CONNIE. Just now. This morning.
DR. JAMES. Before or after your dosage.
CONNIE. Before.
DR. JAMES. I’m sorry I can’t give you any painkillers.
CONNIE. I don’t need any. It’s just early, I think.
   Dr. James pockets the surplus.
DR. JAMES. So it looks like your monitor came off last night.
   Beat.
CONNIE. Oh, yeah, did it?
DR. JAMES. But then you must have put it back on.
CONNIE. That’s right.
DR. JAMES. It’s best to reattach it before you drift off, when you’re comfortable.
CONNIE. (Making to leave.) Okay.
DR. JAMES. The exact same time as Tristan’s did too.
CONNIE. Oh.
DR. JAMES. I’m missing eight hours of each of your hearts.
   Pause. Breathing.
/ Connie.
CONNIE. / That’s weird.
Sorry.
DR. JAMES. What are you sorry about?
CONNIE. Nothing, actually. I wanted to see if he was okay, he was ill, we’ve both been feeling pretty ba—
DR. JAMES. How do you know he was feeling ill?
CONNIE. How do I know?
DR. JAMES. How did you know?
CONNIE. Text.
DR. JAMES. He texted you on a phone?
CONNIE. Yes.
DR. JAMES. You know phones are banned, they interfere with the equipment.
   Beat.
DR. JAMES. You know you’re going to have to leave.
CONNIE. Fine. We’ll leave. Least then I’ll know.
DR. JAMES. Not both of you. You.
CONNIE. Why?
DR. JAMES. Because twinkle over there doesn’t have a womb.
CONNIE. No!—Look, we didn’t really. I’m sorry. We were messing around. There isn’t any risk of anything.
DR. JAMES. I’m not your sex-ed teacher, Connie. I’m trying to run a trial, which you’ve put into jeopardy.
CONNIE. I understand there's a leasing of bodies involved here, but you can't expect to police the way we feel.

DR. JAMES. That is exactly my role. You're vulnerable. The drug is designed to stimulate transmitters linked to poor decision-making and risk-taking—

CONNIE. You can't give us something that causes poor decisions and risks then get mad at us for...taking risks and making bad decisions!

DR. JAMES. That's...a good point. But you have to take responsibility. You don't know what you feel.

CONNIE. (Deeply distressed.) I know and it's horrible! I think only one of us is on the drug, the way you give them out and the way I feel today I think he is and I'm not.

DR. JAMES. During all trials some are on placebo, to compare to, a control.

CONNIE. But if I'm on a placebo, he's on it, saying all this, I can't believe him. It's driving me crazy!

DR. JAMES. That's exactly why you shouldn't be involved.

CONNIE. I think I might be in love with him! You have to tell me.

DR. JAMES. I can't give you any information. It compromises the trial.

CONNIE. I'll just tell Tristan we both have to leave and then...then—

DR. JAMES. Is that what you want to do?

Beat.

CONNIE. At home in real life. I have a boyfriend.

DR. JAMES. Right.

CONNIE. And I do love him I think. But if I did why would I—? I keep thinking is this real, or is that...real?

DR. JAMES. I can't help you with that.

CONNIE. Why, aren't you a psychiatrist?

DR. JAMES. I'm a person(!)

CONNIE. Talk to me like a person then.

DR. JAMES. Okay...(?)

Beat.

I was having a rough time, a few years ago. I'd broken up from a long relationship I'd been in forever and that was a big decision and I'd lost a parent after a long...time. And I was supposed to be going away for work, a conference, but I didn't know if I could. I'm afraid of flying and I nearly didn't make it.

But I did, and that week turned out to be one of the best weeks of my life. Professionally and just—I met a lot of interesting people and got very—you know it was good. And I got on very well with one guy there who was great and funny and a real force of joy in the room. Even though I was a mess and he—well he was married. But it was one of those chance encounters that give you hope, because you think god, there are great people out there and they seem to think I'm great and... So on the flight back I was sat next to another doctor, a woman, and she recognized me and she knew this guy and she said, oh you didn't sleep with him did you? And I say no why?! I did. So apparently he really puts it out there, he's this notorious fuckaround on the conference circuit and younger, less astute girls would, you know. And it was strange cos it wasn't 'til then—... As we flew back I sort of felt something dissolve, in the jet stream, like something got eroded down. And by the time I got back it was dark.

CONNIE. I'm sorry.

DR. JAMES. No(!) I'm saying it should have ended there, that's all. But things went on.

CONNIE. Tristan's not like that.

DR. JAMES. Okay.

CONNIE. Please. Just tell me what this is.

Beat.

DR. JAMES. Tristan's not on the drug. Connie. He's on a placebo. //

CONNIE. Oh.

DR. JAMES. You see?

CONNIE. Right.

DR. JAMES. So he's vulnerable in a different way.

CONNIE. But—he feels like he's on it—

DR. JAMES. That's normal.

CONNIE. Is that okay? To lie to him like that...?