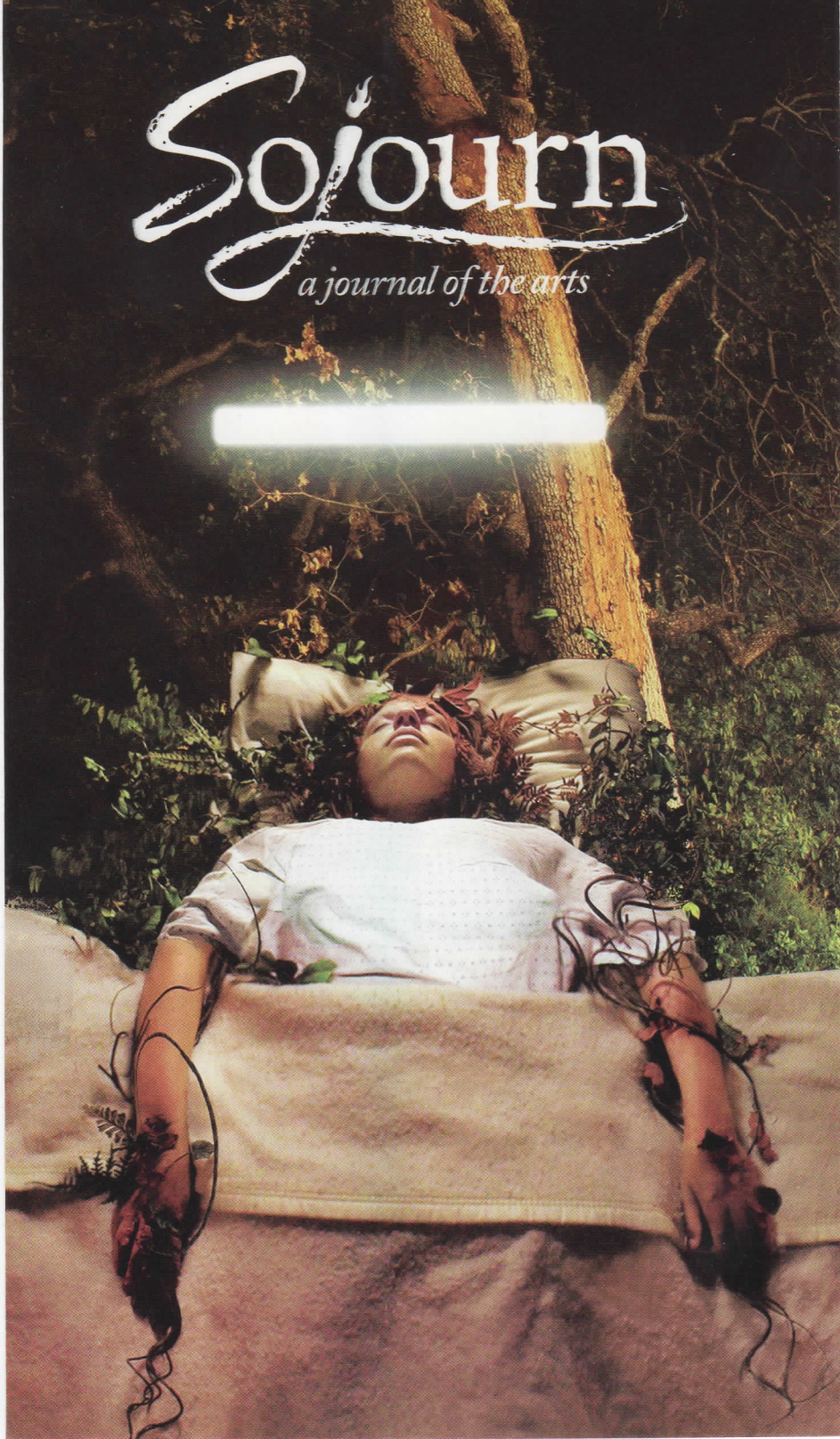


Sojourn

a journal of the arts



Thomas Riccio
Orange Oranges

CHARACTERS

LEONARD, A fashionable male, 40s

LUCILLE, A fashionable female, possibly a businesswoman, late 30s

DOCTOR KIMMEL, A female psychoanalyst, well dressed, conservative, 50s

PRODUCTION NOTE

Orange Oranges premiered at the Festival of Independent Theatres in Dallas in July-August of 2008. The production was produced by Project X.

