

SUB Ah, there we are my gelital brochette. The Manx is in the pantry and our newly rented son serenades the underprivileged with lamenting kazoo works. Chocolate?

WOOFER Vanilla.

SUB The irony. The irony. Has anyone kicked Grandmother lately?

WOOFER Not since last time and who knows how long ago that has been.

SUB Shall I then?

WOOFER If it's not a bother.

*Kicks Grandmother.*

SUB She's not long for this world.

WOOFER So sad. Quite sad.

SUB Such is life's devouring of itself.

WOOFER One has to wonder.

SUB If I opened the door do you think anyone would be there?

WOOFER You know I don't have a head for such things.

*SUB opens door. There stands a PHYSICIAN.*

SUB It's the Physician. Are you not well?

WOOFER I will feign discomfort as a courtesy to the doctor.

SUB *to the PHYSICIAN* Have you been standing there long?

PHYSICIAN No. I sat from time to time.

WOOFER Well, do invite yourself in dear Doctor unless there is a reason why not.

PHYSICIAN None that I'm aware.

SUB So much for social niceties. Lovely weather we're having.

WOOFER What brings you to our contemptible dwelling, dear Doctor.

PHYSICIAN I was in the area and I felt compelled to inform you I do not make house calls.

SUB Well done. There's far too much of that nowadays.