

# "Doctor's Orders"

**A short revenge comedy**

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The doctor's room. Anat sits behind a desk, wearing a white robe. Ofer enters. He sits on the chair in front of her. She looks at him, silent, for a few moments.

**OFER:** Identity card?

**ANAT:** What?

**OFER:** Don't you need my identity card?

**ANAT:** Yes, yes, sure. Identity card.

Ofer gives his identity card to Anat. She swipes it in the machine attached to her computer screen.

**ANAT:** Yes, Ofer, what can I do for you today?

**OFER:** Listen, doctor, I'm...

**ANAT:** Anna.

**OFER:** What?

**ANAT:** Call me Anna.

**OFER:** Anna. What a beautiful name.

**ANAT:** Thanks.

**OFER:** I'm not used to calling doctors by their name. Or to see their eyes. They usually stare at their computer screens. (looks at Anat for a moment) I'm glad you're not staring at your computer screen.

**ANAT:** Thanks.

So, what can I do for you today?

**OFER:** Left ankle. It's been hurting for a few months now.

**ANAT:** Let me take a look.

Anat gets up, drags a stool and goes to Ofer. Ofer stretches his left foot and puts it on the stool. Anat touches his foot in a few places. Ofer screams in pain.

**ANAT:** Does it hurt here?

**OFER:** Yes.

**ANAT:** Excellent.

Anat continues touching Ofer's foot. Ofer screams in pain again.

**OFER:** Excellent?

**ANAT:** Yes. Pain is one of the most important stages of healing.

**OFER:** What's wrong there, doctor? Eh, Anna?

**ANAT:** I want to try something. OK?

**OFER:** You're the doctor, Anna.

**ANAT:** Do you have a high pain tolerance?

**OFER:** High, sure.

Anat lets go of Ofer's foot and takes a few steps away from him. She gets ready, runs towards him and kicks his foot. Ofer screams in pain.

**OFER:** What was that for?

**ANAT:** It's a new treatment method that I specialize in. It's called "Over Sensualization". You locate the injured area, calm it down and then inflict an intense stimulus on it. What's the pain level, compared to the last times?

**OFER:** Higher. Obviously.

**ANAT:** Excellent. It means that the knee is the problem.

**OFER:** The knee? But my ankle hurts.

**ANAT:** The knee is the source of the pain, and it radiates on your ankle.

**OFER:** You're the first doctor who tells me that.

**ANAT:** That's the good thing about my method. It gives a whole new perspective.

**OFER:** So what do we do?

Anat takes out a knee hammer. It's very big.

**OFER:** Isn't it... isn't it too much?

**ANAT:** Isn't your pain too much?

**OFER:** Is this also part of this Over-Sensu thing?

**ANAT:** Do you trust me?

**OFER:** Sure, sure. Will it hurt? Because I lied earlier about my pain tolerance.

**ANAT:** We already understood that.

They laugh.

**ANAT:** May I?

Ofer nods. Anat takes out a rope from the pocket of her robe and starts tying Ofer to the chair.

**OFER:** What's... what's that for?

**ANAT:** I don't want to hurt you. And if you move during the examination, you'll get hurt.

**OFER:** Is it necessary?

**ANAT:** Trust me, OK? We're about to make a substantial breakthrough in your treatment.

**OFER:** I trust you, Anna.

Anat finishes tying Ofer to the chair.

**ANAT:** Anat.  
**OFER:** What?  
**ANAT:** My name is Anat.  
**OFER:** But you told me it was Anna.  
**ANAT:** No. I told you to call me Anna.  
**OFER:** Why?  
**ANAT:** Don't you remember me?

Ofer looks at Anat.

**OFER:** No.  
**ANAT:** You don't even remember. Four years and you don't even remember.  
**OFER:** Did I... did I do anything to you?  
**ANAT:** "Anything"?  
**OFER:** I'm sorry, am I supposed to remember?  
**ANAT:** Don't say you're sorry. You're not sorry. Not yet.

Anat hits Ofer's knee with the hammer. Ofer screams in pain.

**ANAT:** I've been waiting for you, motherfucker.  
**OFER:** What did I do to you?  
**ANAT:** Stop crying like a bitch. Remember?  
**OFER:** What?  
**ANAT:** Stop crying like a bitch.  
**OFER:** Anat... Anat from high school?  
**ANAT:** Why?  
**OFER:** Why what?  
**ANAT:** Why did you do that to me?

**OFER:** (starts crying) I don't remember what I've done. I swear to God I don't remember what I've done.

Anat hits Ofer with the hammer again. He screams in pain.

**OFER:** Ugly Anat, looks like a butt. Ugly Anat, looks like a butt.

**ANAT:** You see? A little pain and the memory comes back. Ugly Anat, looks like a butt. And what did all your friends do?

