DOC and MAX audition side

MAX: There's not much to tell. Things didn't turn out the way I thought they would.
DOC: Nobody has a crystal ball.
MAX: You think? Brilliant observation! (*Realizing that he's overreacting*) Sorry, Doc. Look, I have some regrets and I'm trying to work through them.
DOC: Like what?
MAX: Like I should have … recycled more.
DOC: You should have what?
MAX: Recycled.
DOC: Well, it's never too late to start recycling.
MAX: It is now.
DOC: What do you mean?
MAX: My wife was into recycling. She wanted to help the environment.
DOC: And you didn't?
MAX: Don't get me wrong – I'm all for helping the environment. I just didn't try as hard as she wanted me to…. I wasn't the best husband. I didn't know she was sick.
DOC: Well, that's not your fault, is it? How could you know?
MAX: She wanted to be closer and I was too busy avoiding things and … then she died.
DOC: Did you two ever talk about working on becoming closer before it happened?
MAX: We were talking about how to fix it right before she had the heart attack.
DOC: So, you were trying to make things better.
MAX: It wasn't enough! (*Max begins to leave.*) I don't want to do this anymore.
DOC: Hold on a minute.
MAX: I'm done.
DOC: Wait.
MAX: Why?
DOC: I want to help you, and I can't if you don't fill me in on what's been going on. Tell me more about your marriage.
MAX: Why, so you can sit there, nod every once in a while, and tell me that you understand, as I spill my guts about my life? How I spent the last three decades in a job I hate because it was the only way I knew how to support my family? How my wife kept trying to encourage me to do things with her, but I was too busy feeling sorry for myself to make an effort? How, just when I finally begin connecting with her again, she winds up dying, and now it's too late!? *How much I want her back!? How much I need her!!?* (*Silence, while Max takes a moment to gather himself*). You can't help.
DOC: Why not?

DOC and MAX audition side

MAX: Are you married?
DOC: No.
MAX: Strike one. Do you have any kids?
DOC: No.
MAX: Strike two. Is everyone in your immediate family alive?
DOC: Yes.
MAX: Strike three, you're out.
DOC: What's that supposed to mean?
MAX: You and I have nothing in common.
DOC: I can still help.
MAX: How can you possibly help me!? You don't understand what it's like to have been living my life for the past 30 plus years!
DOC: Then explain it to me.
MAX: There's not enough time! Don't you understand!? That's how this works! You get me started telling stories about my life, I go through what I can, but before we get close to making any progress, the hour is up and you collect your money and have me come back next week, and the week after that, and the week after that! So, I get to spill my guts while you listen, ask a few questions, and drain my bank account.
DOC: Any type of constructive therapy takes some time to be effective. It's not like instant coffee. It has to percolate for a while.
MAX: No offense, but I happen to like instant coffee. No one has the time or the money to percolate anymore, especially at these prices!
DOC: Max, I can't make you continue these sessions, but I would like to suggest that you get back to doing some of the things you used to do before your wife passed away. Your daughter told me that you're a baseball fan, but that you haven't been to a game in a while. Is that right?
MAX: Yeah, so?
DOC: So, why don't you go to a game with your daughter? I think it'll be good for both of you.
MAX: I can't do that.
DOC: Why not?
MAX: Ruth hated baseball. (*The doctor gives him a look.*) What's that about?
DOC: What?
MAX: You gave me a look.
DOC: What kind of a look?
MAX: You know – a look. Like I-should-go-to-the-game-despite-how-Ruth-felt-about-baseball look.