

# **A Lesson in Love**

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## Characters

- **Michelle Pinkus** - The wife of Dr. Mickey Pinkus and the manager of her husband's sex therapy clinic.
- **Philly the Fixer** - A handyman.
- **Sophie Avery** - A fiery and determined woman, suspecting that her husband is having an affair with Michelle.

## **Scene 1**

*(10:30 AM. An empty sex clinic. On the wall is a painting of Botticelli's "Three Graces". Philly enters the clinic with a ladder, a paint bucket in hand. He turns on the lights. His phone rings, the ringtone is "Who Let the Dogs Out". He answers.)*

**Philly:** *(on the phone)* Philly's Renovations, Painting, Tiling, Flooring, Plumbing, and all your needs, Inc. Hello! Oh, Mark... Yeah, I got here. How's your back? Better, right? Of course it's better, I'm working for you and suffering! ... What do you mean I just got here? I'm right on time, I'm here... I got it, like you said, I'll patch up the two holes, smear some plaster, and charge them eight thousand... If they ask for a receipt, I'll throw in VAT and a risk charge for the tax investigation. All clear. Alright, love you, feel better. See you! *(hangs up the phone)* Well, no choice. Time to start working. *(pulls out a sandwich, sits down, and eats)* Now, where's the coffee around here? *(heads to the kitchen)*

*(Michelle enters, carrying a suitcase, a beautiful plant, and holding her phone.)*

**Michelle:** *(on the phone)* Adam, Adam, no. It's over. I had a wonderful weekend with you, but thank you, I can't handle your wife's calls every minute, the suspicion, the tension that she'll find out—it drove me crazy, and it drove you crazy. Enough, it's over! *(raises her voice)* You go back

to your wife, I'm going back to my husband, and that's it. I can't stand the stress anymore. Adam, we made a mistake. Both of us. From now on, it's back to family life—me, my husband, and our clinic. Goodbye.

*(sends a voice message on WhatsApp)*

**Michelle:** Michael, my husband, my sweet, my love, my amazing therapist, I hope while you're on the plane back, you're dreaming of me because I can't stop dreaming about you. I've got a surprise for you here that you'll love... and I can't wait to see you and remind you that tonight we have a training session here at the clinic. Kisses, kisses, kisses, I love you. *(writes a note)* "To the man of my life, welcome home!"

*(Notices the ladder)*

**Michelle:** I can't believe this! I'm going to kill that contractor! *(leaves a WhatsApp message)* Mark! We agreed you'd finish the renovation by Friday, today is Monday, and there's still a ladder in the middle of the clinic!!! I left you a note that I'm coming back today, and we've got a training session here tonight. Come and finish the job, fast!

*(Takes off her jacket, turns, and sees Philly in front of her.)*

**Michelle:** *(Screams and covers herself)*

**Philly:** *(Screams and covers himself)*

**Michelle:** Who are you?

**Philly:** Who are you?

**Michelle:** Excuse me, I own this clinic.

**Philly:** I thought no one was here.

**Michelle:** You're a thief! Help! Thief!

**Philly:** Calm down! I have a key!

**Michelle:** How do you have a key?

**Philly:** From the electrical box!

**Michelle:** So you're a rapist! Help! Don't touch me! Rapist! I'm calling the police!

**Philly:** Hey, hey! What's with the language? Calm down! Didn't you call a contractor?

**Michelle:** You're the contractor?!

**Philly:** Yes.

**Michelle:** Help! Contractor!

**Philly:** Are you crazy? What could I possibly do to you? Smear you with plaster?

**Michelle:** *(Calms down)* Contractor... you're the contractor... But you're not Mark!

**Philly:** So you're not completely nuts! Right, I'm not Mark.

**Michelle:** So who are you?

**Philly:** Philly the Fixer – Renovations, Painting, Tiling, Flooring, Plumbing, Electrical, Appliances, Washing Machines, and whatever else comes along, Inc.

**Michelle:** You sound more like a junk collector.

**Philly:** I wish. Those guys are millionaires.

**Michelle:** Excuse me, but where's Mark?

**Philly:** Mark? His back went out, so he asked me to come and finish up.

**Michelle:** I want to understand why the job still isn't done. I gave him three days for this.

**Philly:** Lady, do people stop hearing when they get to the 13th floor?

**Michelle:** What's that supposed to mean?

**Philly:** Don't you understand English? His back went out, I'm telling you.

**Michelle:** Listen, I'm not interested in excuses, I want results.

**Philly:** Alright, ma'am, you'll get results. Just let the players onto the field.

**Michelle:** Look, buddy, I don't know who you are...

**Philly:** Philly the Fixer – Renovations, Painting, Tiling, Flooring, Plumbing, Electrical, Appliances, Washing Machines, and whatever else comes along, Inc.

**Michelle:** I really can't stand when-

**Philly:** So take a seat.

**Michelle:** ...someone doesn't stick to a schedule.

**Philly:** But Mark said you weren't coming back until tomorrow.

**Michelle:** Is he an idiot?

**Philly:** I can tell you he's not a doctor.

**Michelle:** I told him! Today! And I even left a note!

**Philly:** Even if he found the note, no guarantee he'd read it.

**Michelle:** Why not?

**Philly:** The guy barely finished second grade.

**Michelle:** And you?

**Philly:** Fourth grade.

**Michelle:** I'm doomed!

**Philly:** What's the big deal? Is this a life or death situation?

**Michelle:** No! It's much worse!

**Philly:** Don't worry, the job will be done by today.

**Michelle:** How is that possible if you showed up so late?

**Philly:** I'll make it up to you.

**Michelle:** How?

**Philly:** I'll leave early, too.

**Michelle:** Excuse me, it's almost eleven already.

**Philly:** Pardon me, but it's only just past ten.

**Michelle:** So what comes after ten?

**Philly:** Jack, Queen, King, Ace. *(heads off to paint)*

**Michelle:** Listen up, buddy, this isn't a playground. You've arrived at the clinic of Dr. Michael and Michelle Pinkus. I'm Michelle...

**Philly:** Nice to meet you, Philly the Fixer – Renovations, Painting, Tiling, Flooring, Plumbing, Electrical, Appliances, Washing Machines, and whatever else comes along, Inc.

**Michelle:** *(cuts him off)* Michelle Pinkus! And I run this clinic. My husband's coming back from abroad today, and we've got a training session tonight on impotence, with at least twenty people attending.

**Philly:** Wait, wait, a session on what now?



**Michelle:** Impotence.

**Philly:** You mean like... nothing...?

**Michelle:** What's not clear?

**Philly:** Like... nothing?

**Michelle:** Impotence!

**Philly:** Oh, for crying out loud.

**Michelle:** Yes.

**Philly:** Impotence!

**Michelle:** Yes.

**Philly:** How does that even happen?

**Michelle:** It can happen for a few reasons. *(sits down with her binder to work)*

**Philly:** Really? What reasons?

**Michelle:** One is overuse, to the point of it becoming unusable.

**Philly:** Can you say that again?

**Michelle:** Overuse, to the point of it becoming unusable.

**Philly:** Overuse... well, that's not a problem I have with my wife. And what else?

**Michelle:** The second reason is lack of use, which can lead to complete psychological and physiological denial of its existence. Understand?

