

## **Wild Animal**

Inspired by "The Bear" by Anton Chekhov

Written by: Sharon Gombosh, Meytal Jelinek and Elad Zamrany

Translation: Itamar Sharon

### **Scene 1: Tomer and mom**

*[The living room in Tomer's apartment. He seems well-off, but the room is a mess: It is littered with used food containers, empty snack packets, drained beer bottles, an overflowing ashtray, used tissues everywhere. Hanging on the wall are a pair of boxing gloves. A large TV screen sits in one corner. It is connected to the computer and displays its desktop, with the wallpaper being a large image of Tomer with Nichole and Toby, their dog. Tomer is splayed out on the sofa, utterly drained, hugging a pillow that is also emblazoned with Nichole's photo. He ignores several calls on his phone. A specific ringtone indicates his mother is calling. He ignores that too. An incoming Skype call chimes on the computer and Tomer leaps up to answer it. Nitza appears on the screen.]*

Tomer: Nichole! Hang on the cable's disconnected.

Nitza: Sweetie, do you think I don't know you're avoiding my calls?

Tomer: Avoiding? I'm not avoiding you...uh, I...I was in the shower.

Nitza: Would you look at you, you're still in your pajamas!

Tomer: That's a hi-tech thing we do – Pajama Wednesdays. I'm working from home.

Nitza: Oh I see, a hi-tech thing, really? What a coincidence, because we also have this thing, a different thing, with Social Security, who've sent a letter. And guess what? Well what do you know, it turns out you haven't worked a day in the past six months! Isn't that incredible? So tell me, how long were you planning on keeping this lie going? You think I'm going to pay your debts to Social Security on top of everything else? No, I'm done!

Tomer: No no no...mom...it isn't what you think.

Nitza: It's exactly what I think. Do you suppose I'm your personal ATM? And here I thought I was just helping you get back on your feet, but it turns out I've been bankrolling you for the past six months!

Tomer: Look, I was actually planning on telling you the day after tomorrow when you brought over the check, and now you've ruined my surprise. Happy?

Nitza: Surprise?

Tomer: I quit. Surprise!

Nitza: Wonderful! I'm so proud of you! That **is** a surprise! My flaccid little boy. Just like your father. A pathetic loser. Haven't left the house in six months. Is it any wonder Nichole left you? You sorry excuse for a man. Who'd want you? Look at you. You're a wreck, a weakling, a wimp.

Tomer: Give it a rest mom... what do you want? You know I hate fighting.  
Why? Why are you always railing on me?

Nitza: Excuse me but you will not speak to me that way. Look at that filth, it's a pig sty. You think I don't see it on camera? I do! It looks like you haven't cleaned once since Nichole left.

Tomer: *[Breaks down and cries]* Nichole...don't remind me of her.

Nitza: Tom...Tommy...Tomeriko...come on that's enough...I'm sorry I brought her up. But really, you can't just lie around the house all day looking so down in the mouth. You need to pull yourself together.

Tomer: I hate it when you hammer on me like that.

Nitza: Who's hammering? Look I'm sorry, but it's been long enough since she left. Life goes on.

Tomer: What life? I haven't got a life. Nichole was my life.

Nitza: And life cheated on you. It's time to accept that and move on, okay?

Tomer: No! Move on? Six months and thirteen days of torture since my life came crashing down. I promised myself I'd stay here till she comes back, till she realizes what a faithful man she missed out on when she left with that...American jerk. What's she got in New York that she can't get in Givatayim anyway?

Nitza: Tomeriko, I've gone through breakups in life too. Even a divorce as you well know, but it's pointless to keep grieving for so long. Your tears

aren't worth it. You haven't been out in six months. Get up, raise the blinds, wash your face and go out for a walk. I bet you'll meet someone nice in your neighborhood.

Tomer: Mom I live in Givatayim, it's nothing but couples with children here. And old people. And Lesbians.

Nitza: Well what about that bar down the block? Maybe someone there will hit on you. You look pretty decent, you're not entirely bald, you're tall, intelligent...

Tomer: Mom no one hits on people in bars anymore. It's all online.

Nitza: Oh right! Did I tell you, Hedva told me her daughter met her husband on that Tingle thing. Why don't you sign up for that?