Direction, sound and set design by Thomas Riccio

LEONARD.....Brad Hennigan

LUCILLE.....Lori McCarty

DR. KIMMEL.....Jaclyn McLoughlin

Lighting Design & Technical Direction.....Jeff Stover

Stage Manager.....Stuart Standly

SETTING

It is late morning this spring in the upscale office of Doctor Kimmel. Dallas, Texas, just north of downtown, near the home of George W. Bush.

NOTE

The physical setting for the performance is minimal and suggestive only. Any attempt at creating a realistic setting is antithetical to the objective and spirit of the work. A few chairs, maybe a small table, not too much more. Doctor Kimmel's office comes into being.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Hello, I'm Doctor Kimmel, please come in. So nice to meet you.

(LEONARD walks in—his neck covered with bandages with a spotting of blood.)

LEONARD: *(Mumbling in a pleading tone)* Can my wife come too?

DOCTOR KIMMEL: I'm sorry?

LEONARD: *(With greater clarity)* Can my wife come too?

(LUCILLE walks in. She is carrying an accordion-style folder with several pockets.)

LUCILLE: *(Smiling sweetly)* If it's all right with you doctor?

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Of course, please come in.

(They seat themselves. A moment of awkwardness.)

DOCTOR KIMMEL: So...why do you want your wife to come in with you?

LEONARD: I just feel better when she is with me.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Okay. Shall we...

LEONARD: You know...close to me.

LUCILLE: Doctor, Leonard never wants me out of his sight.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Is that because you are jealous of your wife, Leonard?

(LUCILLE sits and takes some papers from the folder and puts them in her lap then preens LEONARD'S turtleneck, pulling it, as best she can, over the bandages.)

LEONARD: No.

(LEONARD reacts dully and despondent as if a rag doll being touched.)

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Then why?

LEONARD: Well, *(looks down at his feet)* I'm... uh... scared.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Scared of what?

LEONARD: I don't know. I'm just scared, that's all.

LUCILLE: If I may Doctor, it's because he has thoughts. Go on, Leonard. Tell the doctor. Tell her about your thoughts.

(A beat passes and silence. No one moves except LEONARD squirming in his seat.)

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Leonard, can you tell me about your thoughts?

LEONARD: ...They're about kill.

(LEONARD is monotone and expressionless. He stares into the distance.)

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Leonard, you mean you think about kill as in killing?

LEONARD: No. Kill, just KILL. Just a word. It comes into my mind. KILL. Like somebody wrote on my brain. A voice says, kill! KILL KILL! It happens anytime. Mostly in the morning, I listen to the radio, the traffic reports, I have a shower radio, when I am shaving, looking in the mirror, it's just in there, kill. Every morning, kill. KILL!...I don't know why.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Do you see the word spelled out in the mirror, Leonard?

LEONARD: *(Talking to himself)* Kill kill kill kill kill! I did it again, Lucille. I didn't want to, but I did it again. I didn't mean to, I didn't mean to, but I did it again. I tried to kill myself, I did it again. I didn't mean to....

(LUCILLE seems to be getting annoyed and is fussing with her papers, straightening her clothes, and getting up, but then decides to sit again. Leonard is wringing his hands and looking back and forth between DOCTOR KIMMEL and LUCILLE.)

LEONARD: Kill is inside me.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Do you hear a voice, Leonard?

LEONARD: The word.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Only when you are shaving, Leonard?

LEONARD: It's the worst in the morning in front of the mirror...I listen to the radio, KRLD 1080, traffic on the eights. News reports, chicken tenders, murder, road accidents, he was drinking beer and somebody murdered him, passion shouldn't be like that, now look close a mystical vertical truth, I want your undivided attention...

(LEONARD looks around and then to LUCILLE who reaches over and pats his knee and then straightens his sleeve.)

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Do you want to kill someone?

LEONARD: No Doctor, NO! I don't want to kill anybody...it... it's not a feeling, it's just a word. Just a word, just a word, just a WORD....

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Leonard?

LEONARD: Go away. Go away.

(LEONARD moves away.)

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Leonard. Come back.

LEONARD: I don't want to hurt anybody.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Well Leonard, even though you say you don't want to hurt anybody...you have hurt yourself.

