

**Nippletuck**

I see. So these people obviously took advantage of your absence out of state to come here and experience the proverbial sins of the flesh .....of wanton craving and illicit desire!

**Winifred** (*Shrugging*)

That's one way of looking at it.

**Molly**

Look, Doctor. I called you here tonight because I thought you could help us with our marriage.

**Nippletuck**

I'm afraid you're asking the wrong person there.

**George**

But you're a psychologist!

**Nippletuck**

Ah, yes, psychology.... which the more astute among us have disparagingly—yet not inaccurately—labeled the “Science of Common Sense.” I'm afraid a degree in psychology does little more than clutter the mind with meaningless rhetoric that cannot possibly be applicable to any real-life situation. I daresay the charming lady to my right would be as capable as I, of finding a solution to your marital issues.

**Winifred**

I'm sure I could, Doc. But right now, all I want to do is get my Horace out of the bathroom. We gotta get goin'.

*(Knocks on bathroom door)*

Horace, you finished in there?

*(Pause. Another knock)*

Horace, can you hear me? Horace? Oh my God! He doesn't answer!

**Nippletuck**

Based on my considerable experience, we should probably expect the worst. I trust his life insurance is not currently in arrears?

**Winifred**

Way to look on the bright side, Sweet cheeks!

**Molly**

We'd better call for a doctor.

*(Molly crosses to window and opens it)*

**Nippletuck** *(Peevishly)*

*I'm* a doctor!

**George**

A Ph.D. in psychology wouldn't help.

**Nippletuck**

Wouldn't hurt.

**Molly** *(Yelling out the window)*

Doctor! We need a doctor!

**George**

Molly, you can't get a doctor that way!

**Molly**

There's a medical school right across the street. They ought to be able to spare someone. In the meantime, George, take Winifred out the window and make your way over to the bathroom.

**George**

After you.

**Winifred**

I can't climb out that window. I have a fear of heights!

**George**

We're on the first floor!

**Winifred**

I've got a bad case. What can I say?

**Molly**

Just don't look down.

**Winifred**

All right. I'll give it a whirl.

*(Winifred and George make their way out the window. The doorbell rings. Molly answers it, revealing a young sexy girl, dressed in shorts and a halter top, chewing gum, and as we shall soon see, infectiously vivacious.)*

**Molly**

Yes?

**Muffin**

Hi! Did somebody call for a doctor?

**Molly**

Yes, do you know one?

**Muffin**

I *am* one.

**Molly**

*You're a doctor?*

**Muffin**

Well...sort of. I'm a second year med student at the university, where this week, we're studying the medical-social phenomenon called "Those who play doctors on TV." It's well-known that the actor Robert Young, who played Marcus Welby, MD, on the 1970s series, actually diagnosed his friends' illnesses, and even wrote out prescriptions, while wearing the doctor's coat and stethoscope that he stole from the wardrobe department at NBC. He had them all convinced that he was a real doctor! It's a very popular course.

**Molly**

Gosh, I hate for you to miss it.

**Muffin**

Well, I did want to get there in time for the popcorn, but... I was on my way to class, and I heard someone call for a doctor.

**Molly**

Oh, that was me.

**Muffin**

Oh, was it? You have a lovely voice.

**Molly**

Oh, thank you. And that's a lovely top you're wearing.

**Muffin**

Don't mention it.

**Molly**

You mean "Thank you."

**Muffin**

No, I mean "Don't mention it." My boyfriend gave it to me just before running off with a two-bit tramp from Barcelona. It brings back horrid memories every time I lay eyes on it.

**Molly**

The tramp?

**Muffin**

The top.

**Molly**

Then why wear it?

**Muffin** (*Ashamed*)

It accentuates my best features.

**Nippletuck**

Ladies, please! Let's not lose sight of the emergency at hand...in spite of the fact that such trivialities can be building blocks in any successful relationship. We do have an ill person who is need of immediate assistance.

**Muffin**

Yes, of course.

*(Beat)*

Well?

**Nippletuck**

Well, what?

**Muffin**

What seems to be the problem?

**Molly**

That's what we were hoping *you'd* be able to tell *us*!

**Muffin**

Um...ok. Let's .... see... here....

*(She wanders aimlessly about the room, trying to assess the situation)*

Do you think that you could kind of... you know....give me a hint as to what I'm looking for?

**Nippetuck** *(Snorting)*

Amateurs!

**Molly**

A man went into the bathroom some time ago, and we haven't heard a peep out of him.

**Nippetuck**

Not even a "Thank you."

**Muffin** *(Rolling her eyes)*

Isn't that the way with some people! So what seems to be wrong with him?

**Nippetuck**

There she goes asking *us* again! Frankly, I think you would have been better off with me and my PhD in psychology.