

DOCTOR:
CONT'D

arise; the surgeon who removes the diseased tissue; and the research worker who looks for causes and cures. We all fight together. We know we have to.

We don't descend to petty squabbles and captious criticism. We need every moment of time and every ounce of energy to save lives and spare suffering. We admire and respect each other. That's the basis of our ethics -- the basis of our unity.

We've been schooled in disaster and, therefore, we've been schooled in unity. We fight disease without distinction -- among rich or poor, white or black, Christian or Jew, because we know that germs cross railroad tracks even if some people won't.

ARCHIE: Thanks, Doc. I'm almost cured of my confusion. I feel like my mind's been put to some use tonight. I --

KAYE GETS UP, HANDS SHAKING, A NERVOUS TWITCH ON HIS FACE, STAGGERS FRANKENSTEIN-STYLE PAST ROBINSON AND GLEASON.

KAYE: Pardon me. (HE CONTINUES)

(GLEASON AND ROBINSON EXCHANGE AN AMAZED LOOK)

ROBINSON: (STOPPING KAYE) Anything wrong?

KAYE: Me? Oh no -- nothing...just got to see my doctor, take my pills, get my shot of adrenalin, massage, warm bath, little penicillin, and a double Chocolate Ovaltine -- but there's nothing wrong with me. (HYSTERICAL LAUGH)
(STARTS TO WALK OFF, BUT GLEASON STOPS HIM)

GLEASON: Say, Mister, you're not a very good example to a forum on Unity!

KAYE: (HANDS UP IN THE AIR) Ahhhh! Unity! Don't mention that word! That's how I got this way! Unity! Ahhhhhh!

GLEASON: (SYMPATHETIC) I don't get it!

KAYE: You don't get it! (TO AUDIENCE) He doesn't get it...
(HYSTERICAL LAUGH) Nobody gets it!

GLEASON: Nobody gets what?

KAYE: The truth! The facts! Unity. How can there be any unity? (HYSTERICAL LAUGH)

GLEASON: What do you mean?

KAYE: I'll show you what I mean...Look at me.

(LIGHTS GO OUT; SPOTLIGHT ON KAYE)

I'm not always like this. Take this morning. I got up at seven o'clock and first thing I went into the bathroom -- I generally go right into the bathroom -- to brush my teeth -- and I've got a little radio in there. I flick it on and out comes a news flash -- quote --

WYNN: It was confirmed this morning that President Truman, Prime Minister Churchill and Marshal Stalin will hold another historic meeting of the Big Three...early in July...probably in Berlin.

KAYE: End quote. Well, that's it and I'm feeling fine. I get in the shower (BUSINESS WITH ARMS, SOAP, ETC.) and I'm feeling fine. Yes, sir. They finally got together, the big three -- us -- the English and the Russians.

(MORE)

KAYE:
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That's Unity. No more axis -- not even axes to grind -- three guys sitting down around a table (TURNS ON COLD WATER) t-t-that's w-w-what we f-f-fought this w-w-war f-f-for. That's U-U-Unity! (TURNS OFF SHOWER) What a way to start the day. I'm tingling. I'm feeling great. I sit down at the breakfast table, pick up the morning paper and (SHUDDER) d-u-hhhhhhh!

WYNN: HEADLINE: REDS FORCE MEETING IN BERLIN!

KAYE: (WORRIED) What?

WYNN: CHURCHILL PAWN OF STALIN!

KAYE: Gosh.

WYNN: TRUMAN EASY PREY FOR CRAFTY REDS!

KAYE: Can it be true? Must be. Says so right here in the paper.

WYNN: AP dispatch Madrid, June 19, 1945. It was alleged this morning by officials in high Spanish circles that the Reds have achieved another victory on their ruthless road toward World Domination!

KAYE: How do you like that! Those Russians are lousin' up the whole thing again.

WYNN: "It is generally acknowledged that Prime Minister Churchill has shrewdly arranged a secret deal with Stalin for a British Imperialistic grab of American sought Middle East oil."

KAYE: Fine friends, the British. (EATS) We win the war for them and they go and doublecross us. (BUSINESS WITH FOOD; HE DOESN'T ENJOY IT)

WYNN: "It is generally conceded that the inexperienced and rapidly-aging Truman will be no match for the shrewd manipulators of Russo-British Totalitarianism!"

KAYE: (DISTRAUGHT) How do you like that! Fine thing! Making a monkey out of the President of the United States. This throws me! I can't even finish my Wheaties -- I start for the door. I'm so upset I even kiss my wife goodbye! I feel awful. I get in my car and start to drive to the office. It's not patriotic, but it's downhill. That radio dial is staring at me. I'm hypnotized. I gotta listen to that nine o'clock news... I push the dial! And --

WYNN: "...sun-tanned and vigorous, President Truman this morning told his press conference complete accord had been reached between the Big Three Powers for their vitally important meeting in Europe. Complete cooperation has been evidenced by all three nations."

KAYE: (TURNING OFF RADIO) Well, that's more like it! I knew Mr. Truman would come through. He's a darned good man -- gee, what's the matter with those fellows on that paper. They sure had it all wrong. (RELIEVED) Well...I feel much better. Think I'll get a little music! (PRESSES DIAL)

WYNN: "...Hello, Citizen. How do you feel. Do you wake up headachy, nervous? Are you bilious, sluggish, dyspeptic? Is your tongue coated?

KAYE: (STICKS OUT HIS TONGUE, TRIES TO LOOK AT IT)

WYNN: Oh, my! It certainly is.