**OFER:** We're not in contact anymore, really.

**ANAT:** Tell me what they used to do or I'll take out your patella and shove it down your throat.

**OFER:** They'd laugh and sing.

**ANAT:** Sing what?

**OFER:** Stop crying like a bitch.

**ANAT:** Sing it.

**OFER:** (sings) Stop crying like a bitch. Stop crying like a bitch.

Anat ruthlessly hits Ofer's knee with the hammer. Ofer cries with pain.

**OFER:** Did I... did I... did I really do that?

**ANAT:** Yes. During all high school. How can you not remember?

**OFER:** It was twenty years ago. More. Twenty five.

**ANAT:** Make an effort.

**OFER:** I remember we picked on you.

**ANAT:** We?

**OFER:** That I picked on you. But I don't remember doing it during all high school. I'm sor... (Anat lifts the hammer in the air) It was in high school. I was a fifteen years old idiot.

**ANAT:** I was also fifteen. And I remember. And will remember, for the rest of my life.

**OFER:** So maybe it's time you moved on?

Anat hits Ofer again with the hammer.

**OFER:** Stop. Please, just stop.

**ANAT:** That's exactly what I told you.

**OFER:** You also wrote that to me. You see? I do remember. At least starting to. You wrote me a letter. It was the most beautiful letter. When we were sophomores. No, Juniors. And you asked me to stop. Stop. Please, just stop.

**ANAT:** And what did you do with that letter? (Ofer doesn't answer) You photocopied it and hung it on the school's walls.

**OFER:** Right. How could I behave like such a shit?

**ANAT:** How could you, really?

**OFER:** You were also a pretty obnoxious kid. (Anat lifts the hammer and Ofer hurries to say) Not that it justifies what I did. I... I have daughters. Two. Take my phone for a sec.

Anat takes a cellular phone out of Ofer's pocket and looks at it.

**OFER:** Cute, no?

**ANAT:** Yes. Don't look like you.

**OFER:** Lucky them.

They laugh.

**OFER:** You see my oldest? Noga? She has social issues at school. All the kids turned against her a few months ago. Wouldn't talk to her.

**ANAT:** Wouldn't talk to her?

**OFER:** Yes. Terrible, right? She's only eight. Who turns against an eight year old girl?

**ANAT:** Karma.

Anat takes out a blindfold from her robe's pocket and puts it on Ofer's eyes.

**OFER:** Are you going to kill me?

**ANAT:** Yes.

**OFER:** Why? Because I called you ugly twenty five years ago? That's enough to kill someone?

Anat finishes putting the blindfold.

**OFER:** Are you even a doctor?

**ANAT:** Sure, you think I'm crazy?

**OFER:** Anat, listen to me for a sec. I'm so sorry about what I've done to you.

**ANAT:** I told you not to say that you are...

**OFER:** But it's true. I am sorry. Anat, I am asking for your forgiveness. If you're going to kill me now, I want you to know that I'm sorry. I didn't realize what I was doing. I was dumb and pimped and without any self-confidence, and I took it out on you. (cries) I didn't think it would have this effect on you. Really, I had no idea.

Anat drags a chair and sits next to Ofer.



**ANAT:** Do you know how many times I imagined you saying this to me?

**OFER:** That's the least I can do.

Anat gets up and hits Ofer with the hammer. Ofer cries in pain.

**ANAT:** No, the least you can do is stop crying like a bitch.

**OFER:** But I said I was sorry.

**ANAT:** It's worthless.

**OFER:** So what do you want me to do?

**ANAT:** Die.

**OFER:** Did you graduate with distinction?

**ANAT:** What?

**OFER:** Medicine school. Did you graduate with distinction?

**ANAT:** Yes.

**OFER:** You were always smart.

**ANAT:** Ass-kisser.

**OFER:** That's why I picked on you. I was jealous.

**ANAT:** So it was actually my fault.

**OFER:** No, no way. It just shows how low my self-confidence was.

**ANAT:** Do you know what you've done to my self-confidence? In what state you left me, after those four years? I sing to myself, in my heart, "ugly Anat, looks like a butt" every day.

**OFER:** Why?

**ANAT:** I don't know.

**OFER:** Then stop.

**ANAT:** I can't. I tried, I really tried, but I can't.

**OFER:** You managed to become a doctor.

**ANAT:** Only to get revenge on you.

**OFER:** You went to medicine school just because you wanted to get revenge on me?

**ANAT:** I've been following you for twenty years now. A few months ago I felt I was ready and had myself transferred to this clinic. Ever since I've been waiting to see your name on my patients' list, Oferiko.

Ofer bursts out laughing.

**ANAT:** What's so funny?

**OFER:** You... you... you deal with a bump like me all your life? With the most ordinary man on this planet? Do you know where I work? (after a moment) Of course you do. An assessing officer for small businesses. This is what you're dealing with? You are really fucked up, Anat.

