

# The Departed

## Therapy Scene

**Billy:** Do you lie?

**Madolyn:** Why? Do you?

**Billy:** No, I'm asking if you lie.

**Madolyn:** Honesty is not synonymous with truth.

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

**Madolyn:** Well, I expect that some people do it to keep things on an even keel.

**Billy:** Wow...so you had a parent who was a drunk.

**Madolyn:** Did you?

**Billy:** No.

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

**Billy:** How I feel. How I feel. You sit there...with a mass murderer. A mass murderer. Your heart rate is jacked. And your hand ...steady. That's one thing I figured out about myself in prison. My hand ...does not shake. Ever...There was a cop leaving when I came in.

**Madolyn:** How did you know he was a cop?

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

**Madolyn:** That's part of what I do. I normally don't see cadets who've been kicked out of the academy.

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

**Madolyn:** Should I?

**Billy:** So do they all come in here and cry, your cops?

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

**Billy:** 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. I see that you have a record of assault.

**Billy:** Yeah.

**Madolyn:** So what was it like for you in jail?

**Billy:** What, you wanna hear about the showers? Is that what you wanna hear about?

**Madolyn:** Did something happen to you?

**Billy:** No.

**Madolyn:** What do you expect coming in here?

**Billy:** I have to come here.

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

**Billy:** You want the truth? Valium.

**Madolyn:** If you lied, you would have an easier time getting what you wanted.

**Billy:** What's that say about what you do?

**Madolyn:** We should have a few more meetings...before we even talk about prescriptions.

**Billy:** Look, I'm having panic attacks. Other night, I thought I was having a heart attack. I puked in a barrel on the way over. I haven't slept for fucking weeks.

**Madolyn:** Is that true?

**Billy:** Yeah, that's true, alright. I said something fucking true. I want some fucking pills...and you're gonna close my file?

**Madolyn:** I didn't say I'd close your file.

**Billy:** Is that what you're going to do

**Madolyn:** No, I...

**Billy:** I thought I was supposed to tell...the truth here, if only fucking here.

**Madolyn:** You are! Yes. Ok.

**Billy:** A guy comes in here against every instinct of privacy, of self-reliance that he has...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 fucking ridiculous.

*[Madolyn looks around her desk gives Billy a packet with two pills from her drawer]*

**Billy:** Two pills? Great...Why don't you just give me a bottle of Scotch and a handgun to blow my fucking head off? Are we done with this psychiatry bullshit? *[Tosses packet back at her]*

**Madolyn:** You know what. You can leave!

**Billy:** What the fuck did I just put myself through? I'm fucking out of here. And what if that was a legitimate threat? Think about it, fucking hotshot. *[gets up to leave]*

**Madolyn:** *[To self]* Fuck. *[Goes after him]* Why is the last patient of the day always the hardest one?

**Billy:** It's cause you're tired and you don't give a shit. It's not supernatural.

**Madolyn:** Listen. Listen. You know, I'm not just somebody that you have to see or they put you in jail. Okay? I mean, if you're in distress, I will help you. [Gives Billy a script]

**Billy:** What's this?

**Madolyn:** It's my card. And a prescription for 20 lorazepam.

**Billy:** Yeah? Is it enough to commit suicide?

**Madolyn:** Maybe it is. All right? Okay? Have I done my job up to your goddamn standards? Because according to my standards, you fit the model of drug-seeking behavior. You know, and too damn bad if you don't like my initial clinical reaction.

**Billy:** Thank you.

**Madolyn:** I'm transferring you to another counselor.

**Billy:** Good.

**Madolyn:** Okay.

**Billy:** So you wanna get a cup of coffee?

**END**