

THE INANIMATES
SCENES FROM
DR. ABERNATHY'S CASEBOOK



GORDON BLITZ
MICHAEL MAIN

THE INANIMATES:
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a one-act play in six scenes

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dr. Abernathy – A psychiatrist; a small slightly-built man

George Cambridge – A struggling patient of Dr. Abernathy; a large man, muscled
and studly

Mabel – Dr. Abernathy's receptionist; a self-effacing mousy young woman

Scene 1

Lights go up. GEORGE CAMBRIDGE enters DR. ABERNATHY's psychiatry office. He is hesitant and nervous. He approaches MABEL who is sitting at the front desk. She is busy on her computer and does not acknowledge him.

GEORGE

Uh, excuse me!

MABEL

Aiee! Oh, my goodness, you frightened me! Oh! Just give me a minute. My heart just has to settle down!

(takes several deep breaths holding her palm against her chest)

GEORGE

Oh, my! I didn't mean to frighten you. I'm here for my first appointment with Dr. Abernathy. My name is George Cambridge.

MABEL

(breathless)

Oh, yes. You're Dr. Abernathy's eleven o'clock appointment.

(takes several more deep breaths holding her palm against her chest)

MABEL (CONT'D)

Ah! Well, let's see. We have an intake form on this clipboard that you have to fill out, and your insurance that we have to check and we need a copy of your driver's license and your insurance card.

GEORGE

Is this going to take long? I *really* need to see the doctor. I'm having these strange thoughts and need help to get rid of them. I'm being *inundated*!

MABEL

Wait! Wait! I'm just the receptionist here. You have to wait to see Dr. Abernathy before you get into your story. But I'm afraid you'll have to go through these hoops first. I'm sorry, but that's just how it works.

GEORGE

But I *need* to see the doctor! This is an emergency! You *have* to help me!

MABEL

Oh, dear! I don't know what to tell you. I'm supposed to have you do all this stuff first. That's what I'm supposed to do. You're making this very hard for me, Mr. Cambridge.

(she starts to cry)

I just want to do my job. I don't want any trouble. I don't want Dr. Abernathy to be mad at me and tell me that I can't do my job. I don't want him to think that I'm *incompetent*!

(she is now sobbing uncontrollably)

GEORGE

All right! All right! Give me the damn clipboard! You don't have to cry about it! *Sheesh!* I'm just here to get some help! Why can't you understand that?

MABEL, still sniffing, gives GEORGE the clipboard which he grabs roughly and goes to sit down. DR. ABERNATHY comes rushing out of his office from offstage checking to see what is going on.

DR. ABERNATHY

I heard some noise. Is everything okay out here, Mabel?

GEORGE jumps out of his chair throwing the clipboard to the floor and rushes toward Dr. ABERNATHY grabbing his lapel.

GEORGE

Oh, Doctor, Doctor! I'm here to see you! I'm having these strange thoughts and need help to get rid of them. I'm being *inundated*!

MABEL gives a screech and runs to grab the clipboard from the floor. She tries to hand the clipboard to GEORGE who is still holding on to DR. ABERNATHY who is trying to extricate himself from GEORGE's grasp. This goes on for several seconds.

DR. ABERNATHY

Stop! Stop! Let go of me! Who *are* you?

MABEL

(grabs hold of GEORGE, trying to pull him off of DR. ABERNATHY while she is turning to talk to the doctor)

Oh, Dr. Abernathy, may I present George Cambridge. He's your eleven o'clock patient. He has to fill out his intake so he can see you.

GEORGE

But I *need* to see you, Doctor. This is an emergency! You *have* to help me!

All three are still locked in their struggle and are heading offstage toward DR. ABERNATHY's office. They all tumble into the office offstage and the door slams shut.

Lights dim.

Scene 2

Lights go up. We are in DR. ABERNATHY's inner office. GEORGE is sitting on a couch, and DR. ABERNATHY is sitting opposite him in his therapist's chair.

DR. ABERNATHY

Well, now that we're all settled and sorted, and you got through all of my receptionist's tasks, how can I help you, George?

GEORGE

Doctor, I'm having these strange thoughts and need help to get rid of them. I'm being *inundated*!

DR. ABERNATHY

What do you mean, *inundated*, George?

GEORGE

There are conversations that I hear in my head, and they're driving me crazy, Doctor!

DR. ABERNATHY

Who is conversing with you, George?

GEORGE goes suddenly quiet and seems embarrassed to go on. He looks down at his hands and looks around the room.