Tomer: Tingle? *[Corrects her]* Tinder. And that's just for getting laid mom.

Nitza: What's wrong with getting laid? You're young...

Tomer: Ew mom why are we talking about this?

Nitza: Excuse me, do you think your mom's...out of it? Sometimes I need someone too...to love me...satisfy me...

Tomer: Okay mom! That's it, I'm hanging up.

Nitza: You've got to enjoy your life, not just sit around depressed all day. You're such a contrarian!

Tomer: I'm not leaving the house ever again. There's no point. My life is over.

Nitza: Come on Tomeriko...

Tomer: She'll come crawling back on all fours, you'll see! She'll realize how much I love her, how true-hearted I am.

Nitza: Speaking of all fours, I'm bringing Toby back the day after tomorrow. I've had enough, I haven't got a shoe left he hasn't chewed to bits.

Tomer: Oh...

Nitza: What is it?

Tomer: Toby...Nichole was always so caring towards Toby. She loved him so much...give him some of his treats today mommy. From the good pack, alright? Don't be stingy!

Nitza: Don't you worry, I take very good care of him. But that's over, in two days you're getting him back for good. The doggy daycare's closed, thank you very much.

Tomer: But you know I'm never home...

Nitza: Never home...will you stop it with that excuse? Well I'm never home either and I haven't got time for a dog, alright? I have a life of my own - which reminds me. Where's my address book. *[Tomer's doorbell rings]*

Tomer: But mom you're retired.

Nitza: What's that? Did you order pizza again? Why do I even cook for you? Why do I bother?

Tomer: I didn't order pizza. It's probably door-to-door fundraisers or something. They'll leave in a minute.

Nitza: *[Hasn't been listening]* Oh, really now, what was I looking for? Now you've distracted me.

Tomer: Mom...

Nitza: Oh! *[Gets up and exits the frame]* Where did I put my address book...maybe here...?

Tomer: Wait mom...mom? Bye.

Nitza: Oh there... *[Tomer disconnects the call, the photograph of him and Nichole reappears on the screen]*

## **Scene 2: Enter Sima**

Tomer: *[Speaking to the photo]* Oh Nichole...how could you just go and leave me, abandon me like a dog, after all our years together. Oh how I miss those great big amazing eyes of yours! *[Another ring at the door, he sits down]* I'm sick, go away... *[The door opens, Sima enters clutching a phone]* It's a nice day for a white wedding.

Sima: Hello? *[To her friend on the phone]* There's someone here, I'll call you back in a sec, bye. *[Hangs up, turns to Tomer]*

Tomer: Excuse me?

Sima: The door was open, I let myself in.

Tomer: What? Who are you?

Sima: I'm looking for Toby's owner.

Tomer: What do you want? I'm busy.

Sima: Pleased to meet you, I'm Sima. Owner of Pet-Food – the pet shop. I've come all the way over here to...

Tomer: What do you want?

Sima: Well look, in the past I've always talked with...Nichole. Is she here, by the way?

Tomer: No. What does everyone want with Nichole today?

Sima: Okay. Anyway I've come because you have a debt you haven't settled, and no one ever answers the phone here, so I thought I'd drop by to pick up the money you owe me.

Tomer: What? What money? What debt?

Sima: Here you go [*Presents him with a bill*].

Tomer: It says here hemoglobin.

Sima: [*Turns the page for him, he reads*] There. You owe my nine thousand, two hundred and forty-six shekels and thirty-seven agorot.

Tomer: Nine thousands two hundred shekels???

Sima: And forty-six shekels and thirty-seven agorot.

Tomer: And what does Nichole owe all that money for?

Sima: Again, I supply Toby's food.

Tomer: Oh, hold on a sec. *[He calls Nitza on Skype]*

Nitza: *[Answers while on the phone]* Just a sec doctor *[Giggles flirtatiously]*  
Naftali hold on, it's my kid. *[Frowns]* Yes Tomer? So who was that at  
the door? Wait, what's that? A guest? How lovely! Nice to meet...

Tomer: Mom I wanted to remind you to give Toby the special treats like I said.

Nitza: Oh, right right. Yes, fine fine, I'll give them to him, fine. *[Back to the  
phone as she leaves the room]* Doctor? Uh...Naftali? ... *[Skype stays on]*

Tomer: Okay wait mom but I also got this bill for Nichole...mom?