**Philly:** Good grief! And twenty people are coming for a workshop on this?

**Michelle:** Imagine that!

**Philly:** And they're all from around here?

**Michelle:** Well, most of them, yes.

**Philly:** So who's making all the babies around here, the gardeners?

**Michelle:** Can you get to work already?

**Philly:** No problem! What's the workshop called?

**Michelle:** "Standing Tall." Can you focus on the job?

**Philly:** The job's already focused, trust me. So what do you guys... do... in the workshop?

**Michelle:** We learn!

**Philly:** Sit and learn?

**Michelle:** Yes!

**Philly:** And what about the... renovation?

**Michelle:** The renovation is your job.

**Philly:** I didn't mean that renovation.

**Michelle:** Then what renovation?

**Philly:** The renovation for... the problem... with the fall.

**Michelle:** You've got seizures?

**Philly:** God forbid!

**Michelle:** So you're asking for a friend?

**Philly:** No, it's just that, you know, how do you guys... get things... back up?

**Michelle:** It depends...

**Philly:** On what? Do you hang it up for them?

**Michelle:** If necessary, yes.

**Philly:** And at the end of the workshop, do you give them a certificate?

**Michelle:** What kind of certificate?

**Philly:** A certificate of excellence... in standing. *(laughs)*

**Michelle:** That's actually a good idea...

**Philly:** At least for the top performers, they should get a graduation certificate. *(laughs)*

**Michelle:** This condition can affect anyone. The one who laughs last...

**Philly:** In your case, it's "the one who stands last." *(laughs)*

**Michelle:** Who do you think you are, laughing like that at people?

*(His phone rings again: "Who Let the Dogs Out")*

**Philly** Philly's Renovations, Painting, Tiling, Flooring, Plumbing... Oh, Emily... Where am I... where am I... In Thailand... in the middle of a Thai massage with three masseuses... At work... Where else could I be? In the city. Where in the city? What family? *(to Michelle)*

**Michelle:** Who's asking?

**Philly:** My wife, she's always suspicious that I'm goofing off instead of working. So, she's asking what family this is.

**Michelle:** The Pinkus family.

**Philly:** What? Are you serious?

**Michelle:** Yes, the Pinkus family.

**Philly** *(on the phone)*: Emily... The Pinkus family. No, not couscous, Pinkus... Yeah, that's their name, I didn't make it up! It's a clinic. For problems... with standing... No, not orthopedics... Forget it, hope you never need it... Yeah, I won't be long... I'll finish here and come home.

**Michelle:** How exactly will you finish if you haven't even started?

**Philly:** Why are you bad-mouthing me? Look, I've already done the... thingamajig.

**Michelle:** What thingamajig?

**Philly:** You know, the whatchamacallit. I plastered it and put the other thing on top.

**Michelle:** What exactly did you plaster?

**Philly:** The cream...

**Michelle:** What cream?

**Philly:** The wall shampoo cream, come feel it yourself.

**Michelle:** You didn't even sand it!

**Philly:** If I sand any more, I'll end up in the neighbor's apartment.

**Michelle:** I don't believe you!

**Philly:** You know what? If I'm lying, I'll enroll myself in one of your workshops. How about that?

**Michelle:** Excuse me, but it's not for you.

**Philly:** Of course. You figured that out right away, huh?

**Michelle:** It's just for a different socioeconomic class.

**Philly:** What did you say? Socio... what?

**Michelle:** The men who come here are usually highly educated.

**Philly:** Oh, you mean they went to university?

**Michelle:** You could say that.

**Philly:** So, his wife's waiting in bed asking, "What's going on?" and he says, "Sorry, honey, the socio-class cut my whatchamacallit!"

**Michelle:** Just get to work already, I don't care if you end up in the neighbor's place.

**Philly:** Alright, alright... One or two hours and it'll be done.

**Michelle:** You're sure?

**Philly:** Sure, right after my coffee break.

**Michelle:** Coffee break?! You're going to waste the whole day on that?

**Philly:** What's the rush, honey? Just a small coffee, maybe an omelet with some chopped vegetables, a few olives, a little green onion on the side, and then some sweet tea with a little baklava. One or two hours of light digestion, and you'll see what a panther I'll be at work.

**Michelle:** You'll burn my entire day!

**Philly:** Just kidding... Just coffee and dessert.

**Michelle:** Fine, whatever.

**Philly:** Alright, go make it.

**Michelle** (*furious*): Excuse me?!

**Philly:** What's the problem?

**Michelle:** You'll go make the coffee yourself, and you know what? Make me one too.

**Philly:** Alright, alright. Just tell me where the coffee is.

**Michelle:** The coffee is to the left of the fridge, under the microwave. You put it in the percolator, press 20 seconds, and it's done.

**Philly** (*stares blankly, not understanding*): Maybe just tell me where you've got a traditional coffee pot?

**Michelle:** Sir, this is a clinic, not a Middle Eastern café.

**Philly:** I'll figure it out.

**Michelle:** I'm sure you will.

*(Philly goes to make coffee, talking while he does it)*

**Philly:** If you ask me, this whole impotence issue, it's all the woman's fault.

**Michelle:** You men always blame the woman.

**Philly:** What else?

**Michelle:** Freud says it's actually the mother's fault.

**Philly:** Wow, Freud is right... With my mother-in-law, I should've been in this workshop ages ago.

**Michelle:** He was actually talking about your own mother.

**Philly** (*peeks out*): Hey! No parents involved here!

**Michelle:** It's the Oedipus complex.

**Philly:** What the...?

**Michelle:** Haven't you heard of Oedipus?

**Philly:** Who's that?

**Michelle:** Oedipus, he killed his father and slept with his mother.

**Philly:** Ew. Is that what you're teaching in the workshop? No shame at all, huh?

**Michelle:** Absolutely, it's the extravagant Oedipal complex.

**Philly:** Oh... and then you go to bed with a dictionary?

**Michelle:** What dictionary?

**Philly:** A foreign language dictionary, so you can explain to her: "Look, honey, it's not me... it's some idiot who flipped a coin, killed his dad, and



slept with his grandma. Married his mom. Disgusting! All of Freud is a mental illness."

