

SCENE FROM "A DAY AT THE RACES"

An exercise in imitation by

Chi Laughlin

INT. SANITARIUM EXAMINATION ROOM

MRS. UPJOHN and MORGAN walk in on HACKENBUSH, who sits at his desk, smoking a cigar and going over racing forms.

UPJOHN

Ah, Dr. Hackenbush. How fortunate.  
Mr. Morgan and I were just talking  
about you.

HACKENBUSH

How convenient. I was just thinking  
about you, too.

MORGAN

We were hoping we might ask you  
some questions.

HACKENBUSH

Why don't I go first. Animal,  
vegetable, or mineral?

UPJOHN

Mr. Morgan was wondering where you  
studied medicine.

HACKENBUSH

In the library, mostly, but  
sometimes I couldn't get in. Say,  
if that's all you needed, why don't  
we go for a drink?

MORGAN

You studied at an accredited  
institution?

HACKENBUSH

I banked at a credit institution. I  
studied at a college.

MORGAN

Indeed. And your residency?

HACKENBUSH

Illinois, but if the weather  
doesn't improve, I may move to  
Arizona.

HARPO and CHICO burst into the room.

TONY

Boss? We got...

He notices Upjohn and Morgan and cuts himself short.

HACKENBUSH

You've got nerve! Bursting in on us  
when we were reliving the old  
college days.

MORGAN

Who are these men?

TONY

I'm a the orderly.

MORGAN

And him? (pointing to Harpo)

TONY

No. He's out a order.

MORGAN

What's wrong with him?

Harpo begins running around the room on all fours.

TONY

He thinks he's a horse.

MORGAN

Wonderful! Mr.  
Hackenbush—Doctor—perhaps you might  
like to address this.

HACKENBUSH

I like the way he's dressed just  
fine.

UPJOHN

Oh, Dr. Hackenbush, please!

HACKENBUSH

What's wrong with him?

TONY

He thinks he's a horse.

HACKENBUSH

Has he tried gargling?

TONY

Oh, yeah. He gargles all kinda  
stuff. Balls, bowling pins,  
chainsaws. It don't help.

Harpo gets up and grabs random items from Hackenbush's desk  
and starts juggling.

HACKENBUSH  
Maybe it's allergies.

TONY  
No. It ain't allergies. The pool  
boy, he come every day and put in  
the chlorine.

HACKENBUSH  
What time does he get to sleep at  
night?

TONY  
As soon as the grooms put him in  
the stable.

HACKENBUSH  
Say.

He grabs Harpo and scrutinizes him.

HACKENBUSH (CONT'D)  
You're not a horse. You're a pony.

Harpo nods "yes" and drops down on all fours.

TONY  
It's a miracle!

UPJOHN  
How marvelous!

Hackenbush ushers Upjohn and Morgan out of the room.

HACKENBUSH  
Now if you two will excuse me, I'll  
have to file this patient's report.

MORGAN  
Well, I hardly think...

HACKENBUSH  
It's never too late to start, sir.

He shoves them out and slams the door behind them.