*[Beat]*

Sima: So mom's got Toby.

Tomer: Yes. If Nichole owes you money we'll make sure you get it all back. But  
it won't happen today, I don't have any cash on me. Come back in two  
days when my mom's here, and we'll pay you back everything, no  
problem.

Sima: Two days?

Tomer: Two days.

Sima: Two days?



Tomer: Two days. Two days.

Sima: Whaddya mean two days? I can't wait two days!

Tomer: Look I'm sorry but today is the day I mark my painful-yet-entirely-temporary split with Nichole...

Sima: Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. When did that happen?

Tomer: Exactly six and a half months minus a day. So I'm sure you understand that at just this very moment, what with my emotional state, I can't fiddle around with money.

Sima: Well I'm sure you understand that I, what with my financial state, can't wait two days. I need to pay the repossession agents by tomorrow! If I don't pay up they'll seize my shop. So...

Tomer: Alright, don't sweat it, you'll get your money in two days.

Sima: I don't need my money in two days, I need it today!

Tomer: Well I'm sorry, I really am, but I can't pay you today.

Sima: And I can't wait two days.

Tomer: Well what can I do about it if I don't have the money right now?

Sima: Are you trying to tell me you can't pay?

Tomer: I am telling you – I can't pay.

Sima: And that's your final say on the matter?

Tomer: My final say.

Sima: Absolutely final?

Tomer: Absolutely! Been a pleasure [*Gestures towards the door*]

Sima: Good to know. And I'm expected to be calm about things. Just now, on the way over, I met Dalia from the post office, who asked me: "Why are you always so serious Sima? Why that worried, sour face?" I've got a sour face? How can I not worry? I need the money and quick! I left home today before 6 am, when it was still dark out, to visit all the clients who owe me money. And if just one – just one of them – doesn't pay me, I'm done for! I'm finished. I haven't had anything to eat or drink. I haven't been offered so much as a coffee. You know what it's like trying to get money out of people in this heat? And now I'm here to finally get things settled and what do I get instead? An emotional state! A mood! Oh woe is me! So how am I supposed to not get angry???

Tomer: Alright look, I really am sorry but maybe I wasn't being clear enough. In two days my mom will be here and then you can get your money.

Sima: I didn't come for your mom, I came for you. What's your doddering old mother got to do with it?

Tomer: Woah woah woah, no need to get so aggressive, brash and chronological. And I'm sorry but I've got...

Sima: You've got what?

Tomer: I've got to pee. So you can see yourself out. Goodbye.

### **Scene 3: Tomer peeing, mom and Sima**

Sima: *[To herself]* Unbelievable. Got to pee! Emotional state! *[To Tomer]* I don't give a rat's ass that your girlfriend dumped you six months ago...and a half!

Tomer: *[Offstage]* Minus a day!

Sima: Minus a day. And I've got one day to pay the repossession agents. One day!!! Are you serious? So your girlfriend left you and your mom's not here to coddle you – what's that got to do with me? You think I can board a plane to Rhodes and run away from my debts? Well there you have it, another typical man who thinks he can use me, that I'm a fragile woman who can't handle her own business! That crap might work with other women sweetheart, but not with me! I'm staying right here till you pay me!

Nitza: *[On Skype]* Excuse me, uh, miss? Hullo...can you hear me?

Sima: Yes?

Nitza: Darling you can't come barging in there making such a fuss. The boy has a gentle disposition, and he's been a bit gloomy lately. He shouldn't be pestered in his current state... and your shouting is a bit

disruptive, I'm on the phone. Hello, Naftul are you there? *[Goes back to her phone, leaves Skype open]*

Sima: I'll shout till I get what's coming to me, ma'am. You can be sick for a week for all I care. I'll be shouting here for a week. If you're depressed for a year I'll be here shouting for a year. You'll see, I'll get what I deserve! You baboon. You don't impress me, not with your batman pajamas, not with your depression and not with your gentleness. I know all about that bullshit *[She starts, suddenly remembering, types into her phone]* G-i-v-a-t...I'm turning on the parking app! Come on... G-i-v-a-t...not Givat Shmuel, Givatayim! Uh, come on, Givatayim! *[To Tomer]* Hey does paid parking here end at five or seven? *[Sima waits, and starts going through Tomer's things. Nitza reappears]*

Nitza: You forget yourself young miss.

