

Psychiatrist
Side

SCENE SIX

Psychiatrist's office. Psychiatrist is sitting in a chair, writing in a notebook. Wallace walks in.

PSYCHIATRIST. You must be Wallace.

WALLACE. Yeah, I'm him.

PSYCHIATRIST. Pleased to meet you. Would you like to have a seat?

WALLACE. Can I lie on the couch?

PSYCHIATRIST. If you'd like.

WALLACE. It seems like the proper thing to do.

PSYCHIATRIST. Go right ahead.

WALLACE. I should warn you that I've had my head measured by a close friend, and if you shrink it by so much as a millimeter, I'm taking you to court.

PSYCHIATRIST. I don't shrink heads.

WALLACE. If I say "I do", does that make me insane?

PSYCHIATRIST. It's not that simple. *(Wallace lies down on the couch.)*

WALLACE. Nice couch. Where'd you get it?

PSYCHIATRIST. Bloomingdale's.

WALLACE. Really? I would have thought there'd be some store that would sell special couches for psychiatrists. It doesn't feel as good when you know that anybody with a few bucks can get one.

PSYCHIATRIST. Tell me why you're here, Wallace.

WALLACE. It was either this or a straitjacket, I suppose.

PSYCHIATRIST. Why's that?

WALLACE. Come on, didn't my father tell you all this? PSYCHIATRIST. I'd like to hear what you have to say.

WALLACE. Can't argue with that. You see, I've been breaking glasses in the kitchen.

PSYCHIATRIST. Any particular reason?

WALLACE. I like to live dangerously. You know, in perspective fear of slicing the soles of my feet open. I don't know what it is, but ever since they cut the umbilical cord, I've been obsessed with sharp things. Especially knives. I'm attracted to knives. I'm incredibly attracted to doctors with knives. Do you have a knife, doctor?

PSYCHIATRIST. No—

WALLACE. Do you want to buy one?

PSYCHIATRIST. No.

WALLACE. Oh. *(Long pause.)*

PSYCHIATRIST. Tell me about your mother, Wallace.

WALLACE. She was like Sylvia Plath without the publishing contract.

PSYCHIATRIST. Do you remember much about her?

WALLACE. Nothing.

PSYCHIATRIST. Nothing at all?

WALLACE. Nope.

PSYCHIATRIST. Are you sure?

WALLACE. Why are you asking me this? Tell me, would you ask me this if my father weren't paying you?

PSYCHIATRIST. You're upset because your father made you come here.

WALLACE. No, I'm upset because he didn't pick a prettier psychiatrist.

PSYCHIATRIST. Was your mother pretty, Wallace?

WALLACE. *(Pause.)* Yeah, she was pretty. Pretty pretty.

Pretty suicidal. And now she's pretty dead.

PSYCHIATRIST. You know, Wallace, you don't have to say anything you don't want to say.

WALLACE. Okay. *(Long silence.)*

PSYCHIATRIST. What are you thinking about, Wallace?

(Pause.) Wallace? *(Pause.)* Wallace?

SCENE SEVEN

The park. Wallace and Victoria walk in. Wallace is carrying a Mello Cup and drinking something pink out of a bottle. Victoria is eating popcorn.

VICTORIA. Good movie.

WALLACE. Yeah.

VICTORIA. I like the kissing stuff.

WALLACE. I like when the girl died.

VICTORIA. You want to sit down here?

WALLACE. Here?

VICTORIA. Yeah. Sure.