful. We get people in wheelchairs, on crutches and with all sorts of unmentionable diseases.

Doc But I am a doctor.

Mal That's beside the point. It's lowering the tone of the neighbourhood. These people have no business being here.

Doc But this is a doctor's surgery. Where else should they go?

Mal That's no concern of mine. *[Rises]* I'm warning you, doctor. If you don't stop this riff-raff polluting the area I will take legal action to have you removed.

Doc But it's what I came here for.

Mal You have been warned. Good day.

[Mal turns to go but falls over his chair. He picks himself up and exits limping and groping and cursing with things like 'disgraceful, bah, whippersnapper, etc']

Doctor *[To audience. Out of character. Quoting the words of Jesus.]* It is not the healthy who need a doctor, but the sick. I have not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.