

DR KRAPINSKY
Larry
Traci

(LARRY and TRACI exit down hallway to bedroom. ANGIE gets up out of chair and stands with her hands on her hips, glaring furiously. She tip-toes out of house through lanai. Doorbell rings. LARRY comes rushing out from hallway adjusting his clothing. TRACI follows him.)

That must be him now. That's good. We'll have a chance to talk before she gets back.

(LARRY answers door. DR. KRAPINSKY enters. He is a serious man in his mid-fifties. He is casually dressed.)

Dr. Krapinsky?

DR. KRAPINSKY. Yes.

(LARRY shakes his hand.)

LARRY. Pleased to meet you, Doc.

(DR. KRAPINSKY is obviously not pleased with such familiarity.)

DR. KRAPINSKY. *(correcting him)* That's Doctor! Even though I am informally attired, I am still here in a professional capacity.

LARRY. Oh yeah. Sure. Doctor. I'm Larry Drayton. We talked on the phone. This is my wife, Traci.

TRACI. With an "i".

DR. KRAPINSKY. Pardon?

TRACI. That's Traci with an...

LARRY. *(cutting her off; impatiently)* Yeah, yeah. Whatever. We don't have all day! Let's get down to business. She could walk in any second now. Have a seat.

(LARRY motions for DR. KRAPINSKY to take a seat. TRACI is ticked off with him as they all sit.)

DR. KRAPINSKY. Right. Now, from what I understand, your concern is that your mother is acting irrationally. Financially.

TRACI. I'll say. She's just giving money away, left, right and center.

LARRY. To so-called 'worthy causes.'

DR. KRAPINSKY. Well, as I mentioned over the phone, that certainly doesn't automatically indicate abnormal fiduciary behavior. *(He gestures around room.)* Especially since she does appear to be a woman of some means.

TRACI. But we're talking large sums of money here, Doctor. Thousands are just disappearing. She's never done anything like that before. We've got to do something to stop her!

LARRY. Er...ah....for her own protection. You understand.

DR. KRAPINSKY. Yes, of course. *(meaningfully)* I understand perfectly. Only you must realize that to have someone declared incapable of controlling their own finances requires them to manifest severe character disorders. My observations will entail analyzing at least four different personality components. Psychiatric. Cognitive. Functional. Decision-making. All have to be met in order to arrive at a conclusion relevant to the medical and legal definitions.

(LARRY and TRACI look at one another, not having understood a word.)

LARRY. Yeah, sure. Just as long as that all proves she's, well, you know... *(He twirls his finger at side of his head.)*

TRACI. Crazy.

LARRY. Wacko.

DR. KRAPINSKY. *(appalled)* Those are hardly the terms I – or anyone with an ounce of intelligence – would use.

TRACI. *(oblivious to his put-down)* Because she is very definitely not all there. Do you know what I've actually caught her doing?

DR. KRAPINSKY. No. Tell me.

(TRACI leans forward, conspiratorially.)

TRACI. She buries coffee grounds. Under the tree outside. Every single day. *(She sits back in chair, her arms folded, resting her case.)* If that isn't proof, I don't know what is.