DR. ABERNATHY

Who is conversing with you, George?

GEORGE

(mumbling)

My appliances.

DR. ABERNATHY

Say that again, George. I didn't quite understand you. *Who* is conversing with you?

GEORGE

(louder and clearer)

My appliances.

DR. ABERNATHY

Your *appliances*, George?

GEORGE

Yes, my *appliances*. All the inanimate objects in my life. My dishwasher, my iPhone, my car, even my *couch*!

DR. ABERNATHY

How do these things talk to you, George?

GEORGE

They have full conversations in my head. Just this morning, my dishwasher started off by telling me, 'You have been good to me for thirty years, George. I like how you use me every third week which is a blessing that keeps me alive and well. I'm proud of how my GE 1200 PotScrubber status has stood the test of time.'

DR. ABERNATHY

Did it say anything else, George?

GEORGE

Oh, yes! It told me, 'We've been through a lot together, George. Earthquakes and deaths. I like how you've experimented with powder and gels and finally found that using pods was the most efficient use of my time.'

And it forgave me for not cleaning its outsides because it felt that I did not abuse its insides. 'There is some corrosion and disintegration of my knobs,' it said, 'but, hey! It's only regular wear and tear, isn't it, George?'

And then it said, 'I have to admit that I've been stabbed a few times by a knife falling on my bottom, and once, you put a cracked drinking glass in me, and I had to be *extra* careful not to make the crack even worse.'

It reprimanded me for being 'such a *klutz*' and how I didn't realize that it had a dirt trap that needed to be emptied until I had taken a fix-it class at my college and learned about it. And it appreciated that I had 'brilliantly', yes, it said '*brilliantly*' figured out that if I hit the reset button, any water left in its bottom would be drained out.

It tried to make me feel guilty by first saying, 'I love that you rinse plates and utensils thoroughly so that I don't have to work so hard during my cycles,' but then it added, 'you've been spending more time at your husband's place so that I've been feeling a little abandoned. Sometimes a month or more will go by before I get used.' But it quickly added, 'Of course, at my age, that's such a blessing. I've heard horror stories about my friends breaking down at age thirty

or younger. Drowning in a flood of water sounds terrifying!'

Doctor, I want these conversations gone! Do you hear me, Doctor? Gone, gone, gone!

DR. ABERNATHY

Well, we've reached the end of our time today, George. I would like to suggest that when you come back next week that we start a series of hypnosis treatments so that we might more quickly get to the bottom of this troubling phenomenon. Would that be okay with you, George?

GEORGE

Yes, Doctor! Anything, Doctor! I just want to get rid of these conversations that are going on in my head.

Lights dim.

Scene 3

Lights go up. There is a spotlight on GEORGE who sits in an otherwise dim office. He is animated and speaks in a self-satisfied manner.

GEORGE

I'm a perfectly well-functioning motor car of a certain age. I hereby declare that I am being treated like a *second-class citizen!* Does George find the filth covering every inch of me intoxicating and exciting? The bird droppings are corroding my finish. Doesn't he care there is permanent damage? His condo is sparkling clean. It doesn't even look lived in. Nothing is out of place. From the kitchen to the bathroom; it's spotless. I don't understand why he pays Gladys, his housekeeper, \$100 while refusing to spend a dime on *me*.

It was our ten-year anniversary today and I didn't even get a gift! He's so cheap!

Why does he hate me? Isn't he embarrassed when friends witness my ghastly appearance? I've been so reliable. Never breaking down. My hybrid battery is lasting forever. He hardly has to fill me up because I get over 30 miles to the gallon. But my hubcaps have imbedded grease. It would be impossible to clean unless he splurged on detailing. I realize he doesn't go to the car wash because they might move his seat, and well, you *know* his back! They have an express wash for \$7.00. He could sit in the car while soap suds refresh me. But it's useless for me to complain.

My right bumper has corroded scratches and bumps from a side swipe. Geico Insurance said they would pay to fix it after the \$500 deductible. Stubborn

George refused! He kept his Nissan Maxima for *eighteen years* until it died. He must not care about my resale value. It hurts my pride!

I've been getting seasick nauseous from my struts. At the last tune-up, the mechanic told him, 'Your struts are in bad shape. It effects the wear and tear of your tires. I can replace them for \$800.' So George says, 'I haven't noticed a problem. Doesn't seem rough to me.' Yet George complains about his back! I ride like a rollercoaster! My shock absorbers are nonexistent!