Sima: buzz off

Nitza: buzz who?

Sima: Weren't you on the phone? Hang up already.

Nitza: No way, do you have any idea how long it took to get a hold of him?

Sima: No not the phone, Skype! Hang up Skype! Didn't you say it was bothering you?

Nitza: Fine, but how do you close this thing?

Sima: Close the window.

Nitza: Huh? The window's shut.

Sima: The window on the computer – do you see the red button?

Nitza: This one?

Sima: No not the one at the top, the one in the middle, the big one.

Nitza: Where?

Sima: On the screen. No not the camera! The big red button, see? Press it and it'll close.

Nitza: *[Puts on her glasses]* The one with the...telephone symbol? *[She tries to press the screen]*

Sima: Yes. Yes that's it. Not with your finger – with the mouse!

Nitza: Ohhhh right...great....thanks! *[Disconnects]*

Sima: You know your son owes me money. *[Realizes the call's ended and go back to waiting for Tomer]*

#### **Scene 4: Sima, Tomer back from peeing, checks, monologues**

[Tomer comes back, having washed his face and combed his hair]

Tomer: You still here?

Sima: You done with..."peeing"?

Tomer: You leaving?

Sima: Pay me and I'll leave.

Tomer: I've made it very clear, I don't have any cash right now. Come back in two days.

Sima: And I've made myself clear and told you politely: I don't need the money in two days but today. If you don't pay me today, I'm through. My business is gone.

Tomer: But what can I do about it if I don't have any money on me? You really are peculiar!

Sima: Let's go to the ATM and get some cash.

Tomer: Can't.

Sima: Why not?

Tomer: ATM swallowed my card.

Sima: Then write me a check.

Tomer: I don't do checks.

Sima: Whaddya mean don't do checks? How do you pay your rent?

Tomer: Whaddya mean "Whaddya mean"? I use checks. Mom's checks.

Sima: Then wire me the money.

Tomer: Can't.

Sima: Why not.

Tomer: Because!

Sima: Because?

Tomer: Because!

Sima: Why not though?

Tomer: My account's been frozen.

Sima: Then have your mom wire me.

Tomer: That's enough. I've told you, come back in two days.

Sima: So you're not paying me now?

Tomer: Told you – can't do it.

Sima: Well I'm staying here till you pay me. *[Sits herself down beside Tomer, preventing him from getting comfortable. They struggle for space on the sofa. She cries out]* Do you think I'm kidding around?

Tomer: Don't holler please, this isn't your petting zoo.

Sima: Pet shop, not petting zoo, and I'm going to lose that too if I don't pay the repossession agents by tomorrow.

Tomer: You're rude and completely out of control.

Sima: I'm rude?

Tomer: Yes rude. You're bad-mannered, uncivilized! Vulgar! and not very ladylike!

Sima: Not ladylike? [*Gently, softly, in a French accent*] Oh mon cheri. My little macaroon, my sweet chocolate-filled praline, my melt-in-your-mouth butter croissant. It is so sexy that you cannot pay me my money. That it is...hard...for you. Pardon! Did I make you feel awkward? Nice weather today is it not? And your batman pajamas are so becoming of you.

Tomer: Not funny and unladylike.

Sima: Said the epitome of manliness!

Tomer: What do you know about men anyway?

Sime: Oh I've got more men in my resume than you have cigarette butts in your disgusting ashtray. When I was in love I was blind. I sacrificed everything for him. Well I've stopped playing the part of the little woman! I've learned my lesson. You're all lazy, immature, lying two-timers who think the whole world revolves around your little winkles. I've never met a man who was true to anyone but himself. A man who could be trusted. I am so over men.

Tomer: Oh yeah? So it's women who are true?

Sima: Of course!

Tomer: Of all the women I've known, Nichole was the best. I gave her everything: My heart, my happiness, my credit card! And what did I ask for in return? That she pay me some attention? Listen to me? And what did I get?



Sima: What?