LEONARD: Oh Doctor, I'm no good, a burden to Lucille.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Lucille, is he a burden to you?

LUCILLE: Oh... I don't mind, Doctor. Though I would like to have a little time for myself. I have my own issues to deal with. And there is the problem of money, money, money, money. Sex and money, sex and money...

DOCTOR KIMMEL: So Leonard is a burden?

LUCILLE: Nestra supports me.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Nestra? She's a friend?

LUCILLE: My special friend.

LEONARD: Oh boy.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Tell me more about Nestra, Lucille.

LUCILLE: Why do I feel I am being accused of lying when I have not lied?

DOCTOR KIMMEL: I don't think you're lying.

LUCILLE: Yes, you do.

LEONARD: Are you lying?

DOCTOR KIMMEL: If you're not comfortable talking about Nestra...

LUCILLE: Jesus fucking Christ, I shouldn't have said anything.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Why do you think money is an issue?

LUCILLE: Leonard doesn't make...

LEONARD: Not so. I'm an attorney! Attorney, attorney, lawyer, esquire, officer of the court...

LUCILLE: He is so depressed all the time, the poor, poor dear.

LEONARD: Am I depressed? Nah...

LUCILLE: I have an MBA, I'm in management, there are credit cards, and we get by.

(LUCILLE gives the doctor her business card.)

LEONARD: I am an attorney-at-law. How do you do, all sort of litigation, briefs, torts, you name it.

LUCILLE: *(pointing to her card)* 397 on the Fortune 500.

LEONARD: Driving, driving, big scary trucks, zippy motorcycles, shiny cars, exhaust, crazy people, uninsured Mexicans with wiggling trailers, freeways are not free, toll roads toll booths electronics taking my money, whoa, slow down entrance ramp...

LUCILLE: Plano really freaks him out. We don't even go to Frisco. Have you seen how big and blue that IKEA is?

LEONARD: So much traffic, everything, everyday busy, busy, busy, then suddenly it gets dark and red break lights everywhere! Like a four lane river of fireflies. I need to go home and go to sleep, I'm cursed with a curse, I'm doing okay, but sometimes I feel like hell...

(LEONARD pretends he's driving a car, becomes tense and flips someone the digital salute.)

LEONARD (CONT): Hey asshole! I am the agent of death!

LUCILLE: He managed to contribute when we were first married.

LEONARD: I'm an attorney-at-law, made senior partner...

LUCILLE: Never were really aggressive enough! ...Were you dear? Couldn't play the game.

(LUCILLE reaches over and kisses Leonard on the cheek.)

DOCTOR KIMMEL: So...why did you stop working, Leonard?

LEONARD: Depression. Right, Lucille? Like lead balls tied around my neck. This situation is very confusing...Yes, that's true. I can't find the books, they must be in San Diego, I'll be back in forty-six hours, I promise as soon as I'm out of pocket I'll get right on that, no problem.

(The lights shift—the world closes in on LEONARD. Sound spins. LEONARD jumps up and paces. LUCILLE pulls paperwork from her folder; ostensibly it deals with Leonard's depression.)

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Are you okay?...Leonard?

LEONARD: Every morning I feel awful.

LUCILLE: Leonard...

LEONARD: The words...in the mirror.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: You said words, plural, Leonard. Are there other words, too?

LEONARD: I, ummm, ah...I...

(LEONARD looks down at the ground and remains silent.)

LUCILLE: Go ahead dear, tell the doctor.

(LEONARD gets excited. Then after a moment...)

LEONARD: Hammer...cut...knife! HAMMER...CUT...KNIFE!
HAMMER...CUT...KNIFE!

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Any others?

(Red saturates.)

LEONARD: Blood. BLOOD! BLOOOOOOD!

(We are back in normal light. LEONARD is breathing heavily.)

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Uh...okay...those are all angry words.

LEONARD: Angry words. Angry words. Angry words.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Are you angry Leonard?

(LEONARD tears a tissue out of the box on the table, gets up and uses it to wipe his forehead.)

LEONARD: No, I'm not angry.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: What do you think Lucille, is he angry?

LUCILLE: I'm too good for him. He hates me.

(LUCILLE gets up to stand next to LEONARD and removes his tissue from his hand.)