'Well if it doesn't bother you, I guess it's okay!' What a stupid mechanic! He should have *insisted* George have the problem fixed.

What really bothers me is my insides. My allergies are off the charts because of the dust! When George sneezes, he doesn't even use a tissue. So the germs are flying all over me! He figures since no one else is in me; who cares? I bet that's why the insides of my windows are so filthy. I can barely see anything out of those grime-infested windows. At least he fixed one of the windshield wipers. The rubber was flapping! But the passenger side wiper is disintegrating! I bet he won't replace it. He figures why does a passenger need to see out of the window? My dashboard is cataract-foggy. In desperation, he might use his finger to wipe away some of the muck!

And what is this thing with men picking their noses in their automobiles? Disgusting! I don't even want to think what he does with the boogers. Does he really believe no one sees him? What really freaks me out is when he has

phlegm and opens the car door to spit. He almost *always* misses, and it lands on the bottom landing of my door. You'd think he would wipe it off! Who does he think is going to clean up his mess?

My carpeting is so stained it looks like a Jackson Pollack painting! I can't remember when I was vacuumed last. And I'm flabbergasted by all the receipts peppering my insides. Why does he even bother taking receipts from Trader Joe's and the Dollar Store if all he's going to do is dump them all over me? And what am I supposed to do with a few pennies? What am I going to buy? An air freshener, maybe?

Unopened junk mails rests on the backseat. Oh boy, old ads for Pavilions, Ralphs and Sprouts from *last year* are scattered all over my leather seats. And get this; he's left some *underwear* in the car! Is this his version of preparing for an earthquake? I don't even think they're clean!

Oh, look at this! The program from *Hamilton*. He must have been feeling pretty flush to pay \$200 for tickets! And I'm *always* finding ticket stubs from plays and movies. He complains about sequels and remakes, yet I see that he's watched *all* of the Avenger, Batman, and Superman films. He's such a hypocrite!

The trunk should be declared a disaster area! A moth-eaten blanket has been thrown in with some ripped tee-shirts. The broken umbrella is hopeless! And a green tool box sits stuffed in the back of the trunk. Yeah, I'm sure he'll put *that* to good use! He probably doesn't even know the name or the use of *any* of

those tools. The spare tire is not even anchored to the bottom. No wonder it's such a bouncy ride. Such a slob! I'm frightened to see what's left in my ash tray. Oh my, old gum plastered all over it!

Aw! This breaks my heart. It's the program from the memorial service of his friend, Lynn. I remember they asked George to take part and give a eulogy. He presented a lifetime achievement award to Lynn, just like at the Oscars. This shouldn't be left crumbled into the crevices of my trunk.

It's weird because he can be such a germophobe when he feels like it. When he's using the bathroom any place but at home, he *never* touches the door knob. He always uses a paper towel. If there's only an air blow dryer, he'll wait until someone else opens the door so he doesn't catch any germs. Yet he doesn't care about bacteria growing in *me*! Crumbs of food get stuck between my front seats. When he leaves me out in the sun, I become a sweaty petri dish for brown rice, cookie crumbs and sports bar wrappers!

And he turns up the radio so loud I can't think! He's sixty-six, and he's listening to rap music! And NPR is *so* boring. The political stuff is numbing. I'm even sick of hearing Terry Gross's *Fresh Air*. I need variety. God forbid he should listen to a Bach concerto on KUSC!

Now, I have to give him credit that he religiously gives me a lube and oil every 5,000 miles. It keeps me in pristine motor condition. Yet my exterior and interior keep decaying.

So, what are my options? If he started going back to the Toyota dealership, they would cleanse me inside and out as part of the servicing. But Scrooge George wants to use Affordable Care. If I can get my battery to fail, *that* would show him! I'm almost at 100,000 miles at ten-and-a-half years. It would serve him right if I just wouldn't turn on! Maybe he would learn to respect me!

(sighs and inspects his fingernails)

What's a girl to do?

Lights dim.

Scene 4

Lights go up. We are in the middle of a session, and GEORGE is seen pacing in DR. ABERNATHY's inner office. He is gesticulating wildly and shouting,

GEORGE

Doctor, Doctor, You've got to do something! They're taking over! They're all I think about! I dream about them! They're invading my brain!

DR. ABERNATHY

George, try and remain calm! *Who* is invading your brain?

GEORGE

(louder)

Haven't you been listening? It's all those Inanimates! I'm surrounded by them! They're out of control.