*(Philly enters with two cups of coffee)*

**Philly:** Here you go.

**Michelle:** Thanks a lot.

*(He sits down and pulls out a cigarette)*

**Michelle:** Excuse me, but no smoking in here.

**Philly:** Sorry... you're right... *(steps back a bit and lights it)*

**Michelle:** I said no smoking here!

**Philly:** You said no smoking there, now I'm here.

**Michelle:** Don't smoke in my clinic!

**Philly:** Fine, fine, I won't light it.

*(Pause)*

**Philly:** So, while we're at it, what color do you want for the walls?

**Michelle:** I was thinking butterfly yellow.

**Philly:** Butterfly?!

**Michelle:** Or maybe subtle orange?

**Philly:** Subtle...

**Michelle:** Or we could just go with golden bottle green, what do you think?

**Philly:** Golden bottle green?

**Michelle:** Nice idea, right?

**Philly:** Totally... except for one problem.

**Michelle:** What's the problem?

**Philly:** I didn't bring a bottle.

**Michelle:** Then let's go for sensual, fiery red.

**Philly:** I can paint it whatever color you want, as long as it's white, white, white.

**Michelle:** Fine, make it white. Just add a bit of sensuality to it...

**Philly:** Oh, there'll be tons of sensuality in it...

**Michelle:** Because plain white might drive me crazy.

**Philly:** Absolutely, ma'am. Who am I to stop you from staying calm?

**Michelle:** You're right, I do need to calm down.

**Philly:** Want me to put on some music to help you relax?

**Michelle:** Fine, Philly. Put on some music, and let's get moving.

**Philly:** What do you have here?

**Michelle:** Put on one of the records from the shelf.

**Philly:** Records?! Who still listens to records?!

**Michelle:** My husband loves to listen to classical music only from records.

**Philly:** Let's see what we've got... Moz... Mozarella?

**Michelle:** You mean Mozart. No, no, I'm not in the mood for Mozart.

**Philly:** Fine, whatever... Bach? Is that a mixtape?

**Michelle:** It's Bach! I don't feel like Bach.

**Philly:** Alright, then... Vi ya walladi? Is that Middle Eastern?

**Michelle:** Vivaldi.

**Philly:** Could be... Does it fit?

**Michelle:** Yeah, it's fine.

*(He plays the Vivaldi record)*

**Philly:** Alright, Vivaldi, play your heart out.

*(The music plays)*

**Philly:** What's this music?

**Michelle:** What's the problem?

**Philly:** Is it broken? What's this noise?

**Michelle:** Excuse me, you're talking about Vivaldi, one of the greatest composers of all time.

**Philly:** From the way he's playing, it sounds like he's still asleep. I think I woke up before he did. This guy's a composer? These days, any fool can call themselves a composer. Let me play you some tunes you've never heard in your life, then you'll know what a real composer sounds like. Shut up, you! Shut up!

*(The Vivaldi music cuts off abruptly)*

**Philly:** Alright, Mozart, take it away. *(Plays some loud music)*

**Philly:** Just a sec, I'm in the bathroom...

*(Philly goes to the bathroom, Michelle turns off the music)*

**Philly:** Why?

**Michelle:** Because!

*(doorbell rings)*

*(Michelle goes to answer the door. Sophie is at the entrance.)*

**Sophie:** Hello!

**Michelle:** Yes?

**Sophie:** Is this where Dr. Michael Pinkus works? Open Monday to Thursday, closed Fridays? Is this the place?

**Michelle:** Yes, but we're closed right now...

**Sophie:** (*walks in*) I just came to schedule an appointment...

**Michelle:** Well, you might as well come in...

**Sophie:** Remind me of your name?

**Michelle:** Michelle.

**Sophie:** Ah, so you're Michelle!

**Michelle:** Yes... I'm the wife of Dr. Pinkus, the therapist.

**Sophie:** Nice to meet you! I'm a huge fan of your husband.

**Michelle:** Great, do you know each other?

**Sophie:** No, I've never seen him, but I've heard a lot about him from my husband... He's a patient of his.

**Michelle:** Oh, really? How nice...

**Sophie:** Yes... very nice.

**Michelle:** So, do you want to join your husband in therapy, or would you prefer us to take care of you in separate sessions?

**Sophie:** (*to herself*) First, I'll take care of you.

**Michelle:** Excuse me?

**Sophie:** Separate.

**Michelle:** What's your name, please?

**Sophie:** Sophie.

**Michelle:** And your last name?

**Sophie:** Doesn't matter right now... Tell me, how do I look to you? I mean, I've still got it, right?

**Michelle:** Yes, definitely... you look great!

**Sophie:** Got it or not?

**Michelle:** Yes, you've got it!

**Sophie:** A worthy woman.

**Michelle:** Absolutely worthy.

**Sophie:** So, I want to meet your husband.

**Michelle:** I'll schedule you for tomorrow...

**Sophie:** No, I want today.

**Michelle:** Why is this so urgent?

**Sophie:** I want to know why my husband is cheating on me.

**Michelle:** Oh... that's a pretty common case... tsk tsk tsk...

**Sophie:** With someone far less worthy than me, and who looks far worse than me.

**Michelle:** You don't say?

**Sophie:** Can you believe it?

**Michelle:** It's unbelievable... how men behave these days, with no taste, no logic... My husband just got back from abroad today, so I'll bump you up to tomorrow's first appointment.

**Sophie:** No, no, I want today.

**Michelle:** Sorry, but...

**Sophie:** No apologies and no buts!

**Michelle:** My husband's abroad.

**Sophie:** Fine. Where is he?

**Michelle:** Who?

**Sophie:** My husband.

**Michelle:** I have no idea what you're talking about...

**Sophie:** This morning, you both came back from the King Solomon Hotel.

**Michelle:** Who?

**Sophie:** You and my husband!

**Michelle:** I don't even know who your husband is.

**Sophie:** He's a patient of your husband, and you've been sleeping with him for months!

**Michelle:** If he's a patient of my husband, how could I be sleeping with him?

**Sophie:** I sent my husband to your husband for help with his impotence. Your husband treated him and cured him, but instead of coming home and making his wife happy, he decided to do it with you.

**Michelle:** You're completely mistaken...

**Sophie:** No, I'm not mistaken! I'm not wrong! My friend who works at the airport told me she saw him this morning, getting off the plane with some woman.

**Michelle:** That could be... but why do you think that woman is me?

**Sophie:** Because she checked the passenger list, told me your name, and said you both went to a vacation with a package deal – flight, hotel, spa, massages, the whole thing... She even gave me your address and described how you look... and sent me your picture.

**Michelle:** Excuse me, but that information is supposed to be confidential.

**Sophie:** It is confidential, only everyone at the airport knows about it.



**Michelle:** It's got to be a mistake, it's not me!

**Sophie:** Long, streaked blonde hair...

**Michelle:** A thousand other women I know have long blonde hair... My hairstyle is very popular... I can recommend a hairdresser if you'd like...

**Sophie:** You're cheating on your husband and sleeping with mine. Admit it!

**Michelle:** I'm not listening to this.

**Sophie:** The whole world will hear about it from me—that the therapist's wife, Michelle Pinkus, is messing around with her husband's patients.

**Michelle:** That's defamation.

**Sophie:** Ever heard of gouging out eyes?

**Michelle:** Listen to me, Mrs. Avery!

**Sophie:** Oh! The cat's out of the bag! How did you know my last name? I didn't say it when I came in. Avery is my husband's last name, Adam Avery. And you've been seeing him for months! Wow!

**Michelle** (*breaking down*): Okay... let's say it's true, what do you want?

**Sophie:** Revenge!

**Michelle:** You're crazy.

**Sophie:** I hope you and my husband had a heavenly weekend, because today's going to be hell for you. Where is he? Adam! Adam!

**Michelle:** Listen, Sophie, listen to me, please. Adam and I... we broke it off this morning, for good. I told him he's going back to you, and I'm going back to my husband. We're done with this silly affair.

**Sophie:** I'll deal with Adam later, but for now, I need your husband. Where is he?

**Michelle:** He's not here, and he won't be back for a long time. He's gone to China for several months for training.

**Sophie:** Poor thing, you don't get it... I'm going to ruin your life. Where is your husband?

**Michelle:** He's not here, and he won't be back for... for... two more months...

**Sophie:** You're lying.

**Michelle:** No.

**Sophie:** A moment ago, you said he's coming back from abroad today!

**Michelle:** No, no, you misunderstood, his flight's delayed...

**Sophie:** And you've got a lovely plant waiting for him. *(reads the note)* I'll be back in two hours, just in time to tell him how his wife's been spending her time. *(smiles)* See you at two! *(exits)*

**Michelle:** I'm doomed! *(she's in shock)*

*(toilet flushes, Philly comes out humming a tune)*

**Philly:** Hey! Mrs. Pinkus, are you okay?

**Michelle:** I'm asking you to go home.

**Philly:** Sorry?

**Michelle:** I'm asking you to go home.

**Philly:** What happened?

**Michelle:** *(trying to act like nothing happened)* I just have some things to take care of, I'm asking you to go home now. I'll pay you for the day...