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Are you concerned he may hurt you?

(LUCILLE laughs as she reaches out, takes LEONARD'S hand and leads him to sit down once again.)

LUCILLE: Leonard wouldn't hurt a fly, would you Leonard dear?

(LEONARD is staring at his feet.)

LEONARD: My shoes are brown. Sometimes I feel my body doesn't belong to me. How did we get here?

LUCILLE: So what?

LEONARD: *(Mutters)* So what.

LUCILLE: Are you smarting off?

LEONARD: Oh boy. No. Read, read on, you're gone, c'mon...whew.

LUCILLE: Sometimes I feel like I'm looking at the world through a fog...

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Tell me about the fog.

LUCILLE: People and objects appear far away and fuzzy. I drink double espresso mocha with soy to make it better, but I think it makes it worse.

LEONARD: Can I say something?

LUCILLE: No one is stopping you.

LEONARD: I have no idea how I got here!

LUCILLE: Grow up.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Lucille, he thinks of blood and kill and hammer. Are you terrified living with a husband who hates you and thinks of such things?

LUCILLE: Oh, no, you don't understand.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Tell me.

LUCILLE: He wouldn't hurt me—he's a weakling fly with no wings!

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Leonard, how does hearing your wife call you a "weakling fly with no wings" make you feel?

LEONARD: I am weak, I'm sorry dear. I recognize I'm a terrible burden. I'm pitiful, I know. I used to lift weights, go to the gym every day, now I'm gone, gone on. I don't want to take a bath, mommy...

LUCILLE: A dirty fly with no wings.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Okay, enough.

LEONARD: A fly. We're all flies...Buzz buzz buzzzzzzzz...

LUCILLE: He shat, is that the right word? Shit? Shite? Shot? There was a big loaf of shit on my bathroom floor this morning! Guess who was playing with shit? You like shit, don't you? Do you have a dog doctor, then you will know what it's like, a big dog.

LEONARD: I am an artist! Conceptual! Very today...it is all shit, we have nothing but shit, everything is shit. A circling cycle of shit. Shit goes in, shit comes out. I feel melancholia when I shit, like I lost a friend, someone close to me. In Africa they build houses with shit.

LUCILLE: Stop! What's going on with all this shit?

LEONARD: This is not all of a sudden...

LUCILLE: I am not fighting with you.

LEONARD: And then what is your suggestion? How do we remedy this situation? Any bright ideas? Hum?

LUCILLE: Weakling, get some balls.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: So Leonard, let's suppose she is right. How do you feel about that?

LEONARD: I have some incredibly big balls just manufacturing semen 24-7.

LUCILLE: He won't drive a car. Refuses. I'm his chauffeur.

LEONARD: I have a bike.

LUCILLE: He won't leave the house without me...ha! Go into a store? A freak out in crowds, hides under things, was under a table at Saks, weren't you dear? Two hours to find him.

(LEONARD *nods dumbly.*)

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Leonard, you nod in agreement with everything your wife says.

LEONARD: I was under the table because the ceiling is getting lower and lower. Do you feel it, closing in?

DOCTOR KIMMEL: And why is that Leonard?

LEONARD: I'm scared.

LUCILLE: Scared of everything.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Scared of what Leonard? That you might find some wings and fly?

LEONARD: Like a fly.

LUCILLE: Scared my pussy gonna get ya, huh?

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Please, that's unnecessary.

LEONARD: The toothed vagina! Bite bite chomp chop ouch ouch!

LUCILLE: Little pee pee (*to DOCTOR KIMMEL*) Oh, please pardon me. I was brought up to be lady like, went to an excellent school, of course top of my class, I'm charming and polite with lots of potential and pizzazz is what I've been told, a real comer, somebody to watch out for, keep an eye on, executive vice-president and I'll be president, wait and see, that bastard is not going to stop me...

DOCTOR KIMMEL: We'll move on now.

LEONARD: Frigid fucking ice queen.

LUCILLE: Is that right? Now I'm getting frustrated, losing my patience, Leonard. Know why? You're being a child! I double dare you to tell the doctor about how you like pornoo and mastuuurbating and drawing dirty little pictures with big penises with your blood...

(LEONARD jumps up and then after great effort pleads to the doctor. LUCILLE takes a porno magazine and some crude drawings out of her accordion folder and shows the doctor.)

