

SHERT

CARMELLA:

Tony?

TONY:

Yeah? What?

CARMELLA:

Oh my god, Tony . . . what are you doing down on the floor?
I thought the medication was supposed to help with your
panic attacks.

TONY:

It does. This is the first one in a while.

CARMELLA:

What does your therapist say? He should increase your
dosage.

TONY:

She's got more degrees than a thermometer. But, don't worry
about it. I'll take care of it.

CARMELLA:

Does your therapist ask questions about our marriage? I
know that personal feelings are hard for you to talk about . . .

TONY:

Talk? All we do is talk! Carm, I'm going to quit.

CARMELLA:

Did you bring this up with him?

TONY:

Yeah, he knows. I guess. Aw shit. . . I forgot to take my
Prozac this morning. It's up in the bedroom. Can you get it?

CARMELLA:

I know with Jackie sick you're under tremendous pressure,
but I feel if the therapy didn't hurt it wouldn't be helping.

TONY:

No, you don't understand.

CARMELLA:

That's why you're in therapy . . . because I don't understand!
I'm telling you Tony, if you give up now I'm going to have to
re-evaluate things.

TONY:

What is that, huh? I got a very sensitive job. I'm not an
average Joe on the block. I gotta spell it out for you?

CARMELLA:

It's our marriage, Tony!

TONY:

Therapy is too much exposure.

CARMELLA:

Fine. You live with the results then.

TONY:

What's that? A threat?

CARMELLA:

No, Tony. It's a rave review. Get your own fucking pills!