

SARAH. The pleasure was mine. And my parents (*Referring to the check.*) How do I make it out?

BOB The Heaven Sent Escort Agency. (*HE gets his coat and returns*) I don't know how I'm going to fill out the report on this one. Can you get arrested for impersonating a Jew in this state?

SARAH (*Handing him the check*) Here.

BOB (*Looking at the check*) Oh, wait This is too much.

SARAH I insist. You earned it. I just wish I could give you an Academy Award to go with it.

BOB. I don't think there's a category for this.

SARAH. (*Seriously*) You really saved my life tonight.

BOB Glad to be of service. Well ...

SARAH. Well ...

BOB. Well, listen. If you ever know anybody who needs an escort ...

SARAH. You will be highly recommended.

BOB. Thanks. (*HE starts to go and stops.*) Oh, don't forget Tomorrow afternoon. "La Boheme" with Pavarotti.

SARAH. Got it.

BOB. It was nice meeting you.

SARAH. Very nice meeting you.

BOB. So, uh ... Goodnight.

SARAH. Goodnight. And thank you.

← End

(*BOB exits. SARAH closes the door and goes to clear the table. SHE laughs a little. SHE sings, "To life. to life. l'chaim." The DOORBELL*

RS#4 Bob, Sarah

Start

→ BOB. I couldn't believe it! I almost lost it all right there!

SARAH. I am so sorry. You were amazing.

BOB. Oh, I don't know. I don't think Joel was buying it

SARAH. No. He was. He was.

BOB. He kept *watching* me.

SARAH. He's a therapist. He does that to everybody. You were just amazing.

BOB. I was racking my brain trying to think of all the doctor stuff I know.

SARAH. How did you know what a T.I.A. is?

BOB. *My* father had one. It's the *one* medical thing I know. If they had asked me how to stop a nosebleed, I would've been screwed!

SARAH. You were perfect I was the one who almost lost it.

BOB. No. No, you did great.

SARAH. The way you said the blessing for the wine. I couldn't believe it.

BOB. I heard it doing "Fiddler." It just came to me. Like an old song lyric.

SARAH. You laughed in all the right places. You ate everything like you knew what it was ...

BOB. What *was* that stuff of your mother's?

SARAH. Kugel? You never had it?

BOB. No. It was delicious. I loved it. I've got to get the recipe.

SARAH. There is no recipe. It's a secret formula. Handed down for generations.

BOB. You should franchise it. Like Mrs. Field's cookies. Mrs. Goldman's Kugel. You'd make a fortune.

SARAH. My mother's going to be walking on air for days, talking about you. You're sure you're not Jewish?

BOB. I guess I've picked up a few things along the way. I still have a lot to learn. You guys get together like this every week?

SARAH. If it was up to my mother, we'd all still be living in the same house.

BOB. Fine. Kugel. Everyday.

SARAH. You were absolutely brilliant.

BOB. Well, I'll tell you one thing. This is going in *my* diary.

SARAH. Well ... You were great.

BOB. You were great, too.

SARAH. Well ...

BOB. Can I help you clean up?

SARAH. Oh, no. No, that's all right. I should let you go.

BOB. You sure?

SARAH. Oh, yeah. That's all right. Thank you. I'll get your coat.

BOB. I know where it is.

SARAH. Well, let me just, um ... (*SHE gets her purse and removes a checkbook.*)

BOB. Oh, hey, no, listen. This one's on me.

SARAH. Don't be silly. You earned it.

BOB. Well, it was my pleasure.