**Philly:** No problem! I'll write you an invoice. *(goes to get an invoice)*

**Michelle:** Don't take it personally, but I need to be here alone... My husband's coming home today from abroad, and I need to... I need to...  
*(faints onto him)*

**Philly:** Ambulance!

**Michelle:** What?

**Philly:** Ambulance! You need an ambulance.

**Michelle:** No, no! Don't call me an ambulance. I just want you to leave...

**Philly:** No problem!

**Michelle:** Just go! Go!

**Philly:** But I can't move!

**Michelle:** *(holding onto him)* No, no! Don't go! Go get me the Gucci coat from the closet, I want to die looking beautiful. Don't leave me before you kill me, understand? Otherwise, I might hurt myself.

**Philly:** Are you okay? What's wrong with you, did you swallow poison?

**Michelle:** Poison is a great idea. Go to the medicine cabinet, bring me 50 or 60 sleeping pills, I'll fall asleep and never wake up, and I'll thank you for it for the rest of my life.

**Philly:** You'll only have about two minutes left to thank me.

**Michelle:** Perfect, that's exactly what I need. A quick, painless death.  
Where are the pills?

**Philly:** Have you eaten anything?

**Michelle:** No. I want the pills.

**Philly:** In a little bit, after you eat something.

**Michelle:** Why?

**Philly:** Because it's not healthy to commit suicide on an empty stomach.

**Michelle:** Are you sure?

**Philly:** Of course! You could get nauseous afterward and end up throwing up at your own funeral. Gross, not a good look.

**Michelle:** You won't leave me, right?

**Philly:** Not in the next five minutes.

**Michelle:** What's this?

**Philly:** It's varnish for the door.

**Michelle:** If I drink this, will it kill me?

**Philly:** No, but it'll give you a nice finish.

**Michelle:** Did you hear all the lies that woman was throwing at me?

**Philly:** I was in the bathroom.

**Michelle:** And you didn't listen?

**Philly:** I was busy with other things.

**Michelle:** What things?

**Philly:** You know, the usual things.

**Michelle:** A monster came in here and attacked me. She said I'm cheating on my husband with hers.

**Philly:** Tsk tsk tsk... what business is it of hers what you do in your personal life?

**Michelle:** It's all lies. *(she collapses)*

**Philly:** Of course... of course it's all lies...

**Michelle:** Hold me... Tell me I'm not alone.

**Philly:** *(Looks around and sees himself too):* You're not alone.

**Michelle:** *(Hugging him)* You won't leave me, right?

**Philly:** Never.

**Michelle:** You'll never, ever leave me.

**Philly:** Look... it's not you... it's me... I've got work to do. *(breaks away from her)*

**Michelle:** Mickey will be mortified by the shame, the accusations that his wife is sleeping with one of his patients.

**Philly:** With one of his patients?

**Michelle:** That's the whole story: that the wife of the famous sex therapist, Dr. Michael Pinkus, slept with his patient. The earth will shake. They'll shut down our clinic.

**Philly:** Want me to make you a cup of tea?

**Michelle:** No, no, I'm fine now... Just get back to work!

*(Philly climbs the ladder)*

**Philly:** Excuse me for asking, but why exactly is her husband seeing your husband?

**Michelle:** Without going into too many details, it's about impotence issues.

**Philly:** You mean engine problems...

**Michelle:** More or less...

**Philly:** And your husband's treating him?

**Michelle:** Yes.

**Philly:** How?

**Michelle:** Therapy sessions, and he gives him various pills to improve his...

**Philly:** Performance.

**Michelle:** Yes... to improve his... endurance.

**Philly:** And you take him for test drives?

**Michelle:** What test?

**Philly:** You know, checking the... horn.

**Michelle:** Based on my personal experience with the case, I can tell you for sure that she's the cause of the problem.

**Philly:** And how do you know that?

**Michelle:** The fact that when he's with me, everything works perfectly. It's only with her that he has... horn issues.

**Philly:** So you've been involved with him.

**Michelle:** It's part of the healing process.

**Philly:** Oh, really.

**Michelle:** I'm just curing him.

**Philly:** So, you're giving him the full treatment, like a tune-up at a garage. You really opened a workshop.

**Michelle:** Yes.

**Philly:** And does your husband know about this workshop?

**Michelle:** No. I thought it would spice up our relationship... I don't want to lose my life over a few moments of weakness.

**Philly:** A few moments?

**Michelle:** with him t's been three months...



**Philly:** And with other people?

**Michelle:** I'm so sorry. This morning, I told him it's over. That we can't keep living this lie, and that we're going back, each to our own lives.

**Philly:** So why? Why did you cheat on your husband?

**Michelle:** I didn't cheat on him.

**Philly:** Then what?

**Michelle:** I told you, I did it for him.

**Philly:** Wow, what a sacrifice...

**Michelle:** You wouldn't understand.

**Philly:** Understand what?

**Michelle:** That I'm sleeping with another man to fix the relationship between me and my husband.

**Philly:** But your husband's the expert in... engines.

**Michelle:** It doesn't help our relationship.

**Philly:** How's that?

**Michelle:** He doesn't bring me to...

**Philly:** To where?

**Michelle:** To the peak.

**Philly:** Where's that?

**Michelle:** To excitement, Philly.

**Philly:** Oh... oh... So your husband needs a workshop with himself, by himself.

**Michelle:** Yes, and I have to rebuild that.

**Philly:** You're like a full-blown restoration project.

**Michelle:** I had to find out if I was still capable of reaching the heights, feeling the excitement, touching happiness, and achieving the peak four or five times.

**Philly:** Four or five times?! What's going on, a war?

**Michelle:** I have the right, like every woman today.

**Philly:** So, did you test it?

**Michelle:** I did, yes.

**Philly:** And the results?

**Michelle:** This is the end of me! I'm doomed! She wants revenge on me... and she'll do it... soon she'll shame me in front of the whole world. My husband will hear it, divorce me, and then what will I live on, what?

**Philly:** Mrs. Pinkus, tell me, had you seen her before she came here today?

**Michelle:** No, I'd never seen her before.

**Philly:** And had she seen your husband before?

**Michelle:** No, they haven't met yet, but today they'll meet, and that'll be the end of me.

**Philly:** You just need someone to "play the part"...

**Michelle:** I don't get it.

**Philly:** You need someone to pretend to be your husband, as if he's just returned from America, and when she comes, she'll see him like he's fresh off the plane. You'll run to him, act like you're kissing him, and he'll say, "Michelle, darling..."

**Michelle:** Michelle...

**Philly:** "Michelle, darling," and he'll hug you in front of her, and when she tells him what you did, he'll act mad at you, and she'll feel satisfied with her revenge. She'll go home happy, and everything will settle back down.