**ANAT:** Only because you fucked me up, Ofer.

Ofer continues to laugh. Anat starts laughing also.

**OFER:** (still laughing) What will you do after you killed me?

**ANAT:** (laughing) I'll probably leave your corpse on the chair, lock the door from the inside and get out of the window. By the time someone notices I'll be in Costa Rica.

**OFER:** I don't think so.

**ANAT:** Europe, then?

**OFER:** (stops laughing) I think it'd be too hard for you to move after you killed me.

**ANAT:** I have a gun.

**OFER:** Oh, killing me would be pretty easy. But after you see me taking my last breath, you'll just collapse on the floor next to me.

- ANAT:** (stops laughing) Maybe. And then to Costa Roca.
- OFER:** No. You won't be able to move. You won't have a reason to move.
- ANAT:** You don't say.
- OFER:** Actually, I think that the best thing you can do right now is to let me go. Otherwise, you'll have nothing to live for. I'm doing it for you, Anat.
- ANAT:** You always were a player.
- OFER:** Every assessing officer has to be a player. Or he's the one who gets played. I think you took your revenge on me.
- ANAT:** No. Not enough.
- OFER:** I got other organs.
- ANAT:** I got other hammers.
- OFER:** Maybe, instead of smashing my organs, you'll take advantage on them?
- ANAT:** What?
- OFER:** I want you to take advantage on my organs.
- ANAT:** Are you hitting on me, Ofer?
- OFER:** Do you want me to hit on you, Anat?

Anat pushes Ofer's chair to the floor. The chair falls down, Ofer along with it, on his back. Anat sits on top of Ofer.

- ANAT:** You still look good.
- OFER:** Did you have a crush on me?
- ANAT:** Narcissist.
- OFER:** Did you?
- ANAT:** Yes.
- OFER:** Really?
- ANAT:** Does it matter?

They laugh. Anat tries to kiss Ofer. She's taken aback immediately.

**ANAT:** Ugly Anat, looks like a butt.

**OFER:** You're not ugly, Anat. I don't think you're ugly.

**ANAT:** But I think I'm ugly. Because of you.

**OFER:** Come on, let's try again. Take the blindfold off.

Anat takes off the blindfold and looks at Ofer.

**ANAT:** You have beautiful eyes. You always did.

**OFER:** I'll call you Anna. Can I call you Anna? (Anat nods)  
Come, Anna.

Anat tries again. Taken aback again. She quickly lifts the chair and puts the blindfold back on Ofer's eyes.

**OFER:** Don't kill me.

**ANAT:** Are you scared?

**OFER:** Yes.

**ANAT:** Good.

Anat goes to a drawer and takes out a gun.

**OFER:** Is that the gun? (Anat doesn't answer) How do you feel?

**ANAT:** Exactly as I thought I would.

**OFER:** And it's good?

Anat lifts the gun and aims at Ofer.

- ANAT:** I don't know.
- OFER:** Wait, Anat. Wait. I have an offer.
- ANAT:** I'm not kissing you again.
- OFER:** Maybe you'll try hitting me again?
- ANAT:** No.
- OFER:** Not now. Now you'll let me go.
- ANAT:** No way.
- OFER:** And we'll schedule an appointment for the next month. Doctor's orders. Maybe I'll have a sore hand this time. And you can check if the origin of the pain is in my shoulder.
- ANAT:** With the hammer?
- OFER:** With anything you'd like.
- ANAT:** I have a vise.
- OFER:** Great. I mean, oh my God. But great.

Anat laughs.

- OFER:** Why are you laughing?
- ANAT:** Because you almost had me. In a minute I'd let you go and schedule an appointment. And I'd wait and wait for you to show up.
- OFER:** I would never do a thing like that.
- ANAT:** Why not? Because you realized you hurt me? Because it's important for you to be forgiven?
- OFER:** Because you probably know where I live. And if I'm late, even in a minute, you'll find me.
- ANAT:** True.
- OFER:** Getting caught trying to play someone is the worst. So we'll schedule for next month?

**ANAT:** Let me check my calendar.

Anat lets Ofer out of the chair and takes off the blindfold. He gets up and walks around the room, limping.

**OFER:** So, next month?

**ANAT:** (writes) How about the 25<sup>th</sup> in 9:00AM?

**OFER:** Don't you have an opening in the afternoon? (and after he sees Anat's eyes) 9:00AM. Thanks, doctor.

Ofer want to exit.

**ANAT:** Do you regret it?

**OFER:** Does it matter?

**ANAT:** It matters to me.

**OFER:** I'm scared. Better, no?

Ofer exits, limping. Anat is still sitting, holding the gun in her hands.