Tomer: Every night she'd "go out with friends" and leave me on my own. She cheated on me and spent away my money. And even so – I love her, I'm still faithful and devoted to her. And I'm not changing out of my pajamas before she comes back.

Sima: You chump. You think I'm an idiot? You think I don't know why you stay like that all day? I know your little games! I know them!

Tomer: Who do you think you are, talking to me like that?!

Sima: You may stay in your pajamas, but you remembered to put some aftershave on your beard.

Tomer: Shut up!

Sima: Don't shut me up, I'm not your maid or your mom. I'll say what I think and I'll say it out loud. And you won't raise your voice at me, are we clear?

Tomer: I'm not raising my voice, you're raising your voice! Oh please go away!

Sima: Give me my money and I'll be out of your way for good.

Tomer: I'm not giving you any money!

Sima: Oh yes you are!

Tomer: You know what, just to teach you a lesson – I'm not giving you one penny. Over my dead body. There! Now my fair lady, s'il vous plait mademoiselle, prithee take your leave of my abode.

Sima: I wasn't "lucky enough" to be your wife or partner, so please don't make a scene, this isn't a drama. *[Sits]* I can't take this.

Tomer: Oh you're sitting?

Sima: I'm sitting. Can't you see?

Tomer: I'm asking you nicely – get the hell out of here!

Sima: And I'm asking for my money.

Tomer: Haven't got it.

Sima: I'm losing my mind. I'm livid. No wonder she left you, the bitch.

Tomer: Okay, I'm not going to have a conversation with an animal. Please leave! *[Beat]* Are you leaving? No?

Sima: No.

Tomer: No problem. On your own head be it.

Sima: I have a great lawyer.

### **Scene 5: Everyone – mincemeat**

Tomer: You're leaving me no choice. You have no idea who you're messing with *[Goes to the computer]* Mom! *[dials]* Mom!

Sima: Mom, mom...crybaby.

*[Nitza appears on the screen]*

Nitza: Yes Tomeriko, what now?

Tomer: Tell her to leave me alone...or call the police.

Nitza: Police? Honey, please leave, you need to know your place.

Sima: My place?

Nitza: He's asked you very nicely to leave, and you're infringing on his personal space.

Sima: He owes me money and I'm infringing?

Nitza: You need to mince your words

Sima: I'll mince you into mincemeat, do you hear, mincemeat!

Tomer: Oh wow, hold on, sorry, mom can you make me meatballs?

Nitza: Do you want the fried ones with leek or the ones with the red Moroccan sauce?

Tomer: Oh wow wow I forgot about the red sauce ones. Make both...

Nitza: Alright I'll put them on my to-do list for the day after tomorrow.

Sima: Not the day after tomorrow, today!

Tomer: Yeah today!

Nitza: Today? I'll make you whatever you want sweetie, but today I've got what you call a date!

Tomer: What date?

Nitza: Tomer! It takes three hours to make meatballs. And they need another day in the fridge to really bring out those flavors. A date is only an hour. We said the day after tomorrow, so the day after tomorrow it is.  
*[Goes on explaining]*

Sima: Meatballs! Now! And the money!

Tomer: *[To Sima]* Do me a favor and just go.

Sima: Do me a favor and just pay me.

Tomer: Enough! You animal! You belligerent swine, you disgusting jungle creature, you conceited bitch! You loathsome, manipulative bimbo, you barbaric brute. You're a wild thing! You're a beast!

Nitza: Language young man!

Sima: What did you say? What did you call me?

Tomer: I called you a wild thing. A troll, a two-headed Godzilla, a threefold jellyfish, a cookie monster!

Sima: Who are you to talk to me that way?

Tomer: What, you think I'm scared of you?

Sima: You think just because you're a man you can talk to me that way? I'm gonna kick your ass **right now**.

*[Tomer and Sima run around the house while Nitza tries locate them on the camera]*

Nitza: Tomer be careful do you hear? I think she's a bit...

Sima: Gonna kick your ass!

Nitza: Oh dear. Tomeriko? Are you alright? Oh dear. I feel faint. I need air, I'm having trouble breathing.

Tomer: *[To Sima]* Hold on. *[To Nitza]* Mom everything's fine. Here, look, we're smiling. Have a glass of water and get some rest. Talk to you later.  
*[Hangs up]*

### **Scene 6: Sima, Tomer goes to get dressed**

Sima: You trying to get away? Be a man! I'm gonna kick your ass!