**Michelle:** And you think that'll work, just like that?

**Philly:** If it doesn't, there's always the second option...

**Michelle:** What's the second option?

**Philly:** Your real husband comes, hears what she has to say, gets genuinely mad at you, and divorces you for real, no pretending...

**Michelle:** So what's the difference?

**Philly:** Think about it.

**Michelle:** Ah... that's not a bad idea.

**Philly:** It's a great idea! I saw it once in a Bollywood movie.

**Michelle:** And how did the movie end?

**Philly:** Her real husband surprises her, shows up earlier than expected, hears the story, and kills both of them.

**Michelle:** I thought it had a happy ending.

**Philly:** It was a happy ending, just depends on who for...

**Michelle:** If I can find someone willing to pretend to be my husband for a few hours, maybe I can solve this problem.

**Philly:** Exactly.

**Michelle:** But I don't know how to lie...

**Philly:** You? No way...

**Michelle:** What would you do if you found out your wife was cheating on you?

**Philly:** I'd leave her.

**Michelle:** That extreme?

**Philly:** Of course, it's easier to leave the wife once than to chase away a new guy every week.

**Michelle:** And what would you do if your wife caught you with another woman?

**Philly:** I'd leave her too...

**Michelle:** If Mickey hears that I cheated on him, he might turn from a monogamist into a bigamist.

**Philly:** You're lucky I'm not in his place, because I'd turn from a calm guy into a madman.

**Michelle:** That's actually not a bad idea!

**Philly:** What?

**Michelle:** That you be him!

**Philly:** How can I be him if I barely know how to be me?

**Michelle:** Would you like to be my husband for a few hours?

**Philly:** Excuse me?

**Michelle:** Don't you want to save me from drowning?

**Philly:** I don't know how to swim. I nearly drown in the bathtub!

**Michelle:** Don't I appeal to you? Aren't you attracted to me?

**Philly:** Attracted... Look, I'm not...

**Michelle:** Am I not beautiful enough for you?

**Philly:** Beautiful, beautiful but...

**Michelle:** Not sexy enough?

**Philly:** Sexy, sexy...

**Michelle:** You know, you look just like someone who could be my husband...

**Philly:** How many husbands have you had already?

**Michelle:** Just three, that's all.

**Philly:** Lady, I've already been married once in this lifetime, and that's enough for me.

**Michelle:** I love your roughness...

**Philly:** I'll give you some sandpaper, that's even rougher...

**Michelle:** I love the strength in your hands...

**Philly:** I'll bring you the jack from the car...

**Michelle:** And your slim figure...

**Philly:** Then sign up for a weight-loss program!

**Michelle:** Philly, I want you...

**Philly:** Lady... there are neighbors around here! (*gets closer to her*)

**Michelle:** Just for a few hours... I want you to pretend to be my husband, and when that woman comes, you'll be him!

**Philly:** How can I be him when I'm barely me?

**Michelle:** I'll give you whatever you want...

**Philly:** I don't need anything, thank God.

**Michelle:** I'll turn you into Dr. Pinkus, you won't even recognize yourself in the mirror... I'll teach you everything you don't know, I'll make you smart. What's more important to you, money or brains?

**Philly:** Money.

**Michelle:** I would've chosen brains.

**Philly:** Everyone wants what they don't have.

**Michelle:** Come on, please be my husband...

**Philly:** Lady, I came here to earn my day's wage...

**Michelle:** I'll pay you a week's wage... All you need to do is string her along for a few minutes.

**Philly:** The only thing I know how to string along is plaster...

**Michelle:** I want you to string her along...

**Philly:** I don't think this is a good idea...

**Michelle:** I'll pay you for a month?

**Philly:** No! No! How much?

**Michelle:** How much do you want?

**Philly:** Including materials?

**Michelle:** Including everything.

**Philly:** Ten thousand.

**Michelle:** But that's robbery.

**Philly:** Lady, these days, if you want to be honest, you've got to steal.

**Michelle:** Can I get a discount?

**Philly:** I can't. I just can't. The materials cost me more than that. And that doesn't even include labor, I didn't charge you for labor. Ten thousand, not a penny less.

**Michelle:** I'm doomed.

**Philly:** Fine, fine. Nine thousand. Final price before I walk out.

**Michelle:** Deal?

**Philly:** Deal! *(They shake hands)*



**Michelle:** *(Turning into his drill sergeant)* Shut up! We don't have time!

From this moment on, you listen and I talk. Stand up, stand straight!

Upright!

**Philly:** What is this, the impotence workshop?

**Michelle:** Now listen to me carefully!

**Philly:** Wait... I just remembered, I don't know anything about sex therapy...

**Michelle:** Sex isn't rocket science. Even street dogs know how to do it.

**Philly:** So if she asks me something, should I bark back?

**Michelle:** You'll be fine! Besides, we need to undress you...

**Philly:** What do you mean undress?

**Michelle:** Your clothes...

**Philly:** Why?

**Michelle:** To dress you... style you, cut your hair...

**Philly:** Cut my hair? Why?

**Michelle:** Because you can't be a sex therapist with hair like that.

**Philly:** What's wrong with my hair?

**Michelle:** You need to be smooth and attractive—your face, chest, legs, everything...

**Philly:** Everything?

**Michelle:** We'll shave you, style you, dress you in my husband's suit. It has to be perfect.

**Philly:** Wait, wait, I'm not comfortable with this shaving business.

**Michelle:** What do you mean it's not comfortable?

**Philly:** It's not me!! And besides, I didn't account for that loss.

**Michelle:** What loss?

**Philly:** Hair removal...

**Michelle:** Philly, my sweet... from now on, you'll be a real man, who knows how to love a woman—"Philly the Fixer," Doctor of Love. Now, let's begin the lesson. Sit! Tell me, what do you think women want?

**Philly:** How should I know?

**Michelle:** Think about your wife for a moment, what does she want?

**Philly:** My wife wants something different every minute.

**Michelle:** Women mostly want three things: Look at this painting. It's a painting by Botticelli from the 15th century, about 500 years ago. Here, we see three women, three goddesses, each representing something

women want – the goddess of grace, the goddess of beauty, and the goddess of sensuality.

**Philly:** Isn't that all the same thing?

**Michelle:** Almost, but with different nuances. Every woman wants to be treated with grace, with charm, to be respected, to be made to laugh, and to have a gentleman by her side.

**Philly:** In the painting, they just want to nag us.

**Michelle:** And every woman wants beauty in her life. To be beautiful, and for the man beside her to be handsome, attractive, and well-groomed.

**Philly:** Sure... sure... Angelina Jolie, Brad Pitt, something like that?

**Michelle:** And the third goddess, the goddess of sensuality. For every woman, sensuality is important—it represents the sexual attraction between a man and a woman. Clear so far?

**Philly:** Clear.

**Michelle:** You need to speak to her emotional, sensual center, to the point where she starts telling you about her personal life.

**Philly:** And why is that any of my business?

**Michelle:** Because that's the core issue in many relationship crises—the inability to open up and talk about what really bothers them. We're here to help people open up about their most personal, intimate topics. That's why it's important for you to learn the professional terms that sex therapists use.

