

The Departed

(Kris)

1-4

Do you lie?

B

Why, do you?

MADOLYN

No I'm asking if you lie.

B

Honesty is not synonymous with truth.

MADOLYN

Yeah, You lie, you lie. Is it to do some good, to get somewhere personally, or what, just for the HECK of it?

B

I expect that some people do it to keep things on an even keel.

MADOLYN

Wow. So, you had a parent who was a drunk?

B

(beat) Did you?

MADOLYN

No.

B

Let's keep it with you... Talk about how you feel.

MADOLYN

How I feel?...how I feel. (beat) You sit there with a mass murderer. A mass murderer. Your heart-rate is jacked, your hand...steady. That's one thing I figured out about myself in prison. My hand, does not shake, ever. (beat) There was a cop leaving when I came in.

B

How did you know he was a cop?

MADOLYN

B

Bad haircut, no dress sense, and a slight air of scumbag entitlement....Do you see cops?

MADOLYN

That's part of what I do. Although, I normally don't see cadets who were kicked out of the Academy.

F

Oh, boy. You should get a better job, huh?...

MADOLYN

Should I?

B

So, do they all ah come in here and cry...your cops?

MADOLYN

Sometimes they do. Yeah, sure. Sometimes they cry, yeah. If they had trouble at home, if they've had to use their weapons.

B

Use their weapons?... Let me tell you something. They signed up to use their weapons. Most of them, all right. But they watch enough TV so they know they have to "weep" after they use their weapons. There is no one more full of shit than a cop. Except for a cop on TV.

MADOLYN

I looked at your file and I see you have a record of assault.

B.

Yeah.

MADOLYN

What was it like for you in jail?

B

What, you want to hear about the showers? Is that what you wanna hear about?

MADOLYN

Did something happen to you?

B

No.

MADOLYN

(beat) What do you expect coming in here?

B:

I have to come here.

MADOLYN

I know you have to come here. But, now that you're here, what do you want?

B:

You want the truth?(beat) *Valium*.

MADOLYN

If you lied, you'd have an easier time getting what you wanted.

B:

What's that say about what you do for a living?

MADOLYN

I just think we should have a few more meetings before we even talk about prescriptions.

B:

Look, I'm having panic attacks, alright. The other night I thought I was having a *DAMN* heart attack. I puked in a trash barrel on the way over here, I haven't slept for *WEEKS*

MADOLYN

Is that true?

B:

Yeah, that's true, alright. I said something true!. I want some *DAMN* pills and your gonna what? You gonna close my file? Is that what you gonna do!?!...

MADOLYN

I didn't say I'd close your file. No, I--

B:

I thought I was supposed to tell the truth here...If only here.

MADOLYN

You are!, Yes.

A ^{PERSON} comes in here against every instinct of privacy, of, of, self reliance that ~~they~~ HAVE and what do you do? What do you do, huh? You send him off on the street to score smack? Is that what you do? You're ~~Bloody~~ ridiculous.

(She pulls out 2 pills and hands it over to him.)

B
Two pills?.(Beat)Great, why don't you just give me a bottle of scotch and a handgun to blow my ~~Damn~~ head off. Are we done here with this psychiatry bullshit?

MADOLYN

You know what? You can leave!

B.
What the ~~HECK~~ did I just put myself through? I'm ~~Damn Well~~ out of here. What if that was a legitimate threat!? Think about it, ~~You~~ BITCH.