MABEL, the receptionist, hesitantly knocks at the office door, and slowly opens the door and peeks in from offstage.

MABEL

Dr. Abernathy, are you all right? Is there any danger here?

GEORGE runs toward MABEL, grabs her arm and drags her into the room.

GEORGE

Lady, lady, help me get rid of the demons! They're driving me nuts! You gotta' work with the doctor and help me. C'mon, c'mon, help me out here.

MABEL struggles.

MABEL

Mister Cambridge, what are you doing? Help! Help! Dr. Abernathy, help me.

DR. ABERNATHY

(grabbing GEORGE's arm)

Now, George, let's be civilized here.
You've got to let go of my receptionist.

GEORGE keeps hold of MABEL's arm and easily shakes off DR. ABERNATHY. Exasperated, DR. ABERNATHY snaps his fingers to initiate the hypnotic state that had been initiated earlier in GEORGE's treatment. GEORGE freezes and lets go of MABEL who runs out of the office.

GEORGE

(in an altered voice)

Oh, god! Oh, god! I am so panicked
right now!.

DR. ABERNATHY

Tell me. Who are you?

GEORGE

(starts to pace)

What do you mean, "Who am I?" Can't
you see? Are you blind? I'm George's
iPhone, and I can't forget how I crashed
on the cement. He dropped me! He
dropped me! I thought I would *instantly*
die! I heard a crack. I bounced! My
Otter case saved my life, but I was *so*
sore. I might have had a concussion. He
scooped me up, and then I heard him
praying!

(in an even higher voice)

'Please God, don't let it be broken.'

(returns to his altered voice)

Oh, fine! So now he was suddenly religious!
Doesn't he understand? He needs to be more
careful when he's walking! The sidewalk

is *so* uneven! The roots of the big elm trees are bulging. I couldn't deal with it! I had to escape! I went to sleep!

'Damn it! Wake up!' he screamed. I took my sweet time is what I did. I yawned and I stretched, and he started checking me out.

(in an even higher voice)

'Thank goodness! Screen looks fine.'

(returns to his altered voice)

But I felt a stabbing ache in my corner. Uh, oh! Some of my protection had chipped off. Stupid George was slow to figure *that* out. He kept feeling up my edges.

(does a shimmying movement)

Ooo, it was ticklish when he kept sticking his finger in that hole in my broken edge.

'Why isn't my mail showing up?' He got hysterical!

Well, he didn't have to shout! I don't have a hearing problem! George is such a drama queen. . . . Just give me a chance to get back into working order.

(suddenly stops speaking)

Oh no! I suddenly felt a chill! Was I getting frozen? I hate that feeling! But George. Needed. To Remain. Calm!

Okay, so then he started calling Mobilecom. I don't trust them. They're useless! Apple is so much better for help. What were they telling him?

Ouch! That hurt. He kept pushing my power button; over and over and over! Hey, give me a break!

Oh, god! He must be blind! Doesn't he see that half-eaten apple core on the ground? That's all I need is to fall again!

Okay, okay, finally I began defrosting. Circuits were popping open. Yes! I was ready for action. Disaster averted. I could beep to alert George that his e-mails had arrived and do all that other good iPhone stuff.

But . . . oh my god! I'm wearing down! Damn! I only have 5% battery left. Hurry! Get me to a charger before I conk out! I heard there's a conspiracy that Apple *purposely* makes us obsolete. After a few years, our batteries just dissolve! I thought I was safe . . . being . . . an iPhone . . . Seven.

GEORGE winds down and finally stops with his hands hanging limply at his sides and his head down.

Lights dim.

Scene 5

Lights go up. There is a spotlight on GEORGE who is standing on a modeling dais wearing short shorts and is barefoot and shirtless showing off his muscular body.

GEORGE

Let's get this out of the way. I am a couch, and I have a story to tell you about George. Yes, there is some X-rated stuff, but I am just telling it like it is. Don't hold that against me. George bought me in 1980 for \$399. One of the last sleeper couches ever made.

I come from a long line of sofa beds. I felt lonely in the department store until George took me home. George takes good care of me. He set the rule about no shoes in his apartment.

Mmm, I wonder who George is buzzing in. He's been such a slut since his lover died. You know he got together with his lover, Brian, when he was twenty-one years old. Seems like he's making up for lost time. He answers ads and brings new people back to the condo every other week! His taste in men is insane. There is no type. Old, young, fat, thin, ugly, pretty, feminine, butch. I don't like them sitting on top of me for very long. Who knows what diseases or strange smells they're tracking in? George can't smell so he wouldn't know. My job is to get them so stimulated from kissing that they move to the bedroom.

