

Scene 2

The stage is dark. DR. JONATHAN ALEXANDER, a therapist in his 40's, walks out from the wings to the footlights Center Stage. A spot follows him.

JONATHAN. How do you do. I'm Doctor Jonathan Alexander, a professional, licensed psychologist with degrees from several prestigious Universities, a B.A., an M.A., a P.H.D, etcetera, etcetera. I deal mainly in couples counseling and have written a number of books on the subject, among them **COUPLES IN CONFLICT**, **COUPLES IN COMBAT**, and the recently published **COUPLES IN HELL**. All of them about nipping bad relationships in the bud. What you are watching, obviously, is a story about two people who are absolutely so wrong for each other, but never-the-less become involved with each other and most likely at the end of the play end up together. A wonderful, neat little story, that we seem to encounter in movies and plays over and over and over again. Frankly, for my taste, I find these sort of stories a bit trite, but that's not important. What is important is that they are really very misleading and does you, the audience, a great disservice. Ladies and gentlemen, in my professional and knowledgeable opinion, you are watching a train wreck about to happen. I don't care how the play ends, this is a relationship that won't and can't work and unfortunately two years down the line I'm afraid they're going to find that out. I know what I'm talking about. I've been down this road several times myself with the wrong partner. That's why I got into this line of work in the first place. Phyllis and Bradley are two very, very troubled people who, if they had any common sense, would get out of each others lives as fast as they can. Let's start with Bradley. Bradley! Just his name makes me shudder. It really says it all, doesn't it? Angry, confused and whinny. God, I just hate to see a man cry. Certainly, there are times when it can't be helped,

like over the loss of a loved one or when your favorite baseball team loses the World Series, but for the most part it shows a definite lack of confidence and control, not really a desirable attribute in a man. And as for Phyllis, I, myself, would rather get run over by a semi-truck than get involved with someone like her. I've seen controlling women before but she takes the cake. Strong, domineering, opinionated, she would rather live anyone else's life but her own. What the hell can these two very troubled and contradictory people expect from this sort of union? What happens after they marry and are up to their necks in kids and house payments and car payments and school tuitions and insurance payments and realize they are both now living a life of unfulfillment, unhappiness and ulcers? The point I'm making is that life is not a play. You've got to think past the happy ending for crying-out-loud. If two people aren't right for each other at the beginning of the relationship, they haven't got a prayer in hell of working it out down the line. I'll have more to say about this as the evening progresses. Anyway, Phyllis and Bradley have eaten and they're on their way back to her place, so I'd better get going. Oh, by the way, at the end of the play, you'll have an opportunity to buy all three of my books in the lobby. Thank you.

(The LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK as he walks off)

End Act I, Scene 2