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DOCTOR FINE appears, in glasses, with clipboard, rumped and world-weary.

Diana listens.)

DOCTOR FINE

The pink ones are taken with food but not with the white ones. The white ones are taken with the round yellow ones but not with the triangle yellow ones. The triangle yellow ones are taken with the oblong green ones with food but not with the pink ones. If a train is leaving New York at a hundred and twenty miles an hour and another train is leaving St. Petersburg at the same time but going backwards, which train...

(Dan walks back out to the car.

DOCTOR FINE

The round blue ones with food but not with the oblong white ones. The white ones with the round yellow ones but not with the trapezoidal green ones. Split the green ones into thirds with a tiny chisel.

Doctor Fine and Diana change positions: it's another week.)

DOCTOR FINE

Goodman, Diana. Bipolar depressive with delusional episodes. Sixteen-year history of medication. Adjustment after one week.

DIANA

I've got less anxiety, but I have headaches, blurry vision, and I can't feel my toes.

DOCTOR FINE

So we'll try again, and eventually we'll get it right.

DIANA

Not a very exact science, is it?

(Now the Voices sing a radio commercial - perhaps with visual aids.)

VOICES

ZOLOFT AND PAXIL AND BUSSER AND MARIJUANA...

DEPAKOTE, KLONOPIN, AMITRI, PROZAC...

ATIVAN CALMS ME WHEN I SEE THE BILLS...

THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITE PILLS...

(The Voices disappear.)

DIANA

Oh, thank you, Doctor. Valium is my favorite color. How'd you know?

(This time Henry is playing piano in the practice room, and Natalie joins him. He's playing the same jazz waltz we've been hearing.)

NATALIE

It's just that the thing with jazz is, how do you ever know if you got it right? It's just making shit up.

HENRY

Which is also known as the act of creation.

NATALIE

Oh. You're one of those pretentious stoner types.

HENRY

That's totally unfair. I'm not pretentious. And I'm definitely not classical. It's so rigid and structured. There's no room for improvisation. You have to play the notes on the page.

NATALIE

Yes, and what did Mozart know, anyway? He should have just smoked a bowl and jammed on "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star."

HENRY

Yeah, let's do that!

(Doctor Fine is taking notes again.)

DOCTOR FINE

Goodman, Diana. Second adjustment after three weeks. Delusions less frequent but depressive state worse.

DIANA

I'm nauseous and I'm constipated. Completely lost my appetite and gained six pounds. Which, you know, is just not fair.

~~*(Doctor Fine and the Voices help Diana read the side effects labels.)*~~

~~*They pass many large pill bottles among them, slowly at first, then faster, then tossing, then juggling.*~~

~~DOCTOR FINE & VOICES~~

~~MAY CAUSE THE FOLLOWING SIDE EFFECTS,~~

~~ONE OR MORE:~~

SPLIT SCENE: Doctor Fine back with Diana.

WHILE: In the piano room, Henry and Natalie sit closer.)

DOCTOR FINE

(writing)

Goodman, Diana. Third adjustment after five weeks. Reports continued mild anxiety and some lingering depression.

DIANA

I now can't feel my fingers or my toes. I sweat profusely for no reason.

NATALIE

I've wasted, like, weeks of practice with you in here. Improvising.

HENRY

Oscar Peterson was classically trained.

NATALIE

Beethoven did cocaine.

HENRY

Miles Davis went to Juilliard.

NATALIE

Mozart wrote poems about farts.

(Henry and Natalie are now very close...)

DIANA

Fortunately, I have absolutely no desire for sex. Although whether that's the medicine or the marriage is anybody's guess.

DOCTOR FINE

I'm sure it's the medicine.

DIANA

(flattered)

Oh, thank you, that's very sweet. But my husband's waiting in the car.

(...but instead of kissing, Henry and Natalie play furiously, four hands.

Lights on Dan, waiting in the car.)

Dan leaves the car and goes to retrieve her.)

DOCTOR FINE

Goodman, Diana. Seven weeks.

DIANA

I don't feel like myself. I mean, I don't feel anything.

DOCTOR FINE

(grunts, then writes:)

Himpf. Patient stable.