(flexes erotically)

Ah yes, it's Ben, a friend of George's. His hands are jumpy. They both sit on me.

I am going to use my springs to gently move Ben closer to George; just for fun. I can imagine them kissing, and they

take their clues from *me*. Ben and George have hugged as friends, but nothing further than that. Oh, my god! I'm seeing a twinkle in Ben's eye. Should I let them kiss? It's so difficult to switch things up from friendship to sex.

(does some bumps-and-grinds movements)

Well, there goes George. He's following Ben's lead. They're grabbing each other around the waist. I see tongue action. They dig into each other's mouth. Oh, no! Suddenly they're stopping! What happened? Oh, I knew it! They realize that they don't want to jeopardize their friendship. Darn! Ben is so cute! They would have made such a nice couple.

I know I shouldn't get jealous, but I have feelings for George. I keep thinking he'll realize how I feel. I don't want to push him. He needs to experiment and get it out of his system. I would want a *monogamous* marriage.

(hugs himself)

My goodness, who is buzzing in now? Wow, this guy is so tall. How appropriate that his name is Gulliver, the name of that giant in *Gulliver's Travels*. Even though George is six feet tall, he's going to have to strain his neck muscles to see this guy's face!

Looks like George is in a pouncing mood. Wait a minute! Gulliver isn't taking off his shoes. *Sheesh!* They are getting all over me. His big butt is squashing me! And now he's taking off his shirt and his pants. And he's sweating! This is going too far. George has to get him to the bedroom. Oh, god! Gulliver is asking for lubricant. No, I

don't want that to get on *me*! And then there might be sperm! Ewww!

Oh, thank god, George asks if they can go to the bedroom. Disaster averted. Thank goodness that Gladys, the housekeeper, is coming this week. So ticklish and erotic when she sucks my cushions with the vacuum cleaner.

(does a shimmy movement)

Good thing she's coming after the Golden G.B.'s tonight. I'm going to take a nap.

(leans his head back and closes his eyes for several beats)

Oh that felt good! It's George's annual "Golden G.B. Awards". It's hard to explain what this party is all about. It's like the Academy Awards except that it's all George's picks and winners.

I'm tired already even with that nap. George tries to fit thirty-five people in this condo with only twenty places to sit. Oh, god, here they come! Everyone wants to grab a place on me -- especially the overweight ones! Once a guest plops down on me, they never want to move fearing someone will steal their seat. Uh, oh! I feel a blast and a strange noise. Is that a fart? Now I'll stink for days!

Oh, look, George is doing his Barbra Streisand impression and dedicating it to his lover, Brian, who died.

(waves back his imaginary hair with his hand in a seductive manner)

You know, I took care of Brian when he got sick with AIDS. I would use my cushion and arm rests to give him

comfort. And with my mattress opened, Brian could nap and sit up to read by using my back as a headboard. The Golden G.B.'s were named after George and Brian. I can't believe that George forgave Brian for cheating and getting infected. If George was *my* lover, I would *never* be unfaithful.

George's mom sits on me like a queen with each of the guests paying homage to her. I'm so proud of George that he has his mother attend every year. He's such a good son.

Oh, my god! Someone is spilling red wine on me. It's going to stain! Oh good, George is rescuing me with some spray. Uh, yes! It's absorbing the red into his rag. Thank God! I'm lucky I'm not in A.A. -- I feel drunk already!

What's shaking? It's an earthquake! It's making me nauseous. Thank goodness, all the guests have left. Oh, that's the phone. I can hear George talking to his mother. Oh, she's okay, but George is going to pick her up. And he wants her to spend the night here in his condo.

I'm scared. I'm all alone! George better hurry back. I could get smashed against the wall or topple over. Oh, that was quick.

Oh, George is opening me up. It feels so good for my mattress to get straightened out.

(he stretches and flexes)

It proves that I'm alive. I can't remember the last time it was used. I just hope George's mom doesn't complain. She can be a very picky Jewish mother! What does she mean,

am I clean? I'm in good condition! No, I've never had bed bugs! *Sheesh!*

Hopefully there won't be any after-shocks. Good night, Mother. Good night, George.

