

RS#5 Bob, Miriam, Sarah

(The sound of a BEEPER is heard. BOB opens his coat and reveals a pager hooked to his belt.)

Start →

BOB. Oh, excuse me. I'm sorry. That's my beeper. *(To Joel.)* I'm on call.

MIRIAM. On Pesach?

BOB. I'm sorry. I'll have to call in. I hope it's not too serious. Please, go ahead without me.

MIRIAM. We'll wait. We'll wait. Make your call.

BOB. Excuse me. *(HE goes to the phone and dials.)* I just hope it's not too serious. *(Into phone.)* This is Dr. David Steinberg. Did you page me? ... Uh-huh ... Uh-huh ... Oh, dear. Wait a second. *(To Miriam.)* I'm afraid it is serious.

MIRIAM. Oh, you don't have to go.

SARAH. *(Imploring.)* Please, David ... Don't have to go.

BOB. *(HE looks at Sarah. Into phone.)* This is Dr. David Steinberg. I'd really rather not come in. Who's the resident on call? ... Well, he should be able to handle it. If he has any problems, tell him to call me ... *(Angry.)* Now, look! I told you the resident can handle it! Tonight is a sacred holiday of my people and I would like to spend it with my loved ones! ... All right ... That's all right. Don't worry about it ... Goodnight. *(HE hangs up the phone and returns to the table.)* I'm sorry. It is so hard to get good help. *(HE sits down.)* So ... Should we take it from the top or can we pick up where we left off?

← End