LEONARD: Whew, you're so really fuckin' OCD organized.... *(to DOCTOR KIMMEL, serious)* I don't know what happened, how, what the heck got into me. Just one day, all of a sudden, everything just sort of flipped. I can't help anything or anybody, I'm a victim of myself, a total and complete mess poop shitting on the floor and making conceptual art and I have no idea how I got here today or even if today is today, I think you know what I'm saying here. You seem like a very nice lady and I really appreciate, appreciate, appreciate everything I'm putting you through, I don't know why, but for some reason I think I'm scared.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: When are you scared?

LEONARD: The world is so lonely.

LUCILLE: Masturbator!

LEONARD: Lucille, please, I really, really need you to keep it together right now.

LUCILLE: Leonard is a child.

LEONARD: No, I'm not! I am a very confused adult, and you are not helping matters right now.

LUCILLE: You are not grown up!

LEONARD: I wanna grow up! I really really do!

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Maybe you don't want Leonard to grow up. Is that it Lucille?

LUCILLE: Want? Wants? What Want! When has what I want mattered? I do what I have to do that's all, no wants involved. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not need nor want.... Oh, but there is no telling what I could want if I were to really want. Huh, Doctor? You're a woman, Doctor, what wants do you want or what want can you really get?...I work, do all the shopping, cooking, driving, laundry, deal with this weakling. What wants do I have? None! Lucille never complains that she has no wants, does she, dear? "Kill Hammer Cut Blood!..." (To LEONARD) You are a worm. A burden, a scratchy wool coat in summer the Lord has asked me to wear. (To DOCTOR KIMMEL) I do what I have to do. I'm finished now.

LEONARD: Whoa. Ummm, Doctor Kimmel?

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Yes?

LEONARD: So where's George W's house?

DOCTOR KIMMEL: A few blocks over.

LEONARD: My father was republican. Asshole.

(LUCILLE is rigid, straightening up and looking at LEONARD with hate in her eyes and back to the doctor in bewilderment. She continues, and LEONARD paces frantically. She takes a small Bible out of her accordion folder. LEONARD feels her words and action and LUCILLE knows it.)

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Do you have children?

LUCILLE: Leonard is incapable of creating life.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: And...how do you know that, Lucille?

LUCILLE: I've been examined...you know, way up there, nothing wrong with me. Clean as a whistle.

LEONARD: Clorox clean!

LUCILLE: Don't you dare start.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Leonard, have you been examined?

LEONARD: Ahhh...No...Only my head!

DOCTOR KIMMEL: To see if you can have children...

LEONARD: Something is wrong with me.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Leonard, you passively accept...that because her examination was normal it is you that is abnormal.

LEONARD: That's right, that's what I accept. I mean, can you blame me?

DOCTOR KIMMEL: You may be perfectly okay.

LEONARD: Nah, I don't think so.

LUCILLE: *(laughing)* Imagine Leonard a father!

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Don't you think that it would help Leonard to know he is at least capable of being a father?

LEONARD: Like in the good ole days. Lucille, George W is grown up. Where where, too many children, where are we going to put them all? They are going to need toys and love and are going to eat at McDonald's.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Tell me about your growing up Leonard...your childhood...anything...happy...sad...did you have a dog?...Play sports? Hobbies? Anything?...Okay, how about friends?...Did you like Captain Crunch?

LEONARD: There's nothing to tell. Total blank, bland, boring. Voodoo voidoid, space, empty. And what I do remember seems like it belongs to somebody else.

LUCILLE: Leonard went to SMU. Harvard Law, top of his class. Transcripts.

(LUCILLE takes transcripts out of her accordion folder and shows Doctor Kimmel.)

DOCTOR KIMMEL: You went to Harvard, Leonard?...You must be quite bright.

LUCILLE: Smart is smart and handsome is handsome but neither does as either does, I always say.

LEONARD: What does that mean? You said that earlier today, and I still can't figure it out. I've been trying. Another fucking stupid saying you picked up. Bumper sticker.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Have you noticed Lucille that every single time I try to focus on any positive assets your husband may have—

LUCILLE: Are you two ganging up on me?

DOCTOR KIMMEL: —you come out swinging and castrate him?

LEONARD: Ouch!

LUCILLE: Castrate him?