**Philly:** Like what?

**Michelle:** If she asks you something about the male genitalia, you need to know that it's called the phallus.

**Philly:** Phallus... just don't forget to add my "plus."

**Michelle:** Philly, be serious. If she asks you something about the female genitalia, you call it vaginismus.

**Philly:** Vaginiskus, got it.

**Michelle:** And if she asks you about her inability to reach orgasm...

**Philly:** What's that?

**Michelle:** Orgasm. If she asks you anything about her orgasm...

**Philly:** Why would she ask me something like that?

**Michelle:** It's an issue that bothers many women. In that case, you need to talk about the G-spot. Do you know where the G-spot is?

**Philly:** A B C D E F G...?

**Michelle:** The G-spot... the place where you're supposed to bring a woman pleasure...

**Philly:** Oh... with my wife, it's automatic pleasure.

**Michelle:** And are you sure your wife enjoys it?

**Philly:** Of course she enjoys it... I'd know if she didn't.

**Michelle:** Maybe she's faking it?

**Philly:** No... she's actually falling asleep.

**Michelle:** It's because, like most men, you don't know where the G-spot is. If you did, your wife wouldn't be falling asleep, she'd be waking up, and both of you would be soaring to the heavens.

**Philly:** What, is this spot on the moon?

**Michelle:** The G-spot is located about four centimeters up inside the vaginismus...

**Philly:** Alright, so I've found the G-spot, what am I supposed to do?

**Michelle:** You're supposed to pleasure her.

**Philly:** And then what?

**Michelle:** With the right movement, she'll start singing in French.

**Philly:** Forgive me for asking a personal question—do you sing in French?

**Michelle:** I sing in Yiddish.

**Philly:** Well, with my wife, she might start shouting in Moroccan Berber. The whole building would wake up and run away.

**Michelle:** And if the “monster” starts talking to you about her fantasies, just listen and nod in understanding...

**Philly:** Fantasies? What fantasies...

**Michelle:** Fantasies, you know, like what you love to imagine...

Everyone has fantasies... Even you... Now tell me, please... What’s your fantasy?

**Philly:** A BMW 750i...

**Michelle:** I mean fantasies about how you like to do it.

**Philly:** (*Embarrassed*) Ah... I get it...

**Michelle:** Come on, don’t be shy...

**Philly:** Well, I like to do it pigeon style.

**Michelle:** Oh, that’s interesting. I haven’t heard of that before... What’s pigeon style?

**Philly:** Right after the deed is done, she flies away.

**Michelle:** Men... Alright, go get dressed. (*He goes behind the couch to change clothes*) I'll remind you of the plan. A little before she arrives, you get out of here. Then she comes in, and I let her in. After ten minutes, you come back as if you've just returned from abroad, and that's when the show begins. Get dressed, and we'll do a rehearsal. We've been married for ten years, you've been abroad for a month without seeing me, what do you say to me when you come back?

**Philly:** What did you cook me to eat?

**Michelle:** No, no, no... She's telling you that I, your wife, cheated on you. What do you do?

**Philly:** I lose it.

**Michelle:** No, no, no...

**Philly:** Bang my head against the wall.

**Michelle:** No, no...

**Philly:** Burn the house down.

**Michelle:** No! What do you say to me when you hear this?

**Philly:** You dirty little tramp.

**Michelle:** Softer...

**Philly:** Wait 'til you see what I'm gonna do to you...

**Michelle:** Softer...

**Philly:** Not a penny of alimony from me.

**Michelle:** Do you know what soft means?

**Philly:** You mean gently?

**Michelle:** Yes.

**Philly:** Then say gently! *(Imitates a flamboyant voice)* You've been fooling around behind my back, sweetie... Who's my little cheater? Who? *(Comes out from behind the couch, wearing pants that are too small for him.)* What is this? Your husband's four years old?

**Michelle:** He's not very tall... Look, you don't explode right away! Not until I signal you that it's time. If you blow up too early, it could ruin everything.

**Philly:** So how will I know when to explode?

**Michelle:** I'll give you a signal with my head. *(Claps her hands)* And then you explode.

**Philly:** Like this? Or like this?

**Michelle:** The second one.

**Philly:** Got it.



**Michelle:** The most important thing is that she feels your emotions toward me...

**Philly:** Don't worry, she'll feel it.

**Michelle:** It's not that I'm telling you what to do...

**Philly:** Then what have you been doing for the last hour?

**Michelle:** It's just really important that everything runs smoothly...

**Philly:** Tell me, does God stay quiet sometimes?

**Michelle:** Yes.

**Philly:** So why don't you?

**Michelle:** What a chauvinist!

**Philly:** What's worse? A chauvinist man or a woman who doesn't do what she's told?

**Michelle:** My head hurts, I can't take it anymore...

**Philly:** Trust me. Okay, Daniella?

**Michelle:** That's not my name.

**Philly:** Gabriella!

**Michelle:** No!

**Philly:** Esther, Carmella!

**Michelle:** No! You have to learn my name, or she'll catch on to us.

**Philly:** Then give me a hint...

**Michelle:** Fine! Do... Re...

**Philly:** Do Re? Is that your name, Do Re?

**Michelle:** No! Listen! Do Re Mi...

**Philly:** What's the problem... Fa So La Ti...

**Michelle:** Do Re Mi! Mi!

**Philly:** Mi... Mi... Ah...

**Michelle:** Michelle! Michelle! That's my name, Michelle! Don't forget it, please. She'll figure us out right away if you forget. Remember: Do Re Mi... Michelle!

**Philly:** Michelle, Michelle, Michelle, okay, it's burned into my brain, I can't forget it now.

**Michelle:** And she has to feel that you love me.

**Philly:** Of course she'll feel it.

**Michelle:** How will she feel it?

*(doorbell rings)*

**Michelle:** That's her, and you're still not dressed! Don't forget the robe and tie. Go to the bedroom and get dressed.

*(Philly exits, and Michelle goes to answer the door.)*

**Michelle:** *(With fake cheerfulness)* Hello!

**Sophie:** Good afternoon! I hope I'm not coming at an inconvenient time?

**Michelle:** Everything's fine, I was just tidying up here. My husband will be here any minute now, he'll walk in any second.

**Sophie:** Great. Let's get this over with. I don't have the patience for this.

**Michelle:** Yeah, I'm not exactly enjoying this either.

**Sophie:** Well, you've enjoyed enough already.

**Michelle:** Can I get you something to drink?

**Sophie:** An iced coffee, please.

**Michelle:** Excellent choice! Would you like it hot or cold?

**Sophie:** Iced coffee?

**Michelle:** Of course... I... I invite you to come make it with me, we can spend some time together in the kitchen...

**Sophie:** No thanks, I've had enough of the time you spent with my husband.

*(Philly, in distress, signals that he can't tie the necktie.)*

**Michelle:** We just bought new appliances... maybe you'd like to see them?

**Sophie:** I'm allergic to electricity, if I touch anything, I get shocked.

**Michelle:** Sophie, I know I hurt you... and I'm really, really sorry for everything that happened, and I think you're right, I deserve it... but I'm asking you, from one woman to another, come with me to the kitchen!

**Sophie:** Why?

**Michelle:** So you can see what kind of life you're about to destroy by coming here and telling my husband that I cheated on him.

**Sophie:** Lady! Let's be clear! You destroyed my life with my husband, right?

**Michelle:** Yes!

**Sophie:** So we'll both end up in ruins! And I'd love to see exactly what kind of life I'm destroying for you. Absolutely, I'm ready for a little tour of the house.