Tomer: Kick my ass.

Sima: It's high time someone relieved you of your prejudice.

Tomer: My...

Sima: Women can fight too.

Tomer: Fight?

Sima: **That's** feminism.

Tomer: Fight?

Sima: True equality!

Tomer: What's equality got to do with it?

Sima: Come on, show me your fists.

Tomer: I'm an avowed feminist!

Sima: A duel! *[She removes the boxing gloves from the wall]*

Tomer: What are you doing? Those are Nichole's!

Sima: Take them! *[Throws the gloves at him]*

Tomer: *[He moves to hang them back in their place]* These are ornamental gloves! We don't use them, they're a gift from Nichole for kickboxing class.

Sima: Coward! *[Stops him]*

Tomer: Am not!

Sima: What then?

Tomer: I just don't like fighting!

Sima: You what?

Tomer: It's bad vibes.

Sima: Loser!

Tomer: Stop pulling at them, they'll tear [*The gloves are yanked apart*] Great, see what you did?

Sima: It's fine. Come on, get up. If you believe in equal opportunity or you're a feminist like you said, then fight!

Tomer: I am a feminist but I'm also right-handed, I got the left one. [*They switch*]

Sima: There you go. Ready?

Tomer: No! You really think I'm gonna fight you? In pajamas?

Sima: What? What do you want?

Tomer: Hold on [*Puts the glove down*]. Let me change into something more comfortable.

Sima: More comfortable than pajamas?

Tomer: Fine, fine, we'll fight, be right back. [*Exits*] I'll show you everything playing Prince of Persia taught me.

Sima: I'll beat you like a Persian rug!

Tomer: I float like a butterfly and sting like a...

Sima: Yeah yeah whatever threefold jellyfish! [*The phone rings*] Cookie monster. You goof. [*The phone rings, she answers*] Kochi, can you hear me? It's taking a bit longer than I thought. Everyone's paid up, but the

last customer won't pay. I'm not letting him off, don't worry, we're just gonna have this quick duel, I'm getting the money and I'll be there...a duel. A duel – we're gonna fight. Handsome? What's that gotta do with anything? He's okay when he want to be. Yeah, he's funny, you know. He "doesn't fight in pajamas." He's an "avowed feminist." He's...what? Oh, so not! He's not my taste at all. No way. As if! He's pigheaded. I'm way past pigheaded guys.

Tomer: *[From the next room]* Be right there!

Sima: What? What? No I absolutely don't like him...he's p-a-s-s-i-v-e. I told you I've had it with men. I'm only here because of her debt...his debt...his ex I mean. Never mind, no, stop it, I'm telling you there's nothing. I'm taking care of it and coming over.

Tomer: You ready?

Sima: Let's go! *[To the phone]* Okay I'll let you know, bye. *[Hangs up]*

Tomer: Sure about this?

Sima: I was born ready. Come on!

### **Scene 7: Tomer, Sima, Rocky**

Tomer: Here I come! Surprised? Eh? Yeah, that's right, I come from a long line of warriors, my dad was national champion at Kath Man Du when he was eight years old! Champion! Wait and see how limber I am! *[Takes*



*the glove]* Hold on a sec, first can you help me secure them? It's my first time...If you could...do you mind?

Sima: Fine Rocky, fine. You wanted the right one didn't you? The other way, with the thumb over here.

Tomer: Right...like that?

Sima: Yeah, here, like that. And you get it on tight so the glove's held firm. Okay? Let's go! Get into a fighting stance and go. *[He stands lamely before her, she corrects him]* Fighting stance – legs parallel, hip-width apart. Plant your foot hard backwards. *[He steps on her]*

Tomer: Are you alright?

Sima: Yeah yeah. Keep the face protected *[He moves his hands towards her face]* No not mine – your face! Punch me. *[He punches weakly]* What is this, ballet? You call that a punch? Come on, fighting stance, legs parallel and then punch – from the shoulder forward. Good! You've got some muscles after all!

Tomer: I've been known to visit the gym.

Sima: Focus, okay again, give it to me full on...*[He accidentally hits her face]* It's fine, I'm fine. Keep going. New move – defend and then hook punch. Back, defend, forward, attack.