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Castrate him!

LEONARD: Castrate him?

LUCILLE: Castrate him? CASTRATE HIM!

LEONARD: Echo echo echo...

LUCILLE: Leonard doesn't work, and it is my fault. He doesn't drive, my fault, falls off his bike, my fault. He yells in the television department at Best Buy, all my fault, my ball-busting fault!

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Lucille, please calm down.

LUCILLE: No, no, no! I'm pissed off. Just let me tell you something, Doctor. He was a raisin nuts castrated worm of a man before I ever met him. His daddy got him three different jobs, which he quit! Then rich bitch Mimi accuses me of marrying him for their family money. What money?! The slut spends all their money on booze cruises, facelifts, and the pool boy. She inhales alcohol.

LEONARD: Lucille...she's Mimi...

LUCILLE: *(to LEONARD)* What money? I haven't seen any money? *(to DOCTOR KIMMEL)* Nobody helps Lucille. Do you think for a minute anyone cares or is concerned for my welfare? No, Lucille does it all! Mimi and Poppy, drunk slut whore and spineless golfing good-for-nothing closet faggot father accuse me of castrating poor, poor Len.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Why don't you tell me about your family?

LUCILLE: Oh, I see, so now I'm the patient? There is absolutely nothing wrong with me. I am a management executive, VP sales. I don't need help. If I do, I get it from Pastor Samuels and my church

community. Pastor Samuels knows the Hell and damnation I go through. Salvation will be mine. Yes it shall be mine! Amen. Jesus, give me the strength. Jesus never lets down. Jesus loves me, this I know. Jesus hears me, and I am able to step right up to the plate and bam, I have a home run with fireworks filling my world with color, beauty, and hope.

LEONARD: Boom, boom, boom!!!

LUCILLE: Leonard, he's the one who needs the help, now you help...(to **LEONARD**) Right, dear?

LEONARD: Well...Howdy, Partner. You from around these here parts? I'm thinkin' we met here before.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: You're quite right that Leonard needs help, but I am thinking now that you need help as well. A marriage is like an ecosystem, one part affects the other. I see how upset you are. Don't you think you might feel better with someone to talk to?

LUCILLE: Oh thank you, thank you so so so much Doctor, it's very kind of you to offer. But...I am afraid I do not GET UPSET!! There is very little in this world UPSETTING ME. Is that clear? I am a very VERY calm person. People tell me ALL THE TIME. They tell me, why just yesterday...

LEONARD: Ahh, Zen master...

LUCILLE: I'm gonna leave you at Saks next time you go hiding...

LEONARD: You better not.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Lucille, in fact you are quite upset.

LUCILLE: Okay...I don't know what just got into me. My, my. Perhaps you're right, Doctor. Leonard's illness has been such a terrible, stressful, unfortunate burden. My life would be soooo much easier if he didn't exist.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Why don't you leave him then? You'd be better off without the burden, correct? It might also be better for Leonard if he were made to stand on his own.

LUCILLE: Leonard needs me too much. (to **LEONARD**) You couldn't make it on your own two feet, could you little sweetie? You'd get small in all those big aisles with the bright mercury vapor lights and so many products at Costco, remember that? You were hiding

behind the toilet tissue, and the monster waddling fat people were going to swallow you, and you ran into the parking lot, and all those big SUVs surrounded you. That was scary, you thought some foreigner was going to kidnap you, beat you stupid and fuck you up the ass, and saw your head off....Remember that day, Leonard?

(LEONARD gets up and begins pacing back and forth, and then sits back down as if frightened to death.)

DOCTOR KIMMEL: It would be difficult for him at first, but we could make arrangements for him to go into treatment until he is capable of the transition, maybe even for an extended period if necessary.

LEONARD: I like lobster. I want to go to Maine.

(LUCILLE turns to LEONARD and cups his chin like a small child between her fingers. She squeezes his mouth, and he allows it.)

LUCILLE: What do you think, Leonard dear? Would you like to go back to one of those places and leave poor little me? Your mommy and daddy would like that.

LEONARD: George W lives right over there. What the fuck are we talking about?

LUCILLE: Tell the doctor why you don't want me to leave you.

LEONARD: I love you.

LUCILLE: You see, Doctor...I just couldn't. He loves, needs me so, so much.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: Do you love him, Lucille?