*(They exit, while Philly comes out of the bedroom looking disheveled and leaves through the front door. Michelle and Sophie return.)*

**Sophie:** Well, I see your husband is running a little late, so maybe I'll give you two a chance to meet first...

**Michelle:** No! No! No! You can't leave...

**Sophie:** Why, what happened?

**Michelle:** I made you the iced coffee you asked for.

**Sophie:** So warm it up when I get back.

**Michelle:** I really wanted us to talk, I wanted us to become good friends, you know.

**Sophie:** With a friend like you, who needs ISIS?

**Michelle:** You have to understand... I swore to myself I wouldn't lie to my husband anymore.

**Sophie:** So, you've decided to stop cheating?

**Michelle:** Yes.

**Sophie:** From now on, you're going to live a virtuous life?

**Michelle:** Yes, but if you leave me alone now, I might hurt myself.

**Sophie:** I'm willing to help you with that...

*(Philly enters, dressed up as Mickey. He's carrying a suitcase, wearing a white Versace suit and sunglasses. Michelle hugs him.)*

**Philly:** Hello!

**Michelle:** Mickey!

**Philly:** What did you make to eat?

**Sophie:** Dr. Pinkus!

**Michelle:** Mickey! You're finally here! I'm so happy. (*kisses him again*)

Nice new outfit... where did you buy it?

**Philly** (*whispers to her*): From my sister's wedding. I suddenly remembered I left it in the car, the suit you gave me was too tight.

**Michelle:** Let me introduce you to...

**Sophie:** Sophie!

**Philly:** Nice to meet you, Philly the Fixer... renovations...

**Sophie:** Philly?

**Michelle:** Pinkus! Dr. Pinkus calls himself Philly the Fixer as a nickname.

**Sophie:** Suits you, Doctor. Nice to meet you. Dr. Pinkus, I came here to talk to you.

**Philly:** I'm listening! (to Michelle) Wait 'til you hear what I've got to say, I'll tear you apart!

**Michelle:** But she hasn't told you anything yet...

**Philly:** You're lucky she hasn't said anything yet, because when she does, I'll turn you into shawarma...

**Michelle:** She's here to tell you something, dummy...

**Philly:** I got it... relax... don't you see I'm in control here? Go ahead. My ears are open, all the way to my eardrum.

**Michelle:** Mickey, I just want to ask you, no matter what this nice lady tells you, please respond calmly, okay? Don't forget, I'm your wife, and I love you.

**Philly:** Fine, fine, quiet down... I want to hear what this classy lady has to say. Then I'll give you my thoughts, because when I think, it's like I'm not myself...

**Sophie:** Doctor!

**Philly:** That's what George Washington said. You've heard of him, right?

**Sophie:** Of course, the one with the mustache!

**Philly:** Exactly! Alright, so what's the problem?

**Sophie:** My name is Sophie, as I mentioned...

**Philly:** Nice to meet you. Ph...

**Michelle:** Pinkus! Dr. Pink-us!

**Philly:** Calm down!

**Sophie:** And my husband, Adam, is your patient.

**Michelle:** Stay calm, Mickey, stay calm.

**Philly:** (*side whisper*) Shut your mouth... What's wrong with Adam?

**Sophie:** Excuse me, Doctor, I want to start from the beginning.

**Philly:** Go ahead...

**Sophie:** I mean, really from the beginning...

**Philly:** Go ahead...

**Sophie:** So, in the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth...

**Philly:** Skip ahead a bit...

**Sophie:** Your wife has a relationship with my husband.

**Michelle:** (*signaling behind her back for restraint*)

**Philly:** That's quite a leap...

**Sophie:** I had no choice!

**Philly:** Well... relationship, relationship, or *relationship* relationship?

**Sophie:** *Relationship* relationship...

**Michelle:** (*Restraint!*)

**Philly:** What kind of relationship?



**Sophie:** A... physical relationship.

**Philly:** A closed relationship or one that's already... open?

**Sophie:** Open, open...

**Philly:** What do they do?

**Sophie:** She opens, and he...

**Philly:** What?

**Sophie:** He's her... friend.

**Michelle:** Not anymore!

**Philly:** Quiet!

**Michelle:** (*Restraint!*)

**Philly:** Is he her *friend-friend* or... *friend-friend*?

**Sophie:** More than a friend.

**Philly:** You mean... a really, really good friend...

**Michelle:** (*Restraint...*)

**Sophie:** A friend who's... handling her fruit.

**Philly:** Well, I'll be!

**Michelle:** Not yet!

**Philly:** So... he's a doctor?

**Sophie:** No, he's in... marketing.

**Philly:** What kind of marketing?

**Sophie:** He runs a stall in the market.

**Philly:** A stall for what?

**Sophie:** You know... cucumbers, tomatoes, that sort of thing...

**Philly:** Really... and how are the prices? Good deals?

**Michelle:** Mickey... I already did the shopping; the fridge is full...

**Sophie:** In short, they're having... relations!

**Michelle:** *(Restraint!)*

**Philly:** These relations... are they together, or... separately?

**Sophie:** I don't follow...

**Philly:** I mean, is she with his wife, or he with my wife, or is she with my husband and I with yours? Wait! No pressure! Have you heard of Oedipus? The guy who married his grandma?

**Sophie:** What don't you understand? Do I need to spell it out in sign language? He's on top of her, she's under him... She's on all fours, and

he's doing a handstand... She's screaming, "Enough already, stop!" Get it?

**Philly:** Now it's crystal clear.

**Michelle:** Mickey, get it out, get it out...

**Philly:** Not a thing! Restraint!

**Michelle:** Don't keep it bottled up, let it out!

*(Michelle signals for him to explode.)*

**Michelle:** Now!

**Philly:** I got it... restraint!

**Sophie:** Excuse me, Dr. Pinkus, but what is your response, your reaction... how do you feel?

**Philly:** *(Restraint... restraint...)* Nothing! For me, restraint is the ABCs.

**Sophie:** Well, I've done my part. I've told you what your wife did. I see you're used to this kind of thing, and it doesn't seem to bother you much. Okay... it was nice meeting you, Dr. Pinkus. Do with this information what you will, these are your lives... If this is how you react to what your wife did... and she did it... then I don't have any more business here. I wish you both a good life. I'm leaving!