I can't believe this. The minute he drives his mother home, George gets another visitor. Who is this guy? I can't believe George is bringing a stranger into his condo. This guy could be a murderer. Well, he's small. Maybe he's harmless. The two of them are so quiet. This is making me nervous. Sometimes I get so stressed out. George expects me to magically make sure that he'll be able to have sex with anyone who sits on me.

(flexes erotically, then suddenly gets angry)

And he doesn't even appreciate it! He doesn't even let me keep money that falls out of people's pockets. So cheap!

Well they're off to the races in the bedroom. Oh, now they're coming *out* of the bedroom. That was quick. I guess he's not spending the night.

Wait, what are they talking about? Something about George wanting to redecorate. New carpeting, painting the room, and window treatments. And replacing *me*? What? I can't believe this. I'm going to have a stroke. That's all I'm worth? I'm in *perfect* condition.

(flexes in a two-arm pose)

I must be having a nightmare! I'm going to go to sleep.

(leans his head back and closes his eyes for several beats)

Oh, my god! I had a horrible dream!
Hey, why is George looking at me and
saying it's time to get a new couch?
After all, it's been twenty years. But
what about all I've done for you? All the
men you've had because of me?

I pray that if you have to sell me, you
won't let me be destroyed at the dump.
That was a good idea to put an ad in the
Recycler.

Mmm . . . that's a cute boy entering the
condo. Well, of course I look good even
though I *am* twenty years old. What's
going on? He's only offering \$50! And
now he is plunking down on me. He's so
rough. Well at least he says I'm comfy.
So that's it. He's coming over with a
truck tomorrow to pick me up. And who
is that woman with him? Oh, my god,
this guy is straight! What will that feel
like? Help!

Lights dim.

Scene 6

Lights go up. We are in DR. ABERNATHY's inner office. GEORGE is sitting on a couch, and DR. ABERNATHY is sitting opposite him in his therapist's chair.

DR. ABERNATHY

Well, this is our last session, George. I have to say that you've made some very nice progress in your time here. Your hypnosis work really achieved its goals, and you haven't reported any internal monologues in a very long time. How are things going?

GEORGE

Things are going very well, Doctor. I've learned some techniques to stop the talk, and I've been able to focus on my life's goals. My first novel is due to be out next month, so I'm very excited and very pleased.

DR. ABERNATHY

That's so nice to hear. Congratulations! That's quite a feat. You should feel very proud of that accomplishment!

GEORGE

Well, there was one internal conversation from earlier in the week, but I'm not worried about it since they are mostly all gone now.

DR. ABERNATHY

Oh? What was this one about?

GEORGE

Well, I have an old computer, practically an antique, but it's still plugging along, so I have it as a spare, just in case. It's an old Acer machine.

The conversation made its appearance in my head with the usual complaints that I've always heard, but I know now that it's just a repetition of concerns I already have about myself. My mind somehow puts them in other voices so that, perhaps, I can more easily hear them.

It was the usual complaints, but this time, computer-related. 'George needs to clean my cookies. I'm worried about the disc fragmentation. It was so painful last time. It felt like an earthquake ruptured my insides! I'm thinking that maybe it's just my screen. It's filthy! Soot and dust combined with miniscule food particles. George really shouldn't eat while he's writing. I wouldn't trust him to use a special soft cloth. He's probably just going to use his old underwear! How disgusting! The keyboard is slimy. His hands must be sweating, or more than likely, he doesn't wash them before he starts typing. He can be such a slob!

His multi-tasking is getting out of hand. Ten windows open at the same time? I'm a nervous wreck! I'll need to go on anxiety medication if this continues.

Well, as long as I'm being honest, I have to admit that it's really very lonely here for me. I need a support group for Acers. Mac and Dell have groups, why can't Acer? I should start my own. Then again, who wants to listen to users complain all day about their computer problems? How depressing! I could use a drink, but that would ruin my components. My CPU would crash. Well, what's a motherboard to do? If I play my graphic and sound boards right, I can carry on. I could stretch my computer data storage. I *will* survive!

DR. ABERNATHY

Well, that's so interesting, George.
Perhaps that conversation held a
message for your life. George, you *will*
survive!

GEORGE

I think you're right, Doctor. Yes, I *will*
survive! Well, thank you for everything
you've done for me, Doctor Abernathy.
Not sure what I'll do every week at this
time, but I'm sure I'll figure it out.
Well, I'm off to lunch. Take care.

MABEL pokes her head into the office.

Ready, sweetie? I'm starving. Where do
you want to go for lunch?

Lights dim.