LUCILLE: Love? What's there to love? I have a duty.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: How much is duty and how much need? From where I sit, I see your need to dominate him as much as his need to be dominated by you. Your sense of duty to him as a child is matched by his sense of duty to you as Savior or Mother. Either one of you is perhaps playing the infant you couldn't or won't have. This is a strange marriage. You are fulfilling each other by creating a tangled web made of some fantasized, fetishized umbilical cord of razor blades and blood, hammered into each one of your beings!

LEONARD: Whoa, pretty good. Lucille, she's the best one yet...I'm serious, really. Where'd you go to med school?

(LUCILLE is giggling, which transforms into deep laughing, nervously.)

LUCILLE: Red apples and orange oranges, Doctor. You can't compare them. You can't compare Leonard and me. We are like apples and oranges, both fruity tootie. And you don't see which is which, do you? Am I the red apple or the orange orange, Doctor? Am I smooth as red silk? Or am I the thick-skinned navel orange trying to survive...oh yes, that's what I am. That is what it takes, a thick skin when you're being persecuted by the likes of you. *(to LEONARD)* It's all right, isn't it, dear?

LEONARD: I'm a red apple.

LUCILLE: We can handle orange peelers and apple slicers trying to break us apart. We have power in Heaven, and we shall not want, for if we have the Lord, whom can be against us? Whom, I ask? Right, dear? *(to DOCTOR KIMMEL)* You can think what you think and say what you say. It's all one big heap of garbage! *(LUCILLE spits on the floor)* The peels and the slices, in the garbage to rot!

LEONARD: I'm a big red apple.

DOCTOR KIMMEL: We've come to the end of our time.

LUCILLE: My, my, the time flew by.

LEONARD: A shiny big Red Delicious!

LUCILLE: *(writing in her check book)* Okay, down to business. Doctor Kimmel, that's your name? K-i-m-m-e-l, correct?...Yes, you were good. We like you a lot.

(LUCILLE and LEONARD agree and are impressed)

LUCILLE (CONT): Very professional, composed, persistent, thorough, some really good questions, detail detail. And we like your style, very comforting, you seemed engaged, receptive, sensitive to our needs and concerns. Got us going there for a minute, could have gone either way but really a lot of fun. And, very nice shoes. Good color for you, the outfit. Leonard and I are very happy to know there are mental health professionals like you in our community.

Impressive. Say thank you, Leonard. (*LUCILLE packs up her accordion file case.*)

LEONARD: Thank you, Leonard.

LUCILLE: Leonard needs to stay on those mood enhancers and some anti-depressants. Zoloft is good, too. They seem to help. No in-depth therapy, it depresses him too much, stressful. So write him a prescription, and we'll just be on our way, busy day today, errands, family things, you know. Dr. Kimmel writes a prescription and quickly hands it to Lucille, who looks at the prescription.

LEONARD: I am friendly by nature but cannot enjoy complete ease because of a difficulty in expressing myself. That's what a doctor a long time ago said. Sweetie...

LUCILLE: Yes, handsome?

LEONARD: I made lunch reservations...

(*LUCILLE and LEONARD begin to leave, then LUCILLE turns back to DOCTOR KIMMEL and with the sweet voice of a saint...*)

LUCILLE: You know, Doctor, you are so much nicer than the last few doctors.

LEONARD: Several...where's the door?

LUCILLE: (*to DOCTOR KIMMEL*) At least you're an American. Last week the doctor seemed smart, but we couldn't understand a word he was saying, (*to LEONARD*) could we dear?

LEONARD: He was from Lahore.

LUCILLE: He wasn't a whore.

LEONARD: No, Pakistan, Pakistani!

LUCILLE: (*to DOCTOR KIMMEL*) He's a genius.

(*LUCILLE and LEONARD are exiting like a carefree and fashionable couple.*)

LEONARD: After lunch that King Tut exhibit at the DMA. Somebody you know has two tickets.

LUCILLE: You think of everything.

LEONARD: You're beautiful.

(LUCILLE and LEONARD exit. DOCTOR KIMMEL rises from her chair and moves slowly after the couple and toward the door in disbelief. After a moment she turns to the audience, looks at her feet and then to the audience.)

DOCTOR KIMMEL: I have very nice shoes.

END