

Therapy

A play in 15 minutes

By:

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Therapy was originally produced at the Rudyard Kipling in Louisville, Kentucky in 2003. The director was David Alan Morrison, and featured:

Patient: C.T. Reaves

Therapist: Sataysha Edwards

In 2002, a film version appeared on Louisville Community Television and featured the following cast:

Patient: C.T. Reaves

Therapist: Crystal Martin

In 2004 Therapy was staged in Sacramento, California as part of the Pride Week Festival of Art. The cast was lost to history, but the author will always be in their debt.

Author's Note: The roles are not gender specific. Any combination of male/female can be used. The Therapist's office is open to unique creativity, but care should be made to avoid realism. This office should fit into any era, any country, any place. The *entry* on stage right can be a physical door if there are no walls. Otherwise, an arch or opening in the stage's curtains will suffice. Likewise for the "knocking offstage". This could easily be a doorbell, gong or buzzer. The "unseen force" can be another actor if the theatre wants to include more cast members.

Characters:

Patient

Therapist

Setting:

Here

Time:

Now

At Rise:

Pool of light which illuminates: a clean, simple wooden desk with chair, a folding chair, a small bookcase with a CD player. On the desk is a variety of candy. No walls. Nothing that defines the space as an 'office'. Far stage right is an entry. A THERAPIST sits at the desk facing an empty chair. Throughout the play, Therapist is eating candy and singing - badly and out of key.

THERAPIST

Yes, yes. Come in.

(There is a knock on the door and it opens. Darkness beyond it. PATIENT enters - confused. Patient approaches chair and sits.)

THERAPIST (cont)

Would you like a sour ball? Red Vine?

(KNOCKING offstage. Therapist ignores it. Patient hears it but does not answer.)

(Beat.)

(They sit in silence)

PATIENT

That's the game you types play. Silence until one of your guinea pigs breaks down.

THERAPIST

You chose to be here. Leave.

PATIENT

I bet it happens a lot. People sit here...sitting...in silence. Then suddenly, WHAM! They start to babble. Verbal diarrhea. Not me. I don't have to. Talk. I've been practicing. Not talking. You don't know that about me, do you? You don't know that I've been taking Yoga and Tai Chi and transcendental meditation because I'm changing myself. I am now able to sit quietly.

(Beat)

You didn't know that, did you? There's a lot you don't know about me. I got liposuction. I'm planning on getting my nose done -- What are you doing?

THERAPIST

Doodling.

PATIENT

Doodling? Why?

THERAPIST

You're boring me. Peppermint candy?

PATIENT

No.

THERAPIST

Peppermints are my favorite.

PATIENT

Good.

(Beat)

So...so...what do you know about me?

THERAPIST

Everything.

PATIENT

(Disbelieving) Everything?!

THERAPIST

(Confident) Everything.

PATIENT

It's in that folder, isn't it? My life. All the little pieces of data that you've collected over the years.

(Beat. Therapist hums quietly; continues eating peppermints. Therapist sings - loudly and off key.)

THERAPIST

"These are a few of my favorite things. When the dog bites. When the bee stings...when...la la la la".

PATIENT

(Joining) "When I'm feeling sad."

THERAPIST

Why are you sad?

PATIENT

No. The lyrics. "When the bee stings, when I'm feeling sad..."

THERAPIST

Favorite things...cool.

PATIENT

That's my favorite song.

THERAPIST

I know.

PATIENT

I always wanted to be in *Sound of Music*. Did you know that?

THERAPIST

Yessiree Bob. Why do they say that?