*(Michelle claps in celebration, but Philly thinks it's the signal to explode.)*

**Philly:** You filthy traitor! You cheated on me?

**Michelle:** Mickey, Mickey, calm down!

*(He starts chasing her around the room as she runs away.)*

**Philly:** I'll turn you into shawarma! How could you do this to me?

**Michelle:** I don't know, it just happened.

**Sophie:** What do you mean it just happened? You wake up one morning and decide to cheat on your husband?

**Michelle:** Yeah, what's the big deal? Everyone's doing it, I'm not the only one.

**Philly:** So, it's true, what she's saying!

**Michelle:** So, she says, and? People say you're sleeping with the whole world, so what?

**Philly:** Me?

**Michelle:** Yes, you!

**Sophie:** Doctor, give it to her!

*(Philly chases Michelle, who runs out.)*

**Sophie:** I didn't expect such a strong reaction.

**Philly:** What can I tell you, Michelle...

**Sophie:** Sophie.

**Philly:** Who would have thought that I, the esteemed Dr. Pinkus, would end up in such a situation...

**Sophie:** Doctor, I need you to treat me.

**Philly:** What kind of treatment?

**Sophie:** Sexy, therapeutic, communist...

**Philly:** Look, this might be a bit revealing, if you catch my drift...

**Sophie:** Revealing? You mean undressing?

**Philly:** Patience, patience... we haven't gotten to the... vogistomatic phase yet.

**Sophie:** Should I lie down on the couch?

**Philly:** Sure, why not, why not? Go ahead...

**Sophie:** Oh, I'm so excited... This must be so sophisticated...

**Philly:** I'll make it more minimalistic for you... alright, let's begin!

**Sophie:** Should I undress?

**Philly:** In a moment, in a moment! What's your rush?

**Sophie:** The truth is, Doctor, that lately, I feel like... I don't feel anything.

**Philly:** What do you mean you don't feel?

**Sophie:** Like a woman.

**Philly:** What do you mean?

**Sophie:** Like a woman with her husband, you understand, Doctor... My husband is like grass...

**Philly:** Why?

**Sophie:** Because if I don't mow him down immediately, he grows wild.

**Philly:** I see...

**Sophie:** Should I undress?

**Philly:** Let's warm up a little first... So, you regularly mow down your husband?

**Sophie:** I have to.

**Philly:** And that's how you spend your whole day?

**Sophie:** Usually, it happens at night.

**Philly:** What happens?

**Sophie:** Nothing happens.

**Philly:** What's not happening?

**Sophie:** You know... the relationship between a man and a woman...

**Philly:** Oh, right...

**Sophie:** I'm not really "giving" him any attention.

**Philly:** Why not?

**Sophie:** Because he doesn't understand me.

**Philly:** But you have to understand him.

**Sophie:** Why should I?

**Philly:** Let me tell you why... a man is like a heart... if he doesn't pound, he dies!

**Sophie:** But with him, I can't...

**Philly:** Can't what?

**Sophie:** You know, Doctor... what a woman needs...

**Philly:** What does a woman need?

**Sophie:** A woman needs... you know...

**Philly:** What does a woman need? To clean, to tidy, to finish cooking!

**Sophie:** Alright, Doctor! What's your diagnosis?

**Philly:** Huh? Oh, she'll be here in a minute.

**Sophie:** So, what do you say, Doctor?

**Philly:** I say the whole problem is in one spot!

**Sophie:** What spot?

**Philly:** The A-B-C-D-E-F-G spot... the G-spot.

**Sophie:** I've heard of that before...

**Philly:** But apparently your husband hasn't. How do you feel right now?

**Sophie:** I feel desire.

**Philly:** Desire for what?

**Sophie:** For revenge! Doctor, have you ever cheated on your wife?

**Philly:** Never.

**Sophie:** There's always a first time.

**Philly:** You seem like a really good person.

**Sophie:** Yeah... that's because of my mom. (*kisses him*)... That was nice.

**Philly:** That was very nice.

**Sophie:** You're sweet... (*kisses him again*) Do you have any objections?

**Philly:** To what?

**Sophie:** To getting in bed!

**Philly:** That's something I've never done before.

**Sophie:** What, getting into bed?

**Philly:** No, resisting! But only if we do it professionally.



**Sophie:** Of course, Doctor.

**Philly:** With all the professional terms...

**Sophie:** Yes, yes... phallus and vaginismus.

*(Sexy music plays)*

*(Lights dim, red lights on, then full lights as Michelle enters. Sophie leaves the room, getting dressed, and sees Michelle.)*

**Philly:** You are my world...

**Sophie:** Really, Doctor? I'm your whole world?

**Philly:** You see, I'm not very good at geography.

**Sophie:** You're sweet. But admit it, it's much more fun with me than with Michelle...

**Philly:** Michelle... don't remind me of her.

*(He notices Michelle)*

**Sophie:** Oh, hi...

**Michelle:** I see you're both doing well.

**Sophie:** Oh yes... very well. He's fine, I'm exhausted.

**Philly:** Oh, Graciela, how are you?

**Michelle:** How are you?

**Philly:** Well, you know... fine...

**Michelle:** That'll pass soon.

**Philly:** (*dressing while exiting*) We were just having a very important discussion in there.

**Michelle:** I understand it was a thorough discussion, with demonstrations, and both of you debated quite well.

**Sophie:** Oh, absolutely! I think the discussion was wonderful, and you're an excellent doctor, Doctor. And you can do all that after a ten-hour flight? I can only imagine what it's like when you wake up after a full night's sleep... just incredible. I'm going to recommend all my friends come have a session with you.

**Michelle:** So, at least now you're satisfied?

**Sophie:** Very satisfied. I hope you enjoyed it too, Doctor.

**Philly:** Absolutely.

**Sophie:** Arrivederci, Doctor. (*exits*)

**Michelle:** Well done.

**Philly:** I was just doing my job. Philly the Fixer... renovations, painting, plastering, tiling, plumbing...

**Michelle:** And whatever else comes along, Inc.!

**Philly:** Yeah.

**Michelle:** (*attacks him*) You scoundrel!

**Philly:** What happened?

**Michelle:** You're here playing my husband, and as such, you don't have the right to cheat on me... especially not with her!

**Philly:** I did it for you! I did it for you...

**Michelle:** How exactly did you do it for me? What is this, a new workshop? "Your husband cheats, and you enjoy it"?

**Philly:** To convince her that I'm the therapist.

**Michelle:** Is that what I'm paying you for? To humiliate me in front of that witch?

**Philly:** Witch is a bit harsh, don't you think?

**Michelle:** She deserves it! (*laughs*) And she doesn't even realize you lied to her.

**Philly:** About what?

**Michelle:** When you told her you enjoyed it...

**Philly:** I didn't lie... I really did enjoy it...

**Michelle:** Tell me, what do you think you're doing? Coming here, doing nothing all day, enjoying yourself, and getting paid nine thousand for it? Who do you think you are?

*(Philly's phone rings – "Who Let the Dogs Out?")*

**Philly:** *(starts packing his things and singing along to the ringtone)* Oh, hey, Emimly? Yeah, I'm done here, just packing up and heading home. Tell me, Emily, have you ever heard of the G-spot? No, no, not jeans... You haven't? I'll explain it to you when I get home. Alright, bye.

**Philly:** Well, Mrs. Pinkus... It was fun! Now all that's left is for you to give me the "patsche matsche," and as they say, we'll see each other at happy occasions.

**Michelle:** The money's in the envelope.

**Philly:** Thank you very much.

*(Text message alert)*

**Michelle:** Hold on a second. *(reads the message, collapses)* I can't believe it. I can't believe it!

**Philly:** What now?

**Michelle:** Mickey didn't get on the flight. He's not coming back. He decided to stay with his French mistress.

**Philly:** Alright, I'm leaving...

**Michelle:** What am I going to do? There's a workshop tonight for impotence, and everyone's expecting to meet Dr. Michael Pinkus.

**Philly:** But he's in Paris.

**Michelle:** Exactly.

**Philly:** So, who's going to run the workshop?

**Michelle:** You. Come quickly to the room, I've got a few more tips for you. And we need to prepare a certificate to hang on the wall: Philly the Fixer – Renovations, Painting, Plastering, Tiling, Plumbing, and Sex Therapy.

**Philly:** And everything else, Inc.

**Michelle:** *(exits)* Well, are you coming?

**Philly:** *(turns to the audience)* Work is work!

*(Music: "Who Let the Dogs Out?")*

**The End!**