

Collapse
by
Insane Mike Saunders

Robert/McFarland 1

DR. MCFARLAND steps out of the examination room, turns and faces Robert.

DR. MCFARLAND
Nothing.

ROBERT
Nothing at all?

DR. MCFARLAND
There's nothing physically wrong with her, Robert.

ROBERT
But the pains....

DR. MCFARLAND
It's psychosomatic. We've been over this. There is nothing medically wrong. It's all in her head.

ROBERT
The pain is real. She sleeps all day. Then there's the mood swings... Why is this happening to her?

DR. MCFARLAND
I'm a G.P. Robert, not a psychiatrist.

ROBERT
Can't you give her something for the pain?

DR. MCFARLAND
We've already tried everything that I can ethically prescribe.

ROBERT
There's got to be something you can give her.

DR. MCFARLAND
Yeah, a placebo.

Robert looks to the door in frustration.

DR. MCFARLAND
Here.

Dr. McFarland pulls a business card out of his coat pocket.

DR. MCFARLAND
Maybe you should call him.

ROBERT
We don't need this. I can take care
of her.

DR. MCFARLAND
You can't do everything yourself.
You need help.

Robert shoves the card back at McFarland.

ROBERT
We'll be fine.

The doctor starts to walk off.

He stops.

DR. MCFARLAND
I'll tell you what, why don't you,
Molly, and Will take a break from
the farm and come over for dinner?

ROBERT
I don't know...

DR. MCFARLAND
You know the wife makes a mean
brisket.

ROBERT
That's not fair. Bribe a man with
brisket.

DR. MCFARLAND
What do you think?

ROBERT
I'll have to talk to Molly about
it.

DR. MCFARLAND
Let me know. Take care, Robert.