KAYE: It is?

WYNN: Yes, it is, Citizen, and for that fatigued, pooped-out, over-or-under 36 feeling -- try Pepto-Bismo-Chloro-Harpo-Groucho-Chico-Zeppo-Gummo. Remember! Backwards it is very difficult to spell.

KAYE: Gee, that sounds good. I'll get some of that stuff.

WYNN: And now Pepto-Bismo-Etcetero brings you Fulton Close, Jr., the Washington analyst, with the inside, the outside and the backside of the news...

KAYE: Oh, this guy's good. He'll give it to me straight.

WYNN: "Good morning, friends. It is with a heavy heart that I report this morning that insatiable dictator of Red Russia has done it again.

KAYE: (SHUDDERS) Duh-h-h. There it goes!

WYNN: President Truman's confirmation of his ill-advised trip to Europe is in itself an admission of supine submission before Commu-Natzi, Bosho-Marxist heavy hand of Power Politics.

KAYE: Gosh, if he says it, it must be true. After all, he's on the air for the Pepto-Bismo-Harpo-Groucho-Etcetero people. He could be sued for libel. Oh, those Russians -- they're so -- so -- (THE WORST THING) RUSSIAN!... So I turn him off. I'm burning. I get to my office. All upset. I try some dictation, but it's no use. Too upset. I can't work. My secretary can't work. I'm shaking so hard she keeps falling off my lap! I can't

(MORE)

KAYE:
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get anything done. I send my boy down for a Pepto-Bismo-Harpo-Groucho-Etcetero...but they don't have it. He comes back with a Biso-Thiso-Gastro-Calso-Burpo-Belcho! AND -- the twelve o'clock edition of the news. And there in front of me is the noon headline. It says:

WYNN:

"Unity of Big Three Hailed Throughout Peace Loving World!"

KAYE:

There we have it -- unity -- that's the medicine I've been waiting for. I don't need any Pepso-Bismo-Harpo-Groucho-Etcetera! I don't need any Biso-Thiso-Calso-Gastro-Burpo-Belcho! All I need is a little Unity. Now I'm back on my feet again -- feeling fine, a human dynamo! Think I'll go out and do a little business. Can't take my car. All my customers live uphill -- so I grab a late paper and hop on the bus. It's a little crowded, but I spot a seat down front and make a run for it. I get there just as another character does,

(KEENAN APPEARS, HEADS FOR TWO CHAIRS WHICH ARE SET TOGETHER, CENTER STAGE)

and we sit down together. (KAYE AND WYNN SEATED TOGETHER, WYNN SMOKING BIG CIGAR) It's a little uncomfortable, but I open my paper to page three and (SHUDDERS) D-u-h-h-h-!

WYNN:

(LEANING OVER, POINTING TO PAPER) Greay guy, that Pegler.

(KAYE NODS UNCOMFORTABLY, DRAWS AWAY AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE

(MORE)

KAYE & WYNN: AND TRIES TO CONTINUE READING, WYNN TRYING TO READ
CONT'D
OVER KAYE'S SHOULDER, ETC., ALL THE TIME BLOWING SMOKE
IN KAYE'S FACE. THE ROUTINE GOES ON UNTIL:

KAYE: You like him -- take him. (THROWS PAPER TO WYNN, MOVES
AWAY, SPOTLIGHT FOLLOWING HIM)...Cigars...Pegler...I'm
back to Pepso-Bismo again. I'm going crazy -- I can't
eat -- I can't sleep -- I walk the streets -- I hear
voices, voices:

WYNN: (WINCHELL) Good evening Mr. and Mrs. America and all
the ships at sea. Flash. The smart money has it that
the coming meeting between the big three will achieve
a greater unity than the world has ever seen. Colonel
McCormick, please copy. Hmmm.

KAYE: That's it. That's what I want to hear. I'm up! I'm
up! Voices! I hear more voices!

WYNN: (KALTENBORN) However, the big three meeting becomes
increasingly clear as being Russ-ee-an dictated, on
Russ-ee-an terms, at a Russs-ee-an table, in Russs-ee-
an controlled Berlin. And I, for one, say -- what does
Russs-ee-a want?

KAYE: Now I'm down. I'm down. Winchell says yes, Kalten-
born says no. Grafton this, Pegler that. Pearson
yes, Thompson nae. Lippman pro, Lawrence con -- and
on and on and on -- ~~until I hear:~~

VOICE: ~~Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United
States:~~

WYNN: (TRUMAN) We will have unity, we must have unity and we shall have unity. I will meet with the heads of the British and Soviet Governments next month to achieve that very thing. Goodnight.

KAYE: (RELIEVED) Well, that's it. That's the final word. He said it himself, right from the White House. I can sleep now. I can go to bed now and sleep. Cause we're going to have unity. The president said so. And every good American knows it's true. (PULLS COVERS OVER HEAD) I feel all right now. (YAWNS) I can just hit that pillow and --

WYNN: (NEWS BOY) Extry -- extry -- paper. Read all about it. Red menace sweeping America. Hollywood Reds taking over United States steel and Ford Motor Company. War with Reds Imminent.

KAYE: (HYSTERICAL SCREAM) (TO SMITH, WHO APPEARS) You see? That's how I got this way. But I'm all right. Nothing wrong with me (TWITCHES, STAGGERS, ETC.) I'm all right. All I need's a little unity. Unity. Unity. (WILD LAUGH)