Tomer: Oh, it's like salsa! *[Shows off some moves]*

Sima: Alright, now a surprising move: You hit two from the left and one from the right. No, wham wham, bam bam. Good! And one from the side  
*[Tomer gets hit in the ribs]* You okay?

Tomer: Hold on I'm still surprised.

Sima: *[Brings over the Nichole pillow and he hits it]* Go! Again! Good. You're great. Wait wait, the pillow's slipping *[Turns the pillow around so Tomer's hitting Nichole's face]*

Tomer: Why, why...if I'm so great, why did she leave if I gave her everything, I bought her pear-flavored yoghurt. *[Tomer breaks down, Sima collects her things, wants to leave]*

Sima: So...

Tomer: Sorry, I had to get it off my chest.

Sima: So we won't fight. Just sign for me that you'll pay and I'll leave.

Tomer: Why? I'm ready to go. I've learned now, I even got dressed.

Sima: Okay *[Moves to take the gloves she took off]*

Tomer: But let's go downstairs.

Sima: Why downstairs?

Tomer: I don't want to hit the screen, I haven't finished paying for it.

Sima: Fine, you wanna go downstairs, let's go downstairs. But you should know I'm not gonna touch you!

Tomer: Hold on! What? Why?

Sima: Why? None of your business why!

Tomer: Oh, you're scared!

Sima: Who's scared? I'm scared? Of you? Ummmm...yes, I'm scared!

Tomer: I knew it! It's obvious. Wait. You're not scared of me, so what's up? I'm not good enough to get hit by you? What's your deal?

Sima: Well....because you...you...I mean I...like you. Uh....you make me laugh.

Tomer: I make you laugh?? So I'm a clown?

Sima: No, that's not what I said. It's just, a man with a sense of humor is very attractive, I feel like I'm really starting to like you.

Tomer: Get away from me! I hate you! *[Pushes her away, she falls]* Sorry! Are you alright?

Sima: Wow, I'm finished, I'm toast.

Tomer: Oh so you're catching a break now? What are you afraid of?

Sima: Fine we'll go down. No! Stop! Come on! Make up your mind already! Cuz if I leave now you'll never see me again.

Tomer: What?

Sima: I come from a good family. I have a bachelor's in ecology, I have a business with a net income of ten thousand a month. When I'm paid. I work out twice a week at the gym. I can touch my elbow with my

tongue, I have my own car, an apartment, three dogs, four cats and the little one is so cute... so are we going out? You wanna go out with me?

Tomer: What? Yes let's go outside and fight!

Sima: *[Sits down]* Can I have a glass of water?

Tomer: But I'm not scared, really, I'm not a chauvinist. I'm an equalist. I've practiced, I'm ready.

Sima: You're cute. No I'm a moron. I'm spineless. I'm a miserable chump.  
*[Begins to leave]*

Tomer: Miserable chumpette! Feminism! No, wait! Don't go.

Sima: Yes?

Tomer: Nothing. No, I mean, haven't you forgotten anything? Your phone? Anything? Good. No, wait! Don't forget to switch off the parking app. Okay. So go, get out of here. No wait, I thought that...maybe I...I mean we...that I...that you...

Sima: That I what?

Tomer: That you could help me get the glove off? It's really tight and I'm anemic. Could you? *[She helps him with the glove, they exchange glances]* My fingers are all swollen from that thing.

Sima: Yeah...so...

Tomer: What are you waiting for? Go.

Sima: Okay...

Tomer: Just, go away!

Sima: I'm out.

Tomer: Out.

Sima: Bye.

Tomer: Seeya.

Sima: So long.

Tomer: Been a pleasure.

Sima: Yeah.

Tomer: Yeah.

Sima: Been a pleasure.

Tomer: Tomer.

Sima: Sima.

Tomer: Thanks for stopping by.

Sima: You too.

Tomer: Animal.

Sima: Baboon

Tomer: Duel?

Sima: Let's go! *[They kiss]*

Nitza: *[Calling on Skype]* Tomeriko? Hey, what are you doing with him? Let him go? Oh! Sorry.

*[Tomer hangs up, goes back to